PASSWORD

THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

VOL. XXIV, NO. 4 EL PASO, TEXAS WINTER, 1979

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PASSWORD

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CONREY BRYSON, *Editor*

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IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Lawrence Steveno

W. S. Warnock

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CONREY BRYSON, *Editor*

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EL PASO HALL OF HONOR

The nineteenth annual Hall of Honor Banquet of the El Paso County Historical Society was held at the El Paso Country Club Sunday evening, November 4. Each year since 1961 the Society has admitted to its Hall of Honor two persons, one living and one deceased. Honorees this year were the late Thornton Hardie and Mrs. Willard W. Schuessler. The Hall of Honor address by President E. Haywood Antone, the tribute to Mr. Hardie by Frank Feuille III and to Mrs. Schuessler by Conrey Bryson appear in this issue.

Mrs. Charles H. Dodson, Junior, was Chairman of the festivities which commemorated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Society. Mrs. Hans Brockmoller was in charge of the silver anniversary decorations. Leon Metz was chairman of the anonymous selection committee which chose the honorees. Publicity chairman was Mrs. Leroy L. Mathis. Mrs. Freeman Harris was in charge of invitations and printing. Major and Mrs. Jay Smith were in charge of refreshments. Reservations were under the direction of Capt. and Mrs. William A. Burgett. Mary Louise Hollingsworth was guestbook chairman and William I. Latham in charge of the plaques awarded to the honorees. Mrs. Joseph F. Friedkin was in charge of hospitality with all officers and directors of the Society serving as hosts and hostesses.

Thornton Hardie, Junior, accepted the award on behalf of his father.

Hall of Honor Address
THE NEXT 25 YEARS

Dr. Evan Haywood Antone, President
El Paso County Historical Society

History concerns itself with the past. Historians research and write in an attempt to record the past in a manner which is both accurate and palatable. Historical Societies exist to preserve the heritage of various areas of our country, and this is all well and good and necessary. As Washington Irving lightheartedly wrote in his *Knickerbocker's History of New York,* "The more I reflect, the more I am astonished at the important character of the historian. He is the sovereign censor to decide upon the renown or infamy of his fellow men. He is the patron of kings and conquerors, on whom it depends whether they shall live in after ages, or be forgotten as were their ancestors before them."

Tonight, we are gathered to pay homage to some past accomplishments, specifically to those credited to the two outstanding people who are to be inducted into our Hall of Honor. As a society, we are observing our silver anniversary, the twenty-fifth year since our founding in 1954. This in itself is sufficient cause to celebrate, for in reaching this birthday,

El Paso County Historical Society has achieved a plateau which is important. No longer are we a fledgling or a johnny-come-lately. We are a mature organization with roots which go deep into El Paso county and a history of our own.

Yet even as we are viewing in retrospect the past twenty-five years, I suggest tonight that we become a bit like the Roman god, Janus, for whom our month of January is named: let us have a face which looks not only backward but also forward. As glorious and productive as the first years have been, I honestly believe that years of even greater accomplishments lie ahead. I base this prediction on several concrete facts and upon the premise that the organizers laid a firm foundation, one which will sustain unlimited future growth and accomplishments. Three things give me confidence in the future of this Society.

First, the membership of the Society itself is solid. Numerically the membership is growing and it needs to increase, of course. Even more *importantly, its members are truly interested in the Society's activities* and are dedicated to its purposes. Never have I worked with a group of people who are more willing to do the jobs for which they have volunteered. All conscientiously strive to do their duties and for this I thank each and every one.

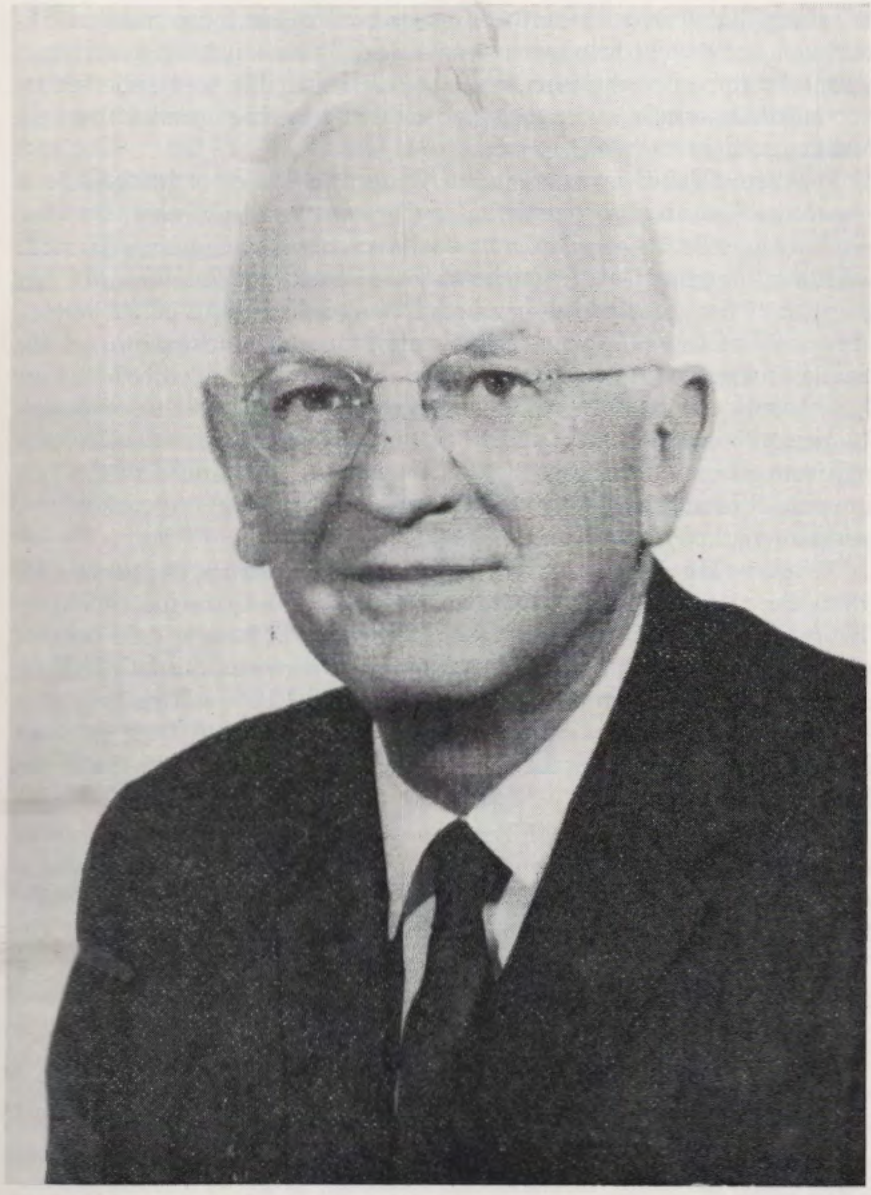
Second, the direction of the Society is sound. For example, our association with the Cavalry Museum is one of mutual benefit, for the Cavalry needs us as a supportive organization and we need a museum to house and display our holdings. Tonight, I would like to announce that plans are underway for the City of El Paso to build an addition to the museum which will be used to store El Paso County Historical Society's archives from which items for display can be selected. This addition should become a reality in 1980. With it, the museum will become more nearly an El Paso Historical Museum, a name it should adopt before long.

Finally, the affiliations of the Society are expanding. This year, for instance, we joined the American Association for State and Local History, and delegates attended its national meeting in Tucson. Through such affiliations and through an exchange with other historical societies in Texas and throughout the nation, we will continue to benefit. We look forward to El Paso's quatro centennial celebration in 1981, a year when the Texas Historical Association will hold its annual meeting in El Paso for the first time in its history.

So the past is glorious, but the future is brighter still. I invite you to join me and the officers for a year of positive action. We are old enough to be mature but young enough to be vital and energetic. As we begin our second twenty-five years, let us do it with pride in past accomplishments and a resolution to be of even greater service to the City and County of El Paso in which we live and take such pride!

TRIBUTE TO THORNTON HARDIE

by FRANK FEUILLE III



Good evening, ladies and gentlemen!

In these days when our nation, and indeed the world, seems to be floundering in a leadership vacuum, deemed so acute that one of the

bywords in the forthcoming 1980 campaign is that a certain candidate "*looks* like a president," and when a former secretary of state is quoted as saying that "never before has history been made by so many mediocrities," one cannot help but look nostalgically back not too many years when the opposite was true, when strong leadership and superiorities abounded. It was in those days and against that background that our honoree tonight excelled.

Thornton Hardie was a leader—indeed, a leader of leaders. Be it courtroom, boardroom, classroom, caucus room, church room, drawing room, campground—he dominated whatever gathering he attended, whatever organization of which he was a part, not flamboyantly nor garrulously but quietly and dignifiedly, by the sheer force of his personality and intellect. He was the epitome, the personification, of the Southern gentleman—lawyer—scholar. In appearance, with his silver hair, handsome features, immaculate grooming, and flawless manners. In performance, with his ability to analyze, organize, articulate and motivate. His was never a selfish leadership. It was always in the best interests of his city, his state, his nation, his family, his church, his school, and a myriad of worthy causes.

Thornton Hardie was born in Montgomery, Alabama, September 15, 1890, the eldest of the nine children born to Bradford Hardie and Mary Thornton Hardie. Prior to the family's moving to El Paso in 1906 because of the father's health, he attended grammar school and Starke's University School in Montgomery. He graduated from El Paso High School in 1908 and from the University of Texas in Austin with both BA and LLB degrees, receiving his LLB in 1913 and being admitted to the Texas Bar that same year.

While at the University of Texas, he was president of the sophomore class in 1909, was president of Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity, was a member of Phi Delta Phi legal fraternity and Chancellors, the honorary legal society, was one of the organizers and original stockholders of the Texas Law Review. He was a charter member of the Curtain Club, a member of the Press Club, played on the varsity basketball team two years and was manager one year. He also served three years on the Executive Council of the Ex-Students Association, was a Life Member of it and was president of the El Paso chapter. He was an avid follower of the football fortunes of the Longhorns and the Miners all his life. His greatest contribution to the University which he loved and which was so great a part of his life, and to the whole system of which it is the anchor, including the University of Texas at El Paso, was as first a regent, to which position he was appointed in 1957 by Governor Allan Shivers as only the second El Pasoan ever so honored, and then, as his leadership talents predictably and inevitably evidenced themselves, as Chairman of

the Board of Regents, the *only* El Pasoan ever to hold that prestigious and critically important post.

Of all the significant achievements and important accomplishments of Thornton Hardie, probably the most meaningful of all was his marriage to Mabelle Bryan in 1915. This great and dearly beloved lady is at age 87 very alert but physically unable to attend tonight's function. I hope and believe that she knows that this tribute to her husband is one to her as well, as they were an inseparable team and she was his helpmate and inspiration for fifty-four years. They had four children—William Bradford, Thornton Jr., Elizabeth Hardie Lund—who are here tonight—and Mabelle Hardie Sowers, who passed on in 1970—who in turn have parented 18 grandchildren and 15 great-grandchildren.

Thornton Hardie's law career was long and distinguished. He joined the firm of Jones, Jones & Hardie in 1914, which later became Jones, Grambling & Howell, and at his death was known as Hardie, Grambling, Sims & Galatzan. He was a president of the El Paso Bar Association and a member of the Texas, and American Bar Associations. He argued five famous precedent-setting cases before the United States Supreme Court, including the one which set the New Mexico-Texas boundary line in the Upper Valley, one which set the principle that national banks could not secure private deposits. Among the others, all involving the constitutionality of the Bankhead Cotton Control Act, was Moor vs. T.N.O. Railroad, which was extensively written up in Time magazine.

His knowledge and his services were heavily utilized by Presidents Kennedy and Johnson in the solution of the long-festering Chamizal problem.

Two sons and three grandsons have carried on the family tradition of law.

He was active in local, state, and national politics as a Conservative Democrat. He contributed generously to all civic endeavors. He was a member of the Headliners Club and the Forty Acres Club, both of Austin, Texas, of Coronado Country Club, International Club, El Paso Club, El Paso Chamber of Commerce and the Philosophical Society of Texas, and was a long-time pillar of the First Presbyterian Church. He was a director of the Texas Law Enforcement Foundation, was Vice-President, Director, and General Counsel of El Paso National Bank, Vice-President and Director of Rio Grande, El Paso, and Santa Fe Railway, and Director of Southern Union Gas Company.

Over and above all of the foregoing monumental list of tremendous accomplishments was the universal respect people in all walks of life, great and small, felt for Thornton Hardie. Integrity and honor were his badges and he wore them proudly and well. By example, by persuasion, or if need be by organization of the necessary moral and/or legal

apparatus, he led others to the same lofty ideals, and truly helped make the Pass of the North a better place in which to live. His passing on December 7, 1969 was mourned by the whole community.

I'm going to close on a personal note, purely because I believe it bespeaks further volumes about the quality and character of our honoree.

When my father died in New York in late 1926, he left behind six children, ranging in age from 13 days to 11 years. When we came back to El Paso in mid-1927, my mother bought a house at 505 Cincinnati. The Thornton Hardies lived at 515 Robinson, in the house which is now the Phi Kappa Tau fraternity house. As the crow flies—and that is the way the intervening neighbors said we tried to traverse their yards—the two houses were less than a hundred yards apart. Children need a male figure to look up to, to respect, to seek counsel from—indeed, to love. Our male relatives lived far away. Kern Place was pretty much of an enclave unto itself in those days. The neighborhood was close-knit and was filled with some of El Paso's finest gentlemen. But for the Feuille children that male image—that father symbol—was Thornton Hardie. Despite the demands of his practice, his civic and social obligations, and his own four children, he always had time for us. He disciplined us when we needed it—usually that was a joint enterprise, because if I had thrown a snowball I shouldn't have, the chances were good that Thornton Jr. had also thrown one and almost certain that Bill had thrown two; he gave us privileges fatherless children don't have, such as joining hunting and fishing trips and horseback rides. He was the one who wrote the necessary letters of recommendation for our admissions to honor societies, to universities, and for our military commissions. I think my sister Edie said it all for all of us quite simply and most feelingly. She married a man named Bill. His father's name was Emil. Our father's name was Frank. Edie named her only son *Thornton!*

Since the El Paso Hall of Honor was established by the El Paso County Historical Society in 1961, thirty two men (15 living, 17 deceased) and seven women (3 living, 4 deceased) have been honored as "outstanding men and women of character, vision, courage, and creative spirit who have lived in El Paso County." Of the eighteen persons honored as living members of the Hall of Honor, eleven are still alive at this writing.

TRIBUTE TO MRS. WILLARD W. SCHUESSLER

by CONREY BRYSON

This is a tremendous privilege. At this moment, I can't think of anybody I'd rather be paying tribute to than Louise Schuessler on this proud occasion, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the El Paso County Historical Society. This is HER organization. She has been involved in everything important that we do, and many of our greatest successes have been in fulfillment of her dreams.

But what can I say that you do not already know about this grand lady? Well, just for a starter, did you know that Louise Johnson Schuessler is a direct descendant of President Andrew Johnson?—that she was born in Greenville, Texas, December 22, 1918, and moved to Dallas where she attended SMU? There, she had the good fortune to suffer an automobile accident, and to get her lovely countenance patched up by a handsome young plastic surgeon. He liked the looks of his work. Indeed, he has liked her looks ever since.

The Schuesslers were married as World War II was coming along, and Willard was entering the Army Medical Service. In 1944, as a Colonel, he was sent to William Beaumont Army Hospital to head its new plastic surgery division.

A recent column by Virginia Turner in the *Herald-Post* tells how near we came to losing this wonderful Schuessler family. They arrived here, by way of Alameda Avenue, on a spring day when a typical El Paso sandstorm was in full sway. An El Paso acquaintance had told them where they might find an apartment, and they proceeded there, tired and very windblown. Willard was in uniform. The landlady took one look at the family and said, "We don't rent to military." She took another look at their young son and added, "And we don't take children."

Colonel Schuessler explained that he merely needed an apartment while he was waiting for quarters at Beaumont. The landlady relented, and the Schuessler family remained in El Paso—they have now been here for thirty five years.

Ten years after their arrival, Louise Schuessler was named First Lady of El Paso by Beta Sigma Phi Sorority. She was cited for outstanding service to the Woman's Auxiliary of El Paso County Medical Society; Delta Gamma Alumnae at Texas Western College; The Young Matron's Auxiliary to the Woman's Club; the El Paso Community Concert Campaign; the Woman's Auxiliary to Texas Western College, the Crockett School PTA; the Woman's Good Government Committee; the Providence Hospital Auxiliary; the Mother's March on Polio. She was a Cub Scout Den Mother. She taught handicrafts to patients at Beaumont Hospital. She found time to be a good wife and mother, painted china, did oil-tints, kept a nice garden, and kept a scrapbook for each member of her family.

Louise was not a joiner—she was a DOER, and her activities increased

as the years went by. She worked on fund drives for the Red Cross, Easter Seals, polio, cancer, and heart campaigns and the United Fund. She was Chairman of the Sun Queen's Court of the Sun Carnival; Chairman of the Founders Day Luncheon for Aniversario del Paso; Chairman-Director of the Pan American Round Table, and served on the boards of YWCA, Hotel Dieu Auxiliary, El Paso Symphony Association and El Paso Woman's Club.

But, back to that First Lady selection. One of the biggest reasons for the choice was her service as Chairman-Director of the Woman's Department, El Paso Chamber of Commerce. She was a quiet sort of "Carrie Nation without a hatchet," in leading a successful campaign to clear pornographic material from newsstands available to teen-agers—but, more important to us here tonight, she was chairman of the campaign, in 1953 and '54 to give El Paso its first Historical Society. She was organizing Chairman and then organizing President when this Society was born, April 26, 1954. There were 123 members present at that first meeting, out of the 273 recruited by an excellent campaign on the part of Mrs. Schuessler and her fine committee of the Woman's Department, El Paso Chamber of Commerce. By our second meeting in July, there were 370 members and a goal of 750 members was set. At that meeting, officers were elected and Louise stepped aside as Paul Heisig became the first elected President of the Society.

I know of at least two occasions when the nominating committee urged her to accept the Presidency. She felt that a man should hold that position. Tonight, in paying tribute to Louise Schuessler, I include all the hard working, capable women who have served us so well during these 25 years, while we men have held the position of President. We would be lost without them. There are so many of our activities that need their guiding hand and womanly touch.

Do not think we are merely honoring Louise as the founding-President. For every one of our twenty-five years she has been a valiant worker for the Society. She has served as an able chairman for the Hall of Honor Banquet and has contributed in some way to nearly all of the nineteen annual banquets since the Hall of Honor was founded in 1961. As a representative of this Society, she was named to the first El Paso County Historical Survey Committee and was its Chairman in 1967 and '68. Under her leadership, El Paso undertook an extensive program of erecting official State Historical Site markers at many of the sites where history was made here at the Pass of the North. In 1974, when I was induced to accept one more term as President of this Society, I made a condition—I wanted Louise Schuessler as my first Vice President. She accepted, and was my strong right arm.

She was a guiding force behind the founding of our quarterly, Pass-

WORD, and the appointment of the great Eugene O. Porter, who served as its editor for nineteen years. She does not claim to be a writer, but read her eloquent tribute to Carl Hertzog in PASSWORD, her chapter on "Historical Markers" in our publication, *El Paso, a Centennial Portrait,* or the article outlining the history of our Society, in 1958, for *History News,* published by the American Association for State and Local History, which had given this Society its award of Merit a year earlier.

Five years ago, we named her *Paseña Valerosa, "Valiant Woman of the Pass,"* along with Doll Heisig, Betty Mary Goetting, and Harriot Howze Jones. Louise's citation was for twenty years of consecutive service as founder, officer and Board member. Tonight, we bring that number to twenty five. She has been named a permanent Trustee of our organization, and tonight we give her one more accolade. Sharing her joy on this occasion are the other members of her versatile and accomplished family, her husband, Dr. Willard Schuessler, their son Bob, who manages the family ranch near Sierra Blanca with his wife Anne and their children, Carolyn and Diane; and the two Schuessler daughters, Betty is a microbiologist and Barbara a promising researcher and writer.

To the proud list of names in the El Paso Hall of Honor, we are happy to add the name of Mrs. Willard W. Schuessler. God bless you, Louise.

In 1959, Col. Albion Smith submitted to PASSWORD a copy of a letter written to the War Department by Brigadier General D. S. Stanley, commanding the Department of Texas. The letter had these comments on Fort Bliss, then located at the Hart's Mill site:

> Fort Bliss is one of the mistakes in the way of locating a military post which amounts to a blunder. Situated in the narrow pass just north of the City of El Paso, or rather the city itself, there are 35 acres of land (135) available for building, for drills and for parades. High hills, amounting to mountains, are on each side of the Rio Grande; those on the Mexican side dominating the post. Two railroads, with right of way, run through the crowded post; and smelters immediately adjoin the small government reservation, poisoning the air with the fumes of their furnaces. This place is utterly unfit for military purposes.

(The date of the letter was given as 1877. It probably should be 1887, since the Harts Mill Post was not established until 1880 and the railroads came to El Paso a year later.)

PASSWORD, IV:131, July, 1959

EL PASO'S TEXAS RANGERS

by JAMES M. DAY

Captain John R. Hughes, with W. L. Wright at the Texas Centennial, Dallas, 1936. (Photo, Sheriff E. A. (Dogie) Wright)

John Reynolds Hughes is perhaps El Paso's most famous Texas Ranger. In the decade of the 1930's, with his Ranger exploits long behind him, Hughes frequently could be seen riding grandly at the head of the inaugural parade of the Southwest International Livestock Show and Rodeo. Tall and portly and neatly dressed, he sported a full beard and a big sombrero adorned with a string of beads. His fancy pistol belt holster carried an intricately engraved revolver, the gift of a rancher whose life he had saved.[1] In the public eye John R. Hughes, the famous "Border Boss,"[2] was everything a Texas Ranger ought to be.

The mystique of the Rangers has been described many ways, but perhaps Judge Henry Clay Pleasants depicted their impact best that January, 1877, day in DeWitt County when he addressed "murderers, bushwhackers, midnight assassins" all participants in the Sutton-Taylor feud. In a "fine ringing voice" and "with eyes flashing" the dignified Southern gentleman admonished the crowd in his courtroom: "When you deal with the Texas Rangers, you deal with men who are fearless in the discharge of their duty and who will surely conquer you."[3]

This absence of fear has long characterized the individual Rangers who have served the force, and interestingly enough its roots are usually found in the religious doctrine of predestination. Leander H. McNelly was a preacher as well as a Ranger captain. In explaining the meaning of fighting to one of his privates, George Durham, McNelly said,

> Fighting is a chancy business. Whether man-to-man or in company, both sides have guns, both sides aim to win. Praying makes the difference. A man who's in the right can pray. A man on the wrong side can't and a peace officer doing his sworn duty is on the right side. He's protected, up till it's his time to go out. That might be from an outlaw bullet, from a stumbling horse, or between bed sheets under a roof. The Scripture says that the day and hour are set the day a man's born.[3]

Durham took this lesson to heart as it allowed him a certain recklessness in the moment of crisis, gave him a freedom that resulted in his having an edge over an opponent in a gunfight, and steadied his hand so that his mind could work rationally, methodically. This bravery, a characteristic of many a Ranger, can usually be traced to the belief that a man's time is appointed and he cannot change it by any capricious action of his own. Most persons who have become Rangers have brought their fearlessness with them. Neither McNelly nor Durham made it to El Paso's climes, but many another Ranger of a similar hue has.

Although he failed, Captain Coffee (Jack) Hays made the effort in 1848, shortly after he had been mustered out of the Ranger service. That August he led an expedition out of San Antonio heading toward El Paso. He was looking to open a trade between San Antonio and Chihuahua in an effort to break open the Santa Fe-Chihuahua commer-

cial ties. Hays' troop got lost in the Big Bend country and ended up at Fort Ben Leaton near present Presidio. They had trouble enough, but did not make it to the Pass of the North.[4]

Among the first Rangers to get here were Robert S. Neighbors and Daniel C. (Doc) Sullivan. Neighbors had been in Jack Hays' company, while Sullivan had ridden with Captain Shapley P. Ross.[5] As the advance guard to an exploring expedition aimed at opening a wagon road between Austin and El Paso, they arrived at San Elizario on April 29, 1849. Later that same day the famed John Salmon (Rip) Ford rode in. They looked the place over for about a week, went into Mexico at present Ciudad Juárez, and then left without much incident.[6] But with their advent, men of the Texas Ranger stamp had arrived at Paso del Norte.

Jack Hays came through the Pass in 1849 on his way to San Francisco, where he became Sheriff. Robert S. Neighbors returned in February, 1850, to organize El Paso County for the state of Texas. After the election on March 4, Neighbors moved on to Santa Fe and a dismal failure at organizing that county for Texas.[7] Even though El Paso County was part of Texas, Ranger service was slow in coming. On April 29, 1852, fourteen citizens of El Paso County petitioned Governor Peter H. Bell for relief from Indians who were "carrying out to its fullest extent, a system of warfare and of theft." One of the signers was the seasoned Texas Ranger William A. A. (Bigfoot) Wallace and another was Joel L. Ankrim.[8] Ankrim followed with another letter suggesting that "one or two companies of Rangers" could protect the area and he recommended Captain Henry E. McCulloch for the command.[9] Bell did nothing.

In June, thirty-two more signatures were affixed to another petition to Governor Bell. This time they listed nine separate Indian forays that had occurred since the Fall of 1851. They needed help with the Indians, but they also were being "overrun by a set of low life and reckless men" who "professed to be citizens of our own government." They were, of course, referring to the Mexican population that had moved north of the Rio Grande. These "low life and reckless" men, the petition stated, "prided themselves in the magnitude of their crimes and the number of their vices."[10]

So, as the Anglo-Americans complained to the governor about the Indians and the Mexican-Americans, the latter were petitioning the same governor for relief from the abuses of the Anglo-Americans. On May 26 the justice of the peace at Ysleta, Pedro Gonzáles, said that the citizens were "much dissatisfied with the injuries and ravages they suffer from the Americans who reside there," claiming that "the Americans make a complete fun and ridicule of the constituted authorities, that they beat them and even threaten them with pistols when they try to enforce any law." Gonzáles said that the Anglo-Americans pretended to be surveyors,

surveyed the land and dispossessed the rightful owners to bestow it on their friends and accomplices. They even assaulted and flogged the justice of the peace and the constable at Socorro in January. The residents of Ysleta were tired of it all and wanted the governor to "interfere with [his] authority to relieve them from the above mentioned evils."[11]

These communications reveal a pattern of dissent that had arisen within two short years after the organization of the county. It grew until after the Indians were subdued and after the violence of the El Paso Salt War had subsided, a quarter century later. The Texas Rangers had a hand in both happenings, but for the moment the beseechments of all were feebly handled by the governor in Austin. Governor Bell made an effort to secure Army troops for the frontier protection, but President Millard Fillmore ignored the request.[12] Left to their own devices, the people of El Paso County were slow to band together for mutual protection.

It was the "wrongs and mischiefs by the Barbarous Apache" that finally brought the settlers together under the leadership of San Elizario Justice of the Peace Gregorio N. García. Over the years the Apache continually raided the Rio Grande settlements, taking animals and killing men. García himself had three good horses taken on November 21, 1865 and six work oxen on April 11, 1866. In February, 1866 the Indians killed four men and took twelve oxen. The following month, on March 15, they raided once more, killing twelve settlers and taking 930 head of sheep valued at $1860. When the Apache made a "great raid" on January 30, 1867, Gregorio N. García led a band of eighty men in pursuit. They followed the Apache for twelve days, going to the western side of the Guadalupe Mountains before turning back dejectedly.[13]

Such activity eventually led to the formation of El Paso County's first Ranger group, Company N of the Texas Frontier Forces. They were mustered on August 26, 1870, though Captain García did not join the company until September 6. In all the force numbered sixty by the end of October and all of the men had Spanish surnames except two, C. B. Miller and Charles Kerber. The company stabilized at forty-nine men by November 1 and they continued in service until June 15, 1871 when they were discharged. On March 1, 1871 the unit was re-lettered from Company N to Company D, the label it held at the time it was disbanded. Its first duty station was "at Camp near Fort Quitman," but by November they headquartered at San Elizario. There they remained except for a foray they made to Dog Canyon in Otero County, New Mexico in February, 1871 in pursuit of the Apache.[14] Specific activities of this unit remain obscure, but their organization heralded Ranger activity for the future. Garcia eventually became a commissioner of El Paso County and County Judge, even though he was politically active in the Republican

Party. Charles Kerber became El Paso County Sheriff, and he, along with Gregorio N. García, played a significant role in the El Paso Salt War.[15]

The second Ranger company in El Paso County resembled the first in that the men were home-grown in the San Elizario area. Officially they were designated within the Frontier Battalion of Texas Rangers as the Minute Company of El Paso. They were mustered into service on May 27, 1874, under the command of Lieutenant Telésforo Montes, a little-known figure historically.[16] What can be discerned about Montes is that he was a native of San Elizario, his father-in-law was Gregorio N. García, and he had served as third sergeant of García's Ranger Company in 1870-1871. Telésforo Montes had a son, A. Jesús Montes, who served in his Minute Company of Rangers and who died at San Elizario in March, 1941, at the age of eighty-nine. In addition to commanding the Minute Company, Telésforo Montes was El Paso County Commissioner for District 4 in 1881. And with that, Telésforo Montes sinks into historical oblivion.[17]

But for two years in 1874-1876 he represented leadership in the Rangers of El Paso County. The men he led became Rangers to combat the Indians who raided their settlements and took their stock. On September 13, 1871, Indians had raided the suburbs of San Elizario and had made off with four horses. The following day they attacked a salt train and took six more.[18] How the Indians fared ultimately on this foray is not recorded, but their raid on September 15, 1874, was met by Montes' Rangers. An engagement followed in which two Indians were killed and five horses were recovered.[19] November, 1875, brought a raid on Socorro by three Indians who took nine horses and one mule. The Minute Company took chase and did battle. One Indian died that day and the stock was recovered. Moreover, the Rangers took three Indian ponies.

The year 1876 was a busy one for Indian attacks in El Paso County. The Mescaleros came to the settlements in March and took horses, and they came in April and did it again. This time, though, Montes' Rangers were ready to go. For two days and two nights the Rangers trailed the thieves before actually sighting them. And they gazed at the Indians at a distance, seeing them just as they went "over the mountains into their Reservation at Dog Canyon." Disgusted and tired the Rangers sat down to rest, and while in repose they were attacked by two hundred Indians armed with "needle guns and pistols." But the Rangers managed to cover up and sustain themselves and escape during the night. Officially, that is the end of the activities of Telésforo Montes' Minute Company of Rangers. When Major John B. Jones made his report to the adjutant general on August 31 of 1876, he considered the company alive and well and an active Ranger force, but Montes made no further reports. When

the Indians raided again in September and October, killing five settlers in the process of stealing horses, mules, and cattle, it is not recorded that the Rangers responded in kind.[20]

The third Texas Ranger detachment came to El Paso County in November, 1877, owing to the events of the Salt War. Things got so bad at that point that Governor Richard B. Hubbard ordered the chief of the Rangers, Major John B. Jones, to personally see to the trouble. To get to El Paso from Austin he took a train to Kansas and then rode down into New Mexico on the Santa Fe. From the end of the tracks, he took stage passage to Mesilla, reaching there ten days after he received his orders.[21] He came on into El Paso County, surveyed the tumultuous situation, executed a truce between the opposing forces for the right to use of salt from the Salt Lakes, and decided to create a twenty man detachment of Company C, Frontier Battalion of Rangers. For command, he chose John B. Tays and gave him a lieutenant's commission. Tays was not well-educated and he was "no hand for trouble." Yet, Jones considered him to be "cool and determined," and those who knew him thought him to be "a man of unblemished integrity, cool, courageous, and discreet." Jones mustered in the force on November 12, 1877, and about a week later left to go back to his larger command.

The fact that Tays and his men rendered undistinguished service for the remainder of the year has left a mark on the reputation of the Rangers in El Paso. As one historian put it,

> The twenty men of this troop have endured . . . the bitterest criticism. All that can be said for them is that where the sheriff had despaired of raising a posse, these men were assembled out of holes and corners. Not a one of them would have been a Ranger under normal circumstances. Their leader was an ordinary man, just like the rest.[22]

While trying to protect Charles Howard, who had been indicted for murder and released under bond, the Ranger detachment was besieged at its San Elizario headquarters on Thursday, December 13, by a mob bent on Howard's death. As the siege, led by Francisco (Chico) Barela, dragged on through to Sunday, December 16, Sergeant C. E. Mortimer was killed and Ranger Billy Marsh was taken prisoner. Tays finally capitulated on Sunday, an act which has earned him the inglorious distinction of being the only Ranger commander to surrender his force. A day later the Rangers were released and within a week they had regrouped to make their way from El Paso to San Elizario to recover the bodies of Howard, John Atkinson, and John McBride, all of whom had been captured and executed by Barela's force. As they went they killed several persons who had been in the mob and some who were not. But they arrived at San Elizario, accomplished their mission, and returned to El Paso. And that ended the matter, mostly.[23]

Tays and his Rangers remained on duty and they did have at least one brush with Indians while on scouting duty. Tays and eleven men split into two groups of six each, were approaching Las Cornudas from Crow Springs. As the first group headed for some water holes, they rode around a point of rocks only to meet, face to face, some ten or twelve Indians coming away from the water. The two groups were within forty feet of each other. "Paleface and redskin" literally fell off their horses, with the Indians seeking cover in the rocks and five of the Rangers somersaulting into a friendly gully. One Ranger, "a Russian nobleman and nihilist," was killed because he stood upright and fought openly in European fashion.

One of the Rangers, George Lloyd, had the presence of mind to hold on to the end of a thirty-foot stake-rope which was tied around his horse's neck. He shot his Winchester empty, and, in reloading accidentally slipped a .45 caliber Colt shell into the .44 caliber rifle. When he threw the shell into the chamber, it jammed, so he had to take out his pocket knife, remove the screw that held the side plates of his Winchester together, remove the jammed shell, replace the plates, tighten the screw, reload, and begin firing. Lloyd did this without panic while Indians had the drop on him and were firing. Eventually he was able to crawl back down an arroyo, leading his horse along the bank above until he was out of danger. George Lloyd was a man of steel nerve and a great deal of intelligence.[34]

Tays resigned his command on March 25, 1878. Major Jones came back to Fort Bliss that February to be a member of an investigation board looking into the Salt War affair, and he stayed just over a month doing his duty. Jones did not like the method of conducting the investigation, so he filed a minority report before he left town. The grand jury of El Paso County indicted six of the mob's leaders, but all of them had gone to Mexico and were never tried.[35]

The next Ranger for the county was George Wythe Baylor, who was born at Fort Gibson, Indian Territory, on August 24, 1832. He came to Texas at age thirteen to live with his brother, John R. Baylor, at Ross Prairie in Fayette County. He attended Rutersville College and Baylor University at Independence before moving to San Antonio to live with his mother. He stayed there until March, 1854, leaving the Alamo City to go to California. Back in Texas by 1859, he went on two Indian forays, getting ready as he said, to enter the Confederacy. He fought Yankees in New Mexico and Louisiana and Texas, and he killed Confederate General John A. Wharton in a scuffle at the Fannin Hotel in Houston. At the time Baylor was a colonel of cavalry. After the war Baylor underwent three trials in three years before being acquitted of murdering Wharton. Thereafter he farmed for about a decade near Uvalde before being com-

missioned a lieutenant in the Texas Rangers and sent to El Paso. Baylor was forty-seven years of age when he became a Ranger.[36]

Leaving San Antonio on August 2, 1879, Baylor and his entourage took forty-seven days to traverse the seven hundred miles to El Paso. In the party, among others, were Baylor's teen-age daughter Helen and a young sergeant named James B. Gillett. Gillett graphically described the trip and the exploits of Baylor's Rangers in his classic book *Six Years With the Texas Rangers,* a work written at his Barrel Springs Ranch west of Marfa.

Gillett described Baylor as being six feet, two inches tall, a perfect specimen of the hardy frontiersman, a superb marksman, a good violinist, a fluent speaker and storyteller, a writer for newspapers and magazines, and a "high tone Christian gentleman who never swore, told smutty stories, drank whisky or used tobacco." Gillett thought Baylor was the bravest man he had ever seen, but criticized his recklessness for head-on charges agains their foes as "suicidal." If that is not enough, he added additional accolades, or are they paradoxes?: "Baylor cared nothing for discipline in the company." "Another peculiarity of this wonderful man was his indifference to time." "Baylor was one of the best shots with firearms I ever saw . . . I used to pride myself on my shooting with a Winchester, but I soon found that Lieutenant Baylor had me skinned by a mile when it came to killing game at long distance." But Gillett's greatest tribute to his leader comes in the following passage:

> I have not the power of language to describe Lieutenant Baylor's bravery, because he was as brave as it is possible for man to be. He thought everyone else should be the same, and he did not see how a white man could be a coward. He was as tender-hearted as a child and would listen to any tale of woe. He frequently took men into the service and stood good for their equipment, and often he had to pay the bill out of his own pocket. All men looked alike to him, and he would enlist anyone when there was a vacancy in the company. The result was that some of the worst San Simon Valley rustlers got into the command and gave us no end of trouble.[37]

In September, 1879, Baylor set up his command post in Ysleta with Gillett as first sergeant. The company had twenty men, but the turn-over was so high that lasting relationships were seldom. Baylor turned his attention to chasing Victorio and his Apaches. With permission of the Mexican government, the Rangers went deep in the state of Chihuahua chasing Victorio, but they had to turn back before he was caught and killed in battle. However, on January 29, 1881, Baylor's company caught up with the remnant of the Apache band and fought the last Indian battle on Texas soil in the Diablo Mountains west of Guadalupe Peak. The Rangers surprised the Indians, killing four braves, two women, and two children. Baylor reported that the Indians wore blankets so it was

impossible to tell women from men, but he added: "the law under which the Frontier Battalion was organized don't require it."[28] After the battle, Baylor wrote:

> We took breakfast on the ground occupied by the Indians which all enjoyed as we had eaten nothing since dinner the day before. Some of the men found horse meat pretty good whilst others found venison and roasted mescal good enough. We had almost a boundless view from our breakfast table. The beauty of the scenery was only marred by man's inhumanity to man, the ghostly forms of the Indians lying around.[29]

While the Rangers were adept as Indian fighters, they were less able to cope with the local populace of El Paso. The problem was twofold. On the one hand the times were "squally." Baylor said that the horse thieves, murderers and rowdies that the Rangers had forced out of Texas were congregated in southwestern New Mexico and Arizona. They would have been at home in El Paso, he said, had it not been for the Rangers. Baylor disliked the "fugitive catching business" because "if we caught 100 Mexicans stealing and turned them over to Sheriff Benito Gonzáles, they would all be free in a week."[30] Baylor himself had no heart for the business, but some of his men were pretty good at it. His orderly sergeant stated that Baylor did not look upon the criminals in chains in the Ranger camp because "he could not bear to see anyone in trouble."[31]

The other wrinkle had to do with the quality of men Baylor let into his troop. Good men were hard to find so Baylor took what he could get. Often what he got was less than desirable. One bad case was James Stallings, who was wanted in Hamilton for assault to kill. After a great deal of reluctance, Baylor had him arrested and held in the Ranger camp he had formerly worked in. Later he was sent to the jail at Ft. Davis, from which he escaped. Then there were Jack Bond and Chris Peveler (alias Len Peterson) who enlisted in the Rangers in order to keep the Canutillo Gang posted on the Ranger's movements. They were dismissed from the service when Baylor found out that they were spies, and within ten days one of the gang's leaders, Frank Stevenson, was captured. Private John Scott deserted after two month's service and had to be taken in a running gun battle with three Rangers. A Private Chipman, "who had made a good Ranger," deserted, stole some horses at Socorro, and headed toward Hueco Tanks. He was overtaken by the horses' owners and killed just as his former Ranger companions who were chasing him came upon the scene. They buried Chipman were he fell.[32]

But there were Rangers who did their job and had nerves of steel. There were Ed Fitch, Gus Krimpkau, Frank Beaumont, V. W. Dampin, and Joe Waldie, and solid men when in the force. Then there were the Jones boys, A. S. and J. W., who resigned from their Ranger jobs at $30 per month to become assistant city marshals in El Paso at $75 per month.

When they resigned on June 1, 1881, they were followed by two more ex-Rangers, M. B. (Nep) De Janutt and F. W. Rodgers.[33] But the top of the line was Second Corporal George Lloyd, "an ace in the ranger service," who was cool, obedient, thoughtful, and brimful of action. When Sergeant Gillett asked him to go with him into Mexico to capture a wanted fugitive, Lloyd said he would have to think it over. Next day, Lloyd approached Gillett and said: "Sergeant, I will go anywhere in the world with you." It was total dedication.[34]

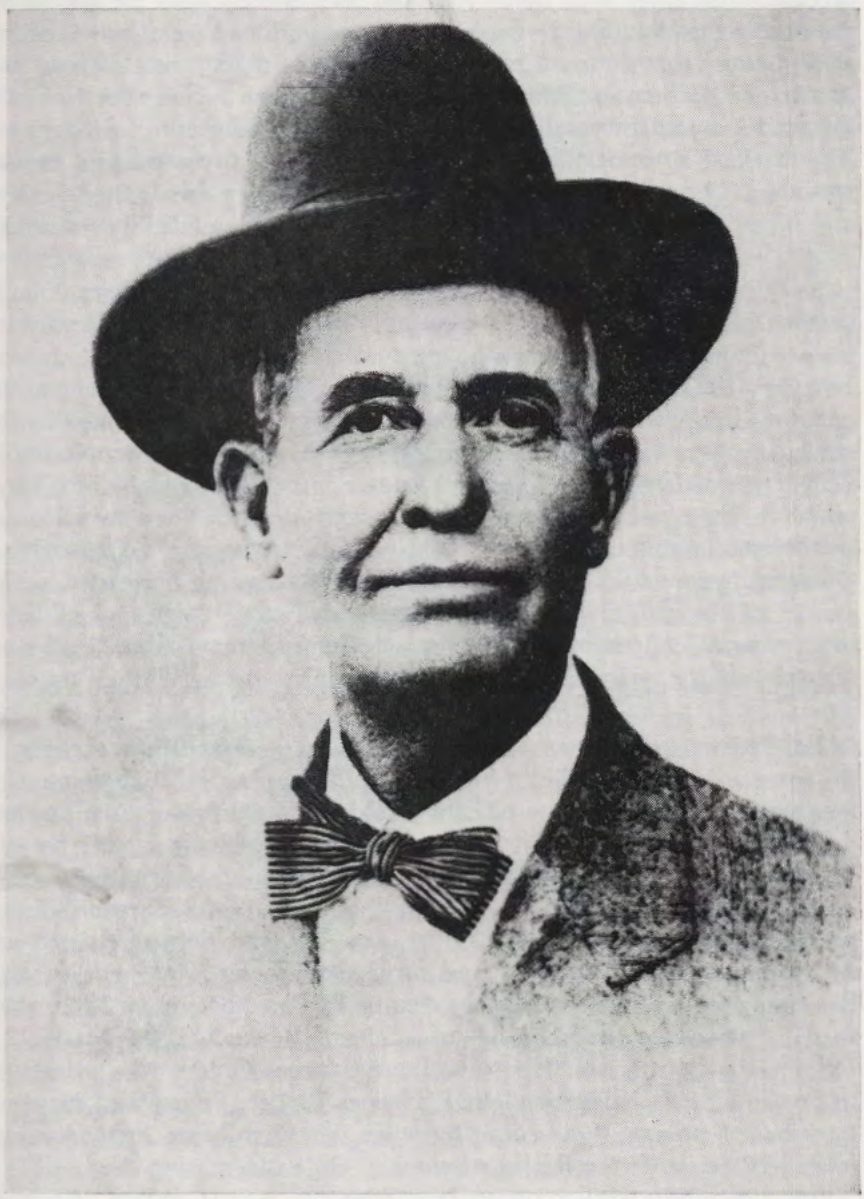
While Baylor led the detachment, the unit was mostly stationed near his home in Ysleta. On orders from Major Jones, it did move up to the Marsh Ranch, some four miles from El Paso, on January 6, 1881, and it remained there until April 24, 1882.[35] Baylor was promoted to the rank of captain in 1880 and the unit, designated as Company A, Frontier Battalion, was moved to Alpine in 1884. Baylor retired from the service in 1885.[36]

Interestingly, many of the men of the company were considered troublemakers in El Paso. When they came into town they got liquored up at the saloons and, sometimes, when quarrels developed in their presence, they stood by without stopping them or ran from the scene of gunplay. Things got so bad that El Paso Marshall Dallas Stoudenmire called on Baylor to keep the Rangers out of town. The marshall went so far as to write the adjutant general with the same request, stating that the Rangers were "untrustworthy and unreliable," and "more ready to aggravate than to preserve the public peace." He said the Rangers "take great delight in throwing obstacles in my way whilst in the discharge of my duties." He concluded that it would be easier to keep the peace if they were not present, and he asked the adjutant general to restrict them from El Paso.

On one occasion Stoudenmire called the Rangers "thirty-dollar a month sons of bitches who would not fight." Private C. L. Hathaway took exception to the remark and called on Stoudenmire to apologize, saying to the marshal: "I am a private in the ranks of the Texas Rangers, but I am not a son of a bitch." Recognizing the situation, Stoudenmire apologized: "The Texas Rangers as a body of men are gentlemen, but skunks can get into the service."[37] Such things can happen when the times are "squally."

At the heart of the El Paso Ranger company was First Sergeant James B. Gillett, who came with Baylor from San Antonio and served until 1881, when he resigned to work for the Santa Fe railroad as captain of the guard. He was employed there for only a short time before he resigned to become assistant city marshal to Stoudenmire. Of all the Rangers, Stoudenmire respected Gillett the most. When Stoudenmire resigned as city marshal on May 29, 1882, Gillett was chosen unanimously as the

replacement, a selection Gillett attributed "solely" to his training as a Ranger. Out at the Ranger camp Baylor was pleased both with Stoudenmire's resignation and with Gillett's appointment, stating to the adjutant general that, "You should have no more gripes about me."[38]



Texas Ranger James B. Gillett. (Photo courtesy C. L. Sonnichsen)

Back in Ysleta in 1879 Baylor must have been astute enough to see the blooming romance between First Sergeant Gillett and his daughter, Helen. Gillett was, like Hays, McNelly and John B. Jones, deceptive in his looks. About five feet, nine inches in height, he was a small man, one of those wiry types with quick reactions who meant what he said. His most daring exploit was the time he and George Lloyd went into Mexico at Zaragoza, unauthorized, to capture a wanted man, Enofrio Baca. In April 1881, Gillett and Lloyd rushed into Zaragosa where they forcibly kidnapped Baca and made good their escape. Baca was turned over to New Mexico authorities and Gillett received a $500 reward and much notoriety. The event caused some problems between the United States and Mexico, but Baylor defended his man and nothing official ever came of it.[39]

Baylor really had no choice but to defend Gillett, for the sergeant had become his son-in-law only two months before. James B. Gillett was twenty-four years of age when he married Helen Baylor, age sixteen, on February 19, 1881. The marriage did not physically inconvenience anyone, for Gillett simply moved into the Baylor home from the bunkhouse out back where the Rangers stayed. All went well with the couple until Gillett resigned from the Rangers to move into El Paso to become city marshal. Then problems came. Helen has been described as a "vivacious, sentimental, romantic teenager" who was "churchgoing, party-loving, and culture-conscious." She insisted that the last name be spelled with an "e" on the end, Gillette, because it sounded more "high-toned." She often sang at church programs, musicales and literary soirees, and she also played the piano, sometimes accompanied by her father on the violin.

To Gillett's annoyance, she was "less than a dedicated housekeeper," a person who liked to "lie in bed until mid-morning, reading romantic love stories." Her beds were often unmade and she left her shoes on the dresser. Gillett was a disciplined man, and as a result he spent most of his time in town as the couple drew apart. Two children were born, but one, Baylor Gillett, died about 1886, leaving only James Harper Gillett, born in Ysleta on September 5, 1884, as a survivor. Gillett resigned as El Paso city marshal in 1885 and turned to ranching in Presidio and Brewster counties. Helen Gillett stayed in El Paso, where, in 1889, she sued for divorce on the grounds of adultery. It was granted March 2, 1889. Gillett hardly knew his son, James Harper Gillett, who grew up to be the famed gringo bullfighter, Harper B. Lee. Gillett and his son later had moments of closeness, but they never really understood each other as George Wythe Baylor supplanted Gillett in rearing the boy.[40]

When James B. Gillett left El Paso in the Spring of 1885 he left for a new life. He went to Marfa to manage the Estado Land and Cattle

Company for General R. M. Gano. He was lured to the job by another Ranger, C. L. Nevill, who had commanded Frontier Battalion Company E at Fort Davis. For nearly six years Gillett managed the ranch and saw the herd increase from six thousand to thirty thousand head.[41] In the meantime he started developing his own brand, the Inverted Rocker H, which he registered in Brewster County in 1889. He became a rancher on his own and married Lou Chastain, who bore him four sons. She is the wife who helped him in his later undertakings, including the editing of his book.[42] But Gillett just thought he was through with public service when he moved to the Big Bend Country. From 1890 to 1892 he was sheriff of Brewster County and from 1894 to 1898 he was county tax assessor. Gillett died in Temple on June 11, 1937, and his body was returned to Alpine for burial.[43]

Going back to El Paso and the 1890's, another Ranger entered the life of Helen Baylor Gillett. This man was Frank C. Jones, born in Austin, Texas, in 1856, and no relation so far as is known to John B. Jones. Frank Jones entered the Ranger service on July 28, 1881, as a private. By November 30, 1882, he was a sergeant, being promoted to lieutenant on May 1, 1885. On May 1, 1886, he became a Ranger Captain, having served all along the frontier. Jones, in command of Ranger D, apparently went to Marfa in 1890 or 1891, but he must have been often in Ysleta at least by 1892, for it was there that he met, wooed, and married Helen Baylor Gillett. The next year found Company D on the move. Starting in April, 1893, headquarters moved from Marfa to Alpine to Marathon, and finally to Ysleta, where the troops arrived on June 23.[44]

Frank Jones was a Ranger's Ranger, a big strong robust man filled with energy, daring, and skill. Within a week after arriving in Ysleta he and three of his men got on the trail of some border bandits in a battle that led to the Rio Grande. The three bandits, named Holguin, escaped across the river into Mexico, and Jones, like so many Rangers before him, did not stop at the international boundary. He splashed into the river to fight what has been called the Battle of Tres Jacales. The date was June 30, 1893. In the running fight Frank Jones fell as his body was riddled with bullets. His last breath commanded his men to retreat in order to save themselves. Corporal Carl Kirchner was with Jones that day and made the official report of the battle.[45] Then the problem arose as to how to recover the Ranger's body from foreign soil. Tradition has it that the Masonic lodge of Marfa, a lodge of which Jones was a member, petitioned some influential Masons in Ciudad Juárez to return the body and that petition was granted. The lodge records of Marfa do not reflect such a petition, but the fact remains that Jones was returned to Ysleta. Another story says that the Masons of El Paso obtained the body through the aid of a Mexican Mason.[46] The body was buried in George Wythe Baylor's

back yard under the auspices of Jones' brother Masons. A spectator later recalled the scene as he observed Helen Jones:

> It seems as yesterday that I saw her fall across the crude coffin containing her husband's bullet-riddled body. I can still hear the words as she mumbled out a sort of prayer for her unborn child. That was the sad part of the whole affair. I knew her son—saw him grow and finally

Ranger Captain Frank Jones. (Photo, El Paso Public Library)

die in the prime of youth. He was but 16 when he died in Guadalajara, Mexico.

Ironically, Jones was laid to rest beneath an elderberry tree alongside his wife's first child, Baylor Gillett.[47]

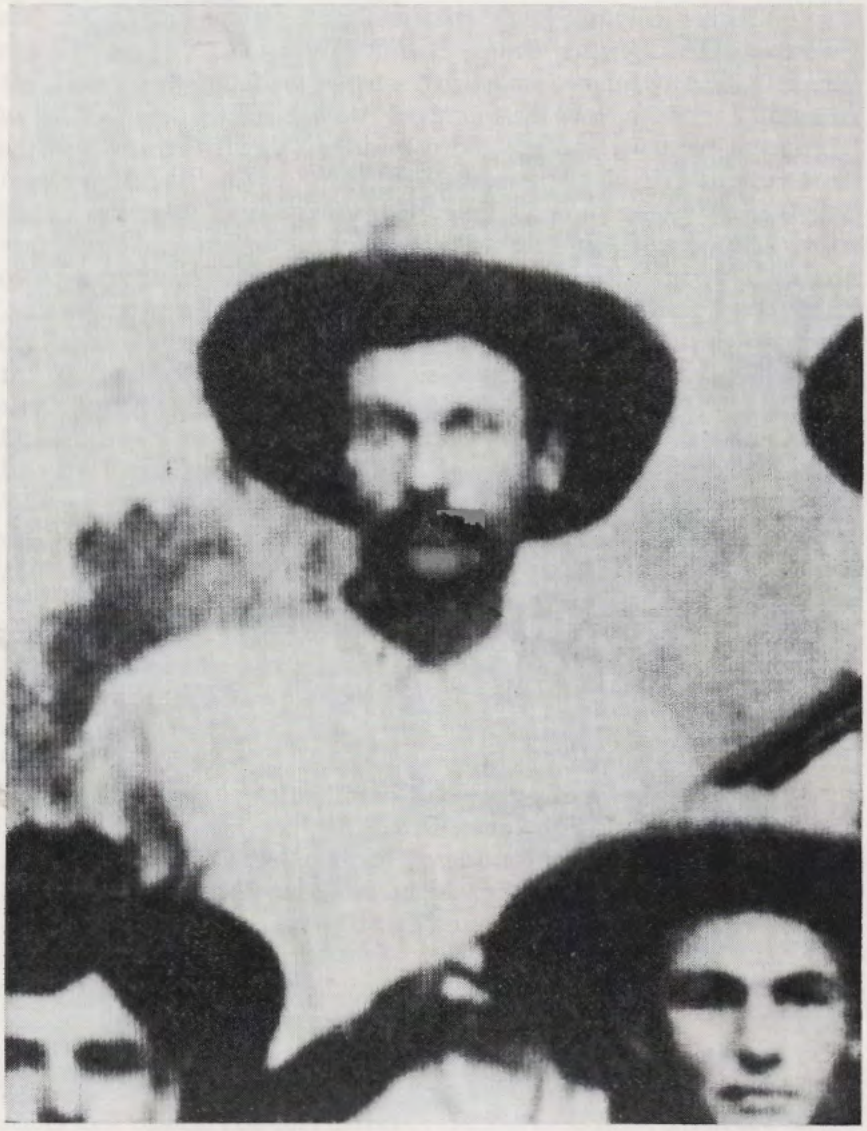
There was another episode where James B. Gillett and Frank Jones came together. The incident concerns a tough guy named Bass Outlaw who joined the Rangers in 1885 and worked his way up to the rank of sergeant, being in Frank Jones' command and stationed at Alpine. Jim Gillett was then Brewster County Sheriff. While Jones was out of town one night, Outlaw, a good man when sober, a predator when drunk, got intoxicated while making the rounds of Alpine's saloons. He decided to "shoot-up" the town and proceeded to do so. Sheriff Gillett heard the shots and came running. He read the "riot act" to Outlaw, ordered him to holster his pistol, threatened him with instant arrest. Outlaw tried to brazen it out, but Gillett repeated his ultimatum in unmistakable terms. Outlaw laughed, said he was buying the drinks, and let a coin drop to the floor as he pulled the money from his pockets. It was a tense moment, one in which either man, or both, could die. Outlaw bent a little as if to recover the coin, then straightened suddenly as if to go for his gun, but he looked hard at the sheriff, checking to see if Gillett planned to shoot him. Gillett read the thoughts, gently smiled, picked up the coin, and tossed it on the bar with the admonition "Now you remember what I told you. It's a fine thing when a Ranger has to be ordered to keep the peace."

Frank Jones got back to Alpine next morning and heard about his sergeant's misbehavior. He called Outlaw in and ordered his resignation, which Outlaw duly signed so he could receive his pay. He left headquarters furious at Gillett because he thought the sheriff had told Jones of the fracas. Outlaw went to Jackson's mercantile where he bragged about wanting to kill Gillett. He was still there when Jim Gillett arrived for a confrontation, the result of which was that Bass Outlaw admitted his error. He left Alpine peaceably then to drift back to El Paso where he got shot in a running gun battle with Constable John Selman.[48] The date was April 5, 1894, and the place was Tillie Howard's sporting house. Outlaw, drunk and mean, murdered Ranger Joe McKidrict before a Selman bullet hit him just above the heart. Outlaw had already blinded Selman by firing his pistol close to Selman's face, and he managed two more shots before he retreated. One hit Selman above the right knee and the other went through the thigh, severing the artery. Outlaw died four hours later. Selman was partially blind for the rest of his life, and because of his crippled leg, he walked with a cane.[49]

Outlaw's last words were, "Where are my friends?" Well, he had one, but he was in the Ranger service near Marfa. This was Alonzo Van Oden who had strong feelings for his fellow Ranger. Upon hearing of Outlaw's

death, Oden wrote in his diary:

> Bass Outlaw is dead. Bass, my friend, is gone. Before he died he shot and killed Joe McKidrict. Maybe all of us knew something like this would come to Bass—Bass, who was so brave and kind; who could laugh louder, ride longer, and cuss harder than the rest of us; who could be more sympathetic, more tender, more patient than all of us when necessary. Bass had one weakness, that—at last—proved to be



Bass Outlaw, Texas Rangers, 1886. (Photo, El Paso Public Library)

> stronger than all his virtues. Bass couldn't leave liquor alone, and when Bass was drunk, Bass was a maniac; none of us could handle him, none of us could reason with him, we just stayed with him until he sobered up. Joe McKidrict was a fine Ranger. Bass Outlaw was my friend.[50]

When Bass Outlaw resigned as sergeant of Jones' Company D, he was succeeded by John R. Hughes, whose connection with the Rangers began in 1887. Hughes headed the Ranger detachment at Alpine when Jones went to Ysleta in the Spring of 1893. After Jones' death, Hughes was promoted to company commander. He immediately loaded the company equipage and men into boxcars and rode the rails to El Paso where he received Kirchner's report of the incident.[51] Hughes was officially made captain on July 4, 1893, and he remained one until he resigned on January 31, 1915. During those years he was in and out of El Paso, and after he retired he claimed El Paso and Austin as his homes.[52]

But in 1893 as a new captain he was busy settling up the affair of Jones' killing, for it had, after all, taken place on Mexican soil owing to the vagaries of the Rio Grande. Mexico wanted satisfaction for the Ranger invasion. Using Kirchner's report as the basis for the fact that the boundary was not marked, Hughes further explained to the adjutant general that one of the Holguins was an escaped convict from Huntsville and the other two were wanted for theft of cattle and assault to murder. The fact was stressed that the Holguins were all born and raised in El Paso County; they were Texas citizens wanted by Texas courts.[53] The incident died away; the Holguins were taken by Mexican authorities and placed in jail in Ciudad Juárez. Later they were released without prosecution, but soon thereafter, at short intervals, the three Holguins responsible for Jones' death were themselves found dead. Two of them had been hanged and another lay dead at Tres Jacales, near the site of Frank Jones' demise.[54]

It was left to Hughes to provide the adjutant general with the details of the killing of Bass Outlaw,[55] and it was left to him to host practically the entire Ranger force, all thirty-one of them, when they came to El Paso in February, 1896, to prevent the prizefight between Bob Fitzsimmons and Pete Maher. When the fight moved to Langtry and across the river into Mexico, the Rangers went along, but they had no jurisdiction in Mexico so the fight was held. It lasted less than one round as Fitzsimmons knocked out Maher. Hughes watched the show from across the river.[56]

July, 1901, brought a reorganization of the Ranger force as the Frontier Battalion was abolished. The lettered company assigned to the El Paso-Big Bend area was still Company D and John R. Hughes still commanded. Headquarters was at Fort Hancock. There it remained until December, 1902, when the men were ordered to Brownsville to help put an end to cattle rustling there. By then the "squally" times had

passed and most El Pasoans were sorry to see the Rangers leave. The *El Paso Times* editorialized about Hughes:

> He has never yet started after a criminal he did not capture or kill. The people in general and the officers in particular of El Paso County will regret to learn that Captain Hughes is to leave them. His many sterling qualities, his fearlessness, devotion to duty and unruffled courtesy under any and all circumstances had endeared him to the people of this country.[57]

For the first time since Baylor's coming, El Paso County was without Rangers. It proved but a respite, for Company D returned to Fort Hancock after a few months in the Rio Grande valley. By 1905 Hughes was working on special assignment out of Austin. From 1910 to 1912 he was in El Paso to see that the battlers in the Mexican Revolution did not transgress on Texas soil. And even after retirement in 1915, Hughes made El Paso home much of the time. He who led the Texas Centennial Parade in Dallas in 1936 and the El Paso Rodeo parades in the 1930's was of the people.[58]

After 1914 Ranger assignments in the county are somewhat hazy. On September 21, 1916, Ranger W. B. Sands was drunk in the Coney Island Saloon when he shot and killed Army Sergeant Owen Bierne, and a Ranger named Bell was there to collect Sands' gun.[59] In 1918, when Governor William P. Hobby added nine regular Ranger companies to the force, El Paso received Company L headed by Captain W. W. Davis. In March, 1919, the structure was changed by legislation, but it took a little time to enact. By June of that year Company B was stationed at Ysleta with the primary duty of catching *tequileros,* those who were smuggling illicit liquor across the border. Captain Charles B. Stevens commanded this unit until February 3, 1920, when he was ordered to Wichita Falls to help put down an oil field strike. Stevens refused to go, so he resigned and his company was disbanded.[60] Thereafter the closest company was at Marfa or Presidio until the Rangers were reorganized in 1935 as part of the Department of Public Safety.

Even in the modern era there has been a dearth of Ranger activity here although one native son, Manuel T. "Lone Wolf" Gonzaullas, has achieved fame in the force. He entered the Rangers on October 1, 1920, was promoted to captain on March 1, 1940, and retired on July 31, 1951. Gonzaullas commanded Company B in Dallas, so most of his exploits were in North Texas. Gonzaullas died on February 14, 1977.[61] The only Texas Ranger stationed in El Paso in recent years is Pedro G. Montemayor, who entered the service in 1971 and transferred here on September 1, 1973.[62] Montemayor's life is interesting no doubt, but it is surely different from those "squally" times when Garcia, Montes, Baylor, Gillett, Frank Jones, and Hughes galloped along the river and through

mountain passes looking for, and finding, marauding Indians and mean desperadoes.

FOOTNOTES

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4. "Jack Hays, the Intrepid Texas Ranger," *Frontier Times,* IV (March, 1927), 26-27; Kenneth Franklin Neighbours, *Robert Simpson Neighbors and the Texas Frontier, 1836-1859* (Waco: Texian Press, 1975), pp. 68-69.
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19. *Ibid.,* 445-446.
20. *Ibid.,* 393-395, 446.
21. Sonnichsen, *The El Paso Salt War,* p. 36.
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23. *Ibid., pp.* 48-52, 57-59.
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30. Waller, "Colonel George Wythe Baylor," p. 34.

31. Gillett, *Six Years With the Texas Rangers,* p. 199.
32. *Ibid.,* pp. 190-192, 196-198.
33. Leon Claire Metz, *Dallas Stoudenmire: El Paso Marshal* (Austin: The Pemberton Press, 1969), pp. 39, 49, 63, 73, 77, 79.
34. Gillett, *Six Years With the Texas Rangers,* p. 214.
35. *Ibid.,* p. 225; Metz, *Dallas Stoudenmire,* p. 579.
36. Waller, "Colonel George Wythe Baylor," p. 34.
37. Metz, *Dallas Stoudenmire,* p. 78-79.
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GIRLS' BASKETBALL COMES TO EL PASO

by EDNA SCOTTEN FERRIS

"Look at those Tomboys!" "Girls playing boy's games!" "Wearing BLOOMERS and showing their legs!" "What on earth are their Mothers thinking of?" "Have they no shame?" "Heaven help us!"

However, we who were so shocking only half heard the moans if at all. We were far too busy having a marvelous time playing girls' basketball. That was away back in 1909 at Mesa Elementary School on Montana Street. The school officials called it "Physical Education for Girls."

Thanks to the tireless efforts and perseverance of Mr. Charles Titus, Executive Director and Mr. P. C. Jacobus, Physical Director of the YMCA, who had become interested in organizing girls' basketball into a competitive sport locally, the program had been accepted by school officials. All had agreed the added match games, if played in the Y gymnasium, would increase interest and income to the new building, located on Oregon and Missouri across from the Carnegie Library.

To bring this about Messrs. Titus and Jacobus had spent over a year meeting with school officials, principals, faculty members and others. Then to get the reaction of the girls themselves, they arranged a meeting of two representatives from the seventh and eighth grades of the three schools large enough to participate—Mesa, San Jacinto and Lamar, the meeting to be held in the board room of the YMCA on a Saturday morning.

I do not recall the names of the girls from the other schools. But Lillian Buchoz and I, both from the seventh grade at Mesa, felt our importance as we entered the boys' official domain. By the time the San Jacinto girls arrived, the Lamar girls had joined us. The four of us gasped as one of the late arrivals was over a foot taller than any of us. Were there more in their team that tall?

At the end of nearly an hour of explanations, questions and answers we were so enthusiastic and excited even the tall opponents were no problem. We all pledged our active support to help finalize the program. Strawberry ice cream from Commozie's Ice Cream Parlor and a big chocolate cake from Mrs. Gemoets of the Belgian Bakery helped to advance new friendships. The tall girl was Laura Maude Fink and a nice companion. Following came a tour of the public areas of the building. While in the gymnasium we tried "making a basket" with the big balls, but not for long. In our stocking feet on those highly polished floors, falls were not very pleasant.

At last basketball season arrived. The match schedule for play at the Y were two games by each team with each of the other two teams. If two teams tied, a play off was set to meet the team with more wins. All games to be played at the Y.

But practice was something else. Our court at Mesa was on the loose gravel cleared corner of the school grounds. Heavy two inch wide tape, held in place by at-interval stakes, marked the playing area. This was a rectangular area divided equally into three sections cross court. At the far ends were a ten foot four-by-four post with a plank back stop at the top, in the center of which was an iron ring standing out. This was our basket. Slipping on the gravel or tripping over the tape was all part of the routine.

There were no official coaches for the girls, but Mrs. B. B. Bailey, our principal, for whom the school was later named in her memory, had the different coaches from the boys' athletics and some volunteer and willing teachers help us learn the new girls' sport of basketball. We always practiced in our heavy woolen uniforms. But since we were outside in winter, they were welcome despite their weight, four to five pounds each and in one garment. We had long sleeves, high Buster brown collars on blouses buttoned down the front to the waist belt. This in turn was holding up full skirt-like bloomers which were held at the knees by elastic bands. Long black stockings and tennis shoes completed the outfit. I assure you there were no chubby girls on those teams.

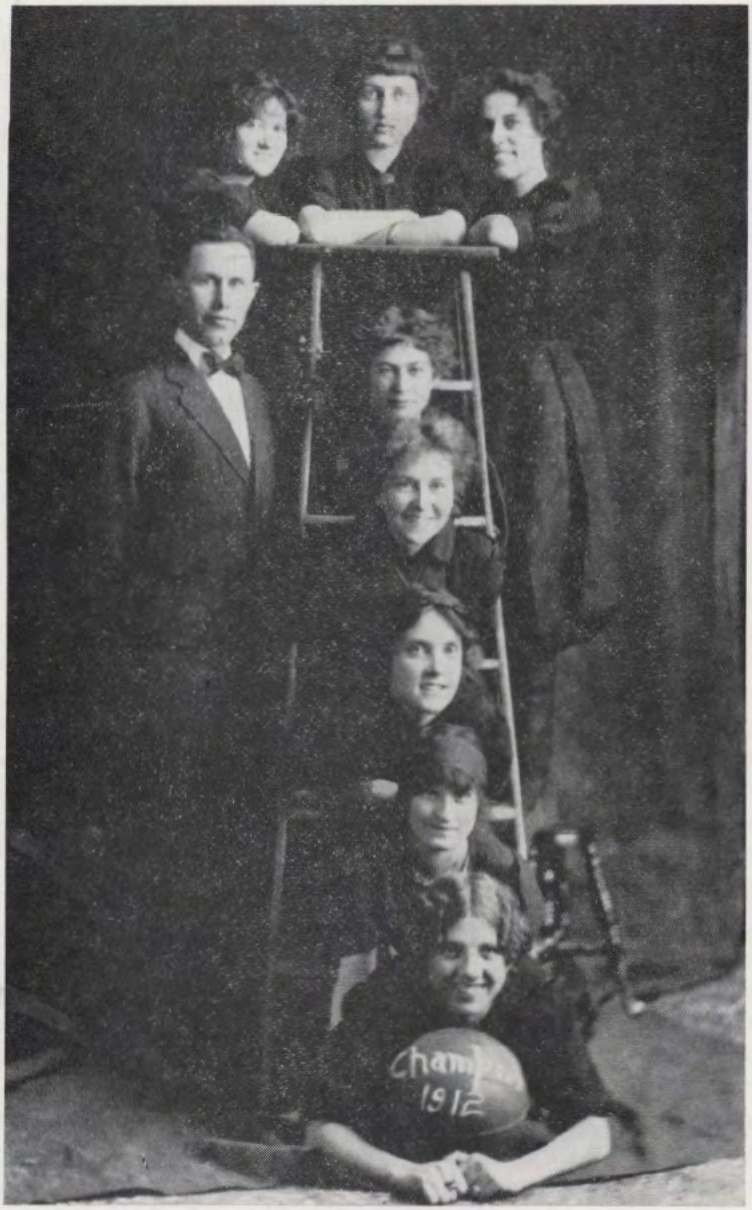
There were six girls to a team—two forwards, two guards and two centers, one a jumper and the other a runner. Forwards were with opposing teams guards at each end section and the centers in between. Each group confined to their section. Our playing periods were the same length as the boys—two halves of twenty minutes each and a rest period between.

We played two seasons as grade school teams before most of us went into El Paso High School in January of 1911, in time to play with the girls already there. Our uniforms were the same except the sleeves were now only elbow length. Our practice court was inside on the long hall way between the classrooms on the first floor. We used a former storage room near a furnace as a dressing room in the basement.

Professor J. W. Curd, our Principal, was our coach that year, 1911. The following summer he opened a book store in the Mills Building on the Oregon Street side and withdrew from the school system. Our charming chaperon was Miss Lavert Chamberland. Miss Isabelle Kelly substituted for her on one trip. With only one High School in El Paso we had to travel and play some College teams. These trips were always larks, particularly when the boys team played on the same schedule.

That season brought acclaim to the girls' team from every quarter. It brought glowing stories in local newspapers and our school paper, the *Tatler*. We were a happy group of girls, always congenial and friendly. Parts of two of these stories follow: (From the Souvenier Issue of the *Tatler*)—(1911).

"The girl's basketball team has had the most successful season ever



1912 El Paso High School Girls Basketball Team
Coach—Cecil C. Golden. Across top: Madeline Kerr, guard; Ida Hall, substitute forward; Elizabeth Rutledge, substitute forward. Top to bottom on ladder: Pearl Butts, running center, substitute guard; Edna Scotten, guard; Bernadine Schultz, jumping center; May Harris, forward; and Velma Chenoweth, forward and captain.

experienced. Velma Chenoweth and Hattie Ellis making two swell forwards. These two always worked together at all stages of the game." Another 1911 issue: "THE FINAL GAME"—"On the night of March 11, 1911, the High School closed its basketball season with a double header victory. The first game of the night was that of the High School Girls against the College Girls from N. Mex. A & M from Mesilla. From the first, there was no question as to which was the better team, for the El Paso girls outclassed them in every respect. Their team work, both among the guards and the forwards, and especially the goal throwing of Harriet Ellis was sensational. However, she could not have thrown so many baskets without the help of her team mate Velma Chenoweth, the other forward, who kept throwing the ball to her. Both deserve credit for their splendid playing, as does also Edna Scotten, right guard who at times threw the ball the length of the court directly into the hands of her forwards." (I was ably assisted by my partner Madeline Kerr, who played her usual good steady game. She too deserves credit). "The game ended in a complete shut-out of the Mesilla girls, with the final score of El Paso High-19, New Mexico-0."

The members of that team were:—Harriet Ellis and Velma Chenoweth, forwards; Madeline Kerr and Edna Scotten, guards; and centers, Bernadine Schultz, jumping and Carmen Blessing, running, with substitutes for forward, Elizabeth Rutledge and guard (?) Myers. We had played Bisbee, Arizona, High School; New Mexico State Teachers College at Silver City, N. Mex. and the A.M. at Mesilla in their home towns where we stayed in the team members' homes. Bisbee did not come to El Paso; only the two College teams from New Mexico gave us return games.

The next year, 1912, Mr. Cecil C. Golden began his two years as coach for both girls and boys basketball. The girls had three new members and lost Harriett to graduation. Mae Harris and Ida Hall as forwards and Pearl Butts as substitute guard. Although the team continued to win games and again won the Championship, there was not the same friendly cooperation of the previous year. And at the end of the season many either entered other activities or left school entirely. I, for one, became interested in tennis as I watched the activity on the new YMCA tennis court from my front porch at the corner of Arizona and Campbell Streets. Some of those playing were Winchester Cooley, Hal Christie, Sterling Blackshire, Clark Wright and Sag Shea, all of whom gave me valuable instructions and played with me in mixed doubles with such friends as Margaret Schuster, Alice Myles, Virginia Semple, Margaret Kinney, Ann Reese, Jimmie Willis and others. In 1915 at a tournament on the El Paso Country Club courts near Fort Bliss, I was handed the cup for winning the Women's Singles matches for El Paso players. But

I digress, however, to remember for even a moment, makes one young again with their friends. Although tennis became my new love I still have a very warm spot in my heart with wonderful memories of four years, 1909, 1910, 1911 and 1912, of an action-filled sport of girls' basketball and the friends who rejoiced at our wins and moaned at our losses.

Elizabeth Rutledge was the new Captain and forward in 1913 and some of our former practice team mates and new students made up the squad. Mary Wadlington, Charlie Carter, Vivian Pomeroy, Nancy Edwards, Mayre Weeks, Reba Elliot, Mary Evans, Merle Batson, Dema Fleck, Ruby Ponsford and Phyllis Rutledge.

In 1914 a new Athletic Director and Coach, Mr. E. R. Reukaub, inspired and renewed spirit and enthusiasm in the players and again winning teams were built. The final year I was in school, Mary Wadlington was the star forward and team Captain. I graduated in the January Class of 1915, from the stage of the Texas Grand Theater.

Over the years most of the girls' teams have dropped the "half-court" game and the position of running center. The guards are now tested for their scoring ability and defensive playing. Of the few remaining six-girl playing teams, one from Oklahoma City has filed suit to go to five-on-five full court play, since as a confined-in-territory-guard they are precluded from a college athletic scholarship chance. All athletics scouts are looking for high scoring players.

Even the uniforms of the girls are far more comfortable and less cumberson. Now only a sleeveless blouse or sweater, a pair of short trunks above short sox in tennis shoes complete the outfit and an ever eye-catching picture in action.

NOTES

I wish to sincerely thank the following for their kind help in different areas of this sketchy history, particularly in some names and their spelling:

David Woods, Professor of Journalism, El Paso High School; Mrs. Mary Sarber and Miss Linda Frocht, El Paso Public Library; Mrs. Camille Kibler Craig and Mrs. Harry Ponsford.

Harriet Ellis: Mrs. Deshon, deceased, sister of Mrs. Davis Mayfield, Sr.

Madeline Kerr: Mrs. Young, deceased, sister of Paul Kerr. Husband was Sheriff in Roswell area.

Bernadine Schultz: Mrs. Harry Henderson of Rio Grande Valley Bank.

Mary Wadlington: Mrs. Wynne.

Nancy Edwards: Mrs. Klopfer. Daughter of former El Paso County Sheriff.

Ruby Ponsford: Mrs. Tapper.

Elizabeth Rutledge: Mrs. Bougent.

Reba Elliott: Mrs. Armstrong, deceased.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ESCOBAR REVOLUTION

by CHRIS P. FOX

The year of 1929 saw this city rapidly withdrawing from the post World War I ups and downs. Long since forgotten was the real estate value rapid rise and equally rapid fall. It was also a time that the best way to show your affluence whether you were shining shoes or were one of the few executives of the town, was to wear a silk shirt and well-tailored peg top pants with a flamboyant coat and hat to match.

But the year of 1929 also saw the demise of Stormsville on the Mesa and the big and then-costly homes being built on Rim Road and the establishment of the Paso Tex (Standard Oil of Texas later) Pipe Line and Refinery, and Nichols (later Phelps-Dodge) Copper Refinery, and the exhilarating news that the Texas Company was also to build a refinery and that the great El Paso Natural Gas Company was on the way.

Yes, that was fifty years ago and during these past five decades El Paso and the world have seen changes beyond description or count. But the brighter days of fifty years ago and somewhat less, began fading in Northern Chihuahua and Sonora, as the untimely and unwanted Escobar Revolution marched on to the stage early in 1929. Mexico, you must remember, had just about had its fill of revolutions and was struggling mightily to bring about a political and economic balance. Such being the case you wonder why the Escobar Revolution; it is not too clear as to why it started but there is one definite and solid reason why it failed. No one group, other than the primary-initial participants, became interested.

To get a concise picture of the Escobar Revolution, read the article by Colonel Daniel B. Cullinane, USA, in the July 1958, Vol. III, of PASSWORD. As per Colonel Cullinane, it was Sunday, March 3, 1929, when a revolution came once again to Mexico. The following day saw our Herbert Hoover inaugurated president of the United States. The revolution had General Jose Gonzalo Escobar as the top man, supported by a group of dissident regular army generals and colonels, who took up arms against the federal government in 10 of the 30 states of the Republic, with ample volunteers; the combat starting point was Vera Cruz. To make the proverbial long story short, this revolution only lasted about two months and wound up here on the border, and with General Escobar running off with considerable cash loot to Canada. This little story revolves around that "Cash Loot" that went to Canada.

Now we'll get on to a few items that took place during the waning days of the Juarez occupation by General Escobar and his rag-tag followers and soldiers. On a sunny day and about a week or ten days before

the revolution folded, and when I was the owner-operator of the Chris P. Fox Transfer and Rigging Company, I had a phone call from a fine El Pasoan, Charles Graham, who at that time was sales manager of the Rio Grande Oil Company, inquiring as to whether our 1,500 gallon tank truck, which had been used during the pipeline building, was available. I told him it was, and he in turn told me that the rebel commander in Juarez needed fuel oil, and badly, for their locomotives. The pricing and trip schedule was made, and the next morning the hauling of fuel oil commenced on an around-the-clock basis, from the Rio Grande Refinery to the Mexico and Northwestern roundhouse. We were paid for our services on a daily basis, with the rebel paymaster paying for the previous 24-hour hauling each morning when the first tank truck crossed the bridge. In retrospect, I must admit that it was a satisfactory and lucrative piece of hauling business, but there were other things to come.

About five days or so before the revolution fell apart in Juarez, I received franctic calls from the Escobar headquarters for more trucks to haul more things for more people, some down in the Juarez valley, some right in the city, and others from the railroad yards. The items we moved consisted of a dairy-full of cows, three carloads of high-grade ore, and furniture and household goods unending, as well as endless loads of slot machines, which filled three basements of houses on Montana Avenue, etc. Indeed it was a mover's delight and the bill was mounting speedily, when "boom!"—the revolution was over, the paymaster was gone "with the wind," and though we continued to haul fuel oil up to the last minute (that account was paid in full), for the other, we were owed around about $3,700 as I remember, and the dollars at that day and time were big and round, and highly desirable.

We received reports from various sources that said that the paymaster, with a sizeable amount of money, had headed straight for Canada, while others said that he was shuttling back and forth between Washington and New York City. We struggled mightily to get him either by a "tail or a horn," but with no success, and finally there was nothing we could do but sit deep in our chair and hope for the best . . . there was no possible way of taking any legal action as their attorney, who went to New York to help out, wound up in the New York City jail. Weeks passed and turned into months, and the months turned into almost two years, when one day the clouds parted and the sun shone brightly, because a young man who was well-attired and spoke excellent English entered our office and asked for me and said that he would like to see the bill that the revolutionaries had "run-up" with us during the concluding days of the Escobar Revolution. I, with a crew, was working on a sizeable safe-hoisting job in the Mills Building when we received the call that I was wanted at the office right now, and earlier if possible.

I responded to that phone call with speed and anticipation as Pete Chavez concluded his call to me by saying that he felt this man had something to do with the Escobar Revolution. To be frank with you, I didn't even go around the corner to get my car out of Longwell's Garage . . . I just took the most direct route and in those days I could paddle quite rapidly on foot. I got to the office just as this young man, Fernando Alvarado, was walking out of the door and putting something in his briefcase. I immediately and breathlessly introduced myself and he expressed his pleasure in meeting me and said that he knew his boss man, Sr. Salvador Ateca, would like to meet me too and through me thank our company for all of the many helpful kindnesses we sent their way when the going was tough. He indicated that he had to show the statement that he had been given to one of his superiors and that he would return the following day if everything was in order. I was on the verge of offering him a discount for spot cash but on the other hand, I felt better of it and if need be we could discuss that the next day.

The following day, Pete Chavez and I didn't move out of the office. I may have walked out into the barn to give an order or two, but I immediately returned to said office and the telephone, every time it would ring, we'd jump. Finally, young Alvarado showed up smiling and prideful and walked up to our desk and opened his case and started to count out money; and that he did right down to the last penny. He then smiled at me and asked if it would be too much trouble for me to sign the receipt, as I was the owner of the business. I promptly advised him that I'd not only sign that, but anything else he might have sticking around in his pockets; I was a very, very, very happy man. As he departed, he gave me the greetings of Mr. Ateca and again expressed his regret that the payment of this bill had been so long in coming forth, and I told him that I thoroughly understood, which I did! He made a hasty departure as he said he had other accounts to square around and took off in the taxi which he had standing nearby.

This is the end of that story, with the exception that I understand Mr. Ateca did come back to El Paso to live for awhile as did his son, Salvador Ateca, Jr. The latter I met one day and inquired about his father. Present indications are that either the father has gone on to his rewards or left town for other areas and as to his son, he has disappeared also. This incident left me with something, a feeling that I know a credit manager of a firm wouldn't have or hold, but it did give me a rebirth of my faith in my fellow man, but up to a certain point, but definitely and solidly to my mind, one Salvador Ateca, Sr., stood high above them all.

SOUTHWEST ARCHIVES

Architectural Collections at the El Paso Public Library

by Mary A. Sarber, *Guest Editor*

Over the past year there has been a surge of interest in El Paso's architectural history. A historic preservation ordinance has been passed, the city's Landmarks Commission has been formed, and plans for the renovation of several major downtown buildings are underway.

Another sign of this interest is the acquisition of several collections of architectural materials by the El Paso Public Library's Southwest Section. Probably the most significant of these is the Ponsford/Trost Collection, a group of one hundred fifty sets of original architectural drawings on linen, a large group of preliminary sketches on tissue, and nearly five hundred photographs of buildings designed by Trost and Trost. Ponsford Brothers, General Contractors, acquired this material when Trost and Trost went out of business in 1948, and have generously presented it to the public library where it is available to researchers and architects. Plans for the Caples Building, the Hotel Paso del Norte, Loretto Academy, and El Paso High School are but a few of those included. The photographs are more comprehensive, depicting buildings of all types in many locations. To date more than two hundred buildings by Trost and Trost have been verified in El Paso alone, and double that number were built elsewhere in West Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. Although several Trosts were members of the firm, Henry C. Trost is generally considered to have been the chief designer and creative force of the firm.

A corollary collection of negatives, photographs, and papers on the home Trost designed for himself has been donated by Mrs. Blanche Groesbeck Foster. Mrs. Foster and her first husband, John N. Groesbeck III, owned the Trost home from 1951 to 1958, and found this material when they took possession. Photographs of the interior of the home in Trost's time and a family photograph album offer a rare personal glimpse of the Trost family.

A second group of architectural plans by Percy McGhee has also been donated by Ponsford Brothers. The Ponsford/McGhee Collection contains original plans for a number of significant buildings including the Centennial Museum at UTEP, the UTEP library, and the KTSM building in El Paso, as well as Brannigan Memorial Library and the Dona Ana County Courthouse in Las Cruces. McGhee set up his firm in 1927, a few years before Henry Trost died, and eventually took on much the same type of commissions as had been handled by Trost and Trost.

A third group of plans from the firm of Frazer and Benner was recently given to the library by the El Paso National Bank. It consists primarily of residential and small commercial buildings in El Paso and other cities in West Texas and southern New Mexico. This collection is not yet catalogued or arranged.

It will be some time before the full scope and significance of these collections can be fully assessed. Presently the library staff is concentrating on Trost's work, feeding all information about his buildings into a master index which already fills three loose-ring notebooks. Trost and Trost designed so many buildings that it is unlikely there will ever be a complete, authoritative catalog of their work. A book on Henry C. Trost is being written by Dr. Lloyd C. Engelbrecht and will be published in late 1979 by the El Paso Public Library Association.

There is a great deal of research to be done on El Paso's architectural heritage. It is important that the primary source materials, in the form of plans, photographs, office records, and correspondence, be preserved where they can be cared for properly and yet made available to researchers. Preservation of the collections described above is an important start, but only a start. The records of other architects are also worthy of preservation, and much more research is needed into El Paso's architectural history.

"In May, 1923, the McMath Company, an El Paso printing concern, placed the following ad in the *Inland Printer,* 'Somewhere there is a printer who can make layouts and get up classy typography who would like to move to a congenial climate. Send full particulars, references and samples of work.' Carl Hertzog answered that advertisement from Wheeling, West Virginia, and a month later he was in El Paso."

—Mrs. W. W. Schuessler, "Tribute to J. Carl Hertzog," PASSWORD, XIV, 106, Winter, 1969

HERITAGE HOMES OF EL PASO

by Harriot Howze Jones

The Ponsford House

Photo by M.G. McKinney

I am sometimes asked how I select homes to be surveyed in this series. Often I get a suggestion from someone who would like to see his ancestral home written up, or has frequently passed an interesting looking house and wondered about it. I welcome these suggestions. The subject of this article was described by Virginia Turner, staff writer for the El Paso Herald-Post. I have permission to take advantage of her research and to carry it on further.

The address of this house is 2921 Wheeling Avenue, but it actually faces on Raynor St. The house was designed and built in 1916 by Henry (Harry) J. Ponsford, as his family residence. It has two stories, an attic, and fully finished basement. The house rests on a stone foundation and is constructed of rough tan color brick. In summer the walls are completely covered with Virginia Creeper, so it appears to be a dark green house. There is a horseshoe arch over the front door, many small-paned windows, a pitched roof of red tile with wide over-hang. The property is enclosed by a wrought iron fence atop a stone coping.

One enters a small hallway from which rises a curved staircase, the banister and treads are mahogany and the spindles and risers white enamel. All the walls are roughly stuccoed an off-white, all the woodwork, including many built-in cabinets and book-cases and sets of drawers are painted with glistening white enamel.

The large living room opens to the left of the hall, and beyond that is a cheery sunporch, with many plants. The handsome mantel group extends entirely across one end of the large room. The fire-place is in the center and has a red brick surround and hearth. The mantel shelf extends across book cases on either side, these have small-paned glass doors. Just under the shelf are small dentils and what might be called a miniature architrave frieze. Small fluted pillars flank the fireplace opening. It is quite a classical arrangement.

To the right of the living room is the dining room. There is also a door into this room from the hall. A small many-windowed room opens from the dining room, used as a breakfast room, and the kitchen also opens into the dining room and hall.

The kitchen is quite compact, with many built-in cabinets and shelves. A delightful feature is a large gas stove. In raised letters on the front is the date of its manufacture—1893, and "The New Process". Gas stoves were no doubt very new in 1893, when they replaced coal or wood burning stoves. The handles which turn on the gas are white porcelain, as are the front parts of the three ovens: one for baking, one for broiling and a warming oven where plates were warmed and left-over bread was dried to make bread crumbs. I remember just such a stove in my childhood, and I used to love to crunch the dried bread, it was delicious, like zwieback. The stove works perfectly, the only thing lacking when it comes to being modern is that there is no pilot light, one must use matches, and no automatic oven control. I noticed that the present owner has a microwave oven in addition, but the rest of the cooking is done on the gas stove. We wonder if any appliances made today will last for 90 years!

There are only two bedrooms on the second floor, but they are spacious ones. The master bedroom is over the living room and is as large as the room below. There is a fireplace with white tile surround and hearth. Flanking it are built-in cupboards. There is an adjoining bathroom, which was not originally there, but was constructed from a dressing room. The end of the room with the fireplace is arranged as a sitting room, with the bed and dressers at the other end. There are many built-in features, wardrobes, cabinets. Four French doors open onto an open balcony with brick ballustrade—this is above the sun-porch. The other bedroom is spacious also, and off of it is a small glassed-in room which had been a sleeping porch, a useful feature of old El Paso homes, before air-conditioning.

The main bathroom is large, 12 feet square, with a tub about seven feet long with brass fittings and the other fixtures are of china, not the modern baked-on porcelain. There is a shower in a glass stall.

Harry Ponsford, who designed, built and lived in the house was born in Ontario, Canada. He came to El Paso when he was five years old with his parents. His father, Henry T. Ponsford, had asthma badly and was in search of a warm, dry climate. El Paso's climate agreed with him and he lived to be over ninety. He started a construction business, which prospered, and as his sons grew up they joined the firm, which became H. T. Ponsford & Sons. These sons were: Harry, Walter, Emanuel, Albert, and George. There were also four girls in the family: Pearl, Ruby (Mrs. Ben Tapper), Sara (Mrs. Bennett Wilson) and Lucile (Mrs. J. Harold Tillman).

Harry Ponsford was the chief architect and designer of the firm. H. T. Ponsford & Sons constructed many notable buildings such as the Plaza Theater, the Sun Bowl Stadium at UTEP, many churches and business buildings, and many, many homes, 20 houses on Robinson Blvd. alone. Harry Ponsford is proud of his father for his ability and integrity and kindness. He was the first person in El Paso to finance the homes he built, to enable people of modest income to own a home paid for on a monthly basis. The only provision was that they own the lots, then he built to satisfy the buyers' wishes. H. T. Ponsford died in 1942, the firm having just completed 140 buildings in sixty days at Holloman Air Force Base. They were two days ahead of schedule. The building firm continues as Ponsford Brothers.

In 1921 the Ponsfords decided they would need a larger house, they had one child and hoped to have more. Also, Harry Ponsford said he was tired of having to go from the second floor down to the basement to tend the furnace! So he built a one story house at 921 East Robinson where they have lived ever since. They have two children: Marbry (Mrs. P. Edwards) and Henry. There are four grand-children.

The house at 2921 Wheeling was sold to Harry Wright, who had business interests in Juarez. From 1934 to 1960 there were several short-time occupants: Emil Geppelt, Donald Smith, manager of H. A. Wilson Co., H. A. Fouts, of Texas Refinery, Edward Timberlake, a rancher, L. A. Miller, owner of "The Hitching Post", and O. H. Searle. From 1961 to 1971 it was the home of Dr. and Mrs. Ruben B. Rodarte. They occupied the house longer than any other tenants.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold K. Myers occupied the house for four years, Mr. Myers was a teacher in the El Paso Public schools. Mr. and Mrs. Cyril J. McKenney owned the house for three years. Mr. McKenney is a technician with Raytheon.

In 1978 the house was purchased by Colonel (Retired) and Mrs.

Leroy P. Bass. Colonel Bass is a native of Mississippi. Since retirement he has been a teacher. Mrs. Bass, who was reared in San Antonio, is with Public Relations at William Beaumont Army Medical Center. The Basses have one daughter, Susan.

When the Basses first saw the house Shirley Bass fell in love with it. She likes everything about it, the handsome proportions of each room, the built-in features, the fireplace arrangement, the antique stove, the openness of the design, the whole happy atmosphere of the house. The Basses have a large collection of books and two rooms in the basement have been lined with book cases. They have parakeets and tropical fish, which are at home in the glassed-in sleeping porch upstairs. They also have a large, fluffy orange color tom-cat, Ginger by name. Ginger felt harassed on moving day and spying a square dark aperture in the wall on the second floor, jumped in to take refuge from all the excitement. After a time he was missed, but call as they would, no Ginger appeared. Finally eight hours later a cowed Ginger was discovered in a box in the basement. He had jumped into the laundry chute and fallen two floors but was not hurt, except for his feelings.

Mrs. Bass wanted to know the history of the house, and after much research she was told that it had been built by Harry Ponsford. She got into communication with the Ponsfords and invited them for Sunday Brunch, along with a few friends. It was a happy occasion. Mr. Ponsford presented the original plans of the house, which delighted Shirley Bass, who will have them framed. He toured the house with her, noting minor changes, and was much pleased that it was in such good condition, and pointing out certain features which might not have been noted and explaining why he had done certain things in certain ways. Of course Mr. Ponsford was gratified that the new owners were so happy with the house he had lovingly constructed for his and his wife's first home, so many years ago.

"An act of the State Legislature of January 3, 1850, approved the creation of the three counties of El Paso, Worth, and Presidio, and Major Robert S. Neighbors, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Texas, was appointed by Governor Peter Hansborough Bell to effect the organization. Neighbors reached El Paso in February of the same year and a month later reported to Governor Bell that El Paso County was duly organized and that the County Seat was San Elizario. At the time, San Elizario had a population of 1,200, while El Paso had only two hundred residents."

—Eugene O. Porter, "San Elizario, A Century of History," PASSWORD, IX, 143, Winter, 1964

ACTIVITIES OF YOUR SOCIETY

Silver Anniversary

At its annual business meeting, Sunday, October 28, the El Paso County Historical Society observed its 25th anniversary. Charter members, when the Society was organized in 1954, were special guests for the occasion. Betty Ligon, Books and Special Features editor of the *El Paso Herald-Post,* was guest speaker, outlining the quarter-century progress of the Society.

At the business meeting, Mrs. William E. Burgett, Chairman of the Nominating Committee, presented the nominees for officers for next year, in addition to new Directors and some to replace Directors no longer serving. Nominees were accepted by the membership, and the new slate of Officers and directors for 1980 follows:

President	Dr. E. H. Antone
First Vice President	Miss Gertrude Goodman
Second Vice President	F. Keith Peyton
Third Vice President	Dr. James M. Day
Recording Secretary	Mrs. Charles H. Dodson, Jr.
Corresponding Secretary	Mrs. Hans Brockmoller
Membership Secretary	Mrs. Patrick Rand
Treasurer	Robert E. Dymsza
Curator	William I. Latham
Historian	Mrs. John Evans
Director Ex Officio	Leonard Sipiora
Editor Password	Mrs. Ralph E. Hamilton
Editor El Conquistador	Bud Newman

DIRECTORS 1978-80	DIRECTORS 1979-81	DIRECTORS 1980-82
Colbert Coldwell	Ralph A. Guilliams	Mrs. H. D. Garrett
Col. Edward J. Daley	Mrs. Merlyn L. Sarber	Frank McKnight
Mrs. Edgar B. Dodds	Mrs. Maurice E. Hill	Dr. W. L. Timmons
Mrs. Henry Horwitz	Ross Borrett	Mrs. Ruth Graham
Col. J. William Long	Major Jay D. Smith	Cdr. Millard G. McKinney
Mrs. Philip H. Bethune	Harvey Meston	Jack Resen
Mrs. Leroy L. Mathis	Major Jackson Redman	Dr. Oscar Martinez

Increase in Dues

Rising postage and publication costs and increased activities have caused the Society to operate at a loss for the past several years, Treasurer L. F. Beard reported to the Board of Directors. The Board then voted to amend the Constitution and increase the annual dues from $10 to $15 for individuals, families and institutions. Life Memberships were proposed to be increased from $150 to $200. The proposal, effective with 1980 memberships, was approved by the membership.

El Paso History Week

The week of November 4-11, which opened with the 19th annual El Paso Hall of Honor Banquet and closed with the Society's annual Tour of Historic Homes, was proclaimed El Paso History Week by Mayor

Thomas D. Westfall and the El Paso City Council.

The Tour of Homes, under the Chairmanship of Mrs. Maurice E. Hill, visited the following homes in the Highland Park area of El Paso:

Dexter Mapel home, 2601 Altura, built by Charles Newman.

R. W. Rees home, 2619 Altura, former home of Dr. and Mrs. Harry Leigh.

Dr. H. D. Garrett home, 2631 Altura, built for Carlos Mapel.

El Paso Rehabilitation Center, 2630 Richmond, former home of Robert E. McKee.

Bureau of Missing PASSWORDS

A complete set of PASSWORD, from its beginning in 1956, is now a rare and valuable encyclopedia of Southwestern history. Nine issues are now out of print: vol. I, no. 2; vol. II, no. 1; vol. IX, no. 1; vol. X, no. 3; vol. XI, no. 4; vol. XIII, no. 3, and vol. XVI, nos. 2 and 4.

Between 1965 and 1979, many issues were over printed—more copies than were needed. Such of these issues as are surplus will be available to members during November and December at $1 each (plus 5% sales tax). The concluding two months of 1979 will be an excellent opportunity for you to fill in your missing issues.

The Society now charges $10 for each issue of the first three years, and $3 each for all issues since; but, under a motion adopted by the Board October 2, the price will be increased, January 1, 1980 to $10 for each issue of the first five years, $5 for each issue for the second five years, and $3 each for the remaining years. State sales tax of 5% must be paid for all issues.

Surplus issues may be obtained by contacting Bill Latham, curator, at 532-9196. None will be mailed—it now costs 40 cents to mail out PASSWORD. Pick them up at 417 Cincinnati.

WANT A COMPLETE SET? One member is willing to sell his. Ask Latham about this.

For Christmas 1979—Give a Southwestern Book!

The following books are available through your Historical Society. Millard G. McKinney, Book Sales Chairman.

Nancy Hamilton,	*Ben Dowell, El Paso's First Mayor*	$3
Clifford Perkins,	*Border Patrol, U. S. Immigration Service*	$10
Frank J. Mangan,	*Bordertown Revisited*	$4
W. D. Smithers,	*Chronicles of the Big Bend*	$12.95
Dale Walker,	*Death Was the Black Horse*	$10
Conrey Bryson,	*Down Went McGinty* (El Paso in the 90's)	$10
	Dr. L. A. Nixon and the White Primary	$3
	The Land Where We Live	$2.50
Jose Cisneros,	*Faces of the Borderlands* (drawings and text)	$3
William J. Hooten,	*Fifty Two Years a Newsman*	$10
Ruby V. Burns,	*Josephine Clardy Fox*, El Paso Benefactor	$10

Hawley Richeson,	*Lee Moor: Shirt Pocket Tycoon*	$6
Richard K. McMaster,	*Musket, Sabre and Missile* (Fort Bliss History)	$2
Jessie Peterson and Thelma Knoles,	*Pancho Villa, Intimate Recollections*	$12.95
Leon C. Metz,	*Pat Garrett, a Western Lawman*	$7
	The Shooters (notorious gunmen of the West)	$12
Haldeen Braddy,	*Paradox of Pancho Villa*	$10
Mary Sarber,	*Photos from the Border, Otis A. Aultman Collection*	$15
Howard A. Craig,	*Sunward I've Climbed* (A Pioneer Aviator)	$10
William Curry Holden,	*Teresita* (The Mexican Joan of Arc)	$14.95
	(soft cover)	8.95
Stacy C. Hinkle,	*Wings and Saddles* (Army Air Service Border Patrol)	$2
Mary Cunningham,	*Woman's Club of El Paso*	$15
SPECIAL:		
Mary Margaret Davis,	*The Receiving Line was Nine Years Long*	$4

(This gem of El Paso social history recalls the elegance of *El Patio Verde,* where El Pasoans entertained under the guidance of Geneva Causey. 200 pages, 80 photos, and 300 of Geneva's recipes. Lists for $7.50—now available to members at $4.)

COLLECTORS LIST (out of print, first editions, etc. not discounted)

Leon Metz,	*Pat Garrett, Western Lawman* (first edition)	$15
Harriot H. Jones, Ed.,	*El Paso, a Centennial Portrait*	$12.50
Eugene O. Porter.	*Lord Beresford and Lady Flo*	$5
	(soft cover)	$2
	San Elizario, a Texas Landmark	$12.50
M. Lilliana Owens,	Trilogy of Catholic History	
	Jesuit Beginnings in New Mexico, 1867	$3
	Rev. Carlos Pinto, S.J. 1892—	$4
	Most Rev. A. J. Schuler, S.J., D.D.	$5

Historical Society members receive a 10% discount on books priced at more than $7, except those on collectors list. To order by mail, send check or money order, including 50 cents postage for each book (Texas residents include 5% sales tax) to BOOK SALES, El Paso County Historical Society, P.O. Box 28, El Paso, Texas 79940. For special orders and information on these and other southwestern books, call Millard G. McKinney, 565-8784.

In March, 1848, one private Daniel H. Hastings, with the command of Brigadier General Sterling Price, gave this impression of his visit at Paso del Norte on the Rio Grande:

> I was much surprised to find so large and pleasant a city. The extreme neatness and regularity of the streets, which are daily swept by females, the walks, beautifully ornamented by long rows of shade trees just resuming their green foliage at the foot of which were small streams of pure water, conducted by irrigation, the mildness and serenity of the climate, the sweet and renovating songs of happy birds . . . all so far surpassed my expectations . . . that in spite of our sorrows I found myself almost happy.
>
> —John P. Bloom, "Johnny Gringo at the Pass of the North" PASSWORD, IV:134, October 1959

BOOK REVIEWS

MIMBRES MYTHOLOGY

by PAT CARR

(Southwestern Studies No. 56, Texas Western Press, $3)

Among the styles of pottery found in the Southwest, the pottery of a group of people known as the Mimbrenos is remarkable in the quality of the pottery and in the unique designs and images which were painted on its various forms. This pottery was produced in the Mimbres Valley of New Mexico from about 1050 AD until approximately 1200 AD.

Mimbres pottery was decorated in two styles—the first being precise geometric designs and the second being human, animal, and insect forms located in the interior of the bowls. These naturalistic designs portrayed various aspects of everyday Mimbres life and, in addition, illustrate strange configurations of men and animals in interaction.

Archaeologists in the 1920's were the first to associate these configurations with symbolic significance and, as research continued, these designs were thought to be narratives of folk-lore and mythology.

Ms. Carr expands on this idea through a comparative analysis of the pottery illustrations and "the folktales of kindred peoples." The "kindred peoples" chosen were the nineteenth century Pueblo Indians of the Southwest, a people whose lifestyle and folktales were still relatively untouched by the white man's culture.

Ms. Carr follows the conclusion of A.V. Kidder that "inferences as to the meaning of ancient objects must largely be based on the observation of the role similar objects play in the lives of less advanced peoples of today." Similarly, the role of the configurations on Mimbres bowls can be explained through their symbolic relationship to the characters and mythological events of the Pueblo Indian folktales. The myths of the people were the basis for bowl designs. Illustrations were the "literature" of the Mimbreno people.

The comparison of Mimbres illustrations to folktales opens up a new avenue of appreciation of Mimbres pottery as an art form. Thanks to Ms. Carr's research, the pottery can now be valued for both the aesthetic beauty of the designs represented and for their representation of the myths of the Mimbres people.

El Paso, Texas JOANNE ARASIM

SPANISH AND MEXICAN RECORDS OF THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST

by HENRY PUTNEY BEERS

(Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1979. $8.95 paperback, $18.50 clothbound)

Researchers of Borderland history must welcome this admirably organized narrative guide to primary sources of the Spanish and Mexican periods. Parts I through IV examine state by state (New Mexico, Texas, California, and Arizona) the type and location of records which are known to exist, as well as the history of archival collections and repositories. Government records of all levels, ecclesiastical records, and manuscript collections are covered. A list of repositories in the United States, Mexico, and Europe makes up Part V. The UTEP Library is listed as are the Archivo Municipal and the Archivo de la Iglesia Parroquial in Ciudad Juarez.

The entire volume runs to nearly 500 pages. A forty page index makes this mass of information easily accessible. Checking the El Paso entries leads to references on land grants, missions, census records, presidios, and postal

service between Chihuahua and Santa Fe. Other individual entries also lead to sources of information on the El Paso area.

The thoroughness of this compilation will have to be tested by individual scholars researching specific subjects. Even at first examination, however, it is obvious that this provides a starting point for the less experienced researcher and a tool which must be consulted by even the veteran scholar of the Spanish and Mexican periods of Southwestern history. All in all, it is a most impressive and potentially useful guide.

El Paso, Texas MARY A. SARBER

MEXICAN EXILES IN THE BORDERLANDS, 1910-13

by PETER V. N. HENDERSON

(El Paso: Texas Western Press, Southwestern Studies, Monograph No. 58, 1979)

This excellent study focuses on political exiles from Mexico who used the U.S. borderlands to plot the overthrow of incumbent regimes during the early years of the Mexican Revolution. Following a brief summary of the frustrated efforts of the Partido Liberal Mexicano (PLM) to oust the Porfirio Díaz government between 1906 and 1910, Henderson examines the successful revolt led by Francisco Madero, followed by an analysis of the unsuccessful counterrevolutionary movements led by Bernardo Reyes, Emilio Vásquez Gómez, and Pascual Orozco. Finally, the author assesses the role played by the United States vis-a-vis events in the borderlands during the period.

Henderson concludes that Madero's victory over Díaz was due in large part to his (Madero's) ability to garner the support of the Mexican and Mexican American populations living in the U.S. borderlands, while the lack of popularity of Madero's opponents in that region doomed their efforts to recruit volunteers and purchase American arms, thus destroying their chances to overthrow the Madero government. By choosing to ignore or enforce neutrality laws and by regulating the smuggling of arms across the border, Washington had the power to significantly affect the course of events. In the case of Madero, the popularity of his cause in the borderlands effectively overcame the negative impact of the enforcement of U.S. laws. On the other hand, Reyes, Vásquez Gómez and Orozco experienced greater American interference in their activities, and this significantly lessened their chances of rising to power.

Henderson's style is clear and readable, and the organization is logical. The research in archival materials is impressive: Henderson has used the important collections available for the period, covering both U.S. and Mexican documents and manuscripts.

In sum, this work is an important addition to the literature on the Mexican Revolution. The greatest value lies in the author's synthesis of previously known information plus the exposition of new insights regarding the role of the borderlands in a crucial era in Mexico's turbulent history.

Associate Professor of History
University of Texas at El Paso OSCAR J. MARTÍNEZ

CITIES OF THE AMERICAN WEST, A HISTORY OF FRONTIER URBAN PLANNING

by JOHN W. REPS

(Princeton University Press. $65 pre-publication 12/21, $75 thereafter)

This is a monumental work in many respects and well worth the monumental price. The hundreds of original plans of cities, maps, and early

photographs and artist sketches are mind-boggling in their extent. The book was eight years in preparation and so extensive that the reader's first reaction is likely to be, "where did the money come from to support all this?" The answer is found in the acknowledgments preceding the text: "This book was conceived by Mitchell A. Wilder, Director of the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, in Fort Worth, Texas. Throughout the eight year period of research and writing, ... his encouragement was both stimulating and unfailing. I am grateful to him, the directors of the museum, and to its efficient staff for providing the financial aid, travel arrangements, and research assistance necessary to carry out the work."

"The American West" is given a broad historic meaning. The march westward starts with the city plan for Philadelphia—then Pittsburgh, Erie, Buffalo, and Cleveland, all in the first chapter, "Cities on the Way West." From that beginning, we follow the establishment of cities and towns all the way to the west coast. It is indeed a comprehensive work.

El Paso is mentioned in three chapters, "Spanish Settlements in the Southwest," "Spanish Towns on the Texas Frontier," and, quite extensively, in "Tracks and Towns: Railroads and Urban Settlement of the Central and Northern Great Plains." The map used to illustrate the El Paso story is the Satterthwaite Map of 1884, and the PASSWORD article on that subject, by Eugene O. Porter in 1956, is given as a source for the text. A significant omission is the Mills Map of 1859.

Two chapters deal with the Mormon settlement of the American West, which may seem excessive until you look at city plans extending from Kirtland, Ohio, to the "City of Zion," in Missouri; Nauvoo in Illinois; Winter Quarters on the Missouri in Nebraska; Salt Lake City and a host of other Utah towns; Callville, on the Colorado in Arizona; Mesa, Arizona, and San Bernardino, California. The Mormon Corridor extended through much of the American west.

Whatever part of the west interests the reader most, he can read of its towns and cities in this 827 page volume, printed on choice paper, with excellent illustrations and packaged in a box that will make a handsome display on many a coffee-table. But don't just leave it there. It should be read and enjoyed.

El Paso, Texas CONREY BRYSON

BOOK NOTES

by MARY ELLEN B. PORTER

Captain Phillip Dimmitt's Commandancy of Goliad, October 15, 1835-January 17, 1836. Hobart Huson. Austin, Texas: Von Boeckman-Jones Co. 1974.

One of the most critical and comprehensive studies yet published of the early days of the Texas Revolution.

Samuel H. Walker's Account of the Mier Expedition. Edited and with an introduction by Marilyn McAdams Sibley. Austin, Texas: 1978. $10.00.

The journal kept by Samuel H. Walker during his imprisonment in Mexico following the abortive Mier Expedition. Illustrations, map, notes, bibliography and index.

In Tall Cotton. Richard B. Harwell, with preface by E. Merton Coulter. Austin, Texas: Jenkins Publishing Co. and Frontier American Corporation. $19.50.

The 200 most important Confederate books, for the reader, researcher and collector. Harwell, leading expert on the bibliography of the Confederacy, has produced an invaluable guide for anyone interested in the literature of the southern side of the Civil War.

Judge Legett of Abilene: A Texas Frontier Profile. Vernon Gladden Spence. College Station: Texas A&M University Press, 1977. $11.75.

A scholarly biography of a pioneer Abilene lawyer who was instrumental in fashioning a city out of the Texas wilderness. Preface, introduction, illustrations, bibliography and index.

Here Comes the Judge From State Home to State House: Memoirs of Robert W. Calvert. Edited by Joseph M. Ray. Waco: Texian Press, 1977. $10.00.

This biography furnishes much detail on Taylor County history and pioneers. Preface, illustrations, epilogue, appendices and index.

The Big Thicket of Texas: A Comprehensive Annotated Bibliography. Lois Williams Parker. Arlington, Texas: Sable Publishing Corp., 1977. $22.50.

The Big Thicket of Texas is the last frontier for much flora and fauna and has been the subject of numerous books and articles, as well as legislation. This revised bibliography is a much needed addition to all Texas collections. Foreword, introduction and index.

Indianola: The Mother of Western Texas. Brownson Malsch. Austin, Texas: Shoal Creek Publishers, Inc., 1977. $15.00.

This study draws its strength from the admirable compilation of data on Indianola and the various aspects of Texas history relating to that once promising port. Included are the German immigration of the 1840s; importation of camels for Jeff Davis' famous experiment on military transportation; secession and the Civil War; exportation of beef during the cattle boom; and railroad building in the 1870s and 1880s. Preface, introduction, illustrations and index.

A Loose Herd of Texans. Bill Porterfield. College Station: Texas A&M Press, 1978. $10.00.

A collection of short articles about some unusual people. Most of the essays are very, very good and some are superlative.

West of Hell's Fringes. Glen Shirley. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1978. $14.95.

A fascinating account of the outlaws and lawmen active in Oklahoma Territory from the opening in 1889 to statehood in 1907. The author separates fact from fiction and presents an interesting and honest story.

The Prisoners of Perote, containing a journal kept by the author who was captured by the Mexicans at Mier, December 25, 1842 and released from Perote May 6, 1844. William Preston Stapp. Austin: University of Texas Press, 1977. $8.95.

One of the better and more readable (but incomplete) accounts of the famed Mier Expedition of 1842. Very readable and contains important information about the Expedition; such as, the capture of the Texans; their long march to Mexico City and beyond to Perote Castle; the decimation of those who overwhelmed their guard at hacienda Salado; prison life and enforced labor. Foreword and illustrations.

To Be Alive. Elroy Bode. El Paso: Texas Western Press. $10.00.

Further testimonial to the literary artistry and keen perception of El Pasoan, Elroy Bode. This book is the winner of the C. L. Sonnichsen Publications Award, 1979.

Maria. Richard L. Spivey. Flagstaff, Arizona: Northland Press. $27.50.

Tewa Indian potter, Maria Martinez, long ago became a legend in the Southwest for her magnificent gleaming black pottery, elegantly hand decorated by her husband, Julian. She is also noted for the inspiration she provided the once nearly defunct, but now thriving pueblo of San Ildefonso in northern New Mexico. Encouraged by the Museum of New Mexico and private philanthropists from Santa Fe, she developed the stunning black-on-black pottery that has found international markets. Now a widow, in her 90s, Maria's work still speaks for itself.

Josiah Gregg and his Vision of the Early West. Paul Horgan. Farrar, Strauss and Giroux. $10.00.

A classic account of the Santa Fe Trail's early days. Gregg's map of the prairies was long regarded as the best available and his description of the trip across the prairies is still considered a monumental work.

C. L. Sonnichsen Publication Award

Again in 1980 Texas Western Press will award $500 to the author of the best non-fiction manuscript submitted during the year dealing with Southwestern history, art or culture. Judges will be the editorial board of Texas Western Press. The manuscript will be published as winner of the C. L. Sonnichsen Publications Award as one of Texas Western Press' 1981 titles. Address queries or entries to:

Editor, Texas Western Press
University of Texas at El Paso
79968

INTRODUCING YOUR NEW EDITOR

by CONREY BRYSON

Five years ago, Eugene O. Porter, the founding editor of PASSWORD, completed nineteen years of editing the prestigious publication and felt the need of a rest. He requested that I take over the editorship, and I was appointed by President Bill Latham. I agreed to serve for five years.

At the expiration of that period, the Society is fortunate to have a well trained and fully qualified editor prepared to take over. President Haywood Antone has appointed, with approval of the Board of Directors, Nancy Hamilton to become PASSWORD Editor in 1980.

Nancy Hamilton, new PASSWORD *Editor*

Nancy Miller Hamilton, a native El Pasoan, is a graduate of the University of Texas at El Paso with BA in journalism and MA in English. As a graduate student she was named to Phi Alpha Theta, history honorary.

During her years as a reporter for the El Paso *Times* and *Herald-Post*, she wrote numerous feature stories about local history. One such series led to the monograph, *Ben Dowell, El Paso's First Mayor,* published by Texas Western Press and excerpted in PASSWORD. She has also written for PASSWORD such excellent articles as "Big Mose Carson in El Paso," "The Ysleta Riot of 1890," and *"The Montezuma Times."* This year she was named to our Editorial Board.

She spent nine years in public relations work with the El Paso Public Schools and since 1976 she has been with the UT El Paso News Service. She is assistant editor of the UT El Paso magazine NOVA, a member of Western Writers of America, and editor of the column "Along Publisher's Row" in its publication *The Roundup.* She and her husband, Ralph E. Hamilton, are members of the Historical Society and the El Paso Corral of the Westerners, of which she is past Deputy Sheriff.

It is with pride and pleasure, and confidence of bright years ahead, that I introduce your new editor, Nancy Hamilton.

LETTER FROM EL PASO

(EDITOR'S NOTE: In January, 1876, Daniel W. Jones headed up the first group of Mormon missionaries to enter Mexico from the United States, entering through El Paso. The settlement on the United States side was generally known as Franklin, although a fledgling City government under the name "El Paso" had been formed three years earlier. This letter from Jones to the Salt Lake City *Deseret News,* was written from El Paso del Norte, now known as Juarez.)

El Paso, State of Chihuahua
February 10, 1876

Brother F. Nicholson:

I herewith send you an account of the country and people of this region. The town of El Paso is situated on the right bank of the Rio Grande del Norte, in the State of Chihuahua, on a low bottom liable to much damage from high water; land sandy. The streets are simply old cattle tracks, running in every direction. If an idea can be given of them without mapping, it will be by saying they followed the forks of the trails, giving the grounds somewhat the appearance of irregular triangles.

The river bed being quick-sand, it costs a great deal to keep a water ditch in order. The houses are one story, made of adobe; solid block, mainly after the old Moorish style of small fortresses; hollow, square in center; one door in front.

The climate is warm and pleasant; plowing and sowing can be done any time during the winter. This makes the farmer rather indolent, as he does not have to hurry as ours of the colder climates do.

The products are wheat, corn, barley, beans, peas, onions, peppers, sweet potatoes and some few other vegetables. . . . The fruits are grapes, in great abundance and of the best quality; pears, which the people dry in great abundance, price ten cents per pound. They are excellent eating. Their apples are small seedlings, not worth eating. A few peaches of an excellent kind do well here. I have seen no other fruits. I have heard that strawberries and some other small fruits have been cultivated by foreigners, and they do extremely well.

The mode of cultivation is with an old wooden plow, working their cattle by the horns. They scratch up the ground very poorly, afterwards doing much work with the hoe; they regulate their ground for watering by making small embankments around small, irregular plats, from thirty to fifty feet across, and flooding the land. I think this is a poor way, as it causes their land to bake very hard; but this is the manner in which their fathers did it, so they think it is all right. . . . .

Mechanics are scarce. In this town of ten thousand inhabitants, there is one blacksmith shop, three or four carpenter shops, two tailors, three or four shoe shops, one wheel wright and one silversmith. And this is, as far as I have been able to learn, about the whole number.

To compensate for this lack of mechanics, there is but one doctor and one lawyer; and the latter is supposed to be *insane,* as he has quit the practice, walks quietly around the town, says but little to anyone, is polite, dresses neatly and seems to mind his own business. My opinion is that he is the most sensible lawyer I have ever seen.

The commerce of the country is limited. The people sell their wines and dried fruits generally as soon as ready. They go to all the surrounding country; to Chihuahua as well as up the country to Santa Fe and Arizona. There are three Jew stores and one Mexican store. Their business is small. There are many small dealers of various kinds, and there are many people who seem to live on occasional small amounts; but how they get their money deponent saith not.

Hospitality is natural to the people of this country. A kinder hearted people, naturally, I do not believe can be found. They are polite and mannerly, even the lowest of them. Their children are quiet and obedient, there being no hoodlums here. Parents are affectionate to their children. Husbands are polite and affectionate. They have great reverence for Deity, their religion, and old age. Get them once directed and they will be the best people on earth. ....

D. W. Jones.

—*Forty Years Among the Indians,* by Daniel W. Jones, (Los Angeles, Westernlore Press, 1960.)

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