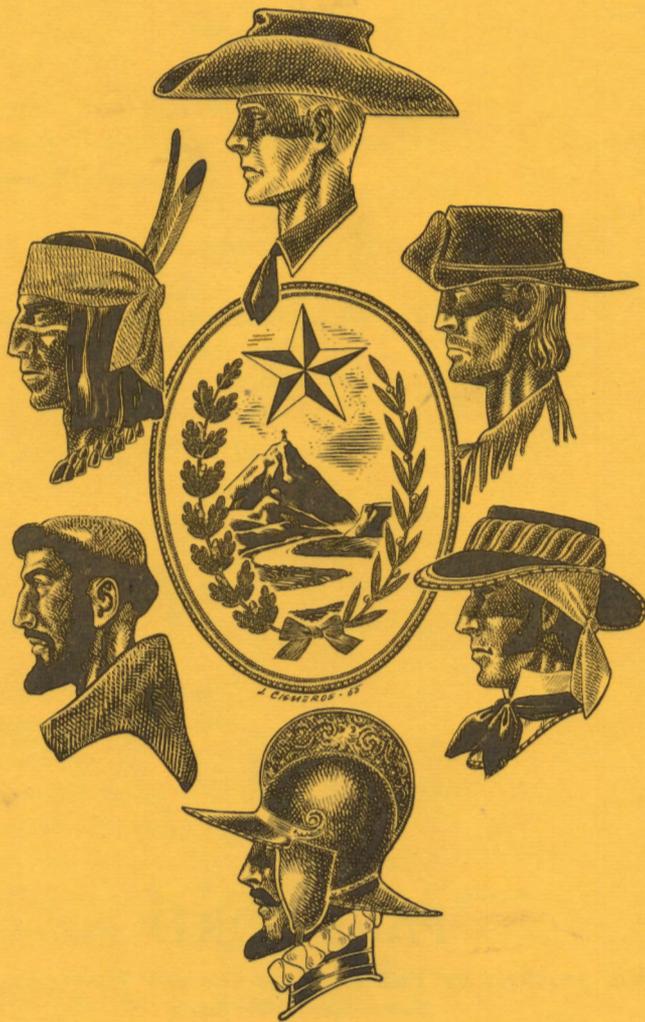


PASSWORD



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EL PASO, TEXAS

SPRING, 1980

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IDENTIFYING A "LOST" STAGE STATION IN JEFF DAVIS COUNTY

by WAYNE R. AUSTERMAN

Historians of the Southwest have long been aware that throughout much of its early history the settlement of El Paso was vitally dependent upon the operations of the stage companies for its line of communication to the rest of the nation. Between 1851 and 1881 a succession of mail contractors carried passengers and letters westward from San Antonio to El Paso and points beyond. Both the "upper" road via modern San Angelo, and the "lower" road via Brackettville were utilized at different times, but both routes eventually converged in the shadow of the Davis Mountains.

Since good history can rarely be written simply by haunting a library or sitting behind a typewriter, I resolved to supplement my research on the San Antonio-El Paso stage lines with a number of field trips along the actual routes followed by the expressmen. Armed with a pair of binoculars, a thick sheaf of United States Geological Survey topographic maps, and folders crammed with source materials, I took two trips, one during the winter of 1978 and another in May, 1979. Despite bad weather on the first trip, and legions of surly rattlesnakes on the second, I managed to locate and photograph most of the stage station sites on both of the old roads to El Paso from San Antonio.

These field expeditions not only afforded the thrill of actually standing amid the ruins of these historic way-stations, they also brought the pleasure of meeting the many friendly and courteous people who populate the towns and ranches of West Texas. Beyond this lay the satisfaction of identifying an 1850s vintage stage station that has escaped detailed mention in virtually all of the existing literature on the subject.

The impetus for this search for a "lost" stage station was provided by the 1976 publication by Texas A&M Press of a volume of sketches done by a nineteenth-century army officer. *Fort Davis and the Texas Frontier Paintings by Captain Arthur T. Lee, Eighth U.S. Infantry* contains an intriguing view of an overland stage station tucked away in the folds of the Davis Mountains. The painting is rather crude from a technical standpoint, but it has the overweening virtue of being a contemporary representation of one of those embattled relay points on the long, dan-

Wayne R. Austerman prepared this article as part of his work on a doctoral dissertation entitled, "Sharps Rifles and Spanish Mules—the San Diego-El Paso Mail, 1851-1881." He is with the Louisiana State University Department of History.



Captain Arthur T. Lee's drawing of the stage station. Reproduced with permission of Rochester Historical Society, owner of the original watercolor.

gerous road to El Paso. Certainly its identification and photographing of the site would be a valuable supplement to my study.¹

Captain Lee's picture raised several questions that were calculated to both intrigue and frustrate the historian. Which stage line did the station depicted serve? When was the sketch done? Exactly where was the station located? Were there any ruins remaining to mark the site? Many hours were spent poring over maps and studies of the stage route before these questions were answered by a collation of information and actual visits to the areas deemed most likely to have figured in Lee's work.

During the late 1850s both the San Antonio-El Paso line and the Butterfield Overland Mail Company's St. Louis to San Francisco coaches followed the same road through the Davis Mountains. The San Antonio concern, first under Henry Skillman, and later under George Giddings and James Birch, had begun service over the road in 1851.

In the summer of 1857 Birch and Giddings expanded the route to serve San Diego, California as well. In September, 1858 the Butterfield coaches began to roll across Texas, but during the early months of the contract their route took them northwest from Horsehead Crossing on the Pecos to Pope's Wells and Hueco Tanks before striking El Paso. Not until August, 1859 did a shortage of water on this route compel Butterfield to shift his operations to the trail that ran southwest from Fort Stockton through the Davis Mountains.² Travelers' accounts and military correspondence of the period indicate that between Fort Stockton and

El Paso, with a few exceptions, Butterfield's line used the same stations employed by Giddings and Birch.³

Since Captain Lee served at Fort Davis from October, 1854 through September, 1858, the station he depicted was undoubtedly one erected by either Skillman or Giddings, and not the late-comer Butterfield.⁴

The station's location presented a problem with a variety of possible solutions. An analysis of the terrain features portrayed in the sketch and a comparison of them with those shown on a modern topographic map marked with the known locations of stations in the area seemed to offer promise as a means of pinning down a precise location for the site. In practice, however, this only raised more questions that finally had to be resolved by physical inspection of the locations.

Identification of the Davis Mountains stations hinged upon two basic references. Kathryn S. McMillen's 1960 M.A. thesis at the University of Texas in Austin, entitled "The San Antonio-San Diego Mail Line in Texas, 1857-1861," is the best existing work on the Birch and Giddings enterprise. Unfortunately Mrs. McMillen's hand-drawn maps are rather crude and lacking in detail. Roscoe P. and Margaret B. Conkling's three-volume study, *The Butterfield Overland Mail, 1857-1869*, contains even poorer maps, but its text gives very precise descriptions of most of the old stations' locations. Its main fault lies in the authors' stubborn persistence in crediting the construction of virtually every station along this leg of the route to the Butterfield Company. These two works, along with several regional histories and related articles locate and describe the stations along the road with a fair degree of precision.



McMillen, the Conklings, and a local historian of the region, Barry Scobee, have identified a total of nine stations in modern (1887) Jeff Davis County that could be considered as possible subjects for Lee's sketch. Several of them were quickly eliminated. Others seemed promising until an on-site inspection ruled them out as well.

The first station encountered as the old mail road entered the eastern margins of the mountains was Barilla Springs. McMillen correctly identified the Giddings station as being situated in a canyon several miles north of the modern JEF Ranch, with the springs themselves just inside the southernmost tip of Reeves County.⁵

The Conklings classified it as a Butterfield station and further confused it with the station built on the ranch site to the south by Ben Ficklin's El Paso Mail Company in the post-Civil War years.⁶ While the Butterfield Line did keep stock at Barilla Springs station, they shared the facility with Giddings' company.

Proceeding roughly ten miles down the road to the west, the Conklings identified a third site at a location they termed "Limpia Station." Known locally as "Northern Point of Rocks," this site rests on the south bank of Limpia Creek in the angle formed by the intersection of Highway 17 and the JEF Ranch road. This was probably a Butterfield station, as there are extensive rock ruins on the ground and neither McMillen's thesis nor George Giddings' extensive Court of Claims testimony makes any mention of a station here.⁷

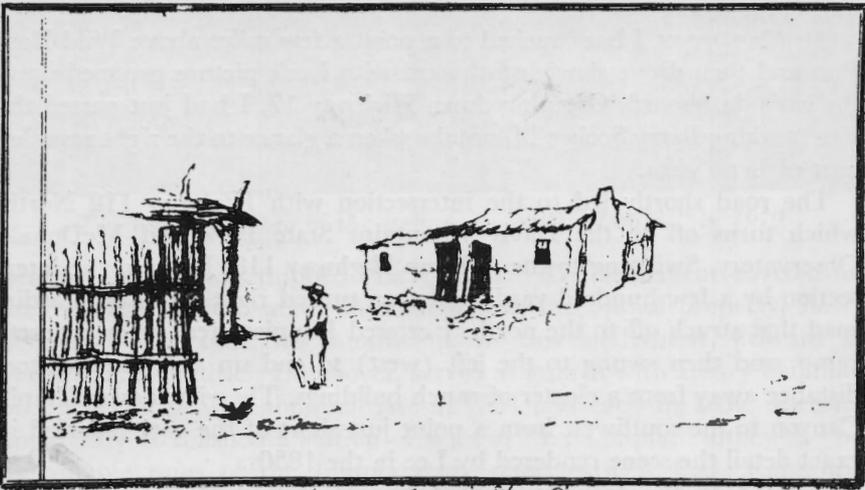
The Conklings described another cluster of rock ruins only a mile south of the site they called "Limpia Station." This they identified as a Ficklin station built between 1869 and 1872.⁸ This appears to be an error, for there is no mention of a station here in any of the literature dealing with either Ficklin or Giddings. Neither a map survey, inspection of the area through binoculars from Highway 17, exploration of several dirt roads along Limpia Creek, or inquiries with local residents disclosed the location of this site. The Conklings undoubtedly found ruins in the area during their research, even if they are no longer identifiable, but they were probably not contemporary with Captain Lee's tenure at Fort Davis, nor does the terrain in the neighborhood correspond to that in his illustration.

Dr. Jack C. Scannell, a Davis Mountains native and historian of the area, has identified another site four miles to the south of the Conklings' phantom ruins as a Butterfield station.⁹ Mrs. Lela Weatherby, a resident of Fort Davis since 1902, has also visited this site, which rests in the heart of Wild Rose Pass, and confirms the existence of rock ruins there.¹⁰ The steep walls and winding trail of the pass bear no resemblance to the pastoral valley depicted by Lee.

McMillen's next station seemed to be a likely prospect for Lee's artistry. Known as "Cottonwoods," this site nestles in a pasture west of gate No.

49 on Chris Lacey's ranch, approximately fourteen miles north of Fort Davis, and three-quarters of a mile north of the roadside park on the west side of Highway 17. An examination of the site and a lengthy hike through the canyon west of it failed to disclose any resemblance to the scene in the sketch. While both McMillen and local historian Barry Scobee confirmed the existence of a Giddings station on the site, it was still not the one depicted by Captain Lee.¹¹

McMillen identified no other stations short of Fort Davis, but the Conklings cited the existence of a Butterfield station on the east side of Limpia Creek, a half-mile northeast of the fort. An adobe ruin still marks the vicinity of the station, as it did when the Conklings passed through. Once again, a visual comparison indicated no similarity to the sketch.¹²



When in sketch for Fort Davis

Phocion Way's drawing of the stage station in 1858. Reproduced from Arizona and the West with permission.

The original Fort Davis, founded in October, 1854, occupied a narrow canyon directly to the west of the modern restoration of the later post-Civil War station. There was a post office and possibly a stage stand here in the 1850s, but the canyon is too narrow and lacks a view of a mountain at its base as shown by Captain Lee.

Twenty-two miles southwest of Fort Davis lay the Giddings station at Barrel Springs. Modern Highway 166 passes directly to the south of the station site, which is on a low rise immediately north of the highway marker identifying the springs. Even the most cursory inspection of both the map and the actual terrain disqualify Barrel Springs as Lee's subject.¹³

A journey of thirteen and a half miles to the northwest along the old road brought the stage to *El Muerto*, or Dead Man's Hole. Both McMillen and the Conklings identified the station here as belonging to

their respective companies. The Conklings attributed a second set of ruins on the scene to Ben Ficklin. A comparison of German adventurer Julius Froebel's 1853 sketch of the site with Lee's work, and a visit to the ruins with Boyd Elder of nearby Valentine proved beyond any doubt that Lee did not portray *El Muerto* in his sketchbook.¹⁴

By this point, after two visits to Fort Davis and innumerable hours spent studying maps and scrambling over rocks and through brush, I was forced to admit total frustration in seeking to identify the station captured so enigmatically by Lee's pencil. The only answer seemed to be that he had portrayed a station that was not identified by later authorities on the stage lines. Certainly the open country to the west of *El Muerto* and the other station sites on the road to El Paso beyond promised no duplication of his scene.

As a last resort I backtracked to a point a few miles above Wild Rose Pass and then drove slowly southward with Lee's picture propped upon the car's dashboard. Creeping down Highway 17, I had just passed the sign marking Barry Scobee Mountain when a glance to the right revealed part of Lee's vista.

The road shortly led to the intersection with Highway 118 North, which turns off to the Davis Mountains State Park and McDonald Observatory. Swinging to the right up Highway 118, I passed the intersection by a few hundred yards and then turned right again onto a dirt road that struck off to the north. I crossed Limpia Creek on a concrete ramp, and then swung to the left (west) to end up at a gate a short distance away from a cluster of ranch buildings. The view down Limpia Canyon to the southwest from a point just short of the gate revealed in exact detail the scene rendered by Lee in the 1850s.

Located on the property of H.E. Sproul of Fort Davis in Survey 6 of the A.L. Lewis Grant, the station site is framed between a series of symmetrical sloping bluffs to the south, lapped by the shaded bed of the Limpia, and a steeper, rockier crenellated stretch of high ground to the north.¹⁵ An inspection of the immediate area of the station house revealed no surface ruins or evidence of habitation. A conversation with Mr. Sproul disclosed that while there was no local knowledge of a station on the site, pieces of charred bricks and similar debris have been found in the area.¹⁶

Having established the location of the station and narrowed its construction date to the period between 1851 and 1858, there still existed the problem of locating contemporary references to it and attaching a specific name to the site.

Prior to the establishment of Fort Davis there was a struggling settlement of Mexicans and a handful of Anglos at what was first called "Painted Comanche Camp" after the Indian signs on the rocks and trees



The author's photo of the station site at "La Limpia" in 1979

nearby. Later it was dubbed "La Limpia." The settlement covered an area of three to four acres on what is now the Sproul property. Barry Scobee asserted that two inhabitants of this settlement, Edward P. Webster and Diedrich Dutchover, served as guards with Henry Skillman on his first trips with the mail late in 1851 and early in 1852. Webster apparently established a station of sorts at "La Limpia," although "no identifiable ruins of the Limpia stage stand exist."¹⁷ C.G. Raht, the pioneer historian of the region, also identified the general location as the site of a station kept by Webster early in the 1850s.¹⁸ All of the evidence available to date points to Webster's station as being the subject of Lee's sketch.

Evidently the station at "La Limpia" was also commonly referred to as the "Fort Davis" station as well. The settlement was only a little more than a mile from the post, which could easily have caused travelers to refer to both establishments as occupying one location. In December, 1854 Giddings recorded the loss of fifteen mules to Apache thieves at "Fort Davis" station, by which he probably meant Webster's place.¹⁹ Major General Persifor F. Smith, commanding the Department of Texas, presumably meant the same thing when, in April, 1856, he reported that there were "but two stations for relays from San Elizario to Fort Clark—viz at Fort Davis about 160 miles and at a temporary post on Liveoak Creek."²⁰ By June 1, 1858 traveler Phocion R. Way on the Giddings line specifically mentioned stopping overnight at "the Fort Davis station,"

but his sketch of where he stopped bears a remarkable resemblance to the station in Lee's sketch. The close proximity of Webster's station to the post had apparently blurred the distinction between the two.²¹

The exact date of Lee's work remains unknown. The original sketch, currently owned by the Rochester Historical Society in New York, bears no date or marginal notes.²² The vegetation in the watercolor suggests that it was painted sometime in the late summer or early autumn. Only the cottonwoods along the banks of the Limpia remain leafy and green after the long, sere Texas summer. The rest of the grass, trees, and shrubs visible appear withered and brown. It could well be a late summer scene in the Davis range.

Whatever the precise age of Lee's composition, it remains a compelling piece of visual history that depicts life on the Texas frontier of the 1850s. One can stand on the spot today and easily imagine the long-stilled bray of mules and creak of harness leather as a coach was readied for the road. There are no ruins there to give the old expressmen monuments, but the Limpia still sings through the cottonwoods and the majestic bulk of Blue Mountain looms over the rock-walled valley that enchanted Captain Lee.

NOTES

1. W. Stephen Thomas (ed.), *Fort Davis and the Texas Frontier Paintings by Captain Arthur T. Lee, Eighth U.S. Infantry* (College Station: Texas A&M Press, 1976), 14, 77.
2. Roscoe P. Conkling and Margaret B. Conkling, *The Butterfield Overland Mail, 1857-1869*, Vol. II (Glendale, California: Huntington Library, 1947), 13.
3. Barry Scobee, *Fort Davis, Texas 1853-1960* (El Paso: Hill Printing Company, 1963), 26-27.
4. Thomas, (ed.), *Fort Davis*, 14.
5. Kathryn S. McMillen, "The San Antonio-San Diego Mail Line in Texas, 1857-1861," M.A. thesis, University of Texas at Austin, 1960, 139.
6. Conkling, *Overland Mail*, Vol. II, 23.
7. *Ibid.*, 23-24.
8. *Ibid.*
9. Interview with Dr. Jack C. Scannell, Fort Davis, Texas, May 23, 1979.
10. Interview with Mrs. Lela Weatherby, Fort Davis, Texas, May 25, 1979.
11. McMillen, "Mail Line," 141.
12. Conkling, *Overland Mail*, Vol. II, 25-26.
13. McMillen, "Mail Line," 146-47; Personal inspection of the site by the author on May 24, 1979.
14. McMillen, "Mail Line," 148-51; Conkling, *Overland Mail*, Vol. II, 31-33; Julius Froebel, *Seven Years Travel in Central America, Northern Mexico and the Far West of the United States* (London, 1859), 451; Personal inspection of the site by the author on May 24, 1979.
15. Personal inspection of the site by the author on May 24, 1979.
16. Telephone interview with Mr. H.E. Sproul, Fort Davis, Texas, May 24, 1979.
17. Scobee, *Fort Davis*, 25.
18. C.G. Raht, *The Romance of Davis Mountains and Big Bend Country* (Odessa, Texas: The Rahtbooks Company, 1963), 129-32.
19. George H. Giddings vs. United States, Kiowa, Comanche, and Apache Indians (Indian Depredation No. 3873), United States Court of Claims, December Term, 1891, I-IV.
20. *Ibid.*, Smith's statement, dated April 7, 1856, is cited in Giddings' court testimony.
21. William A. Duffen (ed.), "Overland via 'Jackass Mail' in 1858 The Diary of Phocion R. Way," Part I, *Arizona and the West*, II, No. 1 (Spring, 1960), 50.
22. Correspondence with Ms. Marybeth Raymond, Art Registrar, Rochester Historical Society, Rochester, New York, September 28, 1979.

HISTORICAL MEMORIES CONTEST

Prizes were awarded to winners of the El Paso County Historical Society's fifth annual Historical Memories Contest at the January board meeting. Chairman F. Keith Peyton reported enthusiastic response from senior citizens for the contest and announced the winners:

- 1st prize, \$100: Mrs. Serafina Orozco vda. de Blanco, 4949 Alps Apt. 24, for "My Recollections of the Orozco Family and the Mexican Revolution of 1910."
2nd prize, \$50: G. E. Conner, 1925 Trawood No. 36, for "Telling It Like It Was."
3rd prize, \$25: Mrs. Ruby Spilsbury Brown, 2700 Fierro, for "My First Trip to El Paso."

Honorable mention awards of a year's membership in the Society (including a subscription to *PASSWORD*), went to Miss Rita Faudoa, 2029 Crescent, for "Memories of Old El Paso"; Miss Rosemary Fryer, 1008 Prospect, for "I Remember Mr. Friedkin"; Carl Hertzog, 500 Wellesley, for "El Paso's Durable Sinner"; Mrs. Mallory Miller, 1106 Cincinnati, for "School Days"; and Hesper N. MacMillen, Claremont, California, for "Aventura en Juarez"; Mr. MacMillen also won honorable mention in the previous contest.

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OROZCO FAMILY AND THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION OF 1910

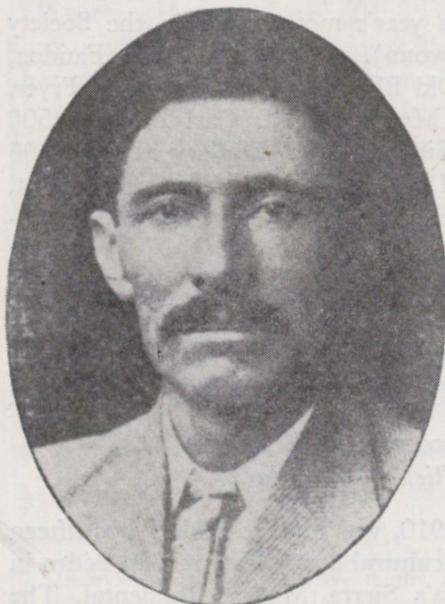
by SERAFINA OROZCO VDA. DE BLANCO
Translated by Richard Estrada

The night of November 19-20, 1910, was bitterly cold. I was fifteen years old. Our home was in the agricultural community of San Isidro in the foothills of western Chihuahua's Sierra Madre Occidental. The village had suddenly become unusually active, what with the mysterious arrival of friends and relatives from various locales throughout the region.

We resided in a large house built of reddish adobe brick which had been plastered over and whitewashed. A particularly spacious adjoining room served as the town schoolhouse. We heard voices emanating from there late that night. It was easy for Sara, Tránsito and me to stack some wooden crates one on top of the other, climb them, and peer through the transom. Little did we realize that a dramatic moment in the early stages of the Mexican Revolution was unfolding before us.

Agustín Estrada was there. He would later become a famous general. Francisco Salido from the lower sierra was an educated man who would soon die a violent death. And there stood my father Pascual Orozco Sr.,

and my eldest brother, Pascual Jr. The men chose my brother to be their leader. My father began to speak and it was then that we learned of the purpose of the meeting. He said that they were about to undertake a venture from which there would be no turning back, and that they would either destroy the tyranny of Porfirio Díaz "and his 60,000 bayonets" or die in the attempt. We girls were proud of our father and "Pascualito" but we knew the imminent danger they faced, so we began to cry softly. The meeting broke up. We continued to cry. Within a few hours they attacked the hamlet of Miñaca. Later in the day they returned to take complete control of San Isidro. By the following morning they were besieging Cd. Guerrero, our district seat. The Revolution had begun.



Pascual Orozco Jr. Courtesy University of Texas at El Paso Special Collections

was over six feet tall, lanky but strong, mustachioed, of light complexion, with reddish-brown hair and penetrating green eyes.

Some of my memories have dimmed. However, those events which touched my family stand out clearly in my mind. I recall the visit of Francisco I. Madero himself to our home about the spring of 1911. Short, bearded, nervous, and not especially inspiring, he was a loquacious man who commanded our respect not because of his personality, but rather because he was the nationally recognized leader of the revolution. Our menfolk were generally quiet and humble, but far from meek; they proved themselves decisive and tenacious at critical moments. Madero was quick to refer military matters to my brother. Pascual commanded

A ranchero and merchant, my father was a portly man whose gregarious ways, respectability and kindness earned him the special fondness of the *peones* and *muleteros*. Pascual, my brother, was best known as a *conductor de metales*, the owner of an outfit which transported precious metals—mostly silver—by muleback from the mines deep in the mountains to the state capital at Cd. Chihuahua. He was unlike my father insofar as he was laconic and very formal, like my mother, Amada Vásquez de Orozco. But Pascualito was similarly respected for his efficiency, his scrupulous honesty and sincerity, and his excellent riding skills and marksmanship. He



Revolutionaries, journalists, and government officials gathered in Chapultepec Park in Mexico City for this photo in the early days of the Mexican revolution. Standing in the front row, fourth from right (cigar in mouth) is Pascual Orozco Sr.

Photo provided by Richard Estrada through courtesy of Mrs. Blanco

several small revolutionary groups. They engaged the federal forces in various battles and skirmishes. They had suffered a terrible defeat at Cerro Prieto because they made the mistake of fighting a formal battle against the *federales*, who won the day with their artillery. The revolutionaries soon became guerrillas. Many of our friends and relatives had been killed. Our father and brother and their forces fought with that much more resolve. We remained in San Isidro during this time. Pascual eventually led his forces northward. In the second week of May 1911 we were notified that he had taken Cd. Juárez.

The success of the Madero movement changed our lives. My brother was lionized in Chihuahua and throughout the rest of Mexico. He was even a hero here in El Paso. He was named chief of the Chihuahua state militia. Pascual summoned us to live in Cd. Chihuahua. Important people began to seek him out. My brother took an active interest in politics and became a gubernatorial candidate, but eventually withdrew.

Convinced that Madero, who was now president, had reneged on his revolutionary promises, my brother led a popular revolt against the *Maderistas* in the early spring of 1912. Thousands of men joined him. But he suffered ill-fortune and by the summer he had retreated to Cd. Juárez, where we lived with him in an annex to the customhouse, or *aduanas*. I recall one incident which happened there particularly well.

We were dining one evening with Pascual and his staff when someone suddenly hurled a metal object into the room. Leaping to his feet, Pascual seized it and flung it out the window. The bomb or hand grenade immediately exploded, destroying the front porch.

Continued reverses forced Pascual to send us to El Paso to live. Dozens and perhaps hundreds of prominent families poured into the city to live in exile. For a time we lived on Second and then on Third Street. Later we moved to 1218 Montana, across the street from where the El Paso Museum of Art stands. The extreme heat of El Paso was unbearable to those of us who were natives of a cool mountain country. Later, at another house, we learned to take refuge from it by napping in our basement in the middle of the afternoon.

In early 1913 Huerta revolted in Mexico City and Madero was killed. My brother allied himself with the new government and we returned to Chihuahua. Huerta soon thereafter summoned my father to the national capital and entrusted him with a peace mission to Morelos state, where the intractable revolutionary Emiliano Zapata operated. We were all heartbroken when we found out several months later that Zapata had imprisoned my father and had finally executed him.

In the fall of 1913 our enemy, Pancho Villa, took Cd. Juárez. Federal General Salvador Mercado feared our forces would be caught in a pincer movement by revolutionary troops moving in from the north and south. He retreated northeastward to the Texas border at Ojinaga-Presidio. Many of us who were civilians joined him, afraid as we were of *Villista* vengeance. The Terrazas and Creel families also accompanied us. We started out by train but only got as far as San Sóstenes. There was a lack of coal. Worse, many of the trainmen, also afraid of Villa, deserted. We were then lucky to be able to ride in my brother's Cadillac automobile, but thousands of others had to march across the cold desert. It was a sad spectacle. Huge clouds of dust hung over our paths. We parted company with Pascual at Ojinaga and went to San Antonio, where we rented a house on Skinner Street. I was particularly impressed by the beautiful and elegant Mexican girls who lived there. Perhaps they, too, were exiles.

We did not hear from Pascual for months. I believe he wandered with a few followers throughout Coahuila and Chihuahua until he joined the government forces in the interior.

My mother decided that we should move back to El Paso a few months later. We rented a home at 1319 Wyoming Street.

Villa was able to defeat Huerta in the summer of 1914. About a year later Huerta, my brother and their friends were converging on El Paso, in order to jump-off into Mexico and launch their new revolution. Before they could do so, U. S. authorities arrested them at Newman, Texas and brought them to the federal courthouse in El Paso, then located about

where the Kress Building now stands, near San Jacinto Plaza. Huerta was jailed at Fort Bliss. He died of natural causes toward the end of that year.

Pascual was placed under house arrest at our home on Wyoming Street. Military guards were posted outside. We were thrilled to see my brother but pained by the circumstances. One July afternoon as the rest of the family enjoyed a *siesta* in the basement, I happened to go up the stairs to the kitchen for a glass of water. Pascual was donning his black hat, his well-known trademark (my father preferred Stetsons). I quietly asked him where he was going, but he put his finger to his lips, signalling me to hush. I did so. I was seized with fear. He was calm and deliberate. The soldier out back had been drinking beer and dozed off. Pascual silently opened the door. He stepped gingerly over the guard. He took long, slow strides toward the alley. Pascual looked one way, then the other, made up his mind instantly, pulled the brim of his hat down slightly over his forehead, and strode away. It was the last time any of us saw my brother alive.



The daughters of Pascual Orozco Sr., from left, are shown here as young women. Second from right is Serafina, winner of the Historical Memories essay contest.

Photo provided by Richard Estrada through courtesy of Mrs. Blanco

Pascual's escape was front-page news in El Paso. Soldiers and officials interrogated us demanding to know his whereabouts. We simply did not know. About two months later a friend of ours brought us the crushing news that Pascual was dead. Ranchers and Texas Rangers had slain him near Sierra Blanca under mysterious circumstances. His body was

returned to our new residence on Montana Street. We held a wake there. We placed Pascual's body in a mausoleum at Concordia Cemetery after one of the largest funerals in El Paso history; thousands attended.

My mother and siblings, who included Reyes, Rosaura, Sara, Tránsito, and Amada, were thus left without the guidance and support of our beloved brother. Coming so soon after the loss of her husband, the death of her first-born was a terrible shock to my mother who died in 1918 at the age of fifty-two.

In 1923 I married my late husband, José María Blanco, and eventually settled down in El Paso. We ran a grocery store on Alameda Street for many years. We had a girl, Elena, born in 1924, who is today Mrs. Miguel Márquez and the mother of two; and a boy, Servando, born in 1937, who is married to the former Anita Apodaca, by whom he has four children.

I became an American citizen in 1955. My children are both American citizens. Servando is a veteran of twenty-two years with the El Paso Police Department and today fills the position of Administrative Inspector. He is a brave and good man. I have often thought that his grandfather and uncle, those same men of whom I was so proud on that autumn night in 1910 in San Isidro (today known as Pascual Orozco), would have been equally proud of him.



Historical Memories winners at awards presentation are (seated) Mrs. Serafina Orozco vda. de Blanco and (standing, from left) Mrs. Ivan Zundel, representing her mother, Mrs. Ruby Brown; Mrs. Mallory Miller; Mrs. A.M. Baclawski, also a daughter of Mrs. Brown; Miss Rosemary Fryer, and G.E. Conner. Photo by M.G. McKinney.

A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER'S LETTER FROM FORT BLISS, JULY 6, 1861

by MARTIN HARDWICK HALL

The following letter was written by the Reverend William J. Joyce, a private in Company A, 2nd Regiment Texas Mounted Rifles. On March 21, 1861 Governor Edward Clark, complying with an ordinance of the Secession Convention, commissioned Peter Hardeman to raise a company of mounted volunteers. The captain recruited his men from the Counties of Anderson, Cherokee, Houston, and Nacogdoches, and all were formally enrolled at Rusk, Cherokee County, on April 15. The unit was mustered into Confederate service for a term of twelve months at San Antonio on May 23, 1861. Companies A, B, D and E of the 2nd Regiment were sent to Fort Bliss, Texas to be commanded by Lieutenant Colonel John Robert Baylor, with Edwin Waller, Jr. as major. After a forced march, Company A arrived at Fort Bliss on July 4, 1861.

The Reverend William J. Joyce addressed his letter to the editor of the *Texas Christian Advocate*, a Methodist publication. Joyce was reared principally in Alabama, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in Camden, Arkansas in 1856. He was ordained an elder in the East Texas Conference in 1860. Written when he was thirty-two years of age, his letter was subsequently reprinted in the Marshall *Texas Republican*, one of the most influential newspapers of the day.

Marshall *Texas Republican*¹ (August 17, 1861):

FROM EL PASO

The following interesting letter, from a gentleman well known in this section, is copied from the Galveston *Texas Christian Advocate*:²
El Paso, July 6th, 1861.

Dear Editor:—We are at our post [Fort Bliss] and now occupy it without having to fight for it. And be assured, O Editor, that rest after a tiresome march of 675 miles is sweet—some! We left San Antonio June 3, and arrived here (the main body) July 4. At the head of Devil's River, near 400 miles from here, we received news of the intended march of the U. S. troops upon Fort Bliss, and a forced march was at once ordered.³ We pushed on in a body for several days, when 75 of the best mounted men were detailed to hurry on at a more rapid pace. I was in that detachment. We had two or three pack mules, and the supply of provisions soon began to fail. But this was not all—our horses began to fail, and almost every one in the company had to foot it: some, I suppose, walked over one hundred miles. Some days we ate but one meal, and

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that hardly to satisfaction. At Fort Quitman⁴ we got a full supply of wormy crackers, and had you been present you would have laughed no little (that is, if you had been full yourself), at our anxious phizes⁵ and greedy reach for bread. Did you ever eat this hard sea-bread when you were real hungry? I was continually reminded of a *little ox eating big nubblins*—eyes half closed, neck stretched out, and a perfect indifference to all surroundings. I wore out my mouth before I knew what was the matter. I thought I had a dangerous *sore mouth*—something peculiar to the country. I laugh about it now, but there was no fun in it then. I cheered the boys all I could by reminding them of the wonderful tales of war-sufferings in store for their numerous progeny.

We saw many things of interest—curiosities in the way of vegetation, and the man that will find a bush without thorns, in this country, ought to have a premium. Many varieties of the cactus abound here; one as high as your head, to which I gave the name of buck-horn, from its resemblance thereto. The most beautiful and delicate flower I ever saw is that of the cactus; and, like the fox when he swindled the raven out of her cheese, I doubted not but that its fragrance was equal, if not superior, to its beauty, and fool like, on one occasion I popped my nose down for a draught, when a sentimental thorn repelled the invasion by an angry thrust. Now, these thorns are all barbed, so I got my nose well pulled for being too familiar with the beautiful “prairie flower.” But the most ridiculous thing that took place, and the completest contrast I ever saw, was at the first Mexican town we passed: women dressed in hoops to the extent of fashion, and men—well, I don’t like to say it; if it is too tight you must modify it a little—men in their (linen narratives—Ed.) in the presence of the women.

We are forty-five miles from Fort Fillmore, where 300 or 400 U. S. troops are now stationed. We understand that it is the intention to concentrate their forces there, and when in sufficient strength to make a descent upon Texas.⁶ We are prepared, and perhaps, will not wait for an invasion. Our whole force will not be in under a day or two more and when we rest a short time may want to fight a little. A deserter came in yesterday morning and says a little fighting is all that is necessary.⁷

Tomorrow is Sunday, and as Bishop [Francis] Asbury⁸ used to say, I expect to “stand up” before my battallion[sic]. I have a great deal to do here as a preacher. I get between the boys and ruin, and use every effort to keep them back. I have the assurance that *one* has been restrained. O if I can be the means of saving *one* from a soldier’s danger I shall be amply repaid for all the hardships and censure I have had or may receive. I am a thousand miles away, among the dissipated, the profane, the skeptical; standing up for God *almost alone*; but may[sic] eyes fill with tears at the thought of God’s watchfulness. I *know* he cares for me.

Kneeling on the almost shrubless prairies in the calm moonlight, embosomed in that dreadful *stillness* that Bishop Pierce⁹ describes, I have felt His reconciled presence as much as I ever did. I have no compromises[sic] to make with sin here, and I feel that I am in its stronghold. The wickedness, the prostitution of these Mexicans is almost unparalleled. Will the Church pray for one of its feeble defenders? I *know* that some pray for me, and I feel that I shall yet preach to those loved ones about God's boundless love to the wandering.

Our time expires the 17th of next May.¹⁰ I hope my friends in East Texas will write to me. I have my hands pretty full, and but little time to write. A thousand blessings twice told abide with you all.

[Rev.] WM. J. JOYCE

[Co. A, 2nd Regiment Texas Mounted Rifles]

Rev. Wm. B. Hill¹¹ received a letter from Mr. Joyce a few days ago, dated the [July] 14th from El Paso, an extract from which he had kindly furnished us [editor, *Marshall-Texas Republican*].

"I was to-day detailed with about 35 or 40 others of my company, to be in readiness at a moment's warning to march, we do not know what for. There is at this time about 500 troops (U. S.) at Fort Fillmore, about 45 miles from this place and they are being reinforced continually. One thousand men will soon be there. Then 'tis thought, a descent upon this place will be made.

"Perhaps the detachment of which I have just spoken, is intended to harrass them on the way. We expect to fight if they increase two to one.¹²

"One of the enemy's captains came over to us yesterday [July 13]. He tendered his resignation, it was not received, but was requested to take a second oath of a allegiance[sic] to the U. S., or be imprisoned, and he left—came in a hurry—a troop of mounted riflemen in pursuit."¹³

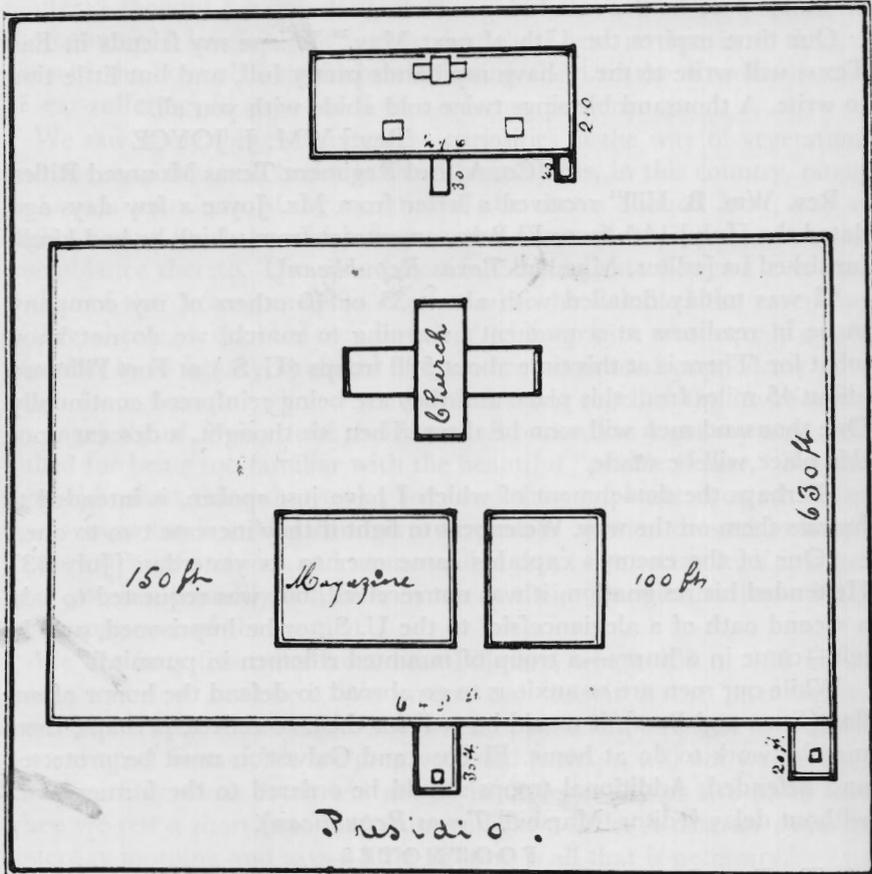
While our men are so anxious to go abroad to defend the honor of our flag [Stars and Bars], it would be well for them to reflect, perhaps, there may be work to do at home. El Paso and Galveston must be protected and defended. Additional troops should be ordered to the former place without delay [editor, *Marshall Texas Republican*].

FOOTNOTES

1. The *Texas Republican*, Marshall's first newspaper, was established in 1849 and continued in operation until 1869. Walter Prescott Webb, *et. al.*, *The Handbook of Texas* (2 vols., Austin: The Texas State Historical Association, 1952), II, p. 756.
2. The *Texas Christian Advocate*, the organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in Texas, was set up in Galveston in 1854 and continued publishing until wartime shortages curtailed further efforts. *Ibid.*, p. 734.
3. Federal troops from posts in Arizona—roughly the Gadsden Purchase area—were being concentrated at Fort Fillmore for transfer to the East. The Confederates not knowing this, felt that this was an effort to capture the abandoned post of Fort Bliss along with its supplies.
4. Fort Quitman was an abandoned post—later briefly occupied by the Confederacy—which was about eighty miles south of Fort Bliss and several hundred yards from the Rio Grande.

5. "Phiz" is old slang for a face or facial expression.
6. As previously stated, the Confederate troops did not understand that the concentration of Union forces at Fort Fillmore was preparation for their being moved to the Eastern Theatre of operations and not intended as an assault upon Fort Bliss.
7. There was considerable Southern sentiment among the officers, a number of whom had already tendered their resignations in the United States Army.

(Continued on Page 42)



The above diagram shows how the Presidio of San Elizario looked as of February 4, 1847, according to Dr. W.H. Timmons, professor emeritus of history at the University of Texas at El Paso and frequent contributor to *PASSWORD*. It appears on page 96 of William E. Connelley's *Doniphan's Expedition and the Conquest of New Mexico and California*, published by the author in Topeka in 1907. The diagram is included in the section devoted to the Diary of Colonel John T. Hughes. "Since the diagram of the presidio carries no caption," says Dr. Timmons, "it is quite likely that it has been overlooked by local historians."

Photo reproduction by Russell Banks

THE FIRST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

by BETTY LIGON

(Editor's Note: Mrs. Ligon's address was given at the Society's Silver Anniversary celebration on October 28, 1979.)

I am honored to be asked to pay tribute to the charter members of this organization and to enumerate its very impressive list of accomplishments in its first twenty-five years of existence.

When I moved to El Paso in 1968, the very first organization I joined was the El Paso County Historical Society. History has always been a special interest for me, and wherever I live, I dig into its past in order to know what makes the community unique. So I had the pleasure of making your acquaintances right away—you who have done so much for this city and have so carefully preserved the past for us newcomers and your descendants to enjoy.

According to Paul Heisig, then president of the Society, in the initial article of the first *PASSWORD* (February, 1956), "This is the way it all began: my friend, Cleo Calleros, local historian of note, appeared before a meeting of the Junior Chamber of Commerce and gave a stirring talk on the benefits of using the wonderful historical background of the Southwest to: first, preserve our heritage by protecting and memorializing our present historical landmarks that are fast disappearing; and, second, to mark and bring to life as much as possible the glories of the past. He pointed out that such a program would be a tremendous impact on tourist interest, and he noted what the tourist meant economically to El Paso.

"The Woman's Department of the Chamber of Commerce became interested in the program and invited Mr. Calleros to tell them of his idea. The women immediately saw the need for such an organization as Mr. Calleros proposed, and Mrs. W. W. Schuessler, their group chairman, became the temporary organizing officer. A meeting was called, to which the public was invited, and I was elected your first president. Thus was born the El Paso Historical Society." The name County was not inserted into the title until 1961. That came about, by the way, when the board discovered that the addition of the word County to the official title of the Society would make it eligible for state grants for matching funds. When the Historical Society was founded, it was not thought necessary to include County in the title, since both city and county bore the same name. The change *was* made and subsequently funds became available for historic marker projects.

But back to the beginning. In our *Herald-Post* library we have a clipping from March 18, 1954, which says, "The El Paso Historical Society got off to a good start when it organized with forty-two charter

members. Honorary life membership No. 1 was presented to Cleofas Calleros and his wife." This represented the culmination of months of work which had begun in September 1953 when the Chamber of Commerce women voted to undertake the organizing of the Historical Society. On January 19, 1954, Mrs. Schuessler called a meeting of all historically-minded folks in El Paso in the Victory Room of the old Chamber of Commerce building on San Francisco Street. The March meeting already mentioned was followed by one on April 26 at which the founding president, Mrs. Schuessler, appointed a committee chaired by Allan Sayles to draft a constitution and by-laws. It was not until a general meeting on July 26 that Paul Heisig was elected the regular president and Mrs. Schuessler became vice president.

After an initial forty-two charter members signed up, according to the *Herald-Post* story of March 18, the list ballooned. *The Times* reported on March 19 that there were seventy-eight charter members. On April 27, the *Herald-Post* said there were 273. Kate K. Ball designed a lovely plaque listing 711 names of charter members. It now hangs in the exhibit here in the Cavalry Museum, arranged by Bill Latham to commemorate our anniversary. Mrs. W. W. Turney became the first paid-up life member when she sent in a check for \$100.

In June of 1955 Calleros, in his *El Paso Times* series of weekly articles on local history, "El Paso Then and Now," wrote that at the end of its first year the EPHS was the largest group of its kind in the state with more than 750 paid members. With such an active, eager membership, the Society immediately set about putting some projects in motion. The first was to rescue the mule-drawn streetcar which had served to link El Paso and Juarez at the turn of the century. On October 14, 1955, the trolley, with a 2,100-pound replica of Mandy the Mule, supplied by Odd Fellows Lodge No. 284, was placed in San Jacinto Plaza amid much fanfare with people turned out in period costumes. It was moved in 1969 to Cleveland Square where it now stands. Mayor Tom Rogers accepted the trolley for the city and Juárez Mayor Pedro García was in attendance. Jesse B. Binkley, a conductor on the car back in 1901, was also a participant in the ceremonies.

At about that time the society saw to it that appropriate bronze plaques were placed on all the missions on the U.S. side of the Rio Grande. Joe Leach arranged for another to be placed at Hueco Tanks, identifying the pictographs made by the Indians hundreds of years ago.

The third and biggest accomplishment for the Society was begun in 1955 and came to fruition in 1956 with the first issue of *PASSWORD*, the prestigious quarterly magazine. The fledgling publication won an award of merit in its second year of existence—the International Society for State and Local History called it the Best Historical Quarterly for a

Local Society in the United States. Small wonder that this occurred; from the start it had a crackerjack editor in Eugene O. Porter. One of El Paso's best artists, José Cisneros, designed the handsome cover with its six figures in an ellipse representing faces figuring in El Paso's history. After a few years the award-winning book designer, Carl Hertzog, joined the staff and for the next ten years put his own special stamp of excellence on the magazine design.

On March 3, 1972, I wrote a story for the *Herald-Post* about Dr. Porter in which he told me about how Paul Heisig asked him to be editor of the new magazine. He confessed that he was appalled, insisting that he was only a history professor and didn't see that it gave him any special qualifications for the job. That he was eminently suited was apparent in the excellence of the publication. This scholarly gentleman, with the look of an irreverent pixie and a ribald sense of humor to match, edited *PASSWORD* for the next nineteen years.

Credit for naming the magazine goes to Joe Leach who, according to Porter, "saw it as the Word of the Pass." At first it was hyphenated as *PASS-WORD* before settling into the single-word form we know now. Further proof of its quality was seen in 1972 when *PASSWORD* was invited to exhibit in the International Brussels Book Fair in Belgium, the only historical magazine so honored.

The next major project for the Society was the observance of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the coming of the railroads to El Paso. Southern Pacific Railroad gave the city locomotive No. 3420, and the Historical Society raised funds to have it installed opposite the Union Depot, where it is now. Chris P. Fox and Heisig are credited with seeing this project through.

The Society also concerned itself with the placing of additional historical markers around town. Mrs. George Brunner was in charge of the monument committee, which listed 105 points of interest in the county.

In 1958 the Society helped celebrate the 100th anniversary of the Old Butterfield Trail, with Calleros a member of the State Historical Association's committee for the event. That September a commemorative envelope was issued for special cachet mail received in San Elizario, Ysleta and Socorro missions.

The 300th anniversary of the founding of Ciudad Juárez was the occasion for a big commemorative banquet held November 3, 1959, on the mezzanine of Hotel Paso del Norte.

The year 1961 was another watershed for the Historical Society. Richard White, as president, recommended the Hall of Honor be established to honor one living and one deceased El Pasoan annually for outstanding contribution to the city. From its inception, the Hall of Honor has been one of the major social and civic functions in the city.

A secret committee makes the selection each year, with input requested from the community. An impressive beginning was made when the first honorees were James Wiley Magoffin, early pioneer, and Lawrence Milton Lawson, an engineer and former U.S. International Boundary Commissioner.

During the ensuing years the custom of one person for each designation has varied twice. In 1962 the committee could not settle on a single choice for the deceased honoree and elevated a man and a woman, Richard Fenner Burges and Maud Durlin Sullivan, to the Hall of Honor, while the well-loved Rev. B.M.G. Williams was the living recipient. In 1965 no living person was deemed sufficiently important for the accolade, and two of the city's deceased business pioneers, Charles Robert Morehead and Maurice Schwartz, were honored.

Each year since 1961, three seventh graders have been rewarded to the tune of \$75, \$50 and \$25 for essays on historical subjects about El Paso. Usually the winning essay was published in *PASSWORD*. This competition turned out to be such a good idea that by 1975 the Society launched another, the Historical Memories contest for recollections of persons aged 60 or older. Prizes of \$100, \$75 and \$50 are awarded and many of the winning entries are printed in *PASSWORD*.

Another major effort, requiring the help of the Jaycees, was the drive to raise \$25,000 to save Old Engine No. 1. It had been put out to pasture in 1909 after having served in the Southwest since the mid-1880s. Built in 1857, the historic engine stood for many years beside the Southern Pacific Building in downtown El Paso. When that building was sold by the railroad and became the ABC Bank, a new home was needed for Old No. 1. The Smithsonian Institution had its eye on the antique and was about to whip it off to Washington, D.C. In 1966 the Jaycees and the Historical Society joined forces to raise the money to refurbish the locomotive and build a glass enclosure for it beside the El Paso Centennial Museum on the university campus. Col. H. Crampton Jones was president when that project was successfully completed.

In 1967 the County Commissioners allotted \$400, matched by the State Historical Commission, to place a marker establishing the location of the Pass of the North near Doniphan Road and the Smelter. The Society saw to it that Hart's Mill, La Hacienda and the Magoffin Home were put on the National Register of Historic Places. Members also were busy with other activities through the years. Tours to the old missions were run by Gordon Frost. More historical tours were conducted in 1972 by Chris Fox and Leon Metz. Members took part in the three-day ceremonies for the Chisholm Trail Museum Train exhibit and rescued from oblivion a stone animal watering trough that was removed from an intersection near the Toltec Building; it was relocated in the mini-park at

Stanton, San Antonio and Myrtle streets.

From the start, the Historical Society began accumulating artifacts donated over the years, and a place to put them began to be a major concern. A gypsy all its life, the Society has wandered from place to place, its baggage increasing every year. After its initial meetings in the Chamber of Commerce building, it met for several years in the Public Library, then in the early 1970s moved to Radford School for Girls. The school in February 1972 set aside two rooms for the display of some of the Society's collection to the public. Smaller items were stored in the Medical Society's Turner Home across from the Museum of Art and in a warehouse. When the Society joined the "Save the Plaza Theater" movement, its display cases were moved there. Though measures were taken to make the old theater habitable with minimal expenditures, it just wasn't suitable as a meeting place or as a mini-museum.

Soon after that, Mayor Fred Hervey gave the Cavalry Museum to the city way out here at the intersection of I-10 and Avenue of the Americas. In 1977 the Society voted to become the official support organization for the museum and to hold its meetings here. More plans now appear to be afoot to enlarge the facilities to house the Society's papers and antiques.

Another literary achievement of the organization was the publication of a book, *El Paso, A Centennial Portrait*, compiled and edited by Harriot Howze Jones in time for the city's celebration of its Aniversario in 1973. Various sections were written by twenty-four members.

The Historical Society has not always been successful in its endeavors. Alas, these things did not come to pass:

It was unable to save the old City Hall in 1959.

It was unable to get the old carriage house across from Hotel Dieu moved to a downtown location and preserved as a public facility.

And it dropped the ball completely on building a really first-rate Museum of Southwest History. For two years in the early 1970s, a zealous committee worked toward the goal of building a \$3 million museum, researching sites, listening to experts outline the way to go about it. A series of circumstances eroded the chances and enthusiasm for the project failed to ignite the general membership.

So, what does the Historical Society plan to do in its next twenty-five years? We hope it finds itself a permanent home, one where everyone can see the old rainspouts and doorknobs and piano and pictures it has squirreled away. We'd like to think El Paso would be able to develop a really fine museum of history, such as those in Canyon or Lubbock. In researching this talk, I realized how many historical sites there are in this city, besides the obvious ones most of us already know about.

With our 400th anniversary of the Pass of the North coming up in

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INCIDENT ON THE PEÑASCO

by RICHARD K. McMASTER

In late 1854, the Mescalero Apaches, long accustomed to conducting raids across the Rio Grande into Mexico, became aware of the growing white settlements along the bottom lands of the Rio Pecos. These settlements on the doorstep of the Indians' mountainous stronghold became the object of an Apache incursion, and a large number of animals were run off and several settlers were killed.

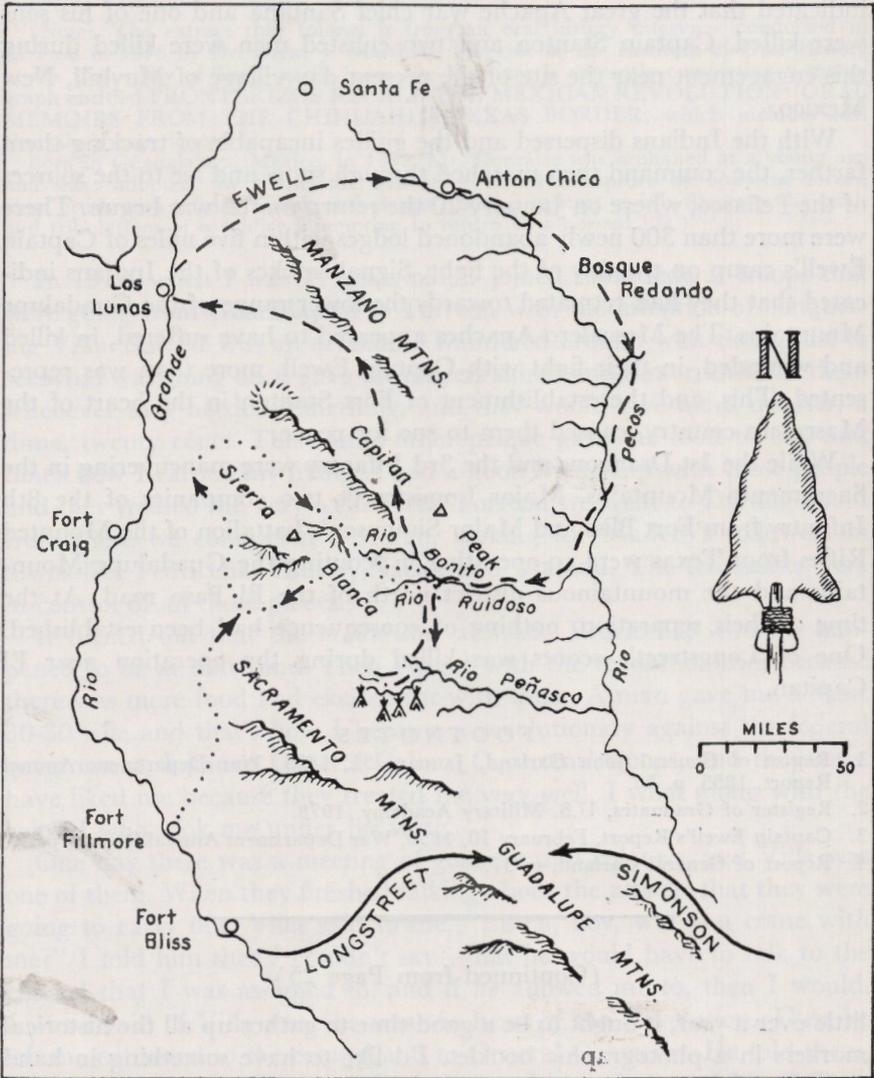
Noting that the Mescalero Indians were in open hostility, General John Garland, commanding the Department of New Mexico, ordered two troops of the 1st Dragoons from the posts of Los Lunas and Fort Craig, two officers and eighty-one men, under Captain Dick Ewell, and one company of the 3rd Infantry and another troop of Dragoons from Fort Fillmore, two officers and seventy-nine men commanded by Captain Henry W. Stanton, to take up a pursuit of the culprits who had disappeared in the direction of the White Mountains and may have crossed over into Texas. The Regiment of Mounted Rifles from the Department of Texas would also participate as would two companies of the 8th Infantry from Fort Bliss under Major James Longstreet.¹

A more distinguished group of officers could not have been assembled anywhere than these involved in this minor operation against the Indians in the southwest. James Longstreet of the 8th Infantry, Richard Ewell of the 1st Dragoons, and J.E.B. Stuart of the Mounted Rifles would shortly be three of Lee's corps commanders in the Civil War. Three of the four lieutenants involved became generals and the fourth died at Fort Craig during the war.²

Captain Ewell began his march on New Year's Day accompanied by a pack train carrying ammunition and rations for his squadron. Marching in very cold weather the command arrived at Anton Chico on the Rio Pecos on January 7. Proceeding down the Pecos by night marches he turned up the Rio Ruidoso and the Rio Bonito to Sierra Capitán, where on January 13 he met Captain Stanton's column from Fort Fillmore. After combining the two commands, Captain Ewell moved south towards the Guadalupe and Sacramento Mountains, and on January 17 encamped on the Rio Peñasco.

That night the camp was attacked by the Apaches with both arrows and firearms, and at the same time the dry grass was set on fire, frightening the horses. There were no casualties. The following morning the

Richard K. McMaster (Major USA Ret), was a regular contributor to *PASSWORD* beginning with the first issue in 1956. A former director of the Historical Society, he died last November.



Indians appeared in force with every mark of defiance, and throughout the day opposed the march up the Peñasco, disputing every ravine. Infantry skirmishers and then mounted and dismounted dragoons were engaged the entire day in clearing the line of march. The country was broken into high hills with deep ravines crossing the line of march.³

The Indians gave the impression from their boldness that they were trying to bring on a close fight, so the column kept up the march as rapidly as possible. During the day some fifteen warriors were shot from their horses and were carried off by their comrades. Positive information

indicated that the great Apache war chief Santana and one of his sons were killed. Captain Stanton and two enlisted men were killed during this engagement near the site of the present day village of Mayhill, New Mexico.

With the Indians dispersed and the guides incapable of tracking them farther, the command then marched through snow and ice to the sources of the Peñasco, where on January 20 the return march was begun. There were more than 300 newly abandoned lodges within five miles of Captain Ewell's camp on the day of the fight. Signal smokes of the Indians indicated that they had retreated towards the lower range of the Guadalupe Mountains. The Mescalero Apaches appeared to have suffered, in killed and wounded, in their fight with Captain Ewell, more than was represented. This, and the establishment of Fort Stanton in the heart of the Mescalero country, caused them to sue for peace.

While the 1st Dragoons and the 3rd Infantry were maneuvering in the Sacramento Mountains, Major Longstreet's two companies of the 8th Infantry from Fort Bliss and Major Simonson's battalion of the Mounted Rifles from Texas were co-operating in scouting the Guadalupe Mountains and the mountainous district north of the El Paso road. At the time of their separation, nothing of consequence had been established. One of Longstreet's scouts was killed during the operation near El Capitan.

FOOTNOTES

1. Report of General John Garland, January 31, 1855, War Department Annual Report, 1855, p. 56.
2. Register of Graduates, U.S. Military Academy, 1978.
3. Captain Ewell's Report, February 10, 1855, War Department Annual Report, p. 59.
4. Report of General Garland, p. 57.

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little over a year, it ought to be a good time to gather up all the historical markers in a photographic booklet. I'd like to have something in hand that would identify each location. I know there are many markers and points of interest which we drive by every day without realizing they're there. Let's all become experts about El Paso's history and champions of its future!

Let's find ourselves a really impossible project, like turning El Paso Street into a 1900s shopping mall, or using the Depot for something fantastic, or finding a Toonerville Trolley route for the defunct street-cars languishing in city barns, or even saving the Hotel Paso del Norte, for crying out loud! You've made the last twenty-five years turn to silver. Let's make the next twenty-five solid gold!

PEDRO GONZALEZ REMEMBERS THE REVOLUTION

(Note: The extract that follows is from an oral history interview conducted in El Paso in 1976 by Dr. Oscar J. Martínez, Director of the Institute of Oral History at the University of Texas at El Paso. Dr. Martínez is currently completing a monograph entitled *FRONTERIZOS RECALL THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION: ORAL MEMOIRS FROM THE CHIHUAHUA-TEXAS BORDER*, which includes Mr. González's experiences.)

Born in Guadalajara, Mexico, in 1899, Mr. González was orphaned at a young age and was "adopted" by Francisco "Pancho" Villa. His capture by opposing forces, close brush with a firing squad, and escape from his captors vividly illustrate the trials and tribulations of a soldier attempting to return to a normal life.)

In 1913, when I was 14 years old, I joined some federal troops that were going from Guadalajara to Torreón with the intention of conquering Villa. Since I was an orphan, I wandered around with them, just to see what was going on. I gave the officers shines and ran errands for them whenever they needed something, and they would give me a quarter, a dime, twenty cents. Then some other people gave me food to eat, and that's how I earned my living. I had a good friendship with those people and they treated me very well. From Torreón we went to Durango, and from there we conducted a search, looking for Madero's followers in towns like Pedriceña, Cruces, Nazas, and Mapimi. The federalists were in control of all those places.

It turned out that the *maderistas* attacked Pedriceña, where I happened to be at that time. Then I went with the revolutionaries because there was more food and excitement with them. A man gave me a short 30-30 rifle and that's how I became a revolutionary against the federal government. I joined General Calixto Contreras' troops, and they must have liked me because they treated me very well. I went along with the colonel who took me under his wing.

One day there was a meeting of generals and colonels, and Villa was one of them. When they finished talking about the attacks that they were going to carry out, Villa said to me, "Listen, boy, will you come with me?" I told him that I couldn't say—that he would have to talk to the colonel that I was assigned to, and if *he* allowed me to, then I would. I was afraid of Villa since he was *the* head of the Revolution. Then he left me entrusted to the colonel and to General Contreras. He told them, "OK, I leave you in charge of this boy; take good care of him." They said, "We will." A little later Contreras and Villa got together again and that's when I became a part of the *División del Norte* (Villa's troops). At that time Villa only had about 200 or 300 men. He picked me up and I went with him.

I enjoyed being where there was fighting going on, probably for the simple reason of just being young. Most of the generals appreciated me a lot and they all wanted me to go with them. But since I was working

for Villa, I couldn't. If the general gave me permission to go to another brigade with another general I went; if not, I didn't go. The general saw how clever I was in doing jobs which were a little difficult. He sent me to certain cities that he was going to attack so that I could find out how many troops there were and which positions were strong. For a week I would go all through town and the outskirts where the federal troops were, selling cigarettes, candy and other things, so that I wouldn't be suspicious looking.

In November of 1913 we captured Ciudad Juárez, and we were there until the federal troops started to come to attack us from Chihuahua. When we were in Juárez, the mayor of El Paso and a general from Fort Bliss came over to talk with the general. They asked him to please not fight in Juárez because the bullets could go over to the American side and there could be accidents involving civilian families. Villa told them that they didn't have to worry—that he didn't like to fight among the houses, that he always liked to fight on the open plains.

We left Juárez and went about 10 kilometers towards the south to Tierra Blanca. The federal troops started to come in trains, but they couldn't get to Juárez because we were already waiting for them. We were there several days, and they distributed to us that sausage that the American government gave out at Fort Bliss—a *big* piece—and a square piece of bread which was also American. At that time the American government helped Villa a lot. Finally, one daybreak, Villa gave the order to attack and the battle began. There was a lot of shooting and I had to retreat to a little hill where our infantry was continuing to fire. While I was trying to rapidly get into a hole with a fellow soldier, they wounded me and I lost my horse. The federal troops kept advancing, and there I was, hurt. I climbed down the hill to a little stream, hoping that if the federalists came they would pass me by and not kill me. Then I heard a horse coming and saw that it was one of my comrades. I told him, "Comrade, pick me up, get me out of here." He returned, put me on the horse and we left. My condition was really quite bad with a wound in the shoulder and the back right next to the spinal column. The shower of bullets whizzed by us on one side and the other, and we were the last ones to get out of there. I told my comrade, "Make this horse go faster because they're going to kill us both right here." Well, he hit the horse a little more but I began aching badly and I told him, "Friend, don't hit him any more," and he stopped the horse for a while.

Finally we were out of danger and then we found the general. Villa recognized me and said, "My goodness, boy, is it you?" I answered, "Yes sir." He ordered the first lieutenant who had gotten me out of the battle: "Take this boy to the train for me and assign soldiers to take care of him until they get to Juárez, so that he can be cured in the hospital." Well,

the officer took me to a train where there were a lot of wounded people and we left.

When I got to Juárez I found lodging in a hotel where there were many people recuperating. There were two other people with me in my room and a nurse from El Paso came and took care of us.

Some days later a train was leaving Juárez with some of Villa's soldiers, and since I liked to hang around the station, I climbed up on the top of the train with the soldiers. But Villa noticed that I was up there and he told me to get down. I got down and then he gave some money to one of the brothers of Luz Corral de Villa (the general's wife who was sick in El Paso at the time) and said, "Take this; take the boy to El Paso and take him to the movies." Well, we went to El Paso, but since Luz's brother had a girlfriend, he left me at the theater and he left with her. I frequently went to see Luz because I was always going back and forth from the hospital in Juárez to El Paso.

Time passed, I got well, and we left Juárez to fight in various places: Ojinaga, Chihuahua, Torreón, San Pedro de las Colonias, Saltillo, Monterrey, and Zacatecas. The battle at Zacatecas was rough because the whole federal army reassembled there. I happened to be at the battle on the side of the Cerro del Coronel. We attacked one afternoon, but they forced us back to the bottom of the hill. When it was darker we attacked again and this time we managed to make it to the top, forcing the enemy back into Zacatecas. We were fighting that whole night and all of the next day when the order came from Villa for us to enter the city. Our group had to enter by way of the station where the enemy had a cannon and two machine guns. We were lucky enough to overcome them, and that allowed us to go *into* the station where we found other revolutionaries who had entered from the other side. We joined together and we all went into the town, except that you couldn't walk very well because there were so many corpses. On the corners there were entrenchments of soldiers, and in the streets there were dead men and horses. Some of the federalist prisoners made ditches in which to bury the dead. They filled mule-drawn carts with cadavers and dumped them in the hole, until they cleaned up the city and everything was all right. We were there about two months.

My last expedition with the *villistas* was in 1915-1916 in Sonora. We were going to go towards Hermosillo but it wasn't possible because the *carrancistas* had joined together with the Mexican troops which had gone over to the American side. Because of that, Villa couldn't seize the border. We fought for a while in Agua Prieta and from there we went to Guaymas to take over the port, but we couldn't because it was already full of *carrancistas*. Little by little we retreated until we reunited with the people who had stayed at the foot of the Cañón del Púlpito near Colonia Du-

blán, Chihuahua.

We were there only for two days because there wasn't anything to eat. I got a hold of a can of salmon and a little bit of wheat that had been left at the edge of a mill, and that's what I ate. We decided to climb the Sierra del Pulpito and go down to Old Casas Grandes. It was winter at the time and there was a lot of snow in the mountains. I was on foot because they had killed my horse. There wasn't a road, and the snow came up past my knees. We fell in holes and everything. Finally we got out of the plain and we arrived in Old Casas Grandes where General José Rodríguez was with a few people who had arrived a little earlier. There wasn't anything to eat there either.

The next day General Rodríguez told me, "Listen, boy, do you want to join General Villa quicker?" Well, I told him that I did, although I was sorry later. He said, "I'm going to send a group of five men towards Chihuahua City to find him so that he knows that here in Casas Grandes the people who left for Sonora are reuniting." They gave me a horse and saddle, and it seemed like an easy job to me. Six of us left under the command of a lieutenant colonel—five who were commissioned, and I only went with them in order to join the general.

After several days, we stopped and the colonel said, "Boys, wait here two or three hours while I go to Villa Ahumada to arrange an armistice for us." We were without food or anything. In a little while one of the men said, "We've been waiting a long time. Let's go see what happened to the colonel." Well, there we went and we arrived in Carrizal (15 kilometers from Villa Ahumada). The two drunks went into a large corral and the rest of us went to get something to eat. I went to a home and asked a lady for some food; she gave me some and I paid her. On my way back to rejoin the others I saw a cloud of dust and I thought that the *carrancistas* were coming. I got to my comrades and told them, "You know what? Here come the *carrancistas*!" But they said, "Ah, those aren't *carrancistas*." Well, I left them and went to blend in with the townspeople. I had already changed clothes; I looked like a civilian. It turned out that they captured my companions and a little later the *carrancistas* came to where I was. They noticed the Texan hat that I was wearing and one of the officers asked me if I were a revolutionary. Right away I thought that if I said that I wasn't, someone might tell on me and then they would treat me even worse. I told him that I *was* and they took me to where they were keeping the others.

The *carrancistas* searched us and took everything that we had. I had one of those cartridge pouches that the American Army uses around my waist, and I had hidden around 250 pesos in silver inside. Well, everything was lost there—money, blankets, clothes. Then they tied the five of us together in a row and made us march in front of the horses until we

reached Villa Ahumada, where they put us on a railroad car.

A little bit later we got out of the car and joined the rest, and a sergeant told me, "Listen, friend, put yourself in God's hands because the train is going to take you now."* I answered him, "One day it's going to take you, too." Well, he hit me with the rifle and he made us walk to an old shed where we saw our companion who had been taken out earlier, thrown on the floor. I thought that maybe they had killed him and I looked at him to see if he were breathing. One of the *carrancistas* told me, "The same thing is going to happen to you." Then they tied our hands and feet behind us and put a rope around our necks. Four or five men pulled it upwards and upon feeling that they were strangling me I said to the captain, "Why are you punishing us this way if we're not murderers, bandits or criminals? That's why you have rifles—to shoot us."



Pedro González

They let the rope loosen a little and they began to ask us questions about how many *villistas* there were and how many were on their way to that place. We answered that we weren't the leaders and that we didn't know. Then they kicked the man who was on the floor and he turned over. He hadn't been strangled; he was just pretending because they had told him that if he breathed or moved, they would kill him. He got up right away. Then they took us to the railroad car again.

The next morning they put us in a barracks. We were there two days without food—just watching the soldiers eat! I felt the little pocket in my pants to see if there happened to be some coins left there, and it turned out that I found a fifty-cent piece. For two days I hadn't thought to look in that little place, and then I said, "Thank God." Right away I asked a *carrancista* to do me the favor of buying me some bread with those few cents, and he said that he would. Each piece of bread was worth five cents, so I expected ten pieces. But the soldier returned with only five. Well, I shared them with everyone else and we ate them with water and had a half-way decent lunch.

That afternoon they took us to where the head of the garrison was and he told us, "Well, boys, here is some paper so that you can write letters to your families if you want, because tomorrow you're going to be shot by the firing squad." I thought, well, who should I write to?"

The next morning around eight o'clock I saw that there were already people there watching and that the soldiers were beginning to put on

*Popular expression meaning, "You're really going to get it," i.e., punishment is forthcoming, with an implied possibility of death.

their cartridge belts and get their rifles, and I said, "Who knows what's waiting for us now?" The soldiers got in formation and they took the three of us out. Then they brought the other two who had been locked up in the basement and they reunited the five of us. Then they decided that they would carry out the execution behind the church, and they took us over there. The townspeople were already there and the soldiers got into firing formation. Then the captain read us the verdict (according to them), and asked, "All right, men, do you want to be blindfolded?" One in the group said, "No, sir, none of us want to be blindfolded." They were going to shoot us when one of our comrades said, "By any chance do you have some cigarettes that you'll give us?" The captain came back, gave each one a cigarette and lit it, and then we smoked them.

The captain returned to the line of soldiers and gave the order, "Load!" I thought, "Hey, stop!" I was dying there and just then a train passed full of *villistas* who had just been discharged, and upon seeing them I thought, "If only God had allowed me to go on that train to my home, to see who I could find in my family." And then from the other side: "Load! Aim! Fire!" They fired, and so I wouldn't see, I turned to the side. What a surprise to see that everyone else had fallen except me! The comrade who had been next to me fell beside my feet, and I turned to look at him. He was hurt and tried to get up, but the captain came and pow!—he shot him in the head and killed him. The captain was next to me with his pistol in his hand and I thought, "Well, since he shot that poor guy in the head, he's going to shoot me, too!" I looked to see if the captain was raising his pistol. There was a very calm silence as if there were no people there; not even the dogs were barking. Some time passed, and I thought that according to the rules of execution, if an accident happens and the one who's being executed doesn't get shot, well then, he's saved. But I said, "What are these people going to know about that?" Everything was very serious for about ten minutes, but then the people started to move and the atmosphere changed. The soldiers got in marching formation and the people began to go to their houses. They took me back to the barracks again. It must have been that they decided not to kill me because I was a boy or that it just wasn't my time to go yet. Only God saved me from death; I've always considered it a big favor that they did me.

In the barracks the first lieutenant realized that I had been a captain in Villa's army and one of Villa's adopted sons, and he was always on my back. He didn't like me; that man didn't trust me very much. Either he or one of the others was always guarding me and I couldn't do anything, just stay there being punished. I was there like that for two or three days; there wasn't a chance to do anything. Then I went to see the

head of the barracks and I told him that now that they had done me the favor of not killing me, I wanted them to do me a last favor and let me go. I told him I didn't want any more fights, that I wanted to try to find my family. He said to me, "OK, boy, if you want to go, leave." But I didn't believe what he had told me, so I went to talk to a first lieutenant that I trusted because he had also been a *villista* at one time. He advised me not to go. He told me that I should wait until they moved me from that place on the train within three days, and that I should escape on the way.

We traveled from Villa Ahumada towards Chihuahua City and I couldn't get off the train because they were always guarding me. In Chihuahua City I got off at the station but there wasn't any chance of hiding myself. We got on the train again, and there we went. I was near the back of the train with a soldier who started to talk with me, and I couldn't get him to go to sleep. Finally he fell asleep and started to snore. In the darkness of the night I got close to the ladder on the car and let myself fall. I didn't get hurt, got up, brushed myself off, and began to walk. But like a fool I walked towards the south instead of going towards the border. I could hear wolves and coyotes howling and I threw stones towards where it seemed the closest animals were. At daybreak I sat down to rest, when I saw a train going towards the south. I managed to get on it at a railroad siding.

I think that the guard saw me climb aboard, because he came to where I was hanging on and told me that I would have to pay two and a half pesos. I told him that I didn't have any money and asked him to allow me to stay aboard anyway, but he got very mean and hit me on the head. I had to get off, and there I went again. I walked and walked and walked and in the afternoon I saw another train that was also heading south. I climbed in a freight car and got as far as Gómez Palacios, where I had a good opportunity because I knew some people there. I went to the home of a family I knew, very hungry. It was dark already and when they saw that I was all filthy and my clothes were all torn, they didn't want to open the door. Since they didn't recognize me, I began to explain to them who I was and they opened the door a little bit. Through the opening I could see that they were eating. When they opened the door wider they recognized me and pulled me inside, locking the door behind me.

We chatted for a while, but I could hardly talk since I was so hungry and kept staring at that food. One of the girls asked me if I had already had dinner and I was going to tell her that I hadn't eaten for two or three days, but I just told her that I hadn't had dinner yet. Then she told the maid to serve me, and she brought me beans, tortillas and milk:

Some time passed and I was still there with that family. One day one

of the girls sent me to the market on an errand, and I ran into one of the soldiers who had captured me in Carrizal. He was dressed as a civilian. We greeted each other and he said that he had left the army, but when I left I had a heavy feeling that they would be looking for me. The next time that I was asked to go to the market, I told them about my fear of being captured and they didn't send me any more.

After being with that family two months, I went to stay with a man who had a ranch near Gómez Palacio. I knew him because of his sons, who had been with our troops in Sonora when we were defeated. I asked the man to lend me some money because I was thinking about starting a business, but he told me that the only money that he had right then was in 100 peso bills and that Carranza had suspended the use of that kind of bill because they were going to be replaced with new bills. But he told me not to worry; he said that within two weeks he would have fruit in his orchard and I could pick whatever I wanted and sell it. He also gave instructions to his maid to give me something to eat whenever I was there. Therefore, if I couldn't eat in one place, I ate in another, and now I had the possibility of doing some business.

A little later I had the bad luck of being captured again. I was at the Fifth of May celebration in Torreón and someone recognized me and I was arrested by an officer and a soldier. They took me to the barracks and that night they harassed me, but finally they left me in peace. The next morning they undressed me and gave me some cut-off undershorts and also a cut-off undershirt. Then they took me to a big corral and beat me with a steel sword. It hurt a lot because I was almost naked. Then I remembered that it isn't hard to break a sword; if one puts his elbows back, they hit in the hollow place between the elbows and the sword breaks. That's what I did and "pop," the sword broke in two. I said, "Let's see you beat me now." Well, it was worse, because then they brought another sword and they hit me twice as much. They laid open my whole back, rear end, and arms. I couldn't bend over or even lie down. I had to stand up almost all the time for eight days. At night when my legs were aching, I got as comfortable as I could and little by little I reclined.

Finally I got better and they made me learn how to play the bugle because they needed a bugler. I didn't want to make the effort and one of the officers hit me in such a way that my mouth swelled. Then I told the captain that I couldn't play with a swollen mouth and he gave orders to the one who had hit me to leave me alone. When I got better, I could play the instrument.

One day I ran into an acquaintance who told me that the *villistas* were going to attack Torreón, and if they caught me with the *carrancistas* they would kill me. He advised me to leave Torreón, but it was impos-

sible. When the attack began I was sleeping. An officer who didn't like me gave me a kick which hurt a lot: "Come on! Go get a rifle and ammunition so you can fight." Well, I didn't want to fight because I knew that if the *villistas* caught me they would kill me, but I went to get a Mauser rifle and I loaded it. I spent the night in a big horse corral, and since it was dark no one noticed if I had gone to fight or not. I prayed to God that that officer wouldn't return because then he would have realized that I hadn't fought and he would be a worse enemy and cause me *more* difficulties. The next afternoon the ones who had gone to fight came back and I realized that the officer was among those who had been killed.

I decided that I had to escape by jumping over a tall wall that faced the street. I hurt one of my feet a little, but I was able to walk all that night until I reached Gómez Palacio where I had a friend who had told me that if I escaped, I could stay with his family.

A little later a man selling firewood came to the house and the next day I went with him as helper to his little ranch. We arrived at night and I was extremely hungry, but his family was very poor. In the morning his wife ground a little bit of corn and made three tortillas, of which she gave me one. I ate it with a few beans, and that was all. There wasn't any coffee, or cinnamon, or anything. Then we went outside and the man told me to bring water that he needed to make some adobe bricks because he wanted to build another small room. Well, there I was—drawing water from the well, transporting it, stirring the mixture for the bricks, and he was just sitting there! My back was still hurting, but I didn't say anything. After two days I told the man that I was leaving and he gave me two pesos.

I entered Gómez Palacio with caution and began to sell fruit. I sold grapes to the people who were getting off the streetcar at a peso per kilo to the average person and a little less to the poorer people. After two days I had gotten together a little money and I bought half a dozen glasses so that I could sell fruit drinks. In the mornings I sold fruit, at noon I sold fruit drinks and ice cream, and in the evening I sold sweet bread which I bought in a bakery. Then a fellow from Durango set up a place to sell cigarettes, sodas, candy, and things like that, and he invited me to be his partner. He sold at the stand and I sold on the streets.

On the first of January, 1917, I went out to see the military parade in downtown El Paso. I ran into a boy more or less my age and since it was cold, he invited me to watch the parade from the window in the building where he worked. Since that place was the YWCA, there were beds where the ladies rested, and the boy told me that I could spend the night there. In the morning we got up, ate, and I helped him clean up. I became a friend of the director of the place and I was able to live and work there until April, earning five dollars per week.

HERITAGE HOMES OF EL PASO

by HARRIOT HOWZE JONES

THE DIPP MANSION

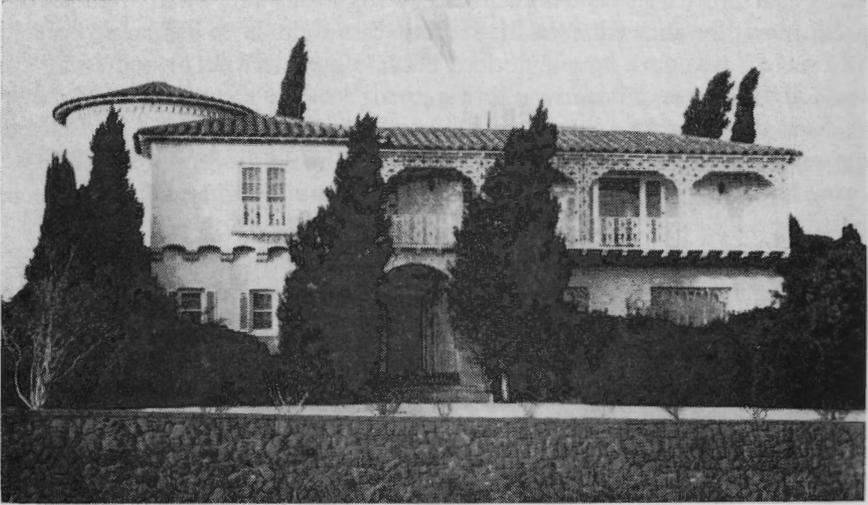


Photo by M.G. McKinney

The handsome and impressive mansion at 3101 Gold Avenue was built in 1952 for Sam Guido, business man and land developer. Mabel Welsh, architect, supervised the building, and decoration of the interior. It is of brick construction, stuccoed white. It is on a terrace, has two stories and a basement, a pitched red tile roof. A prominent feature is a tower at one corner of the house. At second story level, above the front door, there is a balcony, with white wrought iron railing and lacy arches of ironwork. The house took two years to build.

In 1955, about a year after the Guidos had moved into the house, it was bought by Mr. and Mrs. Michael Dipp. Mr. Dipp, always known as "Mike", was born in Guadalajara, Mexico. He came to El Paso as a lad of ten. Mrs. Dipp, the former Mary Hanrah, is a native El Pasoan. Both Mr. and Mrs. Dipp are of Lebanese extraction. They have five children: Mike, Jr., George, Rosalie (now Mrs. Raymond Zoghby), Mary Jean and Paul. They have five grandchildren. Mr. Dipp is a businessman and investor. He owns wholesale houses, a shopping center, a hotel and considerable land in the Upper Valley.

The interior of the house is quite gorgeous. One enters the massive front door into a wide hall. To the left is the tower holding the circular "flying staircase" which has no visible means of support. The banister is of white wrought iron with a wood railing. The windows let into the

tower are of Venetian glass. Near the foot of the stairs is a charming "powder room."

To the right of the hall, down two steps, is the very large living room. The first thing noticed is the 28 by 14-foot rug, of Chinese make in French design. The furniture is French: gold-leafed carved wood, upholstered. A settee and four chairs are of Louis XIV era, upholstered with Goblein tapestry. Two chairs, upholstered in brocade, are Louis XVI. There are several tables, a fireplace, and cabinets holding *objets d'art*.

In the main hall there is an elaborately carved, gold leafed tall mirror, with console beneath. These were originally in a palace in France and were acquired by the Dippes in Mexico. A settee and two chairs of carved fruit wood, upholstered in damask, are in the hall.

Opposite the front door leading to the back of the house is a narrower hall. On the right, down two steps is the large den. A door from the den opens into the walled garden, with its swimming pool, complete with two bath-houses and a shower. On the left of the hall is the formal dining room. A notable feature is the beautiful hand-screened wallpaper. The rug in the dining room is a Kermar, 22 by 14 feet. Behind the dining room are a breakfast room, pantry and kitchen. A few steps lead from the kitchen entry to the servant's quarters, above the garage. There are two rooms and a bath. At the end of the hall, which passes the den and dining room, are the guest bedroom and bath.

There are crystal chandeliers in most rooms, and magnificent rugs on the parquet floors.

The basement contains the usual utility rooms and a laundry room. Upstairs there are three bedrooms and baths.

The house may be called Spanish-Mediterranean style. There are at least three houses in this style across the river, in Juarez, Mexico. All have red tile roofs, towers housing circular staircases, white or cream stucco walls, and much iron work. One wonders who first designed these houses in this area. The one objection this writer has to these mansions is that there are two or three steps up or down from every room leading from halls. Otherwise they are charming and beautiful and the Dipp mansion is one of the most beautiful.

ACTIVITIES OF YOUR HISTORICAL SOCIETY

MUSEUM NAME CHANGE

The El Paso County Historical Society, which is sponsoring agency for the El Paso Cavalry Museum, approved at the February 24 general membership meeting a proposal to change the name to El Paso Museum of History. The recommendation for change was made by a joint committee representing both the Museum and the Society. Because of the Museum's historical focus and the existence of other military museums in the area, the change was proposed in order to reflect more accurately the nature of this City Museum.

A celebration is being planned for July 4, 1980, at which time the name change will become official. On that date the Museum also will mark its sixth anniversary.

Pat Rand, past president of the Society and a local architect, has designed an addition for the Museum to house artifacts and records of the Historical Society and space for accessioning acquisitions. The City approved the project and construction was expected to be under way by March.

EUGENE O. PORTER MEMORIAL AWARD

The Editorial Board of *PASSWORD* has selected Nancy Hamilton's article, "The Ysleta Riot of 1890," which appeared in the Fall issue, as winner of the annual Eugene O. Porter Memorial Award. The award of \$100 is given annually to the writer of the best article of the year published in *PASSWORD*, honoring the publication's founding editor, Dr. Eugene O. Porter. Other articles rated highly by the judges were two by James M. Day, "El Paso: Mining Hub for Northern Mexico, 1880-1920," in the Spring issue, and "El Paso's Texas Rangers" in the Winter issue; Richard Estrada's "The Mexican Revolution in the Ciudad Juarez-El Paso Area, 1910-1920," in the Summer issue; and Edna Scotten Ferris' "Girls' Basketball Comes to El Paso" in the Winter issue.

During the year, under the editorship of Conrey Bryson, *PASSWORD* published articles by 20 authors and a new column on books by Mary Ellen Porter was introduced.

The Eugene O. Porter Memorial Award is financed by gifts to the Society in honor of Dr. Porter, who edited *PASSWORD* for its first nineteen years and establishing high standards of scholarship and research for the publication. Tax deductible contributions for continuation of this award may be made to the Eugene O. Porter Memorial Fund, El Paso County Historical Society, Box 28, El Paso, Texas 79940.

MORE BOOKS AVAILABLE

The following books on the Southwest have been added to the listing shown in the last issue of **PASSWORD**:

- Coronado's Children by J. Frank Dobie \$ 4.95
- Dallas Stoudenmire, El Paso Marshal by Leon C. Metz . . \$ 6.95
- El Paso in Pictures by Frank J. Mangan \$24.00
- Grave of John Wesley Hardin by C.L. Sonnichsen \$ 6.50

Society members receive a 10% discount on books priced at more than \$7 (except those on the Collectors List) and Texas residents must pay a 5% sales tax. To order by mail, send check or money order, including 50 cents postage for each book, to Book Sales, El Paso County Historical Society, P.O. Box 28, El Paso, TX 79940. For urgent needs, phone M.G. McKinney, book sales chairman, at 565-8784.

NEW MEMBERS

The Society has added as Life Members since the last issue of **PASSWORD**:

- | | |
|---|----------------------------|
| Mr. and Mrs. L.F. Beard | Mr. and Mrs. Leon C. Metz |
| Mr. and Mrs. C. Neil O'Hara | Mr. and Mrs. John W. Resen |
| Col. (USAF-Ret) and Mrs. F.B. Gallagher | |

Added to the regular membership rolls are:

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Mrs. Arthur M. Bachlauski | Mrs. Rosa May Baker |
| Mr. and Mrs. Reynold Blight | Mr. and Mrs. John L. Carpenter |
| Mrs. Beulah D. Espy | Richard and Patrick Estrada |
| Fred G. Evans Jr. | Mrs. Leroy T. Glardon |
| Mr. and Mrs. Calvin J. Hatchett | Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Jones |
| Mrs. Frank Lasini | Mr. and Mrs. Candelario Mena |
| Mr. Lyne Mershon | Mr. and Mrs. Fred Runce |
| Mr. and Mrs. Roberto J. Tinajero | Mrs. Ivan E. Zundel |

The annual membership fee of \$15 includes a subscription to four issues of **PASSWORD**, participation in Society activities, and discounts on many of the books sold by the Society. Life membership is available at \$200. Checks may be made payable to the El Paso County Historical Society, P.O. Box 28, El Paso, TX 79940.

4 CENTURIES 81

The year-long 400th anniversary celebration of the City of El Paso, scheduled for 1981, has been named 4 Centuries 81 by the 23-member Commission appointed by the Mayor and City Council last summer to begin planning for the event.

A slide show about the celebration was shown at the February 24 meeting of the Historical Society. Dr. W.H. Timmons, a member of the

Society and originator of the idea for the celebration, spoke about historical aspects. He is working with a committee to prepare a study guide for use in local schools, telling the history of El Paso in ten chapters. Robb Hankins of the City's Arts Resources Department is coordinating the work of the Commission and the various committees being formed to organize special observances and other activities during 1981.

City Council in January voted to provide \$15,000 in start-up funds for 4 Centuries 31.

(Continued from Page 20)

8. Bishop Francis Asbury (1745-1816) was the first Bishop of American Methodism. Data courtesy of Mrs. Patricia L. S. McPeak, Reference Assistant, The United Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tennessee.
 9. This may *possibly* be the Reverend Robert William Peirce who served as chaplain of the 5th Regiment Texas Mounted Volunteers (Cavalry).
 10. The men of the 2nd Regiment Texas Mounted Rifles enlisted for twelve-month terms. The conscription act of April, 1862, however, lengthened this to three years.
 11. No information is apparently available about the Reverend William B. Hill. Mrs. Patricia L. S. McPeak of The Methodist Publishing House believes that he may have been a local preacher, not joined to any conference. If this was the case, her organization would have no record of his ministry.
 12. Again, it was mistakenly thought by the Confederates at Fort Bliss that a descent would be made upon them from the reinforced garrison at Fort Fillmore.
 13. The editor regrets that he has been unable to ascertain who the officer was who tendered his resignation. Many officers did so while in New Mexico, and a number congregated at Fort Fillmore to await their acceptances.
-

John West and Franklin Smith of El Paso were among speakers scheduled for the March 6-8 annual meeting of the Texas State Historical Association in Austin. The TSHA, oldest learned society in Texas, will hold its 85th annual meeting in El Paso in 1981.

Meeting jointly with the TSHA this year are the Texas Folklore Society, Texas Baptist Historical Society, Society of Southwest Archivists, Texas Catholic Historical Society, Texas Historical Commission, Victorian Society in America (Texas chapter) and Texas Archeological Society.

BOOK NOTES

by MARY ELLEN PORTER

The Urban West at the End of the Frontier. Lawrence H. Larsen. Lawrence: The Regents Press of Kansas. \$12.50.

The author's "urban West" consists of the twenty-four cities lying on or west of the 95th meridian with a population of 8,000 or more in 1880. The thesis here is that the major frontier towns owed more to their eastern counterparts than to the western environment. Preface, tables, essay on sources, index.

Texas Log Buildings. Terry G. Jordan. Austin: University of Texas Press. \$15.95.

Historically the varying terrain of Texas was occupied by settlers from many different countries and states. They brought with them the customs and building skills of their homelands, but frequently adjusted them to the new environmental conditions. This book surveys the origins and types of horizontal log construction used by people from different cultural backgrounds. It does not discuss the structures such as were erected by Spanish-Mexican immigrants, to wit: vertical log construction. Appendices, glossary, bibliography, index.

Impressions of the Texas Panhandle. Michael Frary. College Station: Texas A&M University Press. \$24.50.

Like Mr. Frary's *Big Thicket* book, this is an outsider's view of a distinct region of Texas. Frary's impressions transferred to water color and magnificently produced in color. Contains sixty-four color plates and numerous black and white illustrations. The book is limited to thirty-one pages of text.

Republicanism in Reconstruction Texas. Carl H. Moneyhon. Austin: University of Texas Press. \$19.95.

The Republican party was dominant in Texas politics during the period of social unrest and economic instability, 1865-1874. Based on extensive research on state and national political careers of such early Texas political figures as E. J. Davis, Elisha Pease, James P. Newcomb and black leader George Ruby. The book contains a tabular analysis of state election returns which clarifies the shifting balance of factions in the Texas GOP. Photographs and maps.

Essays on the Mexican Revolution. Edited by George Wolfskill and Douglas W. Richmond. Introduction by Michael C. Meyer. Austin: University of Texas Press. \$9.95.

A diverse and balanced anthology of the latest research on the political, social and economic phases of the Mexican Revolution. Photographs.

Environmental Problems of the Borderlands. Howard G. Applegate. El Paso: Texas Western Press. \$10.00.

Discusses the problems shared by the United States and Mexico of pollution from agriculture, industry, automobiles and waste. The author has gathered valuable data from both sides of the border. A sixteen page picture section depicts border activities which affect international environment.

Border Patrol. Clifford Alan Perkins. El Paso: Texas Western Press. \$10.00.

Vividly detailed history of the Border Patrol from its inception in 1925 to the author's retirement in 1953. A personal narrative by a man who served

as a frontline agent and administrator in Tucson, El Paso, San Antonio and San Ysidro.

Cowboys of the High Sierra. Peter Perkins. Introduction by Dee Brown. Flagstaff, Arizona: Northland Press. Soft cover \$12.50, hard cover \$19.50.

Despite the rumor that the American cowboy disappeared with the fencing of the rangelands, he is still alive and working. The author roamed the western ranches during trail drives and with tape recorder and camera he recorded and photographed the working cowboy, his recollections and reminiscences. An excellent depiction of a rugged life of sweat, dirt, fatigue and danger. An important historic document and the only one of its type that exists today. The full tapes and transcripts have been added to the collection of the Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley. Forty-seven color plates and thirty black-and-white.

Wild and Wily. J. Frank Dobie. Introduction by W. David Laird. Flagstaff, Arizona: Northland Press. \$16.50.

Some of the best animal folklore to come out of the Southwest—fine stories about wild animals and the men who observe them, admire them and often pursue them.

Chaco Canyon Ruins: Ancient Spirits Were our Neighbors. Ramona Rollins-Griffin. Drawings by Warren E. Rollins. Flagstaff, Arizona: Northland Press. \$8.50.

Enchanting tales by an Indian trader's wife who was also the daughter of a famous Southwestern artist. Twenty-one drawings and photographs.

From the Heartland. Profiles of People and Places of the Southwest and Beyond. Lawrence Clark Powell. Illustrated by Bettina Steinke. Flagstaff, Arizona: Northland Press. \$9.50.

Personality studies and travel essays of the Southwest, ranging from New Mexico to Big Sur, involving some of the most distinguished individuals in American literature. Illustrated.

They Came to the Mountain. Platt Cline. Flagstaff, Arizona: Northland Press. \$12.50.

History of Flagstaff's formative years as a prominent frontier logging settlement.

This Land, These Voices. A Different View of Arizona History in the Words of Those Who Lived It. Abe and Mildred Chanin. Flagstaff, Arizona: Northland Press. \$12.50.

Interviews with Arizona notables, presenting a variety of views on the development of the state.

Witchcraft in the Southwest. Spanish and Indian Supernaturalism on the Rio Grande. Marc Simmons. Flagstaff, Arizona: Northland Press. \$8.50.

True and well researched stories of witch lore of the past and present. Illustrated.

Without Noise of Arms. The 1776 Domínguez-Escalante Search for a Route from Santa Fe to Monterey. Walter Briggs. Flagstaff, Arizona: Northland Press. \$30.00.

Daily notes kept by Franciscan missionary, Escalante. Illustrated with oil paintings by Wilson Hurley.

The monographic series, "Southwestern Studies" of the Texas Western Press of the University of Texas at El Paso is the recipient of an Award of Merit from The American Association for State and Local History. The award was received for excellence in text and design.

BOOK REVIEWS

HISPANIC CULTURE IN THE SOUTHWEST

by ARTHUR L. CAMPA

(Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1979, \$25)

The title for this book was chosen after much deliberation. Chapter 1, entitled "The Problem of Nomenclature," weighs the advantages and disadvantages of the terms "native," "Spanish American," "Spanish," "Mexican American," "Mexican," "La Raza" and "Chicano," before deciding to use the words "Hispano" and "Hispanic" to describe the people of Spanish and Mexican heritage in the Southwest.

The author has excellent credentials for this comprehensive survey. He was born in Mexico, of American parents. His father was killed by Pancho Villa in 1914, and he grew up on a ranch in West Texas. He received his Ph. D. from Columbia University and served 26 years as chairman of the Department of Modern Languages and Literature at the University of Denver. He died in 1978, while this volume was in production.

A series of historical chapters deals with the Spanish discovery and settlement of various parts of the Southwest, extending roughly from the Gulf and the Red River to the Pacific Coast, and from Mexico northward into Colorado. His chapter "El Paso to the Gulf" can only be faulted in minor details. In describing Oñate's expedition he, perhaps, should have pointed out that it was here at the Pass that the explorer formally took possession of the lands to the northward in behalf of the Spanish king. He is not clear on the work of Fray García de San Francisco y Zúñiga, seeming to indicate that the missions of Senecú and Socorro were founded prior to the founding of the Guadalupe Mission at Paso Del Norte. He may have intended to indicate the other Socorro, now New Mexico, but this is not clear.

The most thoroughgoing and intriguing part of the book deals not with discovery and settlement, but with the intermingling of the cultures from Spanish colonial times to the present. Chapters entitled "The Guidance of Customs and Tradition," "Superstition and Witchcraft," "Mañana is Today," "The Spanish Language in the Southwest," "Spanish Folk Drama," "Folk Singing and Dancing," "Food Preparation and Preservation" and half a dozen others explore thoroughly and with affection the blending of cultures which has created a special civilization and way of life in this area. The chapter on language studies the El Paso area in detail as a fascinating example.

The 300-page volume, with well chosen illustrations, is the result of fifty years of research, according to the publisher. It is well worth the effort and is recommended reading for all who would understand the land and the people of the Southwest.

El Paso, Texas

CONREY BRYSON

TO BE ALIVE

by ELROY BODE

(El Paso, Texas: Texas Western Press, 1979, \$10.00)

With the publication of his fourth book in 1975, *Home and Other Moments*, it was rumored along the literary aisles of the Southwest that Elroy Bode had cast aside his pen and would write no more. He was tired. He just wanted to continue his teaching and to observe the things about which he wrote so poignantly.

The appearance recently of *To Be Alive* gives the lie to the foregoing rumor and Bode aficionados must surely be rejoicing. The book is the proud recipient of the C. L. Sonnichsen Publication Award for 1979 and is considered by many readers to be his best effort.

Here again, as in his other works, Mr. Bode records his observations, reminiscences, and the affects upon him of everything from livestock shows to Heaven; from three pigeons at dusk to the road to Hatch. He sees and he writes, he feels and he portrays.

Other sections in the book bear the intriguing titles "El Paso I," "El Paso II," "The Hill Country," "To Be Alive," "Sketches," "Journal," "Commentaries" contains a piece entitled "Exposé" in which he dissertates at length impressive word picture is drawn of "Gallstones and Hugo Winterhalter," a perceptive account of patients in a doctor's waiting room.

Mr. Bode does not frequently indite humor, but the section on "Commentaries" contains a piece entitled "Exposé" in which he dissertates at length upon his favorite heresy; namely, that sheep do not say Baaa, but Maaa, a fact that he calls "bilabial nonsense."

Elroy Bode is magnificent with words and language and such artistry certainly entitles him to be known, in the opinion of this reviewer, as one of the greatest writers in the southwest today. Certainly his peak is cresting. On the great "loom of language" Elroy Bode weaves a potent magic.

The book is illustrated with line drawings by the talented artist, Antonio Piña and impressively designed by Evan Haywood Antone.

El Paso, Texas

MARY ELLEN B. PORTER

THE GRAVE OF JOHN WESLEY HARDIN

by C.L. SONNICHSEN

(Texas A&M Press, \$6.50)

If the title of Dr. Sonnichsen's latest book sounds familiar to *PASSWORD* readers, it is because the Hardin article was first published in the issue of Fall 1977. Three essays about grassroots history make up this delightful book, each of them a gem from a master story spinner.

The first selection, "Blood on the Typewriter," describes the problems encountered in writing about feuds, a specialty of Sonnichsen's (*Ten Texas Feuds*, etc.). The grassroots historian, he observes, "knows better than most historians, that folklore is a branch of history." He also "has a limited time in which to work before the night cometh, in which no man can work . . . So grassroots history has to be collected, like the manna of the Hebrews, at exactly the right moment, and a researcher is lucky if he does not come too early or too late." It takes, he notes, about fifty years for the ill will of a feud to die down enough that people will talk about it. His experiences in chronicling various disputes are also found in the second article, "The Pattern of Texas Feuds." Here he traces the kinds of infractions that lead to feuds, the longevity of the feuds, and the possibilities of intermarriage among feuding families. He says that "feuds are folklore in actions."

Rounding out the book is the Hardin piece, one of the author's most popular in local circles, in which he recounts his efforts to help the relatives of the famous gunman locate and mark his grave in Concordia Cemetery. The unwillingness of the cemetery caretaker to cooperate in this plan became legendary through Dr. Sonnichsen's telling of the story locally at the time, and he preserves it here in full in an intriguing story complete with mystery, old West hero worship, delicate feelings of loved ones, reluctance to invite traffic to a grave in an otherwise quiet spot, and so on. At any rate, Sonnichsen's persistence paid off and ultimately Hardin's previously secret grave-site was marked appropriately for all the world to see.

El Paso, Texas

NANCY HAMILTON

Truett Latimer, executive director of the Texas Historical Commission, has advised PASSWORD that extensive resource materials and professional staff assistance are available to writers for this publication through the Commission.

"As the official state agency for historic preservation," he states, "the THC has for twenty-five years been responsible for locating, identifying, documenting, marking, and disseminating information about prehistoric and historic Texas landmarks, buildings, sites, persons and events. A result of this quarter century of work is an extensive filing system of valuable data on virtually every period and aspect of Texas history. This information is available to the public, and we encourage the staff of PASSWORD to make use of our historical resources, background material, and services."

The THC, he adds, works closely with 250 county historical commissions, 237 nonprofit heritage organizations in the state, and with the Texas Historical Foundation. The Foundation was also organized twenty-five years ago and has funded, sponsored, and supported annual state preservation conferences, archeological projects, filmstrips and publications, museum seminars, and many other programs.

Information about services of the Texas Historical Commission is available by writing to the THC at P.O. Box 12276, Austin, TX 78711.

Research at the Institute of Texan Cultures specializes in the unique, the human and the unusual in Texas history. The results of this research are presented in the *Institute of Texan Cultures' Supplies and Services Catalogue* which describes the new discoveries in Texas' past.

The Institute, which is a component of the University of Texas System, offers the publication free for the asking. It lists all Institute products and services.

Students of Texana interested in receiving a free copy of the catalogue may write: Catalogue/The University of Texas Institute of Texan Cultures at San Antonio, P.O. Box 1226, San Antonio, TX 78295.

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