

PASSWORD



THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Vol. XXVIII, No. 1

El Paso, Texas

Spring, 1983



PASSWORD

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Correspondence regarding articles for **PASSWORD** may be directed
to the editor at 5159 Sterling Place, El Paso, TX 79932.

The per-copy price of **PASSWORD** is \$4.

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

PASSWORD (ISSN 0031-2738) is published quarterly
by THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
Post Office Box 28, El Paso, TX 79940. Membership of \$15.00 per year
includes a subscription to **PASSWORD**.

Second-class postage paid at El Paso, Texas.

Postmaster: Send address changes to:
Password, The El Paso County Historical Society,
Post Office Box 28, El Paso, TX 79940.

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IN MEMORIAM

Gertrude Nowlin
Elizabeth R. Dyer
Chester H. Adams
Gladys G. Hinkle



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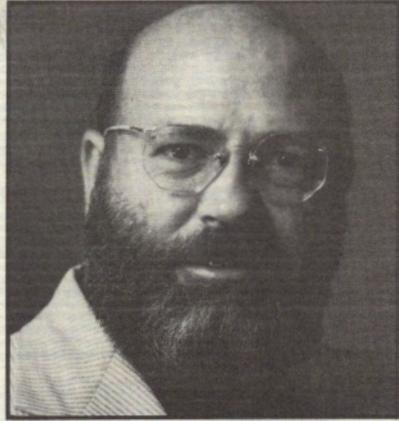
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Entered as Second Class mail at
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The President's Message

**by
James M. Day**

The year's beginning brings the promise of hard work and much accomplishment. We welcome the challenge.

The Society now has its first paid employee, Lillian Collingwood, who was named the editor of *Password* after the resignation of Nancy Hamilton. A frequent contributor to *Password* in the past, Lillian is a Professor Emerita of English at The University of Texas at El Paso. We feel extremely fortunate to have acquired her services.



On the horizon we see an expansion of memberships in the Society, particularly Junior Memberships. Last year we voted to invite junior members to participate in Society functions for an annual dues of \$7.50. We look forward to working with the young people and to recruiting many of them to the cause of the Historical Society. I hope that every member will recruit youngsters to join in our efforts.

The Executive Committee and the Board will probably spend the greatest part of this year on long-range planning. A committee is at work now and has formulated a preliminary plan. At its last meeting in January, it set up some pretty solid goals for 1983 and some preliminary goals for 1984-1987. Various members of the committee are wording these goals, and it should be a rather fruitful process to examine where we are and where we intend to go.

In 1982 the Society accomplished a great number of things. Among these were the quarterly meetings. In February, William Griggs, who was then Director of the Panhandle-Plains Museum

Dr. James M. Day, Professor of English at The University of Texas at El Paso and also director of the El Paso Centennial Museum, is now serving his second consecutive year as the Society's president. He is former Texas State Library director of archives, and has written and edited several books.

in Canyon, Texas, spoke to us on the coordination of historical societies and museums. The May meeting brought William Latham, our curator, who spoke on El Paso's historical churches. In August, Paul Danagelli addressed us on the El Paso sculptor Urbici Soler, and in October Jay Smith talked to the group on the subject of Horse Cavalry. The four programs were outstanding in my opinion. I commend Leon Metz, who served as program chairman, and I thank all who participated in these successful meetings.

We spent a great deal of time drawing up an agreement with the City of El Paso concerning our participation in the activities of the Museum of History. This agreement was approved by the Board of Directors and by the membership in an open meeting in August. It was then submitted to the City, which responded with a formal document prepared by the City Attorney's Office. This document was approved by the Board in February. We look forward to a long and fruitful relationship with the Museum of History, and we congratulate Barbara Ardu, the curator, and Leonard Sipiora, the director, for their involvement.

Also in 1982, the Society participated in a program of coordination with the City Historic Preservation Office. Dr. Martin Rice came to us with a proposal that we underwrite \$4,000 of his salary so that the office could continue operating. The Board approved his request with the stipulation that the first money Dr. Rice raised would be applied to the \$4,000. In short order Dr. Rice raised the money, thus relieving the Society from its obligation. Then he asked for \$2,228 salary money for a secretary for the year. The Society readily made the contribution, and we are pleased to work with the City Historic Preservation Office in their endeavors.

The Hall of Honor and the Tour of Homes were both very successful. I thank many people—too numerous to name here—whose work contributed to those successes. For me the highlight was my opportunity to get acquainted with Mrs. Margaret Schuster Meyer, our living honoree, and to visit with Mrs. Jane Burges Perrenot, who represented our other honoree, Dr. William M. Yandell.

Another highlight of 1982 for me was the visit of Mrs. Glenda Green, the Museum's Planning Coordinator for the Texas Historical Commission. Mrs. Green gave a workshop for the directors on

February 20, a workshop which was fruitful to us because we came to understand better the ways in which other museums and historical societies work together. Additional activities included Bill Latham's workday at the Museum in March, the quilt display in February, and the boots display during the months August through October. On August 21, Bob McNellis gave a workshop on the making of boots. Those of us who attended were quite impressed with his skill and knowledge, and we appreciate his interest in the Museum. Bill Latham also led a church workshop—another grand success—which helped us all celebrate the centennial of many El Paso churches. On December 5, the Society's members were led by Mary Ann Dodson in an old-fashioned trimming of the Christmas tree. It was great fun, and we look forward to doing it again this year.

I could not close these remarks without expressing appreciation to those directors and members of the Society who worked so hard last year to make the Society functional. We lost six good people from the Board at the end of the year, and we will miss them sorely. On the other hand,, we gained six new members for the 1983-84 years, and we look forward to working with them throughout this year. And from the bottom of my heart I thank all of you who carried on the work while I was ill and recuperating from surgery. The fusion in the lumbar area of my spine seems to be a success, and I am feeling much stronger for having gone through the operation. And I also feel much stronger in spirit as I look back on the Society's stimulating year...and forward to the inviting prospect of 1983.

~ A Note from the Editor ~

Nancy Hamilton's act is a hard one to follow. Indeed, I am asked to follow not one, not two, but three superb performances.

First, there was Dr. Eugene O. Porter, who had the vision, the learning, the enthusiasm, and the stamina to guide *Password* through its first nineteen years, setting standards of scholarship and writing excellence which continue to define and inspire the journal.

Act Two featured Conrey Bryson, whose sensitive journalistic

nose, integrity, and gentle manner continued the Porter zeal for researching and recording the Southwest's rich tradition. He encouraged and challenged us all—laymen, scholars, history buffs, old-timers, school children, newcomers—to examine out-of-the-way corners, to delve into memories, to search the libraries, to get the facts, to find the truth, to write the story.

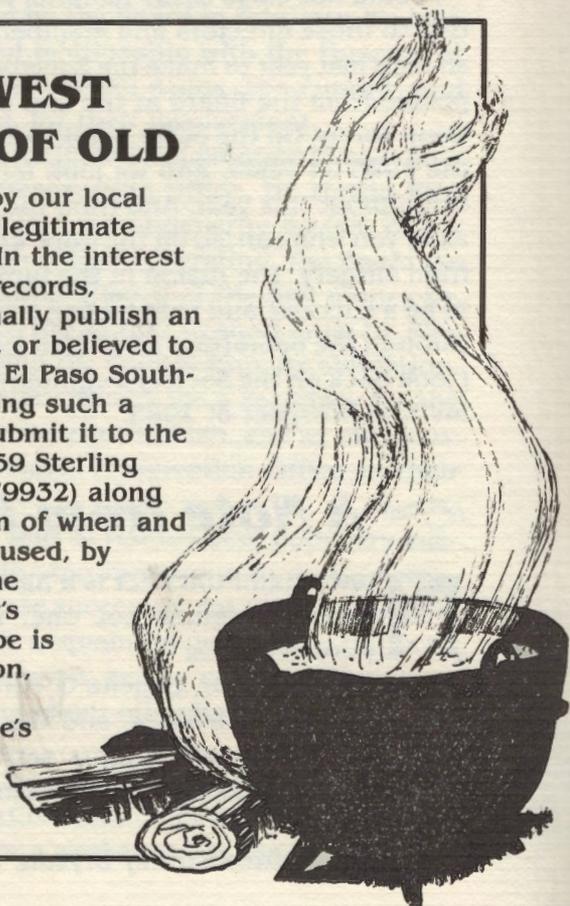
And then came Nancy Hamilton, who impressed upon the journal her own brand of impeccable professionalism, not only regarding content, style, and tone, but also in matters of layout and design.

When I look back on the previous editors of *Password*, I am awed and humbled—and shocked at my audacity in accepting the editorship. I justify my daring, I suppose, in several ways: my love for my native Southwest and its historical wealth, my belief that

(Continued on page 44.)

SOUTHWEST COOKERY OF OLD

The recipes used by our local forebears constitute a legitimate aspect of our history. In the interest of safeguarding such records, *Password* will occasionally publish an "old-time" recipe used, or believed to have been used in the El Paso Southwest. Readers possessing such a recipe are invited to submit it to the editor of *Password* (5159 Sterling Place, El Paso, Texas, 79932) along with a brief description of when and where it was probably used, by whom, and how it came into the present owner's possession. If the recipe is accepted for publication, the contributor will be credited, and the recipe's known history will be summarized.



Tinaja de las Palmas ***A Landmark on the*** ***El Paso Road***

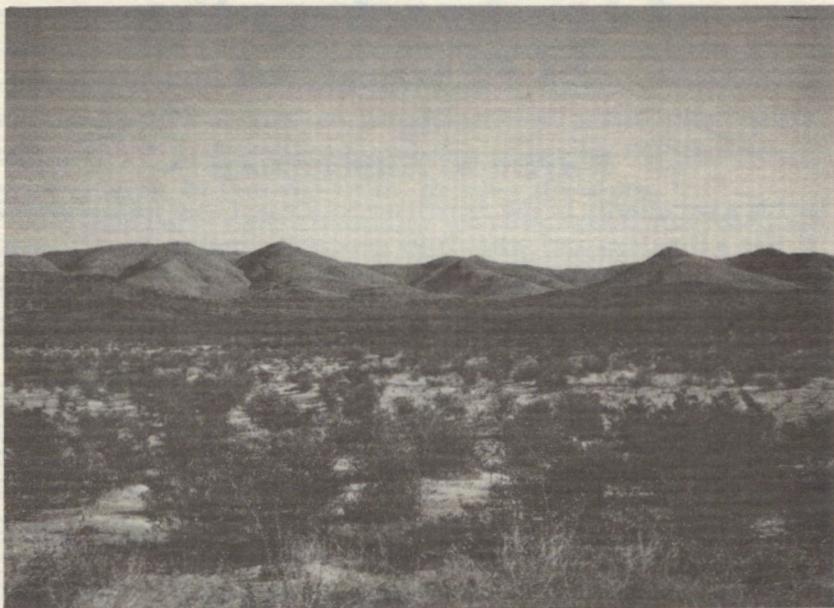
by
Wayne R. Austerman

It is a peculiarity of the American Southwest that its landscape has a timeless and powerfully evocative quality. Paul Horgan expressed its subtle allure best when he remarked of how "the values I began to absorb had to do with the vast land and the great river nearby, the mountains off there, and the golden sunlight that seemed to hold the past as well as the present in its power of revelation." Horgan sensed something that other men had noticed before him. "Because the land was so vacant, and its forms so huge and abiding, it seemed that what men and women enacted there long ago could still be seen if you looked hard enough with your eyes closed, as it were."

Those who enjoy walking the paths of the past and looking hard with their eyes open to their imaginations can share Horgan's feelings of revelation by leaving El Paso for an afternoon and driving east to the Hudspeth County town of Sierra Blanca. A dirt road a few miles to the south of the modern interstate highway will lead them into the desert to a place where a rocky spur juts off the heel of a ridge to the east. There among the wind and boulders it is still the 1850s, and the sun catches not the shine of chrome on an automobile but the feral glitter of Mescalero lance points. The site is known by many names—Tinaja de las Palmas, Cienegas, Eighteen-mile Hole, Sugarloaf Hill—but they are all steeped in the same history. There the combination of high ground above and water below ordained that it would be the scene of many violent meetings between the whites who traveled the El Paso road and the tribesmen who claimed the land west of the Davis Mountains.

The point of high ground and little seep-spring waterhole that mark Tinaja de las Palmas sit at the southwestern tip of Devil Ridge, which forms the eastern wall of Quitman Canyon. Off to the west across this long corridor looms the hulking glacia of

Dr. Wayne R. Austerman, a frequent contributor to *Password* and a past recipient of the Eugene O. Porter Award, is preparing a book on the San Antonio-El Paso Mail and also is teaching part-time at El Paso Community College.



Devil Ridge and Tinaja de las Palmas

the Quitman range itself. The old emigrant trail between El Paso and San Antonio runs down the canyon and around the point of Devil Ridge to enter another broad, dun-colored valley to ascend the Eagle Mountains at a point southwest of modern Allamoore and Van Horn. Travelers moving west along the trail from that area rounded the heel of Devil Ridge at Tinaja de las Palmas, thus making it a prominent landmark and welcome halting place, as well as a favorite ambush site for the Apaches. Their earliest recorded clash with the whites on this ground ended in stinging repulse for the Indians.'

In June, 1950, a self-promoting charlatan named Parker H. French landed in Texas with a band of gold-seekers whom he had promised to transport overland to California. In San Antonio he enlisted the aid of a number of natives to bring his rag-tag caravan west to El Paso. Among them was young George W. Baylor, who signed on as a carpenter and wagon-maker. He later left a vivid account of the journey.

The French expedition departed San Antonio on July 10 and began its two-month trek to El Paso. It was a hard march for all of the men, for French skimmed on supplies and transport. He feuded incessantly with his Texas guides and ruled the train as

a petty dictator. The unhappy argonauts missed the oasis at Van Horn's Wells and staggered into Eagle Springs in a state of near collapse from thirst. George Baylor mounted his mule after resting at the springs and scouted the mountains nearby. He ran into an Apache war party and barely escaped with his life. The Indians had been alerted and laid an ambush for the wagons farther to the west.

The whites were strung out in a loose column and just rounding the point of high ground at Tinaja de las Palmas when the Apaches swept out from behind the ridge and attacked the train. French had anticipated trouble on the way and had taken precautions. He had lashed the barrel of a light mountain howitzer to an anvil that was mounted behind the driver's seat in the lead wagon. "Our gun answered a good purpose and turned loose at the charging Apaches," Baylor recounted, "knocking over a number of horses and badly demoralizing the party. We saw no dead left on the plain—they all managed to get away somehow and we were too tired and thirsty to make any effort towards following them." French's train went on to reach El Paso safely and soon afterwards it broke up in a welter of dissension and violence when he fled to Mexico with the party's funds. The Mescaleros waited for a chance to avenge their defeat.²

In the autumn of 1851 Henry Skillman began an overland mail service between Santa Fe and San Antonio via El Paso. Almost immediately his men ran into trouble around Tinaja de las Palmas. His second westbound coach from San Antonio was due to arrive in San Elizario on January 19, 1852. When the mail failed to appear on schedule, a group of heavily armed riders set out in search of the missing expressmen. They found the charred wreckage of the coach in the canyon just north of the waterhole. The only signs of its escort were some trampled bags of provisions and a battered hat with a bullet hole through its crown. Some papers tucked in the sweatband bore the stage conductor's name.³

The corridor that ran through the mountains east of the Rio Grande and then stretched south down the canyon to Tinaja de las Palmas hosted repeated clashes between the Indians and whites in the next several years. Skillman's loss was avenged in July, 1855, when Lieutenant Horace Randall led a detachment of Company I, Regiment of Mounted Rifles west from its camp

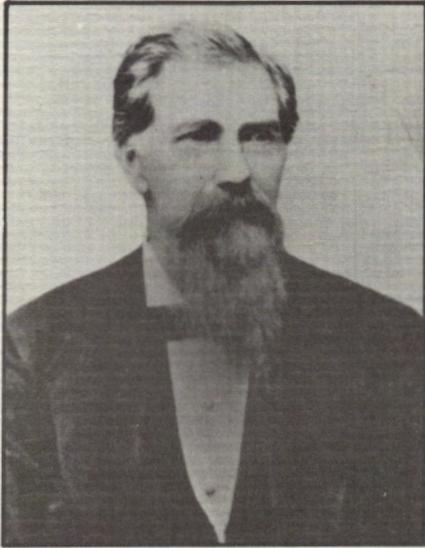
at Eagle Springs on a scout after the Apaches. On the 22nd he encountered a party of Mescaleros who were preparing to lay an ambush on the stage road near the waterhole, and immediately gave chase.

Randall's men cut the Indians to pieces. Eight braves died in the opening volleys of the skirmish. "Two others badly wounded and maddened by a fit of despair threw themselves from a perpendicular height of more than sixty feet...[and] were crushed below," the lieutenant reported. "Of the remaining four, two were dangerously wounded, if not mortally." Only two of the fifteen Indians escaped unharmed, and Randall was surprised to learn that two of the dead were squaws. None of the soldiers were injured in the fight. The *Texas State Gazette* proudly noted that "the guide killed the chief, and Lieut. Randall scalped him."⁴

Despite the danger on the road the mail coaches kept rolling past Tinaja de las Palmas, or "Cienegas," as it was known among the expressmen. In 1855 San Antonio merchant and freighter George H. Giddings assumed the contract from Skillman and soon met the same problems he had encountered in the region.

Giddings was with the mail caravan in January, 1857, when Captain James Cook took the coaches east from El Paso and paused to camp one night at the heel of Devil Ridge. Guard Joseph Hetler later told of how the Apaches attacked them early the next morning. "We were just stirring up to make our day's beginning...the moon was up...the mules got uneasy and commenced to blow, and the General [Giddings] notified J. Cook that something must be wrong, and we all got up, but before we could get ready the Indians rushed up, and we got in among the mules and the Indians kept rushing us all the time and we killed many of them," Hetler reported excitedly nearly forty years later. "We rushed in among the mules to protect them...Every mule was taken that we had." Not only did the raiders capture twenty-eight mules, but after looting the stages they set fire to them. The embattled whites finally drove them off and tried to salvage what they could from the wreckage.⁵

The Indians were not done with Giddings yet. When the Civil War erupted, he obtained a contract from the Confederate government to continue carrying the mail over the El Paso route, and once again his men clashed with the braves at Tinaja de las Palmas. In August, 1861, Captain James Eli Terry led a mail par-



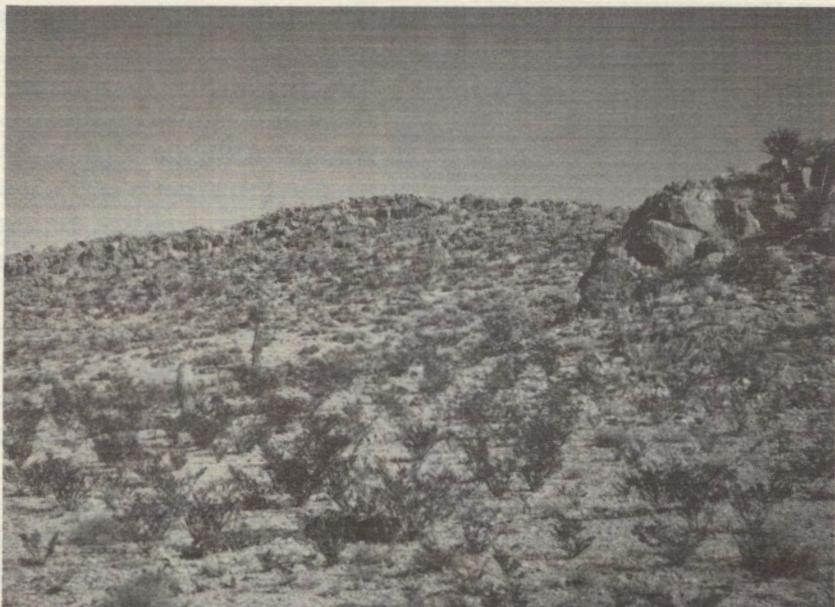
George H. Giddings

ty east from El Paso for San Antonio. Jack Sullivan, William Lempert, Gus Stewart, and a man known only as Vining were with him when he arrived in San Elizario and learned that the country to the southeast was filled with Apaches, "bold and plentiful." There were no passengers along on this trip, and Terry decided to load the mail on pack mules for a quick run to Fort Davis.⁶

The Texans dropped down past the abandoned ruins of Fort Quitman and threaded the treacherous pass to the east as the hogbacked spine of the Quitman Mountains rose about them. Terry expected trouble in the pass, but nothing broke the silence except the shifting gravel beneath their horses' hooves.

They turned southeast down the trough of Quitman Canyon, watching for dust clouds or the flash of a signal mirror. At two o'clock in the afternoon on their second day out from San Elizario they drew even with the waterhole at Tinaja de las Palmas. Without warning fifteen mounted Apaches charged out of the brush and bore down on them. At first Terry intended to make a fight of it in the open, but when another twenty-five warriors appeared on foot he decided to gain the top of the hill that thrust out from the flank of Devil Ridge. The Texans had to abandon their horses and mules to the Indians as they clambered up the steep slope. The Apaches howled after them, and Lempert fell with a wound in the shoulder and another in the knee when they were half-way up the rise. Terry paused to help him while Vining whirled about to fire both barrels of his shotgun at their pursuers. The blast of "blue whistlers," as the expressman called buckshot, took one warrior squarely in the body, literally dismembering him, while several others fell wounded by the terrible, scything fire.⁷

Panting and reeling in the brutal heat, the whites gained the



The high ground above the waterhole.

hilltop and turned to fire again on the Apaches, forcing them to retreat to the shelter of the rocks at the ridge's base. Lempert's back wound proved to be superficial, and Terry pronounced him to be "good and mad and full of fight." When the Mescaleros waved a white flag and called for a parley, Lempert and Stewart raised their Sharps rifles and answered with a volley. For the rest of the day these two kept the Indians at bay while Terry and Vining kept their shotguns ready in case the savages tried a rush. The men waited all night for another attack, but at dawn the Apaches had left with their dead and wounded.

The haggard Texans edged warily down the slope and began the long walk into Eagle Springs. The Indians let them proceed unchallenged, for as Terry put it, "the crowd they had left were just in the right humor to make a wicked fight, and many a warrior would have been laid out before the stage guard would have been destroyed."⁸

Nineteen years would pass before that boulder-strewn piece of high ground and shallow waterhole would be the scene of another major encounter, but when it happened the action would mark the climax of the Apache wars in Texas.

In September, 1879, Victorio, chief of the Warm Springs

Apaches, led a band of braves off their reservation at Fort Stanton, New Mexico, on a lengthy campaign of terror against both the United States and Mexico. After a series of raids in Chihuahua and New Mexico, Victorio attempted to cross the Rio Grande into Texas. Colonel Benjamin Grierson of the 10th Cavalry was charged with policing the border and repelling the Indians. Aided by a company of Texas Rangers based at Ysleta under Captain George W. Baylor, he kept patrols moving along the river between El Paso and Presidio.

On July 27, 1880, Grierson was inspecting his guard post at old Fort Quitman when he learned that Victorio was headed north from Mexico. The colonel, his teenage son, Robert, and a small escort of one officer and six troopers, immediately started east to assemble a large force to block the Indians' passage.⁹

On July 29 Grierson had reached Tinaja de las Palmas when he met a courier from Captain John C. Gilmore, commanding the subpost at Eagle Springs. The excited soldier told Grierson that Victorio and 150 braves had crossed the river, skirmished with two cavalry patrols, and then struck north for Quitman Canyon. Grierson knew that the Indians would have to stop for water at the tinaja the next day. He could not afford to let Victorio get past him, for the subsequent pursuit might take months and cost many lives before the raiders were run to ground. The small party of soldiers took positions on the high ground overlooking the water and prepared to face the Indians. That night both the east and westbound stages passed and were flagged down. Grierson told the nervous drivers to alert the troops at Fort Quitman and Eagle Springs so that they would send reinforcements to him.

At four o'clock on the morning of the 30th, Lieutenant Leighton Finley and fifteen men arrived from Eagle Springs. Captain Gilmore had misunderstood Grierson's message and thought that he simply wanted a larger escort. The colonel sent two of Finley's men back to rouse Gilmore and posted the rest on the ridge nearby.¹⁰

Five hours later Victorio's band appeared and, sighting the troops, attempted to slip by them around the end of the ridge. Lieutenant Finley and ten men charged down on them and held them in place for an hour in a brisk firefight. By that time Captain Charles Viele and a detachment from Eagle Springs came thundering down the trail to the east. Viele's leading squads



View of the stage road through Quitman Canyon from Grierson's position at Tinaja de las Palmas.

mistakenly fired on Finley's men and drove them back to the ridge above the waterhole. The Apaches capitalized on this by launching their own attack against Grierson while keeping the newcomers occupied. Grierson and Finley repulsed their assaults until Viele's men could shoot their way through the Indians and join them. When Captain Nicholas Nolan and Troop A of the 10th arrived from Fort Quitman and hit the Indians' flank and rear, Victorio decided to retreat south across the Rio Grande. He left seven dead warriors scattered around the waterhole, and many more wounded rode back into Mexico with him.

Victorio would cross the border once again on August 2 and ride into another ambush laid by Grierson at Rattlesnake Springs before retreating into Mexico for the last time. On October 14, 1880, Colonel Joaquin Terrazas and a force of Chihuahuan militia caught up with Victorio at his camp in the mountains and annihilated the chieftain and his band. The Mexicans enjoyed their victory, but the Apaches' fate had been sealed when they first met Grierson at Tinaja de las Palmas."

The site of so many desperate encounters looks like any other stretch of stony ridgeline in the desert when it is visited today.

There is nothing to mark it as the place where two races and cultures clashed so bitterly over the span of thirty years in the struggle to win the Southwest. The land can still speak to those who hold a knowledge of the region's rich heritage and a measure of imagination, and tell them of a past when only strong men armed rode the trail to El Paso.



NOTES

1. Roscoe and Margaret B. Conkling, *The Butterfield Overland Mail, 1857-1869* (Glendale, California: The Arthur H. Clark Company, 1947), II, 51-56.
2. George W. Baylor, "French's Expedition," *El Paso Herald*, April 20, 1901; Rex W. Strickland, *Six Who Came to El Paso* (El Paso: Texas Western Press, 1963), 19-26; Ferol Egan, *The Eldorado Trail* (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1970), 130-137.
3. *Missouri Republican*, March 27, 1852, quoting a letter from Santa Fe, dated February 29, 1852; *Daily National Intelligencer*, April 2, 1852; John S. Calhoun to Noah Webster, Calhoun to Luke Lea, Santa Fe, New Mexico, February 29, 1852. *The Official Correspondence of John S. Calhoun*, ed. Annie H. Abel (Washington, D.C.: Government Printing Office, 1915), 485-87.
4. Brevet Major General Persifor F. Smith to Lieutenant and Colonel L. Thomas, Corpus Christi, Texas, August 27, 1855, *Report of the Secretary of War, 1855*, House Executive Document 1, 34th Congress, 1st Session, 54-55, 136-37; Robert M. Utley, "Utley's Scrapbook," manuscript in the Fort Davis National Historic Site Library, Fort Davis, Texas, 221-23; *Texas State Gazette*, August 7, 1855.
5. Depositions of Joseph Hetler, Archibald Hyde, and George H. Giddings, George H. Giddings vs. the United States, Kiowa, Comanche, and Apache Indians (Indian Depredation No. 3873) United States Court of Claims, December Term, 1891 (Record Group 205, Records of the Court of Claims Section (Justice), National Archives and Records Service).
6. Deposition of James Eli Terry, Giddings vs. the United States; George W. Baylor, "Tragedies on the Old Overland Stage Route," *Frontier Times*, XXVI, No. 3 (March, 1949), 125-27. Baylor's article was based on a personal interview with Terry conducted over twenty years after the event. Terry's deposition was taken in 1892, and there is some variation in the details contained in each of the two accounts.
7. Baylor, "Tragedies," 126.
8. *Ibid.*, 127.
9. William H. Leckie, *The Buffalo Soldiers* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1967), 210-24; Dan L. Thrapp, *Victorio and the Mimbres Apaches* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1974), 285-87.
10. Leckie, *Buffalo Soldiers*, 224-25.
11. *Ibid.*, 225-29. Tinaja de las Palmas is not difficult to find. From Interstate Highway 10 in Sierra Blanca go southwest on FM 1111. At a point about 5.1 miles below town the state maintenance ends and two dirt roads branch off from where the hard surface road stops. The road to the right leads to Quitman Pass. This route should not be followed in any vehicle other than a jeep or pickup truck. The road to the left runs for roughly eight miles before passing an earthen-banked water tank on the left. This marks the approximate site of Tinaja de las Palmas. The high ground off to the northeast provided Terry and Grierson with their defensive positions against the Apaches. It is under private ownership and is not accessible to the public. The entire area is well charted on the United States Geologic Survey Map Sheets, *Sierra Blanca and Devil Ridge Quadrangle*.

Father's Trip West

**Compiled by
Chester Lumpkins**

(This material was compiled by the late Chester Lumpkins sometime in the 1920s. He died in Big Spring, Texas, in 1962 and the notes were not discovered until his wife's death in 1980. Of the four sons in the family, two are living: Louie Lumpkins of Farmington, N.M., and William Lumpkins of Santa Fe. William Lumpkins read these reminiscences as featured speaker for the Western Writers of America Spur Awards finalists' luncheon last June 29 in Santa Fe.)

My father left St. Louis some time in the latter part of 1888. He had been clerking in a hotel there for a year or two and had acquired a derby hat and a gold-headed cane, the cane for sophistication. He had previously put in a couple of years tending bar in the cattle towns along the Santa Fe Railroad.

His eldest brother, James, had earlier been working for a cattle feeder in the corn belt of Kansas, and had gone out to New Mexico in the spring of 1886 when the feeder decided to venture out and buy a ranch in that section of the country. Uncle James was to head the outfit, which would run nothing but steers, buying them when they were yearlings and holding them on grass another year, then move them to the feed lots in Kansas for finishing into prime beef steers.

My uncle's employer quickly acquired the necessary water for running eight or then thousand head of cattle. In the eighties and nineties in the Southwest, all a man needed to run stock was a watering place. Along the rivers and streams a man usually homesteaded on a half mile of river or creek bank. The owning of water permitted him to run cattle on the open range. Later, wells were drilled; and the windmill and barbed wire, along with the wells, extended a man's range.

The feeder established a headquarters and left my uncle in charge. Shortly afterwards Uncle James wrote to my father urging him to come out and join him at the ranch.

Just at this time, a wagon train was preparing to depart from St. Louis bound for the Red River Bottoms in North Texas. The caravan was to transport some ten families who were planning to settle on the Red River. They were all Missouri farmers who had

Father's Trip West



William Lumpkins with his wife, Julla, and their two sons Chester and Sherman in 1901 or 1902 at Clayton, New Mexico. (Photo courtesy Louie Lumpkins)

bought farms from a land syndicate and had gathered in St. Louis as a final starting point. There were about fifteen wagons in the train, a great many farming tools, and also several head of cattle and horses. The farmers had hired a guide who would lead them through Kansas and turn south through the Indian Nations and cross the Red River near their holdings.

This old guide had been staying at the hotel where my father was clerking, and they had become friends. The old scout at this time was about 60 years old and had been on the frontier more than 40 years. His hair was just beginning to turn gray. He stood up straight as an Indian and could ride and shoot with the best of the younger men. He consumed two quarts of frontier whiskey every day while he was waiting for the wagon train to get ready. He told my father many a yarn about his life as a scout. He spoke two or three Indian languages well enough to hold a conversation with almost any of the Plains tribes.

Even before Father received the letter from Uncle Jim asking him to come to New Mexico, he had just about made up his mind to leave the hotel and follow the old scout into the frontier that was moving steadily west along with the railroads. The letter settled the matter: he would accompany the scout to Texas and then make his way to New Mexico.

The old scout's name was William Oscar Carson (no relation to the famous Kit), and he would shoot you if you called him Oscar. Everyone called him Bill. My father's name was William Thomas Lumpkins, and he was also called Bill, but after the train was on the road a few days the settlers began calling my father Will to avoid confusion. Father was to ride with Carson at the head of the column, share his duties as guide, and kill game for the outfit. He told me many times about the abundance of wild turkey and deer in the Indian Nations.

The wagon train crawled uneventfully through Missouri and Kansas, except for a fight one evening between two of the men in the outfit. They were cousins and bore the same name. One had borrowed a horse from the other and had abused the animal while unhitching for the night. The owner resented his cousin's actions, and the fight started. It was a bloody combat, according to my father. A fight on the frontier was not a nice thing to look at. In this case, the man who was losing the fight drew a knife, and the onlookers separated the cousins. Carson intervened and

told the two that unless they shook hands and promised that they would wait until they reached the Red River to finish the fight, he would have to ask one of them to quit the train. They promised no more trouble and kept their word. But my father heard later that after they had settled on their land and were prospering, they met one day and renewed the argument. They drew knives and both were killed; one died on the spot, and the other one died a day or two later.

When the caravan reached the edge of the Indian Nations, Carson called all the men together and gave them their choice of two trails: one led straight south through the reservations, and the other skirted the Nations on the west. This latter course was much longer, but safer. The one through the Nations was, of course, much the shorter route, but there were possibilities of trouble with the Indians. The men chose the trail through the Indians' country. When they had made their decision, the old scout cautioned them about their dealings with the Indians. They were to stay in close formation and no one was to leave the caravan. When Indians approached, he told them he would always be present and do the talking. He further explained to them that the Indians would probably ask for a cow or calf to butcher and that he would endeavor to prevent them from asking for more than one. But he insisted that the Indians must be given one. He told the people that the Indians had begun this practice soon after the great trail herds had started driving out of Texas to the railroad in Kansas. For the right to pass through their territory, the Indians had asked for one or two cattle from each herd, and the trail bosses had granted their request, knowing that if they refused the Indians would return at night and stampede the herd with the result that many cattle would be lost.

The caravan made camp on a small stream just over the line in the Nations and remained there for three days. The men were repairing wagons and harness so that there would be as little delay as possible during the journey through the Nations. My father hunted game during this delay. He killed five deer, and the meat was divided along the wagons. Then Carson decided that the train was ready to begin the last lap of its trek.

The fifth day out, two men rode up to the head of the caravan and inquired for the boss of the outfit. Carson and my father were about a quarter of a mile ahead on the wagons; and Carson, turn-

ing in his saddle, saw the two men halt the train. He told my father to wait while he went back to see what the two strangers wanted.

He spurred his horse into a lope and my father related that when the hoof beats died out everything from then on until Carson returned was like a moving picture. He saw Carson ride up and salute the two strangers; they talked for a few minutes; then Carson dismounted, and the two men suddenly wheeled their horses and rode off to the northwest. Carson mounted, raised his hat and motioned the rear wagons to start moving. Presently the train was in motion, and the old scout loped his horse back to where my father was waiting. He explained to Father that the two strangers were imposters posing as U.S. deputy marshals. Carson had demanded their credentials and they had tried to bluff their way through. When the scout stepped off his horse and laid his hand on his buffalo gun hanging from the horn of the saddle, the would-be marshals decided it was time to depart. They had told the man on the lead wagon that they would have to search the wagons for whiskey, as no one was allowed to possess liquor in the Indian Nations. There were several bottles of whiskey in the outfit, most of it for medicinal use. Few of the men were steady drinkers, though most of them would take a drink occasionally, like most men of the period. The old scout had quit drinking right after they left St. Louis. He told my father that when he was out in camp and on the trail he never craved liquor.

Carson told my father that the two imposters would have searched the wagons, would have "confiscated" any liquor they might have found, and also would have demanded money. They would have told the settlers that they did not want to take the whole train into custody and that, for the payment of a sum of money, they would permit the wagons to move on.

My father related that many U.S. deputy marshals secured their commissions for the sole purpose of extortion of this kind. They would follow a wagon and, at the first opportunity, they would slip a quart or two of whiskey in the rear wagon, then ride ahead and stop the driver and search the wagon. Of course they would find the liquor and then negotiate some kind of trade. If the victim did not possess money, they would take a horse or saddle or anything else of value, but they preferred money because property could be traced so easily.

The caravan encountered no difficulty with the Indians, and it

moved uneventfully through the wilderness until it reached the old Fort Sill Wood Reserve. Then something happened that my father clearly remembered and often talked about.

There was an old man in the outfit, the father-in-law of one of the settlers. This old man was not well and he had declined in the heat day after day. The evening they camped just over the boundary of the Wood Reserve, this old man died. The men gathered enough lumber from the wagons to build a casket, and the next day they buried him and marked the spot but not the grave. They leveled off the grave and built a fire over the fresh-turned earth. Then they marked a tree, and the deceased's son-in-law took bearings and noted landmarks so that he could return and find the grave later. The train was now only four or five days from its destination, and my father was making plans to continue his journey into New Mexico.

The old scout told Father that this would probably be his last trek because the railroads were building very fast and settlers were now moving by rail.



The first issue of the *Mesilla Valley Independent* (the Spanish edition was *El Independiente de la Mesilla*) appeared on June 23, 1877. Its editors were Albert J. Fountain, a Mesilla lawyer who was regarded as the town's leading citizen, and two local merchants, John Crouch and Thomas Casad. The "Salutatory," probably written by Fountain, described the newspaper as a crusading journal which would stimulate new industries and improve business conditions in the valley and would also elevate morals and clean up politics in New Mexico. It survived for a little more than two years, during which time it became noted for Fountain's outspoken support of Masonry and for his vigorous stand on lawlessness and public education.

—from Simon F. Kropp, "Albert J Fountain and the Fight for Public Education in New Mexico," *Arizona and the West*, Vol. 11, No. 4 (Winter, 1969), pp. 341-356.

The Frank Gorman Memorial Historical Essay Contest

by

**Barbara Rees,
Chairman, 1982**

Fifteen essays from six local public schools were submitted to the 1982 Frank Gorman Memorial Historical Essay Contest on a variety of topics—ranging from matters of religious concern (area missions, Cristo Rey pilgrimages, for example) through historical personalities (like Pancho Villa) and geographical features (such as White Sands) to business enterprises (the El Paso Brick Company, the El Paso home station operated for travelers on the Butterfield Overland Stage, and Southwestern Hospital being three examples). The young people who participated in the contest eloquently testify not only to their lively interest in our past, but also to the coming generation's willingness to study and record that past.

I express my appreciation to the school principals and to the teachers who encouraged the pupils to enter the contest. And I announce with pleasure that the "Cooperative Teacher" award of a one-year membership in The El Paso County Historical Society goes this year to Sue Swafford, teacher at Magoffin School. I also thank the judges of the essays: Mrs. H.D. Garrett, Mrs. Hans Brockmoller, and my husband, Rhys, Rees.

I am pleased to announce the 1982 winners: First Place, "The House with Peace" by John Aguirre, Magoffin School; Second-Place tie to "The Butterfield Overland Stage Company and El Paso" by Dawna Hubert, Eastwood Middle School, and to "The El Paso Brick Company from Past to Present" by Lorena Rodriguez, Magoffin School. Certificates of Merit are awarded to these essays: "Memories of Pancho Villa" by Steve Hernandez, Magoffin School; "The Religious Pilgrimage to Cristo Rey" by Emma Silva, El Paso High School; "Important Missions in Our Area" by Ann Marie Carr, Eastwood Middle School; "My Great Grandfather and Pancho Villa" by Linda Pattison, Eastwood Middle School; and "The White Sands of New Mexico" by Judy Patrick, Magoffin School.

The essays winning the three top awards appear below.



The House With Peace

by

John Aguirre, Magoffin School

When I was six years old, my dad took me to St. Anthony's Seminary on Hastings and Crescent to trim shrubs and paint the chapel. At first I thought the place looked spooky, but now I have grown to love the mansion.

Before being bought by the Franciscan Fathers in 1935, the mansion was the scene of radiant social events. It was built by James Graham McNary, one-time president of the First National Bank, as a showcase home. According to his autobiography, *This is My Life*, it cost approximately \$112,000 to build. The house is an Italian-type structure with such extras as a four-door garage, a giant pool, a ballroom which is now a chapel, a reception room, a barber shop, and game room. In addition, the mansion now has a dormitory and a mess hall. What used to be a garden in front of the chapel is now a parking lot, and a paved road runs around the seminary.



In 1930, the McNary mansion was deserted. The only thing left was the building and an organ, which was the largest in Texas at that time. Gone were the sounds of lively conversation and music. The organ was silent and tumbleweeds took over. The only sounds were chirping birds and blowing sandstorms.

According to a journal kept by the Franciscans, conditions in Mexico during the 1930's were very bad for the church. Laws forced religious people to seek refuge elsewhere. The Franciscans were exiled from Mexico. Three of them settled in El Paso, staying in people's homes. One of them, Father Raymundo Garcia, saw a sign saying the McNary mansion was for sale for \$10,000 plus the water bill and back taxes. It never crossed his mind that one day he would be in charge of this building and that it would be a seminary.

In July, 1935, A.W. Norcop, an El Paso attorney who was interested in the Franciscan's problem, called the Provincial which was near Mexico City and asked if they would like to buy the old mansion. At first the Provincial was hesitant because the price

was now \$30,000, plus \$2,600 in back taxes and an almost \$1,100 water bill. With encouragement from his interpreter, however, he came to El Paso with \$10,000. He bought the house for \$10,000 down, plus \$6,000 he had to raise for bills, \$5,000 in 1936, \$5,000 in 1937, and \$10,000 in 1938.

On New Year's Day, 1936, the house was dedicated. The furniture consisted of wooden boxes to sit on and some mattresses donated by the sisters of Loretto. There were odd dishes, pots, pans and silverware. There was no heat, and the water and sewer systems needed work. Even so, the Franciscans were content. They now had a place to worship and study.

Today, brothers are ordained there and become priests. Nine days before Christmas, people gather to perform "Las Posadas." Most historical monuments are only things of the past. The seminary, however, is very much alive.



The El Paso Brick Company from Past to Present

by

Lorena Rodriguez, Magoffin School

During its 94 years of operation, the El Paso Brick Company has seen both the arrival of Pancho Villa and a robbery which left the workers without pay. It has gone from horse-drawn carts to motorized kiln cars.

The company was founded in 1888 and incorporated in 1897. In 1916, Woodrow Wilson signed a deed granting mining rights to the company. The document still hangs in the main office.



One man who has been there to see most of this happen is Manuel "Lito" Rojas. Lito, a vigorous, blue-eyed Mexican, is 76 years old and has worked in the company for 60 years. During these years, Lito has had three jobs. First he drove horse-drawn carts that hauled bricks. Later, he stacked bricks in the field kilns. Now he is working as a custodian.

Lito remembers that when he was six years old, in 1911, Pancho Villa and his troops camped out next to the company. It is rumored that Pancho Villa buried treasure at the brick company.

When Lito first started working in the company, it was being managed by the Rodgers family, who managed the plant through three generations. They tore down some of the old buildings just to look for the rumored treasure.

Another story Lito likes to tell happened in 1923. William Benton, treasurer of the company, was robbed by two bandits while driving with the workers' payroll over a path near Mt. Cristo Rey. There was a fiesta that evening, but the workers couldn't attend because their pay had been stolen. In those days, the workers were paid from 50 cents to \$2 a day, depending on their job.

The workers used to have houses at the factory on the banks of the Rio Grande. In 1932, Lito and some other workers planted trees near the houses. The houses have been torn down, but the trees still shade the grounds.

The present bridge over the Rio Grande was built in 1934. Before it was built, there was a wooden one. And before that, when there wasn't a bridge, the workers crossed the river bed when it was dry. When there was water flowing through it, they had to walk

County governments emerged in our state in the early days of the Republic of Texas, to bring order and public planning to promising settlements. One of the first sites laid out in the new settlements was the public square—a pattern probably deriving from the influence of Spanish and Mexican open markets. These squares were intended as the location of key civic buildings and as the site for political speeches, auctions, and business transactions.

“The earliest permanent buildings to appear on public squares were courthouses. Reflecting the development of county governments as arms of the new state government, courthouses represented organization, prosperity, and, most important to the independent Texans, self-government.”

—from *Texas Preservation Guidelines*,
January, 1983

to another bridge and come down the path on Mt. Cristo Rey.

The El Paso Brick Company supplies brick for parts of Texas and New Mexico and for states as far away as Arizona and Nevada. It also manufactures about seventeen million bricks a year.

The company hasn't seen anything as exciting as the arrival of Pancho Villa lately, but the future can bring as much excitement as the past.



The Butterfield Overland Stage Company and El Paso

by

Dawna Hubert, Eastwood Middle School

The Butterfield Overland Stage Line played an important part in communications between the eastern and far western United States. San Francisco, California, was the headquarters and starting place for the company. El Paso played an important part because it was located in the geographic center of the area served by the Butterfield Overland Stage Company.



Traveling long distances by stagecoach was very unpleasant. Although the most modern available, the stagecoaches were still very uncomfortable. They were manufactured by the Concord Stage Coach Company and were used by the stage company because they had wide wheels which made it easier to travel through sand and more comfortable over rough ground. The stagecoach contained three bench-type seats which would hold three people each.

Horses and drivers were switched every eight to twenty-five miles at swinging stations. Swinging stations did not provide any place to sleep and they did not serve food. However, home stations did serve food and some had rooms. One such station was El Paso.

The main station in El Paso was located at the corner of El Paso and Overland Streets. It had corrals, storage space, and a one-story hotel. Later, a man bought the hotel, added a second

story, and advertised that the hotel had large, airy rooms, caring servants, good meals and a fine bar.

From the El Paso station, coaches entered and left on San Francisco, Santa Fe, San Antonio and St. Louis Streets. Since then, the name of St. Louis Street has been changed to Mills Street.

Stages leaving El Paso went to Pinery, Ojo del Cuervo, Thorne's Well, Alamo Springs and Hueco Tanks, which were the nearest swinging stations.

Stagecoach travel was expensive. It cost \$150 to go east and \$200 to go west. The difference in the costs was decided by the traffic going in each direction. Besides having to pay for the travel fare, travelers had to pay for food at home stations which, in many cases, was very expensive.

The Butterfield Stage was famous then and is famous now. Relics of the Butterfield Overland Stage can still be seen. Many old swinging stations are still standing and a few home stations are in good condition and many old trails are still marked.



Transfer of Supreme Court Records

Files of the Supreme Court of Texas accumulated over a 103-year period now constitute the largest accession of state records by the Texas State Archives in several years.

The records, which document proceedings of the court from its beginning in 1840 through the end of 1943, are currently being transferred to the State Archives for storage and safekeeping. The voluminous files are expected to occupy close to 2,500 linear feet of shelf space. According to State Archives Director David B. Gracy, II, this new accession fills the archival storage facilities to beyond capacity.

"Valuable records such as these, which belong to the people of Texas, not only exist but continue to be created," Dr. Gracy said, "and we certainly want to do everything we can to accommodate them."

A request has been made by the Texas State Library and Archives Commission for an additional storage facility in the 1984-85 budget proposal.

A Boarding House Saga

by

Laura Scott Meyers

One day recently as I was driving in Sunset Heights, I saw an old mansion on which was a large, neat sign: BOARDING HOUSE. I stopped my car and just sat there musing. I considered the rarity of boarding houses now and the prevalence of them in the 1920's when I came to El Paso as a single girl. A flood of memories of those distant years swept through my mind, filling it with names and faces almost forgotten.

My arrival in El Paso with my mother, on a July morning in 1927, was not a felicitous occasion. I was coming to the Homan Sanatorium as a T.B. patient. El Paso was one of the places in the Sun Belt where the altitude and the dry climate were presumed to have great curative value. I would come and get well and go home again. I stayed, and the whole course of my life was changed. Happily, after a few months I was so much improved that I was able to leave the Sanatorium, but decided to spend that winter in El Paso.

At this point begins the saga of boarding houses I came to know. In choosing where I should live, I took the advice of a young T.B. patient, Steger Alexander, who knew he had forfeited the chance to get well. "Don't stay in a place where you will be tempted to go out dancing, to party in Juarez, or to stay up late having a good time," he lectured, urging me instead to seek quiet lodging at the Baldwin Boarding House, locally famed for its superb food and its stylish clientele. I took Steger's advice; it seemed just the right place to be bored and lonely. The house was an old two-story home in the 1100 block of East Nevada Street, and I rented the spacious guest room in the Sam Goodman home second-door, arranging to have a breakfast tray in my room, the other meals at Mrs. Baldwin's.

In its heyday in the early 20's the place had indeed been all that my friend claimed for it. It had been so popular that the two long tables seating twelve people each were filled twice each evening, the guests coming in cars from all parts of town, some from

Laura Scott Meyers, a long-time member of The El Paso County Historical Society, was for many years editor of "The Bookshelf" of the *El Paso Herald-Post*.

beyond Five Points! By the winter of 1927, however, the guests had dwindled to one seating at the long tables, and Mrs. Baldwin was obliged to accept health-seekers and other newcomers. She was a kindly, gray-haired woman whose chief concern was the providing of excellent meals to her guests. Two young waiters served each guest from the platters of fragrant fried chicken, roast beef, baked ham, pork chops, fluffy mashed potatoes, biscuits and cornbread, pies, cakes, and ice cream—all made “from scratch”—and, as soon as they came in season, tomatoes, corn-on-the-cob, asparagus, and strawberries...never mind the cost! Small wonder that Mrs. Baldwin was into the red ink. A lovely young woman, Anne Hawkins, a health-seeker from West Virginia, was “eating” the Hawkins Dairy bill, and a black-haired gentleman (don’t forget him; you will meet him again) was “eating” the Telephone bill; but the quality of the food was maintained.

At our table there was Mary Weeks, a happy-natured, generous young divorcee, who flirted light-heartedly with the eminently eligible bachelor Eugene Edwards, graduate of Harvard Law School, who had recently become engaged. Opposite these two sat Mr. Edwards’ overwhelming mother and I beside her. At the far end of the table was Miss Rebecca (Becky) Goldstein, esteemed mathematics teacher at El Paso High School, who some years later married Mr. Haymon Krupp. Also at our table were two attractive young teachers, who were roommates, and three young male health-seekers. One evening Miss Goldstein addressed a remark to Mr. Edwards at his far end of the table, and he in reply brought in the name of Mark Twain. “Oh,” said health-seeker Mac excitedly, “I know him; he’s that fellow who has a filling station on Wyoming at Mesa!” A weighted silence filled the air until the health-seeker Hugh said in quiet dignity, “No, Mac, Mark Twain was a famous writer.” Mac was informed but unfazed.

Mary Weeks was a native El Pasoan who later opened a successful photography studio. She sometimes took me out in her little car, filling me in on people and places. I asked her about the black-haired man at the other table, who was walking me home every night. “Fred Meyers? Well, he is a very fine fellow but a confirmed bachelor, and he doesn’t even have a car!”

I returned to Dallas in the spring, but found that you can’t go home again. My friends thought that T.B. was contagious, my parents gave me smother love, and my sweetheart said that I

should never marry. In September I returned to El Paso and got a job. I lived at the Doniphan Hotel on Montana Street and took my meals at Colonial Terrace next door. I had met some of the people at these two places during the previous year. One of them was Mary Leighton, an outgoing young woman who had the Savings Window at the State National Bank. One of four sisters, she married Edward Byrne, who incidentally was one of three brothers, all long-time El Pasoans. My roommate was Melba Dixon, also a health-seeker, who had a splendid sense of humor. She married a Mr. McBride, but he died a year after their marriage. I liked the guests at the Doniphan, especially Mr. and Mrs. G.P. Putnam, the owner-manager team, and Julia Pool, also in some official capacity there. And I liked very much the atmosphere, the delicious meals, and most of all the gracious hostess, Mrs. Wilhelmina Kettler, who owned Colonial Terrace. The dining room with small tables, lace placemats, flowers and candles, and meals served in courses made the business of eating a delight.

At each of the places where I lived or took my meals, the guests were predominantly young, so there were a good many romances and marriages. Colonial Terrace was where Paul Heisig and Doll Peavey met, and where Dr. John Murphy courted Clara Woolridge. Among the young marrieds were Lucile and Rainey Casner, Margaret and Jake Cunningham, and Sue and Henry Clifton.

My next home away from home was the big three-story house of Mrs. Etta Carey at 1103 North Oregon Street. Mrs. Carey was a kindly woman who mothered her guests, all of us singles except for two couples in the first-floor suites. In one of these were Mr. and Mrs. Scott White, he a father figure to us. He was the United States Marshal from 1925 to 1932, and enjoyed high regard in the community. He and his wife also owned a drug store in the Mills Building at the time I knew them. A dear friend of mine at Mrs. Carey's was Irene Duncan, a teacher, who later moved to Colonial Terrace, where she met and married Colonel Clyde Oatman. My roommate was Jackie, whose maiden name I "disremember." She married Ernest Denham, and I remember them as Jackie and Denny. A few young people not living at the house took their evening meals there, among them Mrs. Carey's son Vernus, well remembered by many as Executive Director of the YMCA, and his wife, Mary Louise. I also remember Arthur Winther, who was a table mate.



*Colonial Terrace, 1415 Montana, as it appears today.
(Photo courtesy M.G. McKinney)*

Because we young boarders were not widely acquainted in El Paso, we often had our good times as a group. We sometimes took pictures of ourselves in the lovely flower garden which Mrs. Carey created by work she enjoyed; we went on picnics to Hueco Tanks; we danced to the music of the Victrola on the polished parquet floors of the living room. And in the comfortable dining room, we enjoyed our meals, which were served in courses at tables for four in an atmosphere of friendliness and warmth. At Christmas Mrs. Carey gave each of us nice gifts personally selected and wrapped, the gift-exchange taking place after breakfast and eggnog. On rare Sunday nights when as many as two or three of the girls did not have dates, we walked downtown to the Del Norte Coffee Shop and daintily consumed lettuce sandwiches!

During this pleasant time, my romance with the black-haired gentleman, begun that first year when we had taken long walks on winter evenings, was developing. Now, we were pondering the pros and cons of commitment during leisurely rides (of course he had a car!) on the tree-canopied roads of the lower valley and through the stark beauty of the upper valley, with its purple shadows on the mountains. Banks were closing, it is true, but Eddie Cantor was crooning, "Tomatoes are cheaper, potatoes are cheaper; now's the time to fall in love." So it was that on October

10, 1931, Fred Meyers and Laura Scott were married and moved into the most prestigious apartment house in the city, the "1140" on Rio Grande.

My association with the fashionable boarding houses of those days did not cease just because I had my own home. Then as now, housewives liked to be free from cooking on Sundays. But there were no Luby's Cafeterias at that time—and no long Sunday lines either! Fortunately for me, Mrs. Kettler at the Colonial Terrace would accept a few reservations from her former guests and friends. I remember those Sunday dinners well: the candlelit tables, the fresh flowers, the wholesome and tasty entrees, the ice cream made with real cream, the cakes made with real butter, the good friends, the comfortable "at-homeness."

Sometimes we had Sunday dinner at Mrs. Putnam's, who by this time had sold the Doniphan and had moved to a large house nearby which was owned by a Miss Hill, a cousin of Mrs. Putnam, I believe. We greatly enjoyed the interesting people we met there: The Putnams themselves (Mr. Putnam had been Superintendent of the El Paso Independent School District from 1892 to 1908); Miss Hill, Miss Husbands, and Mrs. Hite (Zenobia Woodruff's mother)—all of them were devout Baptists; Ted Cottle, on his way to becoming a leading realtor in the city; Fred Bachmann, resolute bachelor and head of Modern Languages at "the Mines"; Hugh Hinton, Superintendent of County Schools; Lola Tigner, who later married Professor Moses of the English faculty at the College. And I also remember this: those Sunday dinners cost under one dollar each. I think they were 65 cents at Mrs. Kettler's and 50 cents at Mrs. Putnam's!

Colonial Terrace is still providing board and bed to paying guests, but nowadays the guests are proportionately old as they were young fifty years ago. Young singles these days apparently don't need or want that home-and-family substitute which gratified so many of my generation as we made the transition from parents' home to our own. Today, the young seem to thrive instead on a kind of hurried, homeless route from apartment to office to restaurant. Joyce Brothers could tell us why lifestyles have changed so radically. But I won't even speculate the reasons. I'll just remember my happy times in the hospitable El Paso boarding houses of a half-century ago.

~ Activities of the Society ~

Sister Lilliana Owens of St. Louis, a member of The El Paso County Historical Society, has been invited by the Jesuit Institute of History in Rome to collaborate with them in compiling an *Encyclopedia of Jesuit History*. She is the biographer of Bishop A.J. Schuler, S.J., of El Paso, whose life is one of the topics she has been asked to work on.

Dr. Kenneth Shover, Chairman of the Historical Memories Contest, encourages all persons 60 years of age and older to enter the contest and to send their essays to The El Paso County Historical Society, Post Office Box 28, El Paso, Texas 79904. He has set March 31 as the deadline for the submission of entries. He is also planning a publicity campaign for the Fall 1983 Historical Memories Contest.

In accordance with Janet Brockmoller's recommendation to the Board, October 2, 1983, has been approved as the date for the annual Tour of Homes sponsored by The El Paso County Historical Society.

The Society extends cordial welcome to Mr. and Mrs. John H. Lyman and to Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham White as Life Members and to the following new members who have joined the Society since the publication of the last list of new members' names in *Password*:

Walter N. Baise	Mrs. Abraham S. Lincoln
Mary Harper Burrows	Ann McKee
Dr. and Mrs. Jay Carpenter	Alice R. Smith
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Casner	Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Swafford
Mr. and Mrs. W.T. Collingwood	Mr. and Mrs. Oscar E. Venegas
Mr. and Mrs. C.L. Etheridge	

Sarah John, Director of the Institute of Oral History at The University of Texas at El Paso, briefly addressed the Board of Directors during its meeting on March 1. She explained the work of the Institute and invited the Board members and indeed all the members of the Society to make use of the Institute's facilities—a very substantial collection of taped interviews with selected persons speaking about various aspects of local history. She explained that some 75% of the tapes have been transcribed, and she offered to conduct workshops on interviewing, to make tapes for the researcher interested in using this tool of research, to house the tapes, and to assist in any kind of research involving the recording of oral history.



Augusts Koch's perspective map of El Paso, Texas, in the mid-1880s. (Photo courtesy Otis C. Coles Jr.)



Bird's Eye View of El Paso, Circa 1885

by
Millard G. McKinney

Augustus Koch, nationally known lithograph artist of the last century, drew a perspective map of our growing city about 1885. Streets are correctly laid out and named, business firms and residences are shown in architectural detail, and twelve old landmarks are designated by number. A copy of that map has been made available to the Society by the heirs of Otis C. Coles, pioneer realtor. At the suggestion of board member Mrs. H.D. Garrett, The El Paso County Historical Society has reprinted 1,000 copies of the Koch map for sale as a fund-raising project.

Research by Mrs. Garrett's committee (Frank G. McKnight, Frank J. Mangan, George R. Yelderman, and Millard G. McKinney) revealed the meticulous accuracy of artist Koch's layout of the El Paso of that time. Parks, hotels, churches, schools, international bridges, depots, and other public buildings are in their proper location. Judge Joseph Magoffin's extensive hacienda, with adjacent orchards, is well defined, and various recreation areas are shown. Said recreation areas include, for genteel folk, the "Mesa Gardens" in Sunset Heights and, for the more adventuresome residents, the "Red Light District" at Second and Utah (now South Mesa) Streets.

References utilized by the committee included City Directories of 1885 and 1886-87, old newspaper files, and H. Gordon Frost's long-awaited book *The Gentlemen's Club - the Story of Prostitution in El Paso*.

The handsome 21 1/2-inch by 16 1/4-inch map is on heavy textured paper and is printed in muted colors to match the original. It is packaged in a protective mailing tube, together with a brief description, written by Dr. James M. Day, of Augustus Koch's map-making career. The price is \$11.50, which includes sales tax and postage. (At scheduled meetings of the Society, the prints will be available to Society members for \$10.00).

The Society is accepting orders for copies of the map. Checks are to be made out to The El Paso County Historical Society—and sent to its address: P.O. Box 28, El Paso, Texas 79940.

A Clergyman's Day in 1896

On Friday, May 15, 1896, the Reverend Mayo Cabell Martin, Rector of the Church of St. Clement, El Paso, Texas, made the following entry in his diary:

This morning I received through Goodman & Co. Grocers, message from Las Cruces, N.M. asking me to come up to that place to administer Holy Baptism. When the message was rec'd, it was already half past nine and as the train left at 10 I was compelled to hurry—but arrived at the depot on time. At a quarter to 12 reached Las Cruces and was met at the train by Dr. Cowan, who took me in his buggy to the residence of Dr. W.B. Lyon. Here I was kindly received by Dr. and Mrs. Lyon and Mrs. Bowman. After dinner others came in, and I met Mrs. Townsend who wished me to baptize her little daughter. There was quite a little congregation... I baptized Helen Townsend and Eleanor Corle Lyon. After the baptism, had some talk with Mr. G.D. Bowman, who...informed me that the little chapel at Mesilla was being used for service each Sunday, a Presbyterian Minister, Mr. Meeker, having been offered the use of it. At Easter, I was told, the service was very pretty—the Episcopalian ladies having tastefully decorated the chapel.

At half past 3 Miss Ida Jones took me in her buggy to the depot where I took accommodation train for home—very slow. Found young Paul Gregg on train. Son of Dr. Gregg of Chicago. Arriving in El P. brought him to the Rectory where he remained to tea and to spend the night. He was here about 2 months ago passing through on his way to Silver City. It is a pity he ever went to Silver City for he has not been benefitted in the least. I had a letter from his father not long ago, asking me to befriend him. I shall do what I can. The disease of Consumption is the scourge of our country—and we see so much of it in El Paso.

After tea, read my mail and called to see Judge Sexton—but did not find him in. The Judge and his son Clarence are naturally much troubled over the trouble which has arisen in regard to the Public Schools, all resulting from Miss Mamie Sexton telling a Miss Loomis to read a paper in public. This the scholar refused to do and was sent to the Supdent. Refusing again to obey, Miss Loomis was expelled. Her parents uphold her in the stand she took and say that it was not their will for their daughter to read the paper assigned. The matter has gotten into the courts, and

(Continued on page 44.)

Book Reviews

DESERT IMMIGRANTS: THE MEXICANS OF EL PASO 1880-1920
by Mario T. Garcia. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$25,
\$9.95.

This book is destined to rank as one of the most important on the history of this area, along with Owen White's pioneer effort, *Out of the Desert*, C.L. Sonnichesen's *Pass of the North* and Oscar Martinez's *Border Boom Town*, a history of Juarez. Already it has been recognized by the Border Regional Library Association with a Southwest Book Award.

The author, a professor of history and Chicano studies at the University of California at Santa Barbara, came to the University of Texas at El Paso last fall to spend several months as a visiting scholar. He has his roots in El Paso, and for this reason is able to present a very perceptive study of the many aspects of Mexican immigrant life in the border area. His impressive research has been organized to illustrate the early years of immigration of Mexican laborers and their families, the social setting in which they found themselves, their schooling and housing problems, the involvement of Mexicans in local politics, the effects of the Mexican Revolution on immigrants on the border, and the fostering of cultural development reflecting the Mexican origins of this significant part of El Paso's population.

"El Paso symbolized to Mexicans what New York had represented to European immigrants: the opening to what they believed would be a better life," says Dr. Garcia. As they entered the United States in increasing numbers, they became a vital component of the work force. "By 1912," he points out, "Mexicans were the main source of labor for the railroads west and south of Kansas, City and could be found in large numbers in Missouri, Iowa and Illinois." Employment was also available to unskilled workers in mines, agriculture and various industries. A Department of Labor officials' report of 1908 characterized the Mexican immigrant as "docile, patient, orderly in camp, fairly intelligent under competent supervision, obedient, and cheap. His strongest point with the employers is his willingness to work for a low wage."

By 1920, over 30,000 of El Paso's foreign-born residents, some 90%, remained aliens. Dr. Garcia explains: "Mexican immigrants did not see themselves as members of a proletariat class but as Mexicans temporarily in a foreign land; hence, they organized and

protected themselves along ethnic lines." One result of such organization was a series of strikes for higher wages; American employers were notorious for paying Mexicans lower wages than others for the same job.

One of the finest sections of the book is that devoted to the revolutionary period, 1910-20, and El Paso's many involvements in Mexican national affairs. The author describes the January 13, 1916, riot in South El Paso which followed news of Villa's Santa Ysabel massacre of sixteen Americans who worked in Mexico and the Columbus raid a few weeks later in March. He does not seem to attach any relationship to these revolutionary activities of an incident in the El Paso jail in early March, when sixteen or more Mexican prisoners burned to death in a gasoline fire; the jail incident is placed in a different chapter.

"Leaving Mexico and entering the United States, the Mexican family, rather than weakened by the immigration process, appears to have remained strong and retained its native character," observes Dr. Garcia.

I hope that later editions of this fine book will correct several names that are misspelled: Butterfield stage (instead of Owen White's Butterworth), Solomon Schutz, Moye, Bargman, G.P. Putnam, Calisher, Burges, I.G. Gaal, and index listings that show Ysleta in Mexico and C.E. (Henry) Kelly as two men.

NANCY HAMILTON

El Paso

OKLAHOMA: NEW VIEWS OF THE FORTY-SIXTH STATE edited by Anne Hodges Morgan and H. Wayne Morgan. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, \$16.95

Each of the six essays in this collection gives a "View" of Oklahoma from a particular perspective, the overall result being a "New" picture of the state.

Appropriately placed first in the book is the essay "Stages of Development," which describes initially the explorations of Francisco Coronado in 1541 and goes on to treat such subsequent "Stages" as the era of the indigenous Indians, the period of the Indian Nations, the Civil War, industrial development, oil and tourism. "The People of Oklahoma" focuses on the assortment of ethnic groups (Indians, Czechs, Jews, Blacks, Scandinavians,

for example) who have figured significantly in shaping Oklahoma's economy. The strengths and weaknesses of the economy are clarified in detailed treatment of such phenomena as the system of sharecropping and the steadily improving opportunities for the state's traditionally disadvantaged.

"Pioneers and Survivors" angles the camera on one of Oklahoma's richest resources, its farms, and on those hardy folk who developed the resource: the eager homesteaders (many arriving "sooner" than authorized) and the "landless farmers." The essay affords us a clear view of how these pioneers and their descendants labored, hoped, learned, sweated—and survived the exigencies of politics and climate.

"Politics and the Sooner Electorate" analyzes and evaluates the development and the operation of Oklahoma politics, introducing us along the way to some of the colorful people who have wielded power and influenced the direction of the political winds. "Oklahoma in Literature" gives us a view of the state interpreted by its major writers and further provides a fine assessment of the region's status in the world of letters.

The final essay, "Recording the History of the Forty-Sixth State," specifies those events and subject-areas which have been written about and those which need treatment or clarification. Included in this essay is a description of the state's research depositories.

Oklahoma is a valuable book, not only as a handsome collage made from the works of six research specialists, but also as a possible inspiration for a similar arrangement of "New Views" on our own El Paso Southwest.

LEON METZ

El Paso

TUCSON: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF AN AMERICAN CITY by C.L. Sonnichsen. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. \$29.95.

If I were among the city fathers of Albuquerque, I'd be dicker-ing right now with C.L. Sonnichsen to move to my city and write her history.

Sonnichsen has a special gift for this difficult kind of historical writing. El Paso was fortunate to have him as a citizen and writer-in-residence for over four decades, during which time he pro-

duced, among his 20-plus books, *Pass of the North: Four Centuries on the Rio Grande* (now in two volumes), as definitive a work on El Paso as will ever be written.

In the summer of 1972, El Paso lost Sonnichsen to Tucson, where for a decade he amassed material on that city for a book, now released by University of Oklahoma Press, that is likely to stand a long, long time as *the* city history.

To the El Paso audience, *Tucson* and *Pass of the North* have some similarities—the cities have similarities, after all. Tucson was founded as the presidio of San Augustine del Tucson on the east bank of the Santa Cruz River in 1775, named after a nearby Papago village. It began to boom a bit in 1853, sharing in the prosperity that resulted from the silver-mine production that followed the Gadsden Purchase. It was occupied in 1862 by Confederates until a Union Army arrived there from California. It was incorporated in 1864 as the seat of Pima County, and became Arizona Territorial capital in 1867, staying such until 1877.

Tucson boomed again with the mineral discoveries around Tombstone and Bisbee, again when the Southern Pacific arrived there in 1880, again in the 1920s when it was discovered as a sort of mecca for health seekers. Today, of course, Tucson is a thriving place of half a million population, a fine university (founded in 1885), a great tourist industry—a big city settling down to wrestle with its one overriding problem: water, specifically the dwindling supply of it.

Much of this history sounds familiar to El Pasoans—and this very familiarity is one of the many recommendations for reading *Tucson*.

As mentioned earlier, Sonnichsen has a special gift in writing this kind of difficult book. Here, as in *Pass of the North*, he demonstrates his skill at synthesizing and organizing; but here too is something else, a third ingredient that few historians have mastered who have mastered the other two: entertaining writing, a sort of hallmark of a Sonnichsen book. It is one thing to trace meticulously the history of Tucson from its “founding” on August 20, 1775, by Don Hugo O’Conor to the present-day city of complex problems, but it is another thing to make it all readable. Sonnichsen does both better than any writer around.

DALE WALKER
El Paso

THE GREAT REBELLION: MEXICO, 1905-1924 by Ramón Eduardo Ruíz. New York: W.W. Norton & Company, 1980.

While contemporaneous accounts of the Mexican Revolution heatedly debated its direction, historians of the post-Cárdenas period began pondering to what extent the ideals of the monumental struggle survived in the political structure of the P.R.I. Now comes Ramón Eduardo Ruíz, professor of history at the University of California at San Diego, with the allegation that Mexico never underwent a revolution, in the social context, at all.

Expanding on the recent historiographical trend that emphasizes similarities between conservatives and liberals, akin to the consensus school of the United States, Ruíz asserts that the upheaval which occurred during the first decade of the twentieth century constituted a middle-class rebellion against an unresponsive political and economic system. He argues that the fatal flaw of the Porfirian Mexico lay not in unmitigated oppression, but rather in a contradiction: it allowed glimpsed possibilities for upward mobility without sufficient opportunities for the fulfillment of ambitions. The Panic of 1907, along with other factors, unleashed the frustrations of impatient lawyers, schoolteachers, engineers, physicians, journalists, bankers, businessmen, property holders, and students, dashing Díaz's belated attempts at reform. The truly exploited peasantry remained largely passive or suspicious of the mainstream rebels.

None of the revolutionaries who gained power actually promised, much less enacted, root-and-branch change. All timidly confronted the internal and external economic interests, largely limiting reform to the implementation of a new spoils system. From Madero to Obregón they manipulated elections with the abandon of Don Porfirio, while continuing the tradition of treating public office as private property. Zealous reformers such as Zapata met violent death at the hands of the new establishment. Despite the rhetoric, the generation of 1910 made Mexico safe for foreign and domestic capital.

Mexico watchers will receive few shockwaves from this interpretation. Critics of the Mexican Revolution, customarily from the political right, have from the beginning decried corruption and opportunism. Historians have long applied the characteristic of caution to the actions of Madero, Carranza, and Obregón, while

revolutions from rising expectations are a familiar theme in global history.

But *The Great Rebellion* is nevertheless an important contribution to Mexican history. No polemic, this thoughtful work is based on impressive documentation skillfully presented by a craftsman obviously moved by his conclusions. Ruiz's examination of the origins and implementation of the goals of Mexico's revolutionary leadership bestows considerable insight into the paradoxes and perplexities that continue to trouble the nation.

GARNA L. CHRISTIAN

University of Houston-Downtown College

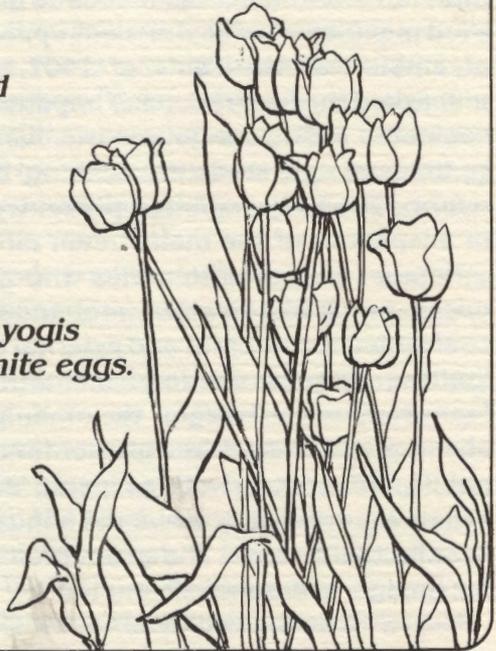
To My Wife, While She Gardens

*I say,
Let's go to Juarez.*

*While
all over our backyard
ants, roly-polies,
snails, scorpions,
roaches, spiders,
wasps, & other
incredible beasts
wait
with the patience of yogis
to burst from soft white eggs.*

*First, she says,
I'll plant the flowers.
You prune the trees.*

*—by Bobby Byrd
El Paso*



Bobby Byrd, an El Paso resident for the past five years, has authored several volumes of poetry. His most recent work, *Pomegranates* is due to be published soon.

Booknotes

by
Leon Metz,
Guest Reviewer

***Cowboy Riding Country.* John L. Sinclair. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press. \$19.95.**

The "Country" presented here covers a very large area—the sweep of Arizona, New Mexico, West Texas, Chihuahua, and Sonora. It is a country which Sinclair obviously knows in every detail and feature. Knows and loves and understands. He communicates this love and understanding not only in powerful, vivid imagery of the landscape itself, but also in a series of striking portraits which contrast past and present responses to his beloved land. The men of the past—outlaws, ranchers, down-and-out cowpokes, saints and sinners, the good, the bad, and the ugly—responded to the country each in his particular way, but always with a profound respect and even affection for its stark majesty and power. Today, these types have been replaced by "personalities with equal greed but less daring...., developers who couldn't care less for any life or hard-won endeavor, or beauty of things natural and clean."

Some readers will call Sinclair a sentimentalist. Everyone will call him an artist. I call him a man deeply concerned about a land he reveres.

***El Paso Fire Department: A Pictorial History (1882-1982).* Edited by Louis Lieggi II. El Paso and Dallas: Taylor Publishing Company. \$23.50.**

Appropriately bound in a hard cover that is fire-engine red, this handsome book is obviously the result of extensive research and a firm belief that many pictures are worth many thousands of words. Which is not to say that there is no text at all. There is a brief one which guides us through this Pictorial History, but it is never allowed to interfere with the spectacle of the El Paso Fire Department as it has progressed from a motley collection of 22 volunteers who convened on August 23, 1882, at the Central Hotel and organized Hook and Ladder Company Number One to the present well-disciplined organization which holds "the top position of Fire Departments throughout the state of Texas."

Although the photographs have not been arranged so as to achieve maximum dramatic impact, they do indeed convey a sense of the El Paso Fire Department's century of responsible service. As we move through the book, observing the steady improvement in equipment and methods, the ever-increasing number of stations and firefighters, the forward-movement in training techniques, the awesome splendor of fire-fighting and life-saving, we perceive the truth of the book's initial statement: "If you want to study the growth of any city, study its fire department."

***The California Column in New Mexico.* By Darlis A. Miller, Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press. \$9.95**

Here is the story of what happened to the 2,350 volunteers of the California Column when they marched into the El Paso Southwest during the Civil War. Most stayed and became cattlemen, miners, government employees, soldiers, outlaws, politicians and businessmen. A few became historically significant. Albert J. Fountain, for example. His death is still New Mexico's greatest murder mystery. Then there was Tom Catron, who led the notorious Santa Fe (political) Ring. William L. Rynerson and Emil Fritz played important roles in the Lincoln County War. John Atkinson was executed by outraged San Elizario residents during the El Paso Salt War, and John Hale was slain by El Paso city marshal Dallas Stoudenmire during the awesome 1881 "Four Dead in Five Seconds" gunfight. This book is an overdue account of a remarkable group of soldiers who came to conquer, and stayed.

***El Paso Lawman: G.W. Campbell.* By Fred R. Egloff. College Station, Texas: Creative Publishing Company. \$12.95.**

At last: a biography of a man whom historians have ignored—except, of course, for references to his violent death, classic gunfight style, at the hands of Dallas Stoudenmire on April 13, 1881, one week after Stoudenmire succeeded Campbell as El Paso city marshal.

Fred R. Egloff has used two main resources for this biography: the available facts which document Campbell's life and the events surrounding his death.

The records of Campbell's life (his service as city marshal in Sherman, Texas, and his letters home to Kentucky, for example) show him as an articulate, sensitive, moderately educated man with a sense of humor who had a calming influence on rowdy El Paso during his three-months tenure as city marshal. When Egloff adds to this picture a careful detailing of the circumstances leading up to the bloody shootout and the events of its aftermath, he provides a poignant insight into Campbell's character; as well as—and perhaps more significantly—into the psychology of a town convulsed by growing pains and thirsty for sacrificial victims.

(A Clergyman's Day...from page 36.)

tomorrow the case will come up for a final hearing. Davis, Beall, & Kemp represent the Schools and Mr. Patterson, Judge Loomis. Judge Buckler presides. It seems to me that the question resolves itself into this: Have the Superintendent and teachers control of the management & direction of the schools or have the parents of the children?

(Note from the Editor...from page 6.)

The El Paso County Historical Society is an effective instrument for unearthing and displaying that wealth, and my confidence that the Directors, the *Password* editorial board, and indeed all the members of the Society will assist me to carry on the valuable work of my respected predecessors.

Two of those predecessors, Conrey Bryson and Nancy Hamilton, will continue as members of the editorial board, together with the other long-time members: Mrs. Eugene O. Porter, Mrs. John J. Middagh, Willard G. McKinney, and Leon Metz. And I am pleased to announce the appointment of two additional members to the board: Morgan Broaddus, Assistant Professor of History at The University of Texas, and Billie Etheridge, Assistant Professor of English at the same institution.

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