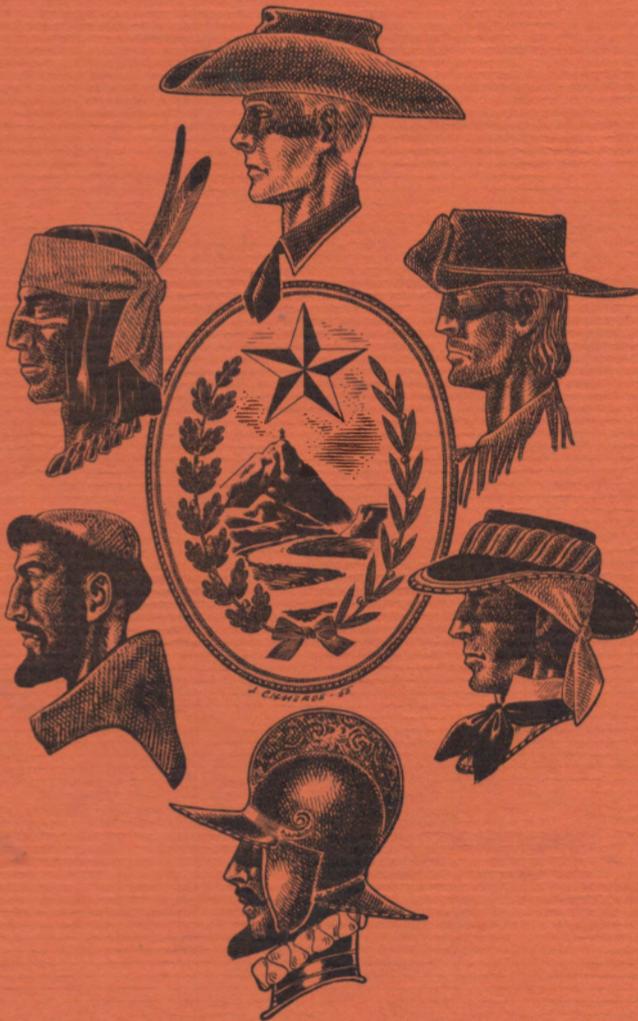


PASSWORD



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PASSWORD

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IN MEMORIAM

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AN ENGLISH TOURIST DESCRIBES THE "BOOMING" FRONTIER

by
Emilia Gay Griffith Means

A view of El Paso and vicinity during Christmas week of 1881 is given to us by Laurence Oliphant, English writer and traveler, in an article published in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* of March, 1882, and entitled "Western Wanderings: The Newest American Railroad." *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, known by the nickname of the "maga," was first issued in April, 1817, in Edinburgh and London and ceased publication in 1975. *Blackwood's* followed a consistent policy of anonymity which drew eminent contributors who did not care to jeopardize their worldly positions by signing articles.¹ Such anonymity is the case in "Western Wanderings"; yet no obstacles prevented the identity of Oliphant.

Laurence Oliphant was born at Cape Town, South Africa, in 1829. His first work, *A Journey to Khatmandu*, in 1852 was followed by *The Russian Shores of the Black Sea* in 1853, the result of his travels to Russia in 1852. He next became private secretary to the Earl of Elgin, governor-general of Canada. He joined the religious community of T.L. Harris in the United States, and finally settled at Haifa in Palestine. He gave his religious opinions in *Sympneumata* in 1886 and in *Scientific Religion*, published in 1888, the year of his death.²

The El Paso of Oliphant's day was a rival of Deming, New Mexico Territory, in its aspirations to be a center of railway terminals. At this time Deming was the point of junction for the Southern Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroads. El Paso served as the junction of the Southern Pacific Railroad and the nearly completed Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio, which together eventually were to complete one line from San Diego by way of El Paso to Galveston. Deming aspired to serve as terminus for a system of railways to connect the United States with Mexico, while El Paso, courtesy of the Congress of the United States and the great railroad tycoons Thomas A. Scott and Jay Gould, obtained the western ter-

Mrs. Means, a Dallas resident, graciously shares with *Password* readers an 1882 article on El Paso which she discovered while working on her M.A. thesis at Northwestern State University of Louisiana.

minus of the newest of America's railroads—the Texas and Pacific. The completion of the tracks of America's newest railroad and a journey to the American west served as the inspiration for Oliphant's article in *Blackwood's*.

The Texas and Pacific Railroad Company was chartered on March 3, 1871, by the Congress. Construction of track or acquisition of smaller railroads along the route required eleven years, and service through from El Paso to New Orleans was inaugurated on September 12, 1882.³

Given below, as it appeared in *Blackwood's*, is the first part of Oliphant's "Western Wanderings," which presents his observations of Deming and "the two El Pasos." Oliphant had traveled to Deming and then to El Paso from San Diego by way of the Southern Pacific Railroad's trains. After a short stay in El Paso, he continued his journey east on a construction train of the Texas and Pacific. The second part of his article (not reprinted here) describes his train trip from El Paso to Dallas. (*Editor's note*: the second part of "Western Wanderings" will be published in the Winter 1984 *Password*.)

WESTERN WANDERINGS: THE NEWEST AMERICAN RAILROAD

(reprinted from *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* of March, 1882)

In the south-west corner of the United States territory of New Mexico, and about twenty miles from the frontier of Mexico, lies Deming, a village of mushroom growth, which owes its importance to the fact that it is the point of junction of the Southern Pacific, and Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe railroads, and that it aspires to be a terminal centre of a system of Mexican railways which are intended to connect the United States with the sister republic. Whether these hopes are destined to be realised or not, will, however, depend upon the result of the contest in which Deming is engaged with its formidable rival El Paso in Texas, the town to which I was bound when, on the evening of the 21st of last December, I descended from the sleeping-car in which I had journeyed from San Francisco. Not many months previously the change of cars at Deming had been attended with some risk. It was not an uncommon thing for a gang of "rustlers"—as the lawless desperadoes who abound in Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas are

called—to surround the passengers on the platform, order them to throw up their hands so as to prevent their having recourse to their revolvers, and empty their pockets. As, however, the railways have brought law-abiding citizens into the country, and the town has assumed more respectable proportions, and enjoyed the advantage of a succession of fearless sheriffs, these outrages have diminished to such an extent that a whole fortnight had elapsed prior to my arrival without any serious disturbance of the public peace having taken place; and on this occasion the incident was one which was scarcely deemed worthy of notice. An inebriated "cow-boy"...had come up from his "ranch" to enjoy himself...with a revolver in one hand and a rifle in the other. He...was...looking round for some human target to his taste, when he was accidentally met by the intrepid sheriff, who happened to be carrying a double-barrelled gun loaded with buckshot, and who then and there—so I was informed by an eyewitness—"blew a hole in his heart as big as your fist;" thereby immensely increasing the confidence which he already enjoys in the community, and still further establishing that sense of security which has caused Deming to become the envy of its less fortunate neighbours. The local paper, describing the incident, says that "the man fell, remarking that he was a dead man." There is something peculiarly suggestive of the coolness alike of the cow-boy and the rest of the community in this sentence. With his latest breath he uttered no unworthy cry or exclamation. He simply remarked, as a casual fact, "that he was a dead man." I have heard the number of summary executions which the energetic official who now preserves order at Deming has promptly effected with his own hand put as high as twenty-five during his comparatively short tenure of office; but although he has no doubt kept an accurate score, as he is a pious church-member, he is said to be reserved on the subject, and to evade a too rigid cross-examination. The total number of men killed on the line by acts of violence during the year 1881 was put at two hundred and fifty....There can be no doubt that if a few trenchant officials of the type of the sheriff of Deming were scattered over the "proclaimed" districts in Ireland, the Land-Leaguers would soon share the demoralisation which is rapidly overtaking the cow-boys of New Mexico. After all, these latter are a comparatively harmless class as compared with the "rustlers." The former shoot not for gain, but for sport, or in self-defense, when their rough play leads to retalia-

tion. They delight in taking pot-shots at the cigar of the unwary smoker, in startling him by boring a hole in the brim of his hat with a bullet, or making him dance by aiming at his toes on each foot alternately; but if he takes these amenities in good part, they do not desire his life-blood. It is only when they are in unusually high spirits that they ride pell-mell down the village street, taking shots right and left; and then it is that the indignant citizens form vigilance committees and ride in pursuit, neither party giving or receiving quarter. In all this the sordid love of self plays no part. It is only when they are, so to speak, outlawed, that they take to the life of the "rustler;" and, like Billy the Kid or the James Brothers, become celebrated for daring acts of robbery, keep a tally of the murders they have committed by making notches on their revolvers, and form gangs which are the terror of the country, until some man as desperate as themselves,—like Wild Bill, or Garrett, who shot Billy the Kid the other night in his bedroom by moonlight,—breaks up the gang by causing the most of them to "hand in their checks," or, in other words, take their departure for another world, when a delighted and appreciative public instantly elect the self-appointed champion of order sheriff. Hence it happens that these law-preservers are for the most part as daring men and as expert shots as the law-breakers; and the inadequacy of courts of criminal jurisprudence to deal efficiently with the existing social conditions has become universally recognised.

At Deming I transferred myself from the Southern Pacific to the new line called the "sunset route," which is intended to connect that spot with Galveston in Texas, by way of San Antonio de Behar, and which at this period was only open for passenger traffic as far as El Paso, Texas, at which town I arrived in the small hours of the morning. I had no need to be informed by a chance acquaintance whom I met at the hotel, that it was "booming." Signs of the "boom" were apparent everywhere,—in the demolition of the low Mexican houses with their pillared verandahs, which were giving way in the principal street to brand-new American stores with sloping roofs and plateglass windows, and in the busy crowd of nondescript and rather rough-looking characters who thronged the hotel entrance, whose talk was principally of mines, ranches, and stores of groceries and dry goods. I had never visited a place more typical of American progress during wanderings which have taken me through every State in the Union; and I felt so much infected with the spirit of



A vehicle crossing the Rio Grande from El Paso to Paso del Norte (present-day Juarez) in the 1880s. This photo, COURTESY MUSEUM OF NEW MEXICO, closely suggests Oliphant's description of his crossing (in a "hack-waggon") during his 1881 stopover in El Paso. (Photo by Ben Wittick. School of American Research Collections in the Museum of New Mexico. Neg. No. 71142)

rush and enterprise and speculation which characterised it, that, if I had not already paid somewhat dearly for a similar experience on a former occasion, I should have been sorely tempted to invest. A fellow-traveller who was on his way from an Arizona mining city to Boston, and who intended to continue his journey with me, informed me a few hours after our arrival that he had given up his eastern journey, and was on his way to a lawyer to sign a deed of partnership with a friend whom he had accidentally met, and who

had already persuaded him to go into the grocery business with him. It is the extraordinary versatility and readiness to abandon plans, form new combinations, and make prompt decisions, which enables the pioneer of civilisation in the West to rise and fall with such remarkable rapidity. The present population of El Paso is estimated at over 3000, of whom probably about two-thirds are American, and the remaining third Mexican, who lounge listlessly at the street corners watching the stir and enterprise which have overtaken their once sleepy village, without apparently being stimulated thereby to take part in the competition for sudden wealth which has been excited.

Numerous hack-waggons with canvas tops, and drawn by seedy mules, ply between the American town and El Paso del Norte, which is situated in the Mexican province of Chihuahua on the other side of the Rio Grande, the river which forms the frontier between the United States and Mexico. The distance between the two El Pasos is only about two miles, the road lying across a plain—dusty in dry weather and knee-deep in mud after the rains—where the rich alluvial soil is already being turned to account for market-gardens, which are divided by low adobe walls, between which we jolt slowly over the ruts in our primitive conveyance. I had made the casual acquaintance of an American who was resident in the Mexican town, and who offered to do the honours of it if I would accompany him; but of his name and occupation I was ignorant, until we arrived at our destination. Passing the American Custom-house we reached a rough bridge, partly constructed of wooden piles and partly of a pontoon, by which the turbid yellow stream is crossed, and which is leased to the proprietor of the hack-waggons, who charges a shilling a-head for the trip, including the tool. A little above the passenger-bridge the river is spanned by the railway, which is destined to connect the city of Mexico with El Paso, Texas, and which has already been completed for about forty miles towards the town of Chihuahua—pronounced Chiwawa. This bridge is used also by foot-passengers, and my companion told me that the night preceding a man had been robbed and murdered upon it. He said, however, that acts of violence had become rare since the late splendid exploit of the local sheriff, whose fitness for his office, in his opinion, exceeded even that of his colleague and rival at Deming; for not long before a band of six rustlers came tearing down the streets of El Paso, shooting and otherwise disconcerting the

peaceable citizens. The sheriff rushed to the rescue, and posting himself in a suitable and commanding spot, emptied the whole six barrels of his revolver into the mounted gang, killing four in succession on the spot, the last falling dead at a distance of 125 measured paces.* This remarkable story was confirmed by several citizens whom I questioned in regard to it, and one of whom was in the street at the time. The sheriff is notorious not only for the accuracy of his aim, but for the dexterity of his "draw"—and, as my companion insisted, "Shooting well ain't o' no account if ye don't know how to draw." As he was himself "heeled"—which is the technical term for being armed—he was able to illustrate his meaning by whipping out the revolver, which he carried in the usual pocket a little above and behind the right hip, and presenting it at an imaginary enemy with a rapidity and skill which he could only have acquired by long practice.

On the Mexican side of the Rio Grande we were inspected with great care by the barefooted slouching soldier whose duty it was to watch for contraband articles; but my companion informed me that, either by bribery or skillful smuggling, he always evaded the duties. For instance, he had carried across a pair of lamps the day before, the value of which in the United States was about twelve dollars, and the duty of which was six, without being discovered, by the simple device of taking them to pieces and distributing them among the pockets of a party of friends, to whom he promised a free entrance to his "dance-saloon"; for he went on to say that while waiting for something more profitable to turn-up, he "was running a dance-saloon," and it was at the door of this establishment, which was a roughly constructed long wooden erection, that he ordered the hack to stop, and politely escorted me to the bar, where he was warmly greeted as "Jim" by a group who were collected round it, and....a very popular Jim he seemed. I had, however, "to stand drinks round" at his own bar to him and the crowd.... It was evident they were all "heeled"; and though nothing could exceed their politeness, there was something in the local surroundings—in the tawdry attempts at ball-room decorations, in the dust and the debris of the previous night's dance which a small boy was sweeping up, in the loose unprincipled aspect of the irregular rows of bottles

*Editor's note: The sheriff of El Paso County at this time was Benito Gonzales. See Nancy Lee Hammons, *A History of El Paso County, Texas, to 1900* (El Paso: The University of Texas at El Paso, 1983), 83.

behind the bar, and the haggard debauched look of Jim's friends before it—which was not calculated to inspire confidence. Besides, I saw a perspective of innumerable drinks, so I gently insinuated that I was obliged to go to the office of the railway on business, and slipped away into the Plaza, which had a church of the usual Mexican style of architecture on one side, and a row of stunted trees all round, with stone benches under them, while the whole of the central space was covered over with an immense temporary wooden erection, under which *faro*, *monte*, and roulette tables were abundantly scattered; for this was Christmas week, and every night the town became a scene of gambling, riot, and debauch. It was still early in the day, so that only one card-table was in active operation, round which a group of slouching Mexicans were crowded, eagerly betting, and watching the game.

El Paso del Norte is an old and thoroughly typical Mexican town. The low adobe houses which line the ragged streets open on a narrow trottoir, where walking is difficult in consequence of idle loungers, and a descent from it into the street itself means literally wading in a pond. In some of these lanes I saw mules slushing through the water knee-deep, and this seemed the normal condition of the principal thoroughfares. Behind the church was a bull-ring, where, during Christmas week, two or three fights take place; and behind the bull-ring were the barracks. Here I scraped another casual acquaintance, in the person of a long-haired American, who was lounging at the gateway, and who appeared to be on intimate terms with the Mexican corporal of the guard. Through him I obtained permission to visit the barracks, which contained in all 120 men, whose quarters and accoutrements I inspected, finding them much better than I expected. It is true they all lived in one large room, and slept on the mud floor, but it was clean and airy. On the other side of the barrack-yard was a prison, which I also examined. Here was a manacled Mexican, smoking cigarettes and waiting calmly the day of his execution for a murder which he had committed.... There was, besides, a group of other prisoners for minor offences; and among them, eating the usual black cakes made of beans, were two free-born American citizens of the rustler class, in whom my long-haired friend was interested, and whom he consoled with words of encouragement, assuring them that he was taking active measures to secure their liberty. These most likely consisted in a large fee to his friend the corporal or some of the

other Mexican officers, commissioned or non-commissioned, with all of whom he seemed on good terms.

The attractions of El Paso [del Norte] were soon exhausted. Almost every other house was a drinking-saloon; and the whole place had an air of dissipation which was rather (more) suggestive than alluring. The worst class of Americans come over from the other side, preying upon the vices of the Mexicans to their own profit, and making what money they can out of their propensities for gambling, drinking, and dancing. "Le vin, le jeu, les belles, viola nos seules plaisirs," seemed fitly to describe their lives and occupation, at all events during Christmas week. My fellow-passenger back in the hack was an American "belle," who had been up to see the "boys," as she called them, whom I had visited in Prison, who were friends of hers; and during the interview, a Mexican soldier had taken advantage of a touching moment to rob her of five dollars and her pocket-handkerchief, so that I was entertained by her opinions of the Mexicans as a race, couched in strong language, during the half-hour I enjoyed the pleasure of her society. ☆

NOTES

1. Walter E. Houghton, ed., *The Wellesley Index to Victorian Periodicals: 1824-1900*, I (Toronto: 1966), 7-10, 157.
2. Funk and Wagnall's *New Standard Encyclopedia*, XIX (New York: 1931), 202.
3. *Charter and Other Legislation Relating to the Texas and Pacific Railway Company* (n.p., n.d.), 3-14; *From Ox Teams to Eagles: A History of the Texas and Pacific Railway*, 12.

"...you want to remember that in a thousand years, or some such, historians will publicly offer their right eye to know what you can see now, at first-hand; just as they puzzle and stew and guess about Harold the Saxon, nowadays. Ain't people funny? Heavens to Betsy, how they'd raise the roof, them sharps, if they could lay hands on a few anecdotes by Little John, in his own handwrite, about Robin Hood and the proud Sheriff of Nottingham! But if they'd found those same letters while Little John was alive, they would have lit the kitchen fire with 'em."

—from Eugene Manlove Rhodes' *The Trusty Knaves*
(as reprinted in the 1984 calendar distributed
by the Rio Grande Historical Collections, New
Mexico State University)



Water has long been a lure for visitors to Hueco Tanks. Here, water collects in a large basin. Smaller potholes in the rock, known as *huecos* (hollows) gave the area its name. (Photo courtesy Bob Miles)

HUECO TANKS: DESERT OASIS

by
Bob Miles

For untold centuries, man has been visiting the unique rock mass some 30 miles east of El Paso known as Hueco Tanks. For all but the past 50 or so years, he came out of need for the precious water that could be found in the rock tanks or *huecos* (hollows) that are scattered throughout the rocks. Now, people come to picnic, hike, climb and marvel at the strange beauty of the place and the thousands of ancient pictographs and petroglyphs found there.

Hueco Tanks is thought to have been formed about 34 million years ago when a molten mass of rock pushed upward from the

Robert W. (Bob) Miles, Park Superintendent at Hueco Tanks State Historical Park since 1981, joined the Texas Parks and Wildlife Department in 1976 as Superintendent of the Magoffin Home State Historical Site. In the 1960s, he worked as a reporter and as the farm-ranch editor for *The El Paso Times*. He holds a Master's degree in history from The University of Texas at El Paso.

Earth's interior into an overlying layer of sedimentary rock. Once the molten mass cooled, wind and water began to carve away the softer limestone, leaving the harder igneous rock known as syenite porphyry (a low grade granite). Over the ages, the rock was carved into three irregularly shaped hills, eroded and jumbled into strange and awesome shapes and pitted with the potholes that ultimately gave the area its name.

Folsom projectile points found at Hueco Tanks show that this early big-game hunter followed now-extinct bison herds in the region 10,000 years ago. Once the large animals disappeared, other people continued to visit and live at Hueco Tanks, hunting and gathering whatever was edible and useful and living in partially underground pit-houses. These people belonged to the Desert Archaic Culture. They are thought to have been the first to paint their enigmatic designs upon the rocks between 3,000 and 6,000 years ago.

Sometime around A.D. 1000, a new culture appeared on the scene. These people practiced agriculture, in addition to hunting and gathering, and took advantage of the soil and water at Hueco Tanks. They made pottery vessels, developed the earlier pit house into above-ground adobe houses, and left their own distinctive style of rock art. This group, which belonged to the Jornada Branch of the Mogollon Culture, vanished before the beginning of the historic period, perhaps evolving into the Suma and the Manso tribes the Spanish found living along the Rio Grande.

A number of nomadic tribes lived in the vicinity of Hueco Tanks during historic times. The first would have been the mysterious Jumanos. Later, Mescalero and Lipan Apaches inhabited the area, often raiding the settlements along the river and farther south. Comanche and Kiowa also took shelter among the rocks while on raids to the settlements from their high-plains homelands. The Tigua Indians from Ysleta often camped and hunted at Hueco Tanks, a spot still highly revered by many of the older Tiguas.

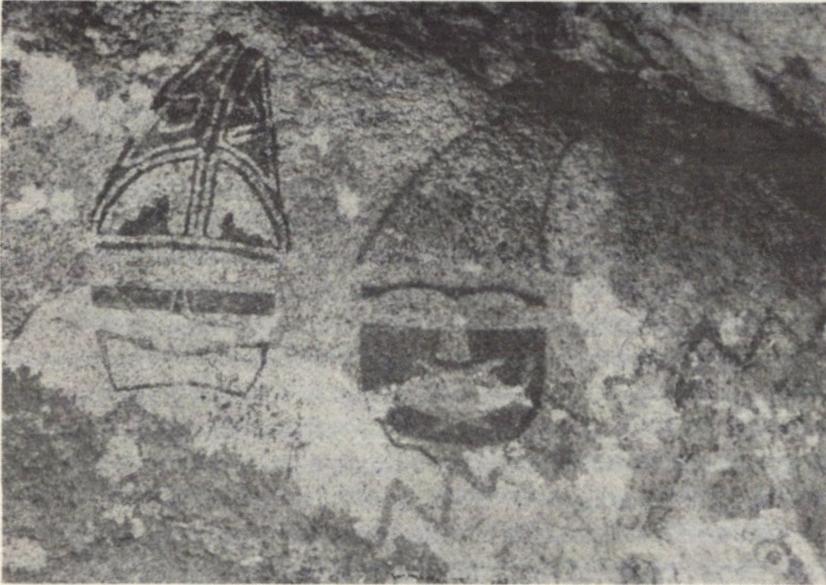
It is not known when the first non-Indian visited Hueco Tanks. The early Spanish expeditions stayed mainly along the Rio Grande. Hueco Tanks was often reported to be the refuge of hostile Indians, so it is doubtful that the Spaniards or Mexicans had occasion to visit the area, except in force. Several battles were reported to have taken place in the rocky canyons of Hueco Tanks, but reports are confusing and unclear.

One such battle is fairly well documented and may be the source for other stories mentioned by early Anglo travelers in the region. About 1839, a small Kiowa war party planned a raid on the *Pa'sunko* (Paseños: residents of Paso del Norte). The group of about 20 warriors found the Mexican troops too vigilant and withdrew to a place they called "The Rock House [*i.e.* Cave] in Which They Were Surrounded," according to Kiowa legend recorded by James Mooney in "Calendar History of the Kiowa Indians" in the Seventeenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology. Mexican soldiers, apparently with Tigua allies, trapped the Kiowas in the cave. After a siege lasting about ten days, during which time the Kiowas were without food or water, the Indians managed to escape by climbing a tree and crawling out the top of the cave. Only one or two of the Kiowas were killed. Most sources feel that this siege took place at Hueco Tanks.

Wherever it occurred, the battle has remained in both Kiowa and Tigua folklore. It is also recounted in Alice Marriott's *The Ten Grandmothers*, and it is also very probably depicted upon the rock walls at Hueco Tanks in a large panel of pictographs. *The Rocks Begin to Speak*, by LaVan Martineau, has an interesting chapter on this panel; and in March, 1984, a delegation of Tigua and Kiowa Indians visited the site and the cave in which the battle is believed to have taken place.

Hueco Tanks received few mentions in history until 1848-49, an eventful time for the El Paso area. The Mexican War ended, and the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo established Texas' claim of the Rio Grande as its boundary. Texas towns had long been eyeing the lucrative Santa Fe-Chihuahua trade; and the discovery of gold in California spurred an effort to find a southern, snow-free route across the country.

Three expeditions were sent out in 1848-49 to find a road from Austin and/or San Antonio to El Paso. The first, led by Texas Ranger Captain Samuel Highsmith and John Coffee Hays, became lost in the Big Bend area and had to turn back. Austin merchants sent Dr. John S. (Rip) Ford and Colonel Robert S. Neighbors, Texas Indian agent, who outlined a road that, after crossing the Pecos River, roughly paralleled the present Texas-New Mexico state line. It went from Alamo Spring in the Cornudas Mountains through Hueco Tanks and into El Paso. This became known as the Upper Road. The third expedition, under the command of Lieutenants



Artists belonging to the (pre-historic) Jornada Branch of the Mogollon Culture left many mask-like designs painted on the rocks at Hueco Tanks.
(Photo courtesy Bob Miles)

W.H.C. Whiting and W.F. Smith, opened what was to be known as the Lower or Military Road by way of Forts Stockton, Davis, and Quitman.

The lure of California gold had drawn some hardy souls ahead of the official pathfinders. Colonel Neighbors reported finding tracks and worn-out livestock along their route. Some of those eager adventurers found their way to El Paso by way of Hueco Tanks, where they drank their fill and moved on. Some left their names beside the ancient Indian paintings. A few left written accounts.

Among the latter was Benjamin Butler Harris (*The Gila Trail: The Texas Argonauts and the California Gold Rush*), a member of a party led by Captain Isaac H. Duval. The Duval party, one of the first to cross Texas to California, consisted of 52 men, mounted on horses and leading packmules. After meeting Colonel Neighbors' expedition at Horsehead Crossing on the Pecos River, the Duval group continued west by way of Hueco Tanks, which Harris described as resembling, from a distance, a "piled range of blooming roses and snowballs." The Argonauts also noted many of the pictographs, which Harris commented upon in his journal as depicting a battle between Indians and Mexicans.

The first visitor to Hueco Tanks known to have recorded any of the Indian paintings was U.S. boundary commissioner John Russell Bartlett (*Personal Narrative of Explorations and Incidents in Texas, New Mexico, California, Sonora and Chihuahua, Connected with the United States and Mexican Boundary Commission During the Years 1850-1853*). While surveying the Mexico-United States boundary, he took frequent side trips to explore the surrounding areas. One such trip was to Hueco Tanks, which he described quite vividly: "Rambled over the great rocky mass to see what could be found of interest. Discovered several pools or tanks of clear and beautiful water, where it had collected from rains, or the melting of snows. The formation here is granite in places, rising from 100 to 150 feet above the surrounding plain, and covered with huge boulders piled up in every imaginable form." Bartlett went on to tell about the rock art and included sketches of several that can be found today. His campsite can be located with a fair certainty from the pictographs he drew and from what may be his name carved among the older rock art (an all too well established practice, but one that is strictly prohibited today).

In 1858, the Butterfield Overland Mail established a stagecoach station at Hueco Tanks. At the stone and adobe station, horses were changed and the passengers were offered a quick meal before going on into Franklin City. Roscoe P. and Margaret B. Conkling wrote in their 1947 book, *The Butterfield Overland Mail, 1857-1869*, that the station "was located...on the north side of the Tanks near the entrance leading into the natural amphitheatre through which the mail road led." In 1859, the Hueco Tanks station and others on the Upper Road were abandoned in favor of the Lower Road, which was better protected by the several military posts along the route.

Little use was made of Hueco Tanks while hostile Indians still roamed the area. Some travelers passed by, however, because historic graffiti show names from the 1860s and 1880s.

About 1898, with the Apaches firmly on the reservations, Hueco Tanks was claimed as a ranch by Juan Armendariz, a wealthy Ysleta politician and onetime sheriff of El Paso County, and Benigno Alderete. According to Alex Candelaria, whose wife was the granddaughter of Alderete, they brought Armendariz' godson from La Luz, New Mexico, to run the ranch. This godson, Silverio Escontrias, apparently acquired title to the land, and it remained in the Escontrias family until 1956. The Escontrias house, built around 1900,

still stands at Hueco Tanks. Jim Escontrias of El Paso was born in the house and recalls that all the family's water was obtained from the *huecos*, except during prolonged dry spells, when it had to be hauled from Hot Wells, some miles to the west.

In 1959, according to Mr. Candelaria, a Mr. J.R. Davis of Pecos, Texas, bought the ranch at Hueco Tanks and hired him to manage it. Three old army barracks were hauled to the area, and a cafe and bar were opened for the visitors who continued to visit Hueco Tanks, as they had for many years, paying a nominal entrance fee if anyone was around to collect. After Mr. Davis sold the property some three years later, the story of Hueco Tanks entered a hectic and confusing period. The Tanks changed hands a number of times and was the object of some extravagant plans.

Land developers became interested in Hueco Tanks during the 1960s. Gerald O'Leary and Mt. Franklin Homes owned the property for a time. A large earthen dam was bulldozed up between the West and North Mountains that make up Hueco Tanks, very probably destroying a prehistoric Indian village in the process. Plans were for a large lake to serve the Frontier Town, restaurant, golf course, zoo, and housing area that were to be built. Drainage patterns were changed to help fill the lake. In 1965, the *El Paso Herald-Post* carried an article that said, "The possession of the Hueco Natural Park by the county or city of El Paso...would make it one of the greatest pleasure resorts on the continent, once its beauties became known."

By the mid-1960s, El Paso County had acquired Hueco Tanks and operated it as a county park with concessionaires. Complaints concerning these concessionaires appeared frequently in the newspapers. For a time, plans were discussed for the Tigua Indians to operate the park, but the State Legislature determined to make it a State Park. On June 12, 1969, the Texas Parks and Wildlife Department acquired Hueco Tanks by special deed from El Paso County, later purchasing an additional 121 acres from realtor Barney Wieland, who had sold Hueco Tanks to the county.

In May, 1970, Hueco Tanks State Historical Park, which now covers approximately 860 acres, was officially opened to the public. For a time it was staffed by the Tigua Indians and, later, by Texas Parks and Wildlife Department employees.

Despite the thousands of people who have roamed Hueco Tanks picking up artifacts and looting the area, the Park still has much to reveal to archaeologists. In 1972-73, an excavation uncovered

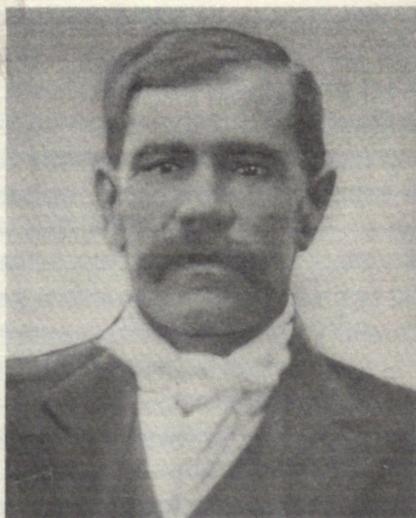
the remains of a Dona Ana Phase pit-house village, dating from about A.D. 1150, and a prehistoric water control system, which held water in a series of crevices.

The estimated 3,000-5,000 pictographs and petroglyphs scattered throughout the Park remain the true treasure of Hueco Tanks. Some are believed to be at least 6,000 years old. Most are painted on the rocks (pictographs), but a few are pecked or carved into the rock (petroglyphs). For convenience, both are generally lumped together as rock art.

No one can say for certain what they portray or what tales they tell, but they can be divided into roughly three categories. The earliest rock art, thought to have been made by the people of the Desert Archaic Culture, seems to convey information, such as game trails and the location of water. It consists largely of lines, zigzags, circles, and some human and animal-like figures. The rock art of the Jornada Phase of the Mogollon Culture is quite distinct and may represent, in part, prayers and appeals to the spirits for rain and prosperity. The many mask-like designs, ranging from the mystical to the comical to the bizarre, have led to some speculation that the Katsina Cult may have been introduced into the Southwest from Mexico through this area. The third type is that of the historic tribes, notably the Kiowa and the Mescalero and Lipan Apache. These vivid paintings seem to tell the stories of events, with battle scenes being most prevalent.

The best source available on the rock art at Hueco Tanks is *Rock Art of the Texas Indians*, with text by W.W. Newcomb, Jr., and paintings by Forrest Kirkland. Kirkland, assisted by his wife, spent several weeks copying the pictographs at Hueco Tanks during the summer of 1939.

In 1972, the Anthropology Club of The University of Texas at El



Silverio Escontrias, owner and operator of the ranch at Hueco Tanks from about 1898 until his death in 1932. Hueco Tanks ownership remained in the Escontrias family until 1956. (Photo courtesy Jim Escontrias)

Paso undertook an inventory of the Hueco Tanks rock art to determine the extent of damage to the pictographs since Kirkland had recorded them. The results, and some 300 previously unrecorded figures, were published in 1974 by the El Paso Archaeological Society in *A Rock Art Inventory at Hueco Tanks State Park, Texas*, by John V. Davis and Kay S. Toness. Other unrecorded rock art has since been found.

Hueco Tanks State Historical Park offers a variety of other attractions. There is a 20-unit camping area, with electricity, water, and a picnic table at each unit. A restroom boasts hot showers. For the day visitor, there are 58 picnic sites, most with shade shelters. Hiking, rock climbing, rappelling, and exploring the many fascinating natural features are among the popular daytime activities. Vehicular traffic is no longer allowed on the south side of the Park, so there

(Continued on page 104.)

❖ SOUTHWEST COOKERY OF OLD ❖

Ms. Henry Horwitz offers a recipe from her copy of the 1909 publication *How We Cook in El Paso*, a compilation of recipes submitted by various El Pasoans of the time. This recipe allows a glimpse at one of the popular activities of the McGinty Club, a social, civic, and musical organization which throughout the 1890s provided El Paso with colorful diversion—holiday parades, weekly concerts in San Jacinto Plaza, entertainment for visiting dignitaries, annual picnics. (See Conrey Bryson's *Down Went McGinty*, published by Texas Western Press in 1977.)

McGinty Brunswick Stew

(Mr. J.J. Watts)

Get a 50-cent soup bone and cook 3 or 4 hours until the substance is out, remove all the meat and use stock for stew; slice 1/2 pound breakfast bacon, fry medium, drain off grease, cut very fine and add to stock; disjoint 6 or 7 fat hens and boil in stock until meat is ready to pull from bones, add 4 cans of corn (the stew must be stirred constantly from the time the corn is added), add 1 pound of okra or lima beans as preferred, 2 or 3 onions chopped very fine, and a little garlic, season to taste with dry chili pequine, salt and pepper, add 3 or 4 cans of tomatoes. Keep plenty of hot water ready and add when necessary to keep stew from getting too dry. Do not allow it to burn. When cooked nicely set pot in a larger pot of boiling water to keep hot, then no further stirring is necessary. This is the famous stew served at McGinty Club picnics. The recipe makes about 3 gallons, which will serve 6 McGintys or 18 ordinary people.

PRESBYTERIANISM IN EL PASO: HISTORIES OF TWO CHURCHES

by
Kenton J. Clymer

In the seventeenth century, Spanish Franciscans brought Catholicism to the Pass of the North, where it remained undisturbed by other varieties of Christianity until the late nineteenth century. Then, with the arrival of the railroads and significant numbers of Anglo-Americans, Protestantism gained a foothold. In 1870, a decade before the city's real growth spurt began, an Episcopalian congregation was organized. Within twelve years there were Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians. By 1900, ten denominations had established a total of sixteen churches.

The first Presbyterian congregation to be founded was First Presbyterian Church, officially organized in April, 1882, with construction of its initial home on Myrtle Avenue beginning shortly thereafter. The second Presbyterian church, Westminster, was organized in July, 1903. Much later, its name was changed to University Presbyterian Church. These churches—First and Westminster—University—are the subject of two books published in connection with recent church anniversaries.¹ One of these books, released in 1982 by the First Presbyterian Church of El Paso and entitled *From Strength to Strength: A Centennial History of the First Presbyterian Church of El Paso 1882-1892*, is by Evan Haywood Antone and Carl Hertzog. The other, *A History of University Presbyterian Church*, by W.H. Timmons, was published in 1983 by the University Presbyterian Church of El Paso.

The two books together merit a review-essay because what they say about the development and operation of Presbyterianism in El Paso may also reveal, if only indirectly, something about the history of El Paso during the past century.

The books are alike in many ways, but the stories of the two churches are dramatically different. First Church prospered from the very beginning, perhaps what Dr. Antone means to convey in

Dr. Clymer, a professor of history and assistant dean of the College of Liberal Arts at The University of Texas at El Paso, is the author of two books, *John Hay: The Gentleman as Diplomat* (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1975) and *Protestant Missionaries in the Philippines, 1898-1916* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, forthcoming).

his title: *From Strength to Strength*. Westminster struggled and very nearly perished on several occasions.

In 1882, First Church had 16 charter members. By 1911, it had 550 members. By 1924 the membership had doubled to 1100, and by 1939 there were 1400 communicants, with Sunday School attendance averaging about 500. A peak was reached in 1965 when the rolls showed about 1600 members. Thereafter, membership dropped for a time, then stabilized and began to increase once again. Today the church has approximately 1400 members, boasts one of the best pipe organs in the city, has a budget of \$577,870, includes in its membership several of the most influential members of the business community, and can attract an occasional gift of six figures.

Over the course of its 100 years of existence, First Church has moved into ever larger accommodations. The congregation outgrew its first building in the early part of this century, and in 1980 moved into roomier quarters on Yandell Boulevard, where it remained for 50 years. In 1958, it purchased land on what would later become Murchison Avenue, where in 1960 a new sanctuary was constructed at a cost of about \$600,000. Currently the possibility of constructing a new chapel is under consideration.

Like First Church, Westminster-University also moved into progressively larger buildings. Initially housed in a tent and then in a one-story brick structure, the congregation in 1910 contracted with the famous architectural firm of Trost and Trost to construct a new building at the corner of Rio Grande and Florence Streets for \$25,000. In 1950 the building was sold to the Greek Orthodox congregation, and in 1952 a new church was constructed on Stanton Street near Texas Western College. From then on the church was officially known as University Presbyterian Church. In 1971 the church sold the Stanton Street property (now occupied by television station KCIK) and early in 1973 moved into its present location on Resler Street in the Coronado area. The cost of the new, modernistic facility was about \$240,000. Since that time no additional construction projects have been undertaken, although preliminary discussion of possible expansion of the physical plant is currently underway.

The similarity between the developments of First and Westminster-University churches stops with the successive moves into new buildings. Westminster-University has not experienced the



The first home of the First Presbyterian Church, constructed in 1883 and located on Myrtle Avenue across from the courthouse. (Photo courtesy William I. Latham)

kind of relatively steady growth and financial security enjoyed by First Church. Although Westminster-University seems to have grown quickly at first (by 1920 there were 393 communicants and 410 Sunday School scholars), reversal was soon apparent. By 1932, there were only 150 members and by 1949 the number had dropped to 66. Thereafter, the membership grew steadily, but slowly, until today there are about 280 persons on the membership roll. The budget comes to \$158,000.

The dramatic drop in membership in the 1920s is not entirely attributable to internal problems. In 1921, the southern Presbyterian Church divided the city geographically and founded Manhattan Presbyterian Church for those living east of Cotton Avenue. Most of the 127 charter members of Manhattan came from Westminster, and the former is often referred to as Westminster's daughter. Similarly, when Westminster's La Luz mission became Eastminster Church (since disbanded) in 1923, Westminster's membership was further depleted. First Church was unaffected by these divisions since it was affiliated with the northern Presbyterian Church. (Only

in 1983 was the Civil War division healed and the two churches reunited.)

Nevertheless, Westminster was in trouble. By 1929, there was serious talk of a merger with Manhattan. The matter arose again in 1931 and continued to be the subject of discussion for another decade. On several occasions, in fact, votes approving the merger were taken; yet for reasons not entirely clear no union was ever consummated. Then, in 1934 the congregation very nearly united with First Church. Eighty-six Westminster members were transferred to the rolls of First Church, as was much of the equipment, including the communion table and the kitchen silverware. Yet in the end Westminster changed its mind. Contrary to Antone's statement (p. 31), Westminster was not officially disbanded, and at least some of the furniture was returned. It was, however, a close call.

In 1949, the church suffered a schism of sorts when an interim pastor, the Reverend Hobart Bennett, left the church and founded Hillside Bible Presbyterian Church, an independent Presbyterian Church which, as Dr. Timmons comments appropriately, is "a contradiction in terms." How many members Bennett took with him, if any, is not indicated.

Whether there were also differences in theological perspectives or social and political orientations between First and Westminster-University churches up to the 1960s is not clear from the books. None, in any event, are mentioned. But within the last two decades, at least, there do appear to be different emphases and priorities. In brief, First Church has emphasized membership growth and traditional evangelism, whereas University Church has downplayed numerical growth and seems to have placed more emphasis than First on relating biblical concerns to political and social matters. Antone's account deals with social concerns and outreach programs sporadically. Timmons, by contrast, devotes an entire chapter to "The Church in Mission," which treats the recent history of the church and suggests the congregation's priorities.

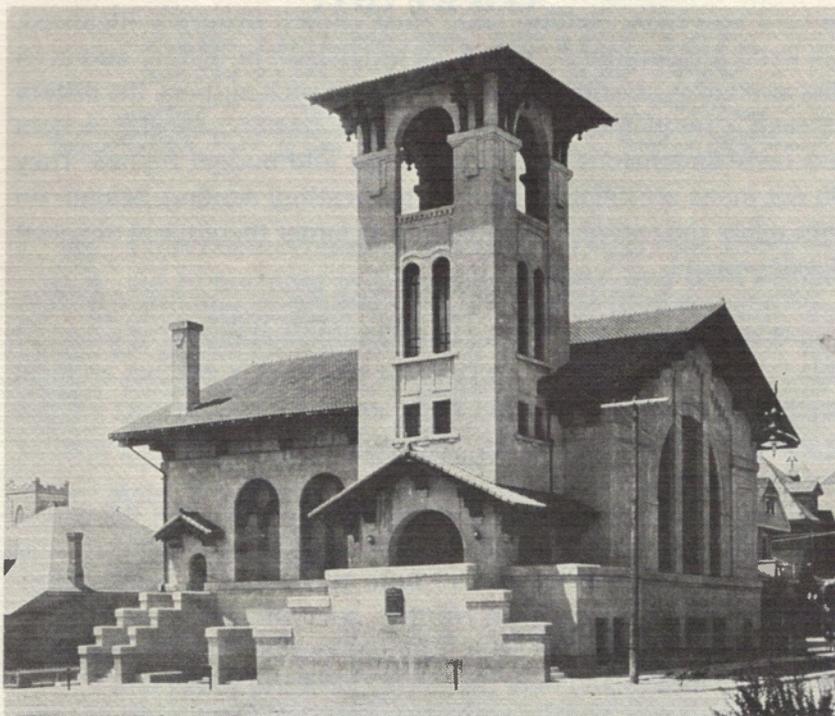
In 1977 a "Task Force on Growth" at University Church reported (in Timmon's words) that the congregation should not be "nearly so concerned about numerical growth as...about spiritual growth" and that instead of aggressively proselytizing, the church should "develop a greater love, concern, and understanding for fellow members, friends, and neighbors" (p. 44). The task force's report was adopted by the Session (the governing board), and the

philosophy it embodied has generally characterized the church and its pastor, the Reverend Gordon Bowie, ever since. New members are welcome, but other matters receive more attention.

Among University Church's major interests was a desire to learn about political and social concerns and, when appropriate, to become involved in finding solutions to society's ills. Thus, for example, the church has for many years sponsored forums for candidates in local elections to present their programs, and traditionally one adult Sunday School class studies current events. The church began the Pet-a-Pet program, as a means of ministering to the needs of those in nursing homes, and a very successful program for tutoring high school students. The Teen Learning Center operates out of the church, as well as the Sandoval Housing Project. The church has also shown an increasing interest in Third World problems. It has sponsored two work groups—one of which went to Guatemala, the other to Haiti. Although these groups engaged in constructive activities, the major goal was to sensitize the church members to conditions in the Third World and to establish lasting relationships with church-related service agencies overseas.

Other of University Church's social projects include the sponsorship of a Vietnamese family, undertaken in 1973; active participation in Project Verdad, a community action organization supported by all Presbyterian congregations in the city; and the maintaining of a relationship with a Presbyterian *serviglesia* in one of the colonias in Juarez. The church takes pride in its tradition of increasing the amount of its budget devoted to local, national, and international benevolences each year by one percent.

First Church has by no means ignored important social and political issues. During the Vietnam War, the church engaged in a serious study of the questions raised by the war, and in 1967 it even began a contemporary worship service that sometimes featured the singing of protest songs, along with traditional hymns. First Church was also deeply involved in establishing Project Verdad in 1973 (although it may be significant that Antone designates the pastor, the Reverend Jack Bolens, rather than the church, as helping to initiate the project and that he credits Bolens, not the church, for describing the project as one "of special concern for El Paso's Presbyterians") (p. 69). First Church also has inaugurated and supported various programs on behalf of senior citizens, and it assists with El Pan, an emergency food-distribution program spon-



Westminster Presbyterian Church circa 1911. Located at the corner of Rio Grande and Florence Streets, the building was designed by Henry C. Trost. In 1952 Westminster moved to a new building, and its name was changed to University Presbyterian Church. (Photo courtesy University Presbyterian Church)

sored by the presbytery. Furthermore, Robert M. Young, the current minister, advises new members that the church exists, in part, "to demonstrate Christ's ways of love in service to the world" (p. 89).

Still, traditional evangelization, membership growth, and an improved physical plant appear to be First Church's priorities. The professionally produced television advertisements featuring Pastor Young that invite El Pasoans to attend services attest to the Church's strong interest in growth. Antone's comment, that if the proposed new chapel is approved it "will dominate the first decade of the church's second century" (p. 86), suggests the importance to the congregation of building expansion. Finally, the church devotes only about 18 percent of its budget to benevolences, versus 36 percent at University.

How successful are the two books as history?

Some years ago, I was asked to serve on a committee to evaluate histories of local United Methodist churches in Texas. It turned out

to be a less than exciting task. Most church histories, I learned, are written by amateurs who have little sense of history and even less awareness of written English.² To most such authors, the history of their church means a dreary list of pastors, Sunday School teachers, dimensions of new buildings, and budget figures. They do not make scintillating (or even interesting) reading. Seldom do they relate the record of their church to larger theological or social developments.

Fortunately, both Antone and Timmons are accomplished writers, and their histories stand head and shoulders above most works of this type. Furthermore, both authors engaged in serious archival research in an effort to present an accurate account. Neither ignores unpleasant facts of the past, although there may be a tendency to gloss them over a bit.

Still, neither book entirely escapes the weaknesses of the genre. Both are organized primarily around ministers, buildings, and budgets, and neither author is fully successful in relating the history of his church to larger societal and theological developments. To be sure, both comment on the hardships wrought by the depression and note the impact of World Wars I and II. Timmons more than Antone places the development of his church within the context of El Paso's history. Antone includes a couple of paragraphs about how the War in Vietnam affected First Church. But generally speaking the contextual remarks are sketchy and not fully integrated. Furthermore, not a word is said about the great debates over Fundamentalism and Modernism, the Ku Klux Klan, Darwinism, traditional missionary service, prohibition, or immigration restrictions, all of which wracked the nation and the religious community in the 1920s and 1930s. Did these matters have no impact on local Presbyterian churches? The Civil Rights crusade of the 1950s and 1960s is largely ignored. Nothing is said about the Chicano movement in the 1970s. Did the churches have no interest or involvement in such things?

In addition, issues are sometimes tantalizingly raised but not pursued. Timmons, for example, ascribes the failure of Westminster Church to merge with Manhattan to "a few but highly influential members in both churches," but the matter is not further explored. Similarly Antone notes that First Church's "Brotherhood on the Border" program, begun in 1964, was abandoned in 1975, but he

(Continued on page 104.)

THE TIMES— ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

— by —
Jay Smith

As this column reported last spring, *The El Paso Times* went out of business in December of 1883, and then resumed publication under new ownership in the spring of 1884. Below are several excerpts from May and June issues of the "new" *Times*. These representative excerpts seem to show no change in policy from that of the "old" *Times*. The emphasis remains heavily on the reporting of local happenings rendered in a folksy, "small-town" style. But they do reveal some changes taking place in the town: an emerging awareness of social responsibility and a growing sense of civic pride.

May 3

The German military authorities are about to make some experiments in the way of aerial torpedoes. An ordinary war balloon is to be dispatched fitted with machinery resembling that of torpedo boats, by means of which the charge could be projected on the troops beneath. The project is considered feasible and the day may not be very far distant when we shall have navies fighting in the air. There seems to be no limit to the invention and production of instruments of death and destruction.

We are indebted to Mr. S.A. Vaughn, in charge of the advanced Grammar Department, for the following interesting school notes:

Grammar Department

Whole number enrolled	32
Average attendance	26
Average deportment	86 1/2

Roll of Honor

G.P. Robinson, Willie Stevens, Harry Dunlap

In order to be placed on the roll of honor the pupil must be perfect in attendance, deportment and recitations.

Total enrollment of scholars	197
Present average attendance	108

May 7

El Paso is no doubt the most important post now garrisoned by the 23rd U.S. Infantry. In location, railroad connections, size, social advancement, etc., it is perhaps superior to any other. Now that Indian troubles are a thing of the past, would it not be a good move to have the 10th Infantry, soon to take the place of the 23rd, make its headquarters at Fort Bliss?

May 9

Mr. William Houston, a son of "Old Sam Houston," the Texas veteran, is a guest at the Windsor.

May 15

The Wagon Bridge Company have a force of men and teams at work improving the wagon road between the bridge and the business part of town.

Postmistress Porter has put some eight dozen new letter boxes, and otherwise enlarged the box department. A much needed improvement.

May 21

The Rio Grande at this point is very perceptibly rising since last evening, especially since seven o'clock this morning. Reports from up the river for some twenty miles are that the valley is one vast sheet of water. At the street railway bridge on both sides the water is slowly overrunning the banks and moving up the ravines and depressions toward the city. Reports from the A.T. & S.F. railroad officials are that the waters are at a stand-still up the road.

May 23

From about seven o'clock last evening to 9:00 A.M. today the river rose about eighteen inches, but since that time it is at a stand-still. In the early part of last night a large scow anchored above the railroad bridge broke loose and came with a crash against a span of the bridge, carrying a couple of piles, and giving the bridge quite a shock otherwise. Part of the scow sank and part floated down to the streetcar bridge, however, passing under it without damage.

May 27

At eight o'clock this morning the river was rising quite rapidly. At 9:00 A.M. the water started breaking through under the streetcar track. "Poverty Curve" is a city of the past. The adobe mansions

in that locality are fast falling from the effects of too thorough a soaking of the foundations. At 4:00 P.M. the inhabitants of the "Upper Ten Row," opposite "Poverty Curve," were casting about for a more congenial location, the Rio Grande having reached their thresholds.

May 29

A stranger named McCall...made a deadly assault on Mr. Conat, of the Fashion [saloon] last night. He had tried all afternoon to get a fight, offering to do so for money or fun. At last, his insolence became unbearable and Mr. Conat told him to be still or he would have to put him out. The stranger cursed and said it could not be done. Mr. Conat arose from his seat behind the faro table and as he walked around towards McCall, the latter pulled his pistol and fired. The first shot went off as he threw his pistol up; the ball lodging in the ceiling. The second shot was fired within five feet of Mr. Conat and it is wonderful that he could have escaped without injury. A bystander was not so fortunate as the shot hit him in the arm. The shootist saw the man fall, and went out the rear of the gambling room with almost as much speed as the bullet from his gun. The party shot was named Bell. The bullet pierced the fleshy part of his arm and inflicted a painful, but by no means dangerous wound.

June 10

The Transfer Company employed nine vehicles to take passengers over the break in the G.H. & S.A. RR. With their present facilities they are able to carry fifty passengers, three thousand pounds of baggage, and the express and mail. Those intending to travel must register their names at the Transfer Company's office before 6:00 A.M. The trip over the break occupies about ten hours.

One half the railway bridge went prospecting along the banks of the Rio Grande between here and the gulf this morning. The only mode of conveyance across the river at the present time is by the ferry boat.

June 18

A heavy windstorm visited our city this afternoon, doing considerable damage. The tin roofs over the Hague building and Rio Grande Pharmacy on San Antonio street were torn off. Signs, boxes, awnings, etc., were indiscriminately scattered through the air and about the streets. ☆

MR. EL PASO

by
Leon C. Metz

Pasó por aquí. Chris Fox passed this way, and El Paso will never again be quite the same.

Our relationship started about 1967 when I became University Archivist in what Chris always called "the college on the hill." The El Paso County Historical Society had invited me to speak on John Selman, the gunslinger who killed John Wesley Hardin.

The evening was a disaster. The audience seemed bored, and fearing they would all walk out, I abruptly finished and sat down. Chris Fox called my efforts the worst speech he had ever heard. But he thought I had promise, so he lined me up with other organizations.

In 1969, my book *Dallas Stoudenmire: El Paso Marshal* was published, and Chris talked the City into declaring "Dallas Stoudenmire Day" in honor of that hard-drinking, fearless lawman. I went down to City Hall in a borrowed suit and stood in silent awe as Chris, Mayor Peter De Wetter, and several dignitaries formalized the event.

Next came the "Four Dead in Five Seconds" shootout on El Paso Street in front of the Paso del Norte Hotel. Chris Fox, Polly Harris, and I staged the reenactment. Police Chief Bob Minnie played Stoudenmire. Several newspaper reporters acted as combatants. The battle came at High Noon, but nobody wanted to die because the pavement was too hot. Nevertheless, Marshal Stoudenmire shot down four nefarious citizens, one an innocent bystander.

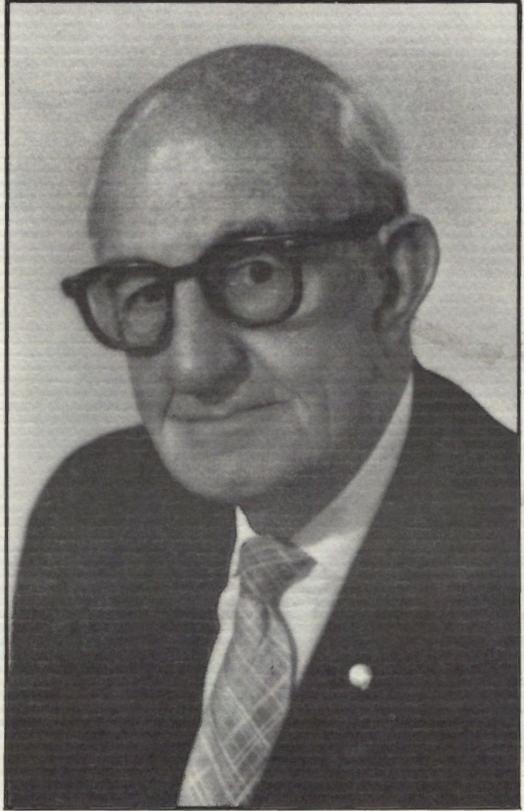
The pageant provoked a controversy with Ann Carroll, popular columnist for the *El Paso Herald-Post*. She thought the street spectacle glorified killing, that it placed undue emphasis on El Paso's violent past. Chris thought of it as representing the long overdue arrival of law and order at the Pass. Each had a valid point, of course. And since each respected the other, and neither wanted to push the disagreement past the point of no return, the issue fizzled.

During this same period, Chris Fox continued developing his strong personal sense of history.

As a civilian too young to vote, Chris had driven a truck for the Army during the Punitive Expedition of 1916-17. He had known great soldiers of fortune such as Sam Dreben, great generals such

Leon Metz, Public Affairs Officer at the State National Bank of El Paso, is the author of six books on the history of the El Paso Southwest.

as Black Jack Pershing, great guerrilla leaders such as Pancho Villa. He had known pioneer El Pasoans whose names are still historically breathtaking. He was born at a time when a trip to Ysleta was a day's journey. He served as sheriff, and his integrity overcame rampant lower valley gambling. He visited with Tom Mix in El Paso on the day before the famed movie star died in an Arizona auto crash. He was the best friend Fort Bliss ever had, and served for several years as Civilian Aide for the Army. He stoutly supported the Chamber of Commerce, correctly believing that it loved El Paso as much as he did.



Chris P. Fox (1897 - 1984) (Photo courtesy State National Bank of El Paso)

Now, he is the subject of another honor. The State National Bank, where Chris spent many of his productive years, has established, with the El Paso Community Foundation, a "Chris Fox Memorial Fund." From the interest on this Fund, annual awards for local historical purposes will be made. Since Chris Fox was a co-founder of the El Paso County Historical Society, and served it faithfully for many years, it has been decided that the Society will name the recipients of the awards.

Pasó por aquí. Chris Fox passed this way, and in doing so he left a valuable legacy of civic responsibility. He influenced thousands of us; he gave his best to the betterment of this land where we live. ☆



Presidio County Courthouse, constructed in 1886, Marfa, Texas. (Photo BY Jeff Henderson, published with his permission and through the courtesy of Mrs. Murphey Bennett and Mr. C.M. Kahl)

CENTENNIAL
MARFA
by
Oliver R. Smith, Sr.

Someone wrote a song recently entitled "Where in the Heck is Marfa, Texas?" *Password* readers don't need to be told *where* Marfa is, but they might enjoy reading a few words about *what* Marfa is.

In early May of 1983, just a little over a year ago, Marfa celebrated

Dr. Smith, a native Texan, was reared in Marfa. He has practiced chiropractic in El Paso since 1938.

its 100th birthday, and in the doing it really showed its character and spirit. Centennial Marfa was obviously the product of a lot of planning and a lot of hard work on the part of Marfa's 2,400 people (or so)—well, of the great majority of them at any rate. The Birthday Party held sway for four days beginning on Thursday, May 5, almost exactly 100 years after the Marfa Post Office was established (on April 30, 1883).

Way out west in the latter part of the 19th century, communities developed where water was found. Such was the case of Marfa in the heart of the Big Bend Country of Texas. The steam engines of that era needed to take on water ever so often, and good water was found near the tracks on the spot that later was to be named Marfa.

Speaking of the name, the story goes that one day in 1882 the wife of the chief engineer of the Southern Pacific Railroad was aboard when the train stopped at the new watering place and freight headquarters located at the southern end of the Davis Mountains. Looking up from the book she was reading (Dostoevski's *The Brothers Karamazov*), she asked, "What is the name of this place?" When she was told that "this place" had no name, she promptly suggested the name *Marfa*, after the character of the servant in the Karamazov household. This story is probably true. At least it has been recorded in several books, among them Fred Tarpley's *1001 Texas Place Names* (University of Texas Press, 1980).

While it was the combination of good water and a railroad that gave Marfa its location and (indirectly) its name, the town was actually founded by an enterprising El Paso attorney, one J.M. Dean. According to Virginia Madison and Hallie Stillwell in their book *How Come It's Called That?* (University of New Mexico Press, 1958), this Dean fellow bought up the land in and around the watering station and decided two things: he wanted a town there, and he wanted that town to be the county seat of Presidio County. It so happened that Fort Davis was the county seat at the time, but this circumstance didn't faze Mr. Dean. He simply went over to Fort Davis, appropriated the Presidio County records, and took them back to Marfa. Following an election where the majority of the 692 people voted according to Mr. Dean's wishes, the county seat remained in Marfa. Later, though, Jeff Davis and Brewster Counties were carved out of Presidio County.

But this article isn't going to trace the history of Marfa. It aspires to nothing more ambitious than a brief report on how that history

was celebrated during four days in May of 1983.

There was something going on every minute—shows and exhibits, a dandy parade, dancing, reunions, contests. Those contests were great fun, whether you were a participant or a spectator. Most of them harked back to Marfa's earliest days. There was an armadillo race, for instance, with several practice sessions beforehand; also a beard and moustache contest held on the Courthouse lawn; and of course there were barrel races. If these oldtime amusements weren't exactly your bowl of frioles, you could challenge the mechanical bull or take a ride in the helicopter.

Food? There was gobs of it. On the Friday evening the Marfa folks served up an all-you-can-eat barbecue feast, cooked in the best style of the Old West. Then on the Saturday there was an eye-watering, palate-tingling Mexican supper. Whenever you were thirsty, you could make your way to "The Marfa Saloon," located in one of the picturesque tents set up for the Centennial. It featured a "rinky-dink" piano, dance hall girls, cold beer, and sarsaparilla (well, okay, so it was just root beer).

Yes, an atmosphere of fun and feasting enveloped Marfa throughout those four days. But at the center, the solid sphere of Marfa's history proudly rotated.

The religious ceremony which opened the Centennial was held at the San Pablo Methodist Church, exactly on the site of the first church built in Marfa. The Thursday evening featured a "Century of Style" at the Activity Center, where several of the townspeople modeled articles of clothing which had actually been worn by earlier Marfa-area residents. Exhibits of Marfa needlework, weaving, and tapestry were on view throughout the four days, as were also some fine pieces of furniture brought by the earliest pioneers. At the Marfa Public Library, you could examine the wonderful displays of old photographs and military artifacts.

The role of the military during Marfa's early times was represented not only by those artifacts at the Library, but also—and very dramatically—in a sort of "living color" museum. On both the Friday and the Saturday, the Fort Davis National Historic Site riders reenacted troop life in the 1880s. These men, appropriately costumed in the cavalry uniforms of the late 19th century, rode in, picked a campsite on Highway 17, pitched their tents, groomed their horses, cooked their chow, readied their arms.

Another drama depicting life as it was out on the frontier centered

on a group of riders from Alpine. They formed a pony express system, bringing mail over to Marfa in "Short Order." When they first arrived, they were greeted by Lucius Bunton, a United States District judge and a descendant of an early-arriving pioneer family to the area. And just to remind people of a not-so-wholesome aspect of frontier life, a couple of "shoot-outs" were staged on the Courthouse Mall.

Several Centennial activities celebrated Marfa's important ranching industry. There was a ranch reunion (just about everybody went to that), and at the Marfa Rodeo Grounds ten teams of Presidio County ranch owners and cowboys put on a non-stop demonstration of their skills at riding, roping, cutting, branding. No stage show, this; no reenactment of past events. It was the real thing, an action-packed, life-sized historical panorama: At Work on the Range—Then and Now. It brought out—maybe more so than any other single event—how the past and the present blend so happily in Marfa. Even when there's no Birthday Party going on, as Charles Edgren observed in his *El Paso Herald-Post* column of January 11, 1984, "the overwhelming feeling you get" when you're in Marfa "is one of the 'Old West,' one of history."

Centennial Marfa showed in concentrated form the "aliveness" of history in Marfa. It swept you into a sort of time-machine that could shuttle you to any part of Marfa's First Century you wanted to "live in." You could smell the rashers of bacon frying over an open fire in an 1880s military camp out on the wild frontier, swing majestically aloft in a 1970s ferris wheel, savor the sauces developed in the kitchens of long-gone grandmothers, admire the intricate tooling on a 1930s hand-made cowboy boot, bow your head in tribute to the young men of Presidio County who fell in World War II, listen to the elegant rustle of a Naughty Naughts evening gown.

What made Centennial Marfa so impressive—and so memorable—was that it was all done by the Marfa residents and their close neighbors. No Hollywood showmen were brought in to build elaborate sets and stage extravaganzas. No big-city slickers were imported to plan and ballyhoo. It was a testament of a people's love for their community—their pride in their past, their mastery of continuity, their confidence in their future. It was an expression of their vigor, integrity, resourcefulness, generosity of spirit.

Marfa, Texas. In early May of 1983 it showed itself to be exactly what it is: a heck of a wonderful town. ☆

SIXTY-ODD YEARS
IN THE
GREETING CARD BUSINESS

by
Eugene Thurston

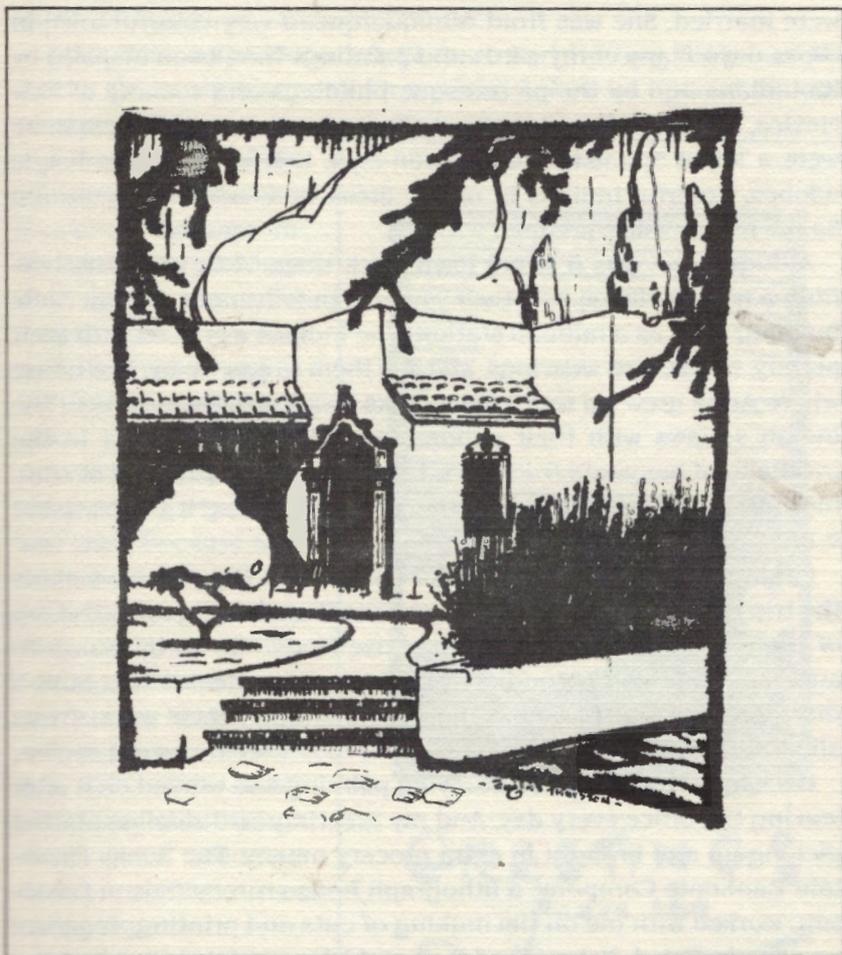
As long as I can remember I have been moved to preserve on paper the scenes of the Southwest that I love. Although my main endeavor in art for the past 60-and-some-odd years has been Southwestern landscapes in oil, I have also enjoyed capturing these scenes on Western-style greeting cards. Many times it was the holiday card business that sustained me and my family during the lean years when the large oil paintings didn't sell as fast as I'd hoped.

I came to the Southwest with my parents in 1905, when I was nine years old. For two years we lived in Hachita, New Mexico. My father's brother, a mining engineer, had staked a claim near there and my father went out to help him work it. But when the 1907 depression hit, the price of copper went down so low they couldn't make a living.

We had come out west to stay, and my father, a trained book-keeper and auditor, opened an accounting office in El Paso. (That office, Thurston and Longnecker, later Thurston and Grider, lasted until the 1960s.) We now lived out in the Highland Park section of town. The population out there was pretty sparse in those days, except for several tent-houses, which were occupied by people who had come to the Southwest for their health. Among these health-seekers was Audley Dean Nicols, whose painting was an inspiration to me—and to many others like me.

The first art courses I took were in cartooning, and my first published drawings appeared in the El Paso High School newspaper, *The Tatler*, in 1918. My dad frowned on my art career and encour-

Awarded First Prize (\$100) in the 1983 Historical Memories Contest for this article, Mr. Thurston is internationally known as an artist of Southwest landscapes. A longtime resident of El Paso, he was one of the founders of the El Paso Art Association and taught art at El Paso Technical High School for 25 years.



A personal card created by Eugene Thurston in 1926 for Mr. and Mrs. Otis Coles. (Courtesy Mr. Thurston)

aged me to learn accounting. So after I got out of school, I worked in his office for a while. But I squeezed in a correspondence course in commercial design from the Federal Schools of Minneapolis, Minnesota.

War fever and the Army got me in 1917, and I went east to try to get into the camouflage unit. They were just beginning to use camouflage in World War I. But I ended up in artillery replacement, and once they found out I could use a typewriter, I was stuck in an office in Camp Jackson, South Carolina.

When I came back in 1919 I met Anna Lind, and in October we

were married. She was from Albuquerque, a very colorful town in those days. Many of my cards and paintings have been inspired by its Indians and by the picturesque buildings and scenery of New Mexico. In the Rio Grande Valley between Santa Fe and El Paso there were a lot of Spanish and Mexican-style homes and Indian-style adobes. Colorful Indians in native dress were everywhere around Santa Fe and Albuquerque.

Albuquerque was a small town back then. The Pueblo Indians from a nearby village sold their wares in the Alvarada, a long, white building used as a railroad station. The Indians would sit with their pottery, beads, and weavings, and sell them to passersby. The house where Anna grew up was a few blocks away, on Tijeras Street. The Indian squaws with their children would sometimes rest in the overhang of her yard's fruit trees, to get away from the heat of summer afternoons, walking into the yard and house if they wanted a drink of water.

Santa Fe wasn't too far away, of course, but the dirt road made the trip seem long, especially in wet weather. Getting up to the top of the mesa was quite a test for those Model "T" Fords. Santa Fe and Taos were going good as art centers. New Mexico had built a museum in Santa Fe where the artists showed their work. I was allowed to exhibit a few pictures, but I didn't set the world on fire.

Back in El Paso, I kept on studying painting and worked on it after leaving the office every day. And my greeting-card sideline started picking up and brought in extra grocery money. The Rocky Mountain Banknote Company, a lithograph house run by Nelson Davidson, worked with me on the making of cuts and printing. Together we experimented, Nelson Davidson and I. He was interested in drawing and in trying to reproduce some color work on the large offset presses they had. We made some Christmas cards and some nine-by-twelve-inch prints. I sold some to the Acme Laundry and the El Paso Refining Plant, and also made some for other businesses around town. We also printed some large pictures for calendars, as well as framed prints from my desert paintings. I made the drawings on large zinc litho plates, getting four cards on one plate to be printed at one run. I made three plates, one for each color—usually red, yellow, and blue. In this way, there were no expensive engravings. The drawings were printed in blue, with the red and yellow made to overlap. In doing so, we got green, orange and purple. Things looked good for our enterprise, and we ran several sets

at Christmas time of about 500 each.

After Nelson Davidson left El Paso, Carl Hertzog took over the Rocky Mountain company for a while, before he opened his own printing shop.

Buford Wilson of the International Engraving Company became interested in my drawings and taught me a lot about photoengraving and line-cut making. We tried two- and three-color cut making to relieve me from the hand tinting. My family was glad, because they had been helping me with the hand tinting. They still remember having to sit for hours painting little red wheels on automobiles for A.B. Poe's order when they would much rather have been out doing Christmas shopping.

I watched these new engraving processes and learned to make etchings on both cop-

per plate and steel plate for machine printing. Etching on copper was usually hand printed, which left a soft background tint. Steel plate was used when many copies had to be run. Each etching had a slight variation of color, with the printing plate making an indented edge around the picture, which could not be gotten by machine presses.

On one of our vacation trips to Albuquerque, I met a fireman who had a printing shop in his garage. We talked about home printing, and he showed me an old hand-operated press he didn't need. I



GREETINGS
from the
SOUTHWEST.

bought it for \$25, loaded it up—along with a couple of fonts of type he had worn out—into the back of our Model "T" and headed home. I set it up in the basement. I had a lot of line cuts and color blocks by then which we used for printing Christmas cards and other special orders. For several years I hired boys from the printing classes at the vocational school to help me. I loved to make cards with Western and Mexican subjects and color them with the strong, bright colors which are so common here on the border. These cards were sold on commission, and handled by the department stores in El Paso. Later I had outlets from San Antonio to Santa Fe.

I also made a number of personal cards each season for people who could order 100 or more. I would sell the card, then design it, and get the customer's approval. Then I would take it to the printer—and later deliver it. It was really too much for a one-man business. I finally quit making them except for a few regular customers who bought very large orders, like D.C. Crowell and Co.

I was working at the El Paso Laundry when the Depression hit. The company laid off several people, and for awhile I did the work of two men; and then it laid me off. I was lucky to have my painting and my card business as a sideline. I managed to maintain my house and keep two daughters in college by trading and selling paintings, doing bookkeeping for various businesses, and printing the greeting cards. The companies around town would buy the greeting cards even in the days when most individuals couldn't buy paintings.

At last, in 1939, I got a job that was related to my interests in art! I began teaching classes in technical design and commercial art in the Vocational Training program of the El Paso Public Schools. I worked half a day, and I continued to accept bookkeeping accounts the rest of the time. There's such a similarity between the fine arts and the commercial arts in teaching that I had an opportunity to experiment with a lot of new and old methods and materials, such as acrylics, modeling clay, tissue-paper and Elmer's glue, and new cloth and paper products.

In the print shop, I was able to print etchings and silk screen work. I used silk screen for some of my greeting cards too, experimenting with various methods. I also experimented in the printing classes with etching on plastic, block printing, linoleum and wood, and many of the other new methods my students wanted to try. One new method which was interesting was printing with

sand paper and color plates made with cardboard cutouts.

My personal cards and large orders for sale in the stores at Christmas were being printed at this time by the Gateway Printing Company under Richmond McCarty. Then, when the new Technical High School was built in 1956, its printing department was enlarged to include several linotype machines and photoengraving camera and offset printing equipment. My students and I made some cards by photographing the original copy or picture, developing it on zinc plates, and then printing them on the Multalith press. We allowed the students and teachers to print their own Christmas cards from a large selection of engraving cuts I had given the school.

Now that I am in my 80s, I make Christmas cards only for our family—and special friends. I select a simplified design and paint a few test cards with water colors. When I am satisfied with the results, I hand paint about 100 cards. I cut them out of large sheets of medium-weight watercolor paper to the size I want. Then I line up about ten cards and draw a few guide lines. It is always a Southwestern scene. I first paint the sky on each one, then the mountains, and so on until all ten are painted. Then I do the same for ten more cards, about ten more times.

Last year we got mixed up, and one of those cards went to the wrong place. I still don't know which of my longtime friends it was who received the card saying "Merry Christmas from Grandma and Grandpa"! ☆



— EUGENE THURSTON —
— EL PASO —



Several members of the Gemoets family pose in front of their bakery at 110 South Oregon Street in 1892 or 1893. At this time the establishment was called "panaderia de las Tres Grandes Republicas—Americana, Francesa, Mexicana." At the front the sign reads "Boulangerie." Next door is the hardware and plumbing supply store of Momsen & Thorne. (Photo courtesy Martin J. Gemoets)

PIONEERS IN THE EL PASO SOUTHWEST

THE GEMOETS FAMILY OF EL PASO

by
Martin J. Gemoets

My grandfather was Ferdinand Leon Gemoets, born in Diest, Belgium, in 1843. Our family records show that he served in the French army in Mexico in 1863 and 1864 during the reign of Maximilian, that he was in Carlotta's personal guard, and that he was wounded in the shoulder by Mexican lancers. After he returned to Europe, he served for several years in the French army under Napoleon III.

In 1865, he and my grandmother (Jeannette Schuyten) were mar-

Martin J. Gemoets, a native of El Paso and a longtime member of the Historical Society, lives in retirement in Las Cruces, where he is active in civic affairs.

ried in her hometown of Scherpenheuvel, Belgium, also known by its French name: Montague. The couple continued to live in Belgium until 1883 or 1884, when they and their seven children (Emile, Leon, Eugenie, Camille, Emma, Ernest, and Stephanie) emigrated to the United States. Their son Leon told me that the family landed in Galveston on its way possibly to Silver City, New Mexico Territory. Grandfather had been in correspondence with an old friend of his from the French army, who was living in Silver City at the time. The family traveled as far as Fort Worth—and for financial reasons abandoned their original plans. Instead of continuing their journey, they stopped at Fort Worth and established a bakery there. Baking had apparently been the family trade for generations. They stayed in Fort Worth for one year, and then moved to El Paso, arriving in 1885.

Almost immediately the family opened a bakery, which over the years had various locations—and names. Most of the time in those early years of their El Paso residence, the family lived on the premises of the bakery, except for one period when they lived in a dwelling situated practically on the bank of the Rio Grande River. For at least part of that time, the bakery was located at 402 South El Paso Street. Later, it was moved to 110 South Oregon Street, next door to the hardware and plumbing supply store of Momsen and Thorne. During these early years, three other children were born to Ferdinand and Jeannette Gemoets: Joseph Edmond (my father) in 1887, Adaline in 1892, and Alfred Maurice, who died as a youngster in 1897.

About 1896, the bakery was sold, and the Gemoets family moved to Denver, Colorado, where again a bakery was opened. My father often talked to me about the family's residence in Denver. He said he remembered when William Jennings Bryan ran for President of the United States in 1896 and visited Denver at the time.

The Denver sojourn didn't last long, though. It seems as though the family was destined to make El Paso its permanent home. In 1897, the Gemoets returned to El Paso and took back the ownership of the bakery from the purchasers who had defaulted on their payments. At about this time Grandfather and Grandmother Gemoets were divorced—an unusual happening in those days; but happen it did. Grandmother assumed all debts of the bakery and made a financial settlement on Grandfather. She ran the bakery with the help of members of the family who still lived at home.

Grandfather Gemoets remarried after the divorce. A son of this



The Interior of the Gemoets-family bakery, c. 1886. The calendar on the wall is headed "M. Ainsa & Sons." The bakery had several names at this time—"Boulangerie Belge," "Cafe Bruxelles," and also "Bruxelles Cafe and Bakery." (Photo courtesy Martin J. Gemoets)

marriage, Dr. Henry Gemoets, has lived in Houston for many years.

Several interesting family stories center on Grandfather Gemoets—some of them related to the history of the El Paso area. One of these stories claims that he brought the first alligators to the pond in San Jacinto Plaza. According to my father, Grandfather and his son Leon, who was a jockey as a young man, regularly made trips to New Orleans for the horse-racing season. When Grandfather's son-in-law Otis Andrews (Aunt Eugenie's husband) was a park commissioner in El Paso, Grandfather is supposed to have brought back from one of these trips several small alligators which he presented to Mr. Andrews to place in the San Jacinto Plaza pond. Another story—this one according to Dr. Gemoets of Houston—says that Grandfather operated a bakery in Juarez during the time of Pancho Villa and that much of the bread baked there went to Villa's army—on summary orders from Villa's soldiers.

Sometime in the early 1900s, the El Paso bakery was moved to 210 Overland Street and later to 1314 E. San Antonio Street. Grandmother relinquished ownership in 1909 or 1910, selling it to her son Joseph (my father) and her son-in-law Charles A. Krause (Aunt

Emma's husband). This partnership continued operating the bakery until June 1, 1933, when it fell victim to the Great Depression.

Grandmother Gemoets died in El Paso on April 25, 1914. Two days later there appeared in *The El Paso Times* the following tribute written by H.P. Jackson (later mayor of El Paso):

Several splendid characters among El Paso's pioneer citizens have passed away this year, and none more admirable than Mrs. Jeannette Gemoets.... I became acquainted with Mrs. Gemoets when I first came to El Paso and established the Jackson Grocery Company. In my store I handled the product of her bakery exclusively and met her frequently in her store, and I am proud to say she was my friend and the more I learned about her the more I admired her. She loved everybody and gave away hundreds in charity every year.... I never heard her speak ill of anyone, and in business matters her word was better than any bond, for she was scrupulously honest. Mrs. Gemoets was a noble character.

El Paso was hospitable to the Gemoets family, immigrants from Scherpenheuvel, Belgium. It provided them with the opportunity to practice the family trade and to give their children advantages which might not have been possible in Belgium. The younger Gemoets were all free to choose occupations suited to their temperaments and preferences. Leon, for example, who was among the oldest, was employed for many years by the United States Customs Service in El Paso, where he served until his retirement in 1945. The youngest, Adaline, became a nun of the Loretto Order. She taught in parochial schools in Belen, Santa Fe, and Las Cruces, New Mexico, and later was Dean of Music at Webster College in Missouri.

Several grandchildren of Ferdinand and Jeannette Gemoets still live in the El Paso area: Mrs. Virginia Hillis, daughter of Emma Gemoets Krause; J. Hart and John G. Ponder, sons of Stephanie Gemoets Ponder; Emile R. Gemoets, Jr., Commander (ret.) United States Navy, and Annie Gemoets, son and daughter of Emile R. Gemoets; and Joseph E., Jr., and I, who are the sons of the first Gemoets son born on United States soil—in El Paso, Texas. ☆



FRAGMENTS OF THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION: PERSONAL ACCOUNTS FROM THE BORDER by Oscar J. Martinez. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press. \$24.95/\$12.50

A new dimension in historical research—the taped interview—is offered in this collection of documents as a means of explaining that complicated, confusing, cataclysmic convulsion known as the Mexican Revolution. According to the author, the purpose of the book is to portray the experiences of ordinary people from the United States-Mexican border region and the conditions that affected their lives. Recognizing that much has been written by and about the political and military leaders on both sides of the border who played significant roles during the Revolution, Professor Martinez adds that common folks until recently have lacked a forum to tell in their own words the impact of the Revolution on their lives. Now, the taped interview makes it possible to salvage the reminiscences of a number of those who were affected one way or another by the Revolution. The author concedes that the interviews conducted half a century after the events described have, of course, resulted in distortions, exaggerations, and details consciously or unconsciously forgotten. On the other hand, he insists that the historian's main concern, rather than factual precision or accurate chronology, should be the impact of this tumultuous decade upon the individual, a task which the taped interview can fulfill.

The 62 selections presented here include 20 interviews taped by the Institute of Oral History at The University of Texas at El Paso, together with government documents, both federal and state, newspaper articles, written memoirs, and contemporary accounts, some of which have been published in *Password* and have won awards. The selections are grouped under four headings: "Fighting

the Revolution," "Excitement along the Border: Early 1910s," "Border Crises: Mid and Late 1910s," and "Victims of War." This latter section deals with Mexicans who took refuge in the United States and also with foreigners caught up in the violence and destruction that the Revolution left in its wake.

Professor Martinez's book, with its emphasis on the impact of the Revolution on ordinary people living in the United States-Mexican border region, contributes significantly to a chapter of that turbulent period which until now has been almost completely neglected. Moreover, mention should be made of the work of the Institute of Oral History at The University of Texas at El Paso under the guidance of Professor Martinez, who served as its Director from 1975 to 1982. To date it has recorded more than 600 interviews, thus preserving for future scholars a significant amount of historical information which otherwise would have been lost.

W.H. TIMMONS
Professor Emeritus of History
The University of Texas at El Paso



STAGECOACH PIONEERS OF THE SOUTHWEST by Robert N. Mullin. El Paso: Texas Western Press (Southwestern Studies No. 71), \$4.

Recently I received a letter from Beth Schneider, Librarian of the Nita Stewart Haley Memorial Library, Midland, Texas, informing me that the Robert N. Mullin papers are now among the collections at that library. It was easy to see how she secured my name. During my years as editor of *Password* and in the course of researching several books, I had much correspondence with that great southwestern historian, Bob Mullin. It was a joy for him to help other researchers. He liked to talk southwestern history, and it is a special pleasure to have this last posthumous offering from his storehouse of knowledge.

Stagecoach Pioneers of the Southwest will be a handy reference to keep close at hand for every writer on the stagecoach era which preceded the railroads and in many important ways blazed the trails for the iron horse. El Paso dates its period of growth into a city from

the coming of the railroads, but the stagecoach pioneers had first laid the groundwork.

When a person surveys the stagecoach era, the words "Butterfield Trail" flow trippingly off the tongue, and we have made them a part of our language. Actually, John Butterfield, an Ithaca, New York, promoter, stage-driver, and co-founder of the American Express Company, was a latecomer to the El Paso scene. Beginning service to the southwest in September, 1858, Butterfield's Overland Mail lasted less than three years, ending with the beginning of the Civil War and the transferring of the line to a more northerly route.

Before Butterfield, there were many stagecoach pioneers. They include the great Henry Skillman, the legendary "Bigfoot" Wallace, George H. Giddings, David Wasson, James E. Birch, Robert Doyle, Isaiah Woods, and others lost in the mists of history.

In this thoroughly annotated work, Bob Mullin paints a colorful picture of the trials of these stagecoach pioneers. They lost their way, they went hungry and cold, they were constantly subject to the dangers of Indian attacks. The "stage-coaches" they drove were often simply converted farm wagons, and in one instance (the celebrated "jack-ass mail") the passengers actually traveled by mule-back for a portion of the route between El Paso and San Diego. This was real pioneering; and a truly comprehensive story is told in this slender volume, 43 pages of text and 5 of extensive footnotes.

CONREY BRYSON
El Paso



PIONEERING IN TERRITORIAL SILVER CITY: H.B. AILMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF SILVER CITY AND THE SOUTHWEST, 1871-1892 edited and annotated by Helen J. Lundwall. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, \$19.95 / \$12.95

The Historical Society of New Mexico and the University of New Mexico Press have joined together for the purpose of publishing heretofore-ignored works that emphasize areas and topics in the history of the Land of Enchantment. *Pioneering in Territorial Silver*

City is the fourth volume resulting from the cooperative venture of these two institutions.

Interestingly, *Silver City* is being printed for the first time almost a century after Mr. Ailman made the original entries. It is regrettable that his observations were not available to the public before this, for they provide a special insight into the history of Southern New Mexico and its early social and economic development.

Mr. Ailman arrived in Silver City just 14 months after it was founded, and for the next 20 years he played a vigorous role in the community's growth and progress. The Ailman House was the first of a number of Victorian homes erected in Silver City and today houses the Silver City Museum.

Harry B. Ailman was born in 1845 and grew up in southcentral Pennsylvania. He left home in the 1860s like many other young men of that era to seek his fortune in the west. He stands out from the others because he struck it rich and because he left an invaluable account of his trek west and his life as a miner, merchant, and banker in Southern New Mexico.

Helen Lundwall is the librarian in Silver City, and her annotation provides the necessary background on the people, places, and events of Ailman's journal. She has also provided photographs to supplement the text—many from Ailman's scrapbook—as well as maps and sketches prepared especially for the book by her husband.

This authentic memoir is highly recommended to all those who are interested in the early history of Territorial New Mexico.

F. THOMAS STARKWEATHER
Chief of Data Sciences Division
White Sands Missile Range



I-MARY by Augusta Fink. Tucson: University of Arizona Press, \$17.50

LAND OF JOURNEYS' ENDING by Mary Austin. Tucson: University of Arizona Press, \$12.50/\$24.50

The opening lines of Augusta Fink's superb biography explain the book's title and at the same time describe the duality that prevailed in Mary Austin:

Before she was six, she knew there were two Marys. And she lived in two worlds. There was the lonely child without grace to please and win affection, yearning for the mother's love denied her. And there was I-Mary, self-contained and secure, who had no need to be loved and could not be hurt.

This second Mary was revealed in what Mary Austin came to consider a mystical experience, which had occurred one snowy morning in the family kitchen of her childhood. This is how she tells it in her autobiography, *Earth Horizon*:

Mother was kneading the bread and Jim was studiously reciting his ABC's. At the other corner of the bread board, Mary was busy with a bit of pinched off dough and looking over his shoulder. "A," said Jim, and "O," said Mary, making her mouth the shape of the mark. Presently Jim pointed out "I." "Eye?" said Mary, plumping one floury finger on her own. "No," said Mother, "I, myself, I want a drink, I-Mary."

"I-Mary:"

...I-Mary, looking on. I-Mary, I-Mary, I-Mary!

From that moment she was aware of an other self, a self that made possible a deeper level of awareness and experience. I-Mary also provided a refuge, a haven from the sufferings that life had in store: a cold and indifferent mother and an invalid father whose early death devastated her, an attractive but irresponsible husband (Wallace Austin) whose adventures and speculations came to little but poverty and grief, an only child who was born retarded. And as Mrs. Austin's writing career advanced, she had the usual conflicts of a gifted woman torn between the demands of art and the expectations of early 20th-century American society.

This biography presents a fuller picture of Mary Austin than her own autobiography. It is written with the dedication of a scholar and the style of a fine fiction writer. Thoroughly and objectively, Augusta Fink has mined the lode of written material by and about Austin. And to her finished product she has appended notes and an excellent bibliography.

Mrs. Fink reminds us of Mary Austin's stature among her contemporaries. At the beginning of her literary career, she was part of the Carmel group that included Jack London, George Sterling, Charles Lummis. She met Ambrose Bierce, walked with John Muir, even made the acquaintance of the estimable Harris Newmark.

Later she toured Europe with the Herbert Hoovers, took tea with Joseph Conrad, dined with H.G. Wells, who said of Austin's *Lost Borders*: "We have no woman in England who can write like this...no woman in Europe." Henry James praised her work in a Ronald Reagan-like statement: "I should have supposed this book written by a man, not because it is unfeminine but because I never knew

a woman to write so well." She met George Bernard Shaw and talked with William Butler Yeats.

Although Mrs. Austin was never a popular American writer, she was in the mainstream of American life and letters between 1910 and her death in 1934. In December, 1921, she was given an elegant testimonial dinner at the National Arts Club of New York with laudatory speeches from Henry Holt, Carl Van Doren, and Henry Seidel Canby. The following spring she was invited to speak at Berkeley and later at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. She spent the winter of 1929 at Yale University lecturing on primitive drama.

During these years, events and associations were inexorably leading her to the Southwest, to the land of her greatest achievement and writing of *Land of Journeys' Ending*. Lawrence Clark Powell in *Southwest Classics* describes it as "the book that best embodies the essences of the region whose heartland is Arizona and New Mexico. It was written in her prime by a wise and indomitable woman who synthesized history, anthropology, mythology and religion, flora and fauna, the seasons and weather, in strong poetic prose." Arizona Press has reissued this book in paperback simultaneously with the publication of Fink's biography.

MARGARET K. BURLINGAME
Librarian, Westside Branch
El Paso Public Library

SESQUICENTENNIAL NOTES

The Texas Sesquicentennial Commission continues its preparations for Texas' 150th anniversary. Last summer, the Commission approved Project 150, a consortium of five Texas libraries and museums organized for the purpose of creating an extensive Texas history exhibit, which will travel throughout the state during the celebration in 1986. The consortium is composed of the San Jacinto Museum of History, the Dallas Historical Society, the Special Collections Division of The University of Texas at Arlington, and the Barker Texas History Center and Texas Memorial Museum at The University of Texas at Austin. The project has received a \$35,000 grant from the Texas Committee for the Humanities, which will fund the design and planning of the exhibit.

Hueco Tanks...from page 71.

is plenty of room to roam. This area is recovering well from years of misuse, and the natural vegetation and wildlife are returning.

The rowdy, party-time reputation that Hueco Tanks acquired in the 1960s is no longer valid. The staff of Hueco Tanks State Historical Park are dedicated to their charge of preserving and interpreting this unusual spot and protecting both the visitors and the natural resources. State laws and Park rules are strictly enforced to accomplish these goals and help assure the visitor of a pleasant and safe visit. Public consumption of alcohol is prohibited, as are littering, gathering firewood, damaging or removing any natural, historical, or archaeological feature.

Guided tours and evening slide-programs are offered during June, July, and August, or by prior arrangement for groups. It is hoped that an interpretive center/museum will be added in the near future to better tell the story of Hueco Tanks and its role in the saga of the El Paso Southwest. ☆

Presbyterianism...from page 78.

does not tell us why. Did this represent a pulling back from interest in social matters? Was it due to the priorities of a new pastor or Session? Likewise, the decline in membership in the late 1960s is not fully analyzed or explained.

Of course it is not altogether fair to insist that the authors produce a wide-ranging social history. I wish they had, but that was not really their purpose. Their books do what they were intended to do: they provide readable, generally reliable accounts of their respective church's development. Both are beautifully designed, well suited for publication to celebrate anniversaries. ☆

NOTES

1. A third book, John O. West, ed., *Looking Back: A Reminiscent History of Westminster [sic] and University Presbyterian Church* (El Paso: University Presbyterian Church, 1983), consists of several interviews with past and present members of the church. Because its nature is very different from the Antone and Timmons books, it is not formally reviewed here.
2. One exception is Verdon R. Adams, *Methodism Comes to the Pass: A History of Trinity United Methodist Church* ([El Paso]: Guynes Printing Co., 1975).

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