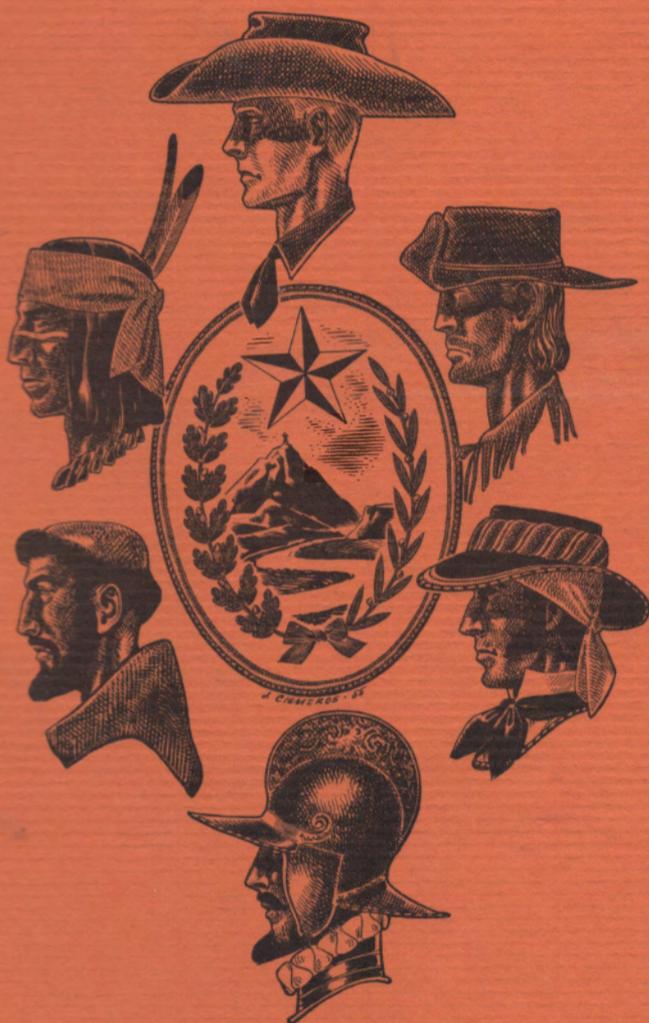


PASSWORD



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VOL. XXIX, NO. 3

EL PASO, TEXAS

FALL, 1984



~ PASSWORD *~*

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IN MEMORIAM

J. Carl Hertzog



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BLACK HISTORY AND NEW MEXICO'S PLACE NAMES

by Monroe Billington

NEW MEXICO IS FAMOUS for its tricultural traditions. The four best-known general histories of the territory and state include much material on the region's three major ethnic groups: Indian, Hispanic, Anglo.¹ The authors of one history of New Mexico admit that their narrative "attempts to interpret the story of New Mexico within the framework of...the state's unique tricultural history."² Another volume stresses these ethnic groups in its title, and the book itself is divided into three parts: "Indian," "Spanish," "Gringo." In the preface of this volume, the author writes: "In New Mexico the peoples of three cultures have successfully worked out a life together...."³ No doubt this emphasis is warranted, considering the tremendous influence these groups have had upon the region's politics, economics, and society. Throughout the state today, the presence and influence of the Indian, Hispanic, and Anglo cultures—and the intermingling of them—is everywhere apparent. One of the more obvious manifestations of these groups is in New Mexico's place names. The Indians have contributed many place names including Nambe, Zuni, and Taos; the Hispanics have given names to places such as Hondo, San Felipe, Azotea, as well

Dr. Billington, a native of Oklahoma, has been a professor of history at New Mexico State University since 1968. The author of over 30 articles in professional historical journals, as well as seven books, he is currently at work on a monograph detailing the history of blacks in New Mexico from earliest times to the present.

Funds to assist with the research for this article came from the New Mexico State University's College of Arts and Sciences Research Center, Minigrant No. 1-3-43690.



George McJunkin on his horse "Headless." (Photo courtesy Museum of New Mexico, Neg. No. 50884)

as hundreds of others; and the Anglos have named specific places like Andrews, Four Mile Draw, Rip Lake, and so on.

Not to be overlooked in New Mexico's cultural heritage is its black population. During the early exploration and colonization periods, literally thousands of free blacks and black slaves migrated or were taken to New Spain.⁴ While the great majority of these blacks lived and worked in present-day Mexico, a few of them made their way to New Mexico, the northernmost outer limit of New Spain. Some of these blacks and their descendants continued to live in New Mexico while that region was under the control of an independent Mexico. When the United States took over New Mexico in 1846, some of the progeny of these blacks lived there, although they were difficult to identify because of racial mingling over many years. Those residents were joined by other blacks who migrated to the area from the more eastern portions of the United States.

In 1850, when New Mexico was organized as a formal Territory of the United States, a census revealed that 22 free blacks lived in the Territory, most of them in Santa Fe.⁵ Ten years later that number had increased to 64.⁶ Neither the 1850 nor the 1860 census counted any black slaves in the Territory, although other sources indicate some slaves either lived in or passed through the Territory between

1840 and 1865.⁷ By 1870 the numbers of blacks had increased to 172.⁸ Significant numbers of blacks moved into the Territory in the 1870s and 1880s, attracted to New Mexico because of jobs associated with the booming mining industry. By 1880 New Mexico's black population had grown to 1,015, and by 1890 those numbers had increased to 1,956.⁹ When the mining industry fell on hard times during the economically depressed years of the mid-1890s, a slower in-migration plus an out-migration reversed this growth trend so that by 1900 black numbers had declined to 1,610.¹⁰ During the next decade the Territory's black population increased ever so slightly, the Census Bureau in 1910 reporting 1,628 blacks.¹¹ New Mexico Territory's black population was small compared to the Indian, Hispanic, and Anglo population; nevertheless, blacks were a part of the region's multicultural society, and they had their proportionate influence.

The presence of this fourth racial group can be seen in some of New Mexico's place names. Of approximately 5,000 New Mexico place names, at least seven have the term "Negro" or "nigger" in them. How these places came to be named reveals not only the presence of blacks but also the role of blacks¹ in New Mexico's history, especially its labor force.

Three of these place names were related to the mining industry. When a young black, whose name is unknown, migrated to Elizabethtown in Colfax County during the boom years between 1865 and 1890, he lived apart from the rest of the society on a little creek which flowed into the Moreno River in the north end of Moreno Valley. That creek came to be called Nigger Creek. It is unknown how Nigger Digger, 13 miles southeast of Dusty in Socorro County, acquired its name, but it may have evolved because blacks lived and worked in that mining region. The same probably can be said for Nigger Head, a place in the western portion of Socorro County north of the Gallinas Mountains.¹²

For years historians, novelists, and movie-makers overlooked black cowboys, but in recent times they have begun to give that group its due attention.¹³ While most of the black cowboys herded cattle on the Great Plains, some of them lived and worked as far west as New Mexico. Famous among these was an ex-slave named Frank, an all-round cowboy who for years worked for John Simpson Chisum, widely-known cattleman who owned a veritable empire stretching over 100 miles along the Pecos River in the south-

eastern part of New Mexico Territory.¹⁴ Even better known was George McJunkin, a bronc-buster and trail-drover, who became foreman of the Crowfoot Ranch in Union County. While riding up Wild Horse Gulch near Folsom in 1908, McJunkin discovered some large, bleached bones which, when called to the attention of scholars, proved to be those of extinct giant bison. With the bones were some curious flint points of exquisite workmanship, offering proof that man had lived and hunted there during the Ice Age, some 10,000 years ago. McJunkin had discovered the now famous Folsom site, the first recognized Early Man site in North America.¹⁵

The presence of black cowboys and blacks associated with white cowboys in New Mexico was behind the naming of Nigger Mesa in Union County between Folsom and Branson, Colorado. Cowboys designated the tableland's name after a fight between a black and a white cowboy occurred at the foot of the mesa in the early 1880s.¹⁶

Dead Negro Draw, a small valley west of Elida in Roosevelt County, received its name because of a black who was associated with the cattle industry. When Dr. Caleb Winfrey went to the Pecos River country in the early 1880s, he took a black servant with him. After living on the banks of the Pecos for a few years, the doctor bought the H Bar Ranch near present-day Portales. When a cold winter blizzard caused his cattle to drift south, Dr. Winfrey sent his black servant to ride with the cowboys to drive the cattle back home. While on this assignment, the servant, complaining of being cold, got off his horse. The cowboys put the black man back on his horse and tried to laugh him out of his chill, but they failed. Shortly thereafter, the black man died, whereupon the cowboys carried him on a pack horse to the home ranch. Another version of this story indicates that the storm occurred in the summertime and that the cowboys made the "Winfrey Negro" get off the horse and walk to keep his blood circulating. Then they helped him back on the horse and rode on each side of him to hold him up. When they all reached the ranch, the black man was dead. Dr. Winfrey buried his servant on his ranch, building a fence around the grave and planting a willow tree to shade it. For many years this was the only marked grave in Roosevelt County.¹⁷

From 1866 to 1899, a significant number of black soldiers were periodically stationed at one or more of eleven of New Mexico Territory's some two dozen forts. From 1866 to 1869 parts of the 38th, 57th, and 125th Infantries (colored) were stationed at Forts Bascom,



Ninth Cavalry Band on the Plaza, Santa Fe, New Mexico, July 1880. (Photo by Ben Wittick, courtesy School of American Research Collections in the Museum of New Mexico, Neg. No. 50887)

Bayard, Craig, Cummins, McRae, Selden, Stanton, and Union. From 1875 to 1881 companies of the 9th Cavalry (colored) were stationed at all of the above forts except Bascom, as well as at Tularosa, Wingate, and Camp Ojo Caliente. Between 1886 and 1892 units of the 10th Cavalry (colored) were located at Fort Bayard, and from 1888 to 1896 a part of the 24th Infantry (colored) was there. Also, units of the 24th Infantry were at Fort Selden from 1888 to 1891

and at Fort Stanton for the month of July 1896. The 25th Infantry (colored) was stationed at Forts Bayard and Wingate in 1898 and 1899, joined at Bayard by troopers from the 9th Cavalry in 1899. Finally, men from the 9th Cavalry were at Wingate in 1889 and 1899.¹⁸ Black troops helped rid New Mexico Territory of the Indian menace, being instrumental in subduing the infamous Chief Victorio and his lieutenant Nana. Furthermore, they escorted trains and stages, built roads and telegraph lines, guarded water holes, protected supply lines, drove cattle, and watched over settlers who migrated from the east. In short, they aided in bringing civilization to this vast frontier region.¹⁹

Nigger Hill in Roosevelt County was named for a group of soldiers from the 10th Cavalry, who died of thirst there while hunting a band of hostile Indians. The story goes that when the cavalry sighted the Indians, many of the black troopers began chasing them without first filling their canteens. After tailing the Indians for an entire day, after which they rested for one night, they then pursued the Indians until mid-afternoon of the second day, at which time they interrupted the chase to search for badly needed water. At this point some buffalo hunters who had joined the chase left the cavalry to seek a lake to the northeast. After reaching the lake, some of the hunters returned with water for those who still needed it. Most of the soldiers finally reached a small body of water, but before they did, legend has it that they killed and drank the blood of 22 of their horses. Five of the soldiers died. A group of the black soldiers became stranded on Nigger Hill, and they either died of thirst or the Comanches slaughtered them.²⁰

The naming of Dead Negro Hill, which rises about 100 feet above the surrounding terrain and covers about 150 acres of land in Roosevelt County, also involved black soldiers. The most common version is based upon the transferral of a detachment of black soldiers from Fort Sumner to Colorado City, Texas.²¹ The soldiers, who were probably infantrymen, walked along the old military road which passed close to Portales Springs. Suddenly a plains blizzard struck, causing the soldiers to wander many miles south of the road. Weary, hungry, and cold, they huddled on the south side of this hill, despite their white commanding officers' attempts to keep them moving. Many of the soldiers froze to death, but the officers and a few men survived, making their way to civilization with the story of their tragic experience.²²

Blacks in the United States have never approved of the term "nigger" as an appellation, and today even "Negro" is not acceptable to many blacks. But in the late nineteenth century when all or most all of New Mexico's black place names were designated, those terms were quite common among the Anglo population, and members of that dominant group had little or no sensitivity to blacks' feelings. Unacceptable though the terms may be to blacks today and whatever implications of inferiority they may have carried in the past, in fact these place names are a reminder of an often ignored but important racial minority in the history of New Mexico.☆

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3. Erna Fergusson, *New Mexico: A Pageant of Three Peoples*, 2nd ed. (New York, 1964), vii.
4. R.R. Wright, "Negro Companions of the Spanish Explorers," *American Anthropologist*, vol. IV (1902), 217-28; J.I. Israel, *Race, Class and Politics in Colonial Mexico, 1610-1670* (London, 1975).
5. Bureau of the Census, *The Seventh Census of the United States: 1850* (Washington, 1853), 990-91.
6. Bureau of the Census, *Population of the United States in 1860; the Eighth Census* (Washington, 1864), 568. Until Arizona became a Territory in 1863, it was a county of New Mexico. In 1850 no blacks lived in Arizona, and in 1860 that county had 21 black residents who are not included among these 64 residents in New Mexico, since they lived outside the present boundaries of New Mexico.
7. See Allan Nevins, *Fremont: Pathfinder of the West* (New York: 1939, 1955), 129, 304, 320-21; David S. Lavender, *Bent's Fort* (Lincoln, Neb., 1954), 171, 266, 313, 319; Alvin R. Sunseri, "A Note on Slavery and the Black Man in New Mexico, 1846-1861," *Negro History Bulletin*, vol. 38, no. 7 (Oct.-Nov., 1975), 457-59; Martin Hardwick Hall, "Negroes with Confederate Troops in West Texas and New Mexico," *Password*, vol. 13 (Spring, 1968), 11-12; Martin H. Hall, "Historical Notes," *Password* vol. 13 (Fall, 1968), 104-105.
8. Bureau of the Census, *The Statistics of the Population of the United States from the Ninth Census: 1870* (Washington, 1872), 608.
9. Bureau of the Census, *Statistics of the Population of the United States at the Tenth Census: 1880* (Washington, 1883), vol. 1, 402; Bureau of the Census, *Census Report on Population of the United States at the Eleventh Census: 1890* (Washington, 1895), pt. 1, 422.
10. Bureau of the Census, *Twelfth Census of the United States Taken in the Year 1900* (Washington, 1901), pt. 1, 549. For a brief account of New Mexico's rising and declining mining fortunes, see Paige W. Christiansen, *The Story of Mining in New Mexico* (Socorro, N.M., 1974).
11. Bureau of the Census, *Thirteenth Census of the United States Taken in the Year 1910. Vol. III, Population* (Washington, 1913), 171.
12. T.M. Pearce, ed., *New Mexico Place Names: A Geographical Dictionary* (Albuquerque, 1965), 109.
13. For example, see Philip Durham and Everett Jones, *The Negro Cowboys* (New York, 1965).
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(continued on page 156.)





CELEBRATION ON THE BORDER

The Taft-Diaz Meeting, 1909

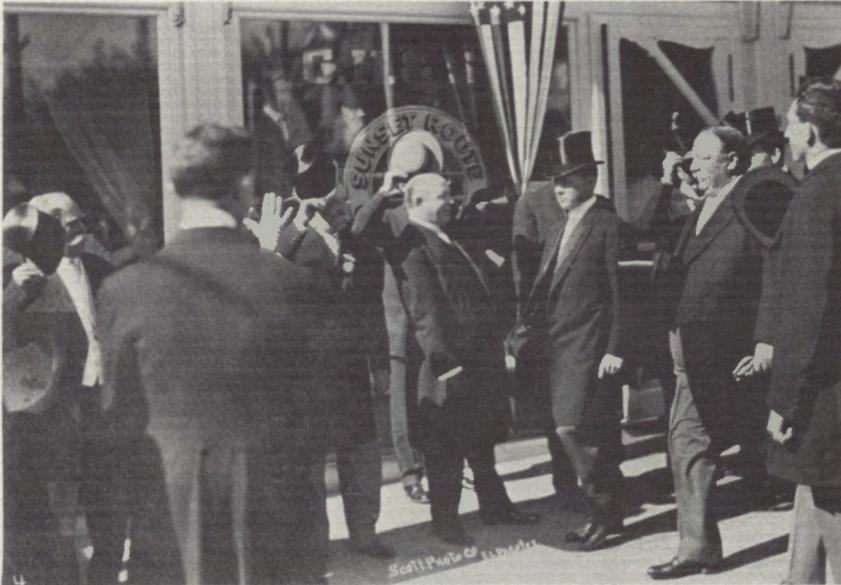
by Robert Bruce Crippen

ON OCTOBER 16, 1909, the Presidents respectively of two friendly countries—Mexico and the United States—met in El Paso and Juarez. The meeting, which brimmed with high ceremony and elaborate courtesy, occasioned a jubilant celebration in both of the towns, and in no way revealed public recognition of the problems confronting the two nations.

Some short time earlier (and after only eight months in office), William Howard Taft, 27th President of the United States, had left Washington for a 12,759-mile tour in his private railroad car, the "Mayflower," his chief aim to speak to the voters of the West deeply antagonized by the Payne Aldrich tariff bill. But, declares Ishbel Ross in *An American Family*, "the most important event of the tour was his exchange of visits at El Paso and Juarez with President Porfirio Diaz, whose power was on the wane after a long dictatorship." Ross explains the "importance" of the meeting by citing a letter from Taft to Mrs. Taft which spoke of the "two billions of American capital in Mexico that would be endangered if Diaz were to die or his government go to pieces."

On Friday afternoon, October 15, General Porfirio Diaz, President of Mexico, resplendent in his uniform, his chest ablaze with medals, stepped down from his official train in Juarez to the music of three

Mr. Crippen served Kiwanis International in Chicago for many years, first as Director of Arts and Production and later as Director of Publications, from which position he retired in 1973. He is a touring docent at the El Paso Museum of History. His paintings have been exhibited at several of the Art Association shows in the El Paso Museum of Art.



As President Taft walks the few steps from his private railroad car on Oregon Street and Main to the St. Regis Hotel in El Paso, he is greeted by various city officials and visiting dignitaries. (Photo from the El Paso County Historical Society Archives)

military bands, the thundering salute of brass-throated cannon, and the "oles" and "vivas" of 20,000 of his loyal constituents. Two thousand Mexican troops under the command of Brigadier General Gregorio Ruiz and two batteries of artillery, commanded by Brigadier General Peralta, had been stationed in Juarez to honor President Diaz and his distinguished counterpart from the United States.

Porfirio Diaz was a remarkable man. Born in Oaxaca, Mexico, on September 15, 1830, in humble surroundings, his father an inn-keeper who died when Diaz was young, he was a natural leader. In youth he studied for the priesthood but turned to the military as a career, becoming a follower of Juarez in the defeat of French forces under Maximilian in 1867. He first served as President of the Republic of Mexico from 1877 to 1881 and returned in 1884 to govern until 1911.

His regime, though marked by economic growth and comparative stability, had its dark side. John Kenneth Taylor wrote of the plight of the peons in a series of articles prepared for the *American Magazine*. The first article, "Slaves of Yucatan," appeared in the October, 1909, issue. The November issue carried "The Tragic Story

of the Yaqui Indians," followed by "The Contract Slaves of the Valle Nacional" in December. A storm of protest and denial broke out on both sides of the border, including a request to President Taft that the *American Magazine* be denied mailing privileges. The series was cancelled, but Taylor continued his scathing, labored exposé in *Barbarous Mexico*, published in 1911 and reprinted in 1969 by the University of Texas Press.

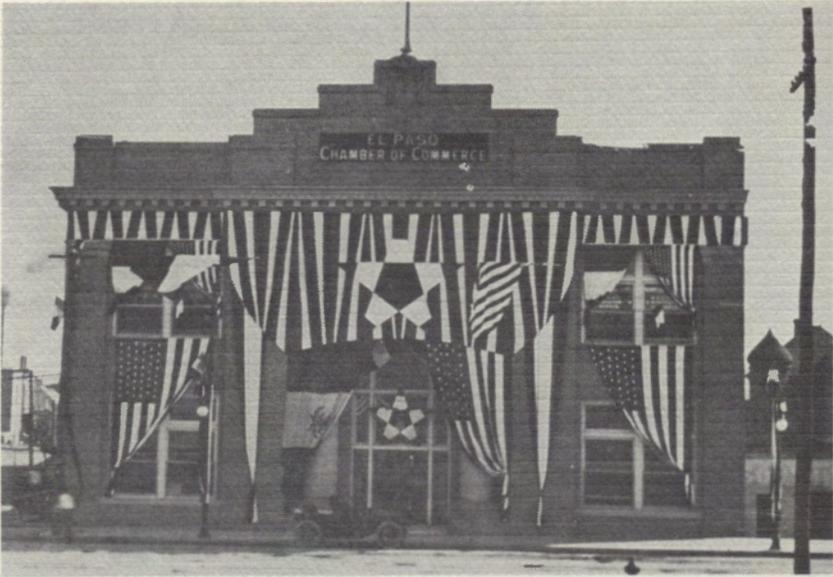
But the ruling class of Mexico had revered the person of the strong man for generations; and, in the words of Robert D. Gregg in *The Influence of Border Troubles on Relations between the United States and Mexico* (Johns Hopkins Press, 1937), "personalism was never better exemplified than in the strong person of Porfirio Diaz."

This, then, was the man President Taft was to meet on that October Saturday, 75 years ago. The presidential train had steamed slowly across downtown El Paso, coming to rest with the vestibule of Taft's private car squarely on the south side of Oregon Street. If the President expected to be greeted by cowboys and vaqueros, he was disappointed. Mayor Sweeney and the members of the welcoming committee were all attired, as the city had decreed, in "the proper dress, i.e., silk hat, white tie, Prince Albert coat, grey trousers and gloves." There was no dress code for ladies. Wives were not included in any of the official functions in those unabashedly male-chauvinist days, but they were expected to line the sidewalks and wave as their husbands passed by.

To the booming of cannon and the shrilling of steam whistles, the President was escorted to the St. Regis Hotel, El Paso's finest, and to a banquet hall transformed by decorations which had cost \$2,000.

There, Mayor Sweeney was reinforced by a platoon of dignitaries that included Texas Governor Campbell, United States Secretary of War Dickinson, United States Postmaster General F. M. Mitchell, and General Meyers, in command of the 3,000 Fort Sam Houston troops that had been arriving in one-hour intervals since Friday morning. Arnold Shankin, United States Consul General to Mexico, was present; but our Ambassador to Mexico, David Thompson, did not receive his invitation because the messenger, hand-carrying the invitation, was unable to find the ambassador until noon on Saturday.

One hundred El Paso citizens sat down with the President to a lavish breakfast that began with "Martini Cocktail Frappe." Taft, a notable trencherman, whose standard breakfast included a



The El Paso Chamber of Commerce Building, located on San Francisco Street approximately where the Civic Center Exhibit Hall now stands, awaits the meeting between Presidents Taft and Diaz on October 16, 1909. (Photo from the El Paso County Historical Society Archives)

12-ounce steak, was confronted by an even more formidable repast—but nothing so indigenous as steak. The printed menu, exquisite in execution, listed “Batons Souffles au Parmesan, Macedoin de Fruits en Surprise, Bouillon de Clovis a la St. Regis, Truite de Riviere Saute Menuiere, Tournedos sur Croustades a la Trianon, Mousse Glacial a la Mexicaine, Petits Fours Varies, Cafe Special, and Cigars La International (Presidents) or cigarettes.”

Post-prandial ceremonies began at 10:35 when Mayor Sweeney was dispatched to the Juarez Custom House, temporary capitol of the Republic of Mexico, with two members of his council, to extend the hospitality of El Paso to President Diaz. Concurrently Mayor Felix Barcenas of Juarez and two of his councilmen left the Customs House to bring greetings to President Taft and to extend the hospitality of their city.

President Taft's carriage was waiting in front of the St. Regis Hotel when he and his presidential party emerged to drive to the Chamber of Commerce building, then at 310 San Francisco Street, for his meeting with Porfirio Diaz. San Jacinto Plaza was thronged with restless school children, waiting to sing “America” as their President passed. Eugene Thurston, El Paso artist and one of those

children, remembers the day:

On the day of the Taft-Diaz meeting, all the El Paso school children were taken to San Jacinto Plaza, which was roped off along Mills Street. We came early, about nine o'clock, and had a long, tiresome wait. It was a dry, warm day, but we were shaded by the Chinaberry trees that grew along the sidewalk. The parade finally came. I remember the United States soldiers in their blue dress uniforms and the Mexicans in black and red. President Taft (a large and heavy man) rode by in his shiny black carriage drawn by several beautiful horses. I also remember some of the other kids who were there—Chris Fox, Henry Woolridge, Doug and Paul Downs, John and Hari Kid, Merle Hoeffcker, Jenny-Mae Davis, Dorothy Bretz, Walter and Dorothy Congdon, Harry and Walter Ponsford, and Idos and Rena Gillett.

Meanwhile, President Diaz entered Secretary of War Dickinson's carriage at the arch midway across the Santa Fe Street bridge and was driven north under an honor guard of United States cavalry. The children at San Jacinto Plaza had been given Mexican flags to wave as he passed, and they were reported to have attempted the long and unfamiliar Mexican National Anthem.

Upon his arrival at the Chamber of Commerce, Diaz was conducted to the President of the United States for a private conference. The two men, both bilingual, did not need an interpreter. No one else was present, and no record exists of their conversation, which lasted only 15 minutes.

A short meeting, to be sure, but length was apparently not a factor — as *The El Paso Times* had indicated the day before:

Americans in El Paso, and for that matter throughout the country, look upon the meeting of the two presidents in a utilitarian light. They hope for a firmer cementing of the friendship of two neighboring peoples as a result of the visit. To the Mexican mind appreciation of the honor done to the Mexican nation by this meeting of Taft's seeking overshadows the cold philosophical consideration of the psychological effect of the event.

Following the meeting with Taft, President Diaz returned to the Santa Fe Street bridge where he transferred to his waiting carriage (which had been transported with him on the train from Mexico City and which, remarked *The El Paso Times* on October 17, was "said to be among the most elaborate in the world"). He was then conveyed back to the Customs House to await President Taft's courtesy visit to Mexico.

President Taft left United States territory when he transferred to a state carriage provided by Diaz at the Mexican side of the Santa Fe Street bridge. Police and military bands escorted Taft from the bridge to the Customs House for a brief ceremonial visit with Diaz and an exchange of pleasantries.

On Taft's return to the border (reported the *El Paso Herald* on October 17), he "was greeted by the [United States] cavalry escort and



Passing in front of the City Hall on Myrtle Avenue, these cadets from the El Paso Military Institute form part of the "big parade" honoring President Taft's El Paso visit on October 16, 1909. (Photo from the El Paso County Historical Society Archives)

conducted to Seventh Street where military and civic organizations awaited his arrival for the big parade to Cleveland Square."

That parade was described as the "greatest in the history of the West" by the *El Paso Herald*. It was the one big parade of the six separate parades that marked the day. It stretched for over three miles of marching soldiers, mounted cavalry troops, cadets of the A and M College of New Mexico and the El Paso Military Institute, civic organizations, veterans of the Spanish-American War, Civil War veterans, and bands— bands— bands!

Following the parade and his address in Cleveland Square, the President was permitted a brief rest before leaving for the "Glorious Day's Brilliant Ending," a state banquet at the Juarez Customs House. Downtown El Paso was resplendent as the President was once again conveyed to the Santa Fe Street bridge. The depot, stores, office and public buildings were hung with bunting from cornices to sidewalks. El Paso, population only 39,000—and barely emerging from its hell-raising, frontier past—seemed joyfully determined to honor its President with a display surpassing anything the effete East might offer.

Celebration on the Border

If the decorations in El Paso were elaborate, those in Juarez were *estupendo!* The main downtown streets had been repaved; the temporary columns erected on the Mexican side of the Santa Fe Street bridge had been entwined with flowers on the Saturday morning—flowers that had been shipped from Guadalajara, Mexico City, and Los Angeles; and the many palatial mansions leading to the Customs House were lavishly decorated. On October 16, *The El Paso Times* described the scene:

All public buildings have been remodeled previous to the meeting between the two presidents and today are shining white and showing an endless line of decorations with flags and bunting in the colors of either republic. The federal post-office has been literally covered with flags and tonight will shine in the glare of many hundreds of electric bulbs which have been tinted in the colors of Mexico.

The Mexicans had spent \$20,000 in their attempt to transform the Customs House banquet hall into a copy of a Versailles salon, circa Louis XVI. Grace Virginia Logan of *The El Paso Times* called it "a glimpse of fairyland," and her indulgent editor permitted her to rhapsodize for a full column of seven-point type in describing the setting. "The transformation is marvelous," she wrote in the issue of October 16; "one...fairly holds one's breath in admiration and delight." She praised the "exquisite taste" of it all, remarked the "ceiling...touched with gold," and detailed the "beautiful little alcove, where the famous band of Mexico City will discourse the sweetest music during the gorgeous banquet."

And a "gorgeous banquet" it must have been. The famous banquet service of Emperor Maximilian, valued at one million, two hundred thousand 1909 dollars had been shipped under guard from Chapultepec Castle to Juarez along with cut glass worth two hundred thousand dollars. Covers were laid for 150 guests, but only 50 sat at the President's table to dine from the Maximilian dinner service and to drink from the cut glass goblets.

The banquet (prepared by Chef Sylvain Daumont of Mexico, once in the service of King Alfonso of Spain, and his staff of 20 cooks)

at the Consulate Residence served with a Chablis Moutonne

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The Mexicans had spent \$20,000 in their attempt to transform the Customs House banquet hall into a copy of a Versailles salon, circa Louis XVI. Grace Virginia Logan of *The El Paso Times* called it "a glimpse of fairyland," and her indulgent editor permitted her to rhapsodize for a full column of seven-point type in describing the setting. "The transformation is marvelous," she wrote in the issue of October 16; "one...fairly holds one's breath in admiration and delight." She praised the "exquisite taste" of it all, remarked the "ceiling...touched with gold," and detailed the "beautiful little alcove, where the famous band of Mexico City will discourse the sweetest music during the gorgeous banquet."

And a "gorgeous banquet" it must have been. The famous banquet service of Emperor Maximilian, valued at one million, two hundred thousand 1909 dollars had been shipped under guard from Chapultepec Castle to Juarez along with cut glass worth two hundred thousand dollars. Covers were laid for 150 guests, but only 50 sat at the President's table to dine from the Maximilian dinner service and to drink from the cut glass goblets.

The banquet (prepared by Chef Sylvain Daumont of Mexico, once in the service of King Alfonso of Spain, and his staff of 20 cooks) began with Consomme Regence served with a Chablis Moutonne 1898 followed by Paupiettes de Brochet a la Olga accompanied by Chateau Bon Air 1893. Another vintage wine, Corton Clos du Bois 1893, was served with Timbales a la Palermitaine and Filets de Boeuf a la Varin. And Champagne Veuve Cliquot Brut provided an excellent foil to the Chaud-Froid de Volaille a la Estragon, Quartiers de Chevreuil, Aus Deux Sauces. The 36 white-gloved waiters then served a Salade Charboniere and Liqueurs before the Asperges



Lance Suedoise, the Chateaux Napolitaine, and cafe.

The two Presidents had been presented with gold goblets to be mementos of their meeting. The *El Paso Herald* reported (on October 17) that as the banquet ended President Diaz raised his golden goblet and spoke, concluding with these words:

I raise my glass to the everlasting enjoyment by the country of the immortal Washington of all the happiness and prosperity which justly belong to the intelligent industry and eminent civicism that are the characteristics of the mannerly and cultured American people and to the enduring glory of its historic founders. I raise my glass to the personal happiness of its illustrious president who has come to honor us with his presence and friendship.

The same article then gives the entire text of President Taft's response, which reads in part:

I rise to express in the name and on behalf of the people of the United States their profound admiration and high esteem for the great, illustrious and patriotic president of the Republic of Mexico...

The people of the United States respect and honor the Mexicans for their patriotic devotion, their will, energy and for their steady advance in industrial development and moral happiness.

...I drink to my friend, the president of this great republic, to his continued long life and happiness, and to the never-ending bond of mutual sympathy between Mexico and the United States.

The two Presidents left the Customs House in a blaze of illuminated streets, Diaz for the train to Mexico City and Taft for his brother's ranch at Gregory, Texas.

Madero and revolution were less than two years away. ☆

An exhibition on the Taft-Diaz meeting is tentatively scheduled to open at the El Paso Museum of History on Sunday, October 14, 1984.



UP TO A NEW HIGH:

Pioneer Years of El Paso High School

by Martha Patterson Peterson, '17

Man takes a positive hand in creation whenever he
puts a building upon the earth or beneath the sun.

—Frank Lloyd Wright

IN THE SHADOW OF THE EVERLASTING HILLS, our own classic-revival creation—a grand new El Paso High School. And, dramatically too, at the tail end of the Rockies, and the Franklin Mountains, it was built! Pride of the countryside; Talk o' the Town. A town not far from its pre-turn-of-the-century gunslinging days. Now going great guns for civic behavior and polish, class, clubs, culture, and more churches. In short, a higher lifestyle. And how much higher could you get than this magnificent Temple of education, finished in 1916? This school on the hillside, with its sunrise setting, seemingly to look down kindly, protectively, on the town. This building a sort of natural followup to the construction of the Elephant Butte Dam, with its stirring promise of irrigation water the year 'round, water that would bring more People, Profit, and Prosperity. Were we not branching out from being lately a frontier village of uncertain citizenry to a coming metropolis of stay-put homeseekers, healthseekers, and/or wealth-seekers? Not to mention the influx from the south of migrationers fed up with their

Mrs. Peterson, the recipient of the 1983 Porter Award for her *Password* article "ALL ABOARD! The Interurban to El Paso High, 1913-1917" (Winter issue), is associated with Mangan Books, an El Paso publishing firm. She also enjoys her volunteer work as a receptionist at the El Paso Centennial Museum.

revolutionary-ridden Mexico.

Designed by the architectural firm of Trost and Trost (contractors, J. E. Morgan and American Construction Company), "The conscious stone to beauty grew." Stone? Well, no. These pioneers took the big step of the period—to reinforced concrete, and steel, fine tapestry brick and buff terracotta trim. And all done beneath our nonesuch Texas sun.

"Why'd they go and stick it way up there on the hill—gets me." This headscratching speculation handed down from a puzzled oldtimer. Pioneer Henry C. Trost had the answer. Of seer-ious mind and creative imagination, he was building a school for a spreading town—for the future and forever. And also no doubt (to quote John Ruskin) he was "designing in harmony with the natural environment"—landforms, plants, mountains, hills, and earth-colors. With such in mind, there resulted a building, to pioneer in beauty for the town and the whole southwest.

On four city blocks and of an unusual semi-L shape; this because its two wings, each nearly 400 feet long, flanked the large central pavilion and auditorium. All fronted with a stately Corinthian Porch. And looking out over the 12,000-seat Stadium. (Shades of ancient Greece and Rome!)

Conceived in the earlier teens, the building finally got underway in 1914; to be finished two years later. The doors formally opened on September 18, 1916. The classes of '17 through '20 the first to climb the thousand (seemed like) cement steps plus the added ter-razo rises before reaching at last the grandeur of Corinthian columns, the elegance of beveled glass doors.

So awed were we being the lucky classes to cross that threshold, did any of us lift our eyes and behold a bronze plaque right overhead? By all excitement overcome, I didn't see it. Not until 1984, looking over the Trosts' original blueprints was I aware that these words were there imbedded:

CULTIVATED MIND IS THE GUIDING GENIUS OF DEMOCRACY;
IT IS THE ONLY DICTATOR THAT FREEMEN ACKNOWLEDGE
AND THE ONLY SECURITY FREEMEN DESIRE.

—MIRABEAU B. LAMAR

Research reveals that this plaque was a gift from the 1915 class of the "old" High on Arizona Street. Done for posterity, because they'd never have the thrill of stepping upon that magnificent stage

of the new EPHS to receive *their* diplomas. And as to the cornerstone, says Dorothy Congdon Ponsford, '14: "Our class...presented as its class gift that cornerstone. Ralph O'Neill, ring leader and class V.I.P., pushed the idea across.... We all chipped in to buy it."

The bronze plaque we may have failed to observe, but not most of the new High's innovations: intricate ornamental trim of terracotta (Ritzy); Auditorium, 1041 (1?) seats, with balcony (Wow); Library between two study halls (Yea); Drawing room top floor with skylights (Class!); a "Green" Roof Garden over the whole of the building (Enchantment). (In the interest of all honesty, this greenery feature eventually became less than enchanting. Something about moisture-leakage. "Impractical," student body president Ana Mares called it in an *El Paso Herald-Post* article of October 9, 1979.)

And so immense our new High was. Almost defying description. The Program of *Milestones*, our (May '17) class play, put it this way:

Gosh, what a whopper of a building they planted for us to finish our high school course.... Lucille Harland went for two days and nights without food and water trying to find her way from the girls' gym to [Mr.] Stone's Lab for a two o' clock class.

Bertha Watson Middleton, '22, declares: "I loved that school; the marble halls—the spaciousness." And Chris Fox, '17, in the 50th Anniversary writeup (*El Paso Herald-Post*, November 11, 1965) pronounced it "the greatest and finest school building there ever was."



O brave new world
That has such people in't!

Doubly blest were we to have as our Principal and Assistant Principal respectively Mr. A. H. Hughey, B. A., LL B., and Mr. R. Randolph Jones, B. A., M. A. An unbeatable team equipped to lead us—to guide us not only mentally, but physically and morally. Disciplined disciplinarians both. Mr. Hughey his whole lifework here; Mr. Jones for a dedicated thirty years.

Mr. Hughey walked those halls with dignity, authority—and a smile. And as for problems arising, a tempered "see if we can't work out something" attitude and understanding. Like Nature throwing its punches weatherwise, we knew who threw the punches schoolwise. Every kid knew, or would soon find out, he was to toe the line. Not from fear—but out of admiration and respect for the discipline expected from this true friend who was steering him in the right directions and choices.

Stirring, and steering too, were those talks of Mr. Hughey's during Assembly (capitalized purposely). Inspirational they were. Times to remember when we might have been "preached to" in a way—for our own good; strong hints as to conduct and behavior forthcoming. And I don't doubt a liberal supply of "whither goest thou's" thrown in. Some twenty years later, an EPHS grad, Cabell Greet, by then an internationally recognized scholar and a professor of English at Columbia University, Barnard and Bryn Mawr Colleges, wired in answer to a Homecoming Bid: "When we follow scriptural advice and look unto the rock whence we were hewn, we alumni realize our debt to El Paso High School" (*The El Paso Times*, November 29, 1939).



A snapshot of A.H. Hughey taken at the Cliff Street entrance of the new High School during the time he was principal, c. 1917-1918. (Photo courtesy Allen H. Hughey, Jr.)

He could have had in mind those Assemblies of ours. For, to these everyday-needed awareness talks we looked forward; an oasis-break in our routine of "hitting the books" and making it to classes. In my mind are images of Mr. Hughey reminding us of the very privilege of being able to "hit those books." He talked to us on the art of living, which touched us most. Assembly was a time when the whole school gathered in the Auditorium—upperclassmen in assigned seats on the lower floor; freshmen in the balcony. And we all "lent our ears" to Mr. Hughey's from-the-heart messages. (With good reason this top-notch educator later became Superintendent of the El Paso Public Schools—and still later was inducted into the Hall of Honor of the El Paso County Historical Society.)

How well we knew The Eyes of Texas were upon us; and also, flanking the stage, the unblinking, ever-watchful eyes of George

Washington and Abraham Lincoln. My seat was right under the kindly surveillance of Mr. Lincoln, George Washington holding forth on the left. In my memory these were so definitely pictures, *portraits*. Recently, however, in kindly response to my question about these pictures, Mr. Burton Johnson, Principal, said: "They are statues—not portraits." So-O-O, here's to ever writing softly and carrying a big eraser.

From whence did these statues come? Mary Cunningham's *The Woman's Club of El Paso: Its First Thirty Years* provides a partial answer:

...the Art Department of the Woman's Club presented a bust of George Washington and a pedestal to the new El Paso High School upon its...opening. The bust was a lifesize reproduction of Washington by the famous Jean Antoine Boudon and was unveiled at the dedication of the High School.

But from whence Mr. Lincoln, nobody seems to know....

Now, to the other half of our aforementioned legendary team: Mr. R. Randolph Jones. Uprooted from his bright and solidly Virginia-founded future (two high school superintendencies behind him), Mr. Jones and family came west for Mrs. Jones' health. This man (not so tall and with a shock of white hair) was to be a great builder-upper of our self-esteem; was to give every kid under his influence a heart-warming sense of importance as an individual; was to make his beloved imprint on our town for thirty years as being THE GREAT ENCOURAGER. Just bring up his name to one of the thousands of El Pasoans who knew him; a feeling of something special changes that person's expression. A look of respect? Admiration? Yes, certainly...and something more: LOVE.

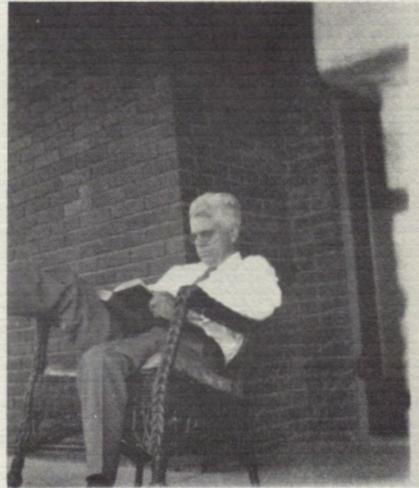
From far and near come praises for "our Mr. Jones." This from Robert Oliver, '24, now of Saratoga, California: "He was always just, but he didn't stand for any foolishness." From Francis Broaddus, Jr. (his father a member of our '17 class) when Mr. Jones was posthumously Hall of Honored by the El Paso County Historical Society (as recorded in *Password*, Spring, 1979):

...his achievement was in being able to instill in every student the conviction that everyone had the duty to go beyond mere "learning to live"...that they had a greater duty—to live as active and responsible citizens in their community.... I think I can safely say that 100% of those students...received this personal benefit from Mr. Jones, but the ripple effect of this dominant personality reached young people everywhere in the El Paso community.

From one of those 100% comes this letter from Robert J. Gilbert, '40, now of Bellevue, Washington:

Mr. Jones...had that certain quality of leadership that pushed him into the position of getting along with teachers, parents, school board, school superintendent, students, exes...and property-maintenance people (not necessarily in that order). He was a gentleman who gave respect and...got it in return.... I have often thought he was a lonely man, because he saw young people not really preparing themselves for college or a career, or the thought of becoming parents, and the responsibility *that is*....

And from long ago, this vivid memory: Mr. Jones, on his schoolground rounds, notices a girl sitting on the ground by the football field of the stadium (that stadium later to be named the R. R. Jones Stadium); she with a stick idly tracing nothings in the dirt. This human being of a man stops to talk to the girl, finds out her home is in Ysleta, she daily interurbaning it from down there; that she likes books. Before he goes on, he has suggested a book for her to read. This incident another example of the caring person he was—not for any one being, but for all. His vocation: education; his avocation: all young people.



R. Randolph Jones relaxing on the front porch of his El Paso home, c. 1929. (Photo courtesy John B. Jones, San Bernadino, California, and Dr. "Tommy" Jones, Durham, North Carolina)

The possible future of all those young people must have anguished him that April morning in 1917 when the Assembly was told: "War is declared against Germany." And did his loneliness deepen as he observed our indifferent response? Well, after all, hadn't we become conditioned to years of "War-talk"? Hadn't we just months before been through the nightmare of the Villa-Columbus episode? Such everyday stuff—fighting. And SO FAR AWAY it was taking place. In Europe—somewhere. As a whole, the school almost entire went about the even tenor of school-ritual ways.

True, though, as Hazel Wells, '21, says: "...the assemblies turned to *patriotism*. Invited speakers from the town came to talk to us; boys home on leave—up there on the stage."

And suddenly glamorous our Cadet Corps. Which, I later learned from the *Booklet, 50th Anniversary of El Paso High School*, had been

"originally organized in 1888" and reactivated in 1914 by Mr. Hughey. "On one occasion," continues the *Booklet*, "the corps was reviewed by General Pershing." And: the 60th Anniversary writeup (*The El Paso Times*, December 13, 1975) tells us that El Paso High "was among five schools in the nation in 1919 to have the Reserve Officers Training Corps." Active as officers in those years were Mayo Seamon, Dan White, Ben Howell, Jake Baron, Paul Harvey. There were Sponsors, too—pretty girls like Ethel Crawford (Mayfield) for example, and Nell Smith (Gorman), '17, and Marian Calnan (Nichols), '18. One of their duties was to visit the sick soldiers at the Military Hospital at Ft. Bliss.

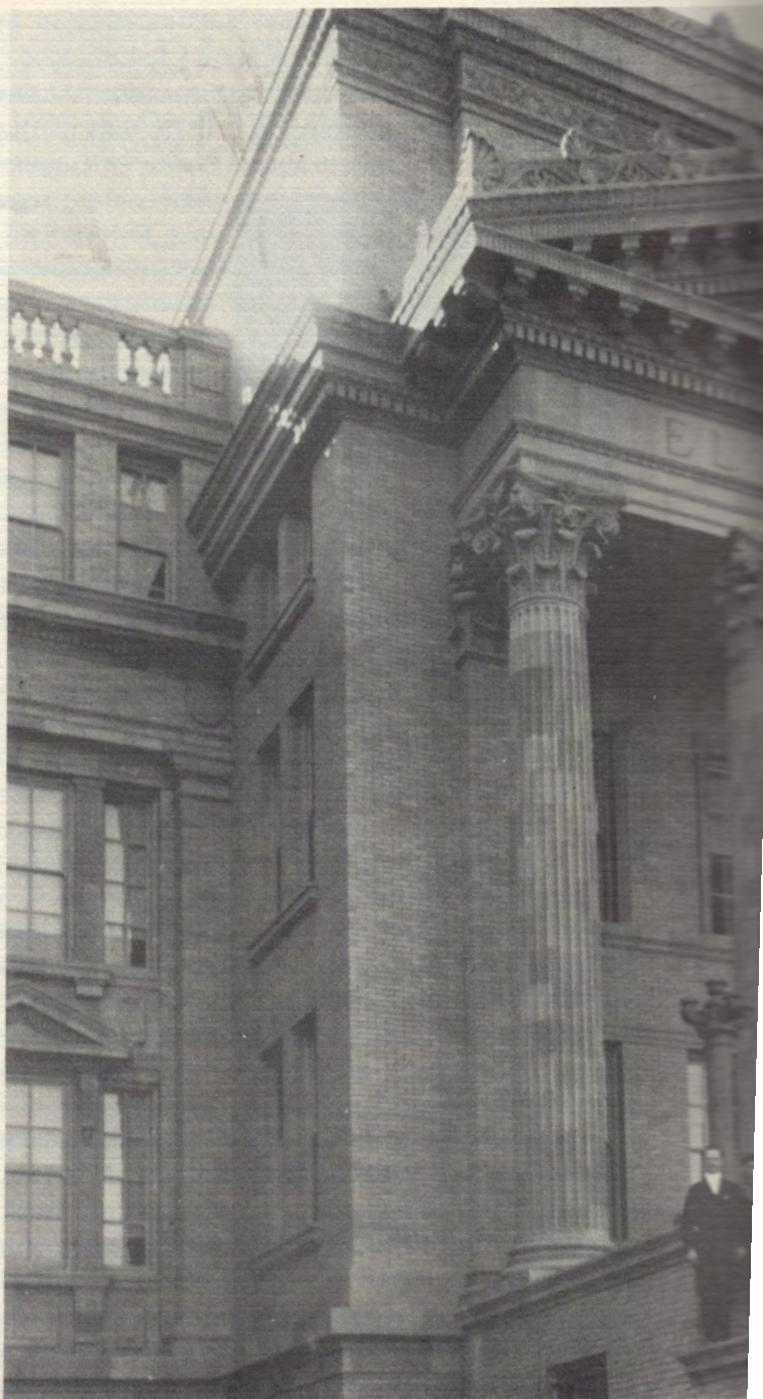
The glories of those pioneer years at the new High ceased not with our spectacular Building and the specialness of our Principals. There were also the Teachers. Virtuosos in their profession—and gold-medalists in the Human Being event. Comes to mind Miss Catherine Flynn—and her "Hitch Your Wagon to a Star," an aim-high Emerson-ism often repeated to our Latin class. Throughout four stimulating years (three in the "old" High), we veni-vidi-vici'd under her encouraging, pressuring eyes. Rapt attention we gave her—and also Caesar, Cicero, Vergil. Of her, and many others, comes the thought: Teachers, not diamonds, are forever. A really-truly teacher, Miss Flynn. And much beloved.

As was also Mrs. Jeanie M. Frank. Guiding genius of the English language. To her, the trite was the epitome of all that was awful. The insipid platitude was to be shunned, abhorred, and excised from all writing and compositions in her classes. To our great enjoyment, she had her own individual stamp—the burr-r of the Scottish dialect. "Scotland" she was to us then, and always would be. Because of her, we became acquainted with, and felt a brotherly love for, Bobby Burns. From her came all well accented—

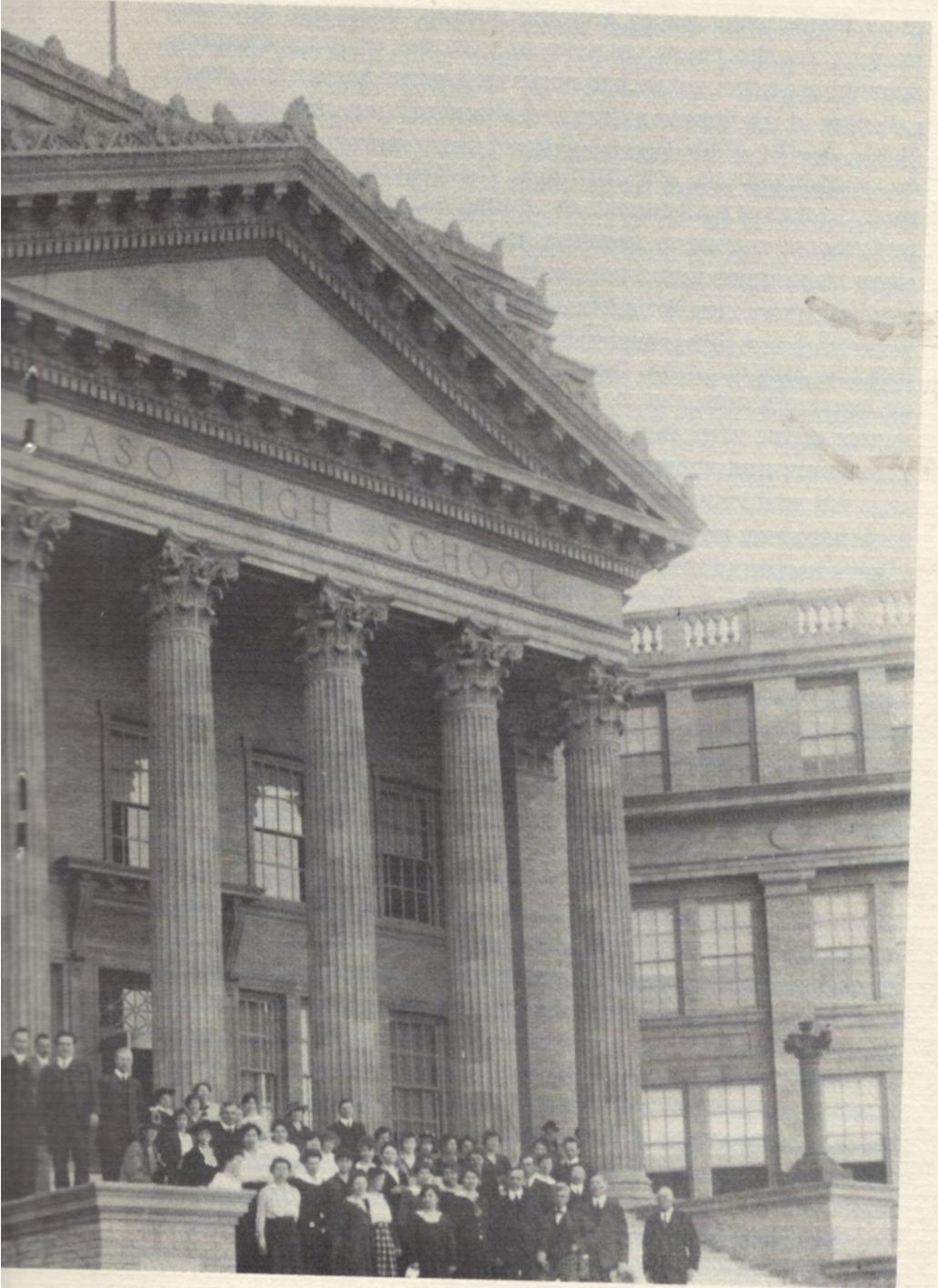
O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us....

Stumpers and tough were those assignments of hers for Comps. A typical sample-subject: "What does Mt. Franklin mean to me?" Well, what did it mean to me—to us? Anything? We scratch our composite heads; furrow our composite brows; come up with no composite answer. Balked by such a challenge of a title, in desperation we for the first time really *do* "look to the mountain." Rocks, greasewood-studded hills, yucca. Searching for words, any words, to come up with some meaning. Anything to put down on a staring-

The El Paso High School faculty grouped at the front of the newly constructed building, fall, 1916. (Photo courtesy El Paso Public Library)



Up to a New High



at-us blank white page. And the strange thing—we *do* come through. For Mrs. Frank had made us look, see, think—and express something we thought we had not in us. Another forever: Mrs. Frank.

Keeper of the Keys to a calm and studying Study Hall: Miss Lena McKie. Justice of the Peace-and-Quiet of her domain. Woe be unto any study-haller who disturbed such. For them she meted out some three degrees of punishment: the writing one hundred times of certain character-making proverbs. Hilliard Bryan, '17, remembers when he slumped into a doze in that sacred hall. For his slumber session, he was to "*Write Well*" (no scratchy, scribbling stuff) one hundred times this punishment of the first degree: **Not failure, but low aim is crime.** Grace Hawkins Hill, '16, admits to being an inveterate whisperer. Seems her punishment rated the second degree of the Write Well formula:

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all honor lies.

And there were other guilty parties, the forbidden passing-of-note offenders, the gigglers, the now-and-then spitballers. For these were meted out as major infractions something like:

Indecision brings delays—and Time is lost
Lamenting over lost days....

Did the punishees care that these sayings were very wise and purposeful? Lines from Pope's *Essay on Man*, or such deep thought-dealers-out as Lowell, et al? No. What they cared about was to get it over with; staying in after school, and paying their debt to society, mankind, and Study Hall. Yet stamped on their minds for life these 100-timer aphorisms. Some teachers and their "mark" are forever.

"Who is Syl-vi-ah...What—is—she-e? This is the plaintiveness of voices you might hear going on in our Music Class. I see Mrs. Leila Moore standing there, her swinging hands (and arms) urgently trying to weave some rhythm into our efforts, or at least to keep us together and in tune. So hard we tried to do right by Syl-vi-ah-h, and Mrs. Moore (later Mrs. Robert L. Holliday). But seemingly we reached no peak of excellence. Musically—not too note-worthy. Sorry about that, Mrs. Moore. You were so patient with all us tryers.

Somewhere along, we learned Ben Franklin's admonition "Do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of." So too did Miss Rebecca Goldstein favor the thought. Especially toward kids who did a little lazily lean to "squandering." To them she fired questions

with the intention of sharpening minds—mathematically. A shoulder-twitching determination she had for asking questions. Like “so many pints” of this or “how many inches” made what...and what. Gallons, pints and foot quizzes. Some of the pupils nurtured in city schools (Sunset, Lamar, Bailey, San Jacinto) came up brightly with acceptable answers. But speaking for myself (and maybe for others), I was scared almost teary. Me, on the front row trying to look like not being there. I was eyed coldly, questioned. And knew nuthin’. Never had I heard of such in my homestead one-room ‘dobe, dipper-in-the-pail-by-the-door school. Now if Miss Goldstein had asked me, “How many strands in a bob wahr fence?” or “How many days for a chicken egg to hatch?” a little more intelligent I might have been. She didn’t. She also didn’t give up on me. Superhumanly she persevered...because, as I. B. Goodman said in a letter to Ann Carroll (*El Paso Herald-Post*, June 27, 1974), “she knew her subject and wanted students to know it, too.” And at Home Room time she made sure that we applied Mr. Franklin’s philosophy about the ne’er squandering of time. Unforgettable: Miss Rebecca Goldstein (later Mrs. Haymon Krupp).

As to history class: Mr. Brooks. I drew, or was in a continual state of drawing on the flyleaf of my textbook, a likeness (plus eyeglasses) of him. Adding a bit day by day as the lecture drifted on. Seemingly to me of war, and rumors thereof; countries grabbing other countries. Why didn’t I cotton to history? Not Mr. Brooks’ fault.. Other kids got a lot of good from his class. And good grades, too. But I seeming to be stuck with one thought only: History repeats itself. All too often.

It was a sort of Goodbye Mr. Chips when likable Mr. Allen Sayles (civics and history) left El Paso High. Eventually he joined the El Paso Branch of Federal Reserve. There for years and years. More teachers: Miss Eula Harper, ancient history, who was herself an ‘05 graduate; Mr. Alvin E. Null, conscientious and thorough; Miss Lillian Huggett, class of ‘00, debating coach and writer, too; Miss Isabel Kelly, French; Prof. A. G. Alexander, public speaking; Mr. Stone (of the Lab); Mr. Rogers, science; Mr. W. A. Burk, a fine instructor in Manual Training; Miss Winifred Woods, Miss Fanny Foster. And many others. All of them so “patient, fair and loyal,” wrote our (anonymous) class historian in the *Tatler* of May, ‘17.

Social life of the school, you ask? Well, practically nil for me—an Ysleta interurban commuter. But on Monday mornings, many were

the intimations by the pretty and popular town misses of gala times being elevator-whisked up ten floors to the Del Norte ballroom, that "dream" hotel managed by the father of Fred Humphreys, '17. And pasted in the memory book of Gladys Gaffield Hinkle, '17 (the book a loan of Stacy Hinkle), are many mementos of good times: the Bohemian Club dances; soirees at Cotillion Hall (programs with attached dance cards all filled out); invites to afternoon teas (vogue of the town High "in" girls), "Three to Fives" they were called.

The first actual Prom-Graduation dance was held at the newly finished (1916) Woman's Club. This item from Mary Cunningham's *The Woman's Club of El Paso: Its First Thirty Years*:

It was in the Woman's Club Building where the High School Graduating Class of 1917 held their Prom. It was against the law and against the rules in 1917 for students to dance in their own school building, but the ladies of the Woman's Club graciously took them out of the storm.

Extracurricular activities? Yes, indeed. In the Yearbooks and Tatlers of those years, there is mention of an English Club, Helen Reading prominent in same; La Cercle Francaise and Evelyn Ellison; Mary Kelly the president of the august Philomatheans; a Current History Club "to promote interest in the legislative and governmental activities of our nation." Heading classes were Jim Lewis and Eugene Thurston, Eugene and Maurice Blumenthal friendly rivals for the post of head cartoonist for the *Tatler*. A bid for new members by the Texas Club: "Just a minute there pard. You don't happen to have been born in the Lone Star State, do you? Well..."

Our school also boasted an orchestra and a band. Edith Bigham Snyder, '18, tells of "being the only girl in the band group of some 15 or 20 boys." She playing the cornet.

A 1919 *Tatler* does a little bragging about the school's basketball team:

The Tiger basketball team for the 1919 season had had a most successful year. Then the Seventh Cavalry crew—undefeated champions of Fort Bliss, were met and defeated by the Tigers 38 to 26. This year High School the undisputed championship of the city and Fort Bliss. Deming was humbled 30 to 21.

Now a word about Hiskule Uniforms. Call it conformity if you will. But you were "right stuff" and one of 'em to be garbed in what "all the other girls wore": a navy blue pleated skirt (full and swishy as you walked), hampering in bulk—and modestly reaching almost unto the ankles of high-top shoestrunged shoes. In addition, a white middy blouse of durable and stiffish material, finished off by a sailor-like collar, under which you sported a voluminous black silk

scarf. Around the edges of its generous square were woven-in thin orange stripes (all "made to order" and with due respect to school colors.) Thus you were properly clad, scholastically and socially. You were socko EPHS.

As for the boys' attire, I consulted a classmate (now a lawyer), Eugene Smith, '17. His answer, brief: "Shirt and pants."

Graduation Day for our class brought to an end the maiden year of the NEW El Paso High. On that auspicious occasion, we donned scholastic regalia (the first to do so in the recorded history of both "old" and "new" EPHS). Clerical-like gowns, yes—and mortar boards (with tassels which you deftly switched over at the appropriate moment). I remember those caps and gowns as black. Classmate John Savage says they were gray. Whatever their color, we wore them proudly across that bright stage to receive our diplomas.

"May I Remember Only the Hours That Shine," entreats an old Venetian Sundial. We graduates from those pioneer years of the NEW El Paso High have much to remember because many were the shining hours as we reveled in the splendor of our brand new school, our lives illumined by the held-high torch of our Principals and the radiance of our "forever" Teachers.



ADDENDA

May 20, 1982: Such a warm, comfortable and nostalgic feeling being "home again." After so many years to sit in that Auditorium once more. This on the occasion of the Historical Plaque presentation. Other "old" grads present: Elizabeth Kelly, '17; Florence Cathcart Melby, '20; Josephine March Bailey, '17; Lucita Escajeda Flores, '17; Bertha Watson Middleton, '22; Elizabeth Watson Rempe, '24; Sam Middleton, '19. Chairwoman of the El Paso County Historical Commission Catherine Burnett Kistenmacher gave a short "look back" at "our favorite school." (She a graduate of a few years previous.)

October 12, 1983: An *El Paso Herald-Post* article (headlined "Historic El Paso High School in Line for Facelift") informs us that "El Paso High, listed on both the Texas and the National historic registers," will soon be renovated to its original "distinctive appearance." The article describes several details of the proposed "facelift," as outlined by schoolboard member Judy Ridley, an EPHS graduate, who calls the project "close to my heart."

Close to the hearts of all EPHS alumni, this project—and bringing renewed belief in these words by John Ruskin:

...when we build,
let us think that we build for ever.
Let it not be for present delight,
nor for present use alone;
let it be such work as
our descendants will thank us for,
and let us think,
as we lay stone on stone,
that a time is to come when those stones
will be held sacred
because our hands have touched them,
and that men will say as they look upon
the labor and wrought substance of them,
'See! this our fathers did for us.'

People Interviewed

Hilliard S. Bryan, '17; Paul Carlton; Dorothy Henning Chapman; Mrs. Roy Chapman; Mary S. Cunningham; Kathleen Allen Dean; Peggy Mangan Feinberg; Chris P. Fox, '17; Bob G. Gilbert; Robert J. Gilbert, '40; William B. Hardie; Paul Harvey; Grace Hawkins Hill, '16; Lt. Stacy Hinkle; Allen H. Hughey, Jr.; John B. Jones; Dr. Thomas T. Jones; Hilda Jones; Dr. Frank P. Jones; Burton A. Johnson; Catherine Burnett Kistenmacher, '44; Wilford A. Kranzthor, '18; Bernard Krupp; Dorothy Learmonth, '21; Hilda Light, '16; Frank J. Mangan; Judy Peterson Mangan; Ethel Crawford Mayfield, '16; Bertha Watson Middleton, '22; Sam T. Middleton, '19; Cdr. Millard G. McKinney (USN Ret'd.); Hattie P. McKean, '21; Florence Cathcart Melby, '20; Maren Jensen Oechsner, '17; Jean Nance; Bud Newman; Robert H. Oliver, '24; Rosa P. Oliver; Dorothy Congdon Ponsford, '14; Mary Sarber; John P. Savage, '17; Eugene R. Smith, '17; Edith Bigham Snyder, '18; Eugene B. Thurston, '17; Fredericka Kipp Ward, '19; Col. James Ward (USA Ret'd.); Hazel Wells, '21; Sara Ponsford Wilson, '21; Harold Wiggs, '38

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The Tatler, issues of 1916, 1917, 1919

Trost and Trost Blueprint of El Paso High School, November 14, 1914

SESQUICENTENNIAL NOTES

The Texas Sesquicentennial Commission has given its support to the Texas Wagon Train Association, officially sanctioning the group's plans to make a 2,800-mile journey through Texas by wagon train in celebration of the state's 150 years of independence. The wagon train will be authentically recreated to represent the wagons that carried settlers to Texas in the 1820s.

The wagons will roll on January 2, 1986, and an expected total of 1,000 wagons and 20,000 people will participate as the train travels the state with the theme "Circle Texas for the Past and Future." The train will originate in Sulpher Springs in Northeast Texas and proceed in a southwesterly direction to Austin, Houston, San Antonio, and El Paso. The train will then journey north to Midland, Odessa, Amarillo, Abilene, Wichita Falls, and will arrive in Fort Worth on July 3, 1986.

Jan France, Executive Director of the Texas Wagon Train Association, describes the trip as "2,800 miles of Texas fun and friendship," adding that it "will be an opportunity to roll back the calendar and to experience the challenges and feelings of our forefathers as they came in covered wagons to settle the West. This started out as a living exhibit of our Western heritage, and it has become more—a bonding agent for Texans during the Sesquicentennial."

This past spring, former Dallas Cowboy Walt Garrison accepted the title of Honorary Wagon Master of the Train. Dallas Cowboy Coach Tom Landry has been named as the Honorary Assistant Wagon Master for the Dallas area, and Billy Bob Burnett will serve as Honorary Assistant Wagon Master for the Fort Worth area. Mr. Burnett is the owner of Billy Bob's Texas, the world's largest night club, located in the historic Fort Worth Stockyards. Thirteen positions will be filled statewide for the titles of Honorary Assistant Wagon Masters. ☆



IN THE EL PASO NEWSPAPERS —A CENTURY AGO (July-September, 1884)

by Art Leibson

IN 1884 THE COUNTRY WAS SUNK in one of its periodic business depressions, with many bank failures being reported across the nation, and the pinch was even being felt in this remote corner of the border where *The El Paso Times* was in a desperate fight for existence. The weekly *El Paso Herald* and semi-weekly *Lone Star* were the competition and there just wasn't enough advertising and circulation to go around. The daily *Times* was losing too much money and had to do some retrenching. It canceled its franchise for the Associated Press and in apologizing to the readers for the dearth of news on its pages, Sherman C. Slade, partner-owner, wrote:

As the citizens and merchants of El Paso will not concentrate all their advertising and printing patronage upon any one of the three establishments, thereby enabling said paper to take the Associated Press dispatches and to otherwise publish a first class newspaper, our readers must be content with the "latest news" as it comes to us by way of the Sandwich Islands and other round-about sources.

Politics may have had something to do with the troubles facing Slade and the *Times*. Less than 20 years after the Civil War, the reconstruction was still being felt and resented throughout the south. It had left its scars on secessionist Texas, and the *Times* was beating the drums daily for the Republican presidential candidate, James G. Blaine. Each day, for several weeks, the masthead on the

Password is pleased to present Art Leibson as the author of this regular feature. Mr. Leibson has been a member of the bar for 52 years, but has spent much of his life in newspapering. For 10 years he was border correspondent for the *Time-Life* magazines. He retired from the staff of *The El Paso Times* in 1974.

editorial page would urge a vote for Blaine, and often the editorial would sneer openly at the Democrats who had met in Chicago and nominated the eventual winner, Grover Cleveland.

Another political warning came from the shoddy-looking *Times* that was now filling up its pages with cut-rate advertising instead of news, local and national. Boldly it struck out with the warning that "any candidate for office in Western Texas who does not favor free grass for the cattlemen will get badly left. He had better go west and grow up with the country."

These were heady years for a burgeoning El Paso despite the recession. The arrival of the railroads on the border had been followed quickly by the out-and-out theft of the county seat from Ysleta in an election that had more than a thousand extra votes counted in the balloting than there were eligible voters in the town. The railroads had brought a new wave of vice to El Paso, where gambling and prostitution were flourishing industries. It was wide open frontier country here on the border.

Mayor Joseph Magoffin and his council met no resistance in fixing an assessed valuation for tax purposes, as Ben Dowell had done nine years earlier when he had tried to raise \$550 in taxes for municipal improvements. Magoffin's council fixed a valuation of \$2,153,905, and 217 taxpayers had paid the levy at the going rate of 25 cents per \$100 of valuation. El Paso was becoming civic-minded.

One year earlier the town had granted a franchise to the street railway company and also had granted franchises to Sylvester Watts to run a water company and to W. J. Fewel, Zach White, B. Schuster, Magoffin, and Ed Roberts, organizers of a gas company. And a volunteer fire department was appearing before the city council to ask for hose and hose reels, readily agreed to by the aldermen.

In December of 1882 a petition had been filed asking that El Paso be made an independent school district, and when this had been granted an election for school trustees was held. The first board was headed by O. T. Bassett, and elected with him were John Dougher, Dr. McKinney, A. Tibbetts, O. C. Irvin, and A. M. Loomis. When the board asked to levy a tax of one-half of one per cent for school purposes, the proposition was submitted to the taxpayers. It carried by a vote of 1818 to 4. By 1884 a civic-minded community was beginning to think of reform for El Paso.

The *Times* was most gentle in dealing with distant law-breakers.

Commenting on the case of a deputy postmaster at Marfa who had absconded with several hundred dollars stolen from registered letters, Editor Slade noted that the man had always been of good character but gambling had brought about his downfall.

There were widespread reports of a big gold find across the river, just outside Paso del Norte, as Juarez then was called. There were supposed to be small nuggets available that were visible to the naked eye, and excitement ran high as guards kept everybody away from the area. It evidently was another case of "salting" the ground, and eventually the excitement died down and the guard was lifted. The *Times* asked editorially whatever became of the gold rush.

An Italian opera company brought culture to the border with a midsummer performance in the Schutz Opera House. It was a sell-out and there was talk of a group of prominent businessmen forming a joint stock company to build a new opera house for El Paso. The *Times* said it would not only be a worthwhile civic venture but also a good investment.

Each day the *Times* carried a report of the prices at the local grocery markets. Bacon was quoted at 18 cents a pound. Beef roast was available at 10 and at 12.5 cents, while sirloin, something of a luxury, was priced at 17.5 cents a pound. For whatever reason, tripe topped them all at 20 cents a pound.

The *Times'* first real campaign, launched at this time, was to continue intermittently for the next 65 years before getting results. It was a fight to get the railroad tracks removed from Main Street so that trains would not interfere with "traffic." Both editorial barrels were aimed at the Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio Railroad that was asking additional right-of-way along the street so that it could lay another track. Many El Pasoans were living north of the tracks by this time, and they were indignant over delays in getting to and from their homes caused by freight trains blocking them. ☆

The Government Hill subdivision in El Paso was so named because of its proximity to Fort Bliss.

—Chris P. Fox, "Health for Sale," *Password*,
XXI, No. 4 (Winter, 1976), 151



CARL HERTZOG

His Colophon is in our Hearts

by Conrey Bryson

WILL DURANT IN HIS *LIFE OF GREECE* does better than the dictionary makers in defining the word "Colophon:" "Gk. *kolophon*, hill; cf Latin *collis*, Eng. *hill*. Because the cavalry of the city was famous for giving the 'finishing touch' to a defeated force, the word *kolophon* became in Greek a synonym for the final stroke and passed into our language as a publisher's symbol, originally placed at the end of a book."

At the end of Carl Hertzog's book of life, that final CH monogram shines with vividness that can only grow with the years. To his friends in his last year he said many times: "The good Lord has given me a long life, some precious talents, many friends that are important to me, and when I go I am not asking any refund."

Only a few short months ago I bought for twenty five cents at a garage sale a Hertzog publication I did not already own. *ALLY OF CORTES* by Fernando de Alva Ixtlilxochitl, translated with a foreword by Douglass K. Ballentine, was published in 1969 by Texas Western Press, of which Carl Hertzog was director and founder. I took the book to Carl's bedside in his home, knowing he would have some priceless things to say about it. Even though he labored to breathe, talk came easy, as he told about some of the memories embraced in his Colophon: "maps and 'Hanging of the Kings' by Don Robitaille." "Map of route to Hibuerras after sketch by Douglass

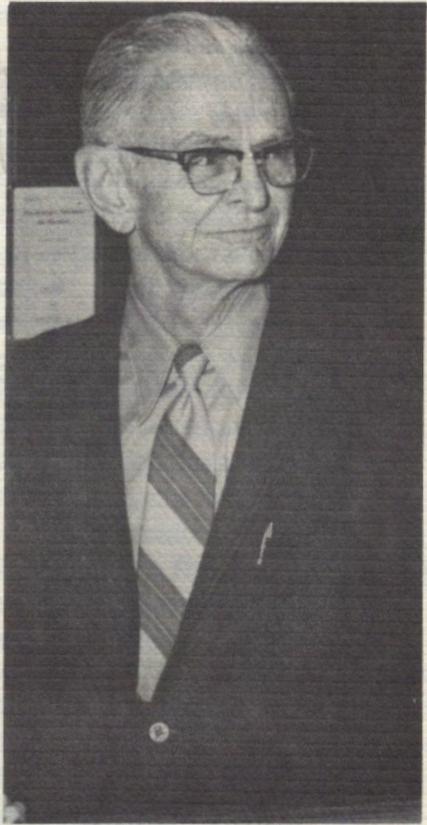
Mr. Bryson, a past president of the El Paso County Historical Society, is a former editor of *Password*.

K. Ballentine." "Other illustrations researched and selected by Betty Ligon."

Carl loved to talk, and we learned how he had taken the ancient manuscript, in modern translation, and given it the master printer's breath of life. Somewhere in his files he remembered some ancient Mexican codices. These would help to tell the Cortes story. In his classes at the University was an eager student who could follow the style of the ancient codices to prepare maps and supplementary illustrations. Betty Ligon, before the beginning of her career as a leading El Paso newspaper woman, helped to tie the whole package together. As I knew from forty years of talking with Carl Hertzog, every book has a great story. His colophon can not be confined to a printed page. It lives on and gains new lustre.

The next morning, we heard an ambulance stop in our neighborhood; it had come to take Carl to the hospital again. His resilience was amazing. Three days later, from his hospital bed, he told how he awakened in the hospital and in semi-delirium he had thought he was in San Angelo and was trying to reach his old friend, publisher Houston Harte. This led to a series of stories about Harte—about Jose Cisneros and a visit to Paris, Texas, in the Red River valley—about some of Carl's earliest associations with his long-time friend and collaborator Tom Lea.

The stories go on and on and always will. Fortunately, his friends at the Pass will have a lasting Memorial to help enrich Carl's colophon. In that great new library at the University of Texas at El Paso,



CARL HERTZOG
February 8, 1902 - July 24, 1984
(Photo courtesy News and Publications,
The University of Texas at El Paso)

a special place will be given to the collection of books donated by Carl Hertzog to the University he served so well.

The Hertzog collection is divided into several categories. "Selected Texas and Southwestern Books" consists of many of Carl's own favorites, and others that make up the rich and endless fabric of southwestern lore. To name just a few titles: Bartlett's *Personal Narrative...1850-53*; Andy Adams, *The Log of a Cowboy*; Bolton, *Coronado and the Turquoise Trail*; Haley, *XIT Ranch*; numerous other Haley books reflecting Hertzog's long and interesting association with J. Evetts Haley, the famed and contentious sage of the south plains of Texas; Bibliographies of books by J. Frank Dobie and Tom Lea; *Index to Publications of the Texas Folklore Society*, etc. etc.

A more exciting section to many will be that of "Books Printed and/or Designed by Carl Hertzog." These include such epochal works as C. L. Sonnichsen's *Pass of the North*; *Forty Years at El Paso* by W. W. Mills, bringing together the work of El Pasoans Rex W. Strickland, editor and annotator; Tom Lea, illustrator, and Gerhard Schermer, bookbinder; *The Little World Waddies* by Eugene Manlove Rhodes; *Twelve Travelers through the Pass of the North*, written and illustrated by Tom Lea—and many, many more.

In the section "Book Design and Production" is a volume entitled "The Typographic Book, 1450-1935." Carl loved to refer back to a printer named Johannes Hertzog, 1496. This section also contains books that display high achievements of the printer's art, with such varied titles as *Green Mansions*, *Of Mice and Men*, *The Ten Commandments*, and *The Four Gospels*.

The section entitled "Books about Books" is highlighted with many volumes of *The Colophon*, a journal of the printer's craft, which is in itself a prime example of good printing. There is a biography of William Caxton, one of the pioneer printers in the English language; *A Primer on Book Collecting*; *A Rare Book Saga*, a life of Benjamin Franklin, printer; *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain*, and many, many more.

In 1964, Price Daniel, Jr., a Texas bookseller, distributed a special catalogue, *Texas and the West*, listing 124 books printed and designed by Carl Hertzog. Most of them were quoted for sale by Mr. Daniel, and it was fun at the time to look over one's personal hoard of Hertzog books and gloat over how much they were worth. Today, the price of all of them has skyrocketed among book collectors, but most of Carl's friends and admirers would simply say "they

are *invaluable*." They cannot be valued in coin of this realm, but command an immeasurable price in respect, love, and admiration—things that go beyond the measure of money.

In 1969, Jean Carl Hertzog was admitted to the Hall of Honor of the El Paso County Historical Society. The tribute paid to him by the Society's founder, Louise Schussler, is found in volume XIV: 106-108. His honors elsewhere in Texas are impressive. Baylor University and Southern Methodist University both awarded him their honorary degree of Doctor of Letters. His works were exhibited at the Institute of Texan Cultures in San Antonio. The American Institute of Graphic Arts has given him special awards for several of his books, and he was a member of the Texas Institute of Letters.

There have been other honors, too numerous to mention.

He died quietly at his home, July 24, 1984. Funeral services were held at the First Presbyterian Church of El Paso on July 27. For those who would yet like to help perpetuate his memory, a Carl Hertzog Memorial Fund has been established at The University of Texas at El Paso. ☆

❖ SOUTHWEST COOKERY OF OLD ❖

Mr. and Mrs. Francis L. Fugate, long-time members of the Society, submit a recipe taken from a 1911 publication entitled *Los Angeles Times Cook Book Number Four*, which has been in the Fugate family for many years. The recipe, listed as the offering of a Miss Elizabeth Steel of Downey, California, illustrates how Mexican cuisine was being tentatively adapted to Anglo-American menus in the early part of this century.

TAMALE STUFFED PEPPERS

Wash one dozen bell peppers, cut cap off stem end and remove seed and partitions. Take one pound good round steak, boil until tender, take meat and chop fine with 2 large onions, 6 tomatoes; return to broth, season with salt, pepper, and dash of cayenne; cook few minutes. Add coarse corn meal and cook so as to make stiff mush. Fill peppers with this mixture, put on caps, place in baking pan; add little water and bake one hour.



AN HISTORICAL OUTLINE OF THE SOCORRO MISSION

by Ernest J. Burrus, S. J.

CATHOLIC MISSIONS, the oldest buildings in Texas, go back to the late 17th century. Most of the original structures have fallen into ruins or disappeared. The El Paso Valley buildings still standing today date from about 1740 (Ysleta) and 1840 (Socorro). The old Franciscan church and monastery in Socorro are now being excavated under the direction of Dr. Rex Gerald of The University of Texas at El Paso. The date of their erection is still to be determined; but all indications point to their being the earliest (1691) permanent church buildings in the town.

The oldest and most elaborate of the valley missions—*Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe* in Juárez, on the south bank of the Rio Grande and facing the downtown plaza—was built from 1662 to 1668. The primitive church, constructed in 1659, has disappeared.

On the United States side of the river, two early missions remain: Ysleta and Socorro. The military chapel in neighboring San Elizario (1789) has yet to be discovered and identified. Its present church was erected in 1877-1887 and extensively restored after the 1935 fire.

This article is based on an address given by the author at the dedication of a Texas Historical Marker at the Socorro Mission *la Purísima* on September 11, 1983. The Marker, sponsored by the Junior League of El Paso, was unveiled by Harriet Holt, president of the League, and Mary Polk, El Paso County Historical Commission. James W. Ward, Chairman, Markers Committee, El Paso County Historical Commission, was Master of Ceremony.

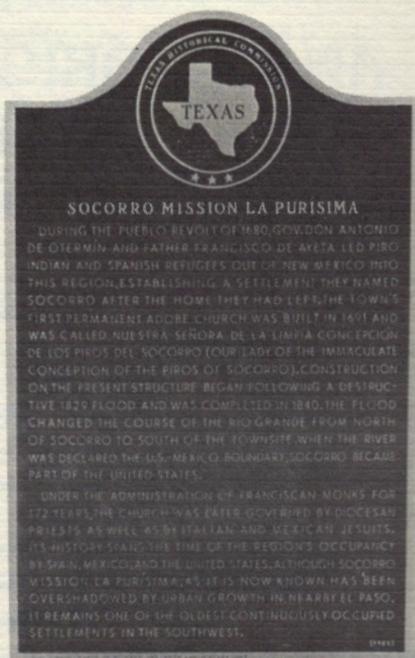
Father Burrus, a native El Pasoan, is a staff member of the Jesuit Historical Institute (Rome) and Assistant Pastor of the Sacred Heart Church, El Paso. He is the author of 48 books, as well as some 50 articles which have appeared in various historical journals.

The valley towns with their respective missions on the American side owe their origin to one of the greatest tragedies befalling the Spanish American Empire: the 1680 Pueblo Revolt. A group of disaffected pagan Indian leaders under the Tewan Popé struck a sudden and violent blow at Santa Fe on August 10, and then throughout a great part of New Mexico. In a few days, 21 Franciscans, more than 400 Spanish colonists and an undetermined number of Christian Indians fell victims to the tomahawks and arrows of the insurgents.

The survivors rallied under Governor Otermín at Santa Fe and Alonso García at Isleta, New Mexico's two presidios. The two contingents fought their separate ways southward until they met on September 13 at Fray Cristóbal, New Mexico. Here they were assisted by the men with supplies sent from El Paso del Norte by the Franciscan Superior of New Mexico, Fray Francisco de Ayeta, who had just arrived from Mexico City with the triennial caravan.

Refreshed and inspired, the refugees continued southward to reach El Paso del Norte on October 9, 1680. Otermín halted long enough to have a mass celebrated in thanksgiving for the escape from total destruction and to leave some of the refugees: several Spanish and Indian families and a few armed men.

As El Paso del Norte could not take care of all the refugees, Otermín and Ayeta moved downstream to other centers which could house them: Senecú (probably already in existence), Ysleta and Socorro (newly founded), and San Lorenzo (the site of later San Elizario). San Lorenzo was ordered abandoned in 1684; but Ysleta and Socorro, firmly established in 1680, have continued through the centuries.



Historical marker unveiled September 11, 1983. (Photo by James W. Ward)

The marker at the Socorro Mission now records for the first time the correct date of its founding: 1680. The wrong date of 1682 as the year of the establishment of Ysleta and Socorro has been repeated so many times that it has been accepted by many.

The word *socorro* means "help." Etymologically, it is the same as our word "succour." Historically, it was first given in 1598 to the New Mexico Piro settlement of Teipana by Juan de Oñate because its inhabitants had generously assisted him and his contingent with much-needed maize. He called it Santa María del Socorro (Our Lady of Help), one of the more popular titles by which the Virgin is invoked. The mission and town of Socorro (Texas) have been known by various names through the centuries. *La Limpia Concepción* is found on most of the early documents; later it was called *La Purísima* (the mission's present designation) and also *San Miguel*. The town was called Socorro from its New Mexican counterpart, from which many of the refugees came.

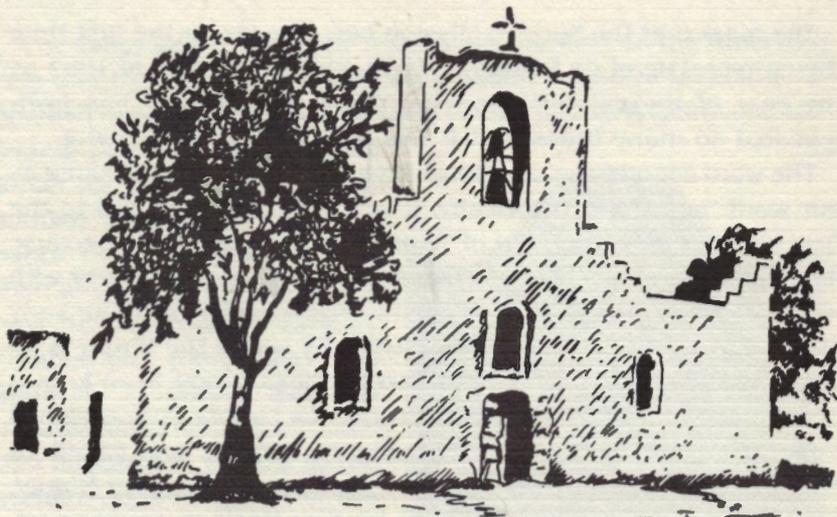
Socorro served as one of the bases for the reconquest of New Mexico (1681-1693). Futile attempts had been made by Governors Otermín, Posada, and Petriz de Cruzate (1689, during his second term); but none succeeded until Diego José de Vargas won back the disaffected province of New Mexico in two brilliant campaigns (1692-1693).

In the documents of 1691 we read about the town's first permanent church built of adobes and with a roof supported by beams (*vigas*). Dr. Gerald believes it is the same building he is now excavating.

Fray Francisco Vargas, the Franciscan custodian and superior of the New Mexico missions, requested Governor Vargas (no relative) on August 21, 1691, for formal possession of the valley missions and the lands corresponding to them in accordance with the Laws of the Indies. It was not until May 19, 1692, that the governor made the official grant of the missions and the lands as requested. He made the grant in the name of the Spanish King Charles II. It held legally as long as the valley remained under Spanish dominion (1692-1821).

Fray Miguel Menchero's detailed report and map show a solidly constructed church at Socorro in 1744; but there is no conclusive proof that it was not the building put up in 1691 and which is now being excavated.

According to the Téllez Diary, a flood in 1829 swept away the



Mission la Purisima, Socorro, Texas.

Socorro Mission and destroyed numerous homes throughout the valley, from about five miles east of El Paso del Norte to below San Elizario. Prior to this flood, the main branch of the Rio Grande flowed along the foot of the sandhills approximately where Interstate 10 now runs. In finding a new bed about three miles south, the river left several of the towns with their missions on its left bank—fortunately for Americans because, when the boundary was determined between Mexico and the United States after the 1846-1848 War, the area transferred in 1829 by the river's change of course southward became part of the United States.

In the destructive flood of 1829 it was hard to salvage much of the Socorro Mission. Obviously, the adobes melted and were swept away. Courageous townspeople plunged into the swirling waters to save anything that floated or did not dissolve: altars, statues, and the precious *vigas*, so hard to replace and so important in the rebuilding of the mission.

After the waters of the 1829 flood subsided, several years were to go by before the townspeople could work on their beloved church. First, they had to build homes for themselves and shelters for their livestock, and even to replace the latter. Finally, by the time of the Durango bishop's visit in 1840, the new mission was sufficiently far along in its construction to be used for mass and confirmation. But it was not until August 1, 1843, that the main part of the edifice was dedicated by the guardian of the El Paso del Norte (present Juárez) Franciscan monastery, Fray Andrés de Jesús Camacho.

The statue of San Miguel (St. Michael), a gift of the Holguín family of Socorro, was solemnly transferred to the new church on October 29, 1845. On January 8, 1846, the last burial was recorded for the first of Socorro's three cemeteries; and on February 11, 1846, the first burial was noted for the second of the resting places.

The February 5, 1848, Guadalupe-Hidalgo Treaty not only brought to an end the 1846-1848 War between the United States and Mexico but also transferred to the United States the area on the left bank of the Rio Grande, including the valley towns and missions.

On March 31, 1851, Father Andrés de Jesús Camacho handed over the valley missions (in Texas) to the diocesan (Durango) representative, Father Ramón Ortiz, marking the end of the 171-year Franciscan administration of Socorro. On June 24, 1851, Jean-Baptiste Lamy, first bishop of Santa Fe, New Mexico, en route to his new See, said mass at Socorro on his patronal feast.

The record of accomplishments at the Socorro Mission since that time is a substantial one. During the year 1873 the present transept was added to the church, thus considerably enlarging the edifice. On January 21, 1885, the diocesan priest Father Andrew Echallier, pastor, established a most effective social and religious association for unmarried women: *Hijas de María* (Daughters of Mary). On August 1, 1891, Father E. V. Lebreton, pastor, blessed the new and third (present) cemetery. On May 24, 1894 (Feast of Corpus Christi), the first Jesuit pastor, Alessandro Leone, inaugurated the *Portales* (Stations) in the present cemetery for the villagers' procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

Father Juan Córdova, S.J., of New Mexico, during his pastorate from September 13, 1896, to September 29, 1915, established the Union of St. Joseph for men, and made numerous improvements: new Way of the Cross, pews, monstrance, vestments and ornaments.

From 1915 to 1918 private elementary classes were held in the Socorro rectorate. Then, for two years (1918-1920), a horse-drawn bus took some twenty village children to the newly opened parochial school in Ysleta. I attended classes with them.

A most scholarly Jesuit from France, to whom El Pasoans are indebted for his accurate historical research and writing, was Socorro's pastor from September 29, 1925, to July 27, 1946. He was Gerard Decorme, who built the Lourdes Grotto and added the cement apron around the building, a new floor, main altar, Communion railing and pews. He also had the statues retouched.

Father Abdón Zúñiga, S.J., was pastor for the longest period of any priest in the long history of Socorro: from July 28, 1946, to an unrecorded date in 1978. Some of his improvements: he reroofed the church and bought a new organ; he installed gas heating and had the interior replastered; he secured a new Way of the Cross, a statue of the Resurrected Christ and of the Virgin (under the title of *La Purísima*, primary patroness of Socorro), and another of San Miguel, secondary patron. In 1955, the exterior of the church was completely renovated.

Father Eduardo Calderón Villegas, the last Jesuit pastor, was in charge of the parish from 1978 to July 1, 1979, when the mission was transferred from the Jesuit Order to the El Paso diocese. Father José Sáez of Valencia, Spain, became the new pastor on September 4, 1979. Important repairs on the church continue under the present pastor, Father Ramón Durán. ☆

Maestro

for Abraham Chavez

He hears her
when he bows.
Rows of hands clap
again and again he bows
to stage lights and upturned faces
but he hears only his mother's voice
years ago in their small home
singing Mexican songs
one phrase at a time
while his father strummed the guitar
or picked the melody with quick fingertips.
Both cast their music in the air
for him to snare with his strings,
songs of *lunas* and *amor*
learned bit by bit.
She'd nod, smile, as his bow slid
note to note, then the trio
 voz, guitarra, violin
would blend again and again
to the last pure note
sweet on the tongue.

—Pat Mora

Pat Mora is Assistant to the Vice President for Academic Affairs at the University of Texas at El Paso. Her first collection of poetry, *Chants*, was published in 1984 by Arte Publico Press of The University of Houston.



THE ESTABLISHMENT IN TEXAS POLITICS: THE PRIMITIVE YEARS, 1938-1957 by George Morris Green. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, \$9.95

A history professor at The University of Texas at Arlington scrutinizes two decades of Texas politics, from the arrival of "Pass the Biscuits Pappy" O'Daniel through the administrations of Governor Allan Shivers, a period in which, through various devices of legerdemain, the interests and welfare of the citizens were subverted by the ruling class—those interested in oil, gas, sulphur, and other aspects of big wealth. He shows how the conservative corporations got a grip on the state that crushed academic freedom, strengthened segregation, and accommodated demagoguery. With trenchant arguments, he exposes a rule by a closely-knit plutocracy of the Anglo upper class which, supported by the press, manipulated democracy in order to blunt the burgeoning costs of government on behalf of the wealthy, a distortion unparalleled in the history of the fifty states of the United States.

Prominent national figures like Speaker Sam Rayburn, Senators Morris Sheppard and Tom Connally, and latterly Lyndon Johnson, appear in the book's pages. But the principal characters are the governors: O'Daniel, Coke Stevenson, Beauford Jester, and Allan Shivers, all of whom connived with established wealth in diversionary tactics to beguile the voters from their own best interests.

O'Daniel, beginning with his campaign platform of the ten commandments and his mother's grave, is presented as a politician who never understood any office he held nor any of the policy requirements for it. His goal was obfuscation of public policy in the interest of the establishment. His successor as governor was Coke Stevenson, a man of monumental inertia and little else, but that

was his way of serving the plutocracy. Next in the governor's chair was Beauford Jester, by no means so inert as Stevenson, but equally skilled in the art of flimflamery. His death in office gave the governorship to Lieutenant Governor Allan Shivers, a more accomplished demagogue than O'Daniel could ever hope to be. He used every manner of dissembling available to a public figure in Texas to mislead the voters for the benefit of the establishment. His scurrilous attacks on organized labor and his opposition to the national New Deal were his main cases in point, as well as his active support of Senator Joe McCarthy's phantom battles against communists.

The author contends that the establishment's control still endures, but that its "primitive years" ended in the shoot-out between Shivers and Ralph Yarborough fighting for the governorship for Shivers' last term.

The book is rich in the lore of Texas politics. Its tone, that of the monthly magazine *The Texas Observer*, helps to emphasize the establishment's distortion of the interests of lowly people, the depth of which distortion was probably reached in its opposition to The University of Texas and other institutions of higher learning. The book has been masterfully researched, and it provides absorbing reading.

JOSEPH M. RAY
President Emeritus
The University of Texas at El Paso



THE INDIAN FRONTIER OF THE AMERICAN WEST, 1846-1890 by Robert M. Utley. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, \$19.95

This significant interpretation of the Indian frontiers of the Trans-Mississippi West during the second half of the 19th century opens with a resumé of the evolution of Anglo-American attitudes and policies toward the Indians. One of the policies that the United States employed was the institution of the treaty to extract demands from various tribes. By the 1830s, a formal policy of removal had been adopted which was endorsed by a majority of the white population.

In order to accommodate the advancing white man's frontier, these treaties offered cash or annuities to the chiefs if they would in return cede their communal tribal lands and consent to being located on what was then labeled a Permanent Indian Frontier beyond the 95th meridian. Along that line of demarcation, the government constructed forts from the Canadian boundary to the Rio Grande River. However, by mid-century this Permanent Indian Frontier could not endure the white settlement which was encroaching on or had penetrated the area that had been reserved for the Indians.

Once assigned to reservations in the Trans-Mississippi West, most tribes divided into factions, some fairly content with reservation life and others refusing to conform. The Plains Indian Tribes, who in the past had been masters of a vast mid-continent domain, were herded onto assigned lands where they were enticed to give up their nomadic lifestyles and to become agrarians with the government providing tools, seeds, and food rations. The Civil War brought more violent dislocations to some tribes because they were recruited by both the Union and Confederate governments.

By far the most complex chapters are those devoted to the two decades following the Civil War. With scholarly precision, the author presents a satisfying historical survey of the many clashes between the military and non-conformist Indians, weaving into his fabric the evolution of President Grant's Peace Policy, which in part called for placing clergymen agents on the reservations to guide the spiritual ideology of the Indians to submission.

By devoting an entire chapter to the Indian reformers of the Guilded Age, the author focuses upon some of the major objectives of the humanitarian projects. Of interest are the annual sessions at Lake Mohonk, New York, where the reformers gathered each fall to discuss, debate and shape the direction of Indian policy. During the 1880s their objectives were to "detrribalize" or "individualize" the Indians of the West by ending communal or tribal ownership of the land. In addition, these reformers endorsed educating the Indians as a pathway to citizenship, passing laws that would protect them, and eliminating the political corruption in the Indian Bureau. Although the reformers envisioned that the Indians would eventually be assimilated into the white society, the results were the pathetic and catastrophic consequences of reservation life and the passing of the Indian frontiers.

Utley, who is an authority on the United States Army in the West, is at his best when discussing the many accounts of the battles between the military and the Western tribes. He has attempted to present a balanced account of both sides of these conflicts. The reader is treated to periscopic viewpoints of chiefs of the Apache, Kiowa, Comanche, Sioux, Cheyenne, Nez Perce, Modoc, and Cherokee tribes, as well as the attitudes of military commanders. One must realize that there are limited sources from the Indian point of view, and selectivity was necessary in illustrating the multi-tribal experiences. Special commendation should be mentioned for the prodigious bibliography, various illustrations, and excellent maps.

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CONQUISTADORS IN NORTH AMERICAN HISTORY by Paul Horgan. El Paso: Texas Western Press, \$20/\$12.

OF AMERICÁ EAST AND WEST, SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF PAUL HORGAN. New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$25.50.

Former New Mexican Paul Horgan, one of America's most distinguished authors, has written abundantly both long and short fiction and history, much of it centered in the Southwest. Two handsome new books reprint some of his choicest writings.

Conquistadors in North American History, first published in 1963, has been given a new edition by Texas Western Press, complete with dust jacket illustration and endpaper maps by El Paso illustrator Jose Cisneros. Horgan provides a new foreword, describing his travels through Mexico and the Southwest to trace the trails of the conquistadors. Relying in great part on the records of the Spaniards, Horgan describes their ordeals in unfriendly terrain, battles against Indians and severe weather, and struggles within their own government. Don Juan de Oñate, for example, who is remembered locally for bringing his party of settlers through the Pass of the North in 1598, was under investigation in 1614 on charges including murder, fraud, and maladministration. He was acquitted of these charges, but for other offenses he was made a permanent exile from the pro-

vinces of New Mexico and the city of Mexico. Oñate appealed the case and years later, when he was past 75 years of age, he was pardoned and restored to public office in Spain.

The last of the conquistadors, according to Horgan, was Governor de Vargas, who led the 1680 exile to Paso del Norte during the Pueblo Revolt. He also had been subjected to stern inquiries. And, like the other conquistadors, he "carried within himself, in the castle of his person, that seed of desire to make his own sign of greatness on the world before he must perish."

Of America East and West was published in celebration of the author's 80th birthday. Introduced by Henry Steele Commager, it contains the complete text of Horgan's short novel *Far from Cibola*, a narrative of the Depression years, and selections from his Pulitzer Prize-winning works *Great River: The Rio Grande in North American History* and *Lamy of Santa Fe: His Life and Times*. Included also are a short story, "The Peach Stone"; excerpts from novels; biographical portions about Josiah Gregg, Abraham Lincoln, and Igor Stravinsky; and, from *Approaches to Writing*, paragraphs of philosophical observations such as this: "It is not always of significance whether an artist derives from a tradition or invents his own; all that matters is that he be an artist. Critics and teachers almost always pay attention to the peripheral matters of external 'placement' and miss the essential core."

This collection allows the reader to appreciate both the range of Horgan's "placement" (*America East and West*) and the "essential core" of his artistry and vision.

NANCY HAMILTON

News and Publications

The University of Texas at El Paso



EARLY EL PASO ARTISTS by Carol Ann Price. El Paso: Texas Western Press. \$29.50

The mystique etched into the art scene of Taos-Santa Fe by American western master painters in the early 20th century caused a cultural stir down the Rio Grande to "Paso del Norte." Carol Ann Price's *Early El Paso Artists* shows that several local artists, such as Freemont Ellis, Tom Lea, Jose Cisneros, Jose Aceves, Eugene Thurston, and others found sustenance and inspiration in the thrust

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and manner of the Taos founders—each El Paso artist subsequently developing a unique style which has had an important effect upon the art of the west and of El Paso.

Affectionately introduced by Nancy Hamilton, this fine volume developed from Mrs. Price's long article "Early El Paso Artists," originally published (in two sections) in the Fall and Winter, 1981, issues of *Password*—and from an El Paso Centennial Museum exhibit, inspired by the article, featuring the work of several early El Paso artists.

The book is obviously the product of thorough research and the author's sensitive appreciation of her subject matter. It takes the reader back to the earliest records of art activity in turn-of-the-century El Paso and dwells extensively on the work of local painters and visiting artists in the 1920s and 1930s.

And it is furthermore a handsome book, printed on a warm white stock, profusely illustrated with full-color plates of the various artists' works, and bound in a pleasing turquoise-colored cloth cover which is decorated with a Eugene Thurston oil study bordered in carmine red.

"Pass City" can be proud of Carol Ann Price's excellent work, a book which puts our art in proper perspective.

BILL RAKOCY

Curator, El Paso Museum of Art

Black History...from page 113.

15. Hewett Jaxon, "The Bookish Black at Wild Horse Arroyo," *New Mexico Magazine*, vol. 50, nos. 1-2 (Jan./Feb., 1971), 20-24.
16. Pearce, *New Mexico Place Names*, 109.
17. *Ibid.*, 49.
18. For the exact months black troops arrived at and departed from New Mexico forts, as well as the specific companies assigned to each one, see S. C. Agnew, *Garrisons of the Regular U.S. Army: New Mexico, 1846-1899* (Santa Fe, 1971). In 1880 approximately 450 black soldiers were stationed in New Mexico Territory, and in 1890 about one-half of that number remained. See Agnew, *Garrisons*, Iff, and William H. Leckie, *The Buffalo Soldiers: A Narrative of the Negro Cavalry in the West* (Norman, Okla., 1967), 176.
19. Arlen L. Fowler, *The Black Infantry in the West, 1869-1891* (Westport, Conn., 1971) xii-xiii, 36-40; and Leckie.
20. Pearce, *New Mexico Place Names*, 109.
21. The troops in this incident probably did not come from Fort Sumner, since no black troops were stationed there during territorial days. See Agnew, *Garrisons*, Iff.
22. Pearce, *New Mexico Place Names*, 49.