

PASSWORD



THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

VOL. XXIX, NO. 4

EL PASO, TEXAS

WINTER, 1984



~ PASSWORD ~

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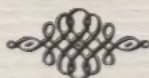
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IN MEMORIAM

Daley, Colonel (U.S.A. Ret.) Edward J.
Dunn, James W.
Feuille, Frank III
Guynes, J.T.



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EL PASO TO DALLAS BY RAIL:

Christmastime, 1881



by Emilia Gay Griffith Means

IN LATE DECEMBER OF 1881, English writer and traveler Laurence Oliphant journeyed by rail from San Francisco to New Orleans. He recounted his observations and experiences along a section of that journey—the trip from Deming, New Mexico, to Dallas, Texas—in an article entitled “Western Wanderings: America’s Newest Railroad,” which was published in *Blackwood’s Edinburgh Magazine* of March, 1882. The first part of his article [reprinted in the Summer 1984 *Password*] describes his glimpses of frontier life in Deming and “the two El Pasos.” The second part, reprinted below, details his train ride from El Paso to Dallas—and might best be appreciated against a brief review of the building of “America’s newest railroad.”

The Texas and Pacific Railroad Company was chartered by the Congress of the United States on March 3, 1871, for the purpose of constructing a line along the thirty-second parallel beginning at Marshall, Texas, continuing to El Paso, and terminating at San Diego, California. A year later, the name was changed to the Texas Pacific Railway Company.¹ Thomas A. Scott, previously president of the Union Pacific, and later president of the Pennsylvania

Mrs. Means, who lives in Dallas, holds a Master’s degree in history from Northwestern State University of Louisiana. She has done additional graduate work at Louisiana State University, the University of Houston, and the University of Massachusetts.

This issue’s title-page insignia, which depicts an assortment of Paquimé pottery (Casas Grandes, Chihuahua, Mexico), was created by El Paso artist Winifred M. Middagh.

railroad, was elected president of the Texas and Pacific. One month later, on March 21, 1872, the Texas and Pacific assumed operation of the Southern Pacific Railway Company's service between Longview and Shreveport.² In October of that same year, the California and Texas Railway Construction Company, organized by Scott and General Grenville M. Dodge, former chief engineer of the Union Pacific, began construction in Texas.³

The Texas of the 1870s was a wild frontier with the exception of the more settled sections along the southern, eastern, and north-eastern portions of the state. William Patrick Doty, one of the surveyors for the Texas and Pacific, described his experiences colorfully. Working westward from Longview, the surveying party found but one store on the route, a country store at Big Sandy. Dallas was a struggling village of a few hundred people, while Fort Worth consisted of a fringe of buildings around the public square. In the hills of Palo Pinto County deer and wild turkey were seen by the hundreds. Farther west antelope and buffalo were countless.

By August, 1873, the Texas and Pacific inaugurated service between Dallas and Longview. In early 1875 the western terminus extended to Eagle Ford. At this time the Texas and Pacific advertised that its service consisted of "fourteen commodious passenger cars and that residents of Texas who want to visit their former homes in the old states will find Texas and Pacific the quickest, most desirable route." On July 20, 1876, the editor of the Fort Worth *Daily Democrat* wrote: "Yesterday morning Engine No. 20 of the Texas and Pacific Railroad uttered its shrill scream within the corporate limits startling the birds from their nests in affright."

In the spring of 1880 the shining steel rail of progress started westward from Fort Worth, the engineers selecting Big Spring as a stop on the road. Around the spring a few families had settled; there was a little store and a saloon to serve the scattered ranchers. The railroad arrived at Big Spring on May 28, 1881, then headed southwestward through the plains and mountains. On September 12, 1881, service into Toyah was inaugurated.

Ninety miles east of El Paso the westward-building construction crews of Texas and Pacific met the eastward-building crews of Collis P. Huntington's Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio Railroad on December 16, 1881. Huntington's railroad, building westward from San Antonio and eastward from El Paso reached Sierra Blanca, 90 miles east of El Paso, on November 25, 1881.

Texas and Pacific tracks were then ten miles from Sierra Blanca.

Meanwhile, Jay Gould had gained control of the Texas and Pacific and was fighting Huntington in the courts, claiming that another of the Huntington-controlled railroads, the Southern Pacific, was building its track on the Texas and Pacific right of way in the west. Finally Huntington and Gould signed an agreement that the Texas and Pacific should continue the construction of its road in Texas westward until it approached the track of the Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio, then building eastward from El Paso, and that the two should meet and form one continuous line to the Pacific coast.⁴

As early as April, 1880, Scott and Gould had begun negotiations with the New Orleans Pacific Railway Company to complete and equip that Company's proposed line from the Texas state line to New Orleans. The New Orleans Pacific had succeeded in gaining recognition by the state legislature as the Louisiana branch of the Texas and Pacific after a bitter struggle with the New Orleans, Baton Rouge and Vicksburg Railroad Company.⁵ The New Orleans Pacific accepted the proposition of Scott and Gould, and construction was in progress when, on June 20, 1881, the Texas and Pacific acquired the New Orleans Pacific Railway Company. The line was completed and opened for operation from Shreveport through to New Orleans shortly afterwards.⁶

By 1882 America had a new railroad extending from San Diego by way of El Paso across the thirty-second parallel of Texas and along the Red and Atchafalaya Rivers in Louisiana and on to New Orleans. This was the railroad over which Laurence Oliphant journeyed in late 1881, shortly before the line was completed and formally opened to the public.

Part II **WESTERN WANDERINGS:** **AMERICA'S NEWEST RAILROAD**

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

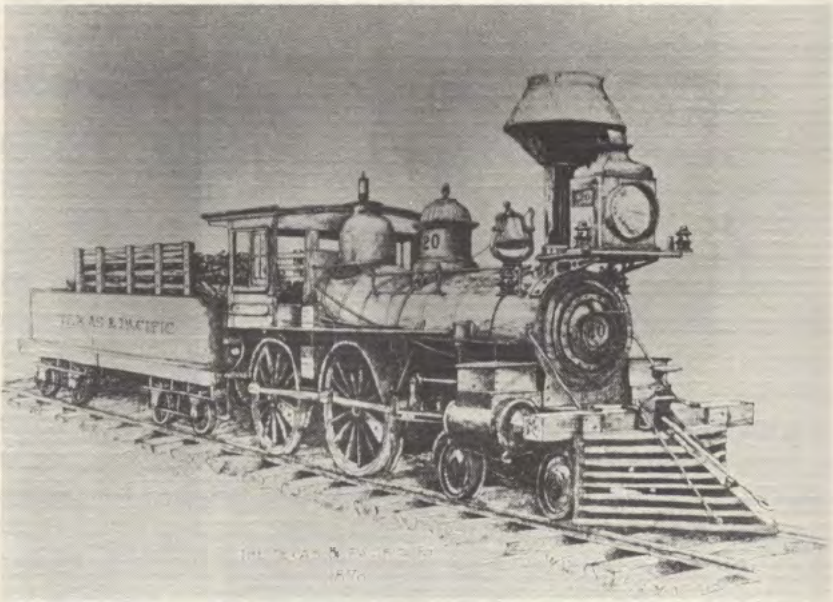
AS I WAS INFORMED at El Paso that although the new Texas Pacific Railway would not be open for passenger traffic for a week, it was possible to get through on a construction-train; and as I was fortunate enough to meet one of the officials who was go-

ing by it, I determined to take advantage of his kind offer to put me through to New Orleans by this as yet untraversed route. The hour for the starting of the train was one in the morning, and the accommodation a workman's caboose. As provender was doubtful on the line, I provided myself with a package of sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs sufficient to last for two days, and with this simple store took my seat, in company with about a dozen workmen who were going down the line, on the narrow bench of the caboose, behind which we dragged some trucks loaded with rails, which we were constantly dropping or adding to for the remainder of the night.... For fifty miles the line skirts the Rio Grande; and I was informed there were already some good farms being opened, and that American settlers were beginning to take up their abode in the small Mexican villages on the banks. At daylight we reached Camp Rice, the spot at which the railway leaves the river. Here there were one or two shanties,...but in one of them we found a stalwart American, with a Chinaman as cook, who most unexpectedly provided us with a cup of hot coffee and a tough beefsteak. Excepting where some willows and alders fringed the river-banks, the country was treeless and desolate.... At nine O'clock we reached Sierra Blanca, the junction of the Galveston and San Antonio Railway with the Texas Pacific....

Sierra Blanca consisted of a tent and a stationary caboose, which had been taken possession of by an irrepressible Chinaman, and converted into a kitchen and dining room for the workmen on the line. We found here about a dozen men...and two or three enterprising travelers, who, like myself, were trying to work their way through by the new route. They had arrived from El Paso twenty-four hours before; but the train which should have met them — also a construction-train — had not yet appeared.... Most of the travellers of the day before had been obliged to spend the night sleeping round a large fire they had made under the canopy of heaven. One or two had found quarters in the tent, and others had passed the night in the Chinaman's caboose.... The country round was a desolate waste of mesquite scrub, Spanish dagger, and bear grass, — the Spanish dagger a species of cactus twisting its weird forms as far as the eye could reach across the prairie, and the bear-grass yellow and seared for lack of water. There is an absolute dearth of water across the desert here for about 200 miles; and the engines, as well as the employees, have to be supplied from

the tanks which are brought by rail and stationed along the line, so that the freight of the water is a considerable addition to the cost of maintenance. It is hoped, however, that energetic boring will remedy this evil in time, and that wells will be found....

We are delighted, while enjoying a modest repast of fried pork and beans in the Chinaman's caboose, to receive the welcome intelligence that the train was approaching, though somewhat dismayed on its arrival to find nothing better than a "box-car" to stow ourselves away in. With the addition to our numbers formed by the delayed passengers of the night before, we had no room to sit, much less lie down; and as "the crowd" consisted almost entirely of the great unwashed, the atmosphere was stifling.... The conversation consisted largely of profane anecdotes and local experiences of brawls and cheating or being cheated at play or in business; and so we crawled warily across the scrubby desert, between two barren ranges of serrated hills which rise to a height varying from 1000 to 1500 feet above the level of the plain—one called the Sierra Diablo, and the other the Sierra Carrizo. The former of these is said to be the highest mountain on the route, and is nearly 6000 feet above the sea-level. Although the line itself nowhere rises very perceptibly, and must have been an easy one to construct, on account of the absence of grades, it reaches an elevation at its highest level, which we shortly after attained, of about 4500 feet above the sea. Here our engine broke down, and we stopped for repairs near a couple of tents in which four men were encamped, who had been boring for water.... There was something particularly dreary and isolated-looking in the position of this camp, and I was not surprised to see a rifle lying on the ground beside each man's mattress. I asked the men whether they had no fear of attacks from the Indians, but they said that not more than three or four men had been killed by Indians on the line during the year, and that they felt tolerably safe, as the Indians had all returned to the reservation since the summer troubles. These had been the most serious on the Southern Pacific road in Arizona, where the Apaches had been out in such great force as to cause some of the stations on the line to be abandoned for some days.... It is due to the aborigines to say that they are more sinned against than sinning. The frauds perpetrated upon them by the Indian agents, by which they are sometimes driven almost to starvation, and hence to despair, render them savage and reckless; and they secretly leave the reservation in large bands, scouring the country, plundering and



Still in use in 1881, this Texas and Pacific engine pulled the first train into Fort Worth (in 1876), and it may have powered the construction train which Oliphant boarded in El Paso on December 23, 1881. Drawing courtesy Willard Schulz, Director, Public Relations, Union Pacific Corporation, Dallas, Texas)

murdering defenceless settlers, and revenging themselves upon the white man generally for injuries which they undergo at the hands of the Government officials, until troops are concentrated in the disturbed district, and the pursuit gets too hot to be pleasant, when they sneak back by twos and threes to the reservation.... To judge...from the accounts which I have received in all quarters of their treatment at the hands of the Indian agents, these latter are a far less civilised class than the savages whose affairs they are supposed to administer.

It was dark before we commenced our descent from the summit level, and I therefore missed seeing what little scenery there is in the shape of a pass through the hills.... We stopped repeatedly at the frame section houses—which occur every ten or fifteen miles, and are the only signs of human life along the line—to drop or add on trucks, and on these occasions could hear the plaintive wail of the coyotes breaking the silence of the desert as they approached the habitation of man in search of food. The skins of these animals are worth a dollar apiece; and one of the section-house men told me he had killed twenty in two days, so that he

was enabled to vary the monotony of his life and add to his income at the same time....

As we were leaving one of the section-houses, the tedium of the journey was varied by one of the men, who was standing near the open door of the box-car as we were moving slowly along, falling suddenly out of it in an epileptic fit. He was picked up without having sustained any serious injury.... Two other men who had been copiously imbibing from bottles they had brought with them, became, at the same time, drunk and uproarious; and the confusion of attending upon the sick man, and keeping his inebriated comrades quiet, in a dark box about half the size of an ordinary luggage-van, by the light of a feeble, smoky petroleum-lamp, was an experience so eminently disagreeable...that my satisfaction was intense on finding at one in the morning that we had arrived at Toyah, that we were to stay there for six or seven hours, and that there would be a possibility of finding a shake-down of some sort in a tent or shanty. As my official friend was compelled to leave me here in order to visit another part of the line, to which he proceeded on an engine, I attached myself to...the most presentable-looking personage, so far as costume and "deportment" were concerned, in the party. Together we went on a voyage of discovery for night-quarters, and were not a little surprised to find in the dead of night this wild remote camp in a state of general illumination and apparent festivity.

Our reception was more characteristic than pleasant. We had not walked a dozen yards from the train when we were startled by two reports from a pistol.... My companion...drily remarked: "Guess them shooters was loaded; the boys must be having a good time," — which, if noise meant anything, they certainly were, for the shots were succeeded by shouts and yells and more shots.... All this was taking place at some saloons about two hundred yards distant, and I suggested that we should go to a shanty as far as possible in the opposite direction, which rejoiced in the attractive title of "The Nip Tuck Saloon." I did not so much care about the nip as the tuck, if it could be got.... However, it was a good sign of the respectability of the house that it was shut up and the proprietor in bed. It was a wooden construction, with a bar and saloon below, and a loft above; and when our sleepy host opened the door, he told us we should find a couple of unoccupied beds in the latter. The approach to it was by a stair outside the shanty, and it

turned out a gaunt, draughty apartment, with the moonlight coming through the chinks of the boards which formed roof and walls. In close proximity to each other were two full beds and two empty ones. It is not pleasant to go to bed in a room with two characters curled up in adjoining beds whom you have never seen awake, and in regard to whose nature and disposition you have nothing to guide you but their snores.... My immediate neighbor, for all I knew to the contrary, might be a "Colorado Jim," or a "Buffalo Bill," or a "James Brother," only waiting for me to drop off into an innocent slumber to begin "blowing holes" in me for fun, preparatory to emptying my pockets.... Just at this period our host looked in and I questioned him in regard to the noise and firing. He said "it was only the boys having a good time; they were only in play; there might be someone hurt by morning; or there might not. He guessed there wouldn't; they was only cowboys and Mexicans in on a spree. There warn't no rustlers among them." He admitted, however, that Toyah "was a putty hard place," — with which consolatory assurance he left me; and a few moments afterwards...I fell into a sound sleep, from which I was only awakened a little before daylight by all the dogs in the place uniting in a frantic chorus of barking, probably at the intrusion into their precincts of a too inquisitive coyote.... Our host gave us a cup of coffee and a tough beef-steak for breakfast; and on my questioning him as to the result of last night's spree, he said he had not heard that any of the boys "had been much hurt." Probably a shot through the calf of the leg, or a trifle of that sort.

I took a stroll through the place...and counted twelve wooden shanties and twelve tents — all saloons, with the exception of a dry-goods store, a grocery store, and a black-smith's shop. Toyah is 194 miles from El Paso, and was the first inhabited spot, excepting tents and section-houses dwelt in by railway employees, I had seen since leaving the former place.... It is supplied with water from a spring not very far distant, and the existence of some large cattle-ranches in the neighbourhood shows that the country is not altogether destitute of that important commodity. Here, to my great relief, I found that a rough passenger-carriage had been substituted for the caboose in which we had hitherto journeyed; and I took my seat in company with some twenty others, with the feeling that I was once more approaching the regions of civilisation. After traversing for twenty miles the plain of mesquite

scrub,...we reached the Pecos river, a yellow, sluggish, winding stream, that cuts its way across the plain between precipitous banks of clay ten or twelve feet high.... Owing to the number of salt lagoons which drain into it, the Pecos is too brackish to be used by man for drinking purposes, though the cattle are very fond of it.... The engineer told me that it was so full of saline deposit as to render it useless so far as the locomotives were concerned. Beyond the Pecos the...grass was greener and more succulent, and I observed several droves of cattle in splendid condition.... As we progressed game became abundant; huge droves of antelope, numbering several hundreds in each drove, scampered across the track, and we sometimes had to slacken up and whistle them off it. Three of the passengers had rifles, and kept firing incessantly at the beautiful animals as they showed their white sterns and bounded in huddled masses through the scrub. I am happy to say I only saw one wounded; it was mere wanton cruelty, as even had they killed any, we should not have stopped to pick them up; but had I not seen it, I could not have believed that in any part of the country game was still to be found in such multitudes. I also saw four deer; and three dark objects were pointed out to me on the horizon, which I was assured were buffalo.... There is no doubt...of their presence in large numbers on the line, as two hunters whom I met at one of the section-houses assured me they had killed sixty-five during the week. There was quite an eatable dinner prepared for us in a section-house, although there were no signs of habitations or a settled population throughout the whole day's journey. In the afternoon we passed numerous salt lagoons, which are dry during the summer, and which even now exposed extensive saline tracts to view: and a little after dark reached Big Springs [sic], also a town of saloons — a sort of magnified Toyah. It was too dark, however, to see more than the glimmer of its petroleum-lamps in the tents and shanties, and hear the sounds of merriment which proceeded from them; for this was Christmas Eve, and sprees were going on in every direction, with occasional explosions of gunpowder.

Big Springs is situated at the present extreme limit of Western Texas civilisation. From here eastwards settled habitations occur at intervals, and the character of the country begins to change; and here I found a sleeping-car, and could actually take a ticket and consider myself on a line of recognized travel. From El Paso

to this point I had paid for the privilege of being bottled up in cabooses and box-cars at the rate of five cents a mile, but there were no regular tickets issued. Now I afforded myself the luxury of a "section," much to the astonishment of my...friend, who was so little familiar with the term, that when asked whether he wanted a "whole section," he thought the conductor was offering him 640 acres of railway land.

When day dawned, our eyes were rejoiced once more by the sight of trees. They were the first I had seen since leaving El Paso, and even those had been planted and were irrigated from the river.... Here, too, near the railway station, were groups of houses, with a post-office, stores, and other indications of a settled country. The population was evidently still of the "hard" type, however. As we drew up at the platform of one small station, a free fight was in active progress upon it. Two or three pistol-shots were fired, and the engineer seemed to think it best not to linger, so we glided slowly past the combatants.... From this and other indications which I observed along the line of route, I should judge that the list of casualties from the use of the revolver was larger on Christmas Day than on that of any other day set apart for religious celebration and worship throughout the year. The irrepressible newsboy now appeared on the train, and I observed that his stock of light literature consisted chiefly of the lives and exploits of notorious ruffians and desperadoes, written in the thrilling style calculated to stimulate the imaginations of the rising generation, and welcome a wholesome spirit of emulation.

We found quite a gorgeous Christmas dinner prepared for us at Weatherford; and a large proportion of the male population took advantage of the arrival of the train and dined with us.... At night we reached the thriving town of Dallas, which boasts a population of fifteen or sixteen thousand.... The Texas Pacific continues to Texarkana, a town on the state line dividing Texas and Arkansas.... Its total length is about 860 miles, of which 450 has been built during last year. On the 1st of January of this year [1882] it was to be opened for passenger traffic; and in spite of the barren character of the country through which it passes, there can be no doubt that a great future is in store for it. At present, passengers travelling between California and the East in winter, whether they go across the Rocky Mountains by the Union Pacific, or round by way of the Southern Pacific, and Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroads, are

always subject to the risk of being snowed-in, and...to the inconveniencies of inclement weather; but by taking the Texas Pacific route to St. Louis and the East, a temperate climate is assured, and...besides this, the Texas Pacific will bring the Southern states into direct communication with California and Mexico. It will open up a vast tract of territory, of which the mining resources are unknown, and which only needs irrigation to be made to yield of its abundance.... It will enable the ranchers of Western Texas and New Mexico to bring their cattle down to Galveston...and, in fact, thoroughly open up a region which has hitherto been almost hermetically sealed to the introduction of capital.... ☆

NOTES

1. *Charter and Other Legislation Relating to the Texas and Pacific Railway Company* (n.p., n.d.), 3-4.
2. *From Ox Teams to Eagles: A History of the Texas and Pacific Railway*, 12; *New York Tribune*, May 22, 1881.
3. Jacob R. Perkins, *Trails, Rails, and War, The Life of General G. M. Dodge* (Indianapolis, 1929), 246-247.
4. *From Ox Teams to Eagles*, 14-31.
5. *Testimony Taken During the Investigation of the Baton Rouge and Vicksburg Railroad Company* February 15, 1876 (New Orleans, 1879), 3; C. Van Woodward, *Reunion and Reaction: The Compromise of 1877 and the End of Reconstruction* (Boston, 1951), 88; *Charter of the New Orleans Pacific Railway Company in Perpetuity* (New York, 1890), 3-12.
6. *From Ox Teams to Eagles*, 31-32.

WEATHER WISE

The first weather station in El Paso was opened on November 7, 1877, on San Francisco Street, between Santa Fe and El Paso streets, with a rain gauge, thermometers and wind instruments. Observations were continuous in the downtown area until December 19, 1942, when the station was closed. On November 20, 1931, an aviation station was established by the Weather Bureau at the (then) Municipal Airport, in the American Airlines Building. On December 14, 1942, the station was relocated 2,000 feet eastward. Then on April 1, 1964, the station was moved to its present site. The station coordinates are: Latitude 31° 48' N, Longitude 106° 24' W.

ACTIVITIES OF THE SOCIETY

HALL OF HONOR - 1984

A FESTIVE BANQUET at the El Paso Country Club on Sunday evening, November 18, provided the setting for the Society's 24th annual Hall of Honor ceremony. To the prestigious roll of 47 El Pasoans who have served their community with distinction were added the names of **Manuel Acosta**, El Paso artist, and (posthumously) **Anson Mills**, pioneer El Paso military figure and builder. The Hall of Honor Address, delivered by Society president Ross O. Borrett, and the tributes to Mr. Mills and to Mr. Acosta, delivered respectively by Leon Metz and Miss Gertrude Goodman, will be published in the Spring 1985 *Password*.

In charge of the arrangements for the banquet was Mrs. Hans E. Brockmoller, assisted by Miss Gertrude Goodman and by the chairmen of these subcommittees: Invitations and Programs, Mrs. Henry Horwitz; Hospitality, Mrs. Albert R. Haag; Reservations, Leon Metz; Publicity, Francis L. Fugate; Refreshment Tickets, Mr. and Mrs. Richmond L. McCarty. Mrs. P. A. Loiselle chaired the Hall of Honor Nominations committee.

OFFICERS FOR 1985

The Society is pleased to publish the 1985 roster of officers, who were elected at the quarterly meeting held on Sunday, October 28, at the El Paso Museum of History:

- President: Ross Borrett
- First Vice President: Mary Ann Dodson
- Second Vice President: Colbert Coldwell
- Third Vice President: James W. Ward
- Recording Secretary: Margaret Mathis
- Corresponding Secretary: Janet Brockmoller
- Treasurer: Freeman Harris
- Membership Secretary: Margery Loiselle
- Curator: William Latham
- Historian: Jack Redman

Elected to serve on the Board of Directors for the triennium 1985-1987 were these members: Dr. Laurence N. Nickey, Gertrude Goodman, Mary Sarber, Mrs. Walter Smith, Dr. Harry Miskimins, Isabelle Frazer, and Sylvia Walsh. ☆



ROBERT McALMON:

Repatriate in El Paso



by James K. P. Mortensen

WHEN THE GERMANS INVADED FRANCE and occupied Paris, Robert Menzies McAlmon found himself in a bind. His money was tied up in a French bank, his health was failing, and by himself he could not get out of the country. Then, with financial help provided by his two brothers living in El Paso and with diplomatic help arranged by his family, he was allowed to travel from Paris to Lisbon. There he boarded a ship for New York. By the fall of 1940, McAlmon was living in El Paso. His expatriate days were over.¹

His was an interesting life. Born on March 9, 1895,² in Clifton, Kansas, the tenth and last child of the Reverend John Alexander McAlmon, a Presbyterian minister, and Mary Urquhart McAlmon, Robert grew up in small towns in South Dakota. In 1910, when illness prevented his father from serving churches any longer, the family moved to Minneapolis. There Robert graduated from East High School in 1912. After one semester at the University of Minnesota and a variety of jobs, Robert moved with his mother to Los Angeles, where he attended classes at the University of Southern California. Enlisting in the United States Army during the Great War, he was assigned to the infant Air Corps at Rockwell Field, San

Dr. Mortensen, Associate Professor of English at The University of Texas at El Paso, is working on a book-length study of the literary career of Robert McAlmon. Among his other research interests are the theories of Post-modernism in art.

Diego. Discharged early in 1919, he returned to the University of Southern California for a year. Then suddenly, shortly before he was to graduate, he left the University and traveled east, where he hoped to find a literary career.

His interest in literature was not new. In the Air Corps, he had edited the aviation magazine *Ace*. At U. S. C., he wrote short stories, attended literature classes, and belonged to the literary club although he objected to the sentimental and genteel writing of the other club members. He felt also that his literature professors were very much out of touch with contemporary ideas. Unlike his teachers and fellow students, McAlmon recognized that new ideas about literature and other arts were in the air. By the time he left Los Angeles early in 1920, McAlmon had met the painter Stanton Macdonald-Wright, he had published poems in Harriet Monroe's new magazine called *Poetry*, and he knew the writing of William Carlos Williams and Emanuel Carnevali. In Chicago he visited Carnevali but probably missed others associated with the Chicago Renaissance. Realizing that the avant-garde artists were gathered in New York, McAlmon quickly moved on. Within a short time, he found the young writers and painters who — we now know from our perspective — were shaping American art. During his short stay in New York, McAlmon wrote some fiction and, with William Carlos Williams, began editing and publishing an arts magazine called *Contact*.

Then, like many other young Americans in the 1920s, McAlmon heard Paris calling. He found his way there in a manner that must have surprised him as much as it surprised his acquaintances. At a party one night, he met a young English writer who called herself Bryher (after one of the Isles of Scilly where she had enjoyed childhood holidays) and who was traveling with her American friend Hilda Doolittle from London to California. A few months after Bryher reached California, she wrote to McAlmon to tell him that she wanted to see him on her return trip to Europe. When she and McAlmon met again, on Valentine's Day 1921, Bryher proposed marriage to him and he accepted. Within a few hours they were celebrating their wedding at a dinner attended by many young Greenwich Village artists. Within a week, the newlyweds were occupying the bridal suite on a White Star liner, one of many ships and steamship companies owned by the bride's father.

When McAlmon so precipitantly married the young woman, he

knew she had recently published an autobiographical novel. He knew that her real name was Anne Winifred Ellerman. He certainly knew that she had some money for she had offered him a part of her allowance if he would live with her whenever she visited her parents in London or her parents visited her on the continent. The arrangement for this marriage that was never consummated also included the provision that whenever he was not needed to show her parents that she was properly married and protected, he would have enough money to live wherever he pleased while she would live wherever she pleased.

When the couple arrived in London, Bryher took McAlmon home to No. 1 Audley Place and introduced him to her parents, Sir John and Lady Ellerman. While living a few weeks in the house that he later called a museum, McAlmon learned that Sir John was a self-made man who had risen rapidly from clerking in a steamship office to owning six steamship lines, as many newspapers and magazines, a few breweries, and other companies as well. When Sir John died in 1933, the papers reported that his estate tax was the highest ever paid in England.

After living for a few months in London, the couple separated, she making her home in Switzerland where, except for the years of World War II, she lived until she died in January, 1983; he going to Paris, the world center of art in the twenties. They did, of course, see each other. At times McAlmon would visit her and H. D. in Vaud. At times she would visit him in Paris. And at times they together visited the Ellermans in their London house or at their beach house at Eastbourne, or perhaps — although such a visit is not recorded — at Sir John's castle in Scotland. When Bryher and McAlmon were divorced in 1927, Sir John, who had taken a liking to the somewhat brash young American whom he didn't understand, gave McAlmon a handsome settlement.

In the twenties, McAlmon was very much in the center of the Modern Movement in the arts. He knew the writers, the painters, the sculptors, and other artists whose names are now well known. Ezra Pound, Ernest Hemingway, Sylvia Beach (whose Shakespeare and Company bookstore McAlmon sometimes used as his mailing address), James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, Hilaire Hiler, Constantin Brancusi, Man Ray, Ford Madox Ford, Berenice Abbott, T.S. Eliot, Peggy Guggenheim, Kay Boyle, Wyndham Lewis, Djuna Barnes — on and on goes the list of people that McAlmon knew well. Readers

of memoirs and histories of the twenties see reference after reference to this man who tried to help many of the artists living in Paris by introducing them to potential buyers, by picking up the tab for dinners and drinks, and by publishing the works of promising writers.

McAlmon had a very good eye for spotting new work that had special significance. For example, when he saw that the old established book publishers in America would not publish the new writing, he founded the Contact Publishing Company, one of the first and one of the most important publishers of the avant-garde in the twenties. He published Hemingway's first book, he published Gertrude Stein's *The Making of Americans*, he published Robert Coates' *The Eater of Darkness*, now considered the first surreal novel in English, he published William Carlos Williams's *Spring and All*, as well as other books of poems and fiction, including some of his own fiction.

By the end of the decade, the Paris scene had changed drastically. McAlmon was divorced, the Depression was forcing many Americans to return home, and theories of art were changing. During the thirties, McAlmon lived away from Paris for long periods. He spent some time visiting family in El Paso. He settled for a time in Alamos, Sonora, Mexico, where he diligently revised his stories, wrote new stories, and tried to interest American publishers in new collections of his stories. He also spent some time in Hollywood and Los Angeles, where his mother and two sisters lived. During the Civil War, he traveled in Spain. And when the Germans marched on France, he was living in a hotel in Dampierre, a small town just outside Paris.

Soon after he arrived in El Paso, his health problem, now diagnosed as tuberculosis, took him to St. Joseph's Sanatorium. In a letter to a friend describing his stay in that hospital, he says that he was delighted with the Sisters and their "innocent joy."³ When discharged from the hospital, he lived at times with his brothers and at times in small residential downtown hotels. His brothers Herbert and George gave him work as a salesman in their business, Southwest Surgical Supply Company.

While with this company in El Paso and later in a branch office in Phoenix, McAlmon continued to write fiction and poems and engaged in extensive correspondence with his old friends from the twenties. Especially plaintive are his enquiries about the location

of his books and papers, which he had left behind in France or lost track of in other ways. Especially interesting for the glimpse one gets into personal lives are the letters to and from John Glassco, a young Canadian whom McAlmon had befriended in the twenties, to and from Hilda Doolittle, with whom he exchanges insights into the very difficult nature of his ex-wife, and to and from Djuna Barnes, the celebrated author of *Nightwood* who lived in poverty in New York after the war and to whom McAlmon sent \$10 bills with each letter to help her get her teeth fixed.


McAlmon was a restless and homeless man throughout his life. In the twenties and thirties, Paris was his headquarters but he was in and out of the city and in and out of hotels and apartments. Even when he said in letters to his friends that he had found a place where he intended to stay put for a while, for example, in Mallorca or on the French Riviera, other letters reveal that within a few days he had moved on. During his years in El Paso, he traveled frequently — to New York, to Santa Fe, to Hollywood and Los Angeles, to Mexico. And although he told at least three correspondents when he was released from St. Joseph's in about June, 1941, that he was having an adobe house built for himself on a ranch near El Paso owned by his brothers and that he intended to settle down and raise turkeys, there is no record of the house being completed or of his living on that property.

Despite his constant travels, he seems to have accepted life in the El Paso and Juarez area. He found the public library small but the librarians pleasant and helpful. He seems to have lived quietly, although he reports in one letter that his hotel room had been entered and burglarized, and in another letter he reports that he broke his jaw in a fight. Often at the close of the business day, the wife of one of his brothers would drive him to Juarez. Sometimes she would have dinner with him; usually she would simply drop him off. He says that after dinner he frequented small workingmen's bars.

Although he had written and published three books of poems, seven books of fiction and his autobiography by the time he "retired" in El Paso, few El Pasoans realized that he was here and that he had been an important writer, editor, and publisher in Paris two decades earlier. Aside from the members of the McAlmon families, I know of only two other persons who remember that he was here: Baxter Polk, the then Librarian at El Paso's college on the

hill, and Eleanor Greet Cotton, now an associate professor of linguistics at The University of Texas at El Paso.

Some of his old friends visited him in El Paso. The American painter Hilaire Hiler, who in the twenties was called the Dean of American painters in Paris, and his wife, Frances, visited several times with McAlmon. His most famous visitors arrived on the east-bound Sunset Limited at three o'clock in the afternoon of November 19, 1950: his old friend William Carlos Williams and Mrs. Williams, returning home to New Jersey after a lecture tour in the west, spent three days here with McAlmon. That visit has become famous because, out of the scenes it provided, Williams wrote "The Desert Music," a poem that he read in June, 1951, at the Harvard Assembly, where he was awarded an honorary Phi Beta Kappa membership. In the poem, Williams describes the figure of a blanket-enshrouded Indian huddled on the international bridge, boys beneath the bridge begging for pennies, a dance performed by an old woman at a show bar, the Old Market, a quail dinner. That Juarez dinner was commemorated on August 25, 1982, at Julio's Cafe Corona. Organized by Dr. Willard Gingerich, Department of English, it was held at the end of The University of Texas at El Paso Summer Writers' Conference. The featured guests were Dr. Eleanor Greet Cotton and George McAlmon, Jr., both of whom had attended the original dinner party with the Williamses and Robert McAlmon.



—but the music, the music has reawakened
as we leave the busier parts of the street
and come again to the bridge in the semi-dark,
pay our fee and begin again to cross
seeing the lights along the mountain back of El
Paso and pause to watch the boys calling out
to us to throw more coins to them standing
in the shallow water

—from "The Desert Music,"
William Carlos Williams: PICTURES FROM BRUEGHEL
Copyright 1954 by William Carlos William.
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In the summer of 1951, poor health forced McAlmon to give up the job in his brothers' store. Early in October of that year, he moved into a furnished house in Desert Hot Springs, California, owned by one of his sisters. In April, 1953, he moved into a furnished duplex that he bought in Desert Hot Springs. He continued to travel, to write, and to hope (in vain) that his stories and poems would be published. On February 2, 1956, McAlmon died in Desert Hot Springs. ☆

NOTES

1. I wish to thank Katherine Heinemann. Several years ago when we discovered that we both had an interest in knowing about Robert McAlmon, we began to write a book-length biography together. While preparing the manuscript for her second book of poems, Mrs. Heinemann withdrew from the project but made her files and tape interviews available to me. Her tapes of interviews and other materials are now in the Beinecke Rare Books and Manuscripts Library at Yale University.
2. All reference books, biographies, and card catalogues incorrectly show 1896 as McAlmon's year of birth. The birth register for Washington County, Kansas, records the birth in 1895.
3. The largest collections of McAlmon's manuscripts, letters, and books are held by the Beinecke Rare Books and Manuscripts Library at Yale and the Special Collections Department of the Morris Library at Southern Illinois University at Carbondale. I wish to thank the librarians at both institutions. They were most helpful to me when I visited them to study their holdings.

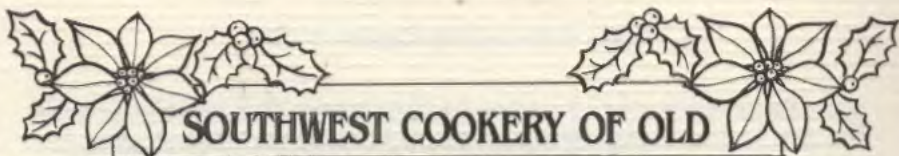


WHAT'S IN A NAME



Crosby School, built in Northeast El Paso in 1958, was named for Josiah Frazer Crosby, a lawyer and judge in El Paso in the mid-19th century.

Born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1829, Crosby grew up in Texas in the home of a lawyer uncle. He was admitted to the bar by an act of the Legislature because he was a minor. He moved to El Paso in 1852 for his health and by the following year had been named to the Texas House of Representatives where he campaigned for a railroad route to El Paso. He and Simeon Hart established home libraries that served the small community in the 1850s. He is considered by many as the founder of the legal profession in El Paso.



SOUTHWEST COOKERY OF OLD

In the December, 1983, issue of *New Mexico Magazine*, an article entitled "A Chocolate Christmas the Roswell Way," by Lynn Escue, tells about a holiday candy which the women of Roswell, New Mexico, have been making for over 50 years. Called "fours" because of the four-shaped squiggle which decorates each of the candies, the "mouth-watering concoction" is thought to have originated in Kipling's, an early-day Roswell confectionery. In the 1920s, St. Andrew's Episcopal Church in Roswell acquired the recipe, and its Junior Guild began making "fours" to sell at its annual Christmas bazaar. The candy was an immediate hit — and still is: each year St. Andrew's volunteers make thousands of pounds of "fours" so as to accommodate not only local orders but also those from all over the nation. The article concludes with the recipe used by Guild member Helen "Bill" Robinson, who has won several awards for her "Famous Fours" (as her labels read) — among them, the International Prize at the Las Cruces Pecan Festival in 1972. With her permission, as well as that of *New Mexico Magazine*, this column offers the recipe for . . .

"Bill" Robinson's "Famous Fours"

- | | |
|----------------------------|---|
| 2 cups white sugar | 1 quart thick whipping cream |
| 1 pound dark brown sugar | 2 tablespoons vanilla extract |
| 1 bottle dark Karo syrup | 2 pounds pecan halves |
| 1 pound Imperial margarine | 3 1/2 pounds Ghirardelli milk chocolate |

Place sugars, Karo, margarine (excluding enough to first grease an 11 1/2-inch-by-17-inch-by-1-inch sheet pan), and one pint of the cream in an enamel pan; bring gradually to a boil, then add the other pint of cream slowly so as not to stop the boil. Stir continuously until the mixture settles to a steady, even boil. Cook slowly, watching closely until the mixture registers one degree above soft ball. (The cooking process will take three to four hours over medium heat.) Working quickly, remove pan from heat, then add vanilla and pecans and pour caramel into the prepared sheet pan (it will be filled to the top). When the caramel has cooled a bit, use paper napkins to wipe the top, pressing any protruding nuts into the still-soft candy and removing excess grease. Allow the caramel to stand at least 24 hours in a cool (not cold) place.

Slide caramel onto a cutting board, measure seventeen rows, 11 1/2 inches long, score with a sharp instrument, then cut. After the strips are cut, carefully press the edges of each strip to smooth them and to add half an inch to the total length—making seventeen 12-inch strips, or 204 one-inch-square candies. Place the caramels on a waxed paper-lined pan and refrigerate until cold (24 hours or more).

Chop or grind chocolate, place in the top of a double boiler over warm tap water. Add more warm water as needed. Be careful about making the water too hot as it can make the chocolate turn white. When the chocolate reaches 86 degrees F on the candy thermometer, it's ready. Dip each caramel in the chocolate, finishing off with a squiggle on top.



FRAY GARCIA DE SAN FRANCISCO, FOUNDER OF EL PASO:

A Syllabus of Errors



by Bud Newman

THE MANSO AND SUMA INDIANS inhabiting the region of the Pass of the North during the 1600s were hunters and gatherers of the late Archaic stage. They were a semi-nomadic people who sustained themselves almost entirely on fish and wild game and, when it was in season, on wild plant food. Men of the tribes wore no clothing, and the women covered themselves with deerskins.¹ Because the Spaniards, who made their entry into this area in 1581, called these Indians by many names (e.g., "Lanos," "Jumanos," "Sumas," "Xumanas"), it is difficult to ascribe a definite ethnic identity to them, though it seems probable that they were of Uto-Aztec linguistic stock, which was spread all the way from Idaho to Guatemala.² It is certain that their lives were difficult: no fixed place of abode, exposure to the elements in their wanderings and, not least, periods of semi-starvation and sickness.

In 1598, Juan de Oñate took formal possession (the *toma*) for the King of Spain of the territory lying north of the Pass. Fifty years later, thanks to these explorations and conquests, the Indians of the El Paso district became exposed to at least a modicum of

Mr. Newman, a member of a pioneer El Paso family, is assistant head of the Special Collections Department of The University of Texas at El Paso Library. In collaboration with the late Carl Hertzog, he is the author of a study entitled *The Mission Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe del El Paso*, which was published in 1981.

The author makes special acknowledgment for their help to the following people: Richard M. Estrada, Dr. Rex E. Gerald, and Dr. W. H. Timmons.

civilized living and to the benefits which were to be derived from it.³

About the year 1656, two Franciscans began missionary activity around Paso del Norte, not far from the place where Oñate had made his *toma*. Fray Juan Cabal and Fray Francisco Pérez gathered a group of Manso Indians and built a small temporary church, the exact location of which remains unknown. Also, it is possible that they built more than one of these, because Fray Juan Cabal began missionizing the neighboring Suma tribes at about the same time.⁴ Although these two friars did not continue their work in this region for very long, they did plant the seeds of civilization. Sometime after their departure, the chiefs and elders of the Manos petitioned the governor of New Mexico and the father-custodian of all the New Mexican missions to send another friar to Paso del Norte to continue the missionary work begun earlier.⁵ In response to this petition, the authorities sent the vice-custodian, former lay brother and now priest, Fray García de San Francisco.

It is at this point that names, places, dates and documents begin to get confused, professional historians and amateur history buffs alike muddying the waters with their incomplete knowledge and published assumptions, not a little of the guilt falling upon the shoulders of this writer. Perhaps, too, some of the blame should fall upon Fray García de San Francisco himself, who started it all with the document entitled "Auto de Fundación de la Misión de Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe de los Mansos del Paso del Norte" and dated A.D. 1659. A notarized copy of this document, signed by Fray Antonio Tabares and dated 1663, was stored in the Guadalupe Mission archives. There it was found on March 31, 1881, by the historian Adolph F. A. Bandelier, who copied it in his own handwriting, very carefully, and even making a parenthetical notation when he turned the page of the original. This copy now lies in the Tozzer Library of the Peabody Museum at Harvard University. Unfortunately, history buffs in El Paso and Cd. Juárez (renamed from *Paso del Norte* on September 16, 1888) have sometimes mistaken this document for the original of Fray García de San Francisco, or for the notarized copy of it by Fray Antonio Tabares. However, compelling evidence that it is the Bandelier copy was presented by the late Carl Hertzog, printer and book-designer, who had in his possession letters written by Bandelier, and by the Reverend Ernest J. Burrus, S.J., a historian who has edited fifteen handwritten diaries of Bandelier.⁶

The certified 1663 copy by Tabares still existed in the Guadalupe Mission archives until at least 1914, when Anne E. Hughes, a doctoral candidate under Professor Herbert Bolton at the University of California at Berkeley, came to El Paso to examine it. In her translation of this document, Fray García de San Francisco writes of how

...the captains and old men of the heathendom of the Mansos and Zumanas Indians went to the said custody to supplicate me to descend to preach to them the Holy Evangel of Our Lord Jesus Christ and succeed in quieting them and baptising them; and our Reverend Father Fray Juan Gonzales, custodian of said custody, having given a patent to Señor Don Juan, [sic] Manso governor and captain general for his majesty....⁷

Ms. Hughes (or the printer) misplaced a comma after the name "Señor Don Juan," which changes the meaning of the sentence. "Señor Don Juan" was not the "Manso governor." Señor Juan Manso was the governor of New Mexico. His name and title, therefore, should be correctly stated, and the comma placed as Bandelier (and, no doubt, Fray García and Fray Tabares) had placed it, thus: "Señor Don Juan Manso, governor and captain general for his majesty...." Serving to reinforce Ms. Hughes' error, and using her translation to double-check his own, this writer misplaced the same comma through sheer ignorance in his 1981 translation of the Bandelier document. He also incorrectly translated *definidor* as "definer." The correct English translation of this word is "definitor," which is both an office and a title peculiar to the Franciscans and a few other religious orders, just as the surname "Manso" is not an uncommon appellation in Spain.⁸

While Ms. Hughes knew what a "definitor" was, she did pick up and repeat another error which was first made as early as 1697 by the Franciscan historian Fray Agustín de Vetancurt in his *Teatro Mexicano*.⁹ Hughes quotes Vetancurt as writing that the founder's name was "Fray García de San Francisco y Zuñiga."¹⁰ Two meticulous New Mexico historians, France V. Scholes and Lansing B. Bloom, corrected this error in an article entitled "Friar Personnel and Mission Chronology 1598-1629," published in the *New Mexico Historical Review*.¹¹ In it, they identify from contemporaneous documents the names of friars who came to New Mexico during this period and the villages to which they were assigned. They point out that Vetancurt confuses two friars (both lay brothers), Fray García de San Francisco and Fray García de Zuñiga, both of whom arrived in New Mexico with the caravan of 1629. They state

that Fray García de Zuñiga was much older than Fray García de San Francisco. Also, they give the information that

It was from Senecú [San Antonio, New Mexico] that [Fray Antonio de] Arteaga, García de San Francisco, and several others set out on an unsuccessful missionary journey to the country of the Ziplas and Ipotiapiques in northern Sonora in 1638. Soon, thereafter, Arteaga left for New Spain, and Fray García de San Francisco, still a lay brother, may have accompanied him in order to obtain ordination as a priest.¹²

In the same article, they show that Fray García de San Francisco did not found the Senecú Mission, as some have believed, but only assisted the guardian, Fray Juan Suárez.¹³ As a lay brother, at this earlier period, it would seem extremely unlikely (and from a canonical viewpoint, impossible) that Fray García could found a mission. Also, it seems doubtful that as a lay brother he would have been able to attain to the higher status of priest. Most religious orders, to ensure peace of mind among the lay religious, have laid down strict rules against a person's aspiring to the higher category of ordination once he has embraced the lower category. During the Spanish Inquisition, the Latin word *conversus* (which is synonymous with "convert") was applied to those "New Christians" or their descendants who had converted from Judaism, and such *conversi* were excluded from the priesthood. But, in its other, stricter sense, *conversus* merely meant someone who had converted to a more ascetic, less worldly, life; and it is in this sense that it was applied and used as a synonym for "lay brother."¹⁴ After some investigation, however, it has been discovered that the Rule of the Order of St. Francis did allow lay brothers to become priests providing that there was no canonical impediment, that they had completed the requisite studies, and that they were willing to repeat their novitiate.¹⁵ It is possible, then, that Fray García de San Francisco was able to return to New Mexico as an ordained priest after his trip to New Spain in company with Fray Antonio de Arteaga.

Vina Walz, who completed her doctoral dissertation, "History of the El Paso Area 1680-1692," at the University of New Mexico in 1951, has done more to shed light upon El Paso's founder than any other person. Quoting France V. Scholes, her mentor at the University of New Mexico, she suggests that even the date of the "Auto de Fundación" of the Guadalupe Mission may be wrong. She points out that Fray García's original written act of foundation must have been kept in the archives of the Senecú Mission in San Antonio,

where he became vice-custodian in or about 1659, and that it was most likely destroyed by the Indians during the Pueblo Revolt of 1680. The copy that was notarized by Fray Antonio Tabares in 1663 at the Guadalupe Mission in Paso del Norte (which, as far as we know, was last examined by Anne E. Hughes in 1914) is no longer available; only the copy made by Bandelier remains for historians to examine. It is improbable that Bandelier would have erred in copying the date because trying to ascertain correct dates was an important part of his primary objective.¹⁶

According to the "Auto de Fundación" (assuming that Bandelier correctly copied the date), Fray García de San Francisco stated that he founded the mission of Guadalupe on December 8, 1659, while he was definitor of the New Mexico Custody of St. Paul and, also, guardian of the Convent of Senecú in San Antonio, New Mexico. He also states that he was given patent to do this by Fray Juan Gonzales, custodian and his superior, and by Captain-General and Governor Juan Manso, who also ordered him to go down to the "passo del Rio del norte" to preach and convert these Indians.¹⁷ We know, to, that in 1659 Fray García was not definitor, but was serving as the vice-custodian (acting head) of the whole New Mexican Custody¹⁸ and that Juan Manso had not been governor since July of 1659, when the new governor, Bernardo López de Mendizábal, had arrived in Santa Fe to take office.¹⁹ We know also that almost immediately after Governor Mendizábal's arrival Fray García, as vice-custodian, was drawn into a long and bitter dispute with the Governor as to who had the supreme authority in New Mexico over ecclesiastical affairs.²⁰ "A study of the chronology of the documents illustrating this controversy," states Dr. Walz, "especially those signed by Fray García de San Francisco, illustrates that it is extremely unlikely that Fray García could have visited El Paso in December, 1659."²¹ The documents to which she refers are those collected by Adolph and Fanny Bandelier at the *Archivo General de la Nación* in Mexico City. These same documents eventually found their way into the hands of the historian Charles Wilson Hackett, who, after adding an introduction and annotations, edited and published them in 1937. In this book, Dr. Hackett quotes France V. Scholes extensively in an effort to clarify the difficulties arising between the Church and the civil authorities of New Mexico during that period which culminated in the revolt of the Pueblo Indians in 1680.²²

When Dr. Walz suggests a "study of the chronology of the documents illustrating this controversy," she does not mean to imply that the dates of the documents would pinpoint the whereabouts of Fray García in December of 1659. In fact, the earliest of the documents signed by Fray García in this collection is dated February 6, 1660 — almost two months after the supposed date of the "Auto de Fundación."²³ Rather, Dr. Walz would provoke the scholar into a serious study of the events which transpired during the preceding five months (from July through December, 1659) and which are detailed therein. These events plainly show that Fray García, as vice-custodian of all the missions in New Mexico, was too occupied in controversy to have been able to devote his attention to the founding of a new mission some two hundred miles to the south and away from the scene of the action.²⁴

Therefore, it is most probable that Fray García de San Francisco actually established the mission of Our Lady of Guadalupe at Paso del Norte not in December 1659, but some time prior to this, during the administration of Juan Manso. Both Dr. Scholes and Dr. Walz agree that the correct date should be either 1657 or 1658.²⁵ It is most probable, then, that Fray García erred in the date himself, when writing the Act of Foundation somewhat as an afterthought, and several years later, due to a lapse in his memory. When Fray Antonio Tabares made his notarized copy in 1663, Fray García was sixty-one years old.²⁶

It was only a church built of mud and straw that he first dedicated to the Virgin of Guadalupe, however. He actually laid the cornerstone of the church which we identify today as the Mission of Our Lady of Guadalupe on April 2, 1662.²⁷ Ms. Hughes reported that he was listed as the guardian of the mission as late as September, 1671, and that his death occurred on January 22, 1673, at the convent of Senecú in San Antonio, New Mexico.²⁸ ☆

NOTES

1. C.A. Johnson, Ben L. Everitt, and Rex E. Gerald, *A Preliminary Appraisal of Cultural and Historical Resources Found Along the Rio Grande Between Fort Quitman and Haciendita, Texas* (El Paso Centennial Museum Publications in Anthropology, No. 5) (El Paso: The University of Texas at El Paso, 1977), 17-22.
2. Rex E. Gerald, interview, May 7, 1984.
3. W. H. Timmons, "Four Centuries at the Pass of the North," *El Paso's Forgotten Past* (El Paso: Department of Planning, Research, and Development, 1977), 2.
4. Vina Walz, "History of the El Paso Area 1680-1692" (Ph. D. dissertation, University of New Mexico, 1951), 12.

(continued on page 190).



IN THE EL PASO NEWSPAPERS —A CENTURY AGO

(October-December, 1884)



by Art Leibson

IT WOULD BE SEVERAL DAYS after the presidential election of 1884 before the final vote-tabulation could be completed. Republican James G. Blaine was sweeping the eastern states, and *The El Paso Daily Times* editor, Sherman Slade, whooped it up, confident of victory, until the tide turned as the vote-count headed west. When Democrat Grover Cleveland proved the eventual winner, the result was buried in a back page of the *Times*.

The political result, credited largely to an earlier financial scandal involving Blaine, together with the death of Slade's very good friend, Dr. J. W. (Parson) Tays, was just too much for the disheartened editor. On November 24 he announced that he was selling out to a pair of former owners, Captain J. H. Bate and Juan S. Hart.

The first thing the new owners did was to switch the *Times* from an afternoon to a morning newspaper. Then they began gradually removing advertisements from Page One, using part of the space for a real innovation, a small column of daily stock-market quotations. El Paso was getting into a mainstream of life in America. A little later, there appeared a changed masthead, referring to El Paso as an international link and proclaiming it "The Gateway to Mexico."

Throughout the fall, readers of the El Paso newspapers were treated to news stories about the Statue of Liberty, the gift from France commemorating our 100th year of independence. They were

Mr. Leibson, the author of this regular *Password* feature, retired from the staff of *The El Paso Times* in 1974, and continues to write a weekly column for that newspaper.

informed that the statue's estimated cost, about \$250,000, had been raised from 181 cities, towns and precincts in France; that as soon as the site could be made ready, the Lady would be delivered; that it wasn't easy to raise by subscription the cost of preparing Bedloe Island; and, later, that work would stop within 30 days unless public spirit and patriotism could produce the needed cash.

Baseball fever was sweeping the country, the first professional team having been organized three years earlier in Detroit. El Paso went wild over the sport, and in October the *Times* gave the town its first sports reporting, an account of a 21-to-13 victory by the townies over Ft. Bliss. Men from all walks of life turned out to participate in the new sport, *Times* publisher Juan Hart playing the outfield while Danny Creelan, a bartender, was at second base. The outstanding star of the team was Waters Davis, a prominent lawyer certain to belt out at least one home run in each game. Admission was free to the games if you wanted to stand. A seat was available for 25 cents. At the second game there were a reported 700 spectators on hand, and El Paso beat Ft. Bliss again, 18-17. The *Times* broadened its sports coverage by introducing the box score of the game in which the two teams committed a total of 32 errors.

Until after the change of ownership, Page One of the *Times* carried no important local news, not even the announcement by Southern Pacific in September that it was extending a line from Tucson to El Paso. Typical of front-page fare during that time was a notice offering a reward for the recovery of a horse that had strayed or been stolen. Another item, from New Mexico, told how cattlemen there had caught two horse thieves who had been followed for 150 miles before being overtaken. The news story concluded by saying that the entire party had moved west in search of a tree suitable for the execution. Also on the front page, the city tax assessor-collector announced that tax rolls were complete for this year's levy and that taxes must be paid in full by October 30. The tax man promised to publish the names of any taxpayers who were delinquent two days after that deadline. He also had been counting livestock inside the city limits, for tax purposes, and came up with a census showing there were 336 hogs, 1,379 horses and mules, 8,574 cattle, 3,200 sheep, and 1,588 goats.

So fierce was the competition for readers among El Paso's three newspapers that journalism here on the border was almost down

to bare-knuckle fighting. One Sunday the weekly *Lone Star* announced that a petition would be presented to City Council demanding that a public privy be built. "How appropriate it would be," the *Times* chided, "to make the *Lone Star* man superintendent of that institution."

Jabs and gibes notwithstanding, the *Times* managed to publish the local news. Reported in depth, for example, was the bursting of the gold bubble across the river in Paso del Norte. According to the *Times*, a commission had been named to check into the possibility of gold being found in commercial quantities, after wild rumors of big chunks of the stuff lying on the ground had been circulated. The commission thoroughly searched the area, and reported that nothing worthwhile was found. Before the end of the gold rush, an obvious hoax, two men were arrested in Paso del Norte for trying to sell phony gold bricks.

One *Times* news story was short and directly to the point. It reported, in its entirety, that "On a street car last night a thing which looked like a man insulted a girl and was knocked down by the girl's escort." Period. The heading on the story was "A Lesson."

A local lawyer, caught in a rigged gambling game across the river, complained bitterly of losing \$95 in cash, his watch, and valuable jewelry, though he had signed a paper attesting to the game's legitimacy. Even so, the mayor of Paso del Norte recovered the watch and jewelry for him. Gambling operations were becoming a touchy subject on both sides of the river.

The area's harvest also received attention in the newspaper. One news item reported that a local man had sent a basket of El Paso grapes way back east to a brother of his, receiving this in reply: "They were the best I ever tasted. God could make a better grape, I have no doubt, but He has never has." Large, tasty onions grown in the valley also were becoming heavily in demand.

The *Times* began crusading for civic improvements, with Juan Hart writing most of the editorials, his considerable education apparent in them. He urged the establishment of an irrigation system for the entire El Paso valley that would provide flood control along with a dependable year-round supply of water. In this opening gun, Hart called for location of a dam near the Upper Valley site of the present Southwestern Portland Cement Company. The plan would evolve, some 30 years later, into the construction at Elephant Butte, also supported by the *Times*.

Another crusade, launched just before the holiday season of 1884, was aimed at the "bunco artists, human leeches who flourished on the other side of the river and fed off those unwary citizens who were so gullible as to bet their money on Mexican games of chance." December was a month of fiestas, and Hart editorialized that "as usual the month had attracted the human scum which preyed upon celebrants as they attended the bullfights, outdoor shows and religious festivities." The *Times* urged strong measures to curb the swindlers, but the fight against gambling would continue for years with only intermittent success. It had better luck in protesting the daily jail diet of bread and water, suggesting that prisoners be put to work and that those cleaning and repairing the streets should be fed better. The chain gang idea was started. ☆

Fray Garcia...from page 186.

5. Adolph F. A. Bandelier, "Auto de Fundación de la Misión de Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe de los Mansos del Paso del Norte" (photographic reproduction in The University of Texas at El Paso Library of the original at the Peabody Museum Harvard University).
6. J. Carl Hertzog and Bud Newman, *The Mission Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe del Paso* (El Paso, Texas: 1981).
7. Anne E. Hughes, *The Beginnings of Spanish Settlement in the El Paso District* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1914), 304.
8. The Reverend G. Rodriguez, O.F.M., interviews, April 4, 1984, and May 10, 1984.
9. J. Porrua Turanzas, ed., *Fray Agustín de Vetancurt's Teatro Mexicano* (Madrid: Porrua Prensa, 1961), 265.
10. Hughes, 304.
11. France V. Scholes and Lansing R. Bloom, "Friar Personnel and Mission Chronology 1598-1629," *New Mexico Historical Review*, Vol. 20 (1945), 70, n. 114.
12. *Ibid.*, 70.
13. *Ibid.*, 81.
14. Rodriguez, May 10, 1984.
15. *Idem.*
16. Walz, 15-17.
17. Bandelier.
18. Walz, 15.
19. Charles Wilson Hackett, ed., *Historical Documents Relating to New Mexico, Nueva Vizcaya, and Approaches Thereto, to 1773 Collected by F. A. Bandelier and Fanny R. Bandelier*. Vol. III (Washington, DC.: Carnegie Institution of Washington, 1937), 154.
20. Walz, 15.
21. *Ibid.*, 15, 16.
22. Scholes, quoted in Hackett, 4.
23. Hackett, 164.
24. *Ibid.*, 148.
25. Scholes, quoted in Walz, 16.
26. Hackett, 176.
27. Walz, 17; Hughes, 307.
28. Hughes, 309.



● PIONEERS IN THE EL PASO SOUTHWEST ●

THE KOTOSKYS OF HIGH ROLLS, NEW MEXICO



by Miriam Kotosky Mottelson

MY PARENTS, SIMON AND DORA KOTOSKY, were married in 1900 and established a home in Portsmouth, Ohio, where their two daughters were born. Then suddenly my father was pronounced ill with tuberculosis. It was a severe blow to the family, but Father was not a man to give up easily: almost immediately he set forth to find a new home — way out west somewhere, for in those days only a high altitude and a dry climate were deemed suitable to effect a cure of the dread disease. His search took him to Las Cruces, where he learned that a Mr. James Lee Lawson had a general merchandise store for sale at High Rolls, New Mexico. It wasn't much of a place — just a railroad station between Alamogordo and Cloudcroft, the nearest city being El Paso, about 100 miles away. But it was dry and at an elevation of 6550 feet, and that made it ideal.

Meanwhile, back in Portsmouth, my older sister died of meningitis. So it was a sorrowing wife, with her infant daughter, who left Portsmouth in 1904 to be with her sick husband in the remote Sacramento Mountains of Territorial New Mexico. Mother was a city girl, and it must have been difficult to come to a settlement of no more than thirty families within a radius of six miles.

In later years, Mother often laughingly told about her first day in High Rolls. She said that Father immediately showed her the

Mrs. Mottelson, a resident of El Paso since 1916, is a graduate of Ohio State University. Long active in duplicate-bridge competitions, she has earned the rank of Life Master from the American Contract Bridge League. Her husband, the late Art Mottelson, was an El Paso businessman.



Simon and Dora Kotosky, pioneer citizens of High Rolls, New Mexico. (Photos courtesy Miriam Kotosky Mottelson)

house, made of boards and papered with heavy red paper put on the walls with wide-headed thumb tacks. When he asked if she liked it, she answered, "Oh, it will do — with just a few comforts." That very evening Dad brought some more quilts and blankets. Good husband that he was, he lost no time in providing the comforts!

And Dad had a favorite story too. It seems that shortly after his arrival in High Rolls he was approached by a man who said he wanted to see the new owner of the General Merchandise Store. The man had learned, he said, that the store had been bought by a Jew, and then went on to explain: "I've never seen a Jew, and I just wanted to see what a Jew looks like."

Time passed quietly in High Rolls, but not uneventfully. About a year after the family settled there, my brother, Leon — affectionately known as "Boy" — was born. My father's health steadily improved. His business prospered, and he was successful in obtaining a Post Office, an Express Office, and a Freight Office for High Rolls.

Even though there were no automobiles in those years, El Pasoans sought out High Rolls and Cloudcroft in the summer because of the cool climate. They brought their children for the entire summer, traveling by train for the hundred miles. Observ-

ing this parade of vacationers, my father envisioned a summer resort at High Rolls. It was an ambitious, indeed a massive, plan because it necessitated piping water from mountain springs three miles away. But Father liked challenges, and positively thrived on the exciting and highly speculative venture. He built 50 cottages and the High Rolls Hotel. It was a two-story building with wide verandas on which rocking chairs and porch swings were provided so that the guests could view the scenery. There was also a croquet lawn for the pleasure of the visitors.

The hotel had a Delco Light System. Each evening just after sunset, Dad would use a long stick, tipped with a lighted wick, to reach the gas mantles through the hole in the globes. It was pleasant to see each mantle lit, and I believe my dad felt like the storied Lamplighter.

Dr. C. M. Hendricks of El Paso, a specialist in pulmonary diseases and a good friend of my father's, was delighted with High Rolls. Dad was always pointing out to Dr. Hendricks the great beauty of the place, often rhapsodizing the starry skies and the invigorating and healthful atmosphere. Dr. Hendricks came for a visit one day, and in a teasing mood exclaimed, "Look, Simon, it's raining on your climate."

I have many memories of those years in New Mexico. The greatest excitement of the day was the arrival of the train, bringing the mail and the Cloudcroft- or High Rolls-bound passengers riding in the open cars of the train. During the winter months only logging trains with cabooses came three times weekly.

I also remember visiting the Mauldins, who lived at Mountain Park, about one mile from us. They were the grandparents of Bill Mauldin, who was to become famous as a cartoonist. I recall that I listened avidly when they told me that only ten years previously the hostile Apache Indians had been on the rampage in our area and had been placed on land near Ruidoso, now known as the Mescalero Reservation.

From the end of Cottage Row, we could see Tularosa, twelve miles to the west of us. It was a frontier town and the stronghold of terrorists, as well as many decent folk. Tales of Billy the Kid and the murder of Albert J. Fountain and his son were reaching us, but really did not frighten or affect us. Somehow we felt secure in our serene mountain country.

The only telephone in the area was at our store. One time we

Miriam Kotosky Mottelson



The village of High Rolls, New Mexico, circa 1915. Inset, a picture postcard, also circa 1915, showing the depot and the High Rolls Hotel, built by Simon Kotosky in 1910. (Photos courtesy Alamogordo Public Library, the Tularosa Basin Historical Society, and Renetta Friesen of High Rolls)



received a message from Washington, D. C., to tell Mrs. Beck (a cottager) that she was a grandmother. My father was so excited to receive a call from the nation's capital that he told everyone — except Mrs. Beck, who learned the news two days later. Ordinarily, though, news traveled fast in High Rolls. Like the time that Mother's beautiful pony Myers (a gift to her from Dad) shied and almost threw her. Completely unharmed, she decided not to mention the incident to Dad for fear of worrying him. However, when she arrived home a short hour later, Dad already knew about it. A farmer had witnessed the near-accident and had rushed to the General Store to tell Mr. Kotosky.

One year a school board election was held at our store. My father, who took an active interest in everything that happened in High Rolls, wanted a certain candidate to be elected. Not sure that the election was going as desired, Dad sent his horses and wagon for a distant neighbor, Mr. Braunstein, to come to vote. After the elec-

tion, he said to Mr. Braunstein, "Doggone you, Braunstein, I sent for you and you voted against my man!" Mr. Braunstein queried, "How do you know that, Mr. Kotosky?" Dad retorted, "Well, I know your damn Dutch handwriting."

People trusted my father, as advisor, counselor, and friend. They came from as far away as Cloudcroft and Russia, New Mexico, to trade with him. If any of the families couldn't pay, Father never refused groceries. His confidence was seldom misplaced. Sooner or later they met their obligations. Most of the families were engaged in farming, fruit growing, or working for the railroad — maintaining the rails and ties for the Sacramento Mountain Railway. Father respected everyone in the community and, in turn, he and his family were respected.

Mother adjusted well to the quiet life in High Rolls. She busied herself with household duties, which were difficult in that isolated hamlet devoid of the "modern" conveniences. I remember her allowing me to help her clean the clear glass lamp shades on the coal-oil lamps. They were always gleaming — as was the whole house, by now truly comfortable, fresh and airy in summer, cozy and warm in the winter. And she didn't give up her city ways. Every afternoon, for example, she dressed her children in white shoes and clean clothing.

She had little time for recreation. In the summer she enjoyed riding her pony. In the cold weather she and my father read the El Paso newspapers each night, sitting on opposite sides of the wood-burning stove. In later years she told me that it didn't occur to her to murmur at this bare and unexciting life. She was at peace, because her husband had been cured.

Mother and her children moved to El Paso in 1916 so that Leon and I could further our education. In 1918 Father sold the store to Tom Bell of Oro Grande, New Mexico, and moved to El Paso with his family. He died in 1935 at the age of 67. Mother lived until 1970, lacking but 19 days of being 95 years of age.

Simon and Dora Kotosky came to the Southwest eight years before New Mexico and Arizona became the forty-seventh and the forty-eighth states. They lived bravely and meaningfully as pioneers and one of the first families of High Rolls, Otero County, New Mexico. It was there that my father regained his health, and it was there that he and his family learned the true meaning of the phrase "LAND OF ENCHANTMENT." ☆

VILLA'S DEATH MASK GOES HOME

by Dorothy Ward

ON FEBRUARY 26 of this year, Pancho Villa's death mask began its homeward journey from El Paso to the Museum of the Revolution in Chihuahua City. Amid ceremony, speeches, and celebration, the mask, which for the last 52 years had been in the possession of Radford School in El Paso, was returned to the Mexican people.

The mask was made immediately after Villa's assassination in Parral, Mexico, on July 20, 1923. It was carried by messenger to Otto Nordwald, a Chihuahua merchant and friend of the slain leader. Nordwald kept the mask until 1932, when he left it with Dr. Lucinda de Leftwich Templin, the director of Radford, the school which his daughter Ruth attended at the time. He wanted the mask displayed with Radford's collection of historical artifacts.

Many years later, Ruth Graham, Nordwald's daughter, anxious to restore the relic to the Mexican people, argued that her father had loaned rather than given Radford the treasure. Supported by John Beck, Radford's artist-in-residence, she persuaded the Radford School Board to return the mask.

And so it transpired that officials from El Paso and Mexico met in Radford's dining hall to celebrate the transfer, declaring it "a historic moment" and "an act of good will." Among the dignitaries attending the event was a small, grizzle-haired woman, Soledad Saenz de Villa, who had been one of Villa's wives and the mother of two of his many children. Toward the end of the ceremony, she was allowed to hold the death mask briefly. Placing her face into the impression, she measured its authenticity, then, satisfied, relinquished it to the officials. Though she would be given one of the several castings which Beck had made of it, the widow watched intently as the original was placed into a protective case. The death mask would now be transported to its permanent display in the Museum of the Revolution. ☆

Miss Ward holds a Master's degree in creative writing from The University of Texas at El Paso, where she is currently a part-time instructor in the English department.



LET THE TAIL GO WITH THE HIDE, THE STORY OF BEN F. WILLIAMS as told to Teresa Williams Irvin. El Paso: Mangan Books, \$40/\$150 (silver peso edition)

Ben F. Williams is an outstanding example of the *yanqui* ingenuity unique to the borderlands of the Southwest. He is equally at home in Mexico, where he grew up on his father's ranch, and in the United States, where he was a businessman and mayor of Douglas, Arizona. His many interests have involved him with both nations and their governmental leaders.

This book is based on a series of interviews with her father conducted by El Pasoan Terry Irvin and compiled in book form over an eight-year period. Told in the first person, it is a compelling narrative of a daring and innovative man of remarkable talents.

One of these talents showed itself not long after Williams' marriage to Dot Whitaker, daughter of El Paso attorney Ed Whitaker. He invented a hose coupling device that had many commercial adaptations. In more recent times, he has developed a fertilizer product and an animal feed supplement, based on his observations of mineral phenomena in the Southwest. In the 1970s, when pollution became a problem, he developed for patent the pump he had designed in 1931 for use in an automobile engine.

As a rancher, Williams is best known for his association with Las Palomas, a 2.27-million-acre spread paralleling the border in northern Chihuahua, the largest ranch on the North American continent. Under his guidance, it was changed from a money-loser to a profitable operation. Ultimately his ranching interests and his ownership of an electric power company were taken over by the Mexican government. To which outcome Williams undoubtedly applied his personal motto: "Let the tail go with the hide"—a rancher's way of

saying that he makes the best decisions he can arrive at and accepts the consequences.

Williams also developed mining interests in Mexico, some profitable and some not. The most interesting of these was his involvement in a top-secret operation during World War II: the acquiring of optical calcite from a remote location in Mexico and the transporting (smuggling, really) of the mineral into the United States. Near the close of the war, he was informed by military authorities that the calcite was a vital component of the Norden bombsight, and he was privately commended for his service to the nation.

Bound in leather and with a foreword by Tom Lea, the book is attractively designed, as we have come to expect of Mangan Books. It contains numerous photographs, as well as endpaper maps which show the area where Williams has spent his life. For readers who love the lore of the Southwest, these reminiscences, told in colorful, authentic lingo, provide a rare treat.

NANCY HAMILTON

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WILL HENRY'S WEST edited by Dale L. Walker. El Paso: Texas Western Press, \$18.

Henry Wilson Allen, Will Henry, Clay Fisher—whatever name he writes under, Will Henry is an outstanding Western fiction writer. If these names are not familiar to you, does the title *Yellowstone Kelly*, or *The Tall Men*, or *McKenna's Gold* ring any bells? Will Henry wrote them all—along with some 50 others. And now Dale Walker gives the reader a selection of the author's fiction, plus a goodly assortment of Will Henry's critical views concerning the genre he is so adept in. Altogether, the collection contains six top-notch short stories; twelve critical pieces (not to mention an introduction by Dale that smacks of the tall tale told around the corral—with no ladies present); a chronological bibliography; a list of the films made from Will Henry's writings, plus the titles under which they were released; a list of works about Will Henry; and then for *pilon*, an intriguing poem, from one "old warrior" to another.

Frequently—perhaps too frequently for some tastes—Henry sings

the sad song that nobody considers Western fiction to be serious writing. Often, he reports, fellow writers have tried to warn him off the range and into some more acceptable arena. But he has kept at his trade, albeit he has tried his hand (under his given name) at "serious" stuff—and the welcome he received was underwhelming. Also, in his critical essays Henry castigates the author who writes filth, pandering to popular taste at the expense of the traditions of Western fiction, as well as giving the genre a bad name. Henry's "Sex in the Sagebrush" recalls an essay on the same theme by Dr. C. L. Sonnichsen—"Sex on the Lone Prairiee." They both lambaste the modern tendency to drag sex into every piece of fiction in the hope of "giving the reader what he wants"—and a quick look at the drugstore paperback racks will bear their arguments out.

Henry is also concerned with the historical accuracy of Western fiction. Interestingly enough, Sonnichsen groups Henry with Louis L'Amour as among the writers who claim to be "telling it like it was" in their Westerns. But judging by the sample Walker has provided, and the dozen or so L'Amour novels I've read, the two men are not in the same league. L'Amour has the formula, and often recreates the past in his own image; Henry knows his stuff, and tells it straight.

Another of Henry's critical points is that the world of academe, although it pays lip service to Western fiction via an occasional course or even a graduate thesis on the subject, seldom really knows the field well enough to judge it fairly. The professors, Henry says, can only strive to fault the western writer on his historical accuracy, not being sure even what Western fiction is supposed to be.

This collection of Will Henry has caused me to want to know the man's work better. When he writes, almost as an Indian, of what the white man never understood about his red "brother," my Choctaw blood surges within me. When he takes a down-at-heels drifter and makes him believable as an avenging angel (if a bit smelly), I want to read more. And when he takes a ten-year-old *enfant terrible* and has him out-snookering Jesse James, I enjoy the fact that he has brought an over-rated bad man down to a believable stature.

This book has a fascinating richness to it. It deserves to be read.

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THE KIWAS by Mildred P. Mayhall. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, \$9.95

Published originally in 1962, Mildred P. Mayhall's pioneering history of the Kiowas is now released by the University of Oklahoma Press. The author, who taught anthropology at the University of Texas from 1927 to 1945, was the first to attempt a comprehensive ethnohistory of the Kiowas, a task made difficult by the lack of detailed descriptive literature for the early years of Kiowa-Euro-American contact.

Nonetheless, Mayhall documents Kiowa migrations from their early settlement in western Montana, southeastward to the Black Hills, and then to the southern Plains in western Oklahoma and the Panhandle of north Texas. She also recounts the history of the Kiowa-Apaches, a small tribe of Athapascans that left the Yellowstone area with the Kiowas. Although speaking different languages, the two tribes became one politically, socially, and culturally.

Following a brief introductory chapter, Mayhall devotes more than eighty pages to the various descriptions of the Kiowas made by European and American travelers between 1682 and 1845; most were brief accounts, lacking insight into the workings of Kiowa society. The author then describes Kiowa culture as it developed after the tribe acquired horses. Between 1740 and 1835, Mayhall notes, the Kiowas experienced a Golden Age as a typical Plains tribe, depending on the horse for mobility and on the buffalo for sustenance, performing sun and scalp dances, while ignoring agriculture, basketry, and pottery. After 1835, as Euro-Americans began their migrations across the Plains, social forces were unleashed that began to change their culture. In a separate chapter, the author summarizes the Kiowa calendars, an unusual pictographic record of notable events in Kiowa history from 1832 through 1892. In the following two chapters, Mayhall describes Kiowa attempts to hold back encroachments of white settlement of their area, a time when their reputation became that of "the most predatory and bloodthirsty" of all the prairie tribes. In the final two chapters, the author briefly describes Kiowa society after the tribe's defeat by the military in 1875 and their forced return to reservation life.

Mayhall's presentation is now somewhat dated. For example, she presents Kiowa history almost entirely from the male viewpoint.

In discussing the impact of horses on Plains Indians, she writes: "The horse made the Plains Indian a new man...It gave him wealth and prestige. It made him not just a hunter but a warrior, not just a warrior but a dangerous predator." But nowhere does she analyze what the horse did for women. In fact, Mayhall mentions Kiowa women only briefly, depicting them as drudges and menials, an image now being challenged by a number of scholars. Still, this is a useful book, and in the process of narrating Kiowa history, the author provides abundant information about other Plains tribes, including their allies, the Comanches.

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AUDUBON'S WESTERN JOURNAL, 1849-50: BEING THE RECORD OF A TRIP FROM NEW YORK TO TEXAS, AND AN OVERLAND JOURNEY THROUGH MEXICO & ARIZONA TO THE GOLD-FIELDS OF CALIFORNIA by John Woodhouse Audubon. Tucson: University of Arizona Press, \$8.50 paperback / \$22.50 library edition.

The California gold rush was one of those periods of high adventure in American history when all things seemed possible. Untold hundreds of men headed west, lured across virtually unknown country by the siren song of fortune buried beneath the California soil. Fortunately, many of these adventurers left accounts of their journeys. *Audubon's Western Journal* is one of these, written by the younger son of the famed ornithologist, John James Audubon.

Audubon joined Colonel H. L. Webb's California Company as second in command. The group of some 80 men left New York on February 8, 1849, with \$27,000 in capital. They traveled to New Orleans, where they outfitted the expedition, then moved on to Rio Grande City in Texas. Here, the first in a series of tragedies struck in the form of cholera, taking the lives of ten men. Then when the expedition money was stolen, the party almost disbanded, with about half, including Colonel Webb, returning to New York.

On April 28, after Audubon had been persuaded to assume command, the company began its overland journey, passing through

Monterrey and other Mexican communities. They struck the Gila River at the Pima villages and continued west across the Colorado River, reaching San Diego in early November. In both words and a few surviving sketches, Audubon vividly portrays the hardships and despair experienced along the way, as well as the natural wonders.

From San Diego, the party moved northward through Los Angeles and Stockton to visit both the northern and southern mining districts. Audubon's descriptions are valuable in that they paint a realistic picture of the situation. Most of the fortunes, he found, were made over the monte table or in real estate or retail trade; few came out of the ground.

Frank Heywood Hodder, who wrote the introduction to the original 1906 edition of Audubon's Journal, describes it as a "remarkable picture of social conditions in Mexico, of birds and trees, of sky and mountains and the changing faces of nature, of the barrenness of the desert and the difficulties of the journey, of the ruined missions of California, of methods of mining, and of the chaos of races and babel of tongues in the gold fields."

Audubon's account, while it lacks the excitement of other gold-rush chronicles, is a thoughtful commentary on the activities of men and the authority of nature. Its reappearance in the urbanized, computerized 1980s is welcome indeed.

BOB MILES

Park Superintendent

Hueco Tanks State Historical Park

The El Paso chapter of Hadassah was founded in the fall of 1943 through the inspiration of a small group of women who had met earlier in the home of Georgie Schwartz for the purpose of discussing how they could send help and hope to the victims of Nazism in Europe. Besides the hostess, the group included Birdie Blaugrund, Ray Talpis, Ida Bendalin, Ruth Zork, Bonnie Feinberg, Fanny Goodman, Alice Phillips, Ruth Radin, Dorothy Galinn, Gertrude Spier, and Rose Norwald. Others who helped to found the chapter were Ruth Banks, Sara Goodman, and Emma Aaronson, who was the chapter's first president. Hadassah is a national organization with a membership of some 340,000 women.

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