

PASSWORD



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PASSWORD

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PURPOSE OF THE SOCIETY

To promote and engage in research into the History, Archeology, and Natural History of West Texas, Southern New Mexico, Eastern Arizona, and Northern Mexico; to publish the important findings; and to preserve the valuable relics and monuments.

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The SPORT of KINGS

at the Pass of the North

by Ray Sanchez

HORSE RACING IS CENTURIES OLD. ONE CAN imagine how it started. Two men on horseback meet. One says to the other, "My horse can run faster than yours." The other disagrees, and the argument is settled on a field, or desert, somewhere.

At the Pass of the North, horse racing can be traced back to the latter part of the sixteenth century, when Antonio de Espejo introduced the sport to the region. Francisco Vásquez de Coronado, the great Spanish explorer, had been the first to bring horses into the area when he led an expedition through the unconquered lands lying to the north of New Spain in the mid-

This issue's title-page insignia, the work of El Paso artist Eugene Thurston, appeared originally on the title page of History of the District of El Paso in Texas and New Mexico. Published in 1947 by the El Paso Public Schools, the book was authored by Jeanie M. Frank, whose name was added to the Historical Society's Hall of Honor in 1988—along with the names of two other El Pasoans (see pp. 13-24). The drawing appears here with the permission of Mr. Thurston and the El Paso Public Schools.

sixteenth century. Some forty years later, his countryman de Espejo, more of a settler than an explorer, made his home in the Southwest. He and members of his expedition began the process of breeding horses.

The settlers held races to entertain themselves. Later, the Indians joined in the fun. Most of those early races were straight-away affairs, but there were variations. One of the most popular was called "El Gallo." It consisted of partly burying a rooster in the ground, then having a horseman try to pick it up as he rode by at full speed. Another variation consisted of hanging a ring made of rope or some other material on a pole. Horsemen would ride by and try to pluck the ring from the pole. It was all for entertainment. Little did de Espejo dream that some day horse racing would become a multi-million dollar business.

Organized horse racing came to the Pass of the North in 1909. Earlier in the new century, a reform wave concerning gambling had hit the United States. It swept throughout the land, something like prohibition was to do in the 1920s. As a result, winter horse racing was outlawed in most states. In 1902, Colonel Matt J. Winn and some associates had taken over Churchill Downs and the operation of the prestigious Kentucky Derby. Fearing that the ban on winter horse racing would drive him out of business, Winn decided to build a track in Mexico, where there were no widespread qualms about the sport. He chose Juárez.

The track opened on December 1, 1909, and provided a profitable venture for several years. It was originally named Terrazas Park in honor of Alberto Terrazas, son of Mexican cattle king Don Luis Terrazas. But the name didn't take with the public, and the establishment became known throughout both the United States and Mexico simply as Juárez Race Track. Each one of its annual seasons consisted of 100 racing days.

Since there was so much agitation against horse racing in the United States, some of the best horses of that era were sent to the border city, the most famous of which, perhaps, was Old Rosebud. He won his maiden race there as a two-year-old, and the following year he won the Kentucky Derby in record time. Another outstanding runner that raced in Juárez was Pan Zareta, one of the greatest fillies of all time. Her match race against Iron Mask, a colt, has become a legend. The race was run on January 4, 1914, and Iron Mask, which held the world record for the five-and-a-half furlong distance, won by five lengths. But the next year, Pan Zareta ran five furlongs in 57¹/₅ seconds for a world record of her own.

Ray Sanchez, recently retired from his longtime position as Sports Editor of the El Paso Herald-Post, remains as a sports columnist for that newspaper. He also edits the Sunland News.



Don Francisco Vázquez de Coronado

This drawing of the Spanish explorer, who introduced horses to what is now the American Southwest, is by internationally renowned El Paso artist José Cisneros. It is here reproduced from his book *Riders Across the Centuries, Horsemen of the Spanish Borderlands* (El Paso: Texas Western Press, 1984) with the permission of the artist and Texas Western Press.

Among the top United States trainers to race their horses in Juárez were Ben Jones (who later handled 1941 Triple Crown winner Whirlaway) and Max Hirsch (who was later to win the 1936 Kentucky Derby with Bold Venture).

In the same way that great horses and great trainers found their way to the Juárez Track in those years, so also did great jockeys. One of the most outstanding of these was John Loftus, who would win the Kentucky Derby twice—aboard George Smith in 1916 and aboard Sir Barton in 1919.

During the track's latter years, Mexico was torn by revolution. The notorious Pancho Villa captured Juárez in 1915, and used the track for his headquarters. The racing operation ceased—but only for a short while. According to an article in a 1954 issue of *The Blood Horse*, it was right about this time that several El Pasoans were killed by stray bullets fired by Villa's soldiers. In response, General John J. Pershing, the commanding general at Fort Bliss, ordered a single cannon shot fired into Juárez from Mount Franklin. The shot went directly through one of the two cupolas of the track's grandstand, leaving a large hole.

In spite of all this turmoil and danger, Winn resumed racing, and Villa's troops seldom interfered with the operation. Some claimed it was because the track saw to it that Villa never lost money there.

Then in 1917, Winn called it quits. "It was for all of us a place of excitement, often bedlam," Winn was to say later. "But it was something like a magnet; it always drew us back each winter to live more thrills and to sniff again of Mexican gunpowder. Who knows, if the military situation had been peaceful, we all might still be making the annual trek to Juárez."

The track was idle until Bill Kyne, later the general manager of Bay Meadows Race Track in California, ran two meets in 1926. Soon after that, the Mexican government confiscated the track because of defaulted tax payments. A short meeting was attempted by the governor of Chihuahua, but it failed and the track was shut down for good.

Betting was still illegal in Texas in the 1940s, but a daring group of folks got together, cleared some ground in the lower valley between El Paso and Ysleta, and called the "track" Cowboy Park. The group published an attractive little booklet titled COWBOY PARK, which spelled out the "Rules and Regulations" of the "Newest and Most Modern Horse Racing Plant in the Southwest" and invited people to "Race your horses in the Sunshine." The booklet bears the distinctive colophon of its designer and printer, Carl Hertzog, who would soon achieve national recognition for his typography and book designs.

In 1946, the El Paso Sheriff's Posse—of all people—took over the



The Juarez Race Track, c. 1916, showing in the right cupola the large hole made by an artillery shell fired by United States troops from Mount Franklin. (Photo courtesy Ray Sanchez)

operation of Cowboy Park. It made some improvements, such as resurfacing the racing strip and installing lights. A news release by the Posse stated that eight races would be scheduled on racing days and added that "The races will be run in the evening, when it is cool, with specially designed lights that entirely eliminate shadows."

The races were mostly for quarter horses at distances anywhere from 300 yards to 550 yards, but there were a few races for thoroughbreds at distances up to six-and-a-half furlongs. Purses ranged from \$100 to \$500. There was a six-stall starting gate, a camera to record finishes, and 175 adobe stalls to house the horses. Such well-known El Pasoans as restaurateur Leon Gillespie and automobile dealer Tommy Deal were among the owners who raced their horses at Cowboy Park.

Gambling was still illegal, but it's no secret that bets were made among the spectators.

Bob Ingram, sports editor of the *El Paso Herald-Post*, wrote a prophetic column during those years:

The Cowboy Park meeting was a pleasant summer and spring sports diversion here. I don't know what financial success the operations had, but they...did it under the disadvantage of not having parimutuels and with no other way for the track to cut in on the betting.

If the mutuels don't come back to Texas, the operators should put up a plant in the Upper Valley in New Mexico, where it is legal to bet on horse racing.

Cowboy Park held its last season in 1947, but Bob Ingram's suggestion had apparently fallen on listening ears. In a few years the process of building an Upper Valley track began. Two groups—one headed by M. R. Prestridge of Alamogordo, New Mexico, and H. C. Badger of Magdalena, New Mexico, and the other headed by Riley Allison of El Paso—applied for a license to build a track in a little neck of New Mexico surrounded by El Paso. "Only five miles from downtown El Paso," advertising billboards were to proclaim.

Allison, one of the Southwest's most respected business leaders got the license. A recognized authority on the breeding of thoroughbreds and the owner of a 1,600-acre cotton and cattle operation at Tornillo, Texas, he was also Chairman of the Board of Southwest National Bank of El Paso, vice-president of Mountain States Mutual Casualty Company of Albuquerque, and partner in Allison and Haney Construction Company. His company built the track, and he supervised its construction, conducting his business operations from his penthouse apartment at the El Paso Hilton Hotel (now the Plaza Hotel).

L. R. (Riley) Allison, founder and builder of Sunland Park Race Track (Photo courtesy Ray Sanchez)



Allison brought aboard an impressive group of people. Judge Bryan C. Johnson, a distinguished Albuquerque attorney, became vice-president, and Judge Johnson's executive secretary, Nora Carrara, was named secretary-treasurer. The board of directors was made up of prominent businessmen and attorneys. George Foster, one of the most highly respected racing officials in the country, was brought in to be racing

secretary. And Doug Atkins was called in from California to beat the drums for the track. He was named publicity and public relations director. The track was originally to be called Gateway Park, but Sunland Park was later agreed on.

Sunland Park Race Track opened on October 9, 1959, with a bang. The opening-day crowd was estimated at 6,500. That estimate was much too high, as future figures were to show. Still, it was a good-sized crowd and it wagered \$165,497. During the 46 days of racing that first season, the track's daily average handle was \$161,918, which wasn't bad considering the sport was new to most El Pasoans.

Things got even better the following year. The average daily handle zoomed to \$192,466. And in the spring of 1962, it went up to \$194,141. Things looked well for the future.

Then suddenly, a tailspin began. The handle kept dropping steadily, year by year. By 1968, the daily average handle was down to a disastrous \$123,513. There was talk of closing the track.

Art Johnson, who had been Sunland Park's comptroller from the track's inception, was appointed general manager. Some thought he was named to preside over the demise of the track. Instead, he quickly turned things around. A highly intelligent person with a knack for getting along with people, he started to promote. One of his first acts was to give away a car. A Cadillac, no less. And he did more. A naturally friendly man, he mixed with the fans. He befriended horsemen.

And he made peace with the Juárez Race Track. Yes, by now there was another race track in Juárez. In 1964, John Alessio, who had made his fortune at Caliente Race Track in Tijuana, Mexico, built a magnificent structure in Juarez, so magnificent that it became known as the Taj Mahal of Racing. It was a combination greyhound-horse track with a golf course in the center of the oval. It picked up the old name of Juárez Race Track, and it was managed by the capable Demetrio (Demi) Sotomayor, a long-time friend and associate of Alessio's.

Some tensions had developed between the two race tracks at the Pass of the North. Sunland Park had installed lights and had begun holding horse races on Friday and Saturday evenings in conflict with the greyhound races at Juárez. The management at the Juárez Race Track was so upset that it began booking (that is, taking bets) on the Sunland Park races. This policy cut deeply into Sunland's business.



Art Johnson, General Manager of Sunland Park Race Track
(Photo courtesy Ray Sanchez)

Art Johnson solved the problem in short order. As soon as he assumed the management of Sunland, he arranged a meeting with Demi Sotomayor. The two men came to an agreement, and the issue was solved amicably. Things turned around at Sunland immediately. In Johnson's very first season as general manager, the daily handle averaged \$157,821. By the time he left Sunland Park in 1972, when

the track changed ownership, the average had increased by a whopping \$51,000 PER DAY.

The track was bought by the Alessio family of San Diego, California. Al Rosa, son-in-law of John Alessio, who had built the new Juárez Race Track eight years earlier, was appointed general manager of Sunland Park. Rosa, a handsome, friendly man, continued many of Johnson's innovations and added some of his own. Sunland Park continued to prosper.

Then in 1977, Sunland Park changed hands again. It was bought by



A handsome thoroughbred and its jockey answer the "Call to Post" at Sunland Park Race Track. (Photo courtesy Ray Sanchez)

a group of politically influential people from El Paso and New Mexico. The group found another capable general manager in Finlay MacGillivray, whose policies were highly respected. He in turn was replaced by Woody Erwin, who had run the track in its early years and was also well liked and extraordinarily efficient. The track continued its surge.

The Sunland board of directors changed in 1982, and an official from California was brought in to manage the track. He was a highly volatile man who estranged fans and employees alike. The handle began to drop. And drop. He was replaced by Rick Henson, but the sag continued.

It looked like Sunland Park was in danger of closing again.

Luckily for the track, Lloyd Shelhamer, who had started out with a small track in Wyoming and had gone on to build a multimillion dollar mutuels business, bought Sunland. One of his first acts was to persuade Art Johnson, then serving as general manager at Pocono Downs in Pennsylvania, to return to Sunland as its general manager.

Johnson immediately turned things around. Just as he had done before. His methods were the same: promote, hold giveaways for fans, get involved in the community, be fair, befriend horsemen. Shelhamer, for his part, put in hundreds of thousands of dollars into improvements—and the track prospered. During the 112 racing days of the 1987-88 season, a total of \$31,742,777 was wagered.

Meanwhile, the Juárez Race Track was having its ups and downs. From the very beginning, greyhound racing prospered. More than 12,000 people had showed up for the first night of greyhound racing in May of 1964. But horse racing never caught on at the spectacular "Taj Mahal of Racing." The track tried horse racing several times in the 1960s and '70s, but never had a profitable season. However, under the capable leadership

of Demi Sotomayor, the overall Juárez operation expanded. A Turf Club was installed in downtown Juárez and offered wagering on horse tracks in the United States. It has drawn a steady stream of players from El Paso and Juárez and on big days, like when the Kentucky Derby is held, it even draws people from far-away cities in both countries. Television has played a big part in the success of the Juárez Turf Club. By paying for the service, the Club can show races as they are being run at Belmont Park, Santa Anita, Hollywood Park, and other major tracks.

Thanks to outstanding managers like Art Johnson at Sunland Park and Demi Sotomayor at Juárez, plus progressive businessmen like Shelhamer and Alessio, the Sport of Kings at the Pass of the North has been doing just fine lately. ☆



This 1963 sketch by El Paso artist William Kolliker captures the swiftness and the gallant competitiveness that typify the Sport of Kings. (Courtesy Sunland Park Race Track)



WINNERS ALL

The 1988 EUGENE O. PORTER MEMORIAL AWARD has been presented to **Dr. Rex E. Gerald** for his article "Bravo 1795: An Inventory of the Missions of Senecú, Ysleta, and Socorro by Fray José Bravo in the year 1795," which appeared in the Spring issue of *Password*. This \$100 award, established in memory of Dr. Eugene O. Porter, the founding editor of *Password*, is given annually to the author of the year's best *Password* article, as determined by the journal's editorial board.

Several other 1988 articles were named by the board as significant contributions to the record of the El Paso region's history—among them, the following: "'Apache Jack' Gordon: Desperado of the Pass" by **Dr. Wayne R. Austerman** (Summer); "Dynamic Mrs. Frank—Pioneer Teacher, Pioneer Historian" by **Martha Patterson Peterson** (Fall); "The Presidio of San Elizario, 1791-1851" by **Dr. W. H. Timmons** (Fall); "'Pen Pictures' of El Paso: The Letters of Rudolph Eickemeyer" by **Emilia Gay Griffith Means** (Fall); "The Galatzans of El Paso, Texas" by **Judge Morris A. Galatzan** (Summer); and "Francis Moore: A Belated Centennial Salute" by **Dr. Robert Stevenson** (Winter).

The Eugene O. Porter Memorial Award is financed by gifts to the Society. Contributions may be sent to the Porter Award Fund, c/o the El Paso County Historical Society, 603 W. Yandell, El Paso, Texas 79902.

The 1988 HISTORICAL MEMORIES CONTEST, conducted by Barry O. Coleman, elicited a large number of excellent essays, each one a privileged glimpse into some segment of the past as it lived and happened. A few examples will illustrate the variety of topics covered in the various entries: the care of cavalry horses at the Fort Bliss of 1923, the early years of the El Paso Writers League, Cloudcroft daily life in the '20s and '30s, Sunday-afternoon trolley rides in the El Paso of 75 years ago, road-gang work in West Texas during the Great Depression, carnival shows as a fund-raising project for the Silver City Fire Department in the immediate post-World War II years, rodeoing with the Pecos County Sheriff's Posse at mid-century, the founding of the Ysleta Elementary School P. T. A. in 1914. And more. And more.

First prize (\$100) was awarded to 94-year-old **Irma Collier Toureeme** of El Paso for her essay entitled "El Paso in 1910"; second prize (\$75) to **N. D. Jones** of Las Cruces for "Man and Horse at Old Fort Bliss"; and third prize (\$50) to **Olan M. George** of Fort Stockton for "'Old Green River' Homeward Bound."



HALL OF HONOR
• 1988 •

Tribute to **JEANIE MacCALLUM FRANK**

by Judge Morris Galatzan

IN SHARING REFLECTIONS OF JEANIE FRANK WITH you, I have relied on talks with her granddaughters, Keith Chapman and Jean Mary Orme-Johnson, and with a number of her former pupils. I have also drawn on Martha Patterson Peterson's article "Dynamic Mrs. Frank—Pioneer Teacher, Pioneer Historian," which appeared in the Fall 1988 *Password*, and on my own recollections of Mrs. Frank as I came to know her when I arrived at El Paso High School in January of 1925 as a sophomore.

Jeanie MacCallum Hay was born in 1868 in Londonderry, Ireland, of Scottish parents. At age 18 she graduated from the University of Glasgow with an M. A. degree. Shortly afterwards, she immigrated with her family to Kansas City, where she taught school for a while before her marriage to a Canadian pharmacist, Sam Gilbert Frank. A few years later, her husband died, and Mrs. Frank, now 28 years old, was faced with the necessity of earning a living for herself and her two little girls. She returned to teaching—and eventually, in 1903, she arrived in El Paso, where she began what would turn out to be a 37-year career at El Paso High School

as English teacher *extraordinaire* and, for many of those years, as Head of the English Department—equally *extraordinaire*.

We high schoolers, whether her pupils or not, quickly learned that Mrs. Frank was Queen Victoria of the First Floor, East Wing of El Paso High School because that was the English Department wing, and Mrs. Frank held sway over it with a firm hand. We came to appreciate her as a truly dedicated teacher—resolute in her determination that every pupil who crossed the threshold of her classroom would learn to use English effectively. She was so determined in this goal that she usually arrived at school at 7:00 a.m. in order to give her time to those pupils who wanted extra help and encouragement.

“Queen Victoria” spoke English a little differently from the rest of us, but her pupils never doubted that it *was* English. And they never doubted that she knew the RULES of English. She enjoined her pupils to undangle their participles, unsplit their infinitives, and unfragmentize their sentences. She tolerated no grammatical solecisms—like “The teacher gave the pencils to Marjorie and I”! (Ooh, how she cringed over that one.) And she had a real thing about verbs. Especially *some* verbs: “No, Harry, the cat doesn’t *lay* down on the porch; it *lies* down.” And Harry, all honest confusion, would venture: “Yes, Mrs. Frank, but in my test last Tuesday you counted it correct when I wrote, ‘The soldier *lays* down.’” To which: “Last Tuesday, Harry, you wrote, ‘The soldier *lays* down his arms.’” Then, addressing the class, Mrs. Frank would launch an explanation of transitive and intransitive verbs—once again doing her patient best to demystify the formulae of her revered English language. As for ending a sentence with a preposition, well...looking back, I rather imagine she would have agreed with Winston Churchill: That is a grammatical convention up with which I will not put!

And here is where Jeanie Frank was *extraordinaire* as an English teacher. She respected the grammatical standards, of course, but not if they constrained expression or interfered with meaning. (“This isn’t ME,” she was heard to say amid the cheers and accolades she received on her 70th birthday.) Along with Samuel Johnson, she recognized that English is not “fixed.” Rather, it is alive and well—growing, changing, expanding—its permutations virtually infinite. To Mrs. Frank, English was perhaps the most potent medium of communication yet to develop on this earth. She may even have regarded it as a gift from God, a gift which it is our sacred

Judge Morris A. Galatzan, a native of El Paso, was formerly Judge of the 65th Judicial District Court of Texas. At present he is of counsel to the El Paso law firm of Grambling & Mounce.



JEANIE MacCALLUM FRANK
(1868-1956)

duty to nourish and cherish and utilize sensitively. What she sought to do—and emphatically what she *did* do—was to instill in her pupils a profound respect for the richness of the language and for the majesty of its literature.

She taught her students to seek the precise word and the fresh phrase. (She abhorred the hackneyed, maybe even more so than “giving the pencils to *he* and *I*.”) She inspired her students to strive for grace and accuracy. She taught them how to balance a sentence, order their thoughts, strike an appropriate tone, shun the obvious, prune the verbiage. And what she gave them was POWER, a POWER that abides for a lifetime—the power of effective communication. The power to speak, the power to write, the power to say what you mean.

One of her former pupils (now a man in his 70s) puts it like this: “So great was her skill as a teacher and so profound her commitment to her calling that she brought forth from within ourselves abilities we didn’t know we had—and indeed would never have dreamed were possible.” Is it any wonder that School Superintendent A. H. Hughey called her “one of the immortals of the school system.”

Jeanie Frank was also a prolific writer and producer of plays and pageants. And she was a historian too. She authored many newspaper columns on the history of the Southwest, as well as two books which were published by the El Paso Public Schools: *History of the Southwest* (1922) and *History of the District of El Paso in Texas and New Mexico* (1947). After her retirement from teaching in 1940, she began a long series of articles in the *El Paso Times* called “Where the Centuries Meet”, carrying forward her interest and love of the Southwest over the ages and vivifying the peoples and the personalities who had passed this way. She also found time in retirement to present a round of radio programs (“Frank Speech”) and to write her autobiography (*I Can Tell It All Now*), published in 1948.

“A woman of valor, who can find?” asks the writer of Proverbs 31. We El Pasoans declare that we can find a Woman of Valor...in the person of Jeanie MacCallum Frank. Widowed at age 28 with two children, she began immediately the process of rebuilding. She made of her life a splendid edifice from the rock-solid materials of her character and her Scottish heritage: courage and grit, an inquiring mind, strong convictions, an irrepressible zest for life. We are grateful that chance brought her to our city, where for five decades she served the cause of education and extended our knowledge of this region’s history. We testify that she opened “her mouth with wisdom” and looked “well to the ways of her [city].” We assert that her price was “far above rubies.” And we are honored to “Give her of the fruit of her hands;/And let her works praise her in the gates.”☆



HALL OF HONOR
• 1988 •

Tribute to **THOMAS JEREMIAH BEALL**

by Tad Smith

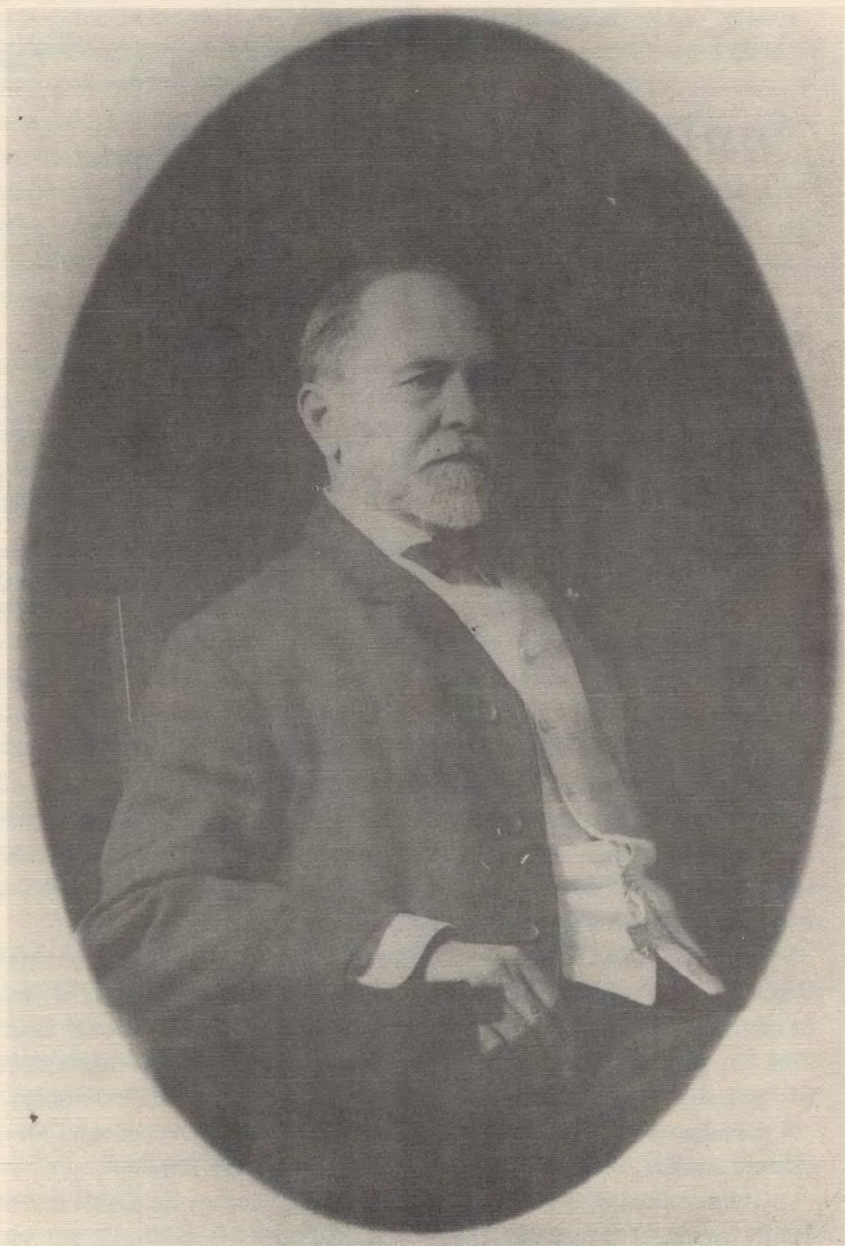
THE YEAR 1881 MARKS THE BEGINNING OF MOD-
ern-day El Paso. In that year, the railroad came to El
Paso...and connected El Paso with St. Louis via the Texas
& Pacific and with New Orleans via the Southern Pacific. And so in 1881
some businessmen left St. Louis, took the train to El Paso, and got off to
live here and to found the State National Bank.

And also in 1881 three lawyers from Bryan, Texas—Captain Jeremiah
Beall, Major B. H. Davis, and Judge Wyndham Kemp—moved to El Paso
to represent the Southern Pacific Company and the State National Bank.
That law firm, Davis, Beall & Kemp, has been in continuous existence in
El Paso since 1881. Today it is Kemp, Smith, Duncan & Hammond.

I am honored to make this tribute to one of the founders of my firm—a
pioneer leader of El Paso: Captain Thomas Jeremiah Beall.

Thomas Beall was born in Georgia in 1836, the son of a physician. His
family moved to Marshall, Texas, when he was 14 years old. He was

*Tad Smith a native El Pasoan, is a partner in the El Paso law firm of Kemp, Smith,
Duncan & Hammond.*



CAPTAIN THOMAS JEREMIAH BEALL
(1836-1921)

educated at Tulane and received his law degree from Cumberland University in Lebanon, Tennessee. He began practicing law in Marshall in 1858.

When the Civil War erupted, he served with distinction for four years in the Confederate Army, was wounded twice, served as staff officer under General Robert E. Lee, and was a prisoner of war for seven months.

After the war, in 1866, "Captain Beall," as he was called, and Major B. H. Davis founded the firm of Davis & Beall in Bryan, Texas. In 1875, Judge Wyndham Kemp joined the firm, which was renamed "Davis, Beall & Kemp," and Judge Kemp took over the Calvert, Texas, branch office. Then in 1881 these three lawyers moved the firm to El Paso.

Captain Beall had originally come to El Paso to try a case for the Southern Pacific company. He liked the town and thought the climate would be good for his wife, who had been diagnosed as suffering from "galloping consumption." By 1882 the Beall family moved into the home which Captain Beall had built at 817 Olive Street. The Beall home was one of the first in El Paso to be constructed of wood (the redwood having been brought from California), and it may be the oldest house in El Paso still standing and used as a residence.

When Major Davis died in 1899, the firm name was changed to "Beall & Kemp"; and when Captain Beall retired in 1914, the name was then changed to "Beall, Kemp & Nagle." Thereafter, the name of the firm was changed to "Kemp & Nagle" in 1923; "Kemp, Nagle & Smith" in 1933; "Kemp, Smith, Goggin & White" in 1940; "Kemp, Smith, Brown, Goggin & White" in 1948; "Kemp, Smith, Brown, Goggin & White" in 1948; "Kemp, Smith, White, Duncan & Hammond" in 1965; and "Kemp, Smith, Duncan & Hammond" in 1981. This firm, which Captain Beall founded in 1875, now has 76 lawyers—59 in El Paso, 15 in Albuquerque, and two in Santa Fe, with additional service offices in Midland and Brownsville.

Captain Beall was one of El Paso's most outstanding lawyers. When he died in 1921 at the age of 85, the *El Paso Herald* said that "attorneys of the state classed him as one of the foremost lawyers of Texas." He was highly respected as a litigator with powerful persuasive skills. In 1884 he participated in a major lawsuit over the title to 47 acres of land which is now in the heart of downtown El Paso, winning the case for his client. On December 6, 1899, he represented the Southern Pacific Company in the first case to be tried in the newly created 41st District Court in El Paso, presided over by Judge Goggin. In 1886 Captain Beall was elected President of the State Bar of Texas—the only time, I believe, that an El Paso attorney ever held this position.

He was an influential political leader and was asked more than once

to accept nomination for public office. However, he declined each time. In 1872 he was offered (and declined) the nomination for Congress, a nomination which, according to the *El Paso Times*, "was equivalent to election." On two other occasions he was endorsed as a candidate for Congress, but declined to run. In 1876 he was the Presidential Elector from the Fourth Congressional District of Texas to the Electoral College, casting his vote for Tilden against Rutherford Hayes. In 1904 he was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention.

Thomas Beall was a prominent community leader. He was one of the five members of the first Board of Trustees of the newly founded First Baptist Church in 1882. He was deeply involved in Freemasonry, being identified with both the York and Scottish Rite. He was one of the organizers and an active member of the El Paso Lodge of Elks, and was the first Exalted Ruler of the El Paso Lodge. He was frequently called upon as a public speaker. He delivered a number of addresses at Bar Association functions and was called the "grand orator" of the El Paso Masonic Lodge.

The community service which he loved most was public education. He served for at least eight years on the Board of Trustees of Baylor University, and he served two terms as the eighth President of the Board of Trustees of the El Paso Public Schools (from 1904 to 1908). The *El Paso Times* reports that in 1905, and again in 1906, Captain Beall spoke eloquently before the City Council and successfully promoted the passage of bond issues for the building of schools. In 1908, a new El Paso public school was completed and named in his honor: Beall School. This school is here today, still located on South Piedras Street.

Thomas Beall was married to Margaret Ragsdale Beall, who was herself a leader in the educational and cultural life of El Paso. In 1895 she was one of three members of the first Board of Directors of the El Paso Public Library. Captain and Mrs. Beall had three daughters and a son. Today only one of their descendants still lives in El Paso—a great granddaughter, Susan Ballantyne Mayfield.

Thomas Jeremiah Beall was one of El Paso's outstanding pioneer leaders. On August 1, 1921, the *El Paso Times* said that he was "until the day of this death active in everything that had for its purpose the upbuilding of the city and the happiness of its people."

And so I am privileged to pay tribute to Thomas Jeremiah Beall— a magnificent lawyer who left an enduring legal heritage in this city, a champion of education, and a community leader with remarkable ability to motivate people to action. He was one who truly "made a difference" to our city. El Paso is a better place because he was here. ☆



HALL OF HONOR
• 1988 •

Tribute to MILLARD G. MCKINNEY

by James W. Ward

SERVICE TO COUNTRY AND SERVICE TO COMMUNITY: these are the kinds of phrases which must be used to describe the lifestyle of Millard George McKinney, a longtime associate of mine and a valued friend. Following his retirement from a distinguished thirty-year career in the United States Navy, Millard has energetically devoted an almost equal number of years to the research and the preservation of El Paso history.

Millard was born, or "launched" as he terms it, on January 26, 1912, on a ranch near Des Moines, New Mexico, the first and only child of Lucien E. and Iris Ellen McKinney. While he was still a small boy, his cowboy father was killed in a hunting accident. Shortly afterwards, the mother and son moved from the ranch to Fort Worth. While the family was living there, another accident occurred which brought them to El Paso. Mrs. McKinney's brother, Hugh Morgan, died from an injury received on the job at American Smelting and Refining Company, and Mrs. McKinney moved to El Paso to live with her widowed mother.

Some time later, she married Quartermaster Sergeant Paul F. Saenger

and moved into quarters on Sheridan Road at Fort Bliss. This second marriage of Millard's mother produced two children: a daughter, now deceased, and a son, J. N. Saenger, who lives in Arizona.

While living at Fort Bliss, Millard rode to and from Grandview School (now Rusk School) in an Army wagon. One of his classmates was a girl named Stella Martin. He paid little attention to her then. He was interested only in sports, and Stella didn't play baseball.

Millard attended Austin Junior High and El Paso High School. After school and on weekends and holidays he worked as a caddie. Between rounds he scuffed a few balls himself and soon became a pretty fair golfer. This skill got him a summer job at The Lodge in Cloudcroft—as assistant pro in the daytime and night clerk in the evening. After The Lodge closed for the winter, Millard worked at The Country Club golf course in San Angelo and then went to Fort Worth, where he worked for Renfro Drugs. However, he soon returned to El Paso and took a job in the Traffic Department of Western Union. His boss there was his former classmate, Stella Martin. She still couldn't play baseball, but Millard decided that maybe this handicap was not too important. They began dating.

Looking for a more exciting job, Millard decided to join the Navy. Why the Navy? Millard said that he had seen too much of the horse soldiers when he lived at Fort Bliss and wanted something different. The Great Depression was becoming serious, though, and the Navy Billets were filled. Millard joined the Naval Reserve and was placed on a waiting list for active duty. Five months later, on February 17, 1931, he took the Oath of Allegiance and began Boot Camp at San Diego. Following this, he went to the Great Lakes Training Station for a course in Aviation Mechanics, and he served in the aviation field throughout his Naval career.

While in the Navy, Millard corresponded with Stella on just a "friendly" basis according to him. Then, after nearly two years' absence, the young sailor returned to El Paso on leave. The romance warmed, and Stella and Millard were married on December 27, 1932. "She was my boss at Western Union, and she still is my boss," jokes Millard.

The Day of Infamy, December 7, 1941, found Millard in Norfolk, Virginia. Shortly afterwards he became a "Mustang" Ensign. He served with distinction throughout World War II and Korea and retired from the United States Navy on April 1, 1961, with the rank of Commander. He and Stella then returned to El Paso, where they have resided ever since.

Colonel (Ret.) James W. Ward, a graduate of St. Benedict's College, Atkinson, Kansas, is First Vice President of the El Paso County Historical Society. He also serves as Markers Chairman of the El Paso County Historical Commission.



COMMANDER (Ret.) MILLARD GEORGE MCKINNEY

After settling in El Paso, Millard read an article on the history of aviation at Fort Bliss and Biggs Air Force Base. The article not only contained errors, but also made no mention of a flying field built at Fort Bliss just after World War I. Millard knew about this field because his stepfather had helped construct it. Being a stickler for accuracy, Millard called this omission to the attention of the Base Information Officer. Shortly afterwards the omission was repeated in another article. Incensed, Millard pointed out the error to the Base Commander. His reply was, "Why don't you write a correct version?" Millard answered the challenge with a lengthy manuscript, supported by references and photographs, entitled "The Forgotten Flying Field." This work served as a catalyst for his becoming a close student of El Paso/Fort Bliss/Biggs Field history. His research uncovered much forgotten detail and taught him that history is found not only in books but also in photographs and memories. It also taught him to double-check all his data. Printed errors often perpetuate themselves.

Following his first manuscript, Millard's reputation as a meticulous researcher grew. He helped the Public Information Officer research numerous facets of the history of Fort Bliss. In addition, he helped the El Paso Public Library identify many of the people, events, and scenes in the Aultman Collection of photographs. He took "now" pictures for the "then" photograph collection of the late Chris Fox. Not satisfied with some of the poorly processed pictures he saw, he began printing his own. He also embarked on a search for old photographs of El Paso and Fort Bliss. These he reproduced so as to preserve them for posterity, sometimes carrying one of these photographs around for weeks looking for proper identification.

Meanwhile, Millard continued to observe historical inaccuracies in print. And he continued his complaints. This time to the editor of the *El Paso Times*, William J. Hooten, regarding errors in the Sunday newspaper feature "In Old El Paso." Finally Hooten said, "Why don't you prepare the column!" Millard had not learned to "just say no," so for many years he contributed a weekly photograph of old El Paso, each one accompanied by an *accurate* description of its historical context.

Millard became a Life Member of the El Paso County Historical Society and served for several years on the Board of Directors and as Vice President. He was a member of the Editorial Board of the Society's quarterly publication *Password*, offering his expertise on historical facts and providing photographs to enhance the published articles. Additionally, he assisted in the society archives, identifying pictures and donating

(Continued on page 46)



LINCOLN PARK SCHOOL

A BRIEF HISTORY *from Notes* by Lillian Scott

and

THE CLOCK, *a Fictional Memoir*

by Mary Bowling

MISS LILLIAN E. SCOTT TAUGHT SCHOOL IN the Southwest for some 51 years. She began her career in 1908 at Los Lunas, New Mexico. Some time later, she settled in El Paso, where she taught for 32 years, seven of them at Lincoln Park School. In the early 1950s, she retired and moved to Las Cruces, where in a year or so she was persuaded to accept a position at MacArthur School. She continued as a teacher there until 1963, when she was allowed a second and final retirement.

After her death in January of 1975, a small notebook was found among her effects in which she had made notes for a BRIEF HISTORY OF LINCOLN PARK SCHOOL. The notes are abbreviated and concise, some of the names indecipherable and many of the dates illegible. However, they contain much valuable information. Knowing that she had intended to put this material into a finished form, I transcribed the notes into readable type. Then, though the assistance of the editor of *Password*, Miss Scott's notes have been worked into a brief history of the school to about 1951.

To this history, I append *THE CLOCK*, a fictional memoir of such a school as Lincoln Park in the 1920s, hoping that the two documents together may constitute a little historical souvenir of the school and its neighborhood, thus fulfilling Lillian Scott's intent.

A BRIEF HISTORY

Lincoln Park School no longer exists. It was closed in May of 1970 because of its proximity to the constructing of the Freeway Interchange. But for over a century Lincoln Park played a role in the early education of El Paso children. Originally called Concordia School, it was one of the first schools to be established in what is now El Paso, its beginnings closely related to the military post standing guard over the frontier settlements opposite the Mexican town of El Paso del Norte.

In 1868, Fort Bliss was moved from Magoffinsville to a site on Rancho Concordia, the property leased from the old Hugh Stephenson estate. Shortly after the removal of the Fort to "Camp Concordia," a one-room school was organized in the Officers Quarters. It was furnished with long, rough wooden tables and benches, and its pupils were the children of military personnel. The first teacher was a Mr. Ochoa. Later wisdom prompted the removal of the school to a one-room adobe building constructed nearby. In 1877 the post at Concordia was abolished, then recommissioned in 1878, moved to a downtown location later that year, and in 1880 moved again—to a site near Hart's Mill.

During these years, families had been settling in the Concordia District, and the school became "civilian" without serious interruption. It lay outside the city limits (the city having been incorporated in 1873), and it was governed by a school board composed of Captain A. H. French (co-owner with his wife, Benancia Stephenson French, of the land on which the school stood), Mr. Colbert Coldwell (great-grandfather of Judge Colbert Coldwell, current president of the El Paso County Historical Society), and Mr. P. E. Dunne. By 1880 the school was housed in a four-room adobe building which had served the Fort as a guardhouse. A list of the teachers who taught in the Concordia School in the 1880s would include these names: Manuel Flores, George Huffman, Katie Moore (who

Mary Bowling, an artist who resides in Cambria, California, spent her childhood and youth in El Paso. She attended Lincoln Park and Crockett Elementary Schools and was graduated from El Paso High School in 1932. She holds a B. A. degree from Texas College of Mines and Metallurgy and an M. S. degree from the University of Southern California.

later became the socially prominent Mrs. W. R. Brown), Bessie Cole, and Mamie Dunne (daughter of P. E. Dunne).

Between 1890 and 1900, the old guardhouse was abandoned in favor of a one-room brick building on Grama Street near the Franklin Canal. The primary children received instruction there, while the upper-grade pupils attended another school. Concordia School was now under the jurisdiction of the County Judge and was supervised by the County School Superintendent, the first of whom was Mr. C. C. Thomas, who served from 1895 until his death in 1897.

The one-room school on Grama Street continued until the middle of the winter 1909, the last teacher who taught there being Lillian Huggett. In later years Miss Huggett recalled her first day of school. She got off the Washington Park streetcar, and a group of shouting children ran to meet her. She remembered the equipment in the school was very limited and crude: a pot-bellied stove, a blackboard, rough benches and tables. The enrollment consisted of 35 Spanish-American pupils whose habits were to read their lessons out loud—much to her astonishment. On her second day, the president of the County School Board told her that the school would soon be moved into a new two-room brick building. Three years earlier, he explained, a real estate company under the management of J. J. Mundy had bought a part of the French estate with the intention of turning this tract of land into a residential district.

After the streets were laid, out, the Lincoln Park addition came into being, and the new two-room school building became known as Lincoln Park School. It was bounded by Manzana Street on the north, Durango Street on the south, Boone Street on the east, and Martinez Street on the west. Miss Huggett found the new building spacious and comfortable, although drinking water had to be carried from a nearby dairy. She recalled that the pupils considered it a privilege to carry the water in a brass pail and pass the water around to everyone. She also remembered that the Big Event of that year was the closing-day program. The audience was so large that people sat in the windows and some even stood. The Reverend Edward Millican made a talk, and the program lasted until very late.

In the fall of 1910, Miss Huggett left Lincoln Park to teach elsewhere and was replaced by Mrs. Frances Culligan, who stayed until the spring of 1913. Now the school had five grades, and there were six teachers.

Miss Katherine Harper became Principal of Lincoln Park in the fall of 1914. Then in the summer of 1915, the little building was replaced by a new one of red brick with a basement half above ground and 13 rooms in all. When school opened that fall, the construction was not quite

LINCOLN PARK SCHOOL



Lincoln Park School, early 1920s (Photo courtesy El Paso Public Schools)

completed and some of the classes were held at the nearby Schourpup Dairy for a few weeks.

Miss Dametra Stanfield became Principal in the fall of 1916 and served until 1922. During her tenure, various women's clubs in El Paso started penny lunches—substantial soup with bread one day, beans and milk another. The women insisted on getting a penny from each child to teach them to pay for everything. The children often earned their pennies by running errands for the teachers. In the scholastic year 1921-1922, Lincoln Park was the largest school in the County System. It chose its colors that year (red and blue), and its P. T. A. was organized.

March 21, 1922, was an important day in the history of Lincoln Park School. On that day it was admitted into the Public School System of the city of El Paso.* In the fall of that year, Mrs. Lily Howard became the Principal, and she would hold that position until 1940.

Under Mrs. Howard's vigorous leadership, the school began immediately to expand its curricula and to broaden its organized activities for the pupils. Physical Education was added, Inez Hanley serving as the first

**Editor's Note:* This date is substantiated in El Paso Public School Minutes, which have been provided by Di Emma Shelton, executive secretary to five Superintendents of the El Paso Public Schools.

Physical Education teacher. Isola Lowry conducted an Art Club, and Grace Lord started a Reading Club. Adelina Lucero, an active member of the P.

Lilly Howard, Principal of Lincoln Park School, 1922-1940
(Photo courtesy Mary Bowling)



T. A., organized a library in the boiler room. The school newspaper was begun in 1923 by Lillian Scott with two pages, later carried on by Edna Davis and increased eventually to six pages. In 1929, the school's first kindergarten opened under the direction of Birda May Lacey. The Girls Reserves (with 100 percent enrollment) and the Boy Scouts were organized. Martha Ballard was responsible for starting a

Dancing Club, which donated its membership fees to the purchasing of sweaters for the football and soccerball teams.

Nor were social activities neglected. Several school-wide picnics were held on Mount Franklin. And on All Saints Day, the pupils were permitted to leave school to go to Concordia Cemetery and decorate the graves. "It was like a regular festival," remarked Miss Scott in her little notebook, "where people would come to sell food, flowers, and decorations...."

In November of 1940, it was proposed that the school change its name to Travis. The P. T. A. strongly objected, and a compromise was struck: the name was changed to Lincoln School (no relation to the present Abraham Lincoln School in El Paso's Upper Valley).

Miss Scott left Lincoln Park School in 1928, but until 1951 she continued to record the events that were taking place at the school. She conscientiously noted each change of administration and each year's roster of teachers. She proudly named the pupils who won awards and just as proudly reported the accomplishments of the P. T. A. Also, she was scrupulous in crediting those individuals who in her estimation deserved commendation—as, for example, "Through Mrs. Grace Lord, much material was furnished the school" and "Juan Ornelas was a faithful custodian of

MARY BOWLING

the school from 1922 until 1944, always obliging and good natured." She even remarked such seemingly trivial happenings as the fact that on November 10, 1931, "Mr. Stigler [the Assistant Superintendent for Public Schools in El Paso] visited the P. T. A. [and] saw the great need for an auditorium," that "An electric clock was installed...in 1934," that "The school was finally enclosed with steel-web netted fences," that "In 1951, the foundation was laid for a new addition and auditorium."

Miss Scott's little record book ends on a solemn and poignant note. In quiet remembrance, she listed the names of former Lincoln Park pupils who lost their lives in World War II: Manuel Gonzales, Alfred Perez, Jesus Porras, Francisco Porras, Manuel Salcedo, Francisco Santiesteban.

Lillian E. Scott, teacher at Lincoln Park School, 1921-1928, as she appeared c. 1963 (Photo courtesy Mary Bowling)



THE CLOCK: A Fictional Memoir of Such a School

When I was five, I started attending a public school in the Mexican section "below the tracks" of a Texas town on the Rio Grande. The school was a red brick, two-story box situated in a sea of sand and surrounded by clusters of small adobe houses extending on the south to the cotton gin, on the west to the corrals of the slaughter house, and on the north to the pauper's cemetery whose demarcation was a sagging barbed wire fence. Beyond the adobes on the east stretched the barren desert to an infinity of sky.

Nothing grew in this soil except a few stunted salt cedars. For this reason, the inhabitants put old oil cans into the earth to retain water, and in these, with great care, they cultivated rose bushes which produced

flowers the size of a dime. How sweet the fragrance on a still summer's night!

There were no paved streets in the neighborhood—and no running water or electric lights except at the school, the slaughterhouse, and the cotton gin. But nearly everyone had a handpump in the backyard and, besides, there was a vendor with jugs of drinking water on his rickety cart pulled by a little burro. By night, the kerosene lamps made soft gold squares of the windows and doors.

My first year at school, a new Principal arrived, extremely wiry and energetic, with pale blue eyes and hair already white. She was a natural-born fighter, and we children realized that she intended to transform us into Good American Citizens in accord with a mysterious vision of her own. Everything must be in English! Not a word of Spanish in the classroom or on the playground—or there would be punishment! Each month, with squeaky pens and splattery black ink, we labored in "Palmer Method" to write invitations to the P. T. A. meeting for parents who could not read English and would seldom attend. On Arbor Day, we planted trees that died in a few months.

We never did find out how the Principal knew that the large, perfect red carnations which an unfortunate boy brought a favorite teacher had been taken from a grave in the cemetery. The flowers were sitting in a crystal vase on the teacher's desk and we were all admiring their rosy beauty when the Principal swept in, demanded to know the donor, and with some forceful remarks on the shame of theft, threw the flowers into the waste basket. (Oh! Oh!) Her neck and face were very red. She had a sixth sense and could get herself into a terrible temper over strange things.

I lived on the other side of the Potter's Field and walked by it on my way to school. Most of the graves were marked with windbeaten wooden crosses, a few shreds of yellowed tissue paper clinging to them from previous floral decorations. The stenciled names were mostly obliterated. But from time to time, a magnificent creation would take shape. There would be a workman with a pail of water and a small bag of cement, building up a fanciful form over a wooden core and carefully inlaying bits of broken crockery and fragments of glass. With a nail, he might even emboss a design into the end of a tin can and embed this, too.

In one corner of the schoolground, there was a house surrounded by a high wooden fence. It was a store which we never entered because its one glass showcase had only a few tablets and pencils. The Principal had decided that this was a "speakeasy" and a bad influence on us which must be removed.

She soon discovered another sinister influence. Each semester it was necessary to bring a quarter for school supplies (a tablet of pencil paper, five sheets of glossy ink paper, a pen with two removable nibs, a composition book, and a yellow pencil with an eraser on the end). But with this treasure coin in hand, we had our own secret desires—a colored postcard of a movie star, a pencil with a magic drop of magenta liquid in a celluloid capsule on the end, or a wax skull decorated with candy flowers and squiggles—all available at the real store, Frank's, across the street from the main entrance of the school. Any pupil who arrived without the required quarter was sent to the Principal's office, there to receive a tongue-lashing that always ended like this: "Your parents have money to give to the Church, but not for your education!" Then, pointing her finger toward the window, she would shout in the prohibited Spanish so that everyone would be sure to understand: "Your parents have money to build a cathedral, but nothing for school supplies!"

The term "cathedral" was not exactly correct. As anyone could see through the window, on the other side of the street were only some piles of adobe bricks made by volunteer workmen at various times which melted back into the earth after each rain.

To insure the good order of things at school, an electric clock was installed in the corridor next to the office. The clock had an oak case, the face enclosed in a hexagonal frame, and the brass pendulum below by a rectangular box with glass door on which was imprinted in gold letters, "Western Union." The clock was connected to piercing electric bells, and nevermore would it be necessary for Juan, the janitor, to ring the handbell.

One day, the Principal looked at her watch. It was ten minutes after the hour, and the bells had not sounded. Rushing into the corridor, she looked toward the clock, but there was only an outline of it in the soiled wall paint and in the middle of the outline a hole which exposed some clipped electric wires. Juan was the suspect, but he repeated his innocence many, many times...and returned to ringing the big nickel-plated handbell.

Progress continued. Over the years, a succession of experts were brought to the school from the outside world to lecture—public health nurses talking about a balanced diet (FOUR GLASSES OF MILK A DAY! MINERALS! VITAMIN A! BRUSH YOUR TEETH!), home economists demonstrating how to make fantastic structures out of jello (although no one had ever seen an ice wagon in our neighborhood), and phonetic reading specialists unrolling mysterious hieroglyphic charts before us.

From time to time, barrels of old clothes arrived, donated by more fortunate children, and one winter, some ladies in silk dresses and ornate

hats came each noon to serve us bowls of hot soup with big fluffy rolls.

The school terminated with the fifth grade, so the time came when I went to another school, leaving behind the Principal with her fight for trees that would not grow and against the hunger which had no end.



Lillian E. Scott with a class at Lincoln Park School, c. 1925 (Photo courtesy Mary Bowling)

In college, I started a paper on the miracle and morality plays which, dating from the 16th-century Spanish cultural conquest of the New World, were, in various forms, still being performed along the Rio Grande River. In search of information on the subject, I called the Principal of that first school I had attended. She suggested that I join her at a *Fiesta* which the neighborhood people would be holding on the school grounds. Traditionally, for the occasion, Corpus Christi Day, the Indians in the area would assemble to dance, and she thought they might perform one of the story-dance dramas in which I was interested.

On the way to school that evening, she explained enthusiastically how everything had changed since my years there: "You won't recognize the place! Progress! A good P. T. A. Packed with parents! I have a teacher

who translates everything from English into Spanish for the parents. The place is clean! There's a new young priest who is intelligent, dedicated! We get along fine. That's why I'm letting him use the school grounds for the 'carnival' tonight. The church doesn't have electricity yet, so I have to get there early to drop an extension cord out of the window and turn on the ground lights. The School Board doesn't know about this."

When we arrived, I had a great shock because nothing had changed! Instead, everything was older, dustier, more littered, soiled and worn than in my memories. The "speakeasy" was still on the corner, and when we entered the vacant schoolhouse to turn on the lights, the odor inside was nearly suffocating.

But there had been a change! From the window of the Principal's office, I saw the "cathedral" finished! With arches, towers, cupola and ornamentation—all out of unpainted, unplastered adobe. It had the form of a picture-postcard, very small "cathedral," constructed slightly askew as though out of children's blocks.

"Would you like to visit it?" the Principal asked. "I've never been inside myself."

As we walked across the grounds where people were constructing booths for the evening's festivities, a shout went up: "La Principal! La Principal! Ya viene la Principal!" And small children rushed to form a respectful throng behind her.

We entered the church and were confronted by an altarpiece nearly two stories high—a confection made of tin cans worked into baroque shapes and festooned with flowers, birds, and butterflies fashioned out of white tissue paper and hoarded foil from candy wrappers—all illumined by a profusion of candles and some oil lamps.

Then, at the same time, we both saw at the left of the altar a pendulum clock, now stilled, its face hexagonal, and on the rectangular glass door below, the golden letters "Western Union."

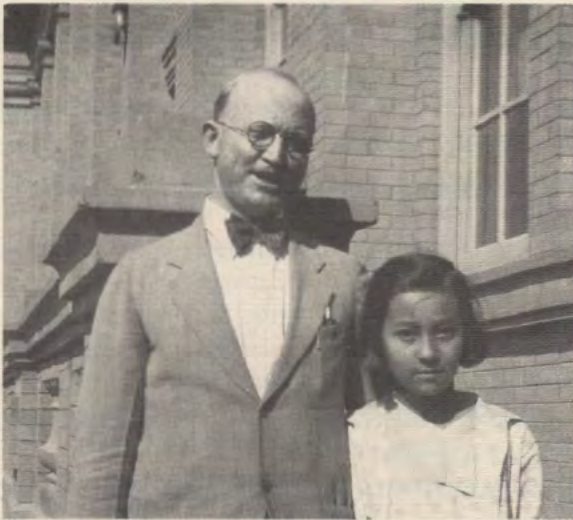
"That looks like our clock!" exclaimed the Principal. "Could Juan have taken it and hidden it away all these years to give to the Church? But why? The Church doesn't need a clock and doesn't even have electricity! Still ... it may not be the same clock...and it's bad to think evil of another person without proof."

I remember another defeat for the Principal in connection with CLOCKS.

There was to be an eclipse of the sun, and we pupils were asked to bring a piece of smoked glass to school on "The Day" so that we might

observe the eclipse through it. We were told how large a piece of glass to use and how this could be smoked over a candle or kerosene lamp and how we were to wrap a folded paper or rag around one edge for holding it later so as not to cut our hands. Since it was doubtful that everyone would be able to comply with this request, the teachers and the Principal embarked after hours on a great glass-procurement, cutting, breaking, and smoking operation—assisted by some adept older pupils—so that no one's eyesight would be damaged.

"The Day" arrived, and we were marched out onto the school grounds in late morning with our pieces of glass. There was great discussion among us as to who had the best pieces—the Principal and teachers going up and down the now unruly lines, cautioning over and over about not damaging our eyesight by looking at the sun except through the smoked glass.



W. A. Stigler, Assistant Superintendent of El Paso Public Schools, as he posed c. 1929 with Mary, who some six decades later would image the 1920s Lincoln Park School and its neighborhood in *THE CLOCK* (Photo courtesy Mary Bowling)

The principal held a large gold pocket watch with a second hand which she had borrowed for the occasion; and at the given time she blew a whistle as the signal for us to squint through the glass, with one eye at the sun and the other eye closed. We squinted and squinted. And the sun remained the same. Some of the pupils abandoned the glass because they

couldn't see anything happening, and the Principal was very active between watching for the eclipse, keeping order in the lines, and scolding those who were looking upward without using the smoked shield.

Finally, one boy shouted, "I see it!" and a low roar went up among us. We looked more intently through our glass pieces, but the sun was the same. So the boy was mobbed by others wanting to look through *his* piece of glass on *his* spot, and order had to be restored.

The Principal, looking through her dark glass, announced that she did not see the eclipse, which finding was confirmed by all of the teachers. It was decided that we should wait no longer. We were marched inside amid discussions among the teachers about clocks being fast or slow or the possibility that the eclipse could not be seen from our location.

The Principal was immediately on the telephone to the local newspapers which had announced the eclipse as perhaps the "one chance in a lifetime" sight for area residents, and heated words ensued with the editors. There seemed to be a problem about the right hour. Mountain Standard Time! Central! Eastern! Pacific! were heard with much looking at clocks and watches and adding or subtracting of hours. Even the Railway Office was consulted about what time it was. Later that day, the Principal visited each classroom to announce that there had been a miscalculation in the local eclipse time published by the newspapers because of TIME ZONES. She was not happy with the local newspapers.

Occasionally in our classroom during the rest of the afternoon, some boy would look toward the windows, jump from his seat and shout, "I see it!" with others rushing to the windows to peer out. The teacher would sternly rap her wooden pointer on the desk and restore order with reprimands about "not being silly!"

I went home that day with smudged fingers and strong doubts about there having been an eclipse at all.

But now I know that the Principal was right. There *was* an eclipse on "The Day" long ago. I can see it on Chart 150 of Oppolzer's *Canon of Eclipses* starting in the Pacific Ocean in a neat little triangle symbol and progressing as a solid black line across the southwest of the United States with the label 1923 IX 10. In the Almanac page of "Time Zones in the United States," I find the line demarking Central and Mountain Time abruptly joggly jogging to the left, back down, up and around along the Rio Grande where we had waited and waited, but which complicated border configuration the sun and moon had blandly ignored.

So over sixty years later, I rush to shout: "I see it! I see it! My Principal, Mrs. Howard." ☆



The NEWS at the PASS— ONE CENTURY AGO

(January-March, 1889)

by Damon Garbern

AN EXTENDED PUFF-PIECE ON EL PASO DOINGS in high society, fashion highlights, arguments about getting water to sub-divisions, and partisan city elections occupied the minds of El Paso newspaper readers during the opening months of 1889.

The *El Paso Times* began the year with a special 16-page issue (80 columns!) on the wonders of El Paso, printing 10,000 copies at ten cents a piece. Among the lead stories was one which drew its substance from an article that had appeared in the *Denver Republican*. It began with a summary of a letter written by Lionel A. Sheldon, former Territorial Governor of New Mexico, asking for reduced freight rates to benefit El Paso. Sheldon had pointed out that of Mexico's \$55 million in trade, \$38 M was going by boat to Great Britain and only \$12 M to the United States. The Governor felt that a larger volume of Mexican exports should be coming to the United States and that El Paso was in a position to develop this trade. Its merchants, he explained, were "young, ambitious, and

enterprising—able and disposed to promote and build this commerce more successfully than people elsewhere.” He pointed out that El Paso “is not a manufacturing city but a trading city,” one that had direct and feasible rail connections with nearly all the great trade centers of the country.

The *Republican* article, according to the *Times* report, had then gone on to promote El Paso as a future trade center. It had stated that while El Paso “now has a population of 12,000, in six years the population could easily grow to 50,000”—this potential for growth due to the many railroads serving the city. And it had continued its paean—proclaiming that El Paso “compares favorably with any other Rocky Mountain city with the exception of Denver,” extolling the agricultural potential of the El Paso Valley and the climate for growing “fruits and cereals” and declaring that “El Paso will always do a wholesale trade with Mexico and neighboring parts of the United States.”

Another article in the same *Times* issue was based on an interview with one Count de Prez, leader of a consortium that had purchased a vast tract of land in northern Chihuahua. The Count said he found it surprising that

immigrants will take up wild lands in the unproductive northwest instead of coming to this warm, sunny, fertile part of the country—where there is no necessity to battle the elements and where all kinds of crops can be raised in perfection with abundance with the fraction of the labor required in the north to produce articles of inferior quality. I can account for it in only one way. I believe it is because inviting lands of the southwest have not been properly advertised.

The Count went on to make a very serious observation which people should have paid attention to:

Everything possible should be done by the people on both sides of the boundary to preserve and increase the good feeling between the two nations. I have observed that the *TIMES* shows a determination to aid in this good work and does not magnify every “outrage” and disturbance as is done by many newspapers. The people of the two countries are interdependent. I will go further and say that El Paso’s future depends in a large measure upon her attitude toward the adjacent territory of Mexico.

This special issue of the *Times* also contained many tables and figures. It informed its readers, for example, that a three-to-five room house rented for around \$20 (per month) including the water tax, about the same as its counterpart back East, but that, unlike its eastern counterpart, the El Paso house was new, built of brick, on a sewer system, with gas fixtures. The newspaper admitted that fuel was high (coal at nine dollars a ton and a dollar’s worth of wood a “small pile”), but compensated

Damon Garbern, the author of this regular Password feature, is employed in the El Paso Public Schools and is a performer with EL PASO PRO-MUSICA.

for by mild climate. It also announced that food was inexpensive (flour, eight dollars a barrel; potatoes, three cents a pound; milk, fifteen cents a quart; butter, thirty-to-forty cents a pound; and "meat" averaging out to eight cents a pound), that fruits and vegetables were expensive because of added freight costs, but that plans for a new canal would "prove to remedy this deficit in the course of a few years."

The January papers were not all dull statistics, however. A glittering New Year's reception was described. Attended by "hundreds of the best citizens of El Paso," it was given by the YMCA Ladies Auxiliary, with the YMCA parlor presenting "a brilliant and most interesting scene." Readings, recitations, music, and refreshments "in abundance" helped to make the party a success:

A poem "New Year's Eve" was read with proper spirit and good effect by Miss Merrill. "Our Folks," a recitation by Miss Thornton, was heartily applauded by the delighted audience. Mr. Rokahr followed with a Bass solo which afforded full scope to his magnificent bass voice.

El Paso was not only a beehive of social activity, it was also *au courant* with the latest fashions, keeping pace with New York by regular articles from a "Special Correspondent" who supplied El Pasoans with fashion tips and descriptions on what was being seen on Park Avenue. Your one-century-after-the-fact reporter suspects that one of these particular fashions was never as popular on Mesa Avenue as on Park Avenue:

The prettiest fancy of the season is the Little Lord Fauntleroy costume...made of black velveteen with a sash of cardinal surah, the jacket a simple roundabout with knee britches and black stockings. White linen collars can be worn with it although the Vandyke collar and cuffs and low buckle shoes are more suitable for full dress. Mothers cannot fail to succeed in making so simple a suit. The costume is suitable for boys to about 10 years old.

February was a relatively light news month with the *Times* complaining in one issue that "Yesterday was a painfully dry day in reportorial pastures. Two vagrants were the only decorations in police court." Fortunately there were greener "reportorial pastures" over the fence in the territory of New Mexico. A. J. Fountain had proposed to the territorial legislature that Geronimo and his braves (then "residing" in Florida) not be allowed to relocate in the New Mexico Indian reservation lands. Remembering Geronimo's savage attacks just four years earlier, Fountain asserted that Geronimo's return would mean "a standing menace to peace" as well as "endangering the lives and property of our citizens," a "retarding of immigration" and "an obstruction to prosperity."

As February moved along, a serious problem developed during one

of the normally tranquil city council meetings (tranquil for a frontier West Texas community, that is). East El Paso Town, a subdivision, wanted to dig a canal from Cotton Avenue to the city limits south of Myrtle, and it requested the city to prevent unauthorized persons from using the canal water. Alderman Blacker suggested charging for all water taken from the canal, and Alderman Hague opposed granting the right-of-way unless a reliable method of measuring the water usage could be devised and unless the city could be assured that the new canal would not deprive the Concordia settlement of its water. "A long and windy discussion followed." The subject was finally referred to a committee.

Now came March...and a political upheaval. The harmonious cooperation between the two political parties in matters of city government broke wide open upon the rock of the forthcoming municipal elections. The Republicans "threw down the gauntlet," challenging the Democrats to come up with a straight Democratic ticket for the April elections. In a matter of days, the Democrats held ward elections, elected delegates, and assembled a county nominating convention. Their resolution said, in part:

Whereas the republican party of the city of El Paso has antagonized the tax payers of the city to the extent of preventing...unity upon a non-partisan ticket for city office at the approaching election
Therefore, BE IT RESOLVED that the democratic party of El Paso place a straight democratic ticket in the field....

Unfortunately, this show of Democratic harmony erupted into a party fight at the convention, resulting in a group of "men who should have had more sense than to annoy a meeting and prolong matters with long winded harangues." Charles Morehead, a former mayor, was dragooned into accepting the mayoral nomination. Having served twice, he did not want to run the slightest risk that he might have to serve again, but was nevertheless persuaded to accept. The *Times* waxed rather philosophical about this:

Almost everyone that holds the office finds that long before his term expires, no matter how ambitious he may have been to deal judiciously by all and to advance the public good, he has raised up a nest of vindictive clamorers about him whose only ambition seems to be to villify and degrade him.

April with its campaigning, villifying, derogatory statements, and other electioneering rhetoric promised to be an interesting month. Well...we shall see. ☆





A Postscript on "APACHE JACK" GORDON

by Wayne R. Austerman

THE INFAMOUS JACK GORDON, WHOSE EXPLOITS were recounted in the Summer 1988 issue of *Password*, continues to perplex all those who would seek to document his murderous career. A man of boundless energy that was unchecked by any moral scruples, Gordon killed and stole across the breadth of the American southwest from San Antonio to San Francisco during the middle decades of the 19th century. The full scope of his criminal activities is just becoming clear to students of the region's history.

Jack Gordon was not his true name, nor was he an English sailor who had jumped ship in America. That story was merely a blind for his true identity. He was born Peter Worthington in the early 1820s to a respectable Virginia family, and he was only 17 years old when he killed a man in a quarrel and fled his home state for the frontier to escape prosecution for murder. Fabricating the story of deserting from an English ship, he took the alias of Jack Gordon and entered the Rocky Mountain fur trade. The trade in beaver pelts was already faltering by the time Gordon joined the

business, and the outbreak of the Mexican War gave him a welcome new outlet for his energy.

Gordon's probable service with Colonel Alexander Doniphan's Missouri volunteers and his adoption by the Apaches following his departure northward from El Paso to escape another murder charge are already matters of record, as are his subsequent clashes with the United States Army and his service with the John C. Hays expedition.

Journalist John Nugent recorded Gordon's appearance in San Francisco, in the winter of 1850-51, following Gordon's escape from the San Jose *juzgado*, where he had been held on charges of horse-stealing. Gordon did not tarry there for very long. In 1851 he was reported mining for gold near the diggings at Jim Savage, one of the rude communities that had sprung up in the wake of the gold rush. Within a year he was searching for "color" in the streams near another settlement, Coarsegold Gulch in Mariposa County. A bounty hunter was rumored to be prowling the camps, seeking to collect the reward that the Mexican government had placed upon Gordon's head for crimes committed in that country. During a miners' meeting, Gordon stood up on a stump and announced who he was, daring the bounty hunter to step forward and face him. There were no takers to the challenge.

Gordon's presence in the California gold fields during this period is well established, but by the year's end he may have drifted back to New Mexico in search of funds for a new grubstake. The white men glimpsed among the Apaches who made a January, 1852, attack on the mail coach north of Doña Ana may have included Gordon. There is no public reference to Gordon's return to the region until November, 1854, when the *San Antonio Ledger* listed him as one of the drivers on the San Antonio-El Paso stage route. This employment would have been during Gordon's second return to Texas, for in the summer of 1853 he was listed among the volunteers who aided Captain Harry Love of the California Rangers in the pursuit of the notorious Joaquin Murietta.

Unless there were two desperados using the name of Jack Gordon, the felon must have regularly gravitated between Texas and California, for he continued to attract attention in both states. Gordon was no longer driving a stage by the fall of 1855, and that year he was cited by prospector Joshua Henshaw as being a suspected member of an outlaw company that was plaguing California's Kern River settlements.

Dr. Wayne R. Austerman, formerly an instructor in the History Department of The University of Texas at El Paso, is employed in the Office of History, United States Air Force Command.

"Jack Gordon, from Mexico, was one of this gang," recalled Henshaw, "and a splendid shot. He was up to our camp one night and I asked him if I could go shooting with him the next morning. He agreed [and] we went off about two miles to Black Mountain, and the first thing we saw was Mr. Grizzly....Jack took aim with his rifle and it snapped; I fired my rifle, having only balls in it, and they would not take effect." The bear was only angered by the charge of buckshot and charged the hunters. "We ran for the trees and Jack got partly up and the bear caught him by the leg. The dog came up and bit the bear, who let go his hold and went for the tree where our Indians had taken refuge and shook one of them down...and killed him. Jack, who was also badly wounded, got down and put six shots from a Navy pistol into the bear and killed him."

There could be no greater proof of Gordon's courage and physical hardiness than this incident. Despite his mauled leg, the outlaw had the strength to climb down from his refuge and confront a grizzly with nothing more potent than a .36 caliber Colt Navy revolver, hardly the ideal arm for quarry the size of a grizzly. Gordon must have been a superb marksman to have been able to dispatch the bear with a handgun.

Gordon's injury doubtless healed quickly, for by November, 1955, his Texas gang had robbed the El Paso Customs House and Mayor Ben Dowell's store in two daring raids. The following June he or his companions murdered two travellers just west of the Pecos River on the stage route, and in August Gordon was present to aid William McElroy in McElroy's fatally unsuccessful attempt to kill Ben Dowell in El Paso.

That was Gordon's last recorded appearance in Texas, and he may wisely have decided that it was better for him to remain far west of the Rio Grande if he hoped to avoid meeting a short rope and a long drop. Back in California, Gordon built a dugout cabin on the shores of Lake Tulare and began housekeeping with a young Indian girl, while raising (or rustling) stock. Local settler Jeff Mayfield recalled later his "belief that Gordon was responsible for the disappearance of several men who left Tailholt and were not heard from afterward. In the mining days there were always men coming and going. When a man left, we often never heard from him again. That made it easy for a man like Gordon to waylay anyone leaving the country."

In April, 1858, a man named Harris and his companion, known only as a "Dutchman," visited the Tulare Lake neighborhood on a stock-buying trip. Rumors had it that Harris was carrying a large sum of money to be used for his purchases. Harris was subsequently found murdered, and his partner was seen departing the area on one of the dead man's mules. A

correspondent for the *Santa Cruz Pacific Sentinel* of June 12, 1858, noted that "A man named Jack Gordon, and some Indians from a rancharia near the lake, are in pursuit of the Dutchman, and will probably overtake him. Mr. Harris said he had four thousand dollars in money with him."

Gordon overhauled the fleeing killer, executed him on the spot, and pocketed whatever money the killer was carrying. Upon returning to the ranch, Gordon told Mayfield that he had been forced to kill the Dutchman in self-defense, but had not found any of the missing money. Mayfield investigated the incident, and after learning of Gordon's duplicity he dissolved their partnership in the hog-selling business.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, Gordon remained aloof from the conflict. He apparently saw no profit in wearing either side's uniform and continued his various prospecting and ranching pursuits. In 1864 he was briefly suspected of being in league with the Mason-Henry gang of outlaws, who claimed to be Confederate guerrillas while killing and robbing everyone who crossed their path. The charge was never proved or even publicly made, for Gordon's reputation as a gunman intimidated most men in the area. At that time he was still hunting for gold in the bottomland known as Gordon's Gulch and raising hogs in partnership with a Polish emigrant known as Samuel "Cap" Groupie. Groupie soon suspected that Gordon was stealing their stock. He quit the business with Gordon and swore to kill the cheat when next they met.

The *Visalia Delta* of December 21, 1864, recorded the result of Gordon's final betrayal:

More shooting... Tailholt was the scene of a lively little shooting match between a Polander, familiarly known as "Old Cap," and the celebrated Jack Gordon, a brave but rather desperate character, and withal a quiet and peaceable man when "let alone."

The quarrel...commenced about some hogs, which one or the other had charged had been stolen. "Old Cap" took Gordon unarmed, under cover of a shotgun loaded with buckshot. Gordon asked him to put up his gun until he could get his "six-shooter," and as he did so, "Old Cap" fired and shot him through the abdomen, when he simply remarked, "I'm killed," and retired to a store near at hand where his arms were, his adversary following, and as he approached, Gordon fired...and put a ball plumb through his body.

Other accounts of the shooting varied. Jeff Mayfield and the *Los Angeles Tri-Weekly News* later reported that Gordon had been armed when he met Groupie, but that his Colt was still holstered when the shotgun blast hit him. An autopsy was conducted on December 15 on the body of "Peter Worthington, alias J. P. Gordon, deceased," and the corpse was later buried in the boothill at Tailholt. Groupie survived his wound and was not

prosecuted for the shooting. The citizenry probably felt grateful to Groupie for ridding the state of a bad character like Gordon.

The man who had terrorized western Texas and southern New Mexico was finally dead, victim of a petty dispute over the theft of a few hogs. It was hardly the way a hardcase like Jack Gordon would have chosen to die. There was injustice as well as irony involved in his demise. By all rights Peter Worthington should have ended his bandit career beneath a groaning tree limb on the plaza in El Paso. ☆

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Lillian Collingwood, Editor

innumerable prints from his own collection for the Society files.

When the Cavalry Museum (now the El Paso Museum of History) was being constructed, Millard was appointed as head of a key committee to help the Museum staff prepare the initial display. No better selection could have been made, for in those beginning days artifacts were few. Not to worry, said Millard. He searched his own files and scoured every source for appropriate pictures. These he copied, enlarged and mounted, fighting the deadline of opening day. Dedication day arrived and the displays were ready. Today most of the pictures have been replaced with historical objects, but many of Millard's photographs still add much to the Museum's focus on El Paso's colorful past.

Millard has collaborated in the authorship of three books: *The Lodge* with Dorothy Jensen Neal, *The State National Bank* with Dr. C. L. Sonnichsen, and *Fort Bliss, An Illustrated History* with Leon Metz. In addition, his pictures have illustrated numerous other publications.

Unfortunately, failing health has slowed him some, but Millard is still a walking encyclopedia of information about the history and the development of El Paso and Fort Bliss. Stored in his mind and instantly available are dates, names, places—the precise details of both large events and small happenings in El Paso County.

Despite his numerous activities, he always has time for his family: his wife, his daughter, his six grandchildren, and his three great-grandchildren.

For his many valuable contributions to El Paso, especially in the area of historical preservation, Millard George McKinney has earned a niche in our Hall of Honor. Easily it can be said: "He has served above and beyond the call of duty."☆



WHAT'S IN A NAME

The 1923 edition of *La Acequia* (the El Paso County School Annual) contains a brief history of Canutillo, Texas, the little community located some fourteen miles upriver from El Paso. It reports that the townsite was plotted in 1910 by the Canutillo Townsite Company and that the name "Canutillo" was taken from an Indian word meaning "a bend in the river."

Some area residents, however, believe that the name of the town is derived from the Spanish *cañatilla*, a word designating a hardy and widespread Southwestern plant which is popularly known in English as the Mormon Tea Plant.



**UTEP: A Pictorial History of The University of Texas at El Paso
by Nancy Hamilton**

El Paso: Texas Western Press; Norfolk: The Donning Company, \$30.00

Whether or not you have ever been a part of the School/College/University in El Paso, you will find its "pictorial history" a delight to the eye and an invigoration to the mind. Offered in celebration of the institution's Diamond Jubilee, the book joyously displays the development of Academe at the Pass.

First off, the photograph on the dust jacket fairly takes your breath away. Then Dr. C. L. Sonnichsen's Introduction compels your rapt attention. It carries you back to "that summer of 1931" when the young doctor of philosophy from Harvard beheld the "Four odd-looking buildings ...grouped casually around a...discouraged-looking hill," and it propels you through the transformation from humble college to stately University, "an important meeting place of cultures."

Now comes the "pictorial history" with commentary by Nancy Hamilton, Associate Director of Texas Western Press. You will see panoramic views of the ever-enlarging campus and also portraits of the movers and shakers—presidents and deans, faculty, alumni, researchers, coaches, Town boosters. And you will see candid shots, each one a brilliant sparkle from the multi-faceted Diamond on the hilly mesa: the Art Department's Urbici Soler in creative concentration, the Goldiggers steppin' high at half-time, student teachers working in local grade schools, longtime Librarian Baxter Polk in the "stacks" of the 1940s Library, the first recipient of the University's doctoral degree, a College Players production featuring student Murray Abraham (later to win an Oscar for his role in *Amadeus*), Dr. W. W. Lake in his 1920s chemistry lab, tutorial sessions, student demonstrations, metallurgists operating sophisticated equipment.

BOOK REVIEWS

The material is arranged in a blend of the chronological and the topical, each chapter covering a specific period and developing those features of the institution which emerged as significant during that period. The chapter "1913-1919," for example, details the Bhutanese architecture of the campus buildings, while "1931-1948" portrays the explosion in student population and rivets attention on the expanding curricula, student organizations, and the evolution of the spacious Student Union Building from a one-room "co-op" in the basement of Old Main. The final chapter centers on the highlight of "1980-1988"—the opening of the six-story Library—and tracks the ever-strengthening pulse rate of what may well be the heart of a University: its facilities for study and research.

"Spectacular" is the word for this "pictorial history" of the institution of higher learning which has contributed profoundly to the advancement of knowledge and to the development of El Paso.

LILLIAN COLLINGWOOD

Professor Emerita of English, The University of Texas at El Paso



ELLA ELGAR BIRD DUMONT,

An Autobiography of a West Texas Pioneer

edited by Tommy J. Boley

Austin: University of Texas Press, \$19.95

Often the story surrounding the posthumous publication of memoirs is as complicated and fascinating as the life they describe, and this is true of the Ella Elgar Bird Dumont autobiography.

Ella Dumont (1861-1943) wrote her recollections in 1927-28 and spent the remaining years of her life trying unsuccessfully to get her work published, meanwhile revising and adding materials in response to various editorial suggestions. In 1959, Tommy J. Boley, then a student at North Texas State College (and now a member of the English Department at The University of Texas at El Paso), began working with the Dumont manuscript as a project for an undergraduate course. In 1963, Boley formally edited the document as a thesis requirement for his M. A. degree at The University of Texas at El Paso.

In 1985, the University of Texas Press agreed to publish the memoirs. During the next three years Dr. Boley revised his original editing of the work and updated the related research. "My goal has been to add every piece of relevant information that I could find on the people, places, events, expressions, and specialized descriptions presented by the author," Boley writes in the Preface. His 60 pages of Endnotes are packed with essential information and entertaining tidbits about language, customs, and the general history of the pioneer era. This in-depth research plus Boley's own Cottle County background and his continuing interest spanning nearly three decades do exceptional justice to Dumont's remembrances and the era of settlers in the Texas Panhandle.

Ella Elgar was born in Mississippi. In 1867, after the deaths of both her father and a step-father, she immigrated to Texas with her mother's relatives. At age six she was already clever at sculpting little figures, and throughout her memoirs she regrets her lack of opportunity to fulfill this talent. At age 16 she married Tom Bird and moved with him to the buffalo ranges in West Texas, where she demonstrated her resourcefulness in adapting to the rigors of pioneer existence. She learned to shoot and hunt, and she notes that often she would not see another woman for months at a time.

Tom Bird died in 1886, and Ella and her two children lived the next nine years in a dugout house, managing entirely through her skills and the occasional help of remote neighbors. She has good tales to tell about Indian attacks, blizzards, droughts, and other hardships, but she always maintains a philosophical attitude and a willingness to reach out to others in friendship. She married Auguste Dumont in 1895 and settled in Paducah, Texas, fully aware of the changes the region was undergoing and wishing her children to be part of the new civilization.

In reading Dumont's compelling memoirs, one forms a picture of a woman who may indeed have buried many hopes and talents "on those broad, barren prairies," but also of a woman who was heroic and determined, a woman we would like to know.

LOIS A. MARCHINO

Assistant Chair, Department of English, The University of Texas at El Paso



CASTLE GAP AND THE PECOS FRONTIER

by *Patrick Dearen*

Fort Worth: Texas Christian University Press, \$13.95

Patrick Dearen organizes his presentation of the Pecos Frontier around several of the area's landmarks. To each of these landmarks he devotes a chapter which describes not only incidents occurring at the place, but also the folklore associated with it.

He has selected five landmarks, all of which figured significantly in the westward movement in Texas: Castle Gap, a break in a prominent mesa some 12 miles east of the Pecos River; Horsehead Crossing, a ford on the river itself; the sand dunes near the present town of Monahans; Juan Cordona Lake, a large basin of salt deposits; and the Fort Stockton sutlery, the only surviving building of the original fort.

Two of these landmarks, Castle Gap and Horsehead Crossing, were located on the route that thousands of emigrants used in traveling to El Paso and points west. They were also on the Comanche War Trail leading from the Panhandle into northern Mexico and on the Goodnight-Loving Cattle Trail leading into eastern New Mexico. And, as Dearen reports, many were the tragedies played out in or near these and the other three places—people and animals dying of thirst, drownings in the murky river waters, emigrants stranded after being relieved of all earthly goods by either outlaws or Indians or both, broken-down wagons, Randolph B. Marcy's arduous three-day march in 1849 across the 17 miles of sand dunes.

To his descriptions of these real-life events, Dearen adds the romantic tales that have come to be associated with each landmark—stories of treasure lost and never recovered, including that of Mexican emperor Maximilian; gruesome massacres; plunder of valuable property by outlaws, who buried what they could not carry; the lost gold mine supposedly discovered by Will Sublett, who died destitute, never divulging its location; *bultos* that allegedly haunt the former Fort Stockton sutlery.

Informative and entertaining, Dearen's book is a kind of historical travelogue, one that will guide its readers through the period of the Pecos Frontier...and maybe also to Sublett's gold mine...or to Maximilian's horde of silver coins.

CLINTON P. HARTMANN

Associate Editor, *Password*



BADGE AND BUCKSHOT: LAWLESSNESS IN OLD CALIFORNIA *by John Boessenecker*

Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, \$22.95

You would think that volumes on law and lawlessness in early California would be found in abundance on Western book shelves. Such is not the case. Before the appearance of this book by Boessenecker, there was only one biography of a California lawman and only a few books on California bandits. The subject had simply been neglected by the state's historical writers.

To fill this void, Boessenecker has done a monumental research job on crime and law enforcement in frontier California. He has put together a saga of ten separate tales of early California lawmen, outlaws, and frontier violence. A lawyer himself, Boessenecker has presented his material with a lawyer's eye for detail and factual reporting.

The five lawmen and peace officers he writes about were men of great courage, but their stories literally had to be dug up from dusty pages. None of them became famous, although their deeds were just as dramatic as those of Earp or Garrett. Neither did any of them achieve wealth or political success from their efforts. They simply did their job under dangerous circumstances, without thinking of rewards.

The desperados whose misdeeds are described in the book were as bad as any and in some cases more colorful than most. They range from Confederate guerrillas to hardened train robbers to the "gentleman" bandit, Bill Miner, also known as the "Grey Fox." Especially exciting is the author's rendition of the unlawful escapades of two brother outlaws known as the Gates Boys and his account of how they met their end by running out of California to Lordsburg, where they held up the Gem Saloon and all its customers...and where the Sheriff of Grant County gave them a violent taste of New Mexico justice.

The final two chapters in the book are not about outlaws or lawmen, but the atrocity and terror which ordinary citizens can bring on one another. They describe feuds, lynchings and bloodletting that occurred in two California communities, and they boggle the imagination.

It becomes clear from this book that California, like Texas and the Southwest, had more than its fair share of both brave lawmen on the one hand and lawless types on the other. And Boessenecker brings them all to life in this well written chronicle of crime and law in California in the days when both lawmen and bandits were on horseback.

HERB MARSH, Jr.

El Paso

MEXICAN-AMERICAN FOLKLORE

by *John O. West*

Little Rock: August House, \$19.95/\$9.95

John O. West, Professor of English at The University of Texas at El Paso, has spent most of his life in El Paso and for many years has been an avid folklorist specializing in the United States-Mexican border area.

Now he has assembled a comprehensive collection of examples of Mexican-American folklore encompassing folk medicine, religious activities, foods, arts and crafts, legends, poems, songs—every aspect of daily life. The scope of the work reflects his dedication to the subject. It relies not only on his own diligent “fieldwork,” but also on research by other folklorists, on publications of the Texas Folklore Society, and on material gleaned by his students over more than 20 years and now available in the Folklore Archive at The University of Texas at El Paso. The book is part of the American Folklore Series, whose editor, W. K. McNeil, contributed the Introduction.

“One of the most fascinating characteristics of folklore,” says Dr. West, “is that it teaches—demonstrates clearly—how basically alike we humans are, regardless of our differences in language or skin color or religion.”

Anyone who has lived long on the border has encountered at some time various aspects of the folkways described in the book—and will learn much from the author’s lively, informed explanations. Dr. West discusses, for example, *grutas*, the small shrines seen near many homes in this region; he tells how adobe is made; he describes folk murals that only in recent years have been drawing attention from serious art critics. He compares several legends with similar ones from other cultures, describes religious customs, provides the chants that accompany certain songs. And he illustrates with photographs much of the material he presents.

Dr. West, whose love for his environment is apparent throughout his writing, has written a classic that can help build understanding and appreciation of the Mexican-American culture, a book that will serve as a valuable reference tool for years to come.

NANCY HAMILTON

Associate Director, Texas Western Press



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