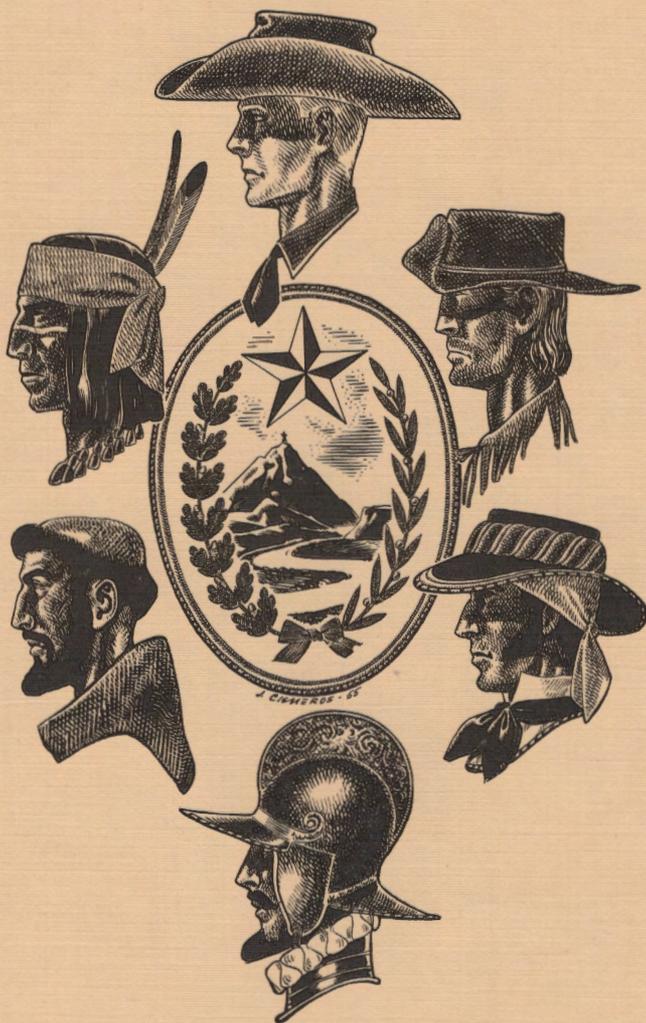


PASSWORD



THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Volume 39, No. 4 · El Paso, Texas · Winter, 1994

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ARTICLES APPEARING IN THIS JOURNAL ARE ABSTRACTED AND INDEXED IN
HISTORICAL ABSTRACTS and **AMERICA: HISTORY AND LIFE**

Correspondence regarding articles for **PASSWORD** may be directed to the editor at:
420 De Leon Drive, El Paso, Texas 79912

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Correspondence regarding **back numbers** or **defective copies** should be addressed to:
Membership Secretary, El Paso County Historical Society, P.O. Box 28, El Paso, Texas 79940.
Membership of \$25.00 per year includes a subscription to **PASSWORD**.

PASSWORD (ISSN 0031-2738) is published quarterly by
THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 603 W. Yandell, El Paso, Texas 79902.

Second-class postage paid at El Paso, Texas.

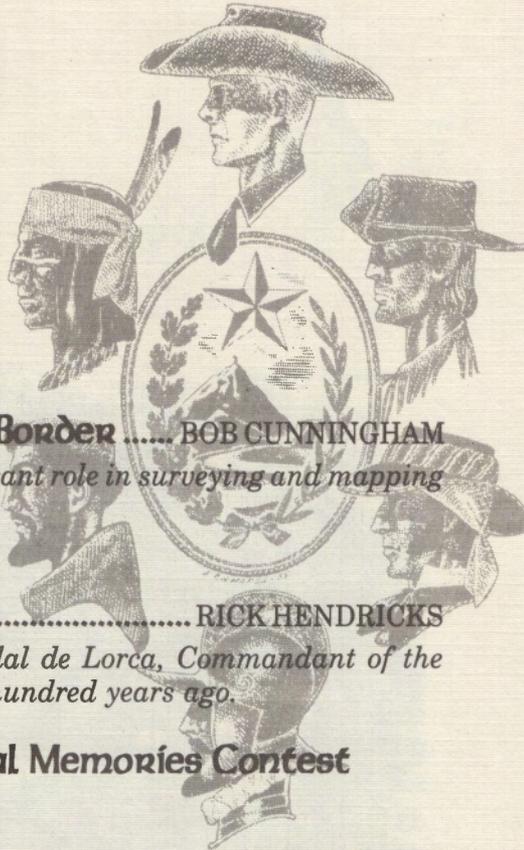
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to

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The El Paso County Historical Society
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VOLUME 39, NO. 4
WINTER, 1994
EL PASO, TEXAS

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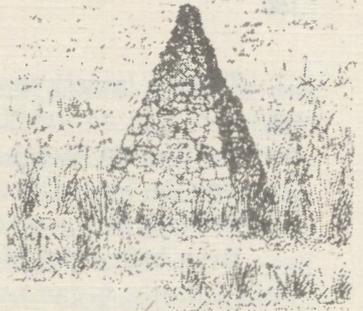
Mount Emory – Los Chisos mountains – Rio Bravo del Norte

The above woodcut is one of the illustrations of the scenes of the Big Bend that Emory included in his *Report on the United States and Mexican Boundary Survey*. Besides being commemorated by the peak named for him, Emory Pass in the Black Range of New Mexico bears his name, as does Emory Road, a thoroughfare in El Paso's Upper Valley. Several species of plants and cretaceous fossils were also named for him by the Commission's natural scientists.

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Boundary Marker

“Bold” Emory Surveys the Border

by Robert Cunningham

In the spring of 1852, after nearly three years in the field, the joint United States and Mexican Boundary Commission had not yet completed its mission to mark and map the boundary dividing the two countries. Having started near San Diego, California in 1849, it had yet to survey the lower Rio Grande, in particular, the “Big Bend.” An attempt had been made in the summer of 1850, downstream from El Paso del Norte and upstream from Camargo, but the parties had quit and their work was inconclusive. That whole stretch still had to be run.

What was known as the “Big Bend” was reportedly impassable: narrow canyons whose walls soared from the edges of the river, leaving no wagon-wide aisles for passage and, if there was an aisle, it was often choked by cabin-sized boulders. Almost as far east as the Pecos River, few openings would admit a survey team to reach or leave the river; and these crossings were frequented by bandits and unfriendly Indians.

Physical obstacles, such as the ones mentioned above, however, were not the only difficulties that beset the Boundary Commission from its inception. The United States arm of the Joint Commission was repeatedly blocked by chicanery in Washington, D. C. – by the elected officials, by the bureaucracy, and by private interests and, between 1850-1853, by one of its own commissioners, the ill-suited John Russell Bartlett.

Thanks largely to a man named William Hemsley Emory, who had been named "Chief Astronomer and Commander of the escort of United States Troops," to the Commission, the work of "running the border" between Mexico and the United States would be satisfactorily completed, although at a high price.

Even before the Mexican War ended, divisive forces in the United States began undermining its resolution – to settle the boundary dispute between the two countries. The major political parties, Democrats and Whigs, were all but paranoid – each would try to block any move that might benefit the other. In addition, other factions were at work – the abolitionists vehemently opposed slavery in the South and its extension, while expansionists, who were proponents of Manifest Destiny, demanded much of today's Mexico. These antagonisms continued and, as the boundary survey sputtered along, authority over it would be divided among mutually jealous officials in the various branches of the Executive Branch of the government, mainly, the Departments of War, Interior, and State.

When the hostilities of the war ended, President James K. Polk, a Democrat, moved Nicholas P. Trist from his consular post in Havana, Cuba, to Mexico to negotiate the peace treaty. When Polk later learned that Trist had become unduly friendly with General Winfield Scott, a prospective Whig candidate for the presidency, it was too late for him to repudiate his appointment. Slow communication had hampered the delivery of his change of mind, and the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo was signed on February 2, 1848, and, after months of bickering, ratified.

Among its provisions, of course, was a definition of and procedure for establishing the new boundaries, not only the one between Texas and Mexico, but also between Mexico and the newly-acquired territories in the Far West. In their negotiations, Trist and his Mexican counterparts, had used the same Disturnell maps, but different versions, neither of which was accurate, leaving key points of the boundary poorly specified and open to controversy. In the future, not only did this error hamstring the efforts of those in the field trying to carry out the survey, but it would eventually lead to the acquisition of more Mexican territory, known as the Gadsden Purchase.

Polk first appointed A. H. Sevier of Arkansas to head the United States Commission, but Sevier died before he could take over. Then Polk offered the post to Major Emory. Although Polk

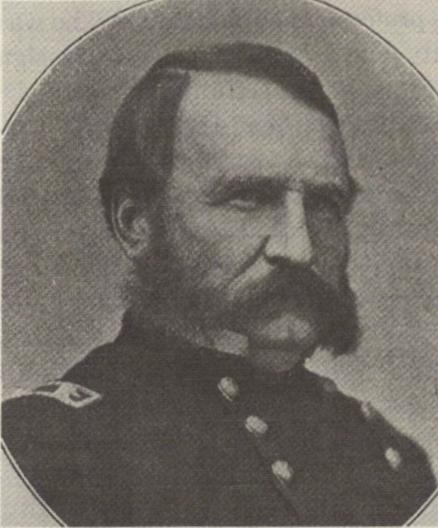
recognized Emory's impeccable professional qualifications, he was wary of his political acceptability, and asked Emory first to resign from the Army. West Pointer Emory "respectfully declined."¹

Polk's wanting a capable civilian to head the sensitive survey is understandable – politicians who had carped about the war now decried military influence in the Capital and Polk himself had had a hard time trying to control General Zachary Taylor, a Whig who would succeed him, and General Winfield Scott, another popular war hero.² Finally, Polk appointed a military man, but a Democrat, Colonel John B. Weller; Major Emory then accepted the next highest post, that of "Chief Astronomer and Commander of the escort of United States troops," and accompanied Weller to San Diego, California to begin the survey.³

"Astronomer?" In that day, the most accurate way to locate a point on the earth's curving surface, or a series of points to define a line, was by geodetic survey, a method based on celestial observations, converted by mathematics into latitude and longitude. A difference of a half-minute could run the line miles off course. Emory's previous experience on the Northeast Boundary Survey (along the Canadian border) and on a "reconnaissance" from Fort Leavenworth, Missouri to San Diego, had honed his skills in geodesy and in leadership.⁴

To meet the members of the Mexican Commission at San Diego, the United States delegation sailed to Panama in March, 1849; they were delayed there for two months awaiting passage north, ship space being taken by gold-seekers. Emory occupied his time by conducting studies, later published by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. The group finally arrived in San Diego on June 1, and began its work in early July.

Running the first leg of the boundary came to a halt in September when the conflicts in Washington began seriously to hamper the project. "The government failed to comply with its obligation," Emory wrote for the official record, "to pay the civil employees and even to provide them with necessary subsistence." Many forfeited overdue pay and left to take their chances in the gold fields further north. Among the few who refused to leave the party was Emory's "servant Robert, a slave...." It was a critical period. The party assigned to make the observations from San Diego to the mouth of the Gila was ready to start. Emory continued, "...Colonel Weller was away...engaged in the fruitless task



William H. Emory, shown here in the uniform of Major-General, his rank after 1861.

Photo courtesy Arizona Historical Society Library #42676

of raising funds...." His "drafts had been protested and his disbursements repudiated. The commission [was] dishonored at home and without credit in the field.⁵ Weller, having used personal resources, went bankrupt.

At that moment, unofficial word came that Weller had been removed by the new Whig administration led by President Zachary Taylor who named John C. Fremont Commissioner. He accepted the appointment, but later declined, and never joined the Commission. During Weller's absence (unaware he had

been replaced) and Fremont's "no-show," Emory exercised command. He directed the quartermaster and commissary of the Army escort "to furnish supplies and transportation and...to give each soldier...two dollars for each day's work done in running the boundary." It would not be the last time he would bail the Commission out of financial or organizational troubles.

Emory, in his *Report*, castigated the Washington authorities. "This outrage inflicted on the commission by withholding funds, and attempting to place at its head persons under influence avowedly hostile...only increased my determination to complete it [his assignment]." He had not acquired the sobriquet "Bold" at West Point undeservedly! Emory tendered his resignation to the Secretary of State, but fortunately for the Commission, it was denied.⁶ Despite his overwhelming ability, Emory was not offered the top job - by now he had been passed over for Commissioner three times!

Faithful servant that he was, Emory undertook to reorganize the Commission as best he could and make arrangements to continue "running" the line. He sent the Secretary of the Interior "an application for funds, with an urgent letter showing

our necessities." The requests were never fulfilled. In his *Report*, he was blunt about the matter: "No money was sent and the reorganization was practically repudiated by the appointment...of a [new] commissioner...." Emory continued, "Congress also...voted \$50,000 to pay the deficiencies due...those who [were] faithfully performing their duty. Not one cent of it was paid as Congress designed...."⁷

Consequently, Emory called the "small party [remaining] together, and informed them that I should leave them to finish the line." He left Captain Edmund Hardcastle in charge, and "returned to Washington to finish the official survey maps." When he reached the city he learned that "relief" had been sent to the California "party," and it returned to Washington in September, 1851. Of course, by that time, John R. Bartlett, the new Commissioner who had been appointed in May 1850, had arrived in the Southwest, had met the Mexican Commissioner, Pedro Conde, and had accepted the latter's determination that the boundary line would run west from the Rio Grande, thirty-five miles north of El Paso del Norte, on to the Gila River. Correcting this concession was to cost the United States \$10 million, although it received over 29,000 square miles of land, a stretch of which was used for a railroad route to the Pacific.

The few excerpts quoted earlier from Emory's *Report* do not begin to indicate the degree of distress experienced by the United States Commission. Cliques formed, crews clashed, desertions mounted, murders perpetrated, and even mutinies fomented. Emory had to quell one of these personally. Far from helping to clear the chaos, the new Commissioner seemed to add to it.

How Bartlett gained the post is hard to understand. He co-owned a bookstore in New York and had Whig support, particularly in his home state, Rhode Island. But, as he admitted in his unpublished "Autobiography," he had no field experience,⁸ much less capability in survey work or in administering a project, the magnitude of the boundary survey.

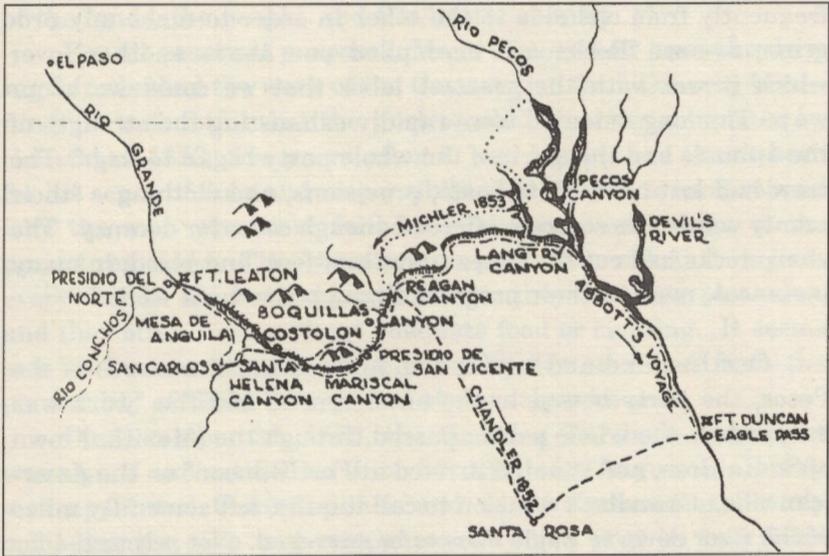
In August 1851, Bartlett left his headquarters in New Mexico and began an ethnological junket into the interior of Mexico and eventually to San Francisco; he did not return to what was his assignment in the Southwest until a year later. According to his own⁹ and other accounts, he had spent at least \$200,000 of survey funds and most of his three years in office

away from surveying the boundary. His absences and inattention to the work at hand, the squandering of money, supplies, and manpower on his personal reconnaissances, deprived the crews of the necessities to carry out their assignments. No wonder Emory chafed!

Fortunately, the Major was sent back to the boundary in September, 1851 to "resume my duties, by taking charge of the survey...." By now, Emory was used to "taking charge." Tagged "Bold Emory" by his 1831 classmates at West Point, he was a career officer with a red beard and a hearty sense of humor. Born on September 7, 1811, he grew up on the family's Maryland plantation. Both his father and grandfather were military, and Emory was used to discipline and duty, as well as taking responsibility for those under him. In 1847, as a First Lieutenant in the Topographical Engineers, he had been breveted twice for bravery in battle during the Mexican War. The following year, he declined the rank of full major to take on a more scientific challenge, that of surveying.

Emory had left Washington in September, but did not reach El Paso until late November. By then, Commissioner Bartlett was well into Mexico. The headquarters in the El Paso del Norte area were located at a small settlement called Frontera, about six to eight miles up the river. When Emory arrived, the situation was deplorable. Colonel James D. Graham had been relieved by Bartlett, so there was really no one in charge. A botanist attached to the Commission at Frontera commented in a letter to friends back East: "I am informed that he [Major Emory] is to report to the Commissioner - if in person he will have to cross to California to do it & before he [Emory] can get to work he may be recalled like his predecessor [Graham]."¹⁰ True to form, Emory "surveyed" the situation and immediately made assignments. Some of the earlier surveys had to be re-run because of their poor quality. Planning the campaign, winnowing the fractious personnel, securing funds to buy equipment, mules, and provisions, took months. In his efforts, he was able to rely on his old friend, James Magoffin, whose acquaintance he had made on his earlier reconnaissance in northern New Mexico.

Emory set the traversing to be done in links by separate parties - one from El Paso to Presidio, another from Presidio to Eagle Pass, and a third, from above the mouth of the Pecos River to Camargo, near the Gulf of Mexico. It was the party



The Big Bend

assigned to the Presidio-Eagle Pass segment, commanded by Marine T. V. Chandler, that would have the toughest going. This was the stretch of the Rio Bravo (a more appropriate designation for the river at this location) that would test the skills and endurance of the few dozen men making up the party. Included in the equipment were three "inflatable India rubber boats."¹¹

William H. Goetzmann, the distinguished historian, notes in his *Army Exploration in the American West, 1803-1863*, that the party's "heroic exploration in the trackless canyons of the Big Bend country...was the first scientific exploration and survey of the Rio Grande." Continuing, Goetzmann declares that "their achievement deserves to be ranked alongside those later, more famous, explorations of the canyons of the Colorado."

Emory included Chandler's account of the treacherous run of the river between Presidio del Norte and San Vicente [see map] in his report.¹² In his vivid description of the river and the country, Chandler noted "that passage of a mule train on the immediate border of the river is utterly impossible." Describing the entrance to one canyon, he wrote: "dashing with a roaring sound over the rocks, the stream, when it reaches the cañon, suddenly becomes noiseless.... The rapids and falls which occur in quick succession, make the descent in boats entirely impracticable." The teams of men and animals had to cross the river

frequently from one side to the other in order to make any progress; even so "Rocks are here piled one above another, over which it was with the greatest labor that we could work our way. The long detours...were rapidly exhausting the strength of the animals and the spirit of the whole party began to flag." The crew had lost most of its boats, provisions, and clothing - "their scanty wardrobes scarcely afforded enough cover for decency. The sharp rocks had cut the shoes from their feet, and blood, in many instances, marked their progress through the day's work."

One hundred and twenty-five miles above the mouth of the Pecos, the party bowed to the environment and the "work was suspended...the whole party...passed through the [Mexican] town of Santa Rosa, and [finally] arrived at Fort Duncan" on the American side. Chandler's decision to call it quits, left some fifty miles of the river down to Eagle Pass to be surveyed. Not accounted for by Emory, but in recent times documented by considerable evidence, this stretch of the river was navigated by a "Charles Abbott and several others whose names have not survived." It is known that Abbott made notes and a rough map of the journey which were used by scientists on the Commission to complete their own reports.¹³ It remains a mystery why Abbott's run was never mentioned in Emory's *Report*.

Meanwhile, Emory "repaired to Washington city and commenced the computation of the field work as far as it had been completed." Congress appropriated money to finish the survey, and appointed General Robert Blair Campbell to be the new, and fifth, commissioner. Both headed for the boundary again. Evidently, not satisfied with Abbott's reports, Emory ordered Lieutenant Nathaniel Michler in April, 1853 to re-survey the stretch covered by Abbott; it is Michler's "account that appears in the final printed report."¹⁴

By the end of the year, the boundary survey, as required by the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, had been completed.¹⁵ That it was completed at all is rather amazing, considering the obstacles encountered along the way.

Although Emory's voluminous *Report on the United States and Mexican Boundary Survey* did not provide the exciting reading for the general public that Commissioner John Russell Bartlett's *Personal Narrative* did, it was, according to William H. Goetzmann, "the most complete scientific description ever made

of the lands, the people, and the border country...."

For all practical purposes, Major Emory had been the driving force behind the work of the Commission from the very beginning. It is doubtful that the work would have been completed by the end of 1853, five years after it was begun, had it not been for his sense of duty and responsibility. It is hard to comprehend why the men who were faithful to the very conclusion of the project remained. They were seldom paid, they risked their lives every day to the hostile environment, they had few pleasures, and they often went without adequate food or clothing. It seems safe to assume that much of their loyalty stemmed from the personality of "Bold Emory" and the example he set.

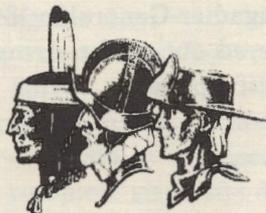
On December 30, 1853, the Gadsden Purchase agreement was signed and ratified on June 30, 1854. On August 16, Emory was appointed Commissioner and Chief Astronomer, finally achieving the title and compensations for a post he had filled for five years, but for which he never held title. The agreement ended the dispute over the initial point on the Rio Grande, shifting it some twenty-two miles south, where the river enters the Pass of the North. A new boundary line from this point to the coast had to be established. According to Professor Goetzmann, "The surveying operation itself was for the most part merely routine" and "Emory's party experienced no difficulty...in running the line...." [There was] "a noticeable absence of dissension on the Commission; no murder, no thievery, no brawling...." Goetzmann attributes the smooth operation to "the constant attendance of the commissioner to his duty."¹⁶ On June 25, 1856, Emory and his Mexican counterpart, José Salazar y Larregui signed the final agreement.

Emory was breveted Lieutenant Colonel in 1857, and, in 1861, took full charge of the Indian Territory. His continuing concern for the rank-and-file made him "the only officer on the frontier who [ultimately] brought his entire command out of the insurrectionary country without the loss of a man." Despite his long links with The South, he served the Union and with distinction. Commissioned Brigadier-General in 1862 and Major-General in 1865, he was mustered out of the Army in 1867, and in his retirement wrote scientific papers.

BOB (ROBERT D.) CUNNINGHAM retired from a business career in Chicago to take up archaeology. Nine years later, retired from the University of Arizona, he turned to researching and writing articles about western history. He is a member of the Western History Association, Western Writers of America, and two corrals of Westerners International. Bob and his wife Jean live in Tucson.

NOTES

1. William H. Emory, *Report on the United States and Mexican Boundary Survey*, Senate Ex. Doc. No. 108, 34th Congress, 1st Session, I, Part 1. (Washington: A.O.P. Nicholson, Printers, 1857) 1. Hereinafter cited as *Report*.
2. Otis A. Singletary, *The Mexican War*. (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1960) 123-127, 160-161.
3. *Report*, 1.
4. William H. Emory, *Notes on a Military Reconnaissance*, House of Representatives, Ex. Doc. No. 41, 30th Congress, 1st Session. (Washington: Wendell and Van Benthuyzen Printers, 1848) *passim*.
5. *Report*, 5-6.
6. *Ibid.*, 6-7.
7. *Ibid.*, 8-10.
8. William H. Goetzmann, *Army Explorations in the American West; 1803-1863*. (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1959) 168-169.
9. John R. Bartlett, *Personal Narrative of Exploration and Incidents*, (New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1854) I and II, *passim*.
10. Clinton P. Hartmann, "Charles Wright: Botanist of the Boundary," *Password* XXXVII, (Winter, 1992) 181.
11. William H. Goetzmann, "Science Explores the Big Bend, 1852-1853." *Password*, III, (April, 1958) 62.
12. *Report*, 80-85.
13. Goetzmann, "Science Explores," 64-66; Goetzmann, *Army Explorations*, 185-186; Goetzmann, "Introduction to Emory's *Report* (Austin: Texas State Historical Association, 1989) xxii, note 27. Both Dr. Goetzmann and Dr. Ron Tyler told the author in August 1992 that they had no further clues about Abbott.
14. *Report*, 74-80.
15. *Ibid.*, 12-15.
16. William H. Goetzmann, *Army Exploration*, Bison Book Printing. (Lincoln and London: University of Nebraska Press, 1979) 195-196.
17. Allen Johnson and Dennis Malone, eds., *Dictionary of American Biography*, III (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1930) 353-354.





Massacre in the Organ Mountains

The Death of Manuel Vidal de Lorca

By Rick Hendricks

The presidio of San Elizario was moved upriver from the valley of San Elizario to the abandoned site of Los Tiburcios in 1789,¹ largely in an attempt to provide a suitable location for settling Apaches in peace camps. This so called *Apaches de Paz* program, which was designed to co-opt an implacable foe that could not be defeated militarily, registered some successes. At times, as many as a thousand Indians were living peacefully in the Paso del Norte district.² The presence of the presidio also provided an increased measure of security to the citizenry of area communities. Nevertheless, some Apache groups refused to give up their traditional nomadic lifeways, and others came and went from the peace camps as they pleased. These roving bands preyed on the locals' livestock and occasionally killed Hispanic citizens. Every raid called for some military response, lest the enemy grow too bold and overrun one of the settlements or the presidio itself. The situation demanded inspired and vigorous leadership; unfortunately, the man for the job was not yet on hand.

When the presidio of San Elizario passed inspection in May 1790, the evaluation of its commanding officer was not impressive:

The captain of this company, don Juan Antonio de Arce, though he has talent does not employ it in carrying out the instruction his job requires. For this reason and

*because of his lack of robustness and his illness, he does not keep good order. He has been advised and given appropriate warnings about these particulars.*³

Despite this admonition, another inspection two years later showed that there had been no change in the situation. Arce did not apply himself and displayed no zeal for the good order of his company. This time, the inspector, Antonio Cordero, brought Arce up on charges and forwarded them to his superiors.⁴ By early the following year, they had found a suitable replacement.

On February 1, 1793, Pedro de Nava, commandant general of the Internal Provinces, informed Francisco Javier de Uranga, lieutenant governor of the Paso del Norte district, that he had appointed Capt. Manuel Vidal de Lorca to the post of commandant of the presidio. At the time of his appointment, Vidal de Lorca was serving as captain of the presidio of San Carlos de Cerrogordo.⁵ His superiors found him to be a zealous and loyal officer.⁶ In fact, Vidal de Lorca was so highly regarded that for a time, while he was captain at Cerrogordo, he was exercising the same office with the Third Flying Company.⁷ Credited with keeping the company in good shape and properly disciplined, he made certain that the men obeyed their superiors and followed orders.⁸

In addition to his obvious capabilities as an officer, Vidal de Lorca had an outstanding military pedigree. His father, Col. Melchor Vidal de Lorca y Villena, had a distinguished career in the Spanish army. In his fifty-four years of service to the crown he saw action in Italy, Nicaragua, and Nuevo León and Nuevo Santander on the northern frontier of New Spain.⁹ He served a term as governor of Nuevo León from 1773 to 1779 followed by a term as governor of Nuevo Santander.¹⁰ Manuel's brother, José Joaquín, was also in the military, having begun his career as a cadet in the regiment of Spanish dragoons and received a promotion to *alférez* in the colony of Nuevo Santander.¹¹

The family had important social ties as well. Toward the end of 1785, Manuel's sister, Ana Gertrudis, married Pedro Ignacio de Echevers, the fourth Marqués de San Miguel de Aguayo. Although the marqués' fortune had been in decline for decades and he was hopelessly deep in debt, his family was still fabulously land rich, if money poor. Once, their haciendas of Santa María de Parras and San Francisco de los Patos formed

the largest estate in northern New Spain. It was recorded that it took two weeks to cross the property on horseback, either from north to south or east to west. The latifundio encompassed some five million acres, largely in the modern-day state of Coahuila. The family moved among the elite of the viceregal capital, Mexico City, where they maintained their ostentatious lifestyle by borrowing ever larger sums. Manuel's sister provided him



*"Spanish Frontier Officer"
Late 18th Century*

*Reprinted from "Faces of the
Borderlands" by José Cisneros,
courtesy Texas Western Press.*

with many nieces and nephews. Money woes notwithstanding, Ana Gertrudis and Pedro Ignacio produced at least thirteen children.¹² Another of Manuel's sisters, María Teresa, married Alejo García Conde in Mexico City in 1796. García Conde, a military man like María Teresa's father and brothers, was destined to play an important role in the turbulent period after 1812.¹³

While Manuel Vidal de Lorca's thoughts must have occasionally turned to his family, he seems to have taken up his post in Paso del Norte with a remarkable sense of duty. He produced a withering amount of official correspondence, frequently dispatching several letters a day, on a variety of matters. The new commandant faced several challenges, the principal one was the vexing problem of relations with the Apaches. Such was the strain on the presidio's resources, that a constant theme in his correspondence is the need for more militiamen to promptly pursue the enemy to punish them for stealing livestock. According to orders from Nava, a unit of fifteen men should always be in the field, and the commandant was to distribute arms and munitions among the citizens with the best horses to be prepared in the event of enemy attack.¹⁴

Word reached San Elizario in the spring of 1793 that around a thousand Lipan and Lipiyan Apaches had gathered under the command of the *capitancillos*, or Indian leaders, Pasqualillo, Vindaviyaya, and Tuchonchujato to attack the presidio. The threat proved a false alarm, but the Lipan Apaches continued to persuade others to join them in battle against the Spaniards.¹⁵

Vidal de Lorca warned Uranga in July 1793 that an attack on the presidio or the people traveling to the salines was eminent. Word had it that the Apaches were seeking revenge for an expedition that Capt. Manuel Rengel had recently led against them.¹⁶

Startling news arrived in September. The peaceful Indians established at the presidio of Janos had left, joining a large number of Indians from the presidio of Carrizal. Their apparent aim was to destroy San Elizario and Paso del Norte.¹⁷ By the end of the month, Vidal de Lorca discussed with Uranga the method of operation of a large force, consisting of a seventy-man force complemented by forty Indians. It would be divided into three units, two in Paso del Norte and one in San Elizario. The units would alternate once a week to patrol the district. Still, cycles of livestock thefts and retaliatory raids continued.¹⁸

Vidal de Lorca heard in December that the Lipan were once again calling their Apache brethren to unite with them. They told of a Spanish captain in Coahuila who had promised to supply them with firearms. Despite all this disturbing intelligence, no attack came.¹⁹

With the new year came even more unwelcome news. Vidal de Lorca informed a surprised Uranga in mid-January 1794 that all the Apaches established in peace camps at San Elcario had gone to Capitancillo Barrios' camp on the opposite side of the river. The Apaches had said they were going to his camp for a gathering and dance, but Vidal de Lorca had not given them written permission and was wary of their true purpose. For this reason, Uranga was to be on the alert and order daily scouting reports on the Apaches' movements. According to the scouts, there were about two hundred warriors and young men and one hundred women with children. They had been unable to count all the other children and elderly, but estimated the camp to hold between eight hundred and a thousand people. Vidal de Lorca ordered Uranga to take care that the Apaches on the other side of the river did not depart unless they first informed the Span-

iards of their intentions.²⁰

The following February, Vidal de Lorca announced his intention to investigate the purported evil intent of some of the Apaches camped around Paso del Norte and the request of Capitancillo Francisquillo to move his rancheria to San Elizario.²¹ On the twenty-third he had ominous news. All of the Apaches, except those of the capitancillos Barrios, Malla, and Maselhid had left the peace camps. The commandant requested that the lieutenant governor provide twenty militiamen and forty citizens to guard the horse herd at the presidio of San Elizario while Vidal de Lorca led a detachment to pursue the Indians who had abandoned the area.²²

With eighty presidial soldiers and an unspecified number of citizens and Indian allies from the Paso del Norte district, Vidal de Lorca gave chase. On February 26 he attacked a rancheria in the Sierra del Aire, killing two warriors, capturing three women and one boy, freeing a captive, and taking twenty-eight animals. The troops suffered five wounded, none seriously.²³

By the first week of March, Vidal de Lorca was back in San Elizario. On March 8, the commandant noted that Rafael Téllez, a citizen of Ysleta, had suffered the theft of twenty mares and jennies. In response, Vidal de Lorca called for a force of thirty experienced militiamen and citizens to prepare for a twenty-day expedition. Fifty less-experienced men were to be held in reserve. The following day, he received word that the capitancillos Barrio (Nzaze), and Malla (Tuchonchujato) had departed with their followers.²⁴

All the Apaches who had sought peace at the presidio of San Elizario were gone. Without delay, Vidal de Lorca informed



"Apache"

Reprinted from "Faces of the Borderlands" by José Cisneros, courtesy Texas Western Press.

Uranga that he was to ready eighty men from Paso del Norte to accompany him and the San Elizario presidial troopers on a punitive campaign against the livestock raiders. In the event they failed to encounter the enemy within a week to ten days, the men could return home. Vidal de Lorca would depart on the eleventh and meet them at La Salineta.²⁵

After the rendezvous, the commandant separated one hundred men from the body of the expeditionary force and led them against the Apaches who had sought refuge in the Organ Mountains. Barrio and Malla and their people were very familiar with the mountains, having established their rancherias there on a number of occasions while they were still participating in the peace camp program. There, on March 15, 1794, the Indians turned the tables on Vidal de Lorca. According to reports, the Apaches took advantage of their superior numbers and favorable terrain to deliver a stunning blow, causing a causality rate of almost twenty-five percent. They killed the commandant, Vidal de Lorca, a sergeant, nine troopers, and four citizens. The *alférez*, Antonio de Arce, was wounded three times and captured. Another ten men were wounded, one of them an Apache ally. After thirteen days of captivity, Arce was ransomed, the enemy having proposed his release.²⁶

As a rule, presidial soldiers assiduously made a body count of enemy casualties, so that their deeds could be duly inscribed on their service records. It is significant, then, that service records of participants and reports subsequently filed noted not a single Apache killed or wounded on the field of battle that day. The loss of their commanding officer in an engagement was also a very rare experience on the northern frontier. Thus, Vidal de Lorca's death must have been shocking. On the return from the disastrous fight, the sergeant and acting commandant exacted a measure of pitiless revenge, killing two Indian men and three women he found on the trail, taking one prisoner. There was no indication that they had been involved in the armed confrontation, that they were associated with the enemy bands, or that they were even Apache.²⁷

Scarcely a week went by before the troops of the presidio of San Elizario responded to the massacre in the Organ Mountains. Lt. José Escageda, who Vidal de Lorca had left in command during his absence, led a punitive expedition against the Apaches on March 24, 1794. To assist the troopers from the presidio, he

requested two hundred men from Paso del Norte, seventy at a mere day's notice, to guard the horse herd, and the remainder to join him on campaign.²⁸ In early April, the commandant general, Pedro de Nava, ordered the Apaches punished and the presidio of San Elizario reinforced. The new man in charge of the presidio, Capt. Manuel Rengel, transmitted Nava's orders to Uranga later that month. Sixty soldiers, thirty hand-picked militiamen, and thirty Indian allies were to ready themselves for a two-month stint in the field. The cycle of Indian attack and presidial reprisal began to unfold anew, but for Manuel Vidal de Lorca there was only final peace.²⁹

Doña María Francisca Martínez de Pizón, was already widowed by her husband, don Melchor, when her son, Manuel, died. The following year, from her home in Mexico City, she intervened on behalf of another son, José Joaquín, beseeching the viceroy, the Marqués de Branciforte, to grant him a promotion. In her petition, which proved successful, she remarked on the death of Manuel Vidal de Lorca –

*After having conducted himself with well-known valor in many battles with barbarous enemies, in the month of March of last year, he died gloriously at their hands, the victim of honor and obedience.*³⁰

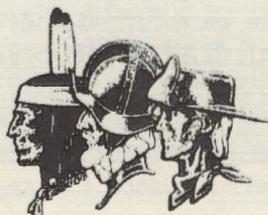
Perhaps doña María Francisca's words were to be expected from a proud military family. Yet, they seem no less appropriate of a loving mother delivering an eloquent eulogy for her slain son, who died at the hands of the Apaches in the distant Organ Mountains.

DR. RICK HENDRICKS, whose "Muster of the Presidio of San Elizario" appeared in the Fall issue of *Password*, is an editor on the staff of The Vargas Project at the University of New Mexico. He and Dr. W. H. Timmons, Professor Emeritus of History at the University of Texas at El Paso, are preparing a manuscript on the history of San Elizario.

NOTES

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2. Francisco Javier de Uranga to Manuel Vidal de Lorca, Letter, El Paso, 16 Jan. 1794, JA, 1794, r. 47, f. 45.
3. Antonio Cordero, Extract of an Inspection, San Elizario, 13 May 1790, Archivo General de Simancas (AGS), Guerra moderna 7047:52.
4. Antonio Cordero, Extract of an Inspection, San Elizario, 4 Aug. 1792, AGS, Guerra moderna 7047:165
5. Pedro de Nava to Francisco Javier de Uranga, Letter, Chihuahua, 1 Feb. 1793, JA, 1791, r. 47, f. 229-30.
6. Antonio Cordero, Extract of an Inspection, San Gerónimo, 25 Feb. 1792, AGS, Guerra moderna 7047:124.
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8. Antonio Cordero, Extract of an Inspection, Pilar de Conchos, 11 Dec. 1791, AGS, Guerra moderna 7047:115.
9. María Francisca Martínez de Pizón to the Marqués de Branciforte, Petition, [Mexico City, n.m., 1795], Archivo General de la Nación (AGN), Provincias Internas 63.
10. José Luis Mirafuentes Galván, *Movimientos de resistencia y rebeliones indígenas en el norte de México, 1680-1821*, vol. 1, *Guía documental* (Mexico City: Archivo General de la Nación, 1975):108-109, 125-27.
11. The Conde de la Sierra Gorda to the Marqués de Branciforte, Nuevo Santander, 15 Jan. 1796, AGN, Provincias Internas 63.
12. María Vargas-Lobsinger, *Formación y decadencia de una fortuna: Los mayorazgos de San Miguel de Aguayo y de San Pedro del Alamo, 1583-1823* (Mexico City: Universidad Nacional Autónoma de Mexico, 1992):22-24, 34-35, 65-73, 118.
13. The Commandant General of the Internal Provinces, Pedro de Nava, granted Alejo permission to wed María Teresa in September 1796. The following month, the couple exchanged vows in the cathedral of Mexico City. As a dedicated royalist armed with an appointment from his king, García Conde successfully put down a rebellion that erupted in Chihuahua in 1814. He became commandant general of the Internal Provinces in 1818 and was headquartered in Durango, a bastion of royalist sentiment. By late 1821, however, García Conde was prepared to support the cause of Mexican Independence. Oakah L. Jones, Jr. *Nueva Vizcaya: Heartland of the Spanish Frontier* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1988):222, 223, 224, 225. Alejo García Conde and María Teresa Vidal de Lorca, Marriage record, 25 Oct. 1796, Sagrario Metropolitano Parish, Mexico City, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, International Genealogical Index. Pedro de Nava to the Marqués de Branciforte, San Bartolomé, 23 Sept. 1796, AGN, Provincias Internas, 63.

14. Pedro de Nava to the lieutenant governor of El Paso, Order, 9 Mar. 1793, JA, 1791, r. 47, f. 192-93.
15. Manuel Vidal de Lorca to Francisco Javier de Uranga, Transmittal of letter, San Elizario, 2 Apr. 1793, (Juárez Municipal Archive (second filming, JMA), r.13A, bk. 1, 1791, f. 250-52.
16. Manuel Vidal de Lorca to Francisco Javier de Uranga, Letter, San Elizario, 28 July 1793, JMA, r. 13A, bk. 1, 1791, f. 69-70.
17. Manuel Vidal de Lorca to Francisco Javier de Uranga, Letter, San Elizario, 14 Sept. 1793, JMA, r. 13A, bk. 1, 1791, f. 238.
18. Manuel Vidal de Lorca to Francisco Javier de Uranga, Letter, San Elizario, 23 Sept. 1793, JA, 1791, r. 47, f. 188-89.
19. Manuel Vidal de Lorca to the lieutenant governor of El Paso, Letters, San Elizario, [5 Dec. 1793], JMA, r.13A, bk. 1, 1791, f. 176-78. Pedro de Nava to Francisco Javier de Uranga, Letter, Chihuahua, 7 Jan. 1794, JMA, r. 13A, bk. 1, 1794, f. 95.
20. Manuel Vidal de Lorca to the lieutenant governor of El Paso, Letter, San Elizario, 14 Jan. 1794, JMA, r. 13A, bk. 1, 1794, f. 75-76. Francisco Javier de Uranga to Manuel Vidal de Lorca, El Paso, 16 Jan. 1794, JMA, r. 13A, bk. 1, 1794, f. 74. Manuel Vidal de Lorca to the lieutenant governor of El Paso, Letter, San Elizario, 16 Jan. 1794, JMA, r. 13A, bk. 1, 1794, f. 72-73.
21. Manuel Vidal de Lorca to the lieutenant governor of El Paso, Letter, San Elizario, 20 Feb. 1794, JA, 1794, r. 47, f. 37-38.
22. Manuel Vidal de Lorca to the lieutenant governor of El Paso, Letter, San Elizario, 23 Feb. 1794, JA, 1794, r. 47, f. 36.
23. Pedro de Nava to the Marqués de Branciforte, Extract of Hostilities in the Internal Provinces, Chihuahua, 3 Apr. 1794, Archivo General de Indias (AGI), Guadalajara 290.
24. Manuel Vidal de Lorca to Francisco Javier de Uranga, Letter, San Elizario, 9 Mar. 1794, JA, 1794, r. 47, f. 54-55, 56-57.
25. Manuel Vidal de Lorca to Francisco Javier de Uranga, Letters, San Elizario, 10 Mar. 1794, JA, 1794, r. 47, f. 57-58.
26. Arce received a promotion to second lieutenant within a month of his release from his Apache captors. Fernando Chacón, Service record of Antonio de Arce, Santa Fe, 31 Dec. 1797, AGS, Guerra moderna 7278:24. Pedro de Nava to the Marqués de Branciforte, Extract of Hostilities in the Internal Provinces, Chihuahua, 3 Apr. 1794, AGI, Guadalajara 290.
27. Pedro de Nava to the Marqués de Branciforte, Extract of Hostilities in the Internal Provinces, Chihuahua, 3 Apr. 1794, AGI, Guadalajara 290.
28. José Escageda to Francisco Javier de Uranga, Letters, San Elizario, 23 Mar. 1794, JA, 1794, r. 47, f. 59-60.
29. Manuel Rengel to Francisco Javier de Uranga, Transmittal of order, San Elizario, 19 Apr. 1794, JA, 1794, r. 47, f. 24-26. Pedro de Nava to the Marqués de Branciforte, Chihuahua, 3 Apr. 1794, AGI, Guadalajara 290.
30. María Francisca Martínez de Pizón to the Marqués de Branciforte, Petition, [Mexico City, n.m., 1795, AGN, Provincias Internas 63.



The Home Front

World War II

Historical Memories Contest

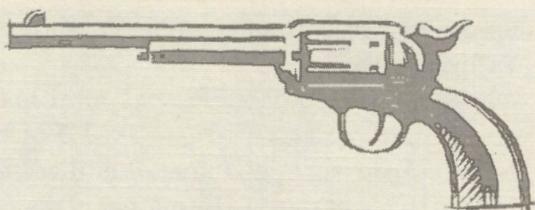
The El Paso County Historical Society, along with the Department of History at the University of Texas at El Paso, and the El Paso *Herald-Post*, is issuing a call for essays dealing with "life in the El Paso region during World War II." The entry should describe how World War II affected a particular aspect of El Paso life, such as employment, rationing, family life, border relationships, transportation, entertainment, impact of Fort Bliss, etc., or it might be in the form of a personal memoir. The essays should not exceed 1500 words, or six typed, double-spaced pages; handwritten essays, if extremely legible, will be accepted. Authors must have lived in the region between 1941-1945.

A panel of judges will select four essays to be awarded the following prizes: First Place, \$200; Second Place, \$150; Third Place, \$100; and Honorable Mention, \$50. *Password* will publish the winning entries during 1995-1996. The El Paso *Herald-Post* will publish in whole, or in part, the winning essay, and excerpts from others.

Entries should be mailed to the Contest Director

Dr. Charles Martin
UTEP, Department of History
El Paso, Texas 79968-0532

and must be submitted between JANUARY 1 and MARCH 1, 1995. Entries cannot be returned and will be eventually deposited in SPECIAL COLLECTIONS at the University of Texas at El Paso.



Antonio Trujillo: San Elízario's Long-Term Constable

By Bill Lockhart

In August 1963, Constable Antonio José Trujillo told an *El Paso Herald-Post* reporter that he had been born on Friday, the thirteenth. "...that's the reason I've always had good luck," he explained.¹ Ironically, the San Elizario Church records of the event, set his birthday as the twelfth, not the thirteenth, of June 1892.² As with many such controversial characters, the story of Tony Trujillo is surrounded by contradictions. Although he is remembered as "carrying his forty-five for forty-five years"³ and serving for fifty years,⁴ and claimed in the same interview that he was serving his "39th year as constable" since 1924⁵, Commissioners Court records show that he resigned as constable on January 10, 1927 and was replaced by Francisco Grijalva.⁶ People who knew Trujillo say he was well-liked and well-respected,⁷ yet, in 1933, when George Parada, Constable of Precinct 4, requested confirmation of the appointment of Antonio Trujillo as Deputy Constable, it was "denied on recommendation and advice of the sheriff."⁸ Legend may have obscured time and dates, but the memories behind them live on.

Highly respected by his peers, Trujillo was asked to participate in a panel discussion on "Law Enforcement in El Paso," presented on October 23, 1963 at the quarterly meeting of the El Paso County Historical Society. The moderator was former

sheriff of El Paso County, Allen G. Falby, joined by former sheriff Chris P. Fox.⁹

On June 19, 1892, one week after his birth, Antonio Trujillo was baptized in San Elizario by Fr. J. M. Chaucot. His godparents, Melitón Apodaca and Juana Bustillos, attended the ceremony along with his parents. His mother, Francisca Durán, was a Tigua Indian from Socorro whose family had lived in the village since the Pueblo Revolt of 1680 had driven her people south from New Mexico. His father, Sabas Trujillo, had been a trader, freighting supplies from San Antonio, and, like most men in the Valley, a farmer. Sabas was born about 1865, two years before the birth of Francisca. The two were married around 1890 and moved to La Cuadrilla (southeast of San Elizario), establishing a farm in the area before Antonio was born, and there he grew up.¹⁰

In 1910, Sabas was forty-five, but was unemployed. Tony supported the family with earnings from his job with the county road department. Francisca was forty-three by this time and had given birth to six children; only Tony, his younger brother, Pedro, and his sister, Eulogia were still living. Although Sabas could neither read nor write, Francisca was literate, as was her son, Tony. The family lived in a rental house at that time.¹¹

Trujillo left for California at an early age, traveling as a hobo. He stayed there until the beginning of World War I when he returned to San Elizario to enlist in the Army. He served as a Private First Class in the infantry in Germany (possibly as a military policeman) and became a champion boxer while in the service. Tony returned to the Lower Valley after the war. Like other young men of his time, he was proud to have served his country, belonging to the Veterans of Foreign Wars and other veterans' organizations. As a member of the VFW, Tony loved marching in parades. The local post participated in parades at every opportunity, always marching in uniform. Both his boxing and his time in the military police prepared him well for his future career in law enforcement.¹²

His father had died before Tony returned home from the war in late 1919 or early 1920, and he lived with his mother, his brother, Pedro, his sister, Eulogia, and a cousin, Jesús Durán, at their home on the Socorro-San Elizario Road. On October 29, 1920, Tony was married to Irene R. Alarcón in San Elizario; Fr. R. M. Libertini, S. J., performed the ceremony. That year Tony



Antonio Trujillo, Circa 1956

Photo courtesy H. W. "Skip" Clark

worked as an irrigation ditch tender for the Bureau of Reclamation. Initially, Tony used mule-drawn scrapers to build levees for the new canals, but later, when the Bureau added trucks to the force, he became a truck driver. Although he worked around vehicles all his life, Tony was not mechanically inclined, leaving the repair work to others.¹³

Tony was tall, well built, and popular with both ladies and men. He was known as a real ladies man throughout most of his life. He had a pleasant personality, a good singing voice, but

rarely laughed and was usually quiet, although he could be talkative with his friends. An avid horseman, he enjoyed riding and frequently took the children of friends and relatives to local rodeos. Always active in the Catholic Church, Tony was a member of the Unión Católica de San José, and frequently took part in the processions celebrating the Saint's Days, both San Elcario, Patron Saint of the village, and San Isidro, Patron Saint of farmers. He would always go into the desert to collect plants for services on Palm Sunday.¹⁴

On November 4, 1924, Trujillo ran unopposed for Constable of Precinct No. 4, serving under Justice of the Peace A. M. Pedregon. Trujillo posted his \$1,000 bond on November 28, 1924. Accepted by Commissioners Court on December 30, he began his first two-year term as constable in San Elizario. He fit the part well. He was fearless and respected in the village he served. If young men were misbehaving, all that was needed was for Tony to walk in and they would disperse. He refused to take any

In spite of his being tough, almost everyone liked him. He wore Stetson hats and cowboy boots, and was noted for the pearl-handled revolver that he wore.

back-talk and often carried a buggy whip. If young men were lounging around and were in his way, he told them to move – just once. In spite of his being tough, almost everyone liked him. He wore Stetson hats and cowboy boots, and was noted for the pearl-handled revolver that he wore. The revolver, a long-barreled .44 caliber Smith and Wesson, remained with Tony throughout his career.¹⁵ He was re-elected in 1926, but resigned in 1927.

Following his resignation, Trujillo apparently continued to serve either as a deputy constable or deputy sheriff. At that time, deputies in the outlying districts were paid \$125 per month, or an annual salary of \$1500 a year which was considered a good salary. The family remembers that he was deputy under Sheriff Tom Armstrong, serving Clint, Socorro, and San Elizario. Armstrong served until 1932 when he was soundly defeated by Chris P. Fox. This could explain why Tony was not recommended for deputy constable in 1933.¹⁶

As an officer of the law, Trujillo kept prisoners in the old San Elizario jail. The long, narrow, adobe structure today sits

across the street from the Adobe Horseshoe Dinner Theater on the side opposite from the plaza. The northeast end served as a jury room although actual justice of the peace trials were held in private homes. The jail was built around 1850 and may not have originally been built as a jail. It deteriorated over the years, and the Commissioners Court periodically ordered it repaired. At some point, two enclosed steel cells were added, located in the southwest end of the building and were used to incarcerate prisoners by the time Trujillo served as constable.¹⁷

When Trujillo confined prisoners in the jail, he would frequently leave the outer door open at night, allowing them to get some fresh air. He counted on the strong cells to prevent escapes. In 1932, this practice almost proved his undoing. Having left the door open as usual, Trujillo arrived in the morning to take one Marcelo Luján to El Paso. During the night, a friend had visited Luján, bringing him a revolver. Trujillo released his prisoner and walked him to the car, but, instead of entering the vehicle, Luján drew the revolver, pointing it at the constable. Trujillo grappled with his assailant until the gun went off, shooting a hole in his hat. Trujillo fell to the ground, and his prisoner ran toward the jail, attempting to escape. The constable leaped to his feet, firing a well-aimed shot that hit Luján in the lower back, ending the flight. Although Luján eventually recovered from his wound, he continued to get into trouble and was later fatally wounded by a local farmer.¹⁸

Trujillo was elected constable in 1940 to serve for two years under Justice of the Peace J. J. Pérez, and was re-elected every other year until 1956 when the term of office was lengthened to four years. He was elected three more times, until he quit running for office in 1968. His final term of service was with Justice of the Peace D. F. White. Tony ran unopposed in every election except in the Democratic primary on May 7, 1960. Alfredo Arrigucie ran against him, but lost by a vote of 205 to 240. Trujillo failed to run in some elections, but he was never defeated. During this period, he had a special permit to carry his revolver and to follow up on criminal investigations in Mexico. On occasion, he brought back stolen goods and horses from across the border. In 1968, he was paid \$90.00 per month and maintained his own patrol car, including the installation of lights and siren. He continued to serve as a deputy constable until his death.¹⁹

Trujillo was very involved in local politics; meetings were held frequently at his house. He was close friends with Justice of the Peace Alfredo Madrid, and the superintendent of the San Elizario schools, Lorenzo Alarcón. During their tenure, the three men virtually "ran the town." After the Justice of the Peace Court moved to Clint in 1956, Tony became close friends with Judge White and Sheriff Bob Bailey. He was also well-liked by San Elizario's group of East Indian farmers, and was a favorite of all the children. Like many valley men, he was a farmer on the side, growing cotton and alfalfa on his twenty-acre farm. As is customary in rural settings, the farm included a garden for the family. He raised sheep and goats and always had a milk cow and a riding horse. He was noted for his hot, spicy pit barbecue, especially barbecued kid (*cabrito*). He kept peacocks on the farm as watchbirds. Because they perched on trees, they could sense anyone's approach long before the dogs, alerting the family with their loud cries. One of his favorite expressions was, "A farmer gets up early to feed his cows."²⁰

Tony and his wife, Irene, had three sons, Efrain, Antonio, Jr., and Daniel. The couple raised the three boys along with three of their second cousins, Jesús, José, and Anita Durán, whose mother had passed away. All three of the Trujillo boys served in World War II. Two of the young men returned unharmed, but Tony, Jr., was badly wounded by gunfire while serving in the Navy. He died in 1953 at the age of twenty-nine, leaving his wife, Josefina, with four children. The boys spent a lot of their time with their grandfather, so the older Trujillos became their guardians.²¹

Tony kept his grandsons entertained with stories about his life in the Lower Valley and taught them to hunt and shoot, giving them access to his rifles and shotguns. Target practice became a favorite pastime for the boys, and they would sometimes shoot up all the ammunition in the house. Tony slaughtered his own animals and taught the boys to help.

During his life, he sustained several injuries, one as a result of chopping wood when the ax slipped and landed on the nail of his big toe; the injury bothered him for the rest of his life. In another instance, he pulled his arm out of socket while lassoing a calf – it took three years for him to regain full use of the arm. For some time after the incident, his grandson had to shift gears

for him when he drove his truck.²²

Trujillo never had money deducted from his pay for retirement, so he never received a pension. Because of the length of his service, however, Constable Chano Montes retained Tony as a deputy constable (although, without duties) until his death. Shortly after his son, Tony, died, Trujillo became caretaker of the San Elizario Cemetery and continued in that job, until a year before his own death. In the 1970s, he burned his leg badly while extinguishing a brush fire in the cemetery. Refusing medical attention, an infection set in, and his health continued to worsen from that point on. He spent the last year of his life in a rest home, where he died from pneumonia and a stroke on November 30, 1976, at the age of eighty-four. He was buried in the San Elizario Cemetery, the place he had lovingly cared for so many years.²³

BILL LOCKHART is a teaching assistant and a master's degree candidate at the University of Texas at El Paso from which he received his Bachelor of Arts. The subject of his thesis is the historical demography of San Elizario.

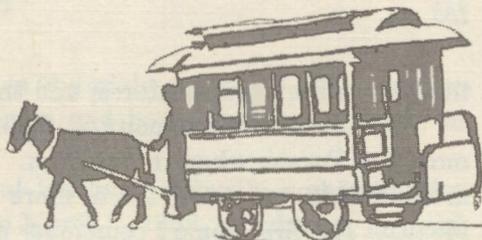
NOTES

1. El Paso *Herald Post*, 6 August 1963.
2. "Baptismal Records," 1845-present, San Elizario Church.
3. Transito Macias, interview by Bill Lockhart, 12 November 1993, El Paso, Texas (hereinafter cited as Macias interview).
4. Alfredo Alarcón, interview by Bill Lockhart and Sue Green 27 January 1993, "Villa's Raiders, a Jail Break, and a Gazebo on the Village Square: Reflections on San Elizario, Texas." Unpublished ms. by Bill Lockhart and Sue Green, University of Texas Library, 1993. Hereinafter cited as Alarcón, "San Elizario," 6.
5. *EPHP*, 6 August 1963.
6. "El Paso County Commissioners Court Minute Books," Book 13, p. 36; Book 13, 594-595. Hereinafter cited as C. C.
7. Alarcón, "San Elizario," 6; Macias interview.
8. C. C., Book 16, 345.
9. "Oral History: Law Enforcement in El Paso," *Password*, XXII (Spring, 1977) 3-16.
10. Macias, interview; "Thirteenth Census of the United States, Justice Precinct No. 4, San Elizario, El Paso County, Texas," 1910, 6B, #61-65; "Baptismal Records," 1845-present, San Elizario Church.
11. "Thirteenth Census," 6B, #61-65.

12. Macias interview; *EPHP*, 2 December 1976, sec C, 6, c. 1; Octavio "Toby" Trujillo, interview by Bill Lockhart, 23 April 1994, hereinafter cited as O. Trujillo, interview; *El Paso Times*, 2 December 1976, sec. B, 4, c. 1.
13. Macias, interview; O. Trujillo, interview; "Fourteenth Census of the United States, Justice Precinct No. 4, San Elizario, El Paso County, Texas," 1920, 5A, #20-24.
14. Macias interview; Lillian Trujillo, interview by Bill Lockhart, 16 November 1993, hereinafter cited as L. Trujillo, interview; *EPHP*, 2 December 1976.
15. Tony later loaned the revolver to a friend on the police force who cut off the end of the barrel. When he returned the revolver, Tony was disappointed. Although Tony fired the weapon, it did not feel the same, so he stored it in a drawer. After Tony's death, the revolver was stolen. O. Trujillo, interview.
16. Macias interview; L. Trujillo, interview; C. C., Book 14, 394-396, Book 15, 278, 435, 524, Book 16, 67; "Election Returns," Book 2, 44, 56, 59, 70. Lillian Trujillo is the granddaughter of Tony Trujillo. Her maternal grandfather, Francisco Grijalva, replaced Tony as constable in 1927. Octavio "Toby" Trujillo recalled that his grandfather had a variety of badges, but he could not be sure that they had all been issued to Tony. O. Trujillo, interview.
17. Alarcón, "San Elizario;" personal communication with H. W. "Skip" Clark; C. C., Book 7, 197, Book 8; 112.
18. Alarcón, "San Elizario;" O. Trujillo, interview; *EPHP*, 6 August 1963. Both Alarcón and Octavio Trujillo recall Tony as saying that the bullet went through the hat and creased his skull; the 1963 newspaper article does not mention the injury.
19. L. Trujillo, interview; "Election Returns," Book 2: 92, 113, 129, 139, 148, 157, 165, 175, 184, 193, 203, Book 3: 4, 17, 23; Book 4: 6, 13, 37.
20. O. Trujillo, interview.
21. Macias interview.
22. Macias interview; L. Trujillo, interview.
23. L. Trujillo interview; O. Trujillo, interview; *EPHP*, 2 December 1976, sec. C, 6, c. 1; *EPT*, 2 December 1976, sec. B, 4, c. 1. Toby (Octavio) called putting Tony in the rest home, "the saddest day of my life."

Trujillo's tombstone in the San Elizario Cemetery shows his birth-date as June 13, 1892 and date of death as November 29, 1976.





Scenes of My Childhood

By Leigh White Osborn

The following memoir about turn-of-the-century El Paso is an edited version of the original which was written about ten years before the author's death on September 22, 1974. Mrs. Osborn was the sister of the well-known El Paso writer, Owen P. White, author of OUT OF THE DESERT, considered by some as El Paso's first history. Oliver Osborn, son of Leigh W. Osborn, made the manuscript available to PASSWORD and it is presented here with his permission. [Ed.]

I was born in Tucson, Arizona on November 19, 1884. My parents were Alward McKiel White and Katherine J. Payne White. My mother's family was from Virginia, but moved to Colorado after the Civil War. My father was born and raised on the eastern shore of Maryland, came West in pursuit of adventure, and went into ranching on the Platte River in Colorado. Both my parents received a classical education, my mother at William and Mary College in Virginia, and my father, at the University of Maryland, where he studied medicine.

As fate would have it, they met and were married in Evans, Colorado, about fifty miles north of Denver. Their honeymoon was a trip to the ranch in a covered wagon. The ranching venture proved a complete failure, so my father came to El Paso, and was later joined by his wife and oldest son, Alward, Jr. Until they could find a place of their own, they were taken into the McGoffin [Magoffin] home. They soon moved into a small adobe house on the corner of Mesa and San Antonio Streets. At this time, very few Anglo-American families lived in El Paso – among

them were the Kemps, Marrs, and the Crosbys.

My father was appointed Collector of Customs, and we moved to Tucson where I was born. Before returning to El Paso around 1886, we lived for a short while in Silver City, New Mexico. The first home I remember in El Paso was on the corner of Myrtle and Ochoa. A one-story brick house with large rooms, it was very comfortable, and was heated with wood stoves and an open fire-place in the dining room. Mesquite roots provided the fuel, and were brought into town on the backs of droves of burros.

Our neighbors on Myrtle Avenue included: the A. P. Coles, and Mr. Cole's brothers, Frank and Otis, who were all in the real estate business; the Zack Whites; the U. S. Stewards, a banker; the Hubbards; and my uncle, W. F. Payne and his family. Across the street lived the C. R. Moreheads, the Henry Beaches, the Harry Noaks, the Barry Woods, and the J. N. Deans. The latter, having no children of their own, often read to us from Mark Twain, and from stories about Napoleon Bonaparte.

Besides these good human neighbors, we also had creatures, some undesirable, of every description: horned toads, lizards, tarantulas, and scorpions. After a rain, the croaking of hundreds of frogs filled the air as did the delightful odor of wet "greasewood."

The streets were not paved and were very dusty. During the hot summer months "sprinkling cars" would be driven through the streets several times each day to settle the flying dust from the winds and traffic. Our first public transportation was the little "mule car." A Mr. Hill was the driver of the one on San Antonio Street. Later, electric cars took their place - the cars were open and we had "trolley car" parties. There was no "crime on the street" as we know it today, and women and children were perfectly safe day or night.

There may not have been crime on the streets, but there was plenty in the many saloons scattered throughout the downtown district. Killings took place there regularly. Located on Utah Street was a "Red Light District." The women drove handsome horses and buggies and were beautifully dressed. They were not, I think, allowed to solicit on the streets. Some of the "madames" who made a business out of prostitution were Gypsy Davenport, May Palmer, and Tillie Howard. My father was their attending physician. He kept his horse and buggy at the Longwell Transfer Co. (Tel. # 1), and the company brought them to our house early

each morning, and anytime in the night when my father had to make a night call. Night calls and house calls were made in those "good old" days.

My father's practice and his love of family and humanity was his life! When he died on March 7, 1898, an address, entitled "The Beloved Physician" was given in his memory by Rev. Mayo C. Martin; it was published in the newspapers. Someone on the street was heard to remark, "If I could have a funeral like that, I would feel that I had not lived in vain."

El Paso was growing rapidly and so were proper business concerns. There was John B. Watson's grocery store, noted for its quality staples, and one owned by Steward and McNair. Much of the fresh produce, however, came from the Lower Valley, delivered by "vegetable men." Wonderful Mission grapes, pears, and fine onions were raised on both sides of the Rio Grande.

The first candy store in town was Cooper's, located on El Paso Street, and later The Elite, owned by Clarence Pickrell. There were several dry goods stores: Diamonds, Calishers, Cannons, and Lightbody and James. The Popular Dry Goods was first located on South El Paso Street, near the Myar Opera House. One could also buy fine materials, even French gloves, in Juárez. Some of the more affluent ladies ordered their "nicer" dresses from a Mrs. Taylor in Louisville, Kentucky.

Education became very important to the citizens of El Paso and a good school system was established. Two schools I remember were: Central High School, which also contained the lower grades, and Bailey School which was located on Montana Street.* Both were noted for good discipline. For recreation, the boys played baseball in the vacant lots, and during the appropriate seasons, enjoyed playing marbles, flying kites, or spinning tops. The boys and girls were separated during recess, but we all drank from the same bucket of water with tin dippers.

Some of the teachers were the Misses Stevenson, Hunter, and Gertrude Windsor; also Mrs. Perry, Mrs. Bailey (for whom the school was named), and Mr. Roach. The kindergarten teachers

* For additional information on Bailey School, see Eddie Lou Miller, "School Days," *Password*, XXV (Fall, 1980) 124-128.

Education became very important to the citizens of El Paso and a good school system was established.

were Misses Lula Jones and Findley Barron. Miss Katie Moore Brown was the music teacher, and Miss Mary Gates taught drawing. The superintendent was Mr. Gerrie Price Putnam who served from 1894-1908. Graduation exercises were held at the Myar Opera House. My brothers graduated from high school in 1896.

At the turn of the century, entertaining was very formal. Champagne or wine was served at dinner parties – never “hard” liquor. Many women had “days at home” when friends would call, and tea, hot chocolate, or coffee was served. Callers always left a calling card. For formal parties, smilax, ordered from California, decorated the home or ballroom, adding a touch of the outdoors with its bright green, trailing vines. The Social Club, made up of the younger set, had a formal dance and a program once a month.

During the summer months, band concerts were played (many by the famous McGinty Band) in what is now San Jacinto Plaza. The bandstand was located in the center; later the Alligator Pool replaced it. We were fortunate to be located on the major railroad to California, so many first-class road shows played, sometimes for several performances, at the opera house. Many theatergoers dined at the English Kitchen, in reality, a Chinese restaurant.

Many of El Paso's early citizens came to regain their health; the dry climate and high altitude were considered a cure for consumption [tuberculosis]. Some remained because of the friendships they had formed; others for a variety of reasons. There was a saying often heard: “After a taste of the water of the muddy Rio Grande, one always came back for more.” I became close friends with one of the health-seekers, a Mrs. McCauley. She and her small daughter stayed with my aunt. Upon her recovery, Mrs. McCauley returned to Washington, D. C. Later, when I visited Washington, I stayed at her boarding house.

After my father's death, my brothers, Alward and Owen, returned to El Paso. Alward had been studying mining engineering at the School of Mines in Golden, Colorado, and Owen was preparing for a career in law at the University of Texas in Austin. Owen went to work in a local bank, although he really yearned to be a writer, and that is what he became. He left El Paso and joined the *Brooklyn Eagle*, then the *New York Times*, and later, *Collier's* magazine, where he became the associate editor. He published twelve books, all of which were well-received. Alward became a medical doctor, practiced in El Paso as the Smelter [ASARCO] physician and the administrator for its hospital. He

later moved to Shafter, Texas where he took a similar position with a mining company.

After my mother's death on August 7, 1903, I made my home with my aunt and uncle, the Floyd Paynes. I was very fortunate to be able to make trips back East, and visit Washington, D. C. where I was introduced to two presidents. At one White House reception, I can still hear the butler boom out as I entered the room, "Miss White from Texas."

In 1911, I was married to Oliver S. Osborn of Cameron, Missouri. A graduate in civil engineering from the University of Missouri, he studied European methods of railroad construction at the University of Heidelberg, Germany. His work took us to many parts of the western United States and Mexico. He died in 1966 and is buried in Evergreen Cemetery.

In conclusion, I would like to recall an event in my childhood which served as an amusing anecdote the rest of my life. The Crosby family had given me a beautiful Palomino pony equipped with a side saddle (in those days it would have been very "unladylike" for a little girl to have ridden astride). Our corral was in the 700 block of Texas Street. My uncle kept two cows and a carriage horse there as well as our cow and my pony.

One summer evening I had ridden late. The colored man who did the milking and took care of the stock, had gone home. I unsaddled my pony and put him in the corral myself. During the night I woke up and saw three cows in the middle of the street which was illuminated by bright moonlight. Thinking that I had left the corral gate unfastened, I jumped out of bed, slipped on my high button shoes without buttoning them, and ran out, clad only in my light cotton nightgown, thinking I could easily drive them back in their pen.

I had a *long* chase before I finally got them turned toward home. My brothers had missed me and were out in the yard waiting for me to return. The night watchman who happened to be nearby, came over, and tapped me on the shoulder, asking, "And what do you think you're doing?" I piped up with "I'm Dr. White's little girl out chasing the cows," as though it were a nightly affair. My brothers overheard the remark, and as long as we were all together, nothing delighted them more than to tease me, mimicking me, "I'm Dr. White's little girl out chasing the cows." I look back on my early days with this nostalgic remembrance: "How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood."

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The News 100 Years Ago in El Paso

With commentary by Damon Garbern

The interest of the citizens of El Paso may not have been centered on politics in October of 1894, but the interest of Juan Hart, editor and publisher of the *Times* certainly was. In his usual restrained manner he reported on the Democrats county convention as follows:

The Democratic county convention was held on the 13th of the month. Its nominations have caused widespread dissatisfaction by reason of the outrages committed by the primaries that selected the delegates.... The manipulations [sic] of six of the 16 precincts were repudiated by good and staunch Democrats. The "trades" in the convention to secure the votes of these manipulated precincts are a gross violation of the principles of Democracy....

The packed primary is the evil of the day. In the first ward here, Boss Look packed the Democratic meeting with over a hundred Republicans and Dollar Mexicans and elected some of the former on his list of delegates.

Mr. Hart headlined another story on the primaries – "The Packed Primaries" subheaded by "Democracy Disgraced in Some of the Wards of El Paso." In another column in the same issue he stated "Look stands as usual ready to betray any friend or break any promise to assure for Pittman a vote."

In yet another column he stated

Let there be no more "five votes to trade" in the Look precinct for Look's candidate. Elect Democratic candidates in the first ward and let them vote at the convention for the best interests of the party and not to suit Geo. Look's "trades" for Pittman.

It seems the first ward had as its headquarters the Gem Saloon, and its members were pro-gambling. The *Times* was anti-gambling and in the same month had earlier reported

GAMBLING GONE

No More of It in El Paso Will Ever Be Tolerated

Victory is ours. Gambling is crushed out in El Paso at last, permanently so. Two reasons conspired to do it. First, the city attorney, who is a brave, able, and conscientious officer, had everything ready for a winning fight and second Mayor Johnson wanted to give the lie to the rumor and publications of a political deal or trade.

Then the sympathy story that all would be well for gambling if Park Pittman were withdrawn from the race for county clerk is also very thin, for this would appear a bribe for the *Times* and too well the people of El Paso know that the *Times* cannot be bribed.... The best thing the gamblers can do is bow to the inevitable. The verdict is given. The sentence is imposed.

A month later the story had not died. In November we read that

The evil doer must face the awful results of his acts. Even in politics this is the case. The first ward Democratic boss is now having a settlement with the republican voters whom he herded into the primary to ensure that ward for his nephew Park Pittman who was then and maybe is now a candidate for county clerk. The wrathful Mexican Republican voters want their registration certificates which they say they surrendered for fifty cents each to vote at the Democratic primary. The boss claims that the bargain included a vote for Park Pittman from each of the persons paid, but the Republican Mexicans disclaim any intention of being bought so cheaply. They

say they are willing to debauch Democratic primaries for fifty cents a head, but when it comes to election day they desire to be at liberty to exercise their judgment.

Another concern during fall of 1894 was the "shortage" in the tax office of some \$23,000. The clerk, Frank Merrill, had left town and was living in Mexico under the alias of John McGinnis, growing wealthy selling coffee and corn. His bonding companies and attorneys sought a compromise to make up the shortage thusly:

The City of El Paso hereby offers to accept all of Mr. Merrill's property in El Paso except his homestead, and Mr. Merrill's note for three thousand dollars payable on or before three years after date with interest of 8 per cent interest per annum from date and the release by Mr. Merrill of any and all claims for unpaid salary, etc. The property was worth \$13,000; the money in his bank about \$2,500, unpaid salary was \$1,000; taxes which he marked paid but have not been collected about \$2,500 with his note brings the amount to \$22,000.

International news did not escape El Pasoans, and the citizens received almost daily word on the condition of the Russian czar. One dispatch read "A bulletin from Lividia timed 10 o'clock to-night says during the day spitting blood by the czar continued. He was sometimes seized with fits of shivering." When the czar finally passed on we were treated to

The angel of death, in the shadow of whose pinions the autocrat of all Russians has been lying for many days, today beckoned and the souls of the man who had in his hands the lives and destinies of millions upon millions was borne away. Calmly and peacefully as a sleeping babe, he who by his slightest word could have plunged Europe into war, the horrors of which would defy description, fell into a dreamless sleep which he feared not....

On lightning wings the news of Russia's loss spread throughout the world and it is safe to say that everywhere the intelligence created sympathy for the family of him, who, by his policy has maintained the peace of Europe. From America came words of sympathy for the dead ruler had always been a friend of the great

republic of the west and Americans had not forgotten how well his father's friendship sustained the north in the war of the rebellion.

And politics also was a part of the running of the public schools. Alderman Turner had decided to turn his attention to the operation of the schools, and he had published the first of three proposed "editions" on the schools.

But when his aldermanic highness finds that the school board, at its next public meeting – and they are all public meetings – will pay no attention to his "ravings," then the consequent fever that will attack this "Moses" of our schools, will cause him to lay aside his second and third "editions." But the *Times* is able to anticipate his next move by reason of information contained in a communication printed elsewhere from a lady who has heard the doctor's opinions.

He doesn't want any music in the public schools. He thinks it is a luxury that could be dispensed with. He doesn't stop at stopping music but he wants the kindergarten annihilated. It is foolish to follow Frobel and provide a playhouse for children.

In another article the *Times* reported

The present school board has been in office two years, during which time they have reduced the levy from 50 cents to 36 cents, and if the defalcation of Mr. Merrill had not deprived the board of the immediate use of \$5000 and the state appropriation had not fallen \$2000 short of what it was last year (things haven't changed), the board would have been able to reduce the tax levy below 30 cents.... It has been admitted by the highest authority in the state that the public schools in El Paso rank with the best in the state, and it is the aim and ambition of the members of the board to make them the equal of any in the United States.

Politics aside, El Pasoans still celebrated what the seasonal holidays October, November, and December afforded. The issue of the October 31 *Times* quoted a Scotsman who was visiting

America that he was surprised that Halloween was so universally observed in the States, especially with so many Scotch-Irish superstitions. Under the heading "Tis Fairies Night" (whose meaning may be more apropos nowadays than then) he said that "Halloween has always been and still is the feast of the year when gentle and simple meet and enjoy themselves together irrespective of social barrier or caste...." October also brought to the Myar Opera House "Jolly Old Chums" featuring a "Merry Musical Melange" and new comedy acts. The reviewer said it drew a full house and the audience was "well pleased and much amused." The Loring Sisters (Bonita and Myrtle) "met with wonderful success in their "umbrella dance." November brought "The Mighty Monarch of All Tented Exhibitions" with the Syndicate Shows and the *Paris Hippodrome*. This included the "greatest bareback riders that the world has ever produced," and the only flock of "Giant African Ostriches." Cheap excursion rates were promised for railroad riders to see "Dens of Savage Brutes, Mammoth Elephants, Lions, Tigers, Hyenas, Bears, Wolves, Leopards, and Panthers" with zebras "trained to drive like horses." In December the Myar Opera House featured "The Gladiator" presented to "one of the largest and most fashionable audiences that ever assembled in El Paso. Mr. Downing in the title role could not be otherwise than superb. Eugenie Blair and Mrs. Bates displayed histrionic talent of the highest order."

Other events of a more home-grown variety also took place. The *Times* reported that "Several young men have been in the habit lately of buying reserved seats in the opera house and presenting them to prostitutes. It is bad enough to buy the seats for these women at all, but it is a thousand times worse when they take advantage of the management to purchase seats in parts of the house where they know full well these women are not allowed to sit.... It seems that "fallen women" could sit only in the third dress circle row back or in the gallery, where they had longer to fall, no doubt. Furthermore, the persons who bought such tickets would "have their names published." In an "Around Town" column two "French women in abbreviated skirts" were seen to be chasing a well dressed man and "created a sensation on Utah and San Antonio streets." The result of a bawdy house row, "it will be adjusted in the city court." The Methodist Episcopal Conference was privileged to hear Bishop Warren at the Myrtle Street ME

Church give his famous sermon on the Sunbeam. "The Bishop's reputation as one of the finest platform orators in the nation has preceded him and his hearers came fully expecting a rare treat. It is safe to say they were not disappointed."

Our reporter was fully determined to present our readers with a synopsis of the lecture...he abandoned the task as impossible.... The printed lecture without the personality of the speaker would be robbed of its greatest charm. The most careful logic was adorned by the simplicity of the most delightful rhetoric... everybody from the child to the most profound thinker was kept thoroughly occupied.

The city football team met the New Mexico Agricultural College team on Thanksgiving day after practice games with Ft. Bliss players. Other games were scheduled for Christmas and New Year's Day. Admission was free but "if you enjoy the sport you might help the boys pay the expenses." Rounding out the seasonal highlights was "probably the most enjoyable bachelor dinner ever given in El Paso." It was a Christmas feast given by Chief J. D. Milton, of the Police Force in the Cactus Club Room with J. H. Parsons, chef. The menu follows:

Blue Points served with Sauterne
Queen Olives, Celery, Lobster Salad
Chicken Giblets Hausbraugh
Baked Red Snapper with wine sauce
Fillet Beef with Mushrooms
Pantet Canet
Roast Turkey, Quail on Toast
Champagne
French Peas, Asparagus on Toast
Baked Potatoes
Edam Cheese, Assorted Cakes
Cafe Noir

And thus closed out 1894.

DAMON GARBERN is Director of Fine Arts with the El Paso Public Schools and a founding member of the Bruce Nehring Consort.

Editor's Notes

As 1994 draws to a close, my thoughts concerning *Password* turn to the Eugene O. Porter Memorial Award. Established in memory of the founding editor of the Quarterly, it is given annually to the author of the article which in the judgment of the editorial board constitutes the year's outstanding contribution. The criteria on which the award is based follows: 1) Original research 2) Quality of writing 3) Topic appeal 4) Geographic scope – the Southwest 5) Proper historical presentation – documentation, etc. 6) Appreciation of the length to the topic. During the past several years it has been my privilege to cast my vote for the "best" article; most of the time it is a difficult decision, and I don't believe there was ever a unanimous ballot. Seventeen writers (nineteen articles) have received that honor since the award was established. Topics have been as varied as the history of El Paso itself – ranging from railroads to interurbans, from missions to schools, and from priests to artists. The winner of the 1994 award will be announced in the Spring of 1995.

When I first arrived in El Paso over forty years ago from a verdant central Texas, the stark landscape jolted me. So did the name "El Paso." I soon learned that its full name had been "El Paso del Norte" – Pass of the North. Why north? Wasn't it located at a southernmost point of the United States? And wasn't a "mountain pass" located at a high elevation and covered with snow most of the year? And how could wagon trains negotiate the mud and quicksand on the riverbed without getting mired down (many did)? And what about all those "romantic" images of a "lazy" river wending its way through a pristine pass, the hillsides of which were smooth as glass. I soon realized that if I wanted to see an image like that, I would have to let my mind travel to the far-distant past, and blot out what is really there – a dam-controlled stream, a cement plant, a smelter, ugly fences, railroad and low-water bridges, a canal, border patrol stations, a brick factory, highways, graffiti and litter. Romantic? Hardly! Historic? Yes!

Correction Time. In the Summer 1994 issue, page 67 – Dr. J. W. Hendricks should have read Dr. C. M. Hendricks; in the same issue, page 97, John Glenn should have read Neil Armstrong. In the Fall issue on the CONTENTS page, the author of "The Hijas de Maria" should have read Lois STANFORD – also on Pages 114 and ff. In the Spring issue, under *DIRECTORS*, *Carolyn Black* should have read *Carolyn BRECK*.



HENNIG'S STORY: An Autobiography of Hennig von Bosse.
El Paso: Robert E. and Evelyn McKee Foundation, 1994,
\$25.00

The original draft for *Hennig's Story* was written for his descendants in the 1950s when the Reverend Hennig von Bosse was ninety years old. The manuscript and his collection of old photographs ended up stored in his daughter's attic for years. Eventually his grandchildren discovered the manuscript, recognized its historical value, and fortunately for the rest of us, rescued it from oblivion. This limited first edition is elegantly put together, beautifully bound, and a joy to read. Hennig does have quite a story to tell!

His rollicking, good-humored account begins with his childhood in Germany, where he was born in 1866. At the age of fifteen, Hennig left for America and first worked on his uncle's farm in Missouri. By 1886 he was on his way to the adventurous outdoor life he craved, working as a cowboy for the Champion Cattle Company on the CA Bar Ranch in the Sacramento Mountains in New Mexico Territory. The bulk of the book tells of his adventures cowboying and later homesteading on the Lower Peñasco. Ten exciting years later a physical breakdown left him unable to work, and he went to New Jersey. There he began writing newspaper articles about his adventures in the Wild West, these articles attracting such attention and popularity that they eventually became a book.

Hennig then studied theology and became a Lutheran pastor, a career he followed happily for twenty years. After serious injuries in a disastrous train wreck left him once again unable to work,

he and his wife retired to a small farm, but before long the resilient Hennig's quiet gardening hobby mushroomed into yet another career as the proprietor of a successful flower nursery.

Hennig's talents as writer, his gift for storytelling, and his remarkable memory for detail reward the reader with a lively account of everyday life on the trail and in the cow camps in the late 1880s. Writing over half a century later, he manages to convey his fresh, wide-eyed reactions to the Western landscape and the gritty existence of a cowboy. He chronicles epic thunderstorms, blizzards, sand storms, icy winds, droughts, and floods, all of which had to be endured. And throughout all of which, the care of those valuable cattle had to come first. He tells of the time on one cattle drive when it was necessary for the men to stand guard throughout a long cold night. The foreman gave them chewing tobacco and instructed them to rub some of the juice in their eyes. Says Hennig, "That may have been a radical treatment, but it certainly kept us from falling asleep." He tells of a cattle drive with the CA Bar and Flying H Ranches combining forces to drive two thousand head of cattle from the Lower Peñasco to Las Vegas, New Mexico, a distance of perhaps two hundred miles. What with storms, chasms that had to be crossed, and cattle dying from drinking bad water, the journey took two weeks.

There is a charm and innocence to this account that make it an engaging book as well as a valuable historical document.

ANN BUFFINGTON

Historian, Lincoln County Historical Society

TREASURE TRAILS OF THE SOUTHWEST by Marc Simmons. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1994, \$13.95/\$25.00

Can't judge a book by its cover, eh?

Wrong.

The engagingly attractive cover of this volume of twenty-seven lost treasure tales and trails is a fitting and proper testimonial to Marc Simmons' story-telling skills. His stories have not lost their lustre, even though they are mostly retold legends of the Southwest. They make you want to buy a shovel, rent a burro, and take off for the "gold in them thar hills."

Among the stories Simmons tells of lost treasures is one published in a small-town Oklahoma newspaper that launched a modern-day treasure hunt with spectacular, but unexpected, results. Taking advantage of the readers' treasure-fever engen-

dered by the story, a group of local funsters displayed what they said were gold ingots. Actually they were gilded lead bars. Only the hardware store owner reaped any treasure – from sales of picks and shovels.

Most of the stories of buried gold or silver end in death to the only one who knows the secret, always leaving tantalizing clues behind. One of the most persistent of these is the story of the Lost Padre Mine in the Franklin Mountains, the entrance of which, legend says, is visible only from the belltower of Our Lady of Guadalupe Church in Ciudad Juárez at a certain time of day.

And were the scrawls on a lava boulder in north-central New Mexico made by visiting ancient Egyptians, Greeks, or Romans? One of the most curious of treasures isn't gold or silver at all, but an anvil-shaped meteorite thrust from the heavens, who knows when, to the vicinity of Tucson. Described by United States Boundary Commissioner John Russell Bartlett in 1852, the 1600-pound stone was displayed at the Smithsonian Museum. It had actually been used by blacksmiths as a working surface, and it is now on display at the University of Arizona.

These fascinating tales encompass all we know and love about robbers and other evil types, murders, and hidden caches of untold value. But, as Simmons cautions, they don't have a reputation for truth. The photographs included in the book are the real treasures, gleaned mostly from the archives of the Museum of New Mexico and from Marc Simmons' collection.

Rarely are we privileged to hold in our hands such a beautifully designed book. Printed by BookCrafters in Chelsea, Michigan, the book was designed by Julie Noyes Long, who also designed an equally handsome book authored by her father, Stanley Noyes, poet and writer in Santa Fe: *Los Comanches: The Horse People, 1751-1845*.

BEA BRAGG

Freelance Writer, Albuquerque

OLD LINCOLN COUNTY PIONEER STORIES: Interviews from the WPA Writer's Project. Introduced by Ann Buffington. Lincoln, New Mexico: Lincoln County Historical Society (P.O. Box 91, Lincoln, New Mexico 88338), \$4.50

Memories of rampaging rivers, marauding Indians, prolonged journeys by ox-drawn wagon, shoot-outs by tough out-

laws, hauling supplies to the miners at White Oaks, cooking sourdough biscuits in a dutch oven over a camp fire, peddling goods in "the Peñasco country." These and other recollected experiences of frontier life in southern New Mexico compose the subject matter of *Old Lincoln County Pioneer Stories*, the third in "A Series of Studies" being published by the Lincoln County Historical Society.

In the Introduction, Lincoln County historian Ann Buffington makes clear that the eight "Pioneer stories in this volume were collected from...extensive interviews...conducted from 1937-1939," interviews which subsequently "lay forgotten in Santa Fe." The interviewer was Edith Crawford, a descendant of the pioneer Lincoln County Lesnett family and a field worker appointed by the New Mexico Federal Writer's Project which was committed to "recording, interviewing, researching, collecting, and photographing the state's disappearing rural way of life in an attempt to document the past and the heritage of New Mexicans in a time only two or three generations removed from the frontier." She adds that "Much of this work remains unpublished," and that "The stories...were chosen as representative of the diverse character of Lincoln County history, both geographically and culturally." The Society plans to publish a second volume of Crawford's recorded interviews at a later date.

The eight people whose memories make up this work were in their seventies or eighties when Crawford interviewed them. Four were native to New Mexico; the other four immigrated to Lincoln County when they were very young. Each story centers on incidents in the individual's early years, the time-span collectively embracing the final three decades of the nineteenth century, when back-breaking labor, frequent out-bursts of civil disorder, and exposure to the raw forces of nature dominated the scene. Rendered exactly as Edith Crawford recorded them, the stories are narrated in plain, unaffected language - a quality which lends appeal and credence to the recollections, this appeal strengthened by relevant historical photographs.

The Lincoln County Historical Society is commended for bringing to light this venture into oral history, a program described as "the first official recognition of the value in preserving the lives and memories of 'ordinary' people."

LILLIAN COLLINGWOOD
El Paso

BORDER PEOPLE; Life and Society in the U.S.-Mexico Borderlands by Oscar J. Martinez. Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1994, \$50.00/\$24.95

There have been many publications devoted to the U.S.-Mexico border and borderlands area. As far as I know, however, this is the first book to pay special attention to the actual people living along the *frontera*. And I can think of few scholars better qualified to author this work than Oscar Martinez, himself a product of the borderlands.

Divided into three parts, *Border People* traces general concepts pertaining to global border concerns; examines the nature of border society, including a unique look at specific typologies of border people; and, finally, uses oral-history interviews that strongly, sometimes dramatically, reinforce the author's conclusions about the border people. In some ways, the interviews themselves are the essence of the book.

Guided by the idea that "environmental factors play a determining role in shaping the lives of distant populations," Martinez's thesis is that "borderlanders live in a unique human environment shaped by physical distance from central areas and constant exposure to transnational processes." Those of us born and reared on the border, or anyone who has had any contact with the *frontera*, no doubt will find little new or noteworthy about that statement. We already knew this. Indeed, efforts to remedy the air-pollution problems in El Paso-Juárez are clear reminders of the singular border situation.

An outstanding feature of this work is its detailed analysis and categorizing of the different border people. Using over two dozen tables and figures, Dr. Martinez dissects people on either side of the line and groups them according to their relative degrees of interaction/acculturation to the border. Looking over the figures and reading the descriptions, the reader will no doubt (as I did) try to place him/herself: Am I an assimilationist, a biculturalist, a nationalist, a uniculturalist?

Overall, *Border People* has a two-fold significance: it helps outlanders, non-borderlanders, understand the area; and it provides those of us already here with a deeper understanding of ourselves and a better appreciation of the ways in which we differ from non-borderlanders.

RICHARD BAQUERA
El Paso Community College

WOMEN AND TEXAS HISTORY: Selected Essays edited by Fane Downs and Nancy Baker Jones. Austin: Texas State Historical Association in Cooperation with the Center for Studies in Texas History at the University of Texas at Austin, 1993, \$14.95

The thirteen essays collected here were originally presented in October, 1990, at "Women and Texas History: A Conference" (held in Austin, though curiously that is never stated despite an excessively detailed description of the conference). An additional concluding essay responds to the conference and suggests further research.

The essays generally deal with twentieth-century middle-class white women, although one essay deals with the entry of Mexican women into urban-based industries and another with Mexican-American women on the Texas stage. Emphasis is frequently on one woman, such as Annie Webb Blanton, founder of Delta Kappa Gamma for women educators, or on women's contributions to social causes, such as the women's crusade against child labor and the women's campaign for prison reforms. "Domesticity and the Texas Oil Fields: Dimensions of Women's Experience, 1920-1950" argues that even though oil workers often lived in tents or cheap shacks their wives made every effort to impose a genteel domesticity through traditional furnishings and activities.

The research and writing skills vary considerably from essay to essay, as do the various authors' ability to connect individual lives with the wider social significance. The only photograph used appears on the front cover. It shows Minnie Fisher Cunningham "and two unidentified supporters" during her 1926 campaign for the United States Senate (the first Texas woman to run for that office). There is a problem when two out of three women in the cover photo remain "unidentified" or when editor Fane Downs summarizes Patricia Cunningham's essay "Minnie Fisher Cunningham's Campaign for Governor of Texas in 1944" by saying, "The question arises whether this election had any significance in the political history of Texas women." Somehow the title *Women and Texas History* suggests a grander and more astute historical analysis than this collection provides.

LOIS MARCHINO

Department of English,

The University of Texas at El Paso

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