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PASSWORD



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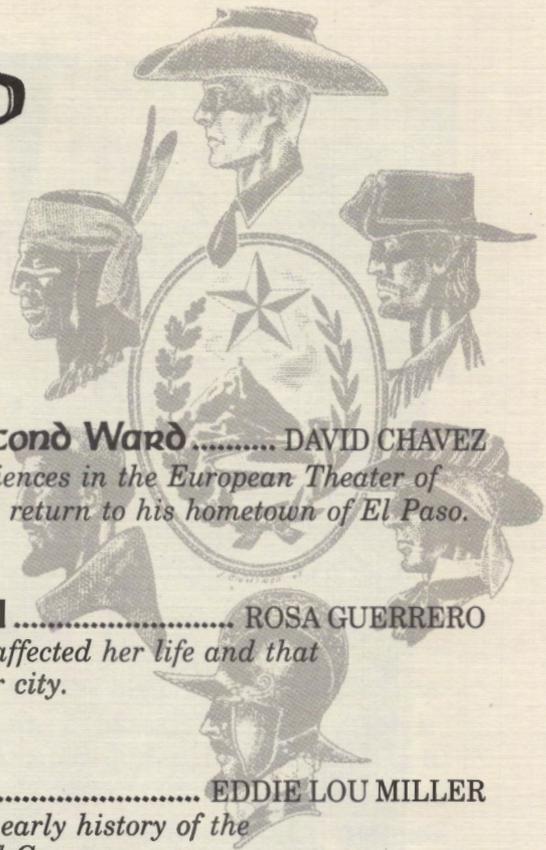
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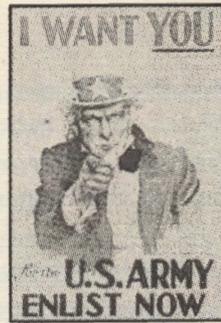
WAR BONDS - IN ACTION

This issue of *Password* honors the men and women who served in the Armed Forces during World War II, and those who dedicated their lives and energies to support the war effort on the Home Front.

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World War II and El Paso's Second Ward

By David Chavez

I had just turned eighteen and the historic event that was to change my life forever occurred Sunday, December 7, 1941. I remember that it was a sunless, gray, breezy day, and it seemed that by nightfall, it might snow. It was twelve noon when I decided to go to a movie. I walked from St. Vrain Street in south El Paso to the Colon Theater on El Paso Street. It was one of two theaters in the Mexican barrio where we could see movies that were in English and Spanish.

The crowd swelled by early afternoon and there was much laughter since the movie was a comedy. Suddenly, the screen went blank, and the lights came on. The near-capacity audience reacted with alarm. Many people stood up. A man's voice came over the speaker and in Spanish announced: "We are obliged to inform you that at this very moment, the military forces of Japan have mounted an attack on Pearl Harbor in the Pacific. That is all the information available; again, I repeat, Pearl Harbor in the Pacific is under Japanese attack!"

The audience gasped in disbelief. The theater quickly emptied, and many women were crying as they exited.

I hurriedly walked home. The ground was beginning to cover with snow. The silent flakes flew in fluttering circles, and I looked toward Mount Franklin – giant clouds were commencing to obscure its majestic peaks.

The rapidly-spreading war reached the young men of the Second Ward (Segundo Barrio). Hundreds enlisted in the follow-

ing weeks; I was among them. Most of my friends who attended Bowie High School disappeared, swept up in the euphoria of patriotic fervor and love of country which was so predominant among the Hispanics.

Lights - London

The bivouac area for my outfit was just outside London. The frightening reality of war hit me here for the first time. The total blackouts were so severe that the only lights were the distant stars, and the crescent April moon. I watched the bombing of the city, night after night. From the distance, it was like watching a movie. Tracer bullets from British anti-aircraft guns formed thousands of arching chainlights across the sky. Searchlights scanned the skies and bursts of echoing thunder pierced the eerie night as Nazi bombers rained bombs on the rubble, burning city. Fires lit the horizon, and the wailing of air-raid sirens, accompanied the vivid scenario of hell-on-earth. Exploding balls of fire signaled the destruction of a German bomber, shot out of the heavens. I remember as I stood watching, that for the first time, the exuberance of youth was awed into deadly silence.

Lights - El Paso

My mind turns back to El Paso. One of my friends owned a pick-up truck. It was old and unpainted, just covered with a coat of gray primer. But it ran. The summer nights were often suffocatingly hot. The presidios in the barrio were swamped with biting mosquitos and flying bats (we thought perhaps from Carlsbad Caverns). Their silhouettes were formed by the street lights as they chased after the bugs.

To escape the city heat, some of my friends and I would drive out to the desert. Sometimes, on Saturdays, we loaded up with soda pop, bottles of water, and sandwiches and headed for White Sands. There we would marvel at the mysteries of nature which changed the brown landscape into huge mounds of snow-white sand dunes that glistened in the heat of a summer afternoon.

Night fell gradually and warm. A full moon rose from behind the mountains and the scent of cacti, and other desert flowers, swept across the dunes. We would light a fire as the breezes cooled the evening, and silently we watched the showers of brilliant shooting stars. In the distance, coyotes howled in lonely har-

mony, and the plunging meteors left a silver trail from the black-satin sky to the moonlit desert floor.

New Year's Eve – Germany

The fields are blanketed by a coat of white that is unbroken. The snow has been falling for eight straight days. My unit is by the Roer River in Germany and it is completely frozen. The German army is on the other side. There has been very little noise of battle; we cannot move, but neither can the enemy. The snow falls and thick clouds hover over the horizon. Artillery is silent, and planes do not have the visibility to strafe or bomb.

Tonight is New Year's Eve. I am in a foxhole thousands of miles from El Paso, and we are dug in all along the frozen river. Alone in the darkness, I feel a terrible nostalgia for the Second Ward. I remember the tolling of bells at midnight from St. Ignatius Church, only a few blocks from my home, and recall the steady staccato sounds of cracking gunfire or firecrackers to welcome in the New Year. There are loud sounds of music and shouts of joy throughout the neighborhood. Everyone has stayed up to celebrate the New Year.

Here, on the Roer, it seems that God has covered the wounds of his children and the devastation of the land with a beautiful blanket of snow. What I hear now are the sobs from a nearby foxhole. Instinctively, I know that it is the skinny Anglo boy who had dug in next to me. I feel that, like me, he is remembering his home and family tonight...he is crying.

Death in the Afternoon – Juárez

Although my family lived on the border, I had never crossed the bridge to visit our neighboring city, Juarez, much less gone to a bullfight. The thought of witnessing a bullfight was far removed from my Americanized mind. I had seen pictures in magazines of this Mexican fiesta, but that was all I knew about the bullfight.

I had met a girl from Juárez who was attending Bowie; we became friends. One Sunday, she invited me to go with her to the Plaza de Toros. Out of curiosity, and, also because I wanted to spend time with her, I agreed to go. I was surprised at the festive mood of the crowd; and, although the temperature was over one hundred degrees and the humidity was suffocating, I

loved the atmosphere. The bullring, a massive concrete bowl, was filled to capacity, and decorated with all colors of bunting. After the queen of the fiesta and her court passed in review, a single trumpet blared forth, heralding a huge, horned, black bull which entered the ring furiously, chasing anything that moved. The crowd roared approval of its majestic bearing. I, too, was fascinated by the sight of the magnificent animal and by the men who were wearing colorful capes, spearing the bull with *banderillas*, causing the blood from its body to drip down to the dark brown dirt.

Finally, the "moment of truth" arrived. The matador, alone in the ring, waved his cape flawlessly, the bull charged for the last time, and the matador expertly delivered the fatal thrust. The thundering screams of the crowd, drunk with *machismo*, echoed into the fading afternoon. The summer sun set and shadows engulfed the bullring.

Death in the Afternoon - Germany

The German resistance is fanatical. I am in a field strewn with hundreds of dead G.I.'s and Jerries. The battlefield is littered with mangled, dead farm animals scattered among the soldiers. Horses, cows, sheep, hogs, and chickens lie everywhere; the smells are gut-wrenching. The sight of cows, with their legs pointing skyward, eerily brings back memories of the bullring. Many of us become ill.

Nothing is standing - houses and farm buildings are devastated, fields are covered with burned-out tanks, jeeps, trucks, both German and Allied. From their remains, the bodies of dead hang out like mannequins. Memories of the bullring flash through my mind.

Easter Sunday - El Paso

Streetcars rolled down Stanton Street, loading and unloading passengers, cramming the street and all the adjoining ones with shoppers from both Juarez and the Second Ward. The merchants prosper with the sale of all kinds of food and goods. My friends and I met here on Easter Sunday - music blaring from the stores, and vendors pushing their carts as far north as the "Plaza de los Lagartos" as the Hispanics called San Jacinto Plaza. We marveled at the myriad of colors and odors of the rich foods they sold.

One of those Sundays, my friends and I decided to take the streetcar from the Second Ward, transfer to the one that ran on Dyer Street, not too far from the beginning of Scenic Drive. As we approached this area of El Paso, I realized it was the first time in my life that I was in a totally Anglo district. We were the only Mexican-Americans on the trolley, and were relegated to ride in the back seats, but as we had the curiosity of the young, we tolerated the stares of the other riders.

We walked in line up to Scenic Drive until we reached the half-way point of the winding road. There we were stopped by a policeman who told us that pedestrian traffic was prohibited, and advised us to get off or risk going to jail. I talked the officer into permitting us to get off on the other side since we were already half-way. He cautioned us to be off the road before dusk.

As we were departing, we could see the winding Rio Grande glistening in the clear, blue-skied day, and the serene beauty of both cities below. The white-washed and brick houses, nestled just beneath us, and surrounded by many trees and grass lawns, contrasted sharply with the arid, brown blotches on the horizon, which we realized were the empty fields surrounding the Second Ward. We stared silently into the distance at the beauty of the homes beyond Five Points where we now knew few, or no Mexican-Americans lived.

Easter Sunday - Germany

Our unit crossed the Rhine River on a pontoon bridge after G.I. paratroopers dropped behind the German lines. Hundreds were caught in deadly machine-gun fire as they descended; many were hanging on power lines and trees, their bodies limp, swaying in the heavy wind. It was Easter Sunday.

On April 26, 1945 we reached the final river we had to cross - the Elbe. We could hear the thundering booms of Russian artillery in the distance. The Germans were desperately crossing the river in our direction, preferring to surrender to the Americans rather than the Russians. There was a mass celebration by both Russians and Americans. That night, the skies were lit again with thousands of colored flares and tracer bullets. I stayed awake in my foxhole all that night.

Home Again

I am sitting by the window of a Pullman. For three days I have ridden the train from New York, waiting for the sights that will tell me my journey will soon be over. Suddenly, the Franklin Mountains appear on the horizon, long-eared rabbits dash from desert bushes, and the train whistle blasts, announcing our arrival in El Paso. I am home.

DAVID CHAVEZ attended Bowie High School and served as a private during World War II. His unit was attached to the 29th Infantry. After the war, he came back to El Paso, but later moved to California. In 1990 he retired and made El Paso his home. His essay was the Second Place winner in the 1992 Historical Memories Contest.

World War II: The Home Front

Winners of the World War II Historical Memories Contest were announced recently. The theme of the essays was "life in the El Paso area during World War II." The contest was sponsored by the El Paso *Herald-Post*, The University of Texas at El Paso Department of History, and by the El Paso County Historical Society.

• WINNERS •

- First Place:** George Saucier, "San Jacinto Plaza – Center of Activities in the 1940s."
Second Place: Alice Gonzalez, "Life in the Barrio During World War II."
Third Place: Elisa Martinez, "Poofs of White Smoke."
Honorable Mention: Ysidro Cervantes, "World War II Memories."

The awards were presented at the quarterly meeting of the El Paso County Historical Society on May 21, 1995. The entries become part of the permanent collection, "El Paso During World War II," at The University of Texas at El Paso Library. The articles will be published in future issues of *Password*.



Childhood Memories: World War II and El Paso

By Rosa Guerrero

It seems like yesterday that our family sat down around the radio to hear President Franklin D. Roosevelt announce that war had been declared on Japan. I had just turned seven years old a few weeks before that infamous date of December 7, 1941, and remember the tears in my family's eyes because it was going to affect everyone. You see, I had four brothers, three of whom were old enough to serve in the Armed Forces.

Since my parents, Josefina and Pedro Ramirez, came from Mexico, their knowledge of English was limited and the news of the war was vague; they would turn to the Spanish radio station, XEW from Mexico City, to get a better understanding of what was happening regarding that unforgettable day. My brothers would listen in English on another radio and translate to my parents what was being said.

After the news, everyone in the Santa Fe Street neighborhood where I lived, came to my parent's house since it had always been a gathering place for the *palomillas* (the boys in the neighborhood). The next day, the newspaper EXTRAS, came out in bright pink. I loved pink and said to myself, "what a beautiful color for a newspaper." The news was not so beautiful though. Sadly enough, everyone in our neighborhood had some loved ones in the Armed Forces. Many families hung rectangular red, white, and blue banners on their windows with little stars to signify the number of loved ones in the service. We had three stars in our banner for my three brothers.

Daniel, the oldest, joined the Air Force and served in the European Theater. Pete, who was very intelligent and studious, served in the merchant marines as an officer. At that time, there were very few Mexican-American officers. His duties were to bring our wounded service men back home on Red Cross ships from the Mediterranean Sea and Europe. George was in the infantry and got his training at Camp Hood, now Fort Hood, in Killeen, Texas. He served in the Philippines and would send us pictures of his buddies and himself with the tropical scenery and some monkeys he adopted; he always loved animals like my Dad.

When my brothers wrote home, I had the privilege of translating their letters, written in English, to the family. I also became the family's bilingual corresponding secretary. I was assisted by my sister-in-law, Minnie. I would write to my brothers for my parents, grandmother, and aunt. My letters were never perfect, but conveyed a lot of love and hope. The stamps cost eight cents for overseas. It was wonderful to receive their letters so I could read and translate them to my family.

We lived at 620 N. Santa Fe Street in front of the old Providence Hospital. Interstate 10 now runs through what was my old neighborhood, but in those days my house was about a block from Cleveland Square; on the corner stood Upson Drug Store where Señor Rosalio was the druggist.

The United States Cavalry statue of a soldier had been erected around this time, and was located right in front of the Texas Employment Agency where our great Upson's used to be. When the statue was being erected, all of us wide-eyed children gawked in amazement at this "monumental" addition to our neighborhood! The childhood excitement of witnessing the dedication of this statue, with so many respected citizens present, was surpassed only by the intensity of the atmosphere, filled with the sights and sounds, and even the smells of patriotic fever. Many times the Fort Bliss soldiers camped at the Cleveland Square Park. We children would stare at the tents and camp outs and our curiosity was overwhelming when such events took place on "our playground."

There were many grand parades and everyone took such great pride in waving to "Old Glory." Every family was affected by the war and naturally we were all there to cheer for our

soldiers. The army bands led the parades with exhibitions of trucks, cannons, jeeps, and the very big tanks. Many of the soldiers marched in straight, proud lines while others, like the 4th Cavalry Division, rode their horses.

During the war, our Christmases were very sad, but our faith and hope were enormous. My mother, Josefina, had celebrated the *posada* tradition since the 1930s, but now the *posada* was more meaningful with the added assurance of everyone's prayers. I remember the neighbors, friends, and relatives coming together for nine nights, from December 16th to December 24th, Christmas Eve or *Noche Buena*. The rosaries and devotions for ending the war, for bringing loved ones home safely, for the safety of the prisoners-of-war, and for the ones lost in action, brought many tears. One time, during a *posada*, a practice blackout was held all over El Paso. We could hear the wail of the air-raid sirens, and while we lit the candles to sing the litany and *posada* verses, the Air-Raid Patrol knocked real hard on the door to tell us there was a black-out and to blow out all our candles. We blew them out immediately, but continued singing. Some of the children were afraid to sing in the dark and started crying, while others thought it was funny and odd to have *posadas* in the dark, and laughed and giggled. My grandmother and mother tried to pinch us, but they couldn't find us under the cover of wartime darkness.

Living on the border was very convenient for El Pasoans, because many of the rationed products such as sugar, coffee, sweets, and gasoline were easily available in Juárez. We didn't have a car, so I guess my mother would trade or give the gasoline stamps to the people who did have cars. The peso was \$3.50 to the dollar and since liquor could not be sold in Texas at that time, Juárez boomed. All the things made from rubber and metal were scarce, even hair pins and bobby pins, but we purchased them in Juárez in little boxes at the beauty shops where the beauticians doubled up to sew the nylon stockings which were such a luxury.

During the war we moved from Santa Fe Street to Rio Grande Street near El Paso High School, my alma mater. I attended the old Morehead Elementary School on Arizona and Campbell Streets. In school, many of our songs were patriotic and we all memorized the songs for each branch of the service. The Navy, Marines, Army, and Air Force anthems were all part

of our repertoire. I recall that on Monday mornings all the homeroom teachers would ask how many of us wanted to buy United States war stamps. They sold for ten cents and twenty-five cents, and our teacher would put a blue or red star by our names if we bought a stamp. One completely-filled book of twenty-five cent stamps would buy a war bond. Many of us went without candy, sodas, or other things to help our country and bring our loved ones back.

The first Mexican-American VFW Post in El Paso was the Marcos B. Armijo Post 2783, named in honor of the most decorated soldier of World War I. He received many medals from Italy, France, and the United States, but not the Congressional Medal of Honor as he could not speak English. My mother, Josefina, was a member of the Ladies Auxiliary and she served as president several times. Both organizations presented monthly programs for Fort Bliss soldiers. Some programs included live entertainment. Since I had danced from the age of three, and was a member of Aguilar's Dance Academy, I was fortunate to get to perform at the USO's and at William Beaumont Hospital. We were the Mexican-American equivalent of Bob Hope shows! I was the youngest of all the dancers and would dance the *conga* dressed like Carmen Miranda. One time, at the McKelligon Canyon pavilion, some ladies asked me to dance by myself for a group of soldiers who were being sent overseas. I led them in the *conga* line; they seemed to like me, though in retrospect, I must have been a peculiar sight.

There is a saying in Spanish, *Recordar es vivir*, or *To remember is to live*; yet, many of us choose not to remember the sad times or the tragedies, only the joyous and fun times – especially those ending the war in 1945 when we had parades, and downtown El Paso was like a New Year's celebration. But, all these events, I want to and will always remember.

ROSA GUERRERO needs little or no introduction to El Pasoans. Widely known for her International Ballet Folklorico, and for interpreting multiculturalism through dance, she has received innumerable awards for her art. She received her B. A. degree from The University of Texas at El Paso, taught physical education and intercultural studies in the El Paso Public Schools, and now teaches multicultural education at The University of Texas at El Paso. In 1992, the El Paso Public Schools named an elementary school in her honor, and in 1994, she was inducted into the Texas Women's Hall of Fame by former Texas governor, Ann Richards.



The Red Cross, World War I, and El Paso

By Eddie Lou Miller

Of all the social agencies established in El Paso, none had an exciting early history like the American Red Cross. Never had one voluntary agency received such general support; yet, until the United States entered World War I, few El Pasoans showed any interest in such an organization.

As early as the spring of 1910, Mrs. J. A. Potter, a prominent citizen of El Paso, had corresponded with the National Red Cross regarding the establishment of an El Paso chapter, though nothing came of it at that time.¹

Shortly afterwards, the Mexican Revolution erupted and provoked action almost unprecedented. Battles south of Juarez in early 1911 had left many unattended wounded, and General Pasqual Orozco of the insurrectionist forces sent word requesting help from El Paso doctors. Two El Paso physicians organized an emergency hospital corps, and, on February 2, 1911, they started for Orozco's camp under the Red Cross flag.²

This was only the first of several instances when El Paso doctors and nurses donated their services to aid those wounded on Mexico's northern frontier during the Mexican Revolution. Following the Battle of Juarez on May 10, 1911, the most seriously wounded were transported to Hotel Dieu, a hospital, in El Paso. In the summer of 1913 when renewed hostilities in the Juarez area followed the murder of Mexico's Presidente Francisco Madero, casualties were again brought here.³ After

another battle south of Juarez in November of 1913, El Paso doctors and nurses converted the Tivoli, a gambling and dance hall in Juarez, into a hospital where the most critically wounded were treated.⁴ All of the expenses for the relief work done during this period were paid for by the National Red Cross, although, in the meantime, an El Paso Red Cross chapter had been organized.

At the formal request of eleven El Pasoans, nine of whom were doctors and nurses who had donated their services after the Battle of Juarez in 1910, an El Paso chapter of the Red Cross was officially chartered on October 10, 1911.⁵ During its first five years of existence, only the medical profession took an

Preparations to help wounded American soldiers were the incentive that started El Paso's first experience in mass volunteerism.

active part in Red Cross affairs. Other El Pasoans had done little more than buy penny Red Cross Christmas seals at the Post Office each year. The Christmas Seal Fund was to aid work against tuberculosis, and, in 1911, Mrs. Potter, chairman for that year's drive, requested that sixty percent of the money be returned to El Paso to hire a nurse to help the tubercular poor of El Paso at the County Clinic.⁶

The reason for the citizens' apathy toward the Red Cross sprang, no doubt, from the fact that those wounded in the revolution were Mexican, not American. In any case, as quickly as United States troops became involved, that attitude changed. In the spring of 1916, General John J. Pershing was stationed at Fort Bliss in El Paso in charge of an expeditionary force, ostensibly seeking Francisco (Pancho) Villa, the Mexican bandit. With national interest aroused in the border activities of American troops, the El Paso Red Cross Chapter began to grow.

Preparations to help wounded American soldiers were the incentive that started El Paso's first experience in mass volunteerism. In March, 1916, two hundred members were recruited into the Red Cross to make bandages and to be prepared to care for any civilian American or Mexican wounded who might be sent out by the expeditionary forces of General Pershing.⁷ The Fourth of July brought a Red Cross rally to Cleveland Square. Permanent headquarters were set up a 516 San Francisco Street where gifts for soldiers were accepted.⁸ That same month, El Paso "society girls" enrolled in first-aid classes, the community organ-

ized a branch chapter, and the Chinese community put on an entertainment to raise funds for the Red Cross.⁹ The Red Cross was now popular and on its way to spectacular achievements during World War I.

Once the United States became engaged in the war in Europe, the volunteer hours donated to the Red Cross began to increase, and during the first few months the women volunteers sewed articles of clothing for the men overseas. They spent their hours at work on the fourth floor of the White House Department Store which Myrtil Coblentz, its president, had donated to be used for sewing rooms.¹⁰ Throughout World War I, Mrs. Horace W. Broaddus, an active civic worker, was chair of the work room where volunteer ladies made hospital garments, surgical dressings, surgical wipes, and also knitted socks, scarves, and head covers that numbered into the hundreds of thousands before the war's end.¹¹ Additional sewing rooms were set up at several churches around the city.¹² Even bridge clubs and smaller social groups, such as the Nine NiftyNitters, began to sew, and neighborhood Red Cross units met in private homes throughout the city to continue the work.¹³ All supplies were disbursed, collected, packed, and shipped to St. Louis, Red Cross district headquarters, by the committees under Mrs. Broaddus.¹⁴

The activities of social leaders of the community who gave their time and effort to promote the Red Cross helped to popularize the organization. These activities were described on the society page of the local newspapers:

*No more beautiful function has there been the entire season, than the bazaar and tea given for the benefit of the Red Cross by Mrs. R. Ewing Thomason at her attractive home on east Rio Grande between the hours of three and seven on Wednesday, and to which invitations were issued to several hundred society matrons and the younger set.*¹⁵

Throughout the 1917-1918 social season, dances, musicals, movies, soirees, and even a chain of bridge parties given in private homes with each guest contributing seventy-five cents, were arranged to make money for the Red Cross.¹⁶ "Red Cross work monopolizes the attention of El Paso's society," read the society page, "...every matron and bud in El Paso is out, scurrying for recruits in the big humanitarian movement."¹⁷

By 1917, the local Red Cross had grown to 2,750 members and that December a drive was on to obtain 8,000 more for a total of 10,750 memberships. Hundreds of volunteers thronged the lobby of Hotel Sheldon, campaign headquarters, where workers were wearing Red Cross uniforms. Red Cross emblems were flying in the downtown area where, according to the *El Paso Herald*, "enthusiasm and energy was in evidence."¹⁸ A contemporary editorial chastised those who lacked sympathy with the Red Cross and sounds alien in this present day of protest marches:

*This is an unfriendly spirit, hostile to the government, and should be enough to earn the speaker a place in an internment camp as an alien enemy. Any such instance should be reported to the department of justice for investigation.*¹⁹

This was a time of all-out war and El Pasoans, surpassing the membership quota, joined the Red Cross 12,000 strong.

But even greater than the November membership drive and the largest volunteer effort El Paso had ever seen until that time, was the May, 1918 drive to raise \$50,000, El Paso's quota of the national \$100M fund for the American Red Cross. Society ladies hosted booths at the Popular Dry Goods Company to take contributions. Flower booths, staffed by volunteers, were in places of business around town selling flowers donated from local gardens. "The Kaiser Loves American Citizens Who Refuse to Help the Red Cross," warned the front page of the *El Paso Herald* which ran a full-page newspaper ad paid for by Overland Street merchants. The ad was filled with phrases such as:

*Your Army and Navy fights to make the
"World safe for democracy."*

Your Red Cross fights to make it fit for democracy.

*El Paso's part given freely will make our boys
proud to say, "I came from El Paso."*

*Make up your mind in advance how much
humanity means to you.*²⁰

Humanity must have meant a lot to El Pasoans, because at a luncheon in the Hotel Sheldon held three days after the official start of the drive, it was reported that El Paso had over-subscribed by fifty percent and raised \$74,000. School children had joined the Junior Red Cross. One lady donated her wedding

ring and the waitresses at the report luncheon donated their tips. It had been a unified volunteer effort with only one paid worker for the year plus office help hired during the drive.²¹

In addition to raising money and sewing for the war effort, El Paso volunteers sought to welcome the soldier in their city. Service men coming through El Paso jammed the Union Depot and El Pasoans provided facilities for their comfort. A canteen committee had been serving refreshments since July, 1916, but the boys were hot and dirty as well as hungry. In the summer of 1918, the City Council granted the request of Dr. W. L. Brown, chairman of the Red Cross, to allow installation of twenty shower stalls at the Depot and agreed to provide the water.²² In conjunction with the showers, a private car, donated by the El Paso and Southwest Railroad, was furnished as a canteen to be staffed by volunteer women. Food, magazines, and post-cards were at one end and a first aid station with surgical dressings at the other. Materials were donated by merchants, and painters, plumbers, and electricians donated their labor.²³ A July Fourth carnival and dance held on the El Paso Country Club tennis courts raised \$4,000 for the canteen car. Of this amount, \$475 had been made on the roulette wheel.²⁴ Recreation and making money for the Red Cross seemed most compatible.

That October of 1918, an even greater all-out community effort was undertaken. The Festival of Allies was a week-long carnival sponsored by the Red Cross with support and participation from other organizations throughout the city. Booths were stocked and manned by members of civic and church organizations and exhibits were displayed by groups such as the El Paso Poultry Association. Entertainment and presentation of courts representing the Allied Seventh Cavalry bands from Fort Bliss presented minstrels.²⁵ At the end of a strenuous week, the Festival of the Allies came to a close with 17,339 paid admissions and gross receipts of \$13,194.56.²⁶ Surely the attitude of the majority of volunteers was expressed by a matron in the Mexican booth who said, "I am too tired to think, but just look at all the money we have taken in. Hasn't it been a joy?"²⁷

During festival week, the flu epidemic hit El Paso. The sewing rooms closed temporarily and Dr. Brown stopped the sale of feather ticklers at the Festival.²⁸ But a tired and sick community had the satisfaction of a job well-done.

In the summer of 1918, a circular log cabin was erected on the west side of San Jacinto Plaza in downtown El Paso and was used as a tea room and gift shop where the women of different organizations took turns making, donating, and selling articles to raise money for the Red Cross.²⁹ This project continued for seven months after the armistice had been signed, but with decreasing support. Finally in June of 1919, the gift shop closed and the Home Service Department moved into the log cabin.³⁰

Throughout 1919, although the business of the Red Cross went on, public enthusiasm and volunteerism waned as evidenced by an article on the society page of the *El Paso Herald*:

*Now that the war days are past, society is emerging from the simplicity of living and the engrossing work of patriotic activities like a butterfly from all of the pretty and elaborate appointments which marked them prior to the dark days which have just passed.*³¹

Even the annual membership drive in November of 1919 reflected the changing mood of the citizens. Although another festival was organized by volunteers who set up booths for donated items to be sold, it was staged for just one night in Liberty Hall, the city's auditorium, rather than for a week in the downtown park, where the festival of the previous year had been held.³² Loyal volunteers continued to knock on doors and reported their slow progress at a tea at the Hotel Sheldon, hosted by Burt Orndorff, a prominent businessman.³³ But the war was over and on the last day of roll call only 5,693 renewals had been obtained - half of the goal.³⁴

Complaints against the Red Cross, true or not, were no longer unpatriotic. Very likely they were readily accepted as truth to salve the conscience of those who no longer supported the Red Cross. It was said that Red Cross funds paid for the lunches of volunteers at their report meetings, but Dr. Brown replied that the workers bought their own lunches. He also refuted the rumors of high salaries in the Red Cross and said that only the Home Service Department had paid workers.³⁵

The paid workers of Home Service had been hired to handle the problems of the returning service man and his family. They assisted men in getting back pay and adjusting insurance, and they published names on unclaimed allotment and insurance

checks. They asked El Pasoans to give convalescing soldiers at William Beaumont, the army hospital, rides to the valley, and they requested donations of baby clothes. Some El Pasoans did respond to the requests of the Home Service workers, but for most volunteers the job was finished.³⁶

It was time to close up shop and take inventory. In celebration of the first anniversary of Armistice Day, the canteen car had closing ceremonies at which 150 guests were served cake and coffee. Certificates were awarded to canteen volunteers. Mrs. Broaddus had presented awards to her sewing room workers in August. Statistics on the work of the canteen were impressive:

158,894	service men served
17,023	men used bath facilities
18,783	luncheons served
128,540	magazines distributed
131,357	post cards distributed
\$1,950.72	worth of stamps sold ³⁷

This report did not include the buttons sewed on uniforms or the cash the workers held for the service men until they returned from Juarez to the Union Depot. The car had done an outstanding job and built a reputation known even in France.³⁸

Case work of the Red Cross continued as names on unclaimed allotment and insurance checks were published in the papers for the next year. The following February, the Home Service moved into the Red Cross office and the log cabin was closed with ceremonies. A newspaper report of the farewell luncheon read:

*Around the cabin cluster many tender memories of work done during the war days, when rich and poor alike gathered to do their share in the sending of comfort and cheer to the men across the sea, and it will be with an affectionate feeling that farewell will be said to the log cabin at this final affair to be held there by the Red Cross.*³⁹

It had taken a world war to interest El Pasoans in an agency that was dedicated to relieving distress during peace-time disasters as well as suffering during war. The Spanish-American War had finally awakened the American public to the value of the American Red Cross which Clara Barton had fought for so

valiantly, but El Paso was a few years and one war behind the national trend. Yet when El Pasoans finally recognized the significance of such an organization it was with an all-out effort.

Although leadership in the Red Cross endeavors had been taken by prominent El Pasoans, general support had come from the citizenry at large. In future years and future wars the Red Cross of El Paso would do outstanding work and again be supported with enthusiasm, but the first time that hundreds of El Paso volunteers worked together for a joint cause was an exciting and memorable experience.

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EDDIE LOU MILLER currently serves as a director of the El Paso County Historical Society. Active in volunteer work with civic organizations in El Paso for over twenty years, she wrote her Master's Thesis, "The History of Private Welfare Agencies in El Paso, 1896-1930," for the Department of History at The University of Texas at El Paso. The preceding article comprises one chapter of that thesis. Mrs. Miller graduated from the University of Southern California with a B. A. degree in social work, and received her M. A. degree from The University of Texas at El Paso.

NOTES

1. Letter from Ernest Bicknell, National Director of American Red Cross to Mrs. J. A. Potter, May 12, 1910. Agency files.
2. *El Paso Herald*, February 2, 1911. The physicians were Dr. I. J. Bush and Dr. E. D. Sinks.
3. *El Paso Herald*, May 11 and May 22, 1911, and correspondence between local chapter and National headquarters in Washington, D.C. Agency files.
4. Letters from Dr. H. E. Stevenson, Chairman of El Paso Red Cross, to Mrs. Charles Magee, Secretary of American National Red Cross, December 3, 1913 and to Ernest P. Bicknell, National Director American Red Cross, December 29, 1913. Agency files.
5. Letter from George W. Davis, chairman of Central Committee of American Red Cross to Dr. H. E. Stevenson, October 10, 1911. Agency files.
6. *El Paso Herald*, December 11, 1911.
7. *Ibid.*, March 17, 1916.
8. *Ibid.*, July 4, 1916.
9. *Ibid.*, July 6 and 13, 1916.
10. *Ibid.*, December 20, 1917.
11. *Ibid.*, January 3, 1918.
12. *Ibid.*, June 11 and 14, 1918.
13. *Ibid.*, May 23, 1918.
14. *Ibid.*, January 8 and 29, 1918.
15. *Ibid.*, November 8, 1917.
16. *Ibid.*, February 8; March 5, 13; May 30; June 1, 2, 5, 1918.
17. *Ibid.*, December 19, 1917.
18. *Ibid.*, December 17, 1917.
19. *Ibid.*, December 19, 1917.
20. *Ibid.*, May 20 and 22, 1918.
21. *Ibid.*, May 23, 1918.
22. *Ibid.*, June 20, 1918.
23. *Ibid.*, July 11, 1918.
24. *Ibid.*, July 6 and 7, 1918.
25. *Ibid.*, October 5, 6, 1918.
26. *Ibid.*, October 7, 1918.
27. *Ibid.*, October 6, 1918.
28. *Ibid.*, October 3, 1918.
29. *Ibid.*, August 21, 1918 and May 2, 1919.
30. *Ibid.*, June 28 and 29, 1918.
31. *Ibid.*, June 7 and 8, 1919.
32. *Ibid.*, October 24 and 28, 1919 and November 4, 1919.
33. *Ibid.*, November 5, 1919.
34. *Ibid.*, November 7, 1919.
35. *Ibid.*, November 6, 1919.
36. *Ibid.*, June 28 and 29, 1919 and August 12, 13, 1919.
37. *Ibid.*, November 12, 1919.
38. *Ibid.*, June 7 and 8, 1919.
39. *Ibid.*, February 18, 1920.



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El Paso Courthouses: Past and Present

By Judge Herb Marsh, Jr.
and Judge Robert Dinsmoor

Thirty-one years is a rather short time for an elegant and magnificent courthouse to exist. In the annals of great architecture such buildings have barely reached infancy. But that – thirty-one years – was the lifetime of one of the “largest and finest county courthouses of its time in Texas.” It was built in El Paso after the city became the county seat of El Paso County in early 1884.

The history of this grand structure began in the 1880’s when the county seat was still located in the lower valley at Ysleta. Once a thriving community and the seat of political power in the county, it began to lose its influence to the slowly-emerging community to the west – the city of El Paso.

Ysleta had been the county seat since 1878, but it lacked a real courthouse. The grand jury met in a small, inadequate room provided by the sheriff. The jurors became so dissatisfied with the substandard accommodations that they issued a report stating that the quarters were alive with vermin and in a reprehensible condition. The jurors chastised the sheriff for allowing the room to fall into such a state of disrepair. To remedy the situation, the commissioners court decided to build a small two-level courthouse on some donated land.

Built entirely of sandstone, the first floor consisted of five rooms which served as county offices. Although the completed

structure measured approximately 140 by 280 feet, it was still so small that the county judge and the grand jury had to share the same office. To finance the project, the court issued bonds totaling \$14,000 at 8% interest. By September, 1882, the courthouse was nearing completion, but its use as such would be brief.

A political power struggle was ensuing between the residents of Ysleta and those of El Paso. The latter did not appreciate the half-day journey to Ysleta in order to serve as jurors and witnesses. Nor did the growing list of El Paso attorneys. It had been fewer than five years since Ysleta had succeeded in becoming the county seat, taking the honor from San Elizario in an election. By law, a county seat could not be moved more than once every five years, and by 1883, five years had passed since the last election. Ysleta was anxious to hold another election and retain the county seat. Having more qualified voters than El Paso, the citizens of Ysleta felt they could keep El Paso from becoming the county seat. They also knew that a two-thirds majority was needed to move a county seat further than five miles away, which El Paso was.

But El Pasoans were determined to move the county seat – it would give El Paso prestige and easy access to the courts and county government. By November 3, 1883, 110 citizens had signed a petition requesting the election, and County Judge Marshall Rogers ordered that it take place on December 3rd.

As was customary in those days, whenever there was an election, opposing factions rounded up all the men they could to vote. One Frank Faudoa was notorious for gathering supportive voters in all the nearby communities. To obtain their support, he would give them a reward from a bag of silver dollars he carried, then transport them to the polls in his buggy. Later, they were treated to barbecue, beer, music, and dancing. For Frank, this election would be no different.

El Pasoans knew they had to make the supreme effort in order to succeed. On November 7, 1883, El Paso's *Lone Star* newspaper printed the following editorial:

There is no registration required nor any vexatious preliminaries...the large body of Mexicans...have but to go before the clerk of the district court and declare their intention to become citizens of the United States and then, if they lived the legal period in the state and county, they are entitled to vote...every ballot counts...."

On election day, businesses closed, the Santa Fe Railroad offered free rides to voters, and people who owned buggies and wagons were kept busy transporting voters. Many residents from Juarez came to the aid of El Paso, as did residents of San Elizario, still stinging from the loss of the county seat five years earlier. People, whether qualified to vote or not, were rounded up and voted. Although there were fewer than 1000 qualified voters, by the day's end, the vote stood at 2252 votes for El Paso and 476 for Ysleta. Needless to say, citizens of Ysleta were outraged, and threatened to seek indictments against those responsible for the fraudulent election, but El Pasoans felt that their time had come. No criminal charges were ever filed.

In celebration of its victory, El Paso decided to build a courthouse that would be unparalleled in Texas. So, on August 25, 1884, the county signed a contract for such a courthouse to be constructed within the next fifteen months.

By way of preparation, the Commissioners Court converted the Ysleta courthouse into a school, housed the county government temporarily in the Lessor Building and other nearby structures, and used the furniture from the Ysleta building in the newly-leased offices. A citizens' petition asked for a 25-cent tax on each \$100 of taxable property to pay for the new edifice.

On February 20, 1884, the Court announced that it was ready to accept bids for the new courthouse and jail. Bids for construction and for the land were submitted. W. S. Hills' bid was accepted for the latter - a lot bounded by San Antonio, Kansas, Overland, and Campbell Streets. The new jail was to be located across the street.

The temporary jail became so overcrowded that the guard, Charles Linn, often had to run criminals out of town to make room for others. Women inmates fared even worse. It was hard for a woman not to escape when her quarters had a door frame, but no door, and the only window had no glass!

Unfortunately, the construction of the new courthouse resulted in a scandal. The \$135,000 bid of Britton and Long of Houston to build the new courthouse and jail had been accepted and it required that the courthouse be completed in fifteen months and the jail in seven. In May, 1885, certain citizens claimed that the construction company was performing sub-standard work. Among the complaints were that 1) stone, not brick (as specified in the contract) was used for the foundation;



(top left) The El Paso County Courthouse, completed in January 1886, was designed by the eminent Texas architect Alfred Giles.

(bottom left) El Paso County Courthouse, 1917, designed by the architectural firm of Trost & Trost. Photo courtesy EPCHS and James Ward.

(top right) "Blind Justice," one of two statues that stood outside of Liberty Hall, circa 1930s. Photo courtesy EPCHS and James Ward.

(bottom right) The new El Paso County Courthouse, completed in January, 1992. Photo courtesy Herb Marsh, Jr.



2) sand, not concrete, was used under the vaults; 3) inferior iron work was prevalent; and 4) piles and girders were not constructed as stated in the plans. Some alleged that the contractor bribed officials to look the other way. Attorney James B. Hague decided to set a trap. He scheduled a meeting to accept a bribe of \$2,500. Only after the money had been exchanged did the contractor realize that hidden witnesses had observed the criminal activity. Then, Hague, to the cheers of spectators, donated the bribe money to charity.

Subsequently, the Commissioners Court conducted a full evidentiary hearing and found that fraud had indeed been committed. The county attorney issued warrants for the arrest of the individuals alleged to be responsible.

On January 20, 1886, the Commissioners Court accepted the courthouse as completed, and it was dedicated on February 15, with a dance held in the new building topping off the celebration.

According to the plans, the building was to have a mixed architectural style with a predominating Renaissance influence. There were three floors – the first held county administrative offices, including those of the county surveyor, county judge, and the county attorney. The county court was located in the north-

*When the chairs
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west corner, occupying a space 40 x 25 feet. The west end of the second floor housed the 34th District Court in an area measuring about 65 x 40 feet. During the day, this room served as a court of law, but at night it was used for civic meetings. When the chairs were removed, it became a formal dance hall, serving as a center of much of El Paso's social life. At the center of the second floor was a 20-square-foot opening through which light passed from the

imposing dome located above the third floor. Since El Paso did not yet have a federal courthouse, the United States court and other federal offices were located on this floor. The building also contained offices for District Judge T. A. Falvey, the district attorney, the sheriff, and the tax collector. The jury room stood adjacent to the sheriff's office.

All the ceilings were fifteen feet high, and the walnut staircases were six feet wide. The walls and hallways were made of

pine and dark maple, and illumination was provided by gas light until electricity was installed in 1909.

Coal and wood-burning stoves provided heat in winter. These, and the abundant use of wood throughout the building, made the potential for fire great. It was a common hazard of the times. On April 8, 1890, a fire, started by a gas jet in the bell tower of the dome, was fortunately extinguished by some alert citizens even before the fire engines could arrive.

Two alabaster statues of a woman, holding a pair of balancing scales, called "Blind Justice," were lifted and placed on top of the building. They survived the razing of the courthouse, and today, one stands near the entrance of Ascarate Park. The "Goddess of Justice" disappeared but was found in 1936 and placed on the east lawn of the courthouse built in 1917.

Other improvements were added – olive-colored curtains were hung, cottonwood trees planted, and plumbing was installed in the fall of 1890. Since the primary mode of transportation consisted of horse-and-carriage, hitching posts were added.

El Paso continued to be a boom town. By 1899, the 34th District Court had become so burdened with work that a second court had to be created – the 41st District Court with James Goggin as judge. In addition, the Texas Legislature established a special court which became the forerunner of the 65th District Court. By 1910, the population of El Paso had reached 40,000, and in 1911, the Legislature created the Eighth Court of Civil Appeals and placed it in El Paso. Needless to say, the 1886 courthouse was beginning to burst at the seams, and its end was not far off.

In 1913, Judge A. S. J. Eylar led a movement to construct a new county building. Many El Pasoans also wanted a structure large enough to enclose a large-scale auditorium. An editorial in the *El Paso Herald-Post* supported the construction of one large enough to hold conventions and concerts.

Plans for a new courthouse, designed by the architectural firm of Trost & Trost, were accepted by the Commissioners Court on September 23, 1915. The new courthouse would also include a jail and a farmers' market. The wings of the building surrounded the 1886 structure which was then razed to make room for the 2,900-seat auditorium. With the demise of the original courthouse, there was no longer a monument to symbolize the hard-fought struggle to gain the county seat.

The auditorium's first use occurred on April 17, 1918 when William McAdoo, the United States Secretary of the Treasury, appeared at a patriotic gathering during World War I to hawk Liberty Bonds for the war effort. Thus it was that the auditorium became known as Liberty Hall.

Everyone would probably agree that the Trost courthouse was majestic, even though it bore no resemblance to the one it had replaced. Twelve mammoth columns across the front presented an elegant and grand appearance. It was a more-than-sufficient building for its time, but later its very design would eventually limit its usefulness. The auditorium, which was situated between the two horseshoe wings, split the building in half.

Forty years later, in 1955, when a major remodeling job was undertaken to add more space, it also obliterated the imposing face of the building by completely removing the colonnade. The result was the most bland and uninspiring front to ever grace a public building. Many people spoke against this rape of the old building, but the voices of preservation and foresight were not as organized and vocal as they are today.

As part of the remodeling program, another horseshoe-shaped structure was wrapped around the outer walls of Liberty Hall to make way for more office space. Several stories were added to the top of the original Trost building to house the sheriff's department and the county jail on one side, and the city police and city jail on the other.

The primary reason for remodeling was to bring El Paso city government into the building as a co-tenant. As part of the project, the 1888 City Hall, located near the intersection of Kansas and San Antonio Streets, was demolished. The city then moved into the remodeled building which became known as the El Paso City-County Building.

In 1979, city government moved into its own new ten-story City Hall, west of the downtown area. The move did provide some additional space for the county, but it was not a permanent solution. The growing court system and expanding county offices required continual remodeling which resulted in crazy-quilt floor layouts and an endless maze of corridors. Sometimes, a single department would be scattered in several locations and on different floors. Courtrooms and their office personnel were disbursed in hodge-podge fashion throughout the building.

Overcrowding was only part of the problem. By the late 1980's, the building was plagued with an obsolete heating and cooling system, an overloaded electrical system, grossly deficient elevator service, and too-numerous-to-mention fire code violations.

Fortunately, the extent of these problems was not lost on the public. Unless one happened to work in the courthouse, it was almost impossible for the ordinary citizen to find the appropriate office or department. More importantly, every week hundreds of prospective jurors had to assemble in Liberty Hall to report for jury duty. The desperate condition of the Hall, which had not been used for any other public purpose for almost twenty years, convinced the voting public that something new was needed.

In 1985, County Judge Pat O'Rourke formed a blue-ribbon citizens commission to formulate what needed to be done and to galvanize the public's support. His successor, Luther Jones, then led a bond issue election that was overwhelmingly approved. The mandate was that the new courthouse would be built on the same site as the existing one which had been the official seat of county government since 1885.

Before the bond election, architects presented two proposals to the county government. One called for the standing courthouse to remain intact, but to raze Liberty Hall, and build a twenty-story court addition on the site. But during the inspection of the old courthouse, it was discovered that the floor-to-floor heights varied by as much as twelve to eighteen feet. If a new building were located on the site, it would somehow have to match these differing heights, or the old building and the new one would have to be connected with a series of ramps. Another problem confronted the architects - the old building's column-spacing was not in keeping with modern office standards. This proposal would have also required the leasing of outside office space during the construction period, and necessitated two massive moves of the courthouse occupants and the office furnishings - one move out of the old building and another back into the new building.

The second proposal called for the complete demolition of the building on the south half of the block, right up to the original back wall of the courthouse. All offices in the old courthouse would continue to function, and the construction of the new one could proceed without interruption. Only one move would be re-

quired; then the old building on the north side of the block could be demolished to make way for a new main entrance. This proposal was finally accepted.

Before work began, a geologic survey was made and it revealed a water table between 55 and 60 feet which was high compared to nearby buildings. The reason for this phenomenon is unknown, but deeply-entrenched pillars of concrete proved to be the solution. The construction figures speak for the enormous size of the project. The building is fourteen stories high, counting the basement and the mechanical floor, and contains over 405,000 square feet of usable space. Thirty thousand cubic yards of concrete were used in its frame, and some of the piers underground are over one hundred feet deep and six feet in diameter.

...a geologic survey was made and it revealed a water table between 55 and 60 feet which was high compared to nearby buildings.

The floor plan called for the high-traffic offices to be placed on the lower floors. These included the district and county clerks, the district and county attorneys, and the Commissioners Court and its offices. The upper floors would house the sixteen trial courts and their offices, the Family Law Courtmasters, the Eighth Court of Appeals, the County Law Library, and a ceremonial courtroom. Three of the floors are vacant and reserved for future use. The building is so designed that two additional floors can be added.

The typical layout of a courtroom and its offices consists of the judge's chamber and conference room, a jury room, and offices for the court secretary or coordinator, the bailiff, and the court reporter. Outside the public entrance to each courtroom are two small interview rooms and a witness room.

In order to accommodate the large number of criminal cases, a prisoner-holding cell is shared by each two courts. The cell is separate and secure from any other part of the building, and can only be reached by elevators used exclusively for transporting prisoners.

A sky-walk at the third floor connects the courthouse with a 500-car capacity parking garage located on the south side of Overland Street. It is mostly used by the large numbers of prospective jurors summoned each week.

The main entrance on the north side of the building presents a striking view of the entire edifice. Made of Texas red granite, it extends upwards to the height of the fifth floor of the main building, and is built in the traditional shape of a southwestern mission parapet. The entire structure is sheathed in sky-blue glass forming a backdrop for the red granite entrance.

The top floor, or thirteenth story, is known as the Mechanical Penthouse. All the heating and cooling equipment is controlled from the building manager's office located there. If any kind of malfunction occurs, the system sounds an alarm and then prints a report for its maintenance. With the use of state-of-the-art controls, part of the building can be cooled, while the rest might be heated.

To the public and courthouse personnel, one of the most tangible improvements is the elevator service. Five high-speed lobby elevators are in constant use, and gone are the days when taking the stairs was faster. Each elevator has an audio voice which announces each floor and the "up or down" direction.

It has never been an easy task for county government to dedicate huge sums of money to projects the size of new courthouses. Sometimes it is a wonder that the project gets completed at all. Nay-sayers, stonewalling, back-biting, grand-standing, obstructionism, and even outright scandal have always been part of the day-to-day fare in seeing a project like this through to its end. Everyone has his or her own opinion, and wants his or her contribution, great or small, to be a matter of public record. In effect, much of the work becomes construction-by-committee, and changes in the master contract seemingly occur on a daily basis. And there is, of course, no project of a comparable size that ever comes in under-budget, no matter how noble the intentions were in the beginning.

But this is how democracy is supposed to work. Somehow, after all the hand-wringing and head-butting are over, the finished product turns out to be a proud monument, and that is no less the case here. It is an enjoyable building to work in, and the county has a fitting place for its governmental functions. The future has been adequately provided for, and the public can now see the end result of all its patience and contributed tax dollars. The building is primarily for the public's use, and it has something now with which it can be very pleased.

HERB MARSH, JR., a lifelong student of the history of El Paso and the Southwest, and a frequent contributor to *Password*, is the former judge of the 243rd Judicial District Court of Texas.

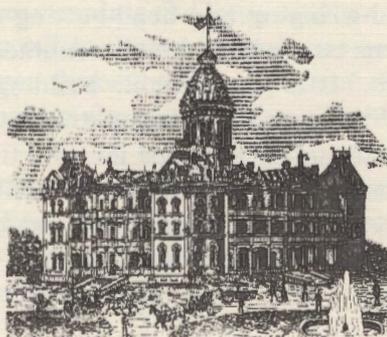
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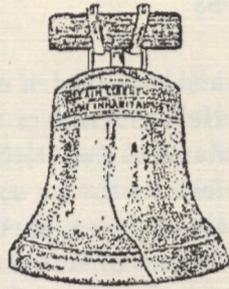
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Liberty Hall - A Personal Memoir

By Arnalda H. Coppenger

In 1915, the El Paso *Herald* issued a call for a great auditorium to be built where "big conventions, entertainments, and concerts by orchestras and bands could be enjoyed." This dream became a reality when the new courthouse designed by the well-known architects, Trost and Trost, and built by the contractor, J. E. Morgan, was completed in April, 1917.

Shortly thereafter, an auditorium was built between the wings of the courthouse where the original one had stood. It was christened Liberty Hall in honor of its first use for a patriotic gathering at which Liberty bonds were sold. The El Paso Symphony Orchestra gave its first concert there on November 7, 1919 and the Hall became its official home for many years.

By 1936 the Hall had become outmoded and there was a drive to modernize it. But El Paso was in the throes of a depression and money was hard to come by. Sam Cohen, head of the stage carpenters' union, built a new stage shell for less than \$700, the county furnishing materials; the carpenters were paid \$10 a day. A large chandelier with fourteen 100-watt bulbs lighted the stage, and fifty new folding chairs were added. Rules were established for rental fees. For instance, if no admission was charged for an event, rental was free. If ten cents was the admission price for an educational lecture, then the rental fee would be \$20.00. For a concert with a top ticket price of \$1.50, the fee was \$100, etc.

My earliest memory of attending a function at Liberty Hall was that of a wrestling match. My parents and I went to cheer for "Doggie" Baird, a railroad man who worked with my father

and made extra money by wrestling on the week-ends. Liberty Hall provided a variety of entertainment: local talent shows, dances, conventions, religious programs, animal exhibits, fashion shows, cooking schools, road shows, and concerts. For the children, part of the fun of going to Liberty Hall was to run up and down the concrete ramps that led to the balcony.

One concert of the El Paso Symphony Orchestra stands out in my memory – my heart stood still when Jascha Heifetz, the violin virtuoso, autographed my program.

During World War II, war bond drives by the score were held there. What a thrill it was to meet Ginger Rogers and Mickey Rooney backstage after they touted the sale of war bonds. I “swooned” when Nelson Eddy sang “Indian Love Call” and told stories about making films with Jeanette McDonald. Anthony Quinn always returned to his “home town” to visit one of his teachers and made “personal appearances.” Leo Carrillo, after a stage show at the Plaza Theater, dashed over to sell

Victory Bonds. And I played accordion solos, along with other local entertainers, in a talent show called “The Rice Bowl.”

On March 9, 1949, Mrs. Harriet Quisenberry presented “The Sons of the Pioneers” at Liberty Hall. For me, it was an unforgettable experience to hear them sing “Cool Water” live, since we had played it many times on a record at home. Mrs. Hallett Johnson presented “The Great Virgil, the Might Master of Illusion.” I was transfixed when he selected me from the audience to assist him in pulling a rabbit out of a hat.

Few remember that a young man with swivel-hips and sideburns appeared for one night in Liberty Hall. I was in the crowd after the show, but did not succeed in getting my autograph book signed. But the memory of seeing Elvis Presley far outweighed a mere signature.

Liberty Hall, along with the county courthouse, was demolished to make room for the new courthouse. But walls of the new building are plastered with the nostalgia of the old, especially of Liberty Hall. Many El Pasoans will remember the

There were so many events at Liberty Hall that I remember, ranging from the sublime to the ridiculous; each, in its own way, had a bearing on my psyche.

days when, as school children, they were taken to Liberty Hall to hear young peoples' concerts by the El Paso Symphony Orchestra.

There were so many events at Liberty Hall that I remember, ranging from the sublime to the ridiculous; each, in its own way, had a bearing on my psyche. More importantly, these memories personified the spirit of El Paso – even the dreary days when I sat there waiting to be called for jury duty. As a child, I clapped my hands with glee at the comedies; as a teenager, I was enthralled by the songs of my “idols;” as a young woman, I hopped to the bang of bongos in a conga line and jitterbugged to “big band” sounds; and, in maturity, I listened to music that enveloped me in dreams and carried me to faraway places.

ARNALDA H. COPPENBARGER is a native El Pasoan and is retired from the El Paso Public Schools. This article was entered in a Historical Memories Contest and is an abridged version of the original. For further information about Liberty Hall and programs presented there, the reader is referred to Rosemary Fryer's “Liberty Hall: A Saga of Triumph and Tribulation” which appeared in *Password*, Vol. 31, No. 4 (Winter 1986) 191-200. An historic photograph accompanies the article – a view of Liberty Hall shortly after it was built. [Ed]

Hon. William G. McAdoo
 Secretary of the
 UNITED STATES TREASURY
 DEPARTMENT
 will speak on the
**THIRD
 LIBERTY LOAN**
 and will also dedicate
 THE BEAUTIFUL COURT HOUSE
 AUDITORIUM
Tonight at 8 O'clock
 EVERYBODY IN EL PASO IS
 CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND.
 Doors will be open at 7 o'clock. Plenty of room for
 everybody. Come early and get a good seat.
 No admission charge.
 This space contributed by the winners of the war for
R. BURT ORNDORFF

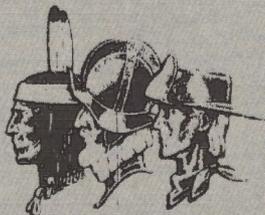


1995 Historical Memories Contest

The El Paso County Historical Society is proud to announce the details of the 1995 Historical Memories Contest. Begun in 1975 as a Bicentennial project, it is open to persons 55 years of age and over. Two cash prizes are offered: \$300 for first place, and \$200 for second place.

The essay may be either typed (double-spaced) or handwritten; if typed, it must not exceed six pages, and if handwritten, nine. The subject must describe a personal memory which is pertinent to this region (El Paso, West Texas, southern New Mexico, northern Mexico, or eastern Arizona): for example, a personal observation of or participation in a historical event; daily life in the author's childhood; a profile of a prominent personage or organization; an account of social tensions or issues; attitudes and family values; or school experiences.

All entries become the property of the Society and cannot be returned; some may be published in *Password*, whether winners or not. The DEADLINE for entries is December 1, 1995. Entries should be mailed to Michael J. Hutson, Contest Director, P. O. Drawer 1977, El Paso, Texas 79955.





My Dearie

By Judith Ann Scherer Hevner

She was “Mother” to so many of us during those beautiful carefree days of our childhood. We were safe – safe in the knowledge that someone cared for us and about us. We weren’t just fed and clothed. We were the luckiest kids in the world, for we had a home, a real home, where every day began with a warm breakfast served along with a warm greeting and a prayer. I can’t remember one morning when this lovely lady was not there to see that our food was acceptable, our faces clean, our heads combed, and our lunches in our hands as we went out the kitchen door and off to school. On our way out each day, we lined up for a kiss, a smile, and often a little word of encouragement either about our behavior or our need to try a little harder in some aspect of our schoolwork or our duties at the Home. When for some reason or another we were running a little late, “My Dearie” would hurry into the kitchen singing, “Smile awhile and give your face a rest; lift your hand to the one you love the best, and then shake hands with those nearby and give to them a smile.”

“My Dearie” – no other name would have suited better, for she was just that! Dear, so very dear to all who knew and loved her. “Thousands” – as it was written in the *El Paso Herald-Post* upon her passing in 1979. Dated July 7, 1979 and headed “KATHLEEN MOORE,” the obituary reads: “‘Mother’ to thousands of youngsters throughout the Southwest, died Saturday in a local hospital. She was 89.” The obituary does not mention, maybe because it was common knowledge, that she was “Mother” to those “thousands of youngsters” because she had been for many years the administrator of the Southwestern Children’s Home.



*"My Dearie," Kathleen Moore
Photo courtesy Elizabeth Moore*

It was my great good fortune to be one of those "thousands." From 1940 to 1945, I lived at the Home, then located on North Ange and Arizona Streets, and I consider those years among the happiest in my life. And the most memorable. It was there, under the loving guidance of "My Dearie," that I learned so many valuable lessons – to give and take, to share, to forgive, to laugh with others and at myself. It was there that I learned to respect others – my elders, my playmates,

and myself. There, I was enabled to grow confidently at my own speed and in my own way.

In my mind's eye I can still see "My Dearie": her hair dark-going-to-gray, marcel waves close to her head; "sensible" black shoes with pretty laces; a well-corseted figure. I can still see her sweet smile and her loving expression during our quiet talks when she sometimes had to admonish me to mend my ways.

A very meaningful part of our lives at the Home consisted of the daily prayers, at Morning Service and at Vesper in the evening. During my particular years, our prayers always ended with a plea for peace, a prayer for our boys overseas, and a special closing: "...and God bless our President and his cabinet." Also, sections of the Bible were read to us, and for special privileges we could memorize and recite Bible passages. For example, when we were at our summer lodge in Ruidoso, a recitation of given passages could earn a child an evening at Seely's or Hoover's skating rink.

Among my cherished possessions are several booklets published by the Southwestern Children's Home after I left. From

these booklets I have learned something about the history of the Home and its splendid achievements during the some fifty years of its existence. I have learned that the Home began in 1923, when the Reverend W. B. Hogg of El Paso took into his care five motherless children and that it was incorporated in 1931. Its first location was at 1019 North Ange Street, where, I am told, as many as 125 children were cared for at times. In the late '40s, states one of my booklets, it became evident "that a new and modern plant was needed." Consequently, a "building fund was started and trustees selected - R. E. McKee, Chairman, Rev. B. M. G. Williams, Dale Resler, and J. D. Foster." Reading on, I learn that "this fund grew through many gifts" and that the new home at 3700 Altura Blvd. was completed and dedicated in 1951. One of my booklets tells me that Victor C. Moore, a prominent El Paso attorney, led the Home in its early days and that after his death in 1939 the administration of the Home became the responsibility of his wife, the "My Dearie" of my fond remembrance.

It was there, under the loving guidance of "My Dearie," that I learned so many valuable lessons... to give and take, to share, to forgive, to laugh with others and at myself.

These booklets are filled with snapshots of happy-looking children. Although the children pictured are not the ones I personally knew when I lived at the Home, they are shown to be engaged in the same activities I enjoyed and remember so well - scampering at games in our Ruidoso summer camp, presenting Christmas pageants, proudly showing off our handiwork, singing in the children's choir with one of us at the piano, doing yard work and cleaning our rooms, sitting in a circle on the front lawn, studying hard for that arithmetic test tomorrow, raiding the snack room, kneeling in prayer at bedtime.

And here also are photographs of the several staff members who were so helpful to us - "Aunty" Elizabeth Moore, whom the Moores had legally adopted when she was a child; "Aunty" Selma Ratzlaff, listed as "Dietician and Supervisor," but whom we knew as the provider of those tasty, nourishing meals; "Our Nati" (Natividad Valverde), whom we loved for her great kindness and the way she kept our clothes looking so nice.

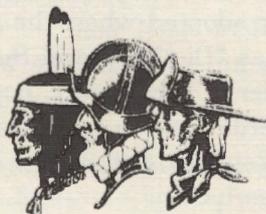
These booklets also list the names of the wonderful people

who served on the Executive and Advisory Boards, many of these names recalling festive events at the Home when these board members were our honored guests – attorney Ted Andress, for example, and Judge R. E. Thomason, as well as educator Lynn B. Davis and businessmen W. S. Crombie and H. D. Fulwiler. And listed also are the names of the doctors who attended our medical needs – generous, caring people like Louis W. Breck, Erwin J. Cummins, William T. Chapman, Charles F. Rennick, Leslie M. Smith, M. P. Spearman, Robert R. Stewart, and George Turner.

Additionally, my booklets contain reprints of testimonials by former residents. One of these testimonials expresses exactly my sentiments: “The Home means to me a place of security, peace, rest. A place where God’s word is taught.” Another, addressed to “My Dearie,” especially catches my attention: “I...suspect you spoiled me just a little and I was perfectly aware of the fact that I was one of your favorites.” I, too, suspect that “My Dearie” spoiled me – maybe more than “just a little – and I, too, am “perfectly aware” of the fact that I was one of her favorites. Looking back now, I know that each one of us was special to her. She deeply loved all the children in her care. All of us were truly her “favorites.” That was “My Dearie’s” way.

I think of her often and always with a smile in my heart, thanking God for having had her in my life!

JUDITH ANN SCHERER HEVNER, a native El Pasoan and a longtime member of the Historical Society, lives in Canutillo with her husband, George Hevner. This essay was the First Place winner in the 1994 Historical Memories Contest.



EL PASO DAILY HERALD.

EL PASO, TEXAS, TUESDAY AUGUST 20, 1896.

Wes Hardin is Killed.

This Noted Character Dies by
John Selman's Pistol.

THE FATE OF ALL BAD KILLERS.

The First Bullet Hit Him in the Eye and Passed
Through his Brain. A Sketch of Hardin's Life in Brief
by one who has Known Him Since Boyhood.

Last night between 11 and 12 o'clock San Antonio street was thrown into an intense state of excitement by the sound of four pistol shots that occurred at the Acme Saloon. Soon the crowd surged against the door and there, right inside lay the body of John Wesley Hardin, his blood flowing over the floor and his brains oozing out a pistol shot wound that had passed through his head.

Soon the fact became generally known that John Selman, constable of Precinct No. 1, had fired the fatal shots that had ended the career of so noted a character as Wes Hardin, by which name he is better known to all old Texans.

For several weeks past trouble has been brewing and it has been often heard on the streets that John Wesley Hardin would be the cause of some killing before he left the town. Only a short time ago, Policeman Selman arrested Mrs. M'Rose, the mistress of Hardin, and she was tried and convicted of carrying a pistol. This arrest angered Hardin and when he was drinking he often made remarks that showed that he was bitter in his feelings against young John Selman. Selman paid no attention to these remarks, but attended to his duties and said nothing. Lately Hardin had become louder in his abuse and had continually been under the influence of liquor and at such times he was very quarrelsome, even getting along badly with some of his friends. This quarrelsome disposition on his part resulted in his death last night and is a sad warning to all such parties that the rights of others must be respected and that the day is

past when a person having the name of being a bad man can run rough shod over the law and the rights of other citizens.

This morning early a *Herald* reporter started after the facts in the case and found John Selman, the man who fired the fatal shots and his statement were [sic] as follows:

"I met Wes Hardin about 7 o'clock last evening close to the Acme saloon. When we met Hardin said: 'You've got a son that's a bastardly, cowardly s— -of-a-b — !' I said, 'Which one?' Hardin said: 'John, the one that's on the police force. He pulled my woman when I was absent and robbed her of \$50, which they wouldn't have done if I had been here.' I said: 'Hardin, there is no man on earth that can talk about my children like that without fighting, you cowardly s— -of-a-b — !' Hardin said: 'I am unarmed.' I said: 'Go and get your gun; I am armed.' Then he said: 'I'll go and get a gun and when I meet you I'll meet you smoking, and make you — like a wolf around the block!' Hardin then went into the Acme saloon and began shaking dice with Henry Brown. I met my son, John, and Captain Carr and I told them I expected trouble when Hardin came out of the saloon. I told my son all that had occurred, but told him not to have anything to do with it, but keep on his beat. I also notified Captain Carr that I expected trouble with Hardin. I then sat down on a beer keg in front of the Acme and waited for Hardin to come out of the saloon. I insisted on the police force keeping out of the trouble as it was a personal matter between Hardin and myself. Hardin had insulted me personally. About 11 o'clock Mr. E. L. Shackelford came along and met me on the sidewalk. He said 'Hello! what are you doing here?' Then Shackelford insisted on me going inside and taking a drink, but I said: 'No I do not want to go in there as Hardin is in there and I am afraid we will have trouble.' Shackelford then said: 'Come on and take a drink anyhow, but don't get drunk.' Shackelford led me into the saloon by the arm. We went to the far end of the bar and took a drink. Hardin and Brown were shaking dice at the end of the bar next to the door while we were drinking. I noticed that Hardin was watching me very close when we went in. When Hardin thought my eye was off him he made a break for his gun in his hip-pocket and I immediately pulled my gun and began shooting. I shot him in the head first as I had been informed he wore a steel breast plate. As I was about to shoot the second time someone ran against me and I think I missed him, but the other two shots were at his body and I think I hit him both times. My son then ran in and caught me by the arm and said: 'He's dead,

don't shoot any more.' I was not drunk at the time, but was crazy-mad at the way he insulted me. My son and myself came out of the saloon together and when Justice Howe came I gave my statement to him. My wife was very weak and was prostrated when I got home. I was accompanied home by Deputy Sheriff J. C. Jones. I was not placed in jail but considered myself under arrest. I am willing to stand any investigation over the matter. I am sorry I had to kill Hardin, but he had threatened mine and my son's life several times and I felt that it had come to that point where either he or I had to die."

(signed) *John Selman.*

Sketch of Hardin's Life.

John Wesley Hardin was born in Texas as about 42 years ago and was raised from infancy in DeWitt county. When yet a boy he became a member of the Taylor party in the Taylor-Sutton feud that broke out in that county in 1868. This feud was practically a county revolution as everybody took sides with one party or the other and the soil of that county was dyed red with blood. Hardin took a leading part early in this feud and became prominent at once as a man of nerve and quick with a gun.

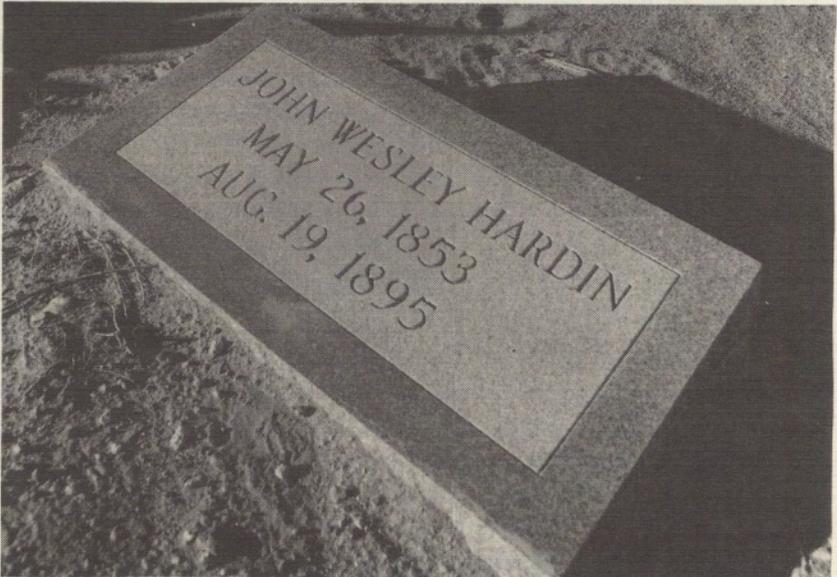
He was charged with killing several parties at the beginning, but of this no one knew but himself. The first man that he is known to have killed was Jack Helm, a noted character and killer himself. Helm had been captain of a militia company, and wherever he and his company drifted in southern Texas they left a trail of blood. One day Helm got into a dispute with a fourteen year old boy, whose father Helm had killed, and tried to stab the boy, but just as the knife was coming down Wes Hardin's pistol cracked and Jack Helm fell over dead. For this Hardin was never arrested; but the state militia ran on to him once near Yorktown and in a running fight Hardin killed three of his pursuers and escaped.

Shortly after this, so many of the leaders of the Taylor-Sutton feud had been killed off or scattered out that Wes Hardin had to leave the county. He went to Comanche county and a deputy sheriff tried to arrest him and Hardin killed him. For this the state rangers got on his trail and he was forced to leave the state, and soon his wife followed him. But Lieutenant John C. Armstrong of the rangers was watching for the move and followed his wife to Florida, and there one day located him on a train with his wife. Armstrong had a man with him and

placing the man at the car door walked in and covered Hardin and put him in irons. Hardin was tried at Comanche for the murder of the deputy sheriff and sentenced to twenty-five years in the penitentiary. He served seventeen years of his sentence and was pardoned out.

Since his pardon he has drifted from one place to another until last spring when he came to El Paso to help prosecute Bud Frazier, for shooting Miller at Pecos city. After Hardin remained here and has been the cause of more or less trouble ever since. Those who know Hardin best since he has been here are of the opinion that he was a little off in his mind. He was considered a dangerous man and one who would cause trouble at any time, and he seemed to have a grudge against officers especially and never let an occasion pass to throw an insult at them when he had a chance. He often expressed himself as desiring to quiet down, but his acts were always in the opposite direction.

Hardin's funeral will be held at 4 p.m., with services conducted by Rev. C. J. Oxley. The body was viewed at Undertaker Ross' rooms this afternoon by a good many people. It was laid out in a neat suit of black in a nicely appearing coffin on the top of which was a plate with "At rest" engraved there. The features were in good shape and looked well.



Grave marker of John Wesley Hardin, who was laid to rest in Concordia Cemetery. Photo courtesy Bill Haines, El Paso Times



Book Reviews

DAN STUART'S FISTIC CARNIVAL by Leo N. Miletich.
Texas A&M University Press. Softcover \$14.95.

Leo Miletich covers the events leading up to the Fitzsimmons-Corbett "pillow" fight of 1897 in Carson City, Nevada. The addition of gloves, or "pillows," was an attempt to convince detractors that the bare-knuckled sport was now civilized. Originally scheduled for Dallas, the much-hyped prize-fight was outlawed and run out of town. Rescheduled for Hot Springs, Arkansas, the combatants were threatened by arrest and prison terms. With much hoopla the bout was reset for El Paso, Mexico, New Mexico Territory, and Arizona Territory. The respective governments, however, banned prize fights before the contest could begin and ensured the fight would not take place with large contingents of Rangers, Rurales, and Federal Militias. Once a prospective site was found and the fight scheduled, the host town promptly proceeded to gouge the inevitable influx of tourists and thrillseekers. A bowl of El Paso frijoles went for a dollar while chile con carne went for two. From their pulpits prominent El Paso preachers extolled their congregations to pray for train wrecks and other acts of God to befall the fight principals. And the famous ladies-of-the-evening published their own fake tour guides for fight fans with their establishments well-advertised.

The mastermind of the fistic championship event was Dallas gambler and entrepreneur, Dan Stuart, who makes the antics of boxing promoter Don King pale in comparison. Quoting from Miletich, "Because of Dan Stuart, new state and federal laws were passed, international relations were strained, three militias were called out, governors were outraged, troops mustered, ministers formed protest unions, bad poetry was inspired, John L. Sullivan fought a goat and fell off a train, thousands of people descended on a quiet frontier town, cowboys and Indians squared off in a frontier football game, a trainload of revelers made a three-hundred-mile odyssey across the Texas wilderness, Bat

Masterson had a showdown with a Texas Ranger, a bear was wrestled, there were chases, arrests, insults, threats, low comedy – and a lion got hit in the snoot with a punching bag.” With this introductory, Miletich takes us straight-away down the humorous and foible-ridden road to the fight.

Fully annotated and indexed, Dan Stuart’s *Fistic Carnival* contains some of our favorite and most colorful historical characters, like Judge Roy Bean, Texas Ranger Mabry, and Wun Lung, and some little knowns like Danny Creelan, Gem’s bartender who “knocked out” out the great John L. Sullivan with too much booze. Dan Stuart, a helluva promoter, drew crowds from the then known world, introduced fights to the peep show and fighters to royalties. There’s nothing like two men, posturing, flexing mouth and muscle in public headlines, to draw the spectators, cash in hand, out of the woodwork for the barbarous sport. Witness, Evander Holyfield earned over \$80 million in two years. And Miletich says, “That pays for a lot of dental work.”

CAMILLE TRAPP
Baltimore

THE COURT MARTIAL OF LIEUTENANT HENRY FLIPPER by Charles M. Robinson III. El Paso: Texas Western Press, Southwestern Studies No. 100. \$12.95.

The year 1881 on the western frontier of the United States was wild, raw, and unforgiving of the slightest mistake of man, woman, or beast. This fact was never more evident than in **The Court Martial of Lieutenant Henry Flipper** by Charles M. Robinson. Mr. Robinson’s account of the Flipper incident and trial is a detailed chronological checklist of the facts, witnesses, and accounts of what happened from the Army of 1881 official point of view. The conclusion serves as a perfect reference for justice denied.

The basic fact that Lieutenant Flipper was even brought to trial is a direct result of his own doing. His actions contributed as much to his downfall as anything else. The charges against him were quite extreme for the period. The most serious of the charges, embezzlement, could not be proven and he was acquitted of it. He was ultimately convicted of conduct unbecoming an officer and dismissed from the Army in disgrace and humiliation.

Henry Ossian Flipper spent the rest of his adult life trying to disprove the conviction. His efforts fell woefully short of success. Mr. Robinson has put together an excellent account of

Flipper's fall from grace, with one exception – he never addresses the true reason for the court martial. It had nothing to do with missing funds, embezzlement, lies, or trunks. This might surprise you.

After his dismissal from the Army, Henry Flipper went on to prove himself to be the honorable man he was. He achieved far more success in civilian life than he probably would have in the military. In 1976, the United States Congress was convinced to take another look at Flipper's court martial of 1881 and concluded that the proceedings were unfair and unjust. The trial was set aside, Flipper's rank and Army status were restored.

Mr. Robinson has done a great service to American history and historians by compiling this chapter of our past. I personally recommend it for your collection.

BOB SNEAD

Actor/Artist, El Paso

VICTORY IN WORLD WAR II: THE NEW MEXICO STORY.
Editing and commentary by Gerald W. Thomas, Monroe L. Billington and Roger D. Walker. Rio Grande Historical Collections New Mexico State University Library, 1994. Cloth \$32.50. Paper \$22.95.

"No state in the Union, on a per capita basis, made as many contributions to victory in World War II as New Mexico." That is the proud boast of the authors of **Victory In World War II: The New Mexico Story.**

There will be few to dispute it. For the sleepy, rural state of 1941 contributed more than it's share of brains and blood to the cause.

It was New Mexico National Guardsmen in the Philippines who first met the Japanese army in battle. Outnumbered, outgunned and half-starved, they held out to the bitter end, only to suffer the tortures of the Bataan Death March and years of miserable imprisonment. As a result, all too many front windows in New Mexican homes displayed a gold star...showing a son had died in battle.

During the bloody island campaigns of the Pacific, Navajo Indians serving in the U.S. Marine Corps conveyed information from front lines to command and artillery positions in their own language, creating a code never broken by the Japanese.

At the same time, New Mexico was on the leading edge of the technology which would forever change the world...for it was at Los Alamos where the atomic bomb was developed and it

was at White Sands Proving Ground that it was first tested and the bombardier who dropped it probably got his training at Kirtland Air Field in Albuquerque.

Those of us who followed the drum during those war years will always remember the contributions of the two New Mexicans who in words and pictures best expressed the feelings of the weary but determined G.I.'s who fought their way across Africa, Asia and Europe. We got a sardonic chuckle from Bill Mauldin's "Willie and Joe" and felt a poignant appreciation from the columns of Ernie Pyle. And even the toughest G.I. had to fight back a tear when Ernie was killed by a sniper on Okinawa.

In a large-sized book, profusely illustrated with photographs, maps, art work and cartoons of the time, Gerald W. Thomas, Monroe L. Billington and Roger D. Walker have presented a fascinating and accurate portrayal of New Mexico and its people during the war years.

For those who lived through those times, it is a welcome encounter with nostalgia; for younger readers, it is an exciting story of how a peaceful people mobilized to win the greatest war in history.

DOUGLAS V. MEED
El Paso

RUIDOSO COUNTRY by Frank Mangan, Introduction by Leon Metz. El Paso: Mangan Books, 1994. \$39.95.

Over the past fifteen years we have come to think of Frank Mangan as a publisher, completely forgetting that he is also an outstanding writer and historian. As a librarian, I not only recommend his 1971 **El Paso in Pictures** as a fine introduction to El Paso history, I also use it for checking dates and other facts.

In **Ruidoso Country**, Mangan uses somewhat the same technique as in the earlier book, although the text is more extensive. There are still many attractive and illuminating photographs, though, some of them never before published. As always with books published by Mangan Press, the crisp and eye-catching design of each page enhances its content.

Ruidoso Country extends from Cloudcroft and Mayhill in the south to Lincoln and White Oaks in the north. There are chapters on each of these areas. The one on Lincoln, which expertly encapsulates the Lincoln County War, is particularly good. Chronologically the book begins with the Spanish settlement of New Mexico and comes up to the present.

The book's focus, though, is on the town of Ruidoso, the largest and busiest in the area. El Pasoans have sought respite from summer heat in these mountains for nearly a century. In the 1930s one could buy a lot there for \$59.50, and those who did were fortunate. Most built summer cabins, but some families stayed year-round, creating the bustling resort to be seen there today. Quarter horse racing on one side of town and the Mescalero Apache Reservation on the other make the area one of interest to almost anyone.

This is a gem of a book, evoking times past and celebrating what this attractive area has to offer. Mountains, forests, lakes and rivers, all combine to make Ruidoso country a major attraction. Add the colorful and varied history of the area, which is described so skillfully in this book, and you have an irresistible combination.

El Paso In Pictures has remained in print for more than twenty years. I predict **Ruidoso Country** will too.

MARY A. SARBER

El Paso

Briefly Noted...

TEXIAN ILIAD: A MILITARY HISTORY OF THE TEXAS REVOLUTION by Stephen L. Hardin. Austin: The University of Texas Press, 1994. \$24.95.

This is the first attempt by an academic historian to sort through the myth and controversy surrounding the Texas Revolution, to offer a complete, balanced assessment of both Texan and Mexican conduct in the war. It is largely successful in this goal, presenting both the military history of specific armies and battles, as well as the political background against which they were fought. Easy to read, the book is illustrated with historic photographs and with some fine drawings by Gary S. Zaboly. An essential book for Texas history collections.

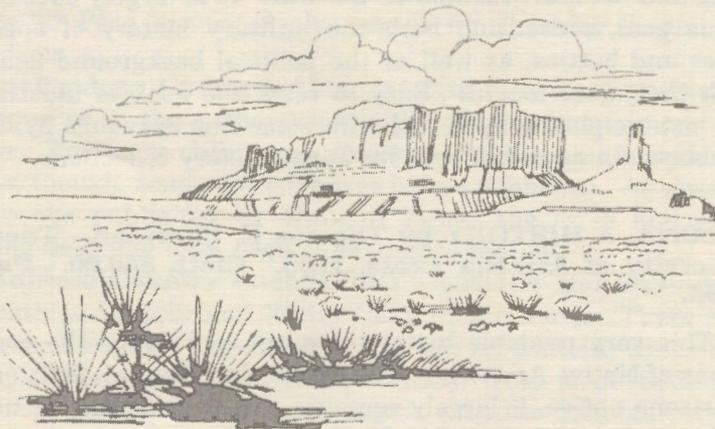
ARIZONA, A HISTORY by Thomas E. Sheridan. Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1995. Cloth \$50.00. Paper \$24.95.

This very readable history sets out to balance the contributions of Native Americans, Hispanics, and Anglos. Written by an Arizona native, it largely succeeds. Its organization is unusual, beginning with a section headed "Incorporation" which ex-

plores early history through the military conquest of the Apaches. In the second section, "Extraction," thematic elements which contributed to the growth of the state are examined – railroads, cattle, copper, and cotton, to name a few. The third section, "Transformation," begins with the Depression and ends with a look at the future. It is an interesting approach which frees the author from straight chronology and allows him to examine relationships, causes and effects.

Also of Interest...

Readers interested in late-seventeenth-century Spanish colonialism as practiced along the northern Rio Grande River will be pleased to discover **THE PUEBLO REVOLT** by Robert Silverberg (University of Nebraska Press, \$8.95). It is a compellingly readable account of the 1680 Pueblos' defeat of the Spanish, a defeat, writes New Mexico historian Marc Simmons in the book's Introduction, which "ought to be regarded as a significant chapter in the story of the American nation." Author Silverberg, drawing the facts substantially from Charles Wilson Hackett's translation of the documentary record preserved in the archives of Mexico and Spain, traces the chronology of events pertinent to the revolt and offers convincing arguments as to its major and secondary causes. His work is also greatly enhanced by his vivid portrayals of the personalities who played leading roles in the revolt, the first successful battle for independence against a European colonial power in what was to become the United States.



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