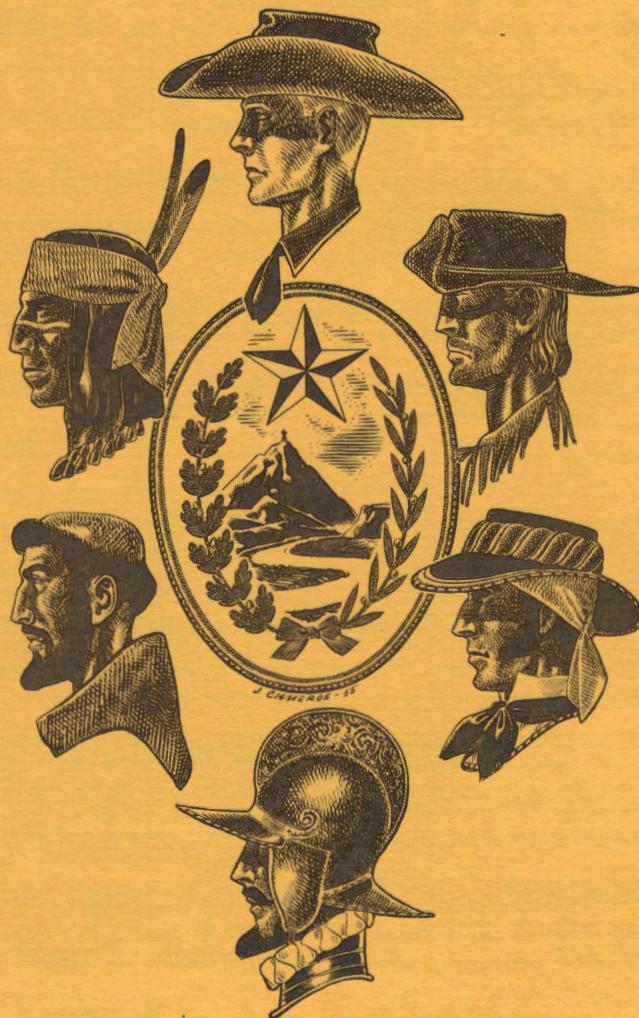


PASSWORD



THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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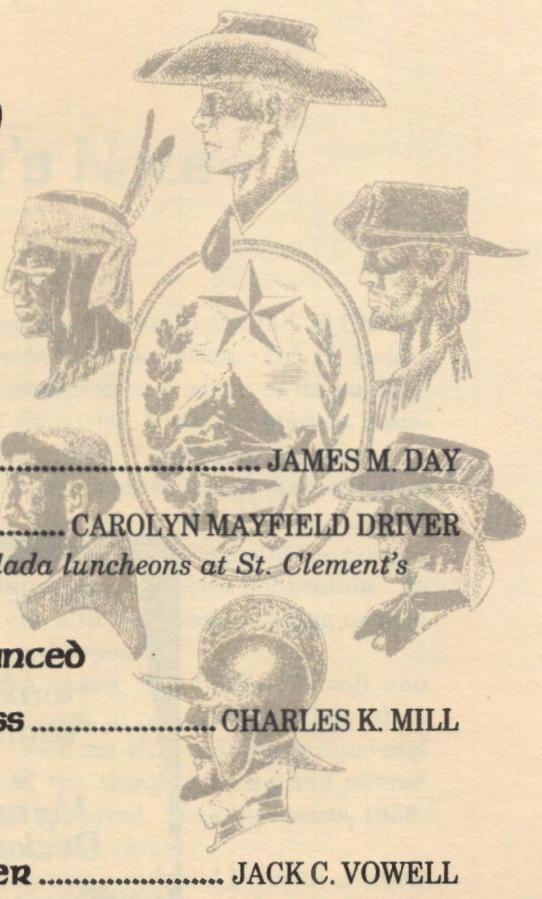
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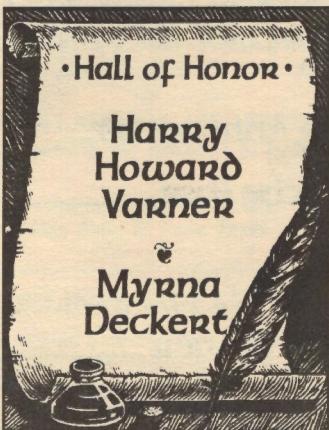
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*This issue's title-page insignia
is offered in recognition of the
El Paso County Historical Society*

*Hall of Honor
and its 1995 inductees:*

***Harry Howard Varner
and Myrna Deckert***

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Editor's Note

By James M. Day

My interest in the editing process began in the fall of 1956 in the office of the Texas State Historical Association. Dr. H. Bailey Carroll was the director of the association and editor of its publication, the *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*. I was his student assistant and grader for his Texas history class. Fresh from the army and a green graduate student, I was alert, eager to learn. The editorial assistants on the *Quarterly* were Dorman H. Winfrey and Chester Keilman. They did the research for accuracy, editing, and the myriad other things necessary for the issuing of a first-class publication. As I write today, forty years later, I can still hear them reading to each other to insure accuracy and remove "typos."

Chester Keilman was helpful to me, but Bailey Carroll and Dorman Winfrey took a special interest in my intellectual development. Both took special pains to teach me about subject matter and mechanics. Alternately, each read the things I wrote and offered criticism, and bit by bit, the writings improved. Those two years, 1956-1958, were the foundations of my editing career.

On September 1, 1958, Winfrey was appointed Director of State Archives. He took me with him as a part-time assistant. By then I had earned my master's degree, but I was still a graduate student. One of the duties of the State Archivist was to "edit and publish the manuscripts of the State Archives," a task Dorman and I relished. Shortly, he selected a collection known as the "Indian Papers," and he assigned to me the task of laying-out the format to be used. I did the work under his supervision. The first volume appeared in 1959, after I had departed Austin for an instructorship in history and government at Howard County Junior College at Big Spring. Over the next two years, two other volumes of the *Texas Indian Papers* appeared.

In August, 1960, Winfrey left the State Archives. I became State Archivist on September 1, 1960, just in time to finish editing volume four, the last of the set. That book was a real editing experience for me because of the errors I made. Everlastingly, I am grateful to Robert E. Davis of Davis Brothers Publishers of Waco, the firm which had the printing contract for the Texas State Library. Bob Davis tolerated my errors as I learned my trade. Volume IV of the *Texas Indian Papers* was my first real editing production. Later, I edited a fifth volume, some letters we found in other collections, and Johnny Jenkins of Pemberton Press reprinted a five volume set with Winfrey and Day

as editors. Recently, the Texas State Historical Association again re-issued the set.

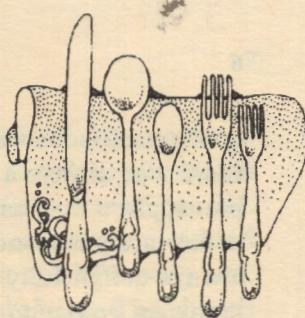
After the Indian Papers, the seven years I spent in the archives were prolific for me. I compiled and edited a book on the maps in the Archives, produced eight volumes of the proceedings of the Texas legislature during the Civil War, and edited two volumes of the Texas Post Office papers during the Republic of Texas era. Also, I served as documents editor for *Texana* (now defunct), published by Texian Press and as assistant editor to Jay Mathews on *Texas Military History*. R. H. Porter of the Steck-Vaughn Publishing Company approached me to be editor of a series they wanted to do entitled the Southwest Life and Adventure Series. We edited and produced seventeen books.

By the end of those seven years, I was something of a seasoned editor. As I earned my doctorate in literature at Baylor University, John O. West recruited me to the University of Texas at El Paso English Department, and S.D. Myres, Jr. and Carl Hertzog recruited me to become editor of Texas Western Press. For three years I worked under the guidance of Dr. Myres, who possessed an excellent intellect and was a keen editor. When Myres retired in 1970, I became editor of *Southwestern Studies* and produced three monographs before my connection with Texas Western Press ended in 1970. Ten years later, I returned to the press as chairman of the editorial board.

I first became aware of *Password* in 1960. One of my duties as State Archivist was to be acquainted with historical activities statewide. All of the regional and local publications crossed my desk and I read as much as possible. *Password* stood alone among them for content and design. *Password* was discussed in Austin! I knew *Password* before my move to El Paso. Meeting Dr. Eugene Porter was a delight. He became my colleague and my friend, and I vividly remember our lunching together at which time we talked history. I joined the Historical Society shortly after I moved to El Paso in 1967 and have been a member continuously. As Society President in 1982, I was privileged to appoint another colleague and friend, Lillian Collingwood, to the editorship of *Password*. She returned the favor last Fall, by persuading me to accept the post.

So, now, *Password* and my editing background come together in this issue. My anticipation is that it is a tasty blend for the good of El Paso and its history.

I express appreciation to the previous editor, Clinton P. Hartmann, for making the transition easy, and to Marilyn Gross and Richard Field for their assistance as associate editors. Also, to Lillian Collingwood for agreeing to handle the book reviews. I have revamped the editorial board with a view to their greater involvement in the publication. Finally, my thanks to Society President Joe Battle for my appointment.



Genial Sociability

*The Story of the Enchilada Luncheons
at St. Clement's Church, 1918-1970*

By Carolyn Mayfield Driver

They started in 1918, those annual enchilada luncheons sponsored by the women of St. Clement's Episcopal Church. They grew into a series of six Friday luncheons each year, which became a marvelous and unique part of the parish life of the church. In time they became a popular El Paso "institution" that lasted until 1970. By the late 1940's, they were attracting hundreds of guests. "They have been held for so many years," reported the *El Paso Herald-Post* on February 17, 1953, "that people plan from year-to-year to entertain their friends at one of the St. Clement's luncheons." The same newspaper article also said "Much of the patronage has come from women of other denominations, whose assistance has built a friendly inter-church [sic] atmosphere."

The basic purpose of these luncheons was to generate funds for various church projects through the years. The luncheons did make money, but that is not why they are so vividly remembered. Rather, they endure in the memories of many El Pasoans because they had a magic ingredient...pervasive and distinct, but difficult to define.

A big part of the magic may be credited to the delicious food that was served consistently. Looking back through El Paso newspapers of the 1940's, the 1950's, and the 1960's, I find many articles pertaining to those luncheons and often the menu was given in detail. Needless to say, the luncheons always featured those "made from scratch" enchiladas so dear to El Pasoans. They were usually red (the sauce made for many years under the guiding hand of Mrs. Robert T. Hoover) and sometimes green (Mrs. J. Page Kemp's

green enchiladas were a masterpiece of culinary art). On the side there was always a salad: crisp greens, or coleslaw with crushed pineapple, a fruit mix, or guacamole. Also served were tasty frijoles or delicately seasoned *sopa de arroz* and hot bread. The dessert was always delightfully appropriate to the Mexican fare: flan, chilled mangoes, *empanadas*, sherbet, lemon tarts, or a parfait.

Part of the magic definitely was due to what the *Herald-Post* called "the friendly inter-church [sic] atmosphere." Friends from all parts of the city gathered together to enjoy the warm conviviality, the festive decorations, the delicious Mexican food, and the ties of longtime friendships.

Two things stand out in my memory which also contributed to the amazing success of the enchilada luncheons. These were factors which were unique to the era and which have changed in the last twenty-five years. The first was that comparatively few women in those years were gainfully employed, and therefore their energy, time, talents, and interests were unleashed in volunteer church and civic endeavors. Secondly, the Society pages of the *El Paso Times* (Ruby Burns), and of the *El Paso Herald-Post* (Bessie Simpson) reported, in amazing detail, the social, religious, and civic affairs of the city. The newspaper coverage each week for the Enchilada Luncheons included not only numerous pictures of various chairmen, but the list of hostesses who had made reservations and the number of their guests. So everyone knew, and enjoyed knowing, who would be there! Then, after each luncheon, in a chatty column called "The Gadabout," dozens of guests were mentioned in personal items which varied from descriptions of dresses and hats to reports of new grandchildren and closing with "It'll be hard to wait until the second luncheon next week but 'tis sure to be every bit as good...so see you next Friday at St. Clement's." The magic of intimacy, inclusion, anticipation!

Another part of the magic, I am sure, came from the closeness the women enjoyed as they planned, prepared, and presented those luncheons. Yes, it was actually FUN to do all that work...to spend the day making gallons of chile sauce and leave the church with burning hands; to stand for several hours chopping onions and to consider it something of an honor because you cried less than the others; to grate cheese until your hands bled; to set the tables, then reset them for second seatings; to fry endless tortillas, probably 600 to 900, and to fry eggs at the last minute; to run up and down stairs carrying hundreds of hot plates of enchiladas, and then to

wash huge, greasy pots and giant stacks of dishes. There was no automatic dishwasher, and we were reluctant to reduce our profits by hiring dishwashers, although in later years, we sometimes did. And after all this work, we were jubilant to learn we had netted \$200 on a banner day, which took some doing at \$1.25 per plate. It was FUN too, to watch our expenditures carefully. The church needed money, and we were there to make it.

Speaking of our frugality, I am reminded of my mother, Anna Grace Mayfield, who cooked many an enchilada luncheon. During the 1930's, she was also responsible for the Ormsbee Club men's dinners which were held monthly at the church and were attended by men of every faith who sang and dined together in the undercroft of Kendrick Hall. Before each dinner, during those Great Depression years, she served her menu to us at home, scrupulously recording the cost of each serving right down to the last penny. As the younger women came on to help with the enchilada luncheons, she and her generation of church women instilled in us their principles of judicious thriftiness. We learned to shop with care and to waste not! For mother's age-group, and for mine, cooking for the church was a challenge and a privilege. We enjoyed each other's company and the satisfaction of success. We were "glad when we went into the house of the Lord," and into his kitchen as well.

The luncheons had begun in a very modest way, certainly with no aim of becoming a long-standing tradition. In 1918, Mrs. John B. Watson was president of the St. Clement's Women's Auxiliary, which had assumed the responsibility of an annual payment of \$700 toward the purchase of a rectory. In the previously cited *El Paso Herald-Post*, Mrs. Watson is described as a "vital and vivacious lady [who] knew how to get things done." She and the other St. Clement's women, the article explains, "set out to raise the money by methods all too familiar to church women, but mostly by cooking their way through this obligation." And cook they did. They rolled-up their sleeves and donned their aprons in Mrs. Watson's home and charged thirty-five cents for a hearty Mexican luncheon followed by a rich apple dessert. "Bessie Watson didn't worry about calories," mother often remarked. In the early years, four luncheons were held in November at Mrs. Watson's home on North El Paso Street, and four or five were held during Lent. Attendance averaged about forty guests. Mother told me that Bessie did most of the cooking herself on her huge black

stove and Bessie's son remembered setting tables and chairs for the guests all over the small house, even in the bedrooms.

No one remembers just when the luncheons outgrew Mrs. Watson's home and moved to the church; nor when the price went up to 50 cents; nor what other jumps it took before it reached \$1.25. Nor does anyone remember when the November luncheons were dropped and the Friday Lenten luncheons retained. The meal was served in the undercroft of Kendrick Hall, in the Sunday school meeting room-dining room next to the kitchen. This was a dark, cramped basement room, where, mother told me, "Clarice Jones performed miracles," and whose high standards were continued, after her death, by "Louie Hoover and Louie's wonderful friend Maria." To insure the success of the luncheons, the St. Clement's women began to invite their friends from other churches and from various clubs and organizations throughout the city. Then, in turn, these guests, impressed by the friendly atmosphere and scrumptious cuisine, invited their friends. And so it went through the years, becoming a beloved tradition.

The luncheons continued to be prepared and served in the Kendrick Hall undercroft until after World War II, when a new kitchen, financed by the women through a Mardi Gras Festival, was built on the second floor. It was then that the luncheons really became popular. Guests were served on both floors of the hall, and by 1955, reservations reached approximately 200 for each of the six luncheons in the series.

Organizing these very large weekly affairs demanded much work and required many volunteers. This was accomplished by assigning each of the six neighborhood guilds the responsibility for one luncheon, with an over-all general chairman for the season. There was a newly-formed Junior Auxiliary made up of the younger married women of the church, the "war brides" who felt we were too young to meet with our mothers. We assumed the responsibility for making the attractive table decorations and serving the luncheons, a task better suited to our young bodies and our unpracticed culinary skills. Eventually we gave up being "juniors" and took our places in the neighborhood guilds and helped with the food preparation, publicity, reservations, seating arrangements, and endless other details. It was a blessed experience and provided the groundwork for lasting friendships and spiritual growth.

In 1954, the popularity and social success of the Lenten luncheons gave rise to the feeling among some of the church leaders

that the luncheons were not in keeping with the spirit of Lent and should be moved to the Pre-Lenten season. Thus began the series of January and February enchilada luncheons. Our beloved rector, the Reverend Robert Gibson, then instituted, during the Lenten season, tri-weekly guest speaker programs followed by a light lunch. Thus we kept right on in the kitchen during Lent.

And so it went, year after wonderful year, generations of women came to St. Clement's for their annual treat of home-cooked enchiladas and the magical glow that warmed the heart and gladdened the spirit.

Eventually the era waned and we all grew older and found that the next generation of women was less interested. Times had changed. The city had grown tremendously, had spread-out over the desert in all directions with new neighborhoods and churches amid the full-fledged prosperity of the post-war years.

As we look back at this unique institution, the Enchilada Luncheons, and try to pin-point the magical ingredients which made them so special, perhaps the most important was the magic of the promise of peace and prosperity after the Great Depression of the 30's, and the dreadful horrors of World War II. We had been given a new lease on life and we embraced it. And so, in 1970, after fifty years, the Enchilada Luncheons ceased. The women of the church founded the Bargain Box thrift store, which became a more lucrative source of funds for their beloved church and one that has been a resounding financial success. Once again, we are indebted to the many faithful volunteers, most of them the "old-timers" who have made this success possible.

Now, twenty-five years later, we still remember those enchilada luncheons. We cherish the memory of the camaraderie we enjoyed as we planned and implemented the challenging enterprise. And we value our long association with the many, many guests whose lives, like ours, were enriched by what my mother described as "the tradition of superb Mexican food served in an atmosphere of loving care and genial sociability."

CAROLYN MAYFIELD DRIVER, a native of El Paso, graduated from Austin High School, and the University of Texas at El Paso with a Bachelor of Arts degree in Sociology and a Master of Education degree in Counseling. She is married to Walter Driver and they have four children and thirteen grandchildren. She has been a member of St. Clement's Episcopal Church all of her life.

Porter Award Announced

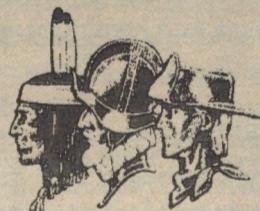
The Eugene O. Porter Award for 1995 was presented to Mrs. Eddie Lou Miller at the February quarterly meeting of the El Paso County Historical Society. Her article, "The Red Cross, World War I, and El Paso," was published in the Summer issue of *Password* (Vol. 40, No. 2). It traced the founding and growth of the Red Cross chapter in El Paso from the time of the Mexican Revolution to the close of World War I.



Since the Memorial Award was established in 1975 in memory of the journal's founding editor, Dr. Eugene O. Porter, nineteen authors have been recipients of the distinguished award. The editorial board of the journal serves as the panel to select the outstanding article.



The Award is financed by contributions to the Porter Memorial Award Fund and may be sent to The El Paso County Historical Society, P.O. Box 28, El Paso, TX 79940.





Incident at Apache Pass

By Charles K. Mills

The incident that came to be called the Bascom Affair began on the morning of 21 January 1861 at a small ranch house overlooking Sonoita Creek, thirteen miles south of Fort Buchanan, New Mexico Territory. A carpenter named John Cole spotted at least nine Apache Indians as they made an approach to the home of John A. Ward, who was absent on business in Santa Cruz, Sonora. One group of raiders made off with twenty head of cattle while another took the stepson of John Ward, a twelve-year-old boy named Feliz Martinez. According to a newspaper of the period, one of the groups made an effort to capture the women and smaller children present, but were prevented by the timely arrival of "Mick" McCarthy and George Wilson, two passersby armed with rifles who chased the raiders east. The shooting drew the attention of neighbors, at least one of whom hurried to Fort Buchanan to alert the troops stationed there.

Fort Buchanan was the regimental headquarters of the United States Seventh Infantry and home to Companies C and H. Also, a detachment of dragoons from Fort Breckenridge had been temporarily posted there when news of the raid on Ward's Ranch reached the fort. In addition, there was a court-martial in session which had been trying thirteen prisoners since 15 January. Lieutenant Colonel Pitcairn Morrison, the regimental and post commander, immediately dispatched the dragoons and Second Lieutenant George N. Bascom, the junior member of the court-martial board, in pursuit of the raiding Apaches. Bascom's scout, which included First Sergeant Reuben Bernard, sergeants John Moore and Robert Ward, and about a dozen privates from D Company, First Dragoons, went out as ordered and were back at the Fort Buchanan court-martial before 10 a.m. on 25 January. "Nothing

was accomplished,"¹ reported the *Tucson Arizonian* on 9 February. Bascom and his experienced dragoon sergeants believed that the raiders had gone toward Apache Pass.

A few days later, after the dragoons had departed for Fort Breckenridge and John Ward had returned in order to press for his stepson's rescue, Lieutenant Colonel Morrison decided to send a large patrol to Apache Pass and a smaller patrol back to the Sonoita Creek area. Accordingly, Lieutenant Bascom left with most of C Company, Seventh Infantry on the morning of 29 January for Apache Pass and shortly afterward Second Lieutenant Charles H. Ingraham took half of H Company, Seventh Infantry, south toward the border. Bascom was to interview the chief of the Apache Pass Indians and obtain the release of the kidnapped boy, by force if necessary. Ingraham was to scour the area where the raid had taken place and to return to Buchanan within ten days.

George Nicholas Owings Bascom was born 24 April 1836 at Owingsville, Kentucky, the first of seven children. His father, Sylvanus Clarke Bascom, was a merchant who died when George was eight years old. His mother was a daughter of Colonel Thomas Deye Owings, founder of the town. Her younger sister was married to Congressman John C. Mason, who in 1853 appointed young Bascom to the United States Military Academy at West Point.

Bascom's West Point career was hardly distinguished. At the end of his third semester he was dismissed for having acquired more than the number of demerits allowed. By order of Jefferson Davis, the Secretary of War, Bascom and six others were permitted to return to West Point after a one-semester suspension and join the class below the one they had left. Academic mediocrity, and worse, dogged Cadet Bascom, who finished 26th of 27 in the class of 1858. His academic standing was low in virtually every subject except "Cavalry Tactics," and he flirted every semester with a second dismissal for excessive demerits.

There were no officer vacancies in the Infantry, Bascom's branch of choice, in 1858, so he and all but one of his fellow graduates were made brevet second lieutenants. Bascom was assigned to A Company, Ninth Infantry, but never joined that unit because he was detained for a year at the recruit depot, Fort Columbus, on Governor's Island in New York harbor.

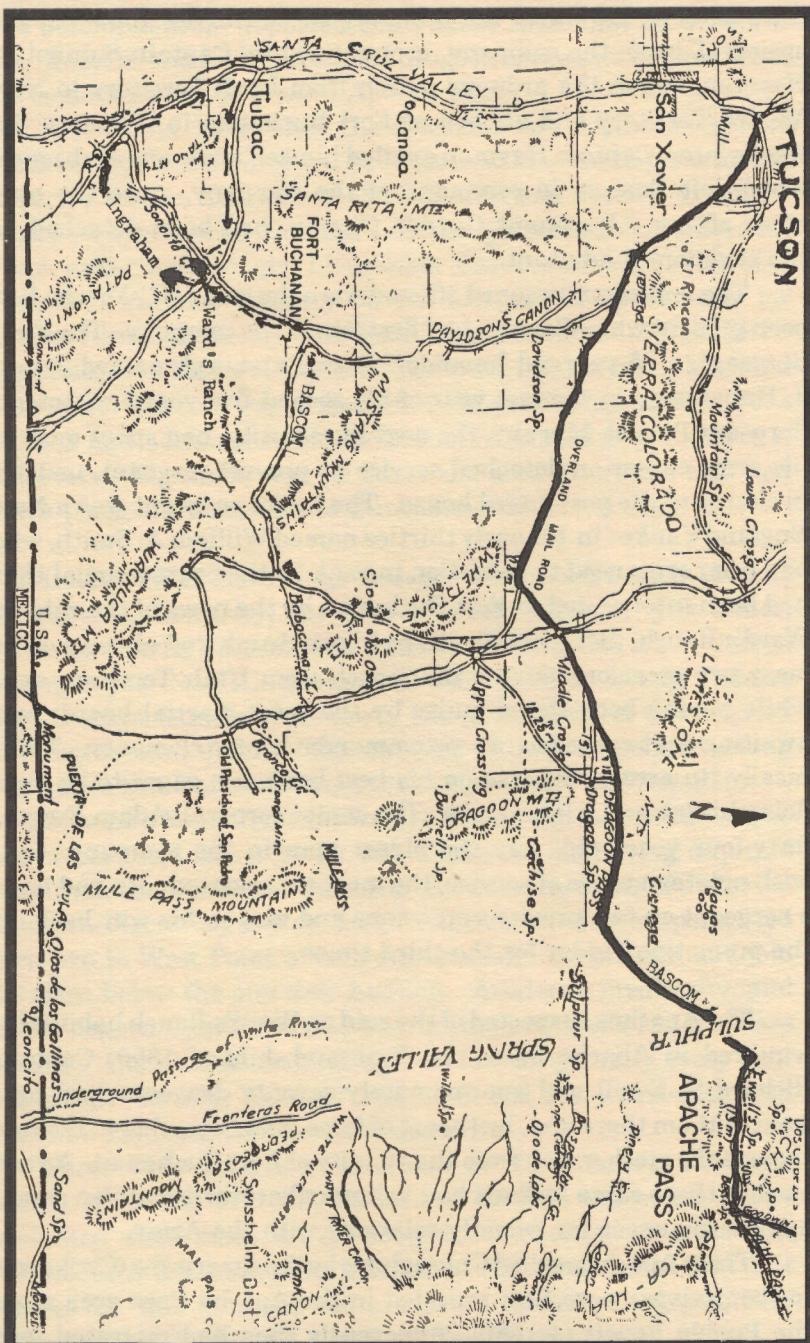
When the second lieutenant of C Company, Seventh Infantry died at Camp Floyd, Utah Territory, Bascom was promoted to fill

the vacancy. He joined the company on 30 August 1859. In the spring of 1860, the company, commanded by Captain Samuel B. Hayman, began the arduous march from Utah Territory to New Mexico Territory and arrived at Fort Buchanan in October. Six weeks later, Captain Hayman availed himself of a leave of absence, which left Bascom in command of the company, since the only other officer, Lieutenant Gurden Chapin, had been detached as the regimental adjutant.

The non-commissioned officers were the same NCO's who had been present when Bascom had first joined the company. The First Sergeant, a 35-year-old "moulder" from Pittsburgh named James J. Huber, was in the last year of his second five-year enlistment. Sergeant Patrick Murphy, the next in seniority, had spent most of his army career on detached service as provost sergeant, usually in charge of the post guard house. The junior sergeant was a New England Yankee in his early thirties named William A. Smith, who had been sentenced to reduction in rank by the court-martial that had been interrupted at Fort Buchanan by the news of the raid on Ward's Ranch. Sergeant Smith had been drunk and abusive on at least two occasions during the march from Utah Territory and, while having been found guilty by the court-martial board, was awaiting that same board's recommendation for clemency. Technically "in arrest," he was on his best behavior, eager to be seen doing his job and a little more. The senior corporal, Adam Frager, forty-four years old, was the oldest man in the company, and, with nineteen years of service, the most experienced. He had been a sergeant on two previous occasions and was on his way back up the promotion ladder for the third time.

The Apaches suspected of the raid on Ward's Ranch habitually wintered in Apache Pass. In June and July of 1860, Captain Richard S. Ewell and approximately seventy dragoons had confronted them there and, by threat of force, had been able to recover some of the stock stolen from the vicinity of Fort Buchanan. A year earlier, these same Indians had voluntarily returned stolen stock, apparently eager for friendly relations with the Army.

These Apaches, called Chiricahuas by the Americans (Chokonen to themselves) were first reported in the Apache Pass area after the Pueblo Revolt of 1680. Apparently they had migrated into that area from the Great Plains after a brief sojourn in Mexico. When the Spaniards retook the Rio Grande Valley in the early



Fort Buchanan - Apache Pass Area, New Mexico Territory, 1861
— — — = Bascom's Route

1690's, they found these Apaches more hostile and intransigent than any of the native peoples with whom they had previously dealt. And thus began a "war" with Apaches that continued through the Spanish Colonial years, the years of Mexican independence, and the very brief time when the land was held by the United States government.

In the early 1860's, there were at least three local bands of Chokonen in the Apache Pass region. They had all been visited by the government's Indian agent, Dr. Michael Steck, and they had promised friendship, or at least peace, in exchange for periodic gifts, mostly rations, from the government.

The leader of the most significant group at Apache Pass, and the object of Bascom's visit, was a renowned warrior in his early fifties named Cochise. Captain Ewell had dealt with Cochise the previous summer, more or less successfully, and the conventional wisdom in February 1861 was that Cochise could be held accountable for the activities of the Apache Pass Indians.

Apache Pass was also the location of an important station on the route of the Overland Mail Company. The station, with stone walls over six feet high and covered firing ports, resembled a fortress more than a way station. It had been established in the late summer of 1858 when Cochise and the rest of the Apaches were on one of their periodic forays against Fronteras, a community over the Mexican boundary. When the Apaches returned to Apache Pass and its springs, they decided to leave the station unscathed. They augmented their government rations by supplying the station with firewood and hay. A letter by James H. Tevis, which was dated 12 April 1859 and published in the *Tubac Arizonian* of 20 April 1859, stated that every few months, usually after a heavy tiswin drunk, the Apache war leaders would threaten to "clean out"² the stage station. They threatened, but they never did it.

In the spring of 1859, Cochise returned from yet another raid on Fronteras, this time with two Mexican boys as captives. The stage-station manager succeeded in buying the little prisoners, who had been much abused, from the Apaches. The incident was given wide circulation in the newspapers.

By February 1861, Cochise was viewed as a chief who was capable of taking young boys hostage, stealing cattle or mules, and returning, or selling back, his plunder if pressured in the right way. He was not openly hostile, but he was not genuinely friendly.

Bascom arrived at Apache Pass on 3 February 1861 at the head of fifty-four men, three wagons, and seven "saddle" mules. The ninety-mile journey from Fort Buchanan had taken almost six days. At the western end of the pass, Bascom encountered a four-wagon army supply train, escorted by Sergeant Daniel Robinson of C Company, Seventh Infantry, and twelve privates from three different companies.

Robinson, an Irish immigrant, was thirty years old and a veteran of twelve years in C Company. Later described as "a brave man"³ by a contemporary in an 1886 article in the *New York World* entitled "Why Americans Made War," Robinson was also a competent leader, especially in difficult situations. He would be promoted to first sergeant within a year and would be commissioned from the ranks during the Civil War.

Sergeant Robinson's command was added to Bascom's, and the combined force marched through Apache Pass to the stage station.

*Shots were heard
and the soldiers,
after some initial
indecision and
confusion, seized
as many Indians
as they could.
Cochise somehow
eluded capture
and raced to
the top of a hill
overlooking
the camp.*

There, Sergeant Robinson pointed out two Apache women to Lieutenant Bascom, who told them, through an interpreter, that he had come to confer with Cochise. The army troops then moved about a mile north of the station past the narrowest portion of Siphon Canyon and set up a camp beside the stage road.

It was not until nearly dark on the evening of 4 February that Cochise and several of his followers, including at least one woman and some children, arrived. Cochise and one other adult male, believed to have been his brother, Coyuntura, went into a tent with Bascom and an interpreter. The rest of the Apaches were invited to coffee in another tent. Minutes later, Cochise and his brother erupted

from Bascom's tent, knives in hand. Shots were heard and the soldiers, after some initial indecision and confusion, seized as many Indians as they could. Cochise somehow eluded capture and raced to the top of a hill overlooking the camp. Coffee-cup still in hand, Cochise shouted something to the soldiers below, who fired a volley at him. Three adult males, one female, and one or two of the children were taken prisoner. At least one male Apache was

killed. None of the soldiers was hurt.

Bascom surveyed the situation and ordered his men to strike the tents. The command moved back up Siphon Canyon to take shelter at the fort-like station. The wagons were used as a makeshift corral. Bascom's infantrymen were reinforced by four stage-station employees and all settled in for a long siege.

Exactly what happened inside Bascom's tent has never been authoritatively established. Plainly, the main topic of conversation was John Ward's stepson. Cochise maintained stoutly, to the day he died, that he had not participated in the raid in which the boy was captured. On the other hand, Bascom's report to Lieutenant Colonel Morrison, written three weeks after the incident, proceeds from his assumption "that they had the boys."⁴ The report also states that Cochise had volunteered to help recover the lad. He told Bascom that the boy was "at the Black Mountain," probably Mount Sarampion in the Peloncillos.

Almost immediately, accounts surfaced claiming that Cochise had "escaped" by slashing the side of Bascom's tent. Bascom's official report mentions no such action, and the only other eyewitness, Robinson, whose account appears in "The Affair at Apache Pass" in *Sports Afield* for August 1896, leaves the impression that Cochise cut the strings which held shut the tent flaps. Furthermore, Robinson's account implies that an "interested interpreter"⁵ (i.e. an interpreter interested in the outcome and not necessarily objective) was the cause of a misunderstanding. This account also implies that the interpreter was John Ward. The Overland Mail Company's Tucson manager, William S. Oury, who came along a week later, is quoted in a series of *Arizona Star* articles as stating that the interpreter was "Antonio"⁶ (Antonio Bonilla).

On the morning following the incident, Cochise appeared on a hillside overlooking the station and arranged for a parlay with Bascom in the Siphon canyon wash about one hundred fifty yards from the station. Bascom went out with sergeants Smith and Robinson and an interpreter. Cochise was accompanied by several warriors, one of whom was recognized as "Francisco," a White Mountain Apache chief known for his hostility to Americans and who was far from his winter camp.

Cochise did most of the talking, giving what Sergeant Robinson later characterized as "a long harangue."⁷ In the meantime, the two Apache women who had delivered Bascom's message to Cochise two days before, were seen at the edge of the wash

beckoning to the men. In response, three of the stage-station employees made their way from the safety of the station toward the women, ignoring Bascom's shouted caution. At a signal, the "honey trap" was sprung. The younger, prettier woman, a Mexican-born captive called "Juanita," embraced the relief driver James Wallace. Instantly, warriors emerged from the wash to grab the other two employees, station manager Charles Culver and hostler Robert Welch. These two men broke free, joining Bascom and his white flag party in a dash to the station. During the dash, Welch was killed, and Culver and Sergeant Smith were wounded. The soldiers inside the station kept up a steady fire for hours.

The following day, Cochise showed the captive Wallace, arms pinioned, and offered to exchange him for the Indians held by Bascom. According to Bascom's report to Colonel Morrison, Cochise offered mules in addition to Wallace. When asked where he had obtained the mules, Cochise replied "from a government train, of course,"⁸ As it happened, John Doyle's fifteen wagon government train, which had left Fort Buchanan on 26 December 1860 and had arrived at Albuquerque on 4 February 1861, had indeed been attacked by Apaches near Burro Canyon on 11 January 1861, losing fourteen mules. Bascom declined the exchange.

That evening, Cochise's warriors attacked a five-wagon train transporting flour to the Rio Grande. Three Anglo-Americans were taken captive, and several Mexicans were brutally murdered at the western end of Apache Pass. Cochise had Wallace write a note advising Bascom of the additional hostages. He left it on a bush where it would be found.

At nearly the same time that Cochise's warriors were attacking the wagon train west of the station, the stage from Mesilla entered the east end of the Pass. Despite obstacles, it arrived at the station unmolested, driven by the station-manager's brother, A.B. Culver. Late that night the stage from Tucson was attacked as it rode past the remains of the train that had been carrying flour. Although a mule was killed and the driver wounded, the stage arrived at the station. Aboard this stage were the superintendent for the Overland Mail Company for that section of the road, the principal contractor for Fort Buchanan, and an Army officer on leave.

On the advice of these three passengers, Bascom dispatched six couriers on the evening of 7 February. Apparently, Corporal Adam Frager commanded the party, which included the civilian stage driver, A.B. Culver. The couriers arrived at their destina-

tions, Tucson and Fort Buchanan, the next evening. In response to their request for assistance at Apache Pass Station, the commander at Fort Buchanan dispatched the post surgeon, Dr. Bernard J. D. Irwin, and several privates from H Company. Tucson contributed William Oury and several stage-line employees. Days later, the Fort Breckenridge commander dispatched approximately half of his garrison, seventy dragoons commanded by First Lieutenant Isaiah N. Moore.

While awaiting reinforcements, Bascom's besieged command went on with their routine. On the afternoon of 8 February, not quite twenty-four hours after Bascom had dispatched the couriers, the daily watering of the mules at the spring invited a massive attack from Apaches hidden in the upper recesses of Siphon Canyon and among the cacti on the slopes of Overlook Ridge. Sergeant Robinson was wounded, and one of the stage-station employees was killed. The Apaches made off with twenty-nine of Bascom's government mules and fourteen mules belonging to the Overland Mail Company.

Late on the evening of 10 February, Dr. Irwin's tiny relief column from Fort Buchanan arrived, driving-in a sizeable herd of ponies and cattle which had been captured in the Sulphur Springs Valley that afternoon along with three White Mountain Apaches said by Dr. Irwin to be "depredating."⁹ Four days later, Oury's Tucson crew and the dragoons from Fort Breckenridge arrived. The Apaches had not been seen since the attack on the afternoon of 8 February.

Lieutenant Moore took charge of the troops and commenced a three-day search of the surrounding mountains. Finding only abandoned rancherias, the army officers correctly concluded that the Apaches had fled to Mexico. A search party led by Dr. Irwin found the mutilated remains of Wallace and the other three captives at the western end of the Pass on 18 February.

The next day, enroute to home stations, the soldiers stopped at two large oak trees near where Dr. Irwin had found and

Lieutenant Moore took charge of the troops and commenced a three-day search of the surrounding mountains. Finding only abandoned rancherias, the Army officers correctly concluded that the Apaches had fled to Mexico.

buried the bodies the day before. Through an interpreter, Bascom informed the six prisoners that he would hang them in retaliation.

And he did.

The troops involved returned to their respective posts on 23 February, leaving a fourteen-man detail under Sergeant Murray at Apache Pass. Within weeks, the Overland Mail Company was withdrawn. Meanwhile an all-out military campaign against Cochise was proposed, but it was still in the planning stage when the troops were withdrawn from Forts Buchanan and Breckenridge because of the Civil War.

Aftermath

The hanged Indians were seen by travelers from April through July, long after the stage station had been abandoned. The Apaches regarded the hanging site with horror and never went near it. As late as August 1861, as recorded by Noah Smithwick

Meanwhile an all-out military campaign against Cochise was proposed, but it was still in the planning stage when the troops were withdrawn from Forts Buchanan and Breckenridge because of the Civil War.

in *The Evolution of a State*, an eyewitness reported that "the mummified remains were still swaying in the wind"¹⁰ and that "the coyotes had nibbled off their toes, but otherwise the forms were well preserved." William S. Oury's sister-in-law visited the site in November 1864 and is quoted in the *Arizona Historical Review*, January 1935, as stating that the remains had been cut down and buried on orders of General James H. Carleton two years before, but that "fragments of the ropes were still clinging to the limbs (of the trees) and remnants of their scanty garments are scattered about over the ground."¹¹

It has been fashionable for historians to point to the Bascom Affair to explain Cochise's implacable hostility which kept

him "on the war path" for another ten years. Yet there is compelling evidence that Cochise was "hostile" even before he saw Bascom. Furthermore, the almost supine weakness displayed by the army in the months immediately following the Bascom Affair, for reasons that had nothing to do with Cochise or the Apaches, could only have served to embolden him and his followers.

As for Bascom, there is not enough evidence on which to base credible conclusions about his character. In December 1861, an account highly critical of him emanated from Fort Fauntleroy and has been attributed (in recent times) to a soldier who had been an eyewitness. It now seems almost certain that the author, who signed "Calamus" to his account, was a civilian contract surgeon named Edward H. Boyde who was not at Apache Pass. Similarly, in 1886, a highly colored account appeared in a New York newspaper purporting to have come from a sergeant in Bascom's command. The author, apparently, was the senior principal musician in the Seventh Infantry Band, Hubert Oberly who had remained at Fort Buchanan throughout the Bascom Affair.

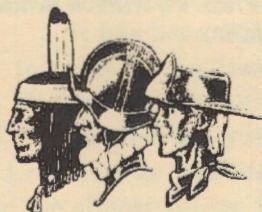
Bascom was killed a year later defending McRae's battery against Texas troops at the Battle of Valverde. Those who actually knew him and wrote about him, Dr. Irwin and Sergeant Robinson, defended him in print, as did the civilian Oury. Bascom seems to have been an average officer. His were errors of judgment, minor and correctable. There is no factual basis for the charge that he singlehandedly started a war with Apaches that lasted ten years and cost millions of dollars.

The picture of Cochise as a friendly Indian unjustly accused and driven to hostility by treachery is similarly a myth.

CHARLES K. MILLS, a resident of Tucson, is the author of several scholarly works relating to the history of the American West, especially to military affairs. Best known perhaps, is his book-length biography *Harvest of Barren Regrets: the Army Career of Frederick William Benteen, 1834-1898*, published by the Arthur H. Clark Company.

NOTES

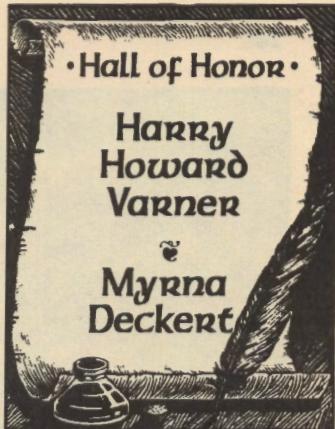
1. *Tucson Arizonian* 9 February 1861.
2. *Tubac Arizonian* 21 April 1859, reprinting a letter from James H. Tevis dated 12 April 1859.
3. Transcript by M. L. Crimmins of an undated *New York World* article (c. 1886) "Why Apaches Made War." An interview with Brooklyn police officer, Hubert Oberly, in Arizona Historical Society files.
4. Bascom to Morrison 14 January (actually February) 1861 in Letters Received, Department of New Mexico 1861.
5. In Daniel Robinson's application to join the Order of Indian Wars, 20 January 1905, copy of application supplied by United States Army Military History Institute, Carlisle Barracks, PA.
6. William S. Oury, "A True History of the Outbreak of the Noted Apache Chieftan Cochise in the Year 1861," *Tucson Star*, 28 June 1877, 5 July 1877, 12 July 1877.
7. *Ibid.*
8. In Daniel Robinson's application to join the Order of Indian Wars, 20 January 1905, copy of application supplied by United States Army Military History Institute, Carlisle Barracks, PA.
9. Irwin to Chapin 25 February 1861 in Letters Received, Department of New Mexico 1861.
10. Noah Smithwick, *The Evolution of a State*, Austin: Gammel Book Company, 1900.
11. "Some Unpublished History of the Southwest," *Arizona Historical Review*, January, 1935.



• Hall of Honor •
1995

Tribute to Harry Howard Varner

By Jack C. Vowell



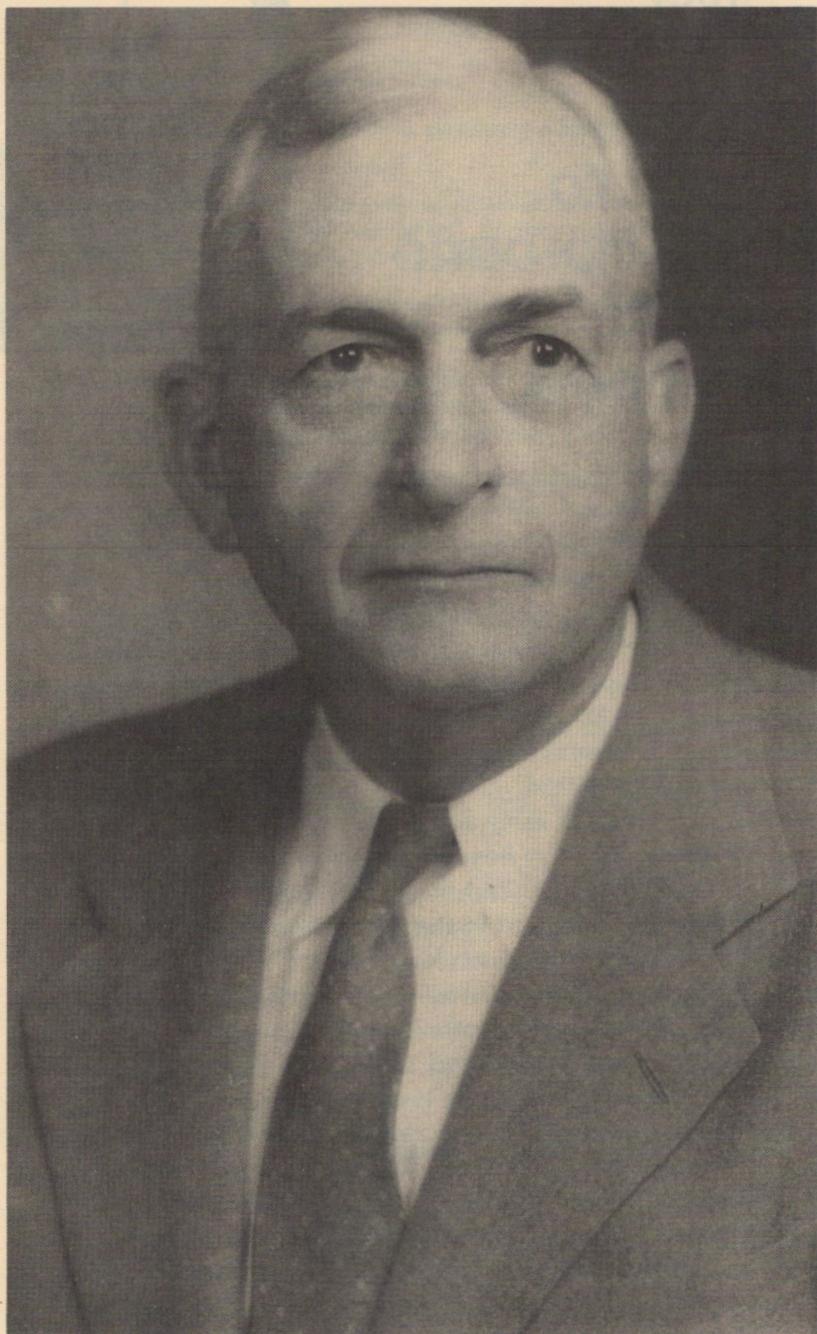
Tonight, the El Paso County Historical Society inducts Harry Howard Varner into its Hall of Honor.

Harry Varner was born in Farquier County, Virginia on December 18, 1885, the son of a farmer. Harry's family emigrated from Germany in the eighteenth century. The family name had originally been Werner, but like many other families who left their European homes, the spelling of the name changed over time and became Americanized.

After spending his early life on the farm, Harry Varner attended the Bethel Military Academy. Two years later, in 1904, he enrolled in the Virginia Polytechnical Institute, or VPI. VPI is now known as Virginia Tech, and in the days when Harry Varner was a student there, it was organized along military lines. Cadet Varner was an outstanding student and made his mark as an athlete. The first year he played on the football team it compiled a winning record which was not bested until 1971, sixty-six years later. In 1907, Harry received a degree in civil engineering.

For the next three years, he worked as athletic manager at VPI and as a school teacher. During this same period, Harry and a group of his friends took a cattle boat to England, where they attended a portion of 1908 Olympic Games. The next year Harry Varner entered the medical school of the University of Virginia.

From 1910 until 1915, Harry studied medicine and continued to exhibit his athletic prowess, both as a player and a coach. Dr. Harry Varner completed his medical education in June, 1914; but he remained one more year as alumni football coach.



*Harry Howard Varner
1885 - 1970*

*"...and so when the alumni meet
To talk and smoke and dream
In future days they'll sing the praise
of Harry Varner's team."*

so wrote a student poet in 1915 and so they sang for many years thereafter; Harry Varner's Virginia team was "the first to beat ole Yale."

Leaving the university setting, Harry Varner went to New York City where he served his internship and met a nurse, Susan Peacock from New Brunswick, Canada. Then in September, 1917, Dr. Harry Varner entered the United States Army in preparation for his embarkation to Europe as part of the World War I American Expeditionary Force. On December 26, just before his leaving the United States, he and Susan Peacock were married.

From 1917 until the spring of 1919 Dr. Varner served in Europe. During the hostilities he treated the casualties of war in field hospitals. The experience of these years marked him deeply as it did many thousands who witnessed the bloody travails of this "war to end all wars."

Once the war was over, Captain Harry Varner was able to begin his active medical practice. He was 34 years old when he and his bride moved to El Paso. The following spring his first daughter, Mary, was born. On January 12, 1923 a son, John David, entered the world. Nine months later, Susan Peacock Varner passed away with pneumonia.

Facing single parenthood, and the starting of a medical practice, were difficult challenges, but with the help of friends and neighbors Harry Varner persevered. During this time he met, at the Westminster Presbyterian Church, a young lady by the name of Mary Hardie. In April 1925 they were married. In August 1926, a son, Harry Varner Jr. was born, and in October, 1927 a daughter, Margaret, entered this world. The Varner family was now complete, and for the next 43 years Harry Varner's influence upon El Paso was significant and incalculable.

Harry Varner's contributions were varied. His love of sports was a major factor in the development of many young people in our community. He was always involved in helping and developing their abilities.

He worked to organize the El Paso Kids Rodeo and coached many of its participants in developing riding skills. He organized

the El Paso Junior Rifle Association, so that children would learn how to use firearms safely. To that end he installed a rifle range in the basement of his own home and conducted marksmanship classes at Austin and El Paso High Schools. These classes were open to any interested students.

During the 1930's and 1940's Harry Varner was extremely active in the El Paso Tennis Club and worked closely with young people in developing their sports potential. He served on the Men's Ranking Committee of the National Tennis Association. His efforts bore fruit as young El Pasoans achieved national championship status – and in the case of his daughter, Margaret, a badminton world championship.

Like his father, Harry Jr. was an avid football player and served as a member of the University of Arizona's football team during his college years.

A remarkable thing about Harry Varner's efforts with youth was his ability to instill self-discipline and achievement without being intrusive. Children learned by his example and because of his support. Instead of a taskmaster, he served as a role model and an advisor. Many El Pasoans who worked with Dr. Varner during his formative years have commented upon his unusual capacity to inspire without making demands.

In addition to his work with youth, Harry Varner was extremely active in community affairs. He was a member of the Chamber of Commerce, the Rotary Club of El Paso, and he was a scoutmaster. For over fifty years he was active in his Masonic Lodge and was recognized for his service to the Scottish Rite Body. Harry Varner was one of the original organizers and supporters of the Sun Carnival. Both he and his wife, Mary, were active members of the El Paso County Historical Society.

As a physician, Harry Varner inspired his colleagues, not only by his skills as a practitioner of the healing arts, but by the high professional standards which he exhibited. He served more than 25 years as a physician for the Southern Pacific Railroad and touched the lives of hundreds of El Pasoans in that capacity. He had a large private practice, which he served with devotion and understanding. For 25 years, Dr. Varner served as a volunteer for the Selective Service System.

To his colleagues in the medical profession, Harry was a friend, a mentor and an exemplar, and I am sure that his abilities served as a motivation for his son John to enter the medical

profession. He served the El Paso County Medical Society as treasurer, secretary and president. He won national recognition for his skills as a physician and was honored posthumously by the El Paso County Medical Society with its S. J. Turner Award in recognition of his service to the medical community.

In talking to Harry Varner's patients, the most common expression of their feelings for him was deep affection and trust. As one of his former patients, I can tell you that I always felt he was concerned about my needs as a person, not just as a patient.

In one of my conversations with Dr. Varner, he told me: "Your brain is like a muscle; if you don't use it, it will wither." His advice to me on that occasion was to choose a subject or activity in which I was interested and to pursue it for three or four years until I had learned something about the subject. "Then," he said, "go on to something new and stimulating."

For many years I watched Dr. Varner follow his own advice as he engaged in numerous "hobbies." The interesting thing was that he changed his activities after about three or four years and went on to something else. He thus maintained control and never became a slave to them as so many of us do. Harry once told me that "ruts are very comfortable, but they get very deep and limiting."

I suppose the salient fact is that Harry had a great faith in the capabilities of his own family and in all people. For this reason, he encouraged those with whom he came in contact to build upon the strengths with which they were endowed.

Harry Howard Varner grew from the soil of rural Virginia and carried with him the virtues and attributes of his heritage. His love of sports, his innate capacity to inspire and train others to realize their full potential, and a deeply rooted faith were exemplified in his life. As a young person, Harry Varner was influenced by the ideals and values which characterized one of his idols - Robert E. Lee. Like Lee, he let his actions speak for themselves. His high character, his moral courage, his quiet nature and the mastery of his profession made Harry Varner a notable figure in our community. He died on November 3, 1970. His daughter, Mary V. Meryweather, once wrote that Harry Varner truly believed in the precept: Christian, rise and act thy creed; let thy prayer be in thy deed; seek the right, perform the true.

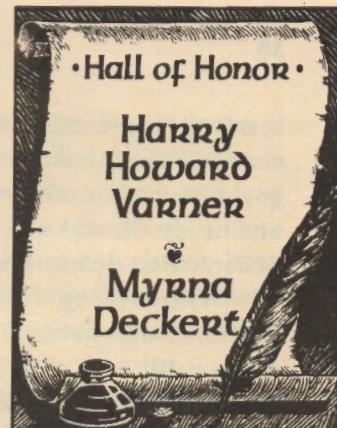


Myrna Deckert

• Hall of Honor •
1995

Tribute to Myrna Deckert

By Charles H. Leavell



Tonight my great privilege and my delight is to share with you the bestowal of a much deserved honor upon a cherished friend.

Myrna Deckert has her roots deeply embedded in the body and soul of El Paso. As the Executive Director of our YWCA she has almost single handedly changed the aspect – the history – of El Paso, entirely for the better. Born in McPherson, Kansas in 1936 she was raised in the bipolar good and evil type of world to find herself professionally engrossed in a new set of values.

Myrna has said to me “that peace and virtue are a function of collaboration and cooperation and those other modern beliefs are separating people.”

Taking her value and her deep capabilities as a leader, Myrna has built the El Paso YWCA into the largest in the United States. She moved to El Paso in 1958 as the young bride of Ray Deckert who recently said to me “I regret that I have but one wife to give to my city’s infrastructure.” She attended Texas Western College and by 1969 was deeply involved (emotionally, spiritually and physically) in the YWCA. Today the operating budget is \$19 million having grown from a \$100,000 budget in 1970 into a multimillion dollar agency serving more than 75,000 individuals annually.

As its modern leader, Myrna Deckert, ably supported by her staff and backed by her Board of Directors, has quickly and decisively met imminent and long range challenges. They have had the courage and the foresight to raise formidable community and outside funds, then use those funds wisely and carefully.

Shirley, my wife, and I have watched with pride as Myrna and her team set community examples of improving our way of life –

teaching the youth of the city, caring for babies, children, single women – all of those in need. The Y has been an example to federal government (not always heeded) on how to care for our indigent and needy citizens and training them to be self reliant, productive Jeffersonian democrats.

With a deep and spiritual belief in giving of herself to others, it was natural that Myrna Deckert would devote service to the institution of her choice – the YWCA – because she believed in the viability and validity of that institution. She has been its spark plug.

Tribute to Myrna Deckert

by Jeanne McCarty

I stand before you tonight the perfect example of someone who never intended to get mixed up in the YWCA. Little old ladies faithfully going to exercise classes never held much attraction for me, although it is obvious that such should have been the case.

What I didn't realize in the 1960's was that when Myrna Deckert zeroes in, one has little choice. A short-term commitment to her board suddenly evolves into a lifetime obligation.

In 1973, when she and the nominating committee asked me to become President of the YWCA, I questioned my sanity – and theirs. Adding to my dilemma was the knowledge that Myrna most likely would not survive a recently diagnosed malignancy.

Without her, I could not and did not want to lead anything. This was just the first time that I underestimated her persuasiveness, and I only agreed to serve on the condition that she wouldn't die on me. She had only to say two words, "I PROMISE." That was twenty-two years ago and, from that day forward, I was the doomed one, not she.

That is a part of her genius – the ability to recruit and work with her volunteers. Many executives simply work volunteers but Myrna works "with" her volunteers. She once told me that her father, whom she adored, said that if he could teach her but one thing in life, it would be how to work. How pleased he would be that he taught her so well. Work – Work With – and YW – for Myrna it's the W's that make the difference.

Some have called Myrna a dreamer. Perhaps. But, a dreamer most often has an idea and sees the end result - the whole. A genius, on the other hand, has the idea, sees it in parts and how those parts sustain each other to result in the whole.

This is why the Deckert era at the YWCA has clearly been one of action. She challenged her board to initiate problem-solving programs, many strictly pioneer, that would contribute to the well-being of all segments of our society. Her innovative ness has been well documented in the latest *El Conquistador* and I will not take the time to recount it tonight, but there are literally scores of women and girls in this community whose lives have been enriched by, and who owe their sense of self-regard to, Myrna and the YWCA.

Lest you mistakenly believe that she thinks only of the YWCA, think again. By virtue of her position, the advancement of women and girls has naturally been paramount, but her real genius is measured by her ability to inspire both women *and* men to action.

Just ask the Rotarians, the United Way, the Texas Day Care Providers Association, UT El Paso's Business Advisory Council. Ask UNITE El Paso, the Project Change Task Force, Leadership El Paso, the National Council of Jewish Women. Ask the Sertomans, the AAUW, LULAC, the Volunteer Bureau, the Executive Forum. And ask the Texas Tech Medical Foundation, Columbia Medical Center East and the Directors at Texas Commerce Bank. From these groups you will hear the true story of Myrna's usefulness to our world.

Myrna, you have made El Paso richer in our walk together. Thank you for sharing your spirit of service, your enjoyment in accomplishment but, most of all, thank you for keeping your PROMISE.

Others who share our gratitude for your life are the special guests of the Society tonight. Let me introduce Myrna's family. You have already met her husband Ray, now meet three of their four children: Shelley Dick of Baton Rouge, Kim Herrera of Palm Desert, CA, and Michael Deckert of El Paso. Regretfully, Charles Deckert could not be here tonight. Also, it is a special pleasure to welcome Myrna's mother, Grace George of Exeter, CA, who is somewhat an expert of hard work herself.

Tribute to Myrna Deckert

by Joyce Jaynes

When asked to second the nomination of Myrna Deckert to be considered by the Selection Committee for induction into the Historical Society's Hall of Honor, I said it would be MY honor. After she was chosen, I was asked if I would say a few words about her at tonight's dinner. I said, "Oh, no...I can't do that...not because I don't love, respect and appreciate her, but because my vocabulary simply doesn't have the necessary adjectives to do justice to one who has made history for El Paso with her tremendous accomplishments in the field of human services."

Myrna and I have worked together for over thirty years and during that period of time, I have watched as she has made that history, not only in El Paso but nationally and internationally as well. She is an authority in her field and her advice is sought from many who work in the area of human services. She is respected for her wisdom, her integrity, her honesty and especially for her remarkable leadership.

When asked to define how to be a leader, someone said, "Find a parade and get in front of it!" To be sure, Myrna is not only at the head of the parade...she initiates it, organizes it and leads it to completion, accomplishing the desired goals.

One cannot separate Myrna from the YW. It is a unique organization and, as such, needs a unique person to lead it. Myrna qualifies on every score. She is one of a kind and she (with the help of a very fine and loyal staff and Board of Directors) has definitely impacted history for this community in effectively improving the lives of women, girls and their families.

Living in a community whose per capita income is but \$7,000 per year and whose average family income is only \$21,000 per year, the need is great for human services and with Myrna's leadership the YW has met a great portion of this need. By carefully managing its resources, the YWCA has also made a great economic impact on the community...employing over 700 El Pasoans, spending \$4,500,000 with local suppliers and vendors, and through the innovative Consumer Credit Counseling Service returning \$3,500,000 annually to local creditors.

On the national level, Myrna has been a leader in instituting innovative and progressive programs. I have observed her at many national meetings and national conventions where her influence and wisdom have resulted in dramatic change. We in El Paso are fortunate that she has refused many offers for better paying jobs elsewhere! The El Paso YWCA has been the prototype for programs at the national level and has received awards and praise across the country.

Internationally, she also exerts wide influence and has helped to put El Paso on the map. Recently, when the World YW needed some leadership training for some undeveloped countries, the El Paso YWCA was chosen for the Job.

Myrna is tireless in her efforts in achieving the high goals she sets for herself, her staff and the Board of Directors. She is dedicated and committed and works 16 to 18 hours a day to get the job done, as her husband will attest.

Speaking of commitment...I recall an incident that happened several years ago when Myrna stayed very late for a meeting at the Central YW. At that time she was living in Horizon City and while driving home on the freeway some nutty guy kept driving alongside her. She sped up, he sped up. She slowed down, he slowed down. After a few anxious moments she thought, "How can I get away from this BOZO?" Then she remembered that she was wearing a wig (as a result of the chemotherapy treatments she was taking) and the next time he pulled alongside, she turned on the interior lights, simply lifted her wig off and scared the poor fellow half to death. No one can say that Myrna is not creative!

Yes, she is creative, but she also is a visionary. Working with her Long Range Planning Committee, the Board of Directors has developed a plan called "Vision 2009" (the year the YWCA of El Paso will be 100 years old). The committee surveyed and gathered community information to determine future needs in our area so the organization can be prepared to address them. Leadership training and leadership development for women are foremost goals to accomplish that vision, so the making of history continues.

A headline in the *El Paso Times* last week read, "Golf Superstar Trevino Makes El Paso Proud." I say, "YWCA Superstar Myrna Deckert Makes El Paso Proud."

Congratulations to you Myrna, and to the El Paso County Historical Society for choosing you for our Hall of Honor.

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Abandoned Terrazas Mansion Still Retains its Splendor

By Douglas V. Meed

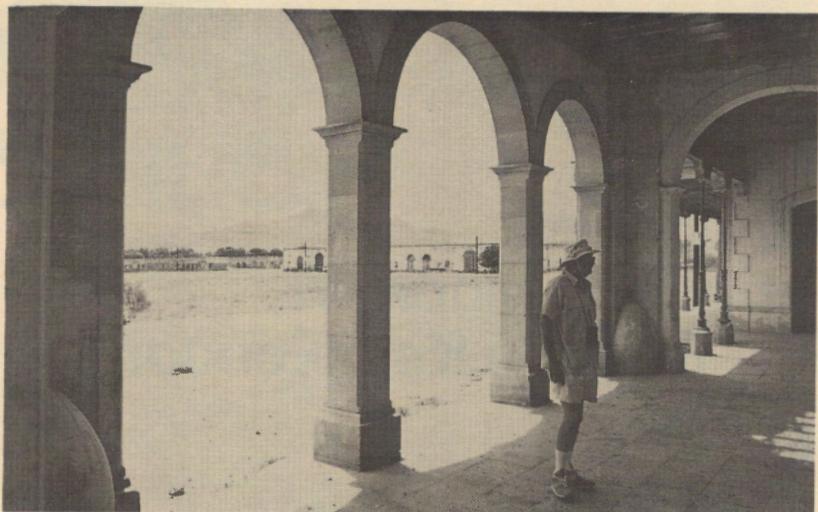
The Hacienda de San Diego sits majestically on a barren hill looking down on the outbuildings where the *peons* and the horses once lived in crowded proximity. From its vast portico, Don Luis Terrazas could survey the plantings of corn, beans, and vegetables grown in the fertile fields below. Raising his eyes to the distant hills, he could view some of the tens of thousands of cattle that made up his giant empire.

That was the way it was. But since 1913 when the Mexican Revolution unraveled and split Chihuahua into viciously warring factions, the massive Hacienda has either lain vacant or its looted chambers have been used to store old machinery or to dump trash.

The spectacular structure, built in a giant rectangle enclosing an inner courtyard which boasted a circular fountain, was made partly of heavy pink and brownish stone. Some of its inner and outer walls were made lustrous with a heavy layer of white plaster.

The roof and walls are supported by heavy, thick wooden beams with steel supports. Its ceiling, soaring almost twenty feet from the floor, keep the rooms cool even in the summer afternoons of desert heat. Surrounding the front of the structure is a wide porch supported by sturdy steel columns. It was built to last a thousand years. And well it may.

Its time of grandeur, however, lasted less than a decade, and its interior has lain in ruins for almost eighty years. Hacienda de San Diego was built between 1902 and 1904 as a northwestern headquarters for the vast Terrazas domain.



The author in the archways of Hacienda de San Diego.

Don Luis Terrazas himself was the stuff of legend. His empire in the state of Chihuahua was so vast that once when he was asked, "How much of your land is in the State of Chihuahua?" he boasted, "The State of Chihuahua is on my land." It was nearly true. Another time, when a Chicago cattle buyer wired, "Can you sell me fifty-thousand head?" Don Luis replied, "What color?"

The economic empire of the Terrazas clan at the turn of the century was unequaled, not only in Mexico, but in all of Latin America. It was a domain that included cattle, banking (he owned twenty percent of all the assets in Mexican banks), manufacturing, and mining.

His holdings included ten million acres of the finest and best-watered land in the state. More than 400,000 cattle grazed these ranches with room for 100,000 sheep and 25,000 horses. The San Diego Hacienda alone encompassed 122,306 acres of which 2,500 were cultivated for foodstuffs. On these lands, hundreds of *campesinos* were dependent on the Terrazas' largesse for jobs and subsistence.

It took two major events to make the Hacienda de San Diego possible. The first occurred during the latter two decades of the nineteenth century when Luis' young cousin, Joaquin Terrazas, smashed Apache Indian power in Chihuahua in a series of brutal campaigns. As late as 1879, raiding Apaches had captured the nearby town of Casas Grandes and held it for ransom. Secondly,

in 1898, the Rio Grande, Sierra Madre, and Pacific stretched its steel rails 175 miles southwest from its terminus at El Paso to the farming and cattle-raising community of Nuevo Casas Grandes.

Free from Apache attack, and with the railroad providing a quick all-weather market in El Paso, Terrazas was ready to build his castle a few miles southwest of Nuevo Casas Grandes. Today, a few fading memories dimly recall the splendors of the old hacienda, but in the cool evenings of a Chihuahuan summer, under a moonlit sky, one can imagine...

In your mind, you can hear the lively strains of the *mariachis* at fiesta-time as they serenaded the *grandees* arriving in their carriages which were drawn by matched horses. Chinese lanterns, laced through the steel columns which supported the porch, added to the merry scene. As the ladies in their grand dresses and with high Spanish combs in their hair alighted on the arms of their tuxedoed husbands, they were met by the grand *patron*, Don Luis himself. With his flowing long white beard and his grand manner, lively now even though he was in his seventies, Don Luis greeted them with *Mi casa es su casa*. Seated in the large dining room, they would partake of the scrumptious food and the fine French wines, all enhanced by the strains of a string quartet. It was, indeed, a time of grandeur.

It was a different Mexico for the hard-working and abused laboring class of people in the state of Chihuahua, however. In 1910, resentments resulting from low wages, debt peonage, abuse of workers, class prejudices, and political tyranny set-off an explosion of revolution that rocked Mexico for a decade.

Embittered peasants seized the vast Terrazas lands. Rough boots tramped across the soft carpets of the Hacienda, and ill-tempered soldiers cut their names and sometimes curses into the plaster of the interior walls. While the parquetted floors were ripped-up for campfires, tough revolutionaries watered their horses in the tiled fountain. Terrazas' vast herds provided the commissary for the armies of Madero, Villa, Orozco, and Huerta as they fought back and forth across Northern Mexico.

In 1913, Don Luis, his family, and retainers were forced to flee from their last refuge in Chihuahua City. Struggling across the desert in a forlorn caravan, the 84-year-old patriarch reached a haven in El Paso, where he lived for seven years. After a brief sojourn in California, he returned to Mexico in 1923 where he died at the age of ninety-four.

Today, the old mansion is quiet. Some of the members of the *Ejido de San Diego*, the cooperative farming community which took over the land after the revolution, still live in the old out-buildings where the Terrazas peasants lived. But no one lives in the old Hacienda mansion.

When asked why, some of the men shrug and say "*Quien sabe, señor?*" But one man suggested, "Perhaps it is the curse." For, as the old *hacendado* fled his vast domains, he was said to have put a curse on anyone who slept in his houses. And today, even eighty years later, the curse of Don Luis Terrazas, the grand lord of Chihuahua, is not something one takes lightly.



To reach the Terrazas Mansion from Juárez:

Turn west onto Highway 2, a paved 2-lane road. Drive for approximately 160 miles until you reach Janos. Take Highway 213 south for 35 miles to Nuevo Casas Grandes. You can secure the services of a guide at the Hacienda Motel. Ask for Señor Gregorio Saenz. From the motel, drive past the old town of Casas Grandes for about 15 miles until the pavement ends. From there, a bewildering number of dirt roads branch-out in several directions. On the right road, it's a bumpy 10 miles to the old Hacienda.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: An earlier version of this article appeared in The El Paso Times in September 1992.



Susan McSween Barber

Cattle Queen of New Mexico

By Deen Underwood

Susan sat beside her new husband, Alexander McSween, a promising young lawyer. Her hopes were high that they would settle down in a growing town and Mac, as she called him, would begin a thriving law practice. He had studied law at Washington University at St. Louis, and shortly after gaining his license, he and Susan were married in August 1873 in Atchison, Kansas.

Mac was a chronic sufferer of asthma and Sue felt that a move to the southwest was advisable. They had no location in mind, but fate, in the figure of a chance traveling companion, stepped in and turned the couple toward Lincoln, New Mexico.

They arrived penniless in a farmer's wagon in March of 1875. Sue and Mac had left a dim trail behind them, but not dim enough to discourage the whispered guesses concerning their abrupt departure from Kansas. When the brilliant young lawyer brought his bride to the Southwest, the fire of ambition drove them. Sue was determined to find their "El Dorado" in Lincoln.

Mac hung-out his shingle, and did well enough to provide an expensive wardrobe for his wife. She insisted on a new home and furnished it in the most elegant style available, which included a piano. Mac became vice-president of the Lincoln County Bank and became a partner in a general store with John Tunstall. Sue was proud of Mac's accomplishments, and their future in Lincoln looked promising indeed.

Sue attracted attention. Her pile of carefully curled hair topped a slightly puffy, sweet face. Her figure was a shade ample and many thought her beautiful. Her dazzling gowns and makeup

added to that impression. She was the best dressed woman in Lincoln, and that aroused jealousy among the others of her sex. "Mrs. McSween always looked like a big doll," said one observer.

Sue thought their future looked bright until Mac was drawn into the struggle against the warring faction of the cattle country. For some years, the Dolan-Murphy-Ryan partnership had completely controlled trade in and around Lincoln. The English rancher, Tunstall, had opposed the powerful firm and demonstrated this by backing the opening of the McSween store.

Sue's womanly intuition made her dubious about the store venture, feeling that they should leave well enough alone and stick with Mac's law practice as their sole livelihood. Plainly, the new store would be a thorn in the side of the Murphy-Dolan-Riley organization as unwanted rivalry for the town's business. Sue feared that they would resort to any means to oust the new competition. She had warned Mac about the possibility of foul play, but he refused to carry a gun.

The store was barely completed when the idea of a bank was conceived. It was placed in one end of the store. This was the first bank in southern New Mexico, the Lincoln County Bank. John Chisum was president, Alexander A. McSween was vice-president, and John Tunstall was cashier.

It was not long before the young lawyer was embroiled in a bitter war. Both sides hired desperadoes and outlaws who left a bloody trail of ambush and murder in the territory. John Tunstall was ambushed and shot. One of his ranch hands, William Bonney, the notorious "Billy the Kid," swore vengeance on Tunstall's killers. Sue was helpless in halting the killing and raiding.

William A. Keleher, in his *Violence in Lincoln County*, tells the story of how Billy the Kid was trapped in the McSween home. After waiting from July 15-19, 1878, United States Army Colonel Nathan A. M. Dudley of Fort Stanton, ordered the McSween house to be torched. Keleher says that Sue begged and pleaded with Dudley not to destroy her home, but he was indifferent. He was bent on destruction and consumed with the glory of victory, and capturing or killing the Kid would be a feather in his cap. He decided, however, to allow the women and children to leave the burning house.

As the house burned, the Kid and his gang finally decided to make a run for it. They shot it out with the army and the

Murphy-Dolan-Riley hired killers, and, as luck would have it, The Kid escaped unscathed. Most of the others died in the attempt.

Sue saw her husband who was unarmed, surrendering with his hands in the air. She witnessed her husband's death in front of her burning home. Mac had four bullet wounds in his body, but Dudley claimed that Mac was "accidentally" shot. Dudley offered to attend to the burial, but Sue, in her grief, screamed "Don't you dare touch my husband's body!"

From that moment, Sue McSween vowed revenge for her husband's death. Dudley claimed that McSween had been killed in the line of duty, but Sue saw it as an act of cold-blooded murder. She filed suit against Dudley for burning her house and killing her husband. The charges were arson and murder. Even if his own hand had not lighted the torch which burned her home, or fired one of the bullets which actually killed her husband, Dudley had done nothing to halt the slaughter. He was brought to trial, but no official verdict was reached. The colonel, however, was later cashiered from the army for his part in the affair.

McSween's death finally brought the Lincoln County War to an end. Murphy-Dolan-Riley declared bankruptcy; Tunstall and McSween were dead, and Billy the Kid and his gang went into hiding. Susan buried her husband, but not her dreams and prestige. Nobody wanted respectability more than Sue McSween who had braved the dangers of the Lincoln County War at her husband's side, and who would struggle for years to right the wrongs against her late husband's estate. Most of what we know about the McSween's involvement in the Lincoln County War came from letters written by Sue herself.

Because of the indelible stain upon her reputation which had been created by Lincoln gossips and the Dudley affidavits which



Susan McSween Barber
Source: M. G. Fulton Collection,
Special Collections, University
of Arizona Library.

accused her of infidelity, she knew that she could never have complete respectability. But she would make an attempt. Pushing aside the agony of bitter memories, she began to rebuild her life. Of those who played a major role in the Lincoln County War and survived, no one showed more grit than did Sue. Being resolute, and with a dauntless spirit, she gained the admiration and respect of almost every citizen.

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For a while, she lived in a small but tastefully furnished house in Lincoln. Sue sold the store, and with the funds she salvaged from her late husband's estate, bought land near Three Rivers from Pat Coghlan and went into the cattle-ranching business. In 1880 she married George Barber, a surveyor and lawyer. Sue plunged into the raising of stock on

the west side of Sierra Blanca.

While George practiced law in Lincoln and White Oaks, Sue alone managed the ranch. In 1888 the *Lincoln County Leader* reported: "She planned and supervised the construction of all the building on the place. She designed the location of the fences, corrals, and all the necessary works of this character, at the same time overseeing the cowboys, masons, carpenters, and farm hands. She also had crews working and establishing grain fields, vegetable gardens, fruit orchards, and berry patches."

At a time when women were expected to remain meekly obedient in the kitchen, Sue's achievement in developing the Three Rivers Ranch stamps her as an able and persevering woman. If her role in the Lincoln County War reflected these traits, as the evidence suggests, she influenced the chain of events more acutely than anyone suspected.

Publicity and prosperity came to Sue as her fame spread beyond New Mexico. She was a prospector, mining valuable silver on her property. In 1891, she presided over a range grazing five thousand head of cattle, and Susan McSween Barber became known as the "Cattle Queen of New Mexico," a title well deserved.

Sue McSween managed the cattle ranch until 1917, when she sold Tres Rios to Albert B. Fall, whose soaring political star would crash abruptly eight years later in the wreckage of the Teapot Dome Scandal.

Susan McQueen Barber lived her last years in White Oaks, attending the local functions and events. The terrible years had grayed her hair and carved lines of suffering on her face. White Oaks had already begun descending toward its ultimate fate as a ghost town. Sue, in an old wooden frame house, in a dying town, was dying as well. She passed away at the age of eighty-six on January 3, 1931.

In the end, Sue McSween outmaneuvered, outlasted, and outlived all her enemies and fought her way to the position in life that she had always wanted. She was as brave as she was proud, and never admitted to any of the accusations leveled against her during her lifetime. Whatever doubts there were as to her honesty or her virtue, no one could say that she lacked the courage to speak her mind. She was spirited, vain, ambitious, and defiant, and what secrets she had, she took to her grave. The extent of her contributions to the events of the Lincoln County War are considerably greater than any book has yet shown. As meticulous as she was in her business dealings, an irony remains. Her large tombstone in Cedarville Cemetery in White Oaks bears the misspelled name: "MacSween" instead of "McSween."

DEEN UNDERWOOD was born in Louisville, Kentucky, but lived in El Paso where her father was an attorney. She and her husband, Hamilton, live in El Paso where she teaches Computer Information Systems in the Ysleta Schools. Deen has a Bachelor of Science degree in Education and a Masters Degree in Computers in Education. She is the mother of two sons, Paul and John. Deen writes stories and articles and has published her own volume of western poetry, *Remembrance*. She has written a pictorial biography *Leon Metz, El Paso's Legendary Historian* and she is currently writing a book on the heroines of the Old West.

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John Francis (Jack) Findlay

By Paxton Price

After spending a lifetime involved in many of the principal events that occurred along the Rio Grande in Southern New Mexico, Findlay began emptying his memory of selected events and recording them for publication in *Password*. His last reminiscences appeared when he was ninety-four years old. Jack Findlay died in Dallas, Texas on November 30, 1972 at ninety-five years of age. As an experienced reporter who had been personally engaged in a wide variety of activities in territories which were developing into states, John F. Findlay deserves to be the subject of an article in the journal that carried some of his "memory reports." Findlay's articles: the story about Toribio Huerta, published in 1962; the story of the 1900 robbery of the Bowman Bank in Las Cruces, published in 1963; and descriptions of the unusual character of Sadie Orchard and of the stagecoach driver from Lake Valley, published in 1971, demonstrate Findlay's qualifications as a reporter of history.¹

He was educated at Trinity College in Ireland and at Edinburgh University in Scotland.² At age twenty-one he arrived in Southern New Mexico as a prospective employee of a British financial combine that had been lured to the Southwest to build a dam across the Rio Grande. After completion, the combine intended to sell the impounded water for irrigation. Dr. Nathan Boyd, a Las Cruces land developer, had persuaded the British to locate in the Elephant Butte area and had secured a United States government permit for them to construct the dam.

Realizing the international consequences of the intended enterprise, the United States government stopped the construction

of the dam. It was obvious that Mexico also had an interest in the impending development and it took many years to settle the various issues surrounding the location of a dam that would support irrigation and the sharing of water. Elimination of the British scheme left Findlay adrift in a strange country without means of support.

Findlay was not disheartened, and he decided to remain in the Mesilla Valley to find a congenial occupation. Other than having a classical education from institutions in the United Kingdom, he had no training or special experience to qualify him for a job in the developing New Mexico territory. The fact that he had been born of Scotch parents on March 4, 1877, in Ceylon, where his father was a British official, did not enhance his applications for employment. Young Findlay established a residence in Mesilla Park and lived there from 1890 to 1902.

His first employment, temporary to be sure, was as a census taker in Vado in 1900. Next he tried his hand at being a cowboy. He then acquired a position as a sheriff's deputy under Pat Garrett in Las Cruces, a job that paid better than the others for a longer period of time. That led, in 1910, to his employment on a ranch in the Organ Mountains, but again, he went back up the river valley to Rincon and Garfield and a position as store manager for Lee Elliott.

Politics was an attractive activity during the territory-wide movement for statehood. Findlay eagerly joined and became active in the dominant Republican party. His enthusiasm resulted in his running for a seat on the county commission in 1911, an election which he won. As an election "victor," he served on the county Republican executive committee in 1912.

By that time, Findlay was well known in the county and was popular with the people in the Rincon valley. He built a home there which seemed to indicate that he had settled permanently. In 1931, however, opportunity knocked at his door and he and C.A. Haines, opened a general merchandise store in Hatch, imaginatively called Hatch Mercantile Store.³ Despite its

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promise as a good business, the store failed after less than one year of operation.

There was nothing else to do but find another job. In 1915, he served as a sales agent for the Elephant Butte Water Users Association. That operation seemed to be on the verge of big business development with the impending completion of the Elephant Butte Dam. The job paid well—\$100 per month plus the use of a car.⁴

Apparently, it did not live-up to its promise, and did not satisfy him, and soon Findlay's "itching feet" took him back to

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the Mesilla Valley where he opened a real estate office in Las Cruces in 1916. Several important events took place in his new life in the county seat. He was married to Edna Van Patten, the niece of Colonel Eugene Van Patten.⁵ In March of 1916, Pancho Villa raided Columbus, New Mexico, and fear that the Mexican Revolution would spill over into New Mexico spread throughout the state. Consequently, a State Mounted Police was hurriedly organized into which Findlay was mobilized. This was followed by recruitment into Company A of the Voluntary Home Guard. He finished his military service

with the state as adjutant in Colonel Eugene Van Patten's unit.⁶

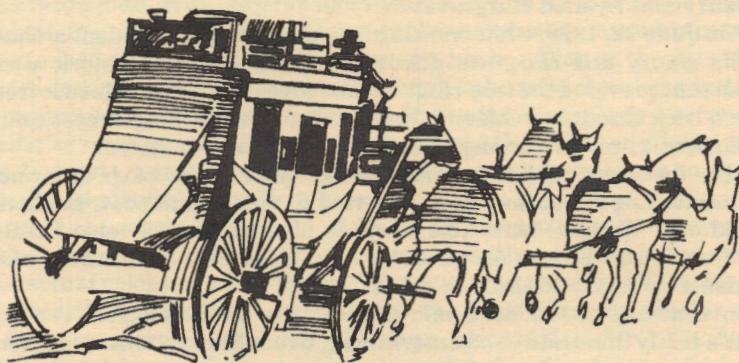
Since military action for these organizations, other than some part-time patrol duty, failed to materialize, Findlay felt free to pursue his own interests. He successfully ran for membership on the county commission in 1917. The members of the commission then elected him to chair the group.⁷

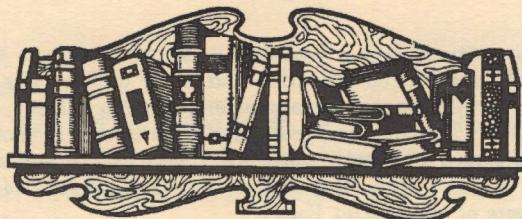
Findlay, then forty-nine years old, is reported to have spent the next twenty-three years in a mining venture in Mexico. When he reached the age of seventy-two, he retired to Las Cruces. It was there that he began to record his experiences along the Rio Grande—a fitting endeavor, for it was the Rio Grande that, in 1898, first lured the eager young Findlay to the Mesilla Valley.

PAXTON PRICE is a retired executive and Army officer. His roots are in Doña Ana County where he grew-up and attended public schools. He attended New Mexico Military Institute and graduated from George Peabody College in Tennessee. Advanced graduate work was done at Columbia University. Price now lives in Las Vegas, New Mexico, and is the author of the recently published *Pioneers of the Mesilla Valley*.

NOTES

1. *Password*, XVI 1. 1971.
2. *Ibid.* VII 2. 1962.
3. *Rio Grande Republican*. December 12, 1912: *Las Cruces Citizen*, January 4, 1913.
4. *Las Cruces Citizen*, July 31, 1915.
5. *Ibid.* July 31, 1915: *Rio Grande Republican*, August 18, 1916.
6. Findlay's first wife was named Riba Gindlay. Little is known about her.
7. *Rio Grande Republican*, December 1916.





Book Reviews

GREAT EXCAVATIONS by Melinda Elliott. School of American Research Press. Distributed by the University of Washington Press, Seattle, \$40.00/\$20.00.

The drama of Southwestern archaeology revealed in this new book comes alive in Melinda Elliott's fascinating saga of the adventure and romance in "big digs." Writing for the general audience, Elliott, a long time resident of Santa Fe, focuses on the individuals who challenged the unknown to uncover the story of the lost cultures of the Southwest.

Elliott describes the painstaking work and spectacular finds at the most magnificent prehistoric villages of New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, and Colorado. She takes us behind the scenes with the Wetherill brothers at Mesa Verde; A.V. Kidder at Pecos Pueblo; Earl Morris at Aztec Ruin; F.W. Hodge at Hawikuh; Neil Judd at Pueblo Bonito; Emil W. Haury at Snaketown; J.O. Brew at Awatovi; and the Rainbow Bridge-Monument Valley Expedition along the Utah-Arizona border.

Using personal letters, historical photographs, reports, and interviews with family members and contemporaries, Elliott explores the lives and characters of the early Southwestern archaeologists. She shows the dramatic and sometimes humorous adventures that are as exciting as fiction for the reader, as in the description of a crucial discovery by Emil W. Haury and Lyndon Hargrave.

"On June 22, 1929, while working for (A. E.) Douglas, student archaeologists Haury and Hargrave discovered HH-39, the prehistoric wood sample that provided the tree-rings needed to complete the sequence from modern back through prehistoric times. 'That was the single most exciting moment in my archaeological career' Haury remembered.

"The discovery of that specimen, which later archaeologists termed the 'Rosetta Log of Southwestern tree-ring dating' meant that, as Haury pointed out, 'We have been able to speak of the ages of Pueblo Bonito, the Mesa Verde Ruins, Aztec, Betatakin, Keet Seel and others with confidence in terms of absolute dates.'

In contrast to the academic approach in archaeological reports, Elliott's richly illustrated and entertaining Great Excavations is fascinating for the general reader and the archaeologist. The book reads smoothly and contains a minimum of archaeological jargon. It traces the transformation of archaeology from an amateur pursuit into a scientific discipline. As Elliott observes "many of the interpretations stemming from these pioneering excavations are now outdated...it is interesting to note

that a number of conclusions reached inductively by the pioneering archaeologists still hold."

Anyone interested in the Southwest and its magnificent ruins will find this book an interesting account. I would like to see a book following Great Excavations portraying famous excavations of the second half of the twentieth century.

HERBERT C. MORROW
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THE JUAN PAEZ HURTADO EXPEDITION OF 1695: Fraud in Recruiting Colonists for New Mexico by John D. Colligan. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1995, \$24.95

Three centuries ago, the campaigns of Don Diego de Vargas successfully reconquered New Mexico after the Pueblo Revolt of 1680 – the very same revolt which had led to the establishment of the missions in the Paso del Norte Valley. In order to repopulate and reinforce Spanish control of the New Mexico area, the government authorized two expeditions. The first of these, the Velasco-Farfán Expedition of 1693-94, was organized in Mexico City – under the careful eye of viceregal officials. But the second, the Paez Hurtado undertaking of 1695, was assembled in Zacatecas and Durango, two places far removed from close scrutiny.

To encourage the recruitment of colonists for the northern province, the government provided for a subsidy to be paid to each family to cover the costs of the long trek northward.

This subsidy, 320 pesos to each family of four or more and 300 pesos to each smaller family, was based on the calculated distance of 400 leagues from Zacatecas to Santa Fe. Royal officials were supposed to "pass muster," or physically account for each colonist, and carefully audit Paez Hurtado's expense reports.

Juan Paez Hurtado, who had participated with Diego de Vargas in the reconquest, was Vargas's hand-picked candidate to lead the second re-colonizing expedition. There seems to be no question as to his competency to lead the colonists north, however, his handling of the subsidies allotted to him for distribution to the families became a major question. Contemporaneous accounts charged that the families were re-arranged in order to maximize the subsidy available and they further alleged that Paez Hurtado secretly deposited a chest containing some six to seven thousand pesos with friends in Parral.

An inquest held at the end of Diego de Vargas' tenure as governor detailed the allegations, but the issue could not be resolved because the list of actual colonists who composed the group was nowhere to be found.

Almost three hundred years later, the Paez Hurtado muster roll was found in an archive in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and published in 1978. Now, John Colligan proceeds to dissect and audit this document, which he accepts as authentic. The evidence he offers and the methods he uses to unravel this three-centuries-old occurrence of alleged graft challenge the readers to draw their individual conclusions as to the guilt or innocence of Juan Paez Hurtado.

While those conclusions may vary from reader to reader, one thing is certain: as presented by Colligan, the story of this seventeenth century Spaniard who was "always on the verge of disaster as far as accusations were concerned" adds a new twist to our knowledge of an important period of New Mexico history.

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THE WORLD OF THE MEXICAN WORKER IN TEXAS by Emilio Zamora. College Station: Texas A&M University Press, 1993/1995, \$39.50/\$15.95

Although this is the paperback edition of a prizewinning work published two years ago, it deserves attention nonetheless. First, I must caution that those who hope to find discussions about El Paso workers here will be disappointed. There are some references to meetings here, some discrimination, and a 1919 survey of female workers' salaries. But this is actually a study of Mexican workers in South Texas.

For many years, Mexican workers were seen as docile, tractable, apathetic, "unorganizable workers and potential strikebreakers" by their employers and even some scholars (Intro.). How then, do you account for the civil rights and farmworkers struggles, the "proliferation of numerous Mexican workers' organizations and the impressive voter registration drives" of the 1970s and 1980s? Emilio Zamora, using previously unused archival materials (in Spanish), sets out to explain this seeming contradiction.

Using what he calls the "new" labor history approach – studies that "incorporate [work and community] social and cultural experiences," Zamora destroys the docile, unorganizable stereotype. By focusing on the experiences of early 20th Century Mexican workers in South Texas, he proves conclusively what should have been obvious to anyone who would have bothered to look. Mexican workers were very conscious of their status and situation and almost always attempted to alleviate that situation – through everything from voluntary, mutualist-benevolent societies to labor unions.

First, however, the author investigates just how it was that this pool of workers came about. Economic changes in Porfirian Mexico, especially in the Northeastern Mexican states led to the formation of numbers of railroad workers and farm workers (particularly from the Laguna-Torreón area). Parallel changes along the U.S.-Mexico border, like the South Texas area, would obviously attract many of these job-seekers to Texas. The first two or three chapters can be slow and tedious, but remember that the author is laying the foundation for the particular form of workers' response. These chapters are necessary.

Chapters on the variety of voluntary organizations, Federal Labor Union No. 11953, activities of the Magonistas, and the A.F. of L make it very clear that these were indeed not the sheep-like workers many wanted to believe they were. How these workers banded together and how both their employers and fellow Anglo-American citizens reacted is the most interesting and readable part of this book.

The value of the book is enhanced by the various photos of the major characters as well as of the meeting halls. The Texas A&M University Press is to be commended for making this extra effort. Although maybe one map of Texas, especially of the towns and cities discussed, would have helped.

Still, this is a valuable addition to the history of Chicano and labor history in Texas and certainly deserves the awards it received. It gives us a look at a particular group of Texas workers, from their own perspective, and how their responses to their peculiar laboring situation led to the successes of the 1970s and 1980s.

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History Division
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TEXAS BOUNDARIES: Evolution of the State's Counties by Luke Gournay. College Station: Texas A&M University Press, 1995, \$29.50

Not only is Texas the largest thawed-out state in the Union, but it also contains the most counties — 254 — that have evolved from the original twenty-three which were created when the Republic of Texas became independent in 1836. Twenty-two of these were in East Texas, where the three largest were Red River, Nacogdoches, and Milam counties. The twenty-third was Bexar, one county that constituted the entire southern, northern, and western two-thirds of the state.

In 1846, upon becoming the twenty-eighth state of the Union, Texas claimed that its boundaries included land in New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Oklahoma, and Kansas. Four years later, on November 25, 1850, Texas ceded the upper Rio Grande to the United States in exchange for ten million dollars.

Once the state's boundaries were determined, changes were made within Texas' counties. Almost every year, from 1852 until 1921, new counties emerged. The total reached 254 in 1921 and has remained stable, but others could still be created from some of the largest West Texas counties.

These statistics alone are impressive, yet Luke Gournay is more than a compiler of dates and data. With his trusty computer, he has provided maps that illustrate how changes have redrawn the map of Texas over forty times in 150 years. His cartography talks.

Boundaries define limits, but this book opens new vistas to an understanding of Texas in ways that politicians can never provide. If you are fascinated with Texas and how it has emerged from Spanish and Mexican domination to its present multi-cultural state, then you will find **TEXAS BOUNDARIES** a valuable addition to your library.

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THE SHAPE OF TEXAS: Maps as Metaphors by Richard V. Francaviglia, College Station: Texas A&M University Press, 1995, \$29.50

Going back to 1836 when it adopted the Lone Star as a symbol of its independence, Texas has long been recognized for its boastfulness. But starting early in this century, a new symbol – the map of the State of Texas – has largely replaced the star and has been widely exploited for its value as a commercial logo. It has become something of an icon, recognized nationally and internationally. Its power can be seen in the fact that most Americans today could sketch a reasonably accurate reproduction of the state from memory.

The author of this work which explores what he calls the "Texas map mania" is the director of the Center for Greater Southwestern Studies and the History of Cartography at the University of Texas at Arlington. In preparing his study, he collected a massive assortment of illustrations that take up much of the book. He gathered or viewed more than a thousand Texas-shaped items, ranging in size from an earring an eighth of an inch long to a farm pond several hundred feet across.

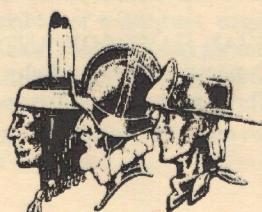
Industry and commerce have so happily adopted the map that, in some form or other, it appears on wristwatches, belt buckles, barbed-wire ornaments, cutting boards, ice cube trays, wrappers for McDonald's hamburgers, and beer bottles. The book's dust jacket features a photograph of the imposing sign erected at Billy Bob's honky-tonk in Fort Worth – a sign that displays, in neon, the Texas map and flag, and the spur of a boot, with the Lone Star worked into the rowel.

When the University of Texas at Austin meets its rival, the University of Oklahoma, in a football game each year, spectators see the marching band form a map of Texas at half-time. A motel, The Big Texas, invites its guests to swim in a pool shaped like Texas. A chain of Houston "Y'alls" stores carries about four hundred items in the shape of Texas. Billboards and every form of media exploit the map.

Whether you approve or not, Texas map mania is a fact of life, the author says, closely linked to Texans' pride in their state. He concedes that the irregular shape of Texas, pointed at the bottom and squaring off into the Panhandle, may have had something to do with the widespread use of the design. "Some critics may interpret the dominance of the map as an indicator of Texas' xenophobia," he concludes, "but it is more a reflection of a multifaceted pride in a state's culture, history, and geography."

Especially the geography that lends itself so readily and cheerfully to recognition.

ART LEIBSON
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