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THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Volume 42, No. 4 · El Paso, Texas · Winter, 1997

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Membership Secretary, El Paso County Historical Society, P.O. Box 28, El Paso, Texas 79940.
Society Membership of $25.00 per year includes a subscription to PASSWORD.

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

Periodicals Postage Paid at El Paso, Texas

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to
PASSWORD
The El Paso County Historical Society
P.O. Box 28
El Paso, Texas 79940

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VOLUME 42, NO. 4
WINTER, 1997
EL PASO, TEXAS

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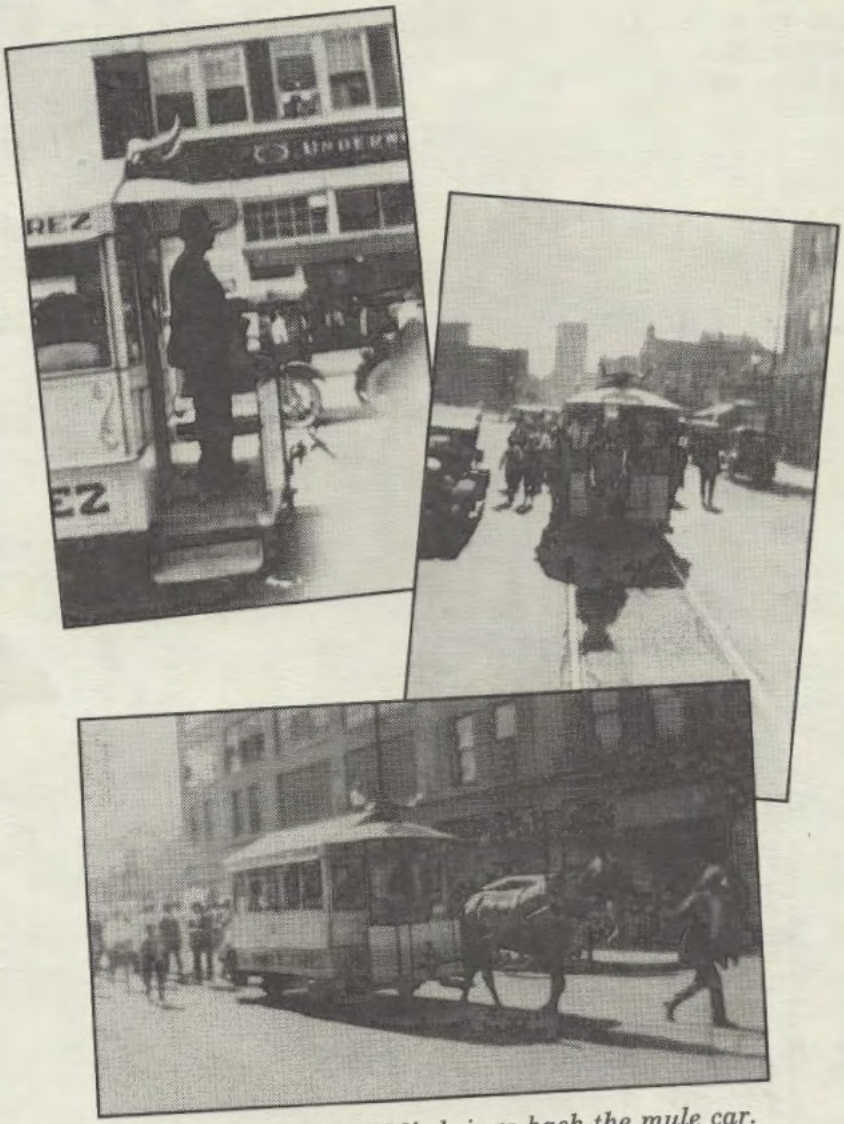

Celebration in the 1920's brings back the mule car.
Photos courtesy El Paso County Historical Society.

Entered as Periodicals Mail at El Paso, Texas

A Spy Among Us

By Christe C. Armendariz

Born in 1887 in Chiba, Japan, Dr. Sadakazu Furugochi, a Japanese surgeon and physician, immigrated to the United States where he followed his medical profession. In San Francisco, he met his young wife, Ise, with whom he came to El Paso in 1922 because of the racism and hostility they had encountered in California. They were part of the Japanese exodus of the 1920s.[1]

El Paso lured him as it had many of his countrymen who came because of the friendly environment and opportunities to own land. Many Japanese came to this region because California had passed anti-Asian land laws specifically designed to discriminate against the entire race. Although the Anti-Alien Land Law of 1913 prevented the Japanese from owning land, they were allowed to lease it for three years. However, in 1920 a referendum made it illegal for Asians to own or lease land.[2] Among the Japanese, many of whom were farmers, there were dreams of land ownership. El Paso gave them the opportunity they desired.[3]

From 1919 to 1922 the Japanese settled the El Paso valley where they bought thousands of expensive acres. Real estate agents made huge profits. Julian L. Bassett, for instance, sold 938 acres for $107,000 to two Japanese who came from California in 1920, Tsutomu Dyo and F. Shiraishi.[4] Dr. Furugochi came to El Paso hoping to practice medicine among the Japanese. Because in 1922 the cantaloupe and cabbage crops were destroyed by nematodes, there had been a general exodus from this region. Thus, when Dr. Furugochi arrived, he discovered there was not a large Japanese community, as he had envisioned. Nonetheless, he remained in the area to provide medical treatment to the Mexican population on the border, and the Japanese who had not been affected by the agricultural disaster.[5]

The Japanese community was faced with another dilemma in the early 1920's—racial discrimination. A decade earlier they had been well received by El Pasoans because they purchased or leased valley land at above-average prices. For instance, in 1914 Harry Tshida paid $160 dollars per acre for land in the Lower Valley. This was the highest price paid for land. El Paso realtors monitored all land purchases made by the Japanese; altogether over 12,000 acres were bought by the Japanese and more than 5,000 acres were leased to them. By 1920 local realtors began to question the sale of valley properties to the Japanese, and the realtors formed a five-member committee to decide whether land would be made available to the Japanese in the future.[6]

That decision quickly materialized in the Dudley Bill of January 1921 (Senate Bill 142). Senator R.F. Dudley drew up a measure very similar to California's Anti-Alien Land Laws of 1913 and 1920. He strongly opposed Japanese colonization in Texas, claiming that the "Japanese problem" was becoming a menace to the country as well as to Texas. In opposition to this measure was the Nihonjin Kai (Japanese Association) whose efforts culminated in an amendment which exempted the Japanese who already resided in Texas as well as landowners and other aliens who were bona fide inhabitants of the state, and particularly those who had already declared their intention of becoming United States citizens.[7]

In 1921, one hundred fifty Japanese lived in El Paso County. One hundred twenty-two were farmers, including women and children, and twenty-eight others were self-employed. Dr. Furugochi opened his medical practice in El Paso on Stanton Street in 1924. He dedicated his time to healing the sick and poor, often not asking payment for his services, because his patients could not afford to pay the $2 consultation fee. Dr. Furugochi and his nurse, Teru Kurita, who frequently functioned as a midwife, traveled the countryside to deliver babies for free.[8]

During the depression, El Paso experienced an influx of Japanese from California and many influential people from Japan.[9] It was then that Dr. Furugochi surfaced as the leader of the Japanese community on the border. He became a popular figure in El Paso because of his association with the Japanese government officials and other members of the border governments. In 1930 he was visited by Japanese Ambassador Katsuji Debuchi, his wife, and his Secretary, K. Yoshida, who were part of the "good will" tour, fostering peace and understanding between Japan and the United

States. The ambassador and his party met with Dr. Furugochi. All became acquainted with the El Paso mayor, R.E. Thomason, the Commander of the Post at Fort Bliss, Brigadier General Charles J. Symond, Mayor Gustavo Flores and General Francisco del Arco of Juarez. Afterwards, Ambassador Debuchi and his party, which included Dr. Furugochi, visited the Japanese people here.

The first Japanese pilot to fly across the Pacific Ocean, twenty-seven year old, Seiji Yoshihara, visited Dr. Furugochi in 1932. A variety of people came to El Paso to visit the doctor, including R. Kioyosawa, a Japanese newspaper editor who was honored with a reception attended by the local Japanese. These visitors were always honored by the presence of important local government officials and the Japanese community. This was a very familiar scene during the Depression.[10]

The decade of the thirties was a period of social bliss for the Japanese, and Dr. Furugochi was the central figure in all the festivities hosted in El Paso and Juarez. By 1934, the Japanese population had grown modestly to over two hundred people and they were anything but conspicuous. Although they retained their culture and celebrated the birth of the Crown Prince Akihito, the Asian community's popularity heightened on the border. Some Japanese even adopted Spanish surnames, attempting to assimilate the border culture. The social splendor continued into the latter part of the decade.[11]

Dr. Furugochi further became involved in education. In 1938, the International Relations Club of the Texas College of Mines and Metallurgy sponsored a member of the Japanese Diet, Kaju Nakamura, and Dr. Furugochi to speak about Japan. Dr. Takeo Yanagawa, also a physician, and Furugochi shared the leadership in the Japanese community. Together they strove to preserve their Asian culture through education. In 1937 both physicians founded a Japanese school on Myrtle street called El Paso Nippon Gakuen Inc., for which they used two buildings. One was used exclusively for a school, while the other was used as a home for the schoolmaster, Bunji Iwaya.[12]

The Japanese community in El Paso displayed a strong sense of dignity, unity, and loyalty toward their culture. These values and the attendant pomp and ceremonies would, however, end quite suddenly on December 7, 1941. On that day the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and on the following day the United States

declared war on Japan. The fact that Japan bombed the Pacific Islands would render all Japanese in America victims of World War II.[13]

On that particular day, the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Secret Service immediately seized all Japanese in El Paso and the El Paso region. All Japanese were suspected of being spies and were targeted for discrimination. The American dream had suddenly crashed down on all of them, and they were treated as though they were directly involved with the attacks on the islands of the Pacific. Dr. Furugochi and his friend, I. Tokedo, were arrested on December eighth. The doctor was under more suspicion of being a spy because he enjoyed the hobby of playing with radios whose antennas were located on top of the Franklin Mountains. To add more to the suspicion was the fact that he and his friend I. Tokedo had gone to repair the damage caused by an earlier storm. Both were arrested.[14]

A phobia toward the Japanese was blazing through the nation, and it affected the Asian community on the border. Upon the news of the attack on Manila, on December 8, 1941, the Commander of the Juarez Military Garrison, Brigadier General Jaime Quinones, proclaimed that Mexican troops were taking extra precautions to safeguard the border and were closely observing the small Japanese colony in Juarez, which was composed of farmers and merchants.[15]

Many arrests were made in December, 1941. Secret servicemen and FBI agents knew exactly where to locate the Japanese. Bunji Iwaya, former schoolmaster of El Paso Nippon Gakuen Inc., was arrested in Cloudcroft, New Mexico and taken to the Kooskia, Idaho camp. The American Secret Service worked in conjunction with Mexican federal officials to rid the border of Japanese spies. In Juarez, Dr. Tenesbura Hasegawa, a physician and surgeon, was taken into custody by the American Secret Service men and Mexican federal officials who raided his residence and office, and confiscated two clandestine short-wave radio sending sets. Dr. Hasegawa was accused of being a spy because he was the confidant of an El Paso doctor, Wolfgang Ebell, who was currently in prison on an espionage charge. Dr. Hasegawa was interned in a camp in Mexico.[16]

The Japanese in Juarez suffered a far worse fate than those in El Paso. All men, women, and children went to detention camps in the interior of Mexico. Their businesses were blacklisted and

their funds were frozen. The list included members of the Japanese merchant class in Juarez: Tetsu Endo, Yoshio Honda, Albert C. Jemura, Funiko Sara, Yoshio Soto, Tomas Matsumoto, Keiji Matsusaka, Elijro Okuno, Angel K. Sakurat, and Kiyoji Honda. Whether their funds were released is unknown. Further prohibited was the purchase of goods from their businesses: *La Allianza, La Aurora, La Japonesa, La Popular, La Vecendora, La Violeta, El Ancla,* and *El Centro Mercantil.* On the other hand, in El Paso only Japanese men were interned, but all funds were frozen. Of approximately $15,000 frozen, $10,000 belonged to two Upper Valley farmers. By December 18, 1941 however, their funds were released and many decided to leave El Paso because it had become inhospitable. By December 22, 1941, only thirty-four Japanese were reported living in the city.[17]

Border Japanese were accused of collaborating in a conspiracy, conducting spy activities in a secret room in a Japanese school on East Overland Street, and allegedly sending military data to Japan. Thus, it became very clear that the Japanese were no longer safe on the border.[18]

The Japanese tried desperately to escape discrimination on the border during World War II. Hastily, they abandoned the region either by force and/or because they realized that the once-friendly city had suddenly become very hostile toward them. El Paso, like the rest of the country, participated in the mass spy "hysteria" that blazed out of control. Because Fort Bliss was located here, the violence and abuse the Japanese incurred was somehow justified. In fact, an "Enemy Alien Board" existed in the city, to which Japanese were brought from throughout the Southwest. They came from as far as Arizona, and were judged as either dangerous "enemy aliens," or harmless aliens. In addition, President Franklin D. Roosevelt's Executive Order 9066, prescribed internment in ten national concentration camps for all Japanese in America in 1942. Detention facilities also existed on Fort Bliss where often the Japanese were interrogated and then dispersed to concentration camps or sub-camps throughout Texas or the Southwest.[19]

In Juarez, the situation was worse for the Japanese. From the Japanese colony, thirty-seven males and three females had been taken to an agricultural concentration camp in Camargo, Chihuahua, where they worked in the production of vegetables. Only five

ailing and older Japanese remained in the city because they were not considered a threat to anyone in any way in 1942.[20]

By the summer of 1943, Japanese were being released from the camps. The closing of the relocation camps, however, was slow, and some camps were in operation as late as 1946. Dr. Furugochi was among those interned. He did not seek his release as was his privilege because of his credibility among the influential El Paso government officials. Instead, he remained interned for four years. He displayed a genuine humanitarian spirit, dedicating his life to healing the helpless Japanese. His wife, Ise, visited him occasionally.[21] Dr. Furugochi's nurse, Teru Kurita, drove Ise to Santa Fe to visit him. The number of years of Dr. Furugochi's internment is uncertain. He stayed with his fellow countrymen until they too were released because there existed a shortage of physicians in the camp. For his efforts and the unwavering compassion which he displayed while he was incarcerated, Dr. Furugochi received a commendation from the Japanese government in 1960: The Fourth Order of Sacred Treasure for his humanitarian spirit in the relocation camp in Santa Fe, New Mexico. This presentation was made as part of a bilateral celebration between the United States and Japan in honor of having more than a century of contact.[22]

Dr. Furugochi, who died in El Paso on March 6, 1973 and is buried in Evergreen Cemetery, was a Japanese physician who immigrated to the United States in the early part of this century. He earned a position of esteem among the people of El Paso and Juarez, treating members of the Mexican community as well as those of the Japanese community. He survived World War II in an internment camp as did all other Japanese. Although he could have been released, he remained in the camp in order to treat the ailing Japanese there. Dr. Furugochi did not discriminate against those who were in need of medical attention before or after his internment. He was true to his profession to the end.

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NOTES

1. "Japanese Physician Questioned By FBI," *El Paso Herald,* December 1941, 16: 1-2; Hiroko Gervais, Personal Interview, 28 September 1993.

2. "Japanese Rights in America," *Literary Digest,* July 11, 1914: 41:49: Thomas K. Walls, The Japanese Texans, San Antonio: The University of Texas Institute of Texan Cultures of San Antonio, 1987, 119.

3. "Jap Invasion of the Valley," *El Paso Herald,* 21 November 1919, 6: 2.

4. "$107,000 Paid By Japanese For 938 Acres," *El Paso Herald,* 15 July 1920, 1: 3; T. Dyo's Warranty Deed with Vendor's Lien (May 5, 1920), no. 25914, book 359: 78 El Paso County Courthouse Deed Records, El Paso, Texas.

5. Walls, *The Japanese Texans,* 104-105; Hiroko Gervais, Personal Interview, 28 September 1993.

6. "Realtors Say They'll Sell to Japanese," *El Paso Herald,* 26 October, 1920, 11: 4; "Japanese Buying Valley Property," *El Paso Herald,* 3 August 1914, 3: 7; "Realtors Name Committee to Investigate Danger of 'Yellow Peril' in Valley," *El Paso Herald,* 20 October 1920, 1: 5-6; G. R. Fowler from El Centro, California came to El Paso, where at a conference in July 1920, he spoke against the Japanese. He warned El Pasoans against Japanese farmers and grocers who always conspired to corner the market and force up prices because they could produce the supply needed. "Japanese Threaten El Paso Valley," *El Paso Herald,* 21 July 1920, 6; "Anti-Alien Land Bill in Texas Senate," *El Paso Herald,* 28 January 1921, 1:7.

7. "Anti-Alien Land Bill in Texas Senate," *El Paso Herald,* 28 January 1921, 1: 7; Walls, *The Japanese Texans,* 122; "Dudley Alien Bill Passed to Engrossment," *El Paso Herald,* 12-13 February 1921, 24: 5; "Japs Retain Land Rights Just as Now," *El Paso Herald,* 15 March 1921, 13: 3.

8. "Japs Prepare Chart in Fight on Dudley Bill," *El Paso Herald,* 12-13 February 1921, 24: 5; Personal Interview with anonymous patient of Dr. Furugochi, 18 October 1993; El Paso City Directory (El Paso Hudspeth Directory Co., 1924) 468; Personal Interview with Kenneth Kurita, Jr., 30 November 1993.

9. Walls, *The Japanese Texans,* 104-105; In the 1930's Japan experienced a rise of economic nationalism, stimulated by the world economic depression. For example, in 1931-1932 the Japanese Kwantung Army occupied Manchuria, and in 1935 Japan withdrew from the League of Nations and refused to comply with the naval arms limitation of the London Conference in 1935. Meanwhile, Japan wanted the United States to acquiesce in the new situation in the Far East, hoping to reduce American influence in Asia without taking a risk. Thus, in 1934, Japan established the Society for International Cultural Relations as an alternative to its participation in international affairs to encourage interest in Japanese culture as part of the worldwide exchange of cultural relations to foster international peace and better understanding of Japan. *The Cambridge History of Japan,* Vol. 6, The Twentieth Century, ed. Peter Duus, (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1988) 10, 26, 41; *Jaloan's Foreign Policy 1868-1914 A Research Guide,* ed. James William Morley (New York: Columbia University Press, 1974) 179, 443-448.

10. "Japanese Ambassador is Greeted in El Paso," *El Paso Herald,* 3 May 1930, 1: 7; "Jap Ocean Flier Visits El Pasoans," *El Paso Herald-Post,* 25 April 1932, 5: 6.

11. "Birth of Japanese Prince Celebrated," *El Paso Herald-Post,* 8 January 1934, 7: 6; "Friendship Stressed by Japanese Consul Sees Better Trade," *El Paso Herald,* 9 May 1931, 11: 6; El Paso City Directory (El Paso: Hudspeth Publishing Co., 1935) 304, 410, 249, & 617; "Japan Grocers Win," *El Paso Herald,* 27 May 1931, 1: 3.

12. "Club Sponsoring Japanese Talk," *El Paso-Herald- Post,* 20 April 1938, 5: 1; Teuyako Miyagato, "The Japanese in the El Paso Region," (Master of Arts thesis: University of Texas at El Paso, 1982), 24-26; Hiroko Gervais, Personal Interview, 28 September 1993; "Japanese Physician Questioned by FBI," *El Paso Herald-Post,* 8 December 1941, 16: 1-2.

13. John Costello, *The Pacific War* (New York: Rawson, Wade Publishers, Inc., 1981) 149; "Japanese Physician Questioned by FBI," *El Paso Herald-Post,* 8 December 1941, 16: 1-2.

14. Costello, *The Pacific War,* 149; "Japanese Physician Questioned by FBI," *El Paso Herald-Post,* 8 December 1941, 16: 1-2; "Jap Funds Thawed," *El Paso-Herald Post,* 18 December 1941, 16: 3.

15. Roger Daniels, *Concentration Camps USA: Japanese Americans and World War II* (New York: Holt Rinehart & Winston Inc., 1971), 30, 70-75.

16. "Two E.P. Japs, One An Alien, Freed From U.S. Camps," *El Paso Herald-Post,* 22 March 1944, 1: 6-7, & 10: 3.

17. "Japanese Aliens Moved Into Mexico," *El Paso Herald-Post,* 21 March 1942, 10: 4; "Juarez Japs Put On U.S. Blacklist," *El Paso Herald-Post,* 26 December 1941, 1: 3; "Census Shows 34 Japanese in El Paso," *El Paso Herald-Post,* 22 December 1941, 5: 5; "Jap Funds Thawed," *El Paso Herald-Post,* 18 December 1941, 16: 3.

18. "Juarez Japs Sent Military Data to Japanese," *El Paso-Herald Post,* 21 March 1942, 1: 1 and 10: 4.

19. Daniels, *Concentration Camps US,* 49. Earlier, before the attack on Pearl Harbor, the FBI spied on the Japanese. Richard G. Powers, *Secrecy and Power: The Life of J. Edgar Hoover* (New York: Rinehart & Co., Inc., 1957), 333; Peter Irons, *Justice at War: The Story of the Japanese American Internment Cases* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1983), 63; "Seven Japs to go Before E. P. Board," *El Paso Herald-Post,* 1 February 1943, 5: 4.

20. "Five Aged and Ailing Japs Remain in Juarez," *El Paso Herald-Post,* 22 April 1942, 2: 2.

21. Ise T. Furugochi died in El Paso on May 16, 1956. She is buried in Evergreen Cemetery.

22. "Japanese Americans to be Released Soon," *El Paso Herald-Post,* 27 July 1943, 14: 7; "Jap Relocation Center Will Close," *El Paso Herald-Post,* 23 February 1944, 3: 2; "Jap Riot Disclosed at N.M. Camp," *El Paso Herald-Post,* 21 March 1946, 17: 5; Hiroko Gervais, Personal Interview, 28 September 1993; Walls, *The Japanese Texans,* 104-105.

Mí Famílía En Chíhuahua

By Ruth Nordwald Graham

(Edited by Mary Ann Plaut)

As a child growing up in Chihuahua in the 1920's, life was never dull. On Saturday evenings, friends would gather at our home for cards or a musicale. My grandfather, my father, and uncle all played string instruments and were accompanied on the piano by Tante Hulda, my grandmother' sister who had come to live with my grandparents following the death of her parents in Germany. In addition to being an accomplished pianist, she Tante Hulda was also a graduate nurse. A religious woman, she always kept the Sabbath and each day read the Bible in Hebrew, as well as presiding over all the holidays.[1] At Passover a case of matzo was always ordered from Mexico City. As there was no synagogue in Chihuahua, an organ was brought into our house and services held for high holidays.

Many of the Jewish families living in Chihuahua, such as the Fischbeins and the Leesers,[2] joined us for services, as did Kurt Spier[3] who traveled throughout Mexico as a sales representative for a German firm specializing in Solingen cutlery.

My grandfather was very active in community affairs and was instrumental in establishing the Chihuahua Foreign Club. It housed a reading room, a bowling alley, and a closed-in patio, as well as a swimming pool, and a recreation room. He also helped establish the Casino de Chihuahua, which served as a kind of country club. At noon, before coming home to lunch, the men would usually go to the Foreign Club to read foreign newspapers and keep up with current events. Our main contact with the outside world was through the *El Paso Herald Post,* which my uncle picked up every day at the Foreign Club. We also listened to the news in

English every evening, broadcast from a radio station in San Antonio, Texas.

My grandfather, Heinemann Nordwald, the patriarch of mi familia en Chihuahua, was born in September, 1833, in Arnsberg, Germany. As a young man he decided to come to the United States, arriving in New York in 1857. The onset of the Civil War found him in South Carolina, selling sundries to Confederate soldiers. In 1867 he joined Jacob Amberg and together they traveled overland to Santa Fe, New Mexico, where they operated a trading post. This is the same Mr. Amberg who was the business partner of Gustav Elsberg and who brought goods over the Santa Fe Trail from Missouri. In addition to their New Mexico enterprise, they opened a store in Chihuahua in 1866. Then, due to some financial difficulties, Amberg suddenly left Santa Fe for Chihuahua. Shortly after, he joined members of his family who had settled in the Midwest. Following Mr. Amberg's departure from Santa Fe, my grandfather decided to go to Mexico since he was convinced it was a land of great opportunities. His travels brought him to Chihuahua City, where he became one of the first Europeans to settle there permanently.

After establishing a successful mercantile business, he returned to Germany in 1885 to marry. Following his marriage to Auguste Nordwald,[4] my Grandfather and his bride returned to Chihuahua where they made their home. In early 1886 Auguste returned to Germany for the birth of their first son, Otto, my father.

In 1887 Auguste and Otto returned to Chihuahua and on March 10, 1888, a second son, my Uncle Benjamin, was born in Chihuahua. Because my grandfather had been granted United States citizenship, his entire family became citizens. At the age of five and eight respectively, both Otto and Benjamin were sent back to Arnsberg, Germany, to receive their primary and secondary education. Upon completing his schooling, Uncle Ben served his apprenticeship with the Siemans Company in Germany as an electrical engineer specializing in refrigeration. Later he was in great demand in Chihuahua by families who boasted a Frigidaire. My father served his apprenticeship in woodworking and merchandising and joined his father in the family business.

At the turn of the century the family was prosperous and my grandfather was able to acquire vast property holdings. Later he established a branch of the business in Parral and another in El Paso. He then sent for my grandmother's brother, Levi

Nordwald, to manage the Parral establishment, while my father managed the El Paso branch. Levi, who came to Chihuahua to join his uncle, married Betty Bauman, whose brother Paul was married to my grandmother's sister Emilia. Tante Milly, as we called her, was a registered homeopathic doctor.

Paul and Emilia never had any children, but Levi and Betty had two children, Benno and Rosie. Rosie married Willie Mayer, a British subject who owned and operated a cigar factory in Guadalajara, Jalisco, where Paul and Emilia also lived. The Mayers, who later moved to Mexico City, had three children: Beatrix, who worked as a translator and interpreter at the United Nations; Lennie, who served in the British Royal Air Force as a Major, and Robert. Lennie was later knighted by Queen Elizabeth, who appointed him to serve on the Board of Education with Prince Philip. Benno was wounded while serving with the German Army in World War I and returned to his parent's home in Chihuahua. Later he married Anne Marie Forelich. They had one daughter, Rosemary, who resides with her husband, an executive of Aeromexico, and their daughter in Mexico City.

My grandparents moved to a house on *Paseo Bolivar* where a number of Europeans also lived. Among them were the Gustavo

Zorks, the Krakauers, and the Moyes[5] who owned the only hardware business; also the Henri Picards, who owned a large department store, the BBB. Mr. Picard was the Honorary French Consul.[6] All of these families still have El Paso connections.

Next door to my family lived the Bermudez family. They had two sons, Antonio and Octavio, who were great friends of my father and uncle. "Tony" later was elected Governor of the state of Chihuahua and subsequently was appointed to head PEMEX.

The population of Chihuahua was increasing by leaps and bounds and the family had many friends in the European community, including the Swiss family Bronimann, the Nitschmanns of French origin, the German Buckenhofers, the Ketelsens, the Gibbes and Dr. Stoeve, all of whom were frequent guests at our home. Mr. Gibbe was a German chemist who owned the largest drug store in Chihuahua. The Levine family operated the only ice cream parlor. Dr. Stoeve was a veterinarian who raised goats as a hobby and served as the only available practicing family physician. He administered mostly horse vaccine to his patients as it was the only medication available. I remember on one occasion Dr. Stoeve was called in to treat me for a case of typhoid. He injected both arms and then both legs with horse serum, leaving me paralyzed. Fearing my father's wrath, he would whisper, "Please get well and I'll give you a little goat."

After about six weeks, I was able to walk again. The American Colony resided for the most part at the American Smelter and Refining smelter, a settlement outside of Chihuhua City known as Avalos.

The American consul, Tom McIlhanney, was often a guest in our home, as was the British consul, Philip Baber. These diverse nationalities each had their own colony and celebrated their own national holidays.

In this cosmopolitan setting there was a wide range of activities from which to choose. There were hunting parties during hunting season, as evidenced by a permit issued to my father in 1913 by the governor of Chihuahua, authorizing his party to hunt outside the city limits. At other times the men would don straw suits, which made them resemble hay stacks, in order to go duck hunting at La Laguna some distance from Chihuahua City. There were afternoon teas, dinner parties, and dances at the Casino as well as at the Foreign Club. When World War I was declared, my father enlisted and was sent to San Diego, California,

but before he was shipped out to Russia, peace was declared and he returned to the family business.

During the Villa years things went from bad to worse. Money became worthless and Villa was in complete control. He was very nationalistic and determined to rid Mexico of all the Spaniards and Chinese, as he felt they were exploiting Mexico. On one occasion my grandmother hid fourteen Chinese in her cellar until they could get safe passage to China. These Chinese, upon returning to their homeland, expressed their gratitude by showering our family with gifts for several years thereafter. When Villa ordered all foreigners, except my father, to leave the country, he said to my father, "Otto, but you are going to stay with me, Yes?" On another occasion, Villa had purchased a guitar from H. Nordwald Co. He apparently forgot that he had already paid the bill, so the next day he sent one of his lieutenants to my grandfather with the money. The money was refused and the lieutenant informed that payment had already been made. Villa was so impressed with my grandfather's honesty that when he later rounded up all the foreign businessmen and put them in jail, he allowed my grandmother to bring food, blankets, and playing cards to the jail, before deciding to release the men a day or two later.

"Upon opening the package, my father saw that he had been presented Pancho Villa's death mask, which he later loaned to Radford School for an exhibit. Still later he returned it to Mexico since by that time Villa had been declared a hero and the mask was deemed to be a national treasure."

In 1923 when Villa was murdered, one of his men came to my father's house in the middle of the night and handed him a parcel. Upon opening the package, my father saw that he had been presented Pancho Villa's death mask, which he later loaned to Radford School for an exhibit. Still later he returned it to Mexico since by that time Villa had been declared a hero and the mask was deemed to be a national treasure. After the return of the death mask, I understand that the Mexican government has finally returned to Texas the tattered Texas flag which General Santa Ana had captured at the Battle of the Alamo. This exchange was part of the official agreement for the return of the mask.[7]

In 1920 my father was asked to meet a train going to Mexico in order to assure safe conduct for Elsie Mayer, the sister-in-law of his cousin, Rosie. She and a friend were coming from Boston to visit Elsie's family in Guadalajara. The girls had been attending the Boston Academy of Art and were on Easter vacation. The friend turned out to be Rosalinda Kronig from Norwich, Connecticut. As my father tells it, he fell in love with Rosalinda the minute she "deelighted" from the train. That was the beginning of a very short courtship. They were married in Norwich on May 27, 1920 and spent their honeymoon at Lake Louise in Canada before coming to El Paso to make their home.

Also in 1920 *mi familia,* the Heinemann Nordwalds, moved into their newly constructed home on the outskirts of Chihuahua, not far from the *Santuario,* a beautiful chapel where many weddings of the elite were held. This was near the remains of an aqueduct where the Tarahumara Indians sometimes sought shelter. On Saturdays, the Tarahumaras would come down from the mountains to beg on the streets of downtown Chihuahua. The merchants always had at their front entrances straw baskets full of coins to distribute to the Indians. In those days there was a great scarcity of potable water, which resulted in the water being cut off in the late afternoons. Everyone would fill their bathtubs and every available cooking vessel in order to have enough water until the next day. Fortunately, the new house boasted a well of its own so that we always had an ample supply of water.

Since there were no supermarkets and no canned foods available, we had fresh meat and poultry and fruits and vegetables only in season. On one occasion my grandmother had hired a Chinese cook who kept turtles in the wine cellar. On Sunday evenings he would sometimes make a delicious turtle soup!

When my grandfather died in 1924, Rabbi Martin Zielonka of El Paso traveled to Chihuahua to conduct the funeral service. Shortly before, my infant brother, Sam Henry, born in 1923, had died of unknown causes and was buried in Chihuahua and my grandfather was laid to rest beside him. Another brother, Henry, born a year or two later, also died in infancy but was buried in El Paso. My brother Leo was born in 1926. I was taken to Chihuahua at the age of six weeks to be cared for by my grandmother and my Tante Hulda so that my mother could regain the strength which had been weakened by my birth combined with the shock of the death of her father. When it came time to go to

school, I returned to El Paso, but Leo and I continued to spend summers and holidays in Chihuahua.

During the Hitler years members of the family who lived in Germany sought refuge in our home in Chihuahua until they could get established elsewhere. When my Tante Milly's husband, Paul Baumann, took ill, they also came to live in Chihuahua. Tante Milly continued her homeopathic medicine practice in our home. Her patients consisted mostly of the nuns who lived at the nearby convent and who came for ultraviolet ray treatments and for the many homeopathic pills which Tante Milly stocked. In order to escape the incessant crackling noise of the ultraviolet ray machine and yet not disturb the patients, my grandmother and I usually took the opportunity to visit friends.

Another of my grandmother's sisters, Tante Olga, came to live with us following the death of her husband, Robert Reifenberg. They had adopted a son who later turned against them and joined the Hitler Youth. Somehow she and her husband managed to survive after the adopted son had reported them to the Gestapo.

During World War II, Uncle Ben was recruited by the FBI to check on Nazi sympathizers in Chihuahua. Mr. Heimpel, a mining engineer, was so enthralled with Hitler that on the side of a mountain on the outskirts of Chihuahua he built a replica of Hitler's mountaintop home near Berchtesgaden. It even had secret passages and a great hall decked with antlers!

Another sympathizer, Carlos Ketelsen, had been blinded in World War I in Germany, yet miraculously managed to travel by ship and by rail to Chihuahua in order to live with his aunt. He operated a shortwave radio over which he sent messages to the Nazis. He was a fine chemist and in his spare time would concoct delicious liqueurs without any alcoholic content. In addition he also served as Honorary German Consul.

Uncle Ben never married but spent his entire life taking care of his mother and her sisters. My father was happily married and managed the mercantile business in Chihuahua. My grandmother was preceded in death by her sisters and thereafter by her sons. This is the end of my tale about *Mi Familia en Chihuahua.*

Now, I would like to tell you a little about my remarkable mother, Rose Nordwald, a Connecticut Yankee who managed to survive in what to her must have been completely new and alien surroundings, far from the culture and the arts she had enjoyed

in her youth. From the time that my father fell in love with her when she first "deelighted" from the train on her way to Guadalajara, theirs was a true love story. The one complemented the other in all they did throughout their life together.

When the depression hit, my father refused to declare bankruptcy and lost his El Paso business. He opened a small craft shop and sold custom-made furniture, much of which may still be found in El Paso homes. My mother went to work to help out by selling insurance and magazines, becoming the top seller of *Parents* and *Life* magazines in the United States. She also sold homemade jam made from Mexican strawberries and was written up in the *New Yorker* magazine. Always active in community affairs, my mother organized the first Girl Scout troop in El Paso. The first meeting was held on our front porch on Los Angeles Street. Mary Mason Yelderman, Sue McCamont, Margery Moore, Sue Jackson Polk, and Pauline Smith were among the girls who became the first Girls Scouts in El Paso.

During World War II, my mother worked as a Gray Lady at William Beaumont Army Hospital and was a member of the Red Cross Canteen. She was nominated to head the Civil Defense Corps and was the first woman to head the El Paso Housing Authority. Together with Betty Mary Goetting, they founded Planned Parenthood. She initiated a milk program for the poor and helped in soup kitchens.

At the age of seventy, mother decided to resume her first love which was painting and became know as a fine portrait painter. She was selected for the Women in Art series. Active in the Woman's Club, she also worked in the Symphony Association, twice headed the Woman's Division of the El Paso Community Chest, and served as Executive Chairman of the International Museum. As a matter of record, she and a group of her friends went before the City Council when the Turney Mansion on Montana Street was on the auction block and was about to be sold. They appealed to the Council to retain the building for a museum and thus was born what is now the El Paso Museum of Art, which is now about to move into its new downtown home.

She was a past secretary of the El Paso chapter of the National Council of Jewish Women, a Member of Hadassah, and Temple Mt. Sinai. At the time of her death, at age 73, she was active in some twenty organizations and had held offices in many of them. She truly was an inspiration to all who knew her.

RUTH NORDWALD GRAHAM was born in El Paso, the daughter of Otto and Rose Nordwald. Among her accomplishments was the honor of being the first Girl Scout in El Paso. She made her home in El Paso and in an "adobe hacienda" in San Elizario which had not only to be entirely redecorated, but almost entirely reconstructed. Mrs. Graham had three children and was for many years the executive secretary to the the El Paso County Judge and worked in the office of the State Commission for the Blind.

This article is a revision of a speech presented to the Paso del Norte Jewish Historical Society by Ruth Nordwald Graham on December 7, 1955. The Editor expresses his appreciation to Mary Ann and Harvey Plaut for assistance in editing.

FOOTNOTES

1. According to family lore, one of our ancestors, a musician in the Portuguese Royal Court, fled to Holland during the Inquisition and was instrumental in founding the famous Portuguese synagogue in Amsterdam, which is still standing.

2. Max Fischbein and Ernst Lesser were both nephews of Heinemann Nordwald. At 29 Max Fishbein left Germany to join his Uncle, H. Nordwald, in Chihuahua. Four years later he moved to Parral where his younger brother Louis had a tailoring business. He returned to Germany to marry, but in 1908 he again returned to Chihuahua City with his family.

3. Kurt Spier was working for Feist and Co., a cutlery manufacturing firm in Solingen, Germany, owned by his uncle. The year was 1922 and he decided to go to New York, where he lived for 13 years while representing the firm in Europe as well as Canada and Mexico. In 1923 while vacationing in Europe with his brother Erich, a cousin, and a Dr. Cohen, his cousin's friend, the latter asked Kurt if he had ever been to El Paso. He suggested calling on his brother-in-law, Albert Mathias, who was in the wholesale business. Spier took the man's advice, and in 1934, he married Mathias' youngest daughter, Gertrude, (her older sister, Hedwig, was married to Maurice Schwartz, the nephew of Adolph Schwartz, founder of The Popular Dry Goods), moved to El Paso, and began working for the Albert Mathias Co., eventually becoming its president. Two of Kurt Spier's four children are prominent El Paso physicians. His daughter, who is married to a doctor, resides in Los Angeles.

4. Auguste Nordwald was a niece of Heinemann Nordwald

5. Louis Zork (1814-1885), a native of Prussia was the first Jew to locate permanently in San Antonio. He and his wife, Adelaide, were the parents of ten children, one of whom was Gustave Zork. Born in San Antonio but educated in Europe, he came to El Paso in 1879, and married Bertha Krakauer in San Francisco soon after. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Krakauer of El Paso. In 1886 the firm of Krakauer, Zork, and Moye was established in El Paso succeeding the David Brothers as dealers in hardware. Gustave was sent to Chihuahua in 1891, and remained there, in charge of that branch of the firm, for 25 years before returning to El Paso. He began as a salesman covering the territory of northern Mexico, selling hardware, pumps and other articles. Prior to entering business for himself,

Gustave had traveled this same territory for a San Antonio hardware establishment. Adolph Krakauer was from Furth, Bavaria. He had a good European education, but in 1865 decided to migrate to New York. He made his way to San Antonio where he went to work for Louis Zork, the leading merchant of that city, eventually becoming his son-in-law. When Adolph came to El Paso, he entered the employ of Samuel Schutz and Son. Adolph worked as a clerk with that firm until 1879, when the proprietors sold their interest to Ketelsen and Deletau. Adolph became general manager for the new owners and later a partner. In 1885 Adolph Krakauer sold his interest and organized the firm of Krakauer, Zork and Moye the following year when Edward Moye, who was born and reared in San Antonio, came to El Paso. His wife was Gustave Zork's sister, Lilla. Edward Moye's sister was married to Max Krakauer, and Gustave Zork's sister Ada was married to Adolph Krakauer. Zork's brother, Isador, was married to Tillie Krakauer. It goes without saying that Krakauer, Zork, and Move was a "family business" in every sense of the word! The firm sold hardware, machinery, and mining supplies, and were one of the largest wholesale houses in their field in the Southwest.

6. Jane Spier, daughter of the late Dr. Erich Spier (Kurt Spier's brother) and Hanna Bonwitt is married to Philip Bargman, an El Paso attorney. Philip's mother was Claire Picard, the daughter of Henri Picard. The five Picard brothers came to Mexico, but all eventually left for Switzerland except Henri. Adolph Schwartz had joined Simon Picard in a partnership in Juarez. The store was called *"Las Tres B" (Bueno, Bonito, Barato).* It was sold when Adolph Schwartz decided relocate to El Paso. The Picard brothers, who were originally from Alsace-Lorraine, opened a store by the same name in Chihuahua.

7. See "Villa's Death Mask" in *Password,* vol. 29, no. 4 (Winter 1984), 196.

8. See Tribute to Rose Kronig Nordwald, *Password,* vol 31, no. 4, (winter 1976), 134-139.

Murder in Smeltertown

By Douglas V. Meed

In the bloody days of the Mexican Revolution, a section of El Paso known as Smeltertown was infested with cattle and horse thieves, gunrunners, secret agents of Pancho Villa, and agitators of the International Workers of the World, the infamous "Wobblies."

This stew exploded on a hot afternoon on June 23, 1913, when a young Texas ranger, Scott Russell, and an El Paso deputy sheriff, W. H. Garlick, were ambushed and shot to death by members of the deadly "River Gang" in one of Smeltertown's dank saloons. Smeltertown's geography is as twisted as many of its inhabitants. Located at the western corner of El Paso, surrounded by desert and mountains, it stretches along the banks of the Rio Grande where the river snakes past the boundary of Texas on its eastern bank and the states of Chihuahua and New Mexico on its western bank.

For a hundred years it has been an area haunted by violent death and crippling disease. Named after the massive copper smelter nearby, it has been a no-man's land of confused legal jurisdiction where a quick ride across a shallow river enabled a fleeing felon to pass into either country. The rocky hills and twisting gulches make it difficult to determine whether the lethal Mexican Rurales or the equally tough Texas Rangers have shooting rights on fleeing *banditos*.

In 1887, the few squatter's huts gave way to scores of more substantial adobe buildings which housed those who came to labor amid the harsh fumes and scalding heat of the new El Paso Smelter which turned brown earth into copper bars. With hundreds of workers, the El Paso smelter became the biggest employer in the area. Soon Smeltertown boasted many small stores which

supplied the workers and their families. There were also dozens of dark saloons dispensing rot-gut whiskey and *tequila* to wash the copper dust out of desert-dry throats.

The community drew it's drinking, cooking and washing water from the Rio Grande whose muddy waters, contaminated by gunk dumped by the smelter upstream, caused endemic dysentery for those who were forced to use it. The mosquitos, however, appreciated it and the area was infested by hungry hordes of them.

Railroad tracks that spanned part of the settlement brought the clanking of trains, the wailing of mournful whistles, and the billowing coal dust from puffing steam engines. The groaning and pounding of industrial noises from the smelter made the guitars from the saloons a welcome addition to the noises of the evening even when they were punctuated by an occasional gunshot.

In 1910, smelter workers found hard-looking men infiltrating the community as Mexican political exiles. They soon became revolutionaries, and slipped back and forth over the three borders.

If the hard liquor dulled the senses, it also released murderous inhibitions that led to the placing of more wooden crosses in the Smeltertown cemetery which was located on a bluff a few hundred yards from the houses. If things became dull there was always a possibility of being flooded by the unpredictable Rio Grande whose churning waters could rush down the dusty, unpaved streets, grinding adobe homes into lumps of muddy debris.

In 1910, smelter workers found hard-looking men infiltrating the community as Mexican political exiles. They soon became revolutionaries, and slipped back and forth over the three borders. Sometimes they packed guns and ammunition and at other times they smuggled incendiary pamphlets crying out for revolt against the dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz.

By April, 1911, the Mexican Revolution was in full fury and the rebel leader Francisco Madero established his headquarters directly across the river from Smeltertown. His revolutionary army consisted of 1500 hardened guerilla fighters under Pascual Orozco, a handful of bandits commanded by Pancho Villa, and a rag-tag bunch of American freebooters and gunrunners.

In May they attacked El Paso's neighboring city of Juarez. It was a hard, murderous battle for both rebels and Federals, but it was more like a bloodied version of the World's Series for the

Smeltertown residents who sat on top of idle boxcars to cheer the rebels to victory. Some of the fighters, however, were not amused and they shot seventeen onlookers before Smeltertown fans gave up their box seats. During the three-day fight, wounded Mexicans waded or were carried across the river to Smeltertown where volunteer American doctors and nurses tended the wounded from both sides.

With the capture of Juarez the first phase of the Mexican Revolution came to an end and things quieted down for a while. But soon Orozco revolted against the new Madero government and fought Pancho Villa until, after Madero was killed, Villa revolted against his successors.

By the Spring of 1913, Villa was leading a new rebel army and threatening to attack Juarez again. The federal troops, in a panic, were digging trenches on the outskirts of the city. With Mexico practically in anarchy, all semblance of law enforcement disappeared and rustlers and smugglers ran rampant across the river at the "Pass of the North."

The local newspapers labeled the most notorious band of criminals the "River Gang" which, they hinted, was led by 35-year-old Juan Guadarrama and his four brothers. Headquarters of the gang was a combination store and saloon in Smeltertown run by Mrs. Mariana Guadarrama, the portly, gray-haired, 55-year old mother of the boys and by Maria, Juan's fiery young wife.

The brothers and their associated pistoleros had been arrested on cattle and horse theft charges as far back as 1906 but had always evaded conviction. Local historians believed the gang had "protection" in high places on both sides of the river. Also, it was said, stealing animals was only a sideline; the big money was in Winchester carbines, Springfield rifles, and thousands of rounds of ammunition. These were slipped across the winding borders to the highest bidders. This trade needed capital and the more prosperous merchants in El Paso were high on the list of suspects of those who funded the illegal arms trade.

The situation in Smeltertown took an ominous turn in the spring of 1913 when the hundreds of workers in the giant smelter went out on strike in disgust over low pay and dangerous working conditions. With the threat of violence in the air, the company built a high fence around the smelter. They topped it with barbed wire and employed local gunslingers to police the property. If

the animosity between the owners and workers was not enough, labor organizers from both the Western Federation of Miners and the "Wobblies" of the International Workers of the World were having an acrimonious spat over who should represent the smelter workers.

By May, tempers were hotter than the ninety-degree weather, and fists and bottles flew as heated arguments turned into riots. When local police could not handle the melees, famed Texas Ranger Captain John Ross Hughes, commander of Company "A" a few miles down river at Ysleta, was called on for help. One of the Rangers sent by Hughes was a new recruit to the force, Scott Russell, a tall, lanky, 25-year old farm boy.

By May, tempers were hotter than the ninety-degree weather, and fists and bottles flew as heated arguments turned into riots.

Thrown into the middle of a smelter worker's riot, Scott had to pull his .45 caliber Colt and shoot one of the rioting workers in the foot. That ended the fray but engendered the hatred of many of the workers, and young Scott became a marked man in Smeltertown.

Deputy Garlick, a heavy set, mustachioed, veteran police officer had recently testified against one of the Guadarrama boys in a preliminary hearing on a cattle theft charge. Also, in January, the deputy was involved in a gunfight when he and two Texas Rangers intercepted a band of Mexican smugglers along the Texas side of the Rio Grande. In the ensuing fight he reportedly killed two of them, one a captain in Pancho Villa's army. For this, he too was put on the "hit list" of the "River Gang."

Both police officers were warned they were marked for death by Smeltertown's criminal element. Ranger Russell told friends he feared being shot in the back as he walked the streets of the river community. Unfazed by the threats, on the morning of June 23 the two lawmen walked into the Guadarrama bar and apparently exchanged unpleasant words with Juan. They left the bar and continued their patrol.

Shortly after 2 o'clock that afternoon, they returned to the bar with a warrant for the arrest for Manuel Guadarrama for disturbing the peace. As they entered the bar they spotted the brothers: Juan, Jesus, David, and Alonzo, loitering in the store attached to the bar. Maria was behind the bar and they heard Mother Mariana humming in a back room. Looking around, young

Russell asked Juan to sell him two packages of Bull Durham tobacco. Juan threw the two sacks onto the counter and Russell laid down two nickels. He rolled a cigarette and tucked it into his mouth. There are two conflicting versions of what happened next.

In a report dated June 24, 1913, Ranger Captain Hughes wrote Henry Hutchings, the Adjutant General of Texas, that while the two lawmen were in the bar;

> Mrs. Guadarrama, mother of Juan, struck Ranger Russell in the back of the head with an axe handle and stunned him. Then Juan shot Russell as he fell, then shot Deputy Sheriff Garlick, killing both. Then he pulled down the window curtains, and beat them both with a hatchet... We have plenty of evidence that the killing was planned several days ahead.

Missing from the Ranger Captain's report was the fact that Mother Guadarrama was shot in the stomach during the melee.

The first reliable witness on the scene was Sergeant J. H. Sirks of Troop "C," 13th Cavalry Regiment, who with his squad was patrolling the river area near the store. Hearing the blast of six-guns coming from the bar, where only a few moments before he had stepped in for a quick drink, Sirks slipped the safety off his Springfield, shouted to his men to follow, and dashed into the saloon. Flinging open its swinging door, he covered the startled occupants with his rifle and surveyed a bloody scene.

Mother Guadarrama was lying in the center of the floor clutching a bleeding stomach and groaning. Ranger Russell was lying near a side door, his sightless eyes staring at the ceiling, a newly rolled cigarette still stuck in the corner of his mouth. Deputy Garlick lay in the front part of the store. The warrant in his shirt pocket had a hole from the .45 caliber bullet that had penetrated his chest and caused instant death. An autopsy showed that the hatchet blows to the head of both men were unnecessary. The two lawmen were already quite dead.

Juan Guadarrama told the Sergeant he shot both men during an argument. "Garlick," he claimed, "pulled his gun first and shot my mother."

Within minutes a swarm of El Paso lawmen arrived on the scene. Mother Guadarrama was carried into a back room where she was laid on a pile of blankets awaiting an ambulance that would rush her to a local hospital. When the newly arrived police

Smeltertown Residences, 1908. Photo courtesy El Paso County Historical Society.

officers searched the bodies of the two dead lawman, they found that the gun belts, holsters, and the .45 caliber Colts they had carried were missing. One witness later swore, but it was never proved, that Juan's spitfire of a wife, Maria, after tending her dying mother-in-law, had hidden the two gun belts under her voluminous, if bloody, skirts Although an intensive search was conducted, the weapons were never found.

That evening, at 5:45 p.m, Mother Guadarrama died in a local hospital. The attending physician, Dr. L. G. Witherspoon, said that, in addition to the bullet wound, the woman suffered from severe powder burns indicating she had been shot at point blank range.

Juan, three of his brothers, and his wife, Maria, were quickly indicted for the murders. Surprisingly, during the trial, the "River Gang" was defended by Tom Lea, the highly respected mayor of El Paso. Strange, some thought, that a leader of the city's business establishment would defend a band of well known outlaws.

After a series of delays the trial was finally held in January, 1914. The blue-ribbon jury was made up of some of the more distinguished citizens of El Paso. More peculiar, while the news of the murders had made the front pages of both local newspapers, the trial was relegated to the back pages.

The trial itself was a mass of contradictions, the Guadarramas claiming self defense and the prosecution charging ambush and murder. During the proceedings, a bloody hatchet, with a tuft of black curly hair still clinging to it, was produced, but for some unknown reason it was never introduced into evidence.

Juan Guadarrama, taking the stand in his own defense, introduced the most controversial statements made during the trial. He testified that he shot Deputy Garlick only after the lawman drew his gun, shot Mother Mariana, and fired two shots at Juan.

A twelve-year-old boy, who was in the store at the time, was produced by the prosecution. The lad testified he saw "Mama Mariana" holding an ax handle behind her skirt and, sneaking up behind one of the officers, struck him on the head. Then, he said, Juan started shooting. Suddenly, Juan cried out, "O my God, I've shot my mother." But under cross-examination, the boy burst into tears, admitting his testimony had been coached by "Texas Rangers."

As to the alleged shots fired at Juan, investigators at first found no bullet holes in the store. After the trial commenced, however, another search was made and two city police officers claimed they found bullet holes in the floor and in a potato bin. Since Scott's and Garlick's pistols were never found, it was impossible to know whether the officers had ever fired their weapons.

One witness said Sgt. Sirks had stolen the weapons; another said a mysterious man in the saloon had shot Ranger Russell, stolen their weapons and fled across the Rio Grande. Sitting on his horse on the Mexican side of the river, the witness said, the man waved the weapons defiantly and then rode off.

One witness said Sgt. Sirks had stolen the weapons; another said a mysterious man in the saloon had shot Ranger Russell, stolen their weapons and fled across the Rio Grande. Sitting on his horse on the Mexican side of the river, the witness said, the man waved the weapons defiantly and then rode off.

In his testimony Juan also claimed that after the lawmen's first appearance at the saloon that morning, he had called the Sheriff's office asking for help because, he said, the two lawmen

were threatening him. The prosecution, however, produced the clerk from the sheriff's office who denied any such request had been made.

The trial ended at 5:00 p.m. on Thursday evening, January 22, and the case was given to the jury. With Mayor Tom Lea, the most noted lawyer in West Texas, leading the defense, a possibly thoroughly confused jury was left to sort out the confusing evidence.

Early on Friday morning the jury foreman reported to the judge that they were hopelessly deadlocked and could not reach a decision. The judge then quickly declared a mistrial. Some courthouse observers were of the opinion that the "blue ribbon" jury had deadlocked in an unusually short period of time.

The most poignant scene during the trial was the presence of the young widow of Deputy Garlick. She sat in the front row on one side of the courtroom cradling her one month old baby in her arms.

It was not until June, 1915, that a second trial took place. Again Mayor Tom Lea put on a masterful defense. If the first trial had been a mass of contradictions, the second was even worse. Witnesses changed stories, one was even cited for perjury, all the facts were in conflict and Sgt. Sirks, one of the prosecution's key witnesses who was now out of the army, could not be located. Strangely, some of the local police were called as witnesses for the defense—not a usual practice when two law officers had been brutally killed. After both sides had rested their cases, the presiding judge gave a directed verdict of not guilty for Maria and one of the brothers. The jury, again made up of leading citizens, found Jesus and David not guilty. However, Juan was found guilty of murder in the second degree and given a light sentence of five years.

The most poignant scene during the trial was the presence of the young widow of Deputy Garlick. She sat in the front row on one side of the courtroom cradling her one month old baby in her arms. On the other side of the courtroom also in the front row, sat Maria, the wife of Juan. She was holding her one month old baby in her arms.

Juan's light sentence was most unusual, according to local observers. At that time in Texas, the killing of a local police officer and a Texas Ranger usually resulted in a quick trial, followed

by a new rope and a six foot drop for the defendant—particularly when the jury was composed of prominent businessmen. Could it be, they said, that the "River Gang" knew too much about the businessmen's links to gunrunning and smuggling and an acquittal and a light sentence were the price paid for silence? The truth will never be known.

As the wild days of the Mexican revolution came to an end in 1928, Smeltertown settled down to a quiet existence as just another working class neighborhood. There continued, however, a considerable number of illnesses in the community, particularly among children. In the 1970's a United States Communicable Disease Control Study confirmed a high concentration of lead in the blood of many children living in Smeltertown. It was alleged that it was the result of smelter operations in the area.

On January 1, 1973, the area was condemned and all 120 families were moved out. Smeltertown was bulldozed into rubble.

One of the older displaced persons was heard to murmur, "Perhaps this was a curse of the dead lawmen. *Quien Sabe?*"

DOUGLAS V. MEED has a Bachelor of Arts degree in journalism from the University of Texas at Austin, and a Master of Arts degree in history from the University of Texas at El Paso. Early in his career he worked as a journalist in San Antonio and Houston before becoming a foreign service officer in India and France. From 1961 to 1991 he was in corporate public relations in the petroleum industry in the Unites States, Europe, the Middle East, and Asia. Since 1991, he has been a freelance writer. Meed has published two popular books on the history of the border at the time of the Mexican Revolution, *The Bloody Border* and *They Never Surrendered.* He recently published *Texas Wanderlust,* a biography of his great grandfather who was a frontiersman and a veteran of the Civil War.

And the Rains Came

By Marilyn Gross

The El Paso County Historical Society honored its Charter Members on Sunday, September 14th at a lovely garden party at Burges House on West Yandell. Among those Charter Members who signed the register were Doris Busalacchi, Rebecca and Dodson Garrett, Mr. and Mrs. Martin T. Gemoets, Ralph and Mary Ellen Guilliams, Mary and Ralph Hellums, Sandra and Bob Hoover, Dorothy and Joe Leach, Frank Mangan, Winifred Middagh, Cornelia Owen, Louise J. Schuessler, Ethel M. Schwartz, and Ralph Seitsinger. The Charter/Life members were represented by Mrs. August L. Aimone, Jose Cisneros, Colbert and Ida Coldwell, Gertrude Goodman, Frank and Barbara Gorman, Clinton P. Hartmann, Martha Jane Latham, Helen Ponder, and Jack and Mary Vowell.

The work of Margaret Varner Bloss, general chairperson for the afternoon was evident in the smooth unruffled activities. The collation, planned and graciously served by Carolyn Breck and her committee, was a delight to the eye as well as to the taste buds. Lea Vail, in charge of facilities, provided a lovely and comfortable setting. Some of the members who own vintage cars offered those cars as taxis for those who wished to ride up from the roadway. Soon however the cars became more of a display than a conveyance.

All were enjoying the delicious food and most pleasant conversation when suddenly the rains came. So quickly did the downpour come that there was barely time to get inside. The food and the liquid refreshments were quickly placed in the house and all continued their conversations in small, close, and friendly groups while they watched the sheets of rain cascade across the lawn.

The reverberating booms which seemed to be directly overhead made us pause our conversations, but we only paused. When the rain diminished, some very pleased and happy people began the trek homeward.

It had been a delightful afternoon and many were heard to ask "Why don't we do this more often?" Thank you, President Frank Gorman, Program Chairman Joe Leach and all those who worked so hard to make this gathering the brilliant success that it was. Among those committee members whose diligent work we applaud are Gracie Adkins, Stella Lou Bauman, Lillian Collingwood, Richard Field, Kathleen Gilliland, Rosita Horowitz, Eddie Lou Miller, Ruth Park, Barbara Rees, and James and Kay Tumelty.

Photos courtesy Lea Vail

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Dr. Bush Recalls Days of 25 Years Ago in El Paso

By Dr. I. J. Bush

EDITOR'S NOTE: Ira Jefferson Bush was fifty-nine years of age when he wrote this article for the *El Paso Times*. He had arrived in El Paso in 1899, coming from Pecos where he had lived since the summer of 1893. He was born near Lawrence, Missouri in 1865 and had graduated from Louisville Medical College in 1890. After a year in Louisiana he headed west for his health. He settled at Fort Davis in 1891, practicing there and at Marfa, where he advertised his specialty as being "diseases peculiar to women." Later he moved to Pecos as the doctor for the Texas and Pacific Railroad Company. During his last years Doctor Bush penned a book about his life entitled Gringo Doctor. In it he tells about establishing a hospital in El Paso for soldiers of Francisco Madero's revolutionary army. Bush held the title of Surgeon General and the rank of colonel. The book was issued by Caxton Publishers of Caldwell, Idaho on May 10, 1939, two months after he had died on March tenth. Ira Bush did not see the final product.

Originally published in fifteen hundred copies, *Gringo Doctor* has been out of print since 1946. It is in the process of being republished by the El Paso Corral of the Westerners.

From *The El Paso Times*, August 10, 1924

A few days ago, in running over an old account book, I came across a notation which reminded me that I had lived a quarter of a century in El Paso. As my mind went back to the days of my coming here I thought, what a change! Whether for better or worse, I am unable to say. El Paso at that time was a wide-open frontier town of about 20,000 inhabitants. A dinky little street car, drawn by a Mexican mule, made its way round the circle to Juarez. Another wended its way down "Santone" Street to Magoffin Avenue and on round the circle and back up Myrtle Avenue. There was not a paved street and not many sidewalks in the residence part of town. The only two buildings that boasted elevators were the Sheldon (then an office building)

and the Federal Building. B. F. Hammett had just erected the D. R. Francis apartment building, on Mills, and it was considered a wonder, in an architectural way. Montana extended out about four blocks and was a cow trail the rest of the way out eastward. Five Points was a howling waste of rocks, mesquite and sand dunes. No one ever dreamed that the town would extend out that far. Nearly all the doctors rode bicycles when they visited their patients. Likewise, the lawyers rode down to the court house and "hitched" their bicycles to a rack built out in front. Hotel Dieu had just built the first unit of the present building and was the only hospital in the city.

Montana Street extended out about four blocks and was a cow trail the rest of the way out eastward. Five Points was a howling waste of rocks, mesquite and sand dunes. No one ever dreamed that the town would extend out that far.

JOE MAGOFFIN

Mayor Joe Magoffin was mayor and "Con" Lockhart was chief of police. There were eight or ten policemen and a night captain. Prominent among the doctors in those days were Drs. Turner, Vilas, Race, Justice, Gallagher and Thompson. Of the lawyers were Captain Beall, Judge Kemp, Judge Edwards, Judge Coldwell, Turney, Stanton, Buckler, the two Pattersons, Judge Falvey, McGown and others. Even then, El Paso was known all over the state for the ability of its lawyers. Judge Walthall was district judge and John Dean district attorney. Most of the lawyers had offices in the Bronson Block, where the First National bank now stands. A stairway ascended on San Antonio street and each afternoon there was always a group of lawyers gathered at the foot of the stairway, engaging in social intercourse. The meeting generally adjourned to some nearby saloon, and often was continued to some length. The habit was not confined to lawyers. After business hours it was customary for both business and professional men to congregate in saloons for a few rounds of social drinks.

SALOON OWNERS PROMINENT

The saloon proprietors were prominent men in those days, especially in politics. Each saloon had a private back room or two, where men could repair and, over a few drinks, could pull off big business deals. I remember one big bank merger was pulled off in

such a place. Bartenders were very polite, and if a man did not have a title, they generally accorded him one. About every third house in the business district was a saloon. In each saloon was a gambling layout, and generally the sky was the limit. Thousands of dollars were to be seen lying around on the gambling tables. Of course, men who bucked the gambling games generally lost, but occasionally some man would hit a streak of luck and "bust the bank." Utah street, south of Overland, was the reservation [red-light] district. The building now occupied as a Salvation Army hotel was built by a young woman who went over to Johannesburg, South Africa, and made a pile of money during the gold rush in that country. She returned and built the house—the finest "on the row" by far. When the house was completed and furnished, she had an "opening," and invitations were mailed out to most of the prominent men of the town. That opening was the talk of the row for months. Several dance halls were running full blast all night long. The saloons never closed their doors. In fact, many of them had no keys to the doors. The only police captain the town boasted had a half interest in a saloon down "on the row."

Several dance halls were running full blast all night long. The saloons never closed their doors. In fact, many of them had no keys to the doors

FOUR PRECINCTS

For voting purposes, the town was divided into four precincts, which were called wards. The second ward extended from Overland Street to the river. No poll tax was necessary as a qualification to vote, and Mexicans were voted in herds. The best vote herder was a ward heeler and a man of importance in the political life of the community. C. R. Morehead was the political boss of the city at this time. Later, he was succeeded by "Henry" Kelly. There have been others—both before and since. Each an uncrowned king for a few years.

The first policeman I ever saw in El Paso was standing at the corner of San Antonio and Oregon Streets. He wore a big Mexican sombrero and a linen suit. At his hip hung a .45 caliber six shooter and on his breast was a star. There was no "black Mariar," and when a man was arrested he had to walk to jail, and if too drunk to walk he was loaded into a hack or delivery wagon and hauled to the station. In those days, the reservation averaged

about three suicides and half a dozen shooting scrapes a week. On one occasion the proprietor of a dance hall and a policeman had a shooting scrape in the police court room. The policeman and the judge flattened themselves on the floor and let them shoot it out. There were many hard fought political battles in those days. Often they resulted in pistol fights. Generally, the contestants became good friends again as soon as the election was over and the smoke of battle cleared away. During one of these hotly contested campaigns, two of my friends got into a fight, and in trying to separate them, I got hit in the head by a walking cane. Two or three days later I was standing at a bar with one of the belligerents when the second one walked in. I called him up to me and said that as I was the only one hurt in that encounter I demanded that they make friends. They shook hands and a round of social drinks passed. On another occasion, during the evening following an election day, a man named McDougal stood around the polling place while the votes were being counted, and with a megaphone was calling out to the crowd the way the vote was going. Standing In the crowd was Captain ———. Finally, McDougal called out something that didn't please the captain and he drew his .45 and sent a bullet crashing through the megaphone. Needless to say, no more news emanated through that method.

TURNEY IN LEGISLATURE

W. W. Turney had represented El Paso county in the legislature for several years and finally was elected to the senate. Then a young man belonging to a prominent family here was elected to the legislature. On one occasion this legislator got tanked up and had a row in a saloon and drew his gun. The matter was written up by the "editor-in-chief" of a certain afternoon paper. Legislator sent word to Mr. Editor-in-chief that he proposed to go give him a beating the first chance he got. He didn't get the chance, because the editor-in-chief brought his wife down town every morning and she called for him in the afternoon and took him home. In a month or two the legislator forgot his threat or forgave the editor and then the editor could again come to his office without the protection of a "skirt." Along in 1900 B.F. Hammett, interested with some St. Louis capitalists, was building houses of a substantial nature all over El Paso. A. P. Coles was branching out into the real estate business and was laying the foundation of a fortune. His brother, Frank, had left off selling "poultry" and had joined

A. P. and Otis in business. Dick Caples held some fine lots in the business section but, as yet they were covered by adobe shacks. Captain Davis was collector of customs, and Jim Magoffin was his chief deputy. Houck and Dieter were the whisky wholesalers, as was Mr. Pfaff. Dick Stevens, now in the Texas legislature, ran a saloon on San Antonio Street. A man got in debt to him and almost forced on him the corner of Texas and Mesa Avenue, where the Stevens building now stands. Stevens bought it for a few hundred dollars and it is now worth many thousands.

SOUTHWESTERN RAILROAD ARRIVES

The El Paso and Southwestern railroad built into El Paso along in 1904 and from that date the town began to grow and put on city airs. The old mule cars had already been replaced with electric cars and a movement was inaugurated for paving the streets. The police force were required to wear uniforms and gamblers were run out of the city. People began to pour in from the East and build homes and in a few years the town began to put on metropolitan airs. The old order of things was passing. El Paso was no longer a western town. Men who formerly rode around town on a bicycle, or walked, now rode over paved boulevards in high powered cars and sipped pink lemonade or coca cola in clubs. Most of the old pioneers have passed on to their reward. And those who are left have changed. Men who formerly met in groups on street corners every day in a kind of social session now go months without seeing each other. When they leave their offices they are in a car and off home or to the club or golf links and they seem to have no time for the old days, when the town was young, virile and thoroughly western. Perhaps they are happier now than in the old days. *Quien sabe?*

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Book Reviews

ON THE PRAIRIE OF PALO ALTO: HISTORICAL ARCHAEOLOGY OF THE U.S.-MEXICAN WAR BATTLEFIELD by Charles M. Haecker and Jeffrey G. Mauck. College Station: Texas A&M University Press, 1997. xi + 227 pp. Hardback, $39.95.

This book has its origins in the planning documents assembled by National Park Service personnel for the Palo Alto Battlefield National Historic Site. The publication of the preliminary report generated sufficient interest to make the larger work possible.

The authors combined the perspectives of historians and archaeologists in order to put Palo Alto, the first battle of the United States-Mexican War of 1846-1848, into the wider context of nineteenth-century history. They do not quite succeed at this, but what they do accomplish is altogether impressive.

The introduction and historical overview provide brief synopses of United States ambitions to possess Texas from the time of Thomas Jefferson's administration to the annexation, the outbreak of the war with Mexico and the condition of both armies at the war's outset, and the course of the war ending with the United States victory. There is nothing new here and thus the authors' initial claim to have added to the wider literature falls somewhat short. There is a short overview at the book's end of the post-war history of the battlefield including the depredations of the relic hunters.

The three remaining chapters of the book are its heart. They examine the weaponry, the artifacts of the battle, and the topography. Here the authors are in their element and there is extensive and detailed discussion of the mechanics of warfare. This is a useful supplement to the general military histories of the United States-Mexican War by Otis Singletary, K. Jack Bauer, or John S. D. Eisenhower which make general references to the superiority of United States artillery as a cause of the victory, although the United States forces were constantly outnumbered. Haecker and Mauck detail extensively the problems faced by the Mexican army. Mexican troops were armed with out-of-date, and often defective, British army surplus weaponry. Mexican artillery fired solid shot which was easily dodged by United States troops who used canister shot which broke up in flight and took a terrible toll on Mexican forces.

The United States forces also had the advantage of its extremely mobile light ("flying") artillery. Even the quality of Mexican gunpow-

der is noted and found wanting. This analysis of the Battle of Palo Alto makes it clear that, although Mexicans possessed the advantage of fighting with superior numbers and in their own country, the Mexican Army faced severe and ultimately decisive limitations in weaponry and equipment for which the valor of the Mexican soldiery could not compensate. In this Haecker and Mauck make an important contribution to our understanding of the military history of this war.

On a more limited scale, they have settled some questions of major importance for the battle itself. United States and Mexican accounts of the later stages of the battle differ. The maps drawn by Jean Louis Berlandier, a Frenchman who served in the Mexican army, showed the Mexican forces as holding the same ground throughout the battle, even making an advance. Maps drawn by participants on the United States side, however, suggest that the Mexican right flank collapsed. The authors do a thorough study of battlefield maps, accounts, archaeological evidence, and the topography of the field itself to determine how the lines of battle moved during the afternoon of May 8, 1846. The final result comes closer to the United States accounts than to that provided by Berlandier who, the authors suggest, may have responded to post-battle political pressure as he attempted to re-create the day's fighting.

The book is generously illustrated with excellent maps and drawings which detail the weaponry and military accouterments described in the text.

In short, while there is relatively little effort to put the work in the context of larger issues of nineteenth-century history such as Manifest Destiny or westward expansion, *On the Prairie of Palo Alto* is an excellent accompaniment to military histories of the United States-Mexican War and the nineteenth-century United States and Mexican armies.

NICOLE ETCHESON
University of Texas at El Paso

THE ROAD TO MEXICO by Lawrence J. Taylor and Maeve Hickey. The University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1997, pp. 178.

One might wonder, why produce, with text and photographs, a book dedicated to the southern edge of Tucson, several villages located between Tucson and Nogales, the two Nogales (one on each side of the Arizona-Sonora border), and small Sonoran towns like Inuris, Magdaleno de Kino, Santa Marta, and Santa Ana. Why not do a work about lovely Hermosillo or other interesting aspects of Tucson?

These questions are answered quickly for the reader who discovers a number of fascinating persons in the southern Arizona and northern Sonora region who are examined through the moving

words and striking black and white pictures by writer Lawrence Taylor and photographer Maeve Hickey, a pair always present yet somehow not intruding.

They explain that they came to the border area as pilgrims and strangers, and they present an admittedly fragmentary view while reminding us that there is a particular truth found in fragments.

With fascinating stories of ordinary people told in their own words this is virtually an oral history, but it is much more than this. Instead of interviews there are friendly conversations. Lawrence Taylor is straight-forward and non-judgmental in his commentary, and displays a sensitive appreciation of the cultural diversity present.

This is apparent in descriptions of and conversations about topics ranging from religious processions and mariachi masses to fiestas and local beauty contests. The descriptions of the religious practices, especially at the mission of San Javier del Bac in Arizona and at Magdalena de Kino in Sonora, reveal the profound respect for the essential part of life evidenced by these practices.

There are lovely passages that catch the feel–the colors and odors and textures–of both sites. Further, the treatment of the Day of the Dead is moving but never maudlin.

Other aspects of the border region are also portrayed with trenchant, contrasting descriptions of the lives of the Tohono O'odham people (before 1985 known as the Papago tribe) and those members of retirement communities with their comfortable homes and golf courses. Throughout, the author reveals the pleasures and the pains, the opportunities and the difficulties, present–and he appropriately ends this work as it started–en route.

JOHN HADDOX
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COMPARING COWBOYS & FRONTIERS by Richard W. Slatta. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1997. xvi + 320. Notes, bibliography, index. $24.95

Richard Slatta is a well known scholar of comparative history, whose books focus on North and South American gauchos, ranchers and cowboys. This new work is not a monograph, but rather "a guidebook in comparative research and...a text for classes in comparative frontier history" (p. xi). It is not intended for the general reader.

The first section of the book offers potential topics for comparative research. Among those Slatta suggests are frontier imagery in Canada, the United States and Latin America; Indian equestrian economies in both continents; Spanish colonial military policy in Argentina and Mexico; differences between Mexico's *vaqueros* and *charros;* and institutions such as American western saloons and Argentine *pulperias.* Since Slatta intends these topical chapters to

be suggestive rather than definitive, he offers only cursory discussions. The result is disappointing. In the preface he notes that comparative histories "illuminate why and how historical similarities and differences arise." (p. xi). Alas, Slatta offers no model or guidance on this crucial and important element of comparative history. Illustrative models of one or two of the topics would have made this book more useful to readers.

The second part of the book considers matters of technique and method such as historian Frederick Jackson Turner's influence in Canada and Latin America, problems in locating sources for social history, and the dangers of "frontier overrevisionism." By the latter, Slatta means inserting "social groups" (women, for instance) where they did not exist. He also objects to the "self-indulgent babble and loose, sloppy nomenclature that typifies deconstructionism." (p. 191) More dangerous, Slatta maintains, is some revisionists' inclination to reject government documentation and the commitment to understanding and analyzing sources within their own historical context. Finally, Slatta disagrees with historians who want to discard the "frontier" as an analytical tool or concept. He asserts that the idea maintains validity and vitality. Although Slatta does not want to resurrect Turner's definition of "frontier," he fails to offer an alternative definition and so, fails to make a convincing case for the concept's continued usefulness.

El Pasoans may be intrigued by Slatta's claim, in the preface, that the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA) adds political and economic urgency to hemispheric comparative studies. One feels that this book was "fast-tracked" to the publisher, however. It seems hurried, incomplete, and sketchy. Readers of *Password* will find Slatta's earlier book, *Cowboys of the Americas,* more satisfying.

SHERRY L. SMITH
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CAPROCK CANYON: JOURNEYS INTO THE HEART OF THE SOUTHERN PLAINS by Dan Flores. Austin, Texas: University of Texas Press, 1997. $19.95. paperback.

This beautifully illustrated work takes readers into the mostly unknown world of the southern plains. Through personal narrative, history, anthropology, ecology, and color photography, Flores reveals a rich, complex ecosystem in constant change and constantly threatened.

The plains and canyon land country encompass west Texas, western Oklahoma, and eastern New Mexico, an area that is often overlooked and ignored. Much of the terrain lies above the sloping mountains to the west and the author cites an old-time New Mexican

saying, *"hay las sierras debajo de los llanos"* – there are mountains below the plains. While most people think of the plains as a desolate, dull region, Flores brings them to life with his words and pictures.

In the early 1980's, he purchased property on the plains which gave him a base from which to carry-out these explorations. This work is a culmination of years of travel, research, and contemplation. His descriptions of many years of hiking and camping in these remote canyons are presented within a text which outlines the cultural and political history of the area.

In "Visions of Palo Duro..." Flores presents an overview of literary and visual attempts throughout the years to portray the canyon lands and plains. To capture the spectacle of Palo Duro, artists have ventured on foot, on horseback, and in automobiles. As early as the 1870's, traditional artists such as Frank Reaugh portrayed the canyon lands and their beauty. They later influenced the works of Georgia O'Keefe. Flores presents a fine account of how artists have attempted to capture the beauty, isolation, and grandeur of Palo Duro.

Flores also expresses great concern over the future of the plains and of plains culture. He identifies himself as being from the generation that read *Mother Earth News* and brought attention to the plight of the planet. His explorations and studies of the canyon lands has made him increasingly aware of how fragile this area has been. Flores closes his book with a warning about mining and development, and a plea for preservation.

Overall, *Caprock Canyon* is good reading and visually exciting. It provides a beautifully descriptive overview of the region and treats environmental issues passionately, but not polemically. This book would make a fine addition to the library of any student of Southwest history.

DR. GEORGE TOROK
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FUGITIVES FROM JUSTICE – THE NOTEBOOK OF TEXAS RANGER SERGEANT JAMES B. GILLETT. Austin, Texas. State House Press, 1997. 228 p.

Fugitives From Justice occupies a peculiar historical category somewhere between primary source and genealogical catalogue. Michael D. Morrison, mayor of Waco, Texas, provides a brief history of Gillett's career in the foreword to this journal. In the first two hundred pages Gillett, who served as a Texas Ranger from 1876 to 1882, lists, by county, the name, crime, date of the criminal activity, and description of each outlaw he pursued during these years. Gillett hunted a variety of lawbreakers, from hog-stealers and

horse thieves to rapists and murderers. As fascinating as this should be, one learns very little about the psychological profile of the criminals, because most inserts are short, incisive, and fairly mundane. "A medium sized man, weighs about 150 pounds, about 20 years old," reads a typical entry. A few oddly curious accounts, however, appear throughout the journal and reveal less about the outlaws themselves than they do about Gillett's adherence to nineteenth-century Victorian mores. Writing about horse-thief William Taylor, Gillett notes that Taylor "drinks and gambles a good deal, is very profane and vulgar." On the other hand, he seemed to admire murderer J. M. McCambey because he was "well informed and has a pleasant address."

The second portion of the book contains several photocopies of Gillett's original notebook which he carried in his saddlebags as a reference guide and in which he made continual pencilled entries. Column by column he documented information about his prey, from the amount of bounty offered to the color of the outlaw's eyes. Photocopies of railroad tickets and passes, reward posters, and one Western Union telegram are also included in part two. Through these tools one can deduce that Gillett's methodology and talent as a criminologist relied on extensive and precise data collection.

This book will be a useful and factual database for a student researching the type or extent of crime in the nineteenth century West. Furthermore, the reader also receives an image of an intelligent, resourceful, and detail-oriented nineteenth-century professional. One can easily imagine this dedicated sergeant in a 1990's law enforcement field, armed with a cellular telephone and a laptop computer, constantly updating his database and faxing information over the Internet faster than a Texas Ranger could draw his Colt 45.

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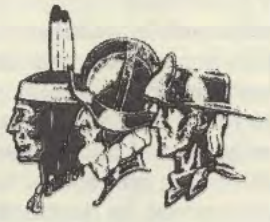

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