Password

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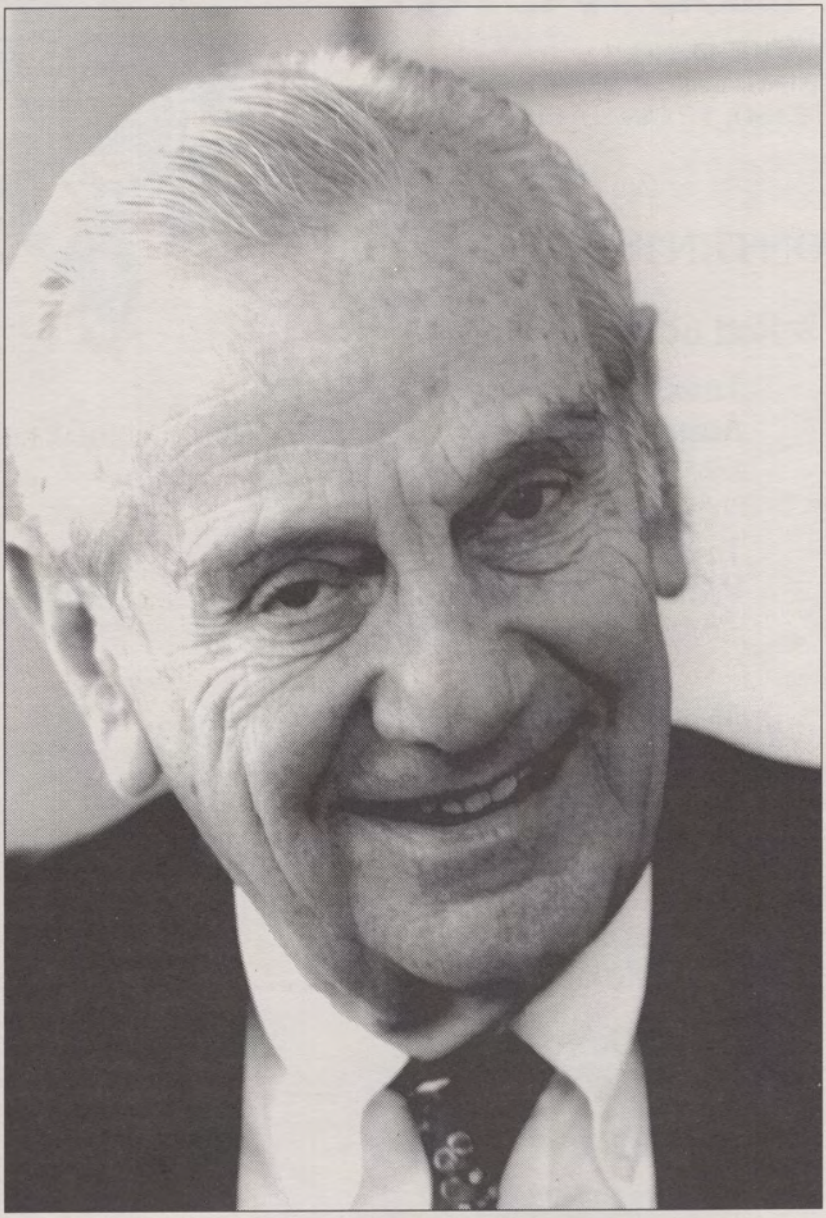

Leonard A. Goodman, Jr.
Photo courtesy Amelia Goodman Krohn

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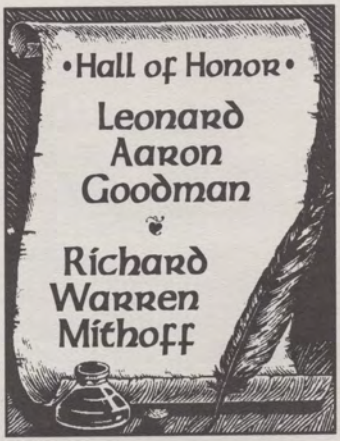
• Hall of Honor •
2000



Leonard Aaron Goodman, Jr.

By Amelia Goodman Krohn

It is with great personal pride and much gratitude to the El Paso County Historical Society and granting me the privilege this evening of presenting a posthumous award to my beloved brother, Leonard A. "Nardo" Goodman, Jr. I am fortunate to be the person who has known him for the longest time, grew up with him, and am forever blessed by having had this close and loving association. I am also pleased that Nardo and Dick Mithoff are sharing this honor as they had a long and pleasant relationship since high school days.

In addition to the accomplishments and honors that my brother accumulated throughout his lifetime, it must also be said that Nardo was greatly loved and admired throughout the community for his genuine concern and caring for everyone he met in all the paths he walked. His humor was universal, having been bequeathed to him by his father who was a past master in the field of humor. "Nardo" not only laughed at himself but had the unique ability of making life a happy occurrence for all people with whom he came into contact. Until his sudden death, God had blessed Nardo with good health, and also with a multitude of talents and innate abilities, which merged to make him an unforgettable human being. He loved his family and his community and gave his life to areas that benefitted others in many and varied ways.

Our brother Robert, known as Beto, penned the following thoughts he wished to share with you this evening.

Nardo will be remembered for his vision, his leadership, and his perseverance in the success and growth of a long list of community and civic organizations. So many were touched by his able hand. Those who knew Nardo best admired his light, humorous side. Unusual telephone mes-

sages, wrong telephone numbers, tuxedo rental orders for tuxedo pants that were too short or too long were just a few of Nardo's ways of tantalizing his family and friends. If it happened to you, you weren't really a victim; rather you were a student of Nardo's lesson: take life seriously, but learn to laugh at yourself. We know that Nardo's concern, his enthusiasm, his humor, his ability to inspire, and his energy will forever touch our hearts. As long as Nardo remains in our memories, his spirit will continue to live to inspire others to continue his work.

Thank you, Beto.

Nardo's "non-sleeping" habits, allowed him the opportunity to plan many of the timely and appropriate jokes that he played on his friends. He had an intuitive ability for timing his pranks to catch someone at a vulnerable time, or just to "be there" to make a joke happen. His humor was timeless, his laughter infectious, and he met life's challenges with joy and mirth—but with a serious side also. He loved people universally and well understood the positive effects of laughter and levity. He will be remembered for helping make life more gentle, more human, and more "real" for others. His life was an abiding benediction to the enjoyment of life's pleasures, contributing so much to so many. His unforgettable humanity will never be forgotten. As Jim Phillips has said, Nardo had a love affair with this city. I have always laughed and enjoyed his humorous acts and I hope you will also.

Now for the lighter side of Nardo. Bob Haynesworth relates that he had an appointment at the Cooper Clinic in Dallas and just prior to leaving he received a message from the clinic verifying his appointment and with a reminder not to urinate for twenty-four hours prior to the appointment. Bob sputtered and mumbled and couldn't believe the message. Then it dawned on him—he knew Nardo had been at work. Another of Nardo's choice victims was Chuck Foster who tells of the constant confusion caused in his office, and especially among the newer secretaries, when they received phone calls requesting to speak to Chuck Schwartz or Mickey Foster.

Both Fosters, Chuck and Rita were bound for the Orient, all packed and ready to go when they received a call from someone advising them there were passport problems and for them to contact the Chinese Consulate in San Francisco. Chuck dialed the

given number and heard a voice mostly speaking Chinese. Chuck could make nothing of the conversation and kept saying, "Passport? Problems? What is the problem? Sailing to China—what is happening, I don't understand." All to no avail. After a frustrating time of unintelligible conversation an impasse was reached. Chuck realized that he was speaking to a Chinese laundry and hung up laughing with Rita. He knew he'd "been taken" once again and by whom. Chuck retaliated later at the El Paso Club by taking a bite out of Nardo's favorite straw hat, leaving Nardo to walk out with only a fourth of a straw hat.

In the early forties Bud Brown told the story of Nardo and Eddie Feuille in the army. Eddie was stationed at Montgomery, Alabama. Nardo was nearby and called Private Feuille who was on report at the time. Nardo needed a "name," he looked around, saw a billboard near the phone, and said he was Captain Listerine and had to speak to Private Feuille. Eddie came to the phone and was told that he was being considered for a promotion to private first class. He was queried about his Reserve Officer Training Corps background. Eddie proceeded to give a detailed description of his complete military career at El Paso High and his many activities. He even mentioned he'd had two uncles who attended West Point as he continued to embellish his own pre-army career. When he heard Nardo's familiar laugh, he caught on. Unfortunately he was put on report again for the lengthy conversation and found himself in full dress regalia walking guard duty. Unfortunately, there was a typhoid epidemic in Montgomery, Alabama so Eddie never had a chance to leave post until his transfer weeks later.

Dr. Tim Roth, professor at the University of Texas at El Paso, tells the story that in 1985 the *El Paso Times* carried a story complete with photo announcing Tim's nomination for a position in the Reagan administration. On the evening that the story appeared Tim and Nardo sat together at a University of Texas at El Paso basketball game. Next to Tim was seated the president of the university, Haskell Monroe. Nardo asked President Monroe if had seen the story. President Monroe had not. Nardo had a copy of the newspaper and asked Tim to pass it to Monroe. Haskell Monroe looked and immediately broke into laughter. Nardo had substituted another picture for Roth's picture and added a caption reading "Suspected Child Molester Caught in Fabens."

One of my favorite stories has been told to many of Nardo's friends, but I think it epitomizes his sense of timing and endless humor in different situations. It happened that Nardo was at an insurance meeting in Atlanta and was standing by the registration desk when a friend approached to register. He was quite agitated as his luggage had not arrived. He was to preside at the evening banquet and needed a fresh shirt, tie, underwear and other clothing. The manager told him he would send the luggage to his room as soon as possible. Nardo was near enough to hear the story. In a few minutes he called Mr. Friend's room, informed him that he was a representative of Delta Airlines, and, having learned of his plight, he was hereby authorizing Mr. Friend to go to the men's store in the lobby and purchase whatever he needed. He was to charge his purchases to the airline. Mr. Friend did so and appeared in clean attire at the banquet. Later in the evening the luggage arrived and he again was called. It was requested that he wash out the socks, shirt, and underwear and return them—dry—to the men's shop the following day. Mr. Friend did so, to the amazement of the store manager who would not accept the return. Nardo was near enough to enjoy the joke, laugh with the friend, and make amends to the shopkeeper. He enjoyed inventing these jokes and then being able to extricate the victim before any harm was done.

A long time fly-fishing companion, Sam Moore, remembers that Nardo was a welcome friend in the outdoors: always helpful, who spoke when conversation was needed, who remained silent when the sound of nature and rivers required it; who never complained as he realized that life and fishing sometimes did not go as one desired. Nardo had the fine touch of knowing when to talk or when to let someone else do the talking. On one occasion at the end of a particularly unsatisfactory fishing trip, organized by Nardo, it was time to settle up with the outfitter, a large, aggressive, bad-humored man. Nardo asked one of his fishing companions to come with him while he spoke with the outfitter who was in a towering rage. Nardo told the outfitter that the trip was not as expected, that he felt that an adjustment in the cost was indicated and that Nardo's unsuspecting friend who was standing beside him wanted to talk with him about the adjustment. Nardo then turned and walked away. There was however a happy ending. An adjustment was made without violence,

a hasty exit was made by the fishermen, and Nardo's friend even spoke to him again.

In closing may I say that this community was well served by Leonard Jr.'s efforts, interests, compassion, and dedication. For all of those touched by Nardo's attributes, life was made lighter and easier to bear. His memory will be forever etched in the hearts of those he loved so dearly.

As Tim Roth so aptly stated. I still can't believe that Nardo is no longer *among* us. He is however still *with* us.

Biographical Sketch:
LEONARD AARON GOODMAN, JR.

By Amelia Goodman Krohn

Leonard Aaron Goodman, Jr., born on November 18, 1921 in El Paso, Texas, attended Crockett School, and graduated from Austin High School. He attended Texas Western College, now the University of Texas at El Paso, for two years and graduated from the Wharton School of Finance at the University of Pennsylvania. Serving with the infantry during World War II, he received a field commission as second lieutenant, and later served in Japan during the Korean conflict. Leonard married Eleanor Kohlberg in 1949, and they had four children: Leonard A. Goodman, III, Walter Goodman, Elizabeth Goodman Levy, and Karla Goodman Steinberg.

In 1945 he joined his father as an agent with the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company. He received the "Man of the Year" award from the El Paso Association of Life Underwriters and the National Management Award from the National General Agents' Association. Subsequently appointed general agent for John Hancock, he served as president of the John Hancock General Agents Association, and received the National Quality Award for ongoing service to his clients. A life and qualifying member of the Million Dollar Round Table, of which he served as president and a charter life underwriter. He served as president of the El Paso Jaycees, later winning the distinguished service award, was named "Texas Outstanding Jaycee President," and served as a national director of the Jaycees. Mr. Goodman was chairman of El Paso's city planning commission and president of the Sun Carnival Association. He was instrumental in securing the under-

writing of the Sun Carnival by John Hancock, and served as a member of the board of directors of the State National Bank, now Norwest Bank, and of the El Paso Electric Company. Our Hall of Honor inductee was founder and president of the Del Norte Jewish Historical Society and a lifelong member of Temple Mt. Sinai.

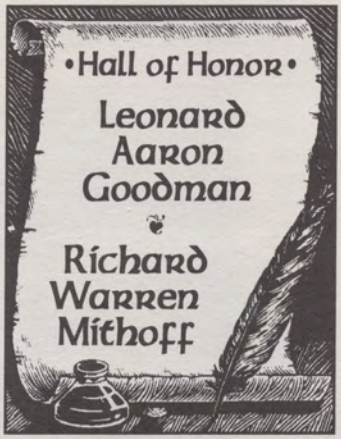
Mr. Goodman was long a supporter of the University of Texas of El Paso, serving in 1967 as chairman of the Business and Industrial Gifts Committee of institution's Excellence Program and later as chairman of the Corporate Gifts Committee. He helped formulate and plan the Legacy Campaign and worked tirelessly to assist the group in its goal of raising fifty million dollars. He served as a board member of the President's Associates of the University Library and later as its president.

Having assisted many organizations, he was a member of the board and served as president of Goals for El Paso, as president of the YMCA board, director of the United Way, and a member of the YWCA Metropolitan Advisory Panel for over twenty years. Mr. Goodman was a director and president of the El Paso Museum of Art Association, and he was a longtime supporter of Pro Musica of El Paso and the El Paso Symphony Association.

In 1986, Mr. Goodman received the Distinguished Service Award from the Rotary Club of El Paso, and in 1995 was posthumously inducted into the El Paso Business Hall of Fame by the Junior Achievement of the Desert Southwest, Inc.

AMELIA GOODMAN KROHN, sister of "Nardo" Goodman, was born in Santa Monica, California and arrived in El Paso by train at the age of two weeks. Mrs. Krohn attended schools in El Paso, graduating from Austin High School. She attended the College of Mines, now the University of Texas at El Paso, and graduated from Goucher College in Maryland. She was employed by the El Paso County Child Welfare Unit until she married Albert Krohn, a native El Pasoan, and they had four children and now have seven grandchildren. She has worked as the first volunteer coordinator at R.E. Thomason General Hospital, as a caseworker with the Department of Human Resources, and as a case worker dealing with abused and neglected children. She has been active with parent-teacher groups, garden clubs, and the El Paso Rehabilitation Center. Mrs. Krohn has served as an officer and board member of many organizations, to include the Girl Scout Council, Women's Division of the Chamber of Commerce, Mesita Parent Teachers Association, the Y.W.C.A. Board, the Symphony Association, and has been a member of many groups in El Paso.

• Hall of Honor •
2000



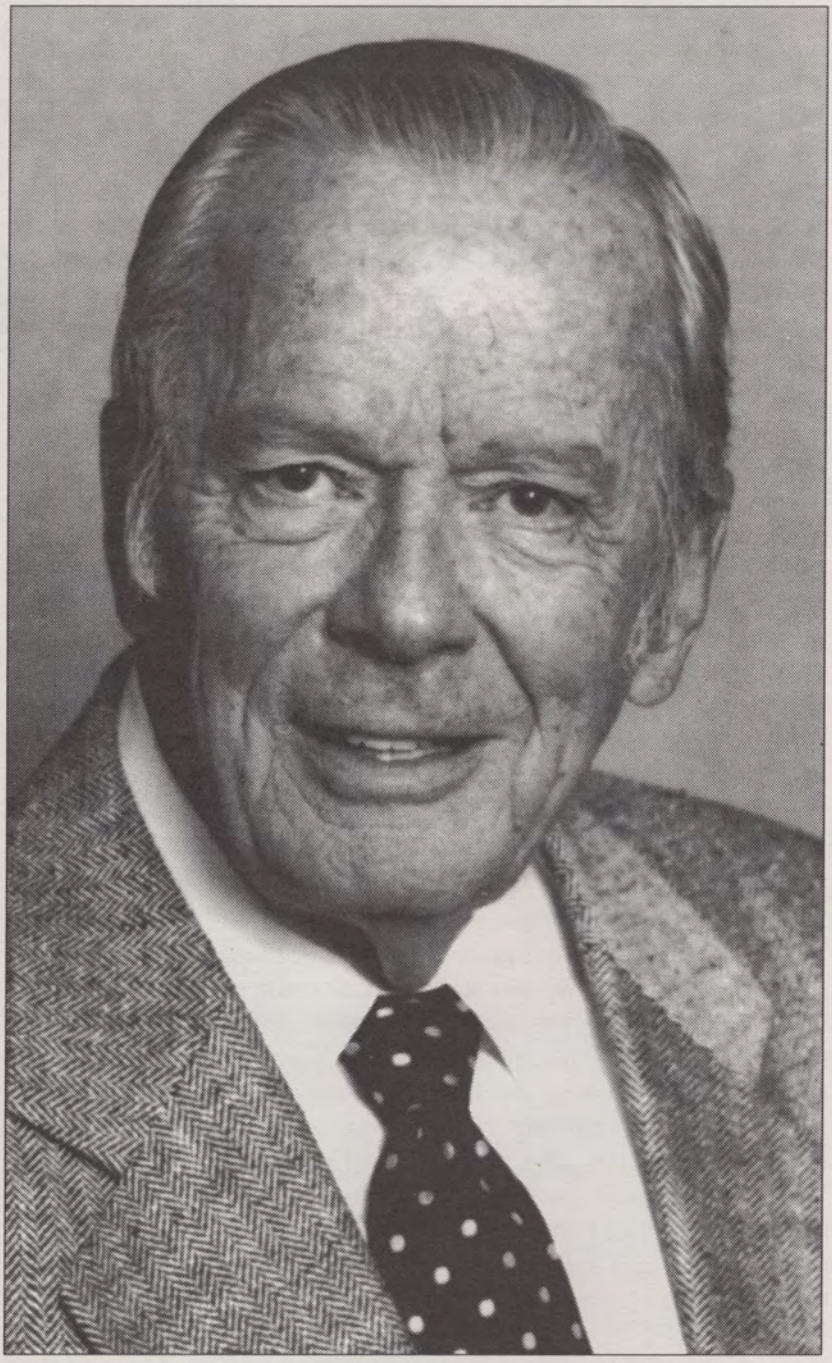
Richard Warren Mithoff

By Bill Burton, Jr.

Before I begin my tribute Dick Mithoff, I want to mention that all of us truly do miss Nardo Goodman. Thank you, Mrs. Krohn, for the wonderful memories of your brother. Nardo's practical jokes are legendary, and I can remember numerous occasions when he would come to our offices and present to a young, unsuspecting receptionist a business card—one bearing the name of Bishop Sydney Metzger, or County Commissioner Orlando Fonseca, or even Chuy de la O. Some of you may not know that Tripper Goodman is tracking right along in his father's path. Every time Tripper and I sit together at any function of the Chamber, the Sun Bowl, a political dinner, I invariably walk out of that event carrying in my coat pockets spoons, knives, and forks that Tripper has slipped in. I think I'm now up to eight place settings.

In my life, I have been blessed by three genuine heroes who have touched me in special ways. The first was my father, who, as some of you know, was a dedicated student of the history of our region and a past member of this organization. The other two gentlemen, I am pleased to say, are here tonight: my predecessor, Roy Chapman, the former president of Mithoff Advertising who taught me the hard "business stuff," and Dick, our chairman emeritus, who taught me the equally hard but gentle "people stuff."

It is a special honor and a privilege to pay tribute to my longtime partner and associate, my frequent advisor and consultant, and still, after twenty-six years, my very good and valued friend, Dick Mithoff. One of Dick's acquaintances, upon reading that Dick was to receive this honor, called the office and said, "Well, the Historical Society should honor him. After all, he's lived



Richard Warren Mithoff
Photo courtesy Mithoff Advertising, Inc.

through most of it!" I thank the El Paso County Historical Society for honoring Dick with this award and for allowing me to tell you a little about a very unique person.

Dick Mithoff has always been, and continues to be, first and foremost, a good advertising man. He constantly seeks perfection in the ads he and his agency produce. This is a tangible description, I believe, that symbolizes the intangible essence of Dick's life: Dick is like a very, very good ad.

Dick Mithoff is intellectually appealing. People who know Dick often marvel at the breadth of his knowledge on any given subject, and also the range of the subjects with which he is conversant. From geography to medicine to politics, Dick is keenly aware of new developments and can address countless topics knowledgeably. It is a trait driven by insatiable curiosity: Dick is naturally curious about everything. He reads everything. If you go into his office, or to Dick's home, you will see stacks of magazines, newspapers, soft-backs, hard-backs—Dick would read the watermark on toilet paper if it were there. But also, he gives everything to the agency staff to read. We get stuff dated 1969 that Dick marks, "You may find this of interest."

He is also precise, and clear, and you do get the message. Like a good advertisement, Dick uses a very straightforward approach when he tells you something. That has its advantages, because it's easier to remember when he tells you the second time. And sometimes there is a third! Dick's opening statement is often, "I may have told you this already. . ." and as you are nodding yes, he is sure to finish that story, disregarding your nod! Dick's precise style has also lead him, his entire life I think, to state the time in military parlance. Once, we had a new copywriter join our staff. Dick told this young man he wanted to meet with him, and gave him a certain time to be in his office. This poor soul eventually mustered the courage to come into my office and ask me, "Mr. Burton, Mr. Mithoff said he wants to meet with me at 15:30—I think that's like 9:30 at night or something. Do I have to do that?" To this day, our executive assistant, Joy Slusher, and I are explaining the "Subtract 12 Rule" to people coming on board.

He is bright and warm, and makes you smile with a most unique and unusual sense of humor. You have undoubtedly noticed that Dick's personality simply does not age. Without flourish, he still has a commanding presence wherever he goes. People are

naturally drawn to Dick; there always seems to be a sense of comfort there. And while the nature of Dick's humor is not of the same genre as the practical jokes and kidding carried out so well by his friend Nardo, Dick's style is more subdued, but extraordinarily candid and open. He can drop one-liners and off-the-wall descriptive phrases so fast that people often miss them; on a few occasions, they have been mistaken. Because of Dick's innocent nature, he has dropped these zingers at precarious times without any thought of negative consequences. We were once with an automotive client for a meeting, and among all the traditionally male sales people, there was a newly-hired female executive. Sharp features, hair up in a tight bun, gray pinstriped suit buttoned up to her forehead—you could smell the seriousness. Well, somebody said something about a new approach to handling women car buyers or something like that, and our dignified, gentle Dick said, "Hey, you gotta watch these women—next thing you know they'll be taking over the world." Actually, the timing was sharp. It was good-natured, and truly funny; everybody laughed. Well, Dick and I were sitting behind this woman, and she never moved. The hair on the back of her neck was standing straight up, and I could see the fumes coming out of her bun. That was just before I slipped under my chair. You're wondering—yes, we eventually lost that client.

In recalling Dick's unusual brand of humor, I'm reminded that some months ago Dick became quite ill with an infection that had crept into his blood stream and as a result, affected his brain. It caused Dick to slip in and out of reality. It was an anxious time for all of us, to say the least. The family was called, son Richard was on his way, and I rushed to the hospital to be with Frances. After they had wheeled Dick into intensive care, the doctors were huddled over Dick and one asked, "Mr. Mithoff, do you know who the President of the United States is?" Dick, in his visibly agitated, confused state, raised his head and tersely said, "Unfortunately, yes."

For those of you who know Dick, you are familiar with the way he plays with with words: all bad drivers are "idiots," less than favorable clients are called "yard birds," all governmental officials, except Republicans, are called "clowns." Overly aggressive, arrogant husband-and-wife teams are referred to as "The X Brothers," substituting their surname for the X! Only Dick's

grandchildren, Michael and Caroline, have names. His sons do not have names, they have numbers: #1 Son, #2, and #3. And Dick's pet name for Frances, even in her presence, is "Ol' What's Her Name." Your group is fondly called the "El Paso County Hysterical Society." I'll let Dick weasel out of that one. These are all called "Dickisms" at our place, and there are many of them—all a part of Dick's ageless and timeless humor.

Another quality of a great advertisement is its pure simplicity. And Dick is such a simple man. You know, a good trip destination for Dick is one to which he can drive. A good weekend for him is one in which the Miners win, the Cowboys win, and Norte Dame loses. A great weekend for Dick is if those three things happen and there's a "formula one" race on television on Sunday morning. And there are never any complex decisions about what wine to order or what to have to drink. With Dick, it's a Dr. Pepper. If you have a Dr. Pepper for Dick, you have a friend, and if it's the hard-to-find, caffeine-free kind, you have a friend for life.

Also like a good advertisement, Dick never tries to sell you. He simply educates, and is constantly motivating. He encourages you to do the right thing, without ever being intrusive. There is not a more humble man. Stages and lights are foreign to Dick, but civic work, or charities, or stepping forward to help others seem almost innate. In past years, Dick has given more of his personal money, and his agency's money, to more people and causes than has the federal government. Much to our agency's chagrin, if you happen to be a ninth-grade tuba-playing student at Riverside school, and you're raising money to go to Washington, D.C., this man is the person to see. Dick's life-long desire to share and to help is motivated by his life's creed which, I have always felt, must have been derived from the Bible, the Koran, the Torah, and the Rotary Four-Way Test. There are not many of us, especially in today's world who hear the same drum beat as does Dick Mithoff, but I do not know any person who does not admire the way Dick marches. His contribution to his community, his sense of equality, his honesty, fairness, and the compassionate reach of his kindness are attributes Dick possesses solely because he wants to have them. It is, simply, his nature.

Let me share with you a prayer of which Dick is fond:

Dear Lord,
So far today, I am doing all right. I have not gossiped, lost my temper, been greedy, grumpy, nasty, selfish, or self-indulgent. However, I am going to get out of bed in a few minutes, and I will need a lot more help after that.

Dick obviously gets a lot of help.

In closing, let me tell you that some years ago, Dick gave me the opportunity to become the head of our advertising agency. But all of us there know that Dick Mithoff remains its heart and soul. He still comes in every day, and his judgements, opinions, and wisdom continue to be the guides we seek. I know that as long as we are there, Dick will have a "corner office." And I know that I can easily speak for all of you when I say, "Dick, you have a corner office here, too." All of us are very fortunate to have a real, living, truly great advertisement among us.

BILL BURTON, JR., a native El Pasoan, graduated from Jesuit High School, El Paso, and is a 1970 graduate of the University of Texas at El Paso, with a degree in journalism. He has been affiliated with many civic organizations such as the Rotary Club, the Greater El Paso Chamber of Commerce, the El Paso Country Club, the Downtown Lions Club, the Sunturians, and has served many as an officer and a member of the board. Mr. Burton as also been active in fund-raising projects for many civic and charity organizations. He is also active in many professional organizations. He is currently president and chief executive officer of Mithoff Advertising Inc.

Biographical Sketch:
RICHARD WARREN MITHOFF

By Joy Y. Slusher

Richard Warren Mithoff, born on September 1, 1920 in La Porte, Indiana, received a bachelor of science degree from the Texas College of Mines and Metallurgy and studied one year at the American Academy of Art in Chicago. Serving with the United States Army during World War II, he achieved the rank of first lieutenant. Frances Maas from Lufkin, Texas, became his wife and they have three grown sons: Richard W., Jr., Robert, and Raymond Mithoff and two grandchildren: Michael and Caroline Mithoff.

In 1946, Richard joined his father in Mithoff Advertising and today remains active with the company, serving as chairman emeritus. He served for many years as a member of the board of directors of the State National Bank, now Norwest Bank. Many organizations in the advertising industry profited by his membership, among them were Worldwide Partners, Inc. of which he served as international chairman, the Southwest Council of which he was a member of the board of governors, and the Sun Country Council of Advertising Agencies which he served as a member of the board of governors and its chairman. Mr. Mithoff served as president and director of Southwestern Association of Advertising Agencies, president of the Advertising Federation of El Paso, and director of the American Advertising Federation.

He also served as a board member and/or officer with: the Rotary Club of El Paso, the Greater El Paso Chamber of Commerce, Sun Carnival Association, El Paso Museum of Art, Radford School, Goodwill Industries, Texas Division of the American Automobile Association, United Way of El Paso, Keep El Paso Beautiful, Junior Achievement, KCOS Public Television, American Red Cross, St. Joseph's Hospital, Cerebral Palsy and Rehabilitation Center, Hundred Club of El Paso, Festival Association for Performing Arts, Viva El Paso, Insights—El Paso Science Center, White Acres Retirement Village, Yucca Council—Boy Scouts of America, Texas Association of Business, Leadership Arts, Visiting Nurse Association Campaign, El Paso Foreign Trade Association, and as the El Paso communications coordinator for the president's Youth Opportunity Council.

Mr. Mithoff served as a member of the seventy-fifth anniversary committee of the University of Texas at El Paso and

was selected as the University's Outstanding Ex-student in 1990; he also served as president of the President's Associates and as an advisory member of the Mass Communications Departments at both the University of Texas at El Paso and Texas Tech University.

He has been a member, patron, and benefactor for many civic and non-profit organizations, including: El Paso Symphony Orchestra Association, Southwestern University, El Paso Art Association, El Paso County Historical Society, Texas Historical Foundation, El Paso Arts Alliance, Crimestoppers, Association of the United States Army, El Paso Community Foundation, Lighthouse for the Blind, El Paso Zoological Society, Anti-Defamation League, National Conference of Christians and Jews, Smithsonian Institute, El Paso Pro-Musica, YMCA, YWCA, Hospice of El Paso, Drive-a-Meal, Texas Independence College Fund and the National Trust for Historical Preservation.

Mr. Mithoff has received numerous awards and honors, including: Ad Man of the Year, Honorary Life Member and the Silver Medal from the Advertising Federation of El Paso, Advocate of the Year—El Paso Small Business Administration, Rotary Club of El Paso's Harris Award and Distinguished Service Award, Executive of the Year by El Paso's Professional Secretaries International, El Paso Sunturians' Business Award for Community Excellence, the Humanitarian Award of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, and the City of El Paso's Conquistador Award. As a member of the First Presbyterian Church, he has served as elder, deacon, and chairman of Christian education.

JOY Y. SLUSHER is a native of Athens, Tennessee, and serves as office manager and administrative assistant, Mithoff Advertising Inc., and as secretary to Richard W. Mithoff, Bill Burton, and Roy T. Chapman. Ms. Slusher is a graduate of the University of Texas at El Paso with a degree in English. She is a member of numerous civic and professional organizations and has served as board member and president of many of them.

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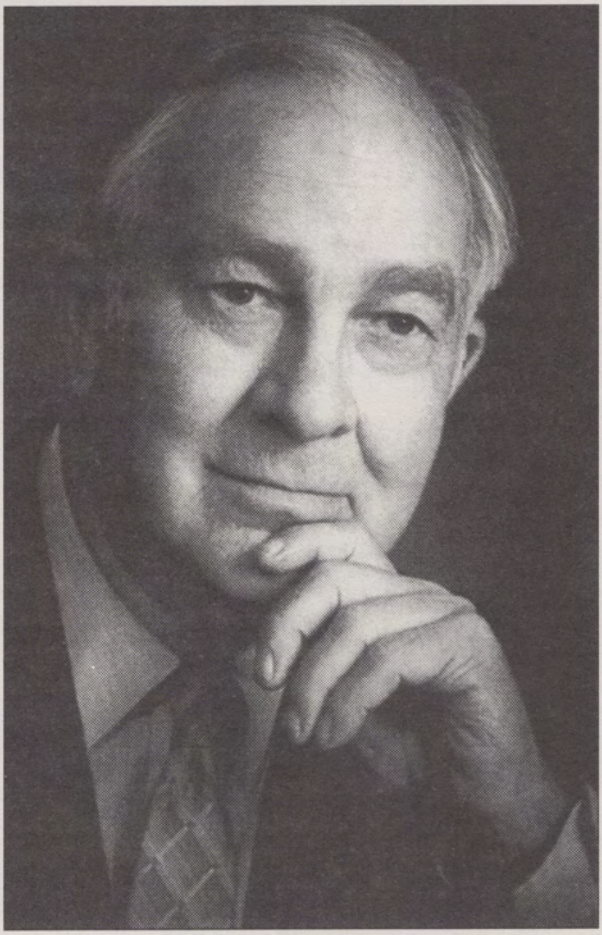


Colbert Coldwell

from *Password* vol. 33 no. 1 (1988) 3.

Gentle Musings: My Early Memories

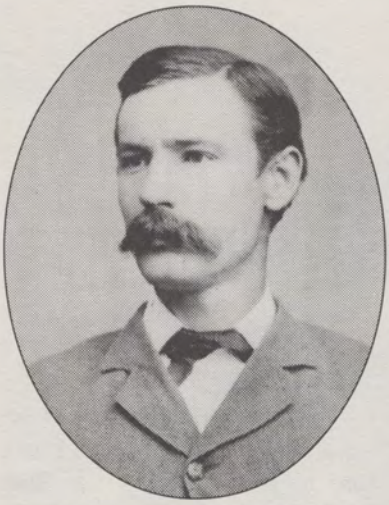
By Colbert Coldwell

It was a bungalow with six rooms and a sleeping porch that occupied part of the 1200 block of North Kansas Street in El Paso, and eight of us lived happily in that house in 1925. It backed what is now the El Paso Legal Assistance Building.

I slept in one bedroom with my sisters Katherine and Nena, and with Martina Carrasco de Bil. We were all born in El Paso: Katherine was born on April 12, 1917; Nena on December 5, 1923; and I was born on April 30, 1921. I don't know when Martina was born, but she died in 1951 in the house at 1131 Montana Street. My mother had her buried in the family plot at Evergreen Cemetery on Alameda.

Our grandfather, William Michie[1] Coldwell[2], also lived with us in his own room until he and my father had an argument. He left

Julia Coldwell Collins, William Michie Coldwell, Hugh Coldwell, Katherine "Rina" Coldwell Rule, Ballard Coldwell, Harold Coldwell: in front of Ballard's house, 1926.



William Michie Coldwell

our home and went to live on Pershing Street with Katherine Coldwell Rule, whom we called Aunt Rina. William Michie, who suffered a heart attack and died at Aunt Rina's in 1927 at the age of seventy-two, had come to El Paso in 1872 with his family as a boy of seventeen. His father, Nathaniel Colbert Coldwell, had been appointed collector of customs in El Paso by President Grant. Nathaniel Colbert, also called Tobe or Toby, had been a friend of Mrs. Grant's brother, and it was she who had helped him get the appointment. They came from Austin, Texas, where, according to family lore, Colbert served on the Texas Supreme Court and was "governor for a day." Colbert had also been in El Paso briefly as a translator with Doniphan's expedition in 1846 and 1847 but returned to Santa Fe to have extra cannons sent down. He left the expedition on his return from Santa Fe, heading to Chihuahua and the Santa Fe-Chihuahua trade.[3]

The Coldwell family left El Paso after two years for Winfield, Kansas, but William Michie remained. His brother, Colbert, went from Kansas to Fresno, California. His older son, also Colbert, who was attending the University of California at Berkeley when the 1906 earthquake struck San Francisco, got his fraternity brothers together to work on rebuilding San Francisco. He went on to establish Coldwell Banker Real Estate Company. The name Colbert, which occurs often in our family, is said to have been the name of a Creek Indian who nursed Thomas Coldwell back to health after the Battle of New Orleans in 1814. In gratitude Thomas named his son Colbert, and the name has been in the family ever since.

In El Paso William Michie Coldwell was a border guard then was admitted to the Texas Bar at age nineteen. Eventually, being the lawyer who had practiced the longest, he became dean of the El Paso bar and gave the speech at the first El Paso Bar banquet in 1901. He married Stella Brinck of Jefferson, Texas, whose sister was married to his law partner James Price Hague. They had five sons and two daughters: Julia; Ballard, who became my

Stella Brinck Coldwell

father; Phillip; Katherine, who was called Rina; Colbert; Hugh; and Harold. Next door to us on North Kansas Street there lived a retired bartender, Mr. Sweeney, whose house I believed to be somewhat grander than ours, although I was never in his house and indeed I seldom saw him. I believed he was a widower, a suspicion strengthened when my father rigged an alarm between our houses consisting of a can of rocks attached to our outside bedroom wall with a string to Mr. Sweeney's bedroom. Mr. Sweeney was to pull on the string in case of an emergency; the rocks would spill, creating a racket, and my father would go to his aid. To the best of my knowledge, it was never used. Every Christmas Mr. Sweeney gave each of us children a box of chocolate-covered cherries, and even once after we moved to 1131 Montana Street he walked a matter of twelve to fourteen blocks to deliver them. He didn't own an automobile.

On the other side of us lived the Muñoz family. Except for the youngest boy, all the children were older, and I had very little contact with them. Across the street lived a family we called the "changos," or monkeys. I was told not to consort with them, but when I did I always seemed to enjoy myself! Next door to them lived a railroad family by the name of Hatch whose son was named Merle. One day I threw a brick at him. I missed Merle, but the brick went through the Hatch's living-room window. As I watched the next day, Mr. Hatch repaired the window. He never said a word to me about my actions—they were gentle folk, and that left me much relieved!

There was an apartment house on the corner, and in the next block stood the Hotel Dieu School of Nursing where I had been born[4] and whose money-raising affairs seemed to be the center of my social life at the time. Every Sunday and a large part of my summers were spent in Clint with my mother's parents, John William and Jesse Stanfield Eubank. I called them Papagrande

Mamagrande, Jesse Starfield; Eleanor; and Papagrande, John William Eubank. Circa 1910

and Mamagrande. Each Sunday we would all drive down and have a fried chicken dinner. When I was older, I would be sent out to the chicken yard to pick the fryers that would constitute our Sunday dinner—after I had caught them and wrung their necks. My father would turn a hand-cranked ice cream churn for our dessert, and when I was older this task became mine. The dinner was cooked by Carmen Giner who had gone to work for my grandparents at age thirteen. Her family lived on the premises and her brothers milked for Dr. Turner on the adjoining farm which was later bought by David Surratt. The Giner family had come from Sausal during the Mexican Revolution. Her uncle, who was a major general in the Mexican army, later was a governor of the state of Chihuahua. After my grandmother died in 1949, Carmen went to work for my mother. After my mother died in 1967, Carmen worked for my sister Katherine for only one year until 1968 when Carmen herself died.

My grandparents had a 120-acre farm at Clint on the road to San Elizario, now a "farm-to-market" road, FM1110. The Franklin drain ran beside the "San Eli road" which is about one-half mile south of Texas 20. Across the road and the drain there was a forty-acre alfalfa field. Behind the house were apple, peach, and pear orchards. They also had a blackberry patch and some strawberries. The strawberries died out, but the blackberries lasted forever. When the blackberries were ready, my grandmother would herd my mother, my sister Nena, and me out to pick berries. How Nena hated that! I didn't like it either, but I didn't complain as much as Nena because this was one of the few areas where I thought I might become the favorite—and I was attempting to supplant her in that role! In addition to the berries, there were also grapes. Uncle Arthur Rule would come to buy a large amount to make wine. Mamagrande, a teetotaler, didn't know his purpose and would ask Papagrandre how he could eat all those grapes! The apple trees proved to be the undoing of the only child of

Uncle Arthur and Aunt Rina. Their son died at age four from eating green apples.

My mother, Eleanor Eubank, was born in Chilicothe, Texas in 1895, the daughter of John W. Eubank who had died in 1928, about a year after William Mitchie Coldwell. John Eubank was born near Glasgow, Kentucky, graduated from Glasgow Normal, and had been a civil engineer in Mexico and Chilicothe. He came to El Paso ahead of the Texas and Pacific Railroad as an engineer to lay out the railroad line. He was county surveyor in the early 1900's and built many of the roads around El Paso. He also built the Federal Smelter which was located on the site that is now Memorial Park.[5] He had wanted to put a highway on the edge of the sandhills, where I-10 is now, but had been overruled. When he retired and moved his family to the farm in Clint, he became known as the Luther Burbank of the area because of the variety of fruits and vegetables he grew.

Papagrande, my grandfather, seemed stern, however, I remember that he ***paid*** me to grind down an old file to make a knife which he finished with a proper handle. My grandmother used that knife with pride. Papagrande and my father didn't seem to get along too well: Papagrande would not lend my father money at a time when he possessed some that he could have lent. Previously Papa had lent money to Papagrande which Papa had had to borrow and on which Papa had paid the interest! Perhaps it was that few fathers believe their daughter married a worthy husband!

We spoke only Spanish at our house. Nena and I, and maybe Katherine, did not learn English until we went to school. My kindergarten teacher remarked that I was the blondest Mexican she had ever seen. One day when I was about four years old, I rode my kiddy scooter about six blocks down Kansas Street to the intersection of Mills Street at the Post Office where a policeman was directing traffic. The police took me in. At that time all police were Anglo-Americans and generally couldn't speak Spanish, and I

Katherine and Nene Coldwell. 1936

Ballard Coldwell in his farmer clothes. 1131 Montana. 1940's

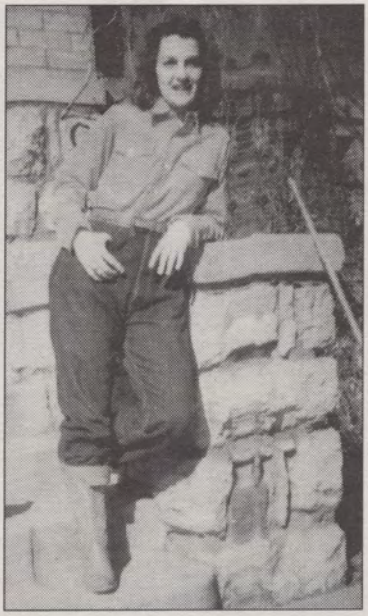
could speak no English! But lack of communication may not be the only reason that caused me to withhold help, thwarting their efforts to return me to my proper home—they gave me ice cream and let me wear their hats! Some hours passed before my fun ended when my parents located me! A few years later, in an effort to extend our education, Papa hired someone to teach us German. It was a valiant effort. He came only once!

Papa built a shed on the vacant lot behind our house and kept a cow there for a time. This lot faces Stanton Street and is now the site of the El Paso Legal Assistance office. The cow had a calf which unfortunately died. Papa put the calf on the floor of the back of our car, and we drove "out Mesa Street," which was a winding trail, past the city limits and dumped the calf. That "winding trail" past the city limits is now approximately the site of University of Texas at El Paso!

From my earliest memory until I went off to college, every Saturday brought a trip to the farms in the pickup. It was the "after lunch on Saturday" ritual. When we were young, Nena, Katherine, and I would go and we often took friends. When it was cold we would take blankets, for we were riding in the open truck bed. On the way home we would stop at Alexander's store in Ysleta, and Papa would buy bananas. Aunt Julia's boys, my cousins Ham and Bill Collins, went often, as would our dog, Amigo, a small fox terrier. Amigo, in fact, refused to be "left behind." If he was not allowed to go he would chase down the street after us. Then Papa would relent and allow him to jump into the truck so a car wouldn't hit him.

Preparations for going to the farms would include filling five gallon cans and bottles with water to take to Mamagrande. This would be her drinking and cooking water at Clint. Papa would wear old business suits with a vest as he needed many pockets to carry the notebooks which were his farm books. The main purpose of the trip was to meet the payroll of each of the ten tenants who

farmed the land at Clint, at the River, the Campo Santo sites, at San Elizario, and at Socorro. Julio Ruiz and Venado Quintana farmed at Clint, and "Chato" Ruiz at the River. Later Fidel Alvarado and his brother Manuel, farmed the River place. Manuel was the father of Jesus Alvarado who later was my foreman. Alberto Lara was at the Campo Santo. Ysidro Perez and Ysidro Vidales were at Socorro as were Abel Alarcon, Vicente and Ambrosio Velasco, and Luis and Manuel Hernandez. Over time there were many others. I remember Papa sometimes did not have the money to pay the men and he went to the banks to borrow money to meet the payroll.



Nena Coldwell dressed for riding in the 1940's. She later married Eliot Shapleigh.

This was in the days when farm work was done by horses. The theory was that one man and two horses could farm forty acres, but nearly one-third of the land had to be in alfalfa to feed the horses. Papagrande had two huge Belgian horses to take care of 120 acres, but of course two-thirds was in orchard. Later, when tractors took over, the acreage for tenants increased. The tenant furnished all the labor and equipment, paid two-thirds of the "poison," we now call insecticide, and fertilizer, and received two-thirds of the crop. Papa furnished the land, paid the water and taxes and one-third of the insecticide and fertilizer. He also financed the tenants, and Papa hadto find financing wherever he could, which was very difficult and a struggle.

All of the time that I knew Papa, he was a state district judge, beginning in 1916 and ending with his death on December 2, 1950. In his obituary in the *Texas Bar Journal* it stated that he "found the energy" to farm. My mother would urge him occasionally to get rid of the farms which not only were a financial burden, but a source of stress as well. We still have those farms.

Papa always had one or more riding horses and at an early age we children were mounted on horses. When I was about four, Papa would put me on one horse and himself on another and lead

Weighing cotton at the Socorro farm near the house where Ysidro Perez lived. 1940's

my horse for fairly lengthy rides. It did not take too long for me to learn to ride by myself. When I was eight, I took the horse White Diamond back to Julio Ruiz's house which was about half a mile behind Mamagrande's house at Clint. The setting sun was in my eyes and the horse was running at a gallop. A newly-erected fence that I could not see suddenly was in front of us. I fell off the horse and broke my leg. Unable to walk, I lay there quite a while before I was found. I was whimpering as Papa drove me home, and he asked me if the whimpering made it feel any better. I replied that I guessed it did not and stopped crying. When we got home Dr. White was called and set my leg with a plaster of Paris cast. I missed about six weeks of classes at Bailey School.

On at least two occasions my father went to Fort Davis to hold court, and he would take the whole family. One time we stayed in a tourist court, but we often stayed in the summer home that belonged to the maternal grandfather of my cousin Bill Walker Coldwell. It was at the edge of town and Papa would walk in to the courthouse. The county judge at Fort Davis, who had gone to West Texas Military Academy in San Antonio with Papa, had a ranch there, but this was during the depression, and like so many at that time, he was broke. My father once held court at Hondo, Texas where I was enlisted to serve as translator for one witness. Unfortunately because of the nepotism laws, my father wouldn't pay me. We also went to the courthouse at Uvalde, and I remember meeting the wife of Vice President Garner.

Once in the Kansas Street house, my cousin Ham Collins, who was probably about four, gave Nena's hair a hard pull. Papa promptly gave Ham a hard spanking. Aunt Julia took Ham home, and it must have been six months before Aunt Julia would again speak to Papa. They were the two oldest siblings.

In 1927 we moved to 1131 Montana Street which is now the office of CPA Michael Bernstein. Uncle Arthur, Aunt Rina's husband, did some remodeling. This house had been a boarding house, and for a long time men who had lived there would come by to see if any of their old friends were still in residence. We rented the house until about 1938 when Papa bought it. The neighbor boys who were good friends were Charles Foote, James Gaddy, Frederico Thacker, Mario Cuen, and John and Bobby Kayser.

The Kaysers lived behind us on Rio Grande Street. John was my age, and Bobby was Nena's age. Johnny was killed in the World War II. After the First National Bank, where Mr. Kayser was first vice president, went broke about 1932, the Kaysers moved to Oakland, California, and the Gaddys moved in. James Gaddy was also a good friend, and he also was killed in the World War II. Charles Foote lived on Virginia Street and was a very good friend. He was also killed in the war. Across the street on Montana lived the Thackers and the Cuens. The Thackers were big ranchers in Mexico—Don Castro Baca, Mrs. Thacker's father, was a contemporary of Luis Terrazas who had been a governor of Chihuahua before the revolution. Mr. Cuen was a Juarez lawyer.

I remember a debate among the boys in the neighborhood as to the existence of Santa Claus. I tended to favor there being such a person as I didn't think my parents would lie about it. Mario Cuen argued the other side, but he also believed that stars were like candles as he had seen a star go out just as a gust of wind came up one evening. We did a lot of roller skating on the sidewalks. We played "shinney" on skates on quiet streets like Noble using a tin can as the puck and sticks from discarded Christmas trees. We played kick-the-can and hide-and-go-seek. Katherine was usually the leader in these games. We went seine fishing in the Rio Grande at Hart's Mill, now the site of La Hacienda.

For a while we had a horse in the back yard, and I would ride up to Mt. Franklin. Early one morning Mrs. Farrow telephoned from next door that the horse was blocking her drive. White Diamond had died during the night and had fallen through the fence into her drive, which was lower than our yard.

In the summer of 1931 Uncle Harold and Aunt Leora with Michie, their only child at the time (Clare, Corrine, and Colbert Nathaniel joined the family later), came to visit on their way to Annapolis. They wanted to take Bill Collins with them, but either

Eleanor Eubank Coldwell and Ballard Coldwell. Circa 1950

Bill didn't want to go or Aunt Julia wouldn't let him, so they took me with them instead. Uncle Harold was going to be an instructor of Spanish at the Naval Academy which he had attended and where he had played football, achieving honorable All-American recognition. I lived with them on the Academy grounds at Annapolis for six months, attending fifth grade at West Annapolis School. All in all it was a memorable experience, although they had much stricter "standards" than those to which I was accustomed, and I became very homesick.

We drove up to Washington, D.C., from where I returned to El Paso on the train, stopping to visit one week with Uncle Hugh and Aunt Lucy Coldwell in New Orleans. They had a maid who took me to a nearby park where there were carnival rides. The rides were closed since school was on, but I had money for the trip, so they opened for us. We were their only customers and we rode all the rides—and I spent all my money. The maid just laughed and laughed. We had a good time.

I went to Bailey School, four blocks west of our home at 1131 Montana Avenue where the Y.M.C.A is now, until sixth grade. On school mornings, we all helped prepare breakfast, except for my mother, who got up late. Martina would cook eggs, I fixed the toast, and Papa, Katherine, and Nena each had certain jobs. After we had breakfast Papa would take Mama's breakfast tray upstairs to her. While I was at Bailey, the playground teacher, a woman, made me captain of the schoolboy patrol for a semester. I was very proud of this, since I was in the fifth grade at the time, and usually the captain was a seventh grade student. The patrol was stationed at the four school crossings to guard the children since Montana Street was a very busy thoroughfare. Later, when I was no longer captain, this same teacher accused me of purloining one of the patrol badges. She seemed thoroughly convinced I was guilty, although I denied it. Nothing however ever came of this that I know of.

In a play at Bailey I had the part of George Washington with a white wig and knee britches. I tried for debate using Patrick Henry's speech, "Give me liberty or give me death!" I did not win– I was too loud. Otherwise I did not accrue any honor that I can remember. Honors I did not accrue, but I do have a memory of one classmate – Marilyn Payne, who married George Look.

Katherine had started at Morehead School and continued to go there. For my sixth and seventh grades which were Nena's fourth and fifth grades, Nena and I were sent to Crockett School. This was much different from Bailey as there were few Mexican students at Crockett. We rode the Fort Bliss street car on which the fare was three cents each way! At Crockett, I knew only my cousins, Bill and Hamilton Collins, and Bill Mayfield. On one of my first days there, I was a spectator after school, watching touch football which was being refereed by the school coach. Bill Mayfield asked me to hold his pea-shooter while he played. A boy asked to look at it. I didn't know him at the time, but I handed it to him, then he decided to keep it. In trying to get it back, I got into a fist-fight with him. It was bloody, and I called it a draw. The coach watched for a while and by the time he stopped the fight, the pea shooter was broken. Bill's only remark to me was that it had been a good pea shooter. About two weeks later, before school, we were broad jumping in the sand pit. Martin Bauman, known as "Bulldog," jumped on me. I recognized him as the same boy from the previous fight. When I protested, he said I was getting too big for my britches and he hit me. I retaliated. I must have hit him eight or ten times in the face, which prompted Marvin Huff to call him "red face." He did not hit me again.

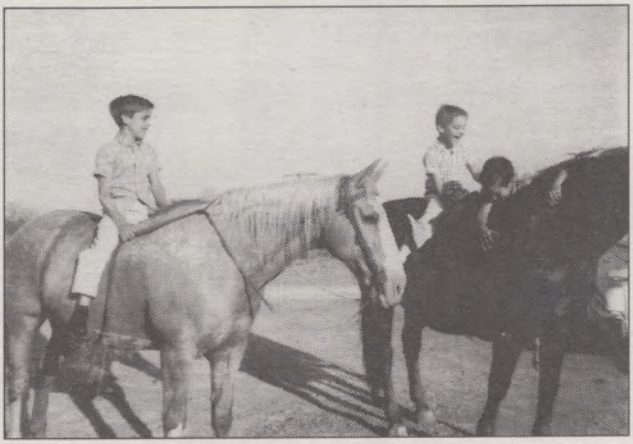
Carlisle, Colbert and Ida Wesson Coldwell in Navasota. 1947 or 1948. Carlisle is now Carlisle Navidomskis, who has published in Password.

There were two sections of sixth and seventh grades, divided by scholastic performance. I was in the "advanced section" with my cousin Bill Collins. In the sixth grade Bill and I represented our grade in the city essay contests. The next year I didn't make it: Bill did. In those times we called him Billy. Donald Lance, Richard Schneider, Pat Lowry, Ray McNutt, Albert Boudreaux, Alta Mae Nance, and Martha Casteel are some classmates I remember.

Most of the Crockett students went to Austin High School, but I went to El Paso High School as did Donald Lance whose family moved to a house right across from El Paso High School. I walked to school since hardly anybody drove themselves. I took R.O.T.C. my first two years but was otherwise undistinguished. As Bill Collins put it, I was part of the Gaddy gang.

In my junior year Papa applied to Phillips Exeter Academy, and I was accepted. For three days I rode the chair car from El Paso to Exeter, New Hampshire. Exeter had over enrolled, resulting in a shortage of dormitory rooms which caused some creative measures—several boys were housed in one of the hospital wards. I slept fitfully, and I did not waken easily. Again I was undistinguished. I dropped out after a year and a half and returned to El Paso High School to graduate in 1939.

Although I was tutored for the college entrance exams, I was not accepted into Princeton, and Papa then let me decide where I wanted to go. Although I had no good reason, I selected Texas A&M where I was very content. A&M had about 8,000 students, practically all organized into military units. I was in C Troop Cavalry and was also a member of the Ross Volunteers, an honorary drill and social group. I was First Sergeant my junior year and Captain



A New Generation Goes to the Farm. Eliot, Colby and Ballard Shapleigh. Circa 1959.

my senior year until I was dismissed for "taking out" Ida Wesson of Navasota. Ida had attended a dance with a cousin who had taken her back to the dormitory immediately after the dance. Having "checked in," she was, of course, not supposed to leave the dormitory. She did. She went out with me. I was "dismissed" but she became my wife in 1945!

I graduated in three and a half years with the rest of my class because we were at war and I was drafted into the "Big One"—World War II. Because of my ability to speak Spanish, I spent the war on the Mexican border in the Big Bend area. At the end of my period of service I was released at Fort Mead, Maryland. Ham Collins was released at the same time, and Ham, Ida and I drove to New York City to see Katherine and then back to El Paso together. After resting for a few days we left for Navasota, Texas where I had a job at the Schumacher Oil Mill, founded by Ida's great-grandfather, Henry Schumacher.

Memories can go on forever—one leading into the next. It is pleasant at this point in my life to look backward with these fond memories. It has been a pleasant little journey.

COLBERT COLDWELL, a fourth generation El Pasoan, graduated from Texas A&M University in 1943. In returning to Clint from Navasota in 1950, he farmed in El Paso's lower valley. He studied law in the office of Hesten L. McCune and was admitted to the Texas Bar in 1961. He served as United States Commissioner for the western district of Texas in 1965 to 1966, El Paso county judge from 1967 to 1970, and as the chairman of the El Paso County Democratic Party from 1973 to 1974. In 1988 and 1989, he was president of the El Paso County Historical Society, of which he and his wife Ida are charter and life members.

Images provided by Colbert Coldwell and Carlisle Coldwell Navidomskis.

NOTES

1. Pronounced "Mickey."
2. Drumm, Stella, ed. *Down the Santa Fe Trail and into Mexico: The Diary of Susan Shelby Magoffin 1846-1847* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1926). The name is given as Thomas Caldwell, fn. 187.
3. This surname is spelled "Caldwell" in the Texas Handbook, and is still pronounced with an "a" sound by native E1 Pasoans
4. Presently the unoccupied Landmark building.
5. Patrick Rand. "The Federal Smelter." *Password,* 1977, 22:(3) 109-116.

Partisan Politics and Progress: Roosevelt's New Deal in New Mexico

By Arden R. Nance

Just over two decades had passed since New Mexico had become a state and it held tight to the influence of its frontier past on politics and economics. According to the 1930 census, New Mexico was the fourth largest state in land area, but its population numbered only 423,317, of whom, it was estimated, approximately seventy-five percent lived in rural areas. Like all other states in the union, New Mexico was harshly affected by the Great Depression which began in 1929—the per capita income in New Mexico was $205 in 1930, a forty percent decrease from only two years earlier.[1]

In the years between statehood in 1912 and the year 1932, New Mexico had been evenly balanced politically: both the Democratic and Republican parties had placed four governors in Santa Fe. In the first few decades of statehood, the Republican party consisted mainly of Spanish-American members. The older *patrons* who had run the political affairs since the beginning of the state's existence influenced both parties.[2]

Partisan political shifts throughout the nation, which resulted from the administration of President Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal programs, changed New Mexico politically and economically, establishing a pattern that holds to this day. The federal government became the major employer and New Mexicans would receive more federal aid per capita than any other state. This contrasts sharply with the New Mexico of the pre-Roosevelt era when the largest industries in the state were ranching and agriculture.[3]

New Mexico historians have viewed the World War II as the line dividing the old New Mexico from the new. Gerald D. Nash concludes, for example, "Perhaps only the coming of the Spaniards in the sixteenth century can rival World War II as providing a major turning point in New Mexico's history." These historians write that the involvement of the United States in the war stimulated the military and scientific activities of the federal government in the state, as well as increasing the population and leading the way to a more heterogenous political environment assimilating Native Americans, Hispanics, and Anglos, the three major ethnic groups in New Mexico. The politics of the New Deal era initiated political and economic changes in New Mexico which brought the economic benefits of World War II to the state.[4]

In the first years of the depression, New Mexican leaders, like their counterparts in other western states, claimed that the population of the state was not suffering from the economic collapse as much as the rest of the nation. Governor Arthur Seligman in 1931 commented that New Mexico had always been poor and that the effects were not as great there as in other states. He cited the unemployment statistic at 4.6 percent which was almost negligible compared to that of eastern states like Michigan which had industrial economies and approximately ten percent unemployment.[5]

Ironically, it was Republican Senator Bronson M. Cutting who first addressed the need for economic development in New Mexico, instead of Governor Seligman who, in spite of being a Democrat, was actually a fiscal conservative.[6] Senator Cutting was a native New Yorker who came to New Mexico for the favorable climate, hoping it would help him in his battle against tuberculosis. In New Mexico, Cutting became involved in politics and eventually gained election to the United States Senate. His progressive political platform won him the support of most of the Hispanic population in the state, as Cutting maneuvered himself into position of being a local *patron*.[7]

Cutting was one of the first in Washington D.C. who criticized President Herbert Hoover for not knowing what caused the Depression, or how to end it. Cutting had turned against his own Republican party for the sake of progressivism. In the presidential election of 1932, Cutting openly supported Democratic candidate Franklin Delano Roosevelt against the incumbent Hoover, and in New Mexico, Roosevelt easily won the presidency.[8]

Although Cutting supported Roosevelt in the presidential election, he turned down the cabinet position that Roosevelt offered him. He also refused to change partisan affiliation to the democratic party, instead talking about splitting to form a third "progressive party." It became apparent to the Roosevelt Administration and politicians in New Mexico that Cutting would not aid their struggle to promote the New Deal. Cutting would not support Roosevelt's reduction of federal employee wages in the Economy Act of 1932 or any of Roosevelt's policies which affected veterans. Cutting then stated publicly that Roosevelt's New Deal policies were no more effective than those of his predecessor. Cutting was a progressive senator, but Roosevelt could not depend on his vote for New Deal legislation since he was a republican. In the election of 1934, Roosevelt supported fellow democrat Dennis Chavez against Cutting for the New Mexico Senate seat. After a recount of the ballots and a New Mexico Supreme Court decision, Cutting won but only by a narrow margin.[9]

In 1934 Clyde Tingley, then mayor of Albuquerque, ran for the office of governor. Tingley was a long-time supporter of Roosevelt and his New Deal, and, as mayor, he did his best to ensure that Albuquerque citizens benefitted from the legislation. Unlike Cutting, Tingley was aware of the need to support the party politicians in Washington in order to receive the greatest benefits for his people. In his 1934 campaign, Tingley explained the situation, saying that "New Mexico can be sure of getting its full share of federal monies only by presenting a solid democratic front." The democrats overwhelmingly won almost every office in the election of 1934. After the election Tingley wrote to Roosevelt pledging his "desire and purpose to cooperate fully and in every way consistent with the desires, the policies, and the purposes of the various agencies, boars [sic] and commission of the national administration...." "It is my hope," he concluded "that you as the chief executive of the nation can find it consistent to cooperate with me as the chief executive of this state in order to carry out the purposes of everything that you have in mind." Tingley created a relationship with Roosevelt through partisan politics that would prove to be of great benefit to New Mexico.

Cutting had supported most of Roosevelt's New Deal policies while in Congress, but because Roosevelt could not be assured of his backing, Cutting lost the sponsorship of the president and most local state politicians. His sudden political unpopularity in

Washington was a result of New Deal partisan politics. Cutting's second term in office ended on May 5, 1935 in a tragic airplane crash near Kirksville, Michigan. Governor Clyde Tingley soon appointed Dennis Chavez, Cutting's opponent in the 1934 election to serve the remainder of his term.[10]

Governor Tingley was willing to use partisan politics in order to benefit his constituents. He thought that the money from the national level was a blessing that could not last forever. Accordingly, he sought the use of it while it was available. Tingley made many personal trips to Washington to meet with Roosevelt which resulted in his becoming the president's ally. In 1936, President Roosevelt asked Tingley to be his presidential guest on a train tour of seven western states. Predictably, Tingley enthusiastically accepted the offer.

New Mexico benefitted greatly from the Governor's friendship with the president. One of those benefits was the provision of funding for the Carrie Tingley Hospital for Crippled Children in Hot Springs, now Truth or Consequences. New Mexico did not have to pay architects because, as a personal favor to Tingley, Roosevelt sent the architects from his resort in Warm Springs, Georgia to aid in the building of the hospital.[12] Tingley was known for his eloquent speeches which were full of compliments for the Roosevelt Administration. To assure that New Mexico remain prominent in Roosevelt's mind, Tingley remarked to Roosevelt's good friend Postmaster General James Farley, who was later the chair of the Democratic party, "You did more to get the Democratic party together on your trip to Santa Fe and Albuquerque than has ever been accomplished before."[13] Such statements in national politics helped to remind national democrats that New Mexico was a strong ally.

Tingley was not the only New Mexican politician to cultivate a personal and political relationship with Roosevelt in order to extend further the program of the New Deal in New Mexico. Dennis Chavez, a long-time respected political figure in New Mexico, did this as well. Author Warren A. Beck recalls that "Dennis Chavez is the last great champion of the right of his people, though his control over them may not be as complete as that which Cutting enjoyed."[14]

Dennis Chavez's test of loyalty to Roosevelt came at great risk to his career, but he hoped that his actions would bring about

economic advantages to his state. When the president proposed legislation to pack the United States Supreme Court with fifteen appointed members so that his New Deal legislation would never again be ruled unconstitutional, most of Congress was aligned against him. In New Mexico, a Gallup poll showed that about half of the state was against Roosevelt's court reforms. Barry A. Crouch, writing of the legislation to stop Roosevelt's plan, records that "Chavez voted not to do so; thus, in effect, standing with the president. By this time, though the court-packing plan was assured of defeat and Chavez' vote was presumably calculated to keep him in the good graces of the administration," Chavez decided to support Roosevelt, even though it was against the will of his constituents, because he thought that it was in their best interests. Chavez believed that not supporting Roosevelt after all that he had done for New Mexico would be "paramount to treason."[15]

Another important liberal democrat at the time was Carl Hatch, United States senator from 1933 to 1948. Hatch was different from contemporaries Chavez and Tingley because although he was a democrat, he tried to remain independent of all the factional politics of his party. Professor Thomas C. Donnelly described Hatch as being a "lone wolf in New Mexico politics." However, Hatch still consistently voted for Roosevelt's New Deal reforms which caused him not to become the political outcast in the Roosevelt administration that Senator Cutting had become. Hatch's dislike for partisan politics surfaced in the Hatch Act, his most famous piece of legislation. This act tried to remove factional politics from selection of federal employees.[16]

Tingley, Hatch, and Chavez had very different personalities, yet they all were allies of the Roosevelt administration. Author Michael Welch has remarked on the effectiveness of the New Deal political leaders in New Mexico:

> New Mexico relied upon its progressive-to-liberal coterie of state and congressional leaders—especially Bronson Cutting, Dennis Chavez, Clinton Anderson, Carl Hatch, and Clyde Tingley—to secure federal grants for every conceivable program, from construction of Conches Dam near Tucumcari (at 15 million dollars in 1935, a sum greater than the total New Mexican state budget) to Works Progress Administration employment for low-skilled laborers and the Santa Fe and Taos art colonies alike.[17]

Partisan politics made the New Deal more of a success in the Land of Enchantment than it ever could have become if the politicians in New Mexico had been resistant to the Roosevelt administration. The amount of federal aid New Mexico received and the administration of that aid gave testament to the importance of New Mexican support to President Roosevelt. "By 1936 New Mexico ranked last in the nation in state matching funds for New Deal programs," explains Welsh, "having paid to Washington a mere three-quarters of one percent of the total cost of grants disbursed statewide."[18]

Loans were not the only sector of economic aid from Washington that New Mexico secured in excess of its rightful share. New Mexico was fifth in the nation per capita in total federal expenditures. From 1933 to 1939, the federal government spent $528 per person in New Mexico, a figure considerably higher than most other states. For example, Maine, a Republican state, did not support the New Deal, and was comparable to New Mexico in population and economic base, but only received $384 per person in the same years.[19] The New Deal changed New Mexico's relationship with the federal government permanently. Charles D. Biebel elaborates on this transformation:

> The NRA [National Recovery Administration] and AAA [Agricultural Adjustment Administration] were intended to conserve and restore the economic conventions of the past, the means they authorized represented major departures in the role and importance of the federal government in America, The Federal Emergency Relief Administration (FERA), the Emergency Public Works Administration (PWA), the Soil Erosion Service, and the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC), among others were New Deal creations which would have major impact on the citizens of Albuquerque and New Mexico."[20]

Economically, the New Deal would not be a short term solution for the state, but instead would leave a lasting legacy of high government expenditure for economic development.

Executive order number 6910 was another example of how partisan politics benefitted New Mexico. This order, accompanying the Taylor Grazing Act, withdrew public lands from private use in order to promote conservation and the development of natural resources. It provided for the lease or further sale of these public

lands. However, there were several western states which became exempt from these policies through intense lobbying, and among them was New Mexico.[21] These states had economies that depended on the private use of public lands, but they were also states that enthusiastically supported Roosevelt's administration.

In the second half of the 1930s, President Roosevelt began to respond to the emerging threats of fascism abroad. In February 1935, Congressman Wilcox endorsed a bill that appropriated 190 million dollars for constructing ten army air bases throughout the United States. When Clyde Tingley and Albuquerque city councilman Oscar Love heard of this bill, they decided that it was necessary to secure one of the bases for Albuquerque in order to boost the local economy. It was not until almost five years later that the United States Army seriously investigated the building of a base in Albuquerque. After much political maneuvering, Major A. D. Smith reported to the New Mexico lobbyist Hap Arnold that "if they can put anything here they will do it." Tingley and Love realized that their years of support to the Roosevelt administration were paying dividends. In October 1941, Major Eugene L. Eubank notified the city of Albuquerque that the 19th Bombardment Group would be in Albuquerque: thus New Mexico had an airbase an entire year before the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.[22]

Author Gerald Nash writes that Kirtland Air Force Base and other military installations, were created because of World War II. The evidence presented in *Making the Most of It* contradicts Nash, recording that the base was being considered long before the war began. This leads us to believe that it was New Mexican politicians who brought the base to the state, it was not purely national security interests after Pearl Harbor. In the interests of the economy of New Mexico, Tingley and other local politicians did their best to accommodate the new base. One example of this accommodation occurred when military planners arrived in Albuquerque, suggesting that a railroad spur would benefit the base. Tingley quicky promised that, because he was a personal friend of the president of the Santa Fe Railroad, they would get their spur immediately.[23]

Also in 1940, the army began to make plans to build a bombing range. The Albuquerque chamber of commerce notified Senator Hatch of the plans. Hatch worked in Washington to locate the range in southern New Mexico and, partly because of the positive political response from Hatch and other New Mexicans in Congress, the Roosevelt administration decided to build the base in New Mexico.[24]

The New Mexico democrats had raised the relationship of the state to the federal government to an economic level never previously achieved. This happened before the World War II began.

Partisan politics in the Roosevelt era changed New Mexico permanently. After the New Deal, New Mexico emerged as a modified one party democratic state: New Mexico had been under Republican control before the New Deal.[25] Tingley, Chavez, and Hatch, with many other politicians, worked closely with Roosevelt on his New Deal, not just to stay in power, but also to gain as much economic aid as possible for New Mexico during the depression when it was truly necessary for the well-being of the inhabitants. Biebel described the era best when he contends:

> For better or for worse, during the depression local leaders profoundly and irrevocably altered the physical landscape and the psychological expectations of local residents. Unknowingly setting the stage for unprecedented expansion after World War II, they had, indeed, learned to make the most of it.[26]

Many military research installations in New Mexico, such as Los Alamos Laboratory and Sandia National Laboratory, were a direct result of United States involvement in World War II, but initial military facilities were put in place before the war began. They were built in New Mexico because of the New Mexican politicians who had supported Roosevelt through the depression. Their partisan politics brought more national political and economic attention to the southwestern state than it had ever known before. Since the New Deal legislation in the first half of the 1930s, more federal money was spent in New Mexico than would ever be collected in taxes levied on the population. The era of Roosevelt and the New Mexican politicians involved gave New Mexico its modern place in the United States.

ADREN R. NANCE, a member of an old New Mexico family, resides on a ranch forty miles north of Magdalena, New Mexico where he helped his family raise cattle for "most of" his life. His great-grandparents knew many of the individuals named in this article. Mr. Nance is a graduate of New Mexico Military Institute and earned his bachelor's degree at New Mexico State University in Las Cruces, where he also competed in intercollegiate polo, was president of the University polo team, and was a member of Phi Alpha Theta Historical Society. He now attends the School of Law, University of New Mexico in Albuquerque.

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It Was a Dam Problem for Everybody

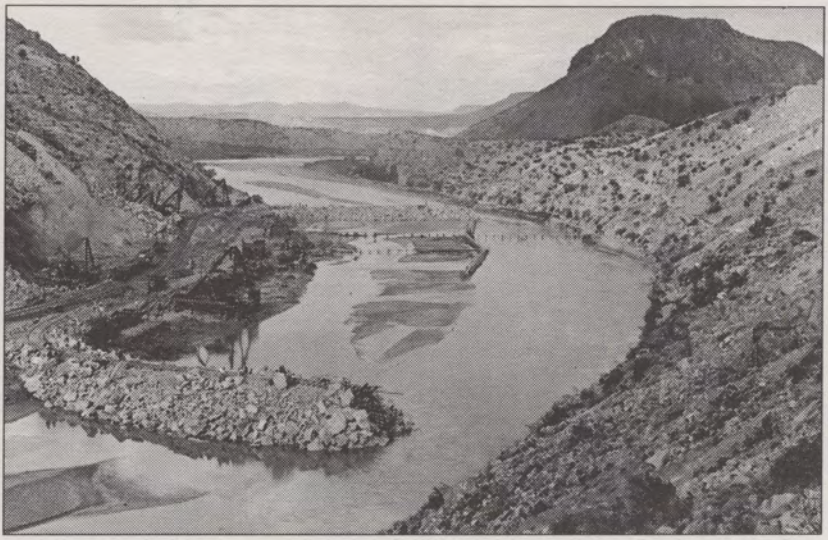
By Paxton P. Price

After it became the boundary between Mexico and the United States, the Rio Grande caused problems for both countries. Persistent flooding of the river was not a satisfactory condition for valley farmers who depended on an even flow for irrigation. Then, too often, floods were followed by an empty streambed below Paso del Norte. As farming increased following the Civil War the problem increased proportionally above and below the border.

Another problem plagued the people who lived along the river edges. The river played course tricks in its channel at places where it changed course, creating *bancos* [river banks]. Mexico, suffering from this condition more acutely because of its position along the length of the river, brought the complicated matters to a head. Mexico sued the United States. In the 1800's diplomats from both countries were put to work searching for solutions.

The *bancos* problem was solved first by the Treaty of 1895.[1] The control over flooding and keeping the Rio Grande flowing all the time took longer to cure and was more costly. A solution was reached, but only after many bitter feelings had surfaced among the entities involved: El Paso, Mesilla, Mexico, and the Territory of New Mexico. The difficulties arose from the promotion by each party of a different plan of corrective action. In the end, Washington had to apologize to Mexico and install equitable policies and practices relative to international waters. No apologies were exchanged between the involved individuals in the Southwest, however.

Not only were the farmers north of the Mexican border unhappy with the flooding river, but the Mexican farmers below El Paso had an additional grievance. They angrily complained that after the river reached El Paso there was no water left in the river to fill an irrigation ditch on their side of the international



Site of Elephant Butte Dam. Photo courtesy El Paso County Historical Society.

boundary. The American farmers above the border, they claimed, were using all the available water.[2]

Colonel Anson Mills, an El Paso pioneer, was called upon by the city fathers to propose a solution.[3] In 1888 he recommended that the solution for more water for Texas and Mexico was the building of a dam just above El Paso. His idea gained quick support from El Paso and Juarez. Congress heard about this idea and passed a resolution requesting that President Cleveland enter into negotiations with Mexico for construction of a dam at El Paso. No action was taken at that time however.[4]

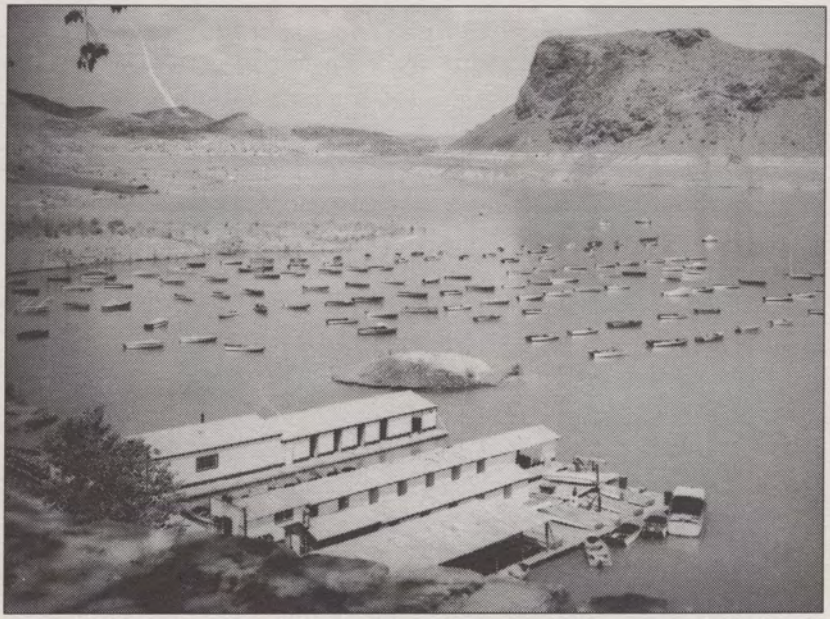
Instead of entering into a treaty, the two countries, after a lapse of six years, decided to create an International Boundary Commission, thereby taking the southwestern water problems out of Washington's hands. Colonel Mills was appointed as the American commissioner. The commission was to mediate disputes over the regulation and distribution of the Rio Grande waters along the border between the two countries. After the actions taken, implemented or not, it would seem that El Paso would be the center for any solution to the constant problem. Colonel Mills had already advanced the idea that a dam just above El Paso was the solution.[5]

Meanwhile, a Dr. Nathan E. Boyd, living at Dripping Springs near Las Cruces, was practicing land speculation instead of medicine. He was a wealthy Virginian who came to New Mexico for

his wife's health. His land promotions along the Rio Grande led him to seek financial backing from English financiers which he found in London.[6] They supported his proposition of purchasing land in the American West that could be developed through irrigation. Back in the Southwest Dr. Boyd formed the Rio Grande Dam and Irrigation Company. He acquired a possible dam site at Engle near Hot Springs, which further interested Dr. Boyd's British backers and lured them to promise funding for a dam to be built there. The next step for Dr. Boyd was to secure a permit for dam construction from the United States which the Secretary of the Interior obligingly issued in 1895. Construction began. Seeing such good progress, the English syndicate bought Dr. Boyd's company, reorganized it under English law, and kept its name but added "Ltd." to it.

This new corporation would become a gigantic firm by selling irrigation water which was captured behind its dam to farmers below the dam The farmers would pay for the irrigation water by forfeiting one-half of their land to the English company. Dr. Boyd's English syndicate secured its dam construction charter from New Mexico in the 1890s. In El Paso, opposition to what was going on—and what was not going on—accelerated. Failure by the United States to act on the El Paso dam proposed by Colonel Mills stimulated the Mexican government to further hostility. Moreover, the English activity at Engle became known and the arguments, claims, and counter-claims between the two countries increased considerably.[7] A joint irrigation committee of Congress endorsed the Elephant Butte dam site proposed by the English syndicate.

Juarez farmers were convinced that the new privately controlled dam at Engle would deny the Mexicans any share of the Rio Grande water. Mexico protested, pointing out that navigation of the river would be obstructed, contrary to the provisions of the 1848 Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. Navigation of the river then became another issue to be settled. Government officials of the United States were vociferous in their objections to this claim and denied it. The Secretary of State cited the "complete sovereignty" principle and declared that the navigability issue was not justified. However, he desired an amicable settlement of the dispute.[8] In 1896, the United States and Mexico agreed that the joint boundary commission should investigate the amount of water available for irrigation and devise methods for regulating the river for the benefit of both countries. Colonel Mills, the United



Elephant Butte—marina in foreground—water level is low. Photo courtesy El Paso County Historical Society.

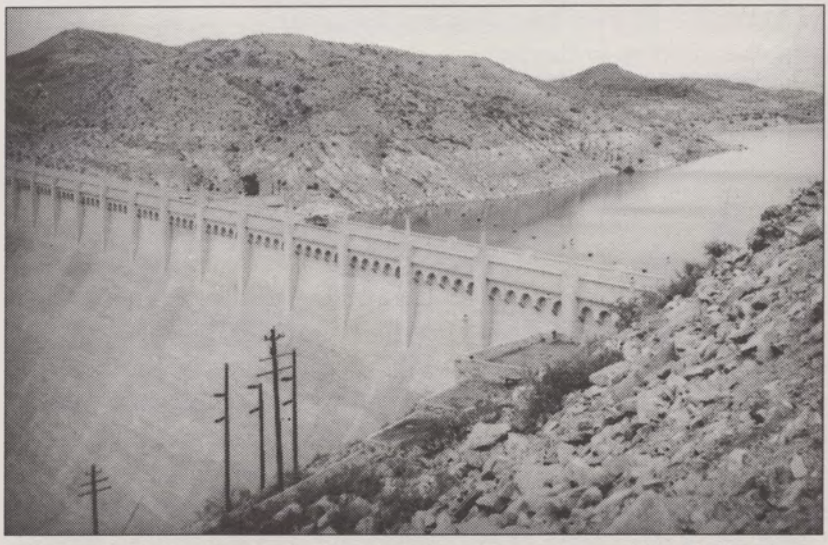
States Commissioner, enlisted the aid of the United States Geological Survey on the investigation. It confirmed the Mexican claim that the American irrigation diversions upstream did create a shortage of water at El Paso. In answer to that embarrassing finding, the commission recommended that the two countries draft a treaty obligating the United States to build an international dam immediately north of El Paso. The water stored in that reservoir would be divided equally between the two countries. Finally, the treaty would prohibit any other dam up upriver from El Paso.[9]

Because Colonel Mills was involved in this recommendation, it was plain that this was a rerun of his 1888 recommendation and a repeated challenge to the plan proposed by Dr. Boyd and his English backers. This roused the Mesilla farmers against Colonel Mills and they objected to the commission's recommendation. The farmers pointed out that the impounded El Paso dam waters would inundate the farm land above the dam for fifteen miles upriver. That was not a solution to the flooding problem; rather it would destroy the farmers. Colonel Mills took further action against the valley farmers thus increasing their ire by opposing another proposed irrigation ditch which would cross the Fort

Selden reservation. Colonel William Henry Harrison Llewellyn, a Las Cruces attorney, was engaged to represent the builders of the new ditch and to combat further moves by Colonel Mills. He issued a challenge to Mills.

Colonel Mills told the Secretary of State that there was not enough water in the Rio Grande for two dams and that the Engle dam would ruin the El Paso project. That brought on the rare admission, after some deep study, that the Engle dam group had been given too much liberty and the construction permit had been granted too quickly. Furthermore, the English corporation could not legally reduce those landowners below the proposed dam to company servitude by selling water to them in return for part of their land. This resulted in an injunction against the English group to cease further development.

The move created a lull in all activity and gave Washington time to form a plan which would give them a way out of this embarrassing dilemma.[10] The United States acknowledged to Mexico that there was a real need to agree upon a treaty about the Rio Grande waters, and that the United States and New Mexico had acted hastily and unjustifiably thus far. A draft treaty was drawn-up which incorporated Colonel Mill's proposal but it was not enacted.[11] Dr. Boyd's plan was defeated, prompting him to



Elephant Butte Dam—looking at the down river side of the dam. Photo courtesy El Paso County Historical Society.

promise to horse-whip Secretary of State Olney who was favoring an unsatisfactory treaty endorsing Colonel Mill's plan.

The new president, William McKinley, took office and appointed Miguel A. Otero, Jr. as territorial governor of New Mexico. Otero condemned the draft treaty as ruinous for New Mexico.[12]

The navigability issue came up again. Because of it, the United States said the Engle dam would need approval from the War Department. The New Mexico District Court and the United States Supreme Court ruled that the Rio Grande was not navigable in New Mexico. Arguments and delays persisted. While these time-consuming maneuvers were under way, Dr. Boyd and the Engle dam English officials hounded the United States Department of State with voluminous communications justifying their position and plans, claiming that the permit for the Engle dam rendered the El Paso project unfeasible. Dr. Boyd offered the United States a solution to the needs of Mexican irrigators—a solution that was favorable, of course, to his operation. His Engle company would furnish Mexico with water for twenty years in return for a United States subsidy of twenty thousand dollars for that length of time and charge the Mexican irrigators the same fees as the Americans were to be charged. Not surprisingly, this proposal was rejected. Dr. Boyd threatened to bring suit against the United States for the unconscionable delays in his company's plans. Governor Otero then added his opinion that the United States actions were unjust and that the El Paso dam idea was intolerable. Otero added New Mexico's support to the defense presented by the Engle dam company against the action of the United States government to nullify the Engle dam permit.

By 1900 Texans introduced two identical bills in Congress that required the Secretary of State to negotiate with Mexico to divide the Rio Grande waters. This action would settle all of the previous claims of the Mexicans for the loss incurred by the impounding of the Rio Grande stream in a large dam. The prior permit for the impoundment in New Mexico was to be declared null and void. The Senate agreed to this bill.[13]

The official action, although the House of Representatives had not yet voted, brought the New Mexicans roaring out in opposition. Dr. Boyd vigorously objected, as did Governor Otero. A mass protest meeting was held in Albuquerque. Governor Otero led a delegation of New Mexicans to Congress to protest the Stephens Bill, one of the two bills being heard in the House.

Dr. Boyd spoke at the house committee hearing to say that the Stephens Bill would deny New Mexicans their own water. He presented evidence in favor of the Engle dam that had been provided by the New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts, now New Mexico State University, and the United States Agriculture Experiment Station. He also urged statehood for the territory so that it could protect itself from outside powers.

The ensuing arguments over who was to get waters from streams in the arid land in the West and Southwest changed focus. It became apparent that a comprehensive solution must replace separate settlement of individual disputes. Thus was created, in 1902, the United States Reclamation Service which was given all problems related to irrigation regulation. It was an engineer with the new service who proclaimed that a site below the English corporation's Engle dam site would be a better site on which to build a dam large enough to store sufficient water for both Mexico and the United States.

The Treaty of 1906 promised that after completion of the Elephant Butte Dam, 60,000 acre feet from the Rio Grande flow each year would be allocated to Mexico. The United States could have the remainder of the flow.[14]

With that promise, the interminable contest between El Paso, Texas, Mexico, and New Mexico faded. New Mexico, in 1903, demanded forfeiture of the Engle dam franchise. Because the construction of the Engle dam had been halted by legal maneuvers, the corporation's permit was invalidated. Legal requirements stated that the project be completed within five years. The pending injunction against the corporation was eliminated. Finally the United States and Mexico signed the 1906 treaty restoring peace and ending this long-lasting problem.[15]

The present Elephant Butte Dam, which replaced the Boyd-Engish corporation plan, was begun in 1912 and completed in 1916. Both Colonel Anson Mills and Dr. Nathan Boyd lost their respective propositions concerning the manipulation[16] of the Rio Grande flow, although Dr Boyd's idea of location for a dam was more valid than that of Colonel Mills. Dr. Boyd took umbrage at the efforts of Colonel Mill's to replace Dr. Boyd's scheme with his own. Dr. Boyd was determined to destroy Colonel Mills politically and to have him removed from the International Boundary Commission. Colonel Mills doubted that the Elephant Butte Dam would be a success.

PAXTON P. PRICE, a retired army officer and executive, is a native of New Mexico who attended school in Doña Ana county. He attended New Mexico Military Institute and graduated from George Peabody College in Tennessee. His advanced studies were done at Columbia University. Mr. Price now is writing short but informative historical articles and has recently published Pioneers of the Mesilla Valley. Mr. Price resides in Las Vegas, New Mexico.

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4. W. H. Timmons, *El Paso: A Borderlands History* (El Paso, Texas: Texas Western Press, 1990) 196.
5. To complicate matters, Fort Selden was proposed as the site for another irrigation ditch. See *Password* vol. 42, no. 2. (1997) 82.
6. Leon C. Metz, *Border* (El Paso: Mangan Books, 1989) 322.
7. Congress approved the Mills proposal of 1888, but appropriated no funds. In 1894 Mexican Minister Matias Romero filed a thirty-five million damage claim against the United States. From Metz, *Border,* 320.
8. Metz 321.
9. Metz 321.
10. Metz 321.
11. Clark 91.
12. Clark 95.
13. Clark 96.
14. Metz. 327
15. Under the auspices of the National Reclamation Act of 1902, farmers paid for water rights in return for federal construction. From Metz 327.
16. Mills 263-306

Book Reviews

A HISTORY OF THE MESILLA VALLEY – 1903 by Maude Elizabeth McFie (Bloom). Edited by Lansing E. Bloom; annotated by Jo Tice Bloom. Las Cruces, NM: Yucca Press, 1999.

This book is an account of the Mesilla Valley written by an educated woman who experienced southern New Mexico when it was still a territory and who knew many of the people involved in its early settlement. Maude Elizabeth McFie attended public schools in Mesilla and Las Cruces, was bilingual, and deeply interested in the development of her home region. The McFie family had varied interests: among them were native-American cultures, law, literature, music, and the arts.

Maude studied at the College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts, now New Mexico State University, and gathered information on the history of the Mesilla Valley. The text of this book was originally written as a senior project. She soon became acquainted with, and later married, well-known historian Lansing B. Bloom who worked for the Museum of New Mexico in Santa Fe in the 1910s and later taught at the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque. In the 1920s, he edited her senior thesis, hoping to publish it someday. His comments, revisions, and notations were incorporated by Jo Tice Bloom in this 1999 edition.

Writing in 1903, Maude Elizabeth McFie had access to many people who were instrumental in the settling of the Valley and the founding of Las Cruces. Many of her sources were oral interviews with family friends, old residents, and acquaintances which she conducted during driving tours of the region. She knew personally people who have become famous and infamous since the early 20th century such as Albert J. Fountain and Pat Garrett. She also used many letters and papers that have since been lost. As noted in the introduction, her work has "become almost a primary source." (xiii).

The book is arranged by topics. Some parts are brief lists, others make use of a narrative style. She concentrates on the settlement of the Mesilla Valley in the period after 1848 although there are numerous references to land transactions that took place prior to that date. The first two chapters deal with the Mexican War and the problem of land grants and boundary claims that followed. With a very brief overview of the Spanish and Mexican era, McFie moves directly into

the Mexican War and the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. She covers the Doniphan Campaign by including a lengthy quote from the diary of J. T. Hughes of the Regular Missouri Cavalry, then she briefly outlines the Gadsden Purchase. She describes the early land grants and settlements, concentrating on the Dona Ana Bend Colony that created the first system of *acequias* and settled the first town in the valley, the only settlement between El Paso and Socorro. The other land grants are outlined with special attention to the settlement of Mesilla.

There are several sections on military rule, including accounts of Civil War and territorial conflicts. In chapter III, "The Development of the Mesilla Valley," there are descriptions of the changes in the Valley in the late 19th century including the development of mining, the constant problems with the river, and military operations and the building of forts. A brief description of the limited campaigns of the Civil War in southern New Mexico is also presented. In a collection of family photographs, readers get a good glimpse of life in the area at the turn of the century.

The final chapter describes a number of prominent pioneers and tragic events in the Valley, including the story of John Lemon who came to New Mexico as a Unionist in the 1860s and escaped death at the hands of a group of Confederates in Mesilla. In 1871, when running as a Republican candidate for office, he was murdered by a mob but survived long enough to shoot his assassin. She describes the tragic fate of the Armijo family; a father and eleven sons killed by Indians as they crossed the nearby desert. In addition to Indian attacks and murders, McFie also presents the mysterious disappearance of Albert Jennings Fountain who was crossing the plains east of the Organ Mountains and was never seen again. Overall, McFie's work is a good basic account of the early settling of the Mesilla Valley and provides an interesting overview of its people, communities, and political development.

Dr. George D. Torok
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El Paso Community College

J.B. "BILLY" MATHEWS: BIOGRAPHY OF A LINCOLN COUNTY DEPUTY by Elvis E Fleming. Las Cruces, NM Yucca Tree Press, 93 pages, 30 black and white photographs, 2 maps, 5 reproductions of military records, bibliography, and index. Hardbound, $14.95.

Popular writing about many historical events is plagued with myths and misinformation. Typically, these myths are propagated through the years rather than investigated and corrected. This is especially true in the case of the Lincoln County War and Billy the Kid. The history of Lincoln County and of the town of Lincoln is an important chapter in the history of New Mexico which spans many years. Yet, our attention seems to telescope to a brief few weeks when two factions fought over a mercantile empire that had already vanished. Elvis Fleming's book is a sorely needed look at the facts regarding one of the many people who played important roles in the history of Lincoln County and the state of New Mexico and yet who has disappeared in the mythology of Billy the Kid.

Elvis Fleming lives in Roswell, New Mexico, where he is the city's official historian. He is professor of history, emeritus, at Eastern New Mexico University and currently serves on the New Mexico Historical records advisory board. Professor Fleming has written six books on the history of southeastern New Mexico and west Texas as well as numerous magazine articles. His work includes *Building a Brighter Future, Treasures of History,* and *Roundup on the Pecos.*

This book is intended for a general audience and, at ninety-three pages, is an easy read. In my opinion, anyone who has even a passing interest in the Lincoln County War and Billy the Kid should read this book which is very interesting and filled with fascinating facts. Fleming brings Billy Mathews to life by introducing us to his family, friends, ambitions, successes, and failures. Civil War buffs will find some interesting information regarding regiments from Tennessee, Alabama, Michigan, and Pennsylvania among others. It seems that Mathews served in the 5th Tennessee Cavalry, but it was a Union regiment, not Confederate. Contrary to popular myth, Billy Mathews served in the Union army, not the Confederate army.

Fleming's purpose in this book is to dispel the myths and fairy-tales surrounding events of the Lincoln County War, particularly with regard to the misunderstanding of Billy Mathews' role in that conflict. More importantly, Fleming seeks to portray the whole Billy Mathews, citing his contributions to the development of the state of New Mexico. In this effort, Fleming succeeds masterfully.

Fleming does empathize at times with Mathews, but generally remains detached and non-judgmental in his treatment of him. On pages thirty-six through thirty-nine for example, he explains how the murder of John H. Tunstall was actually beyond Mathews' control. Deputy Sheriff Mathews was in charge of the posse that killed

Tunstall and many authors have held him directly responsible for Tunstall's death. But it wasn't that simple. Four notorious gunslingers joined the posse uninvited. Mathews ordered them away but two of them claimed to be trying to recover horses supposedly stolen by Billy the Kid. Mathews didn't believe he had the authority to force them to depart and was not inclined to provoke a gunfight over the issue. When Mathews' posse arrived at Tunstall's ranch, Tunstall was absent. Mathews sent part of the posse to find Tunstall and three of the gunmen followed the subposse. When Tunstall tried to evade the subposse, the gunmen killed him, and his horse for good measure.

After the Lincoln County War, Mathews took up ranching. He eventually moved to Roswell and became involved in politics and civic affairs in Chaves County when it was formed. President McKinley appointed him postmaster at Roswell in 1898. Mathews played a leading role in the Roswell Land and Water Company and worked as foreman on the Chisum Ranch. He raised alfalfa, sugar beets, turkeys, and a family. Billy Mathews and his wife Dora had two daughters and a son.

This book represents a great deal of research on the part of the author but footnotes or endnotes, are not used. The author prefers instead to make parenthetical references or to name the source in the text, without page or file references. Nonetheless, the bibliography contains a long list of primary and secondary sources including interviews, letters, archival sources, newspapers, and personal collections.

Books of this kind are far too few and far between. Hopefully, Elvis Fleming will write some more of this kind of expose. After all, it is an expose of the truth behind the myth and there are many more myths that need to be dispelled.

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