

PASSWORD



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IN THIS JOURNAL
ARE ABSTRACTED
AND INDEXED IN
HISTORICAL ABSTRACTS
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Railroad clock hit by a bullet during Villa's raid on Columbus, N.M., on March 9, 1916. It is used to record the time that the raid occurred. See "Pancho Villa Wept" article on page 146 of this issue.

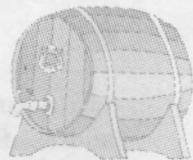
Editor's Note: In the Summer 2006 edition of *Password*, the book *Frontier Texas: History of a Borderland to 1881* by Robert F. Pace and Donald S. Frazier was reviewed by Albert Burnham. This title was inadvertently omitted from the table of contents. My apologies to Mr. Burnham.

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When Pabst Bought a Bar in El Paso, Texas

By Bill Lockhart



"Tomorrow evening the Senate Saloon will be opened on the northeast corner of El Paso and Overland streets by Mr. Charles Steymann. Mr. Steymann formerly was proprietor of the Bacchus on San Antonio Street."¹ Thus did the *El Paso Evening Tribune* announce, on December

16, 1892, the coming of another watering-hole in El Paso. Little did Steymann know that his opening would set off a chain of events that would encourage the Pabst Brewing Company in far-off Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to become locally involved in El Paso, Texas, and create strong embarrassment for local entrepreneur and investor, J. Phillip Dieter.

Dieter, a well-known El Paso character, had arrived in the border city in 1880 to set up the liquor wholesale firm of Houck & Dieter for himself and his partner, Amos L. Houck. The two men had met in Wichita, Kansas, where Houck was a successful hardware dealer. When Houck moved to Santa Fe, New Mexico, to set up a wholesale liquor business, beer distributorship, and soda bottling works in 1880, Dieter soon followed to set up an El Paso branch later the same year. In 1881, Houck & Dieter began bottling sodas in El Paso, and Dieter began branching out into many other businesses that eventually included the El Paso Brewery.²

By Dieter's own admission in his March 13, 1899, letter to the Pabst Brewing Company, the Senate Saloon "is now rented by this firm and re-let for saloon purposes" and that Houck & Dieter had "been renting the property for well nigh seven years [i.e. since shortly after Steymann opened the place]." Houck & Dieter, it seems, was in the real estate business as well as in the business of selling liquor and beer.

According to the El Paso City Directory for 1896-97, the official address for the Senate Saloon was 222 South El Paso Street with Fred Walker as the manager, apparently under the auspices of Houck & Dieter. Although the firm rented the property, Steymann may still have owned the saloon, although at some point, the ownership passed on to William J. Fewel. Little is known about Walker except that he boarded at the Wellington Hotel, and he continued to manage the Senate Saloon until about 1899.³

To understand the rationale for Houck & Dieter's rental, it is necessary to know how beer was sold at that time. Unlike many merchant operations where the norm was to stock as many different goods as possible, bars were limited in the variety of beer they offered. In most cases, beer was sold on draught instead of in bottles, and beer kegs took up valuable space. As a result, few bars carried more than two brands, and most chose only a single label to offer their customers. Brewery salesmen used several methods to entice saloon owners over to their brand or retain their current customers, including treating the patrons at the bar to free beer with every visit, giving discounts on beer prices, and offering easy credit terms.⁴

In addition, brewers and or their agents often provided loans for new bar furnishings, sold furnishings at a discount, or leased them cheaply. At the time of its sale in 1905, for example, the El Paso Brewery owned nine sets of bar fixtures, and an equal number of saloon leases.⁵ Beginning in the mid-1880s, breweries began going a step further by financing new owners or even buying saloons for rental to managers who would carry their brands. Sometimes an owner might threaten to discontinue a brewer's brand if the brewer would not buy the property, but then the owner would lease the property back to him.⁶

The Pabst Brewing Company was a major player in the acquisition game. According to John Stiener:

Pabst owned thousands of properties throughout the country and used local real estate men or if possible, had their local agents or distributors tend to the taxes, collecting of rents, and sales of property, especially when the area was remote from Milwaukee. Pabst bought prime properties for saloons, often reselling them to locals on land contracts providing for the exclusive sale of Pabst products on site. The land purchasers used

their private residences as collateral. On default, Pabst ended up with numerous, nonproductive real estate (sic), often unable to resell these properties for any appreciable amount, so thereby being forced to rent or lease these properties to cover the taxes and upkeep costs.⁷

On March 11, 1899, Alfred H. Weil, apparently the Pabst salesman whose territory included El Paso, wrote the home company that "an excellent opportunity is now being offered to materially increase (sic) the sale of our beer in El Paso, the great metropolis of the South West.(sic)" Weil was obviously attempting to make a case for the Pabst acquisition of The Senate when he said, "The only way in these days of keen competition to stay on top is to secure control of good beer-sellers. There is an immense quantity of beer sold in El Paso, but our sales are comparatively light for the reason that the good saloons are controlled by our competitors."⁸

The Senate, according to Weil, was located at "absolutely and unqualifiedly the best corner for saloon and restaurant purposes in this city." The saloon was renting at the time for \$150 along with "two additional stores in the building" which could rent for \$15 to \$20 each. Taxes would cost only about \$300, and no insurance would be required because "the building was comparatively worthless."⁹ Mr. Weil, it seems, could have used a few lessons in real estate sales techniques.

However, Weil could still make good points. He noted that the \$10,000 mortgage was due during the month of March, and the owner wanted to sell. He cleverly suggested that the Dallas Brewing Co. was "after it [the property] hot," but J. Phillip Dieter was in the favor of the owner. He bolstered his case by arguing that the "best restaurant in town now occupies one-half of the building on which a roof garden could be made, something which El Paso must have shortly. Whichever brewer first provides such

Weil was obviously attempting to make a case for the Pabst acquisition of The Senate when he said, "The only way in these days of keen competition to stay on top is to secure control of good beer-sellers. There is an immense quantity of beer sold in El Paso, but our sales are comparatively light for the reason that the good saloons are controlled by our competitors."

a resort for the town will reap an ample financial reward." He further noted that the current restaurant/saloon was "selling from ten to twelve kegs daily, while the sales in summer will probably average five bbls. [barrels] or more."¹⁰

The price of the property appears to be a bit restrictive for that time period: \$23,000! But, Weil added, "Mr. Dieter is willing

The price of the property appears to be a bit restrictive for that time period: \$23,000! But, Weil added, "Mr. Dieter is willing to go in on the deal; or if you prefer to buy it alone, he will make a 10 year lease for \$1500 (perhaps a little more) per annum, agreeing, of course, to handle our beer exclusively."

to go in on the deal; or if you prefer to buy it alone, he will make a 10 year lease for \$1500 (perhaps a little more) per annum, agreeing, of course, to handle our beer exclusively." He then reiterated that half the building was being used as a saloon, the other half as a restaurant, and the main beer sold was Lemp's. Weil attempted to close the deal by saying that "we should by all means get hold of this property and not allow any of our competitors to take away the stand. It will certainly prove a paying proposition in the end. The title is perfect." He ended by noting that the town was rapidly growing, and that Pabst should write Mr. Dieter.¹¹ Although Weil highly praised the unnamed restaurant, it must have been fairly new. No eating establishment was listed at that location in the 1898-99 city directory.

Two days after Weil's letter (March 13), Dieter also wrote Pabst about the same property, but his facts differed slightly from those of Weil. He noted that the property in discussion "is now rented by this firm and re-let for saloon purposes" and that Houck & Dieter "have been renting the property for well nigh seven years." He agreed that the "property was now on the market and that there was danger of the same being sold to one of our competitors." Although Weil suggested that Houck & Dieter would take a ten year lease if Pabst bought the property, Dieter suggested "a lease of the same for five years at \$150.00 per month" and to "re-let the same to no one, except the parties [who] would agree to handle your beer exclusively." To sweeten the deal, Dieter noted that the property could be "bought for \$23,000.00 cash," but it is

currently under a \$10,000.00 mortgage "which matures sometime this month." The owner, however, was willing to continue the mortgage to a new proprietor so, Dieter wrote, "if you desire so to do, you could buy the property for \$13,000.00, cash, and continue the mortgage for such time as you deem proper, but as the mortgage pays 10% interest per annum, we presume that you would not care to continue the same."¹²

Like Weil, Dieter could be a good salesman. He added that, "while the price of the property seems somewhat high, I fear very much that, unless you take it, one of our competitors will buy the same and thereby deprive us of a customer." He further played up the restaurant segment of the building which would be "not only a good customer for your beer, but will also be a good educator and advertiser." If Pabst bought the property, Dieter purred, his firm would "make the place still more attractive, and will make it, in fact, the only place in the city where ladies can go to drink their beer." This, we can presume, would open up an entirely new market for the astute purchaser! Dieter noted that he was very familiar with the property because the restaurant section is "where our store was formerly located."¹³

Dieter's final offer was to "buy the same for our own account and put up \$1000.00 as a margin, if you would loan us some money for a term of ten years at 7% interest." Note that this is considerably cheaper than the 10% interest he would have to pay if he took over the current mortgage. In a final bid, he promised that "the same conditions as to the sale of your beer would govern as if you had bought the property yourselves."¹⁴

Dieter appears to have been playing an interesting game. With the exception of the period from 1905 to 1907, the main brand of beer wholesaled by Houck & Dieter from at least 1882 until the beginning of Texas Prohibition in 1918 was that of the Wm. J. Lemp Brewing Co. of St. Louis. The firm periodically carried other brands as well as adding Pabst by at least 1892 and retaining the Milwaukee brew until 1907.¹⁵ At the time that Dieter warned Pabst that the Sentate Saloon was currently carrying Lemp's beer, his own firm was the supplier!

The 1900 Sanborn Fire Insurance map of El Paso also paints an interesting picture of the property. The map of block 14 shows the saloon at 222 South El Paso, the corner of South El Paso and

East Overland, but the site claimed as a restaurant by both Weil and Dieter is shown as "Liquors," almost certainly the space "where our store was formerly located" mentioned in Dieter's March 13 letter. The map, however, illustrates a restaurant at 216-218 South El Paso, just north of the Senate Saloon. The map also shows an "iron awning" overhanging South El Paso Street in front of the building. Just across the alley to the east is Zeiger's Hotel.

Dieter wrote Pabst again—a letter dated July 17, 1899. The tone of the letter indicates that Pabst bought "The Senate" and the accompanying property. In fact, in a bare spot in the letter, RL added (in a very different hand from that of Dieter), "the sid (sic) bldg came into our possession." RL was undoubtedly someone in the employ of Pabst in Milwaukee.¹⁶

However, it seems that the best-laid plans of liquor dealers and brewers *gang oft aglay*. Dieter complained about the statement from Pabst demanding the rent be paid up to and including July. He claimed that he paid the "former owner" rent until May 10, but that "Mr. Fewel claims he lost heavily on account of the long delay in making the transfer and declined to refund any portion of the rent." Dieter, therefore, was being asked to pay rent by both the former owner (Fewel) and the new owner (Pabst).¹⁷

He further moaned that the second part of the building, apparently the restaurant, "did not come into my possession until July 1. Parties refusing to pay any rent because they were required to vacate!" Because of the delay, Dieter claimed that it would require "at least 30 to 50 days to make the contemplated improvements to make the place inhabitable." He therefore asked Pabst to "consider our position and the cause for this plea and conclude to let my lease begin July 1." Rubber stamps from the Pabst Brewing Company indicate that Dieter's letter was both received and answered on July 22, 1899, but there is no indication as to the content of the answer.¹⁸

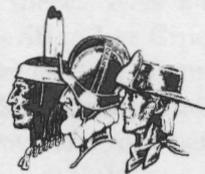
Dieter's final letter in this set to Pabst revealed the closing chapter in the purchase process. It seems that the Houck & Dieter firm was late in paying the taxes on "Your property purchased from Wm. J. Fewel, i.e. the Senate Saloon and restaurant, but the problem was straightened out by July 18." Dieter presented final evidence that the sale was completed when he told Pabst that "the deed which remained in the recorders (sic) office up to this date you will find enclosed."¹⁹

Under the new agreement, Dieter's son, Adam Dieter, became manager of the Senate Saloon which is listed as having a phone, number 296, for the first time. Louis H. Demero who now managed the Senate Grill Room next door, roomed in the Nations Block, one of El Paso's larger buildings.²⁰

Although the deal appeared final, there is no further record of the Senate in any of the later city directories. Because there is no extant directory from 1901, the saloon and restaurant may have survived until then, but it was certainly gone by 1902. It is, of course, difficult to say what may actually have happened. Problems with long-distance ownership were quite common, and Pabst may have given up trying to deal with a problem property through Houck & Dieter and sold the businesses. The places may also have been renamed and continued to operate as usual. Possibly, future research will discover the final piece to the puzzle.

There is, however, a bit of evidence that the outcome satisfied both parties. In a letter to Pabst, dated July 16, 1903, Dieter engaged Pabst in another real estate deal, this time to open a branch of Houck & Dieter in Douglas, Arizona. This deal also worked to the benefit of both companies. Houck & Dieter's Douglas branch opened up in either late 1903 or 1904 and remained in business until Dieter's death in 1907.²¹

WILLIAM "BILL" LOCKHART is an historical archeologist who lives in Alamogordo, New Mexico where he is on the faculty at New Mexico State University. He has published extensively in *PASSWORD* and in *ARTIFACT*, the publication of the El Paso Archeology Society. He has also been published on the internet through the Townsend Library, New Mexico State University at Alamogordo.



ENDNOTES

1. The Senate Billiard Parlor advertised in the *El Paso Times* on May 13, 1884 as "the only resort for gentlemen in the city" with George A. Speck as the proprietor. Although the businesses shared the name, I have been able to find no connection between them.
2. Bill Lockhart, *Bottles on the Border: The History and Bottles of the Soft Drink Industry in El Paso, Texas, 1881-2000*, (Townsend Library, New Mexico State University at Alamogordo 2000). <http://alamo.nmsu.edu/Lockhart/EPsodas/>
3. El Paso City Directories (hereafter, EPCD) 1896-97-1898-99.
4. Thomas C. Cochran, *The Pabst Brewing Company: The History of an American Business*, (New York: New York University Press, 1948), 139-140.
5. *El Paso Herald*, March 14, 1905.
6. *El Paso Herald*.
7. Personal communication from John Steiner, Pabst Brewing Co. historian.
8. Weil, Alfred to Pabst Brewing Co., March 11, 1899 (John Steiner collection).
9. Weil, to Pabst.
10. Weil, to Pabst.
11. Weil, to Pabst.
12. Dieter, J.P. to Pabst Brewing Co., March 13, 1899 (John Steiner collection).
13. Dieter to Pabst.
14. Dieter to Pabst.
15. *El Paso Herald*, September 20, 1882; EPCD 1885-1918.
16. Dieter, J.P. to Pabst Brewing Co., July 17, 1899 (John Steiner collection).
17. Dieter to Pabst.
18. Dieter to Pabst.
19. Dieter, J.P. to Pabst Brewing Co., July 28, 1899 (John Steiner collection). It is interesting to note that in 1899 letters only took four or five days to travel between El Paso and Milwaukee, obviously by rail.
20. EPCD 1900.
21. Lockhart, *Bottles on the Border*.

Memories of Ranch Life in the San Andres Mountains

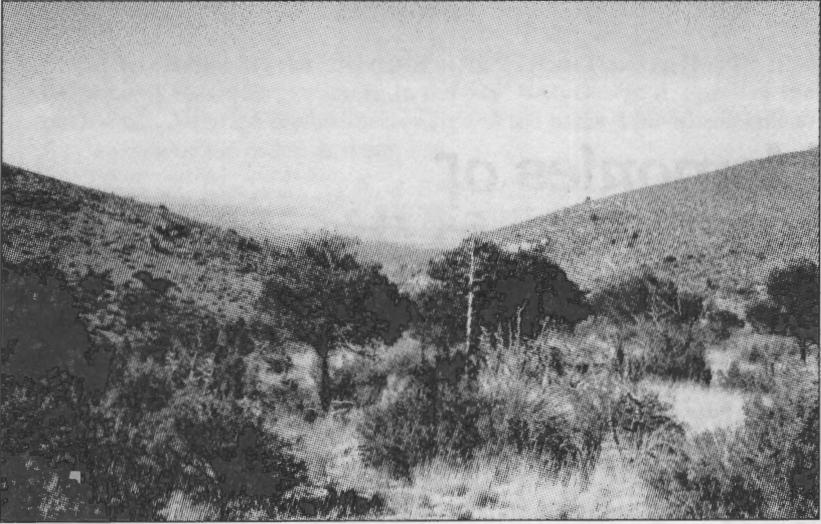
By Dale Owen



Once lauded in movies, magazines, books, radio, and television, today the cowboy has almost disappeared from the media. Joining him in his slow ride into the sunset are the family ranch and the old way of ranching both of which have given way to big government, big business, and technology. I was lucky enough to have enjoyed family ranch life in my childhood and teenage years.

My grandfather, Dr. J. D. Love, a pioneer doctor who practiced in the Sacramento Mountains in the 1890's and in El Paso from 1904-1948, bought our ranch, which was located in the San Andres Mountains of southern New Mexico, the mountain range north of Highway 70 between Las Cruces and Alamogordo. The area is one of great historic interest. The Apache Indians inhabited this region before Europeans came; many Indian relics are evident particularly at the Rock House Spring where an old rock house built in 1884 still stands. Later, the United States cavalry watered their horses at the San Nicolas Spring before going north to battle the Apache at Embrio Basin.

In the late 1800's before our ranch was created as a ranch unit by the Taylor Grazing Act in 1934, Pat Garrett of Billy the Kid fame ran livestock there. Jose and Felipe Lucero, one of whom later became a sheriff in Las Cruces, kept sheep and goats on the eastern part known as Goat Mountain. The slopes of Black Mountain and Bennett Mountain contain old mines, some started by A. B. Fall, a controversial member of President Warren G. Harding's cabinet whose stately but dilapidated mansion is perched on Arizona Street overlooking the city of El Paso. Eugene



View of White Sands from Goat Mountain

Manlove Rhodes, one of the most authentic of cowboy writers, drew colorful, true life details from his experiences in these San Andres mountains to write western stories for the Saturday Evening Post and novels such as *The Proud Sheriff*.

Once when my cousins and I were about ten and eleven, my uncle took us to explore some of those old mines. In one of those mines we encountered a mountain lion resting warily near its recent kill, a deer carcass that it had hauled back into the recesses of the mine. Needless to say, we backed out of there carefully when we heard its low yowl.

Our ranch was a wonderful place to grow up. My uncle, Frederick Love, managed the ranch operation with my mother, Cornelia Love Owen. My cousins Fred and Jerry Love and I were about the age of five when our adventure began. There was work for us to do and the work was hard but life was fun—we had horses to ride, caves to explore, campfires over which to cook, and starry skies under which to sleep. We had the real frontier experience with the addition of some rustic twentieth century amenities such as electric lights powered by a windcharger and a stove, refrigerator, and hot water heater that ran on butane.

One winter it got so cold we had to build a fire under the butane tank so that the vapor pressure would increase enough to propel the gas through the pipes to the appliances. Luckily we didn't blow the place up. Our water was provided by a windmill

at the ranch headquarters with other windmills located at various sites on the ranch—six in all. We hit water in the wells at about thirty or forty feet. Each windmill had a tank at its base to hold the water to be piped out to the stock tanks so there were plenty of places for swimming. Other watering places included seven dirt water tanks, which were scooped out of the ground to catch runoff rainwater, and eight well-developed springs in the mountainous areas where pine, juniper, cottonwood, and ash trees thrived.

Vegetation around the springs, tanks, and wells was abundant in the valleys of some of those forested areas and grass grew as high as the stirrups as we rode along on our horses. We had five, then seven, favorite mounts, among them Chief and Superchief. In addition to all the horses, our ranch pets included four dogs; two named cats as well as other unnamed cats; a goose, a pig, and two donkeys. We loved to watch the abundant wildlife such as badgers, skunks, deer, coyotes, quail, and ring-tailed cats that often visited a ground-level tank near the ranch house to water there. The frogs around the tank would sing us to sleep at night.

The ranch house was built of rock with a tin roof and a frame porch. Nothing sounds better than rain slapping on tin overhead. Corrals, a chicken house, and five barns—two for hay, one for grain and salt lick cubes, one for tack and saddles, one for a shop and blacksmithing—bordered the west side of the ranch house area.



Growing up on the ranch



Dale in foreground riding Tony

To the east was a bunkhouse, a storage building, and a coal shed.

My grandmother and mother cultivated a garden that produced cantaloupe, corn, green beans, carrots, squash, and tomatoes. Fruit trees such as plum, apple, and bearing mulberry grew around the ranch house and at some of the wells. Native plants also provided edible resources. My grandmother made a deep red, clear jelly from algerita berries she picked from the wild bushes, and the stalks of a variety of century plant could be cut open and sliced to provide a treat tasting like sugar cane.

Hospitality was always in the forefront of traditional ranch manners—whenever anyone showed up at mealtime, they were always fed, and we could depend on road graders, game wardens, and others to make such timely appearances. One Fourth of July we invited a lot of our friends from El Paso to come up to the ranch for fireworks, horse rides, swimming, and lots of ranch food such as our own barbecued beef, fried chicken, corn on the cob, string beans, and other garden produce, and berry pies.

Ranch life and raising cows in an isolated mountain area can be an exciting and dangerous experience. Rattlesnakes flourished and could be found at unexpected places, like at the front door, under the truck, and in the garden or barn. One time when I was nine years old, I killed three rattlesnakes with rocks at different locations within about an hour and a half. A rattlesnake had kill-



Thriving vegetable garden in front of the barns

ed one of our dogs and we were on the warpath. If you were by yourself in an isolated part of the ranch, a snake bite could prove to be deadly. A moderate population of mountain lions and coyotes ranged the area, but so far as we know, none of our animals were killed by predators. They hunted mostly deer, bighorn sheep, rabbits, and rodents. We liked having the coyotes around because they ate rabbits which ate the grass that our cows needed.

At branding time, we would have get-togethers with other ranchers in the area—the Isaacs, Coxes, and Sanders. This could be a nervous time for young boys as we got the “privilege” of holding the calves down on the ground, one boy at the head and one at the tail, while the men did the branding, gave shots, dehorned, and castrated the calves. We had to be careful that we didn’t get our teeth kicked out. At a young age we learned to butcher beef, shoe horses, hunt deer and be involved in life and death struggles of livestock giving birth, breaking legs, or such events. Not many kids today get to experience where their hamburgers come from.

Another danger we kids faced was pulling pipes with block and tackle from wells to put in new rods and pump leathers. If a pipe fell on you, it was bad news. We cleaned out dirt water tanks with our two mules, Red and Blue harnessed to a scraper blade. My uncle Fred was knocked out and almost lost his vision because the dirt scraper hit a large rock and the metal handle swung around and hit him on the head.

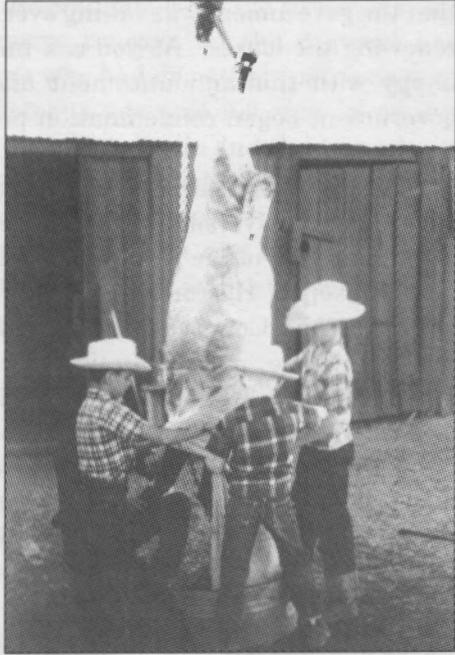
"Young 'uns" have to go to school, so in the winter during the school year we lived in El Paso at my grandparent's house on Federal Street and went back and forth to the ranch on weekends and holidays. In our old Willys truck or the family car it took about one and a half hours at the speed limit of fifty-five miles per hour to go the approximately sixty miles from El Paso to the ranch just northeast of Las Cruces. Sometimes the dirt roads off the main highway would have washouts or areas of boggy sand that would slow us down considerably. Often we would want to drain every minute of fun from a weekend and would wait to drive to town early Monday mornings to be dropped off right at the school door at 8:30 a.m.

Life in the San Andres Mountains began to change with the coming of World War II. During this time the government appealed to the patriotic spirit of the ranchers of the Tularosa Basin and surrounding mountains with the idea of using their ranches as a bombing range. The ranchers complied with the understanding that any disruption of their life would be short term according to the bomb test schedules. It turned out that one of those bombs was the first atom bomb, which was actually assembled in the McDonald ranch house. When it was detonated on McDonald land in August of 1945 at 5:30 in the morning, the dark sky looked like noonday. The Trinity Test site on the McDonald ranch is opened for visitors periodically.



Riding out

After the war, with the capture of German V-2 rockets and German scientists, it seemed natural to the government to use the old bombing range to test the V-2s. So the ranchers were once again approached with this idea. The ranchers were to be paid rent for the use of their land but would be able to continue as normal with their everyday ranch life and raising livestock. I remember many of the V-2 shots and thankfully, no ranchers or livestock were killed or injured. You would hear the V-2 engines and see their smoke trails, but



Butchering beef

at a certain height the engine would quit and you would hear nothing, wondering where they would come down. One of them hit about three quarters of a mile from our ranch house. After the scientists did their work, we were allowed to collect parts we found on the ground and sell it for scrap metal.

By 1956, the government had entered into big time rocket testing and wanted the ranchers and livestock to get off the White Sands Proving Ground. A contract was drawn up by the government which said the government occupation would last for twenty years with a possible twenty year renewal. The ranches were to be returned to the owners in original condition and rent money would be paid for that period but with no adjustments for inflation. There would be no help for the ranchers in their moving expenses and a deadline was set for leaving the ranch.

In good faith, we boarded the windows and left the furniture in place, thinking we would be able to come back. After a few years, break-ins and thefts had occurred. Only then were we allowed to get on our land to remove what furniture was left. The government, however, did not keep its word or abide by the contract because at the end of the twenty-year lease, the ranchers were called to a meeting at White Sands headquarters and told

that the government was taking over our ranches instead of simply renewing the leases. As you can imagine, the ranchers were not happy with this announcement and feelings intensified as the government began condemnation proceedings.

The appraiser hired by the federal government, working with government lawyers from New Jersey, based his work on the run-down condition of the ranches after twenty to twenty-five years of owner absence. His conclusions, so grievous to hear pronounced in the Dona Ana County courthouse, were that the land was of no practical value, nothing grew but mesquite and four-wing salt-bush, there was little water, and basically the ranches were worthless for anything except shooting rockets—just what the government wanted to hear. There was no mention of the obvious evidence of a sustainable lifestyle including gardens, fruit trees, water tanks, and grazing capacity for hundreds of cattle. None of the agreements in the original contract were ever met by the government except for paying the originally established rent money for twenty years which the authorities later turned around and counted as part of the purchase price. This is certainly not an acceptable business practice unless the contract stipulated rent-to-own in the first place, which it did not.

In addition, the government did not abide by the Taylor Grazing Act of 1934 which stipulated that a ranch was considered a complete single unit including its total make-up of state, federal, and patented land. The government violated this Act by dividing the ranches into separate state, federal, and patented land parcels so it wouldn't have to pay fair market price. We were paid a small fraction of what the ranches were worth; in fact, the amount was less than what it would cost just to rebuild the fences. To this day, the public affairs officials at White Sands Missile Range factor-in the rent money paid over the years as part of the purchase price in order to come up with a more palatable figure for public relations purposes, even though "rent-to-own" was not part of the contract. You wouldn't be able to do that in any real estate purchase now! The saddest loss, though, was not just the land but the way of life. Continuing questions still arise concerning Congressional and Supreme Court decisions as to what happened here—who owns the land? What role does the Federal Government have in controlling public domain lands, state land, and private land? What can be the extent of the eminent domain policy? Is "a man's home his castle"?

The ranchers and their descendants continue to feel a sense of betrayal that the government reneged on the contract and took advantage of loyal citizens who had done their patriotic duty to the United States. The atomic age was ushered in on our ranches; the space program, including Apollo and the lunar landing module, was developed on our ranches; the defensive rocket programs which protect us all have been developed on our ranches. In fact, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) test site entrance is located where the former gate to our Love Owen Ranch used to be.

A few years ago, I wanted to take my son and his young cousins, all grandchildren of Fred Love and Cornelia Love Owen, to see the ranch for the first time in their lives. I obtained the required permit from White Sands in order to get to the ranch. It was sad to see the condition of the buildings and also to see that most of the wildlife had disappeared. Ranchers had considered themselves God's caretakers by furnishing water, salt licks, and managed pasture areas, but now that their services are gone, the wildlife resources are depleted. We saw no deer and there was only one of the original bighorns remaining out of a herd of about 250 animals. Five more have been moved in however to try to start a new herd. Only the oryx which were introduced from Africa several years ago as an experiment have multiplied in great numbers.

Recently a mountain lion was trapped, fitted with a radio collar, and moved from our ranch area to the forests of northern New Mexico. Obviously not happy in his "new" home, that lion came all the way back to its original home in the San Andres mountains. I have tremendous sympathy with and envy for that animal. I wish we ranchers could have been so lucky.

DALE OWEN is a third generation El Pasoan with ties to southern New Mexico. He attended Austin High School, earned a B.A. in history from Texas Western College and a masters degree from the University of Texas at El Paso. He taught in the history department at Bowie High School for thirty-one years. Currently retired and living in El Paso's upper valley, Dale enjoys spending time with his family at a rustic cabin in the Gila Wilderness and pursuing his interests in history. He is married to the former Sharon Martin.



Two Socks

**He came to me on a summer's day,
On his way to the auction, a throwaway.
He turned and looked, and I knew then,
He came to me to be my friend.**

**He came to me, old and worn,
Ragged hair and hooves were torn.
But I saw in his eyes, a heart of gold,
He came to me, worn and old.**

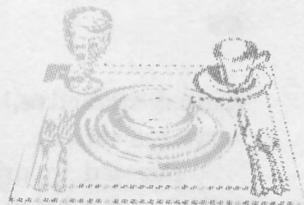
**He came to me, he needed mending,
So much to do, there's no pretending.
But he told me something from deep inside,
He came to me so I could ride.**

**He came to me, he knew I would
Take care of him, do all I could.
A warm stall, sweet hay, a vet, and care,
He came to me, to be repaired.**

**He came to me, and over time,
His eyes grew bright, his hair grew fine,
His hooves and legs grew ever strong,
He came to me, a friend—lifelong.**

**He came to me, one summer's day,
Even though he was a throwaway,
With love and care, we've made a team,
The heart of gold that I had seen.**

— Jerrad Warhurst



The El Paso Harvey House

By Patsy Crow King



It was an EVENT when my father would say, "Get ready, we are going to the Harvey House for a Sunday evening spread," recalled Chris Fox, vice president of State National Bank, in the *El Paso Times*, on July 10, 1974.

The Harvey House dining room and lunch counter was in the Union Station. According to the *El Paso Herald Post* on April 26, 1906, "Meals were served to the public at the Union Station for the first time this morning. Both lunch counters and main dining room were opened to receive passengers on the first incoming train."

The city's elite and rail passengers alike came to this immaculate restaurant for fine food and gracious, efficient service for many years. This kind of service came about because of one man's travels on the railroads in the late 1800's.

Fred Harvey, born in London, came to America, worked various jobs in restaurants, and worked on railroad mail cars. On his job, he had to eat away from home a lot. To his disgust, he found the railroad lunch stands filthy and filled with flies, the food improperly cooked, and waiters in dirty aprons. Harvey decided to do something about the situation. When he confronted the superintendent of the Santa Fe Railroad about the problem, he suggested that he be allowed to open a string of eating-houses along the right of way of the rail line. With a handshake to clinch the deal, Harvey was given the green light.

The Harvey House made its debut in Topeka, Kansas, and eventually had seventy-five restaurants along the 12,000-mile Atchison Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad system. Harvey demanded strict standards in food, service, and fair prices. He also re-

cruited attractive, educated, carefully trained young women to serve his cuisine.

The "Harvey Girls" were chaperoned by a house mother and each girl signed a year-long contract. In exchange for strict rules, a Harvey Girl enjoyed room and board, railroad passes, and job security.

Dressed in prim black and white uniforms with an 'Elsie collar' and a black bow—makeup and jewelry were forbidden—black shoes and stockings, and a heavily starched white apron, the "Harvey Girls" served with elegance and grace. The "Harvey Girls" were chaperoned by a house mother and each girl signed a year-long contract. In exchange for strict rules, a Harvey Girl enjoyed room and board, railroad passes, and job security. In the seventy-year history of the Harvey Houses, more than 100,000 women proudly wore the black and white uniform of the Harvey Girls. Will Rogers said that during the last quarter of the 19th century and well into the 20th, Fred Harvey "kept the West in food and wives."

According to "Life and Times of El Paso's Union Passenger Station," the Harvey House area was the dance floor for the festivities of the 27th of February,

1906, when the town turned out to celebrate the completion of the depot for the rapidly growing community. Over the years the Harvey House was considered one of El Paso's finer eating places.

The tables were spread with imported Irish linen tablecloths and Sheffield flatware from England inscribed with *Harvey House* on each piece. A silver coffee carafe or teapot graced each table so cups could be filled as needed. A crystal carafe of cool water was always available.

Food was chosen from an attractive menu folder. For breakfast you might order steak with eggs, hashed brown potatoes, pancakes, syrup and coffee with rich cream, all for fifty cents. The coffee was special. Whether you had a cup of coffee in Kansas City or Santa Fe, the Grand Canyon or El Paso, it was always the same. Harvey insisted the water for the coffee undergo much experimentation and be analyzed so that the coffee would be prepared according to an exact formula.

Using refrigerated railroad cars, the choicest beef was brought to El Paso from Chicago, corn from Iowa, fresh seafood from California, and fresh vegetables in season from all over the Midwest.

In the *El Paso Herald* of October 5, 1909, the following article appeared,

The Fred Harvey dining room system has purchased a herd of cows to be placed on its new farm near Prescott, Arizona. All eating houses of the system, including the one in El Paso will be furnished dairy products from their herd.

On the menu, you could order such exotic food as Blue Points [oysters] on Shell, Young Capon, Roast Sirloin of Beef Au Jus, or Pickled Lamb's Tongue. For dessert, the choices might be Cold Custard a la Chantilly, Apple Pie, or New York Ice Cream.

In the early days of the El Paso Harvey House, men were required to wear coats. In the event that some hot, wilted traveler got off the train without his coat, he would be provided with one of black alpaca off the rack. They were always available. When entering the dining room, the traveler was assured that the train would not leave without him. Plenty of time was allotted so that the passengers would not have to rush.

When the La Fonda opened in Santa Fe, the Harvey House System began an alliance with Indian arts and crafts. A magazine and newspaper stand was opened in the El Paso depot, which had for sale Indian arts including jewelry, rugs, pots, and paintings. On April 24, 1906, the *El Paso Herald* reported "A. Morriss and R. E. Pellow to be in charge of News Stand and Eating Room at the Depot."

In a column in the *El Paso Herald Post*, on July 10, 1974, Margaret Trowbridge Stephenson, wrote, "What food they put out! It was my privilege to go with my parents often. One would always find Mr. Ledwedge sitting at his same table. Mr. Ledwedge was connected with the National Lines of Mexico, I believe. One of the best waitresses, and she was always in demand, was Nellie (Kelly?). She married Louis Onick who was in charge of the Paso del Norte dining room for years."

The newsstand that handled many items was always busy. West of it was the Navajo Room with beautiful rugs and Indian jewelry.

Fred Harvey died in 1901, a few years before the El Paso site opened, but he left to his heirs a strong, smoothly functioning business that is a tribute to his ingenuity and enterprise. It is said that Harvey's last words were, "Don't cut the ham too thin."

Fred Harvey's contributions to the eating habits and comforts of the people of the Southwest were many. His patrons learned what good food tasted like and sought the same quality elsewhere.

Byron Harvey, grandson of Fred Harvey, in a speech in Chicago, on September 25, 1961, summed up the philosophy of the Harvey Houses: The original Fred Harvey was visiting one of his early restaurants. An unreasonably difficult customer was berating the manager about the service. "What caused all the trouble?" asked the founder of the business. "Oh, that man is a crank. No one can please him!" answered the manager. "Maybe he is a crank," agreed my grandfather, "but we must please him. It is our business to please cranks! Anyone can please a gentleman."

Fred Harvey's contributions to the eating habits and comforts of the people of the Southwest were many. His patrons learned what good food tasted like and sought the same quality elsewhere. The

Harvey Houses served as schools for the training of cooks, managers, and waitresses. This training brought a reform to rival railways and other competitive lunch rooms. They were forced to upgrade their food and service.

The Old Harvey House closed in 1948, ending a great tradition in El Paso.

PATSY C. KING was raised in El Dorado, Arkansas. She earned a BA degree from Hendrix College in Conway, Arkansas and a MA degree from The University of Alabama in Tuscaloosa. She is married to Bill King and they have two children. She taught elementary school for 31 years in Arkansas, Texas, and New Mexico. After retirement, she pursued her love of writing. She taught Creative Writing at EPCC, Senior Adult program, for six years. She is a member and past-president of the El Paso Writers' League, the Gadsden Education Retirees, and the El Paso County Historical Society.

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The Carrie Tingley Hospital

By Barbara Dent

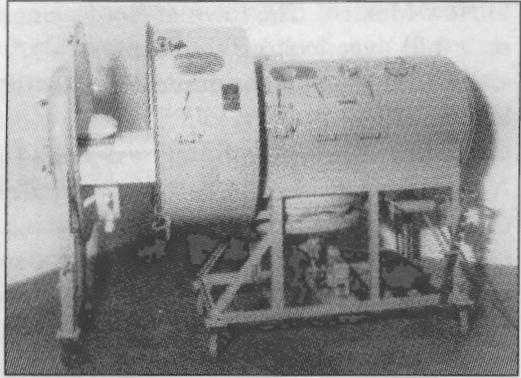


The "Carrie Tingley Hospital for Crippled Children" now situated on the campus of the New Mexico Medical School, in Albuquerque, New Mexico had its beginnings in the little town of Hot Springs, now called Truth or Consequences, in New Mexico, about 120 miles north of

El Paso, Texas.¹ The hospital was erected by the Works Progress Administration (WPA) a federal program, and opened in September, 1937.² The purpose of this hospital was to care for children crippled by the effects of disease, accident, and those with congenital defects. Until the late 1950s, the majority of the patients at Carrie Tingley were victims of poliomyelitis. Prior to that time, polio was a feared and dreaded disease. All diseases were feared! But poliomyelitis carried a special fear, for if the patient lived through the acute stage of the disease, they carried forever a permanent disability.

In 1916 New York City experienced a polio epidemic that is considered to be the first major polio outbreak in the United States. There were a number of sporadic cases from 1916 through the 1930s, but in the 1940s and 1950s the disease took on a character all its own and made the summer months a time of terror. Polio was known as the "scourge of summer." Many theories were circulated about the disease and after much research it became known that the disease was indeed spread by personal contact. The victims were usually children and young adults. All sorts of precautions were taken, public gatherings were avoided, and swimming pools were closed. These actions had little effect upon this crippling killer. The only treatment for the disease at that time was bed rest, compresses, and moral support.

In 1921 Franklin Delano Roosevelt was stricken with polio which left him with useless lower extremities. A machine called the "Iron Lung," the External Negative Pressure Ventilation Device, ENPVD, was developed in 1921 and went into commercial



Iron Lung

production in 1931. This device was used to maintain the breathing capabilities of patients with polio and remained in use until the late 1950s.

Roosevelt purchased a run-down natural springs spa resort in Warm Springs, Georgia in 1921 and turned it into a first class rehabilitation center. This facility treated the whole patient, physically and psychologically. It was run by people with personal first hand knowledge of living with disabilities and taught independence through example. The Warm Springs facility was the pattern for many hospitals throughout the country.

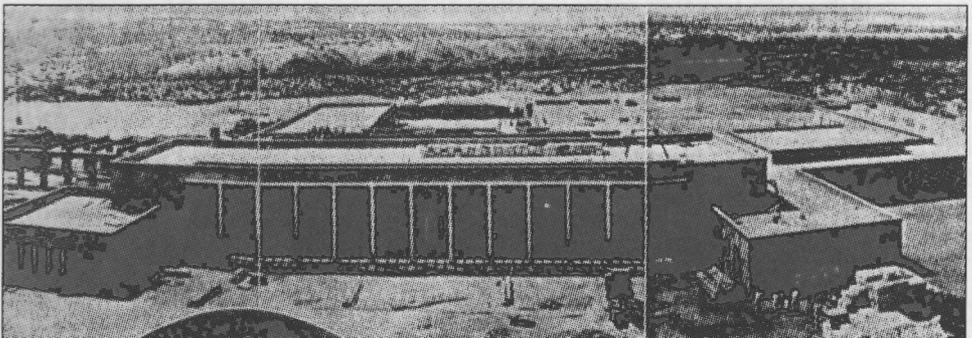
In the late 1930s, an Australian nurse, Sister Elizabeth Kenney, began a method of treatment consisting of heat, exercise, and massage in an attempt to prevent the affected muscles from atrophying. This method soon became the standard and was widely used throughout the world.

The hospital for crippled children in New Mexico was one of the places patterned on the Warm Springs theory. The planning and building of the million dollar New Mexico project was made possible through efforts of the then New Mexico Governor, Clyde Tingley (1935-1939), who was an acquaintance of Franklin Roosevelt. The citizens of Hot Springs named the facility "Carrie Tingley Hospital for Crippled Children" in honor of Carrie Wooster Tingley, the Governor's wife, who was the moving force in the creation of this endeavor.

As a young woman, Carrie Wooster developed pulmonary tuberculosis and came to New Mexico in 1903 for her health. She was from a wealthy, prominent family in Bowling Green, Ohio and became a significant philanthropist for the benefit of the people

of New Mexico. The town of Hot Springs donated a 160-acre tract on a hill overlooking the Rio Grande.³ This particular building site was chosen for the desert climate, the natural hot springs, and beautiful mountain view. The same architect who had designed the Warm Springs building was engaged as a consultant for the New Mexico project. The Carrie Tingley facility was built in the open southwestern style, encompassing 77,760 square feet, rectangular in shape, surrounding a large landscaped patio, thus permitting all rooms a pleasant outside view. Three of the wings housed patients; one for surgical cases and the other two were convalescent wards. The fourth leg of the rectangle contained the other working areas of the hospital with two operating room suites, a brace shop, x-ray, laboratory, cast room, and the physical therapy department. A large dining hall and a recreational playroom with a stage for entertainment also occupied this wing. There were two swimming pools, one indoor and one outdoor; these were used both for therapy and recreation. A playground especially designed for wheel chairs and special athletic equipment was available for those patients who could participate in such activities. The landscape included fishponds with bubbling fountains, flowerbeds, and trees giving this desert facility a very pleasant atmosphere.

Dr. Frank Goodwin, from El Paso, a specialist in orthopedics, was named the chief attending surgeon.⁴ He remained in this capacity until 1942 at which time he entered the Army Air Force. In 1945 Dr. Goodwin returned to private practice and to Carrie Tingley, remaining there until his untimely, accidental death in 1947. During World War II Dr. S. Perry Rogers, of El Paso, assumed the duties of orthopedic surgeon at the children's hospital.



The Carrie Tingley Hospital, 1937.

The last major polio epidemic in the United States occurred in 1952, when fifty seven thousand (57,000) Americans contracted the disease. Some hospitals had to set up temporary field units to accommodate the patients.⁵ In 1954, a vaccine, IPV, made from the inert virus, was developed by Dr. Jonas Salk and was released for a mass field test to be administered to one million children. This vaccine was given by injection in three separate doses. In April 1955 the results of this study were announced—the mass experiment was a success, but it did have some drawbacks. Nonetheless, the war against polio had taken its first turn for the good.

In 1961 an oral vaccine, made of live attenuated virus (OPV) to be administered on a sugar cube was developed and introduced by Dr. Albert Sabin.⁶ Both of these medical advancements were financed by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, a private organization formed in 1938 for the study and research of polio. This organization is funded through the “March of Dimes” and remains a main contributing factor in financing the research in the fight against infant diseases.⁷

The University of New Mexico School of Medicine opened in 1964 and began participating in the staffing of Carrie Tingley and soon the hospital was an intricate part of the teaching facility. In 1981 the Carrie Tingley Hospital moved to Albuquerque where it became an integral part of the Health Sciences Center of New Mexico. This site has served the people of New Mexico as a veteran’s hospital not only for the veterans but for their spouses and gold star parents as well. Today it is a training hospital and conducts specialized clinics for children with special needs.

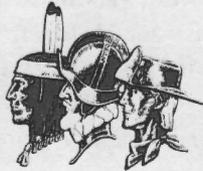
Of the original site it was said that it did have some occupants remaining from the Carrie Tingley days—a couple of desert tortoises were living near the turtle pond in an enclosed patio.

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BARBARA DENT is a native of New Orleans, Louisiana, and moved to El Paso with her husband, Dr. Tom Dent, in 1966. She is the curator of the El Paso Medical Museum and writes an article, "Historical Vignette," for *The Physician Magazine*, the publication of the El Paso County Medical Society. She has served as vice-president of the El Paso County Historical Society as well as being a member of the Historical Society Board. She is a commissioner on the El Paso County Historical Commission.

NOTES

1. In 1950 the town of Hot Springs changed its name to Truth or Consequences. The name was changed in honor of the radio game show hosted by Ralph Edwards which brought so much fame to the town. The older inhabitants of the town still resent the change.
2. "History of Sierra County," Sierra County Historical Society, 1977.
3. Ibid.
4. Vertical Files, Truth or Consequences Museum – unknown source, date sometime during the construction period.
5. "New Cases of Polio Reported in the Dominican Republic and Haiti, in December, 2000." 7,100 cases reported world wide in 1999, *San Antonio Express-News* by the Associated Press, December 17, 2000.
6. The Texas Medical Association and the Texas Department of Health with all of the local medical groups sponsored an infant immunization awareness program called "Shots Across Texas." It recommends that all infants receive the prescribed vaccinations before the age of two including the new drug Prevnar to fight bacterium streptococcus. Texas Law requires that children entering kindergarten must have their immunizations up to date. At least ten different shots are now required: diphtheria, tetanus, whooping cough, measles, mumps, rubella, chicken pox, hepatitis B and polio. For Texas-Mexico Border areas two doses of hepatitis A vaccine are recommended.
7. Since its inception in 1985, the service club, Rotary International, began a project to eradicate polio worldwide, PolioPlus. It has since raised \$500 million.





Doníphan's Men Celebrated Christmas, 78 Years Ago, on Wine Captured from Mexicans

By Llew H. Davis

El Paso Times, December 25, 1924

How many of us traveling north of El Paso realize that an important but little-known battle of the Mexican-American War was fought just north of us? Traveling along route 28, the "back road," one can be charmed by the quaint little towns through which that highway wends its way—the houses of adobe, some still in use, some abandoned; the homes situated right on the roadway; the historical markers that tell you that you are traveling the Camino Real. Then you come upon the name Brazito, the location of a little-known but important battle of that war.

Llewelyn Davis wrote many articles for the *El Paso Times* which gave to the people of El Paso a view of early El Paso that was penned in well-composed sentences, and paragraphs that used classic grammar and vocabulary. This selection is printed here just as it appeared in the *El Paso Times*.

What Davis did not include in his article is the information that the Magoffin freight wagons on which Susan Magoffin traveled reached the battlefield some days after the battle, about which Susan wrote in her Diary,*

" . . . And today we nooned it at Brasito [sic] I rode over the battle ground (a perfect plain) and brought off as trophies two cartridges one Mexican and the other Amer."

**Down the Santa Fe Trail and into Mexico: The Diary of Susan Shelby Magoffin 1846-1847*. Edited by Stella M. Drumm, New Haven & London, Yale University Press, 1926.



Just 78 years ago today the most wonderful and memorable Christmas ever known in the valley of the Rio Grande was witnessed about 25 miles up the river from the present city of El Paso, at Brazito, where Colonel Alexander Doniphan and his little army camped to rest and celebrate the holy day.

They had marched nearly 1,200 miles from Fort Leavenworth, which they left July, 1846, traveling mostly afoot, through an almost unknown country, as conquerors, the most wonderful military expedition in ancient or modern times, more marvelous than the expeditions of the Greeks told in Xenophen's Anabasis or that of Alexander the Great to India. Rugged, weary and hungry, they arrived at Brazito on the night of December 24, 1846.

On the next morning, Christmas day, the brilliant sun shone over the crests of the Organ and Franklin mountains. The little advanced army, at this time not exceeding 800 men, was comfortably encamped near the east bank of the river. As stated by an officer of the party, the men felt frolicksome indeed, and sang the cheering songs of Yankee Doodle and Hail Columbia.

Many guns, mostly old Kentucky rifles capable of killing at 600 feet were fired in honor of Christmas day. While the men were scattered everywhere in quest of wood, water and grass for the few horses, and some hunting quails, rabbits and other game for their Christmas dinner, and while the trains of straggling men were scattered along the road in the rear, a great cloud of dust was seen to rise suddenly toward the south in the direction of what is now El Paso.

Mexican Army Approaches

It is said that at this particular time, Col. Doniphan and some of his officers were playing a game of "three-trick-loo." Suddenly the game was temporarily stopped. A courier came riding into camp furiously and announced that the enemy, the Mexican army, was approaching in overwhelming numbers.

So the game of "loo" was postponed. Doniphan threw down his cards, grasped his saber, and coolly observed:

"Boys I held an invincible hand, but I reckon we will have to postpone the game until we whip the enemy."

The bugler was summoned. Assembly call was blown. The men dashing down their loads of wood and buckets of water, came running from all directions, seized their arms and fell into line



Brazito Schoolhouse. Musket balls and canister shot, possibly dating back to the Mexican-American War have been found east of this building which is still in existence. Photo by Enrique T. Vasquez. Password, vol. 43, no. 2.

in whatever place was most convenient. As fast as those in the rear came up they also fell into line under the nearest standards. The officers dashed from post to post, and in an incredibly short time the Missourians were marshaled on the field of fight.

Ponce de Leon Led the Enemy

Gen. Ponce de Leon, commander of the Mexican forces from El Paso del Norte, was rapidly advancing on them, with 1,300 men, including 500 Vera Cruz lancers, who were regarded as among the best trained troops in the western hemisphere, and there also were 800 volunteers, cavalry and infantry, from El Paso del Norte and Chihuahua, and four pieces of artillery. They also had howitzers and *escopetas*, a newly invented carbine, a very effective weapon.

The Americans were supposed to have 1,000 men and officers, but in his official report Col. Doniphan states that he had only 856 effective men, including merchants, all mounted. He had no artillery, because it had been delayed in transit back somewhere in the upper valley. Indeed not more than 500 of Col. Doniphan's men were present when the battle commenced. The rest fell onto line as they were enabled to reach the scene of action.

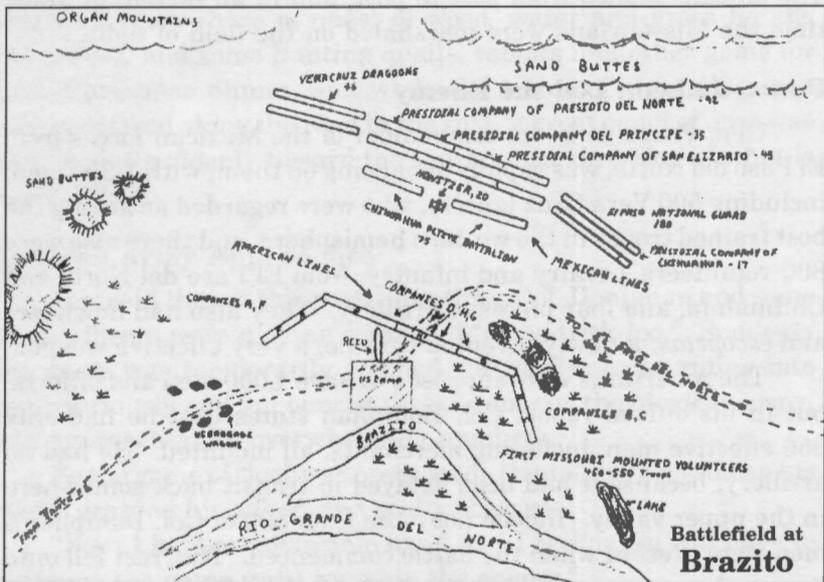
Now had arrived the grand moment for the Missourians and their heroic lawyer colonel, who formed his lines of battles as prescribed in the military text books he studied in Fort Leaven-

worth, and all were calm and collected. Before the battle commenced, and while the two armies stood marshaled front to front, the Mexican army exhibited a most gallant and imposing appearance, for the dragoons were dressed in uniforms with blue pantaloons, green coats trimmed with scarlet, and tall caps plated in front with brass, on the tops of which fantastically waved plumes of horse hair or buffalo tails. The bright lances and swords glittered in the sunshine. What a contrast to the appearance of the ragged Missourians.

"Charge and Be Damned," Said Doniphan

Suddenly a messenger, a lieutenant of the lancers, dashed up on a magnificent pony, waving a black flag which in those days had the significance as the white flag has today. Riding with the speed of lightning, he suddenly halted within 60 yards of the American line, and waved the flag gracefully. Col. Doniphan with his interpreter, approached the messenger, who said: "My general summons your commander to appear before him."

Doniphan replied, "If your general desires peace, let him come over here." To this the messenger replied in a haughty manner, "Curse on all of you, we shall charge you and shall neither ask



Battlefield at Brazito. Drawn by Enrique T. Vasquez. Not drawn to scale. Enrique T. Vasquez is the author of the article "Brazito Remembered One Hundred Fifty Years Ago: Another Look" which was printed in Password, vol. 43, no. 2, 1998. Password, vol. 43, no. 2.

nor give quarter." Col. Doniphan's sole reply was, "Then charge and be damned."

Waving the black flag over his head, the messenger galloped back to his commander. At the sound of the trumpet, the battle began, and the Vera Cruz dragoons, who occupied the right of the enemy's line of battle, first made a bold charge on the American left. When they were within a few rods, the American yagermen opened a most deadly fire upon them, producing great execution. At the same crisis, Captain Reid with a party of 16 mounted men (for the rest were all on foot) charged upon the enemy, broke through their ranks, yelling like Comanche Indians, hewed them to pieces with their sabers, thereby throwing the enemy's right into confusion. A squad or section of Mexican dragoons, having flanked the American left, now charged upon the commissary and baggage trains, but the gallant wagoners opened a well directed fire on them throwing them into confusion.

Pretend to Be Dead

Meanwhile the Chihuahua cavalry and infantry on their left operated on the American left. They advanced to within 400 yards, or gun shot distance, sheltering themselves in the chaparral, and opened fire with howitzers, muskets, and *escopetas*, discharging three rounds

of lead at the Americans before they returned the fire.

At this crisis, Colonel Doniphan ordered his men to lie down on their bellies and reserve their fire until the Mexicans came within 40 yards, for the Missouri rifles were not effective for a distance of over 1,000 feet. This was done, and the Mexicans, supposing that they had wrought fearful execution and slaughter

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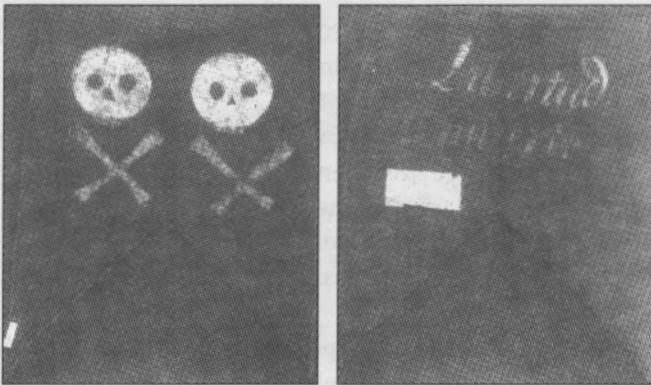
on the Americans, as some of them were falling down and some standing up, advanced another 100 yards, which brought them within the range of the Missourians rifles.

At this juncture the whole American right wing, suddenly rising up, poured in a galling volley of yager balls into the Mexican ranks, and 20 of Doniphan's men sprang on their horses and with the cheering and roaring of their comrades as a stimulus to their efforts, dashed headlong over the intervening plain and buried themselves upon the dragoons on the Mexican left. This onslaught, so sudden, so unexpected and daring, says the historian, gave a shock to the Mexican line, but Ponce de Leon called his men and sent his dismounted Chihuahua cavalry against the Americans' right.

Routed by Americans

Moving through the dense chaparral on that side of the battle field, the Mexicans gained ground rapidly, but failed to notice that Doniphan's men were lying flat on the ground waiting for them. Suddenly the order to charge was given, and the whole right of the Americans leaped to their feet and with deafening yells, poured deadly volleys into the enemy's column.

The Mexicans bravely tried to make a stand, but the whirlwind attack was so impetuous and irresistible that they were powerless to resist. They turned and fled in the utmost confusion, dropping their rifles and accouterment. The whole line broke and joined in the retreat.



Mexican War Pennant: left side: Twin Skull and cross bones; paint on cotton by, c. 1846, Obj. 467. Right side: "Libertad o Muerte?"; paint on cotton by, c.1846. Obj 468. Courtesy Missouri Historical Society Museum Collections, St. Louis. Password, vol. 43, no 2.

Meanwhile the Howard company and others occupying the center had repulsed the enemy in front with considerable loss, and taking possession of one piece of artillery and its ammunition—a six-pound howitzer—and used it with deadly effect on the enemy. The whole Mexican line broke and the Americans pursued and bayoneted many.

Consternation now become general among the Mexicans, and they began a hasty retreat along the base of the mountains, many of them hiding in the craggy rocks. They were chased like rabbits for about two miles, until victors tired of further chasing. They had won a great victory. The Mexicans lost 71 killed, five prisoners, 150 wounded, including General Ponce de Leon, and lost a considerable quantity of ammunition, baggage, provisions, blankets, guns, several stands of colors and a lot of native wine, besides a number of horses.

No Americans Killed

The Americans had only seven men slightly wounded and none killed. The battle had lasted only 30 minutes and was fought about 3 p.m. on Christmas day.

After the battle the Christmas festivities were renewed, and the officers and men made cheer on the captured native wine made from the old Mission grape of the valley. It is said that after the battle, while the Christmas dinner was being prepared, Colonel Doniphan and his officers resumed the interrupted game of "three-trick-loo."

The whole affair resembled a Christmas frolic. After feasting on the captured delicacies and wine, the men slept on the battle field, dreaming of other worlds to conquer and of their folks away back in old Missouri. At early dawn they arose, feasted again, buried the dead Mexicans, and attended the wounded, and proceeded on their triumphal march south, crossed the river at the ford above the old Hart's dam, and took peaceable possession of the old town of Paso del Norte. The defeated army had continued their flight to Chihuahua. That evening the Americans encamped on a bare spot south of the plaza. They stayed there 42 days, and were regaled with wine, women, song, cock fights, and *bailles* galore. Thus ended the Christmas day battle at Brazito 78 years ago.

Editor's note: Before our next issue of *Password* goes to press, Christmas will have come and gone. In order that this document is in your hands before the Christmas season, this is printed in the fall issue. Perhaps during the holidays you will have the opportunity to travel over the scenic and very historic road much of which lies over the old Camino Real, which leads directly into Mesilla, but not to the battleground. The site of the battle has not yet been positively identified.

LLEWELYN H. DAVIS, born in Flint, Michigan, took his law degree at the University of Michigan. Having begun the practice of law in San Francisco, he arrived in El Paso in 1881 but departed shortly thereafter to set up practice in Tombstone, Arizona. He was in Tombstone in the "glory days" of Wyatt Earp and "Doc" Holliday with whom he was acquainted. When he returned to El Paso in 1884 he became a justice of the peace, he operated a drug store, and served as mining editor of the *El Paso Times*, according to J. Morgan Broaddus in his book *The Legal History of El Paso*.

For other records of this battle, see:

"Brazito—The Only Battle in the Southwest Between American and Foreign Troops" by George Ruhlen, parts 1 and 2, *Password*, vols. I and II, Feb. and May 1957.

"Johnny Gringo at the Pass of the North," by John Bloom, *Password*, vol. IV, 1959. Reprinted in *Password*, vol 43. 1998.

"Brazito Remembered," by Enrique Tamez Vasquez in *Password*, volume 43.





An Automobile Round Trip: El Paso to Hillsboro in 1914

or Bring Back the Good Old Days?

By Frank G. McKnight

Do you remember these trips?

Did you ever hear such a story?

Perhaps you are one of these adventurous El Pasoans!



On May 12, 1914 a group of El Pasoans embarked in two automobiles on a trip to Hillsboro, New Mexico. The group included Miss Frances Gillespie, who was being courted by Arthur McKnight; and her sister Stella Kerr and husband Alfred, a vice president of El Paso Bank & Trust Company.¹ Also on that trip were Charles and Mabel Leavell and Ray Sherman, a salesman for C. H. Leavell and Company.² Sherman later became a partner in the real estate firm of Leavell and Sherman.³

Charles Leavell who was in the process of developing Manhattan Heights, had built one of the first houses in the area at 3027 Federal Street. Alfred Kerr who had been a classmate of Mabel Leavell at Southwestern College in Georgetown, Texas, had recently purchased the lot at 3101 Federal and was in the process of building a house.⁴ Arthur McKnight later purchased a lot and built a house at 3000 Federal Street.

The purpose of the trip was to visit the site of Elephant Butte dam, which was under construction. Then they were to drive to Hillsboro and have Sunday dinner with Miss Gillespie's mother, Mrs. James Gillespie, and her brother, Allen Gillespie, the owner of Sierra County Bank of Hillsboro.⁵ Allen had three small children and Mrs. Gillespie was keeping house for him until his wife returned from a visit to Dallas. The letter describing the trip was written on May 13th by Frances Gillespie to her mother:

Monday night

My own dear Mother,

You don't know what a pleasure it was to see all of you yesterday. Our visit was just too brief for words, and it seems almost like a dream, but I would not take anything for it. I would love to have stayed up there with you, but I didn't have a thing to wear with me.

You were so sweet to us and so hospitable. Every member of the crowd enjoyed and appreciated it. That was such a lovely dinner you had ready for us and the house looked so nice, and all of you so sweet. Please come down here right away. We will enjoy you so, and I am sure you will enjoy it and it will do you good. It will be hard on you if you have to rush away to Floresville right after your stay in Hillsboro.

We did not have time to do any talking, did we? I wanted to tell Allen how much I enjoyed and appreciated his letter. Isn't Hillsboro a pretty little place? And the trip from the dam over to Hillsboro was perfectly beautiful, I didn't even get to mention how we enjoyed seeing the dam. It was a wonderful sight, such a magnificent piece of construction. We enjoyed every part of our visit.

I know Allen will be tickled when he hears that we got lost after we left Hillsboro and each car had a breakdown. We lost the road and drove across country. We came upon Hal Kerr's ranch, and stopped to ask for directions. We found that the water pipe on Alfred's car's had broken. That had to be fixed before we could go any further. So we girls went in with Mrs. Hal Kerr and the men mended the pipe. We were there one and one-half hours.

We left at 7:15 pm and were getting along fairly well when Mr. Leavell's car broke-down. It was a more serious accident, and a thing the men couldn't fix. So Mr. McKnight got out and put all the girls in our car and he, Mr. Leavell, and Mr. Sherman remained there for the night. We surely hated to leave them, but there was no alternative. We reached home at 11:30 pm and at 12:30 am the men wired to know if we were safely here.

I got up at 7:00 am, but Stella slept while I kept the children quiet. I had to wake her at 12:35 pm to talk to Mr. Bischoff, as he said they couldn't go on with the building of the house unless he talked with her. Right after luncheon I went to bed and didn't get up until 5:00 pm.

Mr. McKnight came out and took me for a little drive. He said they paid a man \$7 to take them on a railroad handcar to a station nine miles from the breakdown, where they borrowed three

quilts and spent the night in the station. At 1:00 pm today Mr. Norwood Hull, a ranchman, came by in his car and brought them into town. They were waiting for the train. Mr. Leavell will have to pay to have a truck go out and drag his car in. Mr. McKnight says it will cost \$1 a mile and it is forty-one miles from El Paso. It's too bad it had to occur.

I am going to bed early tonight and have a grand rest. I had a terrible blow when I got back. I found out that on Saturday the 12th Cavalry had been ordered to Brownsville and they left Sunday at noon. It contains my two very best army beaus, Mr. Henry and Mr. Burwell. I will surely miss them. They were lovely and so nice to me. Ma said they called up to tell us good-by and say how much they enjoyed knowing us, and how much they appreciated our hospitality. They are such sweet friendly fellows.

I hope having all that crowd did not leave you tired out. Beatrice is such a nice girl and so much help. Mr. McKnight and Mr. Leavell are both such fine men to have on a trip. They are such excellent company, and so efficient. You never saw men more willing to do their part. They are constantly doing something for the ladies.

Well, Momma dear, do take good care of yourself, and come down as soon as you can possibly get off. We are crazy to have you. You were all so dear to us. A kiss for each one.

Devotedly,

Frances

FRANK MCKNIGHT, a native El Pasoan, graduated from local schools, the New Mexico Military Institute and the University of Texas at Austin. He served during World War II and was later associated with Anderson, Clayton and Company in the cotton business. In 1969 he received a presidential appointment to serve in the Department of Agriculture in Washington. He has served many civic causes and is a past president of the El Paso County Historical Society.

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Pancho Villa Wept

*The Legend of the Weeping
Pancho Villa: Robin Hood or Bandit?*

By John McVey Middagh



There was a legend that General Francisco (Pancho) Villa, got down on his hands and knees and tearfully begged for his life when sentenced to die by a firing squad.

Antonio B. Dominguez who fought with Villa and achieved the rank of colonel, maintained that the story was not true. Despite Villa's shocking and wicked ways, Dominguez believed that he was a good man—a great patriot, as he knew him. “Pancho Villa didn't get down on his knees or actually weep,” said Dominguez who was a revolutionary soldier at the time, and who was there when the firing squad was ready. On July 5, 1912, Villa, who claimed loyalty to President Madero, did plead for his life. As Villa pleaded with Rodolfo Fierro, who was in charge of the firing squad, Mr. Dominguez did see Pancho wipe his eyes, although he says he wasn't actually crying, and he didn't get down on his knees. A few minutes before the execution, orders came from Raul Madero, brother of the president, to spare Villa's life. Villa was sent to prison in Chihuahua City, Chihuahua, where in September he bribed his way out and traveled to El Paso, Texas. Later with a handful of followers, Pancho Villa crossed from El Paso back to Mexico where he accumulated an army of some forty thousand and soon was the master of all northern Mexico.

While scavenging through my father's old files, now located in the archives at The University of Texas at El Paso Library, I found an article written by Marshall Hail, my father's good friend and mentor. Marshall, a young man suffering from tuberculosis, came to El Paso by train and on a stretcher. While in the hospital he met and married his nurse Marie Threlkeld and they had two

daughters, Marsha and Judith. Marshall recovered and went to work for the *El Paso Herald-Post* where he worked for nearly forty years. Marshall Hail questioned the legend that General Francisco (Pancho) Villa, got down on his hands and knees and tearfully begged for his life when sentenced to die by a firing squad. In 1968 Hail found a man who first came to El Paso in 1888. Antonio B. Dominguez, then aged 102, asserted that the story was not true. Mr. Dominguez had fought with Villa for a time and was made a colonel. Despite Villa's shocking and wicked ways, Dominguez thought he was a good man—a great patriot, as he knew him.

Villa had sympathy for the poor, Mr. Dominguez stated. The first thing he would do after capturing a town was to see if everyone had enough to eat. If they were needy, he would send to other captured towns to get food and then see that it was distributed equally. Mr. Dominguez was there and entitled to his opinion, although there are many with other opinions.

General Francisco Villa was one of the most controversial figures of the Mexican Revolution from 1911 to 1920. Arguments still are heard and read concerning his character, his accomplishments, and his reputation.

In August, 1914, he was the hero of two nations, the United States and the Republic of Mexico. El Paso was glad to pay homage to the man who had brought some peace and stability to northern Mexico. Villa's army had fought many battles which broke the back of the forces of Victoriano Huerta, the man who had killed Francisco Madero. Madero, called "the Apostle of the Revolution," was Mexico's revolutionary president from 1911 to 1913.

Generally, during this time, the feelings between Mexicans and Americans were tense. Many Mexican leaders called for action against the United States. But Villa had come to Juárez and made friends in the United States, among them, President Woodrow Wilson, with whom he exchanged letters. On August 26, 1914, Villa was welcomed to El Paso by top city officials as a conquering general. General John "Black Jack" Pershing from Fort Bliss was on hand to escort him through the city to ceremonies at the fort.

General Villa's prestige did not last long, however. Continuing struggles for power between the revolutionary generals started Villa's decline. General Alvaro Obregon, leading the forces of Venustiano Carranza, defeated Villa at the Battle of Celaya, where



Pancho Villa and wife. Possibly taken on their wedding day.

Villa lost fourteen thousand men. Villa continued fighting small skirmishes mainly to acquire ammunition and money in order to keep his shrinking army supplied.

In October of 1915 President Wilson began to move his support to Carranza whom General Obregon supported for President of Mexico. Wilson apparently decided that Carranza was the lesser of two evils. Villa became very upset with the United States and withdrew all safe passage guarantees for Americans in northern Mexico. He warned them all to leave. At that time there were many Americans in Mexico running mining operations. Villa's followers under the command of Lt. Pablo Lopez did stop a Northwestern train on January 10, 1916. They robbed and massacred eighteen American mining men, at Santa Ysabel, southwest of Juarez. [see *Password*, volume 42, summer 1997.]

Villa was so enraged with President Wilson's withdrawal of support that he went on to order the raid on Columbus, New Mexico, in March 1916. At approximately 3 a.m. on March 9 the moon had been down for a couple of hours, the sun was still a few hours away, and Columbus lay quiet in the darkness. A few miles west along the lower slopes of the Tres Hermanas Mountains a bonfire blazed up, then another and yet another, as reported in a story from the Columbus newspaper, *The Southwesterner*. These signal fires had been what Villa and three hundred of his men were waiting to see. The fires were set by Villa spies to signal all was ready. Each of Villa's Generals had his orders and specific objectives.

General Cervantes was to capture the Ravel brothers and bring them to their store. He forced them to open their safe and took all the money and everything else of value, destroying the remainder. Villa, it's said, had paid the brothers cash in advance for a large quantity of rifles and ammunition, but after the order arrived Villa discovered he'd been cheated out of twenty-five hundred dollar's worth of guns. Some say this "sour deal" added to General Villa's hatred of Americans and might have made Columbus a more attractive target.

General Castro and his men were to rob the Columbus State Bank and take what cash they found back across the border immediately. General Beltran was to attack Camp Furlong, the military post, keeping the soldiers there occupied. General Martin Lopez was to encircle the stable area and capture all the horses and mules so that the 13th Cavalry would be left afoot.

General Pablo Lopez would take the remainder of Villa's men and begin the attack on the town. The signal for the attack would be when the freight train, coming from Douglas, Arizona pulled into the Columbus depot. There the Villistas would take control of the engine. The train would divide the town in half, keeping the army on the north side of tracks leaving the business district to the Villistas—a beautiful plan showing the genius Francisco Villa had as a military tactician.

The first thing that went wrong was that somebody in Douglas sent the No. 8 passenger train ahead of schedule, holding back the freight train which was supposed to precede it. The passenger train whizzed past which caught Villa's troops by surprise. On the train asleep in their Pullman compartments were two high Carranza government officials returning to Chihuahua from the wedding of General Obregon. Pancho Villa would have very much liked to have gotten his hands on them. Little did they know just how close they had come to being kidnaped or worse. At 4:20 a.m. the raid started. The Villistas attacked unopposed, moving into the center of town, killing anyone that stood in their way. Within minutes the

The first thing that went wrong was that somebody in Douglas sent the No. 8 passenger train ahead of schedule, holding back the freight train which was supposed to precede it. The passenger train whizzed past which caught Villa's troops by surprise.

town was ablaze and eight American civilians lay dying. By sunrise Villa realized the American forces were greater than expected, and ordered his men to retreat. By 7:30 withdrawal was completed. The raid took eighteen American lives. Some accounts put the Villa casualties at ninety dead, thirteen captured and many wounded. The raid netted for the Villa forces quantities of food, supplies which included eighty fine bred horses, thirty mules, and an assortment of military equipment, including some three hundred Mauser rifles. Villa's raid succeeded in terms of booty.

John H. McNeely, professor of history at the University of Texas at El Paso and the author of books on the Southwest, thought that because Columbus was headquarters for the 13th Cavalry they should have known Villa was in the area. As half of the casualties were American soldiers, he contends Villa was raiding a military post and knew it. Here again it could show that President Wilson's misinformed meddling had provoked Villa. Perhaps Villa saw that he could get back at the *Americanos*, get even with the Ravel brothers, loot a town, and attack a U.S. military post, therein provoking the president of the United States, all at the same time.

A week later, General Pershing, the man who had welcomed Villa earlier to El Paso, was now ordered to pursue Villa and destroy him and his army. General Pershing led ten thousand men three hundred fifty miles into Mexico on a much publicized, but unsuccessful, punitive expedition. It lasted for nine months at a cost of over one million dollars.

There were a few small battles between General Pershing's troops and the Villistas, but Villa was never caught. He simply told his army to go home. He hid out until he finally gave up and took a deal where he was allowed to "retire." In 1920 he was given 500,000 pesos and a ranch covering 400,000 acres on the Rio Florida in the state of Durango. He also secured a year's wages for all his officers, plus land to which they could return.

Pancho Villa, born June 5, 1878, first had the name Doroteo Arango. Later it is thought that he took the name Villa from his father's father, Jesus Villa. Pancho Villa was born on the Rancho de la Coyotada, near the town of Rio Grande, between Parral and Durango.

Once retired, he lived for three short years with his family at his ranch, Rancho Canutillo until July 20, 1923, when he went to Parral. There he was ambushed and assassinated driving his 1919 Dodge touring car. I've seen the car and lost count of the bullet

holes. Maybe he did not weep in front of the firing squad but many wept for him as he succumbed to the bullets of his assassins—and many were overjoyed. Hence the controversy goes forward. Still more questions.

The tale goes on, January 15, 2004, as written by Ernesto Cienfuegos of Los Angeles, California. Ernesto wishes President George W. Bush would please return the skull of Pancho Villa.

In 1926 Prescott Bush, President Bush's grandfather, paid Emil Holmdahl, a "soldier of fortune," \$25,000 for the stolen skull. At the request of Prescott Bush, on the night of February 5, 1926, Emil, along with an assistant went to Parral and dug up the grave of Pancho Villa. On February 8, the *El Paso Herald-Post* published the headline "Villa's Grave Robbed," and detailed the circumstances of the decapitation.

Pancho Villa's skull is on display as a trophy inside the "Tomb," the crypt-like headquarters of "Skull and Bones Society," a secret society at Yale University. All three Bush's, Prescott, George H. W., and George W., have been and still are members of this society.

Zack Greenberg, who has also done some investigating, states that Villa's body has had almost as many adventures in death as it had in life. Three years after being decapitated, Villa's body was exhumed by the Mexican government. In 1929 the body was re-interred in The Tomb of Illustrious Men, in Mexico City, in order to prevent further desecration.

This project began when I found the old article about Pancho Villa written some thirty-eight years ago by Marshall Hail in my father's files. It finished by showing that there are many different legends and different opinions still out there. Dubbing Francisco Villa, "Robin Hood" or "Wicked Bandit" is up to the individual reader. Oh, the paradox's of the man and his ways.

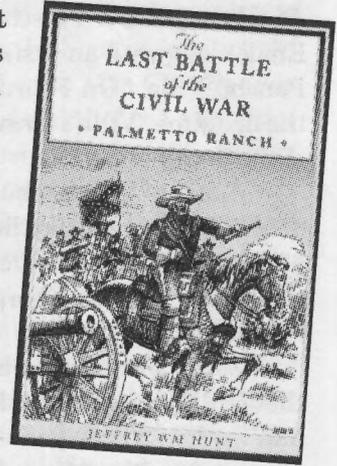
JOHN McVEY MIDDAGH is a native El Pasoan who grew up hearing the tales of Pancho Villa around the campfire in the desert. His father, John Judy Middagh, head of the journalism department at UTEP, was the teller of many tales and an author in his own right. John's mother, Winifred McVey Middagh, proofread *Password* for many years and is still an honorary member of the *Password* board. John has authored two books of his own, *Tales from the Horse and Boot Hill*. He is married to the former Cecilia Provencio, and they have two sons and four grandchildren. He retired after twenty-five years as owner and operator of Cowboy Trading Post, a saddle shop and large horse stables.



Book Reviews

THE LAST BATTLE OF THE CIVIL WAR: PALMETTO RANCH. By Jeffrey William Hunt. Austin: University of Texas Press, 2002. Paperback \$22.95 at Amazon.com.

On May 12th and 13th, 1865, the last battle of the American Civil War was fought. This action took place after a Union victory in which the conflict was absolutely assured. The two main armies of the Confederacy had already given up their cause. On April 9, 1865, General Robert E. Lee surrendered his Army of Northern Virginia to Union General Ulysses Grant, and seventeen days later Confederate General Joseph Johnston and his army capitulated to General William Sherman. In addition, two days prior to the beginning of this last battle,



Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederate States of America, was captured in Georgia. Despite these factors, a final clash of arms was to be had. The Battle of Palmetto Ranch was fought in the western-most state of the Confederacy, our very own Texas, along the Rio Grande. About two-thirds of the way from Brownsville to the Gulf Coast, it was a deadly encounter that did not have to occur, did not alter the outcome of the war, and did nothing to change the overall military situation in the Lone Star State. Jeffrey William Hunt, in his book *The Last Battle of the Civil War: Palmetto Ranch*, relates the story of this last gesture at military glory, or futility, at the very end of a greater tragedy. He discusses, with great insight and expertise, the military situation in Texas just prior to the battle, the personalities of the Union and Confederate commanders, and the thoughts of participants regarding the war. He also discusses the battle itself, the theories as to why the action took place, and consequences of the aftermath. It is a story that Hunt brings to life as he tries to make sense of a bloody event that was totally unnecessary in the greater scheme of things.

At the beginning of May 1865, Union forces of about five hundred men were stationed on Brazos Island near the mouth of the Rio Grande. The main units were the 34th Indiana Veteran Volunteer Infantry; the 62nd United States Colored Troops (USCT); and the 2nd Texas Cavalry, U.S. (dismounted). The overall federal commander was Colonel Theodore Barrett. On the Texas mainland in the Brownsville area were approximately 420 Confederate troops divided into Gidding's Battalion, Anderson's Battalion, Carter's Battalion, and the 3rd Texas Field Battery. The Rebels were commanded by Brigadier General James Slaughter and Colonel John "Rip" Ford both of whom were die-hard Confederates. Both sides had been informed, through newspapers and word-of-mouth, about the surrenders of Lee and Johnston, but rumors of many things were running amok and neither force was absolutely sure of the accuracy of these stories. In addition, General Edmund Kirby Smith, commander of the Confederacy's Trans-Mississippi Department which included Texas, had, on May 9, 1865, refused a Union call to surrender. Thus, the rebellion, for what it was worth, was still active in Texas.

On May 11, 1865, Colonel Barrett, an officer whose only previous combat experience had been against Sioux Indians at Fort Abercrombie, Dakota Territory, "sent 250 men and 11 officers of his own 62nd USCT, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel [David] Branson, to Point Isabel. . ." (pp. 56-57). As Hunt explains, the reason for this movement "has never been made clear" as "Barrett gave no explanation for ordering troops onto the Texas mainland" (p. 57). Barrett later reinforced the 62nd with fifty men and two officers from the 2nd Texas Cavalry. On the evening of May 11, Branson encamped his force about five miles down river from Palmetto Ranch. At six o'clock the next morning, May 12, he formed "Company F of the 62nd USCT into a skirmish line across the plain north of the Rio Grande. At approximately seven a.m., a small Rebel cavalry patrol brushed against this skirmish line and firing commenced" (p. 59). The opening shots of the Civil War's final battle had been fired.

As the battle progressed and reinforcements arrived for both sides, the Northerners held the advantage as they pushed the Southerners back and occupied a key position. Colonel Ford, the Confederate field commander, formulated a plan. His troops launched an attack which drove the Yankees back in some disarray, overwhelming and capturing two enemy companies. However, Ford's attempt to block the Federal retreat completely, surround

the foe, and, possibly, annihilate them, failed, because the Yankees reached a key road first and retreated. Ford's men gave chase, but eventually Colonel Barrett's Federals came under the protection of their base's heavy guns. The running battle came to an end.

The Battle of Palmetto Ranch was a complete Confederate victory. The hated Yankees were driven off the Texas mainland, having suffered casualties of two killed, six wounded, two missing, and 102 captured. Confederate casualties totaled one dead, four or five wounded, and three captured. The battle obviously did not change the outcome of the war or even conditions in Texas as Union forces began to occupy the state before the end of May.

Hunt, in his fascinating narrative, gives a step-by-step account of the battle that is very easily readable, and the maps provide an immense help in following along. Another extremely helpful item is the first appendix "Order of Battle" for both sides. This lists the units involved in the fight and names each unit's commander and indicates its strength. Hunt does not get bogged down in military terminology which can so easily happen with a book depicting military history. While such terminology would, undoubtedly, appeal to a select audience, Hunt's writing style appeals to both military history fans and to a much broader audience.

Hunt makes excellent use of primary resources as his narrative is based chiefly on primary documents, including material from *The War of the Rebellion* series; the official records from the court-martial of Lieutenant Colonel Robert Morrison of the 34th Indiana; and memoirs, letters, and books written by battle participants and those involved in the larger picture of events in Texas. The direct quotes used by Hunt fit very nicely into the smooth flow of his writing.

I thoroughly enjoyed reading *The Last Battle of the Civil War: Palmetto Ranch*. It is a book which will pique the interest of those who enjoy reading about Civil War, military, and Texas history in particular, history in general; and people who like a well-written story. Jeffrey Hunt's account of the final blood-letting of a greater carnage is, without a doubt, the definitive work on the subject.

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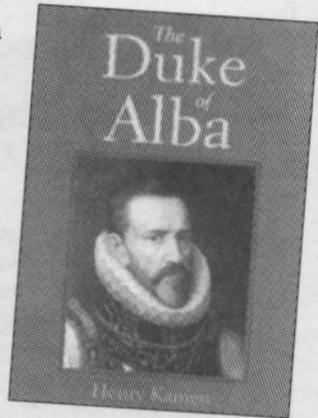
THE DUKE OF ALBA. By Henry Kamen. New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 2004. 172 PP. + Notes + Short Bibliography. Cloth, \$30.00. ISBN 0-300-10283-6.

The “Dutch Revolt” of the latter 16th Century was a long, violent, and bitter struggle for the combatants and their friends and allies—both religious and political.

Kamen’s Duke of Alba, actually the 3rd Duke, who lived from 1507-1582, was the general responsible for implementing Netherlands policy of Phillip II. As such, “he became notorious as the blood-thirsty “Butcher of Flanders,” responsible for the massacre of thousands of innocent men, women, and children. He was a man who considered it better (in his own words) to lay waste a country than leave it in the hands of heretics.”(Preface) His portraits exhibit a glowering image which in later days of mass-market images could have easily become the icon for the stereotypical Spanish cruelty, the Black Legend.

Why write about such a disreputable person? Don’t we already know what we need to know about this “Butcher of Flanders”? Possibly. Nevertheless it isn’t until the 20th Century that the Alba family began publishing their archives. We know about his actions. The published archives can allow us to read about what motivated and pushed this man to do what he did.

Recognizing that an early 1980s biography of the 3rd Duke of Alba is “reliable and authoritative,” Kamen—himself the author of several works on Spanish history, including biographies of Phillip II and Phillip V—nevertheless believes that a general audience study of the Duke of Alba is valuable. Essentially, he notes, “this one is quite simply an attempt to understand what the duke did and why he did it, set against the background of his life, travels and military and political career, and related where possible in the words of his own correspondence.” (Preface)



Richard Baquera



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