

*Ranch boss Tony Hazlewood is head man on the half million acres of the Waggoner Ranch, where 30,000 cattle bear this well-known brand.*

**TEXAS CATTLEMAN**  
**Introducing The Third And Final Report**  
**Of An Exploration Of Texas**

By Donald Wayne  
HOLIDAY / DECEMBER

NO MATTER WHAT colossal buntings and brilliances Texas flaunts before the world, her heart belongs to bawling beef and cowboys. These spell out her beginnings and her romance. Cattle put Texas on her feet and the cowboy created her golden tradition. The cowboy gave Texas character, a character that practically every Texan you will ever meet—regardless of where or under what circumstances—will manage in some admixture of wardrobe, manner and philosophy to reflect.

Many of the big old-time ranches are gone now; and the tone of life on the range has submitted to softening evolutions. Today's cattle baron, unlike his lusty forebears, runs his ranch from an office in town and spends more time in directors' meetings and Cadillacs than astride a quarter horse on the cattle pastures. Most are not even better than fair cowhands. There are exceptions, like Bob Kleberg, Jr., of the King Ranch, who can go

out and ride herd, rope and brand with the best of their cowboys; but these are few indeed. Cow-punching is not a thing that you can inherit or learn at school. You've got to start young and do it the hard way.



*A working day in the mesquite means hours of riding for Waggoner cowboys like Ray Turkett.*

If it takes filing cabinets and brain-trust executives to run a ranch commercially, actual ranching operations are in another world, the world of the working cowboy. The link between the two is 'he ranch boss.

Tony Hazlewood is ranch boss of the Waggoner Ranch, which runs the Three-D brand, one of the most famous in North Texas.

The Waggoners lord it over a demesne of 800 square miles of oil lands and cattle pastures in the Red River Valley bordering Oklahoma. They are one of the big names in Texas cattle history and one of the few old-time spreads still running intact, operated by the founding family.

Tony has been a Waggoner cowboy for thirty-six years. He worked his way up from an ordinary hand to ranch foreman, which is top bracket in cow-punching. In all that time Tony has had chances to start his own cattle spread, but dismissed each, even when the backer was his boss, old W.T. Waggoner

himself. It was the traditional ad of promotion so far as Waggoner was concerned, giving his best cowboy a chalice to run his own brand. This used to be, correspondingly, the zenith ambition of cowboys. But not any more. "Feller fences out his own spread," Tony says, "he starts fightin' the world. It ain't like the old days—free grass and open range, and lots of it for the pickin'. Seems how it ain't nothin' but bookkeepin' and smart lawyers. I reckon I'm a feller with a weak mind, likes to look at cows."



*Big-time modern ranching requires executive brains as well as cowpuncher brawn. Lawyer Bob Anderson supervises the vast Waggoner holdings in both beef and oil.*

### **Six-County Kingdom**

Waggoner executives, including ranch manager Robert Anderson, who runs the estate, don't think Tony has a weak mind. They court his advice in the buying and selling of cattle, a matter that usually involves hundreds of thousands of dollars and the de-

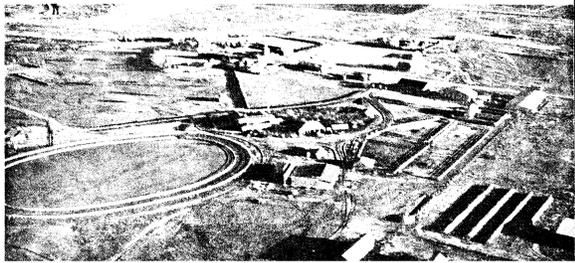
ployment of railroads, cowboys and office staffs. They confer with Tony, in fact, in every contemplated move concerning the ranch and its estimated 30,000 white-face cattle. Tony also initiates advice and suggestions. As ranch boss, or foreman, he) has an entirely free hand as strategist of working-ranch operations.



*E.P. Waggoner, a son of the ranch founder, has hunted both buffalo and Indians. He rides his fine palomino at his own annual rodeo.*

Tony maps out the route of the chuck wagon (called "the wagon," though it is a high-powered commissary truck) and superintends the work of his cowboys and other ranch laborers. The Waggoner ranch covers more than 500,000 acres, extending into six counties. It is subdivided into pastures. Tony charts the wagon route through these pastures (they are worked in an erratic succes-

sion) a year ahead of time. He usually sticks to it, too, the mark of an expert. On any given day you couldn't find Waggoner cowboys without knowing the wagon itinerary. Some pastures are as far apart as New York and Philadelphia, and all of it pretty wild country, an expanse of scrubby mesquite grass, cactus and range brush like chaparral (which the cowboys call "shinnery").



*Waggoner land stretches out for miles in all directions around Zacaweista, the ranch headquarters. Its array of barns, shops, stables, fields and sandstone houses looks like the campus of a small Texas college.*

You wonder how Waggoner cattle get enough to eat; but they do, obviously-with some supplementary farming. Wheat and hegari, a favorite stalk fodder, are grown in some pastures and a lot of it stored for winter feeding. Tony has charge of all that too.



*All of the Waggoner Ranch cowboys eat well. Some get their meals from the big revolving table at Zacaweista; those on range duty eat in the open, where they are served from a chuckwagon.*

**A cowboy's life is not as thrilling as Hollywood pretends; his pleasures are simple, his days lonely, his work hard**



*Center of the Waggoner universe on the range is the rolling chuckwagon where cook "Cap" Warren daily serves one of his specialties-hot biscuit.*



*A young cowhand like C. J. Poole lives for weeks with the herds and works all day, even Sundays, until it gets too dark to see. A sense of humor helps.*

Tony is a small man, standing no higher than five-six in his high-heeled boots. He is lean and wiry and has the barrel walk of the cowboy. His face is tanned and leathery from years of exposure to sun and wind. It is a quiet, humorous, friendly face, but Tony is no hand at conversation. You rarely meet a garrulous cowboy. That is, outsiders and

non-cowboys seldom do. Among themselves cowboys have plenty to say, some of it concerning cowboying, and a lot more about women. They are, more than any other class of Americans, divorced from their times and the influence of the world around them. This is principally because conditions of their trade and workaday life haven't changed much over the generations. A cowboy's life today is much what it was yesterday, with only minor refinements; and, on the whole, it seems to be a happy one.



*On a rare Saturday off, Poole pays a solo visit to near-by Vernon. A Chinese dinner provides a change of fare, but after chop suey-then what?*

As you would expect, Texas cowboys go in for terse, descriptive nicknames. Despite his size, however, Tony has escaped being called "Shorty." It just never happened, though there are lots of "Shortys" in Texas. Like most cowboys, Tony was born into the business. His father, Jace Hazlewood, was a Panhandle cowboy in the days of trail drives and six-shooter law. Born the last of six children on a ranch in Palo Pinto County, Tony could ride herd, rope and throw a small calf before he was eight. He was a full-fledged cowboy before he finished school, so he didn't bother to finish. He followed his father from ranch to ranch for several years, then in 1908, when he was

sixteen, went to work as cowhand on the Four Sixes for Burk Burnett. Tony stayed in the Red River country. In 1912 he joined the Waggoner outfit, where—discounting a stretch with the Army infantry in 1918—he has remained ever since. Rising from cowpuncher to wagon boss (boss of a crew of cowhands), he became ranch foreman in 1932. The Waggoners had added a 170,000-acre cattle ranch near Mosquero, New Mexico, in 1931, and Tony is foreman of that ranch too. Altogether, around 100 cowboys and ranch hands work under him.



*He takes in a Western, still alone. Excitement being scarce for real-life cowboys, Poole enjoys the bang-bang exploits of his celluloid counterparts.*

### **A Lone Hand**

Tony lives at ranch headquarters, called Zacaweista, a cozy group of field-stone buildings and bunkhouses arranged plaza-style around a gravel track. It resembles a small college campus. Zacaweista is a corruption of a Spanish-Indian name for a coarse, long grass-though the only long grass growing thereabouts now is cultivated rather than indigenous.

Tony is unmarried and occupies a lone front bedroom in the main ranch house. A footstool and wicker rocking chair make it also

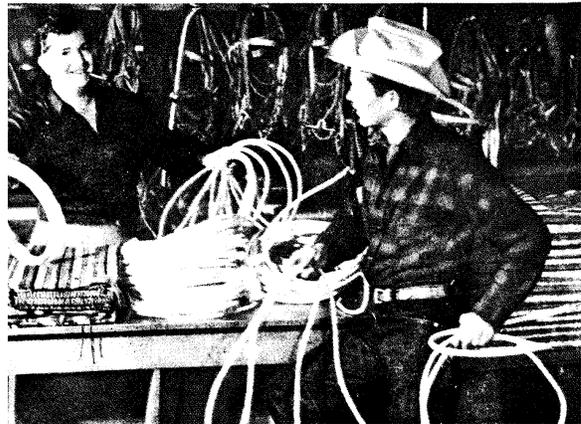
his sitting room, though the only sitting he does in it is to read the evening paper or chew the rag with visitors for a limited time after dark. Two phones are clamped to the wall, one connected with the outside world, the other a part of the ranch's private phone system. The Waggoners have 150 miles of their own telephone line linking all inhabited parts of the ranch, including line camps (outposts where fence-watching line riders live), barns, stables, machine shops, Zaca-weista headquarters, Santa Rosa (the palatial Waggoner hacienda) and the Waggoner oil fields at Electra. Tony perforce does a certain amount of his work by phone, but does not let it substitute for the personal touch. It simply increases the amount of work that can be done in a day. Tony reserves the personal touch for his cattle and cowboys, which is not only putting first things first but indulging what is closest to his heart.



*Cecil Cole, another cowhand, spends the evening in the bunkhouse, killing the hours with pulp yarns. Most cowboys get small pay, save much of it*

Tony's day begins at the crack of dawn, sometimes in the earlier dark. He throws his saddle into the back of a Ford and drives out to the chuck wagon. The ranch has a rudimentary but far-flung road system. Tony ignores it, plunging through cactus brakes and shinnery to inspect his cattle. The Ford is a custom job with special tires and extra-

power features to take this kind of treatment. Tony handles it like a bucking horse.



*The trip to town includes a call at a saddle shop to purchase some cow-punching gear. Here Poole selects a standard item—a new rope*

### **Home on the Range**

The cowboys are hard at work when Tony pulls up in his Ford. Usually Tony just watches and confers with the wagon boss, an apostate from Wyoming named "Banjo" Johnson, with a word for cowboys riding within earshot. When there are cattle to be cut out, Tony pulls his saddle out of the Ford, wrangles a horse from the remuda and rides. He has lunch -they call it dinner-at the wagon and if possible gets back to headquarters before dusk to handle business waiting for him there. Dusk is quitting time for cowboys. Although they are hired hands, they do not work by the clock. They work as long as there is daylight enough to see what they are doing. When he gets home, Tony carries his saddle into the ranch house. He is never without his saddle. No cowboy is. The saddle is the earnest, the scepter, the *vade mecum* of his calling. The saddle is what he brings with him to his new job and takes away when he quits to go elsewhere. When a cowboy cracks a rib, which happens to them all, his saddle perches on the bunkhouse fence rail and stays there until, recovered, he carries it out to the wagon again. A

cowboy has his saddle made to order, with great scrutiny of detail. Almost never is it store-bought. He gets a trade-in allowance on the old one, but a lot of his pay goes into it just the same. Some days, with an air of chastity and shy relief, Tony does not use the Ford but gets on a cow pony and stays there all day.



*The cowboy's life in the open is unglamorous, utilitarian. Here Joe Car is performing one of the range's routine jobs-heating irons for cattle branding.*



*Keeping 30,000 white-faced Herefords healthy and out of trouble requires a lot of cowboys and a lot of work. At branding time calves and maverick yearlings are quickly rounded up, roped, thrown, branded and vaccinated. Ears are cropped and horns cut.*

Life for the Waggoner cowboy is more or less typical of what it is on the other outfits.

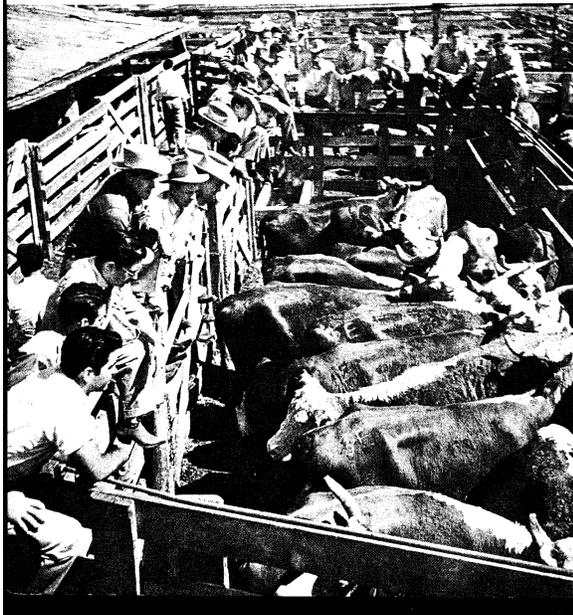
Home is on the range. That has not changed. The ever-roaming chuck wagon, presided over by the wagon boss and, unofficially, the cook, is the center of the universe. Cowboys see nothing all day but cattle, horses and each other. At night they sleep on cots or bedrolls under the stars or, when it rains, the stretched tarpaulin of the wagon.



*Many ranches now do their branding in chutes, but Waggoner hands, like assistant wagon boss Frank Hanley, still prefer roping their calves.*

The cowboy's job is to guide the cattle over the range so that the result is good fat healthy beef that will bring a good price on the market. Cattle are changed into different pastures, herded, that is, over many, many miles in a year's time. Traveling with the chuck wagon, the cowboys keep a lookout to see that the cattle are watered and salted, that they are not in trouble-caught in some brake or shinnery—that they are not hurt or sick. They look out for lost calves, which would die without their mothers. They also look out for wolves. Then, pasture by pasture, they round up the herd and brand calves and yearlings (and those they missed at the last branding). At branding time they also earcrop, vaccinate and castrate bulls to make steers. They brand and have roundups in each pasture twice a year. They also dehorn cattle to be shipped. This saves hides. Cattle horn each other in close quarters. The

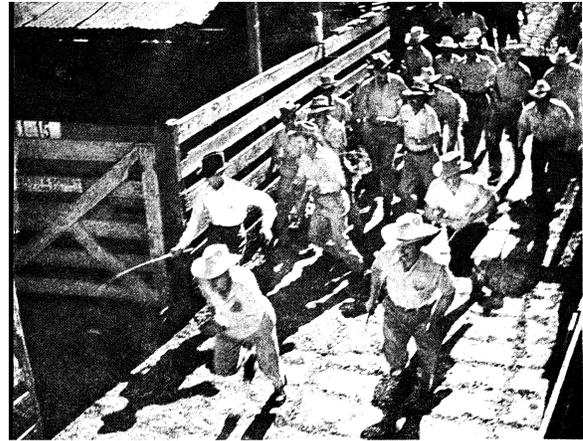
cowboys “cut out” the cattle to be shipped to market or to feeder lots, and herd them to the railroad pens—a short trail drive, in other words, along modern highways. Waggoner cowboys take their sold herds to Fulda or Oklaunion, near the Oklahoma border.



*Raising beef cattle today is a highly scientific and technical process. Young Texas A&M agriculture students learn the mechanics of buying and selling fine cattle on conducted tours around the Union Stock yards in San Antonio. The yards sponsor these tours and offer courses which are taught by cattle experts.*

Hard and dangerous work plus a deep-rooted vanity of their talents dispels monotony. For men thrown together in such unmitigated intimacy cowboys get along surprisingly well. Their tastes and habits are blunt. The cowboy sense of humor resides among elementals. They are addicted to horseplay and practical jokes. A new hand joining the wagon is subjected to hazing that allows him a 50-50 chance of coming out alive. The victim just grins and salutes custom.

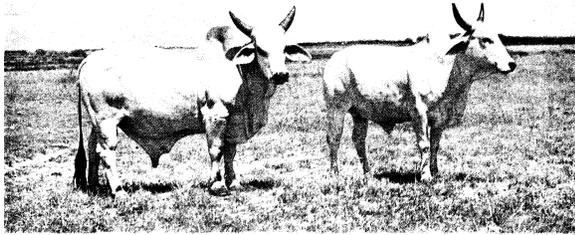
On their day off, which occurs once or twice a month for each, Waggoner cowboys go to Vernon, the nearest town, lying 12 miles north of Zacaweista, and have themselves a time. Vernon lies smack in the path of the old trail over which longhorns went to Kansas, in the old days of trail drives. The Red River crossing point, now just a mass of weeds, is a few miles north.



*Cattle buying at the Union Stockyards in San Antonio begins with this mass—“breakaway” of bidders. They rush from a starting line to the cattle stalls in order to get in first bids on choice beef that they have already inspected. Some of them are private buyers but most are representatives of big meat companies.*

Offices of the Waggoner Ranch are in Vernon, which, by virtue of one or two smaller outfits around, is still a cowboy town. Footloose for a day, the Waggoner cowboy generally gets a haircut and goes, chances are, to a movie. Cowboys naturally prefer horse operas—just as their favorite reading, when time permits, is western pulps. They poke around town, just getting the aroma of human society, window shop and eat in a Chinese restaurant. Waggoner cowboys rarely get into trouble. No less spirited than the old-time trail-driving buckaroos, they are more discreet, somewhat better educated and have a wider range of tastes. Invariably there is a list of things to

get for the boys back at the wagon, mostly tobacco, some comic books.



*Less common in Texas than the white-faced Hereford are these humpbacked zebu cattle, known here as Brahman. A nineteenth-century importation, they are good beef cattle and spectacular rodeo performers.*

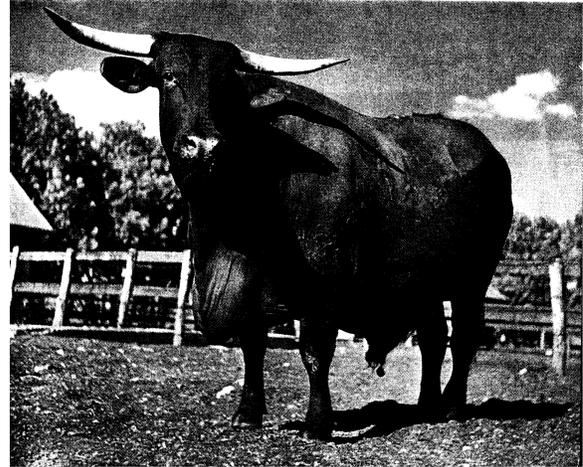
Waggoner cowboys get between \$100 and \$125 a month and found, which is normal pay for the big outfits. Smaller ranchmen pay about seventy-five dollars. Out of this cowboys, who are categorized as farm labor, pay income taxes but are exempt from withholding tax, social security and unemployment benefits. Although this pay is small it is free and clear, and some cowboys, lacking opportunities of spending, save up sums in spite of themselves.



*Another import is the Shorthorn. Newer strains of cattle like these have completely obliterated the once-famous Texas Longhorn, which was tough enough to withstand long cattle drives but did not fatten.*

Range life and the wagon also restrict social opportunities, so, like Tony Hazlewood, cowboys frequently remain bachelors. When they marry it is, as a rule, without the or-

chestrations of romance, for they get wives mainly through the device of friends and relatives, and even though this practice is becoming obsolete—through lonely-hearts clubs.



*The only successful U. S. strain is Santa Gertrudis, a mixture of Brahman and Shorthorn. It withstands heat well, can manage on grass feedings alone, and will fatten up solidly like this giant 2450-pounder.*

Married Waggoner cowboys are provided with a rent-free apartment at Zacaweista, ranch headquarters. They come home when they can get away from the wagon, which is only part of the time. This absentia tends to wreck cowboy marriages, and a cowboy almost never marries a second wife, not while he stays with the wagon. He sublimates the urge with murderous practical jokes.

Cowboys have no Sunday. God is where they find Him out on the cattle pastures, and Sunday is simply the seventh work day.

### **The New Cowboy**

Methods of working cattle have not measurably changed since Cortez and the Spanish *conquistadores* introduced cows, horses and branding irons to the New World four centuries ago. Today's Texas cowboy, descended from the Mexican *vaquero* (parent word of "buckaroo"), has a few new angles to his job. For one thing, he works with anti-blackleg

serum, shooting it in during the branding operation. He has a better horse than the old-timer and works tamer, slower, beefier cattle. He also has the advantage of fenced pastures. Taking care of fences is an all-time job itself. The Waggoner ranch has 2300 miles of barbed wire strand, and line riders at the 24 outpost camps have the job of constant vigil and repair. It is the loneliest kind of life, and fence riders are transferred back to the wagon after a stretch.



Most Texas cowboys have to fix windmills, but instead of dug wells the Waggoner Ranch waters its herd by means of rain-catching tanks and artificial lakes: The genesis of latter-day Waggoner fortunes harks back to a well-digging episode. In 1902 W.T. Waggoner sank a well shaft near Electra, a town he named for his daughter, and struck oil.

“Hell,” exclaimed the already-wealthy cattle baron. “What do I want with that stuff? My cows want water.”

Most big Texas outfits brand by chute, but Three-D cowboys stick to the old rope-and-throw method. Tony thinks it is more effective. A good hand, he says, won't hurt the animal or damage the hide. What does damage the hide is the brand itself, but no better way of marking cattle has ever been found. Earcropping is still practiced as a means of

secondary identification. The original Waggoner brand of three reverse D's isn't used anymore, except as a family crest. Now a third of the brand is used in Texas, a single reverse D. Branding and shipping occur twice a year, in springtime and fall.

The cowboy and his horse are a single animal, a merged whole hinged in the middle, with the upper part doing one share of the work and the lower part the other. Cow ponies are well-trained, extraordinary creatures, and it is by no means gratuity that literature and folklore have linked them so closely with the men who ride them.

The remuda, or string of horses, that goes with the Three-D chuck wagon numbers as many as 250 in seasons of grass, fewer when horses have to be fed, each cowboy having his allotted string of ten or more. Waggoner Ranch cow ponies are quarter horses, so called because of their ability to sprint at great speed from a standing start up to a quarter of a mile.

### **Out of the Ashes**

The cowboy and his horse represent the lowest common denominator of the beef industry, a business that in 1947 totaled \$409,315,000 for Texas in cattle sales alone. As the leading cattle state, Texas has 14 per cent of the U.S. total of 41,229,000 beef cattle. Beef permeates the Texas story, from about 1690, when the first Texas mission was established with horses and cows attached, to the present time, when every oil millionaire wants to own a ranch.

In the earliest days cattle glutted the market and were slaughtered more for hides and tallow than for beef. With the Civil War, however, came the turning point in the Texas cattle industry. Ranchmen and cowboys went off to fight for the Confederacy. When they returned home as defeated soldiers they

found their ranches neglected, their herds scattered and gone wild. Texas was bankrupt. There was, however, a crying demand for beef-up North and in the East. Ranchmen, old and new, rounded up herds, branded their hides to denote ownership and, because there was no other way, walked them through the wilderness to markets and rail-head towns. These men brought Texas back to life. Their longhorn trails pushed continental avenues over the West and ushered in a golden era of cattle empires, cowboys and bad men. Early important cattle trails went to Kansas—the Chisholm trail and its successors. All through the 1870's and '80's cowboys we longhorns to Kansas and beyond, branding from Abilene and Dodge City into Nebraska, Wyoming, Montana, the Dakotas, and on north clear into Canada.

Texas cattle ultimately stocked nearly all the plains country vacated by buffaloes. The trail outfits gave the cowtowns a special character. The drives lasted thirty years and took an estimated 10,000,000 longhorns north and west.

### **King of the Pecos**

Normal obstacles along the trail were Indians, rustlers and storms. The longhorn was a touchy critter and stampedes were frequent. Northern cattle owners complained that Texas cattle infected their stock.

The infection was from ticks, which were not discovered until the trail-driving days were over, but meanwhile trail wars resulted. In some places trail bosses were confronted with demands for passage tolls—but this racket was discouraged by the Texans, often with the aid of a noose and a handy cottonwood tree.

No account of cattledom's great days is complete without the figure of John "Jinglebob" Chisum, self-styled Cattle King of

the Pecos. Chisum was such a fighting man that he dubbed his cowboys "warriors." In the historic Lincoln County War in New Mexico, in which Chisum was a major side, he had Billy the Kid on his pay roll. Chisum was a giant, bold, implacable man, whose cattle, more than any other, could be recognized at a distance. The ears of his cows "jinglebobbed" from their peculiar earcrop-hence his nickname-and his brand was a long "fence rail" burned from shoulder to hip.

Legend in the Red River Valley tells of a cowpuncher named Burk Burnett who got into a poker game at Fort Worth in 1885 and, with the last pot, hauled in a ranch deed. The next day he started branding his stock with 6666, the winning hand. That's the story, romantic but untrue, of the Four Sixes, which cattleman S. Burk Burnett ran into millions.

English and Scottish money—which had bought into the famous LIT and XIT Ranches—flowed liberally into the cattle business until the disastrous year of 1886, when drought, prairie fire and blizzard combined with a depressed market to nearly wipe out the industry. It was a turning-point year, with the worst winter in Texas history. The Panhandle snowstorm alone killed so many cattle that a man, it was said, could walk for miles on their carcasses along the drift fences where they were trapped and frozen to death. Foreign investors turned away from Texas cattle after that. Today the only sizable outfit (and survivor of 1886) backed by British capital is the 1,000,000-acre Matador Ranch in West Texas, nearly equal in size to the King Ranch, Texas' biggest.

Everybody knows the King Ranch. It is a Texas byword. Established by Richard King, a Rio Grande boatman, before the Civil War, the King Ranch reached a peak magni-

tude in the 1920's of 1,250,000 acres in South Texas with a herd of 125,000. In 1935 it was divided among family heirs, with Robert J. Kleberg, Jr., marshaling what he could of the original holdings and adding to them. Today Kleberg runs the King Ranch. His brand is King's Running W.

### **The End of the Open Range**

The open range ended with the coming of barbed wire, patented by Joseph F. Glidden of De Kalb, Illinois, and the rise of farmers and small ranchers, Glidden saw Texas as his land of opportunity. In 1881 he came to the Panhandle with his partner and salesman, Henry B. Sanborn. They established the 300,000-acres Frying Pan Ranch, fenced it with Glidden's wire and changed Texas history. Barbed-wire fences had good and bad features; but they were adopted gradually by ranchmen.

About three fourths of the 6,532,000 beef cattle in Texas are white-faces, that is, either pure-bred Herefords or of a dominant Hereford strain. Herefords are an English breed that were introduced into Texas by W.S. Ikard in 1876. The longhorn was never a satisfactory animal, and when the whiteface proved fleshier, more tractable and able to thrive under range conditions, stockmen adopted the breed.

Cowboys tell you that the longhorn, with all its faults, was uniquely adapted to its time. Only the longhorn could have walked up those cattle trails to the plains of Alberta and across the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific.

Less numerous but equally good are the black Aberdeen Angus cattle, first raised in Texas by the XIT. Another importation is the humpbacked Brahman, introduced from India about a hundred years ago. These bizarre cattle thrive better than other breeds in the hotter parts of Texas, especially along

the Gulf Coast. The public has been conditioned to regard the Brahman more as a rodeo performer than as steak. Actually, it has proved itself in both roles. By crossbreeding Brahman bulls with Shorthorns, the King Ranch has succeeded in producing a new cattle strain, the Santa Gertrudis, which can withstand heat and fatten on grass alone without supplementary feeds. Santa Gertrudis cattle are the only successful American breed ever produced.

Cattlemen's associations started more or less as posses to present a united front against rustlers, brand-pirates and rival interests such as sheepmen and farmers. These evolved into formal associations in the 1870's and '80's.

These early groups matured into the powerful statewide organization of Texas cowmen today: The Texas and Southwestern Cattle Raisers' Association. The association not only rules the beef industry but has a big say in Washington. Because some of its members represent oil as well as cattle interests the organization is a strong force in Texas politics and economy, rippling out of course to affect the nation.

The Association keeps a vigilant eye on Austin legislators and doings in Washington, on tariffs, prices and business trends. A few years ago it helped kill the OPA, which understandably never favored its motives.

This group dominates the cattle lobby in Washington almost completely. Its representative there is Joe Montague, a Texas lawyer and seasoned hallway diplomat. Montague runs a marvelous string-pulling organization that functions for the benefit of cattlemen—chiefly fostering legislation to fight the dreaded hoof-and-mouth disease and nipping bills that seek to revive meat rationing or price controls.

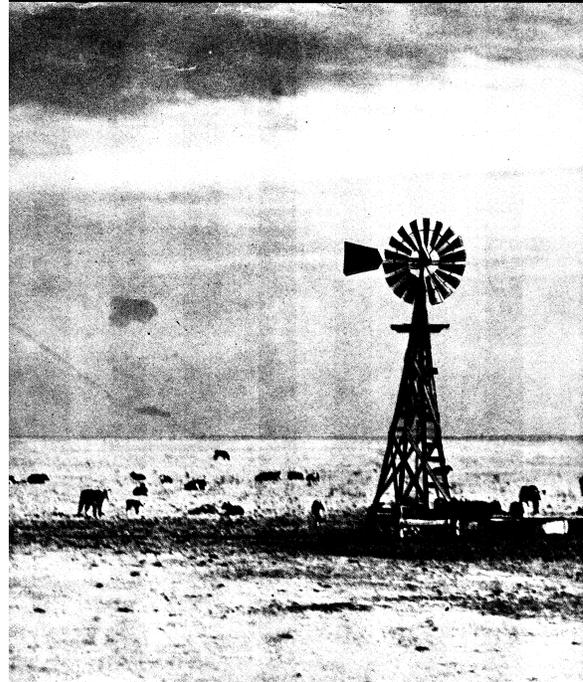
Although one of the original functions of the Association has been to protect brands and deal with cattle thieves, this part of its activities has of recent years been curtailed. A staff of brand inspectors is on the Association's payroll. Far from a relic of Wild West days, cattle-rustling is a greater problem than ever. The tools are different, though. Nowadays cattle thieves-working usually in bands of two or three, but sometimes alone-use motor vans and forged bills of sale. Often they are in league with a crooked packer. Penalties for cattle burglary are not too severe-a statutory weakness the Association has been trying for years to correct.

The Waggoners had rustler trouble a few years back, in 1944. Twenty dead cows and a cut fence were all the evidence needed that twenty calves were missing. Association inspectors came out, reconstructed the crime, gathered clues and, in a short time, got their man. They even recovered some of the stolen calves. The cattle thief was convicted, and although his sentence strained at the limits of the law, nobody was satisfied. Tony Hazlewood, the ranch boss, who had watched the whole thing and been as helpful as he could, had a shy comment to make "Wisht I'd a caught the feller," Tony said.

What good that would have done could only be guessed from Tony's grin. Maybe he could have given the Texas and Southwestern Cattle Raisers' Association an idea.

### THE END

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*Windmill wells help offset the importance of rain in the drought-ridden Panhandle, where cattle graze on endless plains of short grass. Here a man can still "see straight ahead for three days" and feel a wind that seems to blow straight from the North Pole.*

### THE PANHANDLE

**The last frontier of the state is still proud of its rough edges, its tall stories and its rugged, dust-blown prosperity**

by Lewis Nordyke

HOLIDAY / DECEMBER

A FEW STATES, notably Texas, West Virginia and Oklahoma, have areas known as the Panhandle, but, of course, the Texas Panhandle is the biggest of them all. A panhandle is an area that sticks out, like the handle of a skillet, from the rest of the state. The Texas Panhandle is a dry, treeless tableland of twenty-six counties protruding northward against Oklahoma's panhandle-which Texans profess to value because it keeps them from having a common border with Kansas.

When settlers were creeping westward across Texas in jostling covered wagons, the Panhandle was shy on wood, water and windbreaks and still beset by marauding Indians. Cowmen and home seekers avoided it for years, and it was the last major part of the state to be peopled. There was no ranching to speak of until 1876, and the grand land rush didn't come until the first fifteen years of this century. So the Panhandle retains some raw edges, a look and feel of newness and a dash of the lusty vigor of the pioneers.

The Panhandle isn't a great deal like the rest of the state, but it probably tallies better with the average American's conception of Texas than does the rest of Texas. It has what the visitor expects to find in Texas—the wind-swept high plains, the short grass, big hats, cowpunchers and oil wells; it has the chatter of coyotes and the buzz of rattlesnakes; it is the country of .45-caliber ranches and whopper wheat fields, a place where the house is apt to be eighteen and one half miles from the front gate; it is where one old cowman said: “Feller needs some elbow room, ‘bout forty mile or so,” and where another said he could stand on the schoolhouse steps and see straight ahead for three days.

With possibly a few exceptions, the Panhandle is the only place where the people advertise their weather as being worse than it is. The hardest straight wind of record was a skirt flapper of seventy-five miles an hour. Velocities of twenty to thirty miles aren't uncommon, especially in the spring. Panhandle folk like to say that there's nothing between them and the North Pole except a barbed-wire fence and that tumbleweeds keep the fence down most of the time. There's a tale about the Arctic explorer who dug himself out of the ice and said: “Dog-gone, don't you know it's cold in Amarillo this morning?”

Any winter is apt to have two or three pretty cold spells, and spaced about eight to ten years apart are blizzards known as ring-tailed tooters. One of these hit in February of 1948. The day had been one of fairly friendly weather. Late in the evening, the wind shifted to the northeast and whipped sheets of snow at forty miles an hour. The temperature dropped below zero.

Robert Reynolds, three of his children and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Booker Toon, were in a pickup truck on a country road near Stratford, going to see Mrs. Reynolds, who had just borne her fourth child. The truck stalled. Reynolds knew he was within a mile of a house, but he stumbled blindly for twenty-four hours before finding aid. It came too late; Mrs. Toon and two of the children froze to death. Sam Wohlford, a farmer who knew every trail in the vicinity, got lost when he started out on foot to find a doctor for the Reynolds family. In his wanderings, he came upon a small house. He pushed open the door. Laboring beside a flickering light, and with sweat pouring off his face, J.A. Robins was assisting his wife at the birth of their first child. As in the case of a good many early settlers who had similar experiences in sod-thatched dugouts, the mother and baby came through. Within thirty-six hours the temperature was up to 70°.

The tricks and extremes of weather are comparatively minor. The important thing is: Will it rain? The average annual moisture is slightly more than twenty inches, and there is little natural surface water. If it rains there will be stock water, green grass on the range and a wheat crop. If it doesn't rain there will be another hard year. There's a pretty good ring to an old cowpuncher's description of a long dry spell. “One time,” he said, it never did rain.”

The first surge of Panhandle commerce was the slaughter of millions of buffalo for their hides. In the early 1870's three million buffalo were killed annually. Restive Indians, especially the Comanches under Chief Quannah Parker, realized that the killing of the buffalo would wipe out their last natural food supply and force them to submit to the reservations in Oklahoma.

The Indians slipped away from the reservations and invaded the Panhandle; they harassed the hunters until the Comanches were finally driven out by Federal troops .. Then in 1875, Fort Elliott was set up at the present town of Mobeetie, the Panhandle's first permanent settlement. With troops stationed near the troublesome reservations, the region was finally safe for the cattlemen.

As soon as the cowmen proved that human beings could live in the Panhandle, the settlers rattled in from all directions in their covered wagons. The rest of Texas was settled mainly from the Confederate States, but most of the Panhandle's homeseekers came from Northern States. The settlers lived in sod-thatched dugouts; they scavenged the range for cow chips for fuel; they hauled water from wherever it could be found. A visitor in one community where the people hauled water fifteen miles suggested that it might be better to dig a well, and a settler told him it would be about the same distance. In the drought years the settlers gleaned buffalo bones from the prairies and sold them to fertilizer concerns; and thus the monarch of the plains, the bison, made his final contribution to settlement.

### **Cattle Revolution**

Col. Charles Goodnight was the first of the big cattlemen. He drove 1600 cattle from Colorado into the Panhandle in 1876, and founded the JA Ranch for John Adair of Wraithdale, Ireland, Goodnight, who had the

whole Panhandle from which to pick, selected the protective depths of Palo Duro Canyon about twenty-five miles southeast of Amarillo. The JA, with some 300,000 acres, remains one of the largest and most successful ranches in the Panhandle, and it is operated by Monte Ritchie, a descendant of the Adairs.

The opening of the Panhandle all but revolutionized the cattle business. Joe Glidden and H.B. Sanborn fenced 250,000 acres near where Amarillo stands, mainly to prove the effectiveness of barbed wire, which Glidden had patented. This became the Frying Pan Ranch. Soon barbed wire sang in the wind from one end of the Panhandle to the other. The three-million-acre XIT, which Chicago merchants got for building the Texas Statehouse, stretched twenty-four miles wide and 200 miles long beside the New Mexico-Texas line, starting in the northwest corner of the Panhandle. It had an outside fence of 600 miles. The open range, with its free grass, was gone. So was the leathery longhorn steer. Better beef breeds quickly mixed with the longhorn and his kind disappeared.

Goodnight and O.H. Nelson, who first brought purebred Herefords to the region, pioneered in developing better beef and experimented with various breeds. Fine bulls from Goodnight's herd stocked many another ranch.

Goodnight was a stately, black-bearded man with piercing eyes; he looked like U.S. Grant. He had been cowboy, fighting Texas Ranger and a cattle trail-blazer. Historians have called him a force of nature; people of the Texas plains refer to him as the father of the Panhandle. He dominated the cattle industry in the region from the time he started the JA until his death at ninety-three in

1929. He organized the cowmen to fight rustlers, prairie fires and disease.

### **Winchester Injunction**

When deadly tick fever broke out in Southern Texas, Goodnight feared that cattle driven through the Panhandle to Colorado, Wyoming and Montana would spread the tick. He sold other ranchers on a plan to block these trails and force the herds to go around the region. He plowed a 100-mile turrew on the open prairie and forbade cattle-trailing outfits to cross it.

One arrogant trail boss pushed his cattle across the furrow over protests of a Goodnight puncher. Goodnight galloped to the scene in a two-horse wagon and demanded that the trail boss take his cattle back. The latter asked whether Goodnight had a court injunction. A man had been sent for an injunction, the old Plainsman replied, but, meantime, he had a wagon full of Winchester. The trail boss decided that the Winchester made the quarantine legal.

Men on horses merely led the way in the Panhandle; the folk who journeyed the prairies in lumbering covered wagons and lived in dugouts in constant fear of drought, blizzard and grass fire developed the region and made it what it is today. Goodnight had scarcely time to unload his supply wagons before the first settlers ventured in. They came in greater numbers after the Fort Worth and Denver City Railroad was built through the Panhandle in 1887, and shortly thereafter when the Santa Fe arrived from the north. They battled the cattle barons for land, for homes, and for political control of the counties; and they won. When some of the enormous ranches, such as the XIT, began to break up in the early part of this century, homeseekers crowded into the Panhandle from all the nation's farming belts, but mainly from other parts of Texas and the

Middle West. As the real-estate promoters screamed in their advertisements, here was the last cheap farm land in the country. Towns, farmhouses and wheat fields dot millions of acres that once were the baron's range.

Last year 4,000,000 acres in the Panhandle produced 75,000,000 bushels of wheat. Ochiltree County had 360,000 acres in cultivation, and all but 20,000 was in wheat; it produced 10,200,000 bushels last year. Wealth from wheat became a joking matter and contributed to the national-headache of inflation. Farmers chuckled over the story that banks were having to measure the money by the bushel and charge storage on it.

### **Soil in the Sky**

But wheat farming has been a sort of boom-and-bust business. One Panhandle farmer who cleared \$100,000 on his wheat last year recalled that during the drought and depression era of a few years ago his wife was rummaging through old clothes searching for something to wear and found eleven dollars in a pair of cast-off work pants. And that eleven dollars seemed to him the biggest pile of money he had ever fondled.

On the bright, sunny Sunday afternoon of March 3, 1935, a black streak appeared in the northwest. It rose rapidly, it became a billowing, rolling mass. No one in the Panhandle had ever seen anything like this. People scurried for cover. The seething blackness covered the sun, and total darkness came as suddenly as if a light switch had been flipped. This was the first black blizzard—a wall of dust 10,000 feet thick. This was the arrival of the dust bowl in the Panhandle. Drought had brought it.

The grim claim of Panhandle people that they at least had the worst dust storms in the world scarcely measured up to the standard

of weather exaggeration. When Washington suggested that shelter belts of trees might help stop the dust, I.D. Divine remarked in the weekly *Times* at Texhoma: "Hoover made monkeys out of us; Roosevelt wants to give us trees to climb."

There was a silver lining to these clouds of dust; the awful and dramatic majesty of soil in the sky inspired a new national agricultural policy. Marvin Jones (World War II Food Administrator and now Chief Justice of the U. S. Court of Claims) was the Panhandle congressman, and, as chairman of the House Committee on Agriculture, handled most of the sudden surge of farm legislation. On January 6, 1936, the day the Supreme Court invalidated the original Agricultural Adjustment Act, two newspapermen, Russell Wiggins, of St. Paul, and Felix Belair, Jr., of New York, interviewed Jones. They were getting only a tale of woe. Jones had no idea how another program could be formulated. Wiggins and Belair suggested that he base one on soil conservation, Jones snapped up the idea, and on the last day of February, the President signed a measure which made the national farm policy one of soil conservation.

Government soil agencies and cash from the public till helped farmers learn to tack down soil and conserve moisture. Chisel plowing; tilling on the contour; leaving a protective cover of trash; and land-resting (summer fallow) have been successful. During the World War II boom, farmers stuck to the soil saving, and there has been no threat of another dust era.

Oil and gas have become a \$200,000,000 annual business in the Panhandle. This is in addition to helium, the odorless, tasteless, unburnable gas which lifts lighter-than-air craft and is used for numerous medical and industrial purposes, as well as for atomic

research. Except for a field at Shiprock, New Mexico, and minor wells in Kansas, all helium production, controlled, incidentally, by the Federal Government, is in the Panhandle.

Amarillo is the Panhandle metropolis. Largely because of the war boom and farming and ranching prosperity, its population jumped from 40,000 to more than 80,000 in the past ten years. Amarillo wears a big hat and likes a good story. It has a "do-it-big" complex and has been a contributor to the Panhandle's reputation for exaggeration.

A few years ago the city had a Mother-in-Law Day celebration, including what Amarillo called the world's longest parade with the world's biggest floats. One float, designed in the shape of a battleship, carried so many mothers-in-law that an enterprising lad set up a soda-pop concession on it and made \$9.65 during the parade. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who was in town for a lecture, reviewed the parade. She was given a bouquet of matched roses that weighed a ton and had to be presented to her with a groaning power shovel.

### **Panhandle Phenomena**

Quite a chunk of this adoration for the mammoth came from Gene Howe, publisher of the *Amarillo News Globe*. For twenty-five years he has goaded the residents with the notion that everything in the Panhandle is tougher, bigger, better or worse than anywhere else. He has contended, convincingly, that a Panhandle coyote can whip a panther from any other place, and that a Panhandle skunk can be smelled miles farther than any other skunk, and that the wind-blown legs of Panhandle women inspire even Yankees to let loose genuine Rebel yells.

A legendary Amarillo character, and a one-man race-relations committee, is Matthew

(Bones) Hooks, a gentle old Negro who hit the Panhandle as a cowboy in the long ago. He won fame as a bronc-buster, and later worked as a sleeping-car porter on the Santa Fe. One day the passengers on his train drifted into talk about an outlaw bronc that had never been ridden at the town of Panhandle. They put up stiff wagers, and persuaded Bones to try the horse. The train was held. Bones, with white coat flapping, forked the outlaw, and collected a pocketful of tips.

In later years, Bones promoted homebuilding among Negroes and a boys' club which has held down delinquency. He goes quietly to big events and presents honored guests with flowers as tokens of good will and understanding.

Amarillo became the big city of the Panhandle by the accident of location. It started as a tent town on the Fort Worth and Denver City Railroad and got its first boom not long afterward when the Santa Fe also hit it. The luck of location held when highways were built and the air age arrived. U.S. Routes 66, 87, 60 and 287 come to a corner in the heart of the city, and three air lines connect it with the world. These facilities make Amarillo the distributing center of the Panhandle and quite a bit of neighboring territory.

Wheat fields and bald range land stretch right to the city limits; but inside the city there is row upon row of trees and shrubs, each nursed and pampered like a baby. Amarillo's biggest use of water is for lawns and trees.

### **Wilderness Saints**

In late years, Amarillo, always chiefly a sprawling cow town, has been taking on some aspects of a city; it has an orchestra, a junior college and a city library, which

contains some fine collections of Western literature and history .

- The Panhandle dotes on history, especially of the era of ranching and homesteading, and nearly every community reflects the character of its settlers. In 1878, L.G. Carhart, a Methodist minister, organized a colony of farmers in New England. This group, numbering three hundred, ventured into the wild unsettled Panhandle and started the town of Clarendon. They adopted a strict moral, religious and temperance code which provided that no liquor would ever be sold in their community, and Clarendon became known as "Saints' Roost." Once Colonel Goodnight came upon this colony and asked Carhart how the people proposed to make a living. The minister said that God would show the way, and Goodnight remarked that assistance of that caliber would certainly be needed. Clarendon has been a college town longer than any other place in the Panhandle; it has kept its ban on liquor, and its county-Donley-is one of the strictest in Texas in law enforcement.

The history *of* the Panhandle, from the day of the dinosaur to the New Look, has been patiently collected by the Panhandle-Plains Historical Society and preserved in a museum sponsored by the society at West Texas State College, in Canyon. L.F. Sheffy has been the spark plug of the society and museum.

Once Sheffy talked Colonel Goodnight into giving the college a grown buffalo, .since the school's teams are known as the Buffaloes. A barbed-wire fence was put up near the athletic field and the mascot penned there. One day it ripped through the fence and clattered stiff-legged all over the campus in a wild rampage. The sheriff had to shoot it. Not to be wholly defeated, Sheffy

had the buffalo mounted, and it is one of the attractions in the museum.

Palo Duro Canyon, where Goodnight first set up headquarters, is now a 15,000-acre state park and the chief picnic and play place of the Panhandle. If for no other reason than surprise, the Canyon is a breath-taking thing. The level plains drop suddenly into a deep chasm that looks like another world. Viewed from the rim, there are mountain-like scenes-tall trees along streams and cedars on the hillsides. The canyon spreads into a vast acreage; its precipitous walls, cut in weird patterns by erosion, are delicately tinted in colors that change with the slant of the sun. People of the treeless tableland can quickly get into woods, rocks and rills simply by riding down a winding road.

#### **Giving Boys a Break**

The Panhandle's prize possession is Boys' Ranch, a home for unfortunate boys, at Old Tascosa, thirty miles north of Amarillo on the Canadian River. Tascosa was once a booming, gun-roaring cow town, but it died when the railroad missed it. Ten years ago Cal Farley, an Amarillo merchant whose hobby is helping luckless boys, hit upon the ranch idea. The late J.L. Bivins donated the Old Tascosa townsite, and the project was started with six boys. Now more than 100 have their own range, cattle, horses, farmland and equipment, poultry flocks and schools. The ranch has been so successful that fully a dozen cities in Texas and several other States are planning similar projects.

Tascosa was the scene of the last wild-and-woolly-West powder-and-lead episode in the Panhandle. One midnight, the guns blazed. Bullets pinged against the walls of 'dobe buildings. When the smoke cleared, four men lay dead in front of a saloon, and three were wounded. That day the four bodies were taken to a bleak hill at the edge of town

and buried in a graveyard reserved for men who died with their boots on. Their grave markers are still there.

But, podner, that was the first day of spring in 1886, sixty-two years ago.

#### **THE END**

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*Separating El Paso, U.S.A., and Juarez, Mexico (background), the' erratic Rio Grande sometimes moves chunks of one town into the other.*

#### **EL PASO**

**Ignoring its isolation, the City at the Pass  
has become the lively and independent  
capital of the southern border**

by Green Peyton

THEN, TRAVELING WEST, you ride down the last barren slope out of the Sierra and meet the dusty row of cottonwoods that leads into El Paso, you have come to the end of Texas. Across the green line of the Rio Grande is Old Mexico. Beyond the high pass to the north lies New Mexico. El Paso feels closer to them than to the State to which it belongs. It is the capital of the dry, austere, remote land of the desert. It lifts its tall chimneys confidently into the rarefied atmosphere of the Pass, just seventy-five miles from the spot where the first atomic bomb was touched off.

No large city in the nation is so far from every other populous area as El Paso. The nearest Texas cities are Fort Worth and San Antonio, both six hundred miles away, beyond the arid plains of West Texas. Denver is seven hundred miles north in the Rockies. Mexico City is the same distance south in the Sierra Madre. Los Angeles is eight hundred miles to the west, over loftier mountains and lonelier deserts.



**Young Mayor D.R. Ponder plugs El Paso's future instead of its past.**

You would think that a city so isolated behind these natural barriers would have been satisfied to remain a drowsy resting place for travelers. Instead, El Paso has made an asset of its isolation. It has become a business and industrial center for all the vast reach of barren land around it. Albuquerque is a thriving little city; but El Paso is the great market place for New Mexico. Through Juárez, its Latin twin on the other side of the International Bridge, El Paso dominates the trade of Northern Mexico. It is the biggest city on the southern border of the United States.

The latest census estimate gives El Paso a population of 125,000; or 160,000 if you include the suburbs around it. But the Census Bureau doesn't count Juárez, which is a Mexican city, though it really is a part of El

Paso. The wartime boom in Mexico raised Juárez to a community of 75,000 people, and a new section of fantastically ornate homes with built-in bars and swimming pools grew on the outskirts where the roads dribble away toward Chihuahua. With Juárez, El Paso has 235,000 inhabitants. Three fourths of them are Latins, who live and work on both sides of the Rio Grande.



**Artist Tom Lea features local scenery in his famous paintings.**

One of El Paso's main attractions is the town across the river. A million visitors every year shuffle across the bridge to tour the noisy, neon-lighted bars. They come back through the customs loaded down with curios, *huaraches*, and gaudy bottles of tequila and mescal. The big bull ring on the Avenida Gonzalez is as packed with screaming spectators on a good week end as El Paso's Sun Bowl usually is on New Year's Day.

For more sedate sightseers El Paso has some quieter charms. The chain of somnolent suburbs stretching southward along the river contains some of the most authentic Spanish colonial atmosphere in the U.S. The town of Ysleta is the oldest in Texas. It was founded in 1681 (as Ysleta del Sur) by refugees from Isleta, New Mexico, after the Pueblo Indian revolt. San Elizario is the site

of a Spanish fortress; Socorro has a reconstructed Spanish mission.

### **Founder From the Bluegrass**

El Paso itself was a suburb of the Mexican city until long after Texas won its freedom. There wasn't even a village where El Paso now stands until a trader from Kentucky, one James Wiley Magoffin, built himself a store and a hacienda across the river from Juarez (then known as El Paso del Norte) in 1849, a year after the establishment of Fort Bliss (whose centenary is celebrated this year) on the heights close by. Magoffin called his settlement Magoffinsville. It was changed first to Franklin, and finally—in 1859—to El Paso.

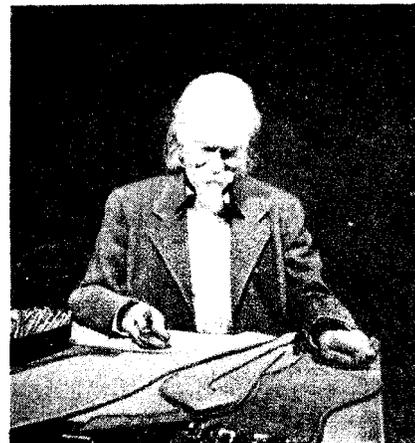


**Typographer Carl Hertzog designs books that collectors praise.**

It is still a perplexing question which side of the river belongs to Mexico; and which to Texas. The Rio Grande, like the Mississippi, is an erratic stream with a habit of changing its course. When it cut a new channel through the town many years ago, it left about a square mile of Juarez in what is now downtown El Paso. That expensive bit of territory, the Chamizal, keeps State Department heads in a huddle over this country's only unsettled boundary dispute.

Still another wandering tract of land inside El Paso—382 acres known as Cordova Island.—has been conceded to Mexico, and it is policed by Mexican troops.

El Paso makes no particular point of its romantic past. It has at least one quality in common with most of Texas (and Mexico) and that is its single-minded concentration on the rich industrial future. It has the businesslike air of a miniature Chicago on the border.



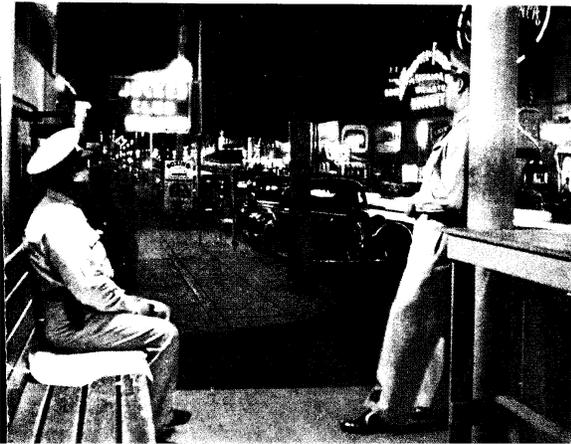
**Saddle-maker "Tio Sam" Myres, one-time crony of Buffalo Bill.**

The California Gold Rush started El Paso on its climb to prosperity. The hungry prospectors pushing across Texas in 1849 took the only practical route to the Pacific—the passage through the mountains that gave the city its name. In due course the railroads followed them into the town. El Paso sits high and dry on a 3710-foot crossroads in the hills where two continental highways meet.

It is a major railway terminal and a port of entry for trade with Mexico. Five converging lines haul machinery, ore and tourists into El Paso, haul produce and textiles (and the same tourists) away.

The main business of the town is smelting. The big American Smelting & Refining

Company, in the canyon cut by the river through the hills, handles silver and copper ores from the mines of New Mexico, Colorado, Arizona and Northern Mexico. The Phelps-Dodge plant is one of the largest copper refineries in the world. Cotton mills and canneries process the farm products from the Rio Grande Valley. El Paso ships cattle from the dry pastures all around it. Juarez has two big distilleries, a brewery, shoe factories, tile and pottery works.



**Juarez, across the river, is one of El Paso's chief attractions. Customs officers see its bar-lined main street jammed with U.S. cars and visitors every night.**

El Paso is a city of much sun and little moisture. Like Albuquerque, it has a magnificent climate for consumptives. Nine elusive inches of rain a year, however, is far too little to dampen its crops or keep its industries going. So El Paso taps the water trickling down out of the mountains of New Mexico.

The Valley farms stretch sixty miles below El Paso on both sides of the river, in units so large that their owners number them: Farnsworth No.1, Farnsworth No.2, and so on. They supply fruits and garden crops for the canneries; but their richest product is cotton. Irrigation has made El Paso one of the greatest cotton markets in the South. The cotton from the Valley is worth \$25,000,000 a year to El Paso.

With so many and various enterprises in its own neighborhood (they earned the county \$190,000,000 last year) El Paso is as independent as a city could be in this atomic era. And it likes to show its independence. El Paso gave Al Smith a rousing majority back in 1928—the only time the rest of Texas has gone Republican since Reconstruction days. W. Lee O'Daniel, the folksy, minnesinging flour salesman, has stood twice for Governor of Texas and twice for the United States Senate. He won handily each time; but not in El Paso. El Paso was one of the few places in Texas where progressive Dr. Homer Price Rainey ran ahead of Beauford Jester in the first heat of their race for governor in 1946.



**Carlos Bar in Juarez is a noisy hot spot for El Paso citizens on Saturday night. A million yearly cross bridge between the two towns.**

From the voting record, it might appear that El Paso is a liberal oasis. Not so. El Paso is just different, and cherishes its difference. In a generally Protestant State, El Paso is devoutly Catholic. In a State which puts a low value on people of Mexican blood, El Paso treasures its Latin ties—for business reasons, if for no other.

### Hands Across the Border

Mexico's leaders have always thought of El Paso as an extension of their own land. They use it as a vacation spot, an arsenal, a haven of refuge. Benito Juarez started his triumphal march to Mexico City from El Paso. Porfirio Díaz greeted Pres. William Howard Taft on the International Bridge at El Paso. Francisco I. Madero had his revolutionary *junta* there. Pancho Villa and Venustiano Carranza both frequented the city. Victoriano Huerta died in El Paso; Pascual Orozco was buried there, after he died in a border raid.



Well-dressed El Paso folk parade Juarez streets at night. The Mexican town boomed during the war and has many new residents and ornate new homes.

But the revolutionary age in El Paso is as dead as the rowdy days of the old frontier. This city is too intent on agricultural and mechanical progress to bother with such carefree carryings-on. Its cultural life is sparse. It has a notable painter in Tom Lea, and in Carl Hertzog has one of the few fine printers left in the land. Hertzog prints an occasional book—mostly Texas folklore—when the spirit moves him. They are collectors' items. Then there is the inevitable symphony orchestra—a good one—without

which no Texas city feels that it has made its way up in the world.



The people of El Paso enjoy the music of mariachi bands in Juarez. For serious music, they listen to their own symphony orchestra.



It is a good city and a strange one, nevertheless. Because of its isolation—and in spite of its tourist crowds and hordes of busy workers—El Paso has the shadowy air of a city seen in a mirage above the desert. It feels remote, even when you are in it. In El Paso you are close to the arid plains which are the essence of the Southwest. They surround

you with a sultry aura as you walk the slanting streets at the foot of the pass. El Paso is the color of adobe. It blends into the fawn-colored hills like an antelope evading the eye of a hunter. It doesn't want to be noticed. All it wants is to graze on its own vast and empty range in peace.

## THE END

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“Two suns were shining . . . and from the distance came the agreeable gurgle of gushers gushing in the gusheries. ‘Yip-pee!’ I cried.”

### AN INNOCENT IN TEXAS A Yankee Humorist, Using Humor As A Guide, Reports His Secondhand Impressions

by Frank Sullivan

Illustrations by Richard Hook  
HOLIDAY / DECEMBER

I HAD HEARD so much about Texas that I was consumed with curiosity about our great sister republic to the south. Was it true for instance that all Texans are seven feet tall except the football players at Texas Christian and Southern Methodist, who are eight? Was it true that Rhode Island would fit 220

times into Texas, as Texas friends had so often assured me? Was it true that in the early years of the war there were so many Texans in the Royal Canadian Air Force that Canadians were often tempted to call it the Royal Canadian Air Force? Did Oveta Culp Hobby . . .

I wanted to learn the answers. I wanted to see Texas in action. There was only one way to do so. Throwing a few things into my bag I took off for Houston. I traveled light—a spare ten-gallon hat, two pairs of chaps, one for business and one for formal evening wear, a lariat, a few other necessities; and Rhode Island, which I brought along because, in the interests of accuracy, I was eager to check on that 220 story.

On a typical sparkling Texas morning I debarked at Houston. Two glorious suns were shining, the regular one and the special Texas sun. Above the hum of the city's traffic rose the pleasant susurrus of Texas voices exchanging matutinal howdies in their melodious Confederate drawl.



“Was it true Rhode Island would fit 220 times into Texas? I brought it along to check the story.”

From the distance came the agreeable gurgle of gushers gushing in the gusheries scattered

about the city, with occasionally the triumphant yodel of an oil millionaire who had just discovered a new gusher. Anon, the crack of rifle fire and the sight of a fleeing cattle rustler with a posse at his heels told me plainer than words that Texas could still dispense frontier justice.

“Yippee!” I cried, for I speak Texan fluently, and, drawing two or three six-shooters from my belt, I fired a volley of twenty-one guns in salute to Pecos Bill, John Nance Garner, General Santa Anna, Stephen F. Austin, Maury Maverick and the Alamo.

I made Houston my first port of call because it is the metropolis and chief city of the Texan republic, although I add instantly that Dallas, San Antonio, Galveston, Waco, Wichita Falls, Fort Worth, Austin, Abilene and El Paso are also the chief cities of Texas. Other chief cities may have sprung up since I left. If so, I beg their pardon for not mentioning them.

Houston has a population of 600,000 and, Houstonians informed me, is growing at the rate of 10,000 inhabitants a day, 5000 of them oil millionaires. Texas grows the largest and most luscious grapefruit in the world and the richest millionaires. Jesse Jones of Houston is the richest Jones in recorded history. At its present rate of growth Houston will outstrip London and New York in a decade. Perhaps sooner, since Texans are twice as big as Londoners or New Yorkers.

My day in Houston was packed with excitement. No sooner was I settled in my suite at one of the city’s finer hotels than they struck oil in the cellar and immediately started tearing down the twenty-eight-story hotel to make way for the more profitable gusher. The hospitable Chamber of Commerce quickly found me agreeable quarters in a twenty-nine-story hotel and after wash-

ing up I still had time before lunch to measure Rhode Island into Houston. It goes seven times.

I shall not soon forget that lunch. We had steak. Steak is the state flower of Texas. Texas has the finest steaks and the best department stores in the country. I had heard of the Gargantuan meals to which the lusty Texans are accustomed, but after all I come from New York, the home of the late Diamond Jim Brady, who thought nothing of consuming, at one sitting, twelve dozen oysters, eight quarts of orange juice, four adult lobsters, two planked steaks and Lillian Russell, so I set to work with a will and in no time at all was pridefully chasing the last shred of tenderloin around my plate with a piece of bun.



*“She’s yours. It’s your luncheon favor  
Compliments of the Chamber of Commerce.”*

“Yippee!” I remarked. “Here’s one dam-yank that can tie on the old feedbag with any varmint in Houston.”

Just then a waiter put a steak in front of me twice as big as the steak I had just eaten. The waiter was twice as big as a New York waiter.

“What’s that thar, pardner,” says I.

“That thar’s yore steak, pardner,” says he.

“What was that thar I just et?” says I. “That thar was jest yore hors d’oeuvre,” says he.

“Yippee!” says I, but in a more chastened tone, you may be sure, and that was the last time I bragged of my appetite in Texas.

I tried to tell my hosts how overjoyed I was to be having my first glimpse of their great republic.

“Perhaps no other planet in the universe has contributed as many notable figures to history as Texas,” I enthused. “Look at the roster—Martin Dies, Ma Ferguson, Sam Houston, Chester A. Nimitz, Ensign Gay, Abraham Lincoln, George Washington, Queen Victoria, Amon G. Carter, Napoleon Bonaparte, O. Henry, Charlemagne, John the Baptist, the Twelve Apostles . . .”

“Excuse me, pardner,” interrupted a Texan, “only nine of the Twelve Apostles were from Texas,”

After lunch my hosts asked me if there was anything in particular I wished to see, and I was able to answer them precisely.

“Before I leave Houston I want to see a new gusher come into being,” I said.

“Easiest thing in the world. Step this way.”

We went to a vacant lot down back of the Post Office, and the chairman of the Hou-

ston Gusher Commission took a folding divining rod from his pocket.

“What kind of oil would you all care to see, pardner?” he asked.

“Some of that black gold I’ve heard so much about, if you please,” said I.

Thereupon the chairman mumbled a few charms, dangled the rod over a cactus plant near by, and within seconds there was a grumble. There followed a restless groaning and heaving as of oil struggling to reach the surface, the cactus plant hurried off in a kind of panic, and a second later on that very spot a fine geyser of high-octane black gold shot ninety-two feet into the air before us.



*“He is eight feet tall, the most perfect specimen of manhood the world has known.”*

“Golly!” I exclaimed, in awesome admiration. “Congratulations. I’ll wager this gusher will bring you fellows a pretty penny in royalties.”

“Why, she’s yours,” cried the chairman, jovially.

“Oh, no. Really, I couldn’t think . . .”

“Nonsense: It’s your luncheon favor. Compliments of the Chamber of Commerce of Houston. We always give gushers to visitors. Why don’t you christen her?”

“I christen thee the Pappy O’Daniel,” I said to the oil well, and instantly it gulped, gasped and retreated into the bowels of the earth.

“Better try another name,” the chairman suggested.

“I christen thee the Davy Crockett,” I amended, and this time the gusher gushed joyfully again. I can only add that that gusher has to date brought me \$4,390,000 in royalties, an amount certainly not to be sneered at, as though I contemplated any such churlish grimacing. As far as I am concerned the accounts of the legendary hospitality of Houston are definitely not exaggerated.

### **The Finest City in Texas**

Nor are the accounts of the legendary hospitality of Dallas exaggerated. Dallas, named for Stella Dallas, is 187 light years distant from Houston and is the finest city in Texas. By a stroke of good fortune I visited Dallas just at a time when the traditional rivalry between itself and Fort Worth, the finest city in Texas, had reached one of its periodical boiling points. It seems that the night before I got there a band of marauders from Fort Worth had made a surprise attack on the famous Nieman-Marcus department store in Dallas and with shouts of “Yippee!” and “Southern Methodist is no good, chop ‘em up for kindling wood!” had carried off the entire contents of the notion counter, along with several hundred pounds of pecan pra-

lines. Feeling was running high in Dallas and there was talk of reprisals on the Fort Worth Cowboy Lament Works, the great sprawling industrial plant where 20,000 musicians work in three shifts composing the dirges which have made the name of Texas so—what shall I say?—throughout the world.

This rivalry between the various cities of Texas is an interesting phenomenon and, I was told, is the main reason why the founders of the republic felt it wise to place each city at least 800 miles from its nearest neighbor. In telling a Dallasian his community is not as matchless a civic gem as Fort Worth you run an even greater risk than if you told an Irishman from Connemara that County Mayo is the most flawless emerald in Erin’s diadem.

The easterner, or tenderfoot, will not comprehend this keen, internecine rivalry. A resident of, let us say, Rochester has no fear of not being made welcome when he visits New York City (one of the larger cities in the state). True, his wallet may be extracted from his pants before he has got three blocks from the Grand Central Terminal, but it is done quietly and with a minimum of discomfort to him. He will be overcharged at hotels and restaurants and will pay one of the better kings’ ransoms for theater tickets and on his way home he may be mugged by an acquisitive thug, but it is all in a spirit of detachment, like a surgeon removing a gall bladder. There is absolutely no bias against him simply because he comes from Rochester. In fact, the driver of the taxi which clips him as he crosses Fifth Avenue may himself be a Rochester boy. Truly it is a small world in New York.

Not soon shall I forget my first sight of Fort Worth. I neared the city on foot from the east, meaning east of Fort Worth, at about

sunset. My two slaves, Caesar and Pompey, whom I had picked up for a song in one of the large Houston department stores, followed me at a respectful distance, carrying Rhode Island. On the western horizon, enclosing the city in a shimmering, iridescent halo, was a sight of such beauty as to take away my breath—and I had little of it to spare after the day's hike. Reds, golds, crimsons, purples, pinks, mauves, oranges, bananas, a thousand delicate hues intermingled in what cannot but be described as a veritable riot of color. Never, not even over the Hackensack meadows, had I seen so gorgeous a sunset, and for that reason if for none other my disappointment was the keener when I learned that it was not a sunset at all but the great Fort Worth Cowboy Shirt Plant, where they make all those beautiful, vivid shirts that cowboys wear to frighten steers into submission. What I mistook for a sunset was the day's output of the shirt mills, hung out to air. I shall never again see a sunset that will not seem tame.

One of the most agreeable episodes of my trip to Texas was the day I spent on the Regal Ranch, the largest cattle, or any kind of, ranch in the world. Rhode Island fitted into it sixty-seven times. It is so large that although there are 949 billion trillions of blades of grass on it, each blade is three feet from its nearest neighbor. (I am indebted to Prof. Harlow Shapley of the Harvard Department of Astronomy for the use of these figures.) The cattle have to be flown in jet planes from one pasturage to another. If they tried to walk they would either die of fatigue or become so tough and muscle-bound that they would be useless for anything except one of those \$8 table d'hôte dinners at a swank New York hotel. No matter how large you think the Regal Ranch is, it is twice as large as that. In fact the cowboys from the northern part of the ranch can scarcely un-

derstand the dialect spoken by their colleagues from its southern shires.

Last year the Regal exported 5,476,397 head of cattle to Kansas City and 2,397,739 head of cowboy to the Hollywood mart. Of the latter, 726,387 were pure Roy Rogers, 327,835 were Gene Autrys and 14,397 were genuine, antique Gary Coopers. The foreman of one of the counties in the ranch told me they are experimenting on an improved breed of cowboy who will combine the best features of all cowboys since William S. Hart and will, as one improved feature, have fingernails four times as durable as the present ones, and therefore be better equipped for successful plunking of guitars. Many an otherwise magnificent specimen of cowboy, the foreman told me, has had to be shot because of brittle fingernail, an occupational defect which renders a cowhand useless, as a guitar strummer and hence useless. The fingernail snaps off in the middle of Home on the Range, and lasting shame is the lot of the unfortunate cowboy, through no fault of his own.

With his plunking fingernail thus bolstered, the last defect will be removed from the Texas cowboy, and he will be the most perfect specimen of fine upstanding manhood the world has known. He is eight feet tall, of course. No cowhand under that height can hope to win his lariat. He is not only a paragon of manly beauty but he has a pure mind and worships the ground that women walk on. Womankind, whom he traditionally and respectfully addresses as "Ma'am," takes second place in his affections only to the little dogies whose virtues he has lyricised to the envy of all the rest of the animal kingdom, no' species of which has found so eloquent!\\ minstrel to sing its praises. The Texas cowhand is generous to a fault and, unless you are wary, he will give you the shirt off his back. Quick to resent an affront he nev-

ertheless has a heart of gold, and no widow or orphan ever appealed to him for succor in vain.

I shall not name, for I would not dignify him by doing so, a certain viper whom I encountered at a luncheon given for me by the Chamber of Commerce of one of the larger cattle ranches. Chatting casually with this person, who had been introduced to me as a Texan, I said, "You've got a mighty fine state down here, pardner."

"Oh, it's all right," he said, in a tone of diffidence which I did not quite like.

"It's the biggest state in the Union," I said, bridleing slightly.

"Size isn't everything," he remarked.

I was now pretty nettled, for in my stay I had come to look upon Texas with great affection.

"Texas has won every war for the United States," I challenged.

"Pooh!" This from a Texan!

"You pooh Texas!" I cried, astounded.

"Yes, and I re-pooh it," said he.

"You deny Texas won the World wars in addition to the Spanish-American, Civil and Revolutionary wars?"

"I do. Where do you come from?"

"Round Lake, New York."

"I thought so. You foreigners who become enamored of Texas brag worse than our own Chamber of Commerce. Texas is just another state."

I know I acted hastily. I should have turned him over to the Chamber of Commerce. But I couldn't help it. I shot him. No jury convicted me.

A week had passed and my visit to the Lonesome Star State was coming to a close. I do not pretend to have seen all of Texas in my week there. It would take at least another week to do that. But I had completed my research with Rhode Island. It really does go 220 times into Texas. In fact, I had Deaf Smith County left over.

THE END

\* \* \*



**Downtown view of El Paso. In the distance can be seen the name Juárez, aerial market for the Mexican city named for its national hero**

**The Cities Of America  
EL PASO**

By George Sessions Perry  
Photography by Gene Lester  
Saturday Evening Post  
February 4, 1950"

*This is the seventy-ninth of a series of articles on America's most colorful cities. The next, which deals with Montreal, Canada, will be published in the February 25th Post.*

**Time was when one of this border city's headaches was a free-shooting Mexican**

**bandit named Pancho Villa. Today there is another kind of invasion, nonmilitary hut still illegal, to worry about: The “Wetbacks” who come wading across the Rio Grande at night.**

EL PASO, out where two of the continent's major trade routes intersect in the mountains, is a caravansary city which grew up to the tune of guns and guitars.

Here two wholly different peoples, separated only by the Rio Grande's sepia line, have sought to accommodate themselves to a piece of hard, dry earth, rich in fangs, thorns, buried treasure and strategic, even if sometimes menacing, topography.

Pressed together by the very sides of the mountains and fused beneath the oven of the sky, El Paso on the north side of the river and the Mexican city of Juarez on the south have so long been married by propinquity that, despite their occasional high-tempered spats, either would be grievously bereft and monumentally lonely without the other. Today, 60 per cent of El Paso's 135,000 population is of Mexican descent. In fact, so pleasing do the 75,000 citizens of Juarez find many El Paso fashions, manners, music, dance patterns, language, money and so on, that they are chided by the Mexico City press for their departure from the old Mexican verities.

But if Juarez may be accused of “going gringo,” it can as truthfully be said that El Paso is probably the only spot on earth that could be called “nominally Texas.” Only in a minor way does this result from the fact that Mexico, due to changes in the Rio Grande's course, owns 300 acres of downtown El Paso, known as Cordova Island, and has a plausible and unrelinquished claim on 600 acres more—the Chamizal Zone, which

contains, among other useful items, the El Paso County Courthouse.

The thing that dilutes El Paso's Texasism is a feeling of being ignored by the rest of the state. Its citizens often remark, “They don't give a damn about us down in Austin”—and the inference is: “That works both ways.” You see, El Paso lies approximately 600 miles west of Austin, the capital of Texas, where the influence of the relatively nearby cities of Dallas, Fort Worth, San Antonio and Houston is much more readily felt in the halls of government.

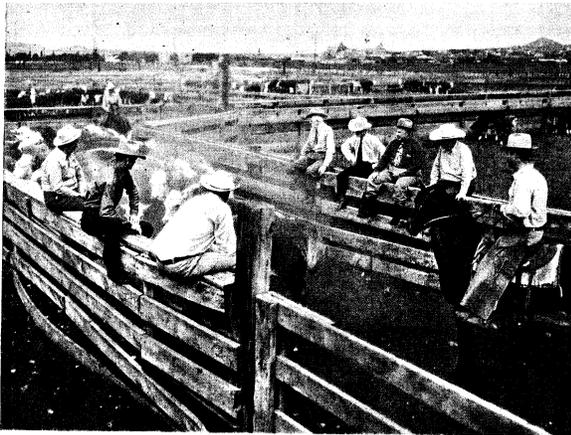


*Juarez' 17th-century-built mission has become, through the centuries, a tourist mecca and a favorite haunt for the native poor.*

In its homely daily doings, El Paso has about as much in common with Beaumont, Texas, which languishes in the coastal lollies more than 800 miles away, as Denver has with New Orleans. For example, in high, dry El Paso, parts of which are more than 4000 feet above sea level, the family wash dries in less than half an hour after being hoisted on the line. In Beaumont, it hangs out for three days and then mildews. Adobe—sun-baked blocks of mud and straw which stand for centuries when fashioned

into El Paso buildings-would melt in a month in moisture-blessed Houston. Indeed, these two cities, each figuratively a capital of one of the federated realms of which Texas is composed, live in such divergent conditions that a manufacturer of prepared cake mix must employ a different formula and set of cooking directions for each of them.

Besides, most of El Paso's potential customers reside not in Texas, but in nearby Mexico, New Mexico and Arizona. And, since the great Elephant Butte dam across the Rio Grande lies upstream from the city in New Mexico, that state is in a position, at least geographically, to cut old El Paso's water off. Should that happen, El Paso County would dry up and, along with the tumbling tumbleweeds, blow away.

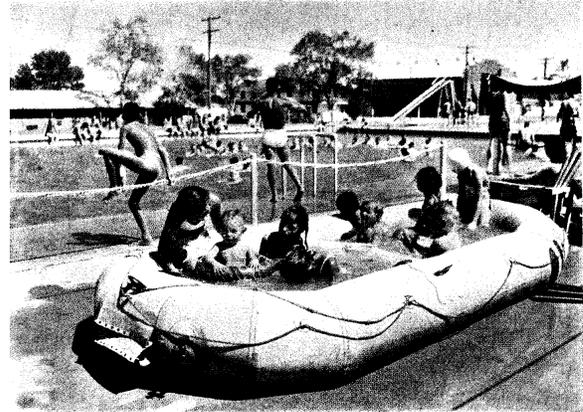


*Prize steers being driven through the chute at the Peyton Stockyards. Cattle heads the list of El Paso's important four "C's"; the others are cotton, copper and climate.*

El Pasoans' feeling of closer identification with their non-Texan neighbors is indicated by their habit of referring to the regions to the east as "back in Texas."

That passing phrase mirrors many El Pasoans' belief that they are somehow more self-reliant and in possession of more of the pioneer virtues of ruggedness and straightforwardness than the tenderfooted inhabit-

ants of other American regions. As a case in point, they mention the big sight-unseen cow deals that go on in the lobby of the Paso Del Norte Hotel, where whole herds change hands on a basis of the seller's oral description and without the buyer ever leaving his comfortable chair to inspect the cattle he is purchasing.



*Fun in the sun at the Fort Bliss swimming pool. A generous slice of the millions paid to the military here goes into the city's cash registers.*

Cows, by the way, of which El Paso claims for her domain \$150,000,000 worth, are one of El Paso's prime assets, just as, in years when the price is favorable, the area's cotton crop amounts to \$60,000,000 and its copper yield to \$70,000,000. Of the fourth of El Paso's vaunted "C's"—cattle, cotton, copper and climate—more later on. But the best money that comes into El Paso, in that it is reasonably depression-proof, arrives in the form of the monthly millions paid to the 40,000 military people in El Paso's general vicinity. And when you stop to realize that El Paso is the most remote from competitors of any city in the land, it follows that a whopping hunk of soldiers' pay finds its way into the local cash registers. More than that, El Paso, like San Antonio and Washington, D. C., is the sort of town where old soldiers like to retire on their pensions and among their kind. In much the same way,

her railroads are a month-in-month-out mainstay, since El Paso is a division point for the Santa Fe and the Texas and Pacific, and a kind of territorial capital for the Southern Pacific. Finally, there is her \$60,000,000-a-year trade with Mexico through the state of Chihuahua.

Yet where Chihuahua-and most particularly, Juarez-shines brightest in El Paso's commercial scheme of things is as the principal come-on for *turistas*, who leave some \$20,000,000 annually in these environs.

Even El Pasoans, to whom Juarez is, after all, pretty ancient sombrero, enjoy taking their out-of-town guests there for the night-clubbing. Too, it's fun simply to go for a pleasant gawk along the old streets of this adobe city or among the stalls at the market, which are packed with pottery, bright woven fabrics, silver and turquoise jewelry, quince jelly beans the size of a brick, mangoes, and goats'-milk cheeses. And with the peso worth not much more than a dime, bargains are abundant.



*Sixty per cent of El Paso's 135,000 population is of Mexican descent; most of it, shoppers are not Texans, but come from nearly Arizona, New Mexico and Mexico*

If it's a holiday, there'll almost certainly be a bullfight in the *Plaza de Toros*, whose five-foot-thick bullet-scarred walls have so often

served as a fortress for this or that faction during a revolution. The fight, for which the whole town turns out, will be drenched with sun and color, music and pageantry, since the greatest bullfighters in Mexico perform in the Juarez ring.

Incidentally, Senor Roberto Gonzalez, your host at this spectacle, is the living prototype of the fictional impresario in the brilliant, best-selling novel, *The Brave Bulls*, by El Pasoan Tom Lea.

In case you find the bull ring distasteful, you may elect to stroll along the Calle 16 de Septiembre, peering through the wrought-iron fences which shield the palaces of the rich.



*The Sheriff's Posse, now largely an honorary organization, cuts loose on its regular Sunday-morning ride.*

Or you may very well wish to visit the old mission Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe, built back in the middle of the seventeenth century by the Spanish priests and Mansos Indians. By sitting there, half an hour, you can see scores of wrinkled, careworn old Mexican women come to pray.

As you return to the American side you may notice a few couples spooning lingeringly on the International Bridge, which is not, after all, very well suited to that sort of thing. This is because the girl or the boy must, under law, pass the night in Mexico, while the party of the second part must dwell on the opposite shore.

The border regulations, however, are as nearly academic as those obtaining on the frontiers of any two of the world's countries, and are designed to be of maximum convenience for anyone wishing legally to pass. Should you wish to motor on beyond the border and into the interior of Mexico, you'll need to pick up a tourist card and car permit from the Mexican consulate in El Paso. But simply to visit Juarez for the day, in case you are an American citizen, no special credentials are required.

The trip from nation to nation costs a dime if you drive your car, and two cents for each additional passenger. The trolley will take you either way for six cents.

If, during your visit to these parts, you've had the bad luck to be buffeted and half-asphyxiated by one of the spring dust storms when "it takes eight men to hold a cowhide over a keyhole," you may well wonder why it is that El Paso takes so much pride in its climate. This attitude may seem equally questionable on a summer afternoon when the temperature is 100 plus, and no motorist is set for his journey unless he be armed with a couple of spare fan belts, a canvas water bag and an air cooler.

Yet month in and month out, most especially in autumn and winter, El Paso's climate is far more pleasing than most and is still considered therapeutic by many with pulmonary complaints. And, as you would suppose, these health seekers have had a big influence in populating and building the town.

So sold are the home folks on their climate that El Paso County recently levied a special tax to provide funds for touting its climate and various other attractions such as the subterranean wonders of relatively nearby Carlsbad, skiing at Cloudcroft and Ruidoso, fishing at Elephant Butte, the grandiose

mountain scenery in which the region abounds, and the pleasures that can result from a small cash investment across the river.

But the time when El Paso really has almost as much fun as it did back in the old days when the cowboys in the theaters would lasso the visiting chorines, draw them thither, and honor them with lengthy embraces, is during its annual Sun Carnival at New Year's. There's an all-out coronation pageant in which the Sun Queen is crowned with great pomp. There is also the Sun Bowl football game played in the cunning stadium of Texas Western College, nee Texas School of Mines, whose buildings are strikingly fashioned, in modified form, after the lamaseries of Tibet. El Paso's Symphony, falling into the spirit of the thing, fills the air with sunny *musica*, and there's a whacking big bullfight across the river.

The town is jammed with visitors, some of whom will surely make the pilgrimage of several miles to the huge thirty-six-foot stone Crucifix, executed by El Paso's Urbici Soler, on Sierra de Cristo Rey, while others will want to pick up rare items of El Pasoana from the presses of Carl Hertzog, "the cowboy printer," whose magnificent printing is world renowned.

The one sight they are certain to take in not once but twice is the breath-taking view of the town itself from Scenic Point on the Rim Road, which winds across the face of Mount Franklin, against the base of which El Paso is built. Here, 400-odd feet above the city, the vista is so compelling that the conscientious sight-seer will be unable to resist taking in the view both by day and when the city is lighted up at night.

But while the Rim Road provides rewarding rubbernecking all through the year, the most

remarkable of last year's carnival events was the 230-mile foot race from Chihuahua City to El Paso, run by Tarahumare Indians, in forty-five hours. El Pasoan Dr. R.M. Zingg, who's spent a year at a time with these Indians, says they can outdistance horses and catch deer by running them to death. For the Sun Carnival jog, the winner got a couple of hundred pesos. But Doctor Zingg says that the pesos were nothing; the prestige with the folks back home, foot-race connoisseurs to a man, meant everything.

Once these big holiday doings are over, El Pasoans return to their desks and crucibles at such huge companies as Phelps Dodge or American Smelting and Refining. This latter company is, at the moment, among its other enterprises, remelting its mountainous old slag piles out on the edge of town and from them recovering vast quantities of zinc. But where the mammoth Phelps Dodge smelter draws its ore from such regional diggings as the great Santa Rita open-pit mine at Silver City, New Mexico, American Smelting and Refining draws much of its raw material from, of all places, South Africa. Once this South African ore is mined, it is reduced to concentrates before being shipped. These concentrates are then "rented" to United States-bound ships to serve as ballast. After they reach Houston or New Orleans, they are borne overland by rail to El Paso. The refined copper then completes its journey around Robin Hood's barn to the Northern and Eastern fabricators by rail.

When it leaves El Paso, it will pass, if the time be early summer, through miles of cotton fields blooming pink and white and yellow. Here, where irrigation water is at a premium and labor is relatively plentiful, the modest demands of cotton on the former and its huge demands on the latter, plus its monumental hunger for bright, hot sunshine, make this an ideal locality for its culture.

These irrigated cotton lands are said to produce the remarkable sum of \$270 worth of premium long-staple cotton' and seed by-products per average acre. And in either cotton-chopping or cotton-picking time, when there are great pools of the idle and hungry in Mexico, and when good jobs beckon so close at hand, substantial population shuts take place in the middle of the night, as the Mexicans cross the shallow river in hordes, despite all efforts of the busy but outnumbered immigration officials as they patrol the riverbank in jeeps, with sawed-off shotguns and rifles.

Since the demands of cotton for cheap labor do not stop once it's been ginned, a small portion of the valley's crop is spun and l'oven right in El Paso, where the finished denims are subsequently cut and sewed into the copper-riveted cowboy breeches that shine the saddles of the West.

Many of those saddles, however, back in pre-World War I days, were not cowboy saddles at all, but those split-seated monuments to discomfort which the Army called McClellan. In those days El Paso was the cavalry capital of the nation, and Fort Bliss polo teams were the toast of the town. Nowadays the cavalry saber has given way at Fort Bliss to antiaircraft batteries. Just as aerial weapons predominate at Biggs Air Force Base, and at the nearby White Sands Proving Ground, in New Mexico, where guided missiles are being studied and tested.

El Pasoans became acutely aware of these guided-missile experiments recently when one big rocket abandoned its intended course and began zizzing over town. Then, after exploring the upper regions above Juarez, it smashed harmlessly but noisily into an unoccupied piece of Chihuahua.

While Fort Bliss is today the nation's largest Army post, in terms of the sheer size of its training and maneuver areas, one of El Paso's most engaging show places is the exact replica of the small original fort.

Yet the frontier troops who manned that original fort appeared on the scene some three centuries after Cabeza de Vaca. Having been shipwrecked on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico, he wandered, barefooted and almost naked, all the way across Texas and, according to the belief of the best historical detectives, arrived at the pass in 1536. But not until 1827, when Juan Maria Ponce de León built a hacienda, or ranch house, there, did anything much happen north of the river on El Paso's present site. This was all to the good, since, when Texas revolted from Mexico in the middle '30's, there was no Anglo-Saxon population whatever here. Consequently, there was no bloodletting, nor the resultant recriminations that would have marred the city's founding with trans-Rio Grande hatreds.

Then in the late 1840's, James Wiley Magoffin, a Kentuckian who'd come rolling down the Santa Fe Trail, set up a trading post here, and settlers, encouraged by the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, in '48, which pronounced the north side of the river American while the south side remained Mexican, began to move in and cluster around Magoffin's trading post.

In 1849, this little frontier community was filled with high excitement both by the activation of Fort Bliss and the constant procession of gold hunters going through town on their way to California. Soon the Butterfield Overland Mail, longest in the world, began running its leather-slung coaches from St. Louis to San Francisco via El Paso, which by now was a collection of settlements

called Magoffinsville, Hart's Mill and Franklin.

Getting into the swing of the tourist business then and there, El Paso, in 1859, consisted of two stage stations, a hotel, a few stores and a whole constellation of saloons. One of the most popular items served by these saloons was a local product from irrigated vineyards planted by the Franciscan priests. "Paso brandy" had become well known for thousands of miles around.

During the 1860's, El Paso passed the time with straightaway horse races, cockfights, faro, monte, poker and impromptu duels. Citizen W.W. Mills recorded in his memoirs that most of those interred in El Paso's cemeteries had departed this life fully shod. When any of the citizens provoked the displeasure of a majority of his fellows, his marching orders were posted on the "Notice Tree" in the Plaza.

But living in these parts was so extravagantly tough that in the bleak years of the '70's the Anglo-Saxon population began to dwindle away. At the time of its incorporation in 1873, El Paso contained only twenty-three Anglo-Americans and 150 Mexicans.

Then a kind of four-tined, forked lightning struck in 1880. It was the onrush of railroads racing toward the strategic pass. The Southern, Pacific pulled in from the West in the late spring of '81, followed a month later by the Santa Fe. The Mexican Central Railroad was already abuilding southward from El Paso toward Mexico City. Then in 1882 the Texas and Pacific blew in from the East.

El Paso's Anglo-Saxon population bulged with fast-arriving thousands. Among these newcomers was an almost unbelievably heavy percentage of gamblers, fancy gals, thieves, murderers, crooked lawyers and as-

sorted human vermin. Law enforcement, when anybody could be found to tackle this hazardous job, was vastly hampered by the convenience with which malefactors could elude punishment simply by crossing the Rio Grande, "a mile wide and a foot deep, too thin to plow and too thick to drink." And many years were to pass before even the most diligent and heroic efforts were to bring law, order and a reasonable facsimile of civilization to El Paso.

As far back as 1865, El Paso del Norte had begun to be appreciated as a good place from which to engineer revolutions. It was in this year that Benito Juarez established his revolutionary government in the city that was later to bear his name. From this point "The Great Liberator" conducted Mexico's fight against the French army and the Hapsburg usurper, Maximilian, until Maximilian was killed and Juarez's welcome as president of Mexico was assured.

In 1911 Francisco Madero's followers, including one of Garibaldi's grandsons, captured the town of Juarez in a battle which eager El Pasoans had impatiently awaited and on which they had long since laid bets. When the shooting started, they turned out in great numbers to watch and, according to El Paso's historian, Owen P. White, had a simply marvelous time.

But the revolutionist who was going to give El Paso the most heart throbs was Pancho Villa, the mountain bandit. In 1913, with an army of rabble whose marching song was *La Cucaracha*, he attacked and captured Juarez, from which he ruled Northern Mexico, operating railroads, collecting customs duties and levying backbreaking taxes. Before long he developed a genuine liking for kidnapping United States citizens and raping their business enterprises in Mexico. When, however, he tried to spread his authority to

Southern Mexico, he was defeated by Carranza's forces and chased back to his northern bailiwick, where, among other things, he branched out into the United States by raiding the New Mexican town of Columbus.

Soon El Paso, from which war correspondents had long been date-lining their dispatches, found itself flooded by some 40,000 National Guardsmen. But the United States Army, even under Black Jack Pershing and assisted at the time by such dashing junior officers as the young George Patton, just wasn't fast enough on its feet to catch Villa, who knew the paths through every thicket in Chihuahua. Some historians hold that, for diplomatic reasons, Pershing's orders were not to capture Villa, but simply to keep him herded south of the Rio Grande. In any case, with the United States entry into the war against Germany, Villa was largely forgotten even in El Paso.

Imagine El Paso's surprise when, as late as 1919, it heard a battle going on across the river and learned that Villa had once more captured Juarez. But this time the artillery and cavalry of the United States troops and the rifles and machetes of the Carranzistas were too much for Pancho. In fleeing, he lost face with his followers, and retired to his ranch, where he lived in relative quiet until, in 1923, he was ambushed and killed in the outskirts of the city of Parral.

Although Mexican bandits have never had a chance of taking over El Paso, the nonmilitary infiltration of the "Wetbacks," as Mexicans are called who enter illegally by wading the river at night, continues. And since these people are often the destitute peons from Mexico's backward agricultural areas, not the least of the problems they create when they are packed into El Paso's slums is a serious menace to the community's health and sanitation. In these slums as many as

sixty families-and Mexican families are not small-live in a single building supplied with one water faucet and two toilets.

Nobody in El Paso, with the possible exception of the fellow who gets the rent, likes that. The city has already obliterated a noticeable amount of its slum area. This was done by routing Paisano Drive, the new express highway which permits rapid motor transit to the Upper or Lower Valley, straight through the heart of the slums. El Paso has two substantial units of slum-replacing Federal low-cost housing, which all hands agree has been a success from every standpoint. And at the moment, El Paso's mayor and civic leaders are zealously exploring every avenue that will lead to further slum rehabilitation.

El Paso's slums and interrelated public-health problems closely resemble those of San Antonio. El Paso is the only city in the nation with a higher death rate from infant diarrhea than San Antonio. This disease results from filth disseminated by El Paso's houseflies, which have long since become immune to DDT. However, El Paso has licked the typhus threat by stern rat-proofing ordinances that are just as sternly enforced.

Actually El Paso is going through a kind of municipal renaissance. It began, after a long period of civic lethargy, with something of a bang during the administration of El Paso's previous mayor, an able, energetic young businessman named Dan Ponder, and I still retains considerable momentum.

Oddly enough—and perhaps it won't , seem odd at all if you ever lived in a desert city—many El Pasoans believe that it was Ponder's refusal to grant the customary 20 per cent summer-water-rate discount that-along with his lack of the common touch—beat him in the last mayoralty election. He had

acted, however, on the advice of the water board, which knew precisely how critical El Paso's water situation really was, and is.

When Elephant Butte was being built in 1916, El Paso, then about half its present size and sitting squarely on top of a large underground lake, had plenty of water. At the time, therefore, the city, laid no claim on the projected reservoir for culinary water. Consequently, all the water was allocated to the farmers who bought the land in the irrigation district and who contracted for enough water to pay for the dam.

In the meanwhile, as El Paso grew, each new industry drilled its own wells—each factory, each brewery, each laundry—both in El Paso and across the river. The number of private, city-fed water connections made in the past year is greater than those of the past ten years. And as a result of these vastly increased demands, El Paso's underground water table has begun to drop with alarming speed. According to E.J. Umbenhauer, superintendent of El Paso's water department, "Our big fear today is from salt-salt water both above and below the strata tapped by El Paso. As we remove the pure water, the salt supply moves in. If the level of pure water moves too low, the salt could pour in and destroy the supply."

The only way El Paso can diminish these drains on her underground water resources is to horn in on Elephant Butte water. And the one way she can do that is by going, ostensibly, into the farming business, since the irrigation district has promised to furnish three and a half acre-feet of water each year to the farmers in its area. So far, the city has managed to pick up only 1600 acres of marginal land below town and is urgently trying to buy 2400 acres more. It is also petitioning the Department of the Interior for permission to build a reservoir north of town de-

signed to impound what is locally termed "wild water," which is to say, any water that comes into the river below Elephant Butte dam.

Walled off as she is from surface water by Elephant Butte, and with her underground supply in grave jeopardy, El Paso—out where water means life itself and has been the cause of more killings throughout the city's history than whisky ever was—has earnestly pleaded to be repaid with upstream water for the thousands of gallons of liquid sewage she daily dumps into the river. But the downstream farmers coldly decline and unfeelingly reply that El Paso is perfectly welcome to keep its sewage if it so desires.

All this is naturally more than a little embarrassing to the present mayor, Dan Duke, in view of the fact that he ran for office on a let's-keep-the-lawns-watered platform. Mr. Duke, who wears diamond tabs on his shirt collars, is an earnest, eager railroad engineer who is on leave of absence from the Southern Pacific to act as El Paso's mayor. He is a husky, square-shouldered man who might well have been the hero of a pulp-paper-magazine story about a doughty railroader who wanted to give his all for his city. He loves to talk of the democratic spirit of the town which lifted him "from the deck of a locomotive to the highest office in the voters' power to give."

It makes you feel good just to be around him, since he's so genuinely and exuberantly glad that he, instead of some one of the earth's other billions of people, is the mayor of El Paso, Texas.

Of the city's recent attainments, he's proudest of all of its final victory in the struggle to depress the railroad tracks, which, for more than sixty years, have split the town up the middle and kept motor traffic in an almost

perpetual backlash. The job of sinking this 3000 feet of track is going to cost \$5,500,000, to be split three ways among the city, the railroads and the state highway department.

El Paso has voted bonds for the rehabilitation of its dingier public edifices and for the installation of a storm-sewer system that will prevent the lower parts of town from having to up-periscope when the erratic elements let drive with two or three inches of El Paso's scant rain in an hour or two.

No public edifice in town outshines El Paso's absolutely top-notch municipal airport. Its rakish terminal building with the blue-tinted, eye-resting plate-glass windows is an international loading and receiving point of the very first order. Its ample runways can accommodate the giant B-36 with room to spare, and its inviting Sky Chef restaurant is as good as any in town.

Yet El Paso's big new adventure in the transportation field is the imminent completion of the Mexican Central Highway, a link of the great Pan-American Highway, which runs from Circle; Alaska, through El Paso and on to Guatemala and Panama. Though a few stretches remain to be paved, all of it is at least graded and graveled. Mexican federal-highway engineer Ricardo Pineda declares that the entire route of the Central Highway from El Paso to Mexico City will be paved by 1950 at the latest. At that time El Paso counts heavily on getting not only her own side of the nation's through traffic to Mexico, but the return-trip business of the heavy tourist traffic that now flows into Mexico City by way of the Laredo highway.

When the Central Highway is finished, "The Pass of the North" will have taken on its full and mature significance. For then the desert principality of El Paso will also have

stretched her arms across the continent from north to south as she has long since done from east to west.

Thereafter, provided that her precious wells have neither gone dry nor pickled her innards in unwelcome brine, durable old El Paso, stoked on a sound lunch of chicken *mole* and fried frijoles, can stretch out her legs and, with a feeling of progress and accomplishment, address herself to a serene and well-earned siesta.

THE END

\* \* \*



*Old timers at work*

**The olden day cowboy spent most of his time working. His life was not quite as glamorous as movies made it.**

The American Cowboy Today  
—Myth Or Reality  
**COWBOYS & BUCKAROOS**

By John Navidomskis  
EPHP 5/15/76

*The cowboy both created and lived the legend of the Old West. He is to us what the knights of old are to the English. Brash,*

*boisterous, courageous, colorful and tough, we'll never see the likes again of the uniquely American cowboy.*

Cowboys have generated more legends than the Loch Ness Monster, creating an era in American history unparalleled throughout the world.



The legend of the American Cowboy runs the gamut from the last American hero to the glorification of a society of homosexuals.

Recent books and papers published by academia and so-called authorities depict the American Cowboy as a latent homosexual.

These publications explain their reasoning for this is, that due to the loneliness and sol-

idity of the job the cowboy was required to do, out of necessity, he engaged in homosexual activities. The term “bunkie” which generated from the term bunk mate was explained by one author as being a cowboy term for a companion who engaged in homosexual activity in the bunkhouse and on the trail.

If you believe this don't tell the modern day cowboy about it because you might find yourself on the floor looking up at the ceiling.

One group of cowboys who received national recognition as brave defenders of “The American Way” were the Rough Riders under the command of Teddy Roosevelt during the Spanish-American War.

Roosevelt knew the caliber and fiber of the American Cowboy and used them to do a job they had the character and attitude to do. They were Cowboys in uniform. Often depicted as drunks, rowdys, outlaws and generally unsavory characters less civilized than nomadic Indians, it is difficult to imagine them as being branded homosexuals.

During Roosevelt's tenure it was a well known fact that many of the former Rough Riders were tried for murder robbery and various other felonies, only to receive Presidential pardons from their former commander.

Cowboys lived a life of loneliness and were usually paid very low wages for their efforts. Ranchers during the Old West era found them drifting from one job to another and hired them to care for raw-boned, mean, wild long horned cattle where the cowboy knew that a flitting sparrow may spook a cow or bull and unleash certain death due to stampeding cattle. Often described as 1,000 pounds of dynamite in a rawhide wrapper

the meanest, craziest, toughest “son-of-a-bitch” ever created.

Cowboys on the trail often worked 14 hour days for as little as food and \$5 a month. Few cattlemen could afford to pay grown men \$25 to \$30 a month to drive cattle to market or to the rail head.



The advent of the railroad system in remote areas brought the cattle industry to maturity along with more mature cowboys to bring the herds to shipping points located in such glamorized towns (in motion pictures) as Wichita, Kan., Denver, Butte, Cheyenne, Abilene, Chicago, even El Paso.

The first cowboys were young boys at first and as the cattle industry matured so did the

cowboy. Young boys were usually used to drive the tough long-horned “critters” out of mesquite for round-up and a trail ride to the rail head.

Cowboys usually didn’t own much except his clothes, saddle, blanket, bridle and maybe a rusty old “knuckle-buster” otherwise known as a western colt .44. The rest of his equipment usually came from the cattleman who supplied lariat rope, and food from a “remuda” or the cinematized name for it: “chuck-wagon.”

Cowboys became known for their skill as ropers and branders and were the first known veterinarians on the range. When an animal became sick with scabbies, screw worm, or gored, it was the cowboy who had to treat him there on the range.

Using many of the skills we see during rodeo time, the cowboy made a game in finding sick animals in the herd and held contests among themselves to see which team or individual could cut the sick animal out of the herd and rope him the quickest.

A team would consist of a “header” and “heeler;” one would throw his rope for the head and the other for the hind feet. Once roped by the cowboy the horse would do his job and stretch the animal out making him fall so the men could dig the maggots out from an infected wound with a stick (if they were treating screw worm) and treat the wound with a stock solution of coal oil and tar or some similar combination.

***The cowboy of the Old West really existed for about 40 or 50 years, from the end of the Civil War to the beginning of the 20th century.***

One of the first recorded “bulldoggings” (grabbing the animals horns from a running

horse and wrestling him to the ground) was performed by a black cowboy from Louisiana. The method he used was similar to today’s method, except to stop the animal, he bit it on the end of the nose.

Often the animals didn’t respond to the crude doctoring and died. Cattlemen realized the animals value through his hide and had the cowboys cut the animals abdomen and slip a fist sized rock between the ribs, and the hide after making the appropriate cuts he would then secure his rope around the bulging rock and using his horse jerk the hide off the carcass. The hide was then stored with others taken in the same manner to be sold at trail’s end.

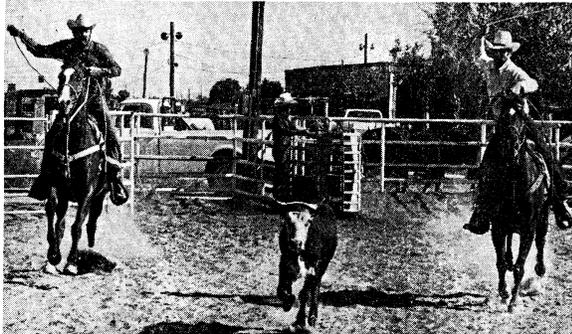
Moviefied cowboys give erroneous depictions of cowboys as they really were from John Wayne to Paul Newman they depict the cowboy as a big gentle tough guy when it came to horses, boys, and women.

The Old West cowboy saw little of town or cities and when he did go to town he was depicted by writers of the time as worse than Attila the Hun. When they went to town they generally drank too much and used their guns as toys. Their marksmanship then and now is questionable however their fortitude and behavior is not.

As cattle towns became more civilized they became less tolerant of the cowboy blowing off steam at the end of a season's work. The cowboy entered town with anywhere between six to eight months pay, between \$36 and \$48, and according to published articles of the time began hell-raising.

Many of the early cowboys were farm boys from eastern states who ran away from home to find fame and fortune in the west. When they arrived, if they arrived by surviving blistering heat, bone chilling cold, un-

friendly Indians, wild animals, and just plain ineptness they entered into a tougher lonelier life than they thought they were escaping. It's no wonder they were hell-raisers.



### *Header and heeler*

**Jerry Long, left, and James Cardwell practice roping skills. Long is working as the “heeler” and Cardwell as the “header.” These two El Paso cowboys are of the modern variety.**

—(Photo by Bill Thompson)

A work season usually began in late winter or early spring rounding up and counting new calves and branding. Ready cattle for the long drive to shipping points. The longhorn was scrawny and not generally sold for meat qualities. The animal was a true test for these young men who had survived the migration to the west.

***The term “cowboy” was used for the 12-to-15-year-olds who were employed to drive the cattle to market after they were herded out of the mesquite. Young boys were used because they worked cheap often for as little as \$5 a month plus food. Few cattlemen could afford to pay grown men \$25 to \$30 a month to drive cattle, to market.***

Will Rogers, American Humorist, once said of modern day writers and their works about the American Cowboy, “They tell it so well it sounds almost respectable.”

Newspapers during the reign of the cowboy (a relatively short span of time, about 50 years) paint a little different story.

The Ellsworth Kansas Reporter, gave a description of the cowboy in August 1873, in part, “. . . The Cow-Boys of Texas are a peculiar breed. They are distinct in their habits and characteristics from the remainder of even the Texan population as if they belonged to another race. The Lipan and Comanche are not more unlike the civilized white, man than the nomadic herdsman (cowboy) to the Texan who dwells in the city or cultivates the plain.

***A cowboy's horse now as in the 1800's, is still his inseparable companion and greatest asset. Another is his rope, be it short nylon lariat in Texas or a long rawhide reata in Mexico.***

The “Texas Livestock Journal” paints a picture of the cowboy at trail's end in the waning years of his reign. The time was July 1884, “. . . They swagger along the walks with voices and general coarseness of jackasses. They went into dinner at the hotel with the same swagger and loudness and sat down to the table with their hats on, and all the time with a flow of wit that might edify an idiot. . . .”

A journalistic effort was being waged by “civilized” people during the time of the cowboy, to stop his boisterous behavior and crude city manners. In 1888 the beginning of the end was near for the cowboy, who like the dinosaur had no inkling of what was happening.

The “Boulder County Herald” (Boulder, Colo.) in May, 1888 published, “. . . The day of the Winchester rifle, ivory-handled pistol and cartridge belt belongs to the past—it is gone never to return, and with it should go

every man who cannot discharge his duties on the ranch without being thus accounted for . . . the necessities of the past produced a cowboy who is out of place in civilization of the present; but the remnant of that past still lingers on to retard the rapid advancement of the business to its full measure of profit . . . This wholesale arming of cowboys is a disgrace to stock raising, injurious to the business, provocative of lawlessness and crime, and should be prohibited by the laws of the State, the rules of the association and the owners of ranches.”

The holster and horse have been replaced by the modern cowboy with a pickup equipped with a gun rack and horse trailer often costing in the neighborhood of up to \$15,000 including tack for the horse.

Few ranches hire what the public would call cowboys and the few who do are generally young men who have dropped out of their states Agricultural Colleges.

The last bastion of cowboy life can usually be viewed about once a year at county and state fairs and community livestock shows when the Rodeo comes to town. These men who compete professionally in rodeo events are using the same skills which were developed by men who created methods to do a job necessary to build a multi-billion dollar industry.

***Much has been written about the American cowboy, yet very little is really known about the contemporary cowboy.***

Modern cowboys are often looked on with a jaundiced eye by the “slicker,” “homer,” or the “eight to fiver” (cowboy terms for city dwellers) calling them “kickers” or “goat-ropers” and endure their presence in their community two weeks out of the year when Rodeo time comes to town.

The rodeo cowboy, unlike the businessman working on his first million, usually is working on eight seconds, in an effort to stay on the back of a bucking animal or beat the clock in a roping event or bulldogging event. The pay for a top professional rodeo cowboy borders on that of a middle aged executive who has worked with a large company for 15 or 20 years.



***Chuck box***  
**Two cowboys of the past take time to eat some grub from the chuck box.**

He travels the rodeo circuit in a pickup complete with horse and trailer or in a privately owned aircraft depending on how successful he is.

Other cowboys unknown to many are the men who work at an office or similar jobs from eight to five and ride in the evenings and week-ends at privately owned arenas or on small tracts of land owned by one or more of the group they associate with.

The "office cowboy" has retained many of the skills of his old west counterpart and improved on much of the equipment in use.

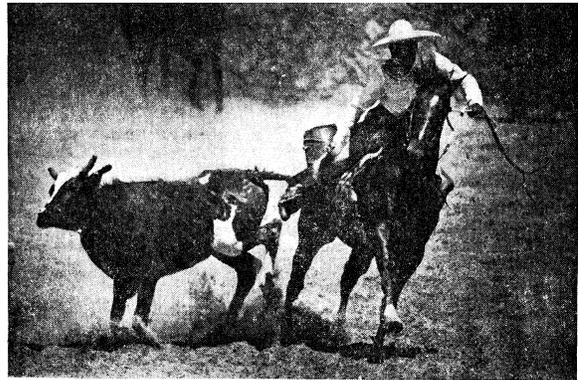
The Old West cowboy usually used a string of horses supplied by the ranch owner. The "string," as it was known, were usually horses that were half wild and not ridden very much. Today's cowboy has highly trained horses that can "stop on a dime and give you nine-cents change." Some of the horses are trained so well that reining is unnecessary and just shifting his weight the rider can control the horse. Others will come to a complete stop when the rider takes his foot out of the stirrup. Still others will back-up after a rider has roped a calf and is out of the saddle and after it.

***Roping—to bring down cattle in the corral or on the open range as an important part of work, or in popular contests off the job—generates some of the vivid beauty and pulse-tingling action of cowboying.***

Cowboys of today are generally not as rowdy as their Old West ancestors and are generally looked on with some awe when rodeo time comes to town and they all turn out to ride in the Western Day parade.

The days and glory of the Old West are gone forever and perhaps people like John Wayne and other movie actors give us an image of the Old West as we would like to believe it was. It reminds one of the beginning of a movie of recent vintage, "The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean" where it was written. "This movie depicts the life and times of Judge Roy Bean. If it didn't happen this way, it damn well should have."

\* \* \*



THE COLEADA—*This horseman shows the technique required in probably the most exciting charro event, where the charro chases a young steer and grabs it with his right hand, wrapping its tail around his leg causing the animal to 'bite the dust.'*

—(Times Staff Photo by John Costello)

#### PSSST, WANT TO KNOW A SECRET?

By John Stark  
EPT 05/16/76

Charro competition seems to be another of El Paso's well-kept secrets.

The better-publicized Southwestern Livestock Show and Rodeo draws thousands of spectators annually. But Saturday, scarcely 300 people made: the trip to a tiny Lower Valley arena to watch the charros. And the Mexican charro events are at least as exciting as American-style rodeo.

The American rodeo and the charro competition use the same basic ingredients: horses, riders, lariats and cattle. But there the resemblance ends. American rodeo events are a violent explosion of flying hooves and often, flying cowboys, and each cowboy's turn in the arena ends quickly with the sound of the buzzer. Charro events seem to place more emphasis on skill with horse and rope, and speed is less important. In the event known as the terna, for example, three

horsemen; have 16 minutes to rope a young bull around the head and hind legs.

The most thrilling charro event is the coleada. In this dazzling display of horsemanship, a young steer is released in front of a mounted charro at the end of a long chute. The steer bolts and the charro spurs his caballo in pursuit. He moves in alongside the steer at a full gallop, touches his hand to the brim of his huge sombrero in salute, gives the steer a friendly pat on the flank, and grabs his tail with his right hand.

Then, with a lightning-fast motion, the charro pulls his right leg out of the stirrup and quickly wraps the hapless steer's tail around his own leg. If all this is properly executed, the steer takes a tumble and the charro scores points for his team.

But doing this is as difficult as it sounds, and many of the charros muffed their chances when the steer's tail slipped from their grasp.

Another thrilling event is the paso de muerte, or "crossing of death." A charro riding bareback must gallop alongside another bareback horse and fling himself on it with only the mane for a handhold.

The charros get a chance to display their skill in teamwork in the event known as the mangana.

This event begins with the smallest, youngest member of a charro team riding bareback on a wild mare. When the animal's bucking slows, the rider gracefully dismounts and three horsemen with lariats take over.

They chase the frightened animal round and round the ring, trying to maneuver it past a fourth charro on foot.

The footman twirls his lariat into a huge snaky noose as the galloping mare approaches. At the last minute, he jerks his lariat backwards and leaps through his own noose, then flings it forward at the mare's front legs. He gets three shots at roping and throwing the horse.

Perhaps the least appealing charro event is the piales in which a group of bony candidates for the glue factory serve as targets for the charro's lariat. The charro sits on his horse at the end of a chute. As the pathetic horse gallops past, he flings his lariat at its rear legs trying to rope and throw it. If his noose takes hold, he must quickly loop the rope around his saddle horn to take the target horse down.

This is considered the most difficult charro event, and no competitor was able to do it successfully Saturday.

Teams from Juarez and Zaragosa, Chihuahua and Del Rio, Tex. competed Saturday. Sunday, teams from the El Paso Charro Association, the Emiliano Zapata Charro Association (El Paso) and Houston will start competition at about 11 a.m. To get to the event, take the Horizon, Blvd. exit and drive south to North Loop Road. Then turn left and watch for the Bradley Stables sign. At the sign, make another left onto a dirt road and follow the signs to the arena. The charro competition has all the raw material for a first-rate tourist attraction. The participants wear gaudy Mexican costumes, and the events themselves are part of a unique Southwestern tradition you could not witness in Peoria.

With some high-powered promotion, charro competition might draw thousands of tourists to El Paso. But then a secret might not be as much fun if everyone knew about it

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**71st Annual Livestock Show And Rodeo:  
More Than 100 Cowboys, Compete  
OLD-STYLE CATTLE  
DRIVE DRAWS 100**

By Christina Ramirez  
El Paso Times 1/23/00

Twelve-year-old Hilary Hatfield has been attending rodeos for most of her life, wondering what it would be like to be in one.

On Saturday she found out. Hillary was one of more than 100 competitors in the Southwestern International Livestock Show and Rodeo opening-day horse show.

“I have always liked horses and have had fun learning to ride and play with the horses,” Hatfield said.

The Open Horse Show, with competitors ranging from 5 to 65 years old, continues today starting at 7:30 a.m.

The 71st annual Southwestern International Livestock Show and Rodeo began on Saturday with a traditional cattle drive, horse show and barn dance.

The early morning beginning was the third annual Cattle Drive Along the Rio Grande, an old-fashioned horse and cattle ride winding from the east Rio Grande flood plain near Zaragoza toward the El Paso County Coliseum.

Saturday, guys and gals dressed like extras from the “Young Guns” movie made their way along the Rio Grande, while horseback riders from throughout the greater South-

west strutted their stuff at the Open Horse Show at the County Coliseum.

Jodie Hansen, 14, wanted to glitter like a disco ball for the Western portion of the horse show, so she sported a sparkling sequined vest.

“I love the competition. It’s such a rush, especially the jumping events,” Hansen said. “In the Western competition, we’re allowed to express ourselves more than in the English riding, where our uniforms are pretty strict.”



Photos by Rudy Gutierrez / El Paso Times

**Bowen Ranch cowboy Vean Wood, foreground, and about 100 other cowboys and cowgirls led a group of cattle along the river levee Saturday from Zaragoza to Fonseca. The cattle drive was the official opening event for the 71st International Livestock Show and Rodeo at the El Paso County Coliseum.**

Nancy Hansen said the 15 riders she brought from Horseshoe Stables on El Paso’s West Side have been ecstatic—“bouncing off the walls”—since Friday.

“They’re more than excited,” said Nancy Hansen, Jodie’s mother, of the group of riders she trains at Horseshoe Stables. “This is a good way to teach kids responsibility, and it’s also a good family thing. You see par-

ents, kids and neighbors all out here together.”

This year, the Southwestern Livestock Show and Rodeo will include a number of events such as the Western Dinner Gala and Dance on Saturday to many cowboy competitions and events every day starting Feb. 4.



Tyler Powell, 9, and his father, Ronnie Powell, helped lead a cattle drive Saturday along the Rio Grande levee from Zaragoza to Fonseca.

Final events on Feb. 13 will be Cowboy Church at 10 a.m., a Chili Cook-Off at noon and a rodeo cowboy performance at 2 p.m.

**Southwestern International Livestock Show and Rodeo.**

- ▶ **What:** Open Horse Show at the annual Southwestern International Livestock Show and Rodeo.
- ▶ **When:** Beginning at 7:30 a.m. today.
- ▶ **Where:** El Paso County Coliseum, 4100 E. Paisano.
- ▶ **Cost:** Watching the horse show is free.
- ▶ **Rodeo:** Continues through Feb. 13.
- ▶ **Information:** 532-1401.

\* \* \*



**ON THE RANGE**—*White faced Herefords graze on the 110-section T-R ranch in southeastern New Mexico. Since drought began in the area during the early 40s, the herd has been cut to about 600 head. Normally, about 1,000 cattle were run.* *-(Photo Courtesy T-R Ranch)*

**Historic Ranch  
FAMED THREE RIVERS RANCH  
BEGAN AS DREAM  
OF SIX-FOOT IRISHMAN**

By Virginia Chappell  
Times Correspondent  
EPT 5/28/56

*(Editor's Note: This is the first in a series of three articles on the history of the famous Three Rivers Ranch above Alamogordo, N.M.)*

Alamogordo, N. M.—Friendly ways of the old West have never died at world-famous Three Rivers ranch—whose origin was the outgrowth of a dream by a big Irishman, named Pat Coghlan, then became the passion of Albert Bacon Fall, and now is a favorite treasure of Thomas Fortune Ryan III.

“Need any help?” slow-spoken Carroll Johnson, ranch foreman for Tom Ryan, today may ask strangers on Three Rivers land, if he thinks they are lost or having car trouble. The ranch owner himself is considered

one of the friendliest and most considerate men in southeastern New Mexico.

It is the same friendly assistance that was offered at Three Rivers, when Carroll Johnson's brother, Tom, rode range for Albert Bacon Fall, who was friends with ranchers from the Pecos to the Rio Grande. It is 20th Century version of the days when strange cowboys were fed at Tres Rios in Pat Coghlan's ranch house.

The silent, sun-drenched land, sweeping westward from the foot of serene Sierra Blanca peak in the White Mountains always has entranced its owners. The great ranch once included one million acres. Its boundaries encompassed most of the Tularosa Basin. On the west, it reached to a long lava flow, known as the Malpais, or bad lands. The eastern boundary extended to the Mescalero Apache Indian reservation. The I-X ranch, still in existence, joined it on the north. To the south, the holdings swept over mesa and arroyo to Dog Canyon, a last stronghold of the Apaches in the Sacramento Mountains.

This million-acre spread, where over 1000 years ago a prehistoric peoples lived and recorded their passing with pictographs on black basalt rocks, was begun in 1874, when six-foot Pat Coghlan invaded New Mexico, which then was a territory. Coghlan first appeared at the settlement of Tularosa. Here he opened a general merchandise store. Then, he began to dream of building a cattle empire and soon devoted his tireless energies toward this goal.

The Irishman bought a 103,000 acre ranch in the Three Rivers county, owned by a man named Joe Wingfield, and the Bar KL cattle. Wingfield had purchased the Bud Smith holdings, previously known as the Plus outfit.

## **WIDE SPREAD**

Coghlan's ranch extended from the El Paso and Northeastern right-of-way on the west, to the Mescalero Indian reservation, south of the I-X on the north, to within three miles of Tularosa Creek on the south. Thus began the settlement of Three Rivers.

Coghlan secured a contract for selling beef from his Three Rivers herds to the army post at Ft. Stanton. In the meantime, he had engaged in a deal with Billy the Kid, who was rustling cattle from Texas up into New Mexico. The, LX, a big Texas Panhandle ranch had been losing a lot of cattle to rustlers. In 1881, Charlie Siringo, a noted cowboy detective, found a number of hides, bearing the LX brand, hanging on the corral fence at Coghlan's ranch. Later, the Irishman was arrested and indicted by the grand jury at Mesilla, on a charge of venue.

## **COUPLE MURDERED**

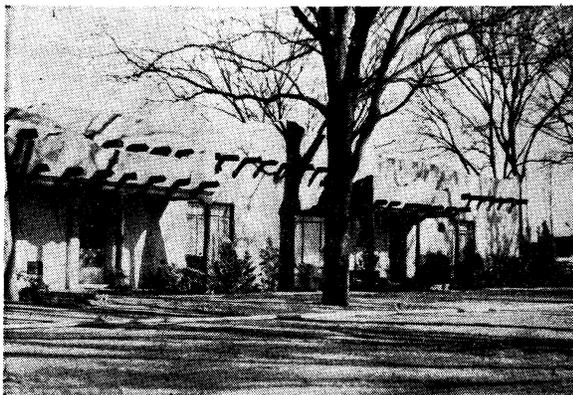
Mr. and Mrs. George Nesmith, who worked for Coghlan at his ranch, had given information against him to Siringo. They were subpoenaed by the prosecution for Coghlan's trial, but were murdered long the White Sands, while en route from Three Rivers to Mesilla. Coghlan escaped the cattle charges with light fines, but soon was confronted with more serious ones. It was learned that two men, named Maximo Apodaca and Rupert Lara, had killed the Nesmiths. The two men claimed that Coghlan had offered them \$1,000 for the job. But when the killers came to trial, and could not identify the Irishman as the man who had hired them, Coghlan was absolved of implication in the murder of the Nesmiths.

Coghlan's trials had cost him a lot of money and he had to begin getting loans. Interest rates, at that time, were extremely high. Coghlan's many promissory notes were to

ruin him financially. In July, 1906, Coghlan had had to give his Three Rivers ranch as security for payment of a large note and its accumulated interest. He was unable to meet the payments. On Jan. 26, 1906, Coghlan signed a warranty deed to Albert Bacon Fall, who had bought the note originally held on the ranch by Numa Reymond.

*(The second article deals with Albert Bacon Fall's development of the ranch.)*

\* \* \*



**THREE RIVERS HOME**—*The residence of Thomas Fortune Ryan is of Spanish architecture, built on beautifully landscaped grounds. Here it's wintertime and the giant pecan and poplar trees are bare of the foliage that offers welcome shade during the summer months. -(Virginia Chappell photo)*

### **OWNERSHIP OF THREE RIVERS RANCH FULFILLED DREAM OF ALBERT B. FALL**

By Virginia Chappell  
Times Correspondent'  
EPT 5/29/56

*(Editor's Note: This is the second in a series of three " articles on the history of the famous Three Rivers Ranch above Alamogordo, N.M., carrying the story from the time A.B. Fall acquired the holdings in 1906.)*

Alamogordo, N.M.—possession of the beautiful ranch, then carpeted with lush grass, was the fulfillment of a desire Albert Bacon Fall had had since he had visited Three Rivers in 1899. Fall had said then, "Some day, I'm going to own that ranch." In 1889, Fall, who was destined to enact a role in life filled with both grandeur and pathos, had just been admitted to the bar in New Mexico. Born in Frankfort, Ky., Nov. 21, 1861, Fall found his health beginning to fail when he was a young man and he came west.

While working on a ranch on the Conchas River in Texas, Fall married Miss Emma Morgan, a Texas-born school teacher. About a year later, they moved to Kingston, N.M., then a frontier mining camp. The young Kentuckian prospected there for gold and silver.

It was in rowdy Kingston, that Albert Bacon Fall met several men who, in later years, were important in his life. Among them was Edward L. Doheny, another miner, who while in his teens had come west from Fond du Lac, Wis. In the shanty town, the two young miners began a friendship that was to endure throughout their lives and reach world notoriety during the Teapot Dome-Elk Hill-Doheny or Sinclair incidents, after Doheny had become a multi-millionaire from oil and Albert Bacon Fall was secretary of the interior.

### **MET RANCHER**

Believing that Kingston would become a ghost mining town, which later proved true, Fall decided to move to Las Cruces and take up law, A Democrat at the time, the young lawyer soon became a well-known political figure in southeastern New Mexico. He was appointed to the office of associate justice for the Third Judicial District of New Mexico in 1893 by President Cleveland.

Another great friendship in Fall's life was formed in Las Cruces during 1889. It was a mutual admiration between a tall, handsome young rancher, named Oliver Lee, who studied Greek and Latin on the range when he wasn't practicing with pistol and rifle, and the Kentucky lawyer, who didn't have much book learning but all the courage in the world. It might have been his companionship with young Lee that inspired Fall to become a ranch and cattle baron, for it was not many years after this that he secured the Coghlan holdings in Three Rivers.

#### **HAD E. P. OFFICE**

Albert Bacon Fall built a picturesque home on the ranch that was to become the ruling passion of his life. He converted an old adobe structure into a two-story Spanish-Colonial house that became a showplace in Southeastern New Mexico for many years. Fall had the grounds landscaped with poplars, pecans and other trees, as well as with many ornamental shrubs. He erected other buildings for his servants and built several huge barns for his fine stock. A railroad station was built at the Three Rivers settlement for the loading of his cattle.

Fall also maintained a residence in El Paso, where he opened a law office. However, his Tres Rios Ranch overshadowed all other possession and he constantly added to his herds, bought more range land. In 1912, his dreams of building a ranch and cattle kingdom were bolstered greatly, when H.P. Everhart, a son-in-law, and the Thatcher Brothers, bankers and business men of Pueblo, Colo., purchased the Bar W watering places south and west of Carrizozo, which controlled about 900,000 acres of land. Fall's son-in-law and the Thatchers ran the Hatchet cattle on the range and organized the Hatchet outfit. Soon the Fall and Hatchet outfits merged. Then they purchased

the extensive Harris-Brownfield ranch holdings in the area. It was property with a historic background.

#### **SEVERAL SPRINGS**

For in the early eighties, Bar W cattle ranged over a vast stretch of territory, extending from White .Oaks on the north to El Paso on the south. Three Bar W branded cattle, during the summer months, ranging from the Malpais, and in wintertime from the Malpais to the north. Bar W roundup wagons wheeled as far south as the Dog Canyon country, about 15 miles south of the present city of Alamogordo.

Watering places included Brazill Springs, all east of the railroad, southern waters, Malpais Spring on the west, 7X well and Mound Spring on the northwest, Willow Spring between the Malpais and the railroad, and the lower waters of Three Rivers. Upper Willow Spring, Jake's Spring, Chavez Spring, Venau and Veru Cruz' springs, all east of the railroad, also were included in the unit, as additional watering places.

Will Ed Harris and A.D. Brownfield had acquired the outfit from the Hyde Brothers, of whom there were four or five.

Albert Bacon Fall's next step toward increasing his already vast holdings was the purchase in 1917 of the ranch and herd belonging to a tall woman with ash blond hair, known as the Cattle Queen of New Mexico. She was Mrs. Susan McSween Barber, who could ride the range and shoot like a man. Her first husband, Alexander McSween, had been killed in the Lincoln County War.

\* \* \*

#### **ALBERT FALL'S HUGE RANCH**

## **EMPIRE GRADUALLY DIVIDED OVER THE YEARS**

By Virginia Chappell  
Times Correspondent  
EPT 5/30/56

*(Editor's Note: This is the last in a series of three articles on the history of the famed Three Rivers ranch above Alamogordo, N.M. It begins with Albert Bacon Fall's acquisition of more holdings in 1917.)*

Alamogordo, N. M.—Fall now ruled over one million acres of ranch land, where thousands of white-faced Herefords ranged. However, after only a year had passed, the first blight of impending doom touched Albert Bacon Fall's great ranch and cattle empire. During the influenza epidemic of 1919, he lost his son, Jack Fall, who had supervised the affairs of the colossal Tres Rios property.

After the death of his son, Fall became more concerned with his political activities. Long before, he had switched his loyalty from the Democrats to the Republican Party. New Mexico had been admitted to the Union in 1910 by President William Howard Taft and Fall was elected in 1912 by the first state legislature of New Mexico as one of the first two members from New Mexico to the U.S. Senate. The politician-rancher, who by now had many friends in the Southwest, in 1921, entered President Warren G. Harding's cabinet as secretary of the interior.

Soon after Fall had assumed his cabinet duties, it so happened important oil bearing public lands on vast United States Naval reserves were to be let. They were granted to a company headed by Fall's old friend of the Kingston mining days, Edward L. Doheny, and his partner, H.F. Sinclair. The secretary of the interior was accused of bribery in the execution of the leases. News leaked out be-

fore Fall's trial that he had suddenly received \$100,000 from some unknown source, to bolster his Three Rivers ranch.

After more than seven years of a battling in the courts, Fall was pronounced guilty on charges of bribery, fined \$100,000 and sentenced to serve a year and a day in prison. The last few months prior to his imprisonment, Fall, now over 70 years old and whose health was failing, sought peace and refuge at his cherished Three Rivers ranch. He was enrolled as a federal prisoner in the New Mexico State penitentiary at Santa Fe on July 21, 1931. He was discharged May 9, 1932.

### **DIED AT 83**

Albert Bacon Fall was baptized a Roman Catholic during 1935, after receiving instruction in that faith by the Rev. Albert Braun, who had a parish on the Mescalero reservation, and the Rev. David J. Kirgan of El Paso.

A few days following his 83rd birthday, Fall died on Nov. 30, 1944, in Hotel Dieu in El Paso. His beloved Tres Rios ranch had had to be sold some time before to pay his heavy fine. His widow died in 1943 after vainly trying for years to restore her husband's good name and to recover at least a part of his property. Friends of Albert Bacon Fall are still legion in Southeastern New Mexico. They say the man they knew would never have accepted a bribe.

After the collapse of the Fall cattle empire, the Hatchett Cattle Co. properties were taken over by the Palomas Cattle Co. Palomas sold about 20 sections in the southeastern portion of the ranch to Albert Burch of Alamogordo and the rest of the immense property to the "Big Four"—Will Ed Harris, A.D. Brownfield, Truman Spencer and Jesse York.

## **SELL ACREAGE**

The “Big Four” syndicate then sold the 7X well and willow Spring country—the area which later became the firing ground for the world’s first atomic bomb—to George McDonald; the Three Rivers country to Thomas Fortune Ryan III, and the south end of the unit east of the railroad, known as the old Maxwell Ranch, to Al Stover, a former Lincoln County sheriff. The remnant of the Fall-Hatchett empire, approximately 600 sections, 18 townships, two townships wide, still is managed today by Truman Spencer.

The Three Rivers country, purchased by Ryan, includes 110 sections. On it were the famous ranch house and other buildings built by Fall and the historic stone house erected by the Cattle Queen of New Mexico. Of all the holdings carved from the division of the Fall-Hatchet empire, Tom Ryan’s Tres Rios ranch has retained the lion’s share of the glamor and fame of the early West in the Three Rivers country.

Thomas Fortune Ryan III is of a line of nationally known financiers. His grandfather was a Wall Street broker in tobacco. His father, Thomas Fortune Ryan II built the railroad from Chihuahua, Mexico, to Juarez. Thomas Fortune Ryan III was born in Chihuahua.

## **IMPROVES RANCH**

Since his purchase of the Three Rivers ranch, Ryan has done much to improve his possession. In 1941, he built an elegant new home of Spanish architecture under the now towering pecan and poplar trees set out by Albert Bacon Fall. At the west of the house, which provides an unmarred view of Sierra Blanca peak, is a private swimming pool and dressing rooms. Beyond the pool, is a greenhouse and Ryan’s personal trap-shooting grounds.

Ryan converted the old Fall mansion into comfortable quarters for his farm foreman, S.M. Cozzen, who has been with him for many years. Not far from where Susan McSween Barber’s stone house stood, he built a handsome Spanish-type home for his ranch foreman, Carroll Johnson, prominent in ranching circles in the area for the last 21 years.

After World War II, Ryan built a fine hunting lodge in the White Mountains at the extreme northeastern boundary of his property. He named it Bataan Lodge and entertains there frequently during big game hunting seasons.

## **START RODEO**

Several years ago Tom Ryan and the Lions Club of Tularosa instigated a Billy the Kid Rodeo, which has become one of the outstanding events for young rodeo performers in New Mexico. A big barbecue is a feature of the day-long event, which occurs on Ryan’s Three Rivers ranch.

Tom Ryan also is a Roman catholic. Soon after he acquired his Three Rivers ranch, he began the restoration and refurnishing of a small Catholic church, built on the property by Fall. It is located about 10 miles from Ryan’s own ranch home, and is across the road from ruins of an old adobe building, where Billy the Kid often hid out when escaping the law. The church is named Santa Nino and here, each New Year, Tom Ryan gives a feast for those who attend the parish and numerous friends, including many Mescalero Apaches.

Ryan used to run many hundreds of cattle on his range, but since the droughts began there in the early 1940s, his herds have been lessened to protect the grazing. Where normally he ran 1,000 head, his herd now is only

about 600 Hereford cattle. But roundup time at Tres Rios is still a big event and Tom Ryan is usually there to see his T-R brand put on the new calves.

Thomas Fortune Ryan III calls his ranch "home." He says he never will sell this fabulous ranch, whose history began in 1874, when an ambitious Irishman, named Pat Cothlan, invaded the Three Rivers country.

\* \* \*

### **RANCHERS SEEK MORE FOR GIVING UP LAND**

*Times Alamogordo bureau*

ALAMOGORDO—The Corps of Engineers insists it went by the book in acquiring ranch lands for what became White Sands Missile Range.

A spokeswoman at the Albuquerque office said. "The Corps complied with the laws concerning the land acquisitions at the time the land was acquired."

But many ranchers who lost their lands in the name of national defense don't think it was done fairly and insist just as vigorously that they have not been compensated properly.

In 1938, Laura Burris and her husband bought and leased 66,000 acres in the center of the Tularosa Basin. The General Land Office permitted the Burrises to run 450 cattle on the spread, which, like all ranches in the basin, consisted primarily of land leased from the government.

They built an adobe house installed windmills and fences and sold up to \$35,000 worth of calves each year, which enabled

them to meet payments on their substantial loans.

A few months after the Burrises moved into their new home, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor and the United States entered World War II. Dec. 16, 1941, a representative from the Army Corps of Engineers came and told them the military needed the land.

The Burrises tried to negotiate a co-use land arrangement, but the war was on and they had to sacrifice. Feb. 12, 1942, with Laura pregnant with their second child, they drove the 450 cattle west across the San Andres Mountains to leased pasture land near Engle. The leased ranch house was unfit for a family, so Laura and her 4-year-old son Buzz moved into a rented house in Hot Springs.

The government didn't pay the promised lease money at first, and the Burrises became mired in the debts. But they kept the cattle so they wouldn't have to rebuild the herd when the military was through with the Alamogordo Bombing Range.

In 1943, the government paid them \$12,000 for a four-year lease of the ranch. Three years later, they were allowed to move back, only to be removed months later to make way for the White Sands Missile Range.

Laura became sole owner of the property upon her divorce in 1947. She married Catron County rancher Ira McKinley in 1950 and moved to a spread near Datil. Meanwhile, she continued to pay taxes on her deeded land and lease payments on the state land. In 1949, the Army re-appraised Laura's ranch based on the current animal unit carrying capacity. The government paid her rent on the federal, private and state land until 1970, when the Army cancelled payments on the federal allotment, contending Laura had been compensated enough for

the cancellation in 1942 of her federal grazing permit.

Then in 1972, the Army condemned her 80 acres of deeded land, offering her \$37 an acre. She never signed the deed and continues to pay tax on the land. Finally, the Army terminated rent payments last year on the state land it took from Laura.

Laura McKinley, now 79 and living on a small lot near Alamogordo, estimates that the government has paid her less than \$7,000 a year in rent and compensation for taking over her ranch. According to a recent appraisal by New Mexico State University on the current value of the 450 cattle, the animals alone would be worth more than \$740,000.

“What’s bad is they never paid us for the ranch and animals,” she said. “They just paid us rent all those years and let us believe we could move back someday.”

It was a different matter for ranchers who were moved off their land in the McGregor Range in the late 1950s. Meldene and Willis Danley were building their cattle herd up to the 460-head carrying capacity of their 34,000-acre ranch when the government acquired the property in 1957. The Army paid for the carrying capacity of the entire ranch, and financed the Danleys’ resettlement to Old Horse Springs in Catron County.

Although they didn’t receive what they wanted for the land south of Alamogordo, “it was a far cry better” than what the Army has paid for land taken from their parents more than 40 years ago, they said.

Meldene was 17 when the Army came for her father’s ranch in 1941. She had just finished high school and was starting her first full year at the ranch—located to the west of

Oscura Peak and seven miles south of U.S. 380—tending her own 80 head of cattle.

“It was pretty wonderful there, I guess,” she remembers. “I sure enjoyed it. I didn’t want to be anywhere else.”

But by April, Meldene was walking her milk cow and newborn calf off the property. Her father, Cicero Green, had to sell more than 400 cattle at \$55 a head—the going rate in 1942 after the market became flooded with basin cattle.

Meldene never moved back to the 38,000-acre spread. The government paid \$3,000 annual rent until 1950, then upped the lease to \$8,400 a year until 1970. The rent money was sliced in half after the Army stopped paying on the federal land and condemned more than 2,000 acres of private land on the Green ranch. Meldene still pays property taxes on the deeded land and continued the state lease payments through last year.

Bob Jones, president of the New Mexico Cattle Growers Association, said Friday the contracts signed for the takeovers in the 1940s never were lease-purchase agreements, so the “rent” paid by the government should not be deducted from some \$40 million still owed the ranchers. Concerning the condemnations, he said, “I know of no ease where the money equaled what they could have gotten” if the ranchers sold their property at actual market values.

\* \* \*

## HEARST FAMILY ONCE INVOLVED IN NM MINING, CATTLE INTEREST

Special to the El Paso Times

EPT 4/18/76

The Hearst family, long associated with the newspaper business, and lately with the plight of Patty Hearst, also was once involved in mining and cattle interests in southwest New Mexico.

George Hearst, father of William Randolph Hearst, was one of the founders of a huge New Mexico ranch, the Victorio Land and Cattle Co., or the Diamond A.

Hearst arrived in California in 1850, eventually became a prospector and geologist, and enjoyed his first success in the rich silver strike in Nevada in 1859.

In 1880, he acquired the San Francisco Examiner, which his son William Randolph later expanded into a publishing empire.

About this same time Hearst must have been extending his mining interests in New Mexico for the court records of May 31, 1881, show he sold several mining properties in the Victorio Mining District to J.B. Haggin. Hearst and Haggin were then and for many years, partners in several companies.

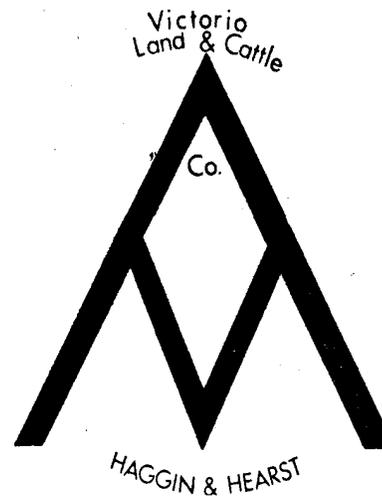
The Victorio Mining District was a new district in 1881. Today it is all but forgotten—a few deep shafts, some foundations of the little town, deserted and alone a few miles south of Interstate 10, west of Deming, N.M.

The first claims were filed there in April 1880 when the Hartford Mine and the Crittenden Mine were staked by James G. Crittenden and J.D. Pettie.

These men were members of a group of miners who divided their residence between

the old camps of Silver City and Shakespeare and managed to open several new mining districts in what was then southern Grant County.

The claims were described as being located in the Tenaja Mountain Mining District, situated about 16 miles south of Cow Springs and about 1½ miles east of the road leading from Cow Springs to Carrazalillo Springs.



This road was the Copper Trail or Janos Road used by the Spaniards and Mexicans since 1815 on their way to and from the Santa Rita Copper Mines.

During the first few months of mining the district acquired the name Victorio for the Apache Chief who was said to have camped in or traveled through the hills on his way to Mexico.

Other miners came in, particularly J.E. and George Price who sold their interests in the Beelzebub and Parole Mines to a J.B. Haggin of San Francisco, Hearst's partner.

By 1883, according to the U.S. Mint Annual Report, there was much activity in the Victorio District. The Chance Mine had a shaft 200 feet deep; yielding 25 tons of lead carbonate ore per day at \$40 per ton. The mine

was owned by San Francisco interests and employed 20 to 25 men.

According to a U.S. Geological Survey Report done in 1910, \$1.15 million worth of ore was taken from the district between 1880-86 when big bodies of lead ore were worked by Hearst.

The little town which grew up around the mines had several names. It was called Chance City in old newspaper accounts, presumably after the Chance Mine, one of the best producers in the district. Then it was called Fullerton, but that name never seemed to stick. Finally, in its twilight years when mining had nearly ceased, the name changed back to Victorio.

The Hearst interests had bigger plans for southwestern New Mexico than these mines which produced heavily for only about six years.

Haggin, Hearst and their third partner, a Tevis, wanted to try their hands and brains at the land and cattle business.

The partner selected to do the actual land buying was James Ben Ali Haggin. One quarter Turkish, one half Kentucky gentleman, Haggin seems to have been quite as shrewd a businessman as Hearst. With his mines, irrigation projects and horse breeding farm, Haggin managed to leave an estate worth \$15 million when he died in 1914.

Haggin went about the land buying in a quiet but steady way with the goal of gaining control of most of the water between Silver City and the Mexican border.

On Aug. 10, 1882, Richard Hudson and his wife sold a 439 acre tract of land near Hudson's Hot Springs for \$8,000. Hudson was

one of Grant County's earliest settlers and its first sheriff.

Also on Aug. 10, 1882 James H. Haggerty and John Frost sold the Cow Springs Ranch and all water rights to Haggin for \$5,000. Cow Springs, Ojo de Vaca, one of the oldest names on the map, was the spot where the Butterfield Stage road crossed the Copper Trail.

March 3, 1883, Haggin bought the Apache Tejo property from Charles H. Dane and his wife for only \$100.

Apache Tejo was the first camping place on the Copper Trail south of Santa Rite and also was the site of Ft. McLane where the Apache chief Mangas Colorados, was killed.

Through the 1880's Haggin continued to buy land, or more importantly, watering places, for water was vital to a ranching operation.

P.F. Clanton, brother to Billy Clanton who was killed by the Earps at the OK Corral fight, sold his little land claim in the southern Animas Valley.

Richard L. and Nellie Powel sold the Double Adobes Ranch which had been used by Curley Bill Brocius. J.P. Gray, M.D. King, J.F. Whitmire. all sold land, and their names were used through the years to designate certain windmills on the great Diamond A Ranch.

By 1890 the foundations were all laid and Haggin and Hearst, now appointed a senator from California, incorporated the Victorio Land and Cattle Co .

The Diamond A had three different headquarters, each running its own wagons in the spring and fall. The upper outfit was first

headquartered at Apache Tejo according to some sources, but was later located at Cow Springs. The middle outfit used different places, but the lower outfit was always at the Gray Ranch some 30 miles south of Animas Station.

Each spring and fall the wagons would start from the home ranch, the cook driving surrounded by the forman, cowboys and remuda.

Neighboring ranches or those with holdings amidst Diamond A territory would send representatives with the Diamond A wagons to pick up any cattle of their brand, see the calves were branded correctly and drift them back toward their own home ranch.

In the fall the Diamond A would ship cattle from Silver City, Deming, Lordsburg and sometimes Separ or Gage, small railroad towns almost deserted today, to slaughter houses or vast irrigated pastures owned by Haggin and Hearst in California.

Later, more ranches were acquired, one near Engle, N.M., east of Truth or Consequences. Some of these ranches were used for raising calves, some for growing steers.

At one time the Diamond A was said to be the largest ranch in the United States if acreage in all the various holdings was totaled.

As the years passed the cattle business changed. The Victorio Land and Cattle Co. started selling its holdings. Apache Tejo was sold, the spring near Hudson's Hot Springs was sold, Cow Springs was sold about 1933.

At some point the Hearst interests sold out but since it was still a corporation and managers operated the ranches, the change meant little to cowhands and neighbors.

But the -new Victorio Land and Cattle Co., was formed in 1968 with principal offices in Phoenix and originally operated as Pruett-Wray Cattle Co. In 1970 it purchased the Gray Ranch from the Kern County Land Co. It operates on 1.8 million acres of land owned and leased with an annual inventory totaling 75,000 head of cattle.

\* \* \*

# CATTLE RANCHING

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Saturday Evening Post  
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By John Stark  
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**OLD-STYLE CATTLE**  
**DRIVE DRAWS 100**  
By Christina Ramirez  
El Paso Times 1/23/00

**Historic Ranch**  
**FAMED THREE RIVERS RANCH**  
**BEGAN AS DREAM**  
**OF SIX-FOOT IRISHMAN**  
By Virginia Chappell  
Times Correspondent  
EPT 5/28/56

**OWNERSHIP OF THREE RIVERS**  
**RANCH FULFILLED DREAM**  
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*Times Alamogordo bureau*

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