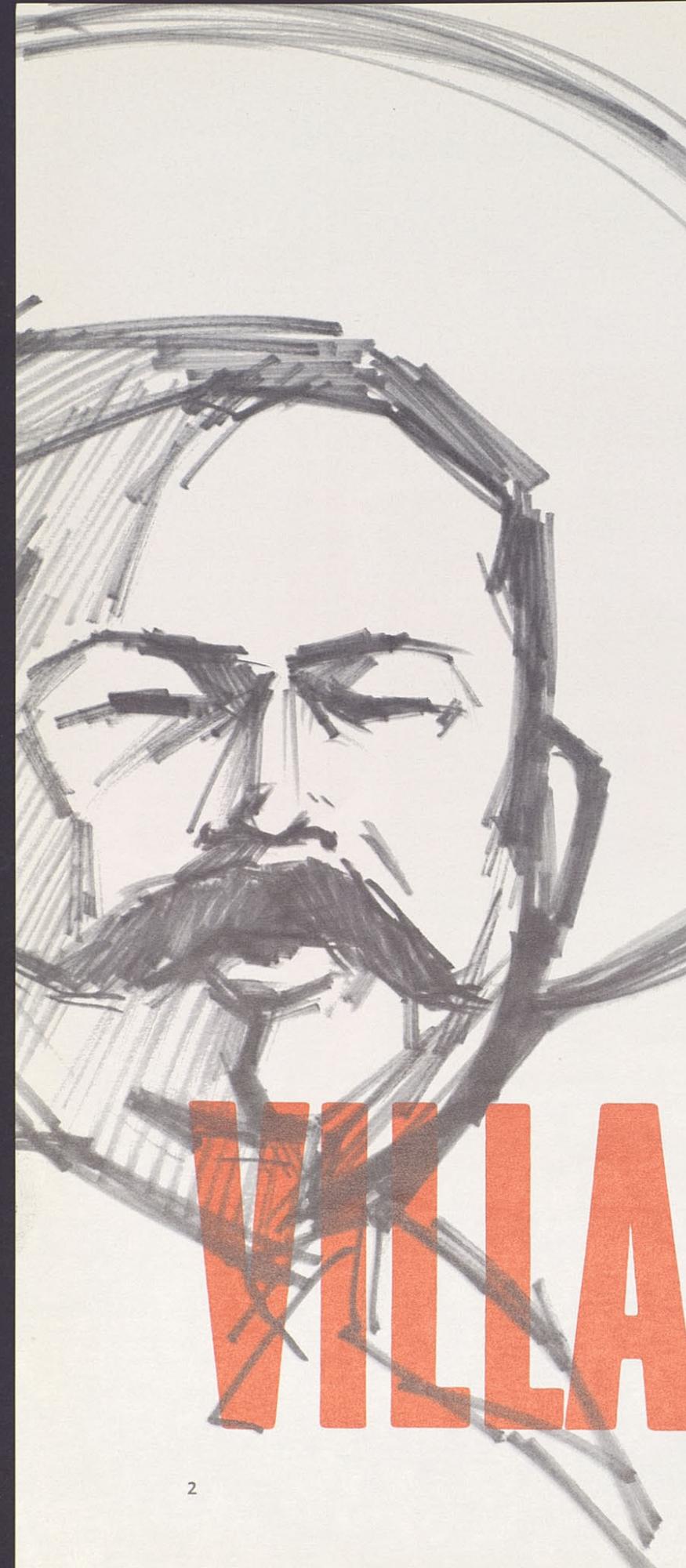




FALL 1961

*The*





A lone sentry paced back and forth before regimental headquarters. A short distance away two troops of the 13th U. S. Cavalry slept peacefully, oblivious to the events about to transpire.

It was 2:30 on the morning of March 9, 1916. The place was Columbus, New Mexico, a town of about 150 people, three miles north of the U. S.-Mexican border.

Suddenly the sentry stopped his pacing. From out of the darkness, shadows of mounted horsemen appeared. Private Fred Griffin of Troop K issued a sentry challenge. Receiving no answer, he squeezed the trigger of his '03 Springfield, aiming directly into the midst of the moving shadows.

His reply was soon to come. "Viva Mexico!" "Viva Villa!" came the shouts. "*Mueran los gringos!*" they screamed as they loosed a volley of shots that was to herald four hours of hell for the army and the civilians in Columbus.

Private Griffin, slumping to the ground mortally wounded, gripped his rifle as he emptied it to the last bullet at the milling invaders. He had paid with his life, but he had alerted the camp.

By the time the firing had ceased and the invaders were chased from town, Columbus lay in ash and ruin. Eight United States civilians and seven U. S. Cavalrymen were dead. Upwards to 200 Mexican followers of Pancho Villa had paid with their lives. Thirteen were taken prisoner. Dozens of buildings were burned.

The raid was but one of hundreds Pancho Villa led during his life of banditry. Few, if any, gained him more notoriety. It marked the first time in history the continental United States had been raided by a foreign army.

Pancho Villa was born Doroteo Arango, the son of Durango peons, in 1878. He took his surname from Augustin Arango who had "comforted his mother after her legal husband had deserted her." It is believed by historians, however, that the boy's real father was a rich Spanish nobleman.

# VILLA



Villa's physical appearance lent credence to this belief. His skin was lighter than the normal Mexican Indian and his hair and mustache were kinky rather than straight and bore a definite reddish tint.

Young Arango never liked his given name, Doroteo. One of his grandparents was said to have been Jesus Villa, a descendant of a well known outlaw of earlier days — Pancho Villa. Thus the new name for Doroteo Arango. The peon-turned-outlaw was destined to become a legend as a lover, avenger, military revolution leader, and finally champion of many of his people.

It was an exacting life of servitude — of near-slave conditions — that hardened young Villa to the life of banditry he was to pursue through many of his 46 years. The Arango family lived on the *hacienda* of Don Arturo Lopez Negrete where they knew nothing but manual toil. Pancho's chief escape from the labors of the field was to the Sierra Madre mountains on the brown pony he had saved money to buy.

Pancho Villa loved horses and as an expert rider was seldom without one of the finest mounts in all of Mexico.

Villa was regarded by many as the Robin Hood of Mexico. There are those who say he robbed the rich to feed the poor, but records reveal he kept most of his loot, burying it or spending it in riotous living. There were those who claimed he was all bad. Yet there were others who regarded him as a hero and followed him in life and praised him even in death.

Regardless of his reputation and the epitaph history will eventually bequeath him, no one can deny he was a ruthless, sadistic killer. A self-styled patriot and leader of "the people's army," he was an outlaw who looted and plundered, often hiding his own hatred for authority under the guise of patriotism.

*Mucho hombre* that he was, he also owned his moments of gentleness. He possessed a tremendous

love for children and in affairs of *amour*, he was reported without peer. In many ways, he was a sentimentalist. His sentimentality, in fact, launched him on his life of crime.

Villa was away from the Lopez Negrete *hacienda* when a letter from his mother hinted of dishonor wrought upon his beautiful sister, Mariana. Aware that Leonardo, degenerate son of Lopez Negrete, had long had lustful eyes for the lovely *senorita*, Villa drew his own conclusions and hastened to his family. Upon learning from his sister the details of the brutal assault, young Pancho departed in search of Leonardo.

Confronted by Pancho, Leonardo denied the charge, calling his accuser a liar. But Leonardo was too slow in making a play for his gun. Pancho fired three times and Leonardo, without firing a single shot, was dead before he sank to the ground.

Pancho had killed to defend his family honor. But now he was an outlaw and faced a life as a refugee from the law. His looting and killing were the natural products of such a life.

Refuge in the Sierra Madres brought him into contact with the notorious *bandido*, Ignacio Parra, from whom he learned much. The ensuing years saw Pancho emerge as leader of the marauding bandits and a general in the revolution of 1910-1914. During that time, Pancho Villa was offered the presidency of the republic, but turned it down.

In October, 1915, Villa dispersed his soldiers for the purpose of harassing Mexican federal troops and *Americanos*. The United States had permitted Mexican troops to use U. S. railroads in their pursuit of Villa, an act that angered Villa greatly. Many historians claim the act was responsible for Villa's raid on Columbus, revenge being his motive.

There are others who claim Villa was incensed over a Columbus merchant's failure to deliver ammunition and supplies he had paid for. Others theorize Villa's men were high on *tequila*. The real reason behind the brazen raid may never be known.

The raid began at 2:30 in the morning when upwards to 600 Villistas crossed the border west of Palomas, three miles south of Columbus. They entered the town from the southwest, using a slight rise in the terrain now known as Pancho Villa Hill as a shield against detection. They were in the town before troops of the 13th Cavalry knew they were near.

After Private Griffin's initial shot alerted the camp, the U. S. soldiers began to assemble, finally working their way to the ammunition tent. There they broke into the store of weapons that had been locked because of a gun fight the day before. Bursts of machine gun fire cut down a large number of raiders who were riding aimlessly about, wantonly firing their weapons and burning buildings.

By dawn the *Americanos* had assembled their

# THE VIRULENT VILLIAN



Pancho Villa was known as an excellent horseman and was seldom without a remuda of outstanding mounts. Above, he poses in later years astride one of his favorites.

forces sufficiently to clear the town of the invaders. Villa, who had spent the battle mounted on his horse in a ditch at the edge of town, gathered his decimated army and galloped toward Palomas.

A Cavalry body of 32 men led by Colonel Frank Tompkins gave pursuit, following the bandit army several miles into Mexico where many were killed or captured.

Gen. John J. Pershing was summoned to take punitive action against Villa and nine days after the infamous Columbus raid, his Expeditionary Force crossed the Mexican border in pursuit. Eleven months of searching failed to locate Villa, however, and Pershing was recalled when war broke out in Europe.

It was during Pershing's search that the United States employed air power for the first time, using five planes in a vain effort to locate the slippery Villa. But they never saw him, so effective were his efforts at camouflage.



Bodies of dead Villa bandits killed in the Columbus raid were piled on a common bier and burned in the city. Upward to 200 Mexican raiders were killed in the battle.

The early 1920s saw Pancho Villa living the life of a model citizen, hailed as a respectable father and family man. He had been pardoned for his dastardly deeds by the Mexican government and was living quietly on his *rancho* near Chihuahua City.

Years of robbing, killing and plundering, however, had created too many enemies to allow Villa to live to a ripe old age. On Friday, July 20, 1923, Villa was returning to his home from Parral. A pumpkin-seed vendor slowed the general's open car with a shout of "Viva Villa." Villa raised his hand in salute and took the full impact of a fusillade of shots. Sixteen bullets lodged in his massive body.

Congressman Jesus Salas Barraza admitted just before his death in 1951 that he had engineered the plot for the demise of the controversial Villa.

Said Barraza in his statement: "I am not a murderer, I rid humanity of a monster."

An illustration in a woodcut style showing two soldiers in profile, marching from left to right. They are wearing dark uniforms and hats, and each carries a rifle with a bayonet fixed to the barrel. The background is a stylized desert landscape with large, yellow, blocky rock formations and a tall saguaro cactus on the left. The ground is marked with several starburst patterns. The title 'THE CIVIL WAR OUT WEST' is printed in a bold, serif font to the right of the soldiers.

# THE CIVIL WAR OUT WEST

Few people, save those who have become students of the conflict, regard the West as having played the remotest role in the drama of the Civil War. History books dote on accounts of battles "back East" — Bull Run and Shiloh, Chickamauga and Gettysburg, Antietam and Fredericksburg. Little attention is paid the western theater of operations.

Little, if any, mention is made of Valverde and Glorieta, scenes of two savage battles between the Blue and the Gray.

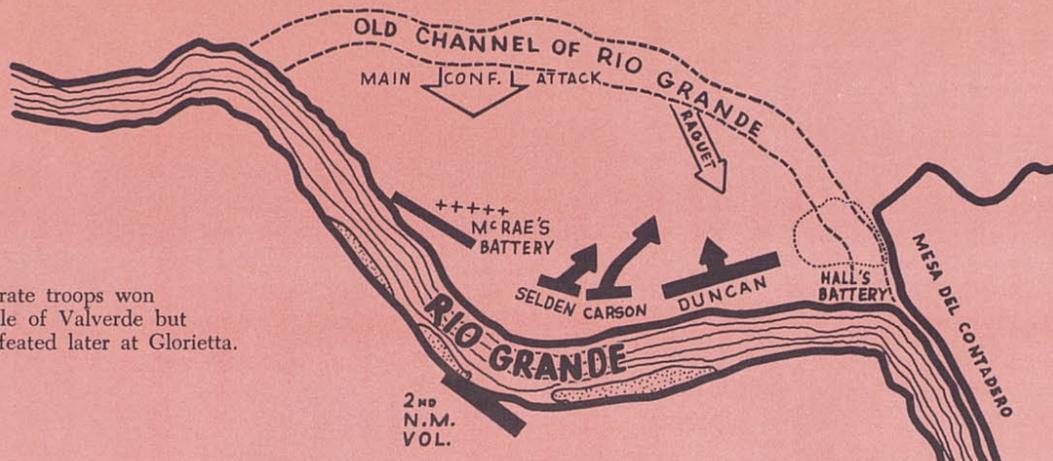
It is true those battles, fought on the remote western frontier, were only minor skirmishes by comparison in the number of troops involved. Yet the outcome of those battles was to have a profound effect on the South's total war effort.

Victory for the Confederacy in the West could have changed the tenor of the entire war and possibly the future of the nation.

The South had displayed a particular interest in the New Mexico Territory for a number of years. Various factions in the South had been promoting a railroad to the Pacific and when the Gadsden Purchase of 1853 opened the doors to this possibility, the South was ready to begin construction. It was obvious that any railroad to the west coast would have to pass through New Mexico.

The South wooed New Mexico, too, because of her potential — and probable — status as a slave

Confederate troops won the Battle of Valverde but were defeated later at Glorietta.



state. But her primary concern was the acquisition of the territory as an outlet for commerce between Texas and California.

With these objectives, the Confederacy decided early in the conflict that New Mexico must be taken — by force if necessary.

Overland routes such as the Santa Fe Trail had opened the West to settlers and United States troops had been sent to protect them against hostile Indians. These troops, many of whom were from the South, occupied the several forts in the western territory.

Secession from the Union by southern states brought on a rash of resignations of military commissions among officers who chose to cast their lots with the South. Enlisted men were not afforded such an opportunity, under penalty of court martial as deserters if they left prior to the completion of their five-year enlistments. Many, however, chose to risk capture and followed their leaders to their new command. Others chose to stay with the Union forces.

In charge of federal troops in the New Mexico Territory at the time of this exodus of Southern sympathizers was Col. William W. Loring. But he, too, chose to serve the South and left his command in charge of Col. Edward R. S. Canby, an officer who was to play a leading role in the New Mexico campaign.

Ft. Bliss in El Paso was in the hands of Confederate troops composed almost entirely of Texans and commanded by Lt. Col. John R. Baylor. The closest Union stronghold was at Ft. Fillmore, about 40 miles to the north and a short distance from Mesilla, New Mexico, then the second largest city in the Arizona Territory.

Baylor conceived a plan to move on the Union forces and on the night of July 24, 1861, succeeded in reaching, undetected, a point on the Rio Grande near Fillmore. His strategy was to entrench his forces between the fort and the river, cutting off the enemy's animals as they went to water early in the morning.

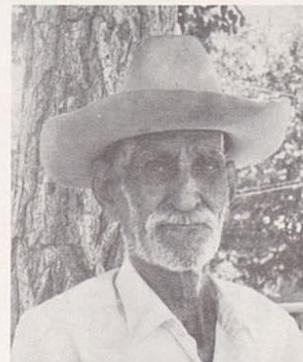
The plan might have worked had it not been for a northern sympathizer who deserted his ranks and informed the garrison of Baylor's intentions. Thwarted by this unforeseen development, Baylor

withdrew to Mesilla where he was received with great ovation.

When Baylor declared Mesilla the capital of the Confederate Territory of New Mexico, Maj. Isaac Lynde of the Union command decided to attack. Dust kicked up by his troops gave him away, however, and Baylor, with his men stationed on roof tops, repulsed the attack. Lynde withdrew to Ft. Fillmore from where he began to plan a march to Ft. Stanton, 154 miles to the northeast.

In the march that began July 27, 1861, is one of the poignant stories of the War in the West. For reasons unexplained by history, soldiers of Lynde's command filled their canteens with whiskey and brandy instead of water. The next day they were easy prey for troops of Col. Baylor who had been informed of their condition by spies. Some theorize the spies were responsible for the liquor in the canteens in the first place.

Upwards to 700 men, their transportation, arms, ammunition, commissary and quartermaster stores (including 200 cavalry mounts and 270 head of cattle), and four pieces of artillery were captured by the Confederate forces in their first contact with the enemy. Having successfully repelled his foe, Baylor withdrew to Mesilla to assume the position of military governor of the Arizona Territory. His successor as commander of Confederate forces in New Mexico was soon to arrive in the person of Gen. Henry Hopkins Sibley. The new commander was destined to see his first action in a battle that would pit him against his own brother-in-law, Gen. Canby.



In the six months that followed Lynde's surrender at St. Augustine Pass, Canby had been busy fortifying his command with new volunteers and large stores of supplies. By the end of 1861, he believed his forces to be sufficient to launch an attack to regain the territory the Union had lost to Baylor.

At the same time, Gen. Sibley was formulating his plans "to run the Yankees out of New Mexico." He was soon to get his first taste of battle.

The battle that history was to label the Battle of Valverde began at dawn on February 21, 1862. Canby easily saw through a Confederate feint against Ft. Craig and, itching for a fight with the enemy forces, headed for Valverde in an attempt to cut them off. In the battle that followed, the tide ran first for the Federal forces and then suddenly turned in favor of the Confederates.

By reason of superior position afforded by the old channel of the Rio Grande, Rebel forces held their ground against heavy Union attacks until two batteries of artillery were brought into play. Under the command of Captains Hall and McRae, the batteries began to take a devastating toll of Confederate manpower. Col. Tom Green, taking over for the ailing Gen. Sibley, reasoned that a frontal attack was all that could save the day.

After well-aimed barrages from their own artillery, the Confederates charged, armed with double-barreled shotguns, muskets, revolvers — and even

Bowie knives. The Texans had taken a cue from their Alamo ancestors.

The fall of the Union artillery batteries spelled defeat for Canby's men. The Union commander ordered his troops back to the safety of Ft. Craig. The Yankees and Rebels had met in their first big battle in the West and Valverde was a victory for the Confederacy.

A month later, however, they were destined to meet in a showdown battle. The results were to prove disastrous to Sibley's expedition and the *coup de grace* to Southern aspirations of attaining a passage to the west coast.

After running the Yankees back to Ft. Craig, Sibley and his men moved quickly to the North where he easily took Albuquerque and Santa Fe. Records fail to reveal why he did not attack Canby at Ft. Craig. Some theorize that Sibley thought the fort too tough to crack. Others claim he thought the immobilization of the fort was enough to keep Canby cooped up for some time.

It is perhaps ironic that neither Sibley nor Canby were to be present when the showdown battle came. Canby and his troops were in Ft. Craig while Sibley, enjoying a new-found cache of champagne in his conquest of Santa Fe, was reported too drunk to lead his forces in his conceived plan of attacking Ft. Union near Las Vegas.

Confederate troops were under the command of Col. William R. Scurry while the Yankees were led by Col. John Slough.

The two bodies of troops met on March 26, 1862, at Pigeon's Ranch, a stagehouse at the east end of Glorietta Pass, 20 miles east of Santa Fe. The battle raged for two days with the Rebels getting the worst of it. But on March 28, they regrouped their forces and attacked again.

The hand-to-hand fighting that followed was regarded by many as the most brutal of the war. Slough's troops were retreating by nightfall.

But what seemed finally to be another Confederate victory was actually the turning point against the South in the western theater.

Unknown to the Confederates, Col. John Chivington had been sent with a handful of troops in an encircling move to their rear. While the battle raged in the pass, Chivington moved around to capture Scurry's supply train of 80 wagons. The loss of their supplies spelled *finis* for the Rebels — just when they had the Yankees on the run.

Scurry and his hungry troops trudged into Santa Fe, bedraggled and beaten. There Sibley decided he had had enough and beat a hasty retreat for Texas.

Those who survived the march recovered to take part in other engagements in the war. But the vastness and the savage nature of the West had dealt a disappointing blow to the South.



Though some have been modernized a bit, these buildings on the west side of the plaza at Mesilla were erected before the War Between the States.

Antonio Lucero, an 85-year-old native of Mesilla, was born only 14 years after the Union and Confederate troops clashed in their first battle in the Southwest.

This abandoned adobe hut, standing in the center of Mesilla, is all that remains of Colonel Baylor's Confederate headquarters in that city.



One hundred years ago differences over vital issues precipitated our land and people into strife and turmoil. Hot-blooded men, having failed to compose those differences on the deliberative level, joined them on the field of conflict in the War Between the States where they were destined to be settled by superior force rather than by moral principle.

Even the isolation and serenity of the southwestern deserts were trespassed by the violence and bitterness as men of warlike pursuit schemed, planned and battled to take and hold the forbidding lands for their beloved sections. Looming among them was the massive figure of that contentious Texan, John Robert Baylor, irrepressible rebel.

His people were distinguished in the forum for their support of principles, and likewise for their readiness to back them up on the battlegrounds of war. Their bloodlines were long and strong — running back through the Earls of Devon to burly beefeaters who had ridden in the Crusades. Had John R. been born in time, undoubtedly he would have been there too, probably scheming to cut Palestine off as a personal fief to protect it from the profane world, while putting all doubters and enemies to the sword. For Baylor was a fighter who believed the way to win wars was by killing his enemies off, instead of beguiling them with words.

He came by the trait naturally. Besides his warlike British forebears, his "great-grandfather, grandfather, and three great-uncles served under Washington." John R. was born in Bourbon County, Kentucky, July 20, 1822, as the family extended their lines and influence toward the Southwest. In 1827 his father, Dr. John Walker Baylor, came to Fort Gibson, in eastern Indian Territory, as a sur-

to Fort Gibson from where John R. decided to move to Texas. He drifted down to Marshall and in 1844 married a Louisiana girl named Emily Hanna, moved to Fayette County, settled on a farm, read law, and, through election to the Texas Legislature in 1851, entered upon a vivid public career that reached its zenith in the Civil War.

In 1856 he left politics to become Indian agent for the newly established Comanche Reservation on the upper Brazos, at old Camp Cooper. He took but poorly to tedious routine and federal authority — especially federal authority — raised a racket over his wards that persisted in raiding, and was fired from the agency.

He moved his family back to the settlements — to Weatherford — and declared open war on the reservations, on Indians generally, and on everybody else the least bit timorous about ushering them into the promised land. An imposing blue-eyed Anglo-Saxon giant, admired by women and followed by men, he was witty, fluent, courageous, dominant and vindictive. He helped establish an incendiary newspaper, *The White Man*, to inform the frontiersmen and inflame them to action. Non-partisan policy was not for him. As the Texas Indian troubles fanned the tensions then rending North and South, his powerful voice and figure commanded influence along the turbulent Texas frontier. With ready confederates he aroused the border men, marched in battle upon the reservations, defied the federal forces, and skirmished and killed while demanding that the federal government remove the Indians forthwith from Texas. And it did.

When Texas came to secede, Baylor was there in convention, voting his rebellious views. Then, always ready for direct action, he was commis-

## JOHN R. BAYLOR... IRREPRESSIBLE

geon with the United States troops, and John R. grew up on the frontier.

He and a brother were sent to school in Cincinnati, but ran off when the Mexican War broke out to try to get into something worthwhile. In time they returned to school. By other report John R. had been in Texas in 1842, had joined the expedition against General Adrian Woll, who had retaken San Antonio for the Mexicans, and had participated in the Battle of Salado.

After his father's death near Natchez, his mother, with her exceptional boys, eventually moved back

sioned Lieutenant-Colonel to help raise a regiment of mounted riflemen. The Texans were moving swiftly to invest the federal posts within the state, and since Fort Bliss was a focal point, he and his men were ordered to El Paso.

Baylor put his command on the move, dropping companies to hold Forts Clark and Davis on the way. Upon reaching El Paso, July 1, 1861, he immediately made plans to march against the federal forces at Fort Fillmore, some forty miles north in New Mexico. That territory was suffering the stringencies of prolonged drouth and was short on supplies. It was suffering, too, demoralizing, defections from the army to the Confederacy by South-

BY J. EVETTS HALEY



## RESISSIBLE REBEL

ern-born officers and enlisted men alike. Scattered posts were being abandoned and the army was in confusion. Apprehension rode with the feverish news that the fighting Baylor was on his way.

Colonel Henry Hopkins Sibley, along with others of high rank, had already left and pulled out for the Confederacy. Major E. R. S. Canby had been ordered into Santa Fe from Fort Defiance to take over in his place. Outposts along the Butterfield Mail route to the west were being abandoned. Major Isaac Lynde had been ordered in from Fort McLane, from the Santa Rita section, to take over at Fort Fillmore, and other details were being concentrated.

Baylor lost little time in moving up the river. Lynde engaged his advance in half-hearted fashion, and while the Texans occupied Mesilla, made his plans to abandon Fillmore and head for Fort Stanton, more than 150 miles to the northeast.

On the night of July 26, 1861, Lynde abandoned the post. Early next morning Baylor picked up the dust from his horses and wagons steaming up the trail toward the San Augustine Pass, in the Organ Mountains, "read the sign" like a seasoned frontiersman, and fell into hot pursuit. He came upon the Union troops scattered for miles along the trail, many drunk on whiskey they had salvaged from the hospital supplies the night before, and

then suffering terribly of thirst. The Texans took them with canteens of water instead of guns, while Baylor loped on to catch Major Lynde at San Augustine Springs, where, with some two hundred Texans he effected the unconditional surrender of 700 Union troops and officers without a skirmish.

It was a bitter blow to the Union cause, boosting Baylor's prestige and precipitating Lynde into disgrace under suspicion of treason. In genuine alarm the federals abandoned Fort Stanton and rushed to realign their forces. Baylor was made a general and firmly in possession in the South, took over in the name of the Confederacy. Upon his own, but ever confident, he issued a proclamation declaring that all of New Mexico below the 34th parallel was now the Confederate Territory of Arizona. He assured it of order, named judges, made himself Governor, and even dispatched a special agent to spy on Chihuahua and Sonora. Baylor, while bold and brash, was not dumb. He knew that his position astride the principal southern trail to California was a strategic one, and he hoped to make the most of it.

Unknown to him, however, was the fact that Sibley had hurried on to the Confederate capital at Richmond. There, bolstered by the intimate knowledge gained from his former command in New Mexico, and his prestige as a regular army officer, he convinced President Jefferson Davis of the logic of his dream which Baylor, too, had undoubtedly envisioned — a Confederacy extending from the Atlantic to the West Coast, with the possibility of a sizable chunk of Mexico for good measure.

President Davis agreed with Sibley, made him a brigadier, and granted him an independent command. Whereupon he hurried back to Texas to raise it. But Baylor was busy. He enlisted sympathetic New Mexicans and Arizonians to raise his command to more than 900 men; he temporarily occupied Fort Stanton; he established a de facto state with civil affairs running smoothly; he took careful note of his strategic strength and weakness; and he established his headquarters at Dona Ana, in easy riding distance of Canby's concentrations at Fort Craig.

That his position was precarious was obvious. San Antonio, his original base, lay some six hundred hard, weary, Indian-infested miles behind him. The Federals blocked his access to the wheat and cattle of the productive Rio Grande valley above. Adjacent Mexico, torn with internal strife, had granted the California federal troops permission to march on him by way of Guayamas; while Canby's command was growing in power through increased New Mexican Union sentiment, plus the arrival of Colorado volunteers from above.

Baylor was operating upon a vast and dangerous

desert stage with nothing friendly on any side. Anglo-Saxon audacity worthy of Drake and his men had gotten him there. Could some magic border blend with native nature to pull him out — a nature likewise unafraid to die? But most of the Mexicans in pursuit of their frugal livelihood went their way with patient indifference. Mesilla, the capital of the Rio Grande Confederacy, slept on in the sun.

After skirmishes with Canby's forces at Craig, Baylor moved his headquarters back to Mesilla. The firebrand Southern editor of *The Mesilla Times*, Robert Kelley, mistook the strategic move for cowardice, and bitterly assailed Baylor in his paper.

They met in Mesilla, July 12, 1861, and when the editor refused to retract, Baylor knocked him down with the barrel of a rifle as Kelley drew his Bowie knife. Baylor then apparently jumped upon him, pinning Kelley's hand with the knife against the floor above Kelley's head.

According to the vivid recollections of George Wythe Baylor, the General's brother, Baylor told Kelley that if he did not drop the knife he would kill him. As the two powerful men continued to struggle, Baylor reached around with his left hand, drew his sixshooter, and shot Kelley through the jaw. He died a lingering death. While a military court exonerated the General, some contended that it was outright murder, and an indictment was filed in Dona Ana County a year and a half later. But by then Baylor was gone.

Sibley raised his command, reached El Paso from San Antonio about the time of the Kelley trouble, and took up quarters at Fort Bliss. On December 20, 1861, he issued his own proclamation as to the Confederate status of New Mexico. While he outranked Baylor in the military, Baylor was still Governor of his own declared Confederate Territory of Arizona — a state which had already been confirmed by action of the Confederate Congress, and his own position now secure by appointment of President Davis.

Sibley marched north to engage the Federals, and Baylor from the capital at Mesilla, gave his attention to his old enemies, the hostile Indians, who ringed his Territory about. Shortly the report got out that Baylor, in his zest had suggested killing a band of bloodthirsty Apaches with poisoned whiskey.

His admiring brother recorded that the Governor had sent word to Captain Masten, at Pinos Altos, that if the Indians came into camp, to kill them any way he could, "by whiskey, poison, or bullets." How general this tonic may have been prescribed is a matter of conjecture. But Baylor's written orders of March 20, 1862, to Captain Thomas Helm, of the Arizona Guards at Tucson, were equally



John R. Baylor, above, in his later years.

At the right is the sally port at Ft. Bliss as it appeared at the end of the Civil War.



“realistic.” Learning that the Apaches had been at that post “for the purpose of making a treaty,” Baylor reminded Helm that the Confederate Congress had “passed a law declaring extermination of all hostile Indians,” and then told him how to proceed:

You will, therefore, use all means to persuade the Apaches or any other tribe to come in for the purpose of making peace, and when you get them together kill all the grown Indians and take the children prisoners and sell them to defray the expense of killing the Indians. Buy whiskey and such other goods as may be necessary for the Indians . . . Leave nothing undone to insure success, and have a sufficient number of men around to allow no Indian to escape . . . I look to you for success against these cursed pests who have already murdered over 100 men in this Territory.

Obviously Baylor believed that wars should be won.

By the time Sibley straggled back into El Paso from his ill-fated campaign, Baylor, in his dual capacity of Governor and Colonel of the Texas Riflemen, had journeyed to Richmond to urge an expedition for the recapture of Arizona and New Mexico. Back in San Antonio by August, 1862, he announced that he had been commissioned to raise an army of 6,000 men and retake New Mexico “at all hazards.” When the news reached the upper Rio Grande, General Carleton, with his Cali-

fornia and allied troops, planned a scorched-earth policy from San Elizario north to welcome him.

While Baylor was feverishly recruiting in General Bankhead Magruder’s district, he was confronted with the news that his order to Captain Helm had leaked, and was being “used effectively in and out of the Indian country, as evidence of . . . a definite Confederate policy to exterminate the Indian tribes.”

By report President Davis demanded a personal explanation. It struck the tough Texan as an outrage. Where was the Davis sense of logic? Was not the South at war; their own lives at stake? Were not the Apaches their mortal enemies too?

For answer Baylor is said to have dispatched a messenger carrying a captured Indian war shield, to which was attached a white woman’s and an infant’s scalp, with a verbal message that he “did not consider such brutes entitled to the usages of civilized warfare.” It is related too that General Magruder, learning of Baylor’s contemptuous answer to the Commander-in-Chief of the Confederacy, prevailed upon him to send a runner and recall the messenger.

However this may have been, Baylor as the Governor of Arizona, did write a long letter to Magruder in explanation. He regretted that his order to Helm had caused Davis to relieve him of his command, but he firmly added that “I do not feel it consistent with my opinions and feelings on the subject of Indians and Indian policy to retract or disavow a word of the order referred to . . . I cannot alter the convictions and feelings of

*Continued on page 15*



# el

El Paso, Texas, has been likened to a fat woman in a tight girdle.

Actually, this double-barreled analogy describes the city's physical boundaries as well as the fact that it is "busting out all over" in population, growth, building and other facets found in the faster growing cities in the nation.

The Franklin Mountains, pushing down from the North against the Rio Grande, serve as the girdle in pinching the city into two distinct segments of growth.

Steeped in historical color, El Paso in the extreme western corner of the state, is a bustling unique community where the dynamics of American business developments merge with the graceful charm of a Spanish heritage. After more than 400 years of colorful existence, she is today a modern metropolis of slightly more than 285,000 people, the gateway to the Great Southwest and the Republic of Mexico.

Cabeza de Vaca is credited with being the first white man in what is now El Paso. After being shipwrecked off the coast of Florida, he wandered along the Gulf before moving overland to discover

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Sierra de Cristo Rey, above left, is one of El Paso's most famous landmarks. The aerial view, center, shows the city's growth around Franklin Mountain with Juarez, Mexico, in the immediate foreground. Below, a photo finish is coming up at El Paso's Sunland Park.

# El Paso

## gateway to the north

the pass in the mountains on his way to Culiacan, Mexico. Word of the Paso del Norte – the pass of the North – spread rapidly and soon other travelers were utilizing it to take expeditions into *Nuevo Mexico*, leaving a definite imprint of Spanish influence. Some sought conquest through force of arms or through the subtler influence of the church.

The first settlement in the pass came in 1659 on the south side of the river where Juarez, Mexico, now stands. A mission was built on the site, so well constructed that it still stands in use today. The settlement on the south side of the Rio Grande – named for Benito Juarez, the George Washington of Mexico – has grown into a city of nearly a quarter million people.

Juan Maria Ponce de Leon was the first settler in the area of the pass north of the river. He obtained a land grant in September, 1827, on the site of the present Mills Building in El Paso and built his home there. His great vineyards covered the land now occupied by the City Hall and Courthouse.

First known as Magoffinville, the settlement was created as a townsite on January 3, 1850. A post office was established in 1852 and the town was given the name of Franklin. The name change to El Paso officially came in 1859, after the name of its sister city across the river was changed from Paso del Norte to Juarez.

El Paso's growth, though somewhat slow at first, has been next to phenomenal within the past few

years. In 1850, the town boasted 300 people. That number increased to 550 by 1870 and to slightly more than 10,000 by 1890. Steady increases in population were recorded through 1950 when the U. S. Census gave the city 130,485 residents.

In the interim between the 1950 and 1960 census counts, El Paso more than doubled in population.

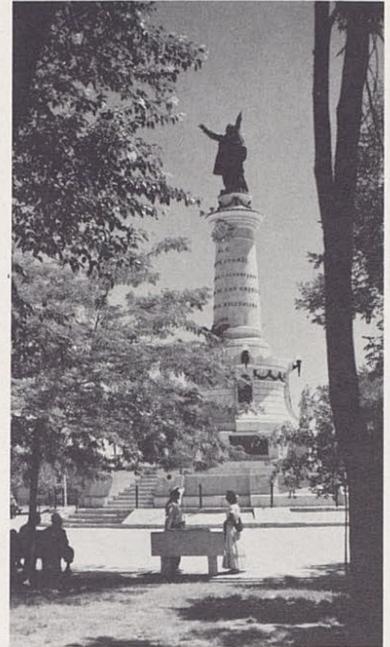
El Paso has also been referred to as the city of the "C's" – cattle, copper, cotton, climate and clothing. Industry in the city is represented by copper smelting and refining, oil refining, the manufacture of cotton garments, cement and building materials, cotton oil mills, meat packing and food processing, a major brewery and several bottling plants. El Paso is also a transportation center, boasting six railroads and four airlines.

To add to the alliteration of "C's," one could name churches. Predominantly Catholic with its 45 per cent population of Mexican descendants, the city also has nearly every religious denomination represented.

The El Paso Symphony Orchestra, Community Concert and other organizations provide a series of world-famous guest artists, touring companies, operas, lectures and theatrical performances throughout the year.

As a military center, El Paso boasts Fort Bliss with its Army Air Defense Center, Biggs Air Force Base, and the William Beaumont Army Hospital.

Texas Western College, a branch of the University of Texas, boasts one of the most unusual cam-



Breath-taking vistas such as the one of the Rio Grande, left, are common near El Paso. Above, this monument to Mexico's patriot, Benito Juarez, stands in the main plaza of Juarez, the city named for him.

puses in the nation. Its 31 buildings of Tibetan architecture blend perfectly into the mountain surroundings.

El Paso has laid claim to the title of capital of the Southwest's Sunland, a mecca for those who enjoy year-round, out-of-doors activities. Horse racing is featured in the late fall and early winter at Sunland Park on the outskirts of the city. Bull fights are featured nearly every Sunday at the *Plazas de Toros* in Juarez. Alberto Dalderas Ring is within easy walking distance of the Santa Fe Street bridge and Monumental Plaza, a new ring with a seating capacity of 18,000, is located on the Pan American Highway about two miles from downtown Juarez.

For those who prefer to view the scenery from greater heights, the aerial tramway to Ranger Peak in the Franklin Mountains offers vistas of awesome grandeur. Views into Mexico, White Sands National Monument in New Mexico, and the nearby resorts of Ruidoso and Cloudcroft can be glimpsed from the 5,632 feet elevation.

Connoisseurs of history can enjoy a field day in a tour of El Paso. The Ponce de Leon Homesite where the first settler lived, the Historic News Tree in Pioneer Plaza where early day settlers posted items of public and private affairs (actually the

city's first newspaper), the Overland Stage Coach Station, the various missions, and countless other historical markers make the city a tourist's paradise.

No visit to El Paso can be complete without a trip into the Sierra Madres to view Sierra de Cristo Rey—the Mountain of Christ the King. On the summit of this rugged, rock-strewn peak stands the North American continent's largest and most striking symbol of Christian devotion—a 42-foot stone figure of Christ on the Cross.

The Cordova cream sandstone figure stands 33½ feet high, overlooking the international border a short distance from downtown El Paso. Uribici Soler, internationally-known sculptor who had worked on the equally-famous Christ of the Andes statue, finished the monument after two years of work in 1939.

As the Christ of the Andes commemorated the unbroken peace between Argentine and Chile, Sierra de Cristo Rey was erected to represent a paragon of good will between the United States and Mexico.

Bilingual El Paso is an extremely friendly city. Visitors are welcomed with a hospitality best described by the words of the Spanish of the Old West—*Mi Casa es su Casa*—My Home is your Home.

Continued from page 11

a lifetime." As for Texas and the war, he defiantly added:

"I can still do my country some service should my State be invaded, and in that hour Texans, I know, will not refuse me a place in their ranks to meet and exterminate a foe hardly less cruel and remorseless than the Comanche or the Apache."

Being deprived of his command, but still imbued with the fond hope of recapturing the Territory of Arizona, he decided that there was something wrong in Richmond. He raised his fiery voice in the frontier political forum on a platform that there was "no good Apache except a dead one," and was elected to the Confederate Congress. Back in Richmond he pushed his commanding six-foot-three presence upon the President, and convinced him that there was still a place for Baylor in the fighting forces.

Again he returned to Texas with a commission to raise volunteers. But the eligible ranks had thinned, and in gruelling time even the sturdy grow weary of righteous conflict. He mustered but one company. It was sent to the upper frontier against raiding Indians and fugitive deserters, while Congressman Baylor went back to Richmond. There through 1864 he revived and sketched in bold strokes his plan and dream for the recapture of Arizona and New Mexico — with their anticipated reserves of food, minerals, and Southern-minded men. It could not be, for the breakup of the Confederacy was close at hand.

But as long as the Southwestern deserts shimmered in illimitable space and challenge, capitulation was not for him. When Lee surrendered, Baylor is said to have tendered his personal services to Jefferson Davis, assuring him of safe passage to Texas. There on the frontier, he contended, they could rally the unconquerables and live on buffalo meat while rejuvenating an army to return, and fight on, for their beloved South. Not knowing the meaning of peace, he cherished audacity to the end.

He was one of the nominees for Governor before the Texas Democratic Convention of 1873, and border county after county — where the votes were few but passions strong, shouted in his favor. When an observer commiserated afterward:

"Colonel, your frontier friends stood by you," he replied:

"Yes, I got votes over a big territory, but the



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damned Indians have killed all my constituents."

Reconstruction was wormwood and gall to him. But his rugged courage, bolstered with knife and gun, never faltered. At the breakup, when in bitterness and demoralization there was general pillage of government stores, he stood alone before an unruly crowd of Confederates bent on plundering the penitentiary supplies at Huntsville. He appealed to their sense of pride in their patriotic service, but when they moved to charge the place anyway, he dropped his hand upon his ivory-handled sixshooter and stood them off, shouting in wrath and scorn:

"I'll be damned if you rob your state. I will protect her property!"

He retreated to his ranch near Uvalde to live with his memories. There in mature but robust years, he successfully fought one of the bloodiest knife duels in the history of fighting men — a not unfitting climax to the career of such an irrepressible Southern rebel.

He died at the village of Montell, February 6, 1894, to close one of the most unusual records in the extraordinary annals of Texas — a bold chapter among people who could not forgive and could not forget.

#### COVER STORY

- The past comes to life on the cover of this issue of *The Shamrock*. Charles Mozer of Mesilla, N. M., posed for this "Living Picture" portrayal of Col. John R. Baylor, a prominent figure in the Civil War in the Southwest. It is appropriate that in this issue observing the 100th anniversary of the War Between the States, we have a cover that illustrates two of our stories — one about the war in the West and another about Colonel Baylor, written by J. Evetts Haley. Our thanks to Mozer and La Mesilla Association for allowing us to take this photo of their Living Pictures Pageant.



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