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Hotel Dieu Hospital, 1884. Corner of Stanton and Arizona Street.
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Hotel Dieu Hospital, 1884. Corner of Stanton and Arizona Street. Photo courtesy collection of the El Paso Medical Museum.

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Tuberculosis: The Beginnings of El Paso as a Medical Center

By Werner E. Spier, Edward Egbert and Cheri Spier

The Lord shall smite thee with a consumption,
and with a fever, and with an inflammation....
And they shall pursue thee until thou perish.

– Deuteronomy 28:22

Tuberculosis (TB) has been a part of mankind since prehistory. Scientific evidence has indicated that this disease affected the Cro-Magnon and the Neanderthal, the pharaohs of ancient Egypt, the Maya, and the Inca. Neither the great nor the humble were spared this scourge. Among the many sufferers were Cardinal Richelieu, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Edgar Allen Poe, Eugene O'Neill, Sir Walter Scott, Frederick Chopin, Niccolo Pagannini, William Cullen Bryant, Robert Louis Stevenson, and even "Doc" Holiday. Tuberculosis showed no discrimination and ladies were equally affected including some notable women such as Emily and Charlotte Bronte, Jane Austin, Vivien Leigh, and Eleanor Roosevelt.

Fiction, too, has its famous tuberculars: Mimi, of Giacomo Puccini's *La Bohéme,* Violetta of Giacomo Verdi's *La Traviata,* Little Blossom of Charles Dicken's *David Copperfield,* and Victor Hugo's *Hunchback of Notre Dame.* Sadly, there were millions more, and, even more sadly, many more to come.

Tuberculosis, called "consumption" a hundred years ago, has been closely allied with the history of physicians and hospitals in El Paso.

Following the completion of the Southern Pacific railroad in 1881, many people came from throughout the United States to seek a cure for their tuberculosis. It is estimated that between 1890 and 1920 approximately 25,000 consumptives came to El Paso "chasing the cure." El Paso was considered ideal for the treatment of tuberculosis and other pulmonary diseases because of the altitude, the abundant sunshine, and the beneficial climate. Many pioneer El Paso physicians came for their own health and stayed on to develop the early medical facilities.

Until the early 1880's, the consumptive, when not sitting in the sun in San Jacinto Plaza, lingered in private residences dedicated to the care of from two to four cases if the person were able to pay. Many of them who had little money later created a tent city of squatters in an area east of Cotton Street and north of Grant Avenue and as far as the present Hercules Avenue. This area was called "Consumption Heights." In 1882 a group of church women founded a hospital on Oregon Street near the San Francisco Street railroad depot. It consisted of twenty beds which were filled primarily with "consumptives." In the 1890's, this hospital of the Ladies' Aid Society became known as the "Indigent Hospital."

Partly because of the terrible conditions within the tent city, the Daughters of Charity of Saint Vincent de Paul opened a hospital on February 3, 1892 in a two-story brick building at the corner of East Overland Avenue and Ochoa Street. The following month the hospital was moved to the much more spacious John P. Dieter home at the corner of Upson Drive and Prospect Street in Sunset Heights. On January 25, 1894 the Daughters of Charity opened Hotel Dieu as an eighty-bed hospital at the corner of Stanton Street and Arizona Avenue. Hotel Dieu continued to build and expand and was one of El Paso's leading hospitals until its closing in 1988.

In 1902 another hospital was opened in El Paso. Providence Hospital was originally an enterprise of Dr. Michael Schuster, a Vienna-born physician who came to El Paso in 1892 with his wife and infant daughter to establish a clinic for employees of The American Smelting and Refining Company. The firm had just opened a new smelting operation on the banks of the Rio Grande, west of the city, and a physician was needed to care for the many injuries and illnesses, including tuberculosis, of the workers.

Hendricks-Laws Sanatorium, 2700 Marr, between Radford School and Pershing Gate of Ft. Bliss. Now the Roger Bacon Franciscan Seminary. Photo courtesy collection of the El Paso Medical Museum.

Providence Hospital was opened in 1902. Dr. Schuster and some associates bought a two story brick building in the Sunset Heights residential section, at the corner of Upson Drive and Santa Fe Street. This building had been erected in 1881 as the Congregational Training School, originally used to teach industrial crafts to Indian and Mexican youths, and later to train missionary nurses. The hospital founders made several alterations to the building, including a circular fire escape, a hydraulic elevator, and a third story. One wing was enlarged, making the building into a forty-bed hospital, El Paso's first major non-denominational hospital. Many El Pasoans can still remember sneaking into the hospital in order to slide down the exterior circular fire escape! By the end of World War II this building had become a serious fire hazard and required 24-hour fire surveillance. Since it was no longer safe or efficient, the building was razed in 1952 when the present Providence Memorial Hospital was opened.

By the early 1900's the contagious nature of tuberculosis was well known. Research had shown that the TB bacillus was spread by coughing and was easily spread in confined areas. Thus it became impractical for tubercular cases to be cared for in general hospitals such as Providence and Hotel Dieu.

In 1908 Dr. Eugene R. Carpenter opened the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital in the 200 block of Wyoming Avenue. In 1911 this was purchased by Mrs. Margaret H. Rolston, RN, and

named the Rolston Private Hospital. In 1916 a new Rolston Hospital opened on Piedras Street at Montana Avenue, a four-story red building costing fifty thousand dollars. The El Paso Masonic Lodge Number 130 purchased the building in 1922. It became the El Paso Masonic Hospital, and it served as such until it closed in 1946. The El Paso Medical Museum has admission and delivery-room records of many El Paso citizens who were born at Masonic Hospital. After 1946 the site became the location of a Sears, Roebuck store and is now the headquarters of the El Paso Police Department.

While the poor lived and died in tents, the more affluent sought care in the sanatoria. The concept of a sanatorium was popularized in the United States by Dr. Edward Trudeau at Saranac Lake, New York. In the first two decades of the 20th century, many tuberculosis sanatoria, known as "sans," were opened in El Paso:

- Saint Luke's, at 119 Missouri Street, Dr. J. Shelton Horsely, director
- The Excelsior Sanatorium at the corner of Missouri Street and Oregon Street, built by Drs. Oscar and Walter Weeks
- A. T. Still Southwestern Osteopathic Infirmary on Main Street, between Oregon Street and Mesa Street
- Pearce's Private Hospital, 615 North Oregon Street
- Mesa Private Sanatorium, 915 Mesa Street
- Saint Mark's Hospital, 1001 East Nevada Avenue

In 1903 former New Orleans Postmaster David C. Baldwin, himself a tubercular, as these patients were then being called, came to El Paso for his health. Later he built a large sanatorium in the Highland Park Addition at 1901 Grandview Avenue at the foot of Mt. Franklin, at an elevation of 3764 feet. The Albert Baldwin Health Resort, the largest of several sanatoria here, was named for his father and began accepting tuberculosis patients on May 1, 1907. Dr. Charles M. Hendricks was the medical director of the sanatorium. The hospital was later operated by Dr. Robert B. Homan, himself an arrested tuberculosis patient, and it was renamed The Homan Sanatorium in 1910. In 1924 Dr. Homan and his brother-in-law, Dr. John Crimens, a dentist, built a new TB hospital at the corner of Cotton Street and Erie, and in 1938 it became the present Southwestern General Hospital.

After Dr. R. B. Homan moved his practice, the Sisters of St. Joseph of Concordia, Kansas, in partnership with Dr. Orville Egbert, acquired the Baldwin facility and renamed it Saint Joseph's Sanatorium. Dr. Egbert had previously operated the little San Jose Sanatorium, 2200 San Jose Road from 1922 until he joined the Sisters of St. Joseph. This building still exists and is the location of the Crisis Pregnancy Services. Drs. R. B. Homan and his son, Dr. R. B. (Bob) Homan, Jr. moved their tuberculosis practices back to St. Joseph's in 1938 in order to make better use of Southwestern Hospital for a general hospital. In time St. Joseph's became more of a psychiatric facility, and in 1968 a new hospital was built one block away at 1155 Idaho Street, now the Columbia Behavioral Center. The old "san" was razed and its site is now part of the parking area of the El Paso Cancer Treatment Center.

In 1909 Dr. Charles M. Hendricks organized the first tuberculosis clinic in El Paso. In June 1914 he and Dr. Robert D. Harvey, a tuberculosis case himself, were soon joined by Dr. James W. Laws to form the Hendricks-Laws Sanatorium at 2700 Marr, between Radford School and the Pershing Gate of Fort Bliss. This handsome building and beautiful grounds later became the Roger Bacon Franciscan Seminary.

Mesa Sanatorium, 915 No. Mesa. Photo courtesy collection of the El Paso Medical Museum. (Note variant spelling between the picture and the caption. See page 115 for clarification.)

As an interesting aside, at the 25th anniversary of the American College of Chest Physicians in 1959, Dr. Orville Egbert presented a paper that began:

> It was on the old Verdun Battlefield where field hospitals of four American divisions were receiving wounded from the Argonne Forest, that Dr. Will Watt of Austin and I from the Third Infantry Division walked down to the field hospitals of the Ninetieth Division to see if he could find any Texans. Though the division was made up of Texas troops it proved that Col. C. M. Hendricks was the only medical officer in the group. We had a pleasant visit with him in his tent and heard about El Paso. The next time I saw him was December 1, 1919 when I presented myself as a patient for his sanatorium in El Paso and inquiringly he said, "Your face is familiar." I recalled our previous meeting. He said, "Wonders never cease." I later served a residency in the Hendricks-Laws Sanatorium.

Dr. Hendricks was the first physician in the nation to use bilateral artificial pneumothorax, a method used to collapse the lung. The theory of the time was that this would "rest" the lung in the treatment of tuberculosis. He, with Dr. Egbert and others,

Rolston Hospital, corner of Piedras and Montana Street. Later, Masonic Hospital. Photo courtesy collection of the El Paso Medical Museum.

were founders of the American College of Chest Physicians. Dr. Hendricks was the head of the Sun Carnival Association for several years, and it was he who coined the name of the "Sun Bowl" in 1935. Dr. Egbert not only was Dr. Hendricks' patient, but served as his resident physician at Hendricks-Laws, and in time he was El Paso's first physician who was board-certified in Internal Medicine.

In 1915 the Convalescent Home for Tuberculosis was built at 2401 North Copia Street with Mrs. Daisy von Briesen, mother of the late Dr. Delfin von Briesen, as proprietor. This hospital was sold in 1916 to Dr. William S. Wiley and functioned as The Wiley Sanatorium. In 1922 Drs. R. B. Homan and Herbert F. Gammons purchased the property and operated it as the Gammons Sanatorium. In later years it became known as Idle Rest Convalescent Home and Idle Rest Lodge. Later it became a private residence.

Other tuberculosis facilities were:

- The Sunnycrest Sanatorium, at 2331 Tremont Avenue, built in 1915, later became the Restmore Lodge, and in 1939, the Linda Vista Convalescent Home. This building still exists as an apartment house.
- The El Paso Sanatorium, 1109 North Cotton Street, was established in 1910. In 1923 it was renamed the Annie Laurie Home, and eventually became a private home. It is now an apartment house.
- The Long Sanatorium was built in 1920 at 2827 Louisiana Street under the direction of Dr. Arthur D. Long and W. E. Vandevere, whose wife was a patient. In 1942 it became the location of the United States Public Health Service, and in 1944 the name was changed to the El Paso Rapid Treatment Center. Actually it was used for the treatment of venereal diseases. In 1946 it became the Mountain View Hospital and the building remains today as the Loma Apartments.
- The Finn Sanatorium which dates from 1921 is located at Louisiana Street and Nashville Avenue. The property changed hands several times: in 1924 it became the Sellers Sanatorium, in 1927 the El Paso Sanatorium, in 1939 Vaughns Rest Home, and in 1941 it became a private home.

- The present site of the Baptist Spanish Publishing House on Alabama was previously the Mount Franklin Country Club. In 1918 it became the Southern Baptist Sanatorium and later was a private TB sanatorium from 1930 until 1937.
- In 1924, Dr. Elwyn Price opened the Price Sanatorium for tuberculosis at 2729 Porter Avenue. This building has served as the Resthaven Nursing Home since 1960, but in the intervening years it was known as the Fordyce Sanatorium, the Mesa Sanatorium, and the Mesa Nursing Home. Probably, this is the only one of these vintage sanatoria that still exist for patient (nursing home) care. When visiting patients or family at this facility, one can still see the vestiges of Southwestern sanatorium architecture.

In 1909 the El Paso County commissioners began plans for a county hospital, and Dr. Hugh S. White was appointed County Physician at a salary of $100 per month. Following much political in-fighting (yes, even in those days), serious plans were completed in 1914, and the new hospital east of Washington Park was completed on January 26, 1915. This building with several additions lasted nearly fifty years as The City-County Hospital, always with its own specialized tuberculosis and contagious disease wards. In 1959 a new hospital was built on the old site, and the name changed to R.E. Thomason General Hospital, honoring one of El Paso's most respected citizens, who was then the United States District Judge and a former United States Congressman.

In July 1921, thirty acres of land in the desert northeast of the city were donated to the United States Government. There William Beaumont Army Hospital was built, primarily for the care of veterans with tuberculosis and the consequences of poison gas exposure (sometimes referred to as "trouble in the Bronx.") This hospital consisted of several one and two story buildings, and lasted fifty years, until the modern William Beaumont General Hospital was constructed in 1971. During World War II this institution became the leading center for plastic and reconstructive surgery for victims with war injuries. The late Dr. Willard Schuessler was instrumental in developing this as a major center for army medicine in this specialty. William Beaumont is now one of the Army's leading tertiary care and teaching hospitals.

Excelsior Sanatorium, corner of Missouri and Oregon Street. Photo courtesy collection of the El Paso Medical Museum.

During the forty or fifty years that these specialized hospitals for tuberculosis existed, much was made of the semantic difference between a *sanatorium* and a *sanitarium*. The former was for the treatment of tuberculosis, and the latter was for the institutionalization of the mentally ill. Both words derive from the Latin; sanatorium from *sanatus,* to heal or cure; and sanitarium from *sanitus* or health, from which the word sanity is also derived. In spite of this differentiation, the somatically ill tubercular received a great deal of psychological attention, which molded forever the lives of those who recovered. During the orientation the new patient was told, "Your job is to get well, and to do that you must rest and eat more than your capacity."

The typical day began at 7:00 A.M. with a large breakfast, a bath, and chapel in the church affiliated institutions. This was not required, but there was gentle pressure, and those who were too ill had a bedside visit from the chaplain, who as often as not was also a patient. From 9:00 A.M. to 11:30 A. M. the treatment consisted of sunbathing which was called heliotherapy, and the length of time exposed to the sun was strictly controlled. Then they had a large lunch and a two to three hour nap, followed by another hour of sunbathing. The sun was called "nature's great disinfectant and curing assistant." These hours in the sun, often in central patios or in attached sun porches, were not really for reading or socializing, but for REST: "Let your mind go blank

and rest your whole body. The nurse will tell you when to come in." At the Catholic "sans," chapel services were offered again at 5:00 P.M., dinner at 6:00, bedtime at 8:00, and lights out at 9:00. "And have a good nights REST."

There were regulations regarding when masks were required, when visits were allowed, and frequent reminders about contagion to both patient and family. Kissing was discouraged, conjugal visits were quietly ignored, but they were brief. The term "cousining" was a sanatorium term involving intimate relationships between patients, although prohibited by the rules. There were strong sexual undertones within the "sans" brought about by boredom, loneliness, and an effort to cushion the losses of isolation from the outside world. When the patient went home either on leave or on discharge, he or she was told to sleep alone in a separate room. Intercourse was to be in the spouse's bed always "and be brief, and do not linger in the spouse's bedroom."

The sanatorium management was kind and sympathetic, but nonetheless the discipline was fairly rigid. The patient was isolated from his or her family and community for two or three or more years, and it was usually a very lonely lifestyle. As a result there were more than a few sanatorium romances. Their own potentially contagious state was a constant reminder, even when they returned to their families and work.

Providence Hospital, 1902. Corner of Upson and Santa Fe Street. Photo courtesy collection of the El Paso Medical Museum.

The imposed discipline in time usually became their self-imposed discipline for the remainder of their lives. The need for the sanatorium disappeared in the late forties and fifties with the advent of these tuberculosis antimicrobials: streptomycin, PAS, and INH. These drugs also permitted safer surgical procedures. Tuberculosis was close to being eliminated in this country until the 1980's brought the drug culture, the AIDS culture, and the civil rights culture (i.e. no quarantine). With the onset of immunologic breakdown from HIV, tuberculosis is becoming rampant among drug abusers, AIDS victims and prison inmates. Unfortunately the tuberculosis bacteria is also becoming resistant to all commonly used antimicrobials.

During the past century El Paso has undergone many changes, not the least of which is the development of a modern, progressive, and well respected medical center. It is interesting that a once prevalent disease, tuberculosis, was so instrumental in bringing about the origins of El Paso's role as a leader in health care in the Southwest. Many "tuberculars" came here to chase and ultimately find their cure, and they remained to be some of the keystones of the community, not only in medicine, but also in law, banking, building, and teaching. These individuals were indeed El Paso's "Thirteenth Traveler."

NOTE

Dr. Edward Egbert states:

> And such was the beginning of the Egbert family in El Paso. My father, mother, Jessie Burroum Egbert, and sister (then 3 years old) Rosa Mae Egbert Baker, had a tough time of it. Father was isolated in a tuberculosis "san" in Government Hill while the family lived in a small apartment on Myrtle Avenue, and later in a small bungalow in Manhattan Heights. Transportation was by streetcar and foot. As my father indicated, the latter part of his time in The Hendricks-Laws Sanatorium he was "working wounded" — in other words he was a house officer, or resident, while still under supervision as a patient.

Congregational Training School, built in 1881. Became the original Providence Hospital in 1902, corner of Upson and Santa Fe Street. Photo courtesy collection of the El Paso Medical Museum.

DR. WERNER SPIER, a second generation El Paso physician, was educated in El Paso and is a graduate of Texas Western College (now the University of Texas at El Paso). He earned his Doctor of Medicine degree at The University of Texas, Southwestern Medical School, Dallas, in 1955. Following residency training in Obstetrics and Gynecology at the same university, he returned to El Paso to join his father, Dr. Erich Spier in 1962. Dr. Spier retired from active practice in 1993. He and his wife have published articles on El Paso's medical history, as well as a family history entitled "From the Rhine to the Rio Grande." Dr. Spier and his wife Cheri are active pilots and ardent travelers.

DR. EDWARD EGBERT was born in El Paso in 1925 and attended local schools and New Mexico Military Institute. He entered the Army in 1944. After his service, he finished college at Texas College of Mines and Metallurgy in August 1947. After eight more years in medical school and residency at University of Texas Medical Branch, Galveston, he returned to practice medicine with his father, Dr. Orville Egbert, in July 1955. Dr. Egbert retired from active practice in January, 1994.

CHERI SPIER is a graduate of Texas Woman's University with a Bachelor of Science degree and post graduate studies at the University of Texas at El Paso. She has served as a former research associate at the University of Texas, Southwestern Medical School and Texas A & M University. She and Dr. Spier founded the El Paso Medical Museum in 1965 and she is the director. She is interested in photography and medical history.

SOURCES:

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Houck & Dieter Co., 1909-1912, 125-127 San Francisco.
Photo courtesy Rick Chavez Collection

The Houck & Dieter/ Empire Bottling Works - Part II

El Paso's Most Popular Non-Franchise Soft Drink Bottlers

By William W. Lockhart

Editor's Note: Continued from the Summer, 1997 Password.

Purity Bottling & Manufacturing Company (1906-1912)

Although little is known of Lawrence Gardner's early life, he may have been influenced by what he saw of the liquor and soda water trade as a driver for the El Paso Ice and Refrigeration Company in 1905.[28] He was, by his own admission, a man with a purpose. Around the turn of the century, liquor dealers, primarily Houck & Dieter, controlled all soda bottling in El Paso. According to Gardner "the soft drink industry was slow in developing and the consumption of 'pop' as it was then called, was limited to 'chasers' for alcoholic beverages."[29] He was convinced that the time was right for the carbonated bottling industry to stand on its own.

Gardner, known at that point in his life as Lon or Lonnie, was galvanized into action. With $1,750 in venture capital, he opened the Purity Bottling & Manufacturing Company in April, 1906. The original works, located "in a small adobe shack at Texas and Campbell Streets,"[30] produced about 200 dozen bottles per day. This hand operated plant produced a sufficient quantity of "pop" to warrant the purchase of "a lovable, but spavined old horse, called Friday" from Joe Wright at a cost of $15.00.[31] Although Friday's front legs were so stiff that they would hardly bend, he was able to pull a "little wagon [Gardner] had bought from the Myers Vehicle Co. with a small payment down and the rest eventually."[32] At that time Gardner made all his own deliveries.

Gardner claimed that he "pioneered soft drinks into stores and soda stands."[33] He encouraged high school (and younger) students to set up their own small businesses in the form of soda stands where passers by could slake their thirst with a cold bottle of Purity's Pale Dry Ginger Ale or one of his other flavors. Success inspired other students to set up their own stands made from empty boxes, and soon young entrepreneurs, many of whom later became successful El Paso businessmen, were vending Purity beverages throughout the city.[34]

Success inspired other students to set up their own stands made from empty boxes, and soon young entrepreneurs, many of whom later became successful El Paso businessmen, were vending Purity beverages throughout the city.

By 1908, Gardner, along with a partner, Benjamin A. Booth, began listing the company in the City Directory. Booth had come to El Paso in 1903 and worked for two years at Busy Bee Confectionery before operating a boarding house at 215 Wyoming Avenue. He continued to maintain the boarding house when he entered in business with Gardner. The business was such a success that Gardner was forced to seek larger quarters, moving the firm to 613 San Antonio Street in 1909. The same year Booth was replaced by William R. Piper, a cashier at Austin & Marr. Like Booth, Piper had come to El Paso in 1903. He was a cashier for Southwest Telephone & Telegraph prior to joining Austin & Marr, a real estate, rental, loans, and insurance company, in 1910. There he remained until the firm became the James L. Marr Company where he held the position of secretary in 1916. He continued his position and added the responsibilities of secretary and treasurer for the Marr Brothers Investment Company and treasurer for Mortgage Trust Company from 1918 to 1923.

By 1925 the firm had become the Marr-Piper Company with Piper as president; he was concurrently secretary treasurer for the Southwestern Tourist Camp Company. The following year he had dropped the tourist business but remained top man at Marr-Piper. Marr-Piper continued in existence until 1937, although Piper became involved in various other real estate, rental, and loan agencies concurrent with his activities in Marr-Piper and into the 1940s. John Shea, a new arrival in El Paso, joined Piper and Gardner in 1910. The three continued together until the

merger with Houck & Dieter in 1912. With the dissolution of Purity, Shea became a streetcar conductor from 1913 to 1916, then worked as a jitney operator and elevator man at the ASARCO smelter until he retired in 1920.[35]

Empire Bottling Works (1912-1956) [1969][36]

Just who initiated the move to combine Purity and Houck & Dieter in 1912 is unknown, but Houck & Dieter, the older, longer established firm, transferred most of its officers into the new company while only Gardner remained from Purity. In any event, El Paso was growing and competition had increased. In addition to the Magnolia Bottling Company that had started carrying Coca-Cola the previous year, Southwestern Liquor Company had its own line of carbonated beverages, and both Crystal Bottling Works and Woodlawn Bottling Company had begun operations. Sales may have declined for Houck & Dieter with the death of J. Philip Dieter in 1908, so Abe Heineman may have had his eye on Gardner's phenomenal success. Regardless of the cause, the two firms merged late in 1912.[37]

The new business chose a new location, moving into a large building at 400-402 Mills Avenue. Like one of its predecessors, Houck & Dieter, Empire Bottling Works was a corporation with Abe M Heineman as president, Hugo Eichwald as vice president, Rudolph A Nooke as secretary and treasurer, and Lon Gardner as general manager. Although Nooke was a newcomer to the board of directors, he had been the bookkeeper for Houck & Dieter since his arrival in El Paso in 1907. The new position may have been a reward for his long and devoted service. The new corporation, although best noted for its carbonated beverage production, became a leader in other areas. It became noted as a beverage supply company with one of the largest selections of equipment related to soda fountain accessories in the Southwest. In addition, the firm supported a large candy factory under the same roof. Along with a change in his career, Gardner's lifestyle was altered in other areas. In 1914 he married, and his wife, Nell, who had come to El Paso in 1911, began working for Empire.[38]

Empire grew rapidly. In 1917, the firm constructed a "five story brick building which houses the largest soft drink supply business in the entire country" on the corner of Mills Avenur and Florence Street. Empire now serviced "a territory from San Antonio to Phoenix."[39] Although Heineman retained his position

as president of the corporation, he moved to Los Angeles to expand operations to the West Coast.[40]

Expansion continued in 1922 with the addition of Edmundson B. Link as vice president in charge of the candy department and a change of name to Empire-Link Industries. Link was first noted in El Paso in 1920 as a Trust Officer for El Paso Bank & Trust Company. He moved to Crombie & Company the next year, becoming president there by the time he joined Empire. During the corporate revision, Gardner (now known as Lawrence) moved up to a position as vice president, although he maintained his job as general manager. Nook retained his position as treasurer, and Edmond Dorsey became secretary for the corporation. At that time the Empire list of products included beverages, crushed fruits and syrups, cider, vinegar and extracts, along with soda fountains and fixtures, bottler and confectioner supplies, and machinery. The corporation again restructured in 1925, losing Link and Dorsey and renamed as Empire Products Corporation. Link, obviously undaunted by the loss of his position at Empire, became president of Mosson & Company, wholesale fruit dealers in 1925. By the following year, he had formed Link & Company and remained self-employed in the fruit and produce business for the rest of his life. By 1930 Gardner had displaced Heineman as president, with his wife, Nellie S. Gardner as secretary. Heineman, now vice president for the corporation remained in Los Angeles. Three years later the corporation added the distribution of Dr. Pepper to its lists of activities.[41]

The company used the most modern, up to date bottling and washing equipment available and employed forty people. The bottling plant had a filling capacity of 2,000 cases per day, each holding two dozen bottles, a total of 48,000 bottles daily.

By this time, Empire's better-known drinks like Bronco, a fruit cordial, and Old Monk, a grape beverage, extended from East to West Coasts and as far south as Mexico City. For national sales, flavor syrup was shipped in condensed, one-pint containers to be mixed and bottled at its destination. Each pint made six pints of beverage when added to carbonated water. Within the smaller "trade territory," which included New Mexico and Arizona, Empire products were shipped in already bottled form. The company used the most modern, up

to date bottling and washing equipment available and employed forty people. The bottling plant had a filling capacity of 2,000 cases per day, each holding two dozen bottles, a total of 48,000 bottles daily.[42]

National sales produced occasional interesting situations. Bronco, for example, was advertised as having a "kick." Gardner described an incident:

> The kick is non-alcoholic, but there was a time after Prohibition went into effect and before we had solved the problem of preventing fermentation, when it used to have a real kick. Sometimes we would hear from customers afar off, saying our "Bronco" had fermented and exploded. One wrote in to say it had blown the plate glass window out of his store.... It doesn't kick quite so hard now.[43]

Gardner was proud that "in El Paso [Old Monk] outsells any national product in a 5¢ bottle with the exception of Coca-Cola."[44] With the repeal of Prohibition, Empire added Anheuser Busch to their list of products, distributing Budweiser in bottles and drought until 1957. In 1938, Gardner's daughter, Isabella C. Zimmerman became a vice president of the corporation, followed by the election of her husband, W. W. Zimmerman as a vice-president and sales manager two years later. Empire celebrated its thirty-third anniversary in 1939 by placing its twelve-ounce bottle of Pale Dry Ginger Ale on sale for five cents. The popular drink had been priced at fifteen cents per bottle for several years. By 1940, the company was branching out with a plant in Las Cruces, managed by C. W. Thompson and a representative, John Gomez, at 210 South Bullard in Silver City, New Mexico. The year 1944 was a sad one for the corporation, with the death of Lawrence Gardner. Nell S. Gardner assumed the presidency, with the Zimmermans as vice president and secretary/treasurer.[45]

Lawrence Gardner had been known as a "nice guy;" he used to teach the old ladies on Kern Place to make wine. Gardner would take grapes and equipment from Empire into their homes and cheerfully instruct them in the winemakers art. His wife, Nell, was known as a "sweet" lady. Nell was known for being conscientious and taking her duties seriously. Once when she was due to speak at a ladies club, she fell and broke her wrist. Undaunted, she immediately went to the doctor's office and had

the wrist bound with a bandage. Although the doctor implored her to remain and allow him to set and treat the injury properly, she declined and continued on to her appointment. At the conclusion of her talk, she returned for proper treatment. Her daughter, Isabella, on the other hand, had a different reputation. She was once described as "the meanest woman on the face of the Earth," a person who hated everyone.[46]

Despite the loss of Lawrence Gardner and the restrictions posed by rationing during World War II, the company was again ready for expansion in 1945 with a new $250,000 plant filling "Sixteen lots, just off Wyoming Street, with a frontage on Cotton Avenue and ample railroad trackage...purchased for approximately $13,000."[47] The new, two-story building had a full basement, allowing ample room for the manufacturing of soda water and candy as well as the distribution of Nesbitt fountain supplies and fixtures, liquors and wines, and Anheuser-Busch beers. The main office was located at 110 Florence Street, although the city directories listed the company at 2210 Mills Street. A decade later the corporation was still producing "the soft drink called Empire in six flavors and...Squirt," along with ice cream and had included Tom's Toasted Peanuts in its line of distributed products.[48]

Mrs. Nell S. Gardner sold the controlling interest in Empire Products Corporation to Richard C. Price of Grapette Bottling Company in 1956. She became the owner and president of Empire Moving and Storage Company shortly thereafter, retaining William W. Zimmerman as her vice president once again. She retired in 1962, making way for the new president, Jack Connor, and devoted her remaining life to civic organizations. Born in 1879, Nell Gardner died on June 23, 1970 at the age of 91.[49]

Grapette Bottling Company (1941-1969)

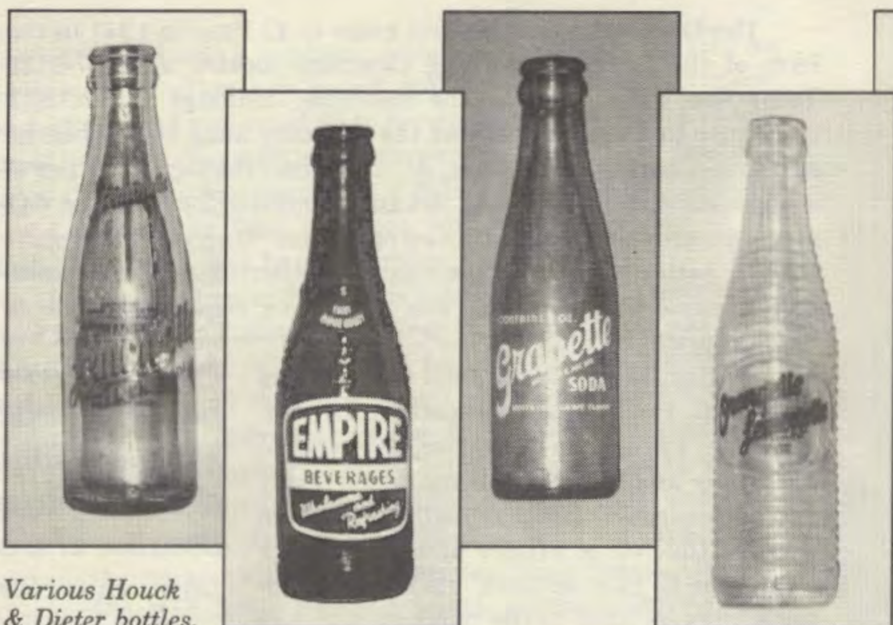
Grapette was a relative latecomer to the El Paso bottling industry, although the company began shortly after franchises were first offered by the Grapette Company of Camden, Arkansas, in 1940. The Grapette Bottling Company opened its doors in El Paso in 1942 during the World War II sugar rationing period, and it survived until 1969. In its earliest days, Grapette actually bottled Seven-Up for A. L. Randle, who then distributed the product from the Seven-Up Bottling Company next door. Within a few years, however, Randle obtained the necessary equipment and began his own bottling operation.[50]

The Grapette franchise first came to El Paso in 1941 in the form of the Grapette Bottling Company located at 2127-2129 Texas Ave. The owner of the franchise, Jennings A. Smith, a newcomer to El Paso, operated the company until 1947 when he sold it to Charles R. Magness, Jr. Magness, the former owner of a shoe store in Little Rock, Arkansas, moved the plant to 541 Magoffin Avenue to begin his new operation. Magness was apparently a better shoe salesman than a bottler; because the company deteriorated until he was willing to dispose of it at "a bargain price" in 1952.[51]

William Kent Elliott, John Christie and Richard C. Price bought Grapette in November 1952. Price, born in Denver, Colorado, in 1924, was and is a colorful character, lively and enthusiastic. His personality fitted him well for the roll of arbiter and peacemaker among the El Paso bottlers. He lived in Denver, Colorado, prior to the purchase and had heard of a wholesale tobacco and candy business in Colorado Springs that he wanted to buy but could not get the financing. About that time, he called his brothers-in-law, William Kent Elliott and John P. Christie, in El Paso in an attempt to raise the necessary money. Elliott and Christie told Price that his mother-in-law, Mary Wilcox, had previously bought the Grapette Bottling Company as a tax write-off but was tired of the place. They offered Price the opportunity to come to El Paso and run it. Price took the chance, and, along with Elliott and Christie, began operation of Grapette.[52]

Magness was apparently a better shoe salesman than a bottler; because the company deteriorated until he was willing to dispose of it at "a bargain price" in 1952.

Elliott and Christie were Price's brothers-in-law, married to his wife's sisters. Both were long-time El Paso residents. William Kent Elliott started in El Paso in 1947 as a salesman for Continental Oil Company but had switched to selling cars at Rugel Motors by 1950. He stayed at Rugel, becoming general sales manager by 1955, until he became involved with Empire Bottling Company in 1956, although he continued selling cars for his father's dealership, Lone Star Motor Company. By 1957 he had already had enough of Empire and devoted his time to the automotive industry as vice president of Lone Star Motor Company, Lone Star Equipment Company, and Lone Star Motor Finance Company. With a small break about 1950 as assistant secretary and



Various Houck & Dieter bottles.

treasurer of C. I. Hill, Inc., an investment company, John P. Christie made a career with Pioneer Abstract & Guarantee Title Company, a group controlled by his wife's family. Like Elliott, his association with Empire was temporary. Price's wife was the former Jean Wilcox, whose father, Harvey Wilcox, owned Lone Star Motor Company and was the distributor for all GMC automotive products in El Paso except Buick.[53]

The Grapette plant at that time employed seven people, all managed by Price. Price announced in 1954 that the company intended "to make El Paso and the vicinity more soft drink conscious"[54] by administering a "test survey of its 11 beverages and...revising ingredients to meet results of the survey."[55] Originally, Grapette products were marketed in six-ounce bottles packed in thirty-bottle cases. Grapette was made with almost pure grape juice—and very little carbonation. One El Paso church purchased twelve cases of Grapette and stored their supply in a closet throughout the winter. In the spring, the church passed out the drinks to their young choir members who promptly displayed evidence of intoxication. Investigation disclosed that the Grapette had fermented during the winter to become a weak wine. Price and the church officials agreed that in the future, Grapette would only be consumed while fresh from the bottler.[56]

During the 1950s, many Lower Valley farmers, such as Lee Moore and Sam Moore, operated vast farms that employed large numbers of *braceros* from Mexico. Most of these large farms operated their own commissaries along with other support businesses, such as blacksmith shops and/or drug stores. Generally these stores were supplied by wholesalers, such as Freedman & Bendolin who offered low quality gloves and other supplies to *braceros* at inflated prices. These commissaries also carried large quantities of bottled sodas. Even though many of the *braceros* would throw away the bottles instead of returning them, the high-volume sales attracted bottlers like Price to the Lower Valley trade. Price would have his drivers load their trucks until he was "afraid the tires would blow" and send them to the Lower Valley farms. The lucrative trade continued until the 1960s when the bottlers were "run out by pills, powder, and punch mix."[57]

Price became good friends with John Yowell, owner and manager of Barq's Bottling Company. Because the two men could trust each other, they devised ways to use cooperation as a tool to benefit both companies. Between them, they controlled 85-90% of the flavor business in El Paso, so they divided the public schools between them—Barq's would have a machine in one school, Grapette/Empire, one in the next. That way each company would

have fewer stops, which added up to less unproductive driving time, but would still vend approximately the same amount of product. It was a situation where both companies could gain and no one would lose.[58]

Empire Bottling Company (1956-1969)

Price became interested in Empire Product Corporation because Empire was a popular name in El Paso, and the company operated the Squirt franchise. Because Squirt was such a popular drink in El Paso, Price figured all the advantages were in his favor in buying Empire. In early 1956, Price bought the Empire Products Corporation, renaming it Empire Bottling Company and initiating a $60,000 expansion program. The company operated under the Empire name, but continued to produce Grapette and its associated products.[59]

By the time Price bought Empire, the territory had been reduced to El Paso alone; the old coast-to-coast popularity of Bronco and Old Monk had long vanished. Price, in fact, further reduced the delivery area, refusing to go beyond the first big bend of Dyer Street in Northeast El Paso. The new company did not continue to bottle Bronco or Old Monk, although Price used the same Old Monk formula in his Empire grape beverages. In fact, the only beverages still bottled by the company were Empire flavors, Squirt, Mason's Root Beer, and Grapette.[60] By that time, also, all of the peripheral products had been discontinued. Gone were the wines, beer, candy, syrups, bottling and syrup supplies; only the actual bottling facility remained.[61]

The cost and effort required to meet the new demands of the market led to Shapiro's decision to dissolve the Empire Bottling Company in 1969.

Price finally tired of the bottling trade, although he remembered it as a "fun business." With local rancher, Jay T. Calley, he became involved with Pearl Beer. Pearl was popular at the time, and sales soared. However, when Pearl's popularity declined in 1972, Price and Calley liquidated the business.[62]

Raymond A. Shapiro purchased the company from Price in 1963 and continued bottling and distributing both Empire and Grapette drinks until cans became popular on the market. The change to cans required a major retooling of the entire produc-

tion line that had heretofore been entirely devoted to returnable bottles. The cost and effort required to meet the new demands of the market led to Shapiro's decision to dissolve the Empire Bottling Company in 1969.[63]

The dissolution of Empire Bottling Company brought to an end the eighty-eight year dynasty begun by Houck & Dieter in 1881. The company, which survived a merger, an incorporation, a disincorporation, two sales, and a total of six name changes, could not withstand the onslaught of progress. The coming of the can changed the complexion of the El Paso soft drink industry. When the returnable bottle was king, the city boasted as many as fourteen separate bottlers in more or less friendly cooperation. Like Empire, few survived the technological change. By 1986, bottling, selling, and distributing soft drinks had become big business. The day of the family-owned bottler was over. The Gardners have vanished into history, along with Houck, Dieter, and the other old timers, leaving only the bottles in the hands of a few collectors and museums as a reminder of past glory.

WILLIAM W. "BILL" LOCKHART is an archaeologist who lives in Alamogordo, New Mexico. He graduated *summa cum laude* from the University of Texas at El Paso for both his Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts degrees. He has taught at the University of Texas at El Paso, Park College, New Mexico State University, and El Paso Community College. He has researched extensively and has published in *Password,* and in other publications. His article "Casa Ronquillo in San Elizario" earned the prize as the best article in Volume 41 of *Password.*

NOTES

28. Gardner did not appear in the 1904 *City Directory,* but was listed as Lon *Garner,* residing at 306 South Campbell Street, in 1905.
29. *El Paso Herald Post,* September 2, 1939, p.8, c.6.
30. *Ibid.*
31. *Ibid.*
32. *El Paso Herald Post,* February 11, 1928, p.1, c.1.
33. *Ibid.*
34. *El Paso Herald Post,* September 2, 1939, p.8, c.6.
35. El Paso *City Directories* 1903-1940.
36. See also Bill Lockhart & Wanda Olszweski, *The El Paso Coliseum Collection: A Study of 20th Century Bottles,* El Paso: County of El Paso and University of Texas at El Paso, 1993, 73-73. The title above is an article published in *The Artifact* by the El Paso Archeological Society. The study was done in El Paso County and the principal investigator was John Peterson of the University of Texas at El Paso. *The Artifact,* vol. 33, No 3, 1995. El Paso Archeological Society, Inc. El Paso, Texas.

37. El Paso *City Directories 1912-1913; El Paso Herald*, February 11, 1928, p.1, c.1.

38. El Paso *City Directories 1907-1913; El Paso Herald* , February 11, 1928, p.1, c. 1. *El Paso Herald Post*, September 22, 1064, sec. B, p. 1; *El Paso Times*, June 24, 1970, p. 1B, c.2. Heineman continued to be president of Houck & Dieter as well, retaining an interest in El Paso's liquor trade.

39 *El Paso Herald*, July 14, 1920, p. 5, c. 5.

40. El Paso *City Directory, 1917.*

41. El Paso *City Directories, 1920-1938.*

42. *El Paso Herald*, February 11, 1928, p .1, c.1.

43. *Ibid.*

44. *Ibid.*

45. El Paso *City Directories 1931-1944;* New Mexico State *Business Directories, 1940-1941, 1942-1943; El Paso Herald Post*, September 2, 1939, p.8, c.6. The directory failed to mention either the Las Cruces or the Silver City sites in the 1942-1943 issue.

46. Interview with Richard C. Price, May 30, 1996.

47. *El Paso Times*, July 26, 1945, p.1, c.1.

48. *El Paso Times*, April 5, 1953, sec. B, p. 13, c.4.

49. Social Security Death Index; El Paso *City Directories 1962-1963: El Paso Herald Post*, April 28, 1956, sec. F, p.12, c. 1; September 22, 1964, sec.B, p.1, c. 2; *El Paso Times*, June 24, 1970, sec. B, p.1, c.2.

50. Interview with P. A. Echaniz, February 16, 1996; Riley, 260, 286-287.

51. Interview with Richard C. Price, April 30, 1996; El Paso *City Directories 1942-1955; El Paso Times*, April 5, 1953, sec. B, p.13, c.4.

52. Interview with Richard C. Price, April 30, 1996.

53. *Ibid.;* El Paso *City Directories 1947-1957.*

54. *El Paso Times*, April 25, 1954, sec. E, p. 11, C.2.

55. *El Paso Herald Post*, April 24, 1954, p. 39, c. 1.

56. Interview with Richard C. Price, April 30, 1966.

57. *Ibid.*, May 30, 1996.

58. *Ibid.*, May 30, 1996.

59. *Ibid.*, May 30, 1996; El Paso *City Directories 1956-1963; El Paso Herald Post*, April 28, 1956, sec. F, p. 12, c. 1.

60. Although Price only recalled four brands, Empire's 1964 advertisement in the City Directory offered Dad's Old Fashioned Root beer, Squirt, Grapette, Mr. Cola (Low Calorie), Sunburst Flavors, and Empire Flavors.

61. Interview with Richard C. Price, May 30, 1996.

62. *Ibid.*

63. El Paso *City Directories 1963-1969.*

Jim Harper, My Father

May 28, 1869—December 18, 1955

By Mary Harper Burrows

Jim Harper was born to William Mark and Elizabeth Aynes Harper in 1869 in the small Texas town of Jacksboro. Jim was their fifth son. Their fourth son had died in infancy. One year after Jim's birth his father, a successful construction man, was engaged in building the new Fort Richardson when he fell while putting on a roof. His neck was broken and he died from his injuries. Just a few months later Jim's sister Ann was born.

Jacksboro, located only thirty miles from the Red River and Indian Territory, was no place for a single woman to try to raise five small children. The Comanche Indians still made frequent raids, stealing horses and cattle and killing an occasional settler. One day when Elizabeth was sitting sewing in her house with her back to the door, a shadow appeared and an Indian with moccasined feet, making no noise, was looking in. The Indian said, "I want to look" and proceeded to look, under the beds, in the stove and cupboards. Another time she was picking beans in the garden when an Indian fell almost on top of her. He had fallen when he caught his toe in a sweet potato vine. So from such incidents actually happening and from others narrated by neighbors, she finally decided to pack up the family and move closer to Grandfather Harper in Denton Country.

Grandfather soon moved to Bolivar, Texas and Elizabeth and the children soon followed and bought a two room log house. Jim could recall those times, the big stone chimney where all the cooking was done, pouring candles, his mother sewing clothes, carding cotton and wool from the spinning wheel and piecing together scraps

of cloth for a new quilt. Times were hard, but Elizabeth had Kentucky blue blood in her veins and kept things going. "My mother's motto was, 'If I haven't money to pay, I do without!'" And on many occasions we did without. Jim remembered the teachers as being poor with the class size too large with too many grades. It took from eight a.m. to four p.m. to hear all the classes.

The boys lived a dashing life in the woods getting squirrels, 'possum, and sometimes duck for food. Fish were plentiful in Clear Creek. They made chewing gum from the sycamore trees. Swimming was fun if one kept watch for rattlesnakes and water moccasins. Every edible berry, nut, and green thing in the woods was known and used for food. There were always chickens and a big garden at the house. There was no money, but a firm mother. Jim used to say, "We never left anything on our plates because if we did, mother put it up and gave it to us the next meal. But nobody ever left much uneaten. Saving was built into surviving."

Every edible berry, nut, and green thing in the woods was known and used for food. There were always chickens and a big garden at the house.... Saving was built into surviving."

Christmas was always great. Sometimes they even got an orange apiece! Jim could recall immense loads of buffalo hides being hauled in wagons drawn by oxen on the road to the nearest railroad from the plains of Texas.

In the summer of 1884 when Jim was fifteen his mother received a letter from Jim's cousin, James R. Robinson, in Jacksboro stating that he had been nominated for the Legislature, which was the same as being elected in those times. He wanted Jim to come to Jacksboro to stay with his family while he was away and to attend school. Jim was happy to go "on account," as he said, "of a little scrape that I had unwittingly stumbled into." Apparently he had shot two of the neighbors shoats (pigs) with his father's cap and ball pistol when they were "bothering around the house."

His mother had no money to help pay his way, but Jim had saved up three dollars from selling squirrels and fish. He had to hook up with a family moving to Decatur. He herded the cows while the man drove the wagon. From Decatur he paid two dollars for a ride by wagon to Jacksboro. They camped near a farm house

with a fine spring of water. At the house the lady asked his name and thought a while and asked if he wasn't "one of those five or six little children that Lizzie Harper had with her ten or twelve years ago when she was moving?" When he reached Jacksboro as he approached a church on the road he heard a voice say "I bet that is Jim Harper." It was his cousin Elsie Aynes.

Jim remembered his cousin's children as being small and that his time before and after school was all taken up milking cows, chopping wood and doing chores around the house. "It kept me on the jump to get through in time to walk a mile to school...." He got his first nine months of real schooling there. One of the three teachers named Gillespie Jim recalled as being especially good.

Before leaving for home at the end of the year, D.C. Brown offered him a job in the general merchandise store at sixteen dollars a month and board. He came back in September and worked there about three years. While there he learned many useful lessons including how to keep a practical set of books.

His cousin, J.R. Robinson, a lawyer, suggested that he go to the University of Texas. He obtained the bulletin and spent time learning the requirements for entrance. "Nights and Sundays, when I didn't go hunting or fishing, and sometimes on weekdays, when the boss was not around, I poured over those books." He saved his nickels and by the summer of 1888 was ready to go to Austin to take the two year course to become a lawyer. In Austin he got together with twenty others and organized a mess club, rented two houses, hired a cook and by doubling up two to a bed lived for less than two dollars a month.

Unfortunately, Jim had trusted his stash of money to his old employer who proceeded to go out of business and lose Jim's savings. As a result he had no money for the second year of law school. His cousin, J. R. Robinson, offered to lend the money, but "due to my mother's horror of debt which had been instilled into me from childhood," he left for Bolivar before the term had ended. Robinson then wrote that he needed someone in his office to help with making abstracts of his land titles, since he was away a great deal, Jim went and continued to study law until, on July 12, 1890, he was admitted to practice law by J. W. Patterson, Judge of the 43rd District.

In the fall Jim borrowed money from his cousin, J. W. Aynes, and moved to El Paso, where he clerked for Harper and Colvin in

a book store. This was the first exclusive bookstore in El Paso and they had the first system of circulating library in El Paso. A year later he went back to Bolivar and persuaded his mother and sister to join him in El Paso with his brothers John and George. They sold their 160 acre tract of land in Montague county and the two room log house in Bolivar and bought a duplex in her name in El Paso. Jim and his brother George and sister Ann lived with their mother in one part of the duplex and his brother John and his family lived in the other side. "Mother had plenty of company with her grandchildren."

John, with Jim's help, became a lawyer in El Paso. Later he became a great Methodist clergyman. George ran the bookstore and was elected city councilman. Ann worked in the post office until she married Dr. David Hinkson and moved to Argyle. There being little practice of law in El Paso in January of 1892 Jim went to work for Wells Fargo Express Company where he handled both express and baggage to Zacatecas (800 miles). The salary was $110 Mexican money, worth ninety-three cents on the dollar. By carrying lunch, cooking with a spirit lamp (and a little smuggling both ways) and living economically at home, he was in enough funds to put up his shingle "Lawyer."

Somehow through all this Jim remembered a little girl he had played with on Clear Creek. Her name was Clara Belle Deason and she was living with her grandfather on his ranch, the old Chisum ranch. Later they would meet at an occasional dance in Bolivar. Clara went on to Northwestern University and then taught in Fort Worth. They began a long courtship. Jim practiced law for two years in El Paso, when in 1896 Judge Leigh Clark came to him and asked if he would accept a nomination for county judge. Jim replied that he didn't have the money to spend "that way." Eventually he was talked into accepting on the condition that he not have to supply any funds to the campaign fund. The old guard had needed a dark horse to defeat two lawyers that were running and Jim Harper was nominated and elected. "That was my downfall" for he was to continue in public office for many years.

In the general election the Republican that ran against him had a particular dislike for him "because I had talked about him too loud." With some of his friends the opponent had tickets printed up with J. H. Harper instead of J. R. Harper. Their idea was to divide the Democratic votes between the two and that the Republican would be elected. The old guard learned of the fraud early and got Jim to ride out to all the polls and alert the judges. The commissioners declared him the victor. His opponent challenged the results and for a while it looked like he would withdraw because of his worry about losing income. Eventually his friends saw him through and he ended up winning the appeal and as a result had quite a lot more funds than he would have saved up otherwise.

Jim served three terms as county judge and then moved up to district judge in 1903. He served in this position until 1912.

Midway through this term his mother Elizabeth died at age sixty-six. He finally went to Fort Worth to wed Clara Deason after a courtship of nearly twenty years. Clara had by this time became principal of the school system and vice president of the Texas Teachers' Association, earning her a position in Mrs. Pennypacker's famous Texas Women. They honeymooned on the Pecos River in New Mexico where we have pictures of them on horseback riding together in the rugged mountains.

He finally went to Fort Worth to wed Clara Deason after a courtship of nearly twenty years.... They honeymooned on the Pecos River in New Mexico where we have pictures of them on horseback riding together in the rugged mountains.

During the years of courting this active, successful, well-educated girl, Jim had become prominent in El Paso politics, where in 1912 he became Chief Justice of the Eighth Court of Civil Appeals.

He had two sons and a daughter, all of whom went to college as he had done "on their own hard work."

The Judge was a famous hunter and fisherman. He belonged to the "Fin and Feather Club" which had a house on the Pecos River out of Santa Fe, New Mexico. His court recessed in July, August, and September. His family, with an invited fisherman

doctor, spent July and August there. Then Jim stayed on through September fishing. His pressed flower book that he sent his children was lovely. He knew the birds and nobody had a better "trout fishing wrist" than he had.

His stories told around the campfire were famous all over Texas. His children loved going camping with Daddy where they fished and swam. It was always a treat to get up early "to eat with Daddy" who always cooked his breakfast at five o'clock a.m. The wife slept on, but the judge's breakfasts were famous. Sopa tilla (fried biscuits) and syrup are unforgettable. His coffee that would "float an iron wedge sideways" was always a treat, but usually as children we watched him prepare the brew—coffee, egg shell, water in a boiling pot. We got hot water and sugar but it smelled like coffee.

His many civic duties were historic. He was planner and participator at the meeting between President Taft and President Diaz of Mexico, there in Juarez, Mexico (just across the Rio Grande from El Paso).

Dinners at 1311 East Rio Grande were formal and served by kitchen help as long as there was money. We children knew to be interesting and pleasant because out of our dad's pockets after dinner would come surprises, a stick of gum, a lollipop, just something exciting and fun.

His many civic duties were historic. He was planner and participator at the meeting between President Taft and President Diaz of Mexico, there in Juarez, Mexico (just across the Rio Grande from El Paso). Another time when the Rio Grande Valley was becoming the source of water for cotton growers on both sides of the river a massive dam was planned and he lobbied Congress in Washington for the Elephant Butte Dam which has been a gold mine for the valley.

Some of his best clients and friends were the Chinese people who had shops and homes around El Paso. We used to see a big truck come up at Christmas with piles of Chinese food, fire crackers, and much good talk between our Dad and the Chinese who came to bring the presents. Early on we had Yin, a Chinese to help mother. When he stopped house work to be a lawyer our Dad helped him. This Yin came to take the baby James Jr. to

see his Chinese family. It was a failure. Guess the little James had no use for foreign talk because Yin brought him home howling.

Dad never drove a car. He said he would have his mind on a case and forget he was driving. One night, on our way home from a five day trip to Fort Worth where we had camped out along the road three nights, our parents decided to get home that night. At twenty miles an hour home was far off from Van Horn. Mother gave out and Dad took over driving home for the first and last time for his driving an automobile.

His son, James, loved to go hunting with Dad. He killed his first deer at nine years old while hunting in Valentine, Texas on Dr. Vick's ranch.

He had had opportunities to make a fortune. He owned hundreds of acres in the Rio Grande Valley, but he didn't keep it. When asked years later why, he simply said, "I never wanted the bother." He loved the books *Ben Hur* and *David Harum* and reread them as long as he could see. He had belonged to the Church of Christ and must have been a student of the *Bible* because there were few questions one could put to him that he didn't know the answer and where to find it—especially the Old testament.

I meet lawyers today who say, "I had a case lately whose settlement depended on a case your father decided so well it is now Texas law. In 1931 he was listed in "Who's Who in America" but we didn't have the money to buy a copy. For a man whose young life depended on the woods and garden and a brave careful mother "who needed to store up," one wanted very little. That was the way—take care of kids until they were grown, then they would provide.

Among his great friends was a Mexican leader named Abe Alderete. When it came time to run again for office Abe came to the Judge and said, "Jim, you have to polish up your stories and get out among us. My Mexican friends are behind you but they work for the city who says "Vote you down." Jim considered the fight against a one armed veteran from World War I and lit his pipe, sat down with James Whitcomb Riley and let the election

slide. After his defeat the lawyers of the state valued his decisions on the bench and in 1932 with a new Democratic party in power approached him, offering to back him for federal judge in El Paso. It was a cinch but our Dad said, "Franklin Roosevelt has ruined my party. I want nothing from him." He felt separating voters by their type of work, by color, and other groups was not American.

Blindness made one realize the depth of patience in Jim Harper. Old friends dropped by 1311 East Rio Grande and had long talks with him. I am reminded of the old saying "He who is patient to the end will be saved." He died just before Christmas, 1955.

Editor's Note: This article is printed much as Mary Harper Burrows wrote it. It has been edited only where necessary for clarity.

MARY HARPER BURROWS now lives in Denton, Texas, but much of her life was spent in New Hampshire where she worked for the state government for twelve years. She also taught sixth grade for a number of years. After her husband, George Burrows, passed away, she moved to Denton to be near her mother's relatives. When the Editor talked with her about publishing this article, she assented and added two points of information. She said that flags in Juarez were at half staff when her father died. She also mentioned proudly her "little brother" James who was a marine during World War II and who is now a lawyer in Atlanta.

Book Reviews

A COWBOY OF THE PECOS by Patrick Dearen. Plano, Texas: Wordware Publishing, Inc. (Republic of Texas Press), 1997. $12.95.

When today's travelers, whether by auto or plane, approach the Trans-Pecos region of West Texas and continue westward, the sparse vegetation and the vast spaces do not conjure up visions of cowboys and thousands of cattle winding their way across these empty lands to markets in New Mexico and even gold-laden California. But the cattle and the cowboys were there. From the mid-nineteenth century to the turn of the twentieth, an estimated quarter of a million Texas Longhorns ended up in New Mexico alone, driven by cattle-trail blazers such as Charles Goodnight, Oliver Loving, John Chisum, and their cowboys.

Thanks to the diligent research and splendid story-telling of Patrick Dearen, the stories of these cowboys who performed the gutsy task of driving cattle by night and day, through rainstorms and sun-scorching days, over waterless and treeless stretches of choking dust, are brought to life, often in their own words.

At the center of all these natural dangers and those created by marauding Indians, there was one that posed an even greater threat to the cattle and the cowboys—the Pecos River. Today, the traveler hardly notices the sluggish, polluted stream, hidden by banks choked with salt cedar, for it takes only a few moments to cross it on modern bridges. But that was not the case in earlier days. Men, women, children, horses, and cattle perished in its swift and treacherous waters, even at designated crossings such as Horsehead and Emigrant.

The book is loosely divided into two time periods. The first ends with the closing days of the nineteenth century when the big cattle drives began to dwindle; and the second, much briefer, begins with the coming of the syndicates that operated enormous ranches, described in sections, not acres, of land.

What makes the book particularly interesting are the tales that the cowboys told (mainly in their declining years) of the hardships they endured—the harsh weather, the long hours in the saddle, attacks by wolves, the constant dangers of rattlesnakes, stampedes, "wild horses" and "ornery cows," and, of course, the chancy Pecos crossings. Their stories contain none of the glamour and romance so often portrayed in films and pulp fiction. These raconteurs were honest-to-God real cowboys.

A sprinkling of vintage photographs further enhances the presentation, as do also the voluminous Chapter Notes. Patrick Dearen, who often writes of the Pecos country, and lives in the area, is to be commended for compiling the events of this bygone era through his masterful handling of documented facts and authentic memories.

CLINTON HARTMANN
El Paso

SKETCH OF SAM BASS, THE BANDIT: A Graphic Narrative by Charles L. Martin. Reprint. Foreword by Robert K. DeArment. Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press, 1997, $9.95.

In this new edition of Charles Martin's classic account of Sam Bass, Robert K. DeArment's foreword updates the story of this notorious Texas bandit and places Martin's account in the broader context of western history. DeArment notes that despite recent historiographic trends, interest in bandits and outlaws is far from diminished. Like many other western outlaws, Bass's reputation grew long after his death. After Martin's work appeared in 1880, three others followed in the next five years. Bass has maintained a respectable reputation among outlaws, perhaps due to his simple, Anglo-Saxon name and train robbing reputation which fit neatly into the romanticized image of the American West.

In Ramon F. Adam's 1955 introduction, he points out that Bass was "not much of an outlaw as outlaws go." (xiv). His reputation rests on a series of train robberies and on shootouts that pale in comparison to those of Billy the Kid or John Wesley Hardin. Sam Bass was born in Indiana in 1851 and arrived in Texas in 1870. Bass worked in a number of jobs, including some for law enforcement officials, and gained a reputation as a loyal and trustworthy employee. But by 1875 he became involved in horse racing and gambling, accumulating many debts. Bass's first robberies involved cattle deals where he swindled cattle owners.

Bass had developed a taste for a more extravagant lifestyle and formed a gang to plot a series of robberies. By 1876, they were in Deadwood in the Idaho Territory robbing stages and began building a reputation as outlaws. Bass's most famous crime was the robbery of the Union Pacific at Big Springs, Nebraska in September 1877. By the end of the year, he and his gang had committed crimes throughout the West and moved to Texas where they carried out a series of train robberies. By the time the gang moved to Texas, law enforcement officials were well aware of their activities. In April 1878, they attempted to rob the Mesquite Station of the Texas and Pacific Railway. They expected to find a substantial stash of money but instead made off with only $160. Texas Rangers, Wells Fargo agents, and private posses were soon formed to track them down.

Despite all the attention, Bass was able to outsmart officials for several months. By May 1878, Bass' gang returned to Denton County

and carried out another robbery. The Texas Rangers finally cornered him at Round Rock in November 1878. In a failed attempt to arrest him and his gang on the streets, Bass was shot. He managed to escape with two other men. For several days he wandered the countryside trying to elude the Rangers, but his wounds were serious. He was eventually captured as he sat quietly under a tree. A few days later, Sam Bass died.

Charles Martin's work serves as both a primary and secondary source. He was a native Texan who was born in the early years of the Republic and spent most of his life as a soldier, lawyer, and newspaperman. He spent his early life in American South and served in the Confederate army in the Civil War. During Reconstruction, he piloted steamboats and later practiced law. By 1873, he had settled in Houston and began his career as a reporter and editor. Martin was fascinated with the West and was a prolific writer. He experienced, reported on, edited, and wrote a great deal of Texas history. By the 1880's, he was often referred to as a "walking encyclopedia of Texas."(xiii).

Martin's work is typical of western writing at the end of the 19th century: exaggerated, stereotypical, and corny at times. Despite the somewhat archaic style, it gives an interesting account of Bass and would be a worthy addition to the libraries of students of western history.

GEORGE D. TOROK, PH.D
El Paso Community College

BORDER VISIONS: MEXICAN CULTURES OF THE SOUTHWEST UNITED STATES by Carlos G. Velez-Ibanez. Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1996. $45.00/$19.95.

The product of years of research and personal experience, *Border Visions* is a multidisciplinary treatment of the Mexican experience in the Southwest United States. As the author, Professor of Anthropology and Dean of the College of Humanities, Arts and Social Sciences at the University of California, Riverside, points out, "...after almost half a century of breathing and smelling the dust of the desert evenings in Arizona..., I think I may know enough to say something of value about the Mexican populations that inhabit this 'Greater Mexican Southwest' area."

In three parts, comprising eight chapters, the book shows how the Greater Southwest has always been a place of migration (initially south-to-north; later, east-to-west) from ancient times through he arrival of Europeans and on to the mid-nineteenth century Anglo-American occupation.

The author clearly demonstrates how Southwestern Mexicans have continuously attempted to create an identity or "sense of cultural space and place." He explains how they have always replenished their "cultural glue' through particular organizations, movements, and cross-border households and how they have constantly resisted,

accommodated, rejected, and accepted other cultures to emerge with their own "vision."

He also analyzes the media emphasis on such *barrio* problems as crime, poverty, gangs, drugs (which he calls the "distribution of sadness"), and he goes on to show how that "sadness" is balanced by creative art and literature. Very significantly he critiques assorted written works which respectively represent "a slice of Mexican reality, fantasy, and mythic time and place."

Carlos G. Velez-Ibanez, who was born *con un pie en cada lado* (with one foot on each side of the border), is a most appropriate person, to illuminate the "Visions" of the Mexican people who live in the Southwest United States.

RICHARD BAQUERA
Department of History,
El Paso Community College

BLACK FRONTIERSMAN: THE MEMOIRS OF HENRY O. FLIPPER, FIRST BLACK GRADUATE OF WEST POINT, compiled and edited with introduction and notes by Theodore D. Harris. Fort Worth: Texas Christian University Press, 1997. ix, 190 pp. $22.95, ISBN 0-87565-171-2.

Theodore D. Harris' revised edition of *Black Frontiersman: The Memoirs of Henry O. Flipper* is a welcomed and appropriate addition to the new books on West Point's First African American graduate who is still in need of a first-rate biographer. Bright, believable, and *beau sabreur,* though bewildered and bedeviled by his questionable dismissal from the army and what he thought to be his calling, Flipper foundered for many adult years looking for a reversal of that decision and restoration to the bygone years of glory. At peace with himself in later life, however, Flipper made his way meditatively in conduct befitting an officer and gentleman, reflecting on much that went to the core of Americanism. His voice comes through with its pristine sense of duty and the nobility of black suffering while simultaneously reminding us that decency and ability, above all, must be encouraged and promoted in a democracy. Flipper's life reveals though how delusional it is for people of color, despite their levels of achievement, to believe that they have privileges accorded to the "old boy network."

Flipper's story is well known to most students of American race relations: he rose from slavery to become West Point's first African American commissioned officer in 1877; he was dispatched to the American West and a subsequent dubious dismissal from the army in 1882; and he went from the military to civil work as an exceptional engineer, salubriously restless and with a keen mind evident in his superb Spanish-English translations and fine essays on history, government, language, and engineering. Flipper found most of his trouble in the bromide of believed-to-be friends, from the young officer's frontier rides with a white woman which made him a

target for white military superiors to sonorous blacks bilking him of money as he tried to win back his honor in sought-after reopening of the court-martial trial.

In civilian life, he found himself the subject of derision and suspicion, from being accused of unpatriotic action as the military "brains behind Pancho Villa" to associated disgrace as a bureaucratic appointee of the ill fated Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall who served in the Harding administration. Flipper's mind and mien were those of an intransigent but talented schoolmaster and disciplined military man who drilled into others the need for details, correctness at the dinner table and on the battlefield, and good language usage. Spending his twilight years in his hometown of Atlanta, Georgia, Flipper was quick to cite and condemn laziness, l ow self esteem, and limited development in both white and black communities. In the 1930s, he saw the Democratic party's fellowship hand to black and white communities as chimera contributing to the "give-me-lend-me, can-you-spare" consciousness so deadening to the human spirit and will. A few years before his death, Flipper concluded that "No civilized people is so ignorant of their Constitution and functioning of their government as the American people, and this ignorance runs all the way from the college graduate to the most illiterate clodhopper....What a vast field for all the 'isms' ever dreamed of!" Flipper's voice speaks clearly to us, and his memoirs are indispensable for understanding an important chapter of the western and military experience.

Harris, the editor and formerly a University of Texas at El Paso history professor, has done a fine job of amplifying Flipper's message by his judicious collection, organization, prolegomenon, and annotation of the memoirs. The new letters in this revised edition of the memoirs, particularly Flipper's correspondence with black Atlantan newspaperman Thomas Jefferson Flanagan, reveal to us the dignity of Flipper and his concerns for human progress. Professor Harris is to be commended for opening Flipper's life to objective enquiry. One might quarrel with the editor in a few instances of otherwise excellent and well done annotations and footnote interpretations, but this book is definitely to be read if one wants to know the mettle of the man Lieutenant Henry O. Flipper.

El Pasoans will find Flipper's memoirs especially exciting and rewarding since he lived in our beloved city for an important phase of his life, and actually drafted the major portion of the memoirs while living in El Paso. Admonished on one memorable occasion by an El Pasoan to be a keen observer of everything around him, Flipper never forgot the lesson. His memoirs draw attention to some fine points of El Paso, from the precious architectural design of the Mills Building in downtown to signs of life and joy in a southwest community nestled just north of Mexico and knee-deep in opportunities.

MACEO CRENSHAW DAILEY, JR.
El Paso

TEXAS WANDERLUST: The Adventures of Dutch Wurzbach by Douglas V. Meed. College Station: Texas A & M University Press, 1997. $29.95/$12.95.

The name Wurzbach should be familiar to anyone acquainted with San Antonio because a main thoroughfare there bears the name. The Wurzbachs, including "Dutch," the subject of this biography, occupied a prominent place in the area's history. The author, an El Paso historian, has taken his great-grandfather's twenty-nine page memoir, dictated to a daughter in 1915, and, by delving deeply into Southwestern history, turned it into a sweeping examination of events from the period of 1845 to 1865. The reader follows the adventures of "Dutch" who, in his youth, was not content to "stay put." As a youth he developed a serious case of what Germans call "*Die Wanderlust,*" or, as the author has termed it, "itchy feet."

The Wurzbachs and thousands of their fellow countrymen arrived in Texas in the mid-1840's from Germany to begin a new life in what they were led to believe was a paradise. Unfortunately for these new immigrants, it became the exact opposite. But for Dutch, christened Emil Frederick, the wilderness surrounding him seemed to match his personality, and he soon began a life of adventuresome wandering.

Not long after the family's arrival in Fredericksburg, his mother died, and his father placed him in the care of Robert S. Neighbors, the noted Texas explorer and Indian agent who called him "Dutch," a sobriquet Anglo-Americans frequently bestowed on persons of German descent. He carried the name for the rest of his life.

Not yet ten years old, he left the comfort of Neighbor's home because his benefactor's sister "wanted to whip me," and so ran away to San Antonio where the mistress of a boarding-house put him to work in a saddlery. Deciding the work did not suit him, he left to join his father who soon apprenticed him to a blacksmith. Again, the work did not appeal to him and he found work as a mule wrangler, then as a teamster driving freight wagons. By the time he was thirteen he had fought Indians, criss-crossed Texas, met the legendary Big-foot Wallace and the fiery Captain Henry Skillman.

At sixteen he became a Texas Ranger meandering across the Staked Plains in pursuit of Comanches, making long marches and enduring the hardships of a harsh frontier. The scattered army forts provided few amenities. In 1856 he hired-out as a teamster, crossed Indian Territory, now Oklahoma, into Kansas, and returned to San Antonio on a steamboat via St. Louis and the Mississippi River.

Not content with the life San Antonio had to offer, he soon joined a wagon train west destined for Fort Yuma, Arizona Territory. There he became involved with an infamous filibusterer, Henry A. Crabb, who had delusions of conquering Sonora, Mexico. Soundly defeated, and its leaders summarily executed, the American expedition fell apart. Luckily for Dutch, he arrived too late to be part of the debacle. He escaped with his life. Returning to Maricopa Wells on the Gila

River in 1857, "he observed...the last major battle of Indians and other Indians in the Southwest." It was the battle between the Maricopa and the Yuma Indian tribes.

After a quick foray into Mexico to look for gold, Dutch returned briefly to Fort Fillmore in southern New Mexico, but by November 1857, he was back in San Antonio. There he heard about the "Mormon War" and went to Utah. Eventually he again returned to Texas and was married to Matilda Stowe in 1860. He might have settled down at this point, but the outbreak of the Civil War intervened and he joined the Thirty-First Cavalry, serving in Missouri, Arkansas, and Louisiana. At the war's close, he returned to San Antonio for good, and raised a family of twelve children. He died there at the ripe old age of ninety-two.

Douglas Meed has produced a notable tribute to the extraordinary life of his great-grandfather, and, in the telling, has provided interesting and lesser-known episodes of Western history. As the author explains in the preface, Dutch "commanded no troops," [did not] "reign over vast tracts of land or blaze legislative trails...[but rather] he roamed the frontier seeking new adventures, driven by an insatiable desire to see what was over the next hill."

In my opinion, it would be a worthwhile trip to join him in his quest.

CLINTON P. HARTMANN
El Paso, Texas

BLACK TEXANS—A HISTORY OF AFRICAN AMERICANS IN TEXAS, 1528-1995 (Second Edition) by Alwyn Barr. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1996, $15.95.

Alwyn Barr, professor of history at Texas Tech University and author of two other books about Texas, wrote *Black Texans (1973)*, a classic in Texas history. This second edition includes a new final chapter summarizing events taking place from 1970 to 1995. The author continues to use the descriptive term "black" in the text but explains his literary shift in terminology from "Negro" to "African-American" in the preface and final chapter of the new edition, thus using the most widely accepted terms of the 1990's.

The critical reviews about the first edition are still valid. The book does not contain enough information on the period before 1865 and so the story about Texas' African-Americans and slavery remains largely untold in this latest edition with only thirty-nine pages devoted to the period prior to 1865.

Black Texans is largely anecdotal with summaries of generally accepted conclusions about topics such as slavery and segregation. While it lacks in-depth analysis and can not be considered a major reinterpretation of previously written histories, it is a useful summary of African-American Texas history. Topics addressed include life of the free African-American in antebellum Texas as well as a discussion of slavery under the Republic of Mexico. Discussion of the

reconstruction period is strong as is the tracing of the rise of segregation practices in school and the work force.

National historical events such as progressive era reforms, organization of the NAACP, and economic deprivation during the Great depression are integrated into the text. Professor Barr also provides a summary of the rights, privileges, and practices both won and lost by African-Americans in the 20th century.

Barr outlines the growth of a separate, self-contained, black social system of institutions such as churches, lodges, union and fraternal organizations as a response to African-American social isolation. He includes information on the establishment of an African-American literature base, the importance of musical contributions, and the impact of popular sports figures on Texas history.

This is an account of a rather sad history peppered with incidents of disenfranchisement, segregation, and violence where fear, harassment, and intimidation without recognition of contribution or community acceptance are commonplace. As noted earlier, Barr emphasize that black Texans met these obstacles and barriers with accommodation and self-help organizational activities. His discussion of the "separate but equal" doctrine illustrates that while most accommodations might have been separate, they certainly were not equal. Also, in an age when the use of Eubonics in school is debated, reference is made to cultural communication barriers encountered by African-American students in previous eras.

The author notes that "whites used custom as well as law in attempts to maintain psychological control over black people" (p. 85). This is true whether looking at voting opportunities, sharecropping abuses, African-American legal status, or contemplating the horrible activity of lynching, a practice which did not end until well into the 20th century. Indeed, until World War II, most Black Texans remained outside the mainstream of Texas society and culture either by custom or by legal barriers.

Later chapters focus on politics, violence, legal problems and economic changes as well as housing patterns, school desegregation, and a variety of social/cultural/religious activities. In the seventeen pages of the new final chapter addressing the years after 1970, Barr notes evidence of change. Political expansion of franchise, election of African-American officials, and the decline of some forms of discrimination occurs, but there are persistent problems of racial separation in housing and in the workplace. Unfortunately, the early economic gains often did not continue in the 1980's and 1990's.

Of particular interest to El Paso readers is the retelling of the Lawrence Nixon challenge of Texas law permitting the white primary, the account of the 19th century buffalo soldiers, and the sad case of Henry Flipper.

The general reader will find this volume interesting as will readers who are interested in African-American and/or Texas history. There is extensive use of secondary sources, but the author includes

a complete annotated bibliography. Helpful demographic information and statistical data are included. This is an important addition to a collection of books on Texas history.

SHARON BOLLINGER
History Division
El Paso Community College

THE EMPTY SCHOOLHOUSE: MEMORIES OF ONE-ROOM TEXAS SCHOOLS. Collected and edited by Luther B. Clegg. College Station: Texas A & M University Press, 1997. Cloth, $24.95.

> *"The school was just a big ol' room, about sixteen or maybe twenty feet wide by thirty feet long. The desks were double desks. The boys sat on the left-hand side and the girls on the right-hand side.... We sat according to age or class. We were called up for recitation by the teacher. Each class would sit on a long bench—wooden bench, homemade."*

This is the way a schoolboy remembered his days in a one-room Texas school in the early part of the century. It is one of the many interesting memories of school days collected and edited by Luther Bryan Clegg, Professor of Curriculum and Instruction at Texas Christian University. The editor's excellent introduction nostalgically describes the region where he was raised and the locale, generally in central West Texas, where many of those who contributed to the book went to school. The first six chapters consist of memories of schoolchildren and the last four contain those of their teachers. Each memoir of student and teacher is conveniently headlined with the most dramatic episode remembered.

The memories gathered here are much the same as those of the children who attended such schools everywhere across the nation. The good teacher, the bad teacher, spelling bees, cipher downs, games in the school yard, the long walk to school, fights and play along the road to school, the trouble in the privies, the readers, work on the blackboards, and the jacketed stove in the classroom—were all as familiar to farm children in Texas as they were in Iowa. The contributors do recall however, some things that appeared to be peculiar to the region.

Obtaining water for the school, for example, was apparently a major problem. Underground water was scarce in the region and water from stock tanks was carried to the school and dumped in a cistern where it was sometimes shared with mice and rats. Walks to school were also apparently longer in the area than they were where the land was more thickly settled. Moreover, those walks were often obstructed by barbed wire gates that stretched across the roads to prevent the cattle from wandering.

Teachers, too, had experiences much like those in the Midwestern schools. In one-room schools, wherever they were, there was no

escape from numerous recitations, discipline problems, boarding away from home, poor wages, making fires, cleaning the schoolhouse, and, according to the memoirs collected here, Texas teachers experienced all of these vicissitudes in one way or another. To secure a teaching certificate, teachers here as elsewhere had to pass county examinations. Having received a certificate, they had to visit the three school trustees to ask for a job. How they managed their schools, taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, disciplined their students, and received their pay are among the engaging memoirs collected here.

The *Empty Schoolhouse* is not really a history of one-room schools in Texas. It does not deal with the organization of the schools, the state laws that governed the schools, normal schools, teacher institutes, and statistics on school attendance, literacy, or the role of superintendents. But it does provide a variety of entertaining views of what it was like to attend and to teach one- and two-room schools in one region of Texas from World War I through the Depression years.

WAYNE E. FULLER
History, Emeritus
University of Texas at El Paso

SOLDIERS OF MISFORTUNE: THE SOMERVELL AND MIER EXPEDITIONS by Sam W. Haynes. Austin: University of Texas Press, 1997. 268 pp., paperback, $15.95.

Sam W. Haynes has provided an excellent, well-written account of the ill-fated Texas expeditions against Mexico in the 1840s. Not only does the author cover these events in entertaining detail, he scrupulously places them in the context of the political and diplomatic realities of the Texas Republic. He also takes care to be even-handed in his treatment of Texans and Mexicans. Both groups contain their share of brutes, egotists, and fools as well as the brave, the shrewd, and the patriotic.

Haynes's central purpose is to explore how the failure of these expeditions pushed Texas toward annexation by the United States. From the first, the author does not glorify the Texans or their adventures. He depicts President Sam Houston as ambivalent in his attitude toward the expeditions. Unable to resist the political pressure to attack Mexico, especially after Mexican forays into Texas, Houston set every possible discouragement in front of the commander, Alexander Somervell. Somervell, a weak leader, was unable either to correctly interpret Houston's signals to abort the expedition, gain the confidence of his men, prevent their penchant for looting, or head off the mutiny that split the expedition and sent the mutineers on a filibustering expedition into Mexico against Somervell's orders. Haynes characterizes the mutineers as primarily motivated by desire for revenge and booty.

A Mexican force under General Pedro de Ampudia abruptly ended the Texans' hopes at the Battle of Mier in December 1842. Low

on ammunition and arguing among themselves about whether to surrender, continue fighting, or try to make a break for it, William S. Fisher, the Texan commander at Mier, abruptly reversed his earlier refusal to surrender and accepted Ampudia's terms. Ampudia spared the Texans' lives and began to march the prisoners toward Mexico City. They made an escape attempt at Hacienda del Salado in which several Mexican guards were killed.

Unfortunately, the escapees found it difficult to find their way back to Texas from deep inside Mexico. They made unwise decisions about the route to follow northwards, found themselves in difficult terrain, ran short on food and water, and most were rounded up by the Mexican Army. In retaliation for the death of the Mexican guards, the government of Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna ordered the execution of Texan prisoners selected by lot. Into a large jar were mixed white beans and a handful of black beans. Those Texans who pulled out a black bean were executed by firing squad.

As harsh as the treatment of the Texans seems, both in the black bean episode and the forced labor the Texans later endured in Mexican captivity, Haynes emphasizes that Santa Anna and his officials felt they were being magnanimous. After all, Mexico still claimed Texas and Mexican willingness to treat the Texans as surrendered prisoners of war, rather than traitors subject to arbitrary execution, perhaps erred on the side of generosity.

The remainder of the book follows the complicated maneuvers whereby foreign diplomats, especially United States ambassador Waddy Thompson, negotiated for the release of the prisoners. The Texans endured over a year and a half of imprisonment with the accompanying discomforts of lice, disease, forced labor, and scant provisions. There were numerous escape attempts, occasionally with success. As galling to the Mier prisoners as their prolonged sufferings was the realization that Texas had largely forgotten them. In fact, Santa Anna freed them to return in 1845, not to the Texas Republic they had served, but to the newly annexed state of Texas. Unable to comprehend other Texans' enthusiasm for the Union, the Mier prisoners would certainly have failed to understand what Haynes asserts to be their own crucial role in making annexation a reality. "Their misadventures had demonstrated to Texans the folly of independence and driven them into the arms of the United States." (p. 194)

The University of Texas Press is to be complemented for bringing this book, originally published in 1990, out in paperback. Haynes' superb storytelling and penetrating analysis will thus be available to a wide audience of those interested in Texas history and Texas and United States relations with Mexico.

NICOLE ETCHESON
University of Texas
El Paso, Texas

HOMICIDE, RACE, AND JUSTICE IN THE AMERICAN WEST, 1880-1920. By Clare V. McKanna, Jr. Tucson: The University of Arizona Press, 1997. 206 pp. Index. $40.00 clothbound.

This book focuses on homicide in the American West and comes to the conclusion that the West deserves its reputation as a violent region. To reach this judgment author Clare McKanna examined 977 homicide cases in three "representative areas:" Douglas County, Nebraska; Las Animas County, Colorado; and Gila County, Arizona. He found that within these counties homicide was common; much more common than say, Philadelphia, New York, or Boston. In Trinidad (Las Animas County, Colorado) homicides reached thirty-five per 100,000 population in the 1900-1909 period, whereas in Eastern cities it hovered around two to six. These killings were usually the result of blazing hand guns handled by drunken males, often in a saloon, and almost always in the evening and late night hours.

Is McKanna correct? Was the West a violent region? McKanna has critical words for those who disagree with him. Robert Dykstra, who found limited violence in his classic study on the cow towns of Abilene, Dodge City, and Ellsworth, is dismissed as an historian whose "methods lacked statistical sophistication." (p. 8, 162) Richard Maxwell Brown, the dean of historians who have studied violence, found that violence was virtually nonexistent in many western communities. Although acknowledging Brown's work, McKanna notes that he "provides no statistical to measure violence levels in the American West." (p. 7)

McKanna, of course, does provide statistical data. But one wonders if an enterprising quantifier will one day soon question his data. First, are three communities enough to generalize for the region? Probably not. Second, are the three communities representative of the Western environment? This is an intriguing question. McKanna examines the black community in Douglas County, Nebraska, which is really Omaha. Some Western historians, including this one, would first question whether Omaha is the West. Furthermore, would a black community be representative? McKanna allows that the "high homicide rates among blacks...can be traced to...a subculture of violence that southern blacks brought with them to Nebraska." (p. 45)

The same concern for representativeness holds true for Las Animas County, Colorado. This is coal country where companies such as Colorado Fuel and Iron Company brought in large numbers of new Italian immigrants as laborers; men who practiced the vendetta (the relatives of a murdered man seeking vengeance on the murderer and/or his family as an honorable means of seeking justice). The unanswered question is whether vendettas were carried out more freely in the West than they might have been in the Northeast or the South.

Finally, McKanna's third region is Gila County, Arizona, where he puts the magnifying glass on white and Apache peoples, noting

that between 1880 and 1890 there was a high incident of interracial killings. After 1895 "the number of homicides committed by Apaches dropped dramatically." (p. 118) Again, complexity muddies the statistics and the conclusions. Perhaps the most obvious question is whether the Apaches considered their killing as homicide (and therefore punishable) or merely an act of war.

This book makes a good start in measuring lethal violence in the West, however more work needs to be done. Interestingly enough, McKanna is presently enlarging his research to include seven counties in California (p. 162-3). No doubt we will hear more from him in the future. In the meantime, his present book underscores how foolish and trivial many of the killings were. Who would gun down a bartender because he poured a beer with too much foam? For this reviewer McKanna's study is a plea for sensible gun control, for the issues which instigated many of these killings hardly deserve fisticuffs, let alone death by bullet wound.

For readers of *Password* perhaps the most obvious question that McKanna work raises is whether El Paso was a violent city during these years? Folklore and mythology says it was. El Pasoans are constantly reminded of a violent past by various promoters who see economic gain in a "wild West" image. But who has done the statistical work? Perhaps *Homicide, Race, and Justice in the American West* will encourage an historian to examine the truth of the violence at "Rosa's Cantina."

ROBERT W. RIGHTER
University of Texas at El Paso

THE MYTH OF SANTA FE: CREATING A MODERN REGIONAL TRADITION by Chris Wilson. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 199. vii + 329. Illustrations, appendix, notes, index, paper $39.95.

This delightful book provides a penetrating analysis of what is so compelling about Santa Fe: its architectural style. By combining cultural history with architecture, along with social criticism, Chris Wilson not only explains the derivation of Santa Fe's architectural "style" but offers advice on how to make that style more honest, inclusive and socially responsible.

For over two hundred and fifty years, Pueblos, Spanish and Mexican people constructed homes and public buildings in northern New Mexico that reflected a blend of each group's techniques and traditions. The result was a "built environment" of flat-roofed, sometimes multi-storied, adobe structures. After American conquest, Anglos introduced eastern United States elements including whitewashed, milled posts to replace Mexican portales and Greek Revival detailing. Later, the arrival of the railroads into northern New Mexico ushered in Romanesque, Gothic Revival, Italianate, Queen Anne and Second Empire-inspired buildings. In short, by the late nineteenth century, Santa Fe was well on its way to resembling any

other American city.

What altered the city's fate, however, was growing economic stagnation. The main railroad line by-passed Santa Fe and as the town sank into economic depression, some realized its history and architectural heritage provided tourism potential. By 1912 the Museum of New Mexico staff began efforts in earnest "to embrace the tourist image of Santa Fe and elaborate it as the city's new official image" (p.94). Artists, writers, and architects, motivated by romantic, anti-industrial impulses, encouraged this move. The Santa Fe of today, then, evolved out of a conscious decision to promote "traditional" architecture and gradually, but consistently, eliminate the Anglo-American contributions. Occasional challenges to this romantic regional architecture emerged over the twentieth century, particularly in the 1950's, but to little avail.

Wilson notes several problems with Santa Fe's "myth-making." First, many of the original structures had been so altered over time that it was nearly impossible to reconstruct them "authentically." Consequently, some aspects of Santa Fe style include early 20th century speculations and interpretations. More importantly, the proponents of Santa Fe style have insisted that city's history involved three groups: Indians, Spaniards and Anglos. Mexicans are conveniently overlooked. This insistence upon a "tri-culture" obscures the more complicated history including its violence, ignores racial and cultural mixing, and perpetuates the tendency to ignore the vital vernacular architecture of Santa Fe's Mexican-Americans. Finally, Santa Fe's commitment to tourism and its emerging role as second-home destination for the wealthy has meant many of its long-time residents (often Mexican-Americans) can no longer afford to live there.

Wilson calls not for an end to mythmaking, which he defines as "something that provides a unifying vision of the city, its people, and their history" (p. 8), but rather for a revision of this "myth." He wants recognition of Santa Fe's more complicated history and ethnic composition, an end to superficial and false images tailored for the tourist industry, and a creative public policy which will no longer displace people from their hometowns.

I highly recommend this thoughtful, well-researched, richly illustrated book for anyone who lives in, or visits, Santa Fe. It will also be of great interest to architectural, cultural and public historians.

SHERRY L. SMITH
University of Texas, El Paso

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