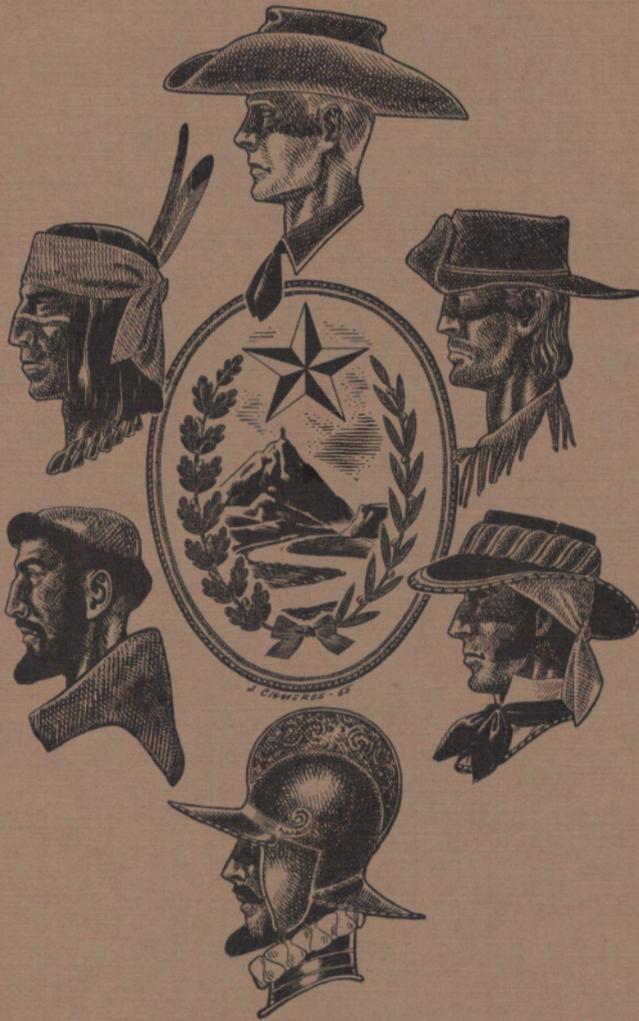


# PASSWORD



THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

VOL. XXXI, No. 1

EL PASO, TEXAS

SPRING, 1986



# PASSWORD

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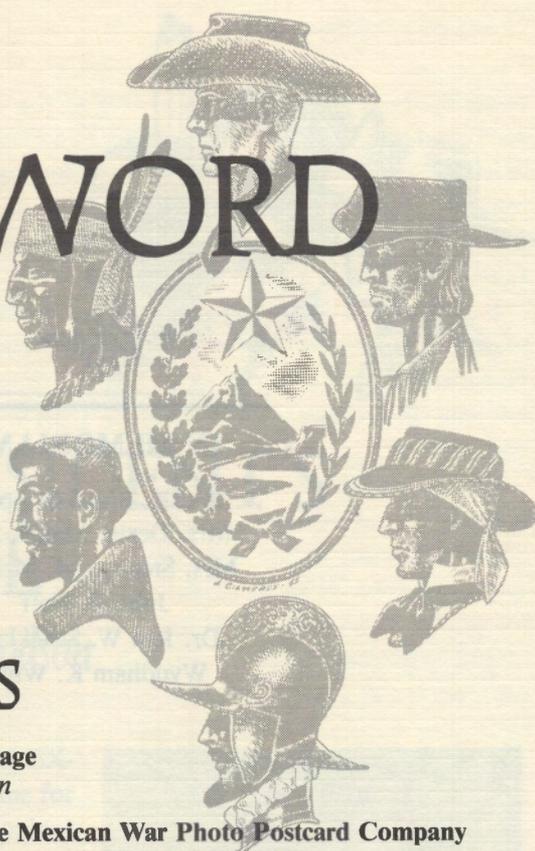
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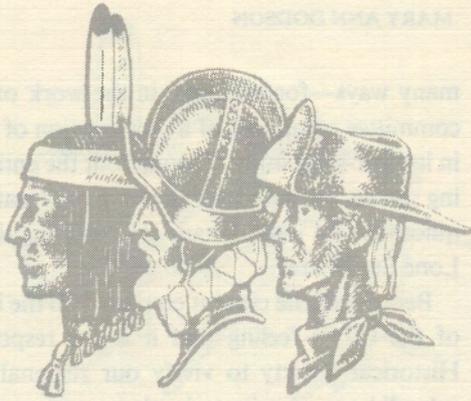
**IN MEMORIAM**

Mrs. R. Bruce Crippen  
Mrs. Dexter Mapel, Sr.  
Mrs. Stephen M. Mellnik  
John B. Neff  
Dr. Rex W. Strickland  
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# THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

by Mary Ann Dodson

**T**HIS IS AN EXCITING time for the Historical Society, and it is also a time filled with awesome responsibility.

The mobility of present-day society, as we all realize, requires some of us to leave our birthplaces, abandon our traditions, and forsake our historic treasures. But the members of the Historical Society, both those who are newcomers to the El Paso region and those whose roots reach deep into this land, bear the responsibility, the obligation, to preserve the local history, to integrate it into our country's history, and to convey the role of the early settlers and their way of life to all those who call El Paso home now.

The exciting part is that the awareness of the importance of history is at a high point in our community. This heightened awareness is manifested in



many ways—for example, in the work of the Cultural Planning Group, a committee composed of a cross section of 100 El Pasoans, which has turned in its year-long study. Throughout the entire country, in fact, monies are being made available to preserve our national heritage, and in this Sesquicentennial year, Texans are centering their activities on the history of the Lone Star State.

Because of the current emphasis on the importance of history and because of the City's feeling that it is the responsibility of the El Paso County Historical Society to vivify our regional history, our organization has a splendid opportunity to implement our goals and serve our community in a valuable way.

In 1986, the Society will continue its traditional projects: it will sponsor its annual Tour of Historic Places, hold its Hall of Honor Banquet in the autumn, conduct its two essay contests, offer for sale from time to time a careful selection of books on the history of the Southwest; and throughout the year it will stand solidly upon its cornerstone, the publication of its quarterly journal, *Password*. And in this special year of Texas' birthday celebration and increased interest in history, the Society will do more: it will revive and spearhead History Week; it will activate an Education Committee; and it will strengthen the Society's involvement with young people. During this Sesquicentennial year the quarterly meetings will be held at various historical sites in the community, and the Society will conduct historical tours of the lower valley and the city. It will also publish a special Sesquicentennial issue of *Password*.

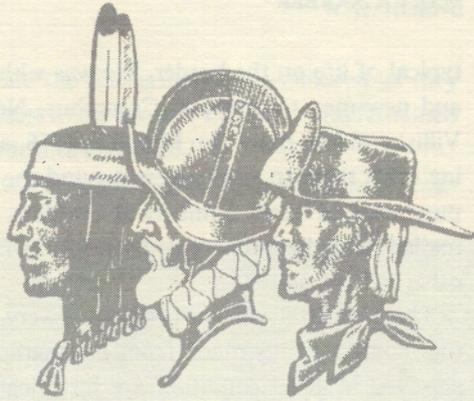
Furthermore, the Society would like to participate in many of the programs available to Historical Societies, but it needs volunteers who would have time to develop programs and do some grant writing.

The doors are open and the time is right. Your board and president need your ideas on how best to be guardians and interpreters of history here in the area of the Pass. There is so much to be done that each one of us needs to make a personal commitment to some aspect of the Society's work.

As one of those transplants who now call El Paso home, I am very honored to have been asked to be part of the Society's role here, and together I am sure we can achieve the high purpose of preserving the fascinating history of the El Paso Southwest. ☆

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**Mary Ann Dodson**, the Society's new president, has actively participated in civic affairs throughout her 14 years of residence in El Paso. Among her contributions, she has served the Historical Society in a number of capacities, she was chair of the Arts and Culture Committee of Renaissance 400, and—with Mrs. Arnold Hecht—she developed the Docent program at the Cavalry Museum (now the El Paso Museum of History).



# W. H. HORNE *And the Mexican War Photo Postcard Company*

*by Mary A. Sarber*

**I**N 1910 A MAN ARRIVED in El Paso who was to leave behind a visual record of the turbulent events which dominated the next ten years in El Paso and Cd. Juarez. His name was Walter H. Horne. Like many others of that time, he came to the Southwest because he had tuberculosis and was in search of a warm, dry climate. He stayed in El Paso because he found it possible to make a good living producing photographic postcards, and because the outbreak of the Mexican Revolution just across the border provided him with a highly marketable subject for his camera.

Today Horne's postcards of the Mexican Revolution, signed "W. H. Horne Co.," are avidly sought by collectors across the country. Many of the photographs are scenes of soldiers, battles, and executions in Mexico, while others show United States soldiers going about their daily duties in Army camps all along the border. Horne also photographed parades and buildings in downtown El Paso, picturesque sights in Cd. Juarez, and other scenes

typical of life on the border. He was with the first group of photographers and newsmen to arrive in Columbus, New Mexico, short hours after the Villista raid on that town March 9, 1916, and sold photographs of the smoking ruins there to newspapers around the country. Horne's postcards were purchased in large numbers by soldiers and National Guardsmen to be mailed back to families and friends in Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and other eastern states.

The postcards which Horne made were not printed by press, but were actual contact prints made from photographic negatives. Those which have survived in good condition are historically valuable as photographs. The clarity of detail in the scenes portrayed makes them much more useful as historical documents than the mass-produced postcards of the period.

Horne was fortunate in that his opportunity to take such photographs corresponded with the heyday of the photographic postcard, approximately 1905 to 1920. People all over the United States, and in Europe as well, bought, mailed and collected postcards featuring photographs of local scenes. Often such cards were personalized, with the sender's own portrait or an entire family posed in front of a home. As early as 1902, Kodak offered photographic postcard stock for sale, cut to 3" x 5" size and printed on the back with the words "POST CARD" and a box for the stamp.<sup>1</sup> Azo and Veloz were the most popular brand names. The R.O.C. Post Card Printer, also sold by Kodak, made possible the fast production of cards in large quantities.<sup>2</sup>

Exactly when Horne became a photographer and what prompted him to turn his photographs into postcards is not known. He may have followed the example of a few other photographers in El Paso who shot many scenes in the Madero camp in the spring of 1911. For there were other men making postcards, such as Jim Alexander, F. C. Hecox, and D. W. Hoffman. None of them, however, were to be as successful in the postcard business as Horne.

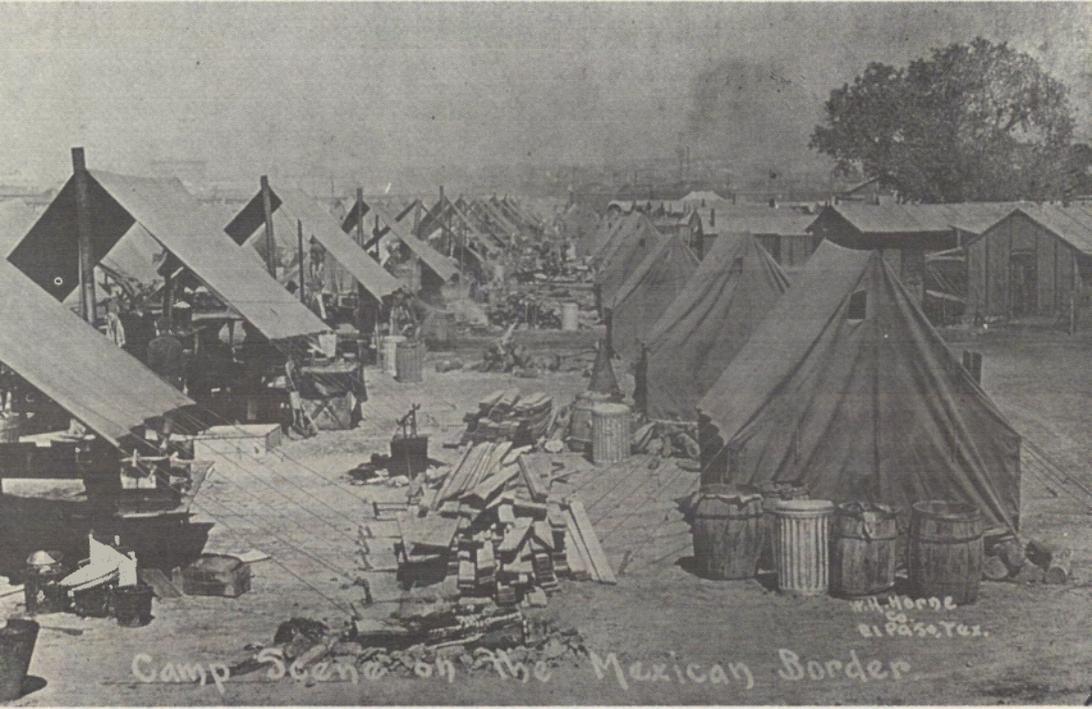
Walter H. Horne arrived in El Paso virtually penniless, eking out a precarious living from temporary jobs, pool hall winnings, and small amounts of money sent by his family.<sup>3</sup> Horne was originally from Hallowell, Maine, born there in 1883, the youngest of several children.<sup>4</sup> His parents were Henry and Susan Horne; his ancestors in Hallowell were tanners, and his father operated a wool shop and bark tannery as well as a small farm. The Horne family home still stands on Loudon Hill in Hallowell.<sup>5</sup> It seems

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Mary A. Sarber has been Head of the Southwest Collection, El Paso Public Library, since 1975. She is the author of *Charles F. Lummis, A Bibliography* and *Photographs from the Border: The Otis A. Aultman Collection*.

to have been a close family, despite the scattering of the children as they reached adulthood. Walter was closest to his brother Edward, who remained in Hallowell, and to sisters Gertrude and Florence.

A 1905 letter from Walter to Edward indicates that Walter was then work-



A Horne postcard entitled "Camp Scene on the Mexican Border." (Courtesy Southwest Collection, El Paso Public Library)

ing for a financial firm in New York City. Walter's choice of employment is an indication of his strong interest in the financial world and in making money, an interest which no doubt contributed to his success as a photographer and publisher of postcards. It may also have shortened his life, as his brother Edward was to write some years later.

In the same 1905 letter Walter complained of a bad cold "which has caused me lots of trouble and some worry." This almost certainly was evidence of the dreaded tuberculosis which would send Horne to the Southwest. By 1909 he was in Denver, then travelled by freight train to Las Vegas, Nevada, and on to Los Angeles. In late 1909 he left Los Angeles for Arizona, again riding boxcars, and described to Edward getting "pinched" by local lawmen four times en route. By February 26, 1910, he was in El Paso.



A Horne postcard entitled "Identifying Dead Federals and Collecting Them for Burial." (Courtesy Southwest Collection, El Paso Public Library)

Here he seems to have found it possible to live, both physically and financially. On February 11, 1911, he wrote to his sister Gertrude:

I am working a few days now and then, and picking up side money playing pool, etc., so that I have everything I need. Am taking good care of myself and feeling much better than I did during the fall....

The family continued to send him the occasional five dollars, but Walter soon asked them to stop, saying he no longer needed their help. In a few years he would be sending them money.

The spring of 1911, of course, was a period of great excitement in El Paso, with Francisco Madero's revolutionary army camped across the Rio Grande from the smelter threatening the Federal garrison in Cd. Juarez. Horne often referred to the situation in his letters. The first mention of taking photographs, however, does not come until July 26, 1911, when he and an unnamed partner were showing moving pictures in a series of small towns in New Mexico and southern Colorado. He wrote to his parents:

Have been getting along all right with the picture show business; that is, we haven't gone broke yet.... Also did a little business with a camera, and disposed of about 700 post cards of the revolution at wholesale 2½¢.

He added, "I'm in fine shape now. Not a sign of the old trouble at present."

In September he was back in El Paso. "Everything over in Juarez is quiet now," he wrote. "The new government is cleaning up the town to beat the

band." This quiet, however, was not entirely to his satisfaction, as it caused a slowdown in the postcard business. On September 24 he wrote to Gertrude, "The pictures of the Mexican Revolution don't amount to anything now. Am in hopes there will be more trouble across the river, but it is quiet there at present." On October 9, he wrote that his "partner" had sold his moving picture outfit and was planning to buy a saloon. This was the last mention of the moving picture business.

By April, 1912, Horne had clearly identified the potential of the military market for his postcards. He wrote to Gertrude:

Have been taking pictures among the soldiers at Fort Bliss and along the river the past five weeks, and doing very well. If only some of the militiamen from the northern states would come down on the border, I'd make some money.

This of course is precisely what would happen. In 1911 the garrison at Fort Bliss stood at about 2,000 men. In 1912 that number was increased to 3,000; by 1914 to nearly 5,000 including many National Guardsmen from northern states; and in 1916 to 40,000.<sup>6</sup> These soldiers were to be Horne's primary market, both for postcards and another profitable business he went into, a series of shooting galleries for the entertainment of the soldiers.

He wrote his family that his health continued to be stable. "I am working every day now and am in first class shape," he said in April, 1912. He did not feel confident enough, however, to attempt a trip home. "Guess I'd better stick to the desert for another year before trying the east. Never felt better in my life than I do now." Horne also made frequent references to the hot, dry climate of El Paso and how well it agreed with him. "This is the only climate to live in. Just think of it, its never uncomfortable, summer or winter." He boasted of sleeping "beside an open window with gauze underclothes on and not even a sheet for cover."

In addition to letters, Horne often sent his postcards with messages on the backs. In December, 1913, he mailed Gertrude a photo of General Francisco Villa:

I took this photo of Villa the day after the big battle<sup>7</sup> when he was feeling good. Villa was a bandit for 10 years, and has a *bloody history*. Started a year ago with 25 men, and now commands over 10,000 men and controls the northern part of Mexico. His method is to execute all prisoners, including wounded men on the battlefield. The most feared man in Mexico.

In January, 1914, he wrote, on the back of a photo of refugees from Mexico:

4987 Mex Refugees arrived in El Paso yesterday. Probably 1000 of them women and children. The most pitiful sights I ever saw in my life.

Later that year, on an undistinguished photo of mounted cavalry, he wrote:

Not much of a photo, Mother. The horses were at a dead gallop, and its one of the first I have taken with my new camera. A Graflex \$135.00 outfit. The best camera on the market. The lense [sic] alone cost \$50.50. Just what I need if anything starts.

The purchase of this expensive camera indicated the growing success of Horne's postcard business. In January, 1914, he wrote to Gertrude:

I have been advertising in the newspapers along the border—photographs, postcards, etc. Had only fair success with them, but some of the replies may lead to wholesale orders. Business has been tip top with me. Have put out over 30,000 postcards. Sent some to Atlantic City, N.J., Los Angeles, Calif. etc. etc. (1 & 2000 lots).

In May he wrote to his parents:

Feeling tip top now, and am 16,000 cards behind with orders right now. Shipped 7,800 cards to N.Y. City today....

I am getting on my feet once more, and you needn't hesitate about taking what [money] I will send you.

Another sign of Horne's prosperity was his acquisition of a typewriter (many of his ensuing letters are typed) and business letterhead which gives his address as 709 E. Fourth Street. The 1915 Worley's city directory for El Paso also lists Horne at this address, although it mistakenly gives his first name as Frank and continued to do so through the 1917 directory. The exact wording of Horne's letterhead changed slightly over the following years, no doubt reflecting the markets at which he was aiming his business. In 1915 it also introduced for the first time the name of H. E. Cottman, Horne's new partner. Cottman seems to have been primarily occupied with the shooting galleries; there is no evidence that he took an active role in the photography and postcard business.

In the summer of 1914 Horne made a trip to the Texas Gulf Coast, where he took photographs for postcards in Galveston and placed Army postcards in Texas City, where, according to his report, eight regiments were stationed. This trip to sea level may have been an experiment to see whether he could tolerate a trip back to Maine. Later indications were that Horne believed the trip to have been damaging to his physical condition.

Horne was always a sports fan. Throughout his letters to brother Edward there are references to the sporting events of the day, particularly boxing matches. The Juarez Race Track was also an attraction; in December, 1914, he mentioned having a season pass ("100 days—\$100.00") and getting new views for postcards. Bullfights in Juarez provided a frequent subject for his camera, too.

He sometimes asked his sister Gertrude to critique the technical aspects of

his postcards. They were supposed to be washed in clear water for an hour after being printed; neglecting to do so could mean that the photograph would rapidly deteriorate, turning yellow and ultimately losing contrast and detail. He once mentioned not washing a batch of cards at all, due to a shortage of water, and in October, 1914, asked Gertrude, of another group of cards, "How are those I sent a long time ago? Am curious to know if they turn yellow. Suppose they do, as I didn't bother to wash them much." This carelessness on his part, of which he was obviously well aware, has indeed contributed to the serious deterioration of some cards.

H. HORNE

H. E. COTTMAN

## Mexican War Photo Postcard Company

INDIAN AND OTHER ODD AND  
INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE  
SOUTHWEST.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

PHOTO POSTCARDS  
AND ENLARGED VIEWS OF  
MEXICAN WAR, TYPICAL MEXICAN SCENES  
AND BULL FIGHTS.

U. S. ARMY EVENTS, ETC.

PHONE 4583

709 EAST FOURTH STREET.

W. H. Horne's letterhead, 1915. (Courtesy Southwest Collection, El Paso Public Library)

In 1915 Horne's father and his sister Gertrude travelled west to visit the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco and to meet Walter in Denver. Walter's mother apparently was not in good health and did not attempt the arduous trip. Nor did Walter plan to accompany his father and Gertrude to San Francisco:

Maybe by another year I will make a short trip home. I am not planning to go to San Francisco. Whenever I feel that it is all right to go to the coast again, it will be to Maine.

Later that year, he wrote "Am about as well as I ever was, and would have come this year, only I thought it best to wait another year and let the effects of that Galveston trip wear off." There is no evidence that Walter ever made that trip home. He did, however, rendezvous with his father and Gertrude in Denver in September of 1915. His father died a few months later.

In El Paso, both the postcard business and the shooting galleries flourished. In March, 1916, the raid on Columbus and the ensuing Punitive Expedition provided expanded business opportunities. "We were the first ones into Columbus with cameras," he wrote his mother on March 21,

and the first ones out with negatives, consequently we<sup>8</sup> beat them all to the newspapers; got our stuff into Chicago, New York, Boston, Atlanta, San Francisco over twelve hours ahead of the others, and believe we will make some money out of it. These papers are dead anxious for photos, and we have been swamped with telegrams for new stuff.... We are getting out postcards as fast as possible; have two men and two girls working....

The censor is very strict,<sup>9</sup> but this is to our advantage, as we have been photographing for years, and have many negatives, from which we are printing, and which other photographers which have just arrived will not be able to get.

I heard tonight that there were to be more executions in Juarez tomorrow morning, so am planning to be on hand if there is anything going. I hope it is not true, however, as it is an awful sight, and while these fellows probably deserve it as a rule, at the same time, I would rather see them get off easier.

In a postscript he added, "We made 2700 photos today."

On June 26 he wrote:

Business in my line is good. The photographic business is O.K., and in addition, my partner and I have the three shooting galleries in operation and an African Dip,<sup>10</sup> and we expect to do a good business in the next few months.

I am looking after the photographic business and the two shooting galleries in El Paso, and Mr. Cottman is taking care of the gallery and dip at Columbus.

We opened up the second gallery in El Paso two weeks ago, on El Paso Street, one of the main streets of the City, and pay a rent of \$135. per month. It is a very small building, only 12 ft. front, but the location is good.<sup>11</sup>

The postcard business was to improve also, as his letter of August 4, 1916, states:

Business is simply great, and as my opportunity has arrived, am making every effort to get the benefit from my negatives, which have cost me a good deal of hard work and trouble.

Am making 5,000 postcards a day. Supply post exchanges and stores all along the border.... Shall go to Deming, N Mex tomorrow to shoot up the Delaware troops. Big camp there.

The buildup of troops along the border was obviously good for Horne's business, both the postcards and the shooting galleries. He and Cottman built another gallery, this time in Deming, about which he wrote to Gertrude in September 1917, "livliest town I ever was in. Wonderful business. Have town covered with cards & two (2) shooting galleries." About the same time he wrote to his mother:

...we are strictly in the money out here, and in pretty fair health at present, and I can quit business any time and never have to worry about money matters. I have had a lot of trouble since I came out here with

poor health, otherwise would have been rich by this time. By staying out here in the Southwest and being reasonably careful, there is nothing to worry about.

This note of optimism concerning his health was considerably muted a few months later when he wrote Edward, "Things are o.k. with me. Am in about the usual condition this winter. No severe colds as yet, but these are sure to come in due time." In actuality Walter's health must have been precarious throughout this period, with the frenetic ups and ensuing downs



A Horne postcard picturing a replica of the Statue of Liberty which topped the headquarters for El Paso's Liberty Bond sales in Pioneer Plaza during World War I. In the background is the Sheldon Hotel, that site now occupied by the Plaza Hotel. (Photo courtesy Southwest Collection, El Paso Public Library)

typical of the tuberculosis sufferer. Never, however, did Horne refer directly to the disease. His bad times were "colds," and he rarely referred to any more serious health problems. As is often the way, he wrote more frankly to his siblings (Edward and Gertrude) than to his parents.

From 1917 on, Walter seems to have been more occupied with the shooting galleries than with the postcard business. The postcard market may have slowed down—the period of greatest popularity of these cards was past, and the number of soldiers stationed on the border declined when the

United States entered World War I—at the same time that the galleries prospered. In other words, he was making more money from the shooting galleries, and money was an important factor in Walter's judgment of success. A long letter to Edward in December, 1917, indicated that he was toying with the idea of returning to Maine to open galleries there, or perhaps he was indirectly suggesting that Edward go into the business. After laying out the impressive financial facts of his and Cottman's profits, he continued, "If my health was good, would have a string of galleries in the best towns in this section. It is an easy business to handle."

In September, 1918, Horne wrote to Gertrude that Cottman was spending most of his time in Deming, leaving Walter to run the photo business and five galleries. In January, 1919, he complained of a bad cold, and later that year referred to the Villista uprising in Cd. Juarez as "livening up" his business.

Unfortunately correspondence from Horne to his family stops at this point, or at any rate none has survived with the rest of the collection. There is, however, a marriage certificate issued July 21, 1920, for Walter H. Horne and Adelina Zuvia of El Paso. Horne's will indicates that a son was born of this marriage, but Horne does not seem to have informed his family in Maine of either wife or child.

The final chapter of Horne's story took place in 1921, and is documented in letters written by Walter's brother. Edward arrived in El Paso on September 17, 1921, to be with Walter in his final illness. Two days later Edward wrote to his future wife, Ethel Marston:

Walter is in a very bad way.... He has the best of care and treatment and a lot of friends who call every day. Mr. Cottman has a big Buick car and is here every day for an hour or two forenoon and afternoon.

On October 9, Edward wrote:

Walter is growing weaker every day. The doctor tells me he don't see how he can stand it much longer. He takes very little food say a glass of milk once in a while and a raw egg or a little toast.

Dear I can see that money is only a small part of ones life. Its been all money with him and it has got him nothing. *You must keep this to yourself* but he has got a lot of money much more than I ever dreamed he had. I have put away a quite a good bunch of it where it will go where it belongs. *You must never intimate* this before Mother or Florence.

Presumably Edward intended to be sure that the money would go to Horne's wife and son, as indeed it would under the terms of the will Walter signed on October 10, 1921. Although Edward did not refer directly to Walter's wife, it is apparent that he knew of her and was perhaps the only member of the family who did.<sup>12</sup>

On October 11, Edward wrote:

He is very sick and I don't think he can last only a short time now....

I shall get a lot here as he has made me promise.... They have a beautiful cemetery. Spare *no* expense on the park or cemetery here.

Edward also commented on Walter's affection for El Paso, and on his desire to remain in the center of activity despite his illness:

Walter thinks there is no place like El Paso and a queer thing is he wants to be in a noisy place. In this street he is on it is a continual roar. I hate it and when I wanted him to get on the outside of town he did not like it at all. He is in a big corner room on the ground floor plenty of big low windows that open out on a piazza on a street corner that looks across on the freight yard.<sup>13</sup>

Walter H. Horne died on October 13, 1921, aged 38, and was buried in El Paso's Evergreen Cemetery. He was a man of strong character, determined to live a full life despite the disease which killed him prematurely. It would most likely surprise him to know that his name is remembered 65 years later because of the postcards he made and sold. There is no indication in his letters that he had a sense of history; his motivation for taking photographs and selling postcards was purely monetary. The Mexican Revolution was an opportunity that enabled him to make a good living, perhaps even in his eyes a piece of incredible good fortune. The ability to market postcards successfully was entirely his own, however. For he was successful, far beyond the other photographers with whom he competed.

Horne deserves recognition for his photography, for the scenes he captured on postcards, thousands of which were sold throughout the country and hundreds of which have survived. It is no small thing to have been the instrument of preserving evidence of people, places and events now long gone but of continuing interest to collectors and historians. ☆

#### NOTES:

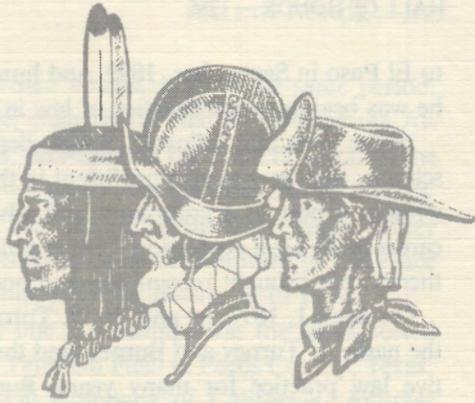
1. Hal Morgan and Andreas Brown, *Prairie Fires and Paper Moons: The American Photographic Postcard: 1900-1920* (David R. Godine, 1981), 187-190.
2. Kodak Trade Circular, May, 1910, collections of George Eastman House, Rochester, New York.
3. The bulk of this article is based on correspondence, personal papers, and postcards now in the Southwest Collection of the El Paso Public Library, which were sent by Horne to his family in Maine. Letters from this collection will not be individually cited, and direct quotations will be reproduced as written with spelling and punctuation uncorrected unless it is necessary to clarify meaning.
4. Information on the Horne family was provided by Katherine H. Snell, Head Librarian, Hubbard Free Library, Hallowell, Maine.
5. Katherine H. Snell and Vincent P. Ledew, "Old Loudon Hill," in *Historic Hallowell* (Hallowell Bicentennial Committee, 1962), 72-73.
6. Leon C. Metz, *Fort Bliss, An Illustrated History* (El Paso: Mangan Books, 1981), 63 and 71. A number of the photographs in Chapters 9 and 10 of this book, provided by Millard G. McKinney, were Horne postcards.
7. Probably the Battle of Tierra Blanca, south of Cd. Juarez, November 23-25, 1913.

(Notes continued on page 46.)



HALL OF HONOR

• 1985 •



# TRIBUTE TO WILLIAM H. BURGES

by J. F. Hulse

**A** RECENT TELEVISION PROGRAM FEATURING the life and architectural triumphs of the renowned Frank Lloyd Wright reminded me that it is always fitting to recall the achievements of the great men and women of the past. We in El Paso are fortunate in the number of people whose successes have contributed significantly to the betterment of our community.

Among those preeminent in El Paso in years past was William Henry Burges. He was born on November 12, 1867, in Seguin, Texas, and died on May 11, 1946, in El Paso. His father was a lawyer and a man of influence, serving at one time as District Attorney and at another time as State Senator. William H. Burges was reared in Seguin and attended the School of Law at The University of Texas in Austin from which he earned a law degree in 1889. He had been racked with asthma all of his life, and shortly after graduating from law school it was suggested to him that the dry climate of El Paso would be beneficial to his health. Acting on this suggestion, he came

◀ William Henry Burges (1867-1946)  
(This photograph of Mr. Burges, made in 1896, courtesy Jane Burges Perrenot)

to El Paso in September, 1889, and hung out his shingle, giving notice that he was beginning the practice of law in El Paso.

In the years that followed, Burges demonstrated that he was a great legal scholar, that he was also proficient in the trial of lawsuits, and that he was without a peer as a consultant and advisor on legal matters. His brilliant career in the legal profession formed a vital part of his personal life, and furthermore it brought recognition and honor to El Paso as his hometown.

On April 1, 1897, he and W. W. Turney entered into a partnership under the name of Turney and Burges, and they carried on a large and remunerative law practice for many years. Burges was an early member of the American Bar Association and attended its conventions at a time when there were only a few hundred lawyers in attendance. Through his participation in these conventions, he became acquainted with many of the leading lawyers in the United States. In 1917, one of them, S. S. Gregory of Chicago, invited Burges to become a member of his Chicago law firm. Burges accepted, and in early March of 1917 he and Mrs. Burges moved to Chicago where the Gregory firm name then became Gregory, Burges and McNabb and in which Burges conducted a successful law practice. The cold, damp weather of Chicago, however, aggravated his asthma, and—for reasons of health—he returned to El Paso in November, 1918. By then, he was known to leading lawyers and judges and captains of industry throughout the United States.

During the criminal case in the federal court at Fort Worth against Dr. Frederick A. Cook, whose chief claim to notoriety was his spurious claim of having been the first man to reach the North Pole, the United States Attorney General, Harlan Fiske Stone, inquired of some of the members of the Supreme Court of the United States for a reference to an outstanding Texas lawyer to whom he could turn for assistance in the case. Without hesitation the members gave him the name of W. H. Burges, who subsequently agreed to assist the Attorney General.

Among the most unusual kind of cases in which Burges engaged was the Bisbee Arizona, I.W.W. Deportation case, unique in the legal annals of this country, so much so that it is reported in Volume 17, *American State Trials*, the case of *The State of Arizona v. Harry E. Wotton*. Burges' success in this landmark case caused his fame to spread over the country. Shortly afterwards came the *Texxon Oil Group No. 1* case in which Burges, in collaboration with Judge R. L. Batts of Austin, collected what was in those days an

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**J. F. Hulse**, an El Paso attorney, is the author of *Texas Lawyer: The Life of William H. Burges* (El Paso: Mangan Books, 1982).

extremely large sum of money for their clients. During the same period, Turney & Burges were local counsel, engaged for that purpose by the Attorney General of the State of Texas, representing the State of Texas in the litigation initiated by the State of New Mexico over the location of the boundary line between the two states in that section of the Rio Grande Valley which stretches from a point immediately west of Anthony to the place where the Mexico boundary line is met near the smelter at El Paso.

Overlapping with these boundary-line proceedings was the multifaceted litigation arising out of the fabulous Yates Oil Field in Pecos County, Texas, Burges' client being the Standard Oil Company of California. Another unique case was the mandamus suit by Tom Love in the Supreme Court of Texas against the State Democratic Executive Committee to force it to put his name on the ballot in the Democratic primary as a candidate for Governor. The Committee had refused to list his name on the ballot because he had strayed from the fold in the previous election. Burges and five other eminent Texas lawyers represented the State Democratic Executive Committee. While Love won the lawsuit, he lost the election. In that portion of the brief which Burges filed before the Supreme Court of Texas, he characteristically included an apt quotation from Shakespeare's *Richard III*, where Richard says to Buckingham:

Tellest thou me of ifs? Thou art a traitor!  
Off with his head. So much for Buckingham.

At about this time he had the unusual case of Salvador Ateca, a Spaniard who had resided in Juarez and was the treasurer of the Escobar revolution. When the revolution failed, Ateca had escaped to El Paso, bringing with him suitcases containing money and bearer bonds worth about \$800,000. Ateca was seized in New York by the government for the purpose of extraditing him to Mexico; and his counsel, W. H. Fryer of El Paso, called on Burges for help. Burges spent most of that summer in New York getting Ateca out of the toils of the law. Shortly after this, there were the unusual Banco cases relating to the title of Bancos, strips of land on the boundary line between Mexico and the United States. Sometime later Oscar Sutro, a San Francisco lawyer and in effect general counsel for the Standard Oil Company of California, enlisted Burges' aid in a case of tremendous importance which the Company had with the federal government in California. Not too long afterwards, Burges was engaged in public utility litigation on behalf of the Lone Star Gas Company and the Mountain States Telephone & Telegraph Company in El Paso, all of which he carried on to successful conclusions. He was well known to the top officials of American Telephone & Telegraph Company, who offered him the position of general attorney for

A.T.&T. in New York, a position which he declined. Later he was offered, and also declined, two positions with the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company—that of general attorney for the company in St. Louis and that of general attorney for the company in Texas.

This capsulized version of his legal abilities and activities indicates his success and his eminence in his profession. Emphasis must now be placed on what William H. Burges more directly did for El Paso.

Shortly after his arrival in 1889, he entered into the political activities of the community, and from 1893 to 1895 was City Attorney. Also, and from the earliest years of his El Paso residency, Burges served his fellow citizens in many unsung ways. During the Panic of 1893, for example, he took his December salary check as City Attorney to one of the grocery stores in El Paso together with a list of people who he knew were facing a lean and hungry Christmas. He had the grocer deliver baskets of groceries to each of the people on that list, specifying that his name not be mentioned as the donor. Until the end of his life, he continued to give anonymously to various people he knew to be in financial straits and who needed help.

In the 1890s and in the early years of this century, Burges was one of the leaders in the Reform Movement which had as its object the closing of open gambling in El Paso. The Reform Movement lost the city election of 1903—the most raucous, with constant threats of violence, of any city election in the history of El Paso. The Reform Movement, however, triumphed with the city election of 1905.

In 1922, a group of El Pasoans, mostly lawyers, asked Burges to head a ticket in the School Board election of that year. There was already a ticket in the field, generally reported to be backed by the Ku Klux Klan. Burges agreed to head a ticket in opposition, not expecting to be elected, but doing so because it would give him an opportunity to speak publicly against the Klan. This he did without pulling any punches; but, as anticipated, the other ticket was elected. It came out during the campaign that some years earlier there had been some irregularity in the city schools' tax office to the extent that the schools were faced with closing down for lack of money. Burges was one of several people who signed a guaranty to a bank in order to secure a loan to keep the schools open. This, too, was characteristic of him. For he saw education through the public schools as one of the necessities of life which had to be made available in El Paso. He undoubtedly thought, in common with Mirabeau B. Lamar, one-time President of the Republic of Texas, that education is the guardian genius of democracy.

Burges accumulated a private library which, at the time of his death, numbered about 17,000 volumes. It was said to be the finest private library

in Texas during his lifetime. Fanny Ratchford, the rare book librarian at The University of Texas in Austin examined it and reported that while it contained few rare books it did have a large number of scarce books, in the language of the library trade. She further noted that the collection was remarkable in that it contained not a single piece of trash. It included, for example, about 1100 volumes of various editions of the works of Shakespeare and books about Shakespeare and his works. Burges read widely from the world's great literature, and in his conversations and in his writings he always seemed able to come up with apt quotations from many different sources—ranging from the Bible to the nineteenth-century British poets and novelists.

Burges was the unofficial advisor to the librarian of the El Paso Public Library, frequently being called on by early-day Librarian Maud Sullivan, particularly regarding requests that had come to her for the source of quotations which she herself could not immediately locate. He was legal advisor, in fact, to the Presidents of the Texas School of Mines, forerunner of The University of Texas at El Paso, this service later recognized in the naming of a campus building for him: Burges Hall. With respect to his interest in education, he was at one time a Regent of the University of Texas, and while living in Chicago, he negotiated for the University of Texas the purchase of the famous Wrenn Library.

He was aptly described in a letter I recently had from the well known writer J. Evetts Haley as "that remarkable Texan—W. H. Burges." And Haley added, "I was always fascinated by the breadth of his interests and his remarkable mind."

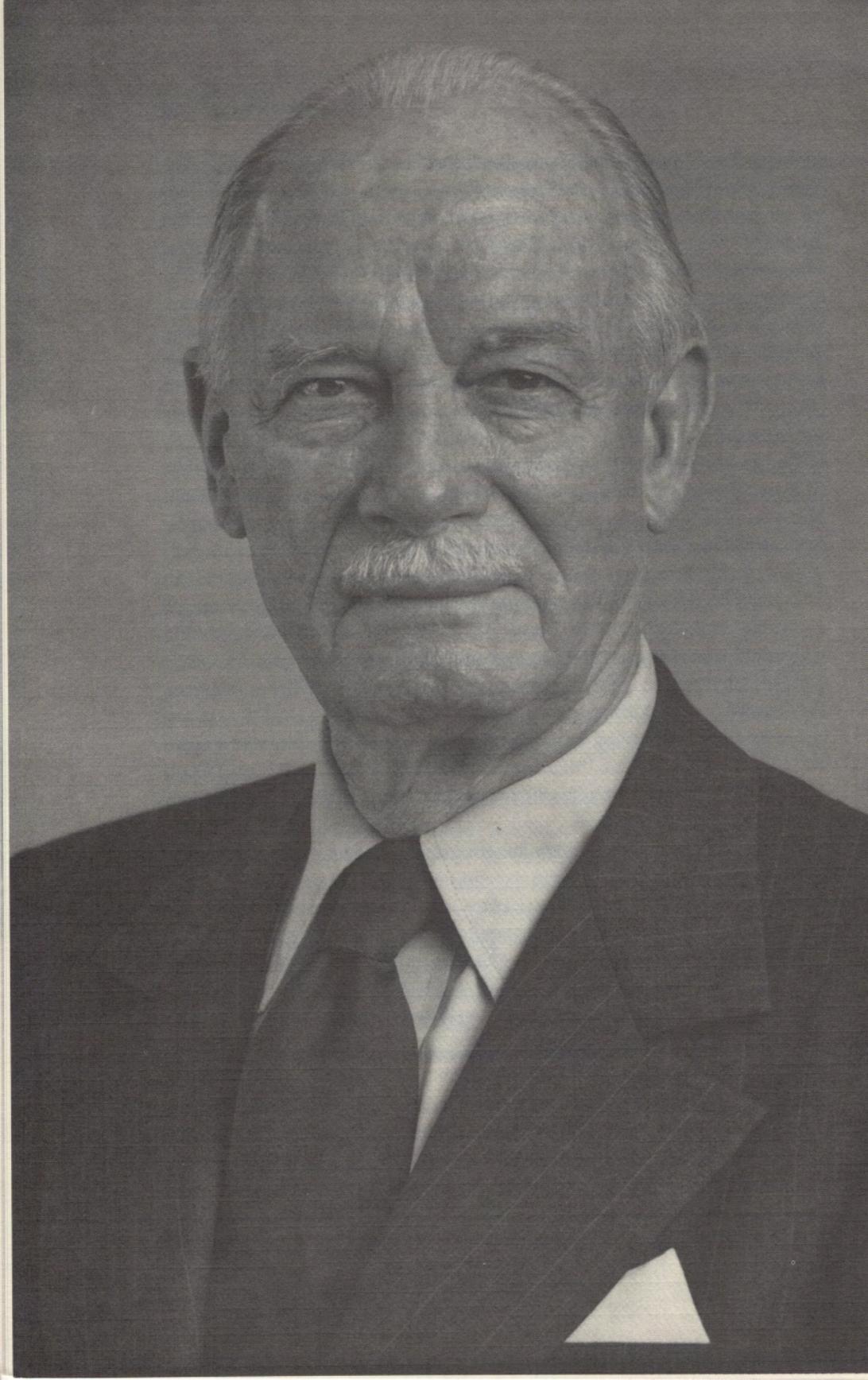
His knowledge, his scholarship, his contributions to many civic endeavors in El Paso, his interest in education, and his contributions to it, all helped greatly in making El Paso a better place in which to live, not only for his own generation but also for the generations to follow.

Antony's words over the body of Brutus might well apply to William Henry Burges: "His life was gentle, and the elements / So mixed in him that Nature might stand up / And say to all the world, This was a man." ☆

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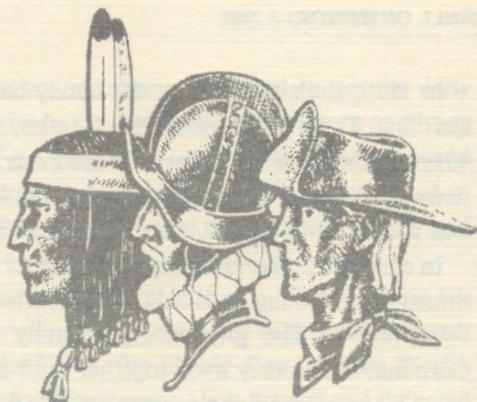
## A Clarification

The February 15, 1986, *El Conquistador* asked the members of the Society to donate any extra copies of the Spring and Summer 1985 *Password*. To set the record straight, the scarcity of these issues was not caused by a short press run of the issues, but by complications which occurred after regular distribution.



HALL OF HONOR

• 1985 •



# TRIBUTE TO WILLIAM I. LATHAM

by Patrick Rand

**H**AVING KNOWN BILL LATHAM for many years and worked with him in several organizations, I believe that "Service" should be one of his names. The many definitions of *service*—a helpful act; aid; conduct that is useful to others; performance of duties; duty in the armed forces; regard, respect, devotion—all fit Bill very well.

Actually, his full name is William Ignatious Latham, and he was born in Washington, D.C., on May 27, 1911. He was the second son of Ola Vincent Latham, a native of South Carolina, and the former Mary Anne McNamara, from Kentucky. In South Carolina, the family name was spelled L-A-T-H-E-M, but when Bill's father went to work in Washington, his first paycheck was spelled L-A-T-H-A-M. He accepted the check, and from then on, spelled the name with an "a."

Bill's mother developed tuberculosis of the bone when Bill was four years old; and, for her health, the family moved to Miami, Arizona, where their first home was a "tent house," with walls and floor, but a canvas roof. She died later that year, 1915.

In 1919, Bill's father took the family back to the Lathem farm in South Carolina. There he married Anna Charles, and the family moved to El Paso, where Bill's uncle had a farm in the lower valley. Bill, his brother, and his sister all attended Lamar Grammar School on Montana Street. His teacher was a Miss Kate Krause, later to become Kate Ball, the noted artist.

In early 1922, the family moved back to Miami, Arizona, where Bill continued his schooling until July of 1923, when his father died suddenly after a brief illness. The grief-stricken family returned to Greenville, South Carolina, where they lived together until Bill's second year in high school, when his grandmother passed away. The family then agreed that Bill and his brother should move to his grandfather's farm, go to school and work the crops. During this time, Bill first became involved in his ultimate profession, newspaper work. The family still received the Miami, Arizona, newspaper, and Bill copied items which were then sent to the local newspapers.

He finished high school in 1928, one of 14 in his class, and then entered the University of South Carolina to study law. At the suggestion of a friend, Bill applied for a place on the staff of the *Gamecock*, the campus newspaper, and was taken on as a reporter. This was the turning point from a career in law to one in journalism.

He was awarded a B.A. in Journalism in June of 1932 and headed west, his original destination being Arizona. However, on arriving in El Paso, friends and relatives urged him to stay—and he began job hunting. Finding a job was no easy task in the middle of the Great Depression. Bill applied at both *The El Paso Times* and the *El Paso Herald-Post* but was unsuccessful. His first job in El Paso turned out to be that of night clerk at the Lockie Hotel, which stood where the MBank building is now located.

At this time, the pastor of the First Baptist Church in El Paso was the former pastor of the Baptist Church in Greenville, South Carolina, and a good friend of Bill's uncle. The first Sunday after his arrival in El Paso, Bill went to the church and, after service, was introduced to an attractive young lady, Martha Jane Stark, who was a junior at Radford School for Girls. There was an instant attraction, and Bill and Martha Jane soon started going together. They participated in Young People's activities at the First Baptist Church and attended dances at Radford School.

Bill heard that the *World-News*, a local afternoon newspaper, had an opening for the position of sports editor. He applied, was accepted, and went to work on January 27, 1934. He was assigned to cover the local high

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**Patrick Rand**, a past president of the El Paso Historical Society, is a partner in the architectural firm of Carroll, DuSang, and Rand.

school games, the wrestling matches in Liberty Hall and to get the daily baseball scores from the sports wire in the Knickerbocker Club, a gambling hall located in the block south of the Paso del Norte Hotel. He also covered the football games of the Texas College of Mines, which were played in Jones Stadium at El Paso High School. There was no pressbox, and he had to follow the games by walking up and down the sidelines.

In late 1934, the Kiwanis Club conceived the idea of a "bowl" game for El Paso, to be played on January 1, 1935. An all-star high school squad, selected by the sports editors of the *Times*, the *Herald-Post*, and the *World-News*, played a championship team from Ranger High School and defeated it 25 to 21. This was the beginning of the Sun Bowl, played every year since.

In April, 1935, Bill and Martha Jane were married in the parlor of the First Baptist Church, the beginning of what is presently a life of over fifty years together. Their first apartment cost \$10 per month, and groceries ran \$2.50 a week. With a salary of \$15-per week, things were rather tight.

In the summer of 1936, the *World-News* folded, and Bill was hired part-time in the sports department of *The El Paso Times*. He was also unofficial assistant principal and supervisor of the school paper at Austin High School. His duties at the *Times* included the operation of the "baseball board" during the 1936 World Series. It was a large scale model of a baseball field and showed hits, runs and outs. As wire results were received inning by inning, the board was hung from a window to inform the crowd of onlookers below. The next year, radio took over broadcasting the Series, and the board was never used again.

Bill Hooten, managing editor of the *Times*, told Bill about a temporary position on the Douglas, Arizona, *Dispatch* while the editor took a vacation. Bill took the job in January of 1937, but the "temporary" two-week job actually lasted four years.

In Douglas, Bill joined the Arizona National Guard, his participation in the Guard becoming more involved after the start of World War II in September, 1939. He obtained his commission as second lieutenant in August of 1940 and applied for active duty. He was assigned to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, but unfortunately failed his physical examination. A disappointed Bill went back to Douglas. In 1941, he returned to *The El Paso Times* and by 1942 was named City Editor.

Determined to serve his country, Bill underwent several operations and managed to pass the Army physical. With commission in hand, he reported for active duty on December 5, 1942. After serving in a number of posts in the United States, he received orders for Europe in early 1945. As communications officer for the 341st Infantry of the 86th, or Blackhawk, Divi-

sion, he spent the next three months in Europe, seeing action in a series of battles. On June 17, 1945, Bill came home, wearing the Combat Infantry Medal and the Bronze Star. Following a period of rest and relaxation, he received orders to report to the Philippines and to train for the invasion of Japan. Bill was still in El Paso on leave when the first atomic bomb was exploded at White Sands Proving Grounds. And he was on a troop ship in the Pacific when the peace treaty was signed following the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Bill returned to the States and was discharged at Fort Bliss in December, 1945. Still in his uniform and with Martha Jane at his side, he asked about his old job at the *Times*. The very next day, he went back to work.

Bill was promoted to managing editor in March, 1946, and held that position for 24 years. When Bill Hooten decided to retire as editor in 1970, Dorrance Roderick suggested they begin a search for his replacement. Hooten responded, "We have the very best man right under our noses—Bill Latham." Bill became editor and served in that capacity until his retirement in 1976. During this time he extolled the virtues of the El Paso area in his widely read daily editorial column "Good Morning Sun Country."

Among Bill's civic activities, he has served as president of many organizations, including the Southwestern Sun Carnival, El Paso Downtown Lions Club, El Paso Boys Club, Family Services of El Paso, El Paso Press Club, Rescue Mission of El Paso, Pleasant View Home, El Paso County Historical Society, and El Paso Knife and Fork Club. He was chairman of Selective Service Board No. 230, Chairman of the El Paso Convention and Tourist Bureau, and Chairman of the El Paso County Savings Bond Division. Bill has also served on the Boards of the El Paso Museum of Art, El Paso Housing Authority, and the Pioneer Association of El Paso. He was elected to the City Charter Commission and was a member of Mission '73 for Texas Western College. His appointment as Civilian Aide to the Secretary of the Army for West Texas also meant that he would be the El Paso contact with General of the Army Omar Bradley, then stationed at Fort Bliss. Bill has been named Commander of the El Paso Chapter of the Military Order of World Wars. Since 1976 he has served as Curator for the Historical Society.

Bill has received many awards and honors, including Father of the Year by the Service Clubs of El Paso in 1959, Conquistador by the City of El Paso, and Admiral of the El Paso Navy. The United Daughters of the Confederacy presented him with their Cross of Honor for his military service. He was named Outstanding Citizen of the Year 1976 by Woodmen of the World and Citizen of the Year 1983 by the Military Order of World Wars. In 1984, the Sertoma Club of El Paso honored him with their Service to

Mankind Award, and his name was entered in the National Contest. He has also received the Decoration for Distinguished Civilian Service by the Army and the Order of St. Barbara from Fort Bliss. His professional honors include being named president of the Texas Associated Press Managing Editors, president of the Rio Bravo Chapter of the Society of Professional Journalists (Sigma Delta Chi), and recipient of the Dorrance Roderick Distinguished Journalism Award in 1981.

Bill grew up in a strong Christian atmosphere and, since 1941, has been a member of the First Baptist Church, serving as deacon, Sunday School teacher, chairman of the Deacon Body, and chairman of the First Baptist Church Centennial Celebration, working for a three-year period. Bill also received the Baptist General Convention of Texas Press Award in 1958.

Bill and Martha Jane are parents of five children—Mary Anna (Mrs. Stanley Love) of Escalon, California; Patricia Louise (Mrs. James Caffey) of Arlington, Texas; Peggy Lynn Latham of Newport News, Virginia; Nancy Lee Roberts of Arlington, Texas; and William I. Latham, Jr., a United States Air Force Major who is currently stationed at Scott Air Force Base, Illinois. They also have eleven grandchildren.

Bill's favorite Bible verse is Verse 15 in Chapter 2 of the Second Epistle of Paul to Timothy: "Do your best to present yourself to God as one approved, a workman who has no need to be ashamed, rightly handling the word of truth." His philosophy is stated similarly: "Serve your God. Love and defend your country—the greatest on earth. Honor and love and cherish the woman you marry. Cry when you need to. Laugh as much as possible and live every day to the fullest. In short, make your life a wondrous light."

As stated by Mrs. W. B. Glardon, who nominated Bill for the Hall of Honor, "This unique, gentle man will never be remembered by a trail of blood by gunslinging, nor has he erected skyscrapers, nor has he manipulated industrial monopolies. He has, however, with soft spoken voice, pencil and typewriter brought the El Paso community into sharp focus. Through his leadership he has encouraged many El Pasoans to become involved in projects that improve our city and surrounding 'Sun Country.' I would like to add that those who know William I. Latham know him to be, above all, a fine Christian gentleman." ☆



"History is past, present, and future; lasting, changing, and becoming."

—Traian Stoinovich



Ann Enriquez, Chairman of the El Paso County Historical Commission, presents certificate to Bishop Pierce and to Conrey Bryson, Mount Franklin Stake Historian. (Photo by James W. Ward, marker chairman, El Paso County Historical Commission)

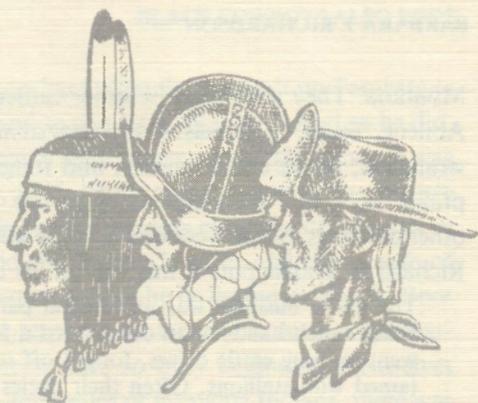
## HISTORICAL MARKER FOR FIRST MORMON WARD IN TEXAS

ON OCTOBER 12, 1985, the Texas Historical Commission, through the El Paso County Historical Commission, designated the El Paso First Ward Chapel, 3625 Douglas Street, as a Texas Historical Site, the site of the first Mormon Ward in Texas.

The El Paso Ward (congregation) of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints was organized October 11, 1918. The present chapel was dedicated May 24, 1931. At the time it was still the only ward in Texas. In 1951, the same building became the headquarters for the first Stake in Texas, a Stake consisting of a number of wards. Today there are 36 Stakes in Texas and several hundred wards.

Ann Enriquez, chairman of the El Paso County Historical Commission, and Bishop Wendell L. Pierce of the El Paso First Ward unveiled the historical plaque. Bishop Pierce, an El Paso physician, is the son of Arwell L. Pierce, who was named Bishop of the El Paso Ward when it was organized in 1918, the year Dr. Pierce was born.

For further information, see "Growth of the Mormon Church in El Paso" by Ellen B. Whipple in *Password* XX:1 (Spring, 1975). ☆



# BLACK COWBOYS ALSO RODE

*by Barbara J. Richardson*

**O**NE OF THE MOST EXCITING PERIODS in Southwest history was the cowboy era. It was also one of the shortest in terms of time and life. During those years, a boy who wanted to be a cowboy started young, grew up fast and couldn't anticipate reaching old age.

The former slaves and escaped slaves who came west from the South between 1830 and 1860 were unpaid cowboys roping and branding cattle and also driving longhorns to markets far north into Montana. At the end of the trail when the herd was sold and the cattlemen returned home, some of these cowboys were left behind. Fortunately, they were needed as cooks and drovers with other outfits. For many of them, the Southwest became a haven where they enjoyed freedom on the range and learned the art of cowpunching. This skill would earn them their first pay. Black cowboys established themselves as a recognized and able force of muscle, stamina, and dependability.

These talents were used when Charles Goodnight and Oliver Loving combined their herds in 1866 and blazed a trail out of Texas into Wyoming and

Montana. They were used by other cattlemen on the Chisholm Trail from Abilene, Texas, to Kansas. *Los vaqueros negros* of the Southwest worked as wranglers, drove chuckwagons, and fought Indians. They battled wolves, prairie fires, and the elements of nature. Many died on the trail just like other cowboys. Some were brave, some were heroes, and some were villains. Richard E. Harris puts it this way in his book *The First 100 Years*:

The cattle business was an integral part of the West's economy and Black ranch hands often constituted a fourth of the work force. They went on long cattle drives, fought off rustlers, rounded up herds, and tamed wild stallions. Often their duties were voluntarily expanded as America sought to tame the West. Civil-law enforcement with the sheriffs and the marshals was to be a stabilizing force, and although more perilous than lucrative, it often looked to the Black cowboy for a helping hand. They were sometimes utilized as "unofficial deputies."<sup>1</sup>

One such "unofficial deputy," says Harris, was John Swain of Tombstone, a "man carelessly referred to as 'Nigger' Jim" and "probably the most-honored and certainly the longest-lived of all Black cowboys. He was part of Tombstone from the beginning to its demise as a wild western town."

According to Harris, Swain arrived in Tombstone in 1877 with his protégé, John Slaughter, who proceeded to carve out a cattle empire. Somewhere in the process, Slaughter appointed as his "head honchos" Swain and another Black, John Baptiste (known as "Old Bat"). Apparently the three of them—Slaughter, Swain, and "Old Bat"—comprised a "formidable alliance," on many occasions defending successfully the Slaughter ranches from Apache raids led by Geronimo and also tracking rustled cattle into Mexico. After Slaughter retired as Sheriff of Cochise County, Swain got married and settled



John Swain, early Arizona cowboy who lived in Tombstone. (Photo courtesy Richard E. Harris)

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**Dr. Barbara J. Richardson**, a resident of Tucson and a member of a Southwest pioneer homestead family, is the author of *Black Pioneers in New Mexico, A Documentary and Pictorial History* (Albuquerque: Panorama Press, 1977). In recognition of this and her several other works which chronicle the contributions of blacks in Southwest history, she has been awarded a doctorate in humanities from the California Graduate School of Theology in Glendale.

in Tombstone, declaring that "I came here when there wasn't no Tombstone or nothing, but Indians. And I intend to stay here 'til I die." And so he did, working "as a custodian in the county courthouse until 1931, when it was abandoned." He died in February, 1945, "four months short of the century mark he had hoped to reach." His funeral services glowed with tributes to him by members of the Ninth and the Tenth Cavalry; and the people of Tombstone honored Swain's last request—that he be buried in the Old Boot Hill Cemetery. Swain's life and the respect paid him at his death, says Harris, show that "In a land where men were so busy defending themselves against the unpredictable elements, renegades or avenging Indians, there was little time to be pestered about the full name or color of a good, brave man."<sup>2</sup>

Bose Ikard, a black cowboy who worked for Charles Goodnight, was another "good, brave man." Goodnight once said of him: "Bose surpassed any man I had in endurance and stamina. There was a dignity, a cleanliness and reliability about him that was wonderful.... I have trusted him further than any other living man."<sup>3</sup> Proof of this statement lies in the fact that Goodnight employed Ikard as a sort of banker. At the time, cattle rustlers were everywhere on the trail waiting to rob cattle barons of the money they often carried on their persons. Goodnight developed the policy of trusting Ikard to carry the money because, reasoned Goodnight, outlaws wouldn't rob a poor black man or even think that he might be carrying his employer's horde of money from cattle sales. Later, Ikard rode with other cattle kings, like Oliver Loving, John Chisum, and John Slaughter.

Another black cowboy closely associated with a cattle king was Frank Chisum, who had been purchased in 1861 and who, after the Emancipation Proclamation was signed, stayed on with John Chisum as a devoted employee. "Nigger Frank" (Chisum) worked as a horse wrangler for one of the drives up the Goodnight-Loving Trail. Later, when John Chisum built a ranch on the Pecos River near Roswell, New Mexico, Frank perceived that the black bottom land along the river was rich, virgin soil, ideal for growing fruits. In 1868, he planted the first orchard in New Mexico on the Pecos River. Frank was loyal and responsible, and John Chisum used him in positions of high trust. In 1878, Frank was sent to accompany the children of James Chisum, John's brother, from their home on the Canadian border to Anton Chico, New Mexico. In 1880, John Chisum branded 200 head of cattle in Frank's brand as a reward for Frank's faithful service during John's long bout with smallpox in 1879. After John's death, Frank became a successful independent rancher. He retired from ranching in his later years and lived in Roswell. He was remembered by old timers for his uncanny, accurate recall of events that had happened years earlier. One thing he recalled

vividly was the senseless lynching of a man on one of the cattle drives. He could never forget the horror.<sup>4</sup>

Although black cowboys did enjoy considerable freedom and respect on the range, they rarely rose to the position of foreman or range boss. But "Nigger Add" (Add Jones) of the LFD Ranch in Otero County, New Mexico, was range boss over a crew of South Texas black cowboys. These LFD cowboys worked the herd during long trail drives, stood guard when their turn came, and even after a 12- to 16-hour workday enjoyed participating in 'Lasses (black cowboy singing). An interesting footnote here is that the cowboy-writer Howard Thorpe first heard 'Lasses at the LFD camp one evening when he happened to ride in and was given supper by Add Jones. Thorpe stated later that the LFD 'Lasses inspired the beginning of his career as a song collector. And it should also be noted here that Add Jones became the subject of one of these songs.<sup>5</sup>

So respected and beloved was Add Jones that the following story is told: When the word went out that Add was about to be married to a "nice Black woman," his many friends began planning the wedding gifts they would present to the couple. However, because of the great distances between the ranches, the friends couldn't compare notes so as to avoid duplication of gifts. After the wedding, when Add and his bride called at the Roswell freight depot to claim the gifts which had been sent there, they found nineteen cookstoves.<sup>6</sup>

A particularly interesting black cowboy was a man named George, who had left Texas in 1868 and had found work with Gibson Robards from the 101 Spread in Oklahoma. George followed Robards to Trinidad, Colorado, and later into New Mexico. Robards gave George the surname McJunkin after the McJunkin Ranch, where Robards had grown up. While helping to drive XYZ cattle from Oak Grove near Silver City to the Crowfoot Ranch in Union County, George had his first experience of the Cimarron's fresh spring water and pleasant climate. He decided that he wanted to live there, and took a job as



George McJunkin as a young man. (Photo courtesy Mary Germond of Santa Monica, California)

foreman for Mr. and Mrs. Bill Jacks on the Crowfoot Ranch. Later, George was hired by Dr. Thomas Owens of the nearby Pitchfork Ranch and became, again, foreman over an all-white ranchero. In the years that followed, George McJunkin came to be considered the best all-around cowboy on the ranch.<sup>7</sup> He is best remembered now, though, as the finder, in 1908, of some large bison bones, which eventually led scholars to establish the presence of man in the area some 10,000 years ago. Yes, it was George McJunkin who discovered the Folsom site, the first recognized Early Man site in North America.<sup>8</sup>

Since book learning was a rare commodity among black cowboys during the latter half of the nineteenth century, these men did not record their adventures, but they did tell their stories to others. And those stories survived in the memories of interested people, who in turn passed them on to the next generation. This oral tradition has preserved for posterity the contributions of many black cowboys—for example, Al Jones, who served as foreman of the Lytle and Steven Ranch in Texas when they sent their herds north to market in 1885,<sup>9</sup> and Ned Hillyard, also a Texan, who proved himself to be a “rough and ready, honest-to-goodness cowboy...at 14.”<sup>10</sup> Also, many stories are told about a man known only as “Jeff,” who arrived at the Holbrook-St. John area in 1877 with the Greer family from Texas. He is remembered as a romantic figure doing battle for the Greers when that powerful clan waged virtual war with Mexican shepherders over territorial and grazing rights.<sup>11</sup> Other stories concern one Harvey Merchant, who as a child had been captured by Indians while he was traveling west from Texas with a small party of white people. Several years later, he was rescued by a company of Buffalo Soldiers from Fort Huachuca—and in later life he gained a reputation as “one of the best cowboys in southwestern Arizona.”<sup>12</sup>

There was, however, at least one black cowboy who did write down his experiences: Nat Love, alias Red River Dick, alias Deadwood Dick. He had been born a slave in Tennessee in June, 1854. His first job was as a range hand with the Duval outfit in Tennessee. In 1872, he signed on with the Pete Galliger Company of Southern Arizona as chief brand reader, a job which led him throughout the Southwest and eventually into the Territory of New Mexico. In New Mexico, Love's friends included the notorious Billy the Kid, whom Nat claimed to have met in a saloon in Anton Chico, New Mexico. Nat bragged he knew everyone of significance in the West: the James brothers, Buffalo Bill Cody, Kit Carson, and the Kid.<sup>13</sup>

Bill Pickett and Jess Stahl, both black, were skilled riders who toured the country with the rodeos. Pickett rode for the 101 Ranch in Oklahoma and is

credited with inventing and developing the art of "bulldogging." His technique has been described in this way:

He...piled off onto a big steer's back and grasped a horn in each of his strong hands, dug his heels into the ground to slow the steer, and began to twist its neck in order to turn its nose upward. When he was able to reach the nose, he sank his...teeth into the steer's tender upper lip, turned loose with both hands, and gave his body a twist. The steer fell over on its side and lay still as Pickett held it bite-'em style.<sup>14</sup>

Pickett is also remembered for an unscheduled "appearance" with Will Rogers, who sometimes assisted at the big-time rodeos. The story goes that during a rodeo being held in New York, a steer managed to escape and was chased by Bill Pickett and Will Rogers.<sup>15</sup>

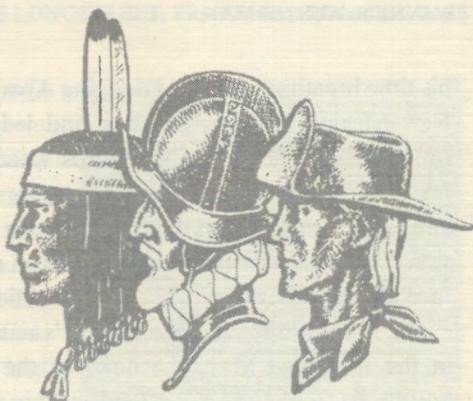
One place Blacks were commonly found in a cattle drive was behind the chuck wagon. These cooks performed their culinary arts and turned out mouthwatering delights. Black cooks on ranches in New Mexico included Frank Mayes of the Loving Ranch; John Manlove with the Chisum Ranch; Big Jim Smith, Francis Boyer, Sam Woods, and E. D. Brooks of the Rosewell Ranches; George McKenzie, "Quince," "Ef," and "Ed" with the Oliver Lee Ranch in Alamogordo.<sup>16</sup> Burrell Dickerson was an oxen driver who drove the famed Chisholm Trail in 1870. He drove his own sturdy chuck wagon over every hillside and ravine in southern New Mexico, hiring himself out for different drives. Gabe Wilson was another oxen driver who took his kitchen pack up many trails behind or ahead of cattle drives.<sup>17</sup>

By the end of the nineteenth century, the iron horse had replaced the long trail drives. An era filled with challenge and danger came to a close. The black cowboys, although left out of the fiction and the history of the period, were nevertheless present—making significant contributions which historians are now beginning to recognize and to research. ☆

#### NOTES

1. Richard E. Harris, *The First 100 Years* (Mesa, Arizona: Loggreen Press, 1983), 23.
2. *Ibid.*, 23-25.
3. Phillip Durham and Everett Jones, *The Negro Cowboy* (New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1945), 96.
4. Interview taken by Professor Francis M. Boyer with his old friend Add Jones in 1920. Boyer and Jones rode the range together and cooked together on cattle drives. Boyer was a recorder of early Black history.
5. Nathan N. Thorpe in collaboration with Neil M. Clark, *Pardners of the Wind* (Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton Printers, Ltd.), 22-23.
6. *Ibid.*, 22; Barbara J. Richardson, *Black Pioneers of New Mexico* (Albuquerque, Panorama Press, 1977), 147.
7. Franklin Folson, *The Life and Legend of George McJunkin* (New York/Nashville: Thomas Nelson, Inc., 1973), 68, 77, 87, 96, 103; Richardson, 65-66.
8. Folson, 108; Richardson, 65-66; Monroe Billington, "Black History and New Mexico's Place Names," *Password*, XXIX, 3 (Fall, 1984), 110.
9. Interview in 1959 with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Collier, old timers in Raton, New Mexico. Mr. Collier had trailed with Al Jones and had swapped many tales with him.

(Notes continued on page 41.)



# JAMES LONGSTREET

## *Traveler from the Pass*

*by Wayne R. Austerman*

**T**HE OPENING OF THE 1860s found Major James Longstreet, like so many other members of his profession, serving in obscurity as an officer at an isolated frontier Army post. Then the Civil War erupted in the spring of 1861, and within two years he was famed as a corps commander in Robert E. Lee's legendary Army of Northern Virginia. From Malvern Hill to Appomattox, Longstreet's stolid pugnacity and ability to strike hard at the enemy with limited resources earned his commander's trust. Lee often referred to him affectionately as "my old warhorse." Ironically, Longstreet's Civil War career almost ended before he ever heard the guns sound in Virginia. Had certain events transpired a bit differently on the road east of El Paso, the Confederacy's great captain might never have lived to wear the gray.

In the 1840s a young Lieutenant Longstreet had won his share of the glory in the Mexican War by leading his regiment over the parapets at Chapultepec. Dreary years of frontier service followed as the Army struggled to garrison the border and police the frontier with only a few thousand troops. By the late 1850s Longstreet was a regimental paymaster and spending much of

his time breathing dust and dodging Apaches as he rode from post to post in New Mexico with his cashbox and ledgers. The old Union was sliding toward ruin, and the officer corps watched in sad impotence as the twin fevers of abolitionism and states' rights ravaged the political party system and fatally undermined the trust between North and South. When the secession crisis occurred in December, 1860, Longstreet knew that he would soon face the choice of serving a coercive Union or a rebellious South.<sup>1</sup>

On January 11, 1861, Longstreet's native Alabama left the Union. Early in the following May, the news of the fall of Fort Sumter reached the Southwest, and Longstreet tendered his resignation from the United States Army. Pausing to settle his accounts with the authorities in Albuquerque and Santa Fe while awaiting acceptance of his resignation, Longstreet prepared his family for the long journey east. The forty-year-old officer, his wife, Maria Louisa, three young sons, and an infant daughter made their way south along the Rio Grande. They stopped briefly at Fort Craig and Fort Fillmore to exchange what were often sad and final farewells with friends in those garrisons.

In El Paso the Longstreets found an atmosphere of joyous expectation. "All was enthusiasm and excitement," the officer later recalled, "and songs of 'Dixie and the South' were borne upon the balmy air." Secession fever was still running strong in Texas, and the Confederates were firmly in control of the Pass of the North.<sup>2</sup>

Friends in the border settlement convinced Longstreet that he should leave his family in their care while he pressed on for San Antonio. Maria Louisa and the children could await the departure of a slow, but well-guarded freight train, while he could travel on the eastbound stage. Seeing the wisdom of this plan, he sought out his old friend George H. Giddings to purchase passage on one of Giddings' coaches.

Longstreet had first met Giddings in San Antonio in 1849, when Giddings was a clerk for Cook and Lockwood, a major freight company. Giddings had joined a mixed military and civilian posse organized by Longstreet for the purpose of pursuing a band of Indian raiders. The two men were riding together when they struck the hostiles' camp in a wild charge. The officer's horse was mortally wounded and collapsed, pinning Longstreet beneath its body. Giddings kept up a covering fire with his revolver while the young soldier extricated himself and took another horse from one of his troops.<sup>3</sup>

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**Dr. Wayne R. Austerman**, a frequent contributor to *Password*, is employed by the Office of History, United States Air Force Space Command. His book *Sharps Rifles and Spanish Mules: The San Antonio-El Paso Mail, 1851-1881*, was published last year by Texas A&M Press.

The reunion of the two men in El Paso was blighted both by the war and Giddings' recent personal losses. The Apaches had unleashed a devastating wave of attacks against his relay stations that spring. In an attempt to negotiate a peace with the Chiricahua chieftain Cochise, Giddings' younger brother, James, had taken a party westward and had run into an ambush at Stein's Peak in Arizona Territory. On the same day that Giddings had received word of James' death, a stage had reached El Paso with news of the firing upon Fort Sumter. Giddings knew that his stage line's days were numbered, but he nevertheless mustered a warm greeting for James Longstreet.<sup>4</sup>



James Longstreet (Photo courtesy Dr. Wayne R. Austerman)

While Longstreet was preparing for his departure from El Paso, he was approached by two young Northerners who were anxious to return home, but feared arrest by the local authorities if the Texans learned their true backgrounds. A sympathetic Longstreet took them under his care, and introduced them to Giddings as two former Army officers who were homeward bound to serve the Confederacy. The cover story worked well, for over 40 years later Giddings would recall that "Colonel Clark" and "Lieutenant Jones" had accompanied Longstreet on the ride to San Antonio. Another man, a genuine officer, joined them before they left El Paso. Lieutenant William H. "Red" Jackson of the Regiment of Mounted Riflemen had also left the service to join the Confederacy. Jackson was well known in El Paso at the time for having killed a grizzly bear with a single stroke of his sabre. He was a good man to have along on a trip through Indian country.<sup>5</sup>

Longstreet, Giddings, and their three companions left El Paso early in June. The coach rolled out from the station to pause in San Elizario and at Smith's Ranch before reaching Fort Quitman, a post already abandoned by the Army. Leaving the east bank of the Rio Grande there, the stage swung into the thorned gullet of Quitman Pass, following the narrow trail as it twisted through the dreary notch in the mountains. Clearing the pass, the travelers clattered south down a broad, brush-studded valley that ran for

nearly ten miles until they rounded the heel of Devil Ridge and struck east again for the station at Eagle Springs.

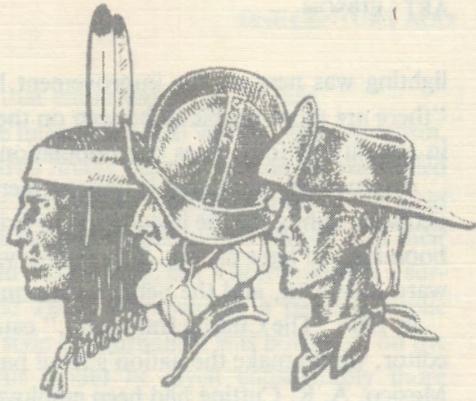
The coach made the steep, mile-long climb into that mountain halting place just as dawn broke after an unseasonably cold night. Driver David Koney gave a bugle call to alert the station crew of their arrival. When no answering signal issued from the rock and adobe outpost, the travelers sensed that something was wrong. As the coach lurched into the station's yard, they saw a grisly, but not uncommon spectacle. The entire structure was in ruins. The corral was empty, and abundant tracks showed that an Apache raiding party had driven off the mules after putting a torch to several tons of hay that still smoldered in a nearby feedlot. The charred bodies of the two stationkeepers lay in the ruins. Koney estimated that the raid had occurred less than a day earlier.<sup>6</sup>

The travelers stepped warily out of the stage and mounted guard while Giddings and the driver buried the two bodies and surveyed the damage. It must have been a tense hour or so, for the boulder-strewn slopes that surrounded the station could still conceal a waiting ambush party. Major Longstreet must have speculated on what could have happened had the stage left El Paso a day earlier and arrived at Eagle Springs in time to be caught in the attack. Another party of travelers might be rolling his mutilated body into a shallow grave at that moment.

The journey continued to Comanche Springs at Fort Stockton, the Pecos River crossing at Fort Lancaster, and down the Devil's River past Camp Hudson and beyond to Fort Clark at Las Moras Springs. All of the federal troops had been withdrawn by then, and the Texas state forces had not yet been able to occupy the abandoned garrisons. For over 500 miles the frontier was exposed to Apache and Comanche raiders. However, the stage reached San Antonio with no further sign of the hostiles. Longstreet later tersely recalled that "the ride of our party...through the Indian country was attended with some risk, and required vigilance to be assured against surprise." It was the only published reference he ever made to the horror he had witnessed along the El Paso road.<sup>7</sup>

By late June, Longstreet was in the new Confederate capital at Richmond, Virginia, where he accepted a brigadier general's commission and rode north to join the Southern forces at Manassas Junction. Within a month he would see the first of many desperate battles there as the South waged its doomed struggle for independence. A later visitor to the Confederacy, Lieutenant Colonel Arthur J. Fremantle of Her Majesty's Coldstream Guards, entered the country via the Rio Grande frontier from Mexico. When he met Long-

(Continued on page 42.)



# OUR TOWN— ONE CENTURY AGO (January-March, 1886)

by Art Leibson

**T**HE YEAR 1886 was to be an important one in the history of *The El Paso Times* and of the city itself as a burgeoning sense of civic responsibility struggled against frontier rowdiness. "From the eighties on," wrote C. L. Sonnichsen many years later in his *Pass of the North*, "El Paso was actually two towns. One was the beginning of the place we know now, a city of legitimate business enterprises, law-abiding citizens, churches, schools, personal decency, respect for law and dawning culture. The other was the city of sinners: the daughters of joy and the gamblers, the madams and moochers, the cut-throats and con men."

The *Times* was the mouthpiece of the better element Sonnichsen described, and it set out to become a militant leader battling for civic improvement. Juan Hart became a senior partner in 1886 and helped launch the crusade. There was a demand for a better and more dependable water supply, followed by another calling for an efficient irrigation system. After that came a request for a downtown sewage system, leading to a vote on the proposal, the *Times* predicting there would not be a dozen votes cast against it. Street

lighting was next on the improvement list, as the *Times* pointed out that "there are more people to be seen on the streets at night than can be found in any city of four times our population."

A somewhat questionable improvement was requested of City Council by petitions calling for the installation of sidewalks along Utah Street, the city's booming red light district. The matter was referred to the third and fourth ward aldermen, and the petition was quietly shunted aside.

In 1886 "The Cutting Imbroglio," caused by a former *El Paso Times* city editor, would make the nation's front pages and almost bring on a war with Mexico. A. K. Cutting had been employed on the *Times* in 1883-84, leaving in a huff because of editorial objections to the manner in which he handled stories in his job. He loafed around town awhile and then started a newspaper of his own, *The Bulletin*. It was short-lived, and when it failed he moved across the river where he started a Spanish-language newspaper, *El Centinela*. It was his libelous writing in *El Centinela*, leading to a court-demanded apology, and a finding of contempt of court in his retraction of the apology on the American side of the river, that landed Cutting in jail and brought relations along the border to a serious head. There were demands that an armed force be sent into Mexico to free Cutting as he was quietly moved to a Chihuahua jail. There were offers from freebooters to arm an invading force, with Las Cruces residents ready to equip a small local army to free Cutting. That crisis, and its outcome, will be covered in the next issue of *Password*.

In the meantime the biggest news of 1886 would continue to center on the issue of getting a plentiful and cheap supply of coal from White Oaks, New Mexico. The issue would continue to boil as one promoter after another showed interest in linking the two communities, 140 miles apart, so as to haul in the coal that would be the life blood of El Paso if it was to grow into the city visualized with the arrival of the railroads.

El Paso had another sensation in its very first rape case ever to reach the courts. A local dentist was arrested on a charge of molesting a ten-year-old girl and was released under a \$1,000 bond. He was accused of luring the girl into his office and using chloroform to accomplish his purpose. Journalistic ethics were a nebulous thing in those rough-and-tumble years, and the *Times* showed no sense of delicacy in naming the young victim. A reporter was sent into jail to interview the dentist. He insisted that the alleged rape was entirely a figment of someone's overworked imagination. It supposedly had occurred

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**Art Leibson**, an attorney-turned-journalist, authors this regular *Password* feature and also writes a weekly column for *The El Paso Times*.

on a Sunday and he always spent that entire day with his wife.

The *Times*, having discovered the interest aroused with its sensationalism, waded in with both feet. When the trial finally opened and the girl was called to the stand by the prosecution, the *Times* gave several columns to her lurid testimony, adding more columns as other corroborating witnesses told their stories. Yellow journalism, we would call it today, but it accomplished a surprising purpose. Circulation of the *Times* increased as a panting public reached for every copy, and a new style of journalism was born here on the border. From then on, court trials would be given considerably more coverage than in the past. Gold was found hidden in sensationalism. Later in the year, the dentist's desperate wife would take the stand to plead that her husband had been "blind drunk" at the time of the offense. The next issue of *Password* will detail the conclusion of El Paso's second most exciting story of 1886, topped only by the Cutting affair.

It would be a few years yet before the city became the gunman capital of the nation, if not the world, but the groundwork was being prepared. El Paso was a magnet drawing bad men to the border where they could always slip across the river to freedom if things got too hot. The *Times* pragmatically editorialized: "There is no hypocrisy in El Paso's makeup. When she sins—and we regret to say she frequently does—she does it openly and above board."

It would be a quarter-century before El Paso would make serious effort to scourge itself of the highly profitable vice that was making important money for its merchants. Early-day local historian Owen White said that his "own banker boss, Mr. H. L. Newman, told me frequently that reform would come to El Paso not because of the reformers but only when business interests demanded it." And Dr. Sonnichsen, from his later vantage point, would put it this way: "As long as frontier conditions and concepts controlled our way of life, it was impossible to get rid of these 'sporting' people and their influence on the community. When El Paso stopped being a frontier town, we ran the rascals out." ☆

#### BLACK COWBOYS...from page 34.

10. Harris, 28.
11. *Ibid.*, 22-23.
12. *Ibid.*, 23.
13. Nat Love, *The Life and Legend and Adventures of Deadwood Dick*, (originally published Los Angeles: 1907; reprinted New York: Arno Press, 1968), 120-121.
14. Colonel Bailey C. Hanes, *Bill Pickett, Bulldogger* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1977), 59, as cited by Gloria Smith, *The Black American of Arizona* (Tucson: private publication, 1977), 52.
15. *Ibid.*, 52-53.
16. Durham and Jones, 95.
17. Professor F. M. Boyer, *The Western Voice* (Las Cruces, New Mexico, 1938), 4-6.

## REX W. STRICKLAND...1897-1985

A TOWERING FIGURE in the written history of the El Paso Southwest, Rex W. Strickland, came to the end of this life on December 11, 1985. His contributions to *Password* were frequent and valuable. He submitted a book review for the very first issue, and his articles and reviews continued through the years.

His specialty was the pre-Civil War period. He probably could have told you, upon request, whether any particular person was included in the 1850 census of El Paso County. Two landmark books, *Six Who Came to El Paso* and his thorough editorship and annotation of W. W. Mills' *Forty Years at El Paso*, have been valuable to a quarter century of scholars.

He was generous in his assistance to other writers. Many times I have called him for pieces of information I needed in a hurry. His response was always prompt and correct. He had a vast store of information about baseball and had often considered writing a book on the history of the game; but when I asked his help in writing a chapter on baseball in El Paso for *Down Went McGinty*, he graciously made all his files available.

His voice was not silenced by his passing, for generations of scholars will continue to feast at the table which he so well prepared. ☆

- Conrey Bryson

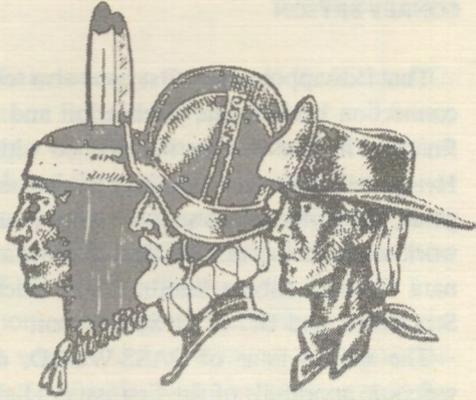
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**JAMES LONGSTREET**...from page 38

street, the two shared many amusing recollections about Texas and the state's frontiersmen.<sup>8</sup> Through it all, Longstreet never mentioned his journey east from El Paso or the cruel artistry of Apache knives that he had witnessed at Eagle Springs. Perhaps the realization of what might have been was too harsh a memory to describe in the context of jocular anecdotes. Whatever the reason, James Longstreet knew that his fate had briefly turned on nothing more substantial than the departure date of a stagecoach from El Paso and the fierce whim of a Mescalero chieftain. ☆

### NOTES

1. James Longstreet, *From Manassas to Appomattox—Memoirs of the Civil War in America* (Bloomington: University of Indiana Press, 1960), 29-32.
2. *Ibid.*
3. Deposition of George H. Giddings, George H. Giddings vs. the Kiowa, Comanche, and Apache Indians (Indian Depredation No. 3873), United States Court of Claims, December Term, I-IV, 1891 (RG 205, NARS); Charles M. Barnes, "Memoirs of Colonel George H. Giddings," *San Antonio Daily Express*, May 4-27, June 1, 1902.
4. *Ibid.*
5. *Ibid.*; Longstreet, 29-32; Dabney H. Maury, *Recollections of a Virginian* (New York: Charles Scribners Sons, 1894), 124.
6. Giddings Deposition; Barnes.
7. Longstreet, 32.
8. Walter Lord, ed., *The Fremantle Diary*, (New York: Capricorn Books, 1960), 5-41, 189-233.



# THREE DECADES OF THE WORD FROM THE PASS

by Conrey Bryson

**V**OLUME I, NUMBER 1, OF *PASSWORD* is dated February, 1956. The two-year-old El Paso County Historical Society had named as the editor Dr. Eugene O. Porter, Professor of History at Texas Western College. As Mrs. Porter remembers it, Gene was not happy with this first issue. It was introduced to the Society at a meeting in the El Paso Public Library, the Society's regular meeting place in those years. Members of the Society rejoiced in their new publication and were generous in their compliments, but Dr. Porter grumbled. He had only three small articles, and had to fill the remainder of the 32 pages with notes and book reviews, especially book reviews, eight of them in the issue.

But Dr. Porter, his associate editor Frank Feuille III, and assistant editor Dr. Joseph Leach had built a better foundation than they thought. To begin with, they had an excellent title. It was originally printed with a hyphen, *PASS-WORD*, so that no one would misunderstand the meaning: "the word from the Pass." Next, they were able to present for this first issue the cover design by José Cisneros, still in use. It pictures dramatically the importance of the Pass in history and the rich combination of people who made that history live.

That "disappointing" first issue also set the stage for a close and constant connection between the publication and the Society which sponsored and financed it. The publication opened with a message from President Paul Heisig, telling the history of the Society and listing its accomplishments and goals. That first issue also introduced a surprising array of historians whose work would help *PASSWORD* to grow and prosper, historians like Lieutenant Colonel Albion Smith, Major Richard K. McMaster, Dr. Rex W. Strickland, and Dr. C. L. Sonnichsen.

The second issue of *PASS-WORD*, dated May, 1956, reported some welcome appraisals of the first issue. High praise and encouragement came from the *Ohio Historical Quarterly*, the University of New Mexico Press, *Minnesota History*, the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, and the famous Huntington Library of San Marino, California. All of these organizations asked to be added to the *PASS-WORD* subscription list.

The march of history gave special emphasis to this second issue. It marked the 75th anniversary of the arrival of the railroads in El Paso and brought forth a special railroad issue. Assistant Editor Joseph Leach led off with a thorough and well documented article, "Farewell to Horseback, Muleback, 'Foot back' and Prairie Schooner: The Railroad Comes to Town." Lillian Hague Corcoran followed with a story of her father, Judge James P. Hague's work in helping to assure the railroad's coming to El Paso. Gerald B. Brown, a Texas Western senior, wrote a brief history of the El Paso and Southwestern Railroad, and Addie Jo Sharp concluded the series of railroad articles with a history of the El Paso Union Depot. The pages were well filled, and editor Porter had to assemble only four book reviews to make up the 56 pages.

The fourth issue of *PASS-WORD* quoted an article in *History News*, published by the American Association for State and Local History, detailing the publication of the journal and the Society's accomplishments and objectives. Under Dr. Porter's editorship, the publication would continue to prosper and to reflect the numerous activities of the El Paso County Historical Society. Photographs and articles told of the acquisition by the Society of the old Mule Car from El Paso's first street-railway system, of Steam Locomotive #3420 from the Southern Pacific Railroad, and of "Old Number One," the first locomotive of the El Paso and Southwestern Railroad.

In November, 1961, the Society held its first Hall of Honor Banquet. The plans for an annual ceremony inducting one living person and one deceased

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Conrey Bryson, a member of the *Password* editorial board and a past president of the Historical Society, retired several years ago from a distinguished career in the news media.

honoree into the El Paso Hall of Honor were formulated by Richard C. White, a member of the board, future President of the Society, and future Congressman. The Spring 1962 issue reported the proceedings of the first Hall of Honor Ceremony and included the addresses honoring the two inductees. In the 23 years since then, *Password* has published annually these proceedings, affording a priceless collection of biographies of those who have meant most to the history of the El Paso Southwest.

In 1962, the Society began sponsoring a historical essay contest for seventh-grade students of El Paso schools. A board member, Frank Gorman, Senior, generously offered to pay for the prizes in this contest. After Mr. Gorman's death, his family has continued to finance the project, which has become the "Frank Gorman Memorial Historical Essay Contest." In the pages of *Password* are published the best of these exercises in historical research by grade-school pupils.

Other regular features blossomed in *Password*. "Heritage Homes of El Paso," written and researched by Harriot Howze Jones, detailed an often overlooked, and always valuable, part of El Paso history. "Southwest Archives" described important historical collections in the El Paso area.

In the nineteen years of Dr. Porter's editorship, the publication that started so modestly had attained permanent stature, but the passing years were taking a toll of the pioneer editor. He knew his retirement was near and wanted to be sure that the high standards attained through the work of so many people would be carried forward. He asked Conrey Bryson, completing his third term as President of the Society, and a frequent contributor to the pages of *Password*, if he would be willing to edit the journal. Conscious that his own years were rapidly advancing, Bryson agreed to edit *Password* for the next five years. The nomination by Dr. Porter was approved by the board of directors, and Bryson began his editorship with the first issue of 1975. That same issue contained a tribute to Dr. Porter, who had died only a few weeks earlier. It also announced the creation of the Eugene O. Porter Memorial Award for the best article published in *Password* each year.

With the assistance of a newly appointed editorial board, and the availability of a long list of previous contributors to the publication, it was not difficult for the new editor to find sufficient material. He knew he could call upon such writers as Robert N. Mullin, Richard K. McMaster, C. L. Sonnichsen, Rex W. Strickland, Art Liebson, Major General George Ruhlen, and many more.

During his first year, another annual feature was begun. Stacy C. Hinkle, a member of the Board of Directors of the Society, had suggested an annual contest for historical memories by senior citizens. In the ten years since the

contest was inaugurated, a large file of valuable historical material has come to the Society, and the best of the essays submitted by the contestants have appeared in *Password*.

At the end of 1979, when Bryson had completed his five years as editor, he found his able successor. Nancy Hamilton, a veteran newspaper writer and reporter and an active editor of publications of The University of Texas at El Paso, consented to assume the editorship and was approved by the board. Mrs. Hamilton's knowledge of El Paso history, coupled with her skills in typography, was immediately evident. In the three years of her editorship, she maintained the high traditions of *Password's* first quarter century and expanded them into new ventures.

With the beginning of 1983, Mrs. Hamilton's increasing duties at The University of Texas at El Paso made it necessary for her to resign as editor. The Board of Directors chose as her successor the present editor, Lillian Collingwood. A Professor Emerita of English at The University of Texas at El Paso, she is editing a publication which has a quite different look from that of past years. Expanding on a trend set by Nancy Hamilton, she has made *Password* a better looking, more "wide open" publication which is spiced by such "fillers" as historic Southwestern recipes and short poems presenting images of the El Paso region. She has also added a once-in-a-while feature, "Pioneers in the El Paso Southwest," and a regular feature written by retired journalist Art Liebson on the news as reported 100 years ago in the El Paso newspapers.

*Password* has continued to improve through the years. The editors, all of us, have stood on the shoulders of a giant, the founding editor, Eugene O. Porter. We hope the progress will continue, and we invite the assistance of all our readers. ☆

W. H. HORNE... from page 15.

8. It is interesting to speculate on the implications of Horne's "we." Did several photographers join together to provide photographs to out-of-town newspapers, sharing the proceeds? Did Horne employ an assistant photographer? Also in the group which arrived first in Columbus was Otis A. Aultman, legendary El Paso photographer; see Mary A. Sarber, *Photographs from the Border: The Otis A. Aultman Collection* (El Paso Public Library Association, 1977).
9. The *El Paso Herald*, March 14, 1916, reported "Rigid U.S. Censorship Established at Columbus."
10. Attempts to determine the nature of an "African Dip" have been unsuccessful. It may have been a black man, or a man in blackface, on a platform rigged to dump him in a tub of water when the target was hit by a bullet or thrown ball.
11. The exact address was 320 South El Paso Street. El Paso City Directory, 1917.
12. The 1922 El Paso City Directory lists an Adelina Horne, widow of W. H. Horne, but she apparently left El Paso soon thereafter. In 1924 a letter to Edward from an El Paso attorney indicates that Mrs. Horne was then living in Los Angeles.
13. El Paso city directories indicate that around 1918 Horne moved his residence to 199 Newman, about half a block south of the railroad tracks, and lived there until his death. The building Edward describes no longer stands.



**SHARPS RIFLES AND SPANISH MULES:  
THE SAN ANTONIO-EL PASO MAIL, 1851-1881**

by **Wayne R. Austerman**

**College Station: Texas A & M Press, \$29.50**

Set against a vivid description of the period immediately following the United States' war with Mexico when the Gold Rush stimulated a search for routes of travel in the newly acquired lands, Dr. Austerman's book focuses on the men who competed for government mail contracts in the Southwest.

We meet, initially, the noted frontiersman Henry Skillman, who was responsible for the first mail and passenger service which included the route from Santa Fe to El Paso and then to San Antonio. We learn that Skillman's first major business setback occurred in 1854, when his contract bid for renewal was not approved by the Postmaster General. However, when those who had been awarded the contract could not provide satisfactory service, Skillman pooled his equipment with the resources and business expertise of George Giddings and emerged in control again.

Meanwhile other characters—such as stage drivers and operators of stage stations—enter the action and compel our attention as their adventures are unfolded. Frequently, also, there are blood-splattering accounts of Indians raiding, plundering, and disrupting the express service. It appears the Apaches and Comanches directed much of their hostility toward the express business.

Austerman next shows how the Civil War violently disrupted the progress of the express business in the Southwest and how Bethel Coopwood attempted to restore service after the war. The author continues to present the parade of energetic rivals for the mail contracts, but the Reconstruction era remains difficult for historians to treat because of the clashing political factions and greedy spoilsmen. Amidst this setting, a controversial adventurer, Ben Franklin Finklin, came to Texas in 1867 to enter into an express arrangement with Frederick Sawyer. As others had attempted in the past, he

eventually expanded his operation to include branch routes. Most significant was his shifting of the route west of San Antonio from the traditional southern trail to a northwestern road via Fort Concho, then westward to the Trans-Pecos and Fort Stockton.

In the process of researching and writing this book, the author encountered serious gaps created by the absence of documentary evidence; however, he filled many of the gaps by his extensive field work locating stage stations and trails. He employs this field work not only for the facts it has elicited, but also in an effective presentation of local color.

*Password* readers who want to celebrate the Texas Sesquicentennial will enjoy this ride on Dr. Austerman's "El Paso Mail."

J. MORGAN BROADDUS  
Department of History  
The University of Texas at El Paso



**THE PASSING OF THE GREAT WEST:  
SELECTED PAPERS OF GEROGE BIRD GRINNELL**  
edited by John F. Reiger  
Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, \$7.95

Explorer, naturalist, scientist, editor, author, rancher, hunter, conservationist—all terms used to describe George Bird Grinnell. When he died in 1938, he left many unpublished papers; which make up the bulk of this work describing his early life and influences. It is a book, mostly in Grinnell's own words, of the vanishing American West as he saw it in the late 1800s.

Born into a wealthy New York family, Grinnell grew up near the home of John J. Audubon and was greatly influenced by the famed ornithologist's widow and sons. In 1870, Grinnell made his first trip West ("a West that was then really wild and wooly") as a volunteer with a group under Yale paleontologist Othniel C. Marsh in search of fossils. It was the first of several trips during which Grinnell learned and wrote of the changing West and its inhabitants, both human and animal.

In 1874, Grinnell accompanied the Custer Expedition into the Black Hills and was present when gold was discovered in that area. His comments concerning General Custer and his friendship with the scout "Lonesome" Charley Reynolds, are insightful. Again, in 1875, Grinnell accompanied an expedition to examine the new Yellowstone National Park, the nation's first national park.

The book closes with an account of Grinnell's ill-fated attempt as a cattle rancher and his becoming president of *Forest and Stream*, a magazine that would prove to be a forum for much of Grinnell's conservation work.

The editor has included helpful maps and a number of photographs of the people and scenes that influenced Grinnell to become the great conservationist that he was. Indeed, Grinnell has been described as the father of American conservation.

BOB MILES  
Park Superintendent  
Hueco Tanks State Historical Park



### BELL RANCH WAGON WORK

by Mattie Ellis and Mark Wood featuring photography by Harvey Caplin  
Conchas Dam, New Mexico: Ellis Book Company

"The frontier was gone," said the mountain man, "when the beaver were about trapped out and the Eastern dudes stopped wearing beaver top-hats."

"The old West disappeared with the buffalo," said the hidehunter.

"When we pushed the last steer up the trail to Montana in '95," the old XIT cowboy said, "the old west was about done for."

Indeed, the old west seemed to expire every time an oldtimer hung up his spurs and traded in his saddle for a rocking chair on the front porch. The authors of *Bell Ranch Wagon Work* refute those laments with their description of a working ranch in northeastern New Mexico, where cowboys still "follow the wagon" as they have been doing for over a century.

True, the chuckwagon is now a museum piece, supplanted by a kitchen mounted on a flatbed trailer, and—true—saddle horses are sometimes transported by truck; but the calf roundup in the spring and early summer and the beef roundup in the fall are still the job of the men on horseback.

In 1875, when Wilson Waddingham registered the Bell brand in San Miguel County, New Mexico Territory, his holdings spread over nearly 3/4 million acres of rough, broken country—"a wilderness of scenic canyons, mesas and hills," as Marc Simmons described it in *The El Paso Times* of March 17, 1985.

As late as 1946 the Bell brand was burned on 8,500 calves. In 1947 the range land was divided, and about two-thirds of the original ranch was sold, but not before the late Harvey Caplin made a remarkable and unromantic series of photographs of ranch life. Many of these are reproduced in *Bell*

## BOOK REVIEWS

*Ranch Wagon Work*, as are more recent photos by M. Ellis, Chuck Stocks, and Nathan McCreery.

Want the excitement of a midnight stampede or a shootout with Indians or rustlers? You won't find any such scenarios in this book. But if you want to know how a young stallion is gelded, how and why a canvas fly is staked out over the chuckwagon, how to string a rope corral on the open range, you will enjoy this book, which describes and depicts these and many other necessary tasks. The book presents exactly what the title promises: *Wagon Work*.

Since 1970 the Bell has been owned and operated by William N. Lane of Chicago. "Good ranch roads and modern machinery shorten the time needed for cow work on the Bell, and make it somewhat easier on horses and men. But a chuckwagon crew with plenty of good horses is still the only efficient way to handle cattle on much of the wide, rimrocked canyon-cut Bell Ranch."

ROBERT BRUCE CRIPPEN  
Chairman, Docents Committee  
El Paso Museum of History



## TURNING POINTS IN EL PASO, TEXAS

by Leon C. Metz

El Paso: Mangan Books, \$19.95

"A city without turning points is not a city at all. It is a clump of buildings, a naked void upon the land." So states Leon C. Metz, popular writer and lecturer on El Paso history, in the foreword of his latest book, *Turning Point in El Paso, Texas*. The fifteen chapters that follow capsulize (two or three are rather lengthy) events believed by the author to be turning points or, as he explains, "twists and turns" in the history of Texas' fourth largest city. Metz had evidently turned the idea over in his mind before: in 1980, he stated in his *City at the Pass*, "If El Paso has a year that all historians agree upon as the turning point in its history, it is 1881." Evidently hoping that historians will agree with him on the turning points he has chosen, Metz goes on to say, "critics may correctly argue that other turning points have been ignored."

The fifteen episodes originally appeared as a series of articles (beginning in July, 1983) in *El Paso Magazine*, the monthly publication of the El Paso Chamber of Commerce. Arranged in chronological order and with minor editorial changes, they became *Turning Points in El Paso, Texas*.

Familiar to most readers of El Paso history are Juan de Onate's "La Toma," which stamped "Spanish" on this area; the Mexican War of 1846, which made El Paso United States' territory; the courtship of Fort Bliss and El Paso, which ended in marriage; the coming of the railroads in 1881, which brought a much-needed population (some should have probably gone elsewhere); and the Mexican Revolution, which brought El Paso (and Pancho Villa) a lot of publicity and placed El Paso on the map permanently.

Other "turning points" include El Paso's secession from the Territory of New Mexico, El Paso's theft of the county seat, the "almost move" of Fort Bliss to New Mexico, and the damming of the Rio Grande—not at El Paso

## *Announcement of Awards*

THE 1985 HISTORICAL MEMORIES ESSAY CONTEST, directed by Mrs. William A. Burgett, elicited a number of excellent essays. First prize was awarded to **Jeanne Craig Stanfill** for "A Star Sings Again"; second prize to **Tulia Winton** for "Writers League Attains Golden Anniversary"; and third prize to **Colonel Harry J. Hubbard** for "A Trip to Remember."

The recipient of the 1985 Porter Memorial Award is **Jeannie Marie Hamilton** for her article "The Frontera Settlement," which appeared in the Summer issue of *Password*. This \$100 Award, established in memory of Dr. Eugene O. Porter, the founding editor of *Password*, is presented annually to the author of the year's best *Password* article, as determined by the editorial board.

Several other articles were also named by the editorial board as significant contributions to the record of the El Paso region's history: "A Decade of Disruption" by **Louise Gates** (Spring); "A Church is Born" by **Verdon R. Adams** (Spring); "A Music of Two Spheres" by **Janet Y. Brockmoller** (Fall); and "Bidding at the Pass" by **Robert M. Esch** (Fall). The editorial board further cited for special commendation the excellent annotation by **Nancy Hamilton** of "The Diary of C. R. Morehead," which appeared in two parts—Part I in the Fall and Part II in the Winter issue.

The Eugene O. Porter Memorial Award is financed by gifts to the Society. Contributions are tax deductible and may be sent to the Porter Award Fund, c/o El Paso County Historical Society, Box 28, El Paso, Texas 79940.

## BOOK REVIEWS

where Anson Mills wanted it, but at its present location.

Several other of the episodes, however, are debatable as to their "turning point" significance—for example, the colorful passages dealing with Dallas Stoudenmire's short-lived term as city marshal and the rise and fall of legalized prostitution in El Paso. Had the author defined his theses more clearly and drawn his conclusions with more evidence, the case for the turning points would have been much stronger.

Even though much of the material has been dealt with in earlier works by the author and by several other writers, *Turning Points* does present a different approach to El Paso history. And—with the design and typography by Frank Mangan, twenty-four illustrations, apropos quotations at the beginning of each chapter, and the lively narrative, it is an attractive book to add to one's "El Pasoana."

CLINTON P. HARTMANN  
El Paso

### *Your Editor Apologizes...*

to Dr. Samuel D. Myres, to Dr. Ray Past, and to the *Password* readership for the misspelling of Dr. Myres' name in Dr. Past's review of Dr. Myres' book *The Education of a West Texan, A Personal Account, 1899-1985*, which appeared in the Winter 1985 *Password*.

#### STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION

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Lillian Collingwood, Editor

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