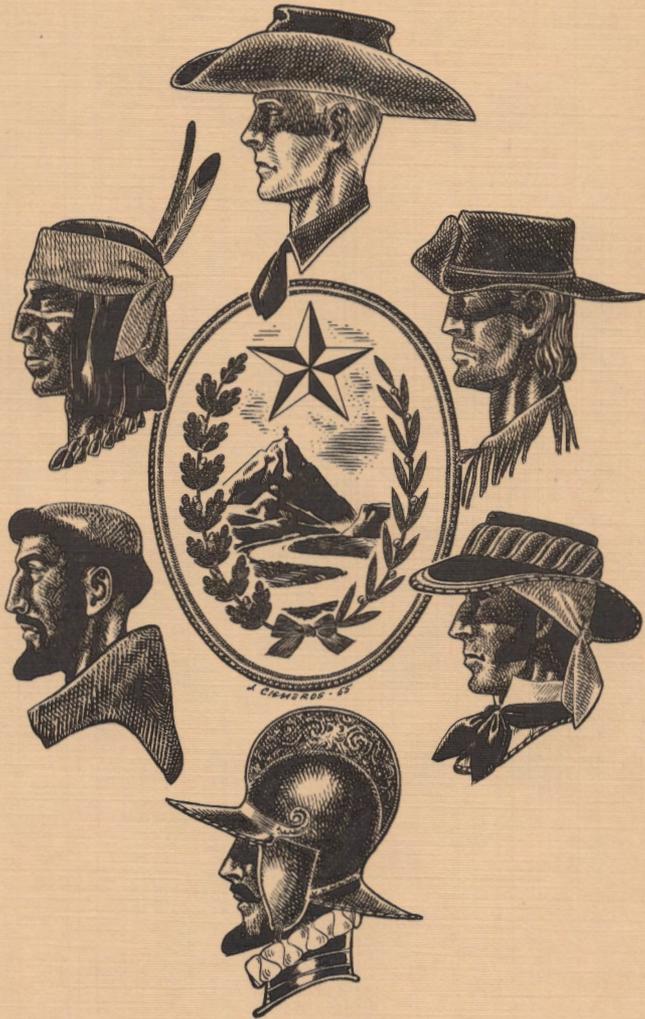


PASSWORD



THE EL PASO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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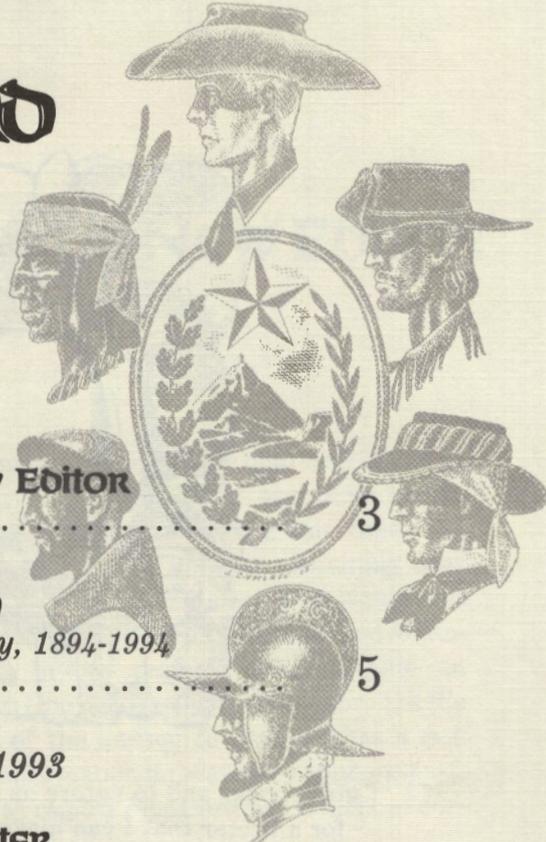
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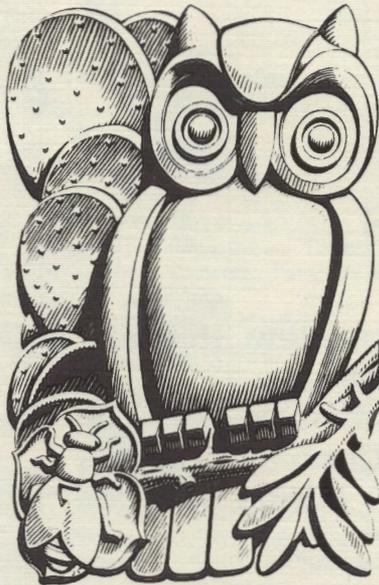
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"I go to books and to nature as a Bee goes to the flower,
for a nectar that I can make into my own honey."
— JOHN BURROUGHS

This owl, carved on the facade of the present Main Library, has been the Library's symbol since 1954. The carving was designed by Tom Lea, and José Cisneros executed the drawing for the Library's logo. Inspired by the quotation from Burroughs, Lea included the "Bee" in the carving's lower left corner.

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A Note from the New Editor

by Clinton P. Hartmann



Clinton P. Hartmann

With this issue of *Password*, the quarterly of the El Paso County Historical Society begins its thirty-ninth year of publication. During this time, 156 issues have come off the presses, containing over 7,000 pages, recording the stories of significant people, places, and events that have played an important role in our region's history. Quite an achievement! One needs only to glance through the back issues of the journal to realize what a rich resource of information it preserves about our past.

The Society has every reason to regard *Password* as its most enduring contribution to our community.

Of course, *Password* did not just happen. It took the untiring efforts of many who contributed their time and talents to create and nurture this unique journal. Heading the list are the previous editors who directed its publication for almost forty years: **Dr. Eugene O. Porter** (1956-1974); **Conrey Bryson** (1975-1979); **Nancy Hamilton** (1980-1982); and **Lillian Collingwood** (1983-1993).

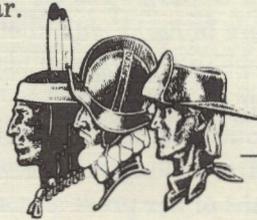
All of these editors brought with them a great deal of ability, expertise, and experience in writing and historical research. And all were well known in their respective professions. Especially important was their love of the Southwest and its place in the sweep of history.

In 1983, when Mrs. Collingwood assumed the editorship, she pointed out the strengths of her predecessors. Of Dr. Porter she said that he "had the vision, the learning, the enthusiasm and the stamina to guide *Password* through its first nineteen years"; that Conrey Bryson's "sensitive journalistic nose, integrity, and gentle manner continued the Porter zeal"; and that Nancy Hamilton "impressed upon the journal her own brand of impeccable professionalism." Mrs. Collingwood embodied many of the same qualities plus a superb command of the English language. Her meticulous attention to detail for content, style, and design brought a "new look" to the journal. In 1992,

she was presented with the prestigious Chris P. Fox Memorial Award "for exemplary accomplishments" in the cause of preserving "El Paso's heritage."

It seems appropriate to recall others who have in some way made *Password* an exceptional repository of Southwest history. Dr. Joseph Leach suggested the title, which was hyphenated in the early years; José Cisneros designed the logo that has appeared on the cover of every issue; and Carl Hertzog served as Design Editor for several years. Also deserving recognition are the contributors who shared the fruits of their research with *Password*. They include many of the Southwest's finest writers. Since 1976, one has been honored annually for his or her contribution by the presentation of the Eugene O. Porter Memorial Award.

Finally, a little information about myself. I received a B.A. from the University of Texas at Austin and an M.A. from Texas Western College. I was a staff writer for the 1952 edition of *The Handbook of Texas*. In 1949, I moved to El Paso and for many years taught high school and supervised the social studies programs in the El Paso Public Schools. One of the most rewarding experiences during that time was as sponsor of the Junior Historians at Jefferson High School. As a charter member of the Society, I joined the editorial board of *Password* in 1984, and later served as assistant and associate editor. Mrs. Collingwood will continue as the associate editor, and the members of the editorial board will remain in place. I will be most appreciative of the support and good will of the officers and members of the Society, and with that in mind, I am looking forward to a productive and stimulating year.



Purpose of the Society

To promote and engage in research into the History, Archaeology, and Natural History of West Texas, Southern New Mexico, Eastern Arizona, and Northern Mexico; to publish the important findings; and to preserve the valuable relics and monuments.



A CENTURY OF GROWTH

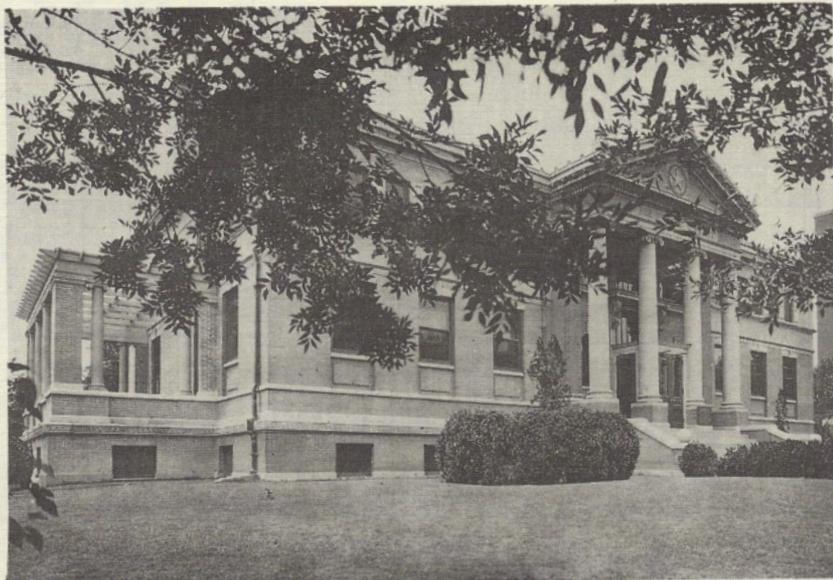
The El Paso Public Library, 1894-1994

by Mary A. Sarber

In most growing frontier towns, it was women who worked to bring culture to their communities. El Paso was no exception. As early as 1884, an attempt was made to establish a library, without success. Ten years later, in 1894, a schoolteacher named Mary I. Stanton placed her personal collection of eight hundred books in a room of the Sheldon Building and formed a reading club for high school boys. Within months, demand from other citizens led to the expansion of membership to all interested readers.

Mary I. Stanton was an unusually well-educated woman for her time. Born in 1862, she had grown up on a farm in Georgia, had received a B.S. degree from the Austin Female Seminary in Plainville, Georgia, and, at intervals thereafter, had continued her education in methods of teaching. In 1884 Miss Stanton moved to El Paso to join her brother, C. Q. Stanton, an attorney, and began teaching in the Central School located at Campbell and Myrtle Streets. In time she organized the Commercial Department at the High School, which prepared students for positions in business.

From 1894 to 1903, Miss Stanton was directly involved with the growing public library. A Board of Directors was formed in June of 1895, consisting of Miss Stanton as President, Mrs. Leigh Clark, Mrs. W. W. Mills, Mrs. Thomas J. Beall, and Mrs. Ernst Kohlberg.



Carnegie building of the El Paso Public Library, opened in 1904, replaced in 1954, and demolished in 1968. The second story was added to the original building in 1921. (Courtesy of El Paso Public Library)

In 1899 the library moved to the new City Hall (demolished in 1960) into what were described as prestigious and commodious quarters adjacent to the office of Mayor Joseph Magoffin. Then, in 1900, the first trained librarian, Belle F. Read, was hired, and the Board of Directors was expanded to include several men – Dr. F. W. Gallagher, C. R. Morehead, Richard F. Burges, Felix Martinez, and Alfred Courchesne. During this year the El Paso Public Library Association (which still exists) was incorporated.

Up to this point the library had been financed entirely by donations of space, books, and money and by dues from members. The need for a library building was felt, however, and board members secured a grant of \$37,500 from Andrew Carnegie, industrialist and philanthropist who funded the construction of hundreds of library buildings all over the United States. Conditions of the gift were that the City furnish the site and agree to appropriate ten percent of the amount given to be used for the support of the library.

After some public controversy, the block then known as Buckler Square was renamed Carnegie Square, and the new building (designed by architects Mauran, Russell, and Garden of St. Louis) was opened on April 25, 1904.

Albert F. Read became librarian in 1902. With a staff of three, Mr. Read found the increasing workload a serious problem. For lack of funds, he rebound wornout books himself. Mr. Read moved on to the Los Angeles Public Library in 1908. After a brief term served by Clara Mulliken, Maud Durlin became librarian.

Maud Durlin, a native of Wisconsin, had worked as an assistant librarian before entering the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn in 1905 to study library science. She returned to Wisconsin briefly as librarian of the Oshkosh Public Library before coming to El Paso in 1908. Among her first acts was the beginning of a collection of books in the Spanish language, an increase in the number of free publications received from the Federal Government, and a system for arranging them so they could be easily used by the public.

Maud Durlin married in 1912 and resigned her position. For the next five years she lived with her mining-engineer husband, John K. Sullivan, in a tent house in the Mogollon Mountains of New Mexico.

In 1917, the Sullivans returned to El Paso, and Mrs. Sullivan once again became head of the El Paso Public Library.

Maud Durlin Sullivan can be described as the most important single force in the development of the Library. Her accomplishments were much greater than can be listed here.* Her major impact was as library administrator, stretching every dollar as far as possible, and building a collection of books, musical scores, and art prints which introduced countless El Pasoans to new concepts and ideas. She brought art to El Paso through arrangements with New York galleries, hanging exhibits in the library foyer. She recognized early the talent of Tom Lea, whose first exhibit was mounted in the Library when he was seventeen years old. She introduced Tom Lea to Carl Hertzog and fostered a creative partnership which resulted in the finest books printed in and about the Southwest. She also arranged José Cisneros' first exhibition.



Maud Durlin Sullivan

**Editor's Note: Maud Durlin Sullivan was inducted posthumously into the El Paso County Historical Society Hall of Honor in 1962. (Password, Vol. 8, No. 1).*

Mrs. Sullivan learned to speak Spanish, at first in order to select books for the Library, but ultimately to visit libraries in Mexico, to mentor Mexican librarians on their visits to the United States, and to speak before the International Congress of Libraries and Bibliography in Spain. Closer to home she served as President of the Texas Library Association (the first and last El Pasoan to do so) from 1923 to 1925, and founded the association's bulletin. Her death in 1943 was in many ways a turning point for the Library. World War II would soon be over, and times were changing.

From its beginning in 1900, the El Paso Public Library Association carried out a role unusual in public library administration. The President and Directors made up a governing board which established policy, raised funds, and was even in charge of personnel. Staff members' paychecks were signed by the Board Treasurer until the late 1960s, when the City of El Paso agreed to take responsibility for personnel functions and to extend City benefits to Library employees. By this time 95% of the Library's income came from the City; yet the Mayor and the City Council had no legal authority over library operations.

This rather uneasy situation continued until 1989, when the Board voted to relinquish its governing role and to become an advisory board. It remains, however, independent of City Council, choosing its own members.

Early Board members faced a major struggle just to keep the Library open. At first there was no library income other than a modest subscription rate paid by members plus occasional donations. Even after City Council committed itself to a minimal budget, as it did in 1903 and again in 1905, these meager funds were consumed by the maintenance of building and grounds. In a 1924 report to the Board, Mrs. Sullivan spoke plaintively of having to spend all available funds on watering the grass and the canna lilies in Carnegie Square rather than on buying books.

An outstanding President of the Board was Irving Schwartz, who held the office from 1941 to 1966. He tirelessly conducted a campaign for a bond issue to construct a new building (the present Main Library, which opened in 1954). Once the bond issue of \$975,000 passed, Schwartz led the Board in planning a building which would reflect the Southwestern ambiance and make use of materials and motifs native to the area.

It was a full year after the death of Mrs. Sullivan before the Board appointed her permanent successor, Helen Seymour Farring-

ton. Mrs. Farrington, a native of Ohio, had been head of the largest branch of the Los Angeles Public Library, as well as active in regional and national library associations. She soon gave El Pasoans proof of one of her great strengths, public relations. Entire scrapbooks exist of clippings from local newspapers: some, serious news of library events; others, evidence of her amazing ability to stay in the public spotlight. She permitted no happening to be ignored by the press. On April 1, 1948, for example, the *Herald-Post* ran a photograph of Mrs. Farrington and another librarian "waving a gay farewell" as they boarded an airplane for Austin to attend a Texas Library Association meeting. In 1951, as another example, she sustained a serious fall and was photographed in her hospital bed conferring with an architect on plans for the new building.

One year earlier, in 1950, the first permanent branch building had been completed, Memorial Park, "to serve East El Paso." It was designed by the architectural firm of Carroll and Daeuble. The same architects also designed the Main Library, with the assistance of a prominent New York architectural consultant, Alfred Morton Githens. The contractor was R. E. McKee.

A "modern Southwestern" style was chosen, carried out in Cordova shell limestone quarried near Austin. Ewing Waterhouse used Native American pictographs found in the El Paso area as inspiration for the uniquely decorated ceiling of the entrance portal. A wall directly in front of the main entrance was designated to bear Tom Lea's mural "Southwest," completed in 1956. José Cisneros designed and carved three plaques which grace the end panels of shelving to the right of the mural room. A booklet describing the building and the library's history, now a collector's item, was designed and printed by Carl Hertzog. Mrs. Farrington, having completed her goal of opening the new building, resigned in 1955.

Within a few days, the Board named Elizabeth Hooks Kelly to the post of head librarian. Miss Kelly was a native El Pasoan who began



Elizabeth Hooks Kelly

working for the El Paso Public Library after her graduation from the Pratt Library School in 1921. For most of her career she was a children's librarian, delighting thousands of youngsters with her storytelling, her energy, and her bright humor. "You know, the top job in any library is that of children's librarian," she said in a 1983 interview. As Library Director, she was able to demonstrate clearly her ideas of a library's "top job": ongoing outreach. In 1957 the Library's first bookmobile began operation and within four years three additional permanent branches were opened: Lower Valley in 1960, Richard Burges in 1961, and Clardy Fox in 1961.**

After Miss Kelly's retirement in 1963, Walter N. Babbitt, who had been appointed Assistant Director in 1962, was named Director. Trained in a more modern style of library management, he soon analyzed the Library's budget, collection, staff, and use by the public. He announced that the El Paso Public Library needed more books, more personnel, and more money. The Library, he declared, had fallen behind the rapid post-war growth of El Paso. He was right, and in fact the Library has never regained the impetus lost by that slippage during the 1950s and 1960s.

The next permanent Director was Donald D. Foos. His tenure, like Mr. Babbitt's, was brief; but he left his mark by rearranging space in the Main Library. The lower two floors, intended to be used only for storage of books, were open to the public. The Southwest Collection was moved into the original Children's Room, renamed the Lea-Hertzog Room in 1968, and the Children's Room was moved to the second floor into the space vacated by Acquisitions and Cataloging, these behind-the-scenes functions then relegated to the second basement. Such changes were necessary and creative, and for the most part are still in place today.

Mr. Foos left in 1967, and the Assistant Director, John Wayne Smith, was named Director and would remain in that position until 1979.

These were the days of plentiful funds from the Federal Government, and grants were obtained to begin the Raza Collection, materials in English on Hispanics in the United States; the purchase of two more bookmobiles; and the hiring of a team of bilingual workers who took library programming out into the Spanish-speaking community. Ysleta Branch was opened in a trailer in 1971, Armijo in a recreation center in 1968, Veterans Park in 1977, and Westside in 1978.

**Editor's note: Elizabeth Hooks Kelly was inducted into the El Paso County Historical Society Hall of Honor in 1983 (Password, Vol. 19, No. 1).

The late '70s and early '80s were characterized by inevitable changes in the make-up of the Board. Local Hispanics were no longer content to let the non-Hispanic minority govern the community's institutions, and the Library Board was targeted. Meetings of the Board and the membership of the El Paso Public Library Association were often contentious as different factions fought for the election of their candidates. Traumatic as this period was, it resulted in a Board more representative of the community and one whose members of assorted backgrounds learned to work together for the good of the institution.

After Smith's resignation in 1979, Margaret Mathis was Acting Director until the arrival of Nathan A. Josel. He greatly enlarged the book budget, worked with the Board and the staff to write a long-range plan, and laid the groundwork for computerizing the circulation system and the public catalog.

Mr. Josel resigned in 1985, and Betsy L. Burson was appointed Director in 1987. Under Dr. Burson's strong leadership, a second bond issue was passed in 1990 providing \$500,000 per year for library books and materials over the next ten years. This nearly doubled the existing materials-budget. The new Westside Branch was opened in 1988, funded largely by donations raised by citizens under the vigorous leadership of Dorris Van Doren.

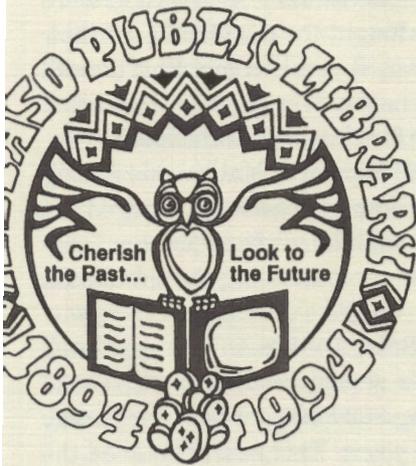
Dr. Burson's most important contribution, however, was to lead the Board toward relinquishing governing powers to the City of El Paso, and becoming an advisory board. At the same time, in 1989, Library employees were granted the full protection of the City's Civil Service system. The Library officially became a City department.

Dr. Burson resigned in 1990, and Mary A. Sarber served as Acting Director until January, 1991, when Ramiro S. Salazar took on the duties of Director. A native of Del Rio, Texas, who had spent most of his career in the San Antonio Public Library, the first Hispanic Director of the El Paso Public Library was welcomed by staff and public.

During Mr. Salazar's two-year tenure, the Irving Schwartz Branch was opened, the tenth and largest branch in the system, and the Armijo Branch moved into a new building. Also, by this time the Library was fully automated, with computer terminals replacing the old card catalog and personal computers accessing CD-ROM databases taking the place of many reference books.

When Mr. Salazar moved on to the Dallas Public Library in 1993, Mary Sarber again became Acting Director, a position she still holds. Four replacement branch buildings (Ysleta, Clardy Fox, Memorial, and Richard Burges) are funded and awaiting the appropriate

bureaucratic moment to begin construction. The Main Library has long been overcrowded and outmoded, its wiring and mechanical systems not adequate for today's technological demands. A bond issue for a new main library building is scheduled for May, 1994.



The Centennial logo, designed by graphic artist Louise Dale, incorporates a more dynamic owl, poised to move forward into the 21st Century.

This account is a mere framework of the unusual history of a complex institution. No attention has been given to the hundreds of staff members who have come and gone over the past century, most of them overworked and underpaid, offering library service to the citizens of El Paso from their own knowledge and dedication. Nor has sufficient attention been given the Board members who served with no pay and also with great dedication. The excellence of the Library's Southwest Collection has not been mentioned, nor the generosity of Jane Burges Perrenot in donating funds to extend space for that collection in 1972.

As an institution in 1994, the El Paso Public Library is alive and moving forward. The twenty-first century is only six years away, and we look ahead hopefully with a vision of what this community will become and how this library can help realize that vision. It is a situation not entirely dissimilar to that of Mary I. Stanton in 1894.

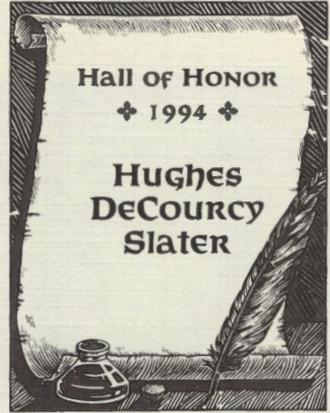
In the words engraved upon the Library's Centennial logo, we "Cherish the Past" and "Look to the Future."

MARY A. SARBER came to El Paso in 1975 as Head of the El Paso Public Library's Southwest Collection, and has since served as Main Library Administrator and Interim Director.

NOTES

Official records of the early years of the Library were destroyed along with almost all of Miss Stanton's possessions when the Buckler Building burned in 1910. The history of these early years is gleaned primarily from newspaper articles, interviews, and reports written some years later. There are minor discrepancies among the various versions; the author of this article has tried to choose the most likely.

All material is from the archives, the vertical files, and the newspaper index of the El Paso Public Library.



Tribute to Hughes D. Slater

by Tom King

When I was invited to share with you my thoughts about H. D. Slater, I immediately began to research his life, for I had not had the opportunity to know him. In a very short time, I concluded that I would have enjoyed and treasured the chance to work with and to know this fellow editor. He was a hard-charging newspaperman who wanted the job done correctly and would not expect or accept anything less from the people he worked with. Likewise, "Cap" Slater enjoyed challenges. His life was one challenge after another. He pushed people. He pushed ideas. He pushed visions. He pushed himself.

Hughes DeCourcy Slater was born on April 12, 1874, in Marion, Virginia, but moved to Washington, D.C., with his parents when he was a child. Upon graduation from high school, he began writing articles on various topics for *Public Opinion*, an "eclectic weekly." When the paper moved to New York in 1894, Slater followed and became its editor. In 1896 his health began to fail, and on the advice of his doctor he moved to El Paso.

Here he became a friend of John P. Ramsey, an engineer in charge of railroad construction between Ciudad Chihuahua and Ciudad Juárez. He found work as a construction engineer, but soon joined a reconnaissance that took him through the Sierra Madres to map a possible railway route across the mountains. It was rigorous work, requiring him to spend most of his time in the saddle and outdoors. But it was very beneficial, for he regained his health.

In 1898 Slater returned to El Paso and became a reporter for the El Paso *Herald*, and by August, 1899, he had acquired controlling interest in the newspaper. For the next thirty-one years as its tough-minded editor and publisher, he produced a vigorous, crusading newspaper. The El Paso newspapers at the turn of the century were extremely influential in the city's civic and political affairs, and Slater was often at the center of the controversies. For example, the other El Paso newspaper, *The Times*, whose editor was Juan Hart, favored municipal ownership of the city's water system; Slater and others favored private ownership. Hart lost and toward the end of the decade left the newspaper business.

Slater's public service and reform efforts were impressive. He organized public charities, tried to clean up the slums, and as one of five organizers of the Citizens League, a reform group opposed to open gambling and prostitution, was instrumental in banning public gambling in El Paso in 1904. In 1912, when these "vices" were still flourishing, Slater editorialized, "If we have to fight the fight all over again, let's go to it." Throughout his tenure as editor, the motto of the *Herald* proclaimed the newspaper's dedication "to the service of the people that no good cause shall lack a champion and that evil shall not thrive unopposed."

On March 30, 1899, he was married in Washington, D.C., to Elsie Pomeroy McElroy, who became well known locally as a collector and illustrator of southwestern fauna and flora. A daughter born to the couple became ill and died in 1906. She was buried in Mountain Park, New Mexico, where she had been taken to recuperate. The Slaters found the climate to their liking and built a cabin there. Later, after their son, John, was born they spent much of their time at this mountain retreat. When his beloved wife died in 1952, she was buried beside their daughter. H. D. Slater was also interred there shortly after his death on September 22, 1958.

On September 1, 1955, at the age of 81, he wrote his own obituary, published on September 23, 1958. "Capt. Slater never sought or held political office," it said. "He was politically independent, usually favoring conservative Republican policies in national affairs but often voting for Democratic candidates. . . . His political creed was expressed in the words of Lincoln: 'I must stand with anybody that stands right, stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he does wrong.'"

Among the many causes Slater championed was the building of Scenic Drive at the tip of the Franklin Mountains; he returned from



Hughes DeCourcy Slater (1874-1958)

World War I service in 1920 just in time to see its completion. As a promoter of public parks, he served for many years as chairman of the City Plan Commission and edited the City Plan of El Paso (1925), often called the Kessler Plan. In 1911 he contributed an article to a Chamber of Commerce publication which extolled the extensive public and private facilities that El Paso offered to prospective residents. The construction of Engle Dam, later named Elephant Butte, also received his enthusiastic support.

When the United States entered World War I, H. D. Slater was anxious to serve. Although forty-three years old, he enlisted in the

Army Infantry in August, 1917, and earned a commission as a captain. He was assigned to the 90th Division in France and Germany, and remained in Europe with the Army of Occupation, traveling extensively on the continent.

During 1921-1922 he published a series of lengthy articles in *The Herald* recounting his European experiences. These articles dealt with topics such as art, culture, politics, and social issues which he had observed in France, Germany, and Italy. The articles comprised what became known as "Leaves from an Overseas Notebook."

By 1928, as John Middagh states in his *Frontier Newspaper: The El Paso Times*, "H. D. Slater was moving to make *The Herald* 'the undisputed leader in the Southwest.'" To weaken *The Times*, he introduced a morning newspaper, *The Herald News*, and in 1925, "bought the entire stock of *The Times*." This transaction partially explains the unusual arrangement of two rival newspapers housed in the same facility.

Slater, a staunch "Dry," supported Prohibition and launched one of his last big campaigns in its favor during the 1920s. However, as the decade rolled on and enforcement became impossible, he realized it was a losing battle. In 1927 he called for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

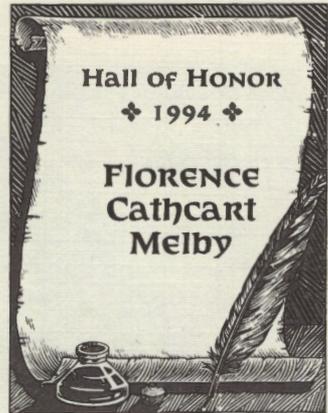
In 1928, circulation of both papers declined and Slater sold his interests in *The Herald* and *The El Paso Times*; and on the last day of January, 1929, he retired. He devoted much of the remainder of his life to the care of his wife and his sister, Ora, and to the pursuit of his lifelong interests in art and music. He acquired a large collection of classical recordings, and his particular interest in sculpture led him to create at least forty of his own works.

H. D. Slater made history in El Paso. He is part of it, forever linked to the tough newspapers of the early 1900s. For three decades, his influence and contributions to the betterment of El Paso were substantial, and these words by Joseph Conrad seem fitting testimony to the life of "Cap" Slater:

What one lives for may be uncertain; how one lives is not. Man should live nobly though he does not see any practical reason for it, simply because in the mysterious, inexplicable mixture of beauty and ugliness, virtue and baseness in which he finds himself, he must want to be on the side of the virtuous and the beautiful.

I know which side "Cap" Slater was on.

TOM KING has been editor and president of the *El Paso Herald-Post* since June 1, 1988. He is a native of Macon, Georgia, and holds a degree in English from Georgia Southern University.



Tribute to FLORENCE Cathcart Melby

by Helen Walker

She loved El Paso, and she devoted herself to the preservation of El Paso's cultural heritage. She was Florence Cathcart Melby, and appropriately now her name is added to the prestigious list of those people who have "brought honor and recognition to the El Paso community and who have directed us toward worthy goals. . . ."

Florence was born in Chicago on the first day of June in 1902. She was the only child of Dr. John Cathcart and Ethel Hicks Cathcart. When she was six months old, the family moved to El Paso, where Dr. Cathcart was the first intern at Hotel Dieu Hospital. The family lived on Nevada Street, and Florence attended Lamar Elementary School. She went on to El Paso High School and was a member of the first class to be graduated from the grand new building up there on the hill. She then attended Ward Belmont College in Nashville, Tennessee, and later the University of Arizona.

After college she returned to El Paso. She discovered to her great pleasure that many of her El Paso friends were as interested in history as she was and that they, like her, wanted to continue the study of this subject which had so absorbed them during their college years. They appealed to Maud Sullivan, Librarian of the El Paso Public Library, who then helped them outline their first course of study. This was the beginning of what was called simply The History Club. It met every Thursday from the first of September to the last of May for the next sixty-one years. Florence was also a founding member of the Book Club, which met every other Tuesday the year round and is still meeting today after sixty-five years.



Florence Cathcart Melby (1902-1987)

In 1938 Florence married John Melby, a Foreign Service Officer assigned to the Consulate in Ciudad Juárez. The couple moved to Washington, D.C., and then to Caracas, Venezuela. After World War II, Florence returned to El Paso as a single parent to make her home and bring up her two boys.

In El Paso Florence belonged to many organizations. Besides the Book Club and The History Club, she was a member of the Junior League, the Comadres, Sunset Heights Garden Club, the Beloved Vagabonds, the Westerners, the National Society of Arts and Letters,

the El Paso Museum of Art, the El Paso Symphony Guild, the El Paso County Historical Society, and the Pan American Round Table. None of these were token memberships. She continued to be active in all of these organizations until her final illness.

Florence was also a volunteer for the Oral History Institute at The University of Texas at El Paso. She convinced her contemporaries that the events in their lives were a part of history and should be preserved for the future. She spent many pleasurable hours taping her interviews with these longtime El Pasoans. And she herself was a valuable source of historical information. At meetings of The History Club, she often talked about the El Paso area of her childhood. One of her accounts stands out in my mind. At the age of ten or so, she accompanied her father when he went to Juárez to treat the wounded following the Villa raids. There she saw horrors that remained deeply etched in her mind – dead bodies in the streets, severed arms and legs scattered about, quantities of blood flowing from the wounded – the entire scene punctuated by shrieks of pain and cries of grief.

When she was a little girl, Florence was often lonely, and books became her dearest companions. This love of books remained with her all of her life. She collected rare books and manuscripts, and her library was one of the finest private libraries in the Southwest. Today, according to her instructions, these rare books and manuscripts are in the Library of The University of Texas at El Paso. They will always be a living memorial to Florence and her lifelong interest in history and the community she loved.

Florence rarely ever missed a book sale. One of the last places she went was to The University of Texas at El Paso Library book sale at the Special Events Center. She had attended every one of these sales, and she saw no reason why she should not go to this one even though she was just out of the hospital following major surgery. Her good friend, Bob Seal, Director of the Library, took her to the sale, and she came home with a box of books. When her daughter-in-law stopped by to see her, Florence smiled and said, "I am just becoming acquainted with some new friends."

Florence was one of the original members of the El Paso County Historical Commission, created by the Texas Legislature in 1969. She served the Commission in several capacities – most memorably, perhaps, as Chairman of the Markers Committee, a position she held from the time that she was first named to the Commission by the El Paso County Commissioners Court until her death in 1987. The Mark-

ers Committee was charged with the task of identifying El Paso County buildings of historical interest and significance for the purpose of preserving them through obtaining their inclusion in the Texas Register of Historic Places. Florence's responsibilities were thus enormous. She and her committee were required to familiarize themselves with El Paso's past as a first step in selecting those buildings which might qualify for Historic Place designation. Then the history of each selected building had to be scrupulously researched and documented so as to support its nomination to the State Commission.

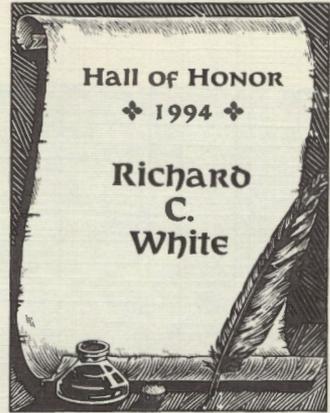
When Florence became Chairman of the Markers Committee, she realized that El Paso had lost many of its historic buildings and that if others were to be saved she would have to hurry. "Hurry," however, was not a word we often associated with Florence. But she did hurry in her own way – just as she did everything – quietly, calmly, gently, easily in her own unassuming manner and always moving very deliberately. Florence had a deep inner strength and a great determination to let nothing stand in her way until she achieved her goal. Many of the Texas State Historic-Place Markers that you see today on the buildings in El Paso County were placed there under her leadership – and thus demonstrate how much she accomplished.

She also participated in the early efforts to found the City's Historic Landmark Commission. Almost singlehandedly she undertook the tedious task of having Sunset Heights designated as a Historic District. In this endeavor she had the help of her good friends Joyce and John Karr, who shared her love of history and her desire to preserve the city's cultural heritage.

The same inner strength that enabled Florence to secure the preservation of historic buildings and places, together with her indomitable spirit and courage, carried Florence through her life – the good and happy times and the difficult and sad times, including the tragic loss of her older son only a few years before her death.

Florence Cathcart Melby was truly one of El Paso's Great Ladies. In the words of the Historical Society's criteria for enrollment in its Hall of Honor, she was an "Outstanding" person "of character, vision, courage, and creative spirit." Her life, her work, her achievements, her dedication served our community exceedingly well and shine brightly "as an exemplary guide to our future."

HELEN WALKER, a resident of El Paso since 1937, holds both a B.A. and an M.A. degree from the University of Michigan. Active in civic affairs, she was a member of the Board of Directors of the El Paso Public Library for twenty years, has served the Medical Auxiliary as its president and as a state officer, and is a past Director of the Pan American Round Table.



Tribute to Richard C. White

by Charles R. Schulte

Were we to describe a gentleman as one of good rearing, kindness, courtesy and honor, a man having worthy ideals and refinement of thought and action – and were we to set out to find a man whose life has epitomized those qualities, we would most assuredly come to Richard C. White. Were we further to direct our sights on a gentleman meeting the criteria for induction into the Hall of Honor (a person of character, vision, courage, and creative spirit who has influenced the course of the history of El Paso and who merits being remembered as an exemplary guide to our future), we would again come to our very own Richard White.

And those of us fortunate to have known him for most of his years would, of course, be aware that under that placid and genteel exterior there lies a toughness and a courage that has served him well. Those who would take undue advantage of that gentility soon learn that you don't mess with Richard.

It was those qualities that took this third-generation West Texan, after his early years at Dudley Elementary and El Paso High, to the United States Marine recruiter in World War II. It was that toughness that carried this Marine rifleman and Japanese interpreter through the campaigns of Bougainville, Guam and Iwo Jima – and that was to earn him the Purple Heart in the battle for Guam.

The war over, he laid down his rifle and began to prepare himself for battles of a different kind. With his bachelor of arts degree

from the College of Mines in his pocket, he earned his doctor of jurisprudence degree from the law school of the University of Texas, where he was admitted to Phi Alpha Delta Legal Fraternity. In 1949 he returned to El Paso and entered the general practice of law.

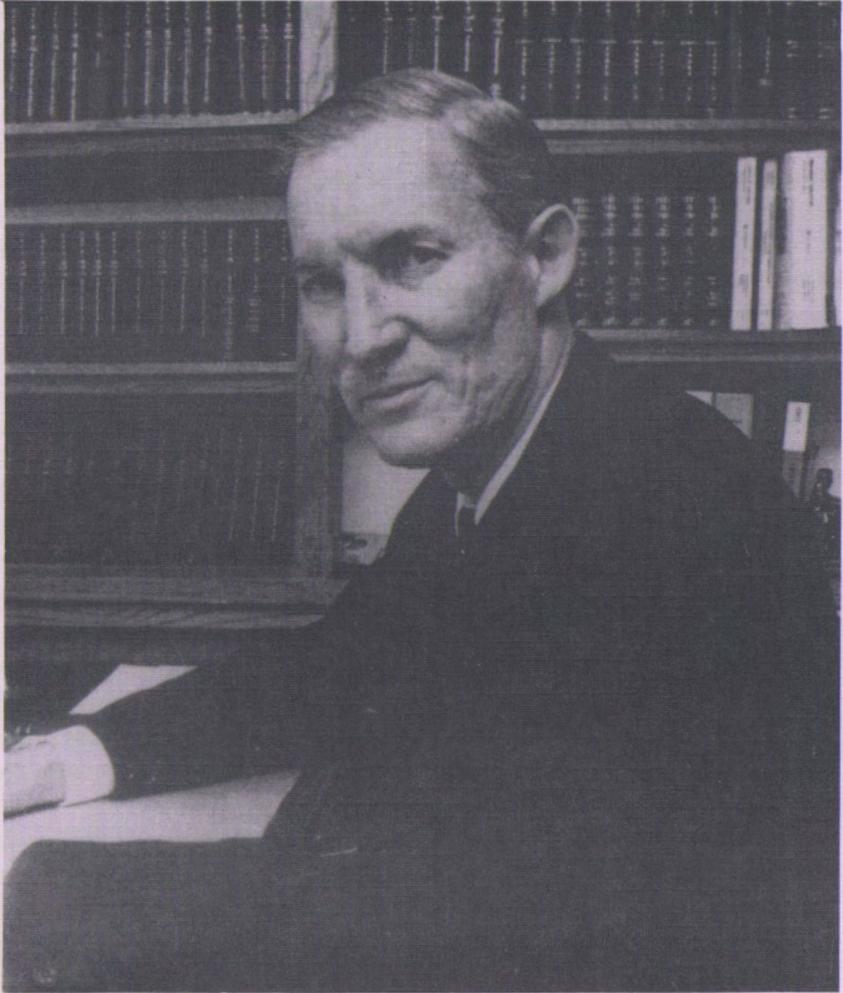
As resourceful as Richard was in the court room, his vision extended beyond its four walls, and he could see that El Paso was in need of effective representation in Austin. So while continuing his practice, he took on a new client, the people of El Paso, and became a member of the Texas House of Representatives. Among his many accomplishments there during the years 1955 to 1958, we can point to the creation of the Hueco Tanks State Park, to the beginning of a much-needed School of Nursing at the then Texas Western College, and to the creation of County Court at Law Number Two and the 128th District Court, first ably presided over by Judge Hans Brockmoller.

Resuming his El Paso practice, Richard added needs of his community to his ever-present list. Francis Fugate's *Frontier College* reminds us that it was Richard who took charge of the College's fundraising activities and spearheaded the first Alumni Fund for Excellence. And, fittingly to be remembered on this occasion, it was Richard who conceived of this El Paso County Historical Society's Hall of Honor. He wrote the criteria for those to be admitted, unaware that he would one day be so honored. Richard was the vice-president of this Society in 1961, president in 1962, one of its Directors from 1989 through 1991, and a member of the Board of Trustees since 1969.

We should remember Richard's contributions to Mission 73 and to the Senior Opportunities and Service Program, his early work with the Jaycees, his chairmanship for Easter seals, his dedication to the Intercity Group, his efforts on behalf of Insights and the El Paso Science Museum. And we should also note that Richard's civic service continues – for example, in his present endeavors to establish an International forum between Juárez and El Paso on behalf of Rotary International.

As busy as Richard was in his community and in his law practice, and as effective as he had been in Austin, his vision and creative spirit remained unsatisfied. He looked beyond El Paso into the rest of West Texas and to his nation as well. Let us turn now to Richard's years in the House of Representatives of the Congress of the United States, from 1965 to 1983.

This was a period in our nation's history, both fascinating and traumatic, during which five Presidents were to hold office. It was the time of Vietnam and Americans landing on the moon, of riots and assassinations; it was Mount St. Helen's and man-made eruptions in



Richard C. White

the Middle East and around the world. It was peace at Camp David. It was Watergate. It was a period when congressmen found themselves financially strapped while one in 424 Americans had become a millionaire. It was OPEC, it was Iran and the hostages – and a time to try one's soul.

And through it all, and steady as you go, we in the 16th District were blessed to have in Washington a Congressman of courage, character, vision, and creative spirit.

We are all aware of Richard's continual communication with those of us in his district – his regular informative reports, his up-

dates via radio, and his countless prompt answers to our letters and phone calls. We know that thousands of individuals were assisted on a case-by-case basis and that many deserving young men were informed of their acceptance into one of the military academies.

A detailed review of the extensive legislation sponsored and co-sponsored over his eighteen years is not appropriate in the space allotted. However, having analyzed it in broad scope, I can tell you that it most assuredly evidenced Richard's dedication to the military, to veterans, and to the defense of our nation. His efforts provided re-employment rights to ex-servicemen, reinstated registration, added ROTC scholarships, gave the reserve greater flexibility for recall, assisted recruitment, aided retention of doctors, helped create and strengthen the survivor-benefit plan, assisted former prisoners of war, and recognized the women in the Women's Air Force Services as veterans of World War II. Richard also conceived the "War in the Pacific National Memorial" on Guam.

Efforts to resolve waste in government also appear prominently, including the creation of the commission on federal paper work, the improvement of record-management in federal agencies and in the executive branch. Additionally, legislation sponsored and co-sponsored by Richard created the cabinet committee on opportunities for Spanish-speaking people, provided for representation of Mexican-Americans on the Equal Opportunity Commission, and proclaimed a National Lulac Week.

Other measures, as diverse as can be imagined, dealt with federal employees, the Scenic Rivers Bill, medical care, education, federal recognition of the Tigua Indian Tribe, older Americans, solar heating and cooling, synfuels, OSHA, water, irrigation, reclamation, agriculture, the census, national flood insurance, and aircraft. And we must also mention the stately Beaumont Hospital on the hill, the Chamizal Memorial Highway along the Rio Grande, the Chamizal National Memorial on South San Marcial Street, the beautiful Guadalupe Mountain National Park, our National Guard Armory, our new El Paso County Courthouse, the huge portion of the Castner Range returned to the people of El Paso, and the transfer of lands facilitating the north-south freeway.

With all of this, Richard was somehow able to serve as his party's zone whip, shaping legislative policy and setting priority for legislative actions. He chaired the Democratic Research Organization, a group sharing the basic political philosophy that federal spending must be brought into balance, that federal regulation has become

stifling to the economy, and that a strong national defense must be assured. He also served as a director of the Texas Society and as a member of the House Armed Services Committee (chairing its Personnel and Investigations Subcommittees), the Interior and Insular Affairs Committee, the Post Office and Civil Service Committee (chairing its Census, Statistics and Employees Benefits Subcommittee), and the Science and Technology Committee. Furthermore, Richard's plan to reorganize the Joint Chiefs of Staff, which became reality after he had left, strengthened the military structure, effected large savings in manpower, and improved the quality of advice to the President.

Upon relinquishing his seat in Congress and returning to the practice of law, Richard presented his official papers to the Library of The University of Texas at El Paso, where they became, according to Nancy Hamilton's *Pictorial History of The University of Texas at El Paso*, the second largest in the Library's Special Collections. Appropriately, Richard was presented the Gold Nugget Award, the highest honor that can be bestowed by the University's College of Liberal Arts.

And through it all, Richard emerged the same caring gentleman, the same unassuming, effective, yet humble man who went to Washington in 1965. We know that the House of Representatives has been enriched by his being there. It was the Honorable Carl Albert, then speaker of the House, who said, "A lot of members could take lessons on how to be a good Congressman from Dick White." It was the *Washington Post* that noted Richard's no-nonsense handling of the important House Subcommittee on Retirement and Employee Benefits. And it was the consensus of other commentators that Richard was fair and thorough, hard working, with a high level of statesmanship. We could recall that Chairman Price of the Armed Services Committee regarded Richard as one of the most objective and most knowledgeable members on the committee as to the overall defense needs of the nation. We could add that Chairman Henderson regarded Richard as one of the hardest driving and most effective members of the Post Office and Civil Service Committee.

Richard, we too respect you, we too admire you, and we thank you. We love and appreciate you. We are honored that you are honored by being admitted into the Hall of Honor.

THE HONORABLE CHARLES R. SCHULTE retired as a justice of the Eighth Court of Appeals in 1988. He is also a retired colonel, United States Air Force Reserve. He holds a B.A. from the Texas College of Mines (now The University of Texas at El Paso) and a J.D. from the University of Texas, Austin. He earlier served as El Paso County Judge and as District Judge, 41st Judicial District of Texas.

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GROWING Up with El Paso in the Late 19th Century

by R. Noel Longuemare, Sr. with Joanne D. Ivey

Introduction by Lillian Collingwood

The reader is reminded that the Summer 1992 *Password* featured a work entitled "A Boy's View of El Paso, 1888-1889." It was a composition of excerpts from an unpublished, book-length manuscript authored some twenty-five years ago by R. Noel Longuemare, Sr. (1880-1972), in collaboration with Joanne D. Ivey.

In her prefatory remarks to the composition, Mrs. Ivey made clear the circumstances which had inspired the manuscript: her introduction to eighty-one year-old Mr. Longuemare in 1961 and her subsequent conversations with him that often centered on his memories of the El Paso he had known as a boy and young man. "We couldn't let all those memories . . . die with him," she stated. And so it was that during the next several years she assisted Mr. Longuemare in the production of the manuscript, which he titled "Kernal's Boys: Recollections by the Rio Grande" and which, she explained, "covers the period 1880 to 1910" – the first thirty years of Mr. Longuemare's life.

The "Kernal," Mrs. Ivey went on to tell her readers, was Mr. Longuemare's father, Confederate Colonel Charles Longuemare, a mining engineer from Missouri who prospected in the Black Range of New Mexico in the 1870s and early 1880s and who was also a journalist in the Territory writing under the name "Kernal." In 1883, he



R. Noel Longuemare, Sr.

founded a mining journal, *The Bullion*, which he edited and published in Socorro, New Mexico, from 1883 to 1888 and then in El Paso from 1888 to 1893. The “Kernal’s Boys” were Charles Longuemare’s sons, Noel and Carl, respectively eight and nine years of age when the family moved to El Paso in 1888.

That first year in El Paso was full of wonder and excitement for young Noel – as clearly demonstrated in “A Boy’s View of El Paso, 1888-1889.” In that work, octogenarian R. Noel Longuemare looked back over a span of some seventy-five years and brought vividly to life such experiences as his and his brother’s explorations of their new home, their attendance at a one-room school located just north of the Southern Pacific tracks on North Campbell Street, their pastimes in places like Rand’s Grove and the “big sandhill at the end of Santa Fe Street,” and their pleasant associations with their neighbors in the “nicest residential section of that time”: tree-lined San Antonio Avenue and two of its tangent thoroughfares, Olive and Magoffin.

Password is pleased now to publish Mrs. Ivey’s selection of additional excerpts from “Kernal’s Boys: Recollections by the Rio Grande” – excerpts which recount Mr. Longuemare’s memories of . . .

GROWING UP WITH EL PASO IN THE LATE 19TH CENTURY

It was September, 1890, and Father had gone to New Mexico on business. In his capacity as a mining engineer he had been employed to examine a new claim. He had a special license for estimating the value of claims, and his opinion was highly respected. We learned later that he believed this particular prospect to be of little import, but the parties who had hired him tried to persuade him to give a fraudulent report. When he refused, they became angry and discharged him. That very night, as he slept in his room at Henry Lockhart’s Grand Central Hotel in Socorro, he was seized and thrown out the second-story window. He miraculously survived the fall, but his injuries were severe, indeed, much more severe than anyone realized at the time.

Though he seemed to carry on as usual for the next few years, he was in constant pain and by the late 1890s he had become a complete invalid. For the ever-active Kernal, it was truly a death blow.

But first things first. A man named J. F. Satterthwaite, a big real estate promoter, had talked my father into considering a deal. Satterthwaite owned seventeen acres of land on the end of the Mesa just above downtown El Paso, including a recreation spot known as the Mesa Garden. There was a big ornate house up there, and all kinds of amusements – a merry-go-round, ice cream stand, menagerie, and so forth.

There was also a strange exhibit called the Cardiff Giant, an enormous figure of a nude man lying flat on his back. It was constructed of some kind of cement or plaster, and it lay in a big wooden box. I think it was an imitation of the original Cardiff Giant, a statue buried and later dug up somewhere back east which had circulated all over the country, being passed off as a real giant's body mysteriously preserved by nature. Someone said a traveling circus had left El Paso's Cardiff Giant behind. The last I saw of him, he was lying on a trash heap in the alley behind the Boss Saloon. But that was years later. In 1890, he lay in state at Mesa Garden.

Anyway, Satterthwaite wanted Papa to buy the whole business for \$100 an acre – \$1700 for what would someday be prime land in the heart of a prosperous city. At the time, however, it was something of a white elephant. The amusements had not gone over as expected, the spot was considered inaccessible, and he was anxious to get rid of it. Papa agreed to move in for a while and see whether it would work out as a home for the family.

Of course we children loved it. At night we could sit on the wide veranda and look down on the dim lights of the rest of the city. There were a few very bright circles of light, formed by the ultra-modern electric street lights. Mama counted fourteen one night as we stood at the edge of Mesa Garden.

Our delight in the Mesa Garden was short-lived. Though it was right at the end of Santa Fe Street, it could be reached only from Oregon Street. There were 182 steps to climb in the first flight of stairs and about 85 from there to the house. It was just too much. After a couple of months Papa had to cancel his deal with Satterthwaite. Off we went again to new lodgings – right next to the *Bullion* office on San Francisco Street.

While we lived there, Carl and I began to help with getting out the paper. Each week, we would wrap up the subscription issues, help

address them, and cart them off to the post office for mailing. The rest of the time, we spent in class at Franklin School, or dreaming up projects for our "club," a group of neighborhood boys who later formed the nucleus of the more formally organized Impromptu Club. There were the Stein boys, Ed and Rex, Jim Hague, Charlie Pomeroy, Ralph Loomis, Willie Schutz, Will Marr and a few others.

Papa's back was beginning to bother him more and more. We were living so close to his business that he seemed unable to rest enough, so we moved again, back to San Antonio Avenue. Carl and I were glad to



The recreation spot known as Mesa Garden, c. 1890, located near the present site of Burges House, the home and headquarters of the El Paso County Historical Society. (Photo from the Historical Society Archives)

be back in the old neighborhood, but we had a growing awareness that our life was changing, that things were not as they had always been. In the winter of 1894, we decided it was time for us to do what we could. Carl and I both got jobs as delivery boys for the *El Paso Times*.

I took over Albert Wilcox's old route through the residential sections. Carl covered the downtown area. Albert had always made his deliveries on horseback, but I felt that investing in a horse wouldn't leave me much profit, so I determined to do it on foot. Every morning I ran the paper to fifty-six customers and still made it home for breakfast before school.

At about five o'clock each morning, I picked up my fifty-six copies at the *Times* office, located on the corner of Overland and Oregon. The issues were so small that I could tuck them all under my arm. My first deliveries were to some of the "ladies" of the sporting houses on Utah Street. (The street had been named Utah because of some Victorian confusion about the polygamous unions in that state and prostitution.) I dropped the *Times* at the houses of Etta Clark, Mae Palmer, Gypsy Davenport, and Allie St. Clair. My next stop was Wilson's Wagon Yard, between Fourth and Fifth Streets on Oregon, then Finnegan's Hide House at Seventh and El Paso. From there the route turned a block south to the home of Sgt. John Wiley, a retired Negro cavalryman, then Mrs. Quinn's down by the little Federal Smelter. I'd run past many open lots until reaching Second Street to drop copies for John and Jim Harper, Attorneys. Next were J. A. Escajeda, County Clerk; Sheriff H. B. Simmons; and John H. Boone, who later would become sheriff.

At the courthouse the list included Judge J. F. Crosby and A. H. Parker, County Surveyor. Then I dropped a paper at Chopin Hall, a concert auditorium built by Alfred Leech on the site where the U.S. Courthouse stands today. El Paso's second mayor, Solomon Schutz, at the corner of Campbell and Myrtle was next. Texas Street hadn't yet been cut through, and I ran across Bassett's Lumber Yard to leave copies with Max Voss, a jeweler, and H. J. Bishop, a Southern Pacific operator living nearby. Mrs. Wilcox, Albert's mother, was running the Pierson Hotel at the time, and she was next on the list of subscribers. Up past Hotel Dieu Hospital there was only one house, and that was the farthest point on the route. Then back I'd rush to Dr. Yandell's house on Boulevard (they later named the street for him), then on to J. M. Paul at the corner of Campbell and Wyoming, and Abe Munsenberger, one of Papa's fellow mining engineers.

Southward bound, but far from the homestead, on I'd trot to leave *The Times* at the doors of Judge Wyndham Kemp, former mayor

E. A. Caples, and Judge B. M. Davis at the corner of St. Vrain and Magoffin. In home territory now, I still had to cover B. F. Darbyshire on Overland; Dr. G. H. Higgins, the city's homeopathic practitioner; A. H. Bronson; the Davis house, Capt. Beall's, Judge Kneeland's and Judge Dick Blacker. Running still to beat the clock, I'd drop copies at Miss Montague's, DeFontaine's, Mrs. Wishey's, Dr. Sowers', J. W. Schoonmaker's, Juan Hart's, and Carl Gaither's. (The last three took me down to Overland again.) Then up to Tom Weston's floral shop, Sam Hing's showplace, over to the Magoffin place, on to Charles Morehead's mansion, and finally out to Major Noyse Rand at the Grove. Finished! But in another twenty-four hours, I'd be off and running again!

We began delivering in January of 1894 and continued until January of '96. A lot happened in those two years, including two more moves – the first to John Ogden's house on Tays Street, so Mama could take in a roomer. The next move was up town again to 126 Chihuahua Street. Papa was a semi-invalid by that time, and his life was very much changed. In 1893 the government suddenly canceled agreements to buy large amounts of silver; and Papa, despite his vigorous protests to the contrary, must have known that the cause so dear to his heart was just about lost. The gold standard was coming, William Jennings Bryan notwithstanding. And worse was to come. In the latter part of 1894, Papa lost his beloved *Bullion* as the consequence of a conniving, unprincipled action by a man he had trusted.

With the end of his journalistic career, he became once more Professor Longuemare, tutoring students at home and giving piano lessons. Even with Mama's roomers, it was not enough. In January of 1896, Carl and I said goodbye to Central School, quit our newspaper routes, and set about the serious business of earning a living. On January 20, Carl reported to Tom O'Keefe at *The El Paso Times* to learn the art of bookbinding and I went off in the other direction, up the path by the railroad tracks to become a mail carrier for the Consolidated Kansas City Smelting and Refining Company, known locally as the El Paso Smelter.

The Smelter was located to the northwest of Towne, Texas, a tiny railway stop named for the man who first brought the smelting industry to El Paso, Robert S. Towne. Later, everyone began to refer to the place simply as Smelertown and the original name was forgotten. I made the six-mile round trip twice a day, most of the time on horseback but once in a while by bicycle, carrying mail and messages between the main office out there and the one in town. A year later I

graduated to the role of full-time office boy, earning the astronomical sum of fifteen dollars a month. The main task in the position was the copying of all correspondence that came in or went out of the plant. There were no typewriters, and the copies had to be made by hand in the very best penmanship. Apparently my work was satisfactory, for one day the superintendent of the Smelter, Thomas Septimus Austin, approached me and asked me if I would like to become his personal secretary. Would I like to! I was honored. For two years I held the position, and every moment I spent with him was a privilege.

Well, that was my first experience in the world of business. But life in El Paso in the 1890s held so many other experiences that when I think of that decade, I am more likely to remember the young city that was so rapidly growing up than the young man I was slowly but surely becoming.

In 1892, El Paso had about 12,000 residents, and by 1900 that figure was almost doubled. People were attracted to the infant city – as my father had been back in 1888 – by the recognition of its enormous potential for growth, emanating principally from its development in the 1880s as an important railroad center.

Speaking of the railroads reminds me of one group of residents that I greatly admired – the Chinese, who had come in as laborers with the Southern Pacific Railroad. Through most of the 1880s, these Chinese had worked at menial jobs in El Paso – either at the S.P. roundhouse east of town or as yardmen, grooms for the horses, kitchen help, and the like. Gradually many of them gravitated to an occupation which they performed with great skill: cultivating vegetables in small plots that extended out San Antonio Avenue toward Rand's Grove, this produce furnishing, in time, 99% of all the vegetables bought in El Paso. Soon various ambitious individuals saw an opportunity in the growing city and began to open restaurants. By the middle 1890s, most of the eating places in town were operated by the Chinese. Two of the best were the American Kitchen and the English Kitchen, both of which specialized in sirloin steak dinners (at about thirty-five cents each) and porterhouse dinners (at about fifty cents).

The Chinese also had a monopoly of sorts on the laundry business. Outside competitors tried to enter this market, but made no headway. I remember an ambitious concern called the Pass City Steam Laundry that started up near the Santa Fe Depot. It soon went out of business. Each El Paso housewife had her own favorite Chinese laundryman, and she certainly wasn't going to discharge him for any

new-fangled, impersonal steam laundry. Mama's man was Wun Lung. His place was right across from the Pierson Hotel, in a long, low adobe building that housed two or three laundries. Wun Lung wore the usual Chinese dress, rough grey trousers with a grey coat covering them halfway down, slit on the sides. A small cap covered the top of his head and the inevitable queue hung down his back. He would come to the house, wrap up the clothes and number the load, then return them immaculately clean and ironed the next day. On Christmas, Wun Lung and others would always present their customers with gifts of Chinese nuts, candy, and even yard goods. A gift for a very special customer was an exquisite Chinese bowl with narcissus bulbs nestled among white pebbles, heavy buds just ready to blossom at the ends of the fresh green stems.

We youngsters knew, of course, that some of the Chinese were addicted to opium, which – by the way – was sold openly in several of the El Paso drug stores, along with other narcotics, such as cocaine. But most the of the Chinese were like Wun Lung, industrious and decent people. Their neighborhood, down around Overland, El Paso, and Oregon Streets, was one of the quietest in town. Except on the Chinese New Year, when they dressed in the most elegant clothes imaginable, paraded about in lavish display, and lit hundreds of firecrackers. All in all, the Chinese were a very pleasant and productive element in the El Paso community.

As the decade moved along, social and recreational offerings became more diverse in the growing city. The El Paso Country Club was conceived in a little cottage near Washington Park, later moving out near the present site of Fort Bliss and eventually to the lovely grounds presented by Zack White in the Upper Valley. The Officers' Balls at Fort Bliss added excitement to the social scene. And the McGinty Club provided musical entertainment.

For the younger set, there was the Impromptu Club, a group of teen-age boys. We gave dances and parties and got our name because dress for these occasions was semi-formal rather than full-dress as for the more sophisticated affairs of the adult organizations. Full dress in those days meant white tie, tails, and high hat; that would have been just a little too much for us boys. But we did insist on calling for the young ladies in a hack. They were always dressed beautifully in their best party dresses, of course. The height of success was for a girl to have her evening's program filled with as many different names as there were dances. Of course she always saved the first and last dances



Several members of the Impromptu Club pose for a photo in the late 1890s. Front row (left to right), Noel Longuemare, Richard Ainsa, Charles Pomeroy, Randolph Burns, Carl Longuemare; back row, Jim Hague, Joe Vinson, Willie Schutz, John Walton. Selby Townsend. (Photo courtesy Joanne D. Ivey)

for her escort, whirling about to the music of Concha's Orchestra. (Concha was a shoemaker by trade, but a natural-born musician.) After the dance, there was always time for ice cream at Potter and White's Drugstore or. We took girls home, two or three couples in a hack, chatting and laughing all at once. We always got them home by midnight.

All the time we were having our innocent fun, however, there was that other less innocent though more publicized side of life on the Border. There were at least fifty saloons in town, some very high class and others not so fancy, attracting every class of clientele from the solid citizen stopping for a chat and a little refreshment on his way home from work to the cowboy kicking up his heels on payday to the drifter looking for excitement. The saloons were not just drinking establishments, but served as entertainment centers also. One time Carl and I stood with a group of boys crushed against the tall windows of the Gem Saloon, watching Lew Gasser fight Frenchman Rochette. When neither blood-drenched contestant could stand any longer, a draw was called. There were about twenty-five good boxers in El Paso, and there was a fight at the Gem every week.

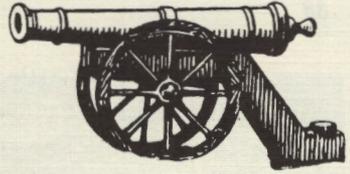
Another flourishing business was prostitution. It was an accepted fact of life. From Overland Street running south on Utah, the "tenderloin district," as it was sometimes called, consisted of a number of single rooms in a long row of adobes, followed by the luxurious houses of the Madams, like Allie St. Clair, Gypsy Davenport, and Etta Clark. Everything was kept under strict control. Each week a city inspector went through the place, and each proprietress would pay a "fine," which was really just a license to operate. When I was a small boy, it was common practice for the prostitutes to dress up in their finest silks and feathers and ride up and down the streets "on parade," so to speak. But by the 1890s these women were not permitted to drive about town in open phaetons, flagrantly displaying their beauty.

Gun battles such as exist in the fictionalized accounts of life in the Old West were unknown to us. Once in a while a cowboy might have too much to drink and pull a gun in some saloon, but duels at sunset were not part of the scheme. The most talked-about killing in El Paso's history is the shooting of John Wesley Hardin by John Selman in the old Acme Saloon. Hardin was a drifter and a known gunfighter, and nobody was very happy about his presence in El Paso. But when Selman finally killed him, there were many who wondered if it had been a fair fight. John Selman was himself shot to death in the alley behind the Wigwam Saloon sometime afterward by a mean-looking little blonde man named George Scarbrough, a city constable. We lived next to the Scarbrough family for a while, and I remember his going out each night, off to make the rounds of the saloons, after the regular evening prayer meeting with his wife and children.

That's the way the gun business was. Usually just some low character murdered in a dark alley. To us, the most exciting gun play took place the day a poor man showed up at a turkey shoot by the waterworks and killed himself a prize bird from 500 yards on a single shot purchased with his last ten cents! Now that was something to talk about!

So the days sped on. I was almost twenty when the hands of the clock reached midnight one New Year's Eve and suddenly we were pitched headlong into the Twentieth Century. Whether we realized it or not at the time, it was the end of an era.

JOANNE DWYER IVEY is a general partner in the farming enterprises of James L. Ivey, Ltd. From 1980-1984, she was producer and co-host of a local Catholic television series. She is director of Centro Santa Fe ministry to the poor in Ysleta. She holds a B.A. degree in English from the College of Mount St. Vincent, Riverdale, New York.



The Civil War Diary of Major Charles Emil Wesche

Introduction by Jerry D. Thompson

In the second year of the Civil War, Charles Emil Wesche, a thirty-year-old Prussian immigrant and Santa Fe merchant, was appointed a major in the New Mexico Militia.¹ During his brief stay in Colonel Nicolas Pino's 1st New Mexico, Major Wesche kept a diary which chronicled the march of five companies of Nuevo Mejicanos south from Santa Fe to Fort Craig and the furious fighting against the Rebel Texan Army of New Mexico near Fort Craig.²

Major Wesche watched as the Rebel Texans appeared on the plain south of the fort on February 16, 1862, only to retreat and cross the Rio Grande four days later at the village of Paraje, seven miles below Fort Craig, and to begin moving along the east bank of the river opposite the fort. When the Federals, under the command of Colonel Edward R. S. Canby, detected the Rebel tactics of attempting to reach the river north of the fort and thus cut all Union communications with the northern part of the territory, Colonel Pino's militia were ordered across the frigid waters of the river to guard the heights opposite the fort.³ Major Wesche was with the militia in the bitter, but ineffective, Rebel artillery attack that followed. More importantly, he recorded the destruction of a Texan supply train in the Confederate rear on February 21, the day of the bloodletting at Valverde Ford. In fact, Wesche would later say that "with his own hand [he] set fire to the ammunition wagons and blew them up."⁴

Following the battle of Valverde and the desertion of a large part of the militia, Colonel Canby ordered what remained of the militia to move upriver to destroy or carry off any provisions or animals that might be of any use to the advancing Rebel army.⁵ In so doing, Colonel Pino's militia regiment, with 280 men, marched north where they took up defenses at the town of Socorro, some thirty miles north of Fort Craig. The Texan advance guard forced them to surrender there on the morning of February 25, 1862.⁶ Major Wesche, along with what remained of Pino's militia, signed an oath of neutrality and was paroled, ending his brief Civil War career.

Wesche, the youngest of twenty-four children, was born at Elberfeld, Prussia, on April 22, 1831.⁷ In the revolutionary year of 1849, at the age of eighteen, he sailed for Central America, where he became a successful merchant in Guatemala and Costa Rica. Later, he moved to San Francisco but eventually settled at Durango, Mexico. Here he was said to have "discovered several large mineral deposits" and to have become quite wealthy.⁸ In 1857, as revolution swept the area, Wesche lost \$385,000 and managed to escape only with what "he could carry away on the backs of seventy mules."⁹ In Santa Fe, he again established a mercantile business. Fluent in five languages with a working knowledge of two others, he became an American citizen, a Mason, a deputy marshal, a postmaster, and in 1861 a War Democrat. Six feet tall with blue eyes, Wesche was said to have been a "man of great force of character [and] . . . energy."¹⁰

In 1867, Wesche moved his mercantile interests to Las Vegas, where he purchased what became Wesche's Mercantile House. At the same time he ran the Exchange Hotel on the town plaza.¹¹ A welcome and popular stage stop on the Santa Fe Trail, the Exchange Hotel had served briefly as the capital of the territory following the evacuation of Santa Fe in March 1862. The hotel contained a large ballroom and a smoke-filled barroom, the Buffalo Hall, which was one of the roughest hangouts in the territory. Here gunfighters, monte dealers, and cunning lawyers rubbed shoulders with vigilantes and cattle barons.¹² Wesche also established branch houses in Taos, Doña Ana, Los Torres and several small villages.

At various times after his relocation to Las Vegas, Wesche listed his occupation as "dealer in leaf tobacco" and as "retail liquor dealer."¹³ He became a respected member of the community and fraternized with such wholesale merchants and businessmen as Charles Ilfeld, Adolph Letcher, and Alexandre Grzelachowski, who



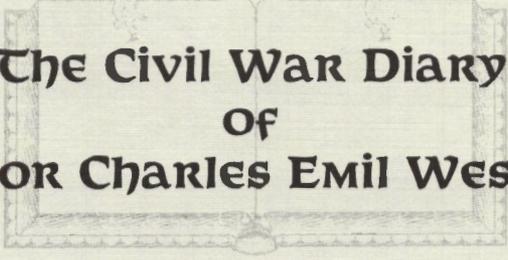
Charles Emil Wesche (Photo by James N. Furlong, courtesy of the Museum of New Mexico)

were fellow immigrants.¹⁴ In 1867, Wesche, who had also established a real estate business, served on a committee which tried to bring the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad to Las Vegas.¹⁵

An 1881 ad in the *Las Vegas Daily Gazette* listed him as a dealer in general merchandise with "Beautiful Swiss Embroidery, Perfumes, Elegant Slippers, Boots, Stockings, Collar Scarfs, Pens, Pencils, Papeteries, Saddles, Whips, Blankets, etc." for sale. Any order "sent by mail will be promptly filled," Wesche promised.¹⁶

Sometime in the early 1870's, Wesche married Leticia J. Dunn. The marriage ended on May 22, 1878, when Leticia died unexpectedly.¹⁷ By February, 1879, Wesche had remarried, this time to Pauline Stewart, English-born and seven years his junior.¹⁸ Charles Emil Wesche ran his last ad in the *Las Vegas Daily Gazette* on September 30, 1881.¹⁹ His whereabouts after that date cannot be determined with certainty.

Although a number of journals and diaries that chronicle the Civil War in New Mexico Territory by the Texan boys have been published, fewer have survived from the Federal ranks. What follows are extracts from Major Wesche's original diary, which he compiled in 1867 in an attempt to gain compensation from the War Department for expenses incurred to equip the territorial militia.



The Civil War Diary OF Major Charles Emil Wesche

The following is the history of that portion of the N.M. Militia with which I was connected, in the beginning as Regimental Adj. and as Aide de Camp, in the service of the Territory of New Mexico, and finally as Major, 1st Regt., 2d Div. N.M. Militia in the service of the United States, which history is an abstract from my Diary:

JANUARY 26, 1862. I received orders from Major General O. P. Hovey, Commanding 2d Div. N.M. Militia to cooperate with my superior officers in carrying into effect Adj. Gen. Clever's General Orders No. 7 dated January 25, 1862, and on the same day I was ordered by Brig. Gen. Nicolas Pino to act in his place as Commander of the First Brigade, 2d Div. N.M. Militia, for the purpose set forth in Maj. Gen. O. P. Hovey's General Orders No. 5, dated January 26, 1862.

JANUARY 27, 1862. I issued my orders to the various officers of the Brigade to hold themselves in readiness, commanding the Captains to march forthwith [with] their several companies to Santa Fe where I had established Brigade Headquarters.

JANUARY 28, 1862. I received orders from Maj. Gen. O. P. Hovey to hold in readiness one company of mounted militia and one company of Infantry, to leave Santa Fe, the 1st day of February 1862 en march for Fort Craig.

JANUARY 29, 1862. Collected arms, horses, mules, saddles and had requisitions made for clothing and commissary stores.

JANUARY 30, 1862. Had horses and mules appraised. 104 horses and mules collected.

JANUARY 31, 1862. I provided quarters for three companies of militia men. More mules and horses collected and appraised.

FEBRUARY 1, 1862. I responded to Maj. Gen. O. P. Hovey that I had 2 companies ready to march at a moment's notice.

FEBRUARY 2, 1862. Organized home-guard. Received orders from Maj. Gen. O. P. Hovey to leave tomorrow with such number of militia men as I might be able to collect until noon.

FEBRUARY 3, 1862. At 2 o'clock P.M. I left Santa Fe with three companies of militia, to wit two companies Infantry commanded by Captains Antonio Sena and Jose E. Duran, and one mounted company commanded by Capt. Ramon Sena y Rivera. Officer of the day Captain Antonio Sena. Camped that night at "El Tanque."

FEBRUARY 4, 1862. Officer of the day Lieut. Cecilio Robles. Camped for the night at "Galisteo Creek." Juan Jose Ortega deserted, was recaptured and put under arrest.

FEBRUARY 5, 1862. Officer of the day Capt. Jose E. Duran. Camped at "Algodones."

FEBRUARY 6, 1862. Officer of the day Captain Sena y Rivera. Camped at "Alameda."

FEBRUARY 7, 1862. Officer of the day Lieut. Francisco Ortiz. Camped at "Los Barrelas." Captains Velasquez and Sanchez arrived with their two companies from Rio Arriba Country, with orders from Maj. General O. P. Hovey, to assign the said two companies, to duty with and attach them to the 1st Regt., 1st Brig. 2d Div. N.M. Militia, to furnish one wagon and team to Captains Velasquez and Sanchez for transportation of their companies, to cross the Rio del Norte and proceed en march for Fort Craig. By order of Brig. Gen. Nicolas Pino, I gave to Adj. Gen. Clever an escort, consisting of 1 corporal and five men of Capt. Velasquez company with rations for three days and a supply of ammunition.

FEBRUARY 8, 1862. Crossed the Rio del Norte and camped at "Los Padillas." Officer of the day Captain Jose Merced Sanchez.

FEBRUARY 9, 1862. Officer of the day Captain Velasquez. Camped at "Belen."

FEBRUARY 10, 1862. Officer of the day Capt. Antonio Sena. Camped at "Sabinal."

FEBRUARY 11, 1862. Officer of the day Lieut. Herrera. Camped at "Limitar."

FEBRUARY 12, 1862. Left 2 men of Capt. Velasquez in "Limitar," sick with smallpocks [sic]. Officer of the day Lieut. J. Dolores Garcia. Camped between "Louis Lopez" and "San Antonio."

FEBRUARY 13, 1862. Officer of the day Lieut. C[arlos] Conklin. With the Cavalry I went to Fort Craig, leaving Capt. Antonio Sena in command of the Infantry, that camped the night a few miles this side (north) of Fort Craig.

FEBRUARY 14, 1862. Officer of the day Capt. Sena y Rivera. The whole command camped in the bottomland below Fort Craig. By order of Governor [Henry] Connelly, Commander in Chief of the N.M. Militia, the men of Capt. Velasquez company were transferred to the other two mounted companies.

FEBRUARY 15, 1862. Officer of the day Capt. Sena y Rivera. By order of Col. [E.R.S.] Canby, commanding the Department of New Mexico, the now remaining four companies were mustered into the service of the U.S. by Capt. R. H. Selden, as follows:

Major Charles Emil Wesche

Captain Antonio Sena	Co. A	Infantry
Captain Jose E. Duran	Co. B	Infantry
Captain Ramon y Rivera	Co. C	Mounted
Captain Jose Merced Sanchez	Co. D	

The Infantry was ordered to pitch their tents in the Post Corral, the Cavalry remaining camped in the Bottom below Fort Craig.

FEBRUARY 16, 1862. Officer of the day Lieut. Tucker. Received orders to incorporate into the Regiment several companies of Militia men, that were expected to reach Fort Craig the next day.

FEBRUARY 17, 1862. Officer of the day Lieut. Francisco Ortiz. Col. Jesus Maria Baca was ordered to take command of the Cavalry, and General Pino was ordered to command the Infantry of our regiment. The expected companies did not arrive.

FEBRUARY 18, 1862. Major General O. P. Hovey is reported to be near Fort Craig with five companies of Militia. Officer of the day Capt. Antonio Sena.

FEBRUARY 19, 1862. Five mounted companies of N.M. Militia of the 2d Division, arrived early this morning making six companies with those arrived and camped with the other mounted companies of N.M. Militia. Officer of the day Capt. Jose E. Duran.

FEBRUARY 20, 1862. Another mounted company of 2d Div. N.M. Militia arrived early this morning making six new companies with those arrived yesterday. All of which were mustered into the service of the United States this day by Capt. R. H. Selden, and the regiment was organized as follows:

Colonel Nicolas Pino

Lieut. Col. Jesus Maria Baca y Salazar

Major Charles Emil Wesche
 2nd Div. Capt. Ramon Sena y Rivera
 R.Q.M. Lieut. Maurice Schwarzkopf

Capt. Antonio Sena	Co. A	Infantry
Capt. Jose E. Duran	Co. B	Infantry
Capt. Ramon Sena y Rivera	Co. C	Mounted
Capt. Jose Merced Sanchez	Co. E	Mounted
Capt. Benigno Valdez	Co. F	Mounted
Capt. Juan de Jesus Valdez	Co. G	Mounted
Capt. Atanacio Ulivarre	Co. G	Mounted
Capt. Celso Baca	Co. J	Mounted
Capt. Jose Cruz Gutierrez	Co. K	Mounted

In the afternoon the Regiment was ordered to cross the river, did so and took a position within reach of the rebel Batteries Southeast of Fort Craig. The rebels fired some seventy-odd cannonshots, most of them went over our heads, none did harm us. In the evening we were ordered back to the Fort. Officer of the day Capt. Antonio Sena.

FEBRUARY 21, 1862. Officer of the day Lieut. Cecilio Robles. The Regiment was ordered to cross the river again. We took our position at the foot of "La Mesa." We had a little skirmish with the rear guard of the Rebels; they soon turning their backs upon us and joining their main body. In the afternoon Adj. General Clever brought us orders from Colonel Canby, to cut off some wagons of the Texans, that were left on the height opposite Fort Craig. Marched in the given direction, found the wagons without a guard. Not being able to take the wagons with us, I set fire to the ammunition we found in two of the wagons. It was a beautiful explosion. Other property found was destroyed. At nightfall we returned to the Fort, where the sad result of the Battle fought by Regulars and Volunteers that day (Battle of Valverde) was communicated to us.

FEBRUARY 22, 1862. During last night 80 militia men deserted, and I am sorry that one officer is among these deserters, to wit Antonio Armijo, the 1st Lieut. of Co. J. This afternoon we received orders, that the 2 companies of Infantry of our Regiment should remain at Fort Craig under command of Capt. Antonio Sena, and that Col. Nicolas Pino, Lieut. Col. Jesus Maria Baca y Salazar and Majors Wesche and Rivera with the Cavalry should march up the river. We left Fort Craig at about 8 o'clock P.M. marched all night and camped the next day at "Louis Lopez."

FEBRUARY 23, 1862. Observed the Rebels, whose pickets were about two miles from our camp. Picked up some deserters, coming

from Fort Craig and belonging to N.M. Volunteers and N.M. Militia. **FEBRUARY 24, 1862.** Passed through Socorro, en march to "Polvadera" where Col. Pino expected to find orders from Colonel Canby. Not far from "Limitar" we met Lieut. Cooley of the N.M. Vols. with letters from Maj. Gen. O. P. Hovey who ordered Col. Pino to fall back on Socorro, and there to establish his headquarters. Col. Pino was furthermore informed, that the militia forces then collecting at "Camp Connelly" would forthwith join Col. Pino's command at Socorro. A halt was made to refresh animals and early in the afternoon, Major Rivera having been sent to Polvadera in charge of the deserters we had picked up the day before, our detachment countermarched to Socorro. Lieut. Col. Baca and myself went ahead and selected suitable buildings for Headquarters.

Scarcely had our detachment returned to Socorro when our pickets reported an enemy approaching. Meanwhile it had grown dark. Col. Pino ordered out Lieut. Col. Baca with two companies to reconnoitre. Col. Baca immediately posted his two companies below Socorro, where some old adobe walls gave shelter. A picket of fourteen men under command of Capt. Gutierrez was sent by Col. Baca to dislodge the enemy that lay in ambush at a distance of about 125 yards. Capt. Gutierrez had advanced about 80 or 90 yards when the Rebels fired. At this moment Lieut. Col. Baca advanced with his men and fired a volley upon the rebels, who proved to be only an advance of about one hundred mounted men; they made no resistance but retreated to their main body, about one mile and a half farther below. Said main body commenced to move toward Socorro. These facts were reported by Lieut. Col. Baca to Col. Pino, who sent out small parties in different directions, to cover such points as appeared to him most important. A party of rebels under the command of Col. [Henry C.] McNeill now took position on an elevation southwest of Socorro, and another rebel party, under Capt. Frazier [George Milton Frazer] went round Socorro, and placed themselves near the main road North of Socorro. When at 8 o'clock P.M. the rebels fired a cannonball over the town, our militiamen began to desert and hide themselves away with their citizen friends in the town of Socorro. I sent Ygnacio Montoya to "Camp Connelly" with a note addressed to the commanding officer there, asking for reinforcement and my next move was to try to induce the Mexican population of Socorro to take up arms in defense of their government and their homes. Vain endeavor. Nobody responded to my call. Disgusted I returned to Headquarters where I found a Justice of the Peace from Socorro County in conversation

with Col. Pino saying that a Texan officer had come to his house and sent me to find out the intentions of the enemy. The Justice of the Peace conducted me to a house near the church where I found Lieutenant [William] Simmons of the Confederate army who told me that by order of Colonel McNeill he had come to ask the unconditional surrender of the town. I answered him that although I was only an inferior officer, I could assure him, that Col. Pino would not listen to such a demand. Lieut. Simmons having repeatedly expressed a desire to see Col. Pino personally, I conducted him to our headquarters, where the rebel messenger repeated Col. McNeill's request. Col. Pino had a lengthy conversation with Lieut. Simmons, his (Pino's) aim being to gain time. After their conversation had ended, I was ordered to take the rebel officer through our pickets. I mounted my horse and on a circuitous route took Lieut. Simmons out of town. To my surprise and vexation I found the rebel pickets extending to the very edge of the town. I resolved to ride on, and at a very short distance from the houses I met with a group of Texan officers, and amongst them Col. McNeill who after having listened to Lt. Simmons' report, told me, he would like to be conducted in the presence of Col. Pino, to which I consented.

At the conference, which now took place in our headquarters, Col. Pino said, in order not to expose the live[s] of innocent women and children, he was willing to meet Col. McNeill the next morning in the open field South of Socorro, and as we expected every minute the return of the orderly I had sent to "Camp Connelly" for reinforcements, Col. Pino did his best to gain time.

Col. McNeill would not wait until next morning, he said, because he knew that he had the advantage that moment but if Col. Pino would give him his word of honor, he added, that we had not written any where that evening giving notice of the movements of the "Confederate forces," he would consent to Col. Pino's proposition. As Col. Pino gave an indirect answer, Col. McNeill invited Col. Pino to visit his Camp. Col. Pino agreed and accompanied by Lieut. Col. Baca and myself he rode along the Rebel lines, consisting of a number of men more than six times greater than our own detachment.

FEBRUARY 25, 1862. It was now 2 o'clock in the morning. Col. Pino gave up the hope to get succor and surrendered. At ten o'clock A.M. our detachment, consisting of about 150 men all told, took the oath of Neutrality; Col. Pino, Lieut. Col. Baca and myself signed our parole and it was not until the 11th of June 1863 that we were informed through headquarters Dept. of N.M. we were released from all obligations to the Confederate government.

The foregoing abstract from my Diary I give at the request of Lieut. [George] McDermitt, 5th Infy. A.Q.M. and for the information of the Department in Washington, and I shall only add that at the time of the organization of the N.M. Militia in the beginning of 1862 the military supplies in the Department of New Mexico were very limited, there was in fact nothing to equip the militia, when called into service and in order to render them serviceable, Governor Connelly ordered the Militia officers to purchase Forage, Fuel, Clothing, Camp and Garrison Equipage, etc. In following the instructions of Gov. Connelly, I insured great expense in equipping and transporting the 1st Regt., 1st Brig., 2d Div. N.M. Militia but up to this day I have not been reimbursed, nor have I received pay for the time I was in the service.

Santa Fe, N.M. Feb. 12, 1867

Charles Emil Wesche
late Major 1st Regt., 1st Brig.,
2d Div. N.M. Militia

JERRY D. THOMPSON, Ph.D., a frequent contributor to *Password*, author of several books, notably *Henry Hopkins Sibley, Confederate General of the West*, and an authority on Civil War operations in the Southwest, is Professor of History at Laredo State University.

NOTES

1. 8th Census (1860), Santa Fe County, New Mexico Territory, National Archives.
2. Diary of Charles Emil Wesche, William G. Ritch Papers, Huntington Library, San Marino, California.
3. Ed. R. S. Canby to Adjutant General of the Army, March 1, 1862, *Official Records of the War of the Rebellion* (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1889), Vol. 9, 489. Canby reported that Colonel Pino's regiment was thrown into "such utter confusion by a few harmless cannon-shots that it was impossible to restore them to any kind of order."
4. "General Charles Emil Wesche," *The Encyclopedia of the New West* (Marshall, Texas: United States Biographical Publishing Co: 1881), 12. Courtesy of Marc Simmons.
5. Ed. R. S. Canby to Adjutant General of the Army, February 23, 1862, *O.R.*, 633.
6. Report of Chas. Emil Wesche, May 5, 1862, *O.R.*, 605. This particular letter, written from Santa Fe after the Confederate evacuation of the territory, is Wesche's account of the surrender of Socorro. It mirrors his diary extracts except for the fact that the letter is critical of Pedro Baca, leading Socorro *patron*, who told Wesche "that the United States Government was a curse to this Territory, and if the Texans would take and keep possession of New Mexico the change could only be for the better." Baca, age 55, is listed on the 1860 census as a "merchant and farmer." With real estate of \$2,000 and personal property valued at \$17,000, he was the wealthiest man in Socorro. Four servants, three of whom were Apache Indians, are listed in the Baca household.
7. *Encyclopedia of the New West*, 12.

8. *Ibid.*
9. *Ibid.*
10. *Ibid.*, 13.
11. Miguel Antonio Otero, *My Life on the Frontier, 1864-1882* (Albuquerque, University of New Mexico Press, 1987), 183. The Exchange Hotel had been built in 1852. Early proprietors included Dr. Henry Connelly, Civil War Governor of New Mexico. Lynn Perrigo, *Gateway to Glorieta, A History of Las Vegas, New Mexico* (Boulder: Pruett Publishing Company, 1982), 8.
12. Milton W. Callon, *Las Vegas, New Mexico . . . The Town that Wouldn't Gamble* (Boulder: Pruett Publishing Company, 1982), 8.
13. Internal Revenue Assessment Lists for the Territory of New Mexico, 1862-1870, 1872-1874, Records of the Internal Revenue Service, Record Group 58, N.A. Wesche reported an income of \$506.15 for 1865, while he was still in Santa Fe, and an income of \$1,073 in 1868, after he had moved to Las Vegas. His 1869 income, however, had dropped to \$683.48.
14. 9th Census (1870), San Miguel County, N.A. Also, William J. Parish, *The Charles Ifeld Company, A Study of the Rise and Decline of Mercantile Capitalism in New Mexico* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1961), 375.
15. Callon, *Las Vegas*, 45-46.
16. *Las Vegas Daily Gazette*, February 16, 1881.
17. *Mesilla News*, June 1, 1878.
18. 10th Census (1880), San Miguel County, N.A.
19. *Las Vegas Daily Gazette*, September 30, 1881.

The EUGENE O. PORTER MEMORIAL AWARD

Password is pleased to name Art Leibson as the recipient of the 1993 Eugene O. Porter Memorial Award for his two-part article "A Stranger in an Alien Land." Part I ("This Heaven Forsaken Country") appeared in the Summer issue, and Part II ("A Man Without A Country") in the Fall issue.

This Award was established in 1975 in memory of the journal's founding editor. It is presented annually to the author of the article which in the opinion of the editorial board constitutes the year's especially outstanding contribution to *Password*. The accompanying cash prize was increased in 1993 from \$100 to \$300.

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



BROTHERS ON THE SANTA FE AND CHIHUAHUA TRAILS:
Edward James Glasgow and William Henry Glasgow, 1846-1848
 edited and annotated by Mark L. Gardner. Niwot: University Press
 of Colorado, \$24.95

The story of the Glasgow brothers on the trade routes they traveled has special pertinence to El Paso. One of their routes passed through the El Paso Valley; and Edward James Glasgow's son, William Jefferson Glasgow, married El Pasoan Josephine Magoffin and lived for many years at the Magoffin homestead. This couple's descendants, especially Isabel Glasgow, have had a major role in preserving the Magoffin home as a state historical site.

Mark L. Gardner, a Colorado historian and a member of the Santa Fe National Historic Trail Advisory Council, has assembled for this book two sets of letters (one set by both the Glasgows written from Mexico when they traveled with Doniphan's troops, the other set by Edward J. Glasgow to William E. Connelley as the latter was researching his book on the Doniphan expedition) and an excerpt from William H. Glasgow's "memorandums," also covering the period of the War with Mexico.

Additionally, the editor has written an extensive introduction detailing the careers of the two Glasgows, with particular attention to the period of the War with Mexico and the role of the American traders in the Battle of Sacramento.

Edward James Glasgow, who signed himself "James," was born in 1820, and William Henry in 1822. Brought up in St. Louis, they attended St. Charles College and St. Louis University. At the age of 20, Edward James represented a trading company co-owned by his family on an extended venture carrying goods by ship to Mazatlan, Mexico. While he was gone, William Henry turned 20 years old and accompanied another partner on a trading ship to Mexico, returning overland via Chihuahua and Santa Fe.

In the spring of 1846, as Edward and William were preparing to transport a stock of goods over the Santa Fe Trail from Missouri, the United States declared war on Mexico. Thus the brothers were among the traders who trailed General Kearney's Army of the West into New Mexico. From Santa Fe, the caravan, now numbering more than 200 wagons, followed Doniphan's troops south toward Chihuahua. The traders caught up with the army in El Paso del Norte and moved on to Chihuahua City. In the Battle of Sacramento, Doniphan enlisted the help of the traders, whose wagons were arranged in four rows that shielded his soldiers. This surprise move led to the defeat of their Mexican opponents.

Gardner has illustrated the text with photographs and drawings and has done an outstanding job of providing extensive notes on people, places and incidents mentioned in the brothers' narratives – his information drawn from government documents and contemporaneous accounts (including some materials furnished by El Paso's Isabel Glasgow), as well as standard publications about the Santa Fe trade.

NANCY HAMILTON
El Paso

TRUE WOMEN by Janice Woods Windle. New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1993, \$22.95

True Women plunges readers "Deep in the Heart of Texas" for more reasons than the song might suggest. Deep in the heart of a new nation moving west in the 1800s, Janice Woods Windle's "true women," her real-life ancestors, faced unbelievably raw and cruel living conditions. There was no hiding from the killer tornadoes and hurricanes, the blood, gore, and pain from arrows, knives, and guns. There was no escape from epidemics of smallpox, typhoid, and pneumonia, nor from the grief of wars. And there was certainly no respite from the hard, back-breaking work of planting, plowing, and harvesting. Yet these women also had the heart to exult in the beauty of the woods and prairie, to delight in the birth of new life, and to join with their men in forming a new nation.

Windle intimately portrays the lives of three strong "true women": Euphemia Texas Ashby King, born in 1831 in the Mexican territory of Texas; Georgia Virginia Lawshe Woods who moved to Texas with her physician husband and children in 1850, and Bettie Moss King, born in the year Texas celebrated its twenty-fourth year as a state, 1870.

Euphemia Texas lives through the settling of the new country she was named after, including the battle of San Jacinto and the wars with the Comanches that sealed the fate of Texas. Bettie, her five-

year-old daughter, is scarred for life from being left alone during a stormy night of terror in a snake-infested swamp when, protected only by a campfire, she was surrounded by howling wolves. Georgia Lawshe Woods recasts herself from a southern, sheltered woman into a brave, indomitable cotton-grower and blockade-runner in Confederate Texas during the Civil War.

Windle began her search for the daughters of her ancestors nearly a decade ago. "I revisited their homes and their graves. I pored through boxes of accumulated family documents and photographs brought out from under beds and down from attics. I interviewed surviving relatives, studied letters, diaries, maps, census records, death certificates, deeds and land grants."

Windle portrays these three women with suspense, high drama, and loving attention to character. In the portrayal, they emerge as ancestors of all women: women with the hearts and souls to face the challenge of a harsh life, and with the brains, skills, and determination to make it better.

True Women is both novel and history. In the words of James Michener, it is "an engrossing novel built upon [the author's] real ancestors" and, in the words of Liz Carpenter, press secretary to former First Lady, Lady Bird Johnson, it is history that is "brilliantly researched."

BEA BRAGG

Freelance writer, Albuquerque

THE PEOPLE: Indians of the American Southwest by Stephen Trimble. Santa Fe: The School of American Research Press, 1993; distributed by University of Washington Press, Seattle, \$50/\$29.95

Some definitions are in order. The land: the American Southwest extending from the Colorado River in the west to the Pecos on the east and bound on the north by a line extending from the high plateaus of southwestern Utah to the San Juan Mountains of Colorado and on the south by the border of Mexico. The People: tribal groups united by language, religion, and an ancient connection with a homeland somewhere in what is now the American Southwest.

Trimble calls his book an introduction. Some introduction! The scope is gigantic, attempting to trace the history of The People starting when they back-packed across the intermittently exposed land bridge between Siberia and Alaska during the era 23,000-8,000 B.C. and continuing to the present time and such matters as the study of nuclear waste storage by the Mescalero Apaches.

How The People came to migrate to their traditional homelands as we know them is mainly speculation by the anthropologists. They

of course followed weather patterns and food chains. They fought the elements and each other until they were established in the traditional tribal territories found by the Spanish.

The author spent nearly a decade researching *The People*, listening and photographing as he visited each of the fifty modern Indian nations scattered throughout the American Southwest. The result is a chorus of voices (usually singing the same tune) from the well-known Navajo, Apache, and Pueblo peoples to the lesser-known O'okham, Ute, and Yavapai nations. The People are projected as having a diversity equal to that of the rest of America – with one significant difference: they are rooted to the land like no one else. These roots produced their culture and religion, from which come their power, their identity, and their ability to survive.

Trimble points with justifiable pride to the maps that are scattered throughout the text. These include two general maps of the Southwest (one depicting traditional tribal territories, the other showing the locations of contemporary Indian reservations) and several which detail individual reservations. The volume also contains a bonanza of rare and seldom-seen photographs from sources such as historical societies, the national archives and the Smithsonian, as well as fine contemporary photos by Trimble himself.

The People. How have they fared in the effort to hold onto a bit of their sacred land? Will their religion and language survive? Is assimilation inevitable? What are the root causes of excessive unemployment and alcoholism on the reservations, and how can those problems be solved? Stephen Trimble has discussed these and other important issues with The People themselves and now offers his readers the opportunity to gain a real understanding.

PHIL NICKELL
Mesilla, New Mexico

BLADES IN THE SKY: Windmilling Through the Eyes of B. H. "Tex" Burdick by T. Lindsay Baker. Lubbock: Texas Tech University Press, 1992, \$20.

Although it might be going too far to say that windmills won the West, they certainly contributed to the process. And T. Lindsay Baker could have chosen no better way to tell the story of the windmillmen and their work than "Through the Eyes" of "Tex" Burdick. The El Paso firm of Burdick and Burdick installed and serviced windmills in West Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and Mexico during the 1920s and '30s, the heyday of the windmills. "Tex" was there, and his memories – plus numbers of photographs that he took of the crews on the job – provide a unique chronicle of that time and occupation.

Through the Eyes of "Tex," the reader sees the backbreaking and crucial work accomplished by the windmillers. The installation of a mill involved digging holes for the tower anchor posts and then assembling and raising the tower, the main casting, the vane assembly, and sections of the wheel. Standard maintenance included "pulling the rods and pipe" from the well, making repairs and returning them to the well. The men worked without safety belts or hard hats on towers that might be forty to eighty feet high. They could "run up and down those towers just like a monkey on a string," comments "Tex."

Besides the work hazards, the windmillmen also faced bad weather, isolated installation sites, and the occasional intruder (human and reptile). "You can jump from a laying position," Burdick declares, "and if you don't believe you can do it, just find [a rattlesnake] in bed with you."

A Preface by Elmer Kelton and an Introduction by Andrew Stone set the stage for the author's presentation of his interviews with "Tex" and several Burdick employees. These initial remarks explain the history and role of windmills in those thirsty areas of the Southwest where windmills provided the water for raising stock.

Altogether, this excellent assembling of photographs, recollections, and colorful commentary affords the readers 20/20 vision of "a nearly vanished American vocational subculture." And never again will these readers contemplate a "romantic" image of a windmill against the sky without visualizing the effort required to put it there.

RENÉ HARRIS

Director, El Paso Museum of History

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Lillian Collingwood, Editor

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