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## Interview no. 41.1

Leon C. Metz

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UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT EL PASO

INSTITUTE OF ORAL HISTORY

INTERVIEWEE: Leon C. Metz  
INTERVIEWER: \_\_\_\_\_  
PROJECT: Speech  
DATE OF INTERVIEW: April 2, 1970  
TERMS OF USE: Unrestricted  
  
TAPE NO.: \_\_\_\_\_  
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BIOGRAPHICAL SYNOPSIS OF INTERVIEWEE:

Southwest author and Library Gift Coordinator at UTEP.

SUMMARY OF INTERVIEW:

Speech given to the Women's Auxiliary of the El Paso County Medical Society on folk medicine.

Transcript; 8 pages.

Leon C. Metz  
Talk given to Women's  
Auxiliary of the El Paso  
County Medical Society  
April 2, 1970

There's been almost nothing written on oldtime or frontier medicine. You can find many books about little pills and frontier doctors but they really do not say much about the practice of medicine. They talk a little bit about the things they've seen and the things they've heard. They rarely mention, for instance, how they take a bullet out of a man or how they took an arrow out of a man. I think that in most cases they either left it in there or cut it out one way or another. When they pulled it back out the hole certainly wasn't smaller than when it had gone in. In old times were big "thumb busters" that's what they used to call them because if a man wasn't careful when it went off he got his thumb caught on the hammer and then it busted his thumb. They shot a great big lead ball which tended frequently to shatter whenever it hit or sliver off. It rarely went through the head, and it rarely went through the body. It was in there, and if they probed for this thing and how they got it out, other than reaching down with their finger and extracting it, I'm not quite sure. Frequently it would sliver, anyhow, and bits and pieces would go off into various parts of the body.

There were no established medical schools in the frontier West or at least no place West of the Mississippi in early times. Consequently, what we know about early medicine in El Paso is frankly just very fragmentary; things we pick out from newspaper articles. The Lone Star in particular: it's editor, Simeon Newman, was constantly railing against the administration because of the pest house here which housed primarily smallpox victims. We read that most people come here for their health, but apparently this was a good place to catch smallpox. At one time there were thirteen cases in El Paso all at once

and for a town which had no more than 500 people this was quite a few. The pest house was located on the outside of the town. Apparently the people who ran it were people who tended to drink to alcoholic excess and there were rumors of orgies and other things that ordinary people did not like to talk about there. You find in the minutes of the city council where they paid a doctor four dollars or something to go in there and to treat the sick. You will find the city council arguing over a ten dollar medical bill in which they treated everybody who they had in there and he submitted ten dollars for aspirins or whatever they used at the time. The council, being thrifty, wasn't quite sure that they weren't being taken and so they had their full debates and argued about this until finally the thing was approved or else it was negotiated down somewhat.

Most of the doctors we had here were military men. Most of the doctors in the West were military men. You didn't find too many civilians. The military treated not only the soldiers, they treated the Indians, they treated civilians, they treated whatever wanderer came in with a broken head or smallpox or diphtheria or whatever the particular ailment or disease was at the time. We have a picture of an early day El Paso scene here and there was one little sign on there and the reading was so very difficult to understand. So I got a magnifying glass out, this was about 1806, and put it on there. Here was a sign that said "We cure rheumatism by electricity." It had a coil there which I guess they stuck the patients hand in, or his arm, or his leg or something and they attached it to a battery and gave him the treatment for a specified sum. It didn't have how much it cost there, I guess that was negotiated once they begin talking about it. The doctors that we had here in town--there was a Doctor Manning here in 1881--he is the earliest one that I know of although I know that there had to be several particularly with the military here. He was quite an accomplished individual for his time: he

played the piano, he played the violin. He was also very antagonistic individual; he was kind of short. And whereas many short people are very friendly because they are short, others are not friendly because they are short. It sort of leaves them on a complex there of some kind or another. He was constantly getting into trouble and he collided with the city marshal as is in the book. The result of a gunfight while the marshal was killed and the doctor had his arm shot here at the elbow. He didn't bother to show up at his trial. He was charged with murder and he didn't bother to show up because the doctor at Fort Bliss testified that the bullet had injured his arm and nerve and caused him a great deal of pain. So the jury simply found him not guilty and everybody went home. The doctor then moved to Arizona where he practiced for a great many more years and was quite respected.

We had some other doctors here that I wonder about. I don't recall the names of all the gunshot wounds which took place around here. You would think that the doctor would certainly be acquainted with this. We had one particular killing here where a noted gunman by the name of John Wesley Hardin was killed. It has recorded and re-recorded how Hardin died by being shot in the back of the head; actually he has become some sort of a folk hero. The reason people will not accept that he could have died from the front is that they don't like their folk heroes dying any other way than by violent means. For instance, who ever heard of a folk hero who died of rheumatism or just died of old age. It simply doesn't happen. He either dies violently in defense of his country, or something or the other happens to him and he just disappears, maybe, and then another story starts about him. We had a gunfight here in which Harding was shot in the corner of the left eye. The witnesses disagreed on whether he was shot in the front or whether he was shot in the back. There was a great deal of controversy about it and three doctors testified that he was definitely

repaired or, occasionally, down through the chimney which never worked anyway. The smoke never went up, but it simply circulated around the room and disappeared in the summer time whenever they quit a particularly bad habit of putting their sinks, which was their name for the latrine. They would set in upstream from the water or something and also invariably had their stables upstream from the water, and occasionally you would find a surgeon general on a post who would complain about this. But ordinarily such things as germs weren't thought of. You read an occasional report of how somebody is puzzling--they cannot understand--why they just get one case after another of typhoid. They invent all sorts of excuses from divine intervention to so on to explain this typhoid and it doesn't occur to anybody that if they would just move their stables downstream or their horses downstream or if they would just assign a man to bathing in the hospital. Here at Fort Bliss they passed an order out that each soldier would bathe at least once a week. Unless there was water there wasn't much of a method of bathing--when I say water I'm speaking of a stream. Many places had the so-called tubs but nobody had a way of heating water and they didn't want to heat any water. Consequently they were hardly as spic-and-span as we see them on the television tube.

This is a list of some of the ailments here at Fort Bliss and separated into white troops and colored troops. The white troops in which for the year 1869 they had a 106 men. For that year, seventy eight of them got sick, three of them had malaria, 21 had diarrhea and dysentery, ten had venereal diseases, two of them had rheumatism, five of them had what they call cardiac affections which I think was tonsillitis and diphtheria and things which they did not know and so, like now, when a doctor doesn't know what's wrong with you he says you have a virus and, perhaps, I shouldn't say this. This is the impression that I get: when a man says I have a virus he really doesn't know what's

wrong but it's kind of close to it. They had ninety-one colored troops here, of which 90 were ill, thirty-six had malaria, eight had dysentery, four had venereal diseases, nine had rheumatism, also scurvy.

We think of scurvy as being with the English but during the years 1868-1874 in the western forts alone they treated over 600 cases of scurvy, which was quite a bit. Vegetables were hard to come by. There was no way of keeping them in the summertime. They bought different things, their food which they ate, the flour. I'll give an example here, in Fort Selden which is right above Las Cruces---perhaps some of you have been there--the surgeon general in 1870 says, "We have three varieties of flour at this post. The best, which we obtain from Socorro, contains weevil bugs and worms and has lumps of varying sizes. An average of more than ten pounds of this is sifted out of each sack. The remainder when carefully baked furnishes bread which is edible but not good. The other two brands cannot be used at all but when we mix it with good flour, it makes bread which can be eaten but is not particularly nourishing. And even with the good flour mixed in because of the weevils and the bugs it has a bad quality even after being sifted. The meal is hard and gritty to the touch and bread is musty and sour." This was actually a pretty typical example of the western post: how the men existed, how they lived. I talked about scurvy a minute ago. Also the cases of venereal disease which were so rampant and so prevalent that many times--I read one particular instance where they were talking **about** this--one man who had some type of an illness there and they said this man except for having gonorrhea and syphilis has never had a sick day in his life. Indians seem to be the most susceptible to the diseases with the whites coming next and Negro soldiers--either because they didn't check them as closely or something--did not show up with it as much as their white and red brother and, perhaps, they were more durable in this respect, I'm

not quite sure, but anyway this was one of the problems. Diarrhea was particularly bad because of the bad water supply. Men died, consequently, all the time on account of this. You read frequently where a man has diarrhea for five or six months and finally he died. Some of these were officers. The officers, of course, got much better treatment than the ordinary enlisted man.

Malaria was quite prevalent and nobody seemed to understand that it was the mosquitoes that were causing it. I would read accounts of how they would claim that a germ was coming up out of the soil was affecting all these men. Some of them thought it was water. Nobody ever thought that the mosquito flying around was causing it. Typhus was quite a bit. Rheumatism, there was a lot of that. There was of course a lot of the common lung ailments, like tuberculosis and such.

There were also a great many gunshot wounds. Here you don't find too many of these listed on the accounts either. I'll quote you one. This is another post up at New Mexico. This was in 1869, also. "At this post a cavalry soldier was accidentally shot in the right thigh. The bullet, a 45 caliber, tore through the artery and it was necessary to do some operating and tying. The operation was done in the hospital ward on a mess table. The circulation was not established and soon it became evident that gangrene in the foot and in the leg was inevitable. While waiting for the line of demarcation--"apparently you can see where the dead flesh and the live flesh meet"--to form between the tissues. I was called to the hospital one night to find that a secondary hemorrhage had set in. To save his life required an amputation at the hip joint. At night, by the light of a few candles, the operation was done. The anesthesia was given by the hospital cook, a private in the cavalry. The hospital steward recently appointed fainted at the first stab at the knife and was shoved under the bed and came to in his



own good time. A patient in the ward, a cavalry private, crawled out of bed, told me he had worked in a drugstore before enlisting and offered to help. We did very well and the amputation was a success. The patient died an hour later." This is simply a hospital report.

There was a man who had typhoid and he had a relapse and the doctor gave the orderly, and orderlies were hard to find in hospitals. The military took a very dim view of their sick, for some reason or the other, they felt that it was perhaps unconstitutional or undemocratic or certainly unsoldierly to be ill; in spite of the fact they had so many soldiers on their sick list. Consequently, whenever there was a crying need for nurses or help in the hospitals, which, once again, were these shacks or dirt floors, the worst men, the malcontents, the ones whom they had trouble with, they sent them over there because they didn't want any of their good soldiers risking getting sick, too. They needed them to do the more important chores. This army surgeon found the man with typhus who had had a relapse and brought in a bottle of brandy, which was the only medicine they could give him. He told the story. He said, "give this man one inch of brandy or one ounce of brandy every two hours." He came by the next morning. The patient was dead and the orderly was lying on the floor drunk and snoring. He consequently had him locked in the guardhouse and charged with manslaughter. But the commanding officer turned him loose because it wasn't the duty of military men to take care of sick people anyhow. However, in 1887 the hospital corps was formed. In 1893 there was actually a military hospital formed back East. Conditions began generally improving.

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT EL PASO

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INTERVIEWEE: Leon C. Metz

INTERVIEWER: \_\_\_\_\_

PROJECT: Speech

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BIOGRAPHICAL SYNOPSIS OF INTERVIEWEE:

Southwest author and Library Gift Coordinator at UTEP.

SUMMARY OF INTERVIEW:

Speech given to the El Paso County Historical Society on early El Paso area cowboys and lawmen, including Dallas Stoudenmire and John Wesley Hardin.

Transcript; 20 pages.

Leon C. Metz  
Speech to the Quarterly Meeting  
of the El Paso County Historical Society  
May 21, 1970

In order to talk about a little bit we've almost got to tell what law and order is not and what the old time marshals or sheriffs were not; and what they were not was the TV hero who rides across the screen. Most of us remember a couple or three years ago, I suppose, whenever it was Wyatt Earp was so popular. He went around rescuing fair damsels and catching horses and throwing the bad guys in jail and wearing nice clothes and shaving and had a nice smile and he had the strength of ten men because his heart was pure. The real Wyatt Earp wasn't quite like that and the problem is that most of us realize it but we don't know just where the real Wyatt Earp was. And frankly, historians still don't know where he is. There is something argumentative about it. For instance, there was quite a messy dispute between Earp and another man over another man's wife who wound up divorcing the other fellow and marrying Wyatt Earp. The old gunfight that we hear about, the classic gunfight at the OK Corral, was not like we thought it was. For instance, there's a good deal of evidence that the Clantons, the bad guys, the ones who lost, weren't even armed. When Earp left Tombstone he had a charge of murder hanging over his head. Had Earp been killed, then Earp would have become the bad guy, he and his homicidal shadow, Doc Holliday. They would have become the bad guys and the Clantons would have become the good guys. The fighting was not so much for law and order because on both sides, they represented two different factions, one of them sort of a marshal type and the other one some sort of a sheriff type. The big problem was a struggle for the gambling and the prostitution interests in Tombstone.

Now we switch to another type of character who never appeared too much on the television screens, but when I was a boy he rode across the movie screens. His name was Wild Bill Hickock. Hickock was a man of iron-cold nerve: regardless of what happened, he never got upset. Well, in real life the real Hickock was walking down the streets one day in this cattle town where he was marshal and he heard these heavy footbeats running up behind him. So, knowing that this was an enemy, he drew his gun and he turned and fired and he killed his deputy. Of course, we'd think he was sorry and that he regretted it, but nevertheless, the deputy was dead.

Moving on to some other old time lawmen and outlaws there was the question of Billy the Kid. For instance, nothing was debated, I don't suppose, anymore hotly among aficionados of gunmen than Billy the Kid. There were some who claim that he was a homicidal, pathological moron who loved to kill. There were others who claimed that he was simply a nice boy who got caught and he didn't want to hurt anybody, but nevertheless, he had to do what he had to do and he killed 21 men and so on. Well, actually, he killed only about four and most of those were from ambush, but nevertheless he was neither a moron nor was he a misunderstood boy. He was simply caught in a struggle in Lincoln County in which you can't really put your finger on who were the good guys and who were the bad guys, because they tend to get mixed up together---I suppose because they all used different rule books. The more you know about such things the more difficult it is to pass judgment on who was right and who was wrong.

Well, let's get into El Paso history a little bit and come a little closer to home. I must talk some before we go into personalities about what kind of law situation we had. For instance, what kind of a jail?

Where did we put these people when they were arrested in El Paso? The Rangers used to tie them to trees. They'd chain them there and after cooking a couple of days in the sun why they had pretty soft criminals. Most of the men who did go to jail for longer terms--which was quite rare--the juries were about like the way they are now. They were lenient and tolerant about such things as killing one another and they tended to let a man go. You could be chained to a tree for being drunk or being obnoxious or one thing or the other. There had to be something a little better than that so they began putting them inside of rooms. They would rent a room for which the county would pay about fifteen dollars a month, but the problem here was that the doors broke down with amazing ease and anybody with a pocketknife simply cut his way through the adobe, and he was gone. About 1880, the city council decided to do something about this jail situation so being the humane people that they were they sent off to Chicago for two iron cages. My using the word "cages"--what I really mean is boxes; they called them cages, but they were boxes. They were about eight feet long, about seven feet high and about seven feet wide and they did not have bars on them, they were simply sheet metal and iron. The doors on them were a little opening about like this and they opened the door and they pushed you inside of these boxes or cages which were in rooms also. You stayed there; you didn't cut your way out of there with a jackknife. Except for this little hole in the door there wasn't anything to see through, but of course many of the people who were put in there were those who drank to an alcoholic excess in addition to murders and this kind of thing. Also, since many of them were not used to such luxuries as soap and water, it got rank in there at times and so in order to alleviate this a little bit they drilled four

or five holes in the ceiling in order to let some of the odors out. They also had, in order to make the prisoners comfortable as possible, two cots on which they stretched canvas. They specified very plainly that this canvas be made of the finest material obtainable.

Another thing, how were the early law officers armed? What kind of weapons did they have? We've seen on the TV and in the movies that they all carry the trusty sixshooter and occasionally when they were shooting at each other across the canyon, they used a rifle. Usually they wore a sixshooter which wouldn't shoot that far or wouldn't be accurate at that distance anyhow. But, really the oldtime city marshals, they carried a pistol and frequently carried two, and they carried shotguns, because a shotgun was the safest and the most lethal weapon he could carry. When you were shot with a shotgun, you were dead. Most of them carried only one gun. One man that I know of, Dallas Stoudenmire, carried two. One of his pistols is in the corner over here and it's called a belly gun. It's called a belly gun because the barrel has been sawed off. There is no front sight on it and there is no ejection system. In case you fire all the bullets and you're out, by that time you're either dead or you're alive, and matters of reloading were of no importance. It's called a belly gun, though as I say, because generally he carried it in his pocket. He pulled it out and he rammed it into a man's belly and he pulled the trigger. He also had another gun which had the sights and the regulation length barrel and this was for long distance shooting like across the street or a distance of fifteen or twenty feet. Most of these people were not particularly poor shots. Their edge was that they would kill you. The kids in the barrom were like what I call the "gee whiz" gunman. In other words, "gee whiz" they were fast, but they get involved with a real

gunman and gee whiz they were dead. It was really that simple. Most of the old gunman, and there are a few exceptions, one's Billy the Kid and the other is Pat Garrett, both of whom were quite slender. Most of the gunmen were stocky, heavy-set individuals, you can almost call them fat. They were not quick but they were almost like if you could see one on the street you might mistake him for a farmer. He carried his gun here in his belt, very rarely in the holster and he pulled it out and he shot to kill. He rarely ever aimed it unless he was shooting at long distance or across the street, he just pointed it and pulled the trigger.

What kind of money did they get? For a while, they didn't get anything but we'll go into that in just a couple of minutes. Then after a while they were paid about a hundred and fifty, the marshal was; the deputies drew about forty, fifty, seventy-five dollars, anywhere along in here.

Now, let's get on down to clothes. Did they have a uniform? Nope. The earlier lawmen in El Paso, you probably couldn't be able to tell one from the other. He wore what was called "dress clothes" and you notice from these pictures over here, practically everyone of them had on what was known at the time as a "dress suit." They wore a coat similar to mine, they carried their pistols usually in their belts, or sometimes in their holsters. They wore the starched, white collars, most of them had a tie and practically all of them wore city shoes. A few of them wore what we call an "engineer boot" which came to along about here but with a flat heel. Very rarely did you ever see the cowboy boot. And speaking of the cowboy boot, there's a great deal to the cowboy boot-- incidentally this belongs to my son, Matthew, which explains why he is

not here this evening--the cowboy boot had a pointed toe. It was pointed so that he could get it into the stirrup very quickly. Many times the horses were frisky or a little bit wild and getting one foot in, you need to get that toe in there in a hurry, and sometimes you couldn't look for the other stirrup and you had to sort of feel for it and the pointed toe helped. These little straps here on the side were called "mule ears" because they hung down and helped you put it on. The boot itself frequently had stitching across the side here and across the front. This was for two reasons: one, it made the boot a little more flexible; two, the cowboy was a rather vain individual; he also frequently bought his boots about a size smaller than what he actually needed. The most important thing was perhaps the heel. Now, this is a walking heel, but the regular cowboy boot was a little steeper and a little deeper. When he put his foot in the stirrup, he generally rode right along in here. This was in order to keep his foot from sliding completely through the stirrup and getting what was commonly known as the "hangup" which was what the cowboys feared most because if they got thrown and the boot went through, they were caught and dragged along the ground and there was very rarely anybody there who could help him. Incidentally, I personally believe that this is one reason why most cowboys carried a gun on the range. He didn't carry the gun to protect himself, he carried the gun to shoot the horse through the head in case he was thrown and dragged. On another thing, he could always jump off the horse whenever he had roped a steer or a cow and the heel helped to grab the ground there and keep him from sliding and skidding. But nevertheless, that's not the only reason for the boot heel. Another reason, well, take the cavalry for instance. The cavalry had flat heels, they didn't have too much trouble, the Indians wore mocassins, they didn't



have too much trouble; of course, most of them didn't have saddles. The gauchos didn't have difficulty with low-heeled shoes. So, really, what it boils down to is frankly that the heel was primarily a mark of status. A cowboy, when he put on his boots, he was something, he was a little bit different, he was a little bit taller, he walked a little taller than the average, ordinary fellow pounding along the streets. This gave him sort of wings of the spirit and almost everybody likes to have wings when they're walking along.

Okay. I was planning to go golfing the other day and I teed up the golf ball there and I took my usual swing and I missed the golf ball and hit an ant hill which was about a foot away from me. There must have been about 500 ants in there and I killed all of them but ten, I think. So, I tried it again, and missed the golf ball and I hit the ant hill and I killed all but two of those ten ants. I overheard one of those ants say to the other, "You know, if we're going to survive, we'd better get on the ball."

Let's talk a little bit about who the individuals were. Who were the lawmen that came into El Paso? El Paso, as most of you know was organized in 1873. It was incorporated in 1873, but unfortunately, even though they elected a mayor and aldermen, practically no one ever showed up for the meetings so they shut it down in 1876 and left it until 1880, in which time they held elections again. The mayor and the city council decided they had to have a marshal. The first marshal they hired was a Mr. John B. Tays who had won his fame by being the only Texas Ranger Commander ever to surrender his forces in battle and this was a salt war down in San Elizario. John had additional duties besides being city marshal. One of the jobs was that he had to keep the streets in good

repair. There was a large rain up in the mountains which washed streets out. Right at the foot of San Francisco Street they had a large hole and John used a little bit of highway engineering and he filled it up with trash. The city council was so angry about it that they ordered him to remove it at his own expense. We don't know if he did or not but at the next meeting of the city council they fired him or rather let him go.

The next one after John who lasted about a month was a Mr. A. I. Stevens who was a wagon and carriage maker. Mr. Stevens also had the job of collecting taxes. A month later the city council minutes read that he was removed for neglect and dereliction, too, but it did not publish any details.

All right, they were having problems here with their marshals so they hired next a young fellow from Kentucky by the name of George Campbell who had had a little practice as deputy sheriff down in East Texas. But they wanted George to be city marshal but they weren't paying him anything. They claimed that they didn't have any money. Actually, they didn't have much because taxes hadn't been collected yet and yet the city had a pretty good system of fees. For instance, circuses paid \$25, there were bullfights in El Paso then, they paid \$25. There were fights between bears and dogs which paid about \$15. Fortune-telling was a very lucrative business and they generally paid about \$5. And so there was some money in the city treasury but they didn't want to spend it on the city marshal. The marshal thought they should; he thought he was entitled to something. So one day, he has a good idea and what he'll do is he'll demonstrate. This is El Paso's first demonstration. He gets all of his rowdy friends and they decide they'll shoot

the town up at night. They'll just walk up and down El Paso Street-- same place as the present El Paso Street--and they'll create such a reign of terror that the good citizens and the city council and the mayor will be happy to pay him a salary. The mob rampaged up and down the street--this was in early 1880--and shot the doors off various places. They nearly killed one or two people, but substantially nobody was hurt. But instead of the city council being cowed and running to Campbell and telling him to stop the riot and pay him, they sent to Ysleta for the Texas Rangers. Ysleta was where the County Seat was then and this is where the Rangers were stationed and this is where the sheriff was. It was about fifteen miles distant so it took a while for the people to get here, but nevertheless the next day in came the Texas Rangers and they restored law and order to El Paso and swore out a warrant for George Campbell's arrest. Campbell also had a deputy whose name was Bill Johnson. Johnson made the position simply by being the town's alcoholic. He made a good man to watch the jail that they had at the time, which was only a vacant room. So George then was a wanted criminal. He fled up the river to roughly about where Anthony is now, hid there in bushes a couple of days and the Rangers left and George came back to town. But there were two Rangers still here. These Rangers walked up to Campbell and said, "Here's the warrant for your arrest." George looked at it, spit on it and scribbled some obscenities on it and then rode up and down El Paso Street screaming for Judge Magoffin who was the Mayor of the time to come out and fight like a man. Of course, the Judge did not come out and fight so Campbell finally turned him along back and the city council met again and decided, "Well, we've got rid of old George Campbell. Let's go ahead and drop

charges," which they did. So next they looked around for a new marshal and they settled on a fellow called Ed Copeland. Old Ed decided that they'd pay him \$50 a month. Unfortunately, also they demanded that the new marshal had to furnish bond to the tune of \$500 so Ed didn't even get started because he couldn't furnish bond. So this left the council with only one alternative. They had to appoint poor old Bill Johnson who wasn't even sober, but at least he was available. He would only work for \$50 a month. In the meantime they would look around for a gunman. They actually wanted a gunhand to come into El Paso to clean up the town to make it safe for people to walk the streets. So they began advertising and here comes a long, tall fellow about six-foot-four by the name of Dallas Stoudenmire. Where he came from, nobody's quite sure. He was born in Alabama but he came here and they appointed him marshal and the first thing he did was go down to the present city marshal and shake him a few times and take the keys away from him and more or less run him off, which was a rather harsh way of doing it, but he was a rather harsh marshal. Well, George Campbell came into town, you know-- the old city marshal--he looked this new fellow over and decided well, he'll take him in a couple of days. In the meantime there had been a shooting up the valley near Canutillo. At the time there were thickets all up and down the Río Grande and they got quite wild. And up at Canutillo there was a ranch there where cattle had a habit of disappearing from México and appearing in there. In other words, they were rustled and so there were two Mexican boys who were searching for the cattle in there and both of them were killed. They found the bodies and brought them into town, about where the Paso Del Norte Hotel is right now, where they held an inquest. There was an El Paso Constable by the name of

Crinshaw who was doing some of the interpreting and generally taking the side of the Mexican people, of whom about 75 of them were in El Paso fully armed and it seemed as if there was going to be more blood in the street. Finally, they terminated the inquest and they took the bodies back to El Paso. The Mexicans with the guns went back and things appeared to be fairly quiet. Dallas Stoudenmire left, walked across El Paso Street and went into a restaurant. The Constable came outside to get his mule. Strangely, most people at this particular time rode mules and I'm not really certain why. But George Campbell comes out and begins insulting the Constable. They argue a few minutes and another fellow from up around Canutillo by the name of Johnny Hale decides he will get into the argument and he jerks his gun, ran out and shot the Constable through the chest. Stoudenmire hears the shot, he comes dashing out, pulls his long-range pistol, the one which is very accurate, he takes aim at Johnny Hale and goes "bang!" and he kills an innocent bystander. So, then he fired again and he hit Hale in the forehead and killed him. Well, this should have ended it here, but instead Campbell does something very silly. He takes his own gun out of his pocket and begins backing across the street saying that this is not his fight. Well, it was his fight. It was too late for him not to be involved, particularly there with a gun in his hand. So, Stoudenmire killed him, too. So, we had altogether there, four people killed in just a very few minutes. A couple of days later we had an inquest. The city council says, this fellow Stoudenmire is great. They gave him a gold-headed cane for his good work and raised his salary from \$100 a month to \$150 a month. The following week, the former city marshal, Bill Johnson, the alcoholic, had been so tormented by some people around town who had hated the

marshal that they set him up on a pile of bricks there at the corner of San Antonio Street and El Paso. They sent him up there at night with a shotgun and they said, "Whenever the Marshal comes by tonight along about dusk, you wait till he gets close and then you kill him with the shotgun." And along about night, the marshal came by and this fellow with the double-barreled shotgun waited until he got close and pulled both triggers and missed him. They buried Bill Johnson the next day in a cemetery upon which we're sitting on tonight. So, any of you feel a knock on the chairs, probably somebody wants you to quit shuffling your feet so they can hear what's being said about them. Incidentally, when they moved the cemetery out to the present-day Concordia Cemetery they dug old Bill up. They wanted to see just what he looked like. It had been several years and so they pryed off the lid and there he lay, actually, looking better than some of them who were staring down at him. What they did with him then--where he went--I don't know. I suspect that like many of the old time El Pasoans he lies around the housing developments all around Concordia Cemetery.

But, meanwhile, Stoudenmire was the hero of the day. He was doing quite well, except that he was beginning to drink. He was having his difficulties with some brothers here in town. The Manning brothers, one of which was George Felix who was a doctor and the other which was James Manning who owned the saloon there about where the Paso Del Norte Hotel is today, on El Paso Street. He was also having difficulties with the Texas Rangers. For some reason or the other, there seemed to be quite a bit of antagonism. He ran them out of town a couple of times. He even wrote the Ranger Commander and says everytime a Ranger come to town, we have trouble. Keep them out of town. But they didn't do it.

They allowed them to come in and although no gunfights ever took place although it came very close to such on several occasions. But Stoudenmire was drinking so much and becoming so antagonistic that one time he made one fellow so angry at him that the guy saw the marshal go into a saloon so he went and got a shotgun and went down and sat on a keg there in front of the saloon and was waiting for the marshal to come out so he could kill him. He waited, and he waited, and he waited and the marshal never did come out, so disgusted he went on home and found out the next day that the marshal had gone inside, walked up to the bar and proceeded to drink himself unconscious, and fell onto the floor and spent the afternoon and most of the evening lying there in a drunken slumber.

Nevertheless, things were rapidly heading for a showdown. The city council was getting quite disturbed with Stoudenmire because of his antics--one of which was the time that he felt like too many people in El Paso had missed his display of shooting--whenever he had killed three people on El Paso Street. So, he set up targets there in the middle of the street and re-enacted the scene all over again for those who had missed it the first time. The council decided that they would ask him to resign. They held a meeting and Stoudenmire came in twirling his gun on his finger and the council decided that they would adjourn. They adjourned. However, the marshal got to thinking about it and decided that he would go ahead and write out his resignation, anyway, which he did. But because of his good work, because he was a man of great courage and ability, he was appointed a deputy United States Marshal with headquarters here in El Paso. But it wasn't but a few months later when he came into town at night and had a warrant for a wanted criminal and he peered into the Manning saloon here on El Paso Street to see if the man was there. He

didn't see him. While on his way to work, the word got back that he had been looking for the Mannings and when he woke up the next morning, there were the Mannings armed outside and it appeared that there was going to be a shoot-out and all day long the emissaries were going back and forth between these two groups: the Manning Brothers and Dallas Stoudenmire. They were carrying a peace proposal. This sounds like Paris. But, nevertheless, along toward the afternoon they decided that things had gone far enough and everybody would shake hands and make up, so they went across the street. I forgot to mention that earlier these two groups had even signed a peace treaty in which they swore that hereafter they would pass each other on pleasant terms, would not do any swearing at each other and so on like this. When Stoudenmire walked into the Manning Saloon, there was Doc Manning, the shooting fool, and there was James Manning, tending bar, and there was one other Manning, Frank Manning, and he was gone and Stoudenmire asked where Frank was and James says, "I'll go get him." So, Doc Manning and Dallas Stoudenmire had a couple of drinks there and pretty soon they got to arguing about who's right and who's wrong. Doc calls Stoudenmire a liar and Stoudenmire gets angry and both men went for their guns and Stoudenmire was a little slow. Doc pulled a Derringer and shot him and the marshal pulled out probably his belly gun. As he had it about out, the bullet hit him in the arm--accidentally, it certainly wasn't intentional, but what you're going to hear now sounds like movie and television in the way people got shot in the arm, but this actually is what happened. The bullet hit Stoudenmire in the arm and the gun flipped out of his hands. Doc then fired again and the bullet hit the marshal in the chest, but it hit a big, thick wad of papers and also hit a little photograph which was lying right there in his coat pocket--



a little capsule-type thing which put a dent in it. This young lady of whom a blowup is over here on the wall is either Stoudenmire's sister or his wife, one or the other, and I'm not sure which one. Anyway, these papers and that picture in his pocket probably saved him, but it had just enough punch to knock him through the back wing doors out into the street. Well, as Stoudenmire was standing out there, the good doctor comes running outside, intending on killing him, but as he gets outside Stoudenmire has his other gun out and he goes "boom!" and he hits the doctor in the arm and the doctor's gun goes flying into the street. So, the doctor, who's just a little fellow about five foot five, or five foot six, and Stoudenmire is six foot four, or six foot six, he runs up and he pins him about the arm. He goes spinning down the sidewalk, bumping along the windows and so on, Stoudenmire trying to shake this little terrier off so he can kill him and the little terrier staying on so he can stay alive. Jim Manning, who had gone out to find his brother, comes running up to about this far away and aims his pistol and goes "boom!" and he misses. He went "boom" again and he hit the marshal behind the ear and killed him. They went on trial a couple of months later. James Manning was tried for murder. He actually did the murder but he got off primarily because his old business partner was on the jury--which helped. Doc Manning, who was tried for assault with intent to murder, got off because Stoudenmire's bitterest enemy was foreman of the jury. Doc didn't even bother to show up at his trial which was held down in Ysleta.

But, with Stoudenmire gone, we next had James T. Gillett. Gillett wrote the book Six Years With the Texas Rangers and he was quite a reputable and quite an honest man. Really, a good lawman. He also suffered

a little bit from temper. He pistol-whipped a businessman here in town and this led to some nasty repercussions and so he resigned. Next, they hired Frank Manning as marshal and he also pistol-whipped a businessman and he was forced to resign. Now, it goes on and on and on like this up until 1896 when Jeff Milton came to town.

Here, we had a new breed of gunslingers. We had John Wesley Hardin, who was probably the most noted gunman of his time. He had got his start shooting Reconstruction Negroes down in East Texas and graduated a gunman and went all over the country; then went to prison for fifteen years, came out and settled in El Paso. John, incidentally, is one of these stocky individuals whom I speak about. But, then, there was also Constable John Selman who had started down in East Texas also and was a deserter from the Civil War. He wandered around and was involved in the Lincoln County tragedy for sometime, came to El Paso, and in about 1889 and about 1893 he and a Texas Ranger had a gun battle in the backyard of one of the parlor houses down here on Utah Street and the Texas Ranger was killed along with another Texas Ranger. But with Hardin in town and with Jeff Milton in town, it was only a question of time until there would be some trouble. The trouble stemmed from the fact that there was a cattle rustler by the name of Martin Morose down from Carlsbad, New Mexico. The law officers up there were after him so he came down to Juárez, México. Well, Martin was married and he sent his wife back on this side to hire a lawyer. It just so happened that John Wesley Hardin had studied law while he was in prison, and hung out a shingle. This cattle rustler's wife came over to get a lawyer and got Hardin. But Hardin didn't really do very much for the husband, but he did quite a bit for the wife. She never went back to Juárez. But, things got so bad that Morose was sending back threats across the river. So

finally, a Deputy United States Marshal by the name of George Scarborough (whose picture is hanging up there with Jeff Milton's) went across the river and lowered Morose over onto this side, this was on the railroad tracks over on the Santa Fe Street Bridge. That was the only bridge there was at the time. He lowered him across those tracks. When he got to this side, Milton, a Texas Ranger, and Scarborough ambushed him with shotguns, rifles, and pistols. They had quite an armory there. They killed him and Hardin then had, legally, this man's wife--although he didn't marry her. But, in the meantime, she got into trouble when Hardin was out of town. She was quite rowdy and she carried a pistol about and was arrested by John Selman Jr., whose picture appears over there on the wall. She was thrown in jail and this infuriated Hardin and he made some threats. Constable John Selman then took up the battle for his son and Hardin and Selman met in the ACME saloon. It's controversial whether or not Selman shot Hardin in the front of the head or the back of the head. It's my opinion, based on that photograph there, primarily, that he was shot in the front. Because the historical society has the pistol, it's a 45 caliber revolver, you'll notice the hole there in the eyes, about the size of a pencil and a 45 caliber makes a small hole going in and a large hole coming out. This is why I think it's from the front. That doesn't necessarily mean that it's a fair fight in every sense of the word. Simply because Hardin may have been facing him doesn't make him any better prepared, but, nevertheless, he was dead. There were some repercussions on this, even old Jeff Milton, the chief of police went on trial, but he was acquitted along with George Scarborough and the others.

With Jeff Milton, I'm going to terminate it, because with Milton, we find actually that he was the first chief of police. He was not a

city marshal. All the others had been called marshals but with Milton, he became a chief of police. But, the whole thing was changing. The romance, really had gone out of law enforcement. They began to look a great deal like their eastern counterparts. They wore the caps and the blue uniforms and while this all might have looked more rational or perhaps more military, or one thing or the other, it still lacks some of the flamboyance of an earlier stage. So, with Milton then, the law enforcement primarily moves into another era. There are no well-known chief of police or no well-known gunmen. Most of the gunmen tended to disappear from El Paso. Killer Jim Miller was around here a while, Pat Garrett was collector of customs here in El Paso for a while, but, by and large, El Paso was growing up. Dallas Stoudenmire and the other marshals had either buried the hard elements or ran them out of town and did a good job. I might say in passing that one of the most frequent questions I'm asked is why I write on gunmen or these people who went around killing someone else. There are two reasons: when I was looking for John Selman's grave I was out at Concordia Cemetery there and I was trying to find it and the custodian was not helpful at all, to be very kind to him. And one day, he grabbed me by the arm and he said, "Let me show you something," and he took me over there and there's a tombstone of a Baptist preacher and he says, "Look at that, now there was a man who did something, who was a good man, who had an interesting life, who was a builder in a community; why don't you write about guys like this instead of John Wesley Hardin and John Selman?" And I said, "Well, Mr. Dooley, the truth of the matter is that there has been a nice little article written on this. It appeared about two years ago in the New Mexico Historical Review. I'll get a copy of it and bring it down and you can

read it." "Oh, no, no," he says, "I don't really care about reading it...." Well, this explains the whole thing. The good men, such as they were, nobody is that interested in. When we talk about them we like them, but they are fellows who nobody will buy. They will buy Stoudenmire, they will buy Hardin, but they simply won't buy the others and consequently when the stories are written, they appear in obscure publications which only historians know about.

The other reason that I write about these particular individuals is that they are reflective of their time. Just like the police officer we have today is reflective of his time. He is an individual, no better, substantially and basically, no better or no worse than the rest of us. We had these early day lawmen, true, many of them were killed, true, many of them were hard characters, but were they any harder or any worse than the people who hired them; the people who gave them their salaries; the people who gave them their gold canes; the people who wrote them up so gloryingly into these papers? They didn't pay them well--frequently, they didn't pay them at all. When these men died in the line of duty, or just died anyway, about all they had to be buried in was the shirt on their backs and their only monument--you can look all over El Paso today and you will not find one single, solitary monument to a lawman except for a State National Bank marker commemorating Dallas Stoudenmire. And yet, these are men who laid down their lives and brought law and order. In the meantime we have the politicians, and I speak kindly of politicians. We have to have politicians as well as we have to have policemen.. But we have to admit that it's much easier for a politician to name a road after himself than it is for a lawman to get a road named after himself. And it's my personal feeling, my personal contention, that sometimes this business of Elm Street and this business of Kansas Street is fine but what we're doing is we're copying the eastern establishments. We have our own people here that we ought to dedicate and name

some of these streets after. I would like to see the freeway, the one that runs right through the town become "Dallas Stoudenmire Highway."