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SHADOW-CATCHERS OF THE RED MAN

BY ELMO SCOTT WATSON

If you are expecting an erudite dissertation on this subject, you're likely to be disappointed. For the truth is that what I'm offering you this evening is a preliminary report on a study I've been making for several years but one that is far from completion. It includes data on some of the earliest photographers of Indians, some information on later camera men who are relatively unknown but who, I believe, deserve more recognition, and a number of human interest incidents in the careers of these Shadow-Catchers of the Red Man.

For valuable help on the early years covered in this preliminary report I am particularly indebted to two historians in this field--Dr. Robert Taft of the University of Kansas whose "Photography and the American Scene" is, I believe, still the outstanding chronicle of the development of this art, and Mr. Beaumont Newhall of George Eastman House, Inc., in Rochester, N. Y., who is now writing an extensive history of daguerreotypy.

Taking pictures of Indians goes back to the earliest days of photography. In January, 1838, the Frenchman, Louis Jacques Mande Daguerre announced the discovery of the process which bears his name, and before that year had ended daguerreotypy was being practised in the United States. Among the pioneers of the new art during the next decade was someone who made the first photograph of an Indian. Who that man was I haven't yet been able to determine and it's quite possible that it never can be determined.

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I could give you the names of several daguerreotypists in the 1840's, any or all of whom undoubtedly had the opportunity and may indeed have persuaded Poor Lo to pose before his picture-making contraption. There was John Plumbe, Jr., who learned daguerreotypy and opened a gallery in Washington in 1841. Later he established studios in 12 other cities, including Dubuque, Iowa, and St. Louis, and in both cities; especially the latter, he would have had an opportunity to photograph visiting tribesmen.

There was Josiah Gregg, who began taking daguerreotypes as early as April, 1846. Incidentally, Dr. Taft believes that the original plates for Gregg's classic of the Santa Fe Trail, "The Commerce of the Prairies" were redrawn from daguerreotypes which its author made. And finally there was J. H. Fitzgibbon, who had begun making daguerreotypes in Lynchburn, Va., in 1841 and who opened a gallery in St. Louis in 1847. It is likely Fitzgibbon took pictures of Indians soon after establishing himself in the Missouri metropolis, but the first positive record of such activity that we have is not until 1853. In the August 15 issue of Humphrey's Journal of Dagerreotypy in that year, appears a reference to several pictures of Indian warriors by Fitzgibbon that were being shown at the Exhibition of Works of Industry at the New York Crystal Palace. It states that they "were to be forwarded to the Ethnological Society of London." Mr. Newhall has tried to locate these pictures but without success. The Ethnological Society was merged with the Royal Anthropological Institute some 70 years ago, and when he queried officials of the latter he was told that they knew nothing of the Fitzgibbon daguerreotypes.

The earliest daguerreotype of an Indian now in existence that can, so far as I know, be dated with any degree of accuracy is that of Chief Keokuk of the Sacs, made in 1847, a year before his death. In fact, there seems to have been a series of such pictures of Keokuk made at that time, for the Missouri Historical Society in St. Louis has six which are identical except for minor details, such as the position of the hands, and the State Historical Society has two. These were made by Thomas M. Easterly, but where he made them is unknown. It was probably somewhere in Iowa since Easterly did not open his gallery in St. Louis until 1850.

The next photographers of Indians of which we have any record are R. H. Vance and S. S. McIntyre, who left New York in 1849 to take pictures of the gold diggings in California. Vance's catalogue, issued in 1851, offers 300 scenes in California including "a large collection of the different tribes of Indians on the Pacific Coast." In 1853 there is a definite record of two photographers of Indians and they are particularly interesting for a reason which I shall mention in a moment.

One of them was John Mix Stanley, more famous for his paintings than for his photographs of the red man. Taft believes that Stanley was practicing daguerreotypy during his first visit to the West in 1843 and this is partially, though not conclusively, confirmed by Stanley's granddaughter, Mrs. Dean Acheson of Washington, who wrote me recently: "I have always heard that he was one of the first people to use the daguerreotype and the first person to use it in the West, but I have no proof of this." It's possible that I may be able to get more definite information on this point when I have access to the notes of Mr. Benjamin Draper of Georgetown, Colorado, who is a student of Stanley's career and has offered to make these notes available to me when he returns from California in May.

We do know, however, that Stanley was taking pictures of Indians in 1853 when he accompanied the party, led by Gov. I. I. Stevens of Washington Territory, to survey a northern route for a railroad to the coast. On August 7 Stevens records in his journal, "Mr. Stanley, the artist, was busily occupied during our stay at Fort Union with his daguerreotype apparatus and the Indians were greatly pleased with their daguerreotypes." A month later (September 4, 1853) he writes at Fort Benton: "Mr. Stanley commenced taking daguerreotypes of the Indians with his apparatus. They are delighted and astonished to see their likeness produced by the direct action of the sun. They worship the sun and they considered Mr. Stanley was inspired by their divinity and he thus became in their eyes a great medicine man." Taft says that William H. Jackson made an extensive, but unsuccessful, search for some of these Stanley daguerreotypes and adds hopefully: "Perhaps an occasional one may still be found in a Blackfoot teepee in Montana". To that I would add the stereotyped, nevertheless true, observation that "stranger things have happened."

Shortly after Stanley started out with the Stevens party, S. N. Carvalho of Baltimore, another daguerreotypist and artist, joined the exploring party which Col. John C. Fremont had assembled at Westport, Missouri. During their journey through Kansas and Colorado Carvalho took pictures of some of the Cheyennes they met, and in his book, Incidents of Travel and Adventure, he records: "They wanted me to live with them and I believe if I had remained they would have worshipped me as possessing extraordinary powers of necromancy." This was due not only because of his ability to make "sun pictures", thus associating himself in their minds with one of their deities, but also because he used some of his mercury to transform the brass in their rings and ornaments into shining silver.

The experiences of Stanley and Carvalho bring up the point which I mentioned a moment ago. These Blackfeet and Cheyennes were savages who had had relatively little contact with the white men. Logically, it seems to me, superstition and fear of the unknown should have made them wary of the white man's magic box. Instead, they were willing to be photographed, in fact, welcomed it. Two decades later, as we shall see, other photographers--notably among the Utes and the Sioux--were experiencing difficulty, even danger, in trying to take pictures because these Indians regarded it as "bad medicine". Why the changed attitude of Poor Lo toward the camera? Were these later incidents simply examples of the idiosyncrasies of individual Indians? Or were they due to tribal differences? Or had word spread across the plains and through the mountains that photography was another evil invention of the white man, designed to rob his red brother of his soul as well as his material possessions? I have no theory nor explanation. I offer this as the basis for a bit of interesting speculation, if, indeed, it's worth speculating about. Perhaps some of you who are familiar with the psychology of the Indian can supply the answer.

But to return to our narrative--another photographer of Indians in this era was Joel E. Whitney who opened a studio in St. Paul in 1850. Just when he made his first pictures of the red men of that region, I have been unable to learn. The Minnesota Historical Society has a large number of Indian pictures taken by Whitney and other early Minnesota photographers, but W.D. Bowell, curator of pictures there, in a recent letter says: "Many of these camera men failed to date their pictures and in many cases omitted even such important details as the

names of the persons they had photographed."

As for Whitney, the February 1866 issue of the Philadelphia Photographer noted that it had received a parcel of photographs of Sioux and Chippewa Indians from him and said: "Among them we have pictures of several of those demons engaged in the terrible massacre of 1862 and who were executed in November last. One of them, 'Cut Nose', is said to have murdered five men and 18 women and children. 'Little Crow', the leader of the massacre, 'Wah-Kau-o-Zhan-Zhan' (Medicine Bottle) and 'Shakpe' (Little Six) are all terrible fellows and go far to dissipate our ideas of the 'noble savage' so graphically and poetically described to us by Longfellow. 'Old Betts' is not very beautiful but was very kind to some of the Minnesota captives. 'Aupeta-sapa-win' is called a 'Sioux Belle' but is anything but lovely looking. 'Hou-ye-tu-waste' is more beautiful."

Possibly if the editor of the Philadelphia Photographer had seen a daguerreotype, a copy of which I shall show you now, he could have retained his "ideas of the 'noble savage' so graphically and poetically described to us by Longfellow." This picture is rather interesting for several reasons. The original is in the collections of the Chicago Historical Society to which it was presented by one Walter C. Wyman nearly 50 years ago. Accompanying it was a letter stating that it is a picture of six of the Ojibwa Indians whom George Catlin presented to Queen Victoria of England and King Louis Philippe of France in 1845-46. Wyman also says that the daguerreotype was made in 1851, five years after their return to this country, but he doesn't state where or by whom it was made.

He does, however, provide identification of the Indians in the group as they were given him by Chief A-wun-ni-wa-be from whom he purchased the daguerreotype on the Muncey reservation in Ontario, Canada. In the second volume of "Catlin's Notes of Eight Years' Travels and Residence in Europe with his North American Indian Collection" (London, 1848) appears a group portrait sketch of "Eleven Ojibbewa Indians from the Region of Lake Huron, Upper Canada" who were with him in London. Accompanying this picture is a key identification of the individuals in it with their ages at that time (1845-46). Although the spelling of the names in Wyman's list corresponds closely enough to six of the names in Catlin's list as to make it certain that they are the same

persons, it immediately becomes apparent that Wyman's identifications are faulty and the more one tries to reconcile certain discrepancies (based mainly upon the matter of ages) the more confusing the whole thing becomes.

I mention this because it illustrates so well the contradictions and inconsistencies a worker in this field constantly encounters, and also because it gives me an opportunity to sound off on a matter concerning which I feel very strongly. Two years ago in a talk on "Photographing the Frontier" which I gave before the Chicago WESTERNERS, I quoted this statement of Dr. Taft: "the photograph, when properly documented, I maintain is one of the most important records of the past. When properly documented! How often have I had occasion to curse the individual or individuals who failed to title, date and otherwise describe in writing what apparently was an historical photograph."

I can certainly indorse that statement and I'd like to add another observation to it. In so far as the photograph is an important record of the past why isn't more care given to their documentation when they are used as illustrations for historical studies? I realize, of course, that it isn't always possible to give all the data about a photograph that Taft suggests, but I believe that a better job could be done in this respect than is frequently done, not only in so-called popular histories but also in some of our scholarly studies. Why is it that a historian, who wouldn't think of making an important statement of fact in this text without a citation of authority for it, is content to document the photographic illustrations for his book with some such innocuous statement as "From a contemporary photograph," or the equally uninformative "Courtesy of the National Archives." I think that the zero in such matters was reached in one book that I have in mind--and it was the work of a man who is regarded as something of an authority in his field--in which the illustrations bore the simple credit line, "Munitions Building, Washington".

You see, the photographs from which these illustrations were made were from the collections of the United States Army Signal Corps which happened to be housed at that time--and possibly still are--in the Munitions Building in our national capital. An analogous case would be for me to write a book, illustrate it with some of the original photo-

graphs I have collected and put on the illustrations the credit line "Abbott Hall, Chicago" because my collection happens to be housed in a storeroom in that building on the Chicago campus of Northwestern University at the present time.

Now that I've got that off my chest, I'll get on with my story. In the late '50's several expeditions into the West were accompanied by official photographers who undoubtedly took pictures of Indians, but the only one of which I have any definite record thus far was the expedition of Capt. F.W. Landers, which was sent out in 1859 to survey a road from Salt Lake over South Pass and to the east. In his official report Landers refers to A. Bierstadt, Esq., a distinguished artist of New York, and S.F. Frost of Boston, with a full corps of artists who accompanied the expedition and made a "set of stereoscopic views of emigrant trains, Indians, camp scenes, etc.," but I have no information as to who these Indians were.

The outbreak of the Civil war halted expeditions into the West and expeditionary photography, including taking pictures of the red man in his native habitat. This doesn't mean, of course, that there weren't any photographs of Indians made from 1860 to 1865, because undoubtedly many of the pioneer camera men in villages and towns on the frontier persuaded Poor Lo to pose for them, and whenever a delegation of chiefs and head warriors went to Washington to consult with the Great White Father they were pretty certain to be taken to a studio where the classic features of these noble red men could be preserved for posterity by such men as A. Zeno Shindler or Mathew B. Brady or Alexander Gardner --the latter two when they weren't out in the field making a pictorial record of the harvest of death at Bull Run or Antietam or Gettysburg.

Shindler was photographing Indian delegations to Washington as early as 1858 and the number credited to him in the "List of Photographic Portraits of Indians in the Gallery of the Smithsonian Institution" (Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections, Vol. XIV, No. 216-1867) is an imposing roster of notables from many tribes. It includes Little Crow, of Minnesota massacre fame; Hole-in-the-Day of the Chippewas; Iron Nation of the Brule Sioux; and Struck-by-a-Ree of the Yankton Sioux; in fact, I am inclined to believe that he took the first photographs ever made of some of these famous chiefs and warriors. Unfortunately, when this list was included in a later compilation,

"Descriptive Catalogue of Photographs of North American Indians", (Department of Interior, U.S. Geological Survey, Miscellaneous Publications, No. 9), commonly referred to as the "Jackson List", no mention is made of the photographers who took the various pictures, so neither Shindler nor Gardner get credit for the portraits they made.

With the end of the war came the surge of emigration into the trans-Missouri West, the building of the railroads and a revival of frontier photography which produced some of the most interesting Indian pictures ever made, at least, they would be interesting, and important, to us today if they had been preserved. In saying that I am referring particularly to the work of Ridgeway Glover, a young Philadelphian, who set out early in 1866 for the express purpose of taking photographs, "to illustrate the life and character of the wild men of the prairie."

At Fort Laramie, according to a letter he wrote back to the Philadelphia Photographer, Glover got "a good picture of the Fort; also a group of eight Brulie Sioux and six Ogholalla," and when he joined an army train going to Fort Phil Kearney he tried to take pictures of some Cheyennes who came into camp, but was unsuccessful, not because the Cheyennes were unwilling to be photographed, but because "the collodion was too hot." During this trip the train was attacked by the Indians and Glover records that "I desired to make some instantaneous views of the Indian attack, but our commander ordered me not to."

Tragedy awaited this daring camera man at the fort on the Piney, as it did some of the soldiers in the party, for on September 17 he was killed near the fort by a war party of Arapahoes who cut off his head and mutilated his body horribly. What became of Glover's negatives is a mystery that I have been trying to solve for several years. Some of them are supposed to have reached Philadelphia and prints from them were sold by the firm of Wenderoth, Brown and Taylor. In an effort to trace them I have been corresponding with a number of people, including Paul Vanderbilt of the prints and photographs division of the Library of Congress, and Thomas Coulson, director of museum research of the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia. Recently the latter reported that his attempts to locate either negatives or prints, as well as the collections of Wenderoth, Brown and Taylor, had been fruitless.

"I don't recall ever engaging upon any search which led to so many dead ends or offered so few leads," he wrote. "The sum total amounts to a blank which is not the way I like an investigation to end."

That other camera men of this era might easily have shared Gover's fate is indicated by the experience of Charles R. Savage, later famous for his picture of the "Wedding of the Rails" at Promontory Point, Utah, in 1869, and for some of his Indian pictures when he was a member of the firm of Savage and Ottinger of Salt Lake City. Writing to the Philadelphia Photographer about his trip across the plains from Nebraska City, Nebraska, to Salt Lake in 1866, Savage said: "To photograph successfully on the Plains you must be perfectly safe from Indians, as on two or three occasions in our efforts to secure some views, we found ourselves alone several miles from the train and ran one or two risks of being grabbed up by a few stray rascals who are always on the lookout for a weak party and generally manage to pounce down upon a few defenceless wagons that happen to be passing. The sad fate of your former correspondent, Mr. Govers, shows how uncertain is life in such a place and the wisdom of keeping a good lookout. The necessary condition for success under such circumstances are that you must have plenty of time at your disposal, a strong party well armed with Henry rifles and good animals."

In October, 1866, two Chicago photographers, John Carbutt and T. J. Hine, accompanied the excursion to the 100th meridian, 250 miles west of Omaha, which T.C. Durant, vice-president of the Union Pacific had organized to interest Eastern capital in his railroad. Among the pictures which they took on this excursion were a number of photographs of Pawnee Indians, including the famous Chief Peter La Cherre. Thus Carbutt and Hine, by two or three years, antedated William H. Jackson in photographing members of this Plains tribe, although the importance of their pictures pictorially as well as ethnologically, can't compare with those made by Jackson during his visits to the Pawnees not long after he established his studio in Omaha.

In 1867, Alexander Gardner, the Civil War camera man and photographer of Indians in Washington, went west to make a pictorial record of life on the Kansas frontier, and the following year he did an equally important job by taking his camera to the Fort Laramie peace

council of 1868. There he photographed the Crows, the Cheyennes, the Arapahoes, and the Sioux, who attended the council, and I believe it is safe to assert that there he took the first pictures ever made of such Sioux notables as Spotted Tail and Swift Bear of the Brules, Man-Afraid-of-His Horses of the Oglalas and Big (or Tall) Mandan of the two Kettle. One Sioux notable, whom he evidently did not photograph, was the high-and-mighty Red Cloud of the Oglalas, who, at another council at Fort Laramie two years later, chased away another camera man who tried to take his picture. (Hyde "Red Cloud's Folk" p. 182). The honor of being the first to take a picture of the Oglala leader--if it was an honor--was reserved for Shindler in Washington in 1870, and he was permitted to do it only because of Red Cloud's friendship for William Blackmore.

Before discussing Blackmore's contribution to Indian photography, however, I would like to add a footnote to my comment on the first picture of Spotted Tail. Although Gardner evidently didn't have any trouble in getting Old Spot to "look pleasant please" at Fort Laramie, something must have happened not long afterwards to change the attitude of the Brule leader toward photographers. In May 1870, Captain D. C. Poole of the 22nd Infantry, agent for the Brules, took Spotted Tail, Swift Bear and Fast Bear of the Brules to Washington where, according to Poole's book Among the Sioux of Dakota, "the party refused to visit a photographer and be photographed. Spotted Tail, with all his intelligence, was Indian enough to say that he considered it bad medicine to sit for a picture, meaning that it would bring him bad luck; and whatever he said was followed by the others."

No mention of Indian photography in this period would be complete without reference to William Blackmore, who was not a photographer himself, but a patron of photographers. In 1868 he began collecting Indian photographs on a large scale and employed camera men from St. Louis, Chicago, Washington, and New York, and sent them West to make pictures for him as well as collecting Indian pictures already taken. Herbert Brayer says that two years before Jackson made him pictures of the Utes in southern Colorado, Blackmore sent a St. Louis photographer to do the same for him. As you know, he presented a vast collection of Indian pictures to the Smithsonian and 80% of the B.A.E. collection are due to Blackmore.

The 1870's might be called "golden age of Indian photography." Pictures taken in this era are important both historically and ethnologically. Many tribes were still untouched by white influence. Some were still on the warpath or had just come in from it. It was the era of more expeditionary photography. Notable among these expeditions were those of Major J.W. Powell. There was no photographer with his 1867 and 1868 expeditions into Colorado, and none with the 1869 expedition, notably for the Canyon Voyage. But during this he encountered Utes and S. Paiutes in Utah and northern Arizona who were nearly untouched by civilization. Powell developed a deep interest in ethnology.

(Editor's note: Mr. Watson had not been able to prepare his manuscript beyond this point. He concluded his remarks from notes, which he was unable to write out for the BRAND BOOK because of his many speaking engagements in Denver and the short time set for his return to Chicago where he is finishing up his work with the Northwestern Medill School of Journalism, before returning to head the Department of Journalism at the University of Denver. Mr. Watson promised to complete his manuscript later in the year.)

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TRAIL DUST

FROM THE

DENVER CORRAL

Alfred M. Bailey has just returned from an expedition to Australia where, as a representative of the Denver Museum of Natural History, he worked jointly with members of the National Museum of Victoria and the Commonwealth of Australia. Among other activities, he photographed an Australian blackfellow with his family in the central part of the country.

Sheriff Levette J. Davidson has published in the January Colorado Magazine, an article on "Colorado's Hall of Fame", telling about the 16 portraits in the Capital and how they got there.

Ed Bemis claims that he is too d--n busy with his own convention (Colorado Press Association) to report anything of interest for the present BRAND BOOK.

Wild Bill Raine and Civilized Claire, his helpmeet, are reported to have holed up in Palm Springs, California, until April and the return of clement Colorado weather.

Art Carhart tells a great deal about his recent activities in just a few words: "Just beatin' up my typewriter." We know that he just received a "top hand award" for non-fiction work, from the Colorado Author's League.

Tom Ferrill also received a "top hand award" from the League for his contributions to poetry.

John T. Caine III required only two days to rest up after his strenuous and unusually successful management of the recent Denver Western Stock Show. John grows younger each year, for in the past he took a week to recuperate.

Just before rushing in to attend the last meeting of the WESTERNERS, Elmo Scott Watson participated in a radio broadcast in which he took occasion to praise the Denver WESTERNERS. Are we pleased? Furthermore, Mr. Watson complimented the posse directly on its publications, its compactness and its esprit de corps. Coming from a man who helped found the WESTERNERS, who presented the paper at its first meeting just five years ago and who has been a spark plug of the Chicago WESTERNERS, we appreciate the compliment.

John Lipsey writes in that he is taking a three months' sun-tanning in Florida. He will return by May.

Don Bloch has announced a final deadline of February 15, 1950 for revised copies of papers presented to the posse in 1949, if they are to be included in the forthcoming BRAND BOOK. Incidentally, Don also reminded those posse members who desire a WESTERNER's pin to contact him.

Sheriff Davidson announced the appointment of the following committee chairman for 1950:

B.Z. Wood.....Program Committee
 W.S. Jackson-Membership Committee
 Don Bloch -Publications Committee
 Alonzo Ellsworth - Book Review
 Committee

There's good news today! Tallyman Ralph Mayo reports that as of December 31, 1948, the posse registered \$466 in the black, against \$260 in the red the year before. That's a fine change in our color scheme, and Ralph deserves a vote of thanks for his part in the repainting.

At the last posse meeting, Doc Collins distributed copies of his attractive twenty-four page fully illustrated brochure, "75 Years in Colorado Springs." He wrote it for the First National Bank of Colorado Springs. Doc recently won a special "top hand award" from the Colorado Authors League for excellence in editing the 1948 BRAND BOOK.

Ralph Mayo recently mimeographed an up-to-date list of all corresponding members. He says there is room for about sixty more names. Anyone know of some likely prospects? Send their names and addresses to any posse officer.

We'd like to corral a list of important public and private collections (open to the public) of Western Americana. How about sending us a list of those you think worthwhile, with a notation of areas of special strength? We want to publish such lists for use by those ardent researchers who need help in finding source material.

CORRECTION

"It has been brought to my attention that an error was made in the dedication of the 1948 BRAND BOOK. Credit for founding the Bibliographical Center for Research in the Rocky Mountain Region should have been given to Dr. Malcolm G. Wyer, Librarian of the Denver Public Library, and not to Dr. John Van Male." Dabney Otis Collins, Editor, 1948 BRAND BOOK.

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FOLK LAUGHTER ON THE AMERICAN FRONTIER,
BY MODY C. BOATRIGHT. THE MACMILLAN
COMPANY, 1949, \$3.00.

WHAT DID THE PEOPLE ON THE AMERICAN FRONTIER LAUGH AT AND WHY? MODY C. BOATRIGHT, SECRETARY AND EDITOR OF THE TEXAS FOLKLORE SOCIETY AND AN ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH AT THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS, HAS WRITTEN A BOOK TO ANSWER THAT QUESTION. HE NOT ONLY GIVES HIS THEORIES AND ANALYZES THE CIRCUMSTANCES UNDER WHICH FRONTIER HUMOR FLOURISHED; HE ALSO CROWDS IN A GENEROUS COLLECTION OF STORIES, TALL TALES, COMIC DESCRIPTIONS, CHARACTER SKETCHES, AND DIALECT PIECES. YOU CAN READ HIS VOLUME AS A SUPPLEMENT TO HIS EARLIER TALL TALES FROM TEXAS COW CAMPS (DALLAS, TEXAS, 1934, JUST FOR FUN; OR YOU CAN DWELL UPON THE REASONS WHY FRONTIER HUMORISTS CHOSE THE SUBJECTS AND DEVELOPED THE METHODS THAT WE RECOGNIZE AS CHARACTERISTIC OF THEIR WORK, A NEEDED ADDITION TO EXISTING TREATMENTS OF AMERICAN COMIC EXPRESSIONS.

TO BEGIN WITH, PROFESSOR BOATRIGHT

MAINTAINS THAT FRONTIERSMEN LOVED TO BURLESQUE THE WILD IDEAS THAT WERE CIRCULATED ABOUT THEM IN BOOKS WRITTEN BY OUTSIDERS. FOR EXAMPLE, TIMOTHY DWIGHT, IN 1821, DESCRIBED THE SETTLERS IN WESTERN VERMONT AS FOLLOWS: "THESE MEN CANNOT LIVE IN REGULAR SOCIETY. THEY ARE TOO IDLE; TOO TALKATIVE; TOO PASSIONATE; TOO PRODIGAL; TOO SHIFTLESS; TO ACQUIRE EITHER PROPERTY OR CHARACTER. THEY ARE IMPATIENT OF THE RESTRAINTS OF LAW, RELIGION, MORALITY..." ETC. INSTEAD OF TRYING TO REFUTE SUCH ACCUSATION, FRONTIER WRITERS AND STORY TELLERS PRETENDED TO ACCEPT THE MYTH OF THEIR WILDNESS AND THEN ELABORATED ANECDOTES AND YARNS WHICH BY THEIR GROSS EXAGGERATIONS INDICATED THE ABSURDITY OF THE ATTACKS UPON THEM AS BEING OF A SEPARATE BREED OF MEN. TRAVELERS TO THE FRONTIER, ESPECIALLY BRITISH ARISTOCRATS, FELL INTO THE HABIT OF DESCRIBING THE CRUDE MANNERS AND THE LOW ENTERTAINMENTS OF THE NATIVES, NEARLY ALWAYS INCLUDING LURID DETAILS IN REGARD TO ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE FIGHTS, WITH THEIR EYE-GOUGING, BONE BREAKING, AND TEARING OR BITING OF FLESH. LATER ON BOWIE KNIFE DUELS AND CONTESTS WITH SIX-SHOOTERS WERE ADDED. SUCH ADMIRERS OF FRONTIER SOCIETY AS TIMOTHY FLINT, JAMES HALL, H. M. BRACKENRIDGE, AND SAMUEL A. HAMNETT TESTIFIED TO THE PEACEFULNESS OF FRONTIER LIFE; BUT THE SETTLER HIMSELF WINKED AND TOLD A BIGGER YARN WHEN THE OPPORTUNITY OFFERED, EITHER IN COMPETITION WITH HIS PEERS OR TO A NAIVE GREENHORN.

IN CHAPTER AFTER CHAPTER PROFESSOR BOATRIGHT EXHIBITS THE VARIETIES OF FRONTIER STORIES THAT APPEARED IN EARLY NEWSPAPERS, DAVY CROCKETT ALMANACS, JOKE BOOKS, AND THE PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF OLD TIMES. THE BOASTS BY "RING-TAILED ROARERS", THE BRAGS ABOUT LOCAL WONDERS, SALUBRIOUS CLIMATES, GIANT PUMPKINS, ETC., THE DESCRIPTIONS OF "BACKWOODS BELLES" WHO WERE SHORT ON MANNERS BUT RIP-ROARING SCREAMERS ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES, AND THE ANECDOTES IN WHICH WITTY RUSTICS OUTTALK STUCK-UP STRANGERS FILL MANY PAGES. SEPARATE CHAPTERS ARE NEEDED FOR TREATING "THE ART OF TALL LYING", "THE STUMP", "LAW AND LAUGHTER", "THE GOSPEL", AND "FREE SPEECH." IN THE LAST NAMED, THE FRONTIERSMAN IS CREDITED WITH A TREMENDOUS AMOUNT OF LINGUISTIC VIGOR,

BEING RESPONSIBLE FOR MURDERING THE KING'S ENGLISH AND ESTABLISHING IN ITS PLACE A TRULY AMERICAN LANGUAGE. HE WAS IN SEARCH OF VIVID AND ORIGINAL EXPRESSIONS BECAUSE TRADITIONAL FORMS AND VOCABULARIES DID NOT FIT HIS IRREVERENT AND ENTHUSIASTIC WRESTLING WITH A NEW ENVIRONMENT AND A NEW WAY OF LIFE.

IN HIS FINAL CHAPTER PROFESSOR BOATRIGHT ASKS AND ANSWERS THE QUESTION AS TO THE PSYCHOLOGICAL ORIGIN OF AMERICAN HUMOR, "BUOYANT OR DESPAIRING?" AS WOULD BE EXPECTED AFTER A READING OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS, THE AUTHOR LINES UP WITH BERNARD DEVOTO AND MAX EASTMAN AND AGAINST ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE, LEWIS NUMFORD AND VAN WYCK BROOKS, WHO DISSEMINATED THE THEORY THAT FRONTIERSMEN USED LAUGHTER AS "A GRIM RELEASE OF FRUSTRATED HOPES." AS PAINE PHRASED IT, IN HIS ATTEMPT TO EXPLAIN MARK TWAIN, "WOMEN LAUGHED THAT THEY MIGHT NOT WEEP; MEN LAUGHED WHEN THEY COULD NO LONGER SWEAR. 'WESTERN HUMOR' WAS THE RESULT."

ALTHOUGH PROFESSOR BOATRIGHT ADMITS THAT LIFE ON THE FRONTIER WAS AT TIMES PRETTY GRIM AND THAT MANY ANECDOTES TREAT CORPSES, GRASSHOPPER PLAGUES, EXTREMES OF WEATHER, DANGERS FROM INDIANS AND WILD ANIMALS, ETC., HE CITES MANY EXAMPLES THAT ILLUSTRATE THE "INCORRIGIBLE OPTIMISM OF THE FRONTIER," BORROWING THE PHRASE FROM LUCY L. HAZARD'S THE FRONTIER IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

AND HE CONCLUDES THAT, TOO OFTEN, "DEFEATISM HAS BEEN READ INTO AMERICAN HISTORY BY A DEFEATED GENERATION OF A DEFEATED CLASS."

THE BOOK IS AMPLY DOCUMENTED, WITH REFERENCES GIVEN AT THE END OF EACH CHAPTER. IT IS FUN TO READ, BUT IT IS ALSO SOLID ENOUGH TO DESERVE A PERMANENT PLACE ON ANY SHELF OF BOOKS DEVOTED TO THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN HUMOR.

(LEVETTE J. DAVIDSON)

BREWERY GULCH. BY JOE CHISHOLM. THE NAYLOR COMPANY, 1949. SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS. \$2.75.

THE FOREWORD OF THIS EXCITING AND

TURBULENT LIFE STORY OF JOE CHISHOLM AND HIS MULE MOUNTAINS OF ARIZONA IS BY WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE, WHO BELIEVES IT IS A GENUINE CONTRIBUTION TO WESTERN AMERICANA.

BREWERY GULCH AND ITS COMPANION TOMBSTONE CANYON, WHICH CROSSES AT RIGHT ANGLES TO IT, JOIN TO FORM A MAIN GORGE. ON A SHOULDER OF GROUND AT THE CONFLUENCE OF THE TWO WAS MULE PASS, WHERE IN 1881 JOE'S FATHER HAD PROVIDED A HOME FOR THIS PIONEER FAMILY. JOE WAS THEN SIX YEARS OLD.

THERE WERE NO SUNDAY SCHOOLS IN THE MULES BUT THERE WERE MINERS, VISITING COWPUNCHERS, CATTLE RUSTLERS, PAPAGOS AND MEXICANS. JOE'S APACHE-PACKED CHILDHOOD DAYS IN COCHISE COUNTY AND THE BISBEE MURDERS WERE BUT A PART OF THE GALAXY OF SHOOTINGS AND KILLINGS WHICH HE WITNESSED. WITH HIS BOYHOOD PALS HE PRACTICED APACHE-DRILL IN SCHOOL JUST AS OUR CHILDREN CARRY ON FIRE-DRILL.

A BREWERY UP AMONG THE MULE PEAKS WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CHRISTENING OF BREWERY GULCH BUT WHAT ELSE WAS THERE TO NAME IT FOR.

JOE'S FATHER NEVER CARRIED A GUN, BUT HE WIELDED A POWERFUL WICKED-LOOKING HARDWOOD PICK HANDLE WITH WHICH HE MAINTAINED LAW AND ORDER AS A JUDGE IN HIS COURT.

AT NINE YEARS OF AGE, IN 1884, MUCH TO THE CONSTERNATION OF HIS MOTHER, JOE SAW THE FIVE BISBEE MURDERERS "JERKED TO JESUS." THE EPITHET "SONOFABITCH" ALWAYS INSURED PLENTY OF SHOOTING AND ONE EVENING IT CAUSED DEPUTY SHERIFF SMITH TO INVESTIGATE. BEFORE THE ROBBERY AND FRACAS IN BISBEE WERE OVER THE SHERIFF AND TWO OTHER MEN WERE KILLED AND A WOMAN WAS WOUNDED. THE KILLERS WERE APPREHENDED AND THE HANGINGS RESULTED.

JOHN SLAUGHTER, THE LAWBRINGER SHERIFF OF COCHISE COUNTY, WHOSE PUBLIC SPEECHES WERE LIMITED MOSTLY TO "HANDS UP" AND "I'LL TAKE THE SAME" IS HEROICALLY DESCRIBED BY JOE AS COLD BLOODED WHEN LETTING DAYLIGHT THROUGH A MAN WAS NECESSARY. JOE NEVER KNEW HIM TO BRING BACK A HORSE THIEF FROM THE WILDS OF COCHISE COUNTY WITH A STOLEN PONY. DOC. HOLLIDAY OF EARP AFFILIATION TOOK TO THE BRUSH RATHER THAN VIE WITH SLAUGHTER.

IKE CLANTON SHARED THE SAME EXPERIENCE SINCE SLAUGHTER WAS ALWAYS THE WINK OF AN EYE AHEAD OF ANY RUSTLER WITH HIS GUN.

JOE CHISHOLM'S ACCOUNT OF SHERIFF SLAUGHTER AND CAPTAIN BENTON STALKING THE APACHE KID SHOULD BE WORTH THE PRICE OF THIS BOOK. WHEN EARLE R. FORREST WHO WROTE "ARIZONA'S DARK AND BLOODY GROUND" DUG UP A THOUSAND FACTS FROM A HUNDRED SOURCES HE CREDITED JACK (WALLAPAI) CLARK WITH KILLING THE APACHE KID. LATER IN "LONE WAR TRAIL OF THE APACHE KID", HE HAD THE KID ESCAPE TO THE SIERRA MADRE IN MEXICO AND EVEN TOLD OF A RETURN VISIT TO THE SAN CARLOS RESERVATION. CHISHOLM DEBUNKS ALL OF THIS AND TELLS HOW THIS ELUSIVE DEVIL, A FORMER DISCIPLE OF ARMY SCOUT AL SIEBER, WAS HUNTED DOWN DESPITE ALL OF THE CUNNING THAT THE WOLF CAUTION KID COULD EMPLOY. ONLY SLAUGHTER'S UNBELIEVEABLE MEMORY FOR SIGNS AND TRACES DECIDED THE ISSUE AND THE DEADLY "RENEGADE'S" REIGN OF TERROR WAS ENDED.

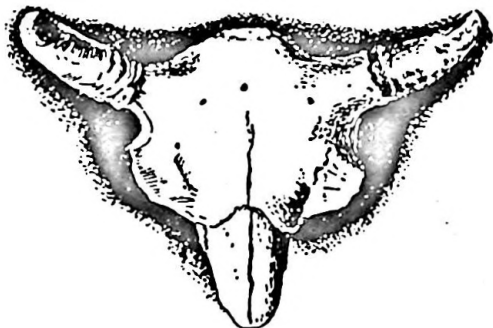
THIS MIGHT WELL CLIMAX THE BOOK AND THIS REVIEW BUT JOE'S STORY GOES ON THROUGH ED SCHIEFFLIN'S TOMBSTONE DISCOVERY, THROUGH "BAD MEN AND GOOD". HE TELLS OF THE INTREPID MEN WHO TAPPED THE GREAT TREASURE CHESTS OF THE FIJLES. \$700,000,000 OF MINERAL WEALTH WERE TAKEN FROM THE GROUND.

JOE WORKED IN SAWMILLS, SHIPYARDS, BEFORE THE MAST, PUNCHED CATTLE AND LABORED IN LUMBER YARDS. HE WORKED ON THE EDITORIAL STAFFS OF METROPOLITAN DAILIES FROM NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO AND EDITED SMALLER NEWSPAPERS ALL OVER THE SOUTHWEST. HE ALSO SERVED IN THE U. S. MARINE CORPS. HE KNEW JACK LONDON. BUT OF NONE OF THESE SO CALLED ACCOMPLISHMENTS WAS JOE AS PROUD AS HE WAS OF BEING CALLED A RED-BLOODED HARD-ROCK MINER.

JOE KNEW THE BAD MEN'S GIRLS, RED LIGHT NYMPHS, AND SCARLET LADIES, OF THE OLD FRONTIER. HE RECALLS THE RARING ROLES THEY PLAYED SO WELL.

BUY AND READ THIS ENTERTAINING, REALISTIC AND AUTHENTIC DESCRIPTION OF LIFE IN THE LAST OUTPOST OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST. I FOUND IT A LOT OF "HELLISH" GOOD FUN.

(PHILIP W. WHITELEY)



The BRAND BOOK

OFFICIAL ORGAN

THE WESTERNERS

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C.T.--THE SAGE OF THE ROCKIES

By Charles B. Roth

His full name was Chauncey Thomas but he always signed himself C. T. Then someone -- I think it was Lee Casey -- dubbed him "The Sage of the Rockies," and that from then on was his favorite name. Sage he had wanted to be for years, and sage he considered himself to the end of his life. But his emotions were confused, as the emotions of most of us are. So when he came to write his own epitaph -- which was found in a yellowed envelope pasted on the wall over his bed at the time of his death -- he referred to himself as a "mountain man." We whose grace it was to inter his ashes went all out for him -- and today if you don't mind a little climb when you reach the top of Berthoud Pass, which he immortalized long before the ski enthusiasts discovered it, you will find just above the highway the inscription, on the monolith marking his grave, designating him both as a mountain man and as "The Sage of the Rockies."

I am not sure whether he was a great man or not. Chances are he was not. I am not so certain of that, however, because no one who knew him well enough to penetrate the rather cold and austere exterior lines he maintained but was as much affected by him as by any other being, human or celestial.

In his own definition "a great man is one who changes the lives of those with whom he is thrown into contact -- and his greatness is measured by the number of lives he changes or the degree to which he changes them." Judged solely by the first half of that definition, C. T. was not a great man; he didn't, unfortunately, influence many people.

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But if you judge by the extent of his influence on a few people, he was the greatest man to certain of us that we ever knew.

I am going to try to show you why. I am going to try to draw you a Cromwellian portrait of the man. When I am done it is my most earnest desire that a real flesh and blood man, filled with strengths and weaknesses, with insights and blind spots, will have walked into this room.

In writing the story of artist-poet-humorist Oliver Herford, Julian Street asserted that whenever two members of the Players Club, to which Herford belonged, met after his death, no matter where they met, no matter under what conditions, before two minutes they would be discussing Oliver. This Julian Street took to be evidence enough that Oliver Herford was a great man, an extraordinary man. If you gauge C. T. by the same set of values, he also was a great man, an extraordinary man, for today, nine years after his death, whenever I am with someone who knew Chauncey, before long we're saying things like these: "What do you think Chauncey would say about Truman?" "I was thinking of Chauncey the other day. Do you remember the way ?" and so on. It's always Chauncey who brings us our most interesting moments together. And any man who, in this crass, busy, workaday, quick-to-forget world, can do this I contend is a personality.

Yet his life in itself was certainly one of those "short and simple annals of the poor." We'll get over our vital statistics in very short order: he was born in Denver, the son of the first city editor of the Rocky Mountain News, which was founded by his uncle, W. N. W. Byers. The year of his birth was 1872. With the exception of a brief stay in Cripple Creek, one in Kansas City, two longer stays in New York City, a few extended trips to Middle Park when he was a boy, Denver was his home all his life. He was a newspaper reporter, a bank teller, a short story writer, an expert gunman, and a genius after Walt Whitman's own great heart who could "loaf and invite his soul," which he did in a succession of attic rooms scattered throughout the Capitol Hill district.

There probably wasn't a week during his whole life when he was not on the most intimate terms with poverty. During his last three or four years he lived in a cubbyhole room on the third floor of a decrepit

mansion on Grant Street. It was the cheapest, the smallest, the most undesirable room in the house. To reach it you have to make a detour through the bathroom. Since the place had become a populous third-grade rooming house with fourth-grade sanitary facilities, the bathroom was almost continuously in use. If you were trying to visit Chauncey, you had to wait for a brief break in the traffic -- and dash in. Which was bad enough. But if you were Chauncey, you lived in a virtual state of immurement.

Those were the physical surroundings under which he lived. For you and me they would quickly bring on a state of frustration and self-pity. But the Sage was above such things. He had adjusted himself to his way of life so perfectly that wherever he had himself, there he found contentment. He knew how to enjoy what he called the best company in the world -- himself.

Eventually, under tragic conditions which will be described in due time, he died in that tiny room by his own hand. This was in September, 1941. He was 69 years old.

What had he accomplished? Well, he had written maybe half a dozen short stories, one of which, he was sure, was destined to live -- "The Snow Story;" an epic in the Victor Hugo style, of a frontier mailman named Mason, a desperado named Salarado, and a snowslide on Berthoud Pass. He wrote a few other stories, none of them of the quality of "The Snow Story." For several years -- at the magnificent rate of ten bucks a throw -- he wrote brilliant and provocative essays for a local magazine called OUTDOOR LIFE. These appeared under the title of "Campfire Talks," and are really distinguished bits of writing and thinking; too distinguished for the audience which read them, including the editor of the magazine who confessed they were too deep for him but if the readers didn't squawk he would continue to publish them. They sank into swift and undeserved oblivion.

If you look at C. T.'s life, judge it strictly by achievements or bank balance, the man offers you nothing. Why then do I have the presumption to ask you to listen to me while I discuss the career of a man who was, obviously, by modern, by dollar, by sensible, by fame standards, such a failure?

I'll tell you: it was because he was one of those rare human beings, a man who would think!

He never touched a subject that after he touched it was cloudy or commonplace. He never uttered a sentence that was banal. He never thought as the crowd thinks. Wherefore the men who liked him most were men who themselves lived in a realm of thought and liked thought. He didn't reach many such persons, for the simple reason that there aren't many such persons. It didn't matter. Like the old Roman who asked "only for a fit audience, if a few," with the few in his life C. T. was willing to share his mind, to give liberally of everything he owned. The others, regardless of who they were, he denied entrance into his circle.

Some of the things he did with his mind astound me even now. He seemed endowed with prescience that enabled him to see many things clearly while others were groping to get a glimpse of them.

Ten years before Pearl Harbor, for example, he took an hour to tell me about our forthcoming war with Japan. To predict war with Japan, I admit, didn't take a prophet -- only a reader of Hearst papers. But C. T. was no repeater of newspaper war scare stories. He went deeply into all phases of the subject. With the precision of a military man he told me just how the attack would take place and approximately when -- a quick thrust at the Hawaiian Islands, the capture of the Philippines, then an assault on our defenseless West Coast. He was right in every detail, except that Japan's leaders would falter and lack the sense to press their advantage. C. T. died three months before Pearl Harbor.

Another: in 1930, a Polish nobleman, Count Korzybski, announced a new science -- General Semantics; the science of organized common-sense, of clear thinking. Some of you know what has happened to General Semantics. It has become an overpowering influence in the lives of scores of intelligent persons, and Korzybski is hailed for his great achievement in human thought. As early as 1920, C. T. was propounding and outlining the tenets of this General Semantics to me -- and doing it with much more clarity and precision than I have found in the works of Korzybski, Hayakawa, Stuart Chase, and others.

Now and then, to be sure, the Sage of the Rockies, being human, hence fallible, went off on tangents and got himself mixed up in box canyons. Which caused many persons to put him down as a mere crackpot. There was the dustbowl of the Thirties, for instance. C. T. saw coming out of the dust bowl the return to desert of the entire West; saw Denver a ghost town; saw the end of the Western dream of empire. All would be engulfed by the sand and dust. He said Denver was doomed, Colorado was doomed, the West was doomed. Since then you've witnessed three-dollar wheat, flying farmers, pairs of Cadillacs in every farmyard -- all things to disprove the good old Sage. Even such evidence, however, wouldn't abash him, because he painted on a large canvass -- and where-as you and I look at life in terms of five,--ten years, C. T., as befits a real sage, was trying to see 500 years into the future, yes, 5,000. Maybe, in the end, he will have the last laugh.

I think from what I have said thus far you will see what a difficult task I have in trying to put the old chap into this room for you. As I reflect upon it, it's too difficult a job even for me to tackle. So in place of telling you what I think of him, I am going to follow the wiser course of letting him put himself into this paper.

Some years ago the New England biographer Gamaliel Bradford evolved a new technique in biography which he called psychography -- literally a combination of psychology and biography. That seems to me to be the only medium that will do justice to the Sage of the Rockies. It's a simple enough technique: in place of studying your subject, evaluating his words and acts and giving your opinion of each, you catch him at unguarded moments and let him talk for himself. You are careful, however, that he doesn't know he is telling his story, since most autobiographies are worthless because of their self-consciousness. So you catch your man on the wing, at odd moments; you pick up snatches of letters he wrote to intimate friends, before whom he doesn't have to show off; you lay in wait for him and get candid shots when he doesn't suspect there's a photographer around.

And if you do your work well enough, you have a psychograph.

In following this method with C. T. I have all the help in the world. During the last five or six years of his life, he wrote me almost daily letters, covering every fact of his and the world's life.

These I preserved to the last word. They fill seven large volumes; over a million words; the full story of a man's life and mind written down hour by hour as he lived and thought it. The whole man is here -- his warts and weaknesses, his nobilities and nonsensicalities, his most profound moments and his most foolish. If I am skillful enough in extracting the right words to portray C. T. you'll have a good idea of how he was to us who knew him in his life.

But I hardly know where to start. You see, this man was so well informed in so many fields that he attracted to himself votaries from each, and no matter what I select to tell you about him, I can't possibly satisfy those who knew him on so many divergent levels. For instance, he was a profound and lifelong scholar of Shakespeare. Can I very well omit references to Shakespeare in my psychograph? Or international relations -- there also he was learned. But where can I start or stop if I include this subject? He was the highlight writer of his day on outdoor lore -- camping, fishing, hunting. I can't very well leave that out, can I? He was a critic of literature and poetry, a poet of sorts himself and a writer of trenchant prose. Those who knew him for his interest in literature are going to feel slighted if I don't portray his great knowledge of their enthusiasm. See what I'm up against? But I think the only thing for me to do is to give you a superficial sampling of his thought in just a few fields, which I am going to have to select arbitrarily, because they appeal more to me.

From now on, except for transition sentences to bring you into the various subjects and phases of his life I want him to show you, the rest of this will be in the actual words of the Sage of the Rockies himself.

As an opener I think maybe his own estimation of himself and of his life would be right. Like all persons who live much by themselves and are perhaps disappointed in their lives, C. T. became introverted, and wrote and talked more about himself than about anything else, often to the point, in some persons' eyes, of egotism. Here are some of the things he thought about himself:

"Chances are my whole life was shaped by an accident which occurred to me before I was old enough to remember. When I was 3 years old

the light went out of my left eye forever. A pair of scissors did it. That little bit of steel cost me its weight in diamonds. Barred from the Army and Navy, from railroads and practically all corporations, from all civil service positions in city, state, and nation; from practically all machinery; from games such as football and baseball, I naturally turned to two things -- books and the great outdoors. Now that I cannot work or read much by artificial light, all that is left is my silent lazy thought and Nature.

"I never got along very well in school. I was constantly asking the teacher 'Why?' or 'How do you know that is true?' and as the only answer the usual teacher can give is: 'Because it is in the book and you must say what it does,' -- 'Well, who wrote the book and how did he know?' So far as I could ever see a book is only a newspaper folded smaller and thicker between two pieces of pasteboard, and I've written both for books and newspapers. Two words for the same thing. And no way you can fold a printed piece of paper will increase or lower the truth of what is printed on it that I can see, or could ever see, even as a school boy.

"Kind friends of mine are wont to remark that I have a fine mind and that I am lazy. Neither assertion is correct, for each is the result of the other. It works this way: if I read something in a book, or a friend makes a remark in which a whole volume is condensed, that sets me to thinking and next day I chew and chew and chew it all over mentally, usually flat on my back, as I think best when every muscle is relaxed. First, the new idead must be tested and retested. Is it correct? How does it compare with other things I have heard, read, or think I know?

"Often a fatal flaw will suddenly shine forth in it all; then the matter is dismissed, and forgotten. This takes time, perhaps an hour, perhaps whole days or a night. If the new thought, this digested, is apparently correct, then how can it be used?

"Writing it down on paper is to the whole work about what putting dinner on the table is to collecting the raw material, cleaning and cooking it. A deer somewhere in the forest compared to a venison steak smoking hot about to be brought in on a platter is perhaps a good example.

"Circumstances for a year prevented me from studying and my head ran dry. Suddenly I found I was written out. The typewriter was mute. When I forced it, it kicked, jerked and sputtered, but it would not turn out readable English. I was like a rooster trying to lay an egg. The effort was all right but the results did not amount to much. Lazy bird."

THE WEST

Next to himself, maybe the subject closest to the Sage was the West, because he was of the West, by the West, and I doubt if he had many thoughts which were not tinged by his heritage. But he had no blind worship for the West or of Western men or institutions or traditions. To the contrary, he was a persistent debunker of Western lore. He laughed at the bravery of Western heroes, and Indian fighters and frontiersmen to him were no more bold than subway riders in New York City. Western pioneers to him were not heroes striding the unsullied earth, empire builders: they were money grubbers interested only in making a profit. And the frontier gunmen, heroes of your youth, were murderers who made their reputations shooting down drunks or unarmed boys. He did, however, have some admiration for what he called the Old American, and plead his case eloquently in these words:

"Nothing lives forever. In the lowest form of life only a few seconds elapse between birth and death; more evolved, we find man living his three score and ten.

"The horse developed in America, only to disappear, and came with the Spaniard. In our own short day we have seen the buffalo go, closely followed by his parasite the Indian. Behind the buffalo rode the Indian, behind the Indian trailed the ox wagons of the Old American, and now behind the Old American crowds the European.

"Instead of the Old American absorbing the immigrant, the immigrant is Europeanizing America. True we all came from the immigrant, but the Old American was born and bred, developed by an iron law of exterminating the unfit -- and on the frontier. When the frontiers of our country disappeared then and there was written the doom of the Old American.

"Let us look at this man.

"First and foremost the Old American was a man of the frontier. He was individualistic to the last degree. He could take his rifle and alone search out the upper reaches of the Missouri, penetrate to the center of Alaska, or drift down the Grand Canon of the Colorado.

"When our free land went and America began to pass from under the influence of the outdoors and the Old American and became subjected to the influence of the city, his time had come. Europe for centuries has been a huge city, and today America has become the same. And in the city, the pent up, the crowded city, the Old American dies out as does the hawk in the cage."

I wonder what the Sage would think if he could return today and watch the apparent socialization of America go on apace.

GUNS

During his lifetime he was an acknowledged authority on certain phases of guns and marksmanship; a fact which earned him his living for several years and gave him about as much pride as his enthusiasm for his own mind. As a boy, living with elbows touching the frontier, he became enamored of the Colt "Peacemaker" revolver, and made a career of it, although he was a rifle authority and expert as well. Shotguns he abhorred, although his brother was trapshooting champion of Colorado for a decade; "squaw guns" he called them. But the .45 single-action Colt -- there was a gun for you, the only gun for a real man to carry. During the heyday of revolver shooting in Denver, an era which produced world champions like McCutchen and Bitterley, Chauncey alone could shoot the big .45. Other marksmen were champions with the puny .38 Special; he alone was master of the giant among handguns.

All his life he had guns near him. I recollect during the trough of the depression when he had an even harder time to eke out an existence, I called at his room. Proudly he handed me a rifle he had just acquired; shamefaced he was, too, because he knew and I knew he shouldn't be spending any money for firearms. But he apologized his shame away by reminding me, "Dammit, Roth, a man has to have something to love!"

His comments on guns and the part they played in his life throw a different shade of light on the Sage of the Rockies, so listen while he tells about the guns in his life.

"My first gun was a .22 revolver. I promptly shot myself with it but I had, and still have, a Spartan mother. She answered a fussy neighbor woman who warned her I'd kill myself if she let me have fire-arms with this: 'I have three boys and am willing to kill one of them to make men of the other two.'

"So she cured me up, strapped a bigger sixshooter on me, hoisted me on the cowpony, and sent me out after cattle on the plains. This was in 1881. I was not yet ten years old.

"I got a reputation with a .45 because I learned how to adjust both the gun itself and its loads. I used hand-made cartridges, lead bullet and black powder. Factory cartridges in the .45 give about 8-inch groups at 50 yards. Mine gave 3-inch. Hence I easily won against all comers.

"The frontier is filled with myths, and shooting is the greatest. The fact is that we shoot today about as accurately at all distances with a revolver as the Old Timers did with the rifle, their special target rifles excepted. I myself can hit a man with a revolver once in five shots at 300 yards, which was very good rifle shooting on the frontier.

"Most frontier shooting scrapes wound up in misses on both sides. The miss was the rule. The hit the exception. The kill was very much the exception. The frontier duel you read so much about existed 99% in the dime novel. I knew men who lived and died on the frontier, from boyhood to over 70, who never owned a gun, did not know how to shoot one, and never needed one.

"Of course there were frontier killers, scapegoats who made killing a vocation. But they were mediocre revolver shots."

WOMEN

If there was any one area of thought where the Sage of the Rockies

had the darkest blind spots it was women. I knew him for years, always regarded him as a confirmed bachelor, before I learned of his brief marriage (it lasted two weeks) while living in New York City. I don't think it was this unsatisfactory experience as a benedick, however, which caused him to take such a dim view toward women. I think it stemmed from childhood and that all his life he felt a little bit inferior to them and hence afraid of them. To compensate for these feelings he spent his lifetime disparaging the sex, in a good-humored but sardonic way. And yet in his youth he must have been attractive to them. He was handsome, dashing, intelligent. In the Denver Museum of History, there's a profile picture of C. T. at 19. You will have to go to the marble of Phidias to find handsomer mein or features on a youth. But little good his appearance did girls, because his thoughts were fixed toward them and ran like this:

"A woman hater is a man who does not care to become the silent partner in a twin factory. Perhaps he has other things to do than sprinkle squalls and noiseless swear words over the nut shells on the floor between midnight and dawn. Not all men can best serve their race with their muscles and loins. Some of their best work is with their heads. And the first necessity of the best brain work is freedom. This is of course just another way of saying concentration. No two elements in one's life can be of equal importance and if one's brain work is made second to anything else, even to love and babies, then other brains easily outstrip it. The thinker must be free, or stop thinking and become merely a muscle or a money machine.

"The fact of the matter is that thinking is one thing, breeding is another. The two seldom if ever go together for the best results."

Thus he wrote, thus he spoke, so it is astonishing to find in him even a shred of sentiment toward women. But what would you think of a sage who would discover the kind of woman no one else discovered -- the Cloud Woman? Know who she is? Here is how he describes her:

"The thinker is necessarily analytical and as a mental habit he analyzes every woman who attracts his attention. In her he finds all the world-old traits that make the human race -- and sometimes he finds the Cloud Woman.

"When he is young he expects to find her in some one form, but as the years roll along he comes to know that she looks at him for an instant from the old woman at the news stand, then he sees no more of her for months. Suddenly she beams at him from over a violin, and vanishes. Again she comes in the garb of a nurse, bending over him with a glass of water. But she is never long in one body, at least to the thinker. Coolly he calls her a 'quality' for want of a better term. Some men find her in the flesh all life long, or, what is perhaps more true, in their loving imagination. But to them it is the same thing of course. An illusion that is not discovered remains a fact."

But suppose we leave him with his Cloud Woman and go on to epigrams.

EPIGRAMS

He had a peculiar habit that gave his correspondence interest and delight. On the back of the envelope in which he sent you a letter, he'd write you an epigram. I have dozens of them, some more pointed than others, but all showing lively thinking. He believed in, admired, practiced concise writing, so the epigram was to him a beautiful chance to try his skill. Because I want to give you a sampling of his mind, I think you would be interested in some of his epigrammatical expression. Consider these.

"Worry is the silliest of sins."

"Those who agree with us have good judgment."

"The more the wise have to worry about the less they worry -- that's what makes them wise. Who tries to dry oceans?"

"Mix the acid of irony with the caustic of sarcasm to make the salt of commonsense."

"Bad company can be explained but not believed -- the collie caught with the coyotes is hunting a lost sheep."

"Glass and cloth hold joy and woe. Drink joy and find woe."

"A man's opinions may be worthless but his reasons invaluable. That is, he may draw the wrong conclusion from correct data, like a dog fighting a mirror."

"Sentiment is the sediment of sense."

"Beware of the man of one gun, one woman, one book -- he is one-sided."

"Silence makes the talker argue with his echo."

"Riches is not having what you want, but not having what you don't want."

"One can use but one -- why more."

"Deception comes in the ear and goes out the mouth. But the deadliest, self-deception, stays in."

PHILOSOPHY

As he grew older and after the tag of "Sage of the Rockies" was pinned on him and he found it so becoming, he turned more and more to philosophical ruminations; in other words, became a man who found a philosophy. He also found serenity and a sense of satisfaction at having been Chauncey Thomas and living Chauncey Thomas' life.

Never one to be mellow, always one to admire grimness and the hardness -- iron hard he wanted to be, he always said -- he nevertheless softened up enough to write these little sagas of satisfaction about his life and what it held for him:

"Diogenes was the wisest man who ever lived. He must be an ancestor of mine. The two things I love best on earth are personal liberty and silence. These this cell of mine gives perfectly. 'Home was never like this.' I'm content. Lack of dollars confines me here close. Happiness is not in chasing pleasure but in avoiding pain. I'm content. Few men know they are happy till too late. I am right now. Never happier in my life."

"I read a story when a boy. A man had been struck at by a big sword. He stepped aside. The sword broke on a rock. The way to keep trouble away is to keep away from it. Don't take the bait and the hook can't take you. Wise old Asia knew that before I did: I filched it from her.

"How to do it? All very fine, but how and now? Simple. Election is coming: I'll not vote. War -- and I'll shrug. Inflation? Leave money alone and handle goods. Big meeting? Stay home. Crowd? Stay out of it. Auto smash -- stroll along. Didn't see it. Good citizen? Don't be a citizen at all, just an observer -- and silent. Like duck hunting. They keep you on the fly to pot you. Calmly floating down

the middle, dive when the guns go off, fly in the dark -- 'tis well. Don't fly with the flock but above it, alone and serene. The stars don't hunt.

"I sometimes think the tramp is the wisest man there is. He spends all he gets on himself. Has no old age or illness (just dies, but all do). Owns nothing -- sees lots. No worries and perfect liberty -- the finest thing in life, bar none.

"The more I see the better satisfied I am with my life -- how I lived it. Unconsciously I creamed off far more than I put in. Had an endurable living, travelled 50,000 miles, won enough fame to feed vanity. I'm 67 almost and practically done -- nothing can matter much now -- can always bump off ... will soon anyway -- all things do. Hate to leave the hills behind but others have. And will. Can't have it all. I've had more than mine. One thing gives huge comfort -- I have no rainbows to chase.

"'Tis only imagination that enables us to get along. Have been looking idly at the cover of the atlas, on the floor. The marks we draw are not on the globe but in our minds. Longitude, latitudes, state lines, nations, none of these exist outside our imagination. Yet these are the things whereby we live. There are no poles, no equators, not a mark on the ice, sea, or land. There is no north, south, east, west, all is just away from the center of the earth, but such words' run is minute by minute. I'm waiting for a piece of wood I call a check. The wood exists. The check does not, for the paper is but wood. 'Tis a dream we live in. A woman is just a woman; a wife is imaginary. Some words, some opinions last for a little while -- that is all. But weigh them. Maybe children playing house, dream not more than we. Take a flag, a piece of wood -- what is the rest? Where is it? Cany anything exist out of space? If it fills no space it does not exist. You and I live for and by idols -- heathen god made of mud, but where is the god?"

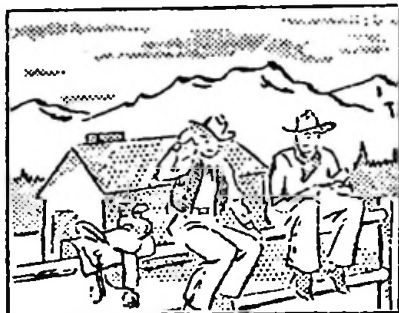
I am afraid the sampling of the Sage's mind which I have been able to give you here has been terribly inadequate -- but what can you do when you have to compass nearly 70 years of thought into a few minutes of time, catch thousands of shades of meaning and make them come to life clearly?

And now for the final chapter, the tragic chapter. He always told me that, if certain conditions came to pass, he would end his life, but I thought he was just talking to hear himself. "It's my life, isn't it?" he would say. "I can do with it what I want, can't I?" He had another favorite theme -- it was concision in expressing oneself. Many times I recollect he would ask me if I knew the shortest short story ever written. "It contains only four words," he would say, and add: "My husband! My God!" That was his ideal, to pack a world of meaning into a few words.

The last short story he wrote was shorter by 50 per cent than the ideal, for it contained only two words. They found it on a scrap of paper in his cubicle when they discovered his body. It read: "Stroke -- agony." He had written it and then, with a .45-90 Winchester rifle, purchased by the First National Bank of Leadville in the Eighties to protect against a threatened robbery, but never fired, he sent a heavy slug intended for moose or grizzly bear or bank robbers through his magnificent white-maned head. So that was the end -- or was it? Who knows but maybe the Sage's ideas will grow until one day to the whole world he will be what he was to a small select group -- a man in whose mind resided the wisdom of the ages?

That would please but not surprise him -- it was what he secretly always expected.

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TRAIL DUST

FROM THE

DENVER CORRAL

Thomas H. Ferril will have two new poems coming up in Harper's Magazine, one in Pacific Spectator and one currently in Poetry, Chicago.

"It has been noted (as an observer, of course) that Wyoming slot machines are not paying off as they did under fine old competitive Republican operations. Advice to possemen: (No guarantee) No change for a stranger." Anonymous.

The Denver Post Sunday department, under the direction of E. Howe and Bill Barker, is currently sweating out a work of some general historical interest--a new and officially approved history of the Denver Post. A lively story, as you may know. It will appear in the form of an eighty-page 9" x 12" book in full color. Expect it by mid-May.

Wm. M. Raine and Bill Barker announce with beamish pride the publication (at long last) of "Boldly They Rode, A History of the First Colorado Regiment," by Ovardo Hollister. This is the replica edition of the scarce diary--history which originally was issued in 1863 as a limited edition. Golden Press, Lakewood, is the publisher, and this is their first book.

Corresponding member Merrill J. Wattes of Omaha, Nebraska, has been designated Regional Historian of the National Park Service, in charge of all historical and archeological matters in a 14-state area--Montana, Wyoming, Colorado--east to Michigan and Indiana. For the present, at least, he will continue to direct the historical phase of the Missouri River Basin Survey Program.

Past Sheriff "Doc" Collins recently received the following informative letter from the WESTERNERS, Los Angeles corral:

"Our new officers are as follows: Sheriff, Paul Bailey; Deputy Sheriff, Don Louis Perceval; Round-up Foreman, Homer Boelter; Registrar of Marks and Brands, Bert Olson again elected; Assistant Registrar, Arthur Clark, Jr.; Wranglers, the four hustling men, Lonnie Hull, John Waddell, James Gardiner, Harry James; and, as you may have surmised, I was hoisted into the saddle again as corresponding secretary.

"Our 1949 BRAND BOOK undoubtedly will not be out for some time. There will be a good many illustrations for the fifteen or so articles and one of the high-spots of this issue will be the almost complete bibliography and pictorial record of Charlie Russell's bronzes. Lonnie Hull, official photographer, is doing the photographing and a very good job too, but it takes time and he is very exacting. We think this issue will be out of print shortly after publication.

"This year we hope to issue again our magazine The Branding Iron, at least quarterly. I cannot say at this time whether it will be printed or mimeographed but at least the

attempt will be made to do more on it than last year, which, probably, saw the apex of printing costs.

"Our retiring sheriff, Homer Boelter, at his last official meeting was presented with an original oil painting done by member Clarence Ellsworth. We have had three very capable sheriffs and from the looks of things, Paul Bailey is going to carry on.

"I forgot to mention that four new honorary members were elected last year--Dr. F.W. Hodge, Frank King, Lee Shippey, and Bruce Kiskaddon. Regular membership remains at fifty.

"I wish to thank you again for the monthly Brand Books that have come so regularly. The papers you put out are a real contribution to western history, and, I must admit, are not outdone by any chapter. The Trail Dust column is most interesting and a very good way to put out news of your chapter. The book reviews are tops and hope you continue them. I don't think you will run out of material for a long time with such authorities as Walter Gann, Nolie Mumey, Fred Rosenstock, J.E. Haley, William McLeod Raine, LeRoy Hafen, etc., among your members.

"In behalf of the Los Angeles chapter of WESTERNERS, I wish you another very successful year.

Merrell Kitchen."

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CHUCK WAGON BOOK REVIEWS

DENVER, SOUTH PARK AND PACIFIC, BY

MR. C. POOR. PUBLISHED BY THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN RAILROAD CLUB. PRINTED BY THE WORLD PRESS, DENVER, 1950.

\$12.50. 493 PAGES; 203 ILLUSTRATIONS; 23 MAPS AND CHARTS INCLUDING FOUR IN POCKET PLUS A MINIATURE TIME-TABLE; INDEX AND BIBLIOGRAPHY.

THIS LONG AWAITED VOLUME BY M.C. POOR, A CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE WESTERNERS, IS A SIGNIFICANT ADDITION TO WESTERN AMERICANA. LIKE H.O. BRAYERS' "WILLIAM BLACKMORE", THIS BOOK IS WRITTEN FOR A SPECIFIC CLASS OF READER. MR. POOR IS WRITING FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE WHO KNOW AND LOVE THE "OLD SOUTH PARK". THE BOOK WILL ALSO PROVE INVALUABLE AS A REFERENCE WORK TO ANYONE STUDYING COLORADO RAILROAD HISTORY, PARTICULARLY FOR THE YEARS 1868-1905. IT IS EXCELLENTLY PRINTED, BOUND AND ILLUSTRATED. THE LARGE PAGE SIZE (8½ x 11) ALLOWS THE ABUNDANT PHOTOGRAPHS TO BE REPRODUCED UP TO 8 x 10 INCHES. THE MAPS AND CHARTS WERE DONE ESPECIALLY FOR THE BOOK AND PAINSTAKINGLY AUTHENTICATED.

MR. POOR HAS STRUCK AN EXCELLENT BALANCE IN HIS PRESENTATION OF RECORDED FACT, LOGICAL CONJECTURE, NOSTALGIC REMINISCENCE AND INTERESTING DETAIL.

THE AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL INTENT WAS TO WRITE A HISTORY OF THE D.S.P. & P TO BE PUBLISHED AS A BULLETIN BY THE RAILWAY AND LOCOMOTIVE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS. HOWEVER, THE WEALTH OF MATERIAL UNEARTHED AND THE DESIRE OF THE AUTHOR TO PRESENT THE WHOLE PICTURE RENDERED ANY LIMITED TREATMENT IMPOSSIBLE. THIS WAS A MOST

FORTUNATE DEVELOPMENT AS THE TWELVE YEARS SPENT IN THE ASSEMBLY AND PRESENTATION OF THIS WORK HAVE RESULTED IN A RAILROAD HISTORY THAT HAS BEEN SELDOM, IF EVER, EQUALLED. FROM THE INCEPTION OF THE FIRST RAILROAD TO OPERATE IN COLORADO THROUGH THE INTENSELY COMPLEX PERIOD OF THE SEVENTIES AND EIGHTIES TO THE LAST RUN OF THE SOUTH PARK FROM DENVER TO LEADVILLE IN APRIL, 1937, THE ABANDONMENT OF THE CLEAR CREEK LINE IN 1941, AND ENDING WITH THE STANDARD GAUGING OF THE LEADVILLE CLIMAX SECTION IN AUGUST, 1943, ALL PHASES OF THE FINANCING, BUILDING AND OPERATING OF THIS ROAD AND ASSOCIATED LINES ARE COVERED WITH AMAZING THOROUGHNESS AND DETAIL.

AS A REFERENCE WORK THERE IS MUCH OF VALUE NOT ORDINARILY FOUND IN A WORK OF THIS TYPE. IN ADDITION TO THE USUAL ROSTER OF LOCOMOTIVES AND EQUIPMENT ONE CAN FIND THE NUMBER OF TIES PER MILE IN EACH SECTION, COMPLETE BREAKDOWN OF GRADES AND CURVATURE FOR ALL MILEAGE, DETAILED ROSTER OF ALL STATIONS AND SIDINGS COMPLETE WITH NAME DERIVATIONS, ALL STRUCTURES AND MUCH OTHER RELATED DATA.

MR. POOR'S STYLE IS EASY AND INTERESTING IF NOT ALWAYS LITERARY. ASIDE FROM A TREND TO OVERLONG SENTENCES THE GRAMMAR AND CONSTRUCTION ARE GOOD. THE PROOF WAS WELL READ AND FEW ERRORS APPEAR. WHILE SOURCE REFERENCES ARE GIVEN IN A NON-STANDARD AND OFTEN CRYPTIC FORM, WHICH NO DOUBT WILL ANNOY SOME PURISTS, ALL SOURCES ARE FOOTNOTED FOR REFERENCE. THERE IS LITTLE THAT MUST BE TAKEN AT FACE VALUE, WITHOUT AUTHORITY. THE OUTSTANDING CRITICISM OF THIS BOOK IS THE TENDENCY TO REPEAT CERTAIN DETAILED PASSAGES. FOR EXAMPLE, IN DISCUSSING THE JOINT OPERATING AGREEMENT OF 1879 THE AUTHOR QUOTES THE AGREEMENT VERBATIM IN APPROXIMATELY 92 LINES. HIS "STRIPPED OF LEGAL PHRASES AND CONDENSED INTO SHORT FORM" ACCOUNT TAKES UP 91 LINES.

HOWEVER, THIS IS NOT TOO SERIOUS A FAULT AS THE FACTS MUST BE PAINSTAKINGLY RELATED TO BE CORRECTLY EVALUATED.

THE EVENTS LEADING UP TO THE INCEPTION OF THE SOUTH PARK ARE VERY OBJECTIVELY EXAMINED. THE BITTER RIVALRY OF

GOVERNOR JOHN EVANS OF DENVER AND WM. A.H. LOVELAND OF GOLDEN GIVES US A PICTURE OF RUGGED INDIVIDUALISTS FIGHTING WITH EVERY MEANS AT THEIR COMMAND. UNFORTUNATELY, THE LACK OF ADEQUATE LOCAL CAPITAL MADE THE GOLDEN INTERESTS EASY PREY FOR THE UNION PACIFIC, WHICH AT THAT TIME (1872) GAINED CONTROL OF THE COLORADO CENTRAL LARGELY ON PROMISES. LOVELAND STRUGGLED BRAVELY TO MAINTAIN SOME INDEPENDENCE OF ACTION, BUT WAS FORCED TO THE WALL AND RETIRED FROM THE SCENE HAVING THWARTED GOVERNOR EVANS IN HIS ATTEMPT TO GAIN THE MOUNTAIN TRADE FOR DENVER THROUGH CLEAR CREEK. EVANS FORMED THE D.S.P. & P., IN 1873, AND STRUCK OFF TOWARD LEADVILLE UP THE SOUTH PLATTE AFTER ESTABLISHING THE MORRISON LINE. THE VENTURE PROVED SO HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL THAT IT PAID DIVIDENDS BEFORE COMPLETION, DUE TO THE LEADVILLE BOON. THIS SUCCESS SO ATTRACTED JAY GOULD THAT HE EXERTED EVERY EFFORT TO GAIN CONTROL OVER THE SOUTH PARK, WHICH HE DID IN THE LATE SUMMER OF 1879. IN 1879 THE ROAD EARNED A NET PROFIT OF \$902,745, AND IN 1880 THE ROAD EARNED \$996,621 NET ON 150 MILES OF ROAD.

HOW GOULD OBTAINED CONTROL AT THAT TIME IS NOT CLEAR, AS HE DID NOT HAVE A LARGE AMOUNT OF THE STOCK, BUT HE DID DICTATE POLICY. IN NOVEMBER 1880 GOULD BOUGHT OUT EVANS AND THE DENVER GROUP. SINCE HE ALREADY OWNED HALF OF THE D. & R.G., PURCHASED IN SEPTEMBER 1879, HE CONTROLLED MOST OF THE COLORADO TRAFFIC. HE PLAYED ONE ROAD AGAINST THE OTHER TO HIS OWN ADVANTAGE, AT THE SAME TIME INFLECTING ALMOST IRREPARABLE DAMAGE TO BOTH ROADS. THROUGH HIS INFLUENCE ON THE U.P., THAT ROAD PURCHASED THE SOUTH PARK IN JANUARY 1881 AT A HANDSOME PROFIT TO GOULD. ABSENTEE OWNERSHIP AND SHORTSIGHTED POLICY SO WEAKENED THE ROAD THAT COLLAPSE WAS INEVITABLE AND RECEIVERSHIP FOLLOWED. DESPITE A PERIOD OF EXCELLENT MANAGEMENT WITH FRANK TRUMBULL AS RECEIVER AND LATER CONSOLIDATIONS AND DIFFERENT OWNERSHIPS, THE NARROW GAUGE DID NOT PAY, THOUGH IT HUNG ONTO A SPARK OF LIFE FOR MANY YEARS. THE FINANCIAL RUIN CAUSED BY GOULD, AIDED BY THE DECLINE OF MINING AND THE ADVENT OF THE AUTOMOBILE AND TRUCK PREVENTED REHABILITATION, AND THE OLD EQUIPMENT AND MEN FINALLY WORE OUT.

AS TOLD BY THE MEN WHO RAN THE LINE AND THE NUMEROUS NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS OF ITS BUILDING AND OPERATION ADD MUCH COLOR AND FLAVOR TO THE VOLUME. IN THIS MANNER A CERTAIN INFORMALITY IS MAINTAINED WITHOUT SACRIFICING HISTORICAL VALUES. MANY INCIDENTS IN THE BUILDING OF THE SOUTH PARK AND RELATED LINES ARE COLORFULLY RELATED.

TO ONE NOT FAMILIAR WITH THE SOUTH PARK A REVIEW CANNOT INDICATE THE SCOPE OF THIS WORK. IN ADDITION TO THE SOUTH PARK THIS BOOK COVERS VERY THOROUGHLY THE COLORADO CENTRAL RR, THE DENVER AND MIDDLE PARK, THE UNION PACIFIC DENVER AND GULF, THE GEORGETOWN, BRECKENRIDGE AND LEADVILLE, GOLDEN CITY AND SOUTH PLATTE RR, DENVER SOUTH PARK AND HILLTOP RY, AND SEVERAL OTHERS.

THE SOUTH PARK WAS THE ARCHTYPEAL NARROW MOUNTAIN RAILROAD AND THIS BOOK IS THE DEFINITIVE TREATMENT OF IT.

MR. POOR GIVES IN HIS PREFACE, THE FOLLOWING DESCRIPTION OF THE PERSONNEL NEEDED TO WRITE A COMPLETE RAILROAD HISTORY: "THE DIFFICULTY OF COMPILING AND PRESENTING A COMPLETE AND WELL-ROUNDED MANUSCRIPT ON THE ORIGIN, CONSTRUCTION, AND MANAGEMENT OF A RAILROAD SHOULD BE RECOGNIZED. TO PRODUCE SUCH A HISTORY, ONE NEEDS THE SERVICES OF A PHILADELPHIA LAWYER TO INTERPRET THE LEGAL ASPECTS OF THE ROAD'S CORPORATE HISTORY; A CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT TO UNTANGLE AND EXPLAIN ALL OF THE FINANCIAL RAMIFICATIONS; A STATISTICIAN TO COUNT TIES, SPIKES, TELEGRAPH POLES, BRIDGES, ETC.; AN ENGINEER TO REPORT ON CURVATURE, GRADES, AND WEIGHT OF RAIL; A MOTIVE POWER MAN WHO NEVER LOOKS AT EQUIPMENT BEHIND THE LOCOMOTIVE AND TENDER; A ROLLING STOCK ADDICT WHO NEVER LOOKS AT A TRAIN UNTIL THE ENGINE HAS PASSED; A DRAFTSMAN TO DRAW FINE MAPS; A COMBINATION DETECTIVE AND PHOTOGRAPHER TO FERRET OUT OLD PHOTOGRAPHS AND TAKE NEW ONES; A "BOOMER" WHO HAS WORKED HIMSELF UP FROM BRAKEMAN TO NIGHT YARDMASTER AT COMO (APOLOGIES TO POCATELLO) TO NOT TO MENTION A COLLEGE PROFESSOR WITH A DEGREE AS LONG AS A WHISTLE CORD TO ASSEMBLE THE MATERIAL PROPERLY, CORRECT MISSPELLING, AND PUT ALL THE PERIODS, COMMAS, HYPHENS, AND PARAGRAPHS IN THEIR PROPER PLACES."

THE PRESENTATION OF PERSONAL ANECDOTES

MR. POOR NEED MAKE NO APOLOGY FOR THE COMPLETENESS, ACCURACY OR QUALITY OF HIS WORK. IT STANDS BY ITSELF.

(CHARLES S. RYLAND)

ROCKY MOUNTAIN COUNTRY, BY ALBERT N.

WILLIAMS. DUELL, SLOAN & PEARCE, INC.
\$3.50.

"ROCKY MOUNTAIN COUNTRY" IS A FASCINATING BOOK BY ALBERT N. WILLIAMS, WHO IS ON THE UNIVERSITY OF DENVER'S RADIO DEPARTMENT FACULTY. IT IS ONE OF TWENTY AMERICAN FOLK WAYS BOOKS THAT HAVE BEEN PUBLISHED.

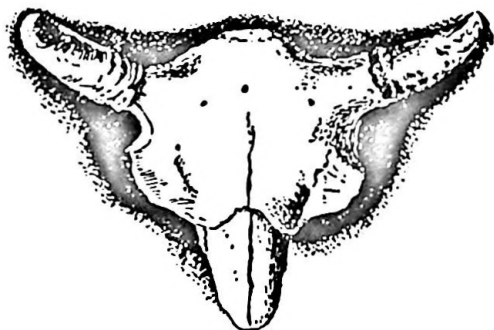
"ROCKY MOUNTAIN COUNTRY" DOES NOT INCLUDE THE ENTIRE ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANGE, THE AUTHOR EXPLAINS. THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS HE TALKS ABOUT ARE MAINLY IN COLORADO, ALTHOUGH THEY EXTEND OVER STATE BORDERS INTO SOUTHERN WYOMING AND NORTHERN NEW MEXICO.

THE STORY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN COUNTRY IS INTERESTINGLY TOLD BY THE STORIES OF THE MEN WHO HELPED TO MAKE ITS HISTORY. CORONADO MARCHES THROUGH ITS PAGES, TO BE FOLLOWED BY ZEBULON PIKE, STEPHEN H. LONG, THOMAS JEFFERSON FARNUM, JOHN C. FREMONT, JOHN GUNNISON AND MANY OTHERS. THE BOOK TELLS OF THE FUR TRADE AND THE MOUNTAIN MEN, THE GOLD RUSH AND THE PONY EXPRESS. IT IS HARD TO REALIZE THAT ONE STAGE COACH AND FREIGHTING COMPANY, OPERATING THROUGH THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN COUNTRY, USED NEARLY 4,000 VEHICLES, WITH OVER 40,000 OXEN AND SOME 5,000 MILES. THE PAYROLL HAD NEARLY 4,000 NAMES ON IT. BIG NAMES OF THE GOLD RUSH DAYS, THE SILVER AND LEAD STRIKES, CENTRAL CITY AND CRIPPLE CREEK, ALL FIND A PLACE IN "ROCKY MOUNTAIN COUNTRY."

THE BOOK REVEALS SOME AMAZING GEOGRAPHICAL CHANGES SINCE THE DAY OF THE MOUNTAIN MEN. FOR EXAMPLE, THE CACHE LA POUDE RIVER USED TO DRAIN INTO NORTH PARK, AND THE PLATTE RIVER RAN INTO THE MOUNTAINS BELOW DENVER. PROBABLY THESE ARE ONLY SLIPS OF THE TYPEWRITER, AND CAREFUL STUDY MIGHT REVEAL OTHERS, BUT THEY DO NOT DETRACT FROM THE INTERESTING HOURS SPENT IN READING THE BOOK.

THE GROWTH OF IRRIGATION AND AGRICULTURE AND THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN MAN OF TODAY CONCLUDE THE INTRIGUING VOLUME TO MAKE ONE THAT YOU WILL ENJOY READING, AND THAT YOU WILL BE GLAD TO HAVE IN YOUR LIBRARY FOR REFERENCE.

(ALONZO ELLSWORTH)



Map
The BRAND BOOK

OFFICIAL ORGAN

THE WESTERNERS

306 STATE MUSEUM BLDG.

DENVER 2, COLORADO

HAROLD H. DUNHAM, REGISTRAR OF MARKS AND BRANDS

Vol. 6

MARCH, 1950

No. 3

LAKE CITY

By Ray Colwell .

Any of us here tonight knows by sad experience that one of the most exasperating, as well as the most interesting, jobs we tackle is that of trying to dig out what actually happened in a particular locality and a given period, by correlating what has previously been printed. The memories of men are treacherous, and written reminiscences, especially if written by a third person on the basis of interviews long after the events, are exposed to the hazards of memory, transcription, editing and the bias of both the interviewer and his subject.

Among the best sources, of course, are contemporary newspapers, but one of the prime tenets of pioneer journalism was to always take the opposite side of a controversy from that upheld by the rival editors. If there is only one newspaper in the locality, one is spared some agony of mind, but when there are two papers in existence at the same time, as well as local correspondents for outside newspapers, confusion really exists.

So what I'm going to do tonight, for background purposes only, is to give a very sketchy resume of the major swings of depression and prosperity in Lake City over a period of three-quarters of a century, with no regard for the minor details. Then we'll have a few high-lights of life there. What I want to emphasize to you is a picture of life in a representative mining town of Colorado, in the last century, as it was lived by people no different than we are, but under vastly different conditions. That will require your cooperation in reading between the lines, and visualizing people and their surroundings as reflected in

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in their actions.

The story of Lake City is that of a typical mining community, with its alternating periods of exaltation and discouragement, but never despair, dependant solely upon the fortunes of mining and uncomplicated by any other factors such as agriculture, the cattle business, politics, or general industrial development. Lake City's isolated location, difficult of access and far removed from other centers of population, tended to accentuate the swings from prosperity and feverish activity to absolute stagnation.

The town lies in the grassy valley of the Lake Fork of the Gunnison, at the mouth of Henson Creek, some sixty miles northwest of Creede and the same distance southwest of Gunnison. It still presents much the same appearance as it did in its prime, except for the shrinkage caused by fire and time, and the recent invasion of summer residents and cottage camps. Its altitude, 8000 feet, and its location on the Western Slope of the Continental Divide, make for heavy precipitation both winter and summer, and its tree-shaded streets and grass-covered yards and vacant lots were, and are, in vivid contrast to Central City and Cripple Creek, for instance. All testimony witnesses that it was a desirable place to live, except perhaps, for the long snowy winters, and because of them, many of the early-day people moved to Del Norte, a hundred miles distant, and the metropolis of San Juan Country in its first years of settlement. The mines near Lake City are generally located at 10,000 feet or higher.

Fremont is supposed to have found gold somewhere in the vicinity in 1842, but was never able to identify the stream, (although this fact is disputed by some authorities). A party of prospectors is said to have spent some time there in the summer of 1869, but the first discovery of record was in 1871, when Henry Henson and three other men coming over from the Silverton area, located the extremely rich Ute and Ulay silver properties on Henson Creek three miles or so above its junction with the Lake Fork.

The Lake Fork was a possible, although difficult, route for a toll road from Saguache and Del Norte to the San Juan mines, and the wide grassy valley at the mough of Henson Creek was a perfect town site. It was to this combination, and not, the demonstrated mineral values of the

Ute-Ulay, that Lake City owed its start. However, Otto Mears and others in 1874 engaged Enos T. Hotchkiss, a famous roadbuilder of the day, to locate the road, and while attempting to find a location down Slumgullion Hill he saw a brilliant yellow outcropping on the other side of Lake San Christoval. On it he located and promptly abandoned the Hotchkiss claim. He-located the following year as the Golden Fleece, by Chris Johnson and George Wilson, the claim was shortly opened up, and as it promised ore, a rush was in prospect. Lake City soon became definitely in the mining picture, with high grade silver in the Ute-Ulay three miles west, and equally high grade gold ore was the same distance to the south.

The toll road was completed from Antelope, on the road to El Norte, to Lake City on November 2, 1875, but the winter snows held off the rush until the following year and it did not reach its peak until 1877. Lillian Fichart Smoot who was born in Lake City about 1890, and whose parents went there in 1875, told about it in an interview as reported in the *Silver World*, the Lake City newspaper, and reprinted in Vol. II of the *Pioneers of the San Juan*, published by the Daughters of the American Revolution in Durango in 1946. Here is what she says;

'By March, 1877, a large number of business houses and residences were being constructed. Property doubled in value. The sawmills could not supply the demand for dressed lumber, though they worked night and day. Seasoned lumber could not be had. One hundred thirty-six buildings were erected in the year 1877; the cost was \$212,680. Many of the buildings were expensive and well built; far better than those in most new towns.

'The increase in population in the year of 1877 was not only rapid but substantial, and the class of newcomers far superior to those who usually rush into a frontier town, especially a mining camp. One man wrote East that 'men here are intelligent, even aristocratic, many of them quote Shakespeare'. The immigration began with the opening of the year 1877; the stage coaches, coming in loaded, compelled the Darlow and Sanderson line to put on daily service as early as April 19th. The real rush came later when teams began pouring in loaded with more human freight. Luring April, May and June, the roads leading into town were lined with newcomers; pedestrians with packs on their backs or on burros and jacks, men on horseback and in wagons--a constant stream of humanity pouring into San Juan through this, the metropolis. The population is

full 2000, the number of buildings over 500''.

The year 1878 seems to have produced about the peak of the city's population. The *State Business Directory* for that year gives Lake City a population of 3000, with an imposing list of business establishments. By 1880 the same publication could only credit the town with 2000 citizens, although the ore production was greater than before.

The years from 1870 to 1881 covered the first boom period. Transportation was the real problem for the Lake City Miners. Even though local concentrating mills were erected to cut down the tonnage of mineral requiring shipment, there was still the problem of shipment, a wagon or extram haul of around 150 miles to the nearest shipping point, first Canon City, then Salida. Late in 1881 the Rio Grande, which had started to build toward Lake City, struck one of its numerous snags and the cessation of construction effectively stopped the boom. In 1883 the Ute and Ulay shut down, and for four or five years Lake City was practically dead.

The Rio Grande recovered, as we all know, reached Lake City from Sapinero, a distance of 38 miles, and ran the first train into the town on August 15, 1889. With the certainty of rail transportation, new life came to the community, still somewhat skeptical from its previous experience with the railroad builders.

The railroad came too late in the year to make any great increase in the production for 1889, which was around \$30,000. In 1890 it jumped to \$103,000, and in 1891, reached \$563,000. Then for a period of twelve consecutive years, ending in 1902, it averaged more than half a million dollars, a not inconsiderable sum of money even in those days. The last train on the Lake Fork Branch left Lake City on May 23, 1933, and without much question took with it any hope for a real revival of mining in that locality. It speaks well for the determination of its citizens that after 75 years of ups and downs, Lake City is still on the map, although now primarily a place of summer homes and tourist cabins.

In spite of it all, there are a few die-hards left there who still insist that some day Lake City is going to stage a come-back in mining. For our present purpose it is immaterial; we can still people its streets

and stores with bearded men and long-skirted women and a few of the sort who anticipated later fashions by wearing their dresses above their knees. The large two-story brick school, built in 1882, for us can still be overflowing with pupils, their attention distracted by long trains of pack-animals and ore-wagons with their cargoes of silver and gold ore.

We must remember, when dealing with statistics, that the period of greatest production is not always necessarily the period of greatest human interest. Production on a large scale may, and probably does, mean simply that the prosaic problems of large ore bodies, adequate and efficient mills and cheap transportation have been solved to the satisfaction of the mine owners, so that they are ready to go ahead on a manufacturing basis. The production of Molybdenum at Climax, for example, has probably far exceeded in value the production of all the smaller mining camps in Colorado since the first discovery of gold, but I doubt if even our grandchildren will be able to see anything very romantic about the operations there. The romance exists during the years of anticipation, not those of realization. It is the result of many men of diverse backgrounds all searching for a fortune of their own, and not of payrolls and established operations.

The first boom period, ending perhaps about 1881, constituted a distinct phase of the growth of Lake City. It was the period of growing pains, of the development from nothing to a real town, which gave some assurance of permanence. After that time, the story is that of a community with most of the attributes of what we speak of as 'civilization,' before that, it was a raw mining town.

These first years were also those of the ministry of the Rev. George M. Darley, Lake City's first minister, and the ones he wrote about in his *Pioneering of the San Juan*.

The pioneer minister was a distinct species of the 'Man of God'. Sympathizing with the frailties of men and women, yet never condoning them, he accepted conditions as he found them, physical, moral, and spiritual, and built his church and society with what materials were at hand. An uncompromising enemy of what the gambler, saloon man and dance hall keeper stood for, he still commanded their respect and admiration, and, frequently their friendship.

There is a striking similarity in the books they wrote--Father Dyer's *Snowshoe Itinerant* is a classic of Methodism in pioneer Colorado. Rev. Darley's book is a classic of Presbyterianism. But neither could have written the other's book, aside from the references to the Machinery of Church Government, and both books should be required reading for anyone who is interested in life as it was lived in the Colorado mining camps of the sixties and seventies.

Practically all of Darley's ministry was spent in the San Juan country, particularly the cities of Del Norte, Lake City, Ouray and Silverton. He organized the Presbyterian Church in Lake City in 1875 and was its pastor for about five years, leaving only because his strenuous exertions, physical as well as spiritual, had seriously damaged his health.

It has been said that all drama can be reduced to two basic conflicts, of man with man and of man with nature. Certainly, if this is so, life as Darley saw it and lived it during years was real drama, and I don't know any better way to convey the feel of a new community to you, than to give you a number of quotations from his book.

All pioneer pastors seem to have followed the same procedure in new camps. Darley writes; 'When entering camps where no religious services had been held, I invariably went to the right place to find an audience; and in every case was courteously and kindly received and generally told, 'Just wait, Brother Darley, until the games can be stopped and we will give you a chance at the boys'. It was not always easy to stop the games; winners were usually willing while losers were not but so soon as all the games closed, then roulette, keno, poker and faro would give place for a time to the Gospel. A more convenient pulpit than a 'faro table' could not be found; nor a more respectful and intelligent...'

On one occasion when the Parson asked to hold service in a saloon, the proprietor not only consented, but generously proposed to 'ring up' the loose men in the small camp. After procuring a dinner bell from the log cabin hotel, he rang the bell vigorously while walking from cabin to cabin, at the same time crying loudly, 'All you ungodly, sinning blankety blanks, come and hear the Gospel preached'. When the service was over, the Parson received a very gratifying contribution.

Many of Mr. Darley's vivid pictures center about funerals, such as this one.

'When asked 'Will you come to Magg Hartman's house and preach her funeral sermon?' I consented, because I believed it my duty to go wherever I was asked for the purpose of conducting funeral services. By so doing, I had become acquainted with all classes.

'Magg Hartman lived in 'Hells Acre', a part of Lake City largely given up to the sporting class. As I entered the house a very tall, well known character, who was sitting on the floor, rose and took my hand, for the man was a friend in the way of 'backing the parson' financially and by being accommodating in various ways.

'I then stepped to the side of the coffin and looked at Magg Hartman's more than ordinary face; for few faces were more remarkable looking and few lives had been stranger than that of this many-sided woman. As the 'girls' came in from the 'dance halls' I took each one by the hand and spoke a kind word. When all was ready for the funeral service, I noticed a strained attempt on the faces to 'take it' which plainly said; 'You hold a full hand now, so just wade in'. Before the first eleven verses of the eighth chapter of St. John had been read, arms were unfolded and the strained look began to leave their faces; and as words void of severity were spoken, tears began filling their eyes. Soon, every head was bowed, and had I not witnessed such scenes before, I might have believed every one would leave the paths of sin and lead a better life. After the pallbearers had fastened the top on the coffin, one of the girls asked if I would go with them to the cemetery. Her request was granted.'

But life had its lighter side, too. Darley wrote of the winter of 1877; 'Whenever a 'temperance wave' strikes us it seems to strike all over. What is known as the Murphy Movement struck our camp soon after that movement was started. The boys being hard up for cash that winter, we knew that many would most likely be willing to swear off for a time, possibly until the snow began to melt in the Spring. When that time came and another 'boom' began we felt confident that a goodly number, if many should sign the pledge, would 'swear on again'. Still, a few months respite from drink would do them good. Therefore we decided to

try to do what we could in the interest of temperance. When first mentioned, I met opposition where I least expected it, from Christian men, officers in the Church. Not that they opposed temperance work, but saloons, gambling halls and dance houses were so numerous that it was considered unwise to attempt reform work. Over six hundred signed the pledge. The good work went on for thirty-one nights.... After lecturing one night....I could see my friends thought I had said too much. Not having said anything I was unwilling to back, I stepped from behind the pulpit and remarked that I had one request to make of my friends and that was, not to offer apologies for anything Mr. Darley had said, for I meant every word and was ready to face any man who objects, without a pulpit between us; for this was a square-toed fight between right and wrong. A saloon keeper standing near the door said 'Damn him, let him go; the more we say, the worse he gets.'

One night during Christmas week, while these meetings were in progress, Darley's wife suggested that they have open house for the young men of the camp on New Year's Day. The free use of a large vacant store building was secured, and long tables were set and loaded with substantial food by the ladies of the Church, a piano was provided and the day enlivened with music. The doors were open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. Darley concludes his account of it with the words 'Only two intoxicated men seen in the camp New Year's Day. Our ladies received over six hundred calls. This was the way we kept open house the first day of 1878 in a 'live' mining camp.'

His appraisal of the men who made up the mining camps of those days is borne out by most other unprejudiced observers, even though their attentions might be for the moment centered on the most spectacular, and therefore, the worst side of things. He says 'From what has been written regarding mining camps, many have concluded that....the majority of men who go to such camps are rough characters. That is not the case. The majority are intelligent, enterprising and plucky; many are cultured 'traveled men' who have seen much of life and are in the habit of doing their own thinking...'

It seems to me that his last statement '..are in the habit of doing their own thinking' is the key to the characteristics of the men, of those days, as well as to their character. The San Juan country was no place for weaklings in those first years, particularly during the

long hard winters, as shown by the following statement of Darley:

“My Pastor's register reveals a hard roll; George Elwood, saloon keeper, killed; Luther Ray, murdered in a gambling hall; Charles C. Curtis, killed by a snowslide while in his cabin; Alfred Shepherd, died from exposure in storm; Henry Pierce, killed by a premature blast in the Ula mine; John Ferguson, killed by a landslide; and so it reads until I come to Jackson Gregory and Newton N. Lytel, killed in a snowslide near the old Dolly Varden trail on Engineer Mountain. As soon as news reached camp that Gregory and Lytel had been buried in a snowslide, there was no lack of volunteers to dig them out. Whenever a man volunteered for that kind of work he knew what it meant, for in a snowslide region one avalanche is likely to start another....While the men were working to get the bodies:...a much larger slide, coming from a greater height, was heard thundering and crashing down the mountain side near the track of the previous one.... had it not struck a spur of the mountain that changed its course, the number of bodies would have increased from two to thirty-two, which the next set of volunteers would have ventured to uncover....It was a weird and strangely solemn funeral. Both bodies were placed side by side in the little log cabin where Mr. Gregory's family lived, near the timberline....you may depend upon it that neither the distance up the mountain side...nor the long winter caused these hardy men to forget the needs of the bereaved family.”

Nor was the willingness to help others confined to physical expression. Darley wrote in one place; “In the seventies there was not much finery nor a great attempt to show throughout the San Juan, but there was enough sympathy, good will, kind deeds and big-hearted hospitality to fill a state and bless the human race.” In another, he unknowingly illustrated that statement by his account of another ‘good turn’ which took place at Mineral Point. He wrote; “In 1878, during an exciting political campaign in the new state, two then noted politicians stumped the state, engaging in joint debate and the San Juan was not neglected. After a four-hour debate in the open air, all adjourned to the saloons to discuss the political situation, consequently, it was nearly morning when the miners turned in to get a few hours sleep.

“Many having come a long distance to hear, their friends invited them to their cabins. The man holding the prominent position of Justice

of the Peace was also honored with the prominent position of Coroner. This judge invited eight or ten visitors to lie on the floor of his cabin, he furnishing the blankets. In order to do the proper thing, he got up before the others were awake and prepared breakfast for the crowd. When the meal was ready he awoke his guests. One man was inclined to sleep,....and when the rest had eaten it was discovered that the man lying on the floor of the cabin was dead.

'The judge immediately impaneled a coroner's jury and asked them to bring in a verdict as to the cause of their companion's death. This is the way the indignant judge explained matters to me. 'What do you think the verdict was, Mr. Larley?' I had a good idea of what caused the man's death, but did not care to express my opinion. Then the judge, all excited, gave the shamefulness of the verdict, it being whiskey. 'Shameful', said he, 'the young man has a fine mother and a nice sister living back East, and how could I write to them that the jury brought in a verdict of death by whiskey.' So he talked straight to these men who had sworn to bring in a proper verdict, and told them they must try again, but after the second attempt, nearly the same verdict was brought in as before. The judge waxed eloquent on the tenderness of the ties that bound the mother, brother and sister to the deceased. He appealed to the jury as to men who had some idea of the fitness of things, and asked how they would like to have such a verdict about them. The third time the verdict was correct--'Heart failure'. Then the judge said 'That is good. Now I will write a nice letter to his mother and sister and tell them what the verdict of the jury was and they will never know the truth about his death.'

'As I looked into the face of this San Juan justice of the Peace, Coroner, and little of almost everything, I felt that, after all, this man, rough in appearance and willing to use his office to shield a friend had a good quantity of the milk of human kindness in his heart. I knew the foreman of the jury, and therefore was a little surprised that he should allow a verdict in the first place that reflected on the character of the dead. But possibly there were conscientious scruples in the way; the jury were sworn to bring in a truthful verdict. However, in those days friendship generally conquered and conscientious scruples gave way to surroundings. Men stood for their friends and defended their good names, whether they were alive or dead.'

On the other hand--the good reverend was no 'Polly Anna'. In spite of his acceptance of the bad with the good, he also recognized that occasionally, there was only one answer, such as when he wrote; 'Yet every man who has seen much of frontier life will, I think agree with me when I say that hanging is the only thing that will make some men quit their cussedness.'

I mentioned earlier the always present rivalry between small-town newspaper editors. The only thing I know of which equals it is the feeling which frequently exists between two old timers from the same locality.

A few years ago I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a physician of the old school who practiced his profession in Lake City for 37 years, from 1896 to 1933. Before meeting him, I had known W. C. (Billy) Blair slightly, who went to Lake City in February or March of 1895, and was the proprietor of the *Silver World*, the Lake City newspaper, from then until it ceased publication about 1933. I mentioned that acquaintance to the doctor and he warned me very solemnly about believing too much that Blair told me.

A year or so later I spent a couple of hours with Blair and had a very fine visit. During the early part of the conversation I commented on my visits with the doctor, and I noticed Blair didn't say much. A little later he leaned over and said, 'I must warn you not to believe everything that Doc told you. He is a nice old fellow and perfectly sincere, but he is the most--', he paused to search for the appropriate expression, 'he is the most *spontaneous* liar I ever knew, and I've been in mining and politics all my life.'

My visit with Billy Blair was much too short, but he did tell me a good many interesting things, and gave me the general picture of a small rather quiet and peaceful community, at least for a mining camp, by its location pretty much prevented from a great deal of contact with outside points. He was entirely self-sufficient and intensely loyal to Hinsdale County and Lake City.

After the first period of excitement and particularly after the arrival of the railroad in 1889, when the prospector and individual miner working on his own or in small partnerships had pretty much grown

to include the larger operator working from ten to 399 or more miners, the population of Lake City followed the usual course and divided itself into the normal two groups. The first consisted of the mine operators and executives, the professional men, the bankers, and the more prominent of the business men. The second was made up of the working miners and smaller business men, the railroad men and laboring men around the town and in the surrounding country. The two groups mingled freely on the streets, in the churches and the public entertainments, but there was a natural drawing apart in their homes and society life. The miners were largely Cornishmen (Cousin Jacks), Scandinavians and Irishmen in the early days, but by the nineties there were a great many Italian miners. In the later years there were a few Slavs, Hunkies as they were usually called, but the real working life of the mines ceased before they became much of a factor.

I think this natural division accounts for some of the conflicting evidence we get about early day conditions in most of the camps. If the account is by the wife or daughter of a banker or mine superintendant, it places the emphasis on how much cultural life there was; the singing societies, the church socials, the importation of fashionable clothes from the outside, the weekly cotillions and the general high tone of the community. If the reminiscence is that of a former peace officer, judge or coroner, the accent is placed on the seamy side of life. As a matter of fact, the two different worlds existed side by side as they do now. The 'nice' people, especially the women and children, had nice things happen to them, and that was their life; the others had a rougher time of it and the things that happened to them were likely to be either very thrilling or very disagreeable.

The daily life of Lake City was very much the same as in any other community of like size in the Colorado of that day, perhaps speeded up to some extent by the altitude, and still more by the fact that, by and large, the people in the mining areas had, I think, a bit more 'Git up and git' to them than the ones who were content to stay in their old home town, no matter where it might have been.

For that reason, the high spots that come to mind when an old timer is spinning yarns are usually episodes of crime or tragedy. One of these in the Lake City history is the lynching of Betts and Browning on April

26, 1882, for the killing of Sheriff E.N. Campbell. The sheriff and the town marshal were lying in wait in a Lake City residence where prowlers had been reported; about two in the morning they heard the door open and the sheriff cocked his revolver. Even that slight noise startled the intruder and he kept back, then lit a match which illuminated his face.

Campbell called, 'Throw up your hands', and the man in the doorway shot once, killing the sheriff. The match which the murdered lit had enabled the town marshal to recognize George Betts, who did the shooting and James Browning, who actually did not shoot at all. The two men were joint owners and active proprietors of the San Juan Central, a notorious 'dance house' which was only a few inches outside the city limits, in Hell's Acre. Betts was a pimply-faced young tough of the lowest sort; from all accounts without a redeeming trait. Browning, on the other hand, was apparently a pretty decent citizen, as dance-house keepers go, who seemingly had nothing more than a little house prowling job in mind.

To make a long story short, Both Betts and Browning were soon captured and placed in jail under a strong guard. Shortly after midnight following the killing, a well-organized body of 110 masked men appeared at the jail, overawed the guards and broke down the stout doors of the cell-house after twenty minutes of hard sledge-hammer work.

Browning was dragged out by his manacled wrists. The rope was placed over his head five times, and five times he succeeded in twisting out of the loop, but finally it was drawn tight. Betts was then prepared, and the procession started for the Ocean Wave Bridge, at the south end of town, chosen probably because of its two cross beams about twelve feet above the floor.

The *Silver World* reported the actual hanging in the following words; 'Betts was led to the east beam, the rope thrown over it, and then it was observed that his knees trembled. When Browning was prepared for suspension, the command was given 'Up with them' and both were instantly drawn upward about five feet, and a moment later to within a few inches of the beams. The ropes were made fast and with the exception of three faint attempts by Browning to seize the rope with his manacled hands, each attempt being weaker, neither struggled. The short ropes did not cause any twisting of the bodies and they swayed gently in the breeze'

The bodies were left hanging until ten o'clock that morning, at which time the coroner 'was notified of the hanging'--a beautiful piece of irony. He convened a jury, viewed the bodies and then permitted friends from Hell's Acre to cut them down. No mention is made of the jury's verdict, but it was undoubtedly the old standby in similiar circumstances--'Death by hanging at the hands of parties unknown to the Jury.'

The funeral of Sheriff Campbell was an imposing one, held under the auspices and with the forms and ceremonies of the Odd Fellows, Silver Star Lodge No. 27. All business houses closed at 10 a. m.; many of them draped in mourning and flags were at half mast. The funeral procession formed at one o'clock, marched to the sheriff's home, and escorted the body to the church and then to the cemetery. First came the Odd Fellows, both the Lodge and Encampment in full regalia, then the Pitkin Guards, (the local militia company) in full uniform forming an honor guard for the hearse, the J.S.Hough Hose Company in uniform, court officials, county and city officials and citizens.

Such a funeral procession seems strange in this day, but I have seen many of them in Cripple Creek, just as elaborate and with a brass band leading the procession over the long road to Mt. Pisgah. I can never hear the Dead March from 'Saul' without being again a small boy hustling down the steep Fourth Street hill to Bennett Avenue to watch in wonder as they passed by. You took off your cap as you watched, too, or someone would take it off for you.

The lighter side of things are usually reflected in the brief local items, and not in the headlines. I'm going to insert some of them here, but don't expect any continuity--they are just thrown in at random, because they amused or interested me. The pioneer editors were always glad to poke fun at other towns in the state, especially their close neighbors or the larger cities. For instance, here's one about Pueblo;

May 6, 1882. 'One of the demi-monde (in Pueblo) gave a grand opening, and while the festivities were at their height, the police ap-

peared and bagged most of the leading men in town."

Here's one about Colorado Springs; 'The team attached to a surrey ran away yesterday and deposited the passengers in a beer garden. The Springs isn't supposed to have such places, but even a runaway team of horses can find one. Wonder what a team of smart mules would discover?'

One of the exchanges mentioned that in 1870 a scouting party of soldiers in South Park had found the skeletons of six men and their horses, with horses' bones in the cooking pots. They suspected an Indian massacre, but one of the soldiers found a rudely written note placed between the rocks. It read; 'Snowed in and dying, January 15, 1856. I am the last. Peace, Jerry D--t-tt.' The name was presumed to be Jerry Douthitt.

On June 24, 1882, the *Silver World* announced, 'The first high-toned marble soda fountain to be set up in Lake City is now at Hall and Felders Pharmacy. It will proceed to fizz in a few days.'

In the same issue, it said; 'Robinson's circus, which showed in Gunnison, was big business. Three elephants were brought over Marshall Pass, the first visitors of the kind to come over the Continental Divide.

The editor of the *Register* seemed to be a little more fun-loving or at least had a broader style. 'We must knuckle down to Gunnison, now,' he wrote, 'a real live undoubted circus was there. Gunnison is a sort of circus itself, but then, a sideshow is always acceptable.'

Also it reprinted from the *Solid Muldoon*, Dave Day's famous paper at Ouray:

'The Mining Register says the jeweled garter craze has not reached Lake City. The information is entirely superfluous, as the average Lake City woman's style of architecture requires no artificial stays or fastening. They simply cut a hole in the hose and button them over their knee caps.'

You will undoubtedly be pleased to learn that I am going to omit all but this one slight reference to 'Packer, the Man-Eater'. Our fellow Westerner, Judge Ed. Dunklee, in May of 1946, did ample justice to Packer.

However, a picture of Alfred Packer was printed in the *Gunnison News*

Champion of April 8, 1943, along with a brief resume of the case and the following comment by Henry Lake, Jr., the editor. 'The accompanying picture, probably the only one extant of the man eater, was given to the *News Champion* by the late 'Doc' C.W. Shores, who was sheriff of Gunnison, County during the long months Packer spent in jail here. With all the sentimental gush to the contrary notwithstanding, Doc always claimed Packer was 'guilty as hell', and that he had a slimy, detestable mind, quite capable of planning and carrying into execution the horrible crime he admits perpetrating.'

Let's end this on a pleasanter note. Did you know that the song 'Home on the Range' is alleged to have been written at Sherman, near Lake City, in 1877? Alva A. Swain, the well-known Pueblo newspaper man is authority for the statement. He wrote a story, which he supposed to be authentic, that the song was written at Creede during the boom. He later wrote;

'Now comes a letter from J.P. Freeman of 232 E. 8th Street, Long Beach, California, in which he says that on the evening of October 2, 1877, a man named Hank Krill wrote the song, using a soap box in a dirt-floor cabin at Sherman, and that Krill gave the original to him, which Freeman says has been in his possession ever since. He says his brother, living at the time the letter was written, was there at the time. They never knew whether Krill had made up the song or wrote it from memory.'

Personally, I'd rather remember that story than all the revolting details of the Packer affair. Packer is dead with his victims, the song still lives.

TRAIL DUST FROM THE DENVER CORRAL

E. Howe reports that the galley proofs will be in this week from Doubleday & Company on the book, 'Rocky Mountain Empire' to be published nationally in midsummer. It is a collection of twenty-nine articles from the Rocky Mountain Empire Magazine of the *Denver Post*. The book (288 pages) is edited by Mr. Howe and will be promoted heavily in connection with the launching of the new Empire Magazine.

Wm. McCloud Raine, visiting in Palm Springs, has expressed regret for missing the March meeting.

Virgil Peterson, who has moved to Salt Lake City, will be at the April meeting to bid us a fond but temporary, we

hope, farewell.

Paul D. Harrison spent several days last month on a private 'dig' in the San Juan basin near Durango. He is on the trail, with a friend, of a new archeological find on which they have been working at odd moments for the past year or so.

Ed Bemis attended a meeting of the Los Angeles Posse on March 16 and flew back so as not to miss the March meeting of the Denver Posse.

Don Bloch reports; Still down a hole--'Devil in the Darkness', my talk on speleology was given to the Schoolmasters Guild on March 10, the Members Council of the Chamber

of Commerce on March 17 and the Colorado Mountain Club on March 29.

Nolie Mumey has just returned to Denver after a three weeks' stay in Mexico.

Don Bloch has been helpful in submitting from time to time, items of interest to Westerners for inclusion in the BRAND BOOK. These include the following from the New York Times; The national problem of water conservation is the subject of a new book by Arthur H. Carhart for which Lippincott has just signed a contract. It is a greatly expanded version of his article in the February issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*.

From the Peoria, (Ill.) Journal Transcript; Frank E Gimlett, 87-year-old prospector of Salida, Colorado, was recently recovering in a Joliet hospital from a stroke suffered aboard a train. He owns a 1,000 acres of land in Colorado, including the ghost town of Arbor Villa. Hospital attendants found Gimlett's money filled with gold nuggets. He is known as the Emperor of the Rockies.

From the Wyoming State Tri-

bune; Sullivan, Missouri, recently reported the death of James Russell Davis of Nashville, Tenn., one of the nation's oldest Civil War veterans, at the age of 109. Davis was a star witness, shortly before his death, at a hearing at which J. Frank Dalton, 102, sought to prove that he was Jesse James, the famous outlaw of the last century. Davis testified that he, himself, was a member of the James gang, and he identified Dalton as James.

From the Denver Post; Lead, South Dakota, reported that Charles A. Windolph, last known survivor of the famous Indian battle of the Little Big Horn in 1876, was buried with military honors in the Black Hills National Cemetery, during March. He died at the age of 98. Windolph was the oldest living holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor, won for gallantry during the battle in which Gen. George A. Custer and 276 men were massacred by the Sioux.

As a member of a party which Custer split off from his main force, Windolph escaped death during a smaller engagement near the spot where Custer made his last stand. Both actions were considered part of the same battle.

(Editorial note--In order to meet the rising printing costs, this issue of the BRAND BOOK is placed in the hands of a new printer. There is every desire to maintain, and, if possible, improve upon previous standards. It is also hoped that the date of issuance can be moved back closer to the Posse meeting date.)

CHUCK WAGON BOOK REVIEWS

CRAZY HORSE by Shannon Garst, with illustrations by William Moyers. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.75

This book is particularly of interest to us because it is by a well-known western writer, three of whose works have been Book Club Selections. Mrs. Shannon Garst lives in Wyoming and she says that, although she enjoys writing fiction for young people, she believes the true stories of the Old West are more thrilling than fiction. Other books by her include; 'Sitting Bull,' 'Kit Carson,' 'Buffalo Bill,' 'Custer,' 'When the West Was

Young,' 'Cowboy Boots,' and 'Silver Spurs for Cowboy Boots.'

The book is profusely illustrated with drawings by William Moyers, who has done a wonderful job in capturing the spirit of Indian life on the plains. He is the son of W.T. Moyers, prominent Denver Attorney.

CRAZY HORSE is written for teen-agers, and is a thrilling story of the life of one of the greatest Indian warriors, taking him from boyhood thru his development as a warrior and Indian leader to his death at the hands of White men. But it is written in a style of story-telling narrative that your adolescent reviewer read avidly.

One of Crazy Horse's early exploits was his encounter with a bear. As a boy he and his brother were picking berries. Suddenly their laughter froze in their throats. For as they raced along picking the largest, ripest berries, the thicket ended abruptly in a clearing where a mother grizzly bear with two cubs had been asleep. With a startled roar the great animal sprang to her feet. She started toward them. Crazy Horse fitted one of his blunt-pointed arrows to his bow, equipment such as young boys of the tribe were given

instead of the sharp-pointed arrows of the hunters and warriors. He let the arrow fly. There was a terrible roar of rage and pain from the grizzly and Crazy Horse let out a war whoop. He had missed the eye, but that blunt arrow had hit the bear on her tender snout. Quick to take advantage of this new turn of events, he folded his rope into a clout, and yelling like a pack of fiends he lunged at the bear, pounding her nose. At the first blow of the rope, she turned to escape this strange, noisy assailant and lumbered into the hiding thicket.

Even as a boy, Crazy Horse had the ambition to be important in his tribe and to serve it faithfully. Always courageous, he seemed to bear a charmed life, in his encounters with both enemy Indians and whites. More vividly than other Indians of his time, he recognized the weakness of the Indian plan of battle. They fought as individuals for personal glory. Crazy Horse saw that they must adopt the discipline of the white soldiers, and that Indian warriors must fight as a unit rather than as individuals.

The life of Crazy Horse was

a tragic one. He lived to see the deterioration of his proud and free people to lives of defeat and virtual imprisonment on reservations. He saw their fate approaching, and tried to rescue them, but the white hordes pressed westward continuously, slaughtering their buffalo, and making and breaking treaties with irresistible overwhelming force.

During the last days of his life, he was taken into custody and escorted to the Red Cloud Reservation. Thereupon seeing the dungeon cells, the prisoners in irons, the white men's jail, he dashed for freedom. His arms were ripped from behind, and a guard thrust a bayonet into his side. His father and mother spirited away his body into the hills. When they returned, neither threats nor bribes could make them tell what they had done with it. 'We gave Crazy Horse back to the land of his people,' was all that they would say.

--Alonzo Ellsworth

TIMBERLEG OF THE DIAMOND TAIL,
And Other Frontier Anecdota.
By Charles Willis Howe. The
Naylor Company, San Antonio,
Texas, (1949) \$2.50

Timberleg, one finds, in a brief initial chapter of 'tribute', is Chowning A. Embree, a one-time wagon boss of the Diamond Tail Ranch in the Texas Panhandle. Predestalled by the author of these rambling reminiscences as 'the man most typical of the cattle empire of the Panhandle at that time (c. 1875-1900)', this uniped of the plains is thereafter dismissed to appear only once again, in a minor moment on page 124, for the remaining 152 pages of the book.

A Kansan by birth, Howe came somewhat late (1872) to the western scene. Leaving Longton in '81, he was moved with his family westward, state by state, through Colorado, New Mexico, and eventually California, each step in a covered wagon. In all, the trek took the first 27 years of his life. An interlude, between 1889-98, was spent in Hall County, Texas, as printer and occasional Shipper of cattle for the Diamond Tail.

Leaving school in 1885, Howe picked up typesetting on the newspaper of his future father-in-law in Raton, N.M. Thereafter, although he deserted it during intervals--always for the worse in his

fortunes--Howe followed the printing trade for over 50 years, in New Mexico, Texas, and finally California, first on a small newspaper in the Sacramento Valley and then in San Diego

From his own first-hand experiences, but largely also, from already published sources the author attempts to chart his erratic course through a country and a time when the west was still pretty chaotic. That he does not too well succeed, in this reviewer's opinion, may well be due to the fact that Howe was a printer--a typesetter, specifically--a back-of-the-shop man whose job was to see that the news of a day got spelled out. Events, to him were so much lead, their significance didn't stick. Thus, Howe's experiences, related in retrospect through the hazy perspective of half a century, have a flat, pedestrian, tales-of-a-grandfather quality. They read as if written by a man who witnessed them through a window while seated in a swivel chair--not the 'grandstand seat' he says.

The chronology of events takes him from his Kansas emigration to a 'temporary abiding place near Trinidad,' in

'79, to Taos, in '81--via Raton, Pass, Pagoss Springs, Cimarron Valley, and across Ute Pass;-- 'the Rio Grande' to Durango;-- and back to Trinidad. Thence, we don't know how or when, we find ourselves back on the trail and 'down the valley to Chama, New Mexico', and 'on to Raton'--presumably about 1881.

There follow, 'A Related Tribute', to learning, and a synthetic chapter on 'Bad Men and the Law', which reaches out to Sat Masterson, Wild Bill Hickok, Capt. Bill McDonald, Bill Tilghman, Wyatt Earp, and Capt. Tom Rynning--all covered in 19 pages with nothing new in them.

'The Roaring Eighties' high point concerns a saloon argument that happened, we don't learn when, in Chihuahua, between 'a likable young cow-puncher named Dick Rogers' and an unnamed gambler. In 'Round Up Time', there is someone else's stories about Clay Allison.

The chapter following jumps back to Howe's 13th year, when he learned typesetting, jumps forward to his marriage, when, we don't know; a spot of farming; a spot of working 'on a religious weekly' in Dallas; jumps to 'my next printing engagement' in California; back

to the Panhandle of Texas and Hall County--all in the same chapter.

Here, in Hall County, for five short chapters, Howe stays. 'I have always believed one of the most interesting periods of my life,' he says, 'was during the few years I looked on while migrating settlers gradually took possession of that great expanse of grass land..' In these pages of the book, the most interesting portions relate the political and economic rivalry between Memphis and Salisbury, Texas, resulting,--I think--in victory for the former; a few select anecdotes about 'folks of Hall County'--wherein, it appears, Howe was once, at least, a bartender; and the story of the 'coming' of the Indians, in 1890, to Salisbury.

The final chapter in pretty laconic fashion, tells of Howe's final trek from Salisbury, Texas, to Lower Lake, California, begun September 28, 1898, and ended March 14, 1899, in a ramshackle covered wagon, with his and his father-in-law's family. The book ends abruptly with Howe's failure as an apple-grower in Lower Lake, and his final resolve to go back to typesetting.

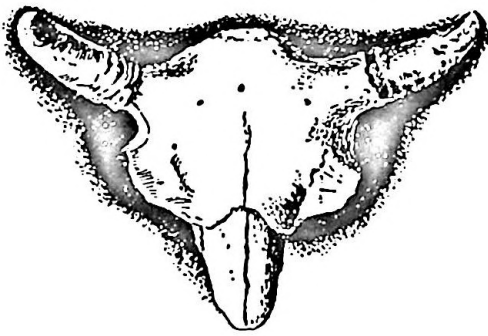
In a 'Foreword' to Howe's

book, one Charles Carson writes, '...in *TIMBERLEG* there is more than entertainment. It is a yardstick to which we may turn often with benefit, for its characters are our forefathers, their achievement and

errors as much a mark of our past as the rutted evidences of the old Santa Fe Trail still discernible along the highways of today'.

If so, to this reviewer, it's a short yardstick.

Don Bloch



The BRAND BOOK

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DENVER 2, COLORADO

HAROLD H. DUNHAM, REGISTRAR OF MARKS AND BRANDS

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No. 4

SIDELIGHTS ON SANTA^{Fe} TRADERS, 1839-1846 . . . Harold Dunham

Stories of the old Santa Fe Trail and its travelers never seem to lose their attraction for those interested in the old West. Many of these stories are found in such classics as Josiah Gregg's, *COMMERCE OF THE PRAIRIES*, or in such standard histories as Colonel Henry Inman's, *THE OLD SANTE FE TRAIL*, and R. L. Duffus', *THE SANTA FE TRAIL*. Authoritative histories of New Mexico, such as H. H. Bancroft's, R. E. Twitchell's, and B. M. Read's, and the accounts of such noted travelers as J. J. Webb, Frederick Ruxton, Susan Magoffin, J. F. Meline, and L. H. Garrard, not to mention military leaders who journeyed over the Trail, add to our knowledge of the pleasures and hazards of that once important highway.

Yet fresh or corroborative material can still be found to add to the above. One such source is the correspondence or dispatches of Mamel Alvarez, prominent Santa Fe trader and acting American Consul at Santa Fe from 1839 to 1846. While Mr. Alvarez was never fully recognized as Consul, he served as the representative of the United States government at the western end of the Trail under most trying circumstances. He periodically returned to Washington to present verbal reports to the Secretary of State, but there is sufficient material in his official dispatches, with their enclosures, to give a vivid first-hand picture of his problems and accomplishments.

These Despatches, of which some are only copies, are now deposited in the National Archives in Washington.¹ Selections from them are presented below as taken from microfilm copies from the Archives. It has not always been possible to transcribe these Despatches exactly, due to the partially illegible condition of the handwriting and

the character of the microfilming, but reasonably accurate reproductions are offered. There has been no effort to correct a few grammatical errors or misspellings.

Irrespective of any such handicaps, the documents selected for publication will reflect the problems of dealing with officials in New Mexico, especially Mamel Armijo, the noted civil and military governor whom Gregg, Kendall, Webb, and others have generally criticized. Governor Armijo himself sponsored trading expeditions over the Trail, and he and certain other Mexican traders appear to have resented competition from American traders. Furthermore, the period covered by Alvarez' Dispatches is marked by a strained relationship between the United States and Mexican governments. The Texan invasion of New Mexico, 1841 to 1843, and the suspicion that certain American merchants in the latter country were sympathetic to the Texans did not make the conduct of official relations at Santa Fe very easy.

Alvarez' efforts, backed by the support of many American Santa Fe traders, including Charles Bent of Bent, St. Vrain and Company, to secure a stronger stand by the American government for protecting its citizens in New Mexico, were based upon many a demonstration of New Mexican hostility and official indifference or antipathy. At one time Alvarez' own life was threatened and only the timely intervention of Guadalupe Miranda, Secretary of the Government, prevented a very serious result. Discriminatory taxes, although of such amount as to place the American Consul in a difficult position for they still fell less heavily on American traders than the law required; protection for Americans; release of criminals; legal attacks on men like Charles Bent;

1. General Records of the Department of State. Record Group No. 59 Consular Despatches, Santa Fe, Mexico. Vol. 1. Aug. 28, 1830-Sept. 4, 1846. The National Archives, Wash., D.C.

tariff problems; sale of liquor problems; the Indians; the coming of the Mexican War:--all these and other matters are set forth by Mr. Alvarez or his associates.

It is to be regretted that space will not permit the reproduction of more than a few items from a 300-page Consular Despatch book, but it is hoped that these included will be found to illustrate the topics mentioned above.

Washington City
February 2nd 1842

To His Excellency
Daniel Webster
Secretary of State of the United States

Sir:

Before I state the facts which I intend to present for your consideration, permit me Sir, to offer an apology for continuing to act as Consul of the United States, after the receipt of a letter from the State Department dated March 11th, 1839, and not received until July following by which I was not permitted to perform any acts as Consul, until I should be acknowledged as such by the Government of Mexico. In February 1840 the Government of New Mexico representing themselves to be amply authorized by the Supreme Executive of Mexico, thought proper for the welfare of that country, and without any solicitation on my part, to acknowledge me as Consul of the United States of America for that place until, I should receive my Execuator from Mexico, (original, letter A.) and on April 23, 1840, I received a letter from the Government of New Mexico which apprized me that, his Excellency the President of the Mexican Republic, had permitted me to fulfill the functions of Consul of the United States of America for the place of Santa Fe, and that notice had been given to the Minister for Foreign Affairs in order that he might give me the corresponding Execuator immediately on the presentation of my commission. On these two occasions notice was given of my public character to all the authorities of the Department of New Mexico, and to the public according to the practice of the country (having no newspapers). (original letter B.)

So situated and seeing the difficulties, and the unsettled state of the country, together with the injury and injustice imposed on the American citizens, and hoping by the influence of the office of United States Consul, in addition to that I had per-

sonally, I would be enabled to check the evil dispositions of some of the Public Officers, and consequently, render myself useful to my fellow citizens, I continued to perform the duties of Consul, not doubting that the execuator would be sent by the Hon. P. Ellis (American minister to Mexico). These were my motives for continuing to act as Consul, and I hope will meet with your approbation.

* * * * *

December 1st 1839, there was published a law by which the natives of this Department are exempted from a tax on stoves and groceries, which is nevertheless exacted from the citizens of the United States trading in this place, in violation of the ninth article of the treaty between the two Governments. Not being as yet acknowledged as Consul, I presented a petition signed by all the foreign merchants then in Santa Fe, to his Excellency, Governor Armigo asking redress. The answer of his Excellency not being favorable, I wrote a letter (no. 11) on the subject to the Hon. P. Ellis, and sent him at the same time a copy of the law, and the original petition with the answer of Governor Armigo, of which letters F and G are copies. The circumstance of there then being for the first time in the United States, some of the wealthiest citizens of New Mexico, suggested the idea to me that this was a first measure of the Government to draw the traders of the United States from this market. I stated the same to Hon. P. Ellis, and under that impression insisted strongly, for redress; but it was only after the lapse of many months, that the Mexican traders were treated in this respect the same as the American; what money we had paid unjustly for corporation taxes, tolls, &c &c was never refunded to us. Your Excellency will perceive by the language of the law and the answer of the Governor to our petition, what kind of respect and friendly feelings he shows to citizens of the United States of America.

In July 1840, there arrived at Santa Fe a caravan from the United States, with merchandise belonging principally to Mexicans; for the few goods belonging to citizens of the United States, received by the same caravan, they exacted almost double the amount of duties requested from the Mexicans. In October of the same year, a small caravan arrived with goods owned by citizens of the United States, and they were compelled to pay higher duties even than those that came in July with the Mexicans. Being by this time well informed of the great inequality with which the duties had been exacted in July, I used every means in my power to have justice done to our citizens, but in vain. This con-

vinced me that Governor Armigo was determined by such means to bar (?) from the market the competition of the industrious enterprising citizens of the United States, taking certainly the most direct and surest way of accomplishing his ends. He is as positively the ruler and regulator of duties and Custom House affairs, as he is in every thing else in this Department.

As an example of the inequality in the duties, I present the two following entries of July 1840. I examined them myself in the books of the Custom House. I state the comparison by wagon loads, not knowing the exact amount of goods in one case, but chiefly domestic dry goods of the United States, suited to this market; the difference between the two assortments could have been but trifling.

Don Jose Chavez Y Castillo entered in his name eleven wagon loads and paid twelve hundred dollars. A citizen of the United States entered (by himself) three wagonloads, for which he was charged twelve hundred and eighty six dollars; requiring from a citizen of the United States a larger amount of duties for three wagons loaded with the same kind of goods, than a Mexican pays for eleven. Notwithstanding the inequality in the duties, I must admit we all pay less than the tariff calls for, and in consequence, I was perplexed for sometime how to ask for redress and the manner of doing it, without endangering the interests of our merchants, should Governor Armigo choose to do so. I wrote on the subject to the Hon. Powhattan Ellis. (letter N)

* * * * *

On July 5th 1841, by the arrival of a caravan from the United States, I was informed that a tribe of the Yuta Indians who live sometimes on the frontier and sometimes between the settlements of New Mexico had made an attack on the said caravan at the crossing of Red river (or North Canadian Fork), and had fired ten or twelve guns at them (the caravan). Some days after having been advised that the same Indians had arrived at the village of Taos, and insulted and threatened all the citizens of the United States whom they met, also visited their houses insulting and abusing their families, and being required by the citizens of the United States residing in that valley to represent the circumstances to the Governor and request him to reprimand the said Indians, I did so. (letter No. 17) His Excellency Governor Armigo, replied himself to my letter the same day, (letter M) stating that, he had ordered a militia officer to reprimand severely the offensive Indians for their conduct to the Amer-

icans, and directing him to advise them to treat the citizens of the United States as friends, being citizens of a friendly nation, and threatening them that if they repeated their abuses, he, himself, would visit them in their country, and punish them for their excesses. The contents of his letter were friendly and just--excepting one sentence--which says if they (the Yutas) are aggrieved at the Americans they may attack them on the east side of the Napeste (Arkansas) river, but that on the Mexican side of said river, he will permit no such wrongs, as it would not be just or reasonable. I presumed that the Yutas would be reprimanded according to the letter of Governor Armigo, and that they would mend their conduct towards the citizens of the United States, at least for some time--and waited for several days to hear the result of the reprimand, but in vain; all I heard was, that the said Yutas, crossing the upper country of New Mexico, manifested the most hostile disposition towards the citizens of the United States. This induced me, on the 14th July to write again on the subject to the Mexican government (letter No. 19) enquiring the result of the reprimand, and stating that I had received further information of the hostile intentions of the Indians toward our citizens. The reply (letter N) says that his Excellency, the Governor, has already given the proper orders on the subject and that he had called to Santa Fee the officer who was charged with this service, for the purpose of giving him verbal instructions. Soon after news reached this place that an expedition had left Texas, or was about to leave shortly, and observing a sudden change in the conduct of the public officers towards the foreigners, particularly towards the American merchants, I desisted from pressing any further my solicitations, fully convinced that all my endeavors would prove ineffectual and so left the Mexican authorities to perform what they esteemed their duty. I have every reason to believe that nothing was done, for about the first of September last, the same Indians surrounded at the same place a small caravan of traders from the United States and forced them to purchase peace with presents. The distance from the first Mexican settlement to the place where the two last caravans were attacked does not exceed sixty miles.

* * * * *

For some time past reports have been reaching Santa Fee of the Texian expedition either brought by mail or by the Commanche traders, but as the Governor has been for some years past in the habit of starting such reports for the purpose of obtaining

funds from the General Government and the City of Mexico, doubts were entertained in the public mind of the truth of the reported invasion, and the populace, though showing some bad feelings towards the foreigners, were not yet extremely abusive. On the 11th September (1841) an express arrived in Santa Fee, sent by the Commanche Indians, with information that the Texian army was nearing the frontier, and on the 15th instant an Italian & a New Mexican arrived, deserters from the Texian forces. These two men were confined in the Santa Fee prison and the information they gave to the public authorities in regard to the Texian invasion was conveyed to the populace in the way which was considered the best to exasperate them against the foreigners resident in New Mexico. It is said, murder and robbery were its principal objects.

* * * * *

Although I had a short conversation with his Excellency, the Governor, on the subject, I applied officially and requested him to order the Alcaldes and Juez de Pas of the towns where foreigners resided to respect the persons and property of American citizens, in accordance with a promise given me verbally. (letter No. 26) The answer I received not being satisfactory (letter V) and as I had been informed that some Americans had been insulted in the country, I thought it proper to apply again for said order to the Alcaldes. (letter No. 27) This procured me an answer (letter W) more satisfactory and more friendly informing me that my request had already been complied with.

Being still apprehensive (from the character of some of the persons in arms to repel the invaders) that if a battle was fought, no matter which party should be victorious, the resident foreigners would be in imminent danger, and also thinking that if the Texians were successful it would be proper and important that I should see the Commander and request him to provide for the security of persons and interests of resident citizens of the United States, as his Excellency Governor Armigo was about leaving Santa Fee to take command of the Mexican forces, I applied to him (letter No. 28) stating that in case the Texians should approach near the settlements it would become my duty to apprise the commander that there were American interests in New Mexico which had to be respected in regard for the United States; and to accomplish this duty I requested of his Excellency a passport for my security. My request was considered as offensive, I suppose, since the answer I received (letter X) besides refusing me the passport is couched

in disrespectful language. This surprised me as in a former conversation with his Excellency he asked me, supposing the Texians should arrive here, what my duty as United States Consul would be; I told precisely the same as stated in my letter No. 28, and he then said it was right. It appears that his opinion has changed with the circumstances.

Shortly after I received the anterior letter I received letter Y, by which his Excellency the Governor as commanding General of this Department and in the name of the Mexican nation orders that neither myself nor any other foreigner shall be permitted to leave the city of Santa Fee until his return and then he would give his reasons for taking this step and requiring an immediate acknowledgement of the receipt of his order. The language of his letter, hard, impolite and insulting speaks volumes on our situation. But this is not all; on the same day, the 16th, a part of the threats that we had heard before from the rabble were to be put in execution. This day in the morning, the Governor with all the regular soldiers and military of Santa Fee left for the frontier; a few minutes after they left the public square the Governor's nephew, Ensign Don Thomas Martin his most intimate friend and confident, returned to the square in which were all the public offices and stores, galloped to the jail for one of the Texian prisoners and from thence to my office and commenced abusing me in the grossest and most insulting manner. When he arrived at my house he was accompanied by only the Texian prisoner, but as soon as he had entered and I was about to master him, there came to his assistance Sergeant (now Ensign) Pablo Domingues employed in one of the military offices, one private soldier and a crowd of the populace. With this help trying to assassinate me, I suppose, I was badly hurt, and at last received from Ensign Martin a severe wound in the face. At this time Don G. Miranda, Secretary of this Department, arrived, appeased the leaders and sent the multitude out of my house. Ensign Martin at his leaving the public square said, in the hearing of many persons, that so soon as he had vanquished the invading army of Texians he would return to Santa Fee and murder all the foreigners.

It is said, and appearances justified it, that the plan of Ensign Martin and the mob was to provoke me into a quarrel, and then attack me, and supposing that most of the foreigners would come to my rescue, they would commit themselves, and on this pretext, murder them and rob the stores; during the attack some articles were stolen from my office. It is worthy of remark that I never had previously any difficulty with Ensign Martin and that as the

Governor's nephew our intercourse was always apparently friendly and polite.

Among the crowd who witnessed this outrage were the two alcaldes of Santa Fee, neither of them attempted to do his duty by quelling the rabble and rescuing me. The first alcalde came to my office after the affair was over to apologize to me for his neglect of duty.

So soon as the above related circumstances became known to the citizens of the United States residing in Santa Fee, they came to my office to consult what was to be done for our security, and after agreeing on some measures they determined to send to your Excellency (letter Z) giving you information of what had taken place and of the imminent danger we were in. This letter was sent by me to the northern frontier to be forwarded to Washington City, but was returned for want of a conveyance to the United States. They all addressed a letter to the Hon. P. Ellis at the City of Mexico conveying the same information which I forwarded a few days before I left New Mexico.

* * * * *

A few days after Mr. Charles Bent (of the firm of Bent, St. Vrain & Co. well known in New Mexico as agents for several trading establishments on the Arkansas and Platte rivers), having resided in that country for the last ten years, and most of the time in the Valley of Taos, arrived from Fort William on the Arkansas. Immediately on his arrival he was arrested and sent to Santa Fee as a prisoner, but was released soon after. The reason of his arrest was said to have been a misunderstanding of the orders received by the officers in Taos from headquarters.

* * * * *

At this time, I was informed that some Americans who had crossed the Indian country had arrived at the eastern frontier of New Mexico with Colonel Cook. On their arrival they informed the authorities there that they were Americans and did not belong to the Texian expedition; nevertheless they were kept under arrest at San Miguel with the prospect of being liberated as soon as the difficulties with the Texans should cease. But on the surrender of General McCloud, Governor Armigo sent to them some of his officers to receive their commissions, in order that they might be treated according to their rank. Not having any to shew, they were started with the mass of prisoners belonging to General McCloud's division for the City of Mexico. Among these gentlemen was Mr. Kendall, whose passport

was seen in the possession of Governor Armigo, Mr. Kendall being known to the American residents, in Santa Fee, as a popular editor and a highly honored man. Mr. C. Bent, Mr. J. Maggoffin and myself feeling very anxious for his liberation, thought the only efficient means in our present circumstances was money. We therefor authorized Mr. J. Maggoffin (he being on good terms with the Governor) to offer three thousand dollars for the release of Mr. Kendall and a Mr. Navarre (a Mexican to shew that we were not altogether partial to the Americans alone). Contrary to our expectations the offer was declined.

I have been informed by Americans of the first respectability, as a fact, that Mr. Kendall had a passport as a citizen of the United States signed by the Mexican consul at New Orleans, to go to the Republics of Texas and Mexico.

Governor Armigo has not only acted with injustice and inhumanity towards Mr. Kendall, but has also inflicted a great insult upon the United States by his want of regard to the passport which her citizens present.

The general opinion in Santa Fee at this time was that even if Mr. Kendall had no passport, being a citizen of the United States (a neutral in the struggle between Mexico and Texas), by his separation from the Texian force as soon as he reached the frontier of New Mexico and having declared to the authorities there that he was a citizen of the United States, and the object of his journey being the sake of health, his conduct cleared him of the appearances of fault.

* * * * *

Having long since intimated to the Government of New Mexico my contemplated journey to the United States, and lately requested a passport (29 Sept- letter No. 34) it was denied me, (letter C.C.) though I had used every means in my power to obtain it, having even interested persons in my favor who had influence, and were on good terms with his Excellency the Governor. I could account for the motives of his refusal only by supposing we wished to procrastinate our departure until the season would be so far advanced, that we must perish in crossing the plains (on the direct road) and if we followed the timbered creek rivers, it would prove extremely dangerous for so small a party (15 or 16 in number), it being almost certain that we should encounter large encampments of hostile Indians. . .

. . . I made a last effort to succeed, or bring matters at once to a close. I made some arrangements, bought mules and provisions for the destitute men who I thought would be liable to the most cruel persecution (if for no other reason than that

Taos, November 11, 1839

of wounding the feelings of the American Merchants of Santa Fee) and started without leave, a company of 15 Americans on the 25th October.

So soon as my people had started, I went to bid adieu to Mr. Miranda, Secretary of the Government of New Mexico. His Excellency, the Governor having been informed of my visit, and my purpose sent for me by Mr. Miranda and after a short conversation directed that a passport should immediately be given me. I left Santa Fee on the 26th October, the weather cold and stormy. We made our way suffering much from the inclemency of the weather. . .

I arrived in Independence on the 13th December with 7 Americans, & out of the 67 animals with which I started, I lost all except 27. On the 15th I started aid to the man left on the plains--On the 24th two of the men left (behind) arrived, the other had died a few days after I left them in camp on the Cotton Woods Fork. These sufferings and losses have all been the consequence of my detention after I had demanded my passports.

* * * * *

I hope your Excellency will take into consideration the apparent motives which caused the unlawful persecution, the want of respect to the United States in the personal outrages offered to the Consul, and the general disregard to the treaties of the United States with the Republic of Mexico. I take the liberty of suggesting to you Excellency that should no notice be taken of the grievances suffered by our citizens and no satisfaction demanded, the Americans citizens not only of New Mexico, but throughout the Republic will be more cruelly treated than heretofore, even by the class which now respects them, and the authorities of New Mexico encouraged by the want of success in obtaining redress, will attempt greater excesses than those already committed.

It is my humble opinion, that besides the punishment of the several offenders, and the pecuniary reimbursements that are justly claimed, a compensation for our losses and sufferings on this trip are justly due us. In this persuasion I beg most respectfully to submit this request to your consideration.

Manuel Alvarez

Mr. Manuel Alvarez

Sir:

I wish you to make enquire of the Governor whether mules and horses stollen from (!) by Indians, and afterwards purchased by citizens of this country, or others, whether we can claim and take such animals where we find them by the laws of this country. Mi object is to ascertain possitively as some animals that ware stollen last summer from our Fort, have been brought in here, and I am told that the Prefect says they can not be reclaimed; he did not tell me so, I have not seen him. It will be better for you to address a few lines to the Governor on this subject so as to have his decition in wrighting, which if you get you will please sent up to me by first opportunity.

Your obedient servant
(Signed) Charles Bent

Translation

Santa Fe December 4th 1839

M. Guadalupe Miranda
Secretary of the Government
of the D. of N. Mexico

Dr Sr

By a power received this day from the owner of the fort de Commercio on the other shore of the River Arkansas, Mr. Cs Bent, I petition you to have the kindness to inform His Excellency the Governor that the said Bent desires the Governor, if he thinks it proper, to examine the laws, and if he should find nothing relating to the subject, to have the kindness to determine whether mules and horses stolen by wandering Indians and afterwards sold to citizens of this country can be reclaimed when opportunity offers. The object assigned by Mr. Bent for making this request is, that during last summer there was stolen from his fort, some animals, of which a part have been introduced into this Department--for which reason he desires to have a positive knowledge of its rights, to govern him in this matter. I request you to be so good as to let me know as soon as possible the determination of the Governor, that I may inform Mr. Bent by the first opportunity.

(Signed) Manuel Alvarez

Santa Fe 6 December 1839

This Government has circulated orders allowing citizens to purchase from the Apalches, the Nabajoes and the Comaches, while at peace with us, horses, or mules belonging to the Departments of the Mexican Government, and which cannot be recovered from this Department.

This I believe to be justice. In regard to the robberies that may be committed upon Mr. Bent at his fort, he can have recourse to the competent authorities for the justice that he may require.

God and Liberty
(Signed) Armijo
(Signed) Miranda
Secretary

Translation

Secretary of the Government
of the Department

Under date of the 10th of March last, his Excellency the Minister of Domestic relations said to the Government as follows: His Excellency the President in virtue of the declaration made in an agreement with the Council on the 1st of June 1838, has granted to Mr. Marmel Alvarez a native of Spain, and citizen of Mexico, residing in the Capital of the Department of New Mexico, permission to receive and fill the office of Consul of the United States of North America in said Department, without prejudice to his rights as a Mexican citizen, which I have the honor to communicate to you in reply to your note of 28th November of last year, in order that you should give notice of it to the person interested for all necessary purposes. In view of which under this date, intelligence of it is given to the Minister of Domestic relations, that the Exequator of his diploma be granted, as soon as he presents it and I refer it to you.

- By superior order etc for your intelligence and satisfaction; renewing my consideration and esteem--God and Liberty

April 23rd 1840
(Signed) Guadalupe Miranda

To
Mr. M. Alvarez

Taos, April 20th 1843

Mr. Manuel Alvarez:

Sir:

Some time passed, I addressed you, giving you a Statement of the proceedings against me in Rio Arriba; since then, I have received a letter from the Governor Manuel Armigo, in which he tells me that I shall have justice done me--In consequence of this letter, I returned to Santa Fe, and have had a conference with him--He has made very fair promises; how far these promises will be verified, time will show: I ask no favors, I only want justice; and if I succeed in getting that, I shall be satisfied; but you . . . know how little reliance is to be placed on such promises, even when made by the highest authorities of the country; and particularly when they clash with their interests, as this case of mine does--You know that the prefect Juan Andres Archuleta must stand committed if I get justice; for this reason, I am doubtful of success; but I am willing to give a fair trial, before I take any other steps in the case, more than what the laws of this country award, if allowed to have their full force, which you know to be very doubtful--You particularly as Consul, have had fair sample of Mexican bad faith in several American citizens violated most outrageously, for which, none have been redressed; this, in a great measure, is owing to the imprudent forbearance of our government--If steps are not taken by the authorities of our country, to secure such rights as are guaranteed to American citizens by the treaty between the two countries, we Americans shall be compelled to abandon the trade of the country to the English and French, whose governments compel Mexico to respect the rights of their subjects--Americans are looked upon in this as intruders, and were it not for the fear of the American citizens resident in this country, there would be a great many more assassinated than there is; but as they get no protection from the Government of the United States, they are compelled to be always prepared to defend themselves against the attacks of the mob--We are all aware that these attacks are made by the rabble, but excited to do so by some of the first authorities of the country. This is done for the want of energy in our government: It is proverbial with the Mexicans, to say they must be very particular how they infringe on the privileges of the Englishmen and Frenchmen, because their gov't will protect them; but with Americans there is no danger; their government pays no attention to their complaints, or if they do, they are easily satisfied, a good lie will smooth the matter again--and the

American remains with insult or outrage, & shamed in the bargain.

The trade of this country is of some importance to the United States, and particularly to Missouri--there is annually taken to the U.S. in the precious metals, about half a million dollars, besides other property--this would have increased to a larger amount if traders to Mexico received any protection from the U.S.--Merchandise is brought by this route, with less expense than through any other port, &, would be greatly augmented if protected.

I feel grateful to you for the lively interest you have taken in this business of mine; & am satisfied that you rendered me assistance, although small in consequence of your limited powers.

Experience has proved that the American consul at Santa Fe should be vested with as full powers as a Consulship will allow, in order to afford the necessary assistance & protection to American citizens, so often needed. This Country is so far removed from the Capital that it is impossible to give information with any certainty to our Minister at Mexico--You have also laboured under other disadvantages; you have not been recognized as Consul as yet, by the authorities of Mexico; but, I am convinced that your exertions in favor of our citizens have had some good effect notwithstanding these great disadvantages.

I remain
Your very obedient Servant
Chas. Bent (Signed)

Independence, Missouri
July 1st, 1843

To The Honorable
The Secretary of State

Sir--

Having this day arrived in the United States from Santa Fe in Mexico, I deem it my duty to inform the Department of the situation of our citizens, together with that of their property, within the province of New Mexico, up to the time of leaving there, about the middle of April last past.

I had the honor of informing the Department of State at Washington by note of 18th December 1842, that the murderers of our countryman Andrew Daley and others, had been set at liberty by the Authorities of Santa Fe, without any trial or punishment whatever. Also that the Governor of New Mexico, Don Manuel Armijo, having lost on the Missouri

river, upon the Steamboat Lebanon, a large amount of merchandize (\$18,000 or \$20,000 worth) in the summer of the past year, he became excited to a high degree against all the citizens of the United States, and more particularly against me, charging me publicly with having been the cause of the loss of his goods, through which means the people became greatly exasperated against me, even so far as to endanger my personal safety and life.

So far back as October last, the rumor was current in Santa Fe that considerable bodies of Texian forces were upon their march for New Mexico, these reports though generally believed produced no direct influence on their treatment toward our people. Early in November it was known that a body of lawless men, had banded together upon the head waters of the Arkansas and Platte rivers, calling themselves Texians, but they were thought only to be a band of robbers, & little or no account was taken of them. But in the month of January the Governor was informed that a Col. Warfield said to be of the Texan Army had assumed the command of this gang, consisting of the most lawless men, about the various trading posts on those two rivers, that he was to be in expectation of a considerable reinforcement from the Republic to which he was said to appertain, & that their avowed intention was to concentrate at the point at which the Santa Fe road crosses the Arkansas, with the view of plundering the caravan from Mexico to the U.S. the past spring & afterward to invade the country--this caused considerable excitement, but what made it still higher was the almost certainty that many of our citizens who had went out as wagoners to Santa Fe & Chihuahua, had leagued themselves with Warfield, were spies in the country, holding constant communication with him, & intended in case of an attack to betray their employers & to join themselves to his party--Owing to this suspicion, Americans from many parts of the Department were ordered to the Capital to undergo an examination before the authorities, & caused much trouble & vexation to many of our innocent & inoffensive citizens.

In the beginning of the year the Prefect of the 1st District, & second in authority only to the Governor, in the name of an insignificant individual, caused a suit to be prosecuted, the most outrageous & unjust conceivable, against Charles Bent of the firm Bent, St. Vrain & Co., proprietors of large trading posts near the mountains upon the waters of the Arkansas & Platte, forced him, upon the most frivolous pretences to pay Eight hundred Dollars, without the least shadow of justice, caused him

many vexations, & by slanderous reports, so incensed the common, ignorant class against him, that he was in the most imminent danger of being mobbed, & his life sacrificed. His only chance of safety was in flying by night from the country & to cross the mountains to his fort on the Arkansas. This prefect denied him all appeal to the superior Courts of law, which is the right of every citizen, & he only complied with the sentence of this iniquitous judge, so that he could get released from his confinement with the object of fleeing the country for personal safety. In all this business I could only use in behalf of Mr. Bent my personal influence. The want of my exequator preventing my acting officially as Consul, & tho the result was bad in deed for Mr. Bent, yet I am pleased with the certainty that it would have been much more disastrous for him, had I not have done all I could in his defense.

Another cause of distrust between the citizens of the two countries in New Mexico, arises from the constant traffic carried on to a great extent by the people upon the frontiers, with the Indians within our limits, in the article of ardent spirits--I am happy to inform you that the vigilance of our agents along the Missouri the past season, entirely prevented our traders from halling the article, but the amount consumed is much the same, as the deficiency from our country is made up from the valley of Taos & large parties of Mexicans are daily selling it to the tribes within our borders; thence result disputes, quarrels, & murders, not only among the consumers, but it frequently recoils upon the Mexicans themselves; besides thefts & robberies, purchase of liquor, so soon as sober finds he must live the Indian lays hold of the first property of the pale face that comes in his way--These thefts, robberies, & murders, when they happen to the Mexican, he is said to refer exclusively to the influence of our legally authorized trader, instead of to the true & natural cause.

Though in extenuation of these traders in Alcohol I must remark, that a number of Americans without any license whatever, have established a village on this side of the Arkansas above Bent & Co. Fort & traffic to the Indians, at least as much ardent spirits as any of the Mexican Citizens, all of which tends to the great demoralization of the savages, & forces them to steal & plunder, & when no better can be done, to murder to supply bartered goods for intoxicating liquors--Could some understanding be had with the Gov't of Mexico, so as to prohibit the transportation of spirituous drinks across the mountains to within our Territory, it would tend greatly to the good understanding between the citizens of

the two countries, as well as to the gradual amelioration of the situation of Indian tribes along our Western border.

In addition to the delicate & even dangerous situation in which our merchants have been placed by the operations of Col. Warfield upon the frontiers of the two gov'ts, these movements have been the sole cause of many capitalists, Americans as well as Mexicans, not coming to our country for their goods, during the last spring . . .

Manuel Alvarez

Independence, Missouri
June 18, 1845

Mr. James Buchanan
Secretary of State

Sir:

On my arrival in this place from Santa Fe, a few days since, I learned with great satisfaction of the passage of the Draw Back Bill so long sought for by our traders to the Northern provinces of Mexico, which will so largely increase the amount of our exports to that country & consequent introduction of the precious metals, through Santa Fe & this place to the U.S.

Several merchants, old traders across the prairies, have the past Spring purchased in New York small portions of their goods under the provisions of the late law, who are now leaving here for New Mexico; fearing that my absence from Santa Fe upon their arrival might prejudice their interests, I have appointed Jeremiah Houghton to perform all the duties incumbent upon me by virtue of my appointment from the U.S. Gov't in the year 1839.

My friends in this place a short time since, forwarded to the Treasury Dept. a petition numerously signed, soliciting my appointment as commercial Agent under the above Act. This may be essential. But I am convinced that no objection could be made now by the Mexican Gov't to granting the Exequator; the former opposition arose entirely from Governor Armijo. He was controlled by considerations purely personal, clothed with extraordinary powers by the Central Authorities in Mexico to do whatsoever he thought proper, without respect to the general laws of the Republic & amenable to no person but the President. It was contrary to his wishes that I should exercise the duties of Consul independent of his influence, but he is now out of

power, & with him all opposition to my exequator.

Joseph Palsipher an American citizen was murdered some years since on the frontier of New Mexico, & his property applied to the use of the public . . .

I shall set out from this place for Santa Fe in the month of August; should the Department deem it advisable to forward the seal corresponding to the Consulate, with such instructions as may be Necessary, I will receive them with pleasure.

Manuel Alvares

Consular Office
Santa Fe, New Mexico
September 4, 1846

Hon. James Buchanan
Secretary of State

Sir:

Since my communication of the 26th May last to the Department over which you preside, things highly important to this remote province have taken place.

Though we had vague reports of the commencement of the War between the two countries near Matamoras, no intelligence was received of the invasion of this province until the 17th June. This was confirmed on the 26th by the arrival of the first caravan of traders from Independence, Missouri.

I sought an immediate interview with Governor Armijo, the civil and military commandant of this Territory, who was also apprised of the intended operations of the Army of the West under the orders of Gen'l Kearny, & used my best endeavors to convince him, that it would be better for himself and the people under his gov't to capitulate, & far preferable to become an inconsiderable portion of a powerful Republic, than considerable one of a nation continually engaged in revolutions, with no stability in the public administration of their affairs & powerless to defend the citizens of this province from the thousands of hostile Indians who surround them, & who have since the time of the Monarchy preyed almost continually upon all parts of this country, & have by a long course of murder, rapine, and plunder almost become the lords of the soil.

I succeeded badly at first, but with the other officers and his confidential advisors I had far better success, they not holding such high places, nor so responsible commissions & yet exposed to the

same dangers, were rather easily won over; besides they could promise to themselves in a free elective State, advancement in public favor, whereas the Governor could never calculate on being invested with the same amount of authority under the new order of things. He was vacillating to the last, & though a great man in small matters I found (him) to be a small one in great affairs.

However I succeeded in one most important point, & which came more particularly under my duties as Consul of the U.S., at least acting as such in this city, to have all of our citizens well treated even to the very entry of Gen'l Kearny. There was assembled here for more than a week about 4,000 men, many of them the most abandoned wretches in the entire nation, & though the most inflammatory speeches were made to them urging the troops to an indiscriminate murder of all Americans, & the plunder of their stores & houses, yet such was the influence of those in our interest, fortified by the positive orders of the Governor, that good order was preserved to the last & not one of our citizens molested nor a cent of his property taken. This is the more remarkable, as Armijo left the Capital on the 16th July with his whole force, ostensibly to give battle to our troops, & we had no supreme officer here until the entry of our General on the 18th; in the mean time though the inhabitants were running off in all directions, deserting their houses & property. We quietly remained amidst the rabble, undisturbed & unmolested.

In these arduous & intricate negotiations, I feel much indebted to many of our merchants, more particularly those of Chihuahua, who were here awaiting their annual supplies from Missouri. Our exertions were untiring, & we are all repaid by the peaceable submission of the territory, without any loss of life whatever.

I am anxious that our Gov't should have correct information as regards the character of the people of this territory, more specially now, as it was declared on the 22nd ultimo by a proclamation of Gen'l Kearny to be an integral part of our Republic. Though 100,000 inhabitants, & they of different language, religion, habit, manners & customs, have submitted to our authority, yet do not believe it was from fear of our power or love to our institutions; many of these people are brave, well accustomed to the use of firearms, have confidence in themselves & were ready & anxious for fight; they left their homes with the full intent of giving battle, but on arriving here they found their principal Officers quarrelling amongst themselves, with no union or concert of action; this caused them to become dis-

satisfied & fearful of the result, & when disbanded they went doggedly to their homes, not displeased with their country, but with those that their country had placed over them.

It will be indispensable that a strong military

force of at least 2,000 men should garrison this country for some time to come, as well to guard against the . . . clergy, as to meet any armed force from the interior . . .

Manu'l Alvares

Dust from the Denver Corral



William S. Jackson swore in the new governor of Colorado during April.

* * * * *

Walter Gann, Deputy Sheriff, took off the first part of May for a trip to the old round-up grounds in Texas.

* * * * *

Ed Bemis staged the annual bulletin contest for the Rotary Clubs of Colorado, Wyoming, Nebraska and New Mexico, and conducted the bulletin editors meeting at the District Conference of Rotary Clubs at Colorado Springs, April 24-25.

* * * * *

Don Bloch recently presented Speleotalk #27 to the Colorado Mountain Club, and gave or will give talks #28 and 29 before the Knights of the Round Table and the Professional Society of Engineers.

Don reports that he can now obtain WESTERNERS' pins for any member who will place an order with him.

* * * * *

Thomas Hornsby Ferril will be the principal speaker at the June Writers' Conference at the University of Kansas City, speaking on sources of Western and Southwestern literature, and reading his own poems.

"The Indoor Bird Watcher's Manual" by Helen Ferril and Anne Folsom (daughter of Tom and Helen Ferril) has become a best seller. It sold over 50,000 copies within two weeks after the publication date, April Fool's Day.

* * * * *

Harold Dunham attended a social science convention at Houston, Texas, April 7-8.

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A. L. Campa recently returned from a meeting with the Directors of the General Education Board of the Rockefeller Foundation in Austin, Texas. Earlier in the month he made a field trip recording some interesting melodies along the Rio Grande.

* * * * *

Henry Hough appeared in Cheyenne, Wyoming, before an examiner of the Interstate Commerce Commission as an expert witness. His testimony concerned the development and present status of the petroleum industry in the Rocky Mountain region. "Fun," says Hank, "--and profitable."

* * * * *

Sheriff L. J. Davidson on April 15 attended the National Folk Festival in St. Louis, and presented a talk on Western lore. He also has written an article entitled "Some Current Folk Gestures and Sign Languages," which is published in the current issue of Speech.

At the April meeting Mr. Jack Carberry of the Denver Post presented a fine, off-the-record talk on prize fighting in the Rocky Mountain area. Since Mr. Carberry did not wish to publish his remarks, which included personal reminiscences of some persons still living, the article on Santa Fe Traders is presented above.

* * * *

From the Los Angeles WESTERNERS' "The Branding Iron" of March 1950, we learn that the 1949 edition of their BRAND BOOK is now in production. Its contents are listed as: Sound Law from the Mother Lode; Black Bart, PO 8; Edward Borin; Placerville Times; California Flockways; Confederate Secret Societies in California; Trapper Trails to California; Charles M. Russell, with complete listing and pictures of Charles M. Russell Bronzes; Story of the Buffalo; Ed Masterson; The Cody Show; Western Artists and Their Work; N.A.M. Dudley; Coosie of the Cow Camps; Lewis and Clark; Salanta and Big Tree. Copies may be reserved by writing Dan Gann (son of Denver WESTERNERS' posseman Walter Gann), 830 North La Brea Blvd., Hollywood 38, California.

* * * * *

Notice to all Corresponding Members: The Denver Posse has been able to work out a system for inviting all members to attend, by groups, a Posse meeting once a year. Each group will receive for a given month, the regular notice of meetings, mailed out two weeks prior to the appropriate meeting date. The notice will list the speaker and his topic, the place and date of the meeting, and the price of the dinner, if one is scheduled. It is hoped that many will be able to attend so as to become better acquainted with others interested in the West.

* * * * *

A new copy of the March BRAND BOOK will be prepared, to replace the imperfect copy that was originally distributed by mail. Everyone will receive a first-rate copy of Ray Colwell's fine paper on Lake City, with the March book reviews, as one worthy of reading and filing, in lieu of the first printing which reflected the difficulties of a new printer.

Chuck Wagon Book Reviews



THE LAST CHANCE--Tombstone's Early Years.
By John Myers Myers. Dutton, \$3.50.

Admission is made at the outset that what follows is a biased book review. Furthermore, it violates the first tenet of a pre-guild newspaper man's creed with its use of the First Personal Pronoun, Singular. In extenuation, the piece is aimed at a rather special group of readers, while the opinions and comments offered have been requested on the ground that the reviewer's position in the field of discussion is what some have been kind enough to term, unique.

With that understanding, let's proceed:

For the last several weeks I have been recommending THE LAST CHANCE, by John Myers Myers, as required reading for anyone interested in the Who's, What's, and Wherefore's of Tombstone, Arizona, in the years when that historic community was the boom camp of the southwest. There has been a surprising assortment of requests for evaluation of the Myers job, surprising even to one who for the last twenty years has seen scarcely a day pass that has not called for comment in one form or another on what inquirers generally term "the truth about Tombstone."

Booksellers have asked if they would be warranted in offering the volume as an authentic piece of frontier history. Librarians have wondered if the book's value as a contribution to the record of a pioneering era would justify its cost. Several potential purchasers for personal use have wanted to know if it deserves a place on a scrupulously selected shelf of Western Americana; and in the last category have been several descendants of men who were residents of the Tombstone area in the years of 1879 to 1883, the period with which Mr. Myers deals.

To all such inquiries your reviewer's reply has been an unqualified, Yes.

For BRAND BOOK subscribers I should like to reaffirm this over-all approval of THE LAST CHANCE, but for them it appears desirable to qualify my generally favorable opinion with certain

observations which would be of small concern to run-of-mine readers.

Reasons for recommending **THE LAST CHANCE** are readily summarized:

No community of note in the pioneering of The West has been manhandled in the public prints more sadly than has Tombstone, with the possible exception of Dodge City, Kansas. (The two towns had much in common.)

No more controversial subject has been argued down the last sixty-five years than,--what actually happened in Tombstone to make it for a time the toughest camp in an exceedingly tough territory, who was responsible for the conditions which obtained, and why?

In the sanguinary struggle for control of Tombstone's lucrative affairs; in the fights shot out in the city streets between the forces of organized and politically protected outlawry and the duly constituted forces of law-and-order; in that incessant war between the opposing factions which commanded a greater interest in the national mind than the unparalleled richness of the silver lodes; in all of these closely-related matters, who was right and who was wrong?

Mr. Myers has come close to wrapping up all the answers to these Tombstone questions in a single package. Some loose ends of string are left dangling; there are a few holes in the paper and a couple of the corners are untidy, but his contents are unmistakable in purport. Moreover, he affords me opportunity to remark, "I told you so."

Unquestionably, Mr. Myers dug at length for his material, and in the right spots. He missed a few sources of pay dirt, despite which he has marshalled his findings in a logical array that makes his argument irrefutable.

It is not the purpose here to offset the rewards of reading **THE LAST CHANCE** by detailing its text. Suffice it to say that Mr. Myers has dealt largely in cause and effect. Barring two or three inconsequential errors in the chronological sequence of events, he has utilized this method effectively.

On the other hand, the reader with specialized knowledge may be inclined to the opinion that the author of **THE LAST CHANCE** is lacking somewhat in a real "feel" for his subject; that he has failed to "soak up" the true color of the lives and times about which he writes. Acquaintance with the sound literature of the West may lead some to recognition of irritating errors in Myers' use of background material and in geographical items of minor importance. These should be ignored in acceptance

of his job as a whole.

One bit noticed is in Mr. Myers' exposition on Faro, of which he writes: "Originally the cards were dealt by hand, but by the time Faro reached the West the temptation to manipulate them (under-score, mine) had been removed by a mechanical device which thrust them out a slit in the side of the box containing them."

An Oldtimer to whom I had recommended **THE LAST CHANCE** commented with a chuckle, "Guess this Myers has been wasting his time in Arizona. He doesn't seem to have learned anything about 'sand' or 'needles'."

Since critical comment has been requested, it may be recorded that insofar as the Westerners are concerned Mr. Myers gets away to an inauspicious start with his "Map of Tombstone" which faces the opening of his Chapter One. The street layout and compass points are approximately correct; the Oriental, the Crystal Palace, Hafford's, the O.K. Corral and Yard and the Bird Cage occupied the sites he has assigned to them. But, locations given for the Old Courthouse, Bob Hatch's Pool Hall and the Cosmopolitan Hotel, each of great importance in the Tombstone story, are grievously out of line.

The Old Courthouse of reality stood at the Northwest corner of Fourth and Fremont streets, the front wall running West along Fremont so that a corner of its second-story balcony provided the vantage point from which Judge Lucas viewed the fight in the O.K. Corral yard. West of this building was the office and plant of the Tombstone Epitaph; next, with a footpath intervening, was the residence and millinery shop of Addie Bourland, directly across the street from the corral yard and giving Mrs. Bourland a ringside seat at the battle. Correct locations for these buildings are important, for testimony originating from them has contributed in substantial fashion to determination of historic right and wrong.

Hatch's Billiard Parlor--the formal designation, by the way, in March, 1882--in which Morgan Earp was killed, stood flush against Hafford's East wall. The Cosmopolitan Hotel, in which Wyatt Earp lived for some months and which, unofficially, was headquarters for the Citizens' Safety Committee, occupied in actuality two and one-half standard lots on the North side of Allen Street immediately East of Hatch's, with Dave Cohen's Cigar Store utilizing the half-lot next adjoining. (From the rear of Cohen's, incidentally, there ran North into Fremont Street the alley which seems to puzzle Mr. Myers in the opening paragraphs of his Chapter Seventeen.) The Grand Hotel, favored by the out-

law element, was on the South side of Allen Street, occupying two and one-half standard lots somewhat East of Fourth; the structure on the one and one-half lots at the corner also was a hotel and bar, known at one time as The Occidental.

Mr. Myers, in his text, further disorients the careful reader. He places the Grand Hotel "just across Fifth Street" from his erroneous location of The Cosmopolitan, on a site, it must be assumed, actually occupied by The Alhambra Saloon. The spot on the Myers map at which he wrongly places The Cosmopolitan--the Southeast corner of Fifth and Allen streets--was the point from which assassins shot at and came close to killing Virgil Earp. The two-story building under construction there at the time was put up by The Huachuca Water Company and subsequently operated as The Tourist Hotel. Dr. Goodfellow's office was diagonally across Fifth and Allen streets to the North, at the rear of The Crystal Palace.

All of which geographical detail has been set down here for the simple reason that if the various locations had been occupied as Mr. Myers indicates they were, then not much could have happened as he says it did; and, in the main, Mr. Myers is accurate in recounting the movements of persons.

All of us drop into error, but the author of THE LAST CHANCE appears to have been more careless in his collateral reading than sound workmanship would allow. He has Wyatt Earp "raised in Kansas" by what authority he does not state, whereas the record of the marshal's life places his birth and boyhood in Iowa. Then, from Page 64 to the end of the book, Mr. Myers insists repeatedly that James Earp was Wyatt's half-brother. James was full-brother to Wyatt while the half-brother was Newton Earp, and the two men have been so identified time and again by earlier writers. On page 193, he notes that "just when James Earp, the half-brother . . . left Tombstone is an open question." Well, on page 323 of WYATT EARP, FRONTIER MARSHALL it is printed in so many words that James Earp left Tombstone for Colton, California, with Morgan Earp's body, in the afternoon of the Sunday immediately following Morgan's death, which would fix the day as March 19, 1882.

Another type of error which may irritate the more meticulous Westerners is exemplified in the Myers description of firearms on page 66. Here he states "the cylinder of the Colt swung out on a crane, as it does now (1950)." Those better acquainted with the history of, and implemented by, The Peacemaker know that the famous belt gun was loaded one chamber at a time through a gated

groove and that empty shells were ejected in like sequence by a side-rod functioning in the same channel. The Colt with the swing-out cylinder, operating on what Mr. Myers terms "a crane," did not appear on the market until 1889.

Anachronisms may mar the Myers writing, but again let it be stressed that they do not detract from the worth of his contribution as a whole.

It does seem, too, that Mr. Myers might have exercised greater care in preparing the closing chapter of his book which he calls "A Necrology and Boot Hill," for much that he offers under this heading is far removed from fact. For example, he offers the present-day grave markers which dot the burying ground as "a sort of tabloid history of old Tombstone." Several thousand words could be employed profitably in complete clarification of the sorry state to which the old burying ground has been ballyhooed in recent years; in summary, it is the regrettable truth that a majority of the markers are phony in their entirety, exactly as much so as are so many of the mounds of rock piled up to indicate graves and underneath which no bodies of any sort are resting except those in the "windys" blown up for the gullible.

Flesh-and-blood individuals undergo similar treatment.

John P. Clum, for example, did not spend his last years "in patriarchal retirement" at Tucson, as Mr. Myers puts it. Mr. Clum spent his final years of retirement in Southern California and died at his home in Los Angeles in 1932.

Doc Holliday did not live long enough to die in Colorado "during or about 1895" as Mr. Myers has it; Holliday died in Glenwood Springs, but the year was 1885.

Nor was Warren Earp "killed by a rustler in Lordsburg, New Mexico, in the course of a poker game." He was shot and killed in cold blood in a saloon at Willcox, Arizona, on July 4th, 1900.

At the time, Warren Earp was a special officer for the Arizona Cattlemen's Association and had gone to Willcox to serve a warrant charging cattle theft on a man who had acquired extensive holdings by methods which long had laid him open to suspicion. Word of the purpose of his visit had leaked from the sheriff's office. When Warren Earp entered the door of the saloon which served as headquarters for the man he sought, two men who stood facing him opened fire at him simultaneously and without warning. One was the individual for whom the warrant had been issued; the other was a confederate. Warren Earp died without a chance to say a word or pull a gun.

Then, the stage was set for the benefit of local officials. Every man in the place was on the killer's payroll, so Warren's gun was pulled from its holster and placed near his right hand before word of his death was sent to the marshal and coroner, and testimony of the onlookers cleared the cattleman on the grounds of "self-defense." Some years later the thieves fell out and both the bartender and another witness to the shooting, each without the knowledge of the other, gave exactly identical accounts of the murder. The case, however, had been marked closed and was not reopened.

Such critical corrections are not intended to be captions. They are offered in the belief that readers of the BRAND BOOK want the record straight, and from a long-standing conviction that for a writer who essays a permanent contribution to the literature of history--and that is what THE LAST CHANCE stacks up to be--no least effort should be spared to achieve absolute accuracy. Else, how about other writers to follow?

Those interested in comparative studies of the origins and employment of source material and methods of acquisition might read WYATT EARP, FRONTIER MARSHAL immediately prior to taking THE LAST CHANCE. For the benefit of such I should like to record that I devoted more than six years to the research and writing of the biography of Wyatt Earp, and that I very much regret that Mr. Myers did not see fit to consult with me over the sizeable amount of material which our respective works have in common. Had he done this, the discrepancies noted might have been avoided in his otherwise excellent book.

(Stuart Lake)

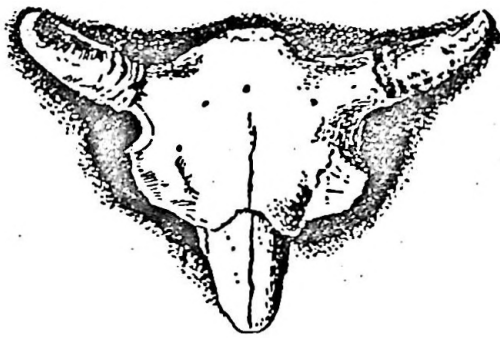
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Biographical note prepared by Fred Rosenstock:

Corresponding Member Stuart Lake is an old-line writer of Western history--factual and fictional --with a personal preference for the former. By "old-line" I mean the authentic, interpretive type personified by Gene Rhodes, Emerson Hough, Eugene Cunningham and our own Bill Raine.

Originally a newspaper man (prior to World War I), Lake later made his reputation as a magazine writer, doing Westerns and mysteries with an authentic flavor, as well as some more serious magazine writing, including a stint for the Saturday Evening Post. Unquestionably his magnum opus is the biography, WYATT EARP, FRONTIER MARSHAL, which amounts to a classic of its sort--and deservedly. The book has gone into many print-

ings, and in 1949, 18 years after its original publication, was reprinted, in part, by an English magazine, The Strand. In more recent years, Lake has done considerable writing for the movies, and a sketch of his career may be found in the Motion Picture Almanac. He resides in San Diego.



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"AN ARMY OFFICER IN THE WEST: 1869-1890"--Robert G. Athearn

At the close of the Civil War thousands of ex-soldiers chose to seek their fortunes in the great expanse of land lying west of the Mississippi River with the result that the immediate post-war years witnessed an enormous movement of peoples into this undeveloped region.¹ Although there was considerable shifting, and search for still better locations on the part of the individual, very few of the new inhabitants saw much more than a part of the great western land. While the former soldier settled down to fight it out with the elements -- at mining, cattle ranching or dry farming -- his companions who had elected to remain in the service were sent to all corners of the American west to protect those busily engaged in exploiting the soil.

Because the army was rapidly and seriously reduced after 1865, the number of soldiers available for frontier duty was extremely small. This necessitated the shuttling of men from one danger spot to the next and caused the individuals involved to gain a considerable knowledge of western conditions and geography. The average military man, who might return to a particular area on successive tours of duty, undoubtedly was conscious of its change and development over the intervening years. Unfortunately the average soldier was not given to recording his thoughts or impressions, although the boredom of post life did drive some in the direction of diary-keeping. All too often this effort resulted in little more than the preservation of such information as temperatures and pre-

1. Portions of this paper have appeared in The Colorado Magazine (May 1948) and The Mississippi Valley Historical Review (Sept. 1948).

the junior officer, "and as the great Pacific Railroad was then just completed, making a new route of travel . . . I shall be somewhat minute in detail of the description of our journey as it may be interesting in the future, for even now our route of travel is not what it was then, there have been great changes since." The Thomas party left Chicago on the 24th of May, aboard a Chicago and Northwestern Railroad train which was filled with "intelligent, active looking people (who) showed the progress of the great west," the diarist noted. "The conversation of many of the men being about gold mines and mining, reminded me that I was among Californians." At Council Bluffs the Captain experienced the only tedious part of his trip, for it was necessary to ferry across the Missouri River to Omaha, a slow and laborious task. "We staid (sic) at Omaha one day and were not favorably impressed with its beauty, it had not lost its frontier aspect, and one of the most important industries of the place appeared to be Whiskey selling. . . ." Leaving Omaha behind on the 26th the travelers moved up the Platte Valley, remarking that along its lower reaches the valley was fairly well settled, but beyond North Platte, which they saw on the morning of the 27th, not a house was to be seen. West of Cheyenne the comments of the passengers seemed to center around the sage brush, the barren wastes and the vast distances. When Promontory Point was reached on May 29th, Hough made some notes concerning the location of the historic junction point of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads where a great celebration had occurred just nineteen days before his arrival. He recorded that "The city of Promontory Point no longer exists, it was purely a rail road town, built of canvass (sic) on the sage brush plain, and except the railroad Employees contained a population of roughs, near a thousand, every man was armed and scarce a day passed without a fight. On the hill-side near it are the graves of the victims. These outlaws had followed the advance of both roads to this point, living upon the rail road builders by gambling and robbery, their field of labor now no longer existing, they had fallen upon each other. When I next passed by Promontory Point, they were gone, what had not been killed were scattered through the mining towns."

At this place the passengers transferred to the Central Pacific road and there they gave up their sleeping cars for what Captain Hough described as "comfortable day cars." As they continued west they were impressed by the desert, which, as the diarist put it, "exceeded our previous experience." By the 30th this barren waste had been left behind and the Sierra Nevadas lay ahead with their welcome snow drifts, which furnished a pleasant contrast to the dry regions just traversed. Sacramento was reached that day and from there the travelers completed their journey to San Francisco by river boat. Seven days from Chicago to San Francisco

seen. It is on the bank of the Columbia, but in the midst of a sagebrush desert. The streets were nearly knee deep with mud, and not a blade of grass or a tree to be seen around the houses. The town was a creation from an arbitrary route of travel, it had grown up since the Idaho gold discoveries, being the shipping point of all that country, as it was the best point on the Columbia river that country could reach. It contained about 100 frame shanties, and had seen some lively times, but the Central Pacific R.R. had changed the route of travel, and Umattilla was on the decline, half of the houses being vacant."

Within a day or two the group arrived at Portland and from there departed for Alaska. Captain Hough wrote extensively about his experiences in the recent purchase, and even went so far as to make predictions concerning its worth. The pages which contained these thoughts have been removed from his account and in the margin on an accompanying page appear these words: "The leaves taken out here contained an opinion of the future of Alaska, but the gold discoveries here made my forecasts useless; another instance of the worth of the old adage 'never prophesy unless you know'." The prognosticator returned to San Francisco on September 16, after a voyage of approximately 6,000 miles, and then returned to Philadelphia to get his family and bring it back to the Pacific coast to his post of duty. Toward the end of March, 1870, General Thomas died and his senior aide was now assigned to the 13th Infantry with orders to report to Camp Douglass, Utah. Here he remained until 1874 when he was promoted to Major and assigned to the 22nd Infantry which was then in Dakota Territory. Before he could join his new command the 22nd was ordered to the Great Lakes region and, instead of going to Dakota, Major Hough assumed command at Fort Brady, Michigan. From there he moved to Fort Mackinac, Michigan, and it was here that he received his orders, in 1876, to proceed to the Department of Dakota.

The reason for the presence of the 22nd Infantry in Dakota was made evident on June 25, 1876, at a place now referred to as the Little Big Horn. The Custer disaster illustrated the necessity of a much larger military force in the West and the army immediately began to gather troops in that area. By August 1, General Alfred H. Terry's forces, near the present city of Miles City, Montana, were reenforced by six companies of the 22nd Infantry, and on the next day six companies of the 5th Infantry, under Colonel Nelson A. Miles, arrived. Major Hough left Fort Mackinac toward the end of September, to join his men who had gone on ahead to the area of trouble. He entrained at St. Paul, in a special car carrying Generals Terry and Philip H. Sheridan out to the end of the line at Bismarck. "During my journey with these officers," he wrote, "I was impressed with the opinion that both of them

feeling of shame that they had done nothing, and everybody connected with Head Quarters seemed to be anxious to get away, and such was their hurry that they dumped upon the river bank at this place all their stores, leaving them in charge of our Battalion, without a Staff Officer, without a clerk, without even stationery to keep a record of them, our Battalion Quartermaster being compelled to keep his records for a time on the backs of old letters. Every staff officer seemed to have the most important and urgent business at home, and not one member of the immense staff of our little army was left on the Yellowstone, the seat of the only warlike operations then existing in the whole United States, excepting the operations of Crook near by.' "

Major Hough remained at Glendive during the winter of 1876-1877 supervising the unloading and transfer of supplies for the troops in the field. This point of supply was selected by General Terry, who found that low water prevented the steamers from moving up the Yellowstone beyond that place, and it was necessary to transfer supplies by wagon from here westward. Hough called the work done by his command that winter "unusual." "Beside the constant escort duty," he related, "it built a very decent and comfortable Post, it cut and hauled all of the fuel used, it kept a wagon train of 100 wagons in repair including the shoeing of the animals, and all with but two citizen employees, one blacksmith, and one carpenter. We had in our favor a comparatively mild winter. While it was very cold at times, the mercury running down to -30, we had no severe storms, 'Blizzards' as they are called in this country. These we were in constant fear of on account of the trains. The health of the Command was remarkable; no epidemic or serious sickness, and but one death and that from a chronic disease." Regarding the actual military campaign, the diarist had this to say: "Thus passed the winter of 1876-77, a winter campaign which resulted in Sitting Bull and his bands fleeing to Canada, for though Miles marched against him whenever he could hear of him, 'General' Bull would not fight; constant worrying though finally drove him out of the country. He was wearied out. Some of his squaws said at Fort Peck where they had gone to trade, 'me get no sleep and me tired.'" By June, 1877, Major Hough was ordered back to his post at Mackinac where, he explained, "matters had not gone smoothly during my absence."

The next two years were spent in quiet garrison duty at Mackinac, except for short tours of duty in Chicago and Wilkes Barre where the troops were used to quell the labor riots in the railroad strikes of that year. In the spring of 1879, the 22nd was ordered to the Department of Texas. About this time there was a threatened trespass by whites into Indian territory and President Hayes ordered troops there to

pained through a country so beautiful, mountains, forest valleys, clear rushing water, everything to make nature lovely, and here in Animas valley we found quite a large settlement and a thriving town. The Indian scare if there had been one was over, and all anxiety of the inhabitants seemed to be centered on trying to make as much money out of our coming among them as possible." Shortly it appeared that perhaps the residents were to be satisfied in their desires to have the troops stay in the area, for Hough's command was ordered into permanent camp pending the outcome of an investigation of the White River affair to the north.

The Major was not entirely satisfied with the arrangements being made for peace with the Utes. He took a dim view of the proceedings in one of his letters home when he wrote, "This campaign has fizzled terribly -- with (General Wesley) Merritt in the North, and we here, the Army is in a position to control the Utes, and a war with them is only a matter of time. I don't care how much of a peace they may patch up now, every man, woman and child in Colorado are (sic) in favor of removing the Utes and they will force it and bring on a war sooner or later. . . . Our whole Indian policy is a mere system of make-shifts and must result in much bloodshed in the end. I have not much comfort in looking at it."

While Hough was disgusted with this "makeshift" policy, as he called it, he also had the professional soldier's distaste for elements of the civilian population which constantly irritated the Indians, thereby complicating the problem of the military. In a letter home, from his post at Animas City, he told his wife how he had read in a local paper that the female survivors of the Meeker massacre had been outraged. "I don't believe it," he insisted, "for it is in contradiction of all we have heard before and is gotten up by these people to inflame the public and be one step toward what they are trying to accomplish, which is to have an expensive war and bring in money and eventually to drive out the Utes. These frontier people are wholly unscrupulous. It is an outrage that we of the Army who have all the hardships to encounter should be made such catspaws of, mere tools of ambitious men who care only for their own interests, and cater to the public for popularity."

The companies of the 22nd stayed in Animas for two months in the fall of 1879, and their commanding officer, like the good chronicler he was, later set down some of his observations on the town. "Animas City was at that time a pioneer mining town with great expectations, and as the D. & R.G. R.R. Co. promises to have the road reach the city by next August, prospects are good for their expectations to be realized, as

The disgruntled officer took his troops out of Colorado by way of New Mexico, in order to get away from the heavy snows. He reported at Santa Fe, the headquarters for the District of New Mexico, and then marched fifteen miles from that city, where the troops entrained on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad for Fort Gibson. "I am glad I saw Santa Fe before the rail road reached it," he later noted. "It is now there and I hear is rapidly changing. As I saw it, it was still Mexican, the same shiftless sleepy look of all Mexican towns, though the prospective change had brought many Americans there and plenty of German Jews. These pioneers of trade seem to be everywhere on our frontier, and control most of the trade in New Mexico. The largest portion of Santa Fe was of Mexican architecture, adobe single story flat roof houses, but there were many more presumptuous houses of stone and some of American style. The old Cathedral of rough stone was being surrounded by the walls for a new and grand building. In a few years there will be a new town of Santa Fe."

After reporting at Fort Gibson, the much-travelled Major (who wrote that he had campaigned 10,000 miles since 1876) had a few days with his family before moving on to Fort McKavitt in Texas. The next eight years were to find him at various posts in Texas and Arizona with the exception of a two year period of duty on David's Island in New York harbor. In the meantime (in 1882) he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant colonel in the 16th infantry. Just when he had settled down for what appeared to be a quiet life of garrison duty while awaiting his retirement, he was unexpectedly ordered west again in 1888. His new post was Fort Duchesne, located on the Ute Indian reservation in Utah. The reason for the new assignment was that the first two commanding officers of the fort, which had been established in 1886, had been court-martialed for various offenses, with the final result that an entire change of garrison was ordered and Lieutenant Colonel Hough, with four companies of infantry and two companies of colored cavalry, was ordered to take over the post. It was during this tour of duty that he was promoted to colonel in the 9th Infantry with headquarters at Whipple Barracks, (Prescott) Arizona. While awaiting orders for his new assignment, Colonel Hough took a month's leave of absence so that he might see his daughter, and his wife who was visiting her, at Fort Custer, Montana. After a trip of a hundred miles he reached the Denver and Rio Grande railroad at Price, Utah, and from there went on into Salt Lake City. "This railroad," he wrote, "is through part of the country I was in when on the Indian campaign in 1872 and the improvement in it interested me. Down Spanish Fork and through Provo and Salt Lake valley, I could only recognize the country by natural land marks, the improvements in build-

transitional nature of his time and he was sufficiently interested in the process to set down his thoughts, extensively, during the entire span of his western duty. When he entered the West, it was raw and remote; when he left it, a modern America had emerged and he was able to travel to almost any part of it, by rail, as easily as any tourist of today. His story of what happened between the dates of 1869 and 1890 only makes the student of western history wish that more people had had more time to write similar chronicles.

Dust from the Denver Corral



John J. Lipsey returned from a four-months' vacation at Miami Beach, Florida and immediately came to a WESTERNERS' meeting. He asserted that he regretted missing previous roundups, and that he hoped to miss no more for many months.

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Carl F. Mathews will give a talk on the "Mines of Cripple Creek" at the June meeting of the Colorado Springs Mineralogical Society.

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Ray Colwell reports that an interesting sidelight on the increasing interest in local history is found in the newly-organized Historical Society of the Pike's Peak Region, Colorado Springs. By merely spreading the news of a formation of such a group, the membership has already reached 200 and more members are coming in every day. Incidentally, many of the members and the officers are corresponding members of the WESTERNERS, and possemen Ray Colwell and Carl Mathews are the First Vice President and Director, respectively. These two expect that posseman Lipsey will come forward as a member as soon as he has rested up from his vacation in Florida.

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Don Bloch has decided to increase his record of attendance at the Memorial Day 500-Mile Auto Races at Indianapolis by making his 14th visit to the Hoosier capital and the race track.

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We are reminded by corresponding member E. M. Barker that on June 3 there was the dedication of a plaque at the Civic Center marking the

B. Z. Wood, the posse's Program Chairman, has recently been appointed assistant to the new, incoming president of Colorado Woman's College.

Chuck Wagon Book Reviews



BOLDLY THEY RODE, by Ovando J. Hollister, with introduction by William MacLeod Raine. Edited by Wm. J. Barker. Printed by the Golden Press, Inc., Lakewood, Colorado. \$2.50.

This is a complete and unabridged version of the original book entitled "A History of the First Colorado Regiment of Volunteers," compiled by Hollister from his diary, published in 1863, and paid for by members of the Regiment. The few remaining copies of the original edition are said to be catalogued each, at more than \$1,000. As Raine states in his inspiring introduction, "The re-issuance of this book is the most important publication of the year among those which tell of the turbulent Rocky Mountain country and its salty first citizens."

The story opens in July, 1861, with three prospectors in Clear Creek Canyon. Having struck nothing but hard luck, and feeling the call of duty to serve their country, these men made plans to raise a company of volunteers. When some eighty recruits had been drawn from the mines, the company trooped into Denver, hoping soon to get transportation "back to America." But Governor Gilpin was opposed to this fighting material leaving the newly formed Territory. Pledging his honor that the men should be well-mounted, armed and equipped, and have active service till they couldn't rest, he induced them to remain and form one company of the First Colorado.

Quartered first on Ferry Street, next in the Buffalo House, then at Camp Weld, on the outskirts of three-year-old Denver, the battle-hungry recruits grew restive with the news of increasing Confederate victories. Bull Run, Chancellorsville, the fall of forts along the Rio Grande to Baylor's Babes, the raising of a Secesh flag in Denver, the governor illegally drawing drafts on the U. S. Treasury to sustain his Volunteers -- for six months the First Colorado Regiment chafed under the delay,

than when, at Fort Laramie, a teamster had defied obeying the orders of Lieutenant Marshall unless the officer could prove he was the better man, and a Captain Sexton, big with command, had been captured with his platoon of Rocky Mountain Rangers. A lieutenant was shot by a drunken sergeant, the sutler's cellar raided, the Lome, a small Sodom five or six miles from the fort, frequently visited. Disturbing to Hollister were uneasy rumors concerning the Battle of Valverde, a few canyon-gouged miles to the south.

The Regiment hastened on to meet Sibley. Past Las Vegas, the Pecos, Pigeon's ranch. "Hurrah for the Pikes Peakers!" On March 26, captured Confederate scouts revealed that a large force of Texans was moving up Apache Canyon. A battle was shaping up. Would the Regiment be worthy of its name? We hear the rattle of grape through the pinons, the hoarse coughing of howitzers, the crackle of musketry and clash of sabers. We see Captain Cook shot from his horse and Major Chivington, "chawing his lips," a pistol in each hand, galloping along the ridge, roaring his orders.

And that night, watching his friend Dutro die, Private Hollister looked deep into his soul. "I am persuaded there are but a few men brave by nature," he penciled in his diary. "Battle brings all speculation to a point. Life and death stare each other in the face. Life, however miserable, against death that ends all. Until actively engaged, most men suffer excessively from suspense. In the midst of a fight . . . the thunder of the captains and the shouting . . . man glories in his mad power and fear is forgotten. Many, whose patriotism is pure, would flinch at the last moment but for self-respect. That, I believe, is the only boon more precious than life."

Hollister's on-the-spot reporting of next day's fight at Pigeon's ranch is graphic: Hard breast-to-breast fighting on the flanks; the Texan artillery playing a lively tune; the thud, thud of bullets coming down off the mountains on each side into the ground; Claflin's four-cannon battery playing the liveliest Yankee Doodle ever heard. Describing a Texan charge against his company's position, Hollister's contempt for the Seceshes turned to praise. These troops, he admitted, were led by as brave officers as live.

The fighting in and around Glorieta Pass ended with Chivington's destruction of Sibley's wagon train. It had been hard fighting; almost one-fourth of the Colorado Volunteers were listed as killed, wounded or missing. The loss was proportionately greater than at the Battle of Gettysburg. But the Confederate push had been turned back and the West saved for the Union. General Canby, at a gentlemanly distance, pursued them down the Rio Grande toward Texas.

Hiram Chittenden, The History of the American Fur Trade of the Far West (1902), the published journals of a few of the expeditions, and biographies of such men as Fitzpatrick and McLoughlin has come an appreciation of the trade of the upper half of the plains and mountain empire. However, the exploitation of the Southwest has not yet been understood except through the scattered articles and diaries that have appeared in magazines of limited circulation. Indeed, a complete history of that pioneer business will never be published because of the lack of records kept by "This Reckless Breed of Men." It is Cleland's purpose to make a synthesis of what is known and what could be gleaned from the manuscript sources, and the result is satisfying.

In the first nine chapters, the author writes of "Beaver and Mountain Men," an interesting over-all picture of the fur trade and the trader, including everything from the methods of skinning down to the recipe for "bitters" made of buffalo gall and water and said to be good for an "ulcerated stomach." The remaining chapters are devoted to the expeditions of the various trappers who led the way into the Southwest from Missouri, the Great Basin, and the Columbia. Jedediah Smith's heroic overland trip to California is given two chapters; the men who operated out of Santa Fe and Taos are placed in a catch-all chapter largely because of the inadequate records left by them; the wanderings of Ewing Young, Bill Williams, William Wolfkill, and Joseph Walker who followed the Colorado, Gila, or otherwise reached the coast are given five chapters; and the expeditions of Peter Skene Ogden and other "partisans" of the Hudson's Bay Company that reached the Bear, Sacramento, and San Joaquin rivers are rounded-up in the last chapter. Lesser figures are intermingled with the above, as is considerable material on Indians, relations of the Americans with the Spanish and Mexicans, and other pertinent data.

With Cleland's definition of the Southwest as including the area as far north as the Columbia River one might argue, but he really does not claim the Pacific Northwest as part of his study except to show that the British traders were also interested in the furs south of the Columbia basin. The locale of the book is in the arid region traditionally known as the Southwest where most of us have assumed the beaver was unimportant if not unknown. The author shows the gradual enlargement of the traders' interest in that region after the Missourians found their way to Santa Fe shortly after 1800, and proves that the major interest of the numerous Americans there was the beaver trade until the mid-thirties. The 170 passports issued by the Mexican government to foreign individuals and groups between August and October, 1836, were not for sight-seeing purposes. Santa Fe and Taos as well as Bent's Fort on the Arkansas be-

On January 13, 1863, escorted by the Third Regiment of Colorado Volunteers, the First Colorados marched as cavalry through the streets of cheering Denver.

The South, it has been recorded, expected the War Between the States to be over in about six weeks. Had they known there were men like Hollister north of the Mason and Dixon Line, they would have probably raised their estimate to eight weeks. For Ovando Hollister was a fighting breed of man.

It is fortunate that he was also a keen observer of men and things, and was a born writer. That some of his conclusions -- such as the end of Indian warfare in 1862 and the eternal worthlessness of New Mexico -- proved incorrect, was due to the prevalent lack of knowledge of the West and to understandable human error. That his viewpoint was biased -- but no more so than on the other side -- is not to be unexpected, since the book was written in the heat of war.

In this reviewer's opinion, the book would be of even greater interest had it maps of the several engagements. It is also to be regretted that the chapter-head treatment in Chapter One was not continued.

Boldly They Rode, the dramatic narrative of a history-shaping event in the West, is exceptionally well-written. "The road today is deep with sand, worn down from the sandstone ridge over which it passes," wrote Hollister of the road entering Fort Laramie. "Columns, castles and crags march along the divide. Impending over the road is a crag a hundred feet high, on top of which, with folded wings, rests the figure of an American eagle."

(Dabney Otis Collins)

THIS RECKLESS BREED OF MEN, by Robert Glass Cleland. Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1950, \$4.00. 361 pp., maps, reproductions, index.

Either as author or editor, Robert Cleland Glass, formerly professor of history at Occidental College and now of the research staff at Huntington Library, has enriched western history to the extent of a dozen books. This last one, which obviously has had a long period of gestation, meets the expected standards of scholarliness and style. The title is a happy one to describe the mountain men of whom he writes, but it is not as accurate as the sub-title, The Trappers and Fur Traders of the Southwest, in indicating the content of the book.

There has been a large hole in our understanding of the fur trade of the Trans-Missouri region. From the monumental three volumes of

earning -- justly, says Hollister -- such public accusations as chicken thieves, jayhawkers, a disgrace to themselves and their country.

With the exception of a detachment's being sent to divert southward an arms shipment from Camp Floyd, another to Fort Laramie to provide guard for an imaginary train of arms headed for Denver, and a trip to Fort Wise, on the Arkansas River, to bring in some Confederates who had captured a government train, the First Colorados were sitting out the war at Camp Weld. And they were raising hell in Denver. No chicken was safe on its roost, no hog in its pen. "It was rough on the town," Hollister wrote, "but we had been dogs now four months without pay." Many a Volunteer went over the hill. That Christmas, first the law, then the citizens, surrendered to the First Colorados. They looted the town.

In the first days of 1862, an express arrived in Denver from the South with news of the advance on New Mexico of three or four thousand Texans under Brig. Gen. H. H. Sibley, and a call for assistance. Here, at last, was proof, instead of rumors, that the Seceshes were on the northward march to cut the gold trails, to take the West. On January 10, Capt. Cook received orders to report, with a detachment of fifty men, to Fort Wise. The march was made in ten days in bitter cold. About a month later, the troops were ordered to the support of General Canby at Fort Union.

Hollister's journal now takes the form of a diary. He writes with warrior's words. "I am a private soldier, depending upon the rumors of the camp for my information," he states, in extenuation of probable errors. "My vision comprehends only the rear of events as they pass out of sight."

In straightforward soldier's language Private Hollister takes the reader with him on that terrible forced march southward so vividly described by Editor Barker in his "Forgotten War for the West." Bent's Fort, the Purgatoire River where they were joined by the remainder of the Regiment from Denver, the Raton Mountains. Thirty miles of foot-slogging in one winter's night. The animals begin to drop. Major Chivington's big grays and saddle mule left where they fell. No sound but the tramp of feet on frozen earth and the rattle of the wagons. Colonel Slough riding in the Barlow & Sanderson stage. "That never stops between Red River and Union," grumbles Hollister. "Why should we?" Past Maxwell's ranch, down Cimarron Valley to the mesa on which squatted adobe Fort Union. A raid on the sutler's store, then a good night's sleep in the corral with the horses.

Though Chivington drilled them mercilessly during their two weeks at Fort Union, the First Colorados took no more kindly to discipline

site of the old cable power house. The plaque was sponsored by the local council of the American Pioneer Trail Association in which Mr. Barker recently held office. The State Historical Society assisted in the ceremonies.

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The speaker at the last posse meeting, corresponding member Robert G. Athearn, recently attended the Mississippi Valley Historical Society meeting at Oklahoma City, and also published an article on "The Montana Volunteers" in the Pacific Historical Review for May 1950.

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Thomas Hornsby Ferril was the principal speaker June 15 at the Writers' Conference at the University of Kansas City.

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The plan to invite groups of corresponding members to attend regular posse meetings was inaugurated in April and resulted in a favorable turn out. It is hoped that at future meetings the subsequently designated groups will be able to produce an even larger percentage. In addition to the corresponding members mentioned above the following also attended the April meeting: W. S. Broome, Fletcher W. Birney, Jr., E. W. Anderson, and E. M. Barker.

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Don Bloch, who heads the work on the 1949 BRAND BOOK, plans to have some unusual features in it. He has not yet announced the publication date, but he is expected to do so shortly.

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Elmo Scott Watson, who is to become the new head of the Department of Journalism at the University of Denver, was elected to membership in the posse at the last regular meeting.

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John J. Lipsey has requested publication of the following Correction: "Because I was absent from Colorado for almost four months, I did not see a copy of the December 1949 issue of the Denver Westerners' BRAND BOOK until my return in May 1950. Part of a paragraph in that issue emparrasses me and does an unintentional injustice to my friend, Mrs. Edward L. Kernochan, one of the most diligent students of Colorado History. The paragraph begins: "John Lipsey (he's now president of the Colorado Springs Ghost Town Club) . . ." President of the Ghost Town Club of Colorado Springs from its founding in February 1944 until now has been Mrs. Kernochan. I hope we shall never need another. It is honor enough for me to be a member of that Club and of the Denver Westerners."

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ings and cultivation of the land had so changed it. After a day at Salt Lake spent in looking up old Mormon acquaintances I proceeded by rail through well settled valleys and over high divides to Butte City, Montana, to Garrison on the N.P.R.R., and then to Custer Station. The whole of this journey interested me greatly, as nearly all of the civilization and immense wealth it contains has been developed since I left Utah in 1874."

The post at Custer presented a contrast to the progress which the traveler had recently noticed on his way northward. He decided that it was one of the few remaining "typical" frontier posts and assigned this to the fact that it was located on the Crow Indian reservation, the boundaries of which kept back the advances of civilization. "While at Custer," he relates, "I made a visit to the battle field in company with a competent guide. After a thorough investigation of the ground, noting where the bodies were found, and the route of approach by Custer I cannot come to the conclusion that no provision on the part of Genl. Custer or his subordinates after he had ordered the rash attack could have prevented the catastrophe. His command was weak physically both in man and horse from the forced march, and it was overpowered by numbers at once. . . . Custer only met the fate that had been predicted for him long before by reason of his . . . rashness and want of judgment."

After completing his visit at Fort Custer, Hough proceeded to Whipple Barracks in Arizona where he remained until he was relieved of duty on February 2, 1890, preparatory to final retirement. It was with a good deal of regret that he wrote, "I laid by my sword, bid good bye to my Regiment, went through a sad parting from my officers who were most kind to me, and joined my wife at Los Angeles next day. . . . Thus after 29 years of active service I am now under the liberal provisions of our government." On April 23, his sixty-fourth birthday, Alfred Lacey Hough, by the operation of law, was retired, and with that action, his journal comes to a close. In 1904 Theodore Roosevelt signed a commission making him a brigadier general, retired, a promotion which he took rather lightly. To his friends and his family he was simply Colonel Hough, until his death in 1908.

At the close of the Civil War the trans-Mississippi West was a frontier area in every characteristic. During the quarter of a century which followed the war this part of the United States was transformed more rapidly and more completely than any part of the nation in a like period of time. Alfred Lacey Hough was on active duty in the American West during most of this time and campaigned in, or travelled through, nearly every present western state while the region was in a condition of extremely rapid change and development. He was acutely aware of the

there are rich but undeveloped silver mines in the mountains near, and Animas Valley is a good place for a town. The climate is compensatingly mild and pleasant with short winters." Even though the weather was "compensatingly mild," the writer had to admit that he experienced some bad weather. "More than the usual amount of snow fell," he admitted. "At times it was two feet deep around us and then it would be mild and snow again. We had some very cold weather, the mercury falling to -20, but we had no actual suffering, there being plenty of wood, and part of the time we had stoves. After the stoves came to us, and large Sibley tents, our camp was often a scene of hilarity. On pleasant nights the camp resounded with song, and the 'colored troops' were mighty with instrumental music. Many of the officers and men hunted and fished with great success, trout and venison were common food for us, the time afforded some society. . . . We had but one exciting occurrence during the winter; and that the cow-boys from surrounding ranches afforded us. They had been in the habit of coming into town and 'running it' -- in their language -- which consists of doing just as they please, riding into stores and through houses, etc., and firing pistols. One day in December one of them was shot and killed by the City Marshal, and his companions sought to avenge him. They took possession of the town and the Marshal and the Mayor fled to Col. Buell (Hough's immediate superior) for protection. They threatened to come and take them, but he sent the Marshal over to my Camp, and after the whiskey was out of the boys they left town peaceably, previously burying their late comrade, from whose funeral they returned in full gallop shouting and firing pistols."

On the first day of January, 1880, Hough received orders to proceed, with his battalion, to Texas, by way of Fort Gibson. He left with the feeling that he had played a part in a fiasco. "The whole proceedings had been disgusting, and was another instance of the want of a plan in our dealings with the Indians. Here was a case of a tribe of Indians violating their treaty and committing several unprovoked murders, also of attacking troops while peacefully marching. Yet up to the time while I am writing (May 8, 1880) seven months afterwards, no Indian has been punished for these acts, and Congress is now talking about what is best to be done. In the meantime lawless miners are preparing to occupy the country and no doubt will do it. It will be the old, old story over again: while the government is talking, with a pretense of wanting to civilize the mass of the Indians, at the same time punishing none of the guilty ones, the frontiersmen will seize their homes and thus give cause for further outrages which will be an excuse for harsher treatment. I was glad to get away from the muddle and not be a further participant in it."

prevent any such occurrence. As a result of this order, General Sheridan diverted four companies of the 22nd from their projected duty in Texas, sending them to Fort Gibson, Indian Territory. With some relief Major Hough learned that he was to be with these companies. As he wrote, "Gibson is only a two company post but we crowded in and were satisfied as it was a relief not to have to go to Texas at that season and make a long march to our Posts in the interior."

At the end of what proved to be an uncomfortably warm summer Major Hough was ordered to still another duty -- this time in Colorado. At the end of September of 1879 that state was thrown into an uproar by the massacre of agent Nathan C. Meeker and eleven of his employees at the White River Agency in the Northwestern part of the state. When Major T. T. Thornburgh, who was marching from Fort Steel, Wyoming, with a detachment of 150 men to the White River Agency, was ambushed and killed a genuine alarm on the part of the whites in Colorado developed. Federal troops, in greater numbers, now entered Colorado from both the North and the East. Among those which came from the East were four companies of the 22nd Infantry, ordered into the Southern Ute country to keep this band of Utes under control and to march, if necessary, against the Northern Utes who had perpetrated the Meeker massacre.

The companies of the 22nd Infantry, under Hough's command, reached Fort Garland, Colorado, on October 7, and proceeded from there to Alamosa on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, the terminus of the road in the San Luis Valley. From this point the men proceeded on foot, marching south to the Conejos river. Hough described the village of Conejos as "an old Mexican town with a few modern houses in it, these spring up on the prospect of the railroad reaching it which will be soon." He noted that "most of the houses are of adobe. It has a large church and a monastery all of adobe. This was the first Mexican town I had seen, and I was much interested in seeing the natives standing in the sun beneath walls as I have heard described. I saw nobody at work, the men were all sunning themselves under walls, the women sitting in doorways with shawls over their heads. No attempt at ornamentation to be seen anywhere, no flowers, and no grass; only some trees relieved the scene from absolute desolation. This description will do for all Mexican towns I saw afterwards, except that I saw no trees thereafter."

Leaving Conejos the troops struck directly into the mountains and within a few days reached Fort Lewis at Pagosa Springs. After spending a few days at this location the men continued their westward movement and on October 22 arrived at Animas, about three miles from the site of the present city of Durango. "Our whole march from Alamosa was 180 miles," wrote the Major, "and in all my experience I have never cam-

felt that the campaign against the Sioux just-ended, which had opened so disastrously with the death of Genl. Custer and his whole command and closed without effecting anything toward subjecting the Sioux was a failure for which they would be held responsible by the people. Especially was this the case with General Terry who was nervous, excited, and depressed in spirits; he had changed much since I had last seen him in 1869." When Hough arrived at his new post, Camp Glendive (in present Montana), he found that the Generals had something about which they could be concerned. "I found the officers all loud in their complaints of mismanagement or worse, during the recent campaign. They had been worked hard, very hard, had suffered severely, and yet but little had been accomplished. After listening to many camp-fire conversations I made the following note of their substance, and of my own observations: 'At General Sheridan's Head Quarters (Chicago) nothing was said, and if I attempted to turn the conversation on the subject it was avoided. At Genl. Terry's Head Quarters (St. Paul) the whole tone of the talk was apologetic; giving reasons for this and for that, everybody seemed to feel that they had done something for which they had to find an excuse. At Bismarck I met censure and criticism. At Buford it was ridicule of the most censorious nature. But so far I had met only those connected with Head Quarters and parties who had not been actively engaged in the campaigns. Upon arriving here (Camp Glendive) I met those of the line who had been actively engaged, and who had seen all the operations, some of the officers having started with General Custer from Fort Lincoln (near Bismarck), and the following is the opinion I have formed.

" 'General Terry's plan were well conceived except that he had too much impedimenta. The rash and unauthorized conduct of Custer resulting so fatally, entirely deranged Terry's plans, but, more than that, demoralized his command when the reenforcements arrived. They found the troops which had been in the field very much demoralized, in fact they were afraid of the Indians. Under this demoralization everything went wild, there appeared to be no settled plans. Then came the juncture with General (George) Crook with his column from the Dept. of the Platte, which was apparently accidental, for when Crook was seen in the distance, skirmishers were thrown out to meet a supposed column of Indians. This incident alone demonstrates that there was blundering if nothing more, for here were two columns of troops, one from the North, and the other from the South, both of them having in their company numbers of Scouts, yet when they meet on the open plain in full view of each other, they are not known. After the juncture there was no harmony, and all that was done was some terribly hard marching on old trails, with a body of troops that the Indians would of course keep away from. Then came the

seemed to be remarkably good time; twenty years before the '49er had spent all summer at it.

General Thomas and his staff did not remain long in the Bay region. That officer was anxious to inspect his new command and accordingly, on June 16, he and his aides left for Portland en route to Alaska. The party retraced its steps to Winnemucca, Nevada, and from there moved northward by coach so that the general might visit some of the interior posts in the Division of the Pacific. This part of the trip, up to Fort Boise, took the men through the most barren and uncivilized part of the west they had yet seen, and they were happy to spend a few days in Boise resting up and looking the place over. Captain Hough decided that it represented a "fair type of prosperous mining town" and consequently made extensive notes in his diary concerning its characteristics. "Boise is the centre . . . of a mining district, it is also the centre of the agricultural district of Boise Valley which is some 40 miles long, and from one to two miles wide, it is also the capital of Idaho. The inhabitants are a mixed people of which strange to say about one half are of the true southern type, long hair, broad brimmed hats and all. All this section of the country was originally settled by Missourians from the border who emigrated when the war began to avoid fighting. They were added to by refugees during the war, and at the surrender a good portion of 'Price's Army' (Major General Sterling Price, C.S.A.) came out. These have been added to, since the discovery of gold, by Californians and Eastern men, who are the live, active men of the country; there are a good many Irish, more Chinese, who do the menial work, and some Mexicans and Indians. I was amused at the notices in the hotel; they indicate, no doubt the character of some of its customers. One was 'Board must be paid for invariably in advance, don't think this is intended for 'them other fellows' this rule is invariable.' The other was on the hat rack, 'Please take your own hat.' "

After a few days in Boise the inspection party resumed its travels, moving northwestward toward Umatilla on the Columbia River. Stops were made at Baker, Oregon -- "a new mining town and apparently not very flourishing, though the inhabitants all talked largely" -- and at La Grande. The latter place impressed the Captain who wrote of it: "Le Grande (sic) was a notable place, it was only four years old and had but about 400 inhabitants, yet it had water works supplying water through pipes to the whole town from the mountains, a hook & ladder company, a billiard 'saloon,' and a city style drinking 'saloon'." By the 4th of July Umatilla had been reached and the chronicler was unable to record anything nice about this place. "Umatilla," he decided, "is, and was, certainly the most undesirable city for a permanent residence I have yet

cipitation figures. On rare occasions there appeared at the western post an individual who was not only literate, but who was aware of his part in the great drama unfolding before his eyes, and desired to record his impressions for posterity. Such a man was Alfred Lacey Hough.

The Civil War was responsible for tearing a good many Americans away from their chosen walks of life and its exciting four-year span served to make the uprooting a permanent transposition. Alfred Hough, aged thirty-five, had reluctantly given up a lucrative position as a commission merchant for a paper manufacturing company in that fateful spring of 1861, and by the time the war was over the world of business seemed to be so remote that any return to his old position was out of the question. He thought the matter through carefully and then set down his thoughts. "The cause of my entering the army no longer exists, and I must now decide as to whether I should remain in the service, or return to mercantile pursuits. There was much to say on both sides. In favor of my remaining I knew that the four years of my absence from business had in a measure unfitted me for it, I had really learned to love the service, I had no capital for investment in business, I had made some reputation as an officer and stood well in the estimation of my superiors, my seniority of rank had increased and I was not far from promotion but more than all to me was, that General (George H.) Thomas advised me to remain, and that advice I understood as an endorsement of my abilities. . . . Although I have not repented of my decision, for I have been happy in the service, I must confess that had I foreseen (sic) that the army would be reduced, and my promotion so long delayed I should have decided otherwise."

Although Captain Hough was to be somewhat disappointed in his progress up the ladder of promotion, his affection for General Thomas -- the famous Rock of Chickamauga -- was to become a life-long attachment and his permanent connection with the army was in this way assured. In October of 1867 he was appointed as the general's senior aide de camp, a move which touched him deeply. "I accepted it with much pride and gratitude," he later wrote, "for I then held, and do still after my long and intimate connection with that great man, that he, after knowing me so thoroughly as he had for four years, should offer me the position of his confidential officer, in so doing honored me, and his action endorsed me as an officer of the army. I now felt fully warranted in the correctness of my decision to remain in the army. . . ."

In the spring of 1869 General Thomas was ordered to San Francisco to assume command of the Military Division of the Pacific and with him went his aide who was to remain on western duty for the better part of his remaining years of active duty. "I kept a diary of this journey," wrote

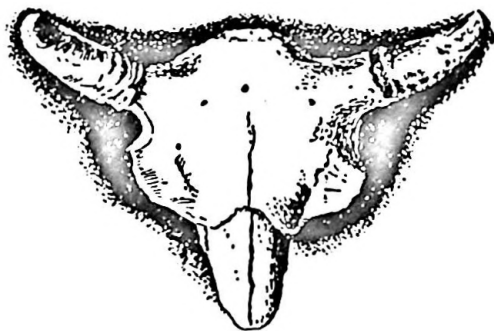
same bases for expeditions farther west.

The contribution of this book lies in its focus on the neglected area of the Southwest. It sets the whole western fur trade in a different light. Mr. Cleland would be the first to admit it is not a complete history of the fur business, but he does show its evolution and importance in the conquest of the West. It is a readable and valuable book that will find a place on the same shelf with Chittenden and the journals of "This Reckless Breed of Men."

(Walker D. Wyman)

Biographical note prepared by Fred Rosenstock:

Corresponding member Walker D. Wyman is a recognized authority on Western history. A regular contributor to the journals of various Historical Societies, he also has authored or contributed to several books. Westerners will identify him as the author of "The Wild Horse of the West" (Caxton), now in its third printing. He is currently at work on a book of major importance relating to the West. Dr. Wyman is Chairman of the Department of Social Studies of the State Teachers College, River Falls, Wisconsin.



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"INDIAN ATROCITIES ON THE TEXAS FRONTIER"--By Walter Gann

The first English speaking people came to the province (of what is now Texas) during the first quarter of the Nineteenth century. They came under a colonization treaty with the Spanish crown and generous land grants were held out to all. Fortunately for them, they settled in the southeastern part where the resident Indians were peaceful and impotent of war making. Just as the American cowmen were to do later, the horse-riding Plains Indians shunned timber and marshy land. Therefore, the newly-arrived settlers were allowed to live in comparative peace.

Some two or three hundred miles north and west of this area, an entirely different set of conditions prevailed. Here, the great hordes of Indians which later became known as the Comanche tribes, had carried on an unrelenting warfare against the Spaniards and Mexicans for more than two hundred years. This country was more to a horseman's liking. While it was more arid than the eastern region, it was well watered by running streams. It was a rolling prairie with enough timber for firewood, and great herds of buffalo and wild horses covered the hills. By the time the war for Texan Independence was fought the English-speaking population of the Texas province had reached considerable numbers. It was the warring Comanches the colonists encountered when they pushed their frontier to the north and west.

Before the outbreak of hostilities between the states, the great possibilities of the cattle trade were envisioned. A number of venturesome souls were establishing themselves out upon the prairie lands which were best adapted to cattle raising and where there was more room for their expanding herds. For the most part these first adventurers were single men with nothing

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more to lose than their own lives, but they were later followed by men with families. There has never been a plausible reason advanced as to why men would risk their lives and the lives of their families by moving into a region where it was well known that the most violent dangers lurked. No doubt the craving for land and independence outweighed any mortal fear and no doubt they hoped to some day become great cattle barons. A few realized that dream while many others forfeited their lives.

Under annexation agreements when the republic was dissolved and it became a state in the Union, Texas ceded certain lands to the United States in turn for the promise to remove all Indians from within the confines of the state and quarter them upon reservations elsewhere. In this case it meant simply to move the tribes across Red River into the Indian Territory which now comprises the state of Oklahoma. As an additional measure of safety, the United States war department constructed a line of forts east and west across the state, which cut it roughly in half.

This prevented any depredations in force, but the Comanches were always learning new tricks. They learned that as much or more destruction could be wrought by a number of independent raids in small groups than by organized warfare and with much more safety. A small raiding party moving stealthily through the country had less chance of being discovered. It could advance or retreat with more speed and less confusion. It could scatter quickly and evade a stronger pursuing force. Thus ranchers and farmers within the danger zone were subjected to raids as terrifying and as deadly as when their enemies moved in force.

The war between the states loosed the hostile tribes in all their fury. The string of forts was vacated by the army and the entire frontier thrown wide open to aggression. Texas contributed her share of fighting men to the Confederate army which took most of the able-bodied from the country. Defense of the frontier was left to the aged, the halt and the extremely young. When it was possible to do so, families were moved into the settlements for safety, but for different reasons, they all could not come, and many lives were sacrificed during that terrible period.

At the end of hostilities between the two sections people found their buildings burned and all property destroyed upon their return. They re-built their structures, while other land hungry and home-seeking people, who had been up-rooted by the misfortunes of war, moved into the dangerous area with them. It was hoped that the raids could be stopped when the army re-occupied the forts and the Ranger force was increased, but such was not the case. The Comanches still came in various-sized

groups to raid and steal and kill and run away back to their distant hideouts.

It has been a debated question as to which a Comanche coveted the most -- a white man's scalp or his horse. Both were highly desirable and he took many of each. They came down into the settlements in all manner of conditions and locomotion. They came on horseback and on foot. Those who walked were secure in their knowledge that they would soon be riding stolen horses. They came armed with guns, bows and arrows or with nothing but knives, knowing well that they would soon have the white man's weapons to fight him with. The Comanches were a foe to strike dread and fear in the hearts of the most courageous. They were daring, and they were crafty and they were cruel.

They were the most cunning horse thieves the world has ever known. Charles Goodnight, who was a foremost authority on Indian habits and traits, is quoted as saying that a Comanche could steal a white man's horse while the owner held the bridle reins. After cattle stealing was adopted as an avocation, they became most proficient in that line also.

The raiding bands would sink deeply into the fringe of settlements. They were careful to hide their movements and commit no outrages on the southward trip that might arouse the settlers against them. Timing themselves to arrive at the turning point when the moon was full, they would then swing around and on their return trip leave death and destruction behind them. Horses had the most valuable property rating and were the most desirable. They could be moved hurriedly and they commanded the best price among the northern tribes when it came time to barter with each other. When they started cattle stealing they did not take a few head from one place and a few from another and bunch them to drive away like horses. They took whole herds of cattle at one time and covered up their trail in a masterly fashion.

North of that twisting and irregular line of forts was a wild no man's land, and very few white men who ventured into it came out alive. In the rough breaks at the foot of the Cap Rock and upon the heads of the draws and streams that bisected the area lurked the marauding Comanches. If they became crowded by a punitive expedition of soldiers or Rangers, it was an easy matter for them to reach the haven of their reservation in the Territory. But they were seldom ever crowded. Their scouting was the best that a hundred years of experience and practice could make it, and no body of soldiers ever took them unawares.

It was here in this broken and inaccessible land that the various tribes rendezvoused with the Spanish and Mexican traders of the Comanchero Trail, of which much has been written. It was here that stolen horses and cattle and captured white children and peaceful Indian slaves

were bartered away for clothing and trinkets, guns and ammunition and whiskey and what gold coins they could squeeze out of the buyers.

By accident they learned that white men would pay good money or other valuable property to ransom captured white women or children. It was started by Jesse Chisholm, the half breed Cherokee Indian trader, when he paid a sum of money for the liberty of two children who had been stolen from their parents in Kansas. Chisholm went freely among the fiercest Indian tribes who dominated the southern regions of the Great Plains. He was never known to violate an Indian's confidence, and yet, he was essentially a white man at heart. Indeed, the Cherokee tribe to which his mother belonged were a highly civilized people and no doubt her culture equalled or exceeded that of the average white person of that time and place.

Jesse Chisholm knew the wild Indians as well or better than any living person. He understood their cruel nature and their disregard for human life -- especially a white person's life -- and he never failed to purchase the freedom of any white child held in captivity by them regardless of whether he would ever be repaid for the price of its liberty. After his death the direct contact with the Indians was broken and relatives of captive women or children had more difficulty in locating and liberating them. However, there were other people just as noble in purpose as Jesse Chisholm and the Indians knew it. Therefore, they continued to make it a business of capturing white women and children and holding them for ransom.

Experience taught the Indians that a captured woman was not worth the trouble she put them to. She was not to be cowed or intimidated like a child and it required eternal vigilance to keep her from running away. She would fight with the fury of a cornered animal and she would take a long chance that would bring either liberty or death. A dead prisoner was worth nothing and if one made her escape, she usually took one or more good horses along with her. Thus eventually the practice of holding women captives was for the most part abandoned. The necessary care that an infant required discounted their ransom value, and they were either slain or spared according to whim. No man was ever taken prisoner unless, perchance, he was to be tortured to death.

So far, this report has been of a general nature, hatched from information furnished by individuals who were either first hand witnesses or who took part in the events as they occurred. In support of these statements, herewith is submitted a few extracts from actual accounts of depredations as they took place. They cover only a very small percentage of the outrages committed. It would require many volumes to record them all in detail, and it would keep a person reading indefin-

itely to render a full report. The raids started soon after the first settlements by the English speaking people and they continued until in the Eighties. The material for the following reports, which was taken at random, came from the Frontier Magazine of Bandera, Texas, the editor of which specializes in digging out items of early history and reprinting them. Historians accept the work as authentic.

The first account says that in January 1866 a band of Indians came down through Wise County terrorizing the community. Their first victim was a Negro teamster whom they killed and scalped, and took his team of mules and burned the wagon. They next came upon three men who were hunting cattle and drove them into the ranch where there were more men. By retreating into the house the combined force stood off the Indians and inflicted some damage upon them. While none of the white men was killed or injured, the Indians took every horse on the place except one belonging to Ben Blanton who stole away and rode as fast as his horse could travel to the town of Decatur for help.

The Indians were gone when the re-inforcements with extra horses arrived, but the posse followed the trail to the Babb home where a ghastly spectacle awaited them. The bed mattresses had been ripped apart and feathers littered the place like a blanket of snow. All furniture in the house had been piled in the yard and burned. Inside the house Mrs. Babb lay in a pool of blood with her throat cut and her infant child crying upon her bloody body. The other two Babb children and a Mrs. Roberts who made her home with the family had been taken captives. The trail showed such a large number of Indians that it was deemed unwise to follow them.

The band split up after leaving the Babb home. One group took the children while the other took Mrs. Roberts. The children remained in captivity for almost a year before their father could locate them. When he did, he secured their release by payment of a large number of horses. Mrs. Roberts had a most harrowing experience.

When they arrived in camp upon the reservation, her captors told her she was to become the wife of a chief. The wedding day was set for the second full moon. She was committed to the charge of an old squaw and the two of them shared a teepee to themselves. After some ten or fifteen days when her guard's vigilance relaxed and upon a bright moonlight night, Mrs. Roberts located one of the Babb horses and made her getaway. She rode bare back and had only a half hitch thrown around the horse's nose to control him.

After riding some twenty miles she came to Red River which was running bank full with flood waters. She could see great heaps of drift and logs rolling and twisting along as they washed down stream by the

whirling current. She knew the danger of attempting to swim that wide and turbulent stream in the night time, but she could think of a worse danger that lay behind. After a brief hesitation and a prayer, she plunged in. By the grace of good luck and an exceptionally fine horse she reached the south bank in safety. She was reasonably sure that her captors would not risk swimming the river after her, and she thrilled at the thought of regaining her liberty.

She rode onward until the break of day at which time she stopped for a needed rest for both herself and the horse. To her dismay she awoke some two hours later to find herself surrounded by another band of Indians who had chanced upon her resting place. She was taken prisoner again and these Indians moved her to their own camp upon the reservation. They decided she would make a suitable squaw for their chief and she was again remanded to the custody of an old squaw to await the wedding day.

By careful watching she managed her second escape in much the same manner of her first one, and she got away on the same horse which she knew to be a good one. Instead of heading toward Red River, she sought to throw her captors off the trail by riding in a different direction. She selected the North star as a guide and rode as fast as she could toward it. She did not stop for rest this time, but during the day she met up with a wagon train that was traveling into Kansas. She stayed with them until they reached the settlements and she found a home with a farm family. She later married in Kansas and never returned to her old home except on a visit.

The next account has to do with raids that were committed in Montague County. It starts off by saying that upon the fifth of January 1868 a band of Indians entered the county. Their first victim was John Leatherwood whom they killed and scalped near his home. They then went on to where they burned the homes of Charlie McCracken and Alf Williams who had been warned of the danger and had moved their families to a place of safety. The band then proceeded to the Carlton home where Miss Paralee Carlton was alone. They took her prisoner and burned the house. They placed her astride a horse and linked her ankles together with a rawhide thong underneath. They then drove her along with a herd of stolen horses. During the confusion of a skirmish with a party of settlers, she managed to untie her ankles and slip from the horse's back, and crawl away among the loose horses to a patch of high grass where she hid. After driving the settlers back, the Indians rounded up the horses and went on their way without her.

The next stop the Indians made was at the home of Austin Perryman. This intrepid individual and his fearless wife got the jump on them, so

to speak, and turned the tables. Instead of barricading themselves in the house, they moved their arsenal of loaded guns out into the front yard. Using a rock fence as a breastwork, they got the first shots when they started pouring hot lead into the Indians. After knocking some of them from their horses, no doubt the Indians decided they had aroused a whole army and they gathered up their dead and wounded and turned the other way. Those Perrymans and their women must have been a fighting family. In reading accounts of raids in that locality, the name of a different one pops up now and then and both men and women were always in the middle of things.

After leaving the Perryman place, the Indians proceeded toward the home of Nathan Long, whom they cut off from his house and killed and scalped. At the Long home they found the house empty and they had to content themselves by burning all buildings on the place. The family had received warning and escaped. Mrs. Long took time to go by a neighbor's place and gather up the family of Joe Wilson and take them along with her.

Apparently the Indians concluded that some one was riding ahead and flushing their game. At any rate they changed their course and veered over into Cook County on the east. After traveling a few miles they approached the home of Mrs. Martin Shegog. Besides her own baby Mrs. Shegog had charge of two neighbor children and a small Negro boy. The infant Shegog was torn from its mother's arms and brutally murdered by smashing its brains out against a post. The woman and children were taken prisoners. Mrs. Shegog was tied upon a horse and Indians took the three children upon their horses with them.

A severe blizzard with high winds and snow and extremely low temperature blew up before sundown and continued to get worse after night. Mrs. Shegog reported later that the sudden change in the weather seemed to give the Indians great concern. After a lengthy confab, they cut Mrs. Shegog loose from the horse and pushed her to the ground where no doubt they thought she would freeze to death. Fortunately she found that one of the Indians had dropped a tanned buffalo hide and by wrapping herself in it, she survived the night. After walking some distance next day she came to a farm house; and a hurriedly organized searching party found the frozen bodies of all three children upon the prairie where the Indians had left them to die.

The Indians evidently went into camp and laid low while they waited out the storm. The next two or three days they resumed their plundering course. They came to the home of Tom Fitzpatrick who had received warning ahead of them. He had placed his wife and infant son and two little girls upon a horse and was on his way to the home of Arthur Parkhill who

had a stockade around his place. Some of these Indians or another band had stolen all of Parkhill's horses the previous night, and not knowing that the Fitzpatrick family had been warned, he was on his way to warn them himself on foot. He met Fitzpatrick and his family, but before they could reach his home the Indians fell upon them and killed and scalped both Fitzpatrick and Parkhill. Mrs. Fitzpatrick with her three children upon the horse raced as fast as she could go toward the Parkhill home with most of the Indians in close pursuit. She reached the stockade gate, but as she was dismounting, they caught up with her and killed both her and the baby. They took the little girls captives.

Nothing was heard of the Fitzpatrick girls for a number of years, but they were eventually located among a band of Indians in Western Kansas. A neighbor of the Fitzpatricks traveled all the way there for the purpose of identifying them. It is not stated what means were taken to liberate them, but it is recorded that the same neighbor had some lengthy correspondence with Colonel Leavenworth and he persuaded the Colonel to declare them wards of the government, and congress appropriated a sum of money for their care and education.

The next raid in this locality occurred in the summer of 1868. It is said that Levi Perryman -- this time -- approached his house one day to find his wife on the front porch with a loaded and cocked pistol in each hand, urging him to hurry -- that the Indians were killing the McElroy family, a close neighbor. Perryman swung his horse around and rode hurriedly to the McElroy home where the parents were both in the yard crying that the Indians had stolen their two children. The scalped corpse of the hired man with whom the children had been left, lay sprawled out in the nearby berry patch. Perryman hurried in pursuit of the Indians alone, but he missed their trail. After many months in captivity the children were located with a band of Comanches in the Territory. With the financial assistance of the neighbors, the children were ransomed and restored to their parents.

Another account says that in the summer of 1868 Mrs. Polly Russell, a widow, lived on the Martin Prairie in Wise County. Her family consisted of three sons and a daughter, ranging in age from ten years to young manhood. Upon the day in question the oldest son, Ben, was absent from home, working in a saw mill a few miles away. When he returned from work that evening his attention was attracted to the white feathers from the bed mattresses which littered the premises. His hurried footsteps soon brought him to the scalped and horribly mutilated body of his brother Jimmy in the yard. Across the threshold of the door the partly stripped and mutilated body of his mother lay in a pool of thick blood. The body of his sixteen-year-old brother Harvey was lying farther

back in the house partly beneath a bed. His sister Martha was missing.

It can be said that there was evidence that Harvey Russell sold himself rather dearly. His face and hands were powder smoked, and there were empty cartridge shells fitting the family Winchester upon the doorstep and beneath the edge of the bed to where he had apparently retreated. There were bullet holes in the door and walls of the house indicating that shooting had come from the outside. Behind trees in the yard were other empty cartridge shells apparently from the guns of the Indians. There were also pools of blood at different points outside the house indicating that some of Harvey's shots went true. There were no bullet wounds in Harvey's body, but his head was split open as from a hatchet or axe. Evidently one or more Indians gained entrance to the house from the rear and assaulted him from behind while he was making his last stand. The Winchester which had done so much damage to them was taken by the Indians.

Before the only surviving member of the Russell family could notify the neighbors and organize a posse, night had come. The next day the remains of Martha Russell was found three miles from home where she had been murdered and her body cast aside. The trail indicated this band of Indians had joined up with a larger one that had been raiding further east in Denton County. They were driving a herd of stolen horses and the pursuers concluded that they were so vastly outnumbered it would be futile to follow the trail any further.

The above reports cover a period of only two years and they are restricted to a comparatively small locality of a few counties in the northeastern part of the state. Taking these as a sample, it can easily be seen the vast number of atrocities that would be committed along a frontier that stretched for more than five hundred miles, and during a period of at least fifty years. As a diversion, it is fitting to look back thirty-five years and shift the scene three hundred miles to the southwest and tell the story of Josiah Wilbarger. This affair has received more or less publicity and some of you may be familiar with the details -- and yet, it is worth repeating.

In 1833 Josiah Wilbarger held some official position with the provincial government in locating English speaking colonists on land grants for future homes. Accompanied by John Christian, a surveyor, and three younger men who were looking for locations, he led the party up the Colorado River from the settlement of Bastrop. They stopped over night at the Reuben Hornsby plantation not far from where the present state capital of Austin is situated. Leaving the Hornsby place early next morning the party proceeded several miles up river in search of desirable home sites.

They stopped near a spring for lunch and to let their horses rest, about two o'clock in the evening. With more concern for the welfare of their horses than for their own safety, Wilbarger and Christian unsaddled their mounts and hobbled them out to graze. The younger men displayed sounder judgment than the experienced frontiersmen by simply tethering their horses close by and leaving them saddled. During lunch they were surprised by some fifty or sixty Indians who had hidden their horses in a deep ravine and stolen on foot up to the camp.

At the first volley, Strothers, one of the homeseekers fell mortally wounded and he died soon thereafter. Christian was struck by a bullet which broke his thigh bone and he seemed unable to regain a sitting position. Wilbarger had dodged behind a large rock, but he now crawled out from his barricade to help Christian get behind a tree and to renew the priming in Christian's gun. As he crawled back to his shelter, he received a bullet flesh wound in his thigh and an arrow wound in the calf of each leg. In spite of the disadvantage they were under, the white men poured such a hot fire into the Indians that they retreated momentarily out of range.

Up to this time the two unwounded homeseekers had fought bravely, but now, they decided to secure their horses and leave. Wilbarger's and Christian's horses had stampeded when the shooting started and were now in possession of the Indians. In spite of Wilbarger's entreaties to the two men to stay and fight it out, they rode away leaving the three wounded men to their fate.

An Indian had mounted one of the captured horses and was circling around the wounded men shooting at them. Wilbarger raised up and drew a bead upon this Indian, but before he pulled the trigger of his gun a bullet struck him in the neck, which knocked him over and paralyzed him for the time being. At that the Indians swarmed over the one dead and two wounded men and started stripping clothing from their bodies and taking scalps. Lying face downward, fully conscious, but utterly helpless, Wilbarger saw an Indian grasp Christian by the hair and cut his throat and then scalp him. The dead Smothers was also scalped and all three men were stripped of their clothing, and Wilbarger had the dreadful experience of being scalped alive. After collecting all the clothing, horses, guns and scalps of the white men, the Indians departed.

For a long time Wilbarger lay helpless, unable to raise either hand or foot, and realizing that he might bleed to death. Late in the evening he regained use of his limbs and managed to crawl to a small pool of water below the spring to cool his feverish and throbbing wounds. He stayed in the water until late in the night, when he became so chilled that he had to crawl back onto dry ground. He then dozed

into semi-consciousness until the sun woke him next morning.

Flies swarmed over his wounds and other insects fed upon his naked body until he was forced to crawl back into the water to protect himself from the bites. He caught and ate a few snails crawling among the gravel, and by nightfall he thought he was strong enough to travel. He did not go more than a half mile until he fell exhausted. He sat down beneath a tree and propped his back against the trunk and again lapsed into a semi-conscious doze. Here, the supernatural imposes itself into the affair.

It was learned later that Wilbarger's sister who lived in St. Louis, a thousand miles away had died that day. During the night a vision of her appeared before him. She called him by his first name and urged him to keep up his spirits and not give way to despair. She cautioned him against needless waste of his strength in trying to walk to safety. Help was surely coming, she said, and then she faded from sight while he called out begging her not to leave him alone.

It can well be understood why Wilbarger might imagine the presence of his sister. Under similar circumstances the thoughts of most any man would undoubtedly dwell upon members of his family. It is reasonable to believe that he would be subjected to most any kind of hallucinations during such a trying period. That can be explained, but no amount of such reasoning will account for what took place down at the Hornsby plantation some ten or fifteen miles away.

The two homeseekers who escaped, arrived at Hornsby's and reported that all other members of the party had been killed. They said there were at least sixty Indians in the band, and Hornsby did not feel justified in risking such force as he could assemble in an attempt to recover the dead bodies. Instead, he despatched a messenger to the settlement of Bastrop asking for volunteers to form an expedition to follow the Indians and punish them for the outrage. No response to this appeal had been received up to the second night.

About the time Wilbarger saw the apparition of his sister, Mrs. Hornsby called her husband and said she had seen Wilbarger in a dream and that he was still alive. She said that he was scalped and that his naked body was covered with blood and that he was sitting under a tree with his back propped against it. She described the tree and the surrounding terrain. Her husband persuaded her that no credence could be placed in a dream and she returned to sleep. At three o'clock she called him again saying that she had dreamed the same thing the second time.

It is not claimed that she convinced any one, but she was so convinced herself that she aroused the household and started cooking

breakfast. It was her insistence that Wilbarger was still alive that launched the rescue party on its way. By following her directions they found him in the same condition and in the same location she had described. He was still conscious and thinking that because of his hideous appearance he might be mistaken for an Indian, he called out to his rescuers -- "This is Wilbarger, friends -- don't shoot."

Wilbarger who had a family in Bastrop lived for eleven years after his harrowing experience. His scalp never healed over, and it was certain that his death came about primarily from exposure of his skull.

There is one other factual case that ranks among the most spectacular events in border history. As far as your reporter knows, full details of it have never been in print. Approximately thirty-five years after the tragedy, Bill Coffey stood upon the same ground and recounted the fight in detail, pointing out different phases of the battle to an audience of one. The story was later elaborated upon and other facts added to it by his brother John.

In the 1850s, Rich Coffey moved with his family out onto the frontier in what was later to be Coleman County, in the west central part of the state. After passing through the ravages and aftermath of the war between the states, he built up a herd of cattle to a number of about eleven hundred head. Upon the first day of May 1870, he started more than a thousand of them over the trail to Kansas.

The herd had been turned over to a trail boss, and Coffey's two oldest boys were to accompany the drive. John, who was sixteen, was filling the place of a regular cowhand, while Bill, who had reached the mature age of twelve, was wrangling horses. It was planned to noon at a large water hole on Elm Creek and the wagon had gone into camp amid a mote of trees about a half mile above. Any well-regulated cow outfit kept its wagon out in front.

Bill had thrown his saddle horses onto a wide flat on the east side of the creek to graze. He lingered around the lower end of the water hole, and while waiting for the herd to come up he did what most any other boy of his age would have done. He went in swimming. His first intimation of danger came when he heard a bedlam of Indian war whoops and gun shots all around him. He raised out of the water to see some ten or fifteen Indians stampeding his horses up the creek and toward the hills on the west side. His own horse was tied to a bush in the creek bed and two Indians were riding on a run toward him.

Bill thought afterward that he could have saved his horse and saddle if he had not stopped to pick up his clothes. As it was he saved neither. By the time he had gathered his clothes the two Indians were so close that he feared he would not have time to reach his horse,

untie him, mount and make his getaway. Therefore, he plunged back into the creek and swam across and hid beneath one of the several large rocks that projected themselves over the water from the perpendicular bluff on the west side. The Indians looked around for him some, but they did not tarry long. There was shooting and yelling and the sound of horses running and cattle stampeding going on, while a few Indians tore his clothing into shreds and cut his boots into strips and then led away his horse with its saddle.

The sounds of the fight gradually drew away from Bill and then passed entirely out of hearing. He did not need to guess as to the outcome. From what he had seen and heard, he knew that his own people were greatly outnumbered, and his only concern was how many of the men had come out alive and whether the Indians would return to yank him out of his hiding place. Knowing that when they were victorious in a fight some of the Indians always lurked around the scene of a battle for some time afterward, Bill dared not move or expose himself.

Within an hour he heard the sound of horses traveling along on top of the bluff above and presently eight Indians rode down into the creek bed. They paused at the spot where his clothing lay and did considerable jabbering before riding out upon the flat where his horses had been grazing. As they climbed the creek bank upon the east side they passed from his sight. Within something like a half an hour he heard a few shots come from the east side and they were answered from the west up stream from where he hid. All afternoon Indians rode back and forth across the creek near him and all afternoon there were intermittent exchanges of shots between the east and west sides of the water hole. He knew that the Indians had some one cornered whom they wanted, but couldn't get. He did not know that his brother lay desperately wounded only a few hundred feet away, and he was the one who was standing the Indians off in a lone-handed fight.

It was something like an hour before sundown when Bill heard the last shots and saw the Indians for the last time. After dark he crawled and swam from his hiding place and walked seven miles to the ranch, barefooted and naked, through cactus spines, cat-claw brush and mesquite thorns. Now John Coffey talks.

The herd was spread out grazing approximately a quarter of a mile in width and half a mile long. Scattered around in their proper places were the eight cowboys. John rode in the lead upon the right point and he was about ready to let the lead cattle start stringing down to water. In a scabbard under his right leg he carried one of the first models of the short barrelled repeating rifles ever made. It was commonly known as the brass jawed Winchester and it fired a thirty-eight calibre rim

capped cartridge. John's first knowledge of the disturbance came when he heard shooting and loud yells and he saw the drag cattle stampeding. Then Indians seemed to be coming at him from every direction.

The Indians had planned their movements well. They managed to encircle the entire outfit without being observed and they launched their attack from all sides at once. Divided as they were around the herd of cattle, no cowboy had a chance to join up with another for a united stand. It was each man for himself from the start. John thought his best chance lay in making a run down stream along the top of the high bank that hovered above the water hole upon the west side. He spurred his horse in that direction, hooked his bridle reins over his saddle horn, pulled his gun and started shooting.

Most of the Indians were to his right and behind, and he had to turn in his saddle in order to line his sights upon them. Before his gun was empty he knocked two from their horses and another pulled to one side and quit the chase. He was riding at a dead run with the muzzle of his gun pointing upward while he crammed fresh shells into the magazine. All at once an Indian sprang up apparently from nowhere and came toward him at a quartering angle. John threw a shell into the gun just as the Indian seized his horse by the bridle bit. He brought the gun barrel down to where he thought it was on level with the Indian's head and pulled the trigger. He never knew the result of that shot. At that instant a bullet struck him in the side and knocked him from his horse. He fell upon the rim of that perpendicular bluff some twenty feet in height. He rolled over the brink and dropped to the water below, carrying his gun and belt full of cartridges with him.

The water broke the shock of his fall, and fortunately he landed near a thin strip of gravel bar that had been thrown against the bank at some previous flood stage of the creek. Upon the gravel bar rested the trunk of a large elm tree that had also been deposited there by high water. The current of the stream had dug out a small cavity behind the tree stool, and into this hole and behind the barricade of the tree trunk John Coffey crawled. He could hear the Indians making a considerable fuss on top of the bluff but none dared to come over after him. Presently they heaved the scalped and naked bodies of two cowboys over the bank and they splashed in the water almost under him.

John commanded an excellent view of the entire water hole and the opposite bank. There was no way for them to steal upon him unobserved. In about an hour a group of them crossed the lower end of the water hole and rode out onto the opposite side. They dismounted, and while some guarded the horses the others stole cautiously to the east bank of the creek, but none attempted to swim to him. After lying hidden in the

bushes on the creek bank for a while they took a few shots at his hiding place, but their bullets thudded harmlessly into the body of the tree. After he was satisfied they knew his location John caught a glimpse of one crawling through the grass and he took two shots on his own hook. He had the satisfaction of seeing this Indian raise up and then fall over on his back, to be carried away by his comrades.

It was never known how many Comanches were killed that day. When it was possible for them to do so, they carried their dead away and disposed of the bodies themselves. It cannot be said that such conduct was motivated by any sentiment or respect for the departed. They never hesitated to kill a wounded member who had become a burden or hindrance to travel, but they just did not want any white man fooling with their dead.

The day was hot and John became extremely thirsty, but the Indians would not let him get a drink. Twice when he attempted to crawl over the few feet of gravel bar to water, their bullets and arrows drove him back. Sight of the dead bodies floating around in the water was both disconcerting and sickening, but he formed and stayed with a resolve not to let the Indians break his spirit. They seemed just as determined to get him as he was to save himself, and no doubt they wanted his gun more than they wanted him.

John was suffering from the pain of his wound and he was feeling weak from the loss of blood and from thirst. He feared that if he did not get water soon and revive himself he would lose consciousness and the Indians would have him at their mercy. He was confident now that as long as his ammunition lasted and as long as he was able to pull the trigger, they would not try to swim the water hole after him. At last he saw the Indians ride up the creek and out toward the hills, and he was sure they were leaving for good. He quenched his thirst and no shots came his way. He did not know whether he would survive his wound or not, but he was secure in his confidence that help would reach him soon.

Rich Coffey started the rescue party from the ranch next morning at dawn. Bill could tell them about the gun-fight that took place up stream from where he was hiding. One of the Coffey cowboys swam his horse across the creek to the gravel bar where he found John alive but unconscious. John recovered from his wound after a lengthy convalescence. Both he and Bill lived past seventy.

There was not a sufficient force available to cope with the Indians at once. By the time the Rangers and a company of soldiers took up the trail it was too cold to follow. The herd of cattle and remuda of saddle horses were never heard of again. Besides John being wounded

and the two men killed, the others escaped in one way or another. The Negro cook made the cleanest getaway. When the shooting started he mounted one of the work mules bareback and took off for the nearest settlement some thirty miles away. The Indians overlooked the wagon where it sat in the mote of trees, although they were near it while they were stalking John Coffey.

That is not all the losses the Coffey family sustained that year. Bill said that the following Christmas day they stood in their yard and watched a band of Indians drive away their few remaining cattle -- even to the milk cows.

Some people in the country collected from the government for damages done by the Comanches, on the grounds that they were government wards. Rich Coffey filed a claim to cover his loss, but the family never received any compensation. It was some years after the beginning of the present century that congress made final rejection of the claim.

Dust from the Denver Corral



In June Arthur Carhart returned to Denver from Mexico, after spending three and one-half months away from the city. He recently published an article in the Denver Post on the city of Truth-or-Consequences, New Mexico.

Dabney Collins, during June, sold stories to the Rocky Mountain Empire Magazine (on "Jackson Hole") and to Thrilling Ranch Stories.

Walter Gann reports that he recently hasn't done anything to brag about, though he modestly neglected to mention his hair-raising talk to the posse.

Don Bloch has taken over the Mayor's Mailbag time on KLZ (12:30 p.m. on Sundays) while the Mayor is on vacation; and, as huckster for the Forest Service, "I'm selling Your National Forests, as scriptwriter and interviewer."

After attending the Mississippi Valley Historical Association meeting in Oklahoma City, LeRoy and Ann Hafen took a vacation trip to Vicksburg, New Orleans, Florida and north to Washington, D.C., to visit their son Karl and family. "Ruxton of the Rockies" which Hafen edited, is to be issued by the University of Oklahoma Press this fall. Much new material, gathered by Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Porter, will be included in this new life of the early English explorer and writer, George F. Ruxton.

Elvon Howe announced the publication on July 6 of a book Rocky Mountain Empire (Doubleday, New York, 288 pp., \$3). It consists of a collection of twenty-nine authentic articles from the pages of the Rocky Mountain Empire Magazine of the Denver Post during the four years that magazine has been published as a home-edited rotogravure supplement. Some are historical tales, all closely regional in nature.

Paul Harrison has just returned from a journey to Wyoming, carrying on some Archeological and anthropological studies. He enjoyed a lengthy and pleasant visit at Laramie with the posse's friend and one-time guest, Bill Carlisle. He revealed that not so long ago he was a guest speaker before the Los Angeles WESTERNERS corral. Bill sent his regards to the Denver corral and gave Paul his application for a corresponding membership in the WESTERNERS.

In the May 28, 1950 issue of the Colorado Springs Morning Free Press under the heading of "What's Your Hobby," there was an article entitled Lipseys Collect Early West in Diary Form." It contained a description of the interests and activities of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Lipsey (with a photograph of both persons) in collecting Western Americana, begun when they were first married. Mr. F. H. Gay, old-time shoe merchant in Colorado Springs in 1890, sold the Lipseys his library and started their collection that now contains 4,000 books. One book, which to many would be worth all the 4,000, is a bound edition of the first newspaper ever published in the region and called "Out West." Mr. and Mrs. Lipsey not only collect books because of their love of the books themselves, but because they desire to learn history and to write about it, several articles of theirs having appeared in the Colorado Magazine.

The June 11 issue of the Free Press described Ray Colwell's interest in collecting early Colorado candlestick holders. His hobby has taken him to every backhills deserted cabin and every metal mining town. Ray is amazed at the fact that so few of the holders can be found today, when in Cripple Creek alone there were probably 10,000 at one time. Every man who entered a mine had several holders of his own, and, since they were then worth only the steel from which they were forged, few were ever saved, and few can be found today. Ray has in his collection 25 of these hand-made steel instruments.

Harold Dunham recently visited Taos and Santa Fe to pick up a little more information on the history of those places a century ago.

Corresponding members who attended the June posse meeting were Robert B. Cormack, Glenn L. Daly, Roy Erickson, and Otis Gibson, all of Denver.

Corresponding member Lamont Johnson recently announced the publication of a book of his western verse entitled "Back West To Home."

Chuck Wagon Book Reviews



CLARK, GRUBER AND COMPANY (1860-1865): A Pioneer Denver Mint. History of Their Operation and Coinage. By Nolie Mumey. Denver: Art-craft Press, 1950. 93pp. 8vo, cloth. 19 black-and-white illustrations, from old photos, newspapers, and documents; 8 pages of color illustrations (34 specimens of coins, designs, and patterns pictured). Limited edition only. 800 numbered copies signed by author. \$4.00.

Except for the record, and for the pride which the WESTERNERS have in Dr. Mumey and his productions, there may be little need of a review of this work. By the time this is printed, the 800 copies of this book may all be sold. For here is a book welcomed by both numismatists and students of Western history. Announcement of the book's publication sent coin-collectors and history-lovers scurrying to their checkbooks.

In 1859, three partners, doing business as Clark, Gruber & Company, were bankers at Leavenworth, Kansas. Not only did they receive gold dust (or bullion) from Colorado customers who wished it shipped to the Philadelphia mint; they bought gold for their own account at from \$12 to \$16 an ounce and shipped it to their Eastern correspondents or to the mint, where it was sold for whatever the current price of gold was--sometimes \$18 an ounce, more or less.

This traffic was inconvenient, risky, and expensive. Transportation on the gold cost 5% of its value, and insurance another 5%. It might cost as much more to get gold coin shipped back to Denver from the East. Sometimes the firm would have in transit nearly \$300,00 in gold. This was a large sum to have tied up, unused and unusable, for from three weeks to three months. The sensible thing to do, said Emanuel Henry Gruber, one of the partners, was for the firm itself to turn the dust into coin in Denver. Austin M. Clark and Milton E. Clark (brothers), the other partners agreed. Austin, who was a lawyer, spent several days examining the statutes to see if private coinage was legal. He found no prohibition. But to be triply sure, Gruber consulted two other Kansas legal lights. Their opinion was that nothing prevented. Luckily for the Clarks and Gruber the government confirmed this opinion about three

years later, after the firm had turned out enough gold coin to justify their imprisonment for life if the decision had been against them.

The partners acted quickly. Milton Clark was in Philadelphia buying dies and coining machinery in December 1859. These arrived in Denver by ox-team in April 1860. Meanwhile Gruber and Austin Clark had bought a building site in Denver, the northwest corner of what is now Sixteenth and Market streets. On July 16, 1860, a two-story-and-basement brick building was finished. On July 20, in the presence of Editor William Byers of the Rocky Mountain News, and other guests, ten-dollar gold pieces began to plunk musically into a tin pail. (As to how these and later coins resembled and how they differed from U. S. government coins, I refer you to the excellent descriptions and color plates in the book). That day about \$1,000 worth of coins was turned out at the rate of 15 or 20 "mint drops" a minute.

These plunking sounds would have been sweet music in the ears of all citizens of "Jefferson Territory" if they could have heard them. For what they needed badly was money, more money, and especially a convenient and stable currency. They did already have coins of gold and silver (but not enough), government greenbacks of fluctuating value, bank bills which people had learned to distrust, and gold dust. Gold dust was what most of the citizens had come for, and they were mighty glad if they got it. But as money, the dust was inconvenient. It was not always weighed accurately, and it was subject to adulteration with brass filings. So the Jeffersonians were glad to have Clark, Gruber and Company start a mint where they could swap their dust for honest gold pieces, which actually contained a little more gold than United States coins of the same denominations.

Between July 20, 1860 and January 1, 1863, Clark, Gruber and Company coined \$594,305 into \$2.50, \$5, \$10, and \$20 gold pieces. But in the same period the firm bought \$1,462,627.75 in dust at an average price of about \$15.62 per ounce. So it must still have been profitable to ship bullion, else they would have coined all they bought.

Apparently, the firm found that running a mint is not the quick way to make money which it is popularly believed to be, so that when Colorado citizens began to agitate for a government mint in Denver, the Clarks and Gruber joined in the movement which resulted in the sale of their mint (including machinery, supplies, building, and land) to the government for the reasonable sum of \$25,000 in April 1863. (Not until January 8, 1864 did the Congress enact a law prohibiting private coinage of any metal.)

So citizens of Colorado territory had succeeded in having a law passed to buy the mint and to establish a branch U. S. mint in Denver.

But the result must have disappointed them greatly. The Clark, Gruber mint was closed, and until February 1906 no coins at all were minted in Denver.

Clark, Gruber and Company also issued bank notes which were more valuable than greenbacks, since their bank notes were redeemable in gold.

During 1862, Clark, Gruber also molded some gold dust into small bars or ingots, stamped with the firm's name, giving the weight in ounces, and its value in gold dollars. About these I have a story to tell, a story which is not in Dr. Mumey's book.

Once upon a time six men were gathered in the smoking compartment of a Pullman car in a train of the Southern Railway travelling from Birmingham, Alabama, to Washington, D. C. This was before there were "club cars," at a time when men (apart from women) could pack themselves into a cozy, compact, comfortable cubicle and fill the air with tobacco smoke and tall tales, true and false. Here strangers became friendly companions.

Pleasantly replete after a hearty luncheon in the dining car, they heard a couple of good "drummer's stories." Then, one of the number held up a small yellow object about the size and shape of the flattened end of an old-fashioned licorice stick, an object less than an inch long. "This may interest you," he said. He pointed out the stamping on the flattened surface, and read, "Pikes Peak Gold. Clark, Gruber & Co. Blank ounces. Fifty dols." He told the story of Denver's private mint, of the gold coins made there in 1860, 1861, and 1862, and of how, in 1862, Clark, Gruber & Company had begun to mold Pikes Peak gold into small bars or ingots, instead of into gold coins, stamping the weight and value on the sides of the ingots.

"I'm a collector of gold coinage," he said. "For years I've been hunting for one of these ingots. I made a special trip South to get this. Just got it yesterday. I've never seen another like it."

As he spoke, the gold slug was passed from hand to hand, was examined and admired. The gold-collector answered most questions, but smilingly declined to say what he had paid for it--except to say that it was "plenty."

Interest in this began to flag, and someone else was reminded of another story. The collector was ready to tuck his gold back into its chamois sack and to put it away. But the slug had disappeared and no one knew where it was. Examination of floor, ledges, and spittoons was fruitlessly made. The collector was at first inclined to believe that a joke was being played on him, but his auditors denied this. One of them suggested that the train conductor be sent for, explaining that by law of the state through which they were passing, a train conductor is a "con-

servator of the peace." A bell-button was pressed, and the Pullman porter was sent for the conductor.

When the conductor had heard the story, he said, "Well, gentlemen, I think you'll agree that the proper thing to do is for each of you to submit to a search of your clothing and persons." All agreed to this at once--that is, all but one, who vehemently refused to be searched. That one was my uncle, Crawford Johnson, of Birmingham. Nothing would move him, and his companions openly regarded him with suspicion. Unkind words were spoken, and a small uproar arose. Into this confusion, the conductor's voice made a wild stab: "Did you look behind that long cushion?" They had not. Four of them had been sitting on the long cushion which could be raised and folded outward to form a berth for the Pullman porter if he got a chance to rest between midnight and three A.M. They pulled the cushion up. There where it had fallen between back and seat was the Pikes Peak gold.

The conductor knew my uncle well from many previous trips. "Mr. Johnson," he asked, "why in hell did you refuse to be searched?"

My uncle said: "A few years ago, a tramp came to my office and pestered me to buy a lump of what he said was gold. I didn't want it. I'm no collector. But he showed me the stamping 'Fifty dols.' and I sent him to a jeweler who said it was gold. So I gave the tramp the \$50 he asked for the chunk. Since then I've carried the thing around with me as a pocket piece."

Here my uncle felt in a lower vest pocket and brought out a slug of gold, apparently a duplicate of the collector's specimen. "This," said my uncle, "is why I was determined not to be searched."

The 19 black and white illustrations in Clark, Gruber & Company are from old photographs, newspapers, prints, and documents. The color plates were made from specimens of coins, designs and patterns in Dr. Mumey's collection. He has a complete set of Clark, Gruber coins.

Descriptions of the patterns were written by Dan Brown of Denver. Our fellow-WESTERNER, Philip Whiteley, M.D., described the coins.

A beginning should be made on a bibliography of the fabulous Nolie Mumey, whose latest (but not last) book this is. Here is a preliminary check-list of the handsome and valuable historical books he has published. (His medical and poetic writings are too numerous for me.)

A Preliminary Check List of the Historical Publications of Nolie Mumey, M.A., M.D., M.Sc. (Med.), F.A.C.S., etc.

A Study of Rare Books. Denver: Clason Publishing Company, 1930. to 1,000 signed copies.

The Life of Jim Baker. Denver: The World Press, 1931. Ltd. to

250 signed copies.

History of the Early Settlements of Denver (1599-1860). Glendale, California: Arthur H. Clark Company, 1942. Ltd. to 500 signed copies.

The Teton Mountains: Their History and Tradition. Denver: Artcraft Press, 1947. Ltd. to 700 signed copies.

Pioneer Denver, including scenes of Central City, Colorado City, and Nevada City. Denver: Artcraft Press, 1948. Ltd. to 240 signed copies.

(Actually because of shortage of proper paper, only 190 copies were made.)

Creede: The History of a Colorado Silver Mining Town. Denver: Artcraft Press, 1949. Ltd. to 500 signed copies.

Clark, Gruber and Company: A Pioneer Denver Mint (1860-1865). Denver: Artcraft Press, 1950. Ltd. to 800 signed copies.

Pike's Peak Guides of 1859, Facsimile Reprints. Parker & Huyett, 1947. Luke Tierney, 1948. Traveller's Guide, 1948. W. B. Horner, 1949. Byers & Kellom, 1949. (More of these guides to be published.)

Denver WESTERNERS' Publications. William Henry Jackson, "Pioneer Photographer". The monthly BRAND BOOK of the Denver WESTERNERS, 1947. William Henry Jackson: "A Tribute". The Denver WESTERNERS' BRAND BOOK for 1947 (Vol. 3). Denver, 1949.

Many persons have given their names to mountain peaks: Pike, Long, and others. A few, like Gore, have had whole ranges bear their names. One of these men also is Dr. Mumey. Have you never heard of the Mumey Range near Estes Park?

(John J. Lipsey)

SILVER QUEEN--The Fabulous Story of Baby Doe Tabor: by Caroline Bancroft.

76 pages; laminated paper covers; printed by the Golden Press, 1950. \$1.00.

In this attractive, well-printed book, divided into six chapters, preceded by an interesting foreword and closing with an epilogue post-script, Caroline Bancroft has done the story of the Tabors in a manner that is sprightly and highly readable--but which, at the same time, in the reviewer's opinion, is more informative and genuinely human than either of the preceding larger published works giving the story of Elizabeth Bonduel McCort (Baby Doe) Tabor and her husband, the fabulous H.A.W. Tabor, who from a humdrum existence as a middle-class grocery and supply storekeeper at Ora City, three miles from Leadville, became Colorado's richest man during the Leadville boom in the late 70's, and who reached his zenith early in 1883, when for a brief time he served as United States Senator from Colorado.

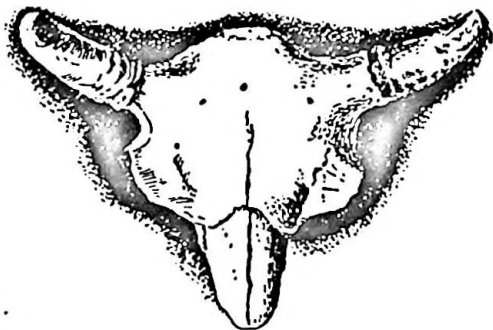
But this book is not Horace Tabor's---it is Baby Doe's! Miss Bancroft uses a novel approach by letting Baby Doe tell her story in her own words--first person. Such treatment or style could easily lead to a melodramatic expression fraught with sentimentalism, but the author has not fallen into any of this. The character of Baby Doe is revealed, and the amazing story of her early struggles, her unhappy first marriage, her romance and great days in the '80's as the wife of Tabor; the gradual decline of the Tabor fortunes in the '90's synonymous with the decline in silver; then the successive terrible blows of Tabor's death, the flight of the older daughter, and, finally, the tragic death of the younger daughter, Silver Dollar; is told in a credible and highly entertaining prose.

One phase of Baby Doe's life which other writers have apparently missed is revealed here for the first time, and for this reason might be termed at least mildly sensational--the existence of a "third man"--an affair which quite innocently and, withal, reasonably, occurred between the unfortunate first marriage to Harvey Doe and the meeting with Tabor.

This little book is a distinct contribution to Colorado history, and a choice and delightful reading morsel.

Miss Bancroft, herself of a pioneer Colorado family, began her literary career with the Denver Post in 1928 and has since done notable writing for many diverse newspapers and magazines. She is currently teaching Colorado history at Randell School in Denver.

(Fred A. Rosenstock)



The BRAND BOOK

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No. 7

"ROCKY MOUNTAIN BURRO TALES" - - By Levette J. Davidson

The lore of the Rocky Mountain West is full of references to the burro. All old-timers agree that the burro played an essential part in the discovery and the working of early-day gold mines, in the building of frontier towns not yet served by rail, and in the transportation of men and supplies to remote mountain communities otherwise inaccessible. The prospector, accompanied by his faithful burro, loaded with pick, shovel and pan, with coffee pot, bacon and beans, was once a familiar sight in the canyons and on the passes. The burro pack trains, loaded with machinery and timbers for mine and smelter, with household furniture and sometimes an organ, with boxes and kegs of food and drink, once formed in the main streets of Ouray, Silverton, Durango and other mountain towns before setting out for the difficult trail that threaded narrow defiles and climbed almost perpendicular divides in order to reach the farthest out claims and camps.

Although the burro is now linked in popular tradition with the prospector, almost as inevitably as is the bronco with the cowboy, the little donkeys go back in the history of America to the conquistadors. They still flourish, primarily as wood-carriers in the Southwest and as children's pets throughout Western towns and resort areas. Recently The Denver Post devoted a page of its rotogravure section to illustrating how the burro serves by "Packing in the Post" in "World-famous Cripple Creek, the once brawling and sprawling old Colorado gold camp," which "wasn't built for bicycles." For newsboys, "it's still a burro town . . . slowly but surely their burros take their newspapers over routes too steep and rugged for wheels." (1)

(1) The Denver Post, May 21, 1950.

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Popular interest in the burro is further illustrated by a recent series of articles in the Rocky Mountain News concerning the gift of a pregnant burro by the Fairplay, Colorado, Chamber of Commerce to Denver's City Park Zoo. (2) This activity was inspired by a suggestion made by Lee Casey, Rocky Mountain News columnist, that a burro should be one of the prize exhibits in a Western zoo, and by the desire of Fairplay to advertise "the annual Gold Days, July 29 and 30, 1950, which will be climaxed on the second day by the Rocky Mountain Pack-Burro championship race."

This race, inaugurated on July 30, 1949, "commemorates the doughty burro that made the West's mining industry possible". Further details are given in the following, quoted from the Rocky Mountain News of May 23, 1950:

"The race annually decides the pack burro championship of the Rocky Mountain West in a gruelling contest over 23 uphill miles over 13,180-foot Mosquito Pass. The contesting teams--a 'prospector' and a burro each--begin the race at Leadville and cross the finish line in Fairplay as part of the annual Gold Days Celebration.

"A prize of \$500 goes to the winner, \$300 to second, \$150 to third and \$50 to the fourth-place entrants . . . Among the rules for this year's race posted today are provisions that decisions of the judges are final, 'each animal will be inspected by a qualified veterinarian to determine his status as a bonafide burro', burros must be equipped with gold pan, pick and shovel, the human member of each team must have a two-week beard or false beard and firearms are prohibited."

In connection with the 1949 race considerable heat was generated when the judges disqualified one entry as being "out-sized" and probably a mule. Their ruling was later proved erroneous, for the animal "Fairplay" gave birth to a burro colt, "Foulplay." The Butchers' Union of Denver, sponsor of the maligned mother burro, instituted a damage suit, but settled out of court "in return for free entry in the 1950 race." (3)

(2) Rocky Mountain News, May 16; other stories in the issues for May 18, May 30 (with a photograph of city and state dignitaries receiving Sky Lady, "the newest addition to the City Park Zoo"); June 10, ("Zoo Burro Gives Birth and Casey Becomes 'Foster Father'"), and June 10 (with picture, and caption, "Johnny Timberline II, just 36 hours young, already knows where to draw daily ration", etc.).

(3) cf. News for July 10, July 24, July 26, July 28, July 30, July 31, Dec. 24, 1949, May 23 and June 7, 1950.

Although burros are now being exploited in newspaper publicity releases for Western festivals etc., and are thus becoming standard props in popular recreations of "the old West," they are still a basic part of the non-commercial, authentic tradition of the Rocky Mountain area. (4) Perhaps no resident in the South Park region of Colorado is remembered more fondly than is a burro whose grave, on the once busy Front street of Fairplay, is marked with a monument carrying the following inscription:

"Prunes
A Burro
1867-1930
Fairplay
Alma
All Mines
In This
District"

Rupert (Rupe) M. Sherwood was so devoted to this old burro, with whom he had associated for some two score years, that he requested on his deathbed to be allowed to share Prunes' grave. His request was granted, his burial ceremonies were well attended, and a poetic tribute, which Sherwood had written soon after Prunes' demise, was widely printed in the Colorado press.

Naturally there have been stories of Prunes II, Prunes III, Prunette, and other reputed descendants. Some were mascots of army units during World War II.

The following yarn entitled "When Maudie Succeeded Prunes," by Everett Blair, was reprinted by the Rocky Mountain News from the Park County Republican and Fairplay Flume. (5) It has the flavor of Rocky Mountain tall tales, but may be historical:

"Away back when Prunes, the burro, was in his early 40's, there came into his life that inevitable tragedy.

"He began to feel the skids. Right up to that first tinge of his dotage, his recommendations were tops with any mine in the Alma-Fairplay district that had ore to pack down the ragged mountain trails, or

(4) cf. Picture in the Denver Post, June 30, 1950, with the following caption: "Pretty Gerry Rutan, queen of the second annual Donkey Derby to be staged July 3 and 4 at Cripple Creek, Colorado, poses with YoYo, who will be big enough to race in the event next year. A hard rock drilling contest, a rodeo, a parade and, of course, the donkey race are features of the two-day celebration."

(5) July 21, 1949.

mine cars to drag back and forth in the miles of drifts carved in the granite by drill steel. But the days came when he began to feel 'pooed out' at the end of the shift.

"He was working at the old Hock Hocking mine up Mosquito gulch at the time. His good sense and fidelity made him a pet of the crew.

"Shuffling back and forth with a ton of muck tagging him was not fitting work for a pet, but neither jackasses nor 'hard-rock' men enjoyed any favors at the 'Hockings'.

"Harry Radford was superintendent at the old Hockings, and Prunes rated at the top of his jackass book. Radford was a hard man, but Prunes had long been 'pensioned' in the super's heart. Then one day he was freed of his galling collar and traces to roam at will.

"There was a young trammer at the Hockings by the name of John Billingsley--now of Salida. Radford instructed Billingsley to round up a substitute for old Prunes.

"The super cared little about how Billingsley trained the new jack--or whether it could be trained. Billingsley was the trammer. That meant the muck must go out of the hole.

"'Outside of preachers,' says Billingsley, 'few now days know that jackasses chew tobacco. But we of those days knew it. Most boys packed a plug. It was the link of sociability. I chewed Beechnut, a package chew. Some chewed Horse-shoe, Star and other plugs.

"'My new jack was a lady. I called her Maudie. Right off I loved Maudie, and she fell for me like a ton of slag. The collar and traces irked her a lot. She twisted and humped, showing signs of the balk that stumps a skinner.

"'To seem nonchalant, I pulled my Beechnut out. Maudie raised her nose an eighth of an inch.

"'I had it. Why hadn't I thought? I peeled back the package and passed it to her. She nuzzled it a bit--then she dragged off about 20 cents worth of my life-giving Beechnut. I loved her some more--and away we went.

"'After that, it was Beechnut or no muck. It took a lot of it, but it was worth it to see Radford beam upon me as a jack trainer.

"'Then I quit and went across the gulch to the Orphan Boy--and forgot Maudie. One day Radford met me in the gulch.

"'Billingsley," he burst forth in his characteristic manner. "Ye got a right to quit and get another job, but ye ain't got no right to pack away yer secret trammin' tricks. Tell me," he yelled, "how in the hell ye ever got that bloody damned jack back into that mine!"

"'It's Beechnut, Harry," I explained. "Not Horse-shoe nor Star, but Beechnut--remember that."

"The hell," he ejaculated. "And to think Prunes done it all these years without a chaw."

One other burro who attained the immortality of print should be noted. The following editorial in the Denver Post, "We Remember Fatima," probably recalled similar personalities to the readers. (6) This description reveals a different side of burro character from that usually found in stories about Prunes; but it is in accord with Robert Louis Stevenson's opinions, as expressed in Travels with a Donkey.

"The news that the Denver Chamber of Commerce has been unable to locate a herd of burros for Chicago children to ride is going to let loose a lot of fanciful prose throughout the length and breadth of the Rocky Mountain Empire, we betcha.

"There will be panegyrics about the passing of the faithful little beasts that made possible the development of the west. If a bunch of sentimental writers can get that kind of stuff into print, it is all right with us but our eyes will remain dry through it all. We remember Fatima.

"Fatima was our companion, thirty-odd years ago, on a two-week hiking trip through Rocky Mountain National Park. We found her nibbling grass on a hillside near Lyons, Colorado, paid \$3 to a man who claimed to own her, diamond hitched a pack saddle on her back and started off in blissful ignorance of what was in store.

"In the first mile the pack came off three times, each time with a clatter of frying pans and a great outpouring of tent stakes and cans of beans. Then we discovered why. Fatima was deliberately walking so close to the rocks and trees along the creek trail that the pack was scraped loose until it finally spilled.

"Next, going through an aspen thicket, Fatima walked between two small trees where she would not possibly have room to pass and got herself stuck. We could have backed her out of that one without any trouble if she had been willing to co-operate, but she wouldn't move a muscle. One of the trees had to be chopped down before we could continue.

"In the days that followed we got to know Fatima and her ornery, headstrong ways intimately. Every night she would pretend to get her legs tangled in the tent ropes, bringing the whole contraption down on us. When she knew we were trying to sleep, she would bray alarmingly, as if pursued by a whole family of bears. But when it came time to pack up and hit the trail, she would lie down and refuse to move until a fire had been built beside her.

"There was no Trail Ridge or even a Fall River road in those days,

(6) May 29, 1949.

and, wherever the old Ute trail traversed a snowbank, Fatima would manage to get bogged down to her shoulders so she would have to be pried out with poles. She would never wade into a stream willingly, yet once she had been pushed in she never would go on across, but would stop in the middle so you would get good and wet pulling and pushing her out on the opposite side.

"At the end of two weeks, after wending our way back to Lyons, we tried to leave Fatima surreptitiously on the same hillside where we had found her, but the man from whom we had bought her spied us from his cabin.

"'You can't leave that dumb brute here,' he insisted, so we paid another \$3 to be rid of her and swore it was the best investment we had ever made.

"Fatima, we have no doubt, was no dumber and no more satanic than all the rest of her breed. Burros may have done a lot of hard work in the early days of the west but, if they did, they did it under protest, without any warmth of feeling for their master or any pride in their tasks. They drove strong men to strong drink and strong language.

"Good riddance, we say, because we remember Fatima."

The marvelous characteristics of the burro have been the inspiration of innumerable anecdotes. Based upon fact, the descriptions and the events recounted often tend toward the mythical. Plausibility is usually maintained, however, by the use of circumstantial details and by the evident conviction of the narrator. The Reverend George M. Darley, D.D., author of Pioneering in the San Juan: Personal Reminiscences of Work Done in Southwestern Colorado during the "Great San Juan Excitement," (Chicago, 1899) devoted one passage in his book to a number of examples of the toughness of the burro. (7)

First, however, he tried to correct the idea that "the burro has cultivated the swearer as much as he has the state . . . Those who abuse the burro and swear at him like a pirate, curse everything; not because they are provoked, but because they are habitual swearers." Also, the idea that "a burro has no feeling, knows neither joy nor pain and expects to be mistreated. . . . Burros suffer terribly, and if men are to be punished for cruelty to animals (I sincerely hope they may be), some men will discover that none of God's creatures can be tortured and the culprit go free."

Although the Reverend Mr. Darley contradicted the average "burro-puncher's" idea that burros never die, they "just dry up and blow away," he did admit they are hard to kill. He cited the following

(?) op. cit., pp. 60-2.

examples:

"A 'baby burro' fell from the top of a cliff sixty feet in height, into the Gunnison River, and was not injured. On Bear Creek Trail, about five miles above Ouray, one packed with flour fell two hundred feet; the weight of the flour turned the burro heels up, and sticking in the snow, his life was saved."

He warns, however, that "while crossing deep streams, unless their ears are tied, they will drown; but by tying them up they can be pulled across without danger."

The minister's last story is a heroic one:

"After a rope is tied to the burro's neck he is pushed into the stream. The men on the opposite bank begin pulling and, although the burro may go under repeatedly, he is landed all right. As soon as his ears are untied his voice is loosened and breaks forth in trumpet tones of rejoicing, loud enough to be heard far and near.

"Those who are unacquainted with the trails in new mining-regions, and the way men travel through Indian countries where there are no houses, bridges or wagon roads, have no idea of the difficulties that must be faced. In the winter of '79 a man brought a burro from Mineral Point, at the head of the Uncompahgre River, over Engineer Mountain, to the head of Henson Creek, on snowshoes. He made the shoes of sole leather and taught the burro to use them. It was slow work, yet he succeeded in getting his 'jack' across the range. This may sound 'fishy', but it is true. Where a burro and a 'burro-puncher' cannot go, no other creature need try."

Further testimony on behalf of the burro is contained in the following excerpt from the reminiscences of the Catholic missionary to the San Juan region, Reverend J. J. Gibbon: (8)

"About noon I reached the Hermosa, unsaddled my horse and picketed him in the long grass. While I was reclining in the shade and eating my lunch, a man came down the gulch riding a roan pony and urging on four tired-looking burros laden with several sacks of ore, blankets, shovels, pans, picks, drills and the sheet iron stove which the miner always carries with him. A short-tailed dog, limping on three legs, brought up the rear of the sorry-looking caravan. The stranger halted at the stream, and dismounting, permitted the pony to plunge in and drink of the refreshing water. To meet a person in the wilds is a great blessing, and I saluted the man by remarking: 'A pretty warm day.' He recognized my salute and said: 'Yes, awful hot for this time of the year,' and lying down on his face, drank long and

(8) Rev. J. J. Gibbons, "In the San Juan, Colorado," (n.p.) 1898, pp. 115-117.

deep from the stream. Having fastened his pony, he walked over to me, and threw himself on the grass beside me. He was fully six feet three, and very muscular. He had long, red, unkempt hair and beard. With a hearty good will, he accepted my invitation to lunch. 'You have been out prospecting,' I said. 'Yes, eight weeks now,' he remarked, 'and I've had a fearful time up there at the foot of those high mountains. I found some very good signs at the head of a little creek, and camped there. I washed out quite a bit of gold too,' and he drew out of his pocket a large tobacco sack full of black sand and gold specks. 'Yes, it was hard to get. There was no water of any account, and you cannot get the stuff without plenty of water. But I tell you I had lots of water the night before last; and but for the little mouse-colored burro over there I might have been killed or drowned. You see the gulch was very narrow, with steep banks on either side. We had a cloudburst. Such rain, great Caesar! It came down in torrents, it fairly spilled over; it was more like a deluge than an ordinary rainstorm. I was curled up in my tent with Jerry my dog, and trying to keep dry, when all of a sudden, that old burro ran up to the tent and began to bray. The braying of the donkey, the peals of thunder and the barking of Jerry, made a terrible din. I got up and peering out, saw by the lightning that the creek was rapidly filling up. The water was then close to the tent. I had had no time to lose, so I rose quickly, pulled the pickets of the burros and barely got them to a place of safety when a mass of logs upset the tent and broke poor Jerry's leg. Yesterday I dug out my things and they look pretty tough, but I tell you were it not for that old burro I might have been a goner.'"

Many burro stories are based upon the little beast's asserted ability to carry on its back at least double its own weight, its capacity for digesting labels found on discarded tin cans--and even the cans themselves--, its fear of mountain lions but its victory over any bear that dares attack its colt, and its smartness in getting out of work. For example the burro that learned to avoid treadmill service by bracing itself against the posts and holding the machinery still until the miner gave up. (9) Other tales illustrate, in turn, the burro's stubbornness and its obedience to its master. A remarkable example of the latter follows:

"Several years ago there was an old prospector who had an old burro named Tom. He was riding along one day up in the hills and the old man -----

(9) cf. Newspaper clippings in Dawson Scrapbooks in library of the State Historical Society of Colorado; and the card file in the Western History Collection of the Denver Public Library.

fell asleep, and so did old Tom, but he just kept plodding along with his eyes shut, until all at once he stepped off into a large canyon about 900 feet deep. Of course this woke the old man; He seen that the ground was coming up pretty fast and he knew that if he hit the bottom of the canyon it would kill him and Old Tom. Tom liked his master very much and would do anything the old man asked, so when they got to within about three feet of the ground the old man yelled out 'WEOA TOM' and the old burro stopped immediately. The old man got off and jumped down to the ground and then let Tom drop on down. Then the old man crawled back on and they went on their way, unhurt." (10)

The outstanding characteristic of the burro, however, is its raucous voice. Because of its harsh bray the burro has been satirically nicknamed "Rocky Mountain Canary," "Colorado Mockingbird," or "Southwestern Nightingale." Its cry has been described as a protest against the harshness of fate, as a mistaken attempt at poetic expression of donkey philosophy, and as an exultant and ridiculing answer to man's attempt to subjugate a stubbornly independent fellow creature.

The Reverend M. Darley told in his Reminiscences the following episode that well illustrates the power of burro music. His son was the owner of the offending animal.

"It is often said that ministers' children are mischievous. I do not see why they should differ from those of other men, unless they be more patient because frequently compelled to wait a long while for what they need by reason of the fact that the salary of the minister is slow in coming into his possession.

"I confess, however, to having one son who enjoys the ludicrous as well as most boys, and said boy at one time owned one of the most knowing and musical 'Rocky Mountain Canaries' that it has been my privilege to see or hear. If it could get loose from its lariat when the boys were out camping, it would eat up their dinner and then remain near the cart until they came for their meal; then look abused when punished for eating the 'grub'.

"One sabbath evening I noticed that the burro was hitched to a post near the back window of the church. I said to Ward: 'Take that burro and tie it farther away from the church, for if you don't, just as soon as I commence preaching it will begin braying.' Ward replied,

(10) This story, submitted by V. E. Sloan, of Denver, won second prize in a tall tale contest sponsored by the Rocky Mountain News in connection with the Western Folklore Conference, University of Denver, July, 1945.

'Maud' (that was the burro's name) 'has been better trained than that.' Believing in good training, I said no more.

"Maud gave me a decidedly friendly look as I passed her on my way to the church, as if to say: 'Parson, I'll do what I can to help you out to-night.' Sure enough, when I was well into my sermon, 'Maud' began. First a solo--low, clear, penetrating, not altogether unmusical; then a kind of duet, the out-going breath making one sort of noise, the incoming another. This was followed by a quartet, composed of the most hideous noises that it was possible for one of her species to make. By that time I had stopped; but Maud, true to her nature, continued. The congregation could not contain themselves; for the burros of the neighborhood began answering, and I really think from the way that 'Maud' then let out her voice that she thought it was an encore. The boy was in the congregation, and looked as though he wished that burro out of the country; for no minister's son would intentionally have his father interrupted while preaching." (11)

But the burro is not always in disgrace; he is credited with aiding in the discovery of a number of famous Western mines. Had Jim Butler never stooped to pick up a rock to throw at his lazy burro, the Tonopah mine of Nevada might never have been located. Another prospector is said to have fallen into the golden sands of a mountain creek at just the right place, for his burro stepped aside to avoid his master's kick and the master landed in "pay-dirt." More complex is the following story of a burro and a Cour d'Alene mine.

"One of the world's most famous mines is the Bunker Hill and Sullivan, in the Coeur d'Alene range of Idaho. Title to an important interest in this great property hinged upon the ownership of a donkey which Judge Norman H. Buck of the Idaho supreme court, with wisdom truly Solomonic, decided judicially was one of the discoverers of the mine. . . ."

The article explains how N. S. Kellogg and Phil O'Rourke set out to follow up a prospect.

"They hadn't gone many miles when they found a burro. It belonged to Peck, Kellogg's ex-partner, but the pair didn't mind that, and proceeded to confiscate the animal. It served them faithfully for thirty days, during which time the Bunker Hill and Sullivan claims were located. . . . Then someone told Peck that the old burro he had turned out to forage for himself had been a member of the prospecting party, and he brought suit for an interest in the claims. The case attracted widespread attention and inspired tens of thousands of news-

(11) Darley, op. cit., pp. 184-185.

paper jokes. It was brought to a close by the decision of the supreme court that the mine was discovered by Peck's jackass, Phil O'Rourke and N. S. Kellogg, and that as owner of the jackass, Peck was entitled to a third interest in the Bunker Hill claim and a fourth interest in the Sullivan claim." (12)

In addition to the burro tales that developed in the mining regions of the Rocky Mountains, others brought over from the old world were circulated freely wherever the burro was naturalized in America. On his back the burro bears a trace of his noble lineage--a wide dark cross that laps his shoulders. According to legend, this is in memory of the famous trip of the holy family in fleeing from Herod's persecution, with the Virgin and the Christ Child mounted on a burro. The slow, dignified gait of the donkey, also, recalls its connection with this journey and with its choice by Christ when he rode into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. Other tales relate the founding of churches or towns at places where burros carrying sacred objects, such as an image of the Virgin, stopped and refused to move on, or where the image fell off. The burro's name is, of course, Spanish in origin. It is said to mean "get up." "The burro's constant inclination to stop and philosophize kept his Spanish driver incessantly calling 'burro, burro,' or 'get up, get up'." (13)

The two following tales, known in the Spanish Southwest, were probably brought to America from Spain: (14)

"Once upon a time there was a man who had a corn field and he was being pestered by crows which he could not catch; so he took his burro and left him in the corn field to scare away the crows. The next day he found a lot of crows lying around dead and wondered what had happened. He went over to the field where the burro was and the burro was playing dead with his mouth open. The crows would try to pick at his tongue and everytime they did Mr. Burro would close his mouth and catch a crow. That is how the man got rid of the crows in his corn field."

"Many stories are attributed to the Spanish gypsies, who are particularly clever in trading and disguising their merchandise. One concerns the nuns at a convent whose donkey seemed too old and too tired to be useful in drawing water from the well. First, they sold

(12) A 1907 clipping from the Rocky Mountain News, in Dawson Scrapbooks.

(13) From an article, (n.p., n.d.), on "The Patient Burro," by Thomas H. Davies, in Dawson Scrapbooks.

(14) Stories reported by Dr. A. L. Campa, University of Denver.

it to a man, and later went to the market to buy themselves a younger donkey to replace him. They found one to their liking, which seemed to be very alert and young looking. The gypsy who had it for sale swore by all the saints of heaven that not only was his burro a lively creature, gentle and handsome, but that he was broken in to pulling water from the well. The nuns bought him, and sure enough the little donkey started round and round the well like an old veteran. There was a shower that afternoon, and they discovered that the dye was running off the burro's hide. It turned out to be their same old donkey, just doctored up by the gypsy."

Among the most delightful of the artistic retellings of burro tales are those included in Frank G. Applegate's Native Tales of New Mexico, Philadelphia, 1932. In addition to an appreciative description, entitled "Burros," the book contains the story of "Old Juan Mora's Burro" and "Tomacito and the Burro". The following summaries give no idea of Applegate's fine style; but the nature of the episodes is indicated.

"No one knows the age of the burro of old Juan Mora. . . . They were little ones together . . . and they understand one another well . . ." His burro was his alarm clock, for it opened the wooden shutters of his window. But one morning he overslept and had to go look for his compadre. They had breakfasted together for years; he made two tortillos, one for him and one for burro, and a pot of coffee, with one cup for him, the rest and the grounds, with sugar, for the burro. They went to wooded hills to get loads of pinon and cedar, "while Miguelito leisurely cropped his fill of the oily, seed-topped grama grass." Finally some boys told Juan, "He's in the old well of Francisco de la Pena"--twelve feet deep, but perfectly dry. The burro had crashed through the two rotten beams covering it. Too late to get him out, Juan spent the night with his burro in the well, and gave him to drink from a bottle in his pocket. Soon the burro felt the influence and kicked up his heels, ate the buttons from Juan's coat and nipped Juan. A wild night! Next morning neighbors hauled out both; back home they drank together out of the water bucket. Later that day the burro was again absent; he was found, not in the well, but pawing at the new cover. Juan told the burro, such a fiesta "can't happen every day," but he promised his companion a nip that evening.

Stories of Tomacito, the native Tom Thumb, were often told around the three-cornered fireplaces of New Mexico, and one of the stories involved a burro. It seems that Tomacito once saw a woman weeping on a doorstep, and he volunteered to help. He found that her lazy husband was about to sell their burro for \$2.00 in order to buy whiskey

and not have to work.

"So the woman lifted Tomacito to the burro's tail before her husband and a prospective buyer came in back of the house to look over the animal. It had been agreed that if the burro was not good and gentle, the buyer would not take it. Tomacito yanked a hair from the burro's tail and it kicked up its heels, narrowly missing the buyer's head. The husband said it must have been asleep. The second time it did hit the man in the stomach. The buyer therefore rejected the burro and told everyone his experience, so no one would buy it. The woman was so grateful that she never failed to give food to Tomacito. She told her husband that the burro so loved him that it wouldn't go with another master. Henceforth the husband was proud of the burro."

Another good yarn is the one N. M. (Jack) Thorp told about "The Burro and the Nugget," in his Tales of the Chuck Wagon, (1926). It seems that two old miners went to Lone Tree to get some supplies, including giant powder, together with the necessary caps and fuses. While one partner got liquored up, the other bought the supplies and loaded the burros. The former started out with the burros for the return trip late that night, while the latter took his turn having fun. When the unsteady puncher attempted to repack the frisky one of the burros, he allowed some ashes from his pipe to ignite a roll of fuse. Seeing his danger, he lost his head and started to run; but the burro, still smoking, ran after him and chased him until he fell exhausted. When the partner found him next morning, the now sober miner learned that his panic had been unfounded; the partner had forgotten to put the caps and giant powder in the packs and had brought them along himself.

But times have changed, and some people contend that the Rocky Mountain burro will soon be as nearly extinct as the once numerous buffalo. In May 1949, "a Chicago man asked the Denver Chamber of Commerce to help him find a dozen or so of the Rocky Mountain canaries. He wants to buy them for children to ride in a Chicago ring." (15) But the Chamber was unable to find any to send. The federal agricultural statistician for Colorado, however, replied in the Rocky Mountain News that the "records showed that Colorado prospectors paid taxes on more than six hundred burros last year." (16) An enterprising reporter added the following commentary:

"Up in the high country, where the burro still is transportation kingpin, the sourdoughs snickered in their tobacco-stained beards.

(15) The Denver Post, May 25, 1949.

(16) The Rocky Mountain News, Thursday, May 26, 1949.

And the four-footed members of the Brotherhood hee-hawed in concert.

"In Fairplay, burro capital of the world, the vigilantes made ready to ride their dunmuckle gray mounts in defense of the burro.

"'Anyone who says the burro is a Vanishing American,' said one sowbelly prospector, 'is making a jackass out of himself. And any dern fool who wants to take a burro out of these mountains fer the heat and the confusion of Chicagy jest for amusement should be stuffed with dynamite caps and dropped offen Mount Elbert.'

"The idea of drafting the pack burro for work cut out for a Shetland pony gagged the prospecting fraternity.

"'Us mountain fellers,' another Fairplay man said, 'have an old sayin' that a burro never dies. His life is nuthin but fleas, skinned hide, ragged ears, rocky trails, slide diggin's, flapjacks and prunes, columbines and mountain grass, cussin' and snow, wind, rain and sun.

"'Give them a full bag o' oats every day, good pasture and a tender, lovin' care from a passel o' kids and they won't live a week. I ain't condemnin' no string o' mine to death in a ridin' circle,' he asserted."

Frequent stories about wild burros, descendants of freed pack animals, are to be heard in the Rocky Mountain region. In fact, ranchers in parts of Nevada have had some success in catching them. (17) A herd usually consists of one adult jack, several jennies, and their colts. According to tradition, the way to train a bronco or young burro for use in a pack train is to tie it with a short rope to the tail of a gentle, old burro. When the trainer starts the burrocade, the bronco doesn't know what to do and stands still until the old burro resents having its tail pulled and kicks it in the face. At the same time the trainer beats it on the rump with a club. It soon learns to put its head against the hip of the lead burro and to follow along, in order to avoid the double punishment.

Even though the burro were to be replaced entirely in the mountain country by the jeep and the airplane, it would not be forgotten. As the eloquent Joseph Emerson Smith once wrote:

"His place in literature is a glorious one. Thousands of legends of the West enshrine him. He is a distinct part of the romance of the mining strikes, his ghostly 'he-haw' sounds in the wind that sweeps through the crumbling, long-since deserted shacks of the abandoned camps. . . ." (18)

(17) cf. "The Wily Wild Burro," by Estey I. Reed, in the Rocky Mountain Empire Magazine of The Sunday Denver Post, April 30, 1950.

(18) The Denver Post, December 17, 1920.

Dust from the Denver Corral



Baron Beshoar returned to Denver during July after spending two weeks in the Ozark Mountains with his family. He combined research with his vacation by studying certain events in the life of his grandfather.

Vaughan Mechau spent several weeks of July in a Denver hospital recovering from a serious illness.

Bill Raine recently sold his Park Hill home and took up residence in an apartment.

Art Carhart has interrupted his work of completing his new book on water conservation long enough to give two talks in Denver. We are informed that he has concentrated so hard on his writing that he has not gone up to his summer residence at Hot Sulphur Springs.

John T. Caine III is reported to have been rather pessimistic over the chances of holding the 1951 stock show in the new stadium, due to the protracted carpenters' strike.

The newspapers reveal that Ralph Carr will run for Governor of Colorado this fall.

Sheriff Levette Davidson certainly had his hands full with his Western Folklore conference at the University of Denver during the middle of July.

Arthur Campa, with his wife, worked hard to ensure the success of the Fiesta de Coronada pageant at the University of Denver stadium, August 13. The program of the pageant emphasized the influence of Latin Americans on the southwest by illustrating the contributions of

peoples of Spanish and Mexican origins.

Ed Dunklee is reported to be working strenuously in behalf of the United Nations.

Don Bloch presented his thirty-fourth talk on speleology before the Littleton Lions Club, on July 20. A surprise guest at the meeting was William J. Stevenson, founder and first president of the National Speleology Society. Don has announced an October deadline for the publication of the 1949 BRAND BOOK.

During the middle of July, Ed Bemis and his wife staged a garden party at their home, prior to his taking a three months' rest in southern California. Among the Westerners present were LeRoy Hafen, Ed Dunklee, Elmo Scott Watson and Dabney O. Collins.

Fred Rosenstock returned about the middle of July from a combination business and vacation trip to St. Louis. His primary purpose was to confer with Frederic E. Voelker, a charter member of the St. Louis posse, in regard to a book he is editing and Fred is publishing under his Old West Publishing Company. The book is to be available to the public by the end of the year. Fred purchased several rare volumes and looked into a number of notable libraries, including the privately endowed Mercantile Library, established in the 1840's. We understand that for Westerners to venture into Fred's new Americana room, at his bookstore, is to be confronted with a choice selection of rare and desirable books.

Elvon Howe left Denver about 22 July to attend a writers' conference at Canyon, Texas. Beside presenting one of the talks, Elvon endeavored to arrange with J. Everts Haley for a talk to the Denver posse this fall.

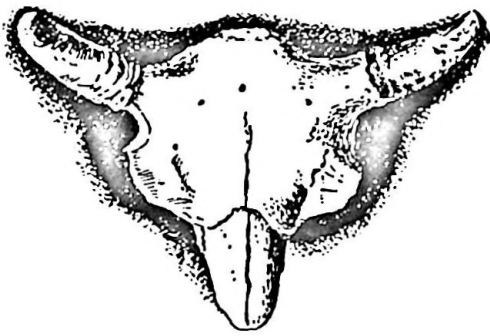
On Thursday, July 13, Mody C. Boatright gave a talk on "The Cowboy as Folk Hero" to the Western Folklore Conference. Westerners were invited to attend, in lieu of any other regularly scheduled July meeting. Only a few members were able to come out to what we hear was an excellent talk, and unfortunately Prof. Boatright has been unable to whip his manuscript into shape for publication in the Brand Book. Instead of this talk, we are publishing above one that Sheriff Davidson presented at the same conference.

Corresponding member Lamont Johnson writes: "I spent four weeks of June and July in my home country of eastern Utah, exploring for traces of the Spanish Trail, which I did find in a number of distinct places. While there I met Mr. William R. Palmer of Cedar City, Utah, president of the Spanish Trail Association and a well known authority on Utah Indian life and pioneer trails. I went with him and another man to distribute official markers which will be erected on a day to be set in September, along highways closely paralleling this famous old caravan route, all the way from Santa Fe to Los Angeles.

"All towns and counties will be notified, and put up their signs that one day, schools and civic groups participating in programs, to make the occasion one of national prominence, and to lift this historic trail out of oblivion, and to make it a popular way for motorists thru the Southwest. The markers are 30 by 20 inches, of heavy metal, with a coating that will reflect under motor lights at night. They bear the inscription: 'THE SPANISH TRAIL, 1800 to 1850, Erected By The Spanish Trail Association, 1950', signifying that this is the 100th anniversary year since regular traffic tapered off on that historic route. The markers carry a dramatic sketch of Spanish traders, horseback, driving Indian slaves as part of that old caravan traffic.

"My interest in this is enhanced by the fact that the Spanish Trail, coming up across the southwestern corner of Colorado, then into Utah past Charley Redd's ranch headquarters at La Sal, found its excellent crossing of the Green river (above the canyon gorges), entering my home county of Emery at Greenriver City, Utah, thence reaching the northernmost point of its entire 1,000-mile course in crossing Huntington creek, where I lived, thence through Castle Valley, across the Wasatch mountains to Sevier valley, through southwestern Utah and southern Nevada to southern California. Emery county had more miles of the trail than any other county in Utah."

No book reviews were given at the last posse meeting, and none is available for publication at this time.



The BRAND BOOK

OFFICIAL ORGAN
THE WESTERNERS

306 STATE MUSEUM BLDG.

DENVER 2, COLORADO

HAROLD H. DUNHAM, REGISTRAR OF MARKS AND BRANDS

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No. 8

"JOHN WESLEY ILIFF" -- by E. W. Milligan

Among the thousands of men who came to the mouth of Cherry Creek in 1859, there were two whose records make them stand out pre-eminently in the economic annals of Colorado. Mr. John H. Gregory, for his discovery of the gold-bearing lode at Central City, and Mr. John W. Iliff who became Colorado's pioneer stockman, extraordinary.

Gold began Colorado, but livestock and agriculture made it.

Much has been written about the mining, but very little regarding the work of Mr. Iliff in developing the grazing industry in Colorado.

The story of John Wesley Iliff is that of an Ohio farm boy, well-educated, and with imagination, who came to Denver in 1859, and with no prior knowledge of the grazing industry, amassed a fortune in twenty years by developing an unusual opportunity.

He was born December 18, 1831, the son of Thomas Iliff, a prosperous farmer living near Zanesville, Ohio. The family were good Methodists, and the boy was named after John Wesley, the noted Methodist preacher.

His education had been completed at Delaware College, Ohio, after which his father offered to invest \$7,500.00 in a nearby farm for him.

But young Iliff had other ideas. He was ambitious and restless, and was hearing much about the west and the opportunities it offered.

"No, give me \$500.00 and let me go west." This was in 1856. There was undoubtedly much arguing over the question of settling down near home or going away and being independent, as most young men would rather do.

Finally a paternal blessing was given, and John went to Ohio City, Kansas, a name I have not located on any Kansas map. Here he remained for three years, engaging in such enterprises as his limited means of-

ferred.

Then the news of the finding of gold at the base of the Rocky Mountains was carried across the country and thousands of optimistic gold hunters hurried as quickly as possible to the reported arena of quick and easy wealth. Most of these men had but a faint idea of what was in store for them, but expected to find gold nuggets lying around loose, waiting to be picked up. Back in Kansas, Iliff and two friends, realizing that this army of gold hunters must be fed, invested in a stock of groceries and provisions, and hauled them to Denver.

The Denver-Auraria directory of 1859 contains a list of 251 individuals and firms in various lines of business. Among the 35 firms carrying advertisements in the directory, we find that of Fenton, Auld and Iliff, dealers in groceries, provisions and clothing, Larimer Street between F and G, Denver City.

Business was good and there was no difficulty in disposing of their merchandise at good prices. The main trouble of most merchants at that time, and for several years later, was that of having enough goods on hand to meet the demand. Denver was the filling station for the miners. Young Iliff visited the mining camps to sell his merchandise, but there is no record of his having engaged in mining at any time.

The hard work of the miners did not appeal to him, as there were easier ways of making money than by the back-breaking, and all too often fruitless, work of placer mining. Noting the high prices of beef in the markets of the mining towns, his mind to conceive, and a will to execute, gave him an idea.

There were hundreds of cattle of all kinds coming into Denver with the Argonauts, many of them gaunt and footsore after their long walk across the plains.

Why not buy some of these animals, graze them on the outskirts of the village until they were rested and fattened, and then sell them at a good price to the local butchers. Iliff's partner, Fenton, joined him in this deal, and they remained partners for several years.

So began this amazing career of Colorado's extraordinary cattleman, in 1860. Osgood, in "The Day of the Cattleman", says that they were soon selling these reconditioned animals to "Butterick's Abatoir" at $5\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ per pound live weight. This place is not mentioned in the Denver directory of 1859. Incidentally, I might mention here that Denver's first stockyard and slaughter house was "Bailey's Bulls Head Corral", on the site of the present Union Station.

Among the animals coming in with the immigrants were some Texas Longhorns driven up from the south with the influx of Southerners attracted to the gold diggings. With the parties from the midwest and

eastern regions there came a better class of stock, and the best of these were bought and kept for breeding purposes.

All of the animals responded quickly to the good prairie grasses and resting up. As much as a 20 or 25% gain in weight would come in a few months. As one cowboy remarked, "they fattened up so fast you could see the hide moving away from the bones."

By 1862, Iliff had accumulated a fair-sized herd and against the advice of friends, decided to move out to the plains northeast of Denver and enlarge his operations. He had had a glimpse of this region on his way into Denver and realized the possibilities. While this land he was moving onto was in the hunting grounds of the Arapahoe and Cheyenne Indians, Iliff had confidence in himself and felt sure he could make a go of it.

In the Colorado Magazine of March, 1930, J. M. Kuykendall, a contemporary cattleman, has this to say about the move: "I often wonder how he and his men managed to face such a proposition, or to stay in the country. Few men would have undertaken it, but he was a man of iron nerve and willing to meet any emergency, and was a hard worker. His riders were a brave lot." To me it is a wonder that all his cattle did not get mixed with the buffalo herds and carried away with them as they migrated.

Peake, in "Range Cattle Industry", writes, "In many ways Colorado offered ideal conditions for the range industry. The climate was almost ideal, water supply generally adequate and forage abundant. About 50% of the wild grass was composed of buffalo and gama. These were low, close-growing species that could live through trampling, close grazing and dry weather."

With a small crew Iliff moved his stock to Crow Creek, which empties into the Platte near Greeley, and then gradually worked up into Wyoming to intersect the Overland Trail. On Lodgepole Creek, which empties into the Platte at Julesburg, he found an ideal range country, and an unusual chance to acquire more stock and do a larger business.

Footsore and weakened animals were plentiful after their long trek across the plains from the Missouri River starting points, and the owners were glad to exchange two or three of these for one of Iliff's well-conditioned stock, or buy a good animal for cash. The Oregon-bound wagons must go on.

From photos I have seen of Mr. Iliff (he resembled General Grant enough to be often mistaken for him), I cannot think of him as taking an undue advantage of an immigrant in distress, but undoubtedly a good many trades were made in which he secured high-grade stock at a low price.

By 1863 he was well established in the grazing business and was de-

veloping what was to become the best outfit in the country; and in time he was to become known as the "Cattle King of Colorado and Wyoming." Miss Louise Iliff, hearing her father spoken of as a "cattle king", imagined herself as a young girl to be a princess.

In January 1864 he married Miss Sarah E. Smith of Delaware, Ohio. She died in 1865 leaving a son, William S. Iliff, who became a well-known business man in Denver, and my neighbor until his sudden death at a D. U. football game, October 19, 1946.

Iliff then went into New Mexico and traded in live stock; also he had a contract for furnishing beef to Fort Union, and some Indians. Here began his friendship with that other outstanding cattleman, Charles Goodnight.

In March, 1870, in Chicago, Iliff married Miss Elizabeth Frasier, who, at that time, was cashier in the office of the Singer Sewing Machine Company. Previously she had been selling these sewing machines in the fast-developing western country, including Denver and the mining camps, and had been quite successful.

In her book, "Stampede to Timberline", Miss Wolle mentions finding an early Singer Sewing Machine in an old house at Dumont, Colorado, which in the early mining days had been a prominent stopping place for the wagon trains and stage coaches.

An old timer, showing Miss Wolle through the building, claimed that this sewing machine was the first one brought into that locality. It may or may not have been one sold by Miss Frasier. In this same building they found an antique square piano, an organ and a billiard table. All of these had been hauled across the plains by slow plodding trains at the rate of 10 or 15 miles a day, facing the hazards of the trail, and then over the rough mountain roads.

The Denver directory of 1867 lists J. W. Iliff, cattleman, as living at the Planters Hotel, located on the northeast corner of Blake and 16th Street. This hotel had been started in 1859 as a warehouse for Majors and Waddell, and later turned into a stage station and hotel. The American Hotel was built on the same site in 1869, and became the leading hotel in the west, until the Windsor was built.

Possibly Mr. Iliff and Miss Frasier met at the Planters Hotel, when she was on one of her western trips. She was a good business woman and her training and ability stood her in good stead when in later years she had to shoulder the responsibility of managing the Iliff estate.

Mr. Iliff took his bride to Cheyenne, where he had established headquarters in 1869.

More about Cheyenne later.

The Homestead Act was passed in 1862, but not until the railways

began building into the west, was there any great movement to take up land on the high plains. After the Civil War and the cattle drives from the south began, other cattlemen saw what Iliff had done and began to build up herds in eastern Colorado, Wyoming, Kansas and Nebraska.

All realized the necessity of getting control of water frontage along with grazing ranges. The Iliff herd was showing quite an increase, and with his usual farsightedness he had quietly begun to acquire land along the Platte River. Not only did he homestead and buy land himself, but had his cowboys and friends take out preemption and homestead claims, which after being proved up were bought by him. The cowboys were not averse to making some extra money above the \$25.00 to \$50.00 a month wages.

By this means he came to own or control a water frontage for a distance of approximately 150 miles reaching from Julesburg to Crow Creek, and extending back from the river as far as the cattle would graze and return to water.

Being the first large stock grower and trader in this region, by the time his competitors were getting started he was well established on his range. This was divided into nine separate ranches, and camps were established at several points. The main one was located on the South Platte River about 40 miles west of Julesburg. This later became the town of Iliff. Here there were houses, fenced in sections for handling the better grades of stock he imported, sheds, corrals, and a complete equipment for his growing operations.

While the Homestead Act and other land laws were passed by Congress for the purpose of granting to individuals the opportunity of securing land of the public domain at a low price, the amount of acreage allowed was not even remotely enough to meet the needs of the western stock-growers. Further, the lawmakers in Washington had very little idea of the lack of rainfall on the plains. Water rights were not considered.

Of necessity the stockmen made their own laws, regarding water. While the methods of Iliff and others to secure more land and water frontage was juggling with the intent of the law, they began a system which in Colorado, at any rate, has worked well.

The controlling principle in what is known as the Colorado Law, is that he who is first in time is first in right, and over the years we have developed a body of statutory and case made laws to govern water rights. A water right is property right, and is protected by the constitutional and statutory provisions affecting property rights generally. These individualistic westerners firmly believed that in taking over this open country and putting it to use in raising stock, they made an improvement of great value, and that it was the right thing to do.

In this land deal, Mr. Iliff's record is not in any way smirched by scandal. He was never to be accused of anything tricky. He never gambled on anything but his own energy and ability. The only short cut he ever took was sheer hard work.

He lived for his work and in it, and Goodnight said that Iliff was the squarest man on the plains.

Commenting on the Iliff Range, James S. Brisbin in "Beef Bonanza," published in 1881, says: "Iliff, the Cattle King of the Plains, had a range of 100 miles long and a herd of cattle numbering 26,000. He had the boss range in this western country, located in Northern Colorado. It begins at Julesburg on the Union Pacific Railway and extends to Greeley. Its boundary is the South Platte River; its northern, the rocky bluffs just south of Lodgepole Creek. It has somewhat the shape of a right angle triangle, its base being the South Platte.

"The streams that water it, are first the river just named, Crow Creek and several small creeks that have their rise in living springs in and near the bluffs along Lodgepole Creek. The land includes bottom and upland range . . . from the bottom lands plenty of hay can be cut for the care of the horses employed in herding. No hay is cut for the cattle. They live the entire year on the rich native grass of the range and with the exception of a severe storm now and then, the loss is not very great. Mr. Iliff is a thorough cattleman, and from his long experience had perfect knowledge of the business."

It was said that he could travel from Greeley to Julesburg and could always eat and sleep on one of his own ranches.

Mr. Iliff was not an absentee landlord, but lived with his cattle. (You will recall that many of the later outfits were run from the gaudy Cheyenne Club, much to the detriment of the herds.) He rode the open range and followed the roundup with his men, slept with them in the open, and ate with them at the chuckwagon. He paid his men good wages but would not allow any drinking among them. "Cows and whiskey do not mix" he told his men.

He was against carrying arms of any kind, but had an iron nerve and ruled his cattle domain with a stern hand. He was not puritanical, but was determined to run his business as he thought best. He may have been severe at times, but that was not unusual in a business such as his.

In "Trails of Yesterday", John Bratt gives a short account of a fist fight between Iliff and a cowboy, which he witnessed. I wish he had given us the cause of this argument, but that we will have to guess. "Both men were game, fought hard, and asked no favors. The cowboy gave Iliff the worst of it and in order to prevent his eyes from getting black from the punishment received, a young steer was killed, and slices

of raw beef plastered over both eyes, which however, did not prevent the flesh above and below the eyes becoming badly discolored. At the end of the fight Mr. Iliff shook hands with his opponent, told him it was all right and he had no hard feelings against him."

Troublemakers in his camps were not tolerated, and it is likely that more than one man was on the receiving end of that good right arm of his, and told to "vamoose". He never drank, but in the latter years of his life was an incessant smoker of heavy black cigars.

Usually he was on friendly terms with the Indians, but during the devastating years of 1863 and 1864 when Julesburg was burned, stage stations and ranch houses destroyed, and death hovered over the Overland Trail, he suffered losses along with the others. Some of his riders were killed, stock driven away, and in one Indian raid, 20 horses were stolen. This was reported in the Rocky Mountain News, January 15, 1869: "On Sunday, January 3, Mr. Geary, who lives near Crow Creek, came to Latham and told us that a band of 27 Indians had appeared in his neighborhood and driven off 20 Iliff horses, and that his wife's father, an Indian, had returned with 8 of them, saying the ponies had been stolen by the young men over whom they had no control.

"A company of 17 men was at once organized, and Geary placed in command. They went up Crow Creek about twelve miles where they were reinforced by ten men, and struck out across the prairie for the Platte, reaching the river at old Camp Sanborn where they found the Iliff cattle camp burned and destroyed.

"Camping for the night, on Tuesday morning they took the trail down the river; passing the Iliff herd, they learned that 100 head had been driven off by the Indians. Following the trail 8 miles farther they crossed the river at Murray's old ranch.

"Here the Indians had killed an ox, and failing to get the stolen stock across the river, had escaped with the ponies. The company thought it useless to follow the trail any farther, and returned to Latham the next day."

Geary was a trapper and small rancher, and his Indian wife was on several occasions able to give warning of intended Indian raids in time to allow the settlers to escape.

He was the grandson of Elbridge Gerry, a member of the Continental Congress from 1776 to 1781, and Vice-President during Madison's administration.

In spite of all the difficulties, such as the South Platte going dry in the summer of 1863, the grasshopper plagues and Indian troubles, Iliff kept doggedly on building up his herds both in quantity and quality.

The brand devised for his stock was a combination of L and F and became well known over Colorado, Wyoming, Western Kansas and Nebraska. It would not be too difficult to change this simple brand, but he was out of the business before much stealing and brand blotting was going on. The fights for water holes and the nerve-wracking gun fights and cattle wars did not begin until about the time of his death.

His method of securing water frontage and grazing land was something quite different and the other outfits respected him and his range.

The Union Pacific Railroad was pushing west across the plains and Jack Casement's gangs of laborers needed a vast amount of meat for their daily diet. The far-sighted Iliff realized that here was an unusual opportunity for big business if he could furnish the beef.

By this time his herd was well established and in good shape. Going east, he met Casement and made a deal to supply the needed cattle, agreeing to drive them as far as 100 miles, and of course a lessening distance as the crews came nearer Cheyenne; and then as the tracks moved west, his beef followed the men as far as Laramie where other cattlemen seem to have taken over.

He also had contracts for supplying the military forts in Wyoming.

How many animals were marketed in this manner I do not know, but it must have been a considerable number. It became necessary to replenish the herd if he was going to be able to fill his contracts.

He had met Goodnight while in New Mexico, and hearing that the latter had moved a large number of Longhorns up from Texas, and established his range about 40 miles east of Trinidad, he decided to buy as many as possible for stocking his own range.

With his partner Fenton, the trip was undertaken in the winter of 1867-68. A deal was made to purchase 10,000 head involving about \$40,000. In partial payment, Iliff assumed a \$10,000 note owed Goodnight by Maxwell, which the latter was unable to pay.

In February 1868, 1,300 Longhorns were put on the trail for Crow Creek. This drive passed Denver about 50 miles to the east, and as the saying goes, "they were shoved hard" toward the home range. Ordinarily a drive of this kind in the winter would be considered a risky proposition, as the chances were always present of running into a bad storm and heavy losses. That winter was comparatively mild and the drive was made with almost no trouble.

Trail cutters had not yet appeared on the scene, and no Indians came to run off the stock. This was the first large herd driven into Northern Colorado and Wyoming for stocking the range, though one bunch had gone through in 1866, and over the Bozeman Trail up into Montana. After that the Longhorns kept coming up the trail to Iliff.

I might mention here that the summer before his death he had contracted for 15,000 Texas steers.

In May 1868, Iliff sold 1,000 head to the Cheyenne meat dealers at 5¢ a pound, gross weight.

In the Rocky Mountain News of September 20, 1869, there appears this item: "At the letting of beef contracts and other supplies on the Union Pacific Railway, the beef contract was awarded to John W. Iliff at \$6.90 per 100 lbs."

As his stock had been well cared for, their average weight was high, and the sales represented a gross profit of from 300 to 400% over the original cost.

He had large Government contracts for beef, both for the military and Indian departments, besides shipping thousands of cattle to the eastern market.

The Cheyenne Daily Leader of January 3, 1870, noted that for some time J. W. Iliff had been slaughtering and shipping dressed quarters to Chicago, often one or two cars daily, in iced cars. This preceded the shipping of live stock out of Colorado by the railroads.

Some of the Iliff beef was reshipped to France for feeding the French soldiers in the Franco-Prussian War. All of these sales netted a good profit, as the cost of raising the animals on the range was very small.

In commenting on the range cattle business in Wyoming, the territorial Governor said: "These cattle literally raised themselves for market. They have been out on the range during the entire winter without shelter and without feed from the stack, and have been prepared for slaughter almost without cost, save the expense of gathering and shipping them. A herd of 1,000 could be handled at a cost of \$1.75 per head. If an owner wished to run 5,000, he could reduce the cost to \$1.40, and a herd of 10,000 would bring the cost down to \$1.00 each. It is also reliably stated that such stock growers as J. W. Iliff who grazes 25,000, can figure the expense as low as 65¢ to 75¢ per head."

The natural increase in his herds ran from 70 to 80%, and usually his winter losses were small, as the land had a great amount of natural shelter and the forage was good. Also a number of large adobe corrals were built where the cattle could be sheltered and fed if necessary.

In the Rocky Mountain News of October 8, 1870, there appears this letter from Mr. Iliff:

"I have been engaged in the stock business in Colorado and Wyoming for the past eight years. I consider the summer cured grass superior to hay. My cattle have not only kept in good order on this grass through all the eight winters, but many of them left out on the range during the

winter have become fine beef in the spring.

"The percent of loss in wintering here is much less than in the states where cattle are fed on hay and corn. The low cost of raising cattle here can be shown from the fact that I would be glad to furnish an any quantity of beef from heavy fat cattle in Chicago, at seven cents per pound net weight.

"I am confident, from my experience, that this trans-Mississippi country can defy all competition in the production of wool, mutton, beef and horses."

In 1871 he was supplying Fort D. A. Russell with beef at \$8.75 per 100 lbs. while the eastern markets were much lower. Cattle prices in the Chicago market, which was the focus of much of the cattle shipment, varied greatly from year to year.

| | | | | | | |
|------|-----------|--------|--------------|-----|-----|-----|
| 1869 | top price | \$8.25 | per 100 lbs. | | | |
| 1870 | " " | 9.00 | " " | " " | " " | " " |
| 1871 | " " | 5.35 | " " | " " | " " | " " |
| 1872 | " " | 7.40 | " " | " " | " " | " " |
| 1873 | " " | 5.85 | " " | " " | " " | " " |
| 1874 | " " | 7.50 | " " | " " | " " | " " |

The high prices of 1870 had caused over-shipment in 1871, and the market was glutted. The panic of 1873 put a crimp in the prices for that year.

According to Brisbin in "Beef Bonanza," in 1874 Iliff & Co. shipped 32,480 head which yielded a net income of \$30.00 each, making an aggregate sum of over \$974,000.00.

Please remember that Iliff was doing a big business in 1869 and 1870 when prices were high, and also in the banner year of 1874.

In 1875 the price had dropped to \$4.35 per 100 lbs.; market overcrowded again. By 1876 the industry was recovering from the panic of three years before, and on a rising market there was a steady demand.

Grass was still free; the range was open and there were no heavy income taxes to pay. This could not last. The railroads were urging easterners to move west, and many other cattle companies were forming.

Iliff saw far ahead and began to plan for the readjustment of his business when the days of the open range should have passed.

He had faith in the future of Denver and began to invest heavily in this region at a time when prices were really low.

Also there were more than 20,000 acres of land owned outright by him in northeastern Colorado. As mentioned earlier, Iliff had established headquarters in Cheyenne in 1869, and in March, 1870, brought his second wife into a far different atmosphere than her Chicago surroundings.

Most of the women in Cheyenne at that time could not understand Mrs. Iliff, as she was in a class by herself. Although the town had tamed down somewhat, it was still a pretty rough spot. As Duncan Aikman says in "Taming the Frontier":

"Cheyenne must have been a fearful place in 1869 when the Union Pacific stopped its western building operations there for the winter. . . . All the dregs of humanity who had been following up the Union Pacific as it was moving west, moved from Julesburg to Cheyenne. This aggregation came up on flat cars, and the spectacle of all these wild characters and camp followers of divers shady professions travelling in this al fresco manner earned the appropriate name of 'Hell on Wheels.'

"With this crew of holy terrors, there also arrived a number of better class future citizens. After the first winter when about 6,000 people milled around like cattle on the bleak town site, the population dwindled as the greater part of the rag tag element moved on westward with the railroad."

Many of this better element, realizing the possibilities of making money, stayed on and began to build homes, business houses, banks, schools and churches. But for several years, a woman alone on the streets at night was looked upon with suspicion.

In 1869, Wyoming became the first state or territory to grant woman suffrage. It has been said that the real reason why women were granted the right to vote at that time, was because of the scarcity of inhabitants in the territory, and the desire on the part of office seekers to swell the number of votes.

Later years proved that women in Cheyenne were not so fond of voting. For many elections, the politicians could only get them to vote by sending the old-fashioned "hired hack" to take them to the polls. Many of these hacks smelled strongly of the stable, and the women declined the free ride. Elections became a sort of catch-as-catch-can affair.

The privilege of voting also carried with it the duty of serving on juries, if called. Mrs. Iliff objected most strenuously to this civic responsibility, and wanted none of it.

In her imagination there was the possibility of having to sit in the jury box next to a man whose clothing and body reeked with odors of the barn, while on the other side there might be an inmate of one of the pleasure houses, or a waitress from a dance hall or the U. P. eating station.

While Cheyenne promised to become a prosperous city, there were other considerations which seemed to Mrs. Iliff, the wife of a wealthy cattleman, as making Denver a much better place to live, and where they could watch their real estate investments better.

They bought a home at 18th and Curtis and moved from Cheyenne in 1872.

Some of you may remember this red brick house, which in later years became the Keeley Institute; the site is now a parking lot.

Leaving Col. E. F. Bishop in charge of the headquarters office in Cheyenne, where he managed the business for six years, Mr. Iliff continued to spend most of his time on the range, usually riding in a special built type of buckboard. Other cattlemen adopted the same idea.

But in too short a period, the tempo and conditions of work exacted their toll. Too close application to business, like many other Americans, plus drinking too much alkali water on the plains, brought on serious gall bladder and kidney troubles and undermined Iliff's health, causing his death in February, 1878.

After his death, at the age of 47, the estate was valued at over \$1,000,000, and a controlling interest in the ranch property and herd was sold to Snyder Brothers, of Georgetown, Texas, who at that time managed one of the largest outfits operating in Wyoming.

Many other outfits were running cattle in Colorado and Wyoming, and the roundup had become a necessity. The first one in Colorado was a sort of informal cooperation between neighbors in 1869 or 1870. In 1871 an organized roundup was held near Platteville, and the planned roundups became a regular feature.

After J. W. Snyder took charge of the Iliff holdings in April 1878, during his first year as manager he sold 14,000 head, and in 1879 the sales amounted to \$250,000, without making heavy inroads on the herd.

The last of the Iliff cattle, numbering 7,000 head, were not sold until 1898, and brought \$225,000.

Before his death, Mr. Iliff was known in the business centers of the east as the great cattle grower and dealer from the west. He was respected as a prosperous business man, and esteemed for his many good qualities.

He was not a church member, but his conduct was always that of a moral man.

What some of his immediate associates thought of him is told by O. B. Peake in "Colorado Range Cattle Industry": "One of the cases in which a stock organization agreed to guard the interests of a widow of a deceased member was that in which the Weld County Association promised to protect the cattle of Mrs. John W. Iliff after her husband's death in 1878. The Weld Association adopted the following resolution:

"Resolved, that in consideration of the immense stock operations of the deceased in the County of Weld, which is rendered liable by his death to increased depredations from cattle thieves, we pledge ourselves

to exercise all the prudential care in our power to protect those interests from such danger until the representatives of his estate can arrange for more complete protection thereof.

"Resolved, that these resolutions be published in the newspapers of Weld County, and that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

B. F. Johnson
Secretary'

Greeley (Colorado) Tribune
February 13, 1878"

They not only passed this resolution but helped to guard the stock until Mrs. Iliff sold a controlling interest to Snyder Bros.

Mrs. Iliff's answer to the Weld Association:

"Gentlemen:

"I am deeply grateful to you for your aid in my great affliction, and I shall preserve your resolutions among the cherished mementos of my late husband's worth and standing among his business friends and associates. Your kind offer of your watchful aid and assistance in preserving his estate has lifted a load of anxiety from me, and greatly relieved me. Again thanking you, I am, gentlemen

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. J. W. Iliff"

BARB WIRE

When the settlers from the east moved out of the timbered country onto the treeless plains, fencing became a problem. What was needed was a cheap fence to make it possible to enclose the hundreds or thousands of acres of range land, or a homestead claim.

Barb wire was the answer. In 1874 it began to sell in Texas, and by 1880 had spread over the entire west. In the first year of its successful manufacture, 10,000 pounds were sold; in 1875, 600,000 pounds were consumed; by 1880, 80,000,000 pounds were marketed, being shipped out from the factories by the train load.

Webb, in "The Great Plains," observes:

"The advent of barbed wire was an important factor in the decline of the cattle kingdom. It brought about the changing of the open, free range country into the big pasture country."

Among the successful manufacturers of barbed wire was Jacob Haisch of DeKalb, Illinois, who had built up a large trade in Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and Utah.

Somehow, Bishop Simpson of the Methodist Church interested Mr. Haisch in the idea of building in Denver a manual training school, then a new fangled idea in education.

Shortly before his death in 1878, Mr. Iliff told his wife he was

not going to make any will, as he felt sure certain relatives back east would make trouble for the estate.

He wanted her to manage the property as she thought best, but there were two things he wished to have done, if possible. The first was the establishment of a vocational school where boys and young men could be given training in mechanical arts, along with their other education.

The second was to found a school whereby young men in the west, desiring to enter the Ministry, but without the means to enable them to attend one of the eastern schools, could have that advantage at a low cost here in Denver, through the income from an endowment fund set aside out of his wealth.

With the completion of the manual training school through the gift of \$50,000.00 by Mr. Haisch, the first of Mr. Iliff's ideas was carried out, though not as he planned it.

The corner stone of this building at the corner of 14th and Arapahoe was laid January 13, 1887, and it became the first school of its kind in the entire west. It was known as the Haisch Manual Training School of the University of Denver.

After the idea was incorporated into the Denver Public Schools and a special manual training school erected, Denver University took over the entire Haisch Building, where the University maintained for several years the schools of Law, Commerce and Music and a preparatory school.

In 1880 Mrs. Iliff made the grand tour of Europe. Bishop Simpson was a member of that group, and had a fine opportunity of becoming well acquainted with the wealthy widow.

During that same year Henry White Warren of Massachusetts, came to Colorado as Bishop of the Methodist church for this area, and held his first conference at Georgetown. He was an extremely eligible widower and of the same age as Mr. Iliff would have been if he had lived.

After the return of the touring party, Chancellor D. H. Moore, of the University of Denver, gave a dinner for the new bishop, and by a coincidence, Mrs. Iliff was present.

You may be sure no cocktails were served at this dinner.

Bishop Simpson was an honored guest, and had an idea.

During the evening, he casually mentioned to Warren, "If you are looking for a wife, it is as easy to marry a rich woman as a poor one."

From there on matters developed from good to best, and in 1883, Mrs. Iliff became the wife of Bishop Henry W. Warren.

This event created quite a bit of excitement in Denver social circles. One man was unkind enough to say that she went out and bought herself a husband.

Well! Well!

Here was the golden opportunity to carry out the second wish of Mr. Iliff, that of founding an endowed Theological Seminary.

The plans were carefully worked out, and the Iliff School of Theology came into being.

The University of Denver had been started in 1864 as a Methodist School. In 1890 the decision was made to move to its present location in University Park, where "Potato Clark" had donated 80 acres of land for its future location. The corner stone of "Old Main" was laid in 1892, and with this background in view it was decided to build the Theological School on the same campus.

This was opened for students shortly after Denver University had completed its building, and was considered a part of the University.

A considerable portion of the real estate purchased by Mr. Iliff lay in that region, and liking the location, Bishop and Mrs. Warren built a home at South Milwaukee and Warren Avenue, calling it Gray Gables.

When they moved there, it was necessary to go out to Diamond Joe Lake, on the present Welshire Club grounds, for their water, or rather the water was brought to them in barrels.

Mrs. Warren told me that at that time they had to go five miles to buy a lemon. There was no sewerage or water and lighting system for some time to come. Later, they built the stone mansion on Warren Avenue, where Miss Louise Iliff still lives and directs the financial affairs of the Theological School.

We moved to South Saint Paul and Warren Ave. in 1911, and I came to know our eminent neighbors rather well. Bishop Warren was physically and culturally one of the finest men I ever knew.

He walked by our house every day on his way to the school. Possibly he thought we were remiss in the training of our son, Bob, as one day he stopped at the house and presented the boy with a Bible.

The Bishop died July 23, 1912, leaving a record unmatched in the history of Methodism.

As I came to know her, Mrs. Warren was imperious in her manner, a keen buyer and expert in financial matters. In her home, which was handsomely furnished, she was the gracious hostess, and always a decided personality. She died in 1913.

Mr. A. L. Doud, a long time Trustee of Denver University, and an intimate friend of the Warrens, gave me the following story:

Mr. A. E. Reynolds, a man well known in the early history of the west, was also a member of the Board of Trustees and present at a dinner given for the Trustees. Reynolds was a man to whom cuss words came so easily and seemed so natural that it did not seem like ordinary pro-

fanity. He was the only man present who dared to smoke.

Mrs. Warren was out of the room when the smoking began, but soon returning, up went her nose, sniffing the odor.

Turning to Chancellor Buchtel, she said, "Why do you put a man like Mr. Reynolds, who swears and smokes, on your Board of Trustees?" "We need a man like Reynolds to balance the Iliff School," answered the Chancellor.

Iliff, Warren and Buchtel were a great trio in the early cultural history of Denver and Colorado.

Goodnight and Iliff were symbols of a great expansion; leaders in an industry which remade the map of the west, and the history of the continent.

They possessed similar qualities of imagination, foresight and disregard of danger.

Their meeting and lasting friendship, pleasant business dealings and high regard for each other is a pleasant page in our Colorado history.

The history of the wealthy men of the country affords few parallel cases.

Quoting from an article in The Trail of March, 1912:

"J. W. Iliff took an intelligent interest in all educational matters, and made many substantial gifts to institutions of learning. He had a good academic education and took pains to keep himself abreast of the current thought of his time.

"While his business demanded the greater part of his attention, he was fond of books, and gave much of his leisure time to study and research.

"He had in his character all the elements that made for success.

"It so happened that the path he chose led to a spectacular height, but he cared nothing for the fame his success brought him.

"He had a way of attending strictly to his own business, and gave no heed to the comments made on his achievements.

"He never became self-important. Whatever he did he did well, and in the annals of his time he earned a secure place."

The Iliff School of Theology has earned a secure place among the educational institutions of the West, and as its graduates have gone out to their ministerial work, I like to think of them as the incarnate spirit of the Iliff Texas longhorns carrying Christian influences over the long trails to the four corners of the world.

Could anyone's wealth be used to better advantage?

Dust from the Denver Corral



During the latter part of August, Nollie Mumey went on a two weeks' trip by motor to Vancouver, British Columbia, where he spent the most of his time salmon fishing.

William S. Jackson is now acting Chief Justice of the Colorado Supreme Court.

During the summer, Doc Collins celebrated his thirtieth wedding anniversary at his home. He invited in a number of "old timers" such as Bill Raine.

Elvon Howe has taken over the job of Program Committee Chairman, which B. Z. Wood was forced to relinquish because of the press of his new duties at the Colorado Woman's College.

Barron Beshoar is the new Chairman of the Membership Committee. Barron recently served as a modern scout and guide to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Luce and party in their tour of Colorado. Very handsome parties were staged for the Luce's in Denver and Aspen under Barron's management.

Don Bloch spent a week during August on a trip with his daughter, Hilary, visiting his parents in Peoria, Illinois. We understand that Don took some work for the Brand Book with him, so he isn't making his trip a complete vacation.

Ralph Mayo has worked out a plan to pay up the "back log" of money due the Artcraft Press, pending the sale of Brand Books that are on hand, by securing temporary loans from several generous Westerners.

The Posse enjoyed an especially fine chuck wagon steak dinner at

the home of Charles Roth for its August meeting. Charles' "Taos Lightning" surprised some of the posse with its old time potency. Perhaps it made the members and their guests unable to consume all the excellent steaks that Charles had secured and that were cooked and served by Art Zauch, B. Z. Wood and Barron Beshoar. It is appropriate to recall that during July, Charles' daughter, Patty, married J. E. Coulter in the Episcopal Church in Golden, which is reputed to be the oldest church of that denomination in Colorado.

Arthur Campa spent the University vacation period with his family in New Mexico, where he added to his records of Western Folklore. Art is waiting to move into his new home in southeast Denver.

Ed Milligan stated that someone exchanged hats with him at the August meeting at Charles Roth's house. Ed's hat is a Mallory of brown color and with a brown band, which someone mistook for his own Cottrell. Ed would appreciate correcting the exchange by calling him at MAin 5161.

Fred Rosenstock is working until two and three o'clock at night, getting ready for the sale of books at the opening of the new school year.

During August, the Publications Committee met at the home of Don Bloch to organize plans for the 1949 Brand Book. Fred Rosenstock brought as a guest Corresponding Member Father Anthony, the author of a number of scholarly books on New Mexico. After the business of the meeting was concluded, Father Anthony related some interesting experiences of both his pastoral duties and his researches in New Mexico.

On August 27, the Colorado Historical Society held a reception in honor of LeRoy and Mrs. Hafen, who left Denver on August 31 to spend a year of study at the Huntington Library in San Marino, California. LeRoy received a fellowship from the library, and while away, he plans to complete his work on the Old Spanish Trail (from Sante Fe to Los Angeles), the Mormon Trail (from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles), and a revision of the Hafen and Hafen history of Colorado. He also will pursue his researches into the Rocky Mountain fur trade. Incidentally, LeRoy has just helped complete the production of a twenty-minute sound and color film on the fur trade, for use by schools and other institutions or groups. His position as State Historian and editor of The Colorado Magazine will be taken over by Mrs. Agnes W. Springs. Mrs. Springs is a native of Colorado who has written on Colorado history and

the cattle trade of Wyoming. She returns to Denver after a year of work in California.

Everett Graff, a Chicago Westerner and noted collector of Western Americana, and his friend Wright Howes, a specialist in Americana, recently stopped in Denver during a trip to and from Montana, and visited Fred Rosenstock and LeRoy Hafen.

In addition to a guest of Charles Roth, J. P. Baldwin of Baldwin Park, California, three corresponding members attended the August meeting of the posse. They were J. C. Hughes, Dr. I. E. Hendryson, and W. K. Young.

Chuck Wagon Book Reviews



"THE BEN LILLY LEGEND" by J. Frank Dobie. Little Brown and Company, \$3.50.

Your reviewer recommends this book to all who are intrigued by hunting and outdoor life in the early Southwest.

Ben Lilly lived until 1936. To quote the author, "He came too late to share the 'perfection of primitiveness' with Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, Broken Hand, Dick Wootton and the other Mountain Men who mapped the Rockies in their heads . . . but he was in the tradition of the Mountain Men and was the very last man in that tradition. There can never be another."

"The Ben Lilly Legend" is delightful reading for men inhibited by female domination. Ben Lilly had no such inhibitions. One time, when home life got a little rugged, he took off on a hunting trip and was gone over a year. At other times he might be riding along dogless with a boy helper, and suddenly say, "You go back. I need to go hunting." Perhaps a track across the road had decided him, perhaps a whiff of a current of air, perhaps a woods sound that stirred recollections. He would disappear, be gone two days, two weeks, two months. One time his wife told him that if he ever went away on a long hunting trip again he needn't come back. He went hunting, and he didn't come back. He was gone 30 years, until his death.

Ben Lilly was a fabulous character. His favorite weapons were a rifle and knife, made by himself. He is only known to have shot once with a hand gun. One afternoon in Arizona he came upon two prospectors shooting with a 45 Colt at the ace of spades card tacked up against a tree. One of the prospectors handed him the six-shooter. He leveled down, pulled the trigger, knocking out the black spot, and returned the gun.

In rifle shooting Ben Lilly was a master. Eye witnesses report seeing him shoot a panther in a tree, and then add two or three more shots before the dying animal hit the ground.

It's hard to decide whether Ben Lilly's favorite game was bear or panther. He delighted in hunting both. If he came across a track of

either, the animal was as good as dead, even though the sign might be a week old. Once, on the trail of one, he followed it by day, and sometimes by night with dogs. If the signs were obliterated by rain or snow, he knew the habits of the animal so well that he could view the country from a high point and project where the animal would be.

Ben Lilly was a scrupulous observer of the Sabbath. He would never hunt or follow a trail on that day, no matter how close his prey might be. He underwent all kinds of what we would call hardships and exposure. He seldom bothered to carry blankets, and even in snow storms would build a fire or two near a rock and settle down for the night. It stifled him to sleep indoors. He was scrupulously careful about bathing, and even in winter time would break the ice and dunk himself in the water. In cold weather he wore several shirts and trousers. If he felt that the one next to him had become soiled, he put it on the outside so that nature could cleanse it. He really had the simple life down pat.

As your reviewer said before, for those who are inhibited by female domination, the "Ben Lilly Legend" is good escape literature. For anyone who likes the outdoors, it's real fun reading. Women should enjoy the book, too, for here was one character who preserved his independence.

(Alonzo Ellsworth)

"RECORDS AND MAPS OF THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL" by Kenyon Riddle. Printed by the Raton Daily Range, \$4.00.

The outstanding value of this book comes from the maps of the old Santa Fe Trail, which have been prepared with painstaking detail. The text of the book is comprised mainly of quotations from historical books and records.

Preparation of the book and maps has been the work of many years by the author. As a youth, he hunted relics along the Trail, which passed near his home town. Later, he followed it closely, on the ground and then by aerial survey. The maps are carefully drawn to show their relation with modern roads and highways.

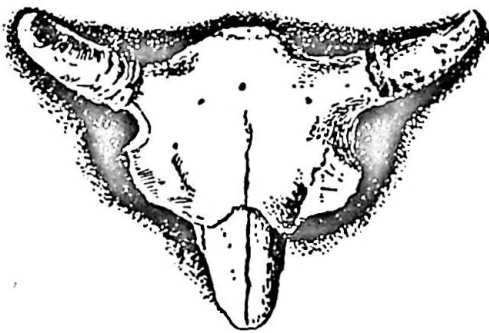
The author compares plane travel today with stagecoach travel at its best. He points out one can fly from Kansas City, Missouri, to Los Angeles in $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and the cost is \$105. By stage it took two weeks and the cost was \$250, the stage time being 336 hours. Caravans made the trip in 4,000 hours. Those were the good old days.

The old Santa Fe Trail carried enormous traffic. For example, in the freighting season of 1857, Majors and Russell contracted to transport 5,000,000 pounds of supplies from Fort Leavenworth or Fort Riley

to Fort Union. Other contracts were made during the year. In 1858 this firm agreed to receive all supplies turned over to them in 1858 and 1859, and to deliver these goods to posts in Kansas, New Mexico and the Gadsden Purchase. The aggregate each year was to be from 50,000 to 10,000,000 pounds. Freight charges varied from \$1.25 to \$4.50 per hundred pounds per hundred miles, with an additional 10% for hard bread, bacon, pine lumber, and shingles. In 1865 the total costs of transporting stores to Fort Union and posts in New Mexico and along the Trail was over \$1,439,000. A bushel of corn purchased in Fort Leavenworth and delivered at Fort Union cost \$9.44.

The Trail was perilous. The author cites records presenting reports of Indian attacks and deprivations.

"Records and Maps of the Old Santa Fe Trail" is recommended to all who are interested in early day travel across southwestern United States.
(Alonzo Ellsworth)



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SEPTEMBER, 1950

No. 9

WRITING THE WESTERN STORY -- by Ramon F. Adams*

First, I want to express my appreciation of the high honor bestowed upon me by an invitation to read a paper before this group of distinguished writers. Being a hobbyist, not a writer, it was rather difficult for me to decide just what to talk about.

Everywhere I go people expect me to talk on cowboy lingo. But wanting folks to believe I know something else besides the way a cowhand talks, I've chosen for my topic "Writing the Western Story," or, it might be facetiously titled "How to Make a Cowboy Reader Mad Enough to Kick a Bull Barefooted."

You, being westerners, I'm sure do not make the mistakes I'm about to point out. Some of you may not even write western stories, the most abused subject of our time. So, if my subject does not interest you, I promise not to let you suffer long. You will have some consolation in knowing that I, too, suffer like a centipede with the sciatic rheumatism every time I appear in public. An audience--no matter how small--makes me as skittish as a green bronc to a new water trough, and before one I never cease to feel as out of place as a cow on a front porch.

There's an old western saying, "If you can't talk, make signs; if you can't make signs, shake a bush." Well, I'm certainly no talker, and I'm a poor hand at signs, but I'd sure like to shake some of the writers for western pulps out of the bushes.

These Brooklyn Bridge cowboys, who have never been closer to a cow than a can of Eagle Brand, delight in writing western thrillers. Every time I read one of them I get mad enough to bite a gap out of an ax. By the time I read a second one I could kick my own dog.

* This paper was delivered before the Colorado Authors' League at Denver, June 28, 1949.

These writers have herds so large going up the trail it would take an army to control them. They have these herds swimming swollen rivers in the morning with the sun in their eyes, a stunt never attempted in real life. I've even read a story where Billy the Kid did his cavorting around Dodge City.

It will do none of us harm to review some of the errors so commonly made by these writers of westerns who have never been west of Jersey City. So many false statements have been made by writers concerning the old western outlaws it is now difficult to sift truth from legend. Even modern song writers are exposing their ignorance of the West. A recent song hit is "On the Alamo," and the composer admits he thought the Alamo a river. The names Texans are now calling him for desecrating their shrine are not found in a Sunday School lesson.

Since guns seem to play the important part in western stories, I will confine most of my remarks to this subject. The majority of these stories are inclined to have a man for breakfast every morning and each page drips gore. The pity of it is that those swivel dudes, called editors, want them that way. What does truth matter? Color and action is what they want. They condone not only the improbable, but the impossible. Thus western stories become as shy of truth as a terrapin is of feathers.

The real cowboy spends long, lonely months on the range working cattle and is not forever skally-hootin' into town all spraddled out in fancy trappings worth a couple of years' wages performing marvelous shooting stunts with a six-gun. His life is anything but the exciting round of pleasure and thrills pictured in most western stories. He might crave action on the range, but when he hits town his craving is mostly for ham and eggs.

To the pulp cowboy life seems to be just one long battle. He surely must draw good wages to burn up all that powder with cartridges at the price for which they sold. Had all their killings actually taken place in such a thinly settled range the survivors would have been as scarce as hiccoughs at a prayer meeting.

Some cowmen never packed an ounce of iron. Many who did pack guns never found any use for them. Their trigger fingers went to sleep from lack of exercise. Very seldom did a cowboy have to be looking over his shoulder at anybody on the trail, or have any fear of sheriffs and warrants.

In real life he didn't pack a gun for the purpose of killing men. There were predatory animals to be killed, snakes, crippled stock, mad cows to be shot when a gun meant a matter of life or death. In the early days a gun was a needed protection against Indians and cow thieves.

By the way, if you do write westerns, never let your cowboy carry

anything. He "packs" it; likewise he is never thrown, but "thrown;" he never sits, but "sets."

Don't put two guns on your cowboys. In real life he packed only one. He didn't need all that ballast to keep him in the saddle. The man who packed the most guns was considered the biggest coward in camp, and it was a rare case where two guns had any advantage over one. Then, too, the two-gun man, when among strangers, had to be mighty careful with the motion of both hands, a bigger handicap than it seems. About the only advantage of two guns was the threat of an ace in the hole and a show of force when a lone man stacked against a crowd. The real cowboy didn't bog himself down with enough artillery to give himself kidney sores. He had work to do. He rode light unless there was war in the air and he was drawing fighting wages. The pulp cowboy--you might say--is dressed to kill.

Now there were two-gun men in the Old West, but they were not cowboys. They were badmen and paid gunmen. They hived up in the frontier towns, not the range. The range was too lonesome for their breed. Study the lives of any of the old western desperadoes and you will find very few of them actual cowboys, though the cowboy has had to suffer for them.

Many of them did not even belong to the West, but were foaled in the slums of Eastern cities, came from penitentiaries, or from the armies of the Civil War, and had flocked West because there was a longer distance between sheriffs. Most of them came to dodge a strangulation jig in some other section of country.

Don't let your hero pack a six-gun when your story is laid back in the days of the old cap-and-ball pistol. Also don't let him pack a nickel-plated gun with a carved ivory stock. Leave that to the movie actor. The badman, too, shunned a bright gun like he would a swamp, because the sun shining on it would give him away like a shirtful of fleas and make him as prominent as a new saloon in a church district. If your cowboy has to wear a gun let it be a forty-four or forty-five, single action Colts with a blue steel barrel and a plain cedar stock.

The cowboy never whittled away his gun making commemorative notches of his killings in spite of the way romance wants it. Outlaws and gunmen of the wild bunch sometimes carved a few scollops for the sake of brag, but with every notch they shortened their own lives for sooner or later some other flannel-mouth would "send them to hell on a shutter" for the reputation it would bring them.

You read in some story where the hero "fired six shots so rapidly that the report blended into one continuous roar." How these romancers can imagine! In the first place, men of the West never carry but "five beans in the wheel." The hammer is always down on an empty chamber. He

does this for safety to insure against accidental discharge of the gun while in the holster, because of the hair-trigger adjustment of the gun. Gunmen have too much respect for guns to take unnecessary chances and a man who packs six cartridges in the cylinder of his gun is looked upon as the rankest pilgrim. If he can't do the job in five shots, as one said, "it's time to git the hell out o' there." As for the "continuous roar," common sense shows us that the old single-action couldn't humanly be cocked fast enough for such rapid shooting.

Perhaps you read in some story how a man uses the butt of his six-gun for a club in a saloon brawl. It sure makes me wonder why he wastes all this time and motion reversing his gun to club a fellow when he could comb that same puncher's hair with the barrel of his gun, and still be ready to shoot in case his skull is ivory. The West never uses the butt for a club because the barrel is more potent, quicker and a lot safer.

Again, no old-timer getting the bulge, or drop, on a man and wanting to disarm him, would for an instant think of asking his captive to do what modern tale writers require him to do, to "hand over your gun, butt first." The old-timer knows that "butt first" means a finger in the trigger guard, and that a quick snap of the wrist would spin or flip the gun with the muzzle pointing forward and a bullet boring into him. Chances are that before he could reach for the gun he would be winging his way to St. Peter to take harp lessons. The old-timer just ordered his enemy to simply drop his gun, together with his belt, and back away from the spot where they fell.

Don't let your hero get the drop on ten or twenty armed men and hold them at bay. Such a stunt isn't healthy in real life--not with a six-gun. Of course if he has them bunched and covered with a scatter-gun filled with buckshot he might get away with it. Any westerner respects buckshot because he knows it leaves a mean and oozy corpse. As the old saying, "buckshot means buryin' ever' time."

A favorite theme of romancers is speed on the draw. It is true some men who lived by the gun practiced in making their draw faster and used all manner of methods to make this trick easier, such as special holsters, filed sights and such, but the cowboy gave little thought to these matters, because he did not figure on getting into fast gun work. With the professional gunman it was different. He had good reason for practicing. When a man thus practiced for a speedy draw he was said to have the "pronto bug." To the tale-writer and not the historian is due the commonly believed windies as to the uncanny speed and deadly accuracy of all cowboy shooting.

The average cowman in real life is only an ordinarily good shot. Others, with talent and practice, become top hands at it. Even then

they are not like the cowboy in fiction who always hits the enemy "right between the eyes." It is uncanny how the fiction cowboy can shoot the gun out of the villain's hand and never take aim. Now a gun barrel makes a pretty small target. Just try hitting a hanging rope sometime and see how easy it is to miss. It is refreshing to run across a western story not filled with blood and barroom battles.

Fanning, another pet subject of writers, is done by holding the gun in one hand in the usual way and striking the hammer back repeatedly with the heel of the other hand, thus bringing the hammer to a full cock. If the trigger is removed, held down or tied down, the hammer will not stay cocked, but as the hand continues with a rapid circular motion to strike the hammer again it falls and fires the shot. Perhaps fanning makes good reading, but when a man's life is in danger he does not depend upon the inaccuracy of this trick. The trick is interesting in theory, but is of doubtful practical value. When a large-caliber gun is fired, the recoil after each shot causes it to buck up into the air. Though it is possible to work an unloaded gun very rapidly in this way, in actual shooting the gun will not stay still to be slapped, at least not long enough for accuracy.

Many men practice trick draws, rolls, spins, the border shift and fanning just for the fun of it and to get used to the feel of a gun, but in a serious fight they just draw and shoot as fast and as straight as possible. The real gun-fighter has nothing but contempt for the gun-fanner and the fanner has small chance to live against the man who takes his time and pulls the trigger once.

Never call the cowman's side-arm a "revolver." On the range it's a "gun," "six-gun," or any number of slang names, but never a revolver. Also that contrivance in which he packs his gun is always called a "holster" and never a "scabbard." His "scabbard" is slung from his saddle and used to carry his rifle.

Don't fill your stories with the kidnapping of women. Women in the early West were scarce and from this scarcity they were regarded as plumb precious and treated with great respect by all men, good and bad. There never were any such acts as the kidnapping and hiding out of women which we read about in novels and see in the movies. Any man or bunch of men that would commit such an outrage wouldn't last as long as two-bits in a poker game.

Give your cowboy something to do. Let him sweat a little. He wouldn't be on the payroll if he didn't have some real work to do. Let him ride something besides a brass rail. Let him try to accomplish something besides filling a flush or full-house. I've read hundreds of stories where cowboys seemingly never had anything to do except loaf in the bunkhouse or wear callouses on their elbows leaning on a bar. Per-

haps reading such stories is what brought so many tenderfoots West to be cowboys, thinking they could live the life of Riley. In real life no class of men work harder nor longer hours amid such constant danger as the cowboy.

Sure the cowboy drank hard liquor when he hit a town where it was sold, but he was no different from other men when he freighted his crop with booze and he didn't wear his boot soles out on a brass rail. When you feel tempted to write about drinking and gambling on a ranch, just remember--if you want to picture ranch life as it really is--that cards and whiskey are strictly forbidden upon practically all ranches.

Don't let your cowboy ride mares. Occasionally it was done, but the usual rule was to let them run loose to raise more horses. Most ranchers even drew the line at having mares in the remuda. In Charlie Russell's kid days in Montana he was using a mare as his pack horse. Jake Hoover, his first real friend, spoke the sentiment of the cow range when he gave the young artist this sage advice: "Son, trade off that mare as soon as y'u kin. Y'u know lady hosses is like their human sisters. They git notions of goin' home; an' no gentleman cayuse'd think of lettin' a lady go alone. Judgin' from actions, there ain't a cayuse in our bunch that ain't a perfect gentleman. So play safe, young feller, an' stake that mare."

Don't talk about a rider controlling his mount with the pressure of his knees. Heavy stock saddles won't allow enough pressure in this way to have any influence on the horse. Cow horses are trained to neck-rein and the western rider doesn't guide his mount by jerking right or left on the reins as is often written. If the rider wants to turn to the right, he swings his hand to the right which draws the left rein tight along the left side of the horse's neck. When turning to the left the action is reversed.

If you want your hero to be real, let him feed and water his horse before he feeds his own face. His horse is always first in his thoughts. Let him rub his horse down after a hard ride, and if in town for a lengthy stay put him in a livery stable before he takes himself off for his own refreshments. Don't let your cowboy dismount and leave his reins looped over the saddle horn. Most riders use open reins and drop them to the ground unless they tie to a hitch-rack. A well trained horse is thus tied to the ground. He doesn't like to step on his bridle reins. It hurts his mouth.

Did you ever see a movie cowboy who wasn't riding a turpented charger with the wring-tail? Everytime he reins his horse it rears up and tries to paw the moon. The movie cowboy never saddles his horse either. It's always saddled ready for him to make a flying mount and go

in pursuit of something. He just dotes on riding over the prairie and up hills at full speed and wouldn't think of reining his horse down to less than ten miles an hour, even if he had to travel all day.

Don't let your cowboy catch horses out of a corral by swinging a big loop over his head. In real life he uses a small loop and it's thrown with a straight overhead cast.

Don't dress your cowboy of the brush country in hair chaps and a big hat. It might not be so romantic, but in real life the brush hand is a pretty sorry looking cuss. He gives the brush as little surface to grab as possible, and does everything different from the plains cowboy.

Don't let your cowboy wear suspenders, nor bib-overalls like a farmer, nor a spur on one foot like a shepherd. That is the last thing he would want to be taken for. When he rides to town let him leave his chaps at home hanging on a nail in the bunkhouse, or, if he does wear them to town, let him take them off when he arrives and hang them on the horn of his saddle or throw them in the corner of his favorite drinking emporium. They are not made for promenades and most cowhands never put them on unless they are working in the brush.

I remember reading one story where the hero rode to town for a Fourth of July celebration and the author had him dressed in hair chaps, a cowhide vest and leather cuffs. He must have looked like a riding advertisement for a leather shop, or a dime novel on a spree. Pony Teal once told me of seeing a tenderfoot dressed like this and he described him as, "He come to town wearin' so much hair an' leather y'u'd a-thought the weather was cold 'nough to make a polar bear hunt cover, but it was hot as hell with the blower on an' all this leather was sweatin' 'im down like a tallow candle."

Why is it so much fiction insists on dressing a cow-town sheriff like a gambler with a long black coat and a jingle-bob mustache? The sheriff in real life was nearly always an ex-cowboy and no cowboy would go back on his training by wearing a long coat, especially if he had gun work to do. That sort of a sheriff would keep a gun foundry busy making replacements for the guns he'd have taken away from him.

Don't talk about stake ropes when your story is laid in the Northwest, nor about picket ropes when you're writing of the Southwest.

There seems to be more confusion about "tie" men and "dally" men than anything else in roping. Be sure you know where the two different men work when you write about them. The Texan wants to hold onto anything he catches, so he ties. He don't think much of the Californian with his dally. The Californian knows what the Texan thinks and he doesn't like it. Don't let your super-human hero rope a cow from unheard of distances. The average rope in the dally country is around

thirty-five feet, in a tie country sixty feet or less.

Many writers use the words "lasso" and "lariat." Perhaps they sound more romantic, but in the cow country the cowhand merely calls it his "rope." Never speak of the "pommel" of a saddle. In the cow country it's always called the "horn" or a hundred other slang names. I recently tried to read a book by a nationally known writer. After reading the first five chapters I laid it aside because in that short space he mentioned "pommel" many times, kept calling the reins of the bridle the "lines," and had the girl kidnapped and prisoner in a saloon hangout of a gang of badmen. How many other mistakes he made in the rest of the book I'll never know, because I'll never read it through to find out. I lost all confidence in him in the few pages I read and the next time he brings out a book I'll pass it by.

Have a few cows in your stories of the cow country besides the ones the rustlers are running off. According to most western stories one half of the West is stealing cows while the other half is chasing the thieves. You might be different sometime and write a story without a cow thief being mentioned.

If I had the time I could keep on and on rounding up these "don'ts" until there would be such a cavvy the corral wouldn't hold them. As a closing thought I hope you remember that the cowboy is a human being. Don't let him ride too hard, wear too many guns nor use them too much and too well. Try and let your readers feel that his biography doesn't have to be tallied on asbestos paper, and remember that there is plenty of action and romance in the West without filling your stories with booze, bullets and badmen. Don't let him disappear behind the burden of firearms, faults and frenzy until he is no longer seen as the plain, fun-loving, bowlegged human that he is.

The 1870's might well be called the "golden age of Indian photography" for some of the most important pictures of the red man--both historically and ethnologically--were taken during this era. It was characterized by the increasing number of two classes of camera men already noted--those who accompanied the various government expeditions into the West and those who opened studios in frontier towns and set out on expeditions of their own to get scenes of Indian life, as well as making portraits of the red men in their galleries.

Notable among the government expeditions were those led by Maj. John Wesley Powell. No photographer was included in the personnel of his exploring parties in Colorado in 1867 and 1868 and none in 1869, the year of his famous Grand Canyon voyage. But during these expeditions Powell, the geologist, developed a deep interest in ethnology which would later result in his founding the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution.

The first photographer with a Powell party was E. O. Beaman, who accompanied him on the second expedition down the Colorado River in 1871-72. Beaman's assistant was Clem Powell, the major's younger brother, but when they quarreled, Beaman was discharged and went off on an expedition of his own into the Hopi country of Arizona where he made a considerable number of valuable pictures of life among the Pueblos and the Navajoes. When Clem Powell proved unequal to the task of serving as Beaman's successor, Major Powell hired James Fennemore, an employee of Charles R. Savage of Salt Lake City, but Fennemore was with him for only four months in 1872 when he had to quit because of poor health.

In the meantime Fennemore had been instructing John K. Hillers, a boatman, in the art of photography and thus started on his career one of the greatest of all Indian photographers. Hillers' first Indian picture-taking was among the Utes and Paiutes during the Powell expedition of 1873 and its importance is emphasized in Julian H. Steward's monograph on Hillers' Indian photographs taken during that expedition (Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collection, Vol. 98, No. 18). In it Steward declares: "Few explorers in the United States had comparable opportunity to study and photograph Indians in so nearly an aboriginal state. . . . The most valuable ethnographic result of Powell's explorations are the photographs." Later, as a photographer for the United States Geological Survey and the Bureau of American Ethnology, both in the field and in a

* This is the concluding portion of Mr. Watson's paper, the first part of which was printed in the January 1950 Brand Book.

Washington studio, Hillers made more than 20,000 negatives of Indians before his death in 1925 and these constitute an important part of the Bureau's huge collection of Indian photographs today. Incidentally, the Utes called Hillers "Myself-in-the-Water", an allusion to his work in photography in which the image appears to be a reflection in the water.

From 1871 to 1874 T. H. O'Sullivan, a veteran of the Civil War battlefields, was photographer with the survey, headed by Lt. George M. Wheeler, in the Southwest and took some of the earliest pictures of the Mojaves, Zunis, Navajoes, and Coyotero Apaches in Arizona and the Utes and Jicarilla Apaches in New Mexico. Outstanding among the expeditionary photographers during this period was, of course, William Henry Jackson, who joined the Hayden Survey in 1870. The story of Jackson's career is too well known to require more than passing mention here and only such as comes within the scope of this paper. Worthy of note, however, is the fact that Jackson undoubtedly took the first photograph of the famous Shoshone chief, Washakie, and it is possible that he also was the first to photograph other Indian notables.

In contrast to the experiences of Stanley and Carvelho among the Blackfeet and Cheyennes back in the 1850's and of Jackson among Washakie's tribesmen in 1870, was an experience the latter had among the Utes at Los Pinos Agency in 1874. Although Chiefs Guerro and Shavano were opposed to his picture-taking, Chiefs Ouray and Tush-a-qui-not (or Pe-ah) and others readily agreed to be photographed. But when Tush-a-qui-not learned that Jackson had taken a picture of his papoose on its cradle-board, he turned against the photographer. "No bueno. Papoose die. Squaw die. Pony die. All die," he declared and demanded that Jackson turn over to him the negatives so he could destroy them. When the camera man refused, some of the Indians became so threatening that he found it advisable to leave Los Pinos at once--but he took with him the negatives he had risked his life to preserve.

Other expeditionary photographers who rate brief mention in this study were William R. Pywell, a veteran of Mathew B. Brady's Corps of Civil War camera men, who accompanied Gen. D. S. Stanley's Yellowstone Expedition in 1873; W. H. Illingworth of St. Paul, photographer for General Custer's Black Hills Expedition of 1874; and R. Benecke of St. Louis, who accompanied the Newton-Jenney Expedition into the Black Hills of 1875. I have never seen any Indian pictures identified as having been taken by Pywell and Benecke on those expeditions although it is entirely probable that they had opportunities to take pictures of the red man and did so while they were in the field. To Illingworth we are indebted for what was the first--and among the very few--pictures ever made of the Arikara warrior, Bloody Knife, who not only accompanied Custer as a scout

on the Black Hills Expedition but who was with him on his last campaign in 1876 and was killed during Reno's attack on the huge Indian camp on the Little Big Horn.

As for the other type of Indian photographers of this era, one who had received insufficient credit, considering the importance of his work, was William Stinson Soule, a native of Maine and a Civil War veteran who worked in a photo gallery in Chambersburg, Pa., for a time and then went West for his health which had been impaired during his army life. While working as a clerk in the trading post of John E. Tappan at Fort Dodge, Kansas, he resumed his work as a photographer. During the next six years, at Dodge and at Camp Supply and at Fort Sill in Indian Territory, he took numerous pictures of Indian camp life and made portraits of the leading chiefs of the Kiowa, Comanche, Kiowa-Apache, Arapaho, Cheyenne, Wichita and Caddo tribes, including such notables as Little Raven and Yellow Bear of the Arapahoes; Satanta, Satank, Big Tree and Kicking Bird of the Kiowas; Mow-way and Tosh-a-wah of the Comanches; and Whirlwind and Minimic of the Cheyennes. Many of these have been reproduced in books of Western history but, except in a few of the Bureau of American Ethnology publications, they are rarely credited to Soule.

Equally important historically was the work of two photographers out on the Pacific coast to whom we are indebted for a pictorial record of the Modoc War in 1872. One of them was Edward James Mudderidge, an Englishman, who, for reasons of his own, changed his name to Eadweard Muybridge. Soon after the outbreak of this brief but costly conflict, Bradley and Rulofson of San Francisco sent Muybridge to the Lava Beds Country to cover the war photographically. Although he took some photographs of the Indians, especially of the Warm Springs scouts engaged by the army, most of his pictures were scenes in the Lava Beds, military personnel, camp scenes, etc. Most of the printed accounts of this war have been illustrated with reproductions of Muybridge's photographs (either in half-tone or in woodcut drawings based on his pictures) but all too seldom have these reproductions been credited to him.

The same is true of the other camera man, who is less well known than Muybridge. He was Louis Heller, a German who came to America in 1855 and worked as a lithographer for the noted Louis Bien whom he helped make engravings for Audubon's bird books. Migrating to California in 1862, Heller settled in Yreka where he became both a photographer and a druggist. Heller's contribution to Indian photography was his portraits of Capt. Jack (Kintpuash), the ill-fated leader of the Modocs, and some of his lieutenants who were later hanged for the murder of the peace commissioners, as well as those of such notables as Scar-Faced Charley and Toby Riddle (Winema), the "Pocahontas of the Lava Beds."

Undoubtedly the most important Indian photography of this era was carried on in the frontier towns and military posts along the Missouri river and its tributaries. In 1871 Stanley J. Morrow, who learned the art from Mathew B. Brady while serving as a soldier in the Union army, opened a studio in Yankton, Dakota Territory, and began traveling up and down the Big Muddy taking pictures of Indian camp life and making portraits of many of the leading chiefs and warriors of the Arikaras, Gros Ventres, Mandans, Crows, Cheyennes, and Sioux. Although at that time most of these Indians were presumably peaceful, Morrow often risked his life to get a particular scene and on one occasion he narrowly escaped death when an angry Sioux opened fire on him for taking a picture of a scaffold burial. Notable among the portraits made by Morrow were his pictures of Red Cloud, made at Fort Robinson, Neb., in 1877 immediately after General Crook had deposed the noted Oglala as head chief of the Sioux, and of Sitting Bull, although, as will be seen later, he was not the first to take a photograph of the famed Hunkpapa chief and medicine man.

That honor belongs to Orlando Scott Goff, who also opened a studio in Yankton in 1871 and who, like Morrow, traveled up and down the Missouri making a photographic record of the wild tribesmen of the region. Later Goff moved his gallery to Fort Abraham Lincoln, where, through his friendship with General Custer he had an unusual opportunity to record military life at that post as well as making most of the portraits of the officers of the Seventh Cavalry which are commonly credited to another photographer. The same is true of many of Goff's Indian pictures, but the record is clear that it was Goff who took the first photograph ever made of Sitting Bull and that was done on August 5, 1881, in his studio at Bismarck (which he had transferred from Fort A. Lincoln) when the steamer bearing Sitting Bull's band, as prisoners of war down the Missouri, stopped over at Bismarck for the day. The claim that this was the first photograph ever made of Sitting Bull and that Goff made it was first stated in Judson Elliott Walker's "Custer's Campaign in the Northwest" (1881). It has since been confirmed in correspondence with Mrs. Bessie Goff Oldsen, his daughter, who also supplied me with other interesting information about the circumstances under which the picture was taken, including the fact that the Sioux chieftain--with the financial acumen that characterized his later career--charged the photographer \$50 for the privilege of posing for him!

It is possible that Goff also took the first photograph of Chief Joseph of the Nez Perces when the "Indian Napoleon" and his band, also prisoners of war en route down the Missouri by steamer, stopped over at Bismarck in November, 1877. The only doubt cast upon Goff's priority is

the fact that there are in existence identical portraits of the Nez Perce leader, some on the card-mount of "O. S. Goff, Photographer, Bismarck, D. T." and others on the card-mount of Frank Jay Haynes, Photographer, Bismarck, D. T." Haynes opened a studio in Moorhead, Minn., in 1876 and later moved across the river to Fargo, D. T., but we know he was in Bismarck when the Nez Percés arrived there for Fred G. Bond, in his narrative "Flatboating on the Yellowstone" (monograph published by the New York Public Library) states that he had his photograph taken by Haynes while he was in Bismarck. Whether Goff or Haynes took this first picture of Chief Joseph, lent his photograph to his fellow-photographer and gave or sold him the right to sell prints from it is a question which I have as yet, in correspondence with both the Goff and Haynes families, been unable to determine. That seems to have been a fairly common practice among the early-day photographers (there may also have been a bit of "pirating" because of the holes in the copyright laws at that time) and it adds to the difficulty of the student in this field in determining who took what pictures and when.

Adding to the uncertainty about this historic Indian portrait is the fact that it was later copyrighted and sold as his own by David F. Barry, another important Indian photographer of this era whose position as to "originals" is anomalous, to say the least. Barry, a native of New York, whose family moved to Columbus, Ohio, in 1862, learned photography while serving as a water carrier to an upstairs studio in the Buckeye capital. Just when he arrived in the trans-Missouri country is uncertain. Most of the printed accounts of his career include the vague statement that he arrived in Bismarck "in the seventies" but Mrs. Bessie Goff Oldson writes me that when her father opened his studio in Bismarck in 1880, he took Barry in as an assistant.

But we have evidence that as early as 1881 Barry had a gallery at Fort Bufford for it was there that he took the first photograph ever made of Gall, the renowned Hunkpapa warrior, who is so often credited with being one of the principal leaders of the Indians at the Battle of the Little Big Horn. Upon Gall's surrender to the military in the winter of 1881, he was brought to Fort Bufford as a prisoner of war. Soon after his arrival, Barry, aided by an army officer and a scout--plus the promise of a cash payment--persuaded the Hunkpapa to enter his gallery, dressed just as he was when he surrendered. Then, in the words of Barry, himself:

"When placed before the camera the chief refused to listen to suggestions as to pose and would not sit down. Later he returned to the gallery alone and, the picture being unfinished, he was shown the plate which he declared was 'bad'. Feeling that something was in the wind,

the photographer took the plate from his hand and put it away. Then Gall started for the darkroom to get it, saying he would destroy it can come again. Realizing that his work was about to go for nothing, the photographer pushed the Indian to one side from the door. Furious, the Indian, quick as a flash, drew an ugly knife and almost as quickly he found himself covered by a revolver which lay nearby on a handy shelf. Pausing for a few moments in indecision, apparently attempting to fathom the determination of the holder, Gall backed slowly out of the place and the picture was saved."

Later, when Gall was settled on the Standing Rock reservation and Barry had a studio at Fort Yates nearby, the attitude of the Hunkpapa toward the "Little Shadow-Catcher" (as Barry became known among the Sioux) changed and Barry made a notable series of portraits of Gall, as he did of Sitting Bull, members of "Old Sit's" family, and of his special friend, the much-publicized but truly redoubtable warrior, Rain-in-the-Face. Barry made a profitable business out of Indian photography and achieved a considerable measure of fame along with it even though other photographers made the original negatives from which Barry made prints, copyrighted them and sold them as his own. Certainly this was true of the well known picture of Sitting Bull and Buffalo Bill, which was taken in Montreal by F. A. Notman in 1885, and it is very likely true of many of his pictures of the Sioux. Mrs. Oldson is authority for the statement that Goff turned his studio in Bismarck over to Barry in 1886 and it is probable that at that time Barry acquired Goff's negatives and the right to issue prints from them as his own.

A similar case is that of two photographers who were operating in Montana in the 1870's and 1880's and made a notable series of Indian pictures. One of them was L. A. Huffman, who became post photographer at Fort Keogh in 1878, and soon afterwards had occasion to take what was undoubtedly the first photograph ever made of Chief Two Moons, leader of the Cheyennes at the Custer battle, who had recently surrendered to Gen. Nelson A. Miles, then commandant at Keogh. The next year some of the hostile Sioux also gave themselves up to Miles, among them being Chief Spotted Eagle's band of Sans Arcs and a number of Hunkpapas who had deserted Sitting Bull when he crossed the Canadian line. Most prominent of these were Chief Crow King and Rain-in-the-Face who were held prisoners of war in the closely-guarded camp of Spotted Eagle near the fort. How Huffman took the first photograph ever made of the famous Rain-in-the-Face is recorded in his own words as follows:

"I regarded this (the presence of the late hostiles in the camp near the fort) as a fine opportunity to make some interesting pictures and was aided and abetted by a young Irishman, who drove a delivery

wagon and was on good terms with the sergeant of the guard at the Indian's camp. He had made an acquaintance with the Sioux, especially Rain-in-the-Face, and he and I had no difficulty in getting into the Chief Spot's camp. Rain-in-the-Face, not unnaturally, was surly and angry at the white soldiers. However, he soon made up with us and fell in with a plan I proposed. Putting him in the back of the delivery wagon, where he was fairly well hidden, we drove him to my studio at the fort.

"I kept him there for three hours or more, making exposures of him in different poses in full regalia. When I had photographed him to my heart's content, we took him back to his lodge in the same manner we had brought him. About this time the adjutant happened to observe that the Indians were greatly excited. Investigating, he discovered that they had become worried over the long absence of Rain-in-the-Face and many of them feared he had been spirited off by the white soldiers to be hung or sent away. In a few moments the adjutant learned the whole story and rode hotfoot to the fort.

"I did not wait long for an orderly to come and tell me I was wanted at headquarters. When I went in, the adjutant never said a word but jerked his thumb over his shoulder. Down the corridor was the office of General Miles himself. I went in. The general did not look up but it was plain to see that he was hot around the collar. 'Young man,' he said, 'if you ever take another prisoner of war out of camp without permission from the adjutant or myself, you will find yourself in very serious trouble.' I never repeated the offense, but I had gained some fine pictures of Rain-in-the-Face."

Although the Hunkpapa warrior later became one of the most photographed of all Indian notables, the honor of being the first camera man to make a portrait of him while he was still a "wild Indian" belongs to Huffman. As was the case later with Goff and his picture of Sitting Bull, Huffman's portrait of "Rain", wearing his war bonnet and other savage regalia, has often been reproduced without the proper credit line, including the fact that it was a "first". Huffman made many other pictures among the Sioux, the Cheyennes and the Crows while he was at Fort Keogh and later when he established his studio at Miles City and he rates as one of the most important "Shadow-Catchers of the Red Man" during the 1870's.

The other Montana photographer to whom I refer was Christian Barthelmess, a native of Bavaria, who enlisted in the American army in 1876 at the age of 22 and remained in the army until 1903 during which time he served in four different regiments, both cavalry and infantry. According to his son, Casey Barthelmess of Olive, Montana, "apparently he was

interested in photography at the time of his enlistment and throughout his career in the army he was either in a photo gallery with some one or had one of his own. One of the latter was his studio while he was stationed at Fort Keogh." It was here that he did his most important Indian photography, although he seems to have become interested in the red man as a subject while serving in the Southwest since many of his pictures were of Apaches, Arapahoes and other tribes of that region. Among his most interesting pictures are those taken of the Northern Cheyennes, including the members of the Cheyenne Scouts, commanded by Lt. E. W. Casey (for whom he named his son) whose untimely death at the hands of the Brule warrior, Plenty Horses, was one of the tragedies of the so-called "Ghost Dance War" with the Sioux in 1890-1891.

After Barthlemess' death in 1906, his widow, faced with the necessity of caring for a large family, sold many of his negatives to L. A. Huffman, who copyrighted and sold pictures made by the soldier-photographer as his own. Because of this fact it is almost impossible to say definitely which of Huffman's Indian pictures were made by Huffman himself and which were made by Barthlemess, although the record as to the "first" photographs of Two Moons, Rain-in-the-Face and Spotted Eagle seem to be clear.

By the end of the seventies, the wars with the red man were virtually over as was the opportunity for photographing "wild Indians". The only exception was down in Arizona and New Mexico where the Apaches were "jumping the reservation" at regular intervals until the surrender of Geronimo and Natchez (Naiche, son of Cochise) in 1886 wrote "Finis" to this phase of frontier history. Prominent among the "Shadow-Catchers of the Red Man" in this region were three men.

One was A. Frank Randall who had a studio at Wilcox, Arizona, and who made portraits of many of the most notorious Apaches leaders which have often been reproduced but rarely credited to him. Another was Ben Wittick, who is said to have started his photographic career in the West in 1878, and who subsequently took many pictures of Apaches and Navajoes. Wittick is also said to have made the first portrait of the great Navajo leader, Manuelito, but I consider the evidence to support this claim as inconclusive and I am inclined to believe that that honor belongs to some other photographer, possibly William Henry Jackson.

The third of the trio was Camillus S. Fly, whose studio in Tombstone, Arizona, was just across the alley from the O. K. Corral and it may be worth noting, in passing, that, during the famous gunfight between the Earps and the Clanton-McLowry clan there, Ike Clanton saved his life by taking refuge in the photographic gallery. Fly's chief claim to fame lies in the fact that he made a pictorial record of the

conference between General Crook and Geronimo when the renowned Indian-fighter crossed the Mexican border to try to induce the Apache leader to surrender. It was a daring venture for the camera man for, despite the size of Crook's party, the white men had no guarantee that these savages might not suddenly display the characteristics that had given them the name of "Apache devils" and that the massacre of General Canby and his companions in the Lava Beds of Oregon might not be repeated. The conference proved abortive but later when Geronimo, Natchez and their warriors finally came in to surrender, Fly was on hand to take pictures of that event and his photographs taken at that time are among the most interesting ever made of Indians "fresh from the warpath."

During Geronimo's subsequent career as a prisoner of war in Alabama, in Florida and at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, he also became "one of the most photographed Indians" and I should like to close this paper with an amusing incident involving him and another outstanding Indian photographer. This camera man was DeLancey Gill, for more than half a century one of the chief photographers for the United States Geological Survey and the Bureau of American Ethnology in Washington, whose Indian portraits, like those of Hillers and Jackson, constitute an important part of the B. A. E. collections.

While Dr. Walter Hough was head curator of the department of anthropology of the Smithsonian Institution, Geronimo visited Washington and was taken to the Smithsonian. Hough paid the Apache 25 cents for his autograph and when Gill suggested that he pose before the camera, Geronimo's answer was "Two bits!" "I had only 15 cents in change and my smallest bill was \$1," Gill recalled later, "so I borrowed a dime from Dr. Hough and gave Geronimo two dimes and a nickel. The wily old rascal palmed one of the dimes on me and held out 15 cents, crying, 'two bits! two bits!'. So I had to change my dollar and give him another dime to get that photograph."

From which it is evident that Geronimo, the Apache, like Sitting Bull, the Sioux, and many other Indian notables quickly learned to "travel the white man's road"--especially when dealing with a "shadow-catcher!"

Dust from the Denver Corral



The September meeting of the posse featured an absorbing talk by J. Evetts Haley, author of works on Charles Goodnight, Jeff Milton and others. He traced the development of cattle trails in Texas, particularly before the Civil War. He preferred to speak without a manuscript, and will be unable to prepare one for publication in the Brand Book. Quite a loss to the Westerners. Mr. Haley says of himself that his business is cow business in West Texas, on the Canadian at the JH Ranch, and on the L - s west of Midland, eighty miles. "I dabble in history, especially of the cattle ways"; but he is now finishing a study of Fort Coucho, Texas. It will be published this winter.

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The posse has voted to accept donations of worthy books on western subjects, mark each with a suitable book plate containing the name of the donor and deposit them in a safe place accessible to the public. Send in those spares you don't need.

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Sheriff Davidson received a postcard recently from Ed Bemis in Hawaii. Ed is apparently having an enjoyable and a restful time.

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At the September posse meeting, it was suggested that any regular posse member who finds that he can attend posse meetings only very infrequently, and who would be willing to transfer to the reserve membership list, notify the Sheriff of the same.

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Justice Jackson reports that the State Supreme Court has been advertising the summer climate of Colorado by holding oral arguments for a week in August.

* * * * *

Don Bloch can't get out of those holes--he has speleo talk numbers 33 to 35 scheduled for October. He has announced that the 1949 Brand

Book will be published in time for the Christmas book trade. It would make a splendid gift for your friends, pardner..

* * * * *

While breaking into his new professorial duties, Elmo Scott Watson has watched the presses roll. He wrote the recently published "The Illinois Wesleyan Story, 1850-1950" (Centennial history of Illinois Wesleyan University at Bloomington) which includes one chapter on Major J. W. Powell's western expeditions--the first to Colorado in 1867 and the second to the same place in the following year. Elmo also was the author of the article on the "Battle of Summit Springs" in the last issue of the Chicago Brand Book. In June he was awarded the honorary degree of Litt. D. at Illinois Wesleyan.

* * * * *

Carl Mathews has been touring the State, taking in Marble, Silverton, Rico, Ouray and other, to check on "ghost towns."

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Barron Beshoar was recently confined to the hospital with a leg infection, but he was able to attend the last posse meeting.

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Art Carhart reports: "Fishing in the West out." Does he mean there is no more good fishing in the West, or that he is trying to catch all the fish that remain? In any case, Art has written an article on pack trips, published in the current issue of Sports Afield.

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In the same magazine, Corresponding Member W. H. Hutchinson of California, has written on "How To Hunt Antelope." He disclaims authorship of the title, but he notes that his picture on page 25 is authentic.

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Corresponding Member David L. Hieb, of Wyoming, published an article with G. C. Baldwin, on "A Folsom Point From Southeastern Wyoming," in Southwestern Lore, June, 1950.

* * * * *

Walter Gann is headin' West and expects to visit the Los Angeles Westerners in October.

* * * * *

Sheriff Davidson has just turned over to the University of Denver Press the manuscript for his latest book, "A Guide to American Folklore," which will be published early in 1951.

* * * * *

Corresponding Members T. M. Rogers of Sterling, Colorado, Francis Rizzari of Denver, Merrill J. Mattes of Omaha and Clarence S. Jackson of Denver attended the September posse meeting. Mr. Jackson notes that he

has just finished a set of sixty hand-colored photographs of his father's paintings, for Fred Rosenstock. The originals are located in the National Park Museum at Scotts Bluff, Nebraska. Mr. Rizzari has just published a reprint edition of Frank L. Wentworth's "Aspen on the Roaring Fork." Mr. Mattes has edited, "From Ohio to California in 1849: the Gold Rush Diary of Elijah Bryan Farnham", published in the September 1950 issue of the Indiana Magazine of History. (Bloomington, Indiana). He is presently editing another diary which is to appear in the January 1951 Annals of Wyoming.

* * * * *

Two prominent guests at the last posse meeting were Dr. Pat Ireland Nixon (of San Antonio, Texas), a former president of the Texas Historical Society, and Dr. Clifford B. Jones (of Lubbock, Texas), past president of Texas Technological College.

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Correction: The previous issue of the Brand Book erroneously referred to Corresponding Member Father Anthony. His correct name is Father Stanley, and he is currently assigned to St. Anthony's Church, Pecos, New Mexico. One of his recent books is reviewed in the following pages.

IN MEMORIAM:

It is with profound regret that the Denver posse noted the passing of one of its esteemed members, Ralph L. Carr. His contributions to the records of the West, both in his deeds and in his writings, place the mark of high achievement on his life. The posse will sorely miss his friendly, cheerful and learned presence at its meetings. It unanimously agreed to express by letter its deep sympathies to Mrs. Carr.

Chuck Wagon Book Reviews



SILVER TOWN, by John Willard Horner, Caxton Printers Ltd., Price \$4.50.

John Willard Horner, the author of SILVER TOWN, was born in Denver, Colorado, the son of a prominent pioneer attorney. His boyhood was spent in Denver and in the mountain mining towns of Colorado.

In writing SILVER TOWN the author has presented an enlightening story of Georgetown in the early days. To a large extent the story is taken from local newspapers of the period, an intriguing way to recapture the feelings of the time and place.

SILVER TOWN is a lot of fun to read. It is particularly interesting to persons who love the romance of the early mining days, and especially to those who have always been interested in Georgetown. Through this book, Georgetown gaudies, tragedies, comedies, scruples, noisy celebrations, hook and ladder organizations, wrestling matches, society balls, and visiting lecturers become indisputably alive.

Many characters cross the pages of SILVER TOWN as you read the history of the famous old mining city. More than any other person, Senator Edward O. Wolcott, receives prominence. He went to Georgetown as a struggling young attorney. He became District Attorney, State Senator and, upon moving to Denver, an outstanding successful lawyer; later becoming U. S. Senator from Colorado.

Reading SILVER TOWN is good entertainment. You will enjoy the drama of the early days.

(Alonzo Ellsworth)

SOCORRO: THE OASIS, by F. Stanley. World Press, Inc., Denver, 1950.
\$3.00. 221 pages.

Local histories serve to point up the story of a large region and a large number of its outstanding activities. This fact is particularly true for Corresponding Member Father Stanley's recent book, "Socorro: The Oasis." The name of this New Mexican town on the Rio Grande origin-

ated from the thankfulness which Don Juan de Onate felt for the food given by Piros Indians to his needy followers in 1597. First applied to an Indian village on the east bank of the river, the name, as Father Stanley shows, soon came to be attached to Pilabo, a village on the west bank, and Socorro, after a century of desertion following the Indian uprising of 1680, developed into an important center, partly because it was located just north of the dreaded Jornada del Muerto, and partly because of its agriculture, grazing and mining advantages.

Father Stanley warns the reader that his book "is not to be read for recreation, nor on a fast moving train. It is meant for readers who love things past, and who wish to preserve them for the future." And what a heritage Socorro has to treasure. Spanish conquistadores, Catholic missionaries and leaders, struggling settlers, marching armies, Texans, miners, Indians (both of the raiding and pueblo types), Santa Fe and Chihuahua traders, cowboys, vigilantes, "bad men", courageous frontier editors, dance hall girls (quite brazen) and many other types have left their marks.

The author relates how three friars in 1597 stayed with the Piros Indians to convert them there. In the following year they used a building as their chapel, a portion of the walls of which are incorporated into the present San Miguel mission. The chapel was dedicated by the famous Friar Benavides in 1626. When the Indian uprising of 1680 occurred the Spaniards and the Piros Indians deserted the village, which the Apache's then sacked, but not before the silver Communion rail and other Church valuables were buried. Subsequently, extensive efforts were made to recover these treasures, and though in the 1880's the sum of \$1,000,000 was offered to anyone who located it, no one has been able to claim the reward. Incidentally, the rebuilt mission contains a painting attributed to El Greco, formerly belonging to Mexican Governor Manuel Armijo, who is buried there.

The resettlement of Socorro (Pilabo) resulted from the efforts of Juan Bautista de Anza after 1780 and it gradually grew to prominence and usefulness. In chapters entitled "Resettling the Town," "Men Marching" (Pike, the prisoners of the Texan-Santa Fe expedition, James Magoffin, troops who fought Cochise, Victoria and Geronimo, et. al.), "Sheriffs, Outlaws, and Vigilantes," "Mines and Mining," "Some Favorite Citizens" and others, the author draws a vivid picture of Socorro's, and New Mexico's past.

The author describes Joel Fowler as the Clay Allison of Socorro, and true to western standards of justice, his fate was Hangman's Alley. He also pictures how, despite the sporadic Spanish and Mexican mining activities in the nearby mountains, the mining boom in the Socorro re-

gion did not start until the middle 1870's. Rich strikes were made for another decade, so that at one time, the town's population reached 23,000. Shortly, and despite the coming of the railroad, plus pastoral and agricultural (especially grape raising) development, the town declined as the mining boom passed. Now it is an important educational center, for the New Mexico School of Mines is located there, founded in 1889 with the Reverend Thomas Harwood as its first president.

Father Stanley has written a very interesting and scholarly book. One should not miss the story of Elfego Baca, who fought "eighty cow-boys formerly of Texas (so he said) for thirty-three hours." The author's research is prodigious. Unfortunately, there has been some careless editing. For example, a number of quotations are duplicated in succeeding chapters, and the proof-reading is faulty: typographical errors have been compounded. These, however, do not seriously mar a valuable book.

(Harold H. Dunham)

13 New, Authentic Articles on the Trans-Mississippi West

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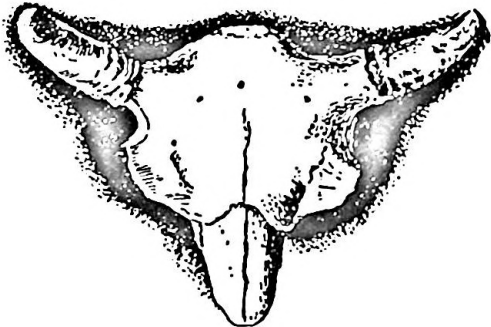
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No. 10

A WESTERN SHEEP DRIVE AS SEEN FROM BRIGHAM YOUNG'S CARRIAGE, 1882:

The Diary of Lavinia Bent

The triumphant completion of a transcontinental railroad in 1869 failed to halt the former methods of travel along the old Oregon and California Trails. Evidence of the amount of such travel in the early 1880's is found in the hitherto unpublished diary of Lavinia Bent, a young lady who accompanied a sheep drive from Salt Lake City to Grand Island, Nebraska, in 1882. She was a member of a party headed by her brother-in-law, who conducted a number of such expeditions. The one that Miss Bent records, in which 8,000 sheep were driven in two bands, encountered similar drives moving eastward, as well as large groups of emigrants and government supply trains moving westward. Many emigrants from the States were headed for Washington over the Oregon Trail.

On other grounds, too, Miss Bent has an interesting story to tell and she tells it well. Not only the everyday incidents of her mode of travel, and of a sheep drive, but impressions of the country traversed, of the location of historic events, and of cities and towns such as Evanston, Laramie, Cheyenne and Denver (visited as a side trip), are duly noted. Indians were still a matter of concern to the traveller along the trail, and hazards of other sorts were to be expected. Women, of which there were a number in the party, were frequently a matter of special interest to groups encountered en route.

It might be observed that Miss Bent was related to the Bent family that constructed and operated (with Ceran St. Vrain) Bent's Fort

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on the Arkansas, as well as other western forts. Moreover, she travelled in a carriage that had been used by the wives of Brigham Young, the great Mormon leader. Her artistic ability caused her to paint or draw picturesque and historic points along the trail, although the results of her efforts are not presently available. Unfortunately, too, not all the members of her party can be identified. It is obvious that most of them, however, were related to her.

The original diary is the property of Dr. George Herrington, also related to Miss Bent, and currently a Professor of Sacramento State College. He has granted permission to publish the diary, but only those parts dealing with the trip from Salt Lake City to the border of Nebraska are reproduced below. Incidentally, it has not been thought necessary to correct occasional errors in grammar found in the original copy.

Extracts from the L. Bent Diary of 1882

Thursday, July 6th

. . . It was the middle of the afternoon before we set sail (from Salt Lake City). There were so many last things for the men to attend to. . . . Our cavalcade finally started, Willie with the wagon of provisions and camp outfit and George, Em, Mary, and I in the carriage. Grace brings up the rear on her precious (horse) Billy. He seems very unwilling to leave Salt Lake; no wonder, he is a real Mormon, bought at the tithing office with the brand Z.C. (Zion Cooperative Mercantile Institution) on his shoulder. Mr. Poage and Frank Albee have gone after another flock of sheep. John has gone to Idaho to look after Mr. Smith's, and Ora takes the cars to-night for Evanston. We meet them there. The son of the owner of the livery stable is our guide through Utah. . . .

Friday, July 7th

We didn't camp out for the first time last night as we anticipated. We entered Wasatch Canon just before dark and didn't find a stopping place until 12 o'clock. (We) had climbed so high up into the cold that the tent didn't seem inviting. When we found a house, George persuaded the owner much against his inclination to let us take our cots and blankets into his kitchen. . . . It seemed such a lonesome out-of-the-way place in the night that I would rather have gone on and camped by ourselves, but this morning the air, sunshine, and scenery is so perfectly lovely, I wonder how I could have felt so fidgety. Em, Mary, and I walked a long way; stop now and then to pick flowers on

the banks of a creek that comes tumbling down the rocks and through the bushes. The air is so stimulating that in spite of our three or four hours of cold, uncomfortable sleep we are as good as new. (We) feel as though we missed a great deal coming so far after dark. We had a dim vision of nearly perpendicular rocks on each side with just enough room for the road and a roaring river, occasionally a place wide enough for teams to pass each other. Nearly all travellers were going our way. (We) were in the midst of a long train of government wagons. . . . A black thunder and windstorm threatening from the north and south aroused us to action. Sleep was so precious to George that it was difficult to rouse him to a sense of danger. We got ourselves packed and started just as it commenced. (It) proved a false alarm. At first it was a reviving spring shower, and Mary and Grace put on their gossamers and rode horseback with much enjoyment until it turned to a cold drizzle; (then they) found the carriage more comfortable. We had an invitation to spend the night with a Mormon family where George called for milk, (but) preferred to christen our tent. (We) made a halt early, made a big fire of sage brush, and cooked beans, sauce, and other luxuries.

Saturday, July 8th

Our first night of camping could hardly be called a success. Grace arose from her cold and uncomfortable couch at mid-night, piled brush on the fire, and invited us out to warm. We made a weird picture sitting on our camp stools with the fire light flickering over our ghostly forms. Whenever I looked back over my shoulder, (I) met the cold white eyes of Mrs. Louise fixed upon us with a solemn, vacant stare. Our two white carriage horses we have named Mrs. Louise and Mrs. Mitilda. . . . After breakfast (we) left our guide to do up the work and watch camp. We all rode up to Park City, almost through snow banks but not quite near enough to cake the maple sugar we brought for that purpose. The city is laid out in long streets on the sides of the mountain. The higher grade of society can visit their humbler neighbors by sliding down on to their roofs and drop through the chimneys. We saw a workman on the street below us step down on a roof to make repairs. The Ontario mines are the attraction. We were shown all through the smelting works by an intelligent German who thoroughly understands the scientific as well as mechanical part of mining. He explained everything to us from the top story where the ore is drawn in in wagons to where the smelted silver is dipped out in to molds. The crushers are deafening to unaccustomed ears. Salt Lake is very convenient for furnishing salt. (It) is brought by the carload. . . .

Sunday, July 9th

. . . (We) passed Hoytsville and, farther on, Coalville, near the coal mines. It deserves a more aristocratic name with its many fine buildings. The Z. C. building proclaims it a distinctively Mormon town. . . . We camp to-night near a deserted town by the name of Upton; half dozen houses with barred windows and doors. (We) were told that the owner of the town had gone to Salt Lake City to be doctored and died there. We suspect that he was the only man of the town, and that his numerous widows have all gone to the funeral.

Tuesday, July 11th

We were troubled with moschotoes last night, but I was more troubled about some drunken men that were shooting around after dark, and calling to us to tell them where they were; . . . had lost their way. (We) stopped at Evanston for Ora and the mail. . . . Evanston is quite a town, but lacks shade and a place to hide old empty cans and bottles. (We) pitched our tent two miles this side on Bear river. Our boy guide has seen us safe through Utah and has gone home. John has joined us, and now our family are all together. (We) have settled down to house-keeping for a week, taken off and dusted our second best raiment, and put on calico and sunbonnets. (I) painted a few flowers this afternoon and explored the banks of the river. It is very deep in places where it is dammed with logs that are floated down from the mountain.

Wednesday, July 12th

Mary and Willie are doing the washing in the old primitive way; camp fire on the banks of the river; plenty of water, and bushes to burn and dry clothes on. Grace sent for some yeast cakes, and tried to make some home made bread, but it didn't rise. We bake good in the oil stove oven or bake kettle. Em has a good time wandering around, and I am searching for a best view for a picture.

Thursday, July 13th

It is quite a climb up to my studio on the rocks. . . . I can't help but anticipate the pangs of dissapointment and defeat in store for me when I call my picture finished and compare the copy with the original, but I must try it if it does make me miserable. (I) should like to see it done by an experienced artist. (In) the distances is a range of the Uintah snow peaks; middle distances are lower mountains, foothills, and bluffs of all colors from a dark blue next to the snow range down through all the grays, greens, and browns with shades of yellow

and red in such order as couldn't be put in a picture in detail. (It) would look too speckled. The foreground is Bear River valley with the vivid fresh green that is seen in damp places, a variety of bushes and trees, and a few tall dead ones. One little house beyond the river relieves the wildness and gives a little life to the picture. An artist would tell me that I was attempting too much; . . . (I) feel as though I had taken my allowance of punishment today in a blistered face. My hands are like toads' backs; . . . I made a good target for the sun way up in my lofty perch on the rocks. I am usually quite oblivious to discomfort when doing congenial work, but work this afternoon wasn't so absorbing but that I had a vague sense of being parboiled.

Friday, July 14th

This morning Willie constructed a shelter for me from a piece of the old fly cloth, fastened to some sticks wigwam fashion. (I) use his music rack for an easel and (a) camp stool to sit on. (I) thought my arrangements very perfect under the circumstances until the sun made it necessary (for me) to change my position. The rock floor wouldn't accommodate itself to easel and stool, so I discarded both, and hang on to my canvass with one hand and paint with the other. (In the) middle of the afternoon (I) was obliged to pick up my work and get down from my perch, or have everything carried off for me by the wind that commenced blowing about noon every day. My canopy danced about on the rocks, keeping me in an expectant state of disaster to my picture; until finally, it collapsed and left me to the mercy of the cheerful sunshine again. All those little annoyances with a liberal sprinkling of sand on my wet sky almost persuade me that I am working under difficulties. We have (a) very cold night and have to heat stones for our feet. Some of them prove to be lime stones, and pop open when they cooled with water. (We) have slept warmer since George exchanged our cots for wool sacks filled with nap; keep one to lie on under the trees.

Sunday, July 16th

. . . The tent is our parlor. It is the fashion with us to have beds in the parlor, so we have a place to lounge and read; or we can gather around the dining room table which we keep standing in the centre of the room. The roof over this room is the fly stretched from the covered wagon to the tent. (The) fireplace (is) at one end, a little outside. (We) can go upstairs from this room by stepping on the wagon tongue, and climbing over the dashboard. Then there is the spare chamber a few feet from the main building. That is Em's place

of retirement. She can pull the curtain down and curl up on the back seat for rest and meditation. . . . After dinner we all took a ride out to Almy, a suburban town of Evanston, a coal mine town. The inhabitants are Chinamen and their antagonists, the Irish. (On) the first street are a higher grade of Chinese. Their houses are ornamented with patches of bright colors covered with their hieroglyphics. (On) the next two long streets were plain rough buildings, all alike. It is (a) hot day and their doors were open so that we could get a glympse now and then as we rode past of their housekeeping. The dirty floors, rough benches for chairs, boxes, and rubbish filling their rooms is so unlike anything we see among our own people that we felt as though we were in a foreign land. We were rude enough to do a great deal of stareing with the hope of seeing a Chinese woman, but don't think we did unless they all dress alike. (We) saw children. (We) felt as though we were at home again when we got into Ireland with their white curtains and plants in the windows. On the way home (we) came through a deserted Indian camp. If we had arrived a few days sooner, (we) should probably have had them for near neighbors.

Thursday, July 20th

. . . I have had a touch of mountain fever; two nights and a day seemed like a long troubled dream, neither asleep or awake, sort of stupor. Em gave me rhubarb and podophylyn. (I) drank freely of sage brush tea which is said to be a cure for mountain fever. I feel much better to-day but weak. The ride has done me good. We are on the road again, our first day of sheep driving. . . . Our night camp is near a stream of ice water from the mountain. (I) can't see how it should keep so cold, running so far with no shelter from the heat of the sun.

Friday, July 21st

All can walk this morning but myself; am too weak. . . . (We) met a train of emigrants bound for Washington Territory. . . . John Turpin from Salt Lake, one of our shepherds, gave an exhibition of his horsemanship. It was really wonderful how he could stick on to such a tearing, pitching animal that none of the other men could ride. The boys were so enthusiastic over his valor that we were afraid the young man would break his neck for their amusement. We crossed an old California trail, and camp on a pebbly stream. (We) would be in sight of Hilliard but for the high mountain shutting us in. We are on a branch of Bear River so its called Bear Town. (It's) a natural place for bears, but they don't show themselves; neither does the town. A more

suitable appellation would be city of the dead. (There is) quite a cemetery across the stream. We stopped before coming over and investigated to see if we could find any clue to the mystery. All we found were the ruins of fire places and a deserted shaft. Whether (it had been used) for coal or gold we couldn't tell. (The) boys camp there to-night with one of the flocks. . . .

Saturday, July 22nd

It is bright and clear this morning. We shall stay here awhile for the sheep to be dipped. It was curious to see them pour over the rocks down the side of the mountain like a cascade. Ora looked a mere speck above them. . . .

Sunday, July 23rd

A government train thundered by close to our tent this morning before we were out of bed. Em and I feel very agueish and miserable; we are in search of health.

Tuesday, July 25th

I was sick all Sunday night. Yesterday Em gave me a sweat and medicine. . . . We have moved a mile and a half nearer Hilliard. Am feeling better. When I get used to eating outdoors and can relish my meals as the men do, I shall be all right. I never enjoyed sharing my food with bugs and flies as people at picnics appear to. I am living on cove oysters at present.

Thursday, July 27th

We have lost our Turpin. He shouldered his blanket and set out for Salt Lake. He will never find a more appreciative audience for his rare stories. . . .

Friday, July 28th

Grace has two objects of affection, a horned toad and a poor little motherless lamb that would have to starve if left to the tender mercies of the men. Any extra humanity bestowed upon animals in a trip like this would be rather unprofitable in a money sense. Milk has to be brought from Hilliard on horseback to feed it. . . .

Saturday, July 29th

Ora, Mary, and Grace rode over to the Indian camp this morning on horseback. Ora offered to buy a deer skin that an old squaw was tanning, as an excuse for their curiosity, but she didn't seem inclined to

have any deal with the pale faces. We saw some wonderful riding done by a party of young Indians about a half mile from here. I never saw anything to compare with it; appeared as though they were being blown about by the wind. It seemed cruel on such a hot day. One poor pony dropped dead. I wondered if Willie wasn't afraid of them. They raced so near where he was herding. George has returned from Evanston where he and John went to meet the other flock of sheep and buy provisions. He brought ripe currants and other luxuries including an old batchelor that he once met down in Texas.

Sunday, July 30th

Our company staid all night. He is fairly intelligent, a great talker. He knows all about this country; has wandered over the Rockies for the last 30 years. He bought the pitching horse; didn't object to him on account of his little tricks. The horse seems to have found his master. . . . Mr. Poage, Crawford, and Albee have arrived with the other flock; have had a hard time. There has been so little feed that the sheep and lambs have died off terribly. Mr. Poage had a severe time with Crawford, who drinks. He wants George to ship him. . . .

Monday, July 31st

The men are busy dipping and sorting sheep, and we are getting things into shape for a start to-morrow.

Tuesday, August 1st

. . . We stopped at Hilliard for supplies. Grace have her lamb to the Postmistress' little girl. . . . The town is very new and unattractive. A couple of dirty savages promenaded the main street clothed in thick blankets and long black hair. The train came in with the platform loaded with them. They get free rides. The conductor recognized some of our party. We passed Aspen, another small town. . . .

Wednesday, August 2nd

I drove the carriage this morning, and was so absorbed in the surrounding loveliness and splendid roads that I quite forgot my passengers, Em and Mary, whom I left taking their constitutional, until I heard a faint wait, stop, in the distance which brought me to a sense of my duty. George and Grace overtook me on horseback. George was enjoying the joke of Em running off two strange sheep. I left her working diligently to head them the right way. I supposed it was all right, never suspected any sheep but our own could be so far from human habitation. We had dinner the other side of Piedmont; tasted

the best of any meal on the road, potatoes, cucumbers, onions, and mutton. I wonder the Indians didn't scare my appetite away; I don't think I am quite through trembling yet. Two bands met at a respectful distance from our camp, and took a good look at us. We returned the compliment. I was afraid they would take offense at George's leveling his field glass at them. Two of the young men more brave or more curious than the rest came flying down on their ponies to get a better look at us, and stationed themselves just behind the carriage where I sat reading, and there they sat as immovable as statues, peering through their long black hair dragged over their faces in a most uncomfortable looking manner. It seemed an age before their curiosity was sufficiently gratified to take their departure. . . . We camped not far this side of Piedmont as the boys took the wrong road through a canon towards Fort Bridger. It was after dark before George got them back. They camp the other side of the railroad track. It is lonesome to be separated in so wild looking a place.

Thursday, August 3rd

George was off after the horses before we were awake; found them beyond the noon camp. They must have worked hard to get there, fettered as they were. I saw a badger this morning; the ground is perforated with their homes, but its seldom one is seen. . . . A little farther on we came upon quite a colony of Washington Territory emigrants. . . . Three of the men came out to visit George. . . .

Friday, August 4th

We walked a couple of miles in the bed of a dry river. Old Major followed along to protect us. Poor old Maj. was fired at twice yesterday from a passing train. We made purchases of dry goods and groceries at Carter, a town of a little more importance than the two preceding ones. . . . We camp to-night on a plateau above Carter.

Saturday, August 5th

Wolves serenaded us, or rather the sheep, last night. . . . We had our first rain since leaving Beartown. The fly stretching from the top of the carriage to the wagon is made of thick cloth; water runs off as from a roof. We caught it in pans for dish washing. . . . We passed Church Buttes this afternoon. They are the most wonderful formations of rock and sand. They represent my ideal of old country architecture; churches and castles with dormer and bay windows, French roofs, projecting cornices, and deep entrances. The Saints when passing through here on their way to the promised land found the designs

for their tabernacle, I feel sure; for it is a perfect copy of one of these architectural mountains. . . . We had baking powder pancakes for supper, not a success, digestible as leather.

Sunday, August 6th

It hasn't seemed at all like the sabbath. We camped on Ham's Fork tonight. We had a good deal of excitement and hard work for the men. About forty sheep rushed into the river to drink, and couldn't pull themselves out of the mud. John and Willie had to wade in up to their waists, tie a rope around the necks of the sheep, and George and Ora pull them up the bank. It was very dark, the wind blowing terribly. One of us held the lantern, while the others kept the sheep back from rushing in after their brethren. It was dreadful at first to hear their cries for help, but when we found that they didn't drown easily, we could look on with a great deal of interest and some amusement. One overgrown lamb called so vociferously for help that we thought at first that he was in his last dying agonies. When he stopped to rest, we supposed he was drowned. After a while we heard from him again, but his call was more subdued; not quite so confident that he was the only sheep worth saving. If he had been more modest and quiet, his chances for an earlier rescue would have been better as George judged by his loud voice that he was strong and could bear a good deal of soaking, and left him for the last. Story with a moral.

Monday, August 7th

. . . Such a storm of wind and rain came on soon after starting that we were obliged to stop for shelter behind the butte; heaviest thunder we have heard since we left home, but it was soon over. Riding in the rain and standing in my thin slippers on the cold ground last night has given me an old fashioned bones-ache. Em dont feel well either. We camp on Blacks Fork. These Forks are so attractive that I look for an Indian camp. They always find the pleasant places; have an instinct for the beautiful in nature.

Tuesday, August 8th

A coyote killed a lamb last night. They are such sneaks. I felt some better this morning, not as well at noon, but better again to-night. Em is feeling very miserable to-night. We met a wagon train of men going to work on the Oregon short line, grading near Granger, a thriving western town of a saloon, depot, and a dwelling house or two. George was here last year at the birth and christening of the new town. It was baptized in beer. A barrel of beer or whiskey is the

cornerstone of these far western towns. . . .

Wednesday, August 9th

. . . George concluded as he would have to go a day or two in advance to make preparations for ferrying across Green River, it would be as well to take the sick along and find something we could eat. Ora took cold at Hams Fork and has been running down ever since until he is added to the sick list. We rode 24 miles, and camp on an island back of the town. Ora dined at a restaurant; we other invalids took ours a la picnic. George brought us all the delicacies of the season, strawberry pie, peaches, plums, white grapes, tomatoes, lemons, hot tea, roast beef hot, bologna, and the best bread we have tasted since we left Illinois. . . . We have neighbors at the other end of the island, a family going to Washington Territory. They know how to keep house on the road. They wash, bake, and brew; really make emptings and bake bread. We borrowed a kettle and some flour to make porridge for Em to-night, as we left all our camp equipage behind. . . . I have made little excursions over the island; should find it a sweeter retreat if every cosy clump of bushes hadn't its skeleton, some of them in not so advanced a stage of skeleton as one could wish. There couldn't be a lovelier cemetery for cattle and horses, but naturally not so salubrious for picnics. . . . Our neighbors left this morning. Yesterday the old gentleman wanted to sell his outfit to George; said he was sick and dizzy all the time and must go back home. Just before they left the younger man came and told us that they had persuaded his father-in-law to go on with them, that he was more homesick than anything else to go back to his second wife who couldn't be induced to come with them. The daughter felt so bad to see her old father start off alone that it made her sick so he gave it up. It was very pathetic to hear him tell his story in his simple way with tears in his eyes. We have crossed over to the mainland. Em thought at first that she hadn't courage to ride through the river; would walk over the railroad bridge. I told her I had more nerve for the ford than the bridge. The carriage is high and heavy which makes it safer, but it swayed about some going through the deepest places. . . . We can consider ourselves in the suburbs of Green River City. . . . I haven't learned the population yet. It couldn't be a very large town shut in as it is between the river and the loveliest range of Buttes since Church Buttes but entirely different, soft colors. It is a narrow valley with car shops, courthouse, and a few stores. . . .

Saturday, August 12th

Mr. Smith appeared unexpectedly before breakfast. We didn't know that he was anywhere near us. He surprised us the same way at Evanston. He stayed to help get the sheep across, but they didn't succeed after shouting and jumping all day. George hired a boy to tie his pet lamb on the opposite shore as a decoy. The lad is quite sharp at a bargain. He demanded a \$1.25 for his services, when of course he could rather pay something than not to see the show. . . .

Sunday, August 13th

. . . They are trying the sheep again (even) if it is the sabbath. It is a case of necessity. The poor things will starve on that side of the river among the rocks. George ferried last year, but the ferryman is absent; don't feel that he is needed now that the river is low enough to be forded. The idea of a city without a bridge over its river! I suppose it wouldn't be used enough to pay as there is no one living west of here, east either for that matter. It is a city with no suburbs and no surrounding farming country. We have one flock of 4,000 on the island; will be guarded there to-night.

Monday, August 14th

. . . There was great rejoicing when the last sheep landed on this side; only lost six. They sailed over as quiet as lambs when they made up their minds to come. The boys started with them this afternoon. We had a good deal of anxiety about Willie to-night. About noon he went in search of the horses that had strayed off over the mountains. At dark we thought it was time he was home if he wasn't lost. He had no overcoat, and the nights are like late fall, but about nine o'clock we heard a voice call from over the river that sounded familiar. George went with the lantern and piloted him and all the horses over. Now we can go to bed and sleep in peace. I think of poor Martha when danger threatens Willie.

Tuesday, August 15th

We rode to the city to buy eatables for a long campaign. Chinamen were delivering green corn, squashes, and other vegetables from house to house; probably brought from Nebraska. They carried their vegetables in long square pails suspended from each end of a long pole, and their peculiar teter give the pails a motion that makes them easier carried. . . . We broke up housekeeping and were on the road again by noon. We shall be out of sight of the railroad until we reach Laramie, 280 miles. A bird rode on the lines quite a distance, good omen. We

passed the shepherds and their flocks; traveled 20 miles and put up at Brown's ranch. We get good pastures. . . . A ranchman drove into the yard as we did; had been to Green River City for the necessaries, whiskey included. He treated George and sent a glass of the beverage to the ladies. He must have wondered where we learned our manners to refuse so kind an offer.

Wednesday, August 16th

. . . The sheep have been without water for two days; they made a raid on the pasture spring for which George had to pay 10 dollars and \$2.50 for horse feed, rather expensive camping place. The young man carried out his father's orders not to let any droves to the spring in his absence with great thoroughness, the right age to feel the importance of his responsibility. . . .

Thursday, August 17th

We took dinner not far from a large cattle ranch. There were two houses within sight of each other, rare sight. We saw large flocks of sage hens. Ora met his Green River landlord out hunting. A young man called to inquire if we had seen his hunting companions. He got lost and was alone all night. We sent him in the direction of a wagon load of sportsmen that we met hunting deer. This afternoon I had a chat with a barefooted German lady walking with her two grandchildren. She asked a great many questions about the road back to Green River. She said they should have to stop there, "to earn money to buy grub." They must have courage or a want of prudence to start out so destitute. They had two teams; one horse had given out, and one of the men was taking his place. We camp on the pretty water to-night that the old lady seemed so delighted to tell me about; have our soap stones as we do in the winter at home. . . .

Friday, August 18th

. . . We bought a quarter of venison at a ranch. They have more than they can dispose of here. In winter deer come in herds and look down upon them from the mountain just back and above their shanty, so the proprietor told Mary and I. . . . He says that they can't help making money raising stock, for it costs nothing to raise it; but once in 10 years have had a bad winter that kills it all off. He looks like an honest man, but has two Villianous looking partners; and as one of the horses slipped out of sight and all the searching didn't find it perhaps they found it. They were willing to give George an old broken down hog-backed horse on the chance of finding it. George thought it

the best thing he could do, for he was told that it wasn't safe to follow lost horses very far into the mountains. Men who follow that business are necessarily desperate characters, for they know that lynch is the law for horse stealing in this unprotected country. George presented the new horse to Mr. Crawford, as he and Mr. Albee have managed to use up the good horses they started out with, with their constant spurring and racing back and forth while driving. Mr. Crawford didn't appear offended with the gift, but rode his gallant steed with all the dignity of conscious worth, developed all the spirit and dash that the poor animal was capable of, and lifted his hat to the ladies with the airy grace of a captain of cavalry or pirate chief-tain. . . .

Saturday, August 19th

We met a long line of emigration. . . .

Sunday, August 20th

. . . Grace celebrated her 21st birthday riding in the rain; steadiest drizzle we have had on the trip. . . . We camp to-night in the shadow of another of nature's wonders, more architecture. There are huge piles of slaty rocks of every color from black to white with openings here and there for wild animals to burrow. Deer make their homes here; suppose that is why it is called Antelope Springs. Two or three men have started a ranch here and have a boarder, a geologist, collecting specimens for Yale College. There is a good field of labor here. I wish he could examine our specimens and see if they are of any value. Two young men driving sheep came to inquire about the roads to Cheyenne. They have 3,500 in their flock; lost 2,000 last winter in California.

Monday, August 21st

The boys took the wrong road and while waiting for George to find them, Em and I had a good time searching the sand hills. There is where we find the best agates. I found some of the best specimens yet, they all say, but may not be as valuable as some of the rougher ones. One piece looks like Cornelian, others like grained wood. . . . Mr. Crawford is anxious to know which is the widow, Mary or I. We crossed Bitter Creek and pitched our tent opposite the ruins of an old stage stand tavern on the California Trail. John is having his time of feeling sick.

Tuesday, August 22nd

I made a pencil sketch of the stage stand, and rode over on Billy to get a better view of it. There are two; one for men, the other for horses. There is an old dry well nearby. The patent medicine spirit has reached this far off land. St. Jacob's Oil decorates the walls of the old ruin. Water in this creek makes strong suds. George had an attack of agate this forenoon sufficiently severe to stop the carriage for all to go hunting over the hills. He found the finest one which looks like a stick of candy with bands of dark color at each end. I hope it will encourage him to stop often. We met emigrants who told us we should have to drive 15 miles to find water. We took all the horses that could be spared and tried to drive through before bed time, but had to stop 5 miles short. . . .

Wednesday, August 23rd

. . . The boys had a great time getting the sheep through ravines and grease wood. . . . We had another scare about Willie. He and Ora went to take the horses out for feed, and he didn't come back. They went to the Poage camp; he hadn't been there. Then the fear was that he had fallen into a gulley and had been killed. George and John started out in different directions; fired their revolvers, but he didn't hear any of the tumult. In due time he walked into camp as unconscious of all the excitement he had created as could be. Billy showed his contempt and disgust of the infirmities of poor pitiful old hog back by walking up and deliberately biting and kicking him. George soon took the arrogance out of him, so that I think he apologized, for immediately after his own chastisement went up and made friends. He gets so much petting that he sometimes forgets that he is a horse.

Thursday, August 24th

. . . We overtook a Mr. Taylor, a sheep man, with 3,800 California sheep. George wants some of them bad. He tried his reasoning and persuading powers on him, but to no effect, as he is a Scotchman and knows what he wants to do. . . . Cove oysters for supper.

Friday, August 25th

Boys came in about nine with the sheep. Mr. Taylor camped near; could hear him shoot wolves in the night. He came and visited George while he ate breakfast. We weren't up yet. . . . Mary and Willie killed a snake, the first they have seen. Pepper soup for supper. Beautiful moonlight night.

Saturday, August 26th

It is clear and cool as usual. We mended our straw beds. Mr. Poage stopped and had a chat with George about Oswego. Folks must seem somewhat different to George from last year's trip with no one to speak to that he had ever known before. We camped near Liscoe's ranch, 25 miles from Rawlins, which town in on the railroad. He keeps a variety store; most important commodities, whiskey and cigars. . . . Mr. Taylor told Em to-day that she could have found fossils at Barrel and Antelope Springs. He found some and also made the acquaintance of Mr. Smith, the geologist. We are full of regret that we didn't know more while there. Mr. Liscoe dropped in while we were at supper in the tent. He seems to admire our domestic arrangements. We bought some nice venison of him, also milk for our mush, and a plenty of other eatables to refill our empty store room. . . .

Sunday, August 27th

Sent mail to Rawlins. This is a four corners. There is a great deal of travel through here by government trains going west to the fort. George sold hog-back to Mr. Liscoe for $22\frac{1}{2}$ dollars, a lamb for half box cigars. . . . Our drive or rather walk, for Mary and I walked nearly all the way that forenoon, lay between two high mountains. One looked as though it had been swept by a cyclone, removing large patches of earth and leaving a smooth bright surface. We strolled along expecting to be overtaken by George and Em in the carriage. Grace was ahead climbing mountains horseback. We called on the Poage family, met with a friendly reception. We were seated in the dining room on a couple of spare pails. Mr. Poage was making preparations to do the family washing, regardless of the day. Evidently he believes that cleanliness is next to Godliness, only reversed. . . .

Monday, August 28th

We have had the most disagreeable rainy night we have had yet. I mention all of the storms because they are the exception. I have undergone a great deal of suffering of body and mind to-day. Mary was taken with pain in her bowels last night. I thought perhaps she had taken cold getting wet and it would wear off after riding and warming up in the middle of the day, but she gradually grew worse. When we stopped at noon, I got out the medicines, charcoal, slippery elm, and brandy. By that time we had made up our minds that she had been poisoned by drinking too freely of the copperas sulphur water. Em and I drank it, but only as a medicine. She took it for thirst and drank all she wanted. It was like cholera. I held her hands or tried to

during her paroxysms of pain, but everything turned so dark, was almost paralyzed. Grace had to hold me and John tend Mary. She grew worse so fast that I was scared out of fainting. John, Willie, Grace, and I worked for dear life, for a dear life, and saved it, by Divine permission. Believers in especial providences would say that it was in answer to the prayers in our hearts, but I can't think that the result would have been the same if we had sat down and trusted entirely to the prayers. It is faith and works, my creed. . . . A large company of emigrants camped near. They were the best equipped for travelling of any that we have seen yet; had rocking chairs, and a woman was kneading bread on a real moulding board. The men were starting out with their guns.

Tuesday, August 29th

Mary is nearly as well as ever again. Her cup of cold poison was a powerful medicine. We all examined a beaver dam, and took away relics in the shape of sticks sawed by their teeth. Before noon George pointed out Elk Mountain. We should have taken it for thunderheads. As we journeyed on, it gradually assumed the appearance of a mountain, and by night was an unmistakable mountain, reflecting all the beautiful colors of the clouds at sunset. I hurried out my paint box to catch them for my canvas, but the sun was out of sight before I could mix my colors. The wind blew and my hands were so numb with cold I could hardly hold a brush. . . .

Wednesday, August 30th

We reached the Platte before noon, and such a lovely picture lay before us as we rode down the long hill, we thought of the parks in Chicago with the addition of a variety of grand rocks. We forde two channels to get to the mainland. We liked the island best, but it was reserved for the last band of sheep as Mr. Taylor calls a flock. . . . They could only get one flock over. The boys are in high spirits after standing in cold water three or four hours. It would take something worse than water to dampen such an excess of spirits as they are blessed with most of the time. They are the three best natured boys in the world. This wholesome air gives them unbounded appetites, and I am not far behind, for I think I never relished a dinner better in my life. . . . I can imagine Indians skulking around the projecting rocks, and peering down from above, since Em and Willie think they have found one of their battlefields. They have found bullets, arrowheads, fragments of clothing, little shoes, and bones. Our neighbors on the island have a more cheerful location. This locality is favor-

able for a lively exercise of the imagination. The interesting rock formations opposite are transformed by the soft moonlight into marble and brownstone edifices. The pebbly beach is the broad paved street or boulevard and the tall trees represent an avenue. Their bright fire light give it a home look, a bit of the city in this wild western country.

Thursday, August 31st

I opened my eyes this morning with a thankful heart that we are mercifully preserved through the silent watches of the night. The morning hymn that Ma taught us when children seems appropriate, "Lord I thank Thee that the night in peace hath passed away, and I can see by thy fair light, my Father's smile that makes it day." It would hardly seem appropriate to one unfamiliar with the sounds that assailed my waking ears. The gentle shepherds were persuading the last flock across the river. It seemed to require all the eloquence of a war dance. John and Mr. Poage seemed in danger of dislocating their limbs with their gymnastics. The sheep would start in all right; get about so far when all at once the leader would make up his mind that he didn't believe in coercion, make a sudden and unexpected turn and rush back up the bank again with all his followers at his heels, sheep fashion. 32,000 little hoofs scampering over the rocky river bottom with an accompaniment of frantic yells from men and dogs would be rather startling to unaccustomed ears, but to mine was sweet music, the soothing assurance that a thoroughly live spirit still inhabited the body. I suppose I am unnecessarily fidgety and fanciful, but I can't help thinking of the numerous massacres scattered over this land, and not so long ago either, and that we are a small and helpless band. Of course the government is supposed to protect with its forts the people passing through, but at the same time allows a liberal supply of whiskey and firearms. A civilized drunkard is bad enough, but the noble red man is said to be a demon under the influence of liquor. . .

Friday, September 1st

My birthday, a 49'er on the old California Trail. George lacked a year of being a California 49'er. I can scarcely realize my abundant years in this rejuvenating atmosphere without the aid of a glass. It's a comfort to have a season of rest from, "seeing ourselves as others see us." George has had a long ride after the horses; they were off in search of water. . . . We saw a herd of elk in the distance. Took dinner near Pass Creek. . . . Last night Elk Mountain was east of us, and to-night, west of us. We camp near Goat Mountain; not as grand

but more interesting than neighbor Elk. . . . We were told by a man near here that there is a lake at the summit where goats and mountain sheep come to swim. . . . A man told George that he had a young cow killed last night by a panther or mountain lyon they call them. . . . My mind runs on rattlesnakes as we camp on a creek by that name; crossed it four times to-day.

Saturday, September 2nd

We replenished our stock of provisions at Fort Halleck. We had canned green corn for dinner, as good as fresh. Grace had quite a visit with the ladies. They are from Illinois, but think this is the best place in the world to live. The older lady says when she feels lonesome, she looks out on old Elk and is cured. Her younger sister went coasting on the mountain the 4th of July. That interested Grace for it has been her craze all the way to get at some snow. Her father has kept telling that we should find it nearer bye and bye. We passed through it last year; forgets that we are a month later this year. . . . They told Grace about the bloody lake tragedy, a peaceful looking body of water glistening in the sunlight only a little way from here. Four men were killed by Indians; two escaped by hiding behind the rocks. I should think there had been a battle here by the size of the burying ground almost opposite their house. I counted 50 graves with no town for a hundred miles I suppose. There is only one house in sight; neighbors are about 30 miles apart. I hunted agates among the prairie dog towns. They are social little things; stand by their doors and chatter to each other. Could almost get to them before they would dodge into their holes.

Sunday, September 3rd

Passed the night at Medicine Bow. Willie played his violin. It echoed through the grove nearby delightfully. Wish we could persuade him to play oftener. We were a cozy family around the big camp fire made of logs. It is a rare thing to find timber to camp near. Mary and I gathered black currants to mix with our service berries, as Liscoe calls them; makes the best sauce, one so sweet and the other so sour. . . . Took our weekly bath. The carriage makes a good bath room. We can put the curtains down tight. . . . The boys use the covered wagon for their dressing room. We met more emigrants. . . .

Monday, September 4th

. . . A long train of travellers for Washington Territory halted near our camp, and two loquacious members of the party made themselves

very obnoxious to George by persisting in their endeavors to have a good visit while we were eating dinner, but the boys enjoyed it. One of them was the experienced traveller. . . .

Tuesday, September 5th

. . . We saw an antelope and a band of 20,000 sheep. Crossed Cooper Creek. We are on Laramie plains; can see smoke from the city 30 miles away. . . . We haven't seen sage brush for two days; have to gather anything we can find for fuel as we drive along. Dined near where they are getting out railroad ties brought from the pine woods on the mountains. There is quite a settlement. George went over and bought some apples. To-night we camp near an emigrant community; children up on the highest hills singing, happy as larks. There is a sheep corral close by. . . .

Wednesday, September 6th

We had our nooning on the Little Laramie. It is a pleasant valley, and there is quite a little town scattered along the river. There is a better class of houses than we (have) seen for weeks. Some are framed and painted homes. It seems to be a valuable grass region. Reapers are going in every direction. Illinoisians wouldn't waste time cutting it, but it is worth cutting here at 40 dollars a ton. A man at Fort Halleck sold 12,000 dollars worth this year. . . . We had great difficulty getting sheep through wire fenced lanes. We are beginning to meet the obstructions of civilization. Little Larimie is 20 miles from Laramie City.

Thursday, September 7th

We have accomplished our 280 miles from Green River in one month. Larimie is much more of a city than G.R., but not as interesting in regard to scenery because more familiar and common. . . . We drove through the city just before dusk, stopping at grocery's to replenish. We camp halfway between the city and Fort Sanders. Oysters for supper.

Friday, September 8th

. . . We shall be off the line of the R.R. again; shall take a cross cut to Cheyenne instead of going around by Sherman. We have been discussing the question when and where to take the cars for Denver. George had decided it should be here, but has learned that we can get excursion tickets at Cheyenne. We are all very glad for we shall have a longer ride through the mountains. . . . A wolf took a nice lamb in broad day light; must be very hungry to be so bold. . . .

Monday, 11th

Were up and stirring this morning for our 20 mile ride. Mary made a ginger cake last night for our lunch. The men will have to do their own house-keeping for a while. John is our escort. . . . Reached Cheyenne a little after noon. Ride seemed short, perfect roads. Passed through Fort D.H. Russel; stopped to see them drill. We are at the Interocean, good accomodations. . . . It is a little over two months since we have slept under a roof; seems close and warm.

Tuesday, 12th

. . . We left Cheyenne between one and two; cars crowded. . . . Denver strikes me as a bustling old city; doesn't seem a bit new. We stop at the Hotel Brunswick; dollar a day for room; meals on the European plan. . . .

Wednesday, 13th

Spent to-day at the mineral exposition, exhibition not confined to minerals. . . .

Friday, 15th

Well we have seen the great mining city and realized all our expectations of a good time. . . . We stop at the Dyer house to-night; reached Cheyenne about noon. All but John were in favor of moving on after dinner. He says there is nothing but section houses; no place to put up for the night, so we decide to start early in the morning. I have one of my old ague headaches for the first time this summer; don't know how I'll ever be able to live in doors again. . . .

Saturday, 16th

. . . 50 miles of travel to-day. Didn't find our folks until after dark; am glad to find them all alive after what I read in a paper I picked up in the cars coming up from Denver, that Indians were making a raid up through western Nebraska, and troops had been sent for. Pine Bluffs is the last town in Wyoming, and we are 6 miles this side in the states. . . . We are coming into the rattlesnake and prairie dog region; shall miss our pleasant mountain walks with no fear of snakes before us. . . .

Sunday, 17th

It is not so unpleasant to get back to camp life again if all the dish cloths and kettles are black with the smoke of pitch pine that they have been burning in our absence. We can scrub it off. . . .

Lovely hazy atmosphere this morning; can think of nothing but corn-fields, ripe pumpkins, and orchards; but its only a fancy, for we are 250 miles from such luxuries. Saw more of agriculture between Cheyenne and Denver than anywhere this side of eastern Neb. We passed Marshall. It will be depot and section house alternately until we take the cars at Grand Island.

Tuesday, 19th

. . . We are near Potter, 437 miles from Omaha. . . .

Wednesday, 20th

. . . A woman at a section house brought out some potatoes to show us what could be raised on their ranch. They were very large. The farm must be somewhere on a stream. They irrigate of course. There is nothing growing near the house. They have a large flock of chickens. It was quite delightful to sit in the carriage and look into their open door and see them set their table for supper with a cloth and white dishes. We commenced our housekeeping with table cloths and napkins at Evanston, but soon learned that the less washing we had to do in alkali water the better.

Thursday, 21st

We added to our stock of provisions at Sydney, quite an important town, saloons and billiard halls by the dozen. There is a road leading to Black Hills from here. . . . We passed through Camp Clark.

Friday, 22nd

We left a poor sheep dying from the bite of a rattlesnake. F. Albee gave Mary a rattle he took from one yesterday. . . . We bought a gallon of milk of a thrifty Irish woman at a section house. She only charged 80 cts. George gave her a few pounds of tallow, and she threw off 10 cts on the milk. . . .

Saturday, 23rd

Wolves almost came into camp last night. Men and dogs gave chase. George fired at them twice, but they kept up their music all night, bursting out unexpectedly here and there. This forenoon we stopped the carriage three times for George to whip the life out of two rattlers and one blue racer. The boys killed 7. We stopped at Chapel depot. A woman gave us a gallon of milk. People are not all alike in this country any more than in other places. We had ham and eggs and musk and watermelon for dinner. Passed Lodge Pole Station. . . .

Sunday, 24th

Mary and I took our morning walk with much care and trepidation over the burnt grass as the safest place to walk. We passed over another Indian battlefield, Julesburg. It looks as though it had had its death blow. George says Denver Junction a little farther on killed it. We didn't see a live being but an old hen. She told us that the town wasn't quite deserted. This has been the warmest day of the season. Mary and I were in Boston a year ago now, which was their hottest weather.

Monday, 25th

We took our dinner a mile this side of Denver Junction. Lee and Bluet were shipping sheep near the depot. . . . We are in Colorado again for a few hours. We have left Lodge Pole for good, and shall follow the Platte all the way to Grand Island, over 200 miles. We stopped at a horse ranch for water. We knew that a woman lived there; it was so cozy. There were lots of chickens, house plants, curtains and vines at the windows; but when we found that the housekeeper was a young man, pride in our sagacity took a drop. Wind blows a gale to-night, but warm. . . .

Dust from the Denver Corral



The October meeting of the posse featured a preview of six western pictures by the distinguished painter Gerard Curtis Delano. The first of this series appeared subsequently on the cover of the Empire Magazine of the Denver Post, on October 29, 1950. The other five will appear as cover pages on succeeding issues of the same magazine. In addition to explaining the purpose and character of his pictures, Mr. Delano entertained the posse with a stirring account of the life of John Colter, an early western Mountain Man. But since Mr. Delano prepared no manuscript, the present issue of the Brand Book has substituted for his talk the diary printed above.

* * * * *

Posseman Ed Dunklee deserves great credit for his untiring efforts in support of the United Nations. One of his latest accomplishments featured the dedication ceremonies for United Nations Square at 16th and Broadway. This action makes one reflect on the long road the West has travelled since the days of the Mountain Men, the Indians and the Gold Rush. U.N. Square is a block from the Smoky Hill Trail Monument.

* * * * *

Charles Roth reveals that he has written an article on Clay Allison -- "greatest of the gunmen" -- which is scheduled to appear soon in "This Was A Man" series in Esquire. Charles has agreed to take over the post of Program Chairman for the rest of the year.

* * * * *

John Lipsey reports that, with his wife, he is engaged in transcribing the "Autobiographical Notes" of his maternal grandfather, John L. Johnson, who was born in Spottsylvania County, Virginia, in 1835. John hopes to publish the book privately.

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Ed Bemis returned to Denver from Honolulu after an absence of three months. En route he visited the Los Angeles posse August meeting.

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Ray Colwell recently spent three weeks helping to close up the spruce beetle control project in the Eagle area. Meanwhile, he took the opportunity to check up on the old mining camp of Tulford.

* * * * *

Don Bloch, aged 46, realized a life-time ambition recently at a carnival in his home town of Peoria, Illinois. With his old friend (and ex-motorcycle racer), Speed Ayres -- now owner of a motor-drome -- Don "rode the wall!" Yes, by gum, 31 times around on the vertical walls of a motor-drome!

* * * * *

Elvon Howe has left his position as Sunday editor of the Denver Post, as of October 21, to return to active duty with the U. S. Navy. He will be assigned to a naval air intelligence unit attached to the Headquarters, U. S. Air Force, and he reports there on December 1.

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Nollie Mumey passes on the information that while salmon fishing in British Columbia a short while back, he used a bucktail fly. No mention of how successful this was.

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On October 15, Paul Harrison met Virgil Peterson, a former possessor and now a resident of Salt Lake City, who was visiting in Denver for the dedication of a new church.

* * * * *

Arthur Carhart has just completed a 125,000 word manuscript on water resources, for which he is under contract with Lippincott, the publishers.

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Doc Collins took a three weeks' vacation in Virginia. His biggest thrill was to see the original water colors of Alfred Jacob Miller, in the Corcoran Art Gallery. These were the pictures used to illustrate De Voto's "Across the Wide Missouri." Doc has just sold two more western action stories.

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Ralph Mayo has presented a favorable financial report covering the first nine months of the year.

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Orders are coming in rapidly for Don Bloch's masterpiece, the 1949 Brandbook.

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The nominations committee for next year's officers is: Art Carhart, chairman, Alonzo Ellsworth and John Lipsey.

* * * * *

Five Corresponding Members from Denver attended the last posse meeting, viz: Clarence S. Jackson, John N. Spencer, Daniel A. Stone, Ted Swem and Karl F. Wessen. Out-of-town members were Charles S. Ryland of Golden and Rollin F. Street of Englewood.

Chuck Wagon Book Reviews



ASPEN ON THE ROARING FORK, by Frank L. Wentworth; published by Francis B. Rizzari of Denver; \$6.00.

"Aspen on the Roaring Fork" was originally published by the author in 1935 in a limited edition of only fifty copies.

A few years ago the existence of the book came to the attention of Francis B. Rizzari, who is with the United States Bureau of Reclamation in Denver. He is a corresponding member of The Westerners and a collector of historical photographs. In a conversation with Mrs. Spring at the Public Library, she told him about the book, and stated that if he could find one the Library would like to buy it. The rest of the story is like a detective tale. Mr. Rizzari got in touch with Mr. Ringle of the Aspen Times, who had obtained two copies of the book. He would not sell them because he said he had obtained them for Mrs. Helen Wentworth Falz in Wisconsin, a daughter of the author. She would not sell either of the books, but after extended negotiations she agreed to provide one for Mr. Rizzari on the condition that he bring out a new edition. He has done this. The new edition is practically an exact replica of the original, page for page. It is even printed on the same kind of paper. The print order was 600. Fellow posse member Fred Rosenstock has told Mr. Rizzari that he is the only known collector who brought out an entire edition of a book to get a single copy.

Author Frank L. Wentworth went to Aspen in 1889. The following year he returned to his native state of Connecticut, was married, and returned with his wife to Aspen. They resided there for several years. Leaving Aspen near the close of the disastrous year of 1893, he went back east, and it was 32 years before he again saw the city on the Roaring Fork.

While hospitalized in the early 20's as a result of an accident, skepticism expressed by the hospital staff as to his getting around again aroused his ire. He decided to show them, bought a Model T and

returned to Aspen in 1925. He pitched his tent on the bank of the Roaring Fork and felt at home again. It was this trip that launched him on his writing career, which resulted in several manuscripts.

"Aspen on the Roaring Fork" is a delightful journal of the life and times of Aspen in its heyday. One cannot read it without experiencing something of that city's compelling history, its triumphs, its wealth, its tragedies. Many of the characters in the book were personally known to the author.

Not all the book is from the author's own pen. One chapter comprising nearly 50 pages is by Henry Staats, an old timer of early-day Aspen. This manuscript was prepared for publication in the Aspen Times, but the editor never published it; in fact, never read it. It covered nearly 100 pages of typewriter paper written with lead pencil, and was minus punctuation and capitals.

The Staats article provides some of the best reading of the book. Your reviewer defies any would-be prospector to read its pages without wanting to take a pick and start digging in the Aspen country. For instance, Mr. Staats writes: "You will find a tunnel which is above Bridge No. 2. That is a stray vein that you can trace north to Eagle River, thirty miles or more. It goes under Basalt Mountain and across the head of Cattle Creek. Charley Harris, another old sour dough, and an old settler has done a lot of work there, and it shows strong in copper and silver. If you will go straight up the mountain from Bridge No. 2 you will find the vein again strong up Sopris Creek.

"Another old sour dough who lives down on Sopris Creek has worked this vein for many years. He has found copper melted down and all wired up, pure native copper . . .

"Let's go back to Sopris Creek and follow the vein up the creek to where it joins a mineral vein or contact which comes through on the south side of Sopris Peak. Now I will stick a peg here and go down to Grizzly Gulch. A mineral vein starts here, goes under the sandstone and comes out just below Cattle Creek. You can see it in the Roaring Fork and follow it up Rock Creek under Yeller Dog township to the mouth of Avalanche Creek. Then it makes a square turn along the south side of Sopris Peak. There is where Van Sykes or Van Sicle did a lot of work. When Sopris Peak came up it broke the vein and left nothing in place. You can see from almost any street in Aspen where that vein cut the divide east of Sopris Peak and heads straight for Aspen . . ."

A great deal of the Aspen story is told in excerpts from newspapers. In 1888, five stages with passengers were arriving daily. The Midland Railroad completed the great Hagerman Tunnel. Smelters were being built; periodically snow slides were taking their toll

among the miners; the mineral output of the community was fabulous.

The author presents extracts from letters by a Samuel Leach, who wrote from Buckskin Joe. He wrote as follows: "There is a postmistress at Buckskin and I shall tell you about her. She keeps a boarding house and runs a store. . . . They are a young couple from down in Maine and her husband works in the mines. He was a stone mason and worked for her father before they were married. . . . He has made some money and sent his wife back to Kansas to pay for the land there and buy a 160 acre tract adjoining it. . . . They are considered well to do here and they certainly are thrifty like all down east Yankees. She makes his shirts, puts new bosoms in the old ones, knits his socks and makes her own soap. She is a good cook and the men like her pretty well, although she is a driver.

"Well, I have spent four evenings there in the last two weeks helping her sort out the mail. Then we all play seven up and high five for a while and she often takes a hand. I like these people very well. Their name is Tabor. Hers is Augusta and his is Horace."

Your reviewer recommends "Aspen on the Roaring Fork" to anyone who has visited Aspen and felt the sense of romance that such old mining towns instill.

(Alonzo Ellsworth)

COWBOYS AND CATTLE KINGS: LIFE ON THE RANGE TODAY, by C. L. Sonnichsen. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1950. 316 pages. Index. 18 Ills. \$4.50.

I can hardly wait, so anxious am I to say that this book is a delightful addition to the literature of the cattle range, a worthy supplement to McCoy's "Historic Sketches of the Cattle Trade," Dale's "The Range Cattle Industry," Hough's "Story of the Cowboy," Rollins's "The Cowboy," and other classics of the cow-country. I emphasize "supplement" because the author does not copy any of these, nor does he intend that his book shall supersede any of them. For this is a new book, from original sources. Here is how it came to be written:

In 1947 Bernard DeVoto in Harper's Magazine and Lester Velie in Collier's Weekly blasted cattlemen as something like predators. They kicked up quite a stink, which no writing friends of the cowmen could Airwick. The row attracted the attention of members of the Rockefeller committee at the University of Oklahoma in 1948. They thought an in-

vestigation of and report on cattlemen should be made, if "some guileless character" could be induced to make it. "He would have to risk a trip into the haunts of the predatory stock raisers and hope to get back with his notes. He would need to make friends with them, eat with them (if asked), sleep in their houses, and watch them at work. When he got through, he might be able to give a reasonably detailed and accurate account of their way of life, education, ideals, and ambitions."

Sonnichsen is the man they picked to do the job. They could not have made a better choice. Sonnichsen is professor of Southwestern Literature at Texas Western College, El Paso. He has been teaching there 20 years, during which time he has written a great deal of Southwest history, but he is best-known for two books: "Billy King's Tombstone," and "Roy Bean, Law West of the Pecos." He is apparently tireless, inquisitive, agreeable; has a good memory and a capacity for taking notes. Moreover, he can write so that you can hardly stop reading what he has written.

Between February 2 and June 23, 1949, Sonnichsen travelled the cattle country from end to end and side to side. He "drifted from the Rio Grande to the Yellowstone, from the Nebraska sandhills to Great Salt Lake," logging some 15,000 miles in all. And he brought back "plenty meat".

I noticed that there are not many footnotes in the book. Most of these refer to recent newspaper and magazine articles; only a few to books. I looked for a bibliography. There is none. Instead, there is a section headed: "Not from books." This is a nine-page list of men and women whom he interviewed in Arizona, Colorado, Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Texas, Utah, Wyoming and other states. With all those interviews, Sonnichsen probably could have written "Cowboys and Cattle Kings" with the aid of no books other than a dictionary and an atlas. This is the proper study of mankind: man!

The subtitle of the book ("Life on the Range Today") is not wholly accurate, for there are many flashbacks to the old days, often in narratives of old-timers told the author. These make the picture vivid and "contrasty". The book is as full of anecdotes as an old-fashioned fruit-cake is full of nuts and fruits; it's just as "tasty", too; but a bit more "salty"!

This is a wide-angled book, and the focus is sharp. In it must be nearly all the things the projectors desired, plus a lot of humor they never expected. Certainly it is a reader's delight. The author's courant style is one which beginning novelists should study: effortless,

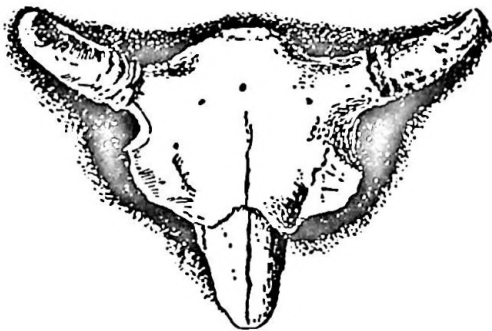
expressive, clear; free from ambiguities, monotones, cliches and redundancies. It may seem needless to say that he knows words and their meanings, and grammar and its use; but this is high praise.

I was especially pleased to find in the book a sketch of the career of our friend and fellow-Westerner, J. Evetts Haley (see pages 289-292). Here is more truth about Haley than I have seen before in print, and more about the adventures of Haley's great and famous book, "The XIT Ranch of Texas".

As is its custom, the University of Oklahoma Press has made a handsome, durable, readable volume. It is embellished with 18 illustrations from photographs.

As to whether or not the author has answered the question "'Is the cattleman a predator?'" -- suppose you buy his book, read it and judge for yourself. No one will willingly lend it to you.

(John J. Lipsey)



The BRAND BOOK

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DENVER 2, COLORADO

HAROLD H. DUNHAM, REGISTRAR OF MARKS AND BRANDS

Vol. 6

NOVEMBER, 1950

No. 11

EARLY DENVER BUSINESS --- By Alonzo E. Ellsworth

Commerce -- the hunt for treasure -- has ever been the pioneer of civilization in the development of new lands. This has been true since the dawn of history, and probably before. It was true in the founding of Denver.

Denver's first settlers sought gold, and they found a few samples in the sands of Cherry Creek, and in Dry Creek a few miles south. History records that the first settlers came on June 24, 1858. They first built some cabins at Montana City, but shortly thereafter moved to the junction of Cherry Creek and Platte River. They called the town St. Charles. Then the settlers went home for the winter.

The settlement of St. Charles had scarcely been established when A. J. Williams and C. H. Blake arrived in a blinding snow-storm on October 29, 1858, with a train of loaded wagons, from Crescent City, Iowa. The train consisted of four wagons, each drawn by four yoke of oxen. Each wagon was loaded with merchandise, stocks of general goods for miners and frontier trade. As the settlement consisted of only three cabins, they put up a large tent and began business on November 1. They lost no time in building a large double cabin, the fourth cabin in the settlement. They were living in this cabin and doing business in it by December 1.

Events moved fast in those pioneer days. A week after the arrival of Blake and Williams, Kinna and Nye arrived from the Missouri River. They brought a small stock of hardware, some sheet iron and tanners goods. Kinna was in charge. John Nye, a partner and financial backer, came in the spring of '59.

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. D. Ramage, jeweler and watch repairer, opened
and then on Christmas Day came Richens L. Wooton. He
couple of wagons loaded with frontier merchandise, and bar-
The barrels were full. He set up a tent and launched Denver's
first advertising campaign for customers. Wooton had concluded that he
would make a favorable impression by one sweeping appeal. He opened up
a barrel, invited all men to come with tin cups and help themselves to
all they wanted. It was a great Christmas night in 1858 in Denver. Ev-
erybody had fun, and Richens Wooton was known both in Auraria and Den-
ver. Wooton had come from Fort Union, New Mexico. He had intended to
make one last trading trip among the Arapahoes and Cheyennes. Then he
planned to go home to retire in Kentucky. He liked Denver, business was
good, and he stayed.

Thomas Pollock came from New Mexico in December, 1858. He opened
the first smithery on January 10 in '59 and soon proved that he was han-
dy and effective in working with guns and revolvers. At about the same
time, Kasserman, Luttrell and Hemphill set up a log carpenters shop.
Then came Henry Reitz of Omaha and E. Karczewsky of Chariton, Iowa.
They launched Denver's first baking business. Also in January came John
Ming with a stock of groceries, and on February 1 arrived Davide Smoke,
who opened a cabin as a public house, the first on Cherry Creek. He
called it "The El Dorado Hotel." It was a one-story cabin with a dirt
floor.

Among the first arrivals in what is now Denver were Count and Count-
ess Murat. He was a Frenchman who claimed to be nephew of Bonaparte's
brother of Naples. He became associated with Smoke. He shaved men's
heads at \$1.00 per shave, and his wife did laundry work. Horace Greeley
reports that in the summer of '59 he was shaved by the Count at \$1.00,
but was charged \$3.00 by the Countess for doing a half dozen pieces of
work. Horace Greeley reported that he had found ". . . at least one
man determined to make the best of opportunity."

In February of 1859, and you must remember that things had only
just begun to boom in the previous October, the Kansas Territorial Legis-
lature granted a charter to five men to operate a ferry across the Platte
River. They did not exercise the privilege, however. A Kentuckian by
the name of Thomas Warren began a ferry service from the foot of 11th
Street, which was originally called Ferry Street. His contraption was
ingenious. There was a rope stretched across the stream and fastened
to the shore. By an ingenious arrangement of ropes, the current pushed the
ferry and its load forth across the river. Expenses of operating such a
ferry were light, and profits heavy. The ferry operator charged \$1.00
per load and a team. He did a great business, and history relates that

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his business was more profitable than mining for the average man.

I am trying to give you the picture of Denver's early business growth. In order that you may have a true perspective, please note that the town wasn't even started until October in '58. By 1860 a population of 4,749 persons, and it all happened in less than two years.

On March 28, 1859, wagon trains brought the outfit for the overland stage and express line. It was in charge of Beverly D. Williams, and stage service was soon established by the Leavenworth & Pikes Peak Company.

Early in '59 Richens Wooton built a business house of logs. It was two stories or 1-3/4 stories in height; it was 20 x 32 feet, and was roofed with clapboards or rived shingles. It had glazed windows and an outside staircase. The floor was of whip sawed boards, generally considered as Denver's first planking.

Blake and Williams, the first mercantile firm, moved to Denver from Auraria and occupied a structure built for them by the pioneer carpenter Willoughby and Avery. The building was 30 by 110 feet. They used only a part for the mercantile store, and the rest for hotel purposes. Kinn and Nye then moved to Denver from Auraria, and fashioned the first stove for heating the Blake and Williams store. The stove cost \$150.

In this same year four saw mills were established to serve Denver. The first two were about thirty miles south of Cherry Creek on Running Creek. N. S. Wyatt and Hiram P. Bennett established the first, D. C. Jones the second, and then Little and Whittemore, the third. The demand for lumber for the construction of new and better buildings was terrific. The supply could not be met. The output was absorbed as fast as produced, prices ranged around \$100 per thousand board feet.

Wherever men gather they have to have a newspaper. On April 13 in 1859 John L. Merrick came with the first newspaper printing office equipment. He did not set up a paper immediately, however; perhaps he wanted to become acquainted with the town, or because of his convivial nature he delayed. Other men had more immediate plans. William N. Aldrich and Thomas Gibson, accompanied by John L. Dailey, a practical printer, had started across the plains from Omaha with equipment. In 1859 they had also prepared for action by printing one side of the prospecting map coming to Fort St. Vrain, Byers came forward alone to Cherry Creek and arrived on April 17. He sent word for the outfit, which was not there until three days later, on April 20. The printing office was in the second story of Wooton Block, making it Denver's first newspaper building. The first paper was published on Saturday, April 24. The paper came out only half an hour later.

issue of his publication. He went prospecting and later came back and worked for Byers' Rocky Mountain News until the Civil War.

John Good also came to Denver in 1859, and is credited with establishing the first general mercantile store in the new settlement. He was to become a great power in commerce. He promoted industries, banks and railroads. He was one of the promoters and original stockholders of the Denver and South Park Railroad and the Denver and Gulf Railway, and he invested in the Moffat Road. He was one of the organizers in 1874 of the German Bank, which later became the American National Bank.

On May 7, 1859, two coaches of the Leavenworth and Pikes Peak Express Company swung up to the station in Denver, establishing the city's first scheduled transportation with the east. The coaches had taken 19 days from the Missouri River. A construction team had accompanied them from Leavenworth, which was measured as 687 miles away by odometer. The only passenger was Henry Villard, who had paid a fare of \$200. Later the fare was set at \$100.

The Leavenworth and Pikes Peak Express Company was a combination of two firms. There was Russell, Majors and Waddell, which was joined by Jones and Cartright, the latter firm being large operators in freighting and merchandising. The Express Company acquired 52 new Concord coaches, and its equipment and stages are reputed to have cost over a quarter of a million dollars. The fare from Leavenworth to Denver was \$100, including meals. The fare between intermediate points was 25¢ per mile. The trip to Denver from Leavenworth required seven days.

Another source of revenue for the stage coach business at this time was the carrying of mail. The post office at Leavenworth was authorized by the government to turn over the mail destined for points along the line, at no cost to the government. Upon arrival in Denver, addressees of letters paid 25¢ per letter to the stage coach company. Upon arrival of a coach, Denver citizens formed into long lines to ask for their mail. One young man was particularly apt in remembering names and faces. Seeing men in line who he knew did not have mail, he would call their names so that they could drop out. That man later became known as Judge Amos Steck.

In August, 1859, J. B. Doyle and Fred Z. Salomon brought in for that time an immense stock of goods. Their train consisted of twelve wagons, each drawn by five yoke of oxen. The wagons were loaded with provisions, groceries, boots and shoes for men, dry goods, miners' tools and supplies. Then came St. Vrain and St. James, with a long caravan of wagons laden with merchandise, including flour.

Prices were high in Denver in the autumn of '59. Flour brought \$40 a barrel of 196 pounds; bacon 50¢ and 60¢ a pound; beans, 60¢ to 75¢ a

quart; sugar, 50¢ a pound; milk, 50¢ to 60¢ a quart; coffee, 90¢ to \$1.00 a pound; eggs, \$2.00 a dozen.

Jones and Cartright of the Express Company had arrived in Denver in '59, and in 1860 they built a large brick warehouse. It was 33 by 125 feet, said to be the largest merchandise depot in the country. Jones and Cartright frequently carried in stock \$150,000 in merchandise.

A young man of 21 arrived on St. Patrick's Day in 1860 with four wagon loads of goods, one of which was driven by himself. He was a man destined throughout his lifetime to exert a great influence upon the growth and development of the city of his adoption. With possibly one exception, this man did more than anyone else commerce-wise to lay the foundation for the building of the great city we know today. The man's name was David H. Moffat.

David H. Moffat was born in New York State. He left his father's farm when 12 years old and went to New York City to make his own way. He became a messenger in the New York Exchange Bank; at 16 he had risen to Assistant Teller.

An older brother in Iowa urged him to come West, the land of opportunity. He came West, first to Des Moines, then to Omaha where he became at 17 the Assistant Cashier of the Bank of Nebraska. In 1860 he formed a partnership with a book and stationery store operator and came to Denver to open a branch. Having opened his stationery store he became assistant postmaster and agent for the telegraph company. Denver had as yet no telegraph line, so messages came by horse from Julesburg. Young Moffat took subscriptions for eastern newspapers and delivered them in person for 25¢ per copy. As an example of his eye for business, he noticed that the cabins of the town needed decoration, so he ordered 6,000 rolls of wallpaper and sold them in no time at all.

In 1867 Moffat was appointed cashier of the two-year-old First National Bank, the institution of which he became President in 1880.

In June, 1860, George W. and Samuel Brown opened Denver's first bank. Later in the same month, Turner and Hobbs opened the second. Then came Clark Gruber and Company, the firm which minted its own coins, and whose coinage business was purchased by the government.

George Tritch came to Denver in May, 1860, and opened a hardware business. Later he was the first to introduce for sale here such items as scythes, cradles, plows, thrashing machines, reapers and mowers.

In August, 1860, the Platte Valley Theater was built by five men who sold the property the next year to Jack Langrich.

On August 27, 1860, the Rocky Mountain News became a daily newspaper. It carried telegraphic news, although Denver had no telegraph. The news came from the Missouri River by Pony Express. The first dis-

patch left St. Joseph, Missouri, on November 8. It was published on November 13. The dispatch carried the news of Lincoln's election.

J. S. Brown was in the lumber business in Atchison, Kansas. The Civil War made business tough. He made two trips to Denver with his own wagon trains in '61. He came again early in '62, and stayed to engage in the grocery business with A. B. Daniels. The fire of '63 destroyed their building, but the next year the firm did \$200,000 worth of business. Daniels retired in '68 and J. F. Brown joined the firm, which occupied an important position in Denver merchandising circles for many years.

In March, 1862, an official action in Washington brought another man to Denver. He was Dr. John Evans, founder of Evanston, Illinois, and Northwestern University. President Abraham Lincoln appointed Dr. Evans as the Second Territorial Governor of Colorado. During the balance of his lifetime Governor Evans worked unceasingly for the economic development of Denver and the state. He was truly an Empire Builder. He founded the University of Denver and more than any one man was responsible for bringing the first railroad to Denver. There was scarcely a big project in those early formative years of the city that did not benefit from his vision and his energy.

William Barth arrived in Denver in 1863, just after the fire. He obtained space between two buildings, installed a roof and carried on a business in the manufacturing of nail boots.

Business was hazardous in those early days. You not only had to get your merchandise across the plains in the face of hostile Indians, but fires and floods seemed to occupy an important place in the history of all cities. This was true in Denver. Frederic A. Clark came to Denver in '63 and engaged in the grocery business. He was burned out in that year and flooded out the following year. He gave notes for capital and started again. In 1867 he went to Georgetown, where he bought half interest in the Terrible Mine. In 1870 he sold the mine in London, England, for \$500,000.

Herman H. Heiser came to Denver in '63. He first opened a saddle shop in Blackhawk. He sold that and went to Central in 1870. He came to Denver in '74 and purchased the harness shop of William Merchant.

Joseph H. Estabrook came to Denver in '64 and opened a livery stable. His new stable burned in '72 at a loss of \$50,000, including 58 horses and many carriages. In 30 days the stable was rebuilt and operating again.

A man by the name of Wolfe Londoner arrived in Denver in 1865, and opened his own business. I do not know what the business was, and the mention of the man is made because of the story of how he transported

his family from Dubuque to St. Louis. The family was in dire circumstances. Wolfe had \$15, but the steamboat fare to St. Louis was \$25. He boarded the steamer and related his plight to the captain. The captain accepted his hard luck story and wrote a ticket for Wolfe Londoner and family. He could not see how a man so young could have more than a wife and one child. Londoner boarded the boat with a family of seven. The captain was a good scout and took them all to St. Louis.

Jerome B. Chaffee, one of the famous men of early Denver, had probably a larger investment in mines than any man in Colorado. He is said to have owned about 100 gold and silver lodes. In 1865 he bought the business of Clark and Company, bankers, and organized the First National Bank, of which he became President until 1880.

Isaac Brinker came from Missouri in 1866 and opened a business as a wholesale and retail grocer. Fourteen years later, in 1880, he was reported to be doing \$1,000,000 a year in business.

Adam Woeber came to Denver in '67 and established a branch shop of a Davenport, Iowa, firm of carriage and wagon makers. In '72 he bought out the Davenport partner and changed the name to Woeber Brothers. Probably the best known products of this firm passed from the streets of Denver only a few months ago when street cars were eliminated from service of the Denver Tramway Corporation.

Charles and Erastus F. Hallack engaged in the lumber business in 1867. Ten years later they were joined by Charles S. Howard, establishing the firm of Hallack and Howard Lumber Company.

R. S. Little, a railroad surveyor, was engineer in construction of an irrigation ditch from Littleton to Denver in 1867. Little, with John G. Lilley and others, built the Rough and Ready Flouring Mills at Littleton. The mills burned in '72 and '74 and the stone mill still standing at Littleton was then erected. Little platted Littleton in 1875.

In this retelling of the history of early Denver, it would be easy to give the false impression that the city just happened, that it was a city of destiny that nothing could stop from becoming great. Such was not the case. It is a city built by the vision and will of men, strong men.

Denver's first great mushroom growth occurred during its first two years. People settled here during that period in anticipation of riches to come. The first settlers came in '58 looking for gold. When reports went out of some wealth found, there came the gold rush of '59. As I have mentioned, the town had a population of 4,749. To a large extent the population was transient. Men came to Denver as a jumping off place to start their search for gold. They returned either rich or broke, and went back to the states. Other hordes came to replace them.

These trends continued in the sixties, except that the factor of transcontinental transportation became more important. The realization came that commerce of the future would follow the routes of the railroads.

From the first discussion of the transcontinental railroad, it had been supposed of course that it would pass through Denver. Many surveys had been made west to prove its feasibility. The high Rockies were a frightful barrier. The Union Pacific decided to cross them through Wyoming. The Kansas Pacific wanted \$2,000,000 to come to the city. A railroad seemed impossible to obtain. By 1867 business men were leaving Denver and locating in Cheyenne so they could be on the railroad.

This viewpoint did not coincide with the vision of other members of the business community. They, John Evans and David Moffat among them, organized the Denver Board of Trade in November, 1867. A meeting was called for the evening of November 15.

The speaker was George Francis Train, who has been described as an effervescent and eccentric promoter, globe trotter, and spell-binder. With great innocence he announced that he would be glad to talk if they would only tell him what to talk about. When someone shouted "Railroads," he replied, "Railroads it shall be." There followed such a flow of oratory as is seldom heard. In closing he shouted dramatically, "Colorado is a great gold mine! Denver is a great fact! Make it a great railroad center!" He then called for a vote; all those in favor of going to vote would say "Yes." A thundering response of "Yes." All those in favor of providing support say "yes." Again, "Yes."

Following this happy conclusion of his address, Mr. Train who had professed to speak on the spur of the moment, pulled a list of names, which had fortunately been in his pocket, and declared that the meeting should proceed to organize the railroad at once.

The Board of Trade set out to raise funds and it is related that \$300,000 was subscribed within three days -- quite a job for a town of less than 5,000 population.

The Board of Trade was merged with the Denver Chamber of Commerce in 1884. The Chamber called the bringing of the first railroad its first big job of acquiring assets for Denver.

John Evans is credited as being the organizer of the Board of Trade, and he continued to be Chairman of the Railroad Committee of that organization and of the Chamber of Commerce for many years. He was president of the first railroad, the Denver Pacific; David Moffat was treasurer.

Moffat had come to Denver with the intention of amassing a fortune of \$75,000 and retiring in the east to live on his income. His enter-

prises so intrigued him, however, that he stayed on. He was appointed receiver of the Kansas Pacific railroad in '76; became president of the First National Bank in 1880; and president of the Denver and Rio Grande railroad in 1884.

Prof. Nathaniel P. Hill of Brown University had come west in the middle sixties. He found that the mines of Gilpin county were having difficulties in refining the complex ores of the district. Many mills and smelters had been built there but they were unsuccessful. Thinking that he could solve the problem, he went to Great Britain where he studied smelting methods. On his return in 1867, he organized the Boston & Colorado Smelting Co., which was capitalized at \$275,000. The plant was located in Black Hawk and operated successfully until 1878 when it was located in Denver at Argo. It had a capacity of 100 tons a day. The plant's success in treating complex ores made possible the continued development of mines throughout the area.

In 1869 Charles D. McPhee came from Boston to Denver and began contracting and building in partnership with his brother, A. McPhee. The firm of McPhee and McGinnity was established in 1879.

Col. Archer came to Denver in the autumn of 1870. He organized the Denver City Water Co. which started water service on January 10, 1872.

Frank W. Crocker came to Denver in 1871 from Hartford, Connecticut. He had been a clerk in a drug store, a bookkeeper and business manager for a harness and saddle house. While interviewing Mr. Crocker in 1930 I asked him how he came to establish the Crocker Cracker Co.

Mr. Crocker said that when the trains would come in it was his habit as a new arrival to go to the station and watch. He used to walk along the freight dock among the incoming shipments. He was thinking of going into business, but he had no idea what line it would be. It occurred to him that the answer might be found by observing what was being shipped in. He noticed the immense shipments of crackers that were arriving. There was no local manufacturer of crackers, the market was here, so why not go into the cracker manufacturing business. Therefore, Mr. Crocker made one of the first market surveys ever made in Denver.

Crocker Cracker Co. did a volume of \$20,000 the first year, and in 1879 a volume of \$75,000. The business became outstandingly successful. Mr. Crocker was one of Denver's most successful businessmen and in 1895 he was elected president of the Denver Chamber of Commerce. Upon his retirement from business, his company was purchased by a national concern.

J. C. Kuner came to Denver in 1872 from St. Louis where he had lost all his capital. He started the Denver Pickle Works. It is said that he carried his vinegar about the city in a wheelbarrow.

C. S. Morey arrived in Denver in 1875 and became the western representative of Sprague, Warner & Co. He travelled in an overland stagecoach all over the west, calling at such points as Sargent, Kansas, Santa Fe, New Mexico, Kelton, Utah, and Boise, Idaho. He is credited with being the first traveling salesman to visit these cities from Denver. In 1881 he became a member of the firm and established a branch in this city. In 1884 he organized the Morey Mercantile Co.

Two conspicuous improvements to the business community occurred in 1879. The Tabor building was built at 16th and Larimer. The Windsor Hotel was constructed and considered the finest of its time.

Recently there came into my hands a copy of the First Annual Report of the Chamber of Commerce and Board of Trade. Published in 1884 the book presents a wealth of information about Denver business in 1883.

There were 10 broad-gage and 8 narrow-gage railroads operating from Denver. Their mileage of track in Colorado approximated 2,900 miles. Fifty-four passenger trains arrived at and departed from Denver daily.

According to the 1880 census there were 259 manufacturing establishments in the city, which produced an annual value of products of \$9,367,749. Among these establishments were: a rolling mill producing iron rails for railroads, a cement plant, a leather tanner, a producer of pipe organs. Other products included: dresses, cloaks and millinery, boots and shoes, saddlery and harness, clothing, furniture and upholstery, wagons and carriages, iron fencing, stained glass, woodwork, terra cotta, fire-brick and crucibles, assayers' materials, sewer pipe, soap, trunks and valises, canvas and duck goods, and many other items.

Local smelters created one of the best ore markets in the country. In 1883, the Grant Smelting Co. produced \$6,348,868 in gold, silver and lead. It had smelted 101,000 tons of ore and employed 210 men. It operated nine blast furnaces.

The Boston and Colorado Smelting Co. operated 40 furnaces, processed 35,000 tons of ore, employed 170 men and produced \$3,907,000 in gold, silver and copper.

There were seven banks having total deposits of about \$8,000,000.

Six breweries produced about 69,000 barrels of beer.

Twenty-two cigar manufacturers made 1,268,000 cigars.

The Tabor Grand Opera House had been built and furnished at a cost of about \$800,000. There is said to be only one handsomer in the world -- the Grand Opera House in Paris, built by Emperor Napoleon. It is stated that the Tabor Grand has paid satisfactory profits on the investment ever since its opening.

The Colorado Electric Company was established in business and it was hoped that perfected methods of lighting houses, stores and fac-

tories would be adopted. The company had erected six substantial iron towers, 150 feet in height, upon as many elevated points in Denver, each illuminating extensive neighborhoods. The company employed twelve men, furnished 300 lights, operated three engines and eight dynamos which had a capacity of 415 lamps.

The First Annual Report of the Chamber has this to say about the Colorado Telephone Co. "This corporation inaugurated business in Denver in 1878, with crude appliances (Bell patent) compared with the present structure, and very few subscribers; but as the usefulness of the system became more and more apparent, and as vastly improved facilities for communication soon replaced the primitive, the demand increased with extreme rapidity. The company now have 475 miles of wire in the city, and closed the year with 709 subscribers. They have thirty employees. Gross amount of business for the year, \$140,000."

Denver made its first important bid as a great convention city when the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic was held here in July, 1883. Over 5,000 GAR's attended.

Five members of the Denver Chamber of Commerce or the Board of Trade, in 1883, or their successors, are still members of the organization today. They are: The Colorado National Bank, Daniels and Fishers Stores Company, Denver Tramway Corporation, Public Service Company of Colorado and Western Union Telegraph Company.

The Board of Trade and the Chamber united in 1884, and twenty additional companies became members. These are: American National Bank; Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Co.; Barteldes Seed Co.; Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad Co.; Crescent Flour Mills Co.; Denver Fire Clay Co.; Denver National Bank; Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad Co.; Denver Union Stock Yard Co.; Dun and Bradstreet Co.; First National Bank; Hallack and Howard Lumber Co.; Hendrie and Bolthoff Manufacturing and Supply Co.; Joslin Dry Goods Co.; Landon Abstract Co.; Lyons and Johnson Company; Morey Mercantile Co.; W. S. Sanderson and Brothers; Smedley Dental Group; Title Guaranty Co.; and Union Pacific Railroad.

It had been my intent to close this narrative with the outline of business in 1883, but I am so intrigued by the career of David Moffat that I must continue to sketch other achievements of his lifetime.

Becoming president of the Rio Grande railroad in 1884, he held this position for six years. During this time he built 682 miles of standard gage and 296 miles of tree-rail track. The road became known throughout the country for its fine roadbed and equipment.

Throughout his lifetime, after he first entered the railroad business in 1867, he saw Denver as the hub of railroads that would extend

in all directions. More than anything else he wanted Denver to be on a transcontinental route westward. That goal was always on his mind. During the Aspen mining boom he built the Aspen branch of the Rio Grande. He proposed a branch to Creede during its boom. The directors laughed. Moffat replied, "All right, I'll build it myself." He did, and it was so profitable the Rio Grande was glad to take it off his hands.

His directors laughed again when he suggested a line to Cripple Creek. He built the road himself and again the Rio Grande took it over. He built the railroad from Boulder to the Marshall coal fields. Moffat urged the Rio Grande to build a line directly west from Denver through the mountains. The directors laughed at the idea.

Moffat bought properties in the mining camps to which he had built railroads and became a leading mine operator. He is reputed to have taken fortunes out of such famous mines as the Maid, Henriette, Resurrection, and Tabor's Little Pittsburgh at Leadville; the Caribou at Boulder; the Holy Moses at Creede; and the Anaconda, Victor and Golden Cycle at Cripple Creek. He was the first to use the cyanide process of gold extraction invented by the Colorado engineer Philip Argall. Glenn Chesney Quiett relates in his book, "They Built the West," that "Where he (Moffat) led, investors followed, and the First National Bank and the Moffat interests came to be synonymous with financial stability and success."

In the panic of 1893, when scores of banks were failing, Moffat liquidated \$2,000,000 of his own government bonds and put the money in his own bank. When others were calling loans and foreclosing mortgages, he extended credit, and it is said that not one of his customers failed. It is told that the president of the First National Bank of Fort Collins came to him with a satchel full of gilt-edged securities to borrow money, saying, "I have never done business with you but I need your help." Moffat replied, "Put them away, I know your bank. Go back to Fort Collins, and if you need help, telegraph. I will send you a telegram stating that the First National Bank of Fort Collins will never go under until the First National Bank of Denver does. You can paste that notice on your front door."

As the years passed the Moffat interests became the most powerful in the state. He controlled railroads, mines, and power projects. He was an important factor in the Denver City Tramway and the Denver Water Works. He was one of the owners of the Fourth National Bank and the Western National Bank of New York.

One day he showed a friend credits in New York banks for \$7,000,000. "If I had that much," the friend said, "I wouldn't do another thing the rest of my life." Moffat replied, "I am not satisfied to do nothing. I want to be doing something new -- building or developing. That is the

way I get my pleasure out of life."

At the age of 63, Moffat announced that at last Denver was to have its direct road to the west coast. So the Denver and Northwestern Pacific, later the Denver and Salt Lake, was organized. Obstacles beset it, one after another. Financial backers withdrew under pressure from competing railroads. Ownership of rights-of-way were challenged. The very mountains seemed to oppose him. The road was pushed to Steamboat Springs.

Moffat died in New York in 1911. Almost his last words were: "If I succeed in putting Denver on a through transcontinental line, I will then have done something for my state." All his fortune, estimated at \$20,000,000, had gone into the railroad.

Others took up the battle of the Moffat road, among them William C. Evans, son of Governor Evans. The line was built to Craig. The Moffat Tunnel was built, and in the 1930's the Rio Grande bought the Moffat railroad. The Dotsero Cut-Off was built.

History had again repeated itself. The Rio Grande directors had laughed again when he had proposed that that railroad build west through the mountains from Denver. Ultimately he had said, "I'll build it myself." He did not live long enough to achieve that end or to see it achieved. But the Rio Grande responded again by buying the railroad that he had envisioned.

Sources: "History of Denver," by Jerome C. Smiley; "History of Denver, Colorado," by W. B. Vickers; "The Moffat Tunnel," by Edgar McMechen; "They Built the West," by Glenn Chesney Quiett; and the First Annual Report of the Chamber of Commerce and Board of Trade.

Dust from the Denver Corral



Edgar C. McMechen reports that the installation of the museum at Old Fort Garland in the San Luis Valley, being restored by the State Historical Society, was 75% completed by the end of last summer. The Museum is located in the west barracks. Also installed was an exhibit representing a squad room in the 1870's. An Army supply wagon, an Army escort wagon, and an Army ambulance have been donated to the Fort by the U. S. War Department through the courtesy of the Commandant at Fort Leavenworth. The establishment of a Kit Carson memorial in the commandant's house at Fort Garland will be completed next summer. The Soldier's Theater in the cavalry barracks has been restored.

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Phil and Mrs. Whiteley made an air trip to Boston, New York, Washington and Cleveland recently. They visited with posseman Eric Douglas at the Peabody Museum in Boston, where the latter is rearranging the American Indian display. The Whiteleys also toured many historic spots of the East.

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Carl Mathews is presently working up an article on Rico, which he expects to have published shortly.

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Arthur Campa attended the Rocky Mountain Modern Language Association meeting at Laramie, November 24-25, where he gave a paper on the "Cultural Content of Language." Two weeks later he attended the Executive Committee meeting of the Southwest Council Education at the University of Texas.

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Sheriff L. J. Davidson read a paper on "The Unpublished Manuscripts of Andy Adams" at Rocky Mountain Modern Language Association meeting.

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Art Carhart has a story in the current (November) issue of Field and Stream.

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The public in general and the Westerners in particular will look

forward with eagerness to the publication by Henry Holt and Co. in April 1951, of Forbes Parkhill's "Wildest of the West". The book is dedicated to the Denver posse of the Westerners, and is an outgrowth of a talk made before the posse two years ago on Mattie Silks.

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Thomas Hornsby Ferril was recently elected vice-president of the Poetry Society of America, Rocky Mountain States. On November 30, he lectured at Barnard College, Columbia University, and read some of his poetry in connection with a series conducted by John Kouwenhoven.

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By November 22, Don Bloch had received 156 subscriptions for his 1949 Brand Book, and had hopes of getting it out of the forms by Christmas.

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The Corresponding Members present at the November meeting were E. N. Barker, W. S. Broome, Charles J. Beise and Robert B. Cormack. The latter reports that an interesting collection of very early photographs (negatives) of Cheyenne was purchased by D. L. Hopwood of the Hopwood studio. Included in the collection are many shots of early cowboy activity. Maybe the Westerners would be interested in looking them over. Mr. Barker has just delivered a short article to be published in the January Western Cover Society magazine. It is entitled "A Tale of Three Postmarks" and tells of the rivalry between Auraria and Denver City in 1859-60.

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A guest at the November meeting was Rodney Waldron, soon to take up the duties of Assistant Librarian at the State Historical Society of Missouri at Columbia, Missouri.

Chuck Wagon Book Reviews



RUXTON OF THE ROCKIES -- Autobiographical Writings by the author of "Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains" and "Life in the Far West" -- Collected by Clyde and Mae Reed Porter, and edited by LeRoy R. Hafen. University of Oklahoma Press, 1950. \$5.00.

The story of the brief but meteoric life of George Frederick Ruxton is by now fairly well known to most Westerners in its essential phases -- that he was born not far from Oxford, England, in 1821, one of six children, of an Irish-Scottish family; that even as a boy he seemed to delight in lonely adventure and wandering; that he was enrolled at Sandhurst Military College, in Berkshire, at 14 -- where a rather innocent escapade resulted in his expulsion. In 1838, when only 17, the urge for action moved him to enlist on the side of the Loyalists in the then current Spanish civil war, from which he emerged with a highly-rated decoration for gallantry. The next two years -- a comparatively dull period in Ruxton's life -- were spent as a foot soldier stationed in various parts of the British Isles. In 1841 he got his first taste of the American continent, having been transferred to the 89th regiment stationed in Ontario, Canada. There he hunted with the Indians and had full opportunity to enjoy the free, wild life of the woods and rivers that had always been in his blood.

After a leave of absence and return to England where he spent the winter of 1842-43, he came back to his Canadian station in the midsummer of 1843. Later that year he apparently tired of his army life and sold his commission that fall. It is interesting to observe that after asking for official permission for retirement from the army, he was persuaded by some of his service friends to reconsider his decision -- but it was too late -- "the papers had gone through." That fall and winter, 1843-44, he again enjoyed life to the fullest, hunting with his Chippewa Indian friends in the Canadian wilds adjoining the Great Lakes region.

1844-45 were the years of the restless Ruxton's African adventures. After a rather brief visit to North Africa in the summer of 1844, he re-embarked, the following winter, on a more ambitious journey of explora-

tion through tropical South Africa, which ended abortively -- and very nearly in disaster.

After waiting in vain for Government support for another South African expedition, he went to Mexico instead. Here was a turbulent world. The Mexican war had broken out. That Ruxton had a mission beyond his ever-present spirit of travel and adventure, is no mere conjecture. Ruxton himself, although he is reticent about it in his published book, "Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains" (1847), on other occasions quite clearly revealed his mission; which was partly diplomatic, but evidently to an even greater extent, commercial in character -- to render help to British traders whose caravan traffic over the Santa Fe Trail to Mexico the war had stalled. Some later historical commentators have stigmatized Ruxton with the label of spy; but the known facts do not justify this; nor was there, apparently, any contemporary opinion to that effect on the part of Americans in a position to know -- men such as Abert, Garrard, and others who met Ruxton on the trail and conversed with him at length. Ruxton revealed his mission openly to Lieut. Abert and showed him his papers. In all instances, Ruxton made a good impression on Americans.

His own opinion of American foreign policy was not one of approval, naturally; yet, neither was it too scathing. He seemed to have a high regard for the fighting qualities of Americans generally and, conversely, a contempt for the Mexicans which appeared to stretch beyond the point of merely their ineffective soldiery. In his earlier contacts with middle-class American types, Ruxton was amused by some of the crudities he encountered, in both speech and action; yet, he seemed tolerant of the young expanding nation. One thing sure -- he had the most profound admiration for the character and fortitude of American frontier types to whom he felt so close. Again and again he expresses his delight in the sterling character of the mountain man and trapper types of the American far West, as well as the majestic ruggedness of the scenery, and -- if I may be pardoned for getting ahead of the story, the last trip he made to the West, which resulted in his tragic and untimely death from an epidemic then raging in St. Louis, in August 1848, was for the double purpose of improving his failing health and also, quite evidently, for "one more good look" at the beloved wild country, and to again see some of his many friends in the mountains, before "settling down," as he wrote his mother in a last letter.

Now something about this fine book -- truly a major event in our written literature on the early far West. The Denver Westerners already know what motivated the publishing of this book in the first place. They learned from Mrs. Clyde Porter's lips, on the memorable occasion of

her talk to us in November, 1947, of her magnificent enterprise and good fortune in locating unpublished manuscript diaries of Ruxton's adventures in Canada and Africa, besides much other notable Ruxton memorabilia, including many original sketches drawn by him and last, but not least, the fine likeness of Ruxton -- an ivory miniature which is reproduced in the book. Mrs. Porter's introduction relating her experience and part in the undertaking makes most interesting reading, and the grateful thanks of an appreciative Western history public goes to her and her equally enthusiastic husband and collaborator, Clyde Porter. Reproductions of applicable original paintings by the famous American artist of the old West, Alfred J. Miller, also from Mrs. Porter's collection, enrich the book.

And now a word about the work of the general editor, our own LeRoy Hafén, who did a masterful job selecting the most interesting and pertinent parts of the newly-discovered Ruxton material, filling in with adequate and explanatory running narrative, and combining it with the major and most important portion of Ruxton's own "Adventures" which, as aforesaid, appeared as a published book in 1847. The combined result, as "tailored" by Dr. Hafén, reads smoothly and the interest is never lagging. I can't conceive of the library of a Westerner being without it. Even if he buys only one book a year, this should be it. And may I add a note or two, in supplement. For additional reading on Ruxton, may I specially recommend, as Mrs. Porter does in her introduction, the fine article on Ruxton, the man and his life, by corresponding member Frederic E. Voelker, of St. Louis, in the January 1949 Bulletin of the Missouri Historical Society. Also -- and this is referred to in the publishers' blurb on the jacket -- the present volume on Ruxton is shortly to be followed by a reprint edition of Ruxton's other famous classic, "Life in the Far West," originally published in 1849. This also will be edited by Dr. Hafén, and will make the first a worthy companion.

And, finally, if I may be forgiven for such a digressing thought in connection with Ruxton -- has anyone wondered about women in his life -- or, rather, the lack of them. He barely mentions women except when he runs into them head-on, mainly in indirect narrative. His young life was evidently too crowded with adventure to allow any room for women. He was too occupied. And yet, on reflection, other intrepid geniuses, Napoleon for example, didn't overlook this very important attribute of the fuller life. Well, even without women, Ruxton was quite a man -- and this, let me repeat, is quite a book.

(Fred A. Rosenstock)

Early in December, J. D. Ramage, jeweler and watch repairer, opened a jewelry store. And then on Christmas Day came Richens L. Wooton. He brought a couple of wagons loaded with frontier merchandise, and barrels. The barrels were full. He set up a tent and launched Denver's first advertising campaign for customers. Wooton had concluded that he would make a favorable impression by one sweeping appeal. He opened up a barrel, invited all men to come with tin cups and help themselves to all they wanted. It was a great Christmas night in 1858 in Denver. Everybody had fun, and Richens Wooton was known both in Auraria and Denver. Wooton had come from Fort Union, New Mexico. He had intended to make one last trading trip among the Arapahoes and Cheyennes. Then he planned to go home to retire in Kentucky. He liked Denver, business was good, and he stayed.

Thomas Pollock came from New Mexico in December, 1858. He opened the first smithery on January 10 in '59 and soon proved that he was handy and effective in working with guns and revolvers. At about the same time, Kasserman, Luttrell and Hemphill set up a log carpenters shop. Then came Henry Reitz of Omaha and E. Karczewsky of Chariton, Iowa. They launched Denver's first baking business. Also in January came John Ming with a stock of groceries, and on February 1 arrived Davide Smoke, who opened a cabin as a public house, the first on Cherry Creek. He called it "The El Dorado Hotel." It was a one-story cabin with a dirt floor.

Among the first arrivals in what is now Denver were Count and Countess Murat. He was a Frenchman who claimed to be nephew of Bonaparte's King of Naples. He became associated with Smoke. He shaved men's beards at \$1.00 per shave, and his wife did laundry work. Horace Greeley records that in the summer of '59 he was shaved by the Count at \$1.00, and was charged \$3.00 by the Countess for doing a half dozen pieces of laundry. Horace Greeley reported that he had found ". . . at least one man determined to make the best of opportunity."

In February of 1859, and you must remember that things had only started to boom in the previous October, the Kansas Territorial Legislature granted a charter to five men to operate a ferry across the Platte River. They did not exercise the privilege, however. A Kentuckian by the name of Thomas Warren began a ferry service from the foot of 11th Street, which was originally called Ferry Street. His contraption was a rope ferry. There was a rope stretched across the stream and fastened to trees. By an ingenious arrangement of ropes, the current pushed the boat back and forth across the river. Expenses of operating such a service were light, and profits heavy. The ferry operator charged \$1.00 for wagon and team. He did a great business, and history relates that

his business was more profitable than mining for the average man.

I am trying to give you the picture of Denver's early business growth. In order that you may have a true perspective, please remember that the town wasn't even started until October in '58. By 1860 it had a population of 4,749 persons, and it all happened in less than two years.

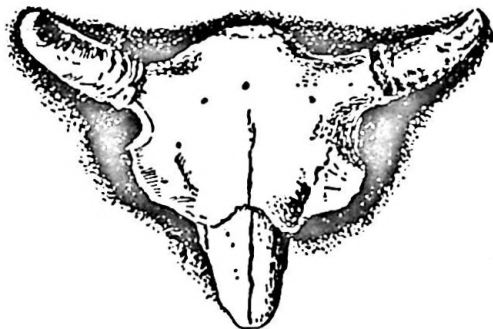
On March 28, 1859, wagon trains brought the outfit for the first overland stage and express line. It was in charge of Beverly D. Williams, and stage service was soon established by the Leavenworth and Pikes Peak Company.

Early in '59 Richens Wooton built a business house of logs. It was two stories or 1-3/4 stories in height; it was 20 x 32 feet, and was roofed with clapboards or rived shingles. It had glazed windows and an outside staircase. The floor was of whip sawed boards, generally considered as Denver's first planking.

Blake and Williams, the first mercantile firm, moved to Denver from Auraria and occupied a structure built for them by the pioneer carpenters, Willoughby and Avery. The building was 30 by 110 feet. They used only a part for the mercantile store, and the rest for hotel purposes. Kinna and Nye then moved to Denver from Auraria, and fashioned the first stove for heating the Blake and Williams store. The stove cost \$150.

In this same year four saw mills were established to serve Denver. The first two were about thirty miles south of Cherry Creek on Running Creek. N. S. Wyatt and Hiram P. Bennett established the first, D. C. Oakes the second, and then Little and Whittemore, the third. The demand for lumber for the construction of new and better buildings was terrific. The supply could not be met. The output was absorbed as fast as produced, prices ranged around \$100 per thousand board feet.

Wherever men gather they have to have a newspaper. On April 13 in '59 John L. Merrick came with the first newspaper printing office equipment. He did not set up a paper immediately, however; perhaps he wanted to become acquainted with the town, or because of his convivial habits he delayed. Other men had more immediate plans. William N. Byers and Thomas Gibson, accompanied by John L. Dailey, a practical printer, had started across the plains from Omaha with equipment. In Omaha they had also prepared for action by printing one side of the paper. Coming to Fort St. Vrain, Byers came forward alone to Cherry Creek, and arrived on April 17. He sent word for the outfit, which was brought up three days later, on April 20. The printing office was installed in the second story of Wooton Block, making it Denver's first office building. The first paper was published on Saturday, April 23. Merrick's paper came out only half an hour later, and that was the only



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BEHIND A WOMAN'S SKIRT: THE SAGA OF "CATTLE KATE"

By
Nolie Mumey

Women have taken many prominent parts in stirring events of western history; a very sad and pathetic role was the one played by Ella Watson, alias "Kate Maxwell," or "Cattle Kate." She was used as a shield for cattle rustlers, and was the first woman to be hung in Wyoming. It was unfortunate that love was a dominating factor, for it terminated her career at the end of a rope when she was only twenty-eight years old.

Ella Watson was the eldest of nine children and was born in Bruce County, Canada, but grew up on a farm near Lebanon, Kansas. She was married at the age of eighteen to W. D. Pickell with whom she lived for two years and was then divorced; no children were born of this union. Ella worked as a domestic in the neighborhood for four years, being employed for a short time in the home of H. R. Stone, a farmer and banker in Smith Center, Kansas.

Her father, Thomas Watson, said she had a good reputation, was handsome, had a good form, and weighed about 165 or 170 pounds. (1) Ella was modest and unassuming; a brunette with soft brown eyes, hidden under heavy eyebrows. She was above the average in intelligence, but according to people who knew her in Wyoming she was far from respectable

(1) The Daily Boomerang, Laramie, Wyoming, September 23, 1889, p. 4, c. 4 & 5.

by any standard of society. (2)

She became tired of a domestic life, traveled to Red Cloud, Nebraska; from there to Denver, on to Cheyenne, and finally reached Rawlins, Wyoming, where she had a room in one of the houses that catered to the night life of men who frequented the frontier towns. She remained in Rawlins until she met James Averell; in her pathetic way she fell in love with him, which was unfortunate, for he was a ruthless, shameless individual, although he also was agreeable and pleasant, and expressed himself in a forcible manner. He had fair breeding, was a civil engineer, and according to C. A. Guernsey, was a graduate from Yale University. (3) Into the life of this girl who had grown up on a farm and spent part of her life in the dim lights of the frontier bawdy houses of the early cow towns, Jim Averell brought some culture, social activity and glamour.

Jim Averell (4) located in Sweetwater Valley, Wyoming, in 1887, about fifty miles from the present town of Casper, Wyoming. He had a combination ranch house, store and saloon. He began writing in the newspapers about the large landowners pushing out the homesteaders, and causing trouble and agitation among all of the ranchers. He had a number of followers and acquired political supporters. The Democratic administration awarded him a post office at Sweetwater; thus he became postmaster, Justice of the Peace, saloon keeper, merchant, and champion of the small homesteader. According to the records in Rawlins, Wyoming, he was granted a commission as a Notary of the Governor of the Territory on February 15, 1889. He contested nearly every claim in the Valley, forcing John Durbin and Bob Connor to prove title to their land, and causing A. J. Bothwell, a large landowner, a great deal of trouble. (5)

The severe winters and dry summers of 1886 to 1888 took a heavy toll of cattle; the sun-scorched plains were covered with skeletons; the storms and heavy snows wrecked all the ranchers and they became financially bankrupt, with only a small remnant of their large herds

(2) Whitmore, Harriett Creed, "They Lynched A Lady," Rocky Mountain Life, Denver, Colorado, March 30, 1949, Vol. 4, No. 2, pp. 27-41.

(3) Guernsey, Charles Arthur, Wyoming Cowboy Days, G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York, 1936, page 91.

(4) The newspapers spelled the name "Averill"; but in a signed letter the spelling was "Averell".

(5) Aikman, Duncan, Calamity Jane and the Lady Wildcats, Henry Holt & Co., N. Y., pages 129-130.

left intact. Averell's controversy between the large landowners and the homesteaders was beginning to gain him followers. Another menace began to penetrate the large cattle ranches -- cattle thieves, or "rustlers," who were making their presence felt by branding stray calves, and blotching the brands of others, had increased to such an extent that they outnumbered the ranchers, and their influence became strong in the community in which they operated. The statutes of the Territory did not protect the cattle owners, who realized they must organize to protect their property and must set up their own laws and deal out their own brand of justice.

The courts had become a farce; judges failed to do their sworn duty through corruption or fear; there was little chance of securing a conviction on a charge of cattle stealing. (6)

Ella Files A Claim

Jim Averell, the ruthless politician and postmaster, conceived the idea of hiding behind a woman's skirt in his criminal career. He secured the services of Ella Watson and brought her into Sweetwater Valley in the fall of 1887, where she filed on a claim of sixty acres on Horse Creek (Claim No. 2003 in the Cheyenne Land Office), around which she had a three-wire fence strung on cedar posts. A small house was built with windows and doors painted pale green, (7) about one and three-fourth miles from Jim Averell's place, which was located a short distance from the east side of Blackrock, a black-appearing granite protruding from present-day Pathfinder reservoir. (8) It was stated that Jim recorded a brand for her in Rawlins, Wyoming, which was used on all cattle that entered her corral. (9)

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- (6) Mokler, Alfred James, History of Natrona County, Wyoming, 1888-1922, The Lakeside Press, Chicago, 1923, page 265.
 - (7) Manuscript by Myfanwy Thomas Goodnough, Rock Springs, Wyoming, in the Agnes Wright Spring Collection, Western History Department, Denver Public Library.
 - (8) Countryman, Mark, "Cowboy Days Along the Sweetwater When Cattle Kate Was Their Queen," Wyoming State Journal, Lander, Wyoming, January 10, 1935.
 - (9) The only record found at the Court House in Rawlins, Wyoming, of a brand was a rejection for an application made by Averell, dated February 20, 1889.

the ranch and told them Jim and Ella were hung, and then started for Casper." (11)

The hanging took place at Spring Creek Gulch, between Casper and Rawlins, about five miles from the Averell ranch. (12) "Cattle Kate" and Jim Averell were hung from the limb of a pine tree growing on the summit of a cliff fronting the Sweetwater River near Independence Rock on Sunday, July 21, 1889. (13) They swung side by side, their arms touching each other, with their tongues protruding from mouths of swollen, discolored faces. It was a ghastly, sickening sight. They had been dangling for twenty-eight hours by lariat ropes and died from strangulation. Neither had fallen over two feet. (14) The bodies were cut down, placed in boxes and buried on the Averell ranch in shallow graves. (15)

A. J. Bothwell, Tom Sun, Ernest McLean, Robert Connor, Robert Galbraith and John Durbin were arrested for the lynching. (16)

R. A. Crosthwaite wrote: ". . . I was in Rawlins when Jim Averell and Ella Watson, known as 'Cattle Kate,' were lynched near the Sweetwater River. Despite the fact of an unsavory reputation, they had many friends and the country was thoroughly aroused over their tragic ending.

"Ed Landenburg, who owned a meat market and the restaurant where I boarded and who assisted in organizing a posse in a futile attempt to run the criminals down, hired me to deliver a message to Phil Watson, brother of Ella and Town Marshal of Casper. . . ." (17)

Crosthwaite made the trip from Rawlins to the Ferris postoffice on Sand Creek, about forty miles, in a Concord stage. There, at Ferris, he

(11) The Daily Boomerang, Laramie, Wyoming, July 30, 1889, p. 4, c. 3.

(12) Trenholm, Virginia Cole, Wyoming Pageant, Prairie Publishing Co., Casper, Wyoming, 1946, p. 207.

(13) The Daily Boomerang, Laramie, Wyoming, July 23, 1889, p. 4, c. 5.

(14) The Denver Times, Denver, Colorado, July 25, 1889, p. 1, c. 5.

(15) The Daily Boomerang, Laramie, Wyoming, July 25, 1889, p. 4, c. 3.

(16) Ibid., July 24, 1889, p. 4, c. 2.

(17) Crosthwaite, R. A., "Recall's Taking Message to Cattle Kate's Brother in Hundred-Mile Journey," Casper Times, Casper, Wyoming, May 4, 1935.

was furnished a horse and continued his journey which led past the Bothwell ranch, now covered by the Pathfinder reservoir. He continued on to Casper and delivered the message to Marshal Watson.

Many editorials in various newspapers condemned the hanging. Witnesses disappeared; the grand jury never indicted the lynchers. So there was no punishment for the lynching of the woman -- a woman who dodged and fought to keep a rope from being placed around her neck, and who pleaded and appealed to the men, asking them to think of their own sisters and mothers -- not to hang her, for in reality she was only a shield for a ruthless, dangerous man who took refuge behind her skirts.

The hanging of "Cattle Kate" was a sad mistake, for she was a creature of circumstance even though she traveled a road of sin and vice -- the most shameless woman in the world is entitled to some mercy. The Territory was disgraced by the lynching; the application of frontier law that a cow or horse was more valuable than a human life was a regrettable episode.

It was a cruel, cold-blooded, cowardly deed to hang this woman; it took all the human element out of Justice to apply a rope around her plump neck and to push her off into eternity.

"CATTLE KATE"

There are situations where men
Become dangerous, learn to hate,
Do some cowardly act as they
Did to poor helpless "Cattle Kate."

We often see those who do not
Seem to just fit into God's plan,
Yet in their own determined way
They strive to do the best they can.

Erring from easy, righteous road
They travel over rugged trail,
Trying hard to live, yet somehow
Always seem to falter or fail;

And are often scorned by others
Who do not try to understand
Or offer any kind of aid
By just lending a helping hand.

Part of our existence seems to
Depend on the throw of fate;
It was by that self-same token
That the stockmen hung "Cattle Kate."

Pleading, arguing with the men,
Not to punish or to take her,
She fought hard, struggled, cried in vain
And asked to pray to the Maker.

She was quickly hung by the neck
From the limb of a scrub pine tree,
Overpowered by the strong men,
Pushed off into eternity.

With the coward who had taken
Refuge behind a skirt, her mate;
As in life, side by side they hung --
Jim Averell and "Cattle Kate."

I fain would try to throw a stone
That would blacken another's name.
Before that great bar of Judgment
Each will be made to bear his blame;

And answer for all his misdeeds
In every way both large or small,
At the throne of the Creator
Who, in the end, will judge us all. (18)

-- Nolie Mumey
November 11, 1950

(18) Composed at 4:00 A.M. after completing the paper on "Cattle Kate."

HIDES, HAMS AND TONGUES

-- by W. H. Hutchinson*

This possible contribution to Americana had its genesis in the "Brand Book" for 1946, where Col. Frank H. Mayer said his say on many things Western. It was titivated into life by reading a chance remark in the monumental "Trail Drivers of Texas" (which I have never again stumbled across), wherein an old Tejano dated his first trip up the trail by saying it was "the year the Government started killing off the buffalo." The factual material herein has not been footnoted for the simple reason that it is all available in any reasonable collection of Western Americana, not necessarily primary works, comparable to mine own which I hasten to assure all and sundry is not so large as either myself or Fred Rosenstock could wish it to be. I also hasten to assure all and sundry that there is not, to my knowledge, one unused footnote herein to provide a Cantabrigian (Massachusetts variety) satisfaction. What merit this possesses is a purely catalytic one, since it may inspire the accurate research the subject seems to require and thus win doctorates and the like for whomever undertakes it. It possesses, also, an alleged literary failing in that it starts at the beginning of the story involved.

Mochtezuma Xocoyotzin, ninth king of Mexico, lay dead. A handful of bearded horsemen in battered, sweat-sour armor held sword title to his Empire, including the Royal Zoo. They gazed in speculative wonder at the animals of New Spain -- "among which the greatest rarity was the Mexican Bull, a wonderful composition of divers animals. It has crooked shoulders, with a Bunch on its back like a Camel; its Flanks dry, its Tail large, and its Neck covered with Hair like a Lion. It is cloven-footed, its Head armed like that of a Bull, which it resembles in Fierceness, with no less Strength and Agility." Thus the Conquistadores became the first Europeans to see the Buffalo, and in a setting to be duplicated four centuries and thirty years after their time.

Much has been said and written about the wanton commercial slaughter of the buffalo, referring specifically to the last eight to ten million animals remaining on the Great Plains out of the sixty to seventy-five million continental population at the time of Cortez. Not much has been done to highlight the fact that the slaughter of this gigantic remnant was accelerated, if not made possible, by a governmental policy of buffalo extermination. In the words of Col. Frank H. Mayer, "The government was privy to the slaughter of the buffalo. A man . . . could get

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all of the government ammunition he wanted for nothing -- provided he could show he was going to use it on buffalo."

The extermination policy was possible because the right to keep and bear arms had not been infringed. It was remarkably successful because a free people were remarkably proficient in exercising that right. This policy was never committed, as such, to official paper. It did not require such action, which made it the more attractive to those who sponsored it. The evidence that it existed is found in the actions and the words of men from two governmental departments, War and Interior. The military and political reasons necessitating this policy were identical -- Indians. Or as it was politely phrased, The Indian Question. The two most prominent supporters of the extermination policy were Columbus Delano, Secretary of Interior under U. S. Grant for five years, and General Phil Sheridan, "Fighting" Phil Sheridan.

Prior to 1849, the War Department, Army, had been responsible for Indian control, good behavior, treaties, presents, and the like. After 1849, those functions were transferred to Interior's Indian Bureau. The transfer caused a long continued friction and bureaucratic intrigue as Army tried to get back its functions, and Interior resisted. Even without this intra-mural sniping, the Indian matter caused confusion. Indians at war came under Army jurisdiction; as soon as they were at peace, Interior resumed control; the tribes, of course, being regarded as independent nations and treated as such.

Well, Hell! All it took for a Comanche, Kiowa, Cheyenne, Arapahoe, or Lipan warrior to change from peace to war or vice-versa, was the inclination. This was a damn sight more rapid process than a transfer of authority through channels. As long as he had the buffalo for an ever-normal-granary, the wild tribes were free and independent of Indian Bureau and blue-coats alike. Colonel Richard Irving Dodge summed it up: "Just so long as the buffalo provides everything the Indian needs, you can't settle the Indian Question." Dodge had spent as much time on the Plains as any Army officer and was a better observer than most.

There was a valid political reason why Interior, vice Mr. Columbus Delano, had to settle the Indian Question. With the coming of the railroads to the Plains, annual sales of public lands reached seven million acres. The supply was not inexhaustible. The wild tribes, those as yet unbroken by disease, whiskey, gunpowder and the twisted magic of the white man's pen, held treaty-title to ninety-four million acres of the public domain. Free land for homesteaders, cheap land for buyers or speculators, had a proven political appeal, particularly when there were Civil War veterans to be rewarded, and presumed victims of the industrial economy to be absorbed. Delano's first move was to support the

"concentration" of all the Plains Indians as a means of freeing their land for settlement. The civilized tribes, those from east of the Mississippi who had been given lands west of that river when their ancestral acres stood in the way of settlement, and the wild Plains tribes as well, would be concentrated in one Indian Territory to learn the virtues of agriculture. Thereafter, the government would no longer treat with the tribes as independent nations.

The concentration policy looked good on paper, it resounded ringingly in the Halls of Congress, it impressed land-hungry constituents. On the Plains, it was like carrying a handful of quicksilver. The wild tribes still had buffalo over all that land between Cheyenne, Wyoming, and the Devils River region of Texas, the land most susceptible to settlement. So long as there were buffalo, the tribes were impervious to concentration policies, Indian Bureau blandishments, and similar methods. They were, also, ready, able and frequently willing, to teach the victorious veterans of the Civil War a few lessons in light cavalry tactics. Therefore, Remove the Buffalo! Interior and Army saw eye to eye on this point, even as the Corps of Engineers and Bureau of Reclamation join forces today against a common enemy.

The Army did what it could in line of duty. Garrisons on the Plains ate buffalo meat to keep the ration cost down -- on Powder River, General F. H. Bradley's soldiers killed fifty tons of meat -- buffalo hams, humps and tongues only -- in a single day. Special hunting parties were conducted for visiting dignitaries or special and influential friends of the Army -- Sheridan took Grand Duke Alexis of Russia on a two-day hunt that bagged 1,000 buffalo; his "millionaires Hunt" featured such notables as James Gordon Bennett of the New York Herald, and Charles Wilson of the Chicago Journal. Shooting buffalo was one, if not the only one, diversion from the bleak frontier duty; witness a General Order at a Kansas post: "Members of this command will, when shooting at buffaloes on the parade ground, be careful not to fire in the direction of the Commanding Officer's quarters." The "Indian Ring" scandals that gave Grant's administration an unholy stench and almost impeached Belknap, his Secretary of War, involved the post traderships with their effect upon the buffalo being indirect -- a cup of well-watered whiskey or a cup of sanded sugar for a buffalo robe dressed and cured by the time-honored processes of the squaws. A buffalo robe overcoat sold for \$10.00 retail in Saint Paul, Minnesota, in 1874, with a flannel lining to-boot. Buffalo robes covered many a sleigh, wagon, and bundling party, although no one seems to have given the custom the label of patriotism to stimulate demand.

Fortunately for the extermination policy, three apparently unrelated events came together to complete the instrument that policy needed short-

ly after Columbus Delano assumed his office in 1870. One was the railroads that chopped the Plains into segments easily accessible to cheap transportation for heavy commodities. A buffalo hide was just that, weighing up to eighty pounds when green. Secondly, the metallic cartridge was perfected and the vertical-block, paper or linen cartridge for Sharps rifle was remodelled to use it. "Big Fifty" and the .44 Sharps were both heavy, up to 18 pounds, they leaked gases around the breech like a sulphur match, but they could be loaded and fired ten times a minute if need be and the barrel wasn't considered. Tom Nixon is credited with 120 buffalo in 40 minutes without moving his rest sticks. Finally, the military establishments of Europe discovered that buffalo leather was superior to, and cheaper than, other leathers for certain types of military accoutrements -- cartridge boxes and the like. Concurrently, a Pennsylvania tannery experimented with buffalo hides and adapted them to the needs of American industry. They made the finest polishing buffers known.

The policy of buffalo extermination now rested solidly upon three legs -- cheap transportation, a rapid-fire weapon heavy enough to drop a buffalo in his tracks, and a market for hides regardless of sex or season. West of the Mississippi were men who felt naked without firearms -- teamsters, government scouts, settlers, war veterans and survivors of the bloody guerilla warfare in the West, railroad hands and chronic unemployed -- who felt no aversion to getting rich off buffalo hides. In these men, the Hide Hunters, the government policy found its chosen executor; one that was no expense to the government, one that could not be draped around the Administration's neck as a political millstone if the Society of Friends and other adherents of a "soft" Indian policy made it an issue.

There are no accurate figures for the total hide kill in its first season, six months of 1870. Two hide-buying firms, Bates in St. Louis, Durfee in Leavenworth, Kansas, handled 200,000 hides between them in this year, for some measure of the slaughter. Prices that year at Hays City returned \$2.00 apiece for bull hides, 25% lower for cows, to the hunters.

The same statistical hardship exists for 1871; Bates, St. Louis, handling 250,000 hides that year alone. The American Agriculturist, New York, March, 1871, notes that buffalo meat could be sold in that city at a profit below the cost of good beef. The hide kill during the first eighteen months of the trade must have approximated two million. It was great enough for Rep. McCormick, Arizona, to introduce a measure, HR 157, 42nd Congress, First Session, prohibiting buffalo hunting on the public lands of the United States. The bill was ordered engrossed,

and that was the end of it. In the following February, 1872, Senator Cole, California, asked for a measure to prevent the indiscriminate extermination of wild game on the public lands. Two days later, Wilson, Massachusetts, presented a measure to the Committee on Territories restricting buffalo killing on the public lands. S. 655, 42nd Congress, Second Session, never reached the floor. Interior had friends from the western Border States in both houses to whom the buffalo meant nothing.

The initial eighteen months of the hide killing had the lines of the Kansas Pacific and Union Pacific for theaters. In 1872, the Santa Fe punched southwest across Kansas opening up untouched buffalo range handy to rail transportation. The figures compiled by Dr. W. T. Hornaday on this year's total kill are 1,491,489 hides; Rath & Wright shipped 200 cars of hind-quarters, 2 cars of pickled tongues and 200,000 hides from Dodge City this year alone. Bull hides were \$4.00 apiece and cow hides proportionately lower to the hunters.

The extermination policy got an unexpected assist in the fall of '72 when the Santa Fe ran out of money for construction work; its grade lines being then near Granada, Colorado. Many of the thousands thus unemployed turned to hide hunting; as hunters if they could scrape up the money for an outfit, as hired skinners, stretchers, cooks, teamsters and the like if they could not. The Santa Fe carried 425,000 hides east in '73, and assuming the Kansas and Union Pacific roads to have done as well, the total compares favorably with Dr. Hornaday's figure of 1,508,659 total kill. Hides went to 75¢ apiece and hind-quarters went begging at 00½¢ per pound.

In March, 1874, 43rd Congress, First Session, the Committee on Territories reported out HR #921, Rep. Fort, Illinois, with a "do-pass" recommendation. This bill made it unlawful for any person not an Indian to kill any type of female buffalo found at large in any Territory of the United States. The measure also made it unlawful for any person to kill a greater number of male buffalo than were needed for food by said person and his immediate family. It specifically made market hunting, hides or meat, illegal.

Representatives Fort, McCormick and Eldridge carried the burden of debate in its support. They were aided by James A. Garfield, who quoted directly from Delano's report on Interior for 1873, "I would not seriously regret the total disappearance of the buffalo from our western prairies in its effect upon the Indian." Despite the best efforts of Delano's hatchet-men, Representative Parker, Missouri, prominent among them, the bill passed the House and went to the Senate. The debate in that chamber was painless and remarkably short. The measure was ratified and went to President Grant. There it stayed, unsigned.

In the following year, 1875, Columbus Delano resigned from Interior under pressure from a hostile press. The press was not concerned with the buffalo slaughter but, rather, over large-scale fraud in his department of which Delano, himself, seems innocent of involvement. His work with the buffalo was done, well done. His successor in Interior, Zachariah Chandler of Michigan, could present a possible saving in governmental cost to the congress as a result.

The Sioux nation had relinquished their right to hunt buffalo in Nebraska by a treaty in 1868, for which they were to receive an annual compensation of \$25,000.00. Mr. Chandler pointed out that this compensation for a relinquished right held good only so long "as the buffalo may range thereon (Nebraska) in such number as to justify the chase." Since this condition no longer existed, Mr. Chandler wished to know if the Sioux should still be paid. The author would like to know, too.

Delano apparently received no credit for this by-product of the buffalo slaughter. Neither did General Sheridan who performed the final service in 1875 for the joint policy he and Delano had made so effective.

The Texas legislature was considering a bill in this year to protect the buffalo left within their state. Fort Worth was now the Hide Capitol of the World and the daily auction sales of buffalo hides are reported to have reached 200,000 skins. General Sheridan, opposing the protective measure, addressed the legislators to good effect. In so doing, he summed up the case for the Hide Hunters, for the buffalo extermination policy, in these words:

"These men have done more in the last year to settle the Indian question than the entire regular Army has done in the last thirty years. They are destroying the Indian's commissary and it is a well-known fact that an army losing its base of supplies is placed at a great disadvantage. Send them powder and lead; for the sake of a lasting peace, let them kill, skin and sell until the buffaloes are exterminated. Then your prairies can be covered with speckled cattle who follow the hunter as a second fore-runner of civilization."

Sheridan's reference to the Hide Hunters work in the past year meant simply that the buffalo between the Union Pacific and the Texas Panhandle were gone by 1874, within four years from the start of the trade. The last vestige of the so-called Southern herd was in Texas. After the legislature dropped the proposed protective measure, the buffalo in Texas were soon gone.

The so-called Northern herd, between Cheyenne and the Canadian line, held out a little longer. The climate was against hide hunting the year 'round for one thing; the Sioux still had buffalo meat to keep their hearts strong for another, and there was no rail transportation

through the buffalo country north of Cheyenne. This latter fault was rectified when the Northern Pacific resumed construction work west of Bismarck. Five thousand men hide hunted for two years and that was that.

"A wonderful composition of divers animals" is generally seen today where the Conquistadores first saw it . . . in a zoo. The right to keep and bear arms put him there because the men who kept and bore those arms did not know the meaning, the deeper value, of sustained yield from a natural resource. The animals behind the woven-wire fencing, or the unfenced moats, stand as a constant reminder that eternal vigilance is necessary to keep the precious right of bearing arms from being prostituted to serve selfish ends or twisted purposes as it was in the hide-hunting of the buffalo.

Dust from the Denver Corral



The December meeting of the posse was well attended by members, their wives and guests. Only a few members decided to "batch" it. Such a contrast as the gathering made to meeting of "westerners" ninety years ago in Denver. Food, clothes, lights, conversation, introductions, occupations, all indicate the changes that less than a century can bring.

* * * * *

After posseman Mumey read his fine paper and poem, printed in this issue, he distributed membership cards for the Cattle Kate club to all the ladies present. With the cards, he presented a memento of the occasion, a compact, to each lady. Mrs. Mumey suggested that each of the fair-sex show her thanks to the donor with a kiss. Done. Nolie then failed to adopt a suggestion for returning said tokens of appreciation to their rightful owners.

* * * * *

In the annual election of officers, the following were unanimously chosen to serve for the coming year: Walter Gann -- Sheriff; Fred Ros-enstock -- Deputy Sheriff; Nolie Mumey -- Registrar of Marks and Brands; Phil Whitely -- Roundup Foreman; Ralph Mayo -- Tally Man; Arthur Zeuch -- Chuck Wrangler.

* * * * *

NOTICE -- Any member or Corresponding Member of the Westerners who is interested either for himself or for others, can obtain copies of this year's monthly Brand Books by writing to 306 State Museum Building for the same, providing he pays the proper fee. Except for the January 1950 issue, of which there are only 20 copies, there are on hand 40 or more copies of every issue.

* * * * *

Sheriff Davidson gave a paper before the American Literature Section of the Modern Language Association in New York, December 28, on "Needed Studies of Regional American Authors". He also presided at the "Popular Literature" section, which discussed folklore studies.

* * * * *

Don Bloch reports a slight delay, till January, in the publication

of the 1949 Brand Book. To those who have had a preview of the book, it is certainly well worth waiting for.

* * * * *

Elmo Scott Watson was sufficiently recuperated from his recent illness to attend the December posse meeting.

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Arthur Carhart is preparing an article on annual expenditures by hunters and fishermen. The sum currently runs into the billions of dollars.

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Guests at the last posse meeting included Galen E. Broyles, head of the Broyles advertising firm, and Houston Waring, editor of the Littleton Independent.

* * * * *

A letter sent to the Baltimore and Ohio Magazine, reprinted in the New York Times, "reveals" the "true history" of some of the missing diamonds that Texans used to hang on their chandeliers. The author of the letter merely signed his name as George, and in writing to his friend Margie, he said:

"Of course, you recall my gray-haired, lavender-and-old-lace grandmother as one who was widely -- and I may say justly -- renowned for her good works and her Christian piety. She came of a Texan ancestry so old and famous that all her and my forebears, without exception, were slain at the Alamo.

"All this was in her public character as the leading dowager of Corsicana, with a pair of the highest-stepping, tightest-reined carriage horses in town. But Grandmother -- I blush to recall -- had a temper. She had many a tantrum because my uncle -- her son -- was then Mayor and wouldn't close the saloons over on the other side of the H. & T. C. Railroad. But he, too, was very deep in piety, and insisted on keeping them open as a sort of 'safety valve,' he said, which would prevent worse things, like shooting sprees and hangings.

"Aside from her ungovernable temper my grandmother had other attributes which were not generally known to the public.

"For example, she demonstrated an unexpected and distinguished musical talent and on one occasion at the Sells Floto Dog and Pony Show by rendering selections from Mozart exquisitely on the steam calliope. Grandmother was like that. She used to break out in the most unexpected places.

"At any rate, shortly after the Nueces Hotel was completed and my sainted aunt was unobtrusively sipping a nickel beer, pandemonium broke loose. Some employe of the place insulted grandmother. She tripped him.

He fled to the lobby, with grandmother right behind. He jumped on the chandelier. Nothing daunted, grandmother jumped up, biting pendants off the chandelier and spitting them at the waiter with such force and in such numbers that the waiter was perforated like a Swiss cheese. In those days the pendants on Chandeliers in all Texas homes and hotels were diamonds. Hence the gaps in the decoration today. There hasn't been enough money in Texas, since that time, to replace them.

"In her generation my grandmother was considered a reasonably spirited woman.

"This is the honest truth, or a reasonable Texas facsimile thereof."

* * * * *

According to a notice in the Wyoming State Tribune, Margaret E. M. Eastman, a great granddaughter of Sacajawea, the famous Indian helper of Lewis and Clark, has filed suit to have her name and the names of her four children restored to the rolls of the Shoshone Indian tribe at the Wind River agency. Her petition states that her name was dropped in 1921, and that had it not been, she and her children would have received many thousands of dollars, under an agreement made between the United States and the Eastern Band of Shoshone and Bannock Tribes in 1869. The agreement was made at Fort Bridger. Mrs. Eastman is now living at Ft. Washakie.

Chuck Wagon Book Reviews



THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE SOUTHWEST: INDIAN, SPANISH, AMERICAN, by Trent E. Sanford. W. W. Norton, 1950. 312 pp. 7 maps. 112 illustrations. \$5.00.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PUEBLOS by Stanley A. Stubbs. University of Oklahoma Press, 1950. 112 pp. 27 plates. Bibliography. \$3.00.

Here are two carefully prepared, interesting and significant books on the Southwest, dealing primarily with the subject of architecture. The first, Sanford's "The Architecture of the Southwest," was prepared by a practicing architect who previously had written a standard book on "The Story of Architecture in Mexico." It is obvious that Mr. Sanford not only devotes his time to his chosen profession but to the history of the region of which he treats and to travelling extensively through it. He integrates his accounts of the architectural treasures of the Southwest with the stories of the people who produced them, and he takes one on a tour of the country and places discussed, just as he himself visited apparently by car, most all of them.

Mr. Stubbs' account of the Pueblos of the Southwest is approached from a different angle. To supplement and/or complete previous detailed studies of the more important Pueblos, Mr. Stubbs decided to have them photographed from the air, and reproduce such photos in accompaniment with ground plan sketches. The changes that have affected Indian pueblo life have tended to scatter the population and bring about the complete or partial abandonment of these ancient centers of living. Since these changes are continuing to the present day, Mr. Stubbs believes it "important to record the actual ground plan of each one of them (the pueblos), before time and cultural changes bring about their ultimate disappearance."

He points out that the style of architecture and the method of building have largely determined the layout of the pueblos. Lines for the pueblos follow three main plans: first, an indiscriminate clustering of houses in one limited area; second, more or less regular building

around a central plaza or plazas; third, rows of parallel house blocks with the space between forming streets which serve the same purpose as the plazas -- a place to hold dances. The later addition of churches to the older pueblos may or may not have brought their erection near the plaza, or center, for some of them were constructed on the outskirts. Of greater importance to the life of the pueblo was the kiva, the ceremonial chamber for religious practices and ceremonies. Kivas might be circular or rectangular in shape, and subterranean, semisubterranean, completely above ground, or incorporated within the house blocks.

These and other details of construction and layout are carefully depicted by the author. He has included a few photos from the ground, for example of a prehistoric pueblo near Santa Fe, as well as of the present five story structure at Taos, and he summarizes relevant data as to location, period of occupation, construction, present population and date of the annual fiesta for each of the 25 pueblos air-photographed. This is a valuable book for those who wish to visit the old pueblos, as well as for those who wish to study them at home.

There is an interesting contrast brought out by Stubbs' and Sanford's books, in their description of the inclusiveness of the Southwest. Mr. Stubbs, accepting the archeologist's definition, confines it to the country extending from western Texas to western Arizona as far as the Colorado River, and from southern Colorado and Utah down into northern Mexico. Mr. Sanford, on the other hand, laying emphasis on the influence of Spanish speaking people, takes in eastern Texas, Mexico as far south as Chihuahua, and a large section of California. This permits him to devote his attention not only to the prehistoric cliff dwellings of the "four corners" region and the settlements along the Rio Grande and in Arizona, but also to the buildings of San Antonio (and vicinity), the construction in Sonora, and the missions, presidios and houses as far north as above San Francisco. Incidentally, as Mr. Sanford points out, these settlements north of the Golden Gate were partly established as protection against the southward Russian thrust, but the Russians surprised the Spanish founders at Sonoma by appearing with gifts of useful and ornamental articles for the mission. This was 125 years ago.

Westerners will readily share Mr. Sanford's enthusiasm for his subject. He has divided his book into six parts, viz.: Ancient Southwest; El Dorado (voyages of Spanish discovery and exploration from the time of Cortez onward, the search for the Seven Cities of Cibola and Quivira); Nuevo Mexico (from the time of Juan de Onate through that of his successors); Tejas (including a "desert interlude" of Arizona); Alta California; and the American Southwest. As previously mentioned,

he has combined history and architecture, with incidental references to travel. Here is the story primarily of Indian settlements and Spanish conquerors and settlers, and some reference to Anglo-Americans, and the growth and intermingling of their cultures with special emphasis on architecture. One might quarrel a little with the author, in view of his book's title, for the amount of space devoted to historical events and personages (two pages, for instance, to the life of Saint Francis of Assisi), but he writes so well and integrates his material so thoroughly, that this might seem like quibbling.

After all, it is pertinent to mention the seemingly fool-hearty travels of Gasparo Castano de Sosa and his defiance of the Pecos Indians, in describing the Pecos pueblo. And who could deny that Saint Francis' followers were some of the leaders in the settlement and construction of the Southwest, whether in New Mexico or California? The names of such cities as "La Villa Real de la Santa Fe de San Francisco de Asis" and "San Francisco de Asis" are sufficient proof of his influence. And the romantic story of how Don Pio Pico helped the beautiful Josefa Carrillo of San Diego elope with her Yankee lover, Henry Fitch, by sea helps bring to life the time and period of Spanish influence in the building of California.

The many factors promoting the unity of the Southwest should not cause one to overlook its architectural diversities. Pueblo buildings like those at Taos, with obvious influence on the construction of the Governor's Palace in Santa Fe, are in striking contrast to the Thomas O. Larkin House in Monterey, the Mission of San Jose (near San Antonio), the Cathedral at Chihuahua, the Mission of San Xavier del Bac (near Tucson), and the Mission of Carmel in California, not only as to purpose but as to materials and methods of construction. In order to point out the contrasts of buildings with a similar purpose, one might refer to the church at Rancho de Taos and the Mission at Santa Barbara. Mr. Sanford fully explains not only the character of the architecture in each of these cases and many more, but explains the why of the differences.

An example of Mr. Sanford's explanations is found in a portion of his comment on the Governor's Palace at Santa Fe. He says this Palace "in its restored state, is an excellent exhibit of what was quite properly called the Spanish-Pueblo style, where Spanish ideas and methods have been applied to an indigenous architecture of local materials put in place by Indian labor. It is peculiar in that it is the only architectural style in the country where native influence continues to be strongly felt."

The author points up the interest of westerners in their heritage by calling attention to old buildings that have been restored in recent

times. For obvious reasons, such missions as Quarai and Abo in New Mexico have been left in their ruined splendor, but the Governor's Palace in San Antonio (after serving as a second-hand clothing store, a restaurant, and a barroom called "The Hole in the Wall"), and the Mission at Santa Barbara, California, (damaged by an earthquake) to mention only two, were carefully reconstructed not so long ago. Incidentally, others like the Mission of San Juan Capistrano would seem to merit restoration, though perhaps the splendid work that has been done in California includes plans for this mission.

Digressions aside, the above two books are well worth the space in the library of Westerners, where they may be placed when not being read, referred to or taken on travel tours.

(Harold H. Dunham)

BACK HOME TO WEST by Lamont Johnson. The Story Book Press. Dallas, Texas. 48 pages. 1950. \$2.00.

After disappointing printer's delays, Corresponding Member Lamont Johnson has finally secured delivery of the book containing a collection of his poems, principally devoted to the West. The title of the small publication, "Back Home To West," is taken from the opening poem, which begins:

"In the West you'll find there's something
Different from on city range;"

Its two principal selections, which fill nearly half the book, are based on interesting western stories. The first is an account of a payroll robbery by Butch Cassidy's gang, published in the 1948 Brand Book; and the second deals with the famous ride of Portugee Phillips to Fort Laramie in the dead of winter, 1866, to secure aid for the besieged defenders of Fort Phil Kearny. The ride required great heroism, and fortunately it turned out successfully.

The remainder of the book consists of a number of poems, previously printed in a wide variety of newspapers and magazines. They reveal a homespun philosophy of the Edgar Guest type.

(Harold H. Dunham)