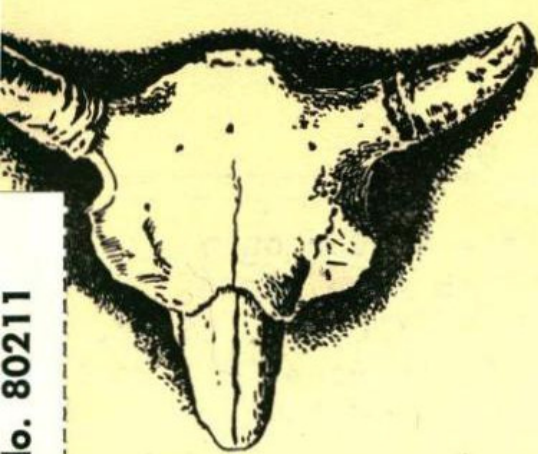


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YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

(Editor's Note: This paper is the script prepared to accompany a color movie on Yellowstone National Park. It was given by Edmund B. Rogers, Superintendent of the Park in conjunction with the picture at the December 1945 meeting of the Westerners. A number of editorial changes to effect continuity have been injected.)

Nestled among the ranges of the Rocky Mountains in the northwest corner of Wyoming, with its northern border in Montana and its western border in Montana and Idaho, lies the Yellowstone National Park. This almost indescribable wonderland, with its spectacular thermal attractions set in a background of unsurpassable beauty, was the first unit of the great system of national parks to be created by the United States Government.

Known first as "Colter's Hell" because of its discovery by John Colter in 1807-8, the area was neglected for many years until farseeing and public spirited citizens of Montana noted its beauty and started a movement to preserve the region in its virgin state. Created by an act of Congress on March 1, 1872, the Yellowstone National Park covers today an area of 3,472 square miles or approximately 2,222,000 acres—a veritable wonderland larger than the states of Rhode Island and Delaware combined.

This study is an endeavor to take the reader on a "word tour" of this marvel of nature and to give him a mental picture of the geysers, hot springs, flowers, birds, and the great wildlife that make up the Yellowstone National Park of today. Here the names of a glorious past--part of the American tradition--merge with the realities of nature to form a cohesive picture of national development. John Colter, the fur trapper and explorer; Dr. Ferdinand V. Hayden, the geologist and geographer, the pioneer miners; the organized military expeditions; Chief Joseph and his harried band of retreating Nez Perce tribesmen are but a few who make up the inheritance which the National Park Service preserves and protects for the American of today and the world of tomorrow.

Seven highways approach the five entrances of Yellowstone National Park, four of which are blocked during the winter months by the deep snows of the high plateau country. Only the north entrance at Gardiner, Montana, is usable throughout the entire year. Through its huge stone arch, dedicated by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1903, have passed thousands of enthusiastic people who have enjoyed and been benefited by this great area.

It is evident immediately on entering the park that it differs from the surrounding area. Pronghorns (antelope) may be seen lying among the sagebrush calmly chewing their cud. On progressing farther into the Park it is not unusual to see moose, elk, deer, and buffalo grazing over the hillsides and in the meadows. Coyotes and bears are very common, while timber wolves, mountain lions, and mountain sheep may be seen occasionally. Although it may be dangerous it is not difficult to get close-ups in photographing many of these animals.

Ranging on the northern side of the Park during the summer months, the Pronghorns concentrate in a small area near Gardiner, Montana, during the winter. They are seldom

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seen out in the high forested areas as they are environmentally adapted to the plains. In contrast to the deer, elk, and moose, their horns are formed as a hollow covering over a bony core. This covering is shed and grows anew each year. Like domesticated cattle both sexes have horns. Being very fleet of foot, these animals can run at speeds in excess of 35 miles per hour. Most reliable estimates indicate that there are about 800 antelope in Yellowstone.

From the north entrance leading southward up Gardiner Canyon the highway parallels the Gardiner River, a tributary of the Yellowstone. With its fast flowing stream, lined with huge cottonwoods and evergreens, the canyon displays a vast spectacle of geological phenomena. Its floor rises more than 1000 feet in a distance of 5.3 miles. Although it is geologically a young canyon, the erosive action of its stream has been excessive and many pinnacles stand in bold relief against the horizon.

On top of these rocky crags the ospreys (fish hawks) often build their nests. One of these pinnacles, known as Eagle Nest Rock, has been occupied every year for more than fifty years. Very graceful in its action, the osprey has a wingspread of about five feet. Its breast and belly feathers are exceptionally light in color, making it readily distinguishable from the eagle. It is common in Yellowstone during the summer months, especially in the vicinity of Lake Yellowstone and Grand Canyon. Migratory in nature, it usually arrives in the park in March and leaves in October.

The community of Mammoth Hot Springs, which derives its name from the hot spring terraces in its immediate vicinity, is the headquarters of Yellowstone National Park. From here the superintendent administers the various activities of the entire Park. Located here also are the headquarters museum, the chief ranger's office, and other administrative units. The first buildings constructed in Yellowstone Park were built in this area.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRING TERRACES

The name is derived not so much from the large size of the springs as from the enormous terraces which these springs have built and are building. They range from very small ones, almost microscopic in size, to the great terrace levels which carry back to the top of Terrace Mountain. Wherever the hot mineral-laden waters come out to the surface they deposit travertine. These waters provide an environment suitable for the growth of millions of small microscopic plants known as algae. When these plants grow in sufficient numbers they provide an abundance of soft pastel shades where the hot springs are active. The color pattern around spring vents is most fascinating, changing from light yellows and pinks in the hot waters near the vent to greens and dark browns in the cooler waters. When springs become dormant the plants die but beauty persists, for although the rock surface may take on somber grays the symmetry of form still remains, and the beauty of an old terrace against a cloud-laden sky is difficult to surpass. Liberty Cap, which is 37 feet high and 20 feet in diameter, stands at the base of the Mammoth Hot Spring Terraces. It represents the eroded remnant of what was once a much larger block of travertine. From this conspicuous landmark walking trips are conducted daily during the Park season. Devil's Thumb was formed in a similar manner to Liberty Cap. The waters flowing down on either side of it come from Palette Spring. Blue Spring is today the largest and most active hot spring on the terraces. Water from it flows out to and down over Jupiter Terrace, probably the largest hot spring terrace in the world.

As the climb is made from Mammoth south toward Golden Gate and Kingman Pass the highway passes through the Hoodoos, an area comprising an enormous landslide of great blocks of travertine, which have been spilled down a mountain side in a helter-skelter manner. These great blocks of travertine,

deposited thousands of years ago in much the same way as the Mammoth Hot Springs Terraces, have broken from the white cliffs of the mountain above and tumbled down the steep slopes toward Glen Creek. From Kingman Pass, at an elevation of 7,256 feet, the view back down Glen Creek past the Golden Gate and across to Mt. Everts in the distance is one of inspiration. To the southwest the southern end of the Gallatin Range looms up. Trilobite Peak, Mt. Holmes, Dome Mountain, and Antler Peak can be seen in the distance. Although many of the peaks in this range attain elevations in excess of 10,000 feet, not all of them are visible from this vantage point. However, Bannock and Quadrant Mountains may be seen on a clear day.

Moose are not an uncommon sight in this region. They are most abundant, however, in the Yellowstone Lake area and at the headwaters of the Yellowstone River. Many may also be seen between Norris Geyser Basin and Swan Lake Flat. There are approximately 600 of these Shiras moose in the Park. Moose antlers, borne by the bull only and shed annually in December or January, are palm-like sheaths of bone with protruding tines. Full growth is usually attained in July, prior to which time the antlers are referred to as being in the velvet state.

There is in the Park a great variety of springs and lakes. Apollinaris Spring along the roadside between Kingman Pass and Norris Geyser Basin, provides a drink of cold, highly-flavored soda water. Lemonade Lake, a small basin of yellow-green water found at the base of Roaring Mountain, gets its name from its color rather than from any lemonade taste.

In the same vicinity is Obsidian Cliff, a solid mass of black natural volcanic glass, which for centuries has been the raw material source for Indian artisans. Artifacts such as spear points, arrowheads, hide scrapers, stone knives

and other implements have been skillfully designed and executed from this material. On top of the ledge are many evidences of the obsidian having been chipped and worked. This is the principal exposure of obsidian, although it is commonly found in a variety of colors in most sections of the Park.

During the summer months Yellowstone has an abundance of bird life. Of the many interesting species that come here to nest and rear their young the Sandhill Crane, with its rich brown body, powder-blue neck and bright red cap, is one of the most beautiful. It is now greatly diminished in numbers from the thousands that once winged along the flyways of the North American continent. The nesting habits of these birds are comparatively simple. They usually build adjacent to streams and lakes, preferably in marshy areas. The nests consist of little more than a few reeds, rushes or cattails sufficient to support the eggs and keep them above the level of the water. The hatching season is late May and early June. When just hatched the young Sandhill Cranes are little more than soft fluffy balls of brown-colored down. Within a few days these youngsters become very active and with the adults move from the marshes into the edge of the bordering timber.

NORRIS GEYSER BASIN

Norris Geyser Basin is the first major thermal area visited after leaving Mammoth. Within the basin are thirty geysers, twenty-five of which are active. The entire region is barren, and a constant agitation of boiling, cannonading, spouting of steam and spraying of water presents the appearance of a veritable inferno. None of the geysers in this basin is highly spectacular, no eruption being more than seventy-five feet in height. Colloidal Pool, a large hot spring in which are suspended immense quantities of fine silica and kaolin, is in a constant state of violent boiling due to the release of steam from within the earth's crust. Little Whirligig Geyser with its rust red basin, so colored by the iron deposits from

the water, erupts spasmodically. The height to which it plays varies, twenty feet being its maximum. An active phase for this geyser may last for several hours.

The action of the hot gases, hot water vapors and water from geysers is eating away the hillside in front of the Norris Museum. The most outstanding geysers on this hillside are Ledge and Valentine. Valentine is young, having become active in 1902. Its eruptions, like those of Ledge, are from 60 to 75 feet in height, and last from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours, playing at intervals varying from 18 to 72 hours. Ledge erupts several times each day. Adjacent to the basin is Porcelain Hill, which derives its name from the dense deposit of geyserite that so closely resembles porcelain in lustre and texture. Steam condensing into white plumes is emitted under great pressure from vents dotting the hillside. Small springs deposit geyserite and a colorful mineral known as orpiment. This mineral pigment is unusual as most of the color present in connection with thermal action elsewhere is due to the microscopic plant life which grows so abundantly in the tepid and hot waters.

Along the banks of the Gibbon River between Norris and Madison Junction are the Chocolate Pots, so called because they resemble boiling pots with chocolate spilling down over the sides. The colors are primarily due to the iron minerals deposited by the springs although a heavy growth of dark colored algae is found in the warm waters that flow from them down into the Gibbon River. Midstream in the Gibbon is also a small spouter which erupts constantly. Another of the springs in this area has small bursts of steam coming up through a cone in the water creating the effect of a flickering flame.

Gibbon Meadows is a favorite haunt of the elk, known to the Indians as Wapiti. Yellowstone harbors about 12,000 of these animals, which are distributed during the summer over the entire Park. During the winter they concentrate in the

lower valleys on the northern side. The elk is primarily a grazing animal and is most apt to be seen feeding in the high mountain meadows in the early morning and late evening. Bull elk often measure 60 inches in height at the shoulder and weigh as much as 1,000 pounds. The male, only, grows antlers, which are shed annually. Born in late May or early June, the calves are spotted at birth and remain so during their first few months. This marking affords a natural camouflage in the brush and thickets. Peculiarly, the cow elk when nursing her calf will stand in midstream if a river is available.

National Park Mountain, so named because of its adjacency to the site of the last camp in this area made by the Washburn-Langford-Doane Party of 1870, is located near the junction of the Gibbon and Firehole Rivers. These streams unite to form the Madison River, one of the three forks which in Montana converge into the Missouri River. It was here that the national park idea was conceived, Cornelius Hedges having first made the suggestion. From his idea has grown the great national park system of today. Near the site of the Washburn-Langford-Doane camp is the Madison Junction Museum, where guests can secure information concerning the human history of the Park. In front of the Museum there is mounted in a boulder of granite a bronze plaque in memory of Stephen Tyng Mather, the first Director of the National Park Service.

Firehole Falls, which has a drop of about forty feet, is a scene which appeals to all travelers along the Firehole Canyon road. It is but one of the scenic gems that are found along the Firehole River between Madison and Old Faithful. This turbulent river cuts through the rough, steep-walled Firehole Canyon where churning white water contrasts with the dark green of the forest fringe and the vari-colored canyon walls. Such streams as this are tempting to the fisherman, the Firehole River being among the most popular trout fishing streams in the park. Yellowstone National

Park enjoys the reputation of being one of the finest places in the world for good trout fishing. Although July is the best fishing month the season extends from May 30 to October 15. The daily limit per person is fifteen pounds of dressed fish (tails and heads attached), plus one fish, and not more than a total of ten fish. A few posted areas in the park restrict the limit to ten pounds and five fish. No license is required. Even an amateur in the height of the season has no trouble in angling a limit on brook, Loch Leven, cutthroat or rainbow trout. Mackinaw and Montana grayling trout are also common in some of the waters. Fishing with dry fly is a favorite sport.

LOWER GEYSER BASIN

Lower Geyser Basin, with more than 600 springs and geysers, is the first large thermal area encountered in traveling up the Firehole River and is the most extensive geyser basin in the park. Among the less spectacular but by no means the least appealing of its thermal features is the now dormant Fountain Geyser with its soft pastel colors resulting from the algal growth in the ribbons of water that flow down over the geysersite. Fountain PaintPot (Politician's Paradise¹) is an exceptionally fascinating phenomenon consisting of a giant caldron of clay, opal, and quartz. The viscous muds are in a constant state of agitation caused by the escape of hot gases. Innumerable fantastic forms—sometimes a rose, a calla lily, or maybe a doughnut—occur in this boiling mass. The clay varies in color from pure white to dark pinks and owes its origin to the decomposition of the rhyolitic lava by the hot gases and water which have been active for centuries. The paint pots are more amusing than beautiful and vary from small, fast mud-spitting vents to large spring-like emissions which are constantly pushing outward undulations of concentric circles.

1. Editor's idea

Most thermal areas have beautiful pools which vary greatly in color. In this basin Surprise Pool, with its deep blue-green water and scalloped sinter border, is known to be thirty-five feet deep. The water in it is super-heated to a temperature of about 94° C. The boiling point for pure water under the barometric pressure existent at this spring is 92.87° C. Surprise Pool is in constant agitation, but around the edges where contact is made with the cool surface sinter it boils only intermittently.

Great Fountain, one of the better known geysers, is considered by many the most spectacular. Eruptions last from 45 to 75 minutes at intervals of 8 to 15 hours. It plays to a height of 90 to 100 feet, higher than any other in this basin.

Geysers are readily classified into two types, namely, fountain and nozzle. The fountain geysers have no appreciable cone above the ground level and the play comes from a large vent which may resemble a pool. Great Fountain is a splendid example of this type. Nozzle geysers are so-called because they have built up a cone of geyserite through which eruption takes place. These are numerous in the Upper Geyser Basin, Grotto Geyser, perhaps, being the most famous.

MIDWAY GEYSER BASIN

One of the most unusual attractions in the Midway Geyser Basin is the crater of Excelsior Geyser, which blew itself to pieces July 28, 1890, and has not erupted since. Today there is left only a large caldron of deep blue, boiling water. Grand Prismatic Spring is one of the most colorful jewels in the Yellowstone collection of thermal phenomena. Overflowing from a lake of deep blue, crystal-clear water, this large hot spring spills down over the terrace on which the lake occurs. With the bright pastel bands of algal growth, the cloud-spattered sky, the symmetry of the terraces and the rainbow colors reflected in the steam, this spot is

one never to be forgotten. Beautiful Turquoise Pool, also in this basin, reflects and refracts the light from minute particles in suspension in its waters. This peculiar phenomenon accounts for its turquoise blue color.

BISCUIT BASIN

Biscuit Basin, which is adjacent to the Upper Geyser Basin, is bisected by the Firehole and the Little Firehole Rivers, which meander through flower-laden meadows, favorite feeding grounds in early morning and late evening for wapiti and deer. Avoca Spring, one of the most attractive in this small basin, has a cone of geyserite built up around it. Its crystal clear boiling waters reflect the deep blue of the sky, contrasting with the white geyserite and the many colored algal border formed in the cooler waters. Shell Spring, although at times dry, boils violently with bursts of steam that come up through the clear waters like great silver globes that enlarge as they near the surface. Due to the higher temperatures of the water there is an absence of all algal growth. Artemesia Geyser belongs to the fountain type and consists of a large vent and beautiful deep pool. Its eruptions play to a height of 35 feet.

UPPER GEYSER BASIN

One of the major geysers of the park and certainly one of the more beautiful and spectacular to watch is the Riverside Geyser of the Upper Geyser Basin. Its eruptions, occurring about every nine hours, last at least fifteen minutes and during its play water jets are thrown at an angle out across the Firehole River, sometimes reaching a height of one hundred feet. The band of spectra, or rainbow colors, known as the geyser bow, is always present in the mist of the geyser's eruption when the sun is shining brightly.

Unique in form, almost reaching the fantastic, is the cone of the Grotto Geyser. Just why the geyserite which has

built up this odd-shaped cone was deposited in such a manner has never been satisfactorily explained. Being near the roadside it is one of the most photographed objects in the entire Park.

Castle Geyser cone is mute evidence of the fact that the geysers of Yellowstone are thousands of years old. As the geyserite has been deposited from the waters, the agents of erosion--water, wind, frost, and, of late years, man--have been wearing away the cone, but the deposition has more than kept pace with the disintegration. Castle Geyser may erupt sporadically, spouting at short intervals to heights of some twenty-five feet, or may remain dormant for 24 to 30 hours and then burst forth with a magnificent play lasting some 30 minutes, throwing its column of water a height of 100 feet.

The eruptions of Giant Geyser are reputed to be the highest of any in the world. Its play often lasts more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours with a maximum height of 200 feet. During this period of play between 750,000 and 1,000,000 gallons of boiling water are expelled. Intervals between eruptions are irregular, varying from eight days to as much as three months. Prior to the knowledge of white men this geyser blew off about one-half of its cone. As it begins to erupt Rainbow Geyser has an unusual pulsating wave action which is followed by violent bursts of steam coming up through the center of Rainbow Pool, throwing great showers of water into the air. Often these jets exceed 100 feet in height. Being pure white they contrast well with the surrounding dark background. This geyser for years was nothing but a beautiful pool entirely lacking in its eruptive action..

The most publicized feature of the entire National Park system is Old Faithful. Its height of play varies from 120 to 170 feet at intervals of about 66 minutes. Approximately ten thousand gallons of water are emitted during each eruption of two and a half minutes. Daily

throughout the travel season hiking parties start their trips from Old Faithful. These parties are guided by ranger naturalists who impart information concerning the phenomena seen along the way.

Beehive Geyser erupts probably no oftener than once a year and as a result has been seen in eruption by very few people. It derives its name from its cone, which resembles a beehive in shape. Its play lasts but 2 to 8 minutes and the water jets are thrown to heights of 200 feet. Veteran geyser fans consider Grand Geyser the grandest of all such phenomena in the world. Its interval between eruptions during the past year, varied from 14 hours to 73 hours; in consequence, it is difficult to predict eruption. However, through careful observation by naturalists it has been possible to inform the people of the approximate time so that thousands have had the good fortune to see it in action. It may throw its water jets to heights of 200 feet from 6 to 14 times during an eruption period which may last from 20 to 45 minutes. Geyser fans often spend the night in blankets or sleeping bags near the geyser in the event of a nocturnal eruption.

Beyond the Upper Geyser Basin at West Thumb on the shores of Lake Yellowstone are a number of interesting thermal attractions. Small cliffs of old geyserite deposits facing Thumb Bay give evidence of a long period of thermal activity.

Lake Shore Geyser is submerged by the lake throughout June and July and rarely erupts during this period. When its orifice is not submerged in the lake it comes into action about every 35 minutes. Its play lasts from two to ten minutes and the water jets reach a maximum height of 25 feet. Fishing Cone, a hot spring mound nearby, has been publicized as a unique phenomenon. Waters inside the cone are boiling hot, while those of the adjacent lake are very cold. It was here that the famed western entrepreneur, William Blackmore, on the expedition of 1871, caught fish and with no

more than a swing of the fishing line cooked them in the boiling cone. Doubtless others have tried this same service but such action is now prohibited. Near here is also another region where the hot gases, hot water and steam have decomposed the rocks into a fine clay, saturated with water, creating some very interesting paint pots. These are even more colorful than those of the Lower Geyser Basin.

Many miles of the Park highways cut through dense stands of Lodgepole Pine. Occasionally narrow roadways lead off into secluded spots where are located small but beautiful lakes. These lakes offer security and solitude to many species of nesting water birds. The rarest is the Trumpeter Swan, there being only 211 of them in the United States according to the last official census in 1941. Several pairs nest in Yellowstone Park and some of these are successful each year in rearing their young. Often nest sites are selected on points protruding out into the lake which affords them some protection from intruders. The Trumpeter Swan is one of the largest and the most graceful North American water fowl. An adult bird has a wing spread in excess of eight feet, a length of sixty inches from bill tip to tail, and may weigh as much as 35 pounds. The young swans, known as cygnets, are usually gray in color during the first year, after which they acquire white plumage. This is not always true, however, for sometimes pure white cygnets are hatched. These birds commonly feed in the lake bottoms in waters up to three feet in depth so their long necks serve a very useful function. While feeding they often tip up as do mallard ducks. Yellowstone National Park, Red Rock Lakes, and adjacent areas are today the only places in the United States where these birds are found.

Hemmed in between the Continental Divide on the west and the Absaroka Range on the east--the latter consisting of a number of pyramid-like peaks, many of which are over 10,000 feet high and named in honor of some of the park's early explorers such as Langford, Doane, Stevenson and Colter--Lake Yellowstone is the largest body of water on the North Ameri-

can continent, at a comparable altitude, that of 7,731 feet. The lake has a surface area of approximately 139 square miles, maximum depths of 300 feet, and a shore line of more than 100 miles. It is a fisherman's paradise and each year thousands of native black-spotted trout are taken from its waters.

Molly Islands, at the extreme southeast arm of the lake, are the nesting place for numerous gulls, pelicans, terns, and cormorants. How long the two Molly Islands have been used by these birds as a nesting ground is not known, but records indicate that their use by the Double-Crested **Cormorant** is comparatively recent and the number of these birds seems to be increasing annually. Young cormorants when hatched are nude and very ugly. They are helpless and remain so for several weeks. The cormorant is the only bird nesting on the island that makes any effort at building a nest. They utilize sticks, feathers, and other debris found along the beach and on the islands for building materials. Hatching takes place throughout most of the summer, and in late July it is not unusual to see young just hatched and others ready to fly. The cormorant is uniformly dark in color. With legs set well toward the back of its body, it can easily dive for food. It is primarily a fish-eating bird and can readily catch those fish which are not on the alert and in a sufficiently good state of health to make an escape. The adults are frequently seen shuttling back and forth from their fishing waters to the islands with food for their young.

Young pelicans remain nude and helpless for some time after they are hatched. Exposure to the bright sunlight burns them to a bright pink. There are usually more than 200 of them reared annually on these islands.

Young seagulls are balls of gray down when hatched and their color blends well with the gray rocks of the islands. They are on their feet and running about shortly after leaving the eggs. The adult birds have a beautiful white and steel-gray plumage. Seagulls are scavengers and will eat

anything at any time. How they can visit such dirty places and yet look so clean is a mystery. The Black-Capped Caspian Tern are the busiest of all the island birds as they protect their nesting grounds from intruders. Their black caps, orange-red bills, and sharp-tipped wings readily identify them from their neighbors.

North of Lake Yellowstone near Canyon Junction is Mud Volcano. This violently-boiling caldron of mud, highly charged with sulphur, is kept in constant agitation by escaping steam. Dragon's Mouth, a vaulted grotto immediately adjacent to Mud Volcano, constantly emits a deep pulsating rumble, followed immediately by a surge of clear water and steam thrown out with violent force from the cavernous opening.

On the small wayside lakes are occasionally seen hundreds of Northern Phalarope. These small sandpiper-like birds are not indigenous to the Park nor do they nest here, but are migrants that use the Park lakes in spring and fall as stopovers and feeding grounds. They are equally at home wading, swimming and flying. Their flights are swift and in unison. They are probably the only birds that apparently have complete group control as they dart, dive and turn, much as if they were featuring a flight performance.

Made famous through print and the canvas the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone is best seen from a position on its rim known as Artist Point. The view of the canyon and the Lower Falls from this point is inspiring. Although the Lower Falls is a mile away its roar can be heard very distinctly. This canyon, from which the entire park takes its name, is from 800 to 1200 feet deep, with its width varying from a few hundred feet to several thousand. Its walls are highly-colored with soft pastel shades caused primarily by the minerals present in the decomposed and disintegrating rhyolite lava through which the canyon has been carved. Throughout past ages the still continuing thermal

activity has decomposed the rock, making it easier for the river to create such a canyon. The Upper Falls of the Yellowstone, located at the head of the Grand Canyon, drops 109 feet. One-fourth of a mile down stream is the Lower Falls which drops 308 feet into the Grand Canyon and is one of the great inspirational sights in the entire world. No trail leads to the immediate vicinity of the Lower Falls but with the use of binoculars it is possible to see the shafts of water as they break over and feather out into fine spray.

From Canyon to Tower Falls the highway leads over Dunraven Pass, named for the Earl of Dunraven, and around the shoulder of Mount Washburn, so-called in honor of Henry Dana Washburn, who headed the 1870 expedition into the Park. The entire mountain side for miles is a blanket of vari-colored flowers. The shooting star, buckwheat, knotweed, cinquefoil, Jacobs Ladder, and a large variety of other species grow in abundance. The buckwheat with its cream-colored flowers borders the roadside and blooms profusely in the open meadows. Indian Paint Brush, the state flower of Wyoming, is found in Yellowstone in a number of species varying in color from pale yellows to the deepest of reds. The goldenrod is at its best in August. It is then that whole hillsides turn a bright golden yellow from the lavish blossoming of this plant. The little harebell or blue bell of Scotland is found blooming from the lowest river valley to the high peaks from late May through October, while the senecio adds its orange-yellow color to the pattern of the flower blanket. The wild geranium blooms in large masses on moist hillsides. Two species of this plant are common, the red, and a white called cranesbill. Shrubby Cinquefoil with its bright yellow flowers blooms from early spring until late fall. It is readily recognized as a member of the rose family by its five petals and its many stamens and pistils. The Dogtooth violet, which is not a violet at all but a bright yellow flower belonging to the lily family, blooms from early spring to mid-July.

Mount Washburn, a vantage point from which much of the Park can be seen, is 10,317 feet high. A roadway leads over its summit. The Rocky Mountain Bighorn Sheep frequent the high alpine meadows of this mountain and on its slopes the lambs are born in late May and early June. Travelers going over Mount Washburn are certain to see these animals if they watch closely for them on the crags and high meadows. About fifty of the approximately 300 sheep spend the summer months in this alpine area. Often they are mistaken for goats because the ewe has a spike-like horn which tends to make her resemble a domestic goat. The rams have huge curled horns from which the name Rocky Mountain Bighorn Sheep is derived.

The American buffalo or bison have for countless ages been at home in the valleys and on the plateaus of Yellowstone. Today roaming at large in the more remote sections of the park are some 1,000 or more of these animals. Only during the winter months do they come to the lower valleys on the northern side. Once numbering millions there are today but a few thousand head in the entire United States. Bison are the largest of all animals in the Park, the bulls often weighing more than one ton.

The northern side of the Park has always been one favored by the Rocky Mountain Mule deer which are seen most frequently between Tower Junction and Mammoth. The term, Mule Deer, is probably derived from the fact that these animals have large mule-like ears. Does are antlerless while the bucks shed their antlers each year sometime between December and May. There are at present about 700 of these animals in the Park.

Perhaps because of their boldness and friendliness the bears are the most widely-publicized and consequently the best known animals in Yellowstone. They are of two breeds, the Grizzly and the Black. A full-grown Grizzly bear measures 8 to 9 feet and weighs as much as 600 pounds, while the Black

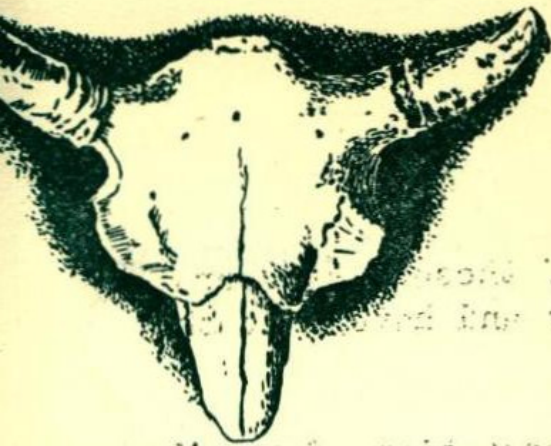
is 5 to 5½ feet in length and weighs about 250 pounds. Although friendly, these animals may become highly sensitive and ferocious if tormented or alarmed. Bears are omniverous and feed mainly on berries, roots, honey, grass, insects, reptiles and small animals. From mid-October to mid-April is their hibernation period, spent wherever protection against the elements can be found. Cubs are born in January while the sow bear is in hibernation. The Black bear is arboreal in its habits while the Grizzly, except as a cub, does not climb trees. There are today in the Park about 450 Blacks and 200 Grizzlies.

Bears, while a valuable part of Yellowstone National Park, have, unfortunately, raised a problem of major importance to the Park staff. An otherwise doting parent who would not permit her young Johnny or Susie to pat the next-door neighbor's dog will, without hesitation, place her offspring upon the back of a 250-pound Black bear (or even a Grizzly) in order to snap a picture for the folks back home. The reasoning behind this dangerous and thoroughly indefensible action can be traced to the sentimental attachment of humans for the toy Teddy-bear. In a moment of desperation following one such incident I once publicly stated that I would cheerfully wring the neck of the person who started the Teddy-bear concept. One of my audience took me literally and sent the following description of the origin of the apparently world-wide sentimental attachment for bears.

Mark Sullivan in Our Times has given an account of the origin of the Teddy Bear:

On November 10, 1902, Roosevelt went on a bear hunt in Mississippi. While he was in camp near Smedes, Miss., a newspaper dispatch described him as refusing to shoot a small bear that had been brought into camp for him to kill. The cartoonist of the Washington POST, Clifford K. Berryman, pictured the incident. For one reason or another,

whimsical or symbolic, the public saw in the bear episode a quality that it pleased to associate with Roosevelt's personality. The "Teddy-bear", beginning with Berryman's original cartoon, was repeated thousands of times and printed literally thousands of millions of times; in countless variations, pictorial and verbal, prose and verse; on the stage and in political debate; in satire or in humorous friendliness. Toy-makers took advantage of its vogue; it became more common in the hands of children than the woolly lamb. For Republican conventions, and meetings associated with Roosevelt, the "Teddy-bear" became the standard decoration, more in evidence than the eagle and only less usual than the Stars and Stripes. (Vol. II, p. 445.)



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THE WESTERNERS

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DENVER 2, COLO.

PETERSON, REGISTRAR OF MARKS AND BRANDS

FEBRUARY, 1946

No. 2

WESTERN BRUSHSTROKES--A SYMPOSIUM

INTRODUCTION

By Arthur Carhart

Man from the beginning has tried to convey his ideas and impressions to his fellowmen through numerous media. Desirous that others should comprehend by interpretation what has been seen and experienced pictographs, music architecture, the more advanced types of art, writing, and now radio and television have been brought into play by experts in these fields.

Writing is perhaps the one to which we generally turn today because we are trained to use written or printed words in conveying ideas. Many writers, professional and otherwise, came west in the early days and interpreted the West as they saw it. Within more recent times we have had such fine writers as our fellow Westerners William McLeod Raine, Forbes Parkhill, Dabney Collins, Tom Ferril and such excellent chroniclers and interpreters of the past as LeRoy R. Hafen, Levette J. Davidson, Colin B. Goodykoontz and Herbert O. Brayer. Because each was well-rooted in the Western soil their interpretation of the West has been outstanding. Articles and books about the West are myriad, but the most faithful portrayal--those which capture the feeling, and

the spirit--have come from the pens of these Westerners who have lived in the plains and mountains and have felt the "touch" of the old West.

While music as a medium of interpretation of the West has had but a limited development, art has been used quite freely. Artists who crossed the Mississippi and Missouri in the early days left a rich heritage through the projection on canvas of their experiences. Many of their paintings have become famous. Two of the largest and finest canvases in the national capitol at Washington are Moran's unexcelled "Grand Canyon of the Colorado" and "Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone," both painted in the early 1870's. Another of his famous western scenes is prominent in the national offices of the Christian Science Church in Boston. Bierstadt's overland trail paintings; Russell's early cowboy depictions; the Colorado River scenes of Mollhausen and Egloffstein; Kern's, Koppel's, Campbell's and Stanley's graphic illustrations made in the field during the western railroad surveys before the Civil War, along with the reproductions of Remington, Catlin, and Jackson in their western explorations all serve to preserve an appreciation of the West, which might easily otherwise have been forgotten.

In the world of today there is a definite struggle being waged between the extreme modernists and the artists who adhere to the perpetration of naturalistic ideas in paintings. Based on the principal of projecting a Freudian concept of abstraction, the surrealists offer little in the way of sublime art or naturalistic painting. My idea of good literature or good painting is a clarity of concept and a visually pleasing execution which enables the untrained person to understand the completed work. If a composition admits confusion, whether it be in music, in writing or in painting, then clarity of concept is lost, thereby nullifying the fundamental purpose of the projection.

Tonight we are fortunate in having with us three eminent

western artists—Waldo Love, Albert Bancroft and Earl Hammock. Well-rooted in Colorado soil these three will tell lucidly their story of art in the West. The first one is our friend Waldo Love, staff artist at the Colorado Museum of Natural History. All of you have seen some of his work. Al Bailey, our fellow member, as director of the Museum, has developed a technique for presenting ecological exhibits that is unsurpassed in any of the large museums of the East and Middle West. Waldo is responsible for the gorgeous backgrounds of these exhibits which blend so perfectly with the foregrounds that it is difficult to determine the point of division. They simply melt into the rest of the scene. He is not exactly a native Coloradan. Washington, D. C. was his home until he was eleven years old at which time he came west. His work in the museum is delightful evidence of the practical application of the naturalistic field of art.

ART IN THE MUSEUM

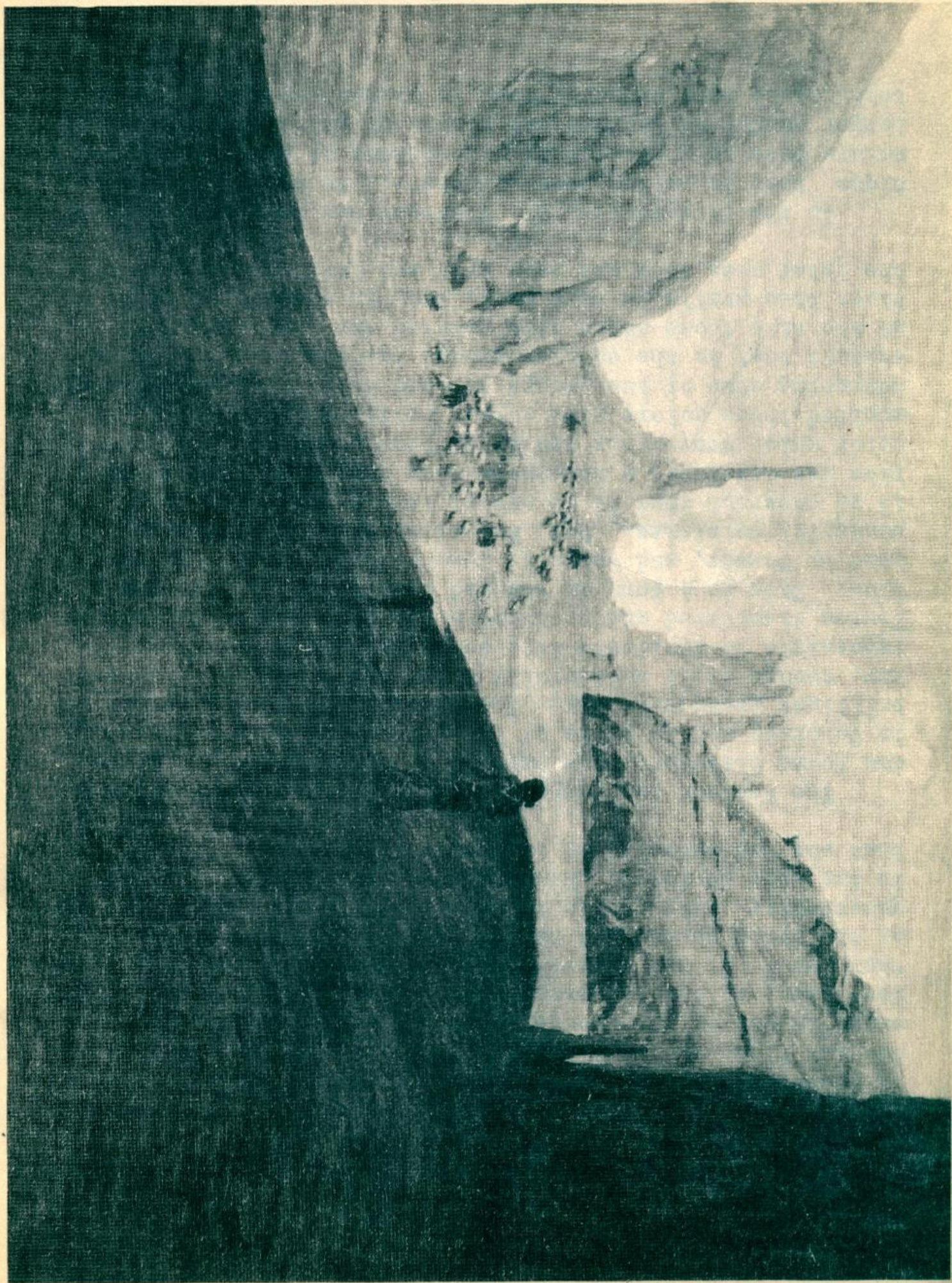
By Waldo Love

In using art as the medium of conveying a message most artists differ in their approach to their respective subjects. At the Colorado Museum of Natural History our approach—and notice I said our approach, because the exhibits which we prepare are not the work of any one man—is the faithful reproduction of the bird, animal, and plant life and the inanimate phenomena of nature. My own job is simple. In painting the backgrounds for these exhibits I am not concerned about an artistic interpretation of nature. My part of the job is to make them look as much as possible like nature as seen in the fields, the mountains or the canyons. Mr. Niedrach who is charged with planning and executing the foregrounds for the lifesize exhibits at the museum, approaches the problem along similar lines, although he has the additional problem of condensation of area and life while still perpetuating the visual concept of reality and naturalness.

The prime purpose in presenting these exhibits is to portray nature as she is and to reproduce for the non-scientific public--the more or less average population--typical and representative western scenes. In these ecological groups there are divisions known as life zones, each containing various forms of animal and vegetable life characteristic of given altitudes and latitudes. These differences are due principally to temperature changes. Climbing up a mountain 1000 feet is about the same as a northward journey of 300 miles. At the summits of some of the higher mountains in Colorado are plants almost identical with forms found in Alaska and Greenland, and the birds are related to those of the northern zones.

In one exhibit hall at the Museum are shown the various life zones--the Upper Sonoran from 3,500 to 5,500 feet; the transition from 5,500 to 8,000 feet; the Canadian from 8,000 to 10,000 feet; and the Alpine which is that area above timber line. From the view of the museum preparator, the grass, the flowers, and the other plants and trees are more important than the birds or animals which inhabit these zones, for the fauna are wholly dependent upon the flora for their existence.

Many people come to the Museum who exercise the great American privilege of catching the other man making a mistake, but to the best of my knowledge they have not as yet succeeded because our presentation of the different forms of life in each zone has been carefully studied and then meticulously reproduced. Wherever possible, photographs and studies are made directly at the scene which we are going to "duplicate." Actual botanical specimens are gathered, classified, and then reproduced in a scientifically created replica of their natural habitat. Errors occur only where nature herself deviated from her conventional pattern--a not infrequent occurrence in the overlap or transition areas between life zones. The artist's contribution to the reproduction is simply the faithful portrayal



of what his eyes have seen and the camera lens has recorded.

Several amusing experiences have occurred at the Museum in Denver's City Park. One lady complained that the flowers did not bloom in the Alpine region in the manner they were shown in one of the groups. She sat on the bench, put her feet down, folded her hands, and said, "They just don't bloom that way." It was suggested that perhaps she had been there at the wrong season and hadn't seen the flowers bloom. On questioning this critic it was found that she had never been in the area depicted. Nevertheless, she firmly believed that she had detected an indefensible error.

The Western landscape has peculiarities which are seldom found elsewhere, one example of which is sky coloring. In Colorado and in parts of Utah, there is an exceptionally brilliant green-blue sky. The brilliance is in a very high key, though still wonderfully clear and beautiful. It was impossible to duplicate this color quality until Windsor Newton discovered and produced a new tint called Monastral blue. This is a form of the old Prussian blue that was used by Turner, and which is nearly faded out in his once wonderful paintings. But, Monastral blue is permanent, and is so powerful that it is almost like a dye. From that blue was developed a manganese blue and an emerald green color which previously had never been permanent. When deftly applied these colors give a very brilliant blue sky. In comparing some of the groups in Mead Hall, it is immediately evident that in the earlier groups the sky is a dull gray. At the time those skies were painted the most brilliant blues then available were used, yet, in comparison with the later ones they are very gray and lifeless.

In the foregrounds, Mr. Niedrach has developed a technique that is seldom used elsewhere. He has found that nature puts in a great many more blades of grass and a larger number of flowers and plants of all kinds, than technicians have hitherto used in museum reproductions.

Consequently, he is very lavish in the placement of plants in his foregrounds, resulting in a more natural appearance. Nature can put twenty blossoms on one plant, and it will not seem crowded. In man's reproduction if ten are put on the same plant it appears overdone. Man's techniques curiously do not coincide with those of nature. Peculiarly nature has a manner of producing an effect which man, using the same materials, fails to equal.

If these exhibits are better than those of other museums, it is doubtless because of the painstaking care exercised by every member of the Museum staff from the photographer who makes a picture "in situ" to the technician who meticulously "manufactures" the trees, flowers and grasses; the able workers who mount and pose the animals, birds, reptiles and insects; the artist whose backgrounds round out and give depth and unity to the "creation."

* * * * *

INTRODUCING ALBERT BANCROFT

Albert Bancroft is truly a native-born artist; a Denverite from his first breath. When he was three years old he was taken to Bailey, Colorado, where the daily arrival of the Lilliputian-like trains of the old Denver, South Park & Pacific Railroad was a never ending attraction to the residents. Some years later he decided that it would be a good place to live, so about twenty-five years ago he made his headquarters there. Because of his love of the mountains much of his time has been spent among the snow-covered peaks above timberline as well as among the groves of quaking aspen and the dense forests of Colorado conifers. The beauty and serenity of these surroundings he has sought to capture and interpret on his many excellent canvases. From his own long and intimate experience in the background of his art he is able with brush and paint to transfer a beloved part of our West to soul-stirring pictures.

ARTIST WITH A MISSION

By Albert Bancroft

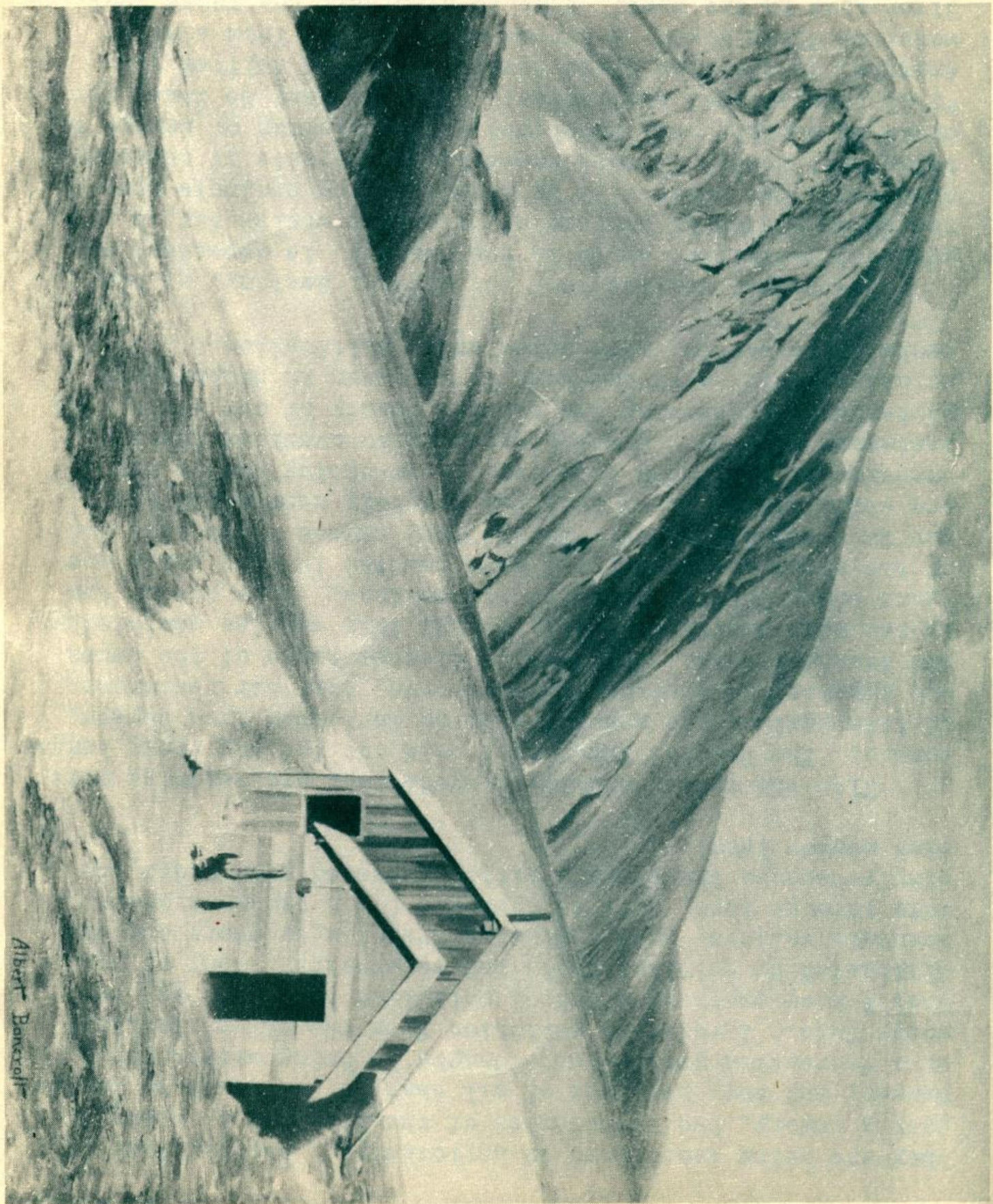
In a recent issue of the New Yorker, there appeared a cartoon depicting two of Helen Hakanson's stout, middle-aged ladies seated in a broker's office watching the quotations being written on a blackboard. One of them says to the other, "Which stock do you believe in?" If anyone should ask me the question, "Which state do you believe in?" I would be obliged to say, "Colorado." I gathered from your program committee that the talks you usually have here are based on a certain amount of knowledge or extensive research by the speaker, so I want to disclose at once the nature of the investigation that I have been conducting for something over a quarter of a century.

The idea for this laborious undertaking came to me while I was playing in a law office with George Struby. Both George and I felt that we would like to get into some work where we could be a little more help to the citizenry of Denver. Suddenly there came to my mind an entirely unexplained statement made by David, who said, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills whence cometh my strength." The possibilities implied in this thought seemed to me of tremendous importance, and I knew that if the underlying scientific principle could be discovered, some practical means could be found for making it of beneficial use to city dwellers. I accepted the challenge, went to the mountains to live and began the study. One of the first discoveries I made was that the "strength cometh" just as well in the winter as in any other season. Foreseeing a big future for Colorado, I bought the first pair of skis Spaulding ever sold in Denver.

By an odd coincidence just thirty years ago today, Washington's Birthday of 1916, I started up Mount Rosalie.

The wind had been blowing hard all day in the valley, and by the time my skis and I reached timberline, I had found out from whence its strength was coming. I built my fire in the lee of some large rocks out of big limberpine logs that were lying around. The velocity of the wind increased hourly. It happened to be the very night when all the sheds in Deer Valley had their roofs blown off. Along toward midnight I had at least five big logs blazing at once, and one single blast of wind blew out the entire fire just as you blow out a match. My first experience on the peaks in winter ended with nothing more serious than eight frosted fingers. In February, 1918, I was again above timberline--that time above Odessa Lake. During the 1920's we never missed a winter getting sketches at all altitudes up to 12,000 feet. My project for doing something practical about the plight of city dwellers had by now taken the definite form of painting. Always with the hope of interesting a dozen or so open-minded folks in Colorado's most valuable assets, its mountains, streams, and lakes, I brought back paintings from the high country. By 1930 we were reaching 13,000 feet in the winter; and making summer sketches from the 14,000 foot peaks. Slowly at first, people began to discover that Colorado was an all-year recreation area. Today it is common knowledge throughout the United States. Word has spread that we not only have more snow, but according to the Easterners who come for recreational purposes Colorado snow is superior to that of eastern areas. And so the time has finally arrived when it is no longer necessary to try to reach people and make them understand what I was trying to show them in these paintings. They know it now; it's established, and so my project is going to undergo quite a change.

My new objective is the result of many observations, all pointing to the same conclusion. Every time I return to a place where I painted in past years, I find that something has happened to mar the beauty that once was there. The streams and rivers have been the worst sufferers; one by one



Albert Boncampf

they are being sacrificed to agriculture. Roaring Fork is just a memory, the tributaries of the Blue are in grave danger, and now, heedless of all that it has meant to Denver as a recreation area, Platte Canyon is being marked for a worse fate. I refer to pollution from the vilest tailings that I know anything about, a pollution that will not be eliminated by settling ponds and reservoirs. Many of our mountain valleys, once a great attraction to every one who rode through them, will be eyesores for a thousand years, simply because there was a little unneeded gold under the rich meadow land.

With the trees, similar depredations are becoming more common. The Douglas fir cannot hold out for any great length of time against the annual raids of Christmas tree buyers, who imagine, as Americans always have, that our resources are inexhaustible. The rate of disappearance of the aspen is the most alarming of all, though this species admittedly ranks among Colorado's chief attractions. Nine out of ten of the aspen stands which I have painted in past years are now in a ruinous state. To the many causes which have and are still taking their toll has recently been added the invasion of the match industry. I am citing just a few instances of a very general tendency to overlook the importance of preserving the natural beauty of our state. As an asset it is worth far more to us, even in dollars and cents, than putting more acres under cultivation.

Few people realize that our natural destiny, as the greatest recreation state in the country, is dependent on the safeguarding of sources of potential wealth far in excess of that which will be obtained from projects now being initiated. In most cases these projects if necessary could be equally well developed with a minimum of damage to vital recreational facilities. All that need be done, for example, in the Blue River diversion, is to deliver the water to Clear Creek, a stream already lost from similar diversions in the past. That is precisely the route that

the Reclamation Bureau prefers. There is no need to sacrifice the Platte. Reservoirs intended for storage and power development can be located in canyons unsuitable for human occupation, instead of placing them where they will liquidate long established communities engaged in catering to the vacationer.

Surveys are now in progress and it is hoped that the decision will be in favor of the site which requires the least loss of essential activities necessary to the balanced development of the state. This important choice should not be entrusted to engineers alone, and based solely on engineering factors. There are other values to be considered that cannot fairly be weighed unless a broader outlook on the future of the state is brought into the discussion. I have tried to indicate very briefly some of the ways in which the natural beauty of Colorado is being endangered, and to suggest that much of that loss is preventable. We started out with tremendous advantages and it is not too late to carefully inventory our resources and give them the best affordable protection.

* * * * *

INTRODUCING EARL HAMMOCK

Earl Hammock, our next speaker, is a Texan who, after the first World War, discovered that Texas really was a part of the United States and decided to try Colorado. He and his work have become an integral part of the West and he is particularly interested in symbolism among the Indians of the Southwest. Through his association with the Pueblos, Navajos and Hopis he has brought to the art lovers by medium of the canvas an interpretation of native religion and social life as expressed in their arts and crafts.

WHITHER WESTERN ART

By Earl Hammock

It is indeed a privilege to appear before such an appreciative audience. It is a fine opportunity for us artists to present our viewpoint and to reassure you that after all we are normal people rather than wholly eccentric. I, too, do much standard landscape painting throughout the mountain and desert region, but I am becoming very keenly interested in recording the ancient Indian symbolism so wonderfully available in their weaving and pottery crafts. It pleases me to assure you that I do not follow or care for the modern, abstract, or non-objective philosophy of painting. If a painting could be completely non-objective there would be no excuse for painting it--and certainly no one would understand it.

The Indians of the Southwest used symbols, and line and color in abstractions and conventionalized design which were highly artistic, and yet rich in vital social meaning for the whole tribe. Archaeology is my hobby and a valuable means of understanding the Pueblo and Navajo Indian culture. Every sherd of pottery one finds tells a story--the story of a people, who lived out countless generations in a sun-kissed land without leaving us a written word but whose art forms tell us a full and interesting story of their culture. Their designs are the most original, beautiful and informative of all primitive art expressions in the new world. The highly personalized modern stunt-painting--non-objective and surrealist impressions of modern art--is a poor invention by comparison. Whereas a modern artist is so intent upon "self-expression" without having very much worthwhile to express, the ancient Pueblo or Navajo artist spoke or recorded the finest and deepest feeling of his people--and was clearly understood by all.

In executing reproductions of this native art I make a sincere effort to capitalize on the decorative value of the Indian's symbolic design--using it in such a manner as would be desirable for the artist's needs, and yet preserving the exact detail--making the work entirely authentic. In this way I endeavor to meet all the need of sheer geometry of design and the beauty of color, plus the faithful portrayal of definite objects--which in themselves are worthy of a still-life painting.

Anyone familiar with the ancient Southwest culture knows the fundamental needs of these people. First and foremost was rain. This was of such paramount importance that a large portion of their symbols were a petition or prayer for rain. It was woven in blankets, incised on rocks, and drawn on pottery. Practically all Indian dances were actually physical and visible manifestations of prayer. Of great importance also was the prayer for fertility--for themselves and all good things of nature. There are innumerable symbols concerning the reproduction and multiplication of life, both plant and animal. Prayers for success in war, on the hunt and even in games are often depicted. Many lovely prayer designs covering the general subject of happiness were used, most particularly a supplication for harmony with their gods.

Many of these outstanding symbols are represented in the painting illustrated in this report. We clearly see the rain, sun, star, mountain, seed and parrot symbols woven in the "Two-grey-hill" Navajo rug, or drawn on the Acoma jar, which are used as models for this still-life oil painting.

Call these deep-tanned native Americans pagan and barbaric if you wish, yet, the fact remains that we of modern America are deeply indebted to them. The greatest debt we owe them is, of course, for their tremendous effort to preserve a continuing spark of life at a time when it was beset



by a thousand taboos and confused by an abysmal ignorance of natural causes. During this long period of the unwritten word they, by their art, left a most accurate history of their hopes and fears. Perhaps here is another lesson we can learn from their art--the fact that mankind has always had the longing to express his basic emotions of love, hate, hunger, hope and fear. The artist, writer and philosopher find a rich field in the entrancing Southwest where many of non-essential details of modern living slip from our consciousness and we can visualize a life based on absolute needs.

In another painting using the well-known "Yei-be-chi" Navajo rug--which is woven near Shiprock, New Mexico, is seen the elongated figures of the "Yeis"--dancing gods--with the spirit of the corn, and over all the spirit of the rainbow. With this I have used a Zuñi pot, with mountain, rain, arrow and hunting symbols together with an excellent expression of prayer for fecundity of game animals.

In another painting which is conceived to match the one illustrated a very fine and unusual Navajo "Yei-be-chi" rug and a Santo Domingo olla is used. A splendid seed and seed-pod motif on the pot--another fertility manifestation--and a beautiful sun symbol in the rug weave make an interesting combination.

In concluding let me thank you for your interest and appreciation, also for your hospitality and kindness. I am sure I speak for Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Love in expressing these thanks and hope through our efforts you may become more interested in the general function of art.

* * * * *

In the discussion which followed one of the members asked, "Why don't we see more of this truly western painting in our museum exhibits today?"

Mr. Hammock replied: I am glad you ask this question as it needs asking and answering in an open meeting in an open-minded manner. I feel very strongly on this matter but I will try to be honest because I am grateful to you for the opportunity to bring this question before an honorable and interested group. Unquestionably, there has been a great change in official museum policies of late years. More and more so-called "modern" works are shown to the almost total exclusion of naturalistic and realistic work. I am of course speaking of contemporary productions. It is well that you seem somewhat annoyed by this policy. I, too, feel that a great injustice is being done to the cause of good art and to those interested in it. Indeed there is a mounting tide of resentment on the part of the layman as well as conservative painters to this recent museum policy of selection and invitation which amounts to arbitrary exclusion of a large section of excellent and competent work. This attitude is a definite manifestation of intellectual snobbery, artistic high-hatting and bold knight-errantry in behalf of everything else but reasonable painting.

Surely the great art museums of our country must again be made conscious of their sacred trust, to give unbiased representation in their field. After all, museums and their directors are but public servants, supported by liberal tax funds, generous endowments and membership dues, and are duty bound to exhibit all phases of art deemed clean, cultural, reasonable, inspirational, beautiful, and worthy. On the other hand they have no right or justification to champion an overabundance of experimental, sordid, trivial, unlovely, irrational and distorted examples of one phase to the exclusion of the sincere, academic, wholesome and cherished work of our great southwestern painters.

How long since you have seen an official exhibit or heard even faint official encouragement given to any of the following fine contemporary artists of our immediate southwest territory--Balink, Phillips, Sharp, Fairchild, Ufer,

Bryant, Delano, Blumenschein, Hennings, Fechin, Rollins, Leader, Couse, Cassidy, Dixon, Strang, and many others whose work is recording one of our greatest themes in a truly great manner? Well, it has been some ten years or more! Men like these have produced or are now producing the very kind of paintings you so earnestly wish to see--the kind that give visual delight, that give the heart a tug and the aesthetic sense a lift--reasonable men doing a competent job. You are entitled to see and enjoy their work, but you don't! And I don't blame you for being entirely unconvinced and unimpressed by museum propoganda indicating that you are not sophisticated enough to appreciate good painting. It is time so-called art critics--mostly self-appointed, refrain from making stuka attacks upon every thing lovely or reasonable in art. Art patter and zaney twaddle lauding the abstract and non-objective is a poor substitute for good taste. It is not a healthy condition when those assuming art authority attempt to convince us that the beautiful is "old hat" or that "naturalism is decadent." Any painter who loses faith in the beauty and spirituality of nature is committing artistic hari-kari.

By actual experience with our Art Association for Western Colorado we have proved beyond doubt that the average good citizen recognizes and prefers competent technique, conception, and execution in painting. Patronage has grown in tremendous strides. Can you say as much for membership in Denver?

Specifically I plead for a more just and equitable policy of invitation and selection at your art museum. No more one man, one opinion, or packed juries, please! This leads to boycott and dictation which is unhealthy and undemocratic. A one-sided jury withholds awards and denies an audience--stifling incentive and progress.

Does it not seem reasonable then that with all the support, the improvement in painting media, the accumulated

information available plus the vast latent interest the layman has in things artistic, that the museum could rise to its duties in a grand, impartial way and give us something heart-warming and spiritually satisfying.

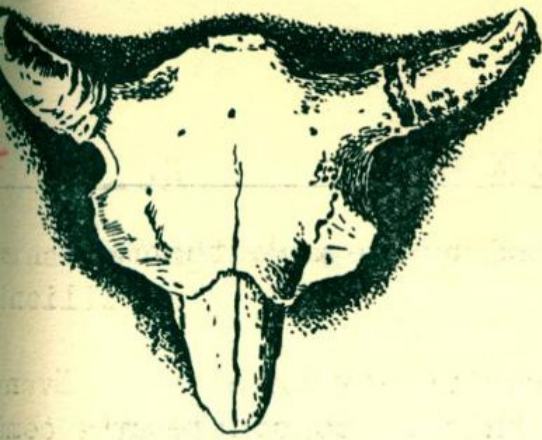
I shall not be sorry for "blowing my top" if only I have made you a bit more curious about this situation. Thank you again.

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PREHISTORIC MAN IN COLORADO

By C. T. Hurst*

For a long time it was thought by the most widely accepted authorities that the antiquity of man in America did not measure back into the past for more than two or three thousand years. Until comparatively recent time all finds of remains of supposedly early man were discounted and not credited as of much value. Discoveries of this kind began nearly a hundred years ago and have since occurred with increasing frequency.

It is only within the last twenty years that the evidence for a respectable antiquity of man in the Western Hemisphere has become so conclusive that it can no longer be denied. It is now conceded that his coming may have been as far back in the past as 25,000 years.

No "fossil" man has ever been found in any part of America, North or South, and probably never will be found. So far as is known, early evolutionary development of the

* Dr. Hurst is head of the Department of Zoology and Archaeology at Western State College, Gunnison, Colorado, and is Executive Secretary of the Colorado Archaeology Society.

human animal took place in the Old World and began more than a million years ago.

Even though 25,000 years ago may approximately date man's coming into the western hemisphere, this is considerable antiquity. But at that early date man was essentially in his present physical condition--he was Homo sapiens, the same species to which all present day human races belong.

The best archaeological evidence indicates that America was slowly peopled from Asia by intermittent migrations across the Bering Strait. This narrow strip of water would not have offered insurmountable difficulties of navigation to man of that early time. Evidence also shows that the primitive Americans are in broad aspects related to the Mongoloid stocks of Asia in their characters both physical and psychological. They do show, as a matter of fact, great variation and the admixture of other racial characters. There are also cultural relations such as in language structure and in many other details. The case seems to be quite good for the idea that the Indian is primarily a transplanted and highly differentiated Asiatic with secondary differentiations like those that occur in any major group. His long separation from his original homeland has finally resulted in many different local types.

It is a well-known fact that at one time certain portions of North America were covered by a great sheet of ice. This period of time was known as the Ice Age--or the Pleistocene Period as the geologist calls it. It is also an established fact that the ice advanced from the north and subsequently retreated on five different occasions accompanied each time with varying climatic conditions.

The last of these glacial advances, known as the Wisconsin Stage, was in retreat at about the time of the first coming of man from Asia. No such extensive glaciation has occurred since. Between this last and the other four glacial

periods there were interglacial periods when conditions of weather may have been comparatively mild, even approaching those of the present day.

The ice sheet did not cover all of northern North America uniformly, but was localized mainly in the northeastern part. There was a corridor between its western margin and the great Rocky Mountain chain. Southwestward the ice extended into what are now Kansas and Nebraska; to the south it reached the Ohio River region. The corridor would have furnished a reasonably favorable route of migration southward from the Yukon and Mackenzie River country for early man.

Whether or not the Pacific coast would have been a good road to the south is open to question. During the Ice Age, the mountains--although not under the great ice sheet--were undoubtedly the scene of local minor glaciation and of tremendously more snow and ice than under present conditions. But as the Ice Age gave way the higher altitudes of the mountains became more favorable and early man could have penetrated over low passes into interior valleys. Ultimately he also traveled southward between the parallel mountain chains of the Great Basin region. These latter pathways could have been entered from either eastward or westward passes that may have become opened comparatively far north not long after glacial times.

Probably, at first, only the corridor was suitable for migration. Later, the coastal route and the interior valleys were used. Early man, then, eventually moved southward from the Alaskan bridgehead in a variety of ways.

If these migration routes were the ones used, then we should expect to find the earliest sites of human activity in North America along the junction of the Great Plains and the mountains, in the Great Basin country and valleys to the north, and in the coastal region. These places are

exactly where the authentic sites used by early man have been found.

The materials left behind by these early men--mainly their stone weapons and implements--are dated approximately by geological methods. The tree-ring method of dating sites that was developed by Dr. Douglass of the University of Arizona does not carry that far back, but only to about the beginning of the Christian Era. Many of these remains are found associated with the bones of types of animals that thrived in a relatively cold and moist climate and are known to have become extinct at the close of the Ice Age. These associations clearly imply that man lived at the same time and that he hunted these beasts. These animals included such forms as the mammoth, the ground sloth, the llama-like camel, the horse, and an extinct species of buffalo--the latter a quite different one from the one that survived on the plains down to the time of our own grandfathers.

It is possible that in valleys of the mountains and the Great Basin, due to the higher altitude, cold and moist conditions may have lasted longer than on the plains. As a consequence of this, the Ice Age animals may have survived longer and early man may have dated later than on the plains. This phase of the problem is yet to be cleared up.

In 1926, a party from the Colorado Museum of Natural History, in Denver, was digging up bones of the extinct buffalo, Bison taylori, near the town of Folsom in north-eastern New Mexico. The bones lay under clay and gravel down to a depth of thirteen feet. Three pieces of flint worked by human hands were found in the diggings, one of them in close association with one of the buffalo bones. Upon study in the laboratory, the director of the museum, Dr. Figgins, realized the importance of the find but was unable to convince archaeologists that the bones and flints had not been mixed by some agency rather than having been laid down together at the same time.

The next season more flints turned up in association with the bones. This time several other competent scientists from large eastern institutions were called in to check these finds. There was an agreement among these specialists, but still considerable skepticism among scientists in general. However, the work of the third season settled the matter. During this season the expedition was sponsored jointly by the Colorado Museum in Denver and the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. Further finds of flints were made in association with the extinct buffalo bones. Numerous other interested specialists came to see the material. The evidence was then conclusive. There could be no doubt that man lived at the same time as did the extinct buffalo, and that he hunted this buffalo. At last definite knowledge was at hand that man had a really considerable antiquity in America.

The flints at Folsom were of a type of projectile point known as dart points since the arrow had not been introduced at the time man hunted Bison taylori. The dart is a longer and heavier weapon than an arrow and takes a larger point than an arrowhead. It is thrown with a dart-thrower, or atlatl, a club-like object which has at the end a spur fitting into a socket in the end of the dart. The dart-thrower, for all practical purposes, increases the length of the arm and thus gives more power to the thrust of the weapon.

The Folsom point is unique. On either side of the base are two delicately fashioned "ears". The sides diverge toward the tip to a point of maximum breadth of the point as a whole about two-thirds of the way forward. From here the tip is formed rather abruptly. The most distinctive feature of these points, however, are the two broad and shallow channels that are found on the faces of the point and that were formed by the removal of channel flakes by expert workmanship. Folsom points are thin at the midline and show thickened ridges near the edges, as a result of the two channels. The chipping of these points is characteristically

very expertly done and the base and edges often show fine, almost microscopic, chipping as the result of a process of sharpening. These points, although very ancient, show superb craftsmanship and are much better done than many later types.

Many questions have been asked as to how such beautiful and delicately fashioned points as those of the Folsom culture could have been made. Evidence has been accumulated to indicate that the point was shaped up roughly at first with a flat "platform" left at the base to receive the blows that would strike out the two channel flakes. Due to the narrowness of the platform, the blows probably were delivered indirectly by means of a bone or antler punch. After the channel flakes were removed refinements of shaping were carried out by secondary chipping. In this process the workman chipped out finer flakes, either by pounding with a hammer stone (percussion) or by pressure with a bone or antler tool (abrasion), depending on the character of the work. The basal part of the edges of the point were not left sharp but were smoothed so that the sinew used to fasten the point into a shaft would not be cut by a sharp edge.

The point as described may be considered the "classic" Folsom point and it is found only in the regions adjacent to the junction of the mountains and the plains in Colorado and New Mexico. Many points, more or less similar in general nature to the Folsom points, have been found widely to the east and elsewhere but they are possibly not true Folsom points. They may be degenerations or collateral lines of development, and of later manufacture.

In the Sandia Mountains not far from Albuquerque, New Mexico, a cave known as Sandia Cave has been excavated that has yielded interesting results. The top level of the deposit yielded recent materials. Below this layer was a crust of sterile calcium carbonate. Underneath this crust

was a layer that contained Folsom artifacts. Below this layer was a layer of sterile yellow ochre. Under the latter layer was another that contained peculiar and distinctive artifacts. It would appear that the Sandia culture may be older than the Folsom culture because of its lower position in the deposits in Sandia Cave. Only this one site is as yet known for this culture, so it may be risky to make any sweeping conclusions. It may be that conditions at Sandia Cave were similar to those described for the San Luis site in Colorado, within the next few paragraphs, and that it may not be as ancient as sites on the plains to the east.

There are two other Folsom sites in Colorado that are worthy of mention, one of which is the extensive Lindenmeier site located near the Wyoming line north of the city of Fort Collins. While making excavations there from 1934 to 1938 the Smithsonian Institution found numerous projectiles of the classic type, and many graters and scrapers associated with the bones of extinct animals such as camels and Bison taylori. Carved bone ornaments, or possibly gaming pieces, were also found. Geological study has shown that man may have lived at the Lindenmeier site as far back as 25,000 years ago.

The other of these two sites was found in a "blow-out" location in the sand dune country of the San Luis Valley west of the Sangre de Cristo Range and not far from Alamosa. "Classic" points, along with many other points and scrapers, were uncovered here in association with badly decayed buffalo bones--bones said by experts to belong quite possibly to Bison taylori. This site is a location out of the "classic" range but it is reached by a low pass from the Upper Arkansas valley. It may be that at the higher altitude of the valley west of the Sangre de Cristos, Ice Age conditions may have survived to a later period and the buffalo adapted to such conditions survived longer than on the plains. Consequently, the Folsom material under these circumstances may also date later.

In addition to the original Folsom site there are two others of considerable interest located in New Mexico. Between Clovis and Portales the Folsomoid Yuma and the true "classic" points have been found associated with extinct mammoth and bison remains in "blow-out" sites. The other site near Carlsbad is known as Burnet Cave. Here, the fluted Folsom type of point was found associated with extinct animal bones and in definitely deeper layers in the deposits than known material of much later age.

Another type of stone projectile point that dates back to the very early times, and which also occurs in Colorado, is the Yuma point. It derives its name from the fact that it was first recognized by experts in extensive private collections, in 1928, at the town of Yuma in northeastern Colorado.

Formerly a wide variety of points was included under the name Yuma, but now only two definite forms are recognized and the others are denied recognition until they can be more definitely determined as to their proper relations. The two recognized types are known as the Oblique Yuma and the Collateral Yuma. The former has parallel oblique flakes that pass entirely across the surface of the point on both sides; the latter shows short parallel flakes on either side that meet at a mid-rib. Characteristically, these points are long and slender, but they may vary in proportions, the stem is often separated from the main body of the point by very slight offsets; the base may be straight or slightly concave. Basal grinding to prevent cutting of the sinew hafting material is common.

The Indeterminate Yumas are not so clear-cut in form and workmanship and may vary much more, especially in the chipping technique. Points of this latter type are frequently found associated with Folsom material and they may in these cases be Folsom blades or knives rather than projectile points. Nearly all of them, as well as the two

which are definitely recognized, give evidence of being early types. It can not yet, however, be settled definitely whether the Yumas as a class are older or younger than the Folsoms. Some evidence would indicate that they are more recent, while certain authorities, on the other hand, regard the Yuma point to be the earlier and the Folsom point to be a development from it, to which were added channels and other minor modifications.

In Colorado, and in the Southwest generally, the better known, comparatively recent cultures began, so far as we are able to determine, by tree-ring dating and other methods, at or near the beginning of the Christian Era. These peoples were the Basket Makers, the Pueblos, and various nomadic groups.

Prior to these cultures there was a long period of time for which we have no record of any consequence. Discoveries indicate that Folsom hunters lived in this area possibly as much as 25,000 years ago. Culture finds also show that they were here up to 10,000 or 12,000 years ago when they apparently vanished without a trace. Who followed them is a mystery. There are several possibilities. Perhaps the earlier men were ancestral to the later ones, but were dispersed or very much thinned out for a time. Or, possibly the earlier men died out in our region, which then remained comparatively free of human habitation for a long time. Finally, it may be that the later men in the Southwest were newcomers themselves, either from another part of America or from the Old World. It may be a long time yet before this story can be told in all its details on the basis of reliable archaeological evidence.

In none of the excavations that have yielded material of Folsom times, has any bone of the man himself been found. As a consequence, it cannot be said what his physical characters were. There would be but little doubt, however, that if "Folsom Man" is ever found he would be similar to

other Indians in his general characters, and if he differed it would be only in minor ways.

States other than Colorado and New Mexico have also yielded evidence of early man in America. Not far from Las Vegas, Nevada, the Southwest Museum of Los Angeles excavated a site known as Gypsum Cave where artifacts, left by man, were found associated with the remains of the ground sloth and other extinct animals. This fact, together with other evidence, establishes a very respectable antiquity for the artifacts found in this cave. A distinctive type of projectile point has come to be known as the Gypsum Cave point. In southern California several very old lake shore cultures have been differentiated, each having its distinctive type of projectile point. Among these are the Pinto Basin, Lake Mohave, and the Silver Lake complexes.

Other early sites have been found in Texas near Abilene. Evidence from these sites suggests the possibility of a far earlier human habitation than ever before realized. It is estimated that they may be as old as 70,000 years. This, however, is yet controversial. There are numerous other sites in the west, indicative of the existence of early man which may belong to periods later than that of the true Folsom culture; some may even be transitional. The full facts can be known only on the basis of information yet to be obtained by archaeological research.

The Basket Makers, who were the forerunners of the Cliff Dwellers, and who were semi-sedentary farmers, had their beginnings at about the opening of the Christian Era. The culture of this people has been studied in great detail and much can be said about it.

Between the latest time of the early cultures and the earliest time of the Basket Makers there is a "dark" age, or a hiatus, during which little evidence of human occupation has been left behind that we have been able to find and

to interpret, with one recent exception for the latter part of the period. This hiatus, or "dim-out", was at least eight thousand years in duration. Future study may tell the story, but then only when the required deposits of material containing the remains of the cultures involved are found.

It is possible that the hiatus was a true halt in human occupancy in the region involved, possibly due to very adverse climatic conditions that may have prevented man from hunting the game upon which he was dependent, because of its extreme scarcity. This interpretation would be very unlikely because there is no evidence that has been found for a long period showing conditions so unfavorable that man could not have lived here. However, the possibility is not ruled out completely. The Folsom hunter used the dart, a less accurate weapon than the bow and arrow. As the larger Ice Age animals that he had hunted slowly became extinct, he may have encountered difficulties with the smaller surviving game. The outcome may have been an actual decline in the status of the culture. This, together with the fundamentally conservative human trait that calls first for veneration of the old ways of hunting, or at the most an adaptation of the old ways rather than progress into the unknown, may have resulted in a scant population.

The hiatus may have been a time of a thinly distributed human population with but little in the way of a material culture. It is probable that some weapon points are practically all that are left. Due to the very sparse distribution of these artifacts and the possible lack of their occurrence in stratified deposits, it may be difficult if not impossible to correlate them properly with other culture periods. On the other hand, Colorado abounds in very ancient looking weapon points in addition to those that are well-known and related to their proper periods of occurrence. They can be found almost anywhere in the state in fair numbers. The problem remains, however, to fit them into their proper sequence.

It is possible that there are stratified sites in Colorado that would tell the story completely. They have not yet been found if they exist. There would be some danger also that they would not be recognized for what they really are if they were found. The material in them may be so small in amount that it could easily be lost. It is more logical to assume that an entire series of sites, each with its own part of the story, would need to be fitted together to lay bare the whole story from Folsom times to the Basket Maker periods. Only in this way could a complete and continuous story be told. It is hardly conceivable that a culture so widely distributed as the Folsom could completely disappear. Rather, it would be more likely that it had evolved into something different and that we have not yet been able to trace this evolution. This is today the major job that confronts Southwestern archaeologists. There is good indication that the whole story lies within the borders of Colorado, and that it awaits being recognized and interpreted for what it is. This task has barely begun.

The Basket Makers in Colorado ranged in the southern and western parts, but evidently not into the high mountains. Their culture included three levels of development--Basket Maker I, II, and III. Stages II and III included the farmers; II thriving from about the years 1 to 400 A. D., and III from about 400 to 700 A. D. Basket Maker I was a postulated pre-agricultural ancestral stage that existed for an unknown period back of the year 1. Until recently, but little was known about it. It is now fairly clear that this ancestral stage was spread over a wide area in the Southwest, but it is still too early to characterize it clearly. As a matter of fact, it may have been highly variable and with local diversifications. When it does become clearly known, it will be the first link in the chain that will eventually carry the story all the way back in unbroken form. Then the great hiatus will no longer be dark and unknown, but people of known traits will give us an American history of great antiquity.

Some of the ancient cultures mentioned, other than the Folsom and those with Folsom affinities, might belong in the later hiatus period. When they become fully known from further similar finds and fully related to each other and to others yet to be found, it may turn out that they will fit into the picture in a very definite way. A number of very early sites have been studied in the Southwest. One of these, the San Jon, can be tied in definitely with the Folsom and Yuma cultures in its lower layers of deposits. Upper layers show different cultures, as well as the remains of the modern buffalo. But, taken as a whole, the site does not tell a complete story.

The ancient Salt Lake caves show deposits that reach back to pre-Basket Maker times, but they cannot be definitely tied in with the Basket Makers for any part of their various levels. Consequently, they fall short of an answer to some of the questions that trouble the archaeologist. The same may be said of the Black's Fork finds. Here, surface stone artifacts were found that resemble European forms of Paleolithic times back to 100,000 or more years ago. These included crude fist axes, choppers, scrapers, points, and blades. The age of this material is unknown, but it is most unlikely that it was contemporary with the European material. It could be interglacial; it could belong to the hiatus period of pre-Basket Maker Age.

In southern Colorado and northern New Mexico, in the lower part of the San Luis Valley, has been found a complex of stone artifacts--points, scrapers, etc.--to which the name Rio Grande has been given. The points have some degree of resemblance to those of the Pinto Basin. This material, by stratigraphic evidence, is known to be of pre-pottery culture or pre-Pueblo age, but this would not necessarily date it as pre-Basket Maker. However, it could be this old. Only further stratified sites will throw more light on the question.

The Signal Butte site in Nebraska perhaps goes back to the period under consideration in its lower level of deposits; but again, this cannot yet be determined definitely as to just how far. Three levels of occupancy were found, with the lowest and oldest one showing traits that were ancestral in character.

The nearest approach to a "bridge" of the hiatus is the Cochise culture of Southeastern Arizona. Of the three phases of this culture the earliest has been tentatively dated to over 10,000 years ago. This phase has been associated with food gathering rather than hunting because grinding stones for vegetable seeds predominate. Therefore, this culture would differ greatly from the Folsom complex which was a hunting culture. The second phase, dated at about 3,000-8,000 years ago, showed larger grinders and some chipped implements. In the third phase, extending to about 500 B. C., flaked implements became more numerous which would indicate some hunting. It would appear that this culture was predominately vegetarian. Even if it does represent a continuous culture through the period of the hiatus, which some doubt, it would not be the answer that is sought because it is very likely but a local development that would not necessarily be representative of the broad general story elsewhere. It is possible that there is no broad general story, but only a complicated patchwork of local patterns.

Colorado is ringed around with old and ancient sites. It is wholly conceivable that within the confines of the state the whole story will be told, because doubtless in those times, as today, Colorado was a good place in which to live. In western Montrose County a number of very interesting artifacts have been found north of the San Miguel River in the canyon of Tabeguache Creek and on the mesas to either side of it, not far from the town of Nucla. These finds indicate that human occupancy in this region may go back in an unbroken series to Folsom-Yuma times.

Over a period of years, in connection with the work of the Western State College archaeological expeditions, an extensive collection was made of projectile points and other stone artifacts that lay on the surface of the ground and which could easily be seen and picked up. Although no Folsom points have been found in the Tabeguache country, a number of small finely worked "snub-nose" scrapers in every way identical to those found associated with the Folsom elsewhere have come to light. Several types of Yuma points in addition to points identical in every way to Gypsum Cave, Pinto Basin, and Silver Lake types also have been found. That these types occur in the Tabeguache drainage does not mean, necessarily, that the ancient cultures of California and Nevada, etc., extended to western Colorado. Nor does it mean that the time elements would be the same. These conditions could have happened, however. Other possibilities would be spread of influence only, with lag in the time concerned.

Later types of points such as those of the Basket Makers, the Cliff Dwellers (Pueblos), and modern nomadic groups (Utes, etc.) have been found in considerable numbers. Numerous unknown forms have been collected. That these latter, to a great degree at least, belong somewhere between the very early types and the late types cannot be doubted.

One of the latter types has been known from the western Colorado and eastern Utah region for considerable time. It is now known as a "Tabeguache point," and its relative age is also known. This knowledge is based on the fact that this type of point has been excavated from deeper layers in Tabeguache Cave II than those that yielded Basket Maker II points. Consequently, the Tabeguache point is pre-Basket Maker and carried the story a step farther back. It is hoped that the excavation of further sites in this region, one by one, will finally add all the details to the story.

Upon excavation the stratification in Tabeguache Cave

II was found to be fairly complex. The Tabeguache point was found in the lower ash series of layers. Basket Maker points, as well as those of contemporary nomads, were found in the upper ash series of layers. These facts argue definitely that the former point is the older.

In this cave, the uppermost layer of deposits, the surface trash, revealed material left behind by the late nomads, presumably the Utes since they were known to have been in the region up to the coming of the white man.

Other interesting observations came to light in the excavation of this cave, that throw some light on likely methods of development of other Basket Maker traits. The various layers revealed different types of fireplaces. In the upper ash layers were found only simple unlined basins filled with charcoal and ashes; those of the lower ash series were lined with small flat rocks. In the clay hardpan floor of the cave, under all the deposits were "potholes" filled with fine ashes and charcoal but that did not show any discoloration of the clay due to heat oxidation. One of these latter structures showed a very small superstructure consisting of a back rock and two low side rocks, enclosing a very small fire space, and that was far too small to have been of any utilitarian use. This fireplace must have been for ceremonial purposes and the ashes in the "pothole" may have been ritually brought in carrying with them some sacred significance. To this same level of culture in this cave belongs the definitely utilitarian fireplace located on the clay but without the "pothole," and much larger and of much heavier construction.

Another fireplace belonging to the same culture level, and found in the same cave, was so curiously arranged that it has been called a "kitchen". Here the fireplace shows no construction whatever, but was found as a fire-reddened area on the clay hardpan floor and on the large rock that served as a back rock. To the right of the fire area was found a seed grinder left behind in exactly the place and position

in which it had been abandoned by its original owner. The soil under it was heavily impregnated with organic matter--evidently some of the material ground by the ancient miller. This impregnated soil was several inches deep under the grinder and over the clay floor. It would appear that the heavy usable fireplace evolved from the delicate superstructure over the "potholes"; and that the latter declined but remained as a rudimentary pit to serve the same ceremonial purpose.

In the kivas of the Pueblos there is a small circular pit in the floor that is of ceremonial significance in that it represents the opening from the underworld through which man emerged to the upperworld in his creation. This idea among the Pueblos was directly derived from their forerunners, the Basket Makers, for they had a similar pit in the floors of their pit houses--the pit house being the ancestral structure to the later kivas. It is more than possible that there may be a genetic relationship between this pit and the constructions found in Tabeguache Cave II.

Another interesting fact was revealed in connection with the seed grinder (metate) found in the "kitchen". It had a narrow grinding surface and was used with a small one-hand upper millstone (mano), but this latter stone was not used with a rotary motion but with a back-and-forth motion. The longitudinal scratches found on the metate, as well as on one of the manos from the same level, indicated this. So, it would seem that the back and forth motion that was used with later long and slender two-hand manos was not a new idea; rather it was a development from the old way of performing this operation. A fundamental human trait is here illustrated, that man is essentially conservative and does not easily change his way of doing things.

Tabeguache Cave II is only one site that has revealed details of pre-Basket Maker times. Others must be found that will confirm or add to its story--or change the story. Still

others must be found that will overlap with its earliest deposits and carry the story still farther back. As this happens, slowly but surely, the history of Colorado will be pushed more and more into the remote past.



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COLORADO CANNIBALISM

By Edward V. Dunklee

This is the story of a strange murder by a strange man, in a strange place, and although it happened in 1873 its repercussions still exist in this year of our Lord 1946. Probably no case in the early West has caused more comment or more argument than the famous Packer case, wherein 24-year-old Alfred Packer was charged with slaying five of his fellow prospectors.

Certainly any organization interested in western lore should have a reference to this famous case which outrivals on its face all modern detective stories and which outweighs in interest almost any modern murder case, as the defendant was charged and found guilty of the murder of five men, to-wit; Shannon W. Bell, Israel Swan, George Noon, Frank Miller and James Humphreys.

Just an introductory word as to the facts: Alfred Packer, a prospector and guide, was picked up by a party of approximately 21 men, between Bingham, Utah, and the Colorado-Utah line, with the idea of proceeding to Breckenridge, Colorado, where a big gold strike had been rumored. Packer acted as a guide for the party. He took them first into the San Juan country in Colorado, where Chief Ouray and his Indian band were

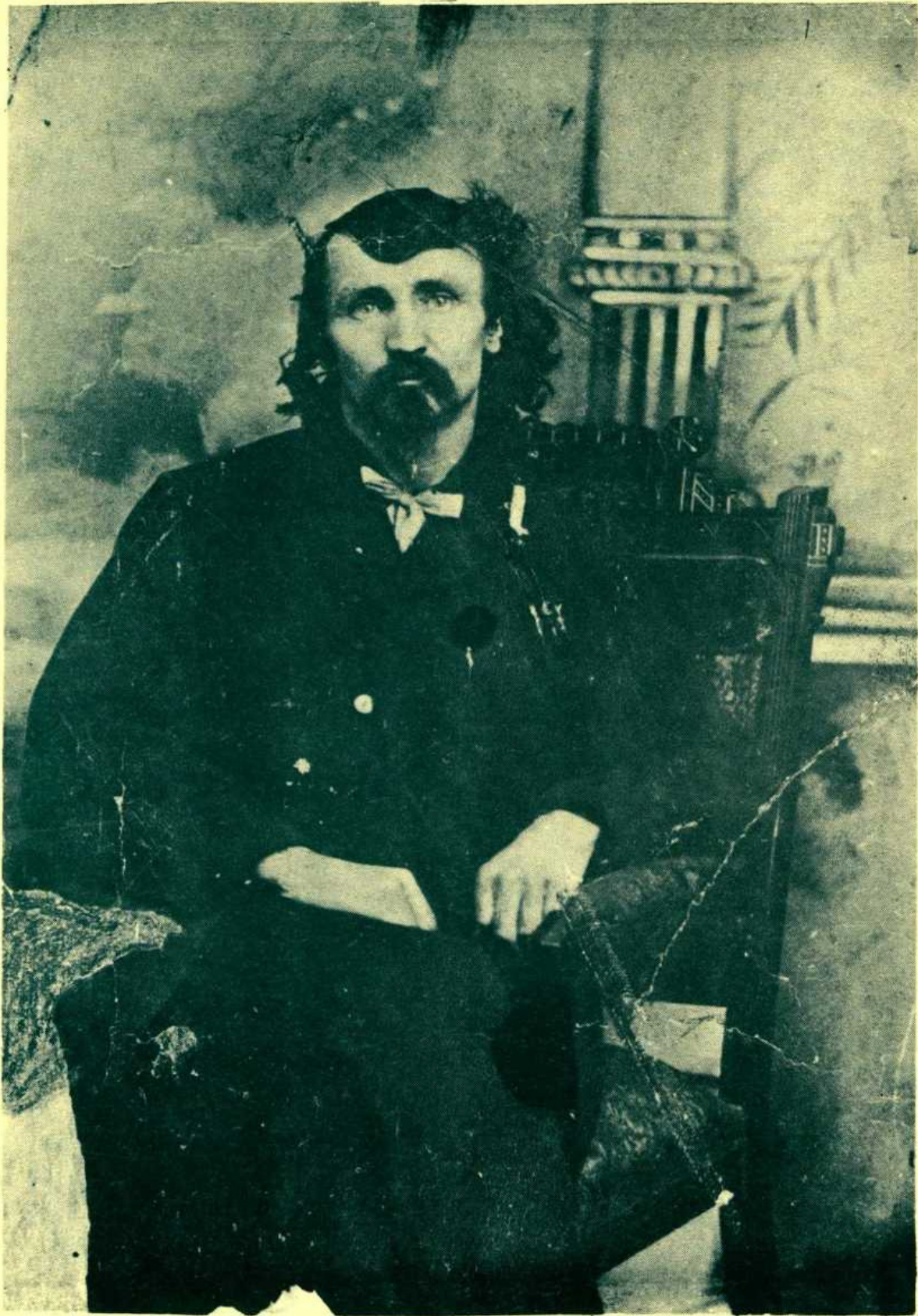
staying in the fall of 1873, a place near the present location of Montrose. The party arrived there safely, and Chief Ouray advised not proceeding on account of the deep winter snows, but the group demurred and decided to try to make it to a small trading post at a point now known as Saguache. Packer's group of six left the main party and proceeded to the point where Lake City was afterwards located, and where the bodies of Packer's five companions were found lying between a steep overhanging cliff and a clump of spruce trees. The other members of the expedition proceeded as planned to a cattle ranch near the present site of Gunnison, and from there on to Saguache. None of the party arrived at Breckenridge, the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow of promise.

Since the sentence of M. B. Gerry, the District Judge who tried Packer, was so dramatic and unusual enough to make a prologue for a play it is here reprinted as an introduction to the case:

It becomes my duty, as the judge of this court, to enforce the verdict of the jury, rendered in your case, and impose upon you the judgment which the law fixes as the punishment of the crime you have committed. It is a solemn, painful duty to perform. I would to God the cup might pass from me. You have had a fair and impartial trial. You have been faithfully and earnestly defended by able counsel. The presiding judge of this court, upon his oath and his conscience, has labored to be honest and impartial in the trial of your case, and in all doubtful questions you have had the benefit of the doubt.

A jury of twelve honest citizens of the county have sat in judgment on your case and upon their oaths they find you guilty of wilful and premeditated murder--a murder revolting in all its details.

In 1874 you, in company with five companions, passed through this beautiful mountain valley where stands the town of Lake City.



At that time the hand of man had not marred the beauties of nature. The picture was fresh from the hands of the Great Artist who created it. You and your companions camped at the base of a grand old mountain, in sight of the place you now stand, on the banks of a stream as pure and beautiful as was ever traced by the finger of God upon the bosom of earth. Your every surrounding was calculated to impress your heart and nature with the omnipotence of Deity and the helplessness of your own feeble life. In this goodly favored spot you conceived your murderous designs.

You and your victims had had a weary march and when the shadows of the mountain fell upon your little party and night drew her sable curtain around you your unsuspecting victims lay down on the ground and were soon lost in the sleep of the weary; and when thus sweetly unconscious of danger from any quarter and particularly from you, their trusted companion, you cruelly and brutally slew them all. Whether your murderous hand was guided by the misty light of the moon, or the flickering blaze of the campfire, you only can tell. No eye saw the bloody deed performed; no ear save your own caught the groans of your dying victims. You then and there robbed the living of life and then robbed the dead of the reward of honest toil which they had accumulated, at least so say the jury.

To other sickening details of your crime I will not refer. Silence is kindness. I do not say things to harrow up your soul, for I know you have drunk the cup of bitterness to its very dregs, and wherever you have gone the sting of conscience and the goadings of remorse have been an avenging Nemesis which have followed your every turn in life and painted afresh for your contemplation the picture of the past.

I say these things to impress upon your mind the awful solemnity of your situation and the im-

pending doom which you cannot avert. Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. You, Alfred Packer, sowed the wind; you must now reap the whirlwind.

Society cannot forgive you for the crime you have committed. It enforces the old Mosaic law of a life for a life, and your life must be taken as the penalty of your crime. I am but the instrument of society to impose the punishment which the law provides. While society cannot forgive, it will forget. As the days come and go and the years of our pilgrimage roll by, the memory of you and your crimes will fade from the minds of men.

With God it is different. He will not forget, but will forgive. He pardoned the dying thief on the cross. He is the same God today as then--a God of love and of mercy, of long suffering and kind forbearance; a God who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb and promises rest to all the weary and heartbroken children of men; and it is to this God I commend you.

Close your ears to the blandishments of hope. Listen not to the flattering promises of life, but prepare for the dread certainty of death. Prepare to meet thy God; prepare to meet the spirits of thy murdered victims; prepare to meet thy aged father and mother, of whom you have spoken and who will love you as their dear boy.

For nine long years you have been a wanderer upon the face of the earth, bowed and broken in spirit; no home, no loves, no ties to bind you to earth. You have been, indeed, a poor, pitiable waif of humanity. I hope and pray that in the spirit land to which you are so fast and surely drifting, you will find that peace and rest for your weary spirit which this world cannot give.

Alfred Packer, the judgment of this court is that you be removed from hence to the jail of Hins-

dale county and there confined until the 19th day of May, A. D. 1883, and that on said 19th day of May, A. D. 1883, you be taken from thence by the sheriff of Hinsdale county to a place of execution prepared for this purpose, at some point within the corporate limits of the town of Lake City, in the said county of Hinsdale, and between the hours of 10 a. m. and 3 p. m. of said day, be hung by the neck until you are dead, dead, dead, and may God have mercy upon your soul.

Such was the opinion of Judge Gerry, rendered in the District Court at Lake City, Colorado, ten years after the crime had been committed and but a short time after Packer had made his second confession. This sentence was termed by many as cruel and unusual punishment, and was reversed by the Supreme Court¹ by Judge John Campbell. The case was remanded for new trial at Gunnison, Colorado, where Packer was re-tried twice and finally found guilty of voluntary manslaughter. His sentence on August 5, 1886, to the penitentiary was for 40 years, eight years for each of the five men he supposedly killed.

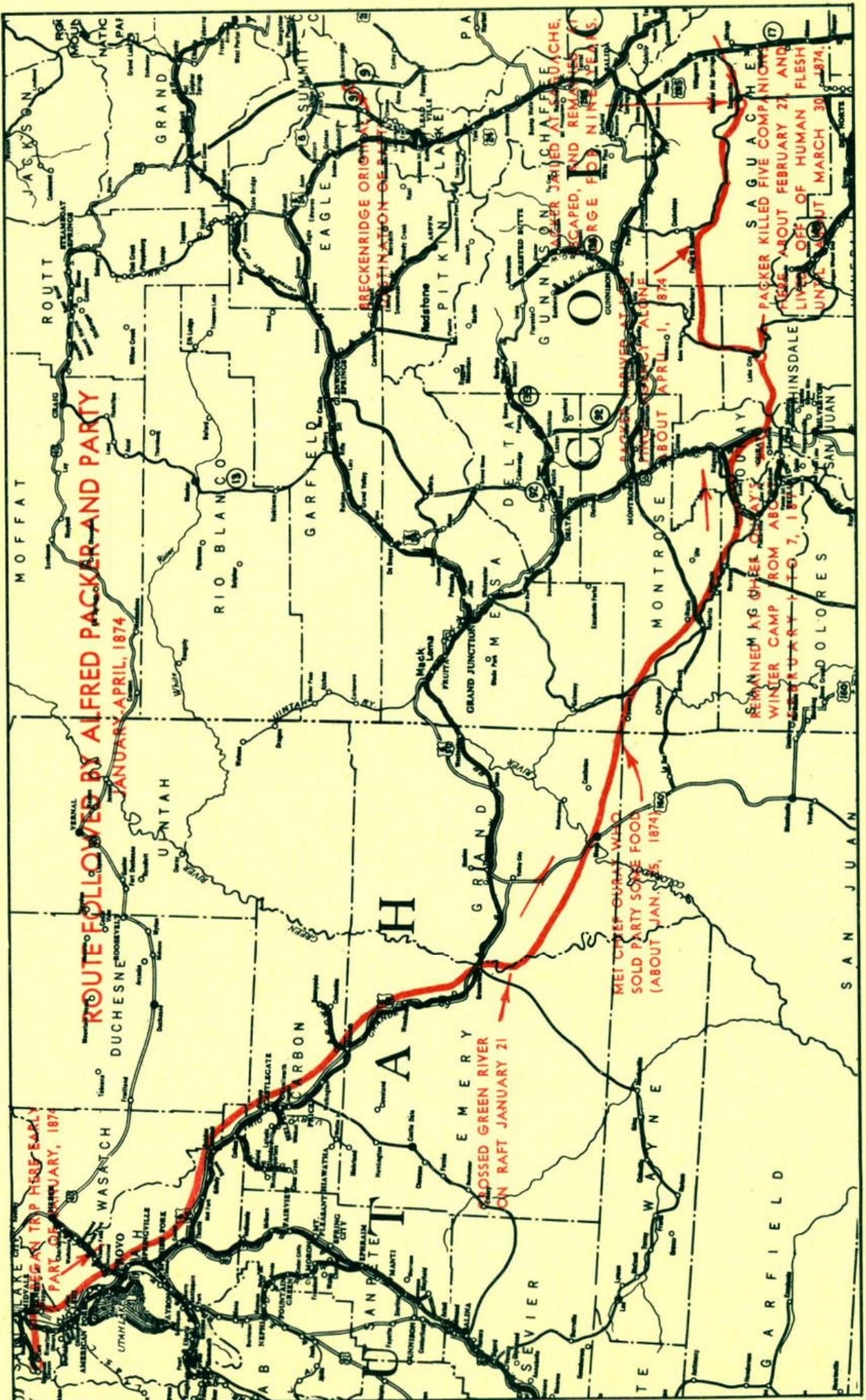
Remanding of the case in the opinion of the Supreme Court was necessary owing to the fact that many inflammatory articles appeared in the Lake City and surrounding newspapers, and because of the excitable and unfavorable reactions of the populace in and about Lake City, which rendered it impossible for him to have received a fair and impartial trial. Probably a more potent reason was the fact that all the evidence was necessarily circumstantial, and the Supreme Court of Colorado has never favored the death penalty based upon circumstantial evidence. No case ever hinged more upon the confessions of the defendant than the Packer case, and he literally tightened the noose about his neck through his own varied confessions.

¹Colorado Reports, vol. 26, p. 306.

It should also be borne in mind that there were no less than six possible verdicts that could have been arrived at, and every one contemplated a different construction of the facts. Under the testimony any one of the verdicts might have been upheld by the Supreme Court, the possible verdicts being--murder in the first degree, which would have meant that Packer was guilty of premeditated murder; second degree, that he intended to murder the men but came to his decision immediately prior to his acts; voluntary manslaughter, that he intended to kill the men but did not plan the act; involuntary manslaughter, that he killed them accidentally in a fight; acquittal, that he did not murder them at all; and "not responsible on account of insanity", which was also possible under the facts, if temporary insanity could have been shown as being connected with Packer's epileptic fits, and that the stress and terror of the situation drove him to the acts.

When Packer staggered into the Los Pinos Agency in the spring of 1874 he gave his first account of the incident to General Charles Adams, head of the Agency. The General has recounted it in the following manner:

When the six men left Ouray's camp they carried what they supposed to be provisions enough for the long and arduous journey before them, but in this they were mistaken. Almost before they knew it their food had disappeared, and nothing was left but the few rabbits which they might kill with their rifles. These were hard to find, and in a day or two they found themselves on the point of starvation. Roots were dug out of the frozen ground and on these they subsisted for some days. But roots as a means of sustenance were found not to be very nutritious. Soon there came into the eyes of the men a look of longing, restlessness and determination which has been described in sea stories, when men were offered up in sacrifice to save the lives of others. They looked at each other and thought how their lives might



UTAH TRIP BEGAN EARLY PART OF JANUARY, 1874

ROUTE FOLLOWED BY ALFRED PACKER AND PARTY JANUARY-APRIL, 1874

CROSSED GREEN RIVER ON RAFT JANUARY 21

MEI CHEE QUAY WHO SOLD PARTY SOME FOOD (ABOUT JAN. 25, 1874)

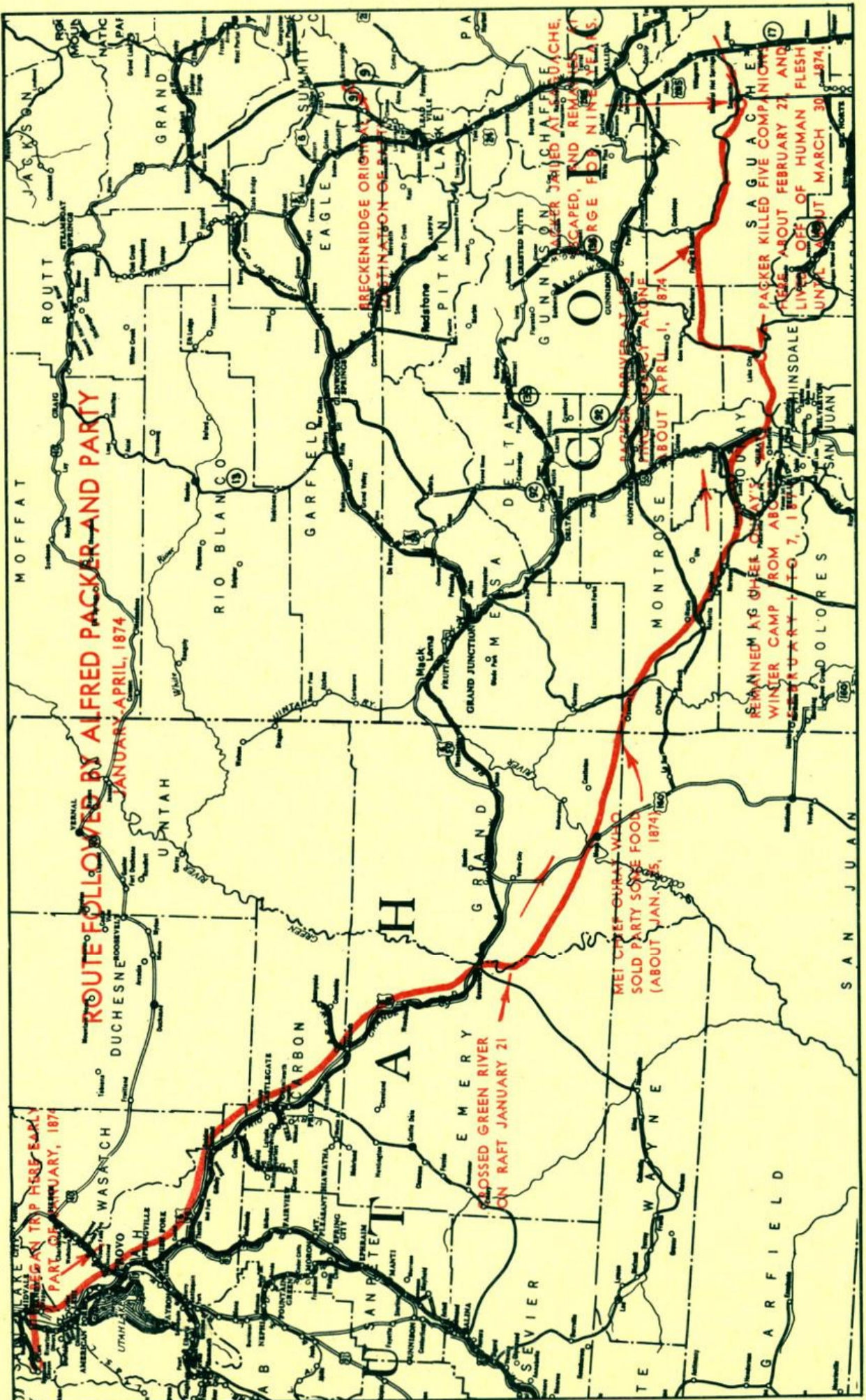
REMAINED AS THREE DAY'S WINTER CAMP FROM ABOUT JANUARY 7, 1874

PACKER DELIVERED AT MONTROSE ALONE ABOUT APRIL 1, 1874

BECKENRIDGE ORIGINALLY DESTINATION OF PARTY

PACKER JOINED AT LAFFEE, ESCAPED, AND REMAINED AT MONTROSE FOR NINE DAYS

SAGUACHE KILLED FIVE COMPANIONS ABOUT FEBRUARY 27 AND LIVED OFF OF HUMAN FLESH UNTIL ABOUT MARCH 30, 1874



be saved by the flesh and blood of others. One day Packer went out to gather dry wood for the fire, and when he returned he found that in his absence the first life had been sacrificed.

Lying upon the ground, dead, was the oldest man in the party, Mr. Swan. His skull was fractured and his death had been instantaneous. Around him were congregated the four men remaining, besides himself, who were engaged in cutting up the body. Large pieces and strips were cut from the calves of the legs, thighs and breasts. Swan's money, amounting to several thousand dollars, was divided among the men. In two days the party was again out of food, and it was decided by three of the survivors that Miller, a young man, well built and stout, should be the next to go. Packer confessed that Miller was chosen because of the great amount of soft flesh he carried. Miller was killed with a hatchet while stooping for a stick of wood. His body was dissected and the best parts eaten. Humphreys and Noon followed in the same way, leaving only Packer and Bell. In his confession Packer described the feelings of the men toward each other--the distrust and fears entertained and the tendency of the men to wander off alone fearful of meeting with their death at the hands of their companions.

Meanwhile the men had been traveling slowly, and when Packer and Bell found themselves alone a solemn compact was entered into between them, each one pledging himself by the living God not to kill the other, but to live as best they could, even if they starved to death. Each one had a rifle, Packer having appropriated Swan's, and it was thought enough game could be killed to furnish two men. But the compact was speedily broken. After living several days on roots, they reached a huge lake, which was skirted on one side by an extensive grove. Bell arose, seized his rifle, and exclaimed, "I can't

stand this any longer; one of us must make food for the other right here." He clubbed his gun and endeavored to strike Packer. The latter, always on the alert, parried the blow and the rifle was broken by striking a tree. Packer then struck Bell with a hatchet and killed him. He was alone, and had no fear of death except by starvation. Cutting up the body of his companion, he ate as much as he could and then packed away considerable of the flesh about him for future use. He resumed his tramp, the sole survivor of a party of six, and in time, from the top of a hill, he espied the buildings of the Los Pinos agency close at hand. He threw away the human flesh he still had and arrived at the agency safe and sound. He acknowledged that he had grown quite fond of human flesh, and coolly said that he found the breasts of the men the sweetest meat he had ever tasted.

Such was Packer's story, coolly and carelessly related. At the conclusion of the horrifying tale a consultation was held and it was decided to send out an expedition in search of Bell's dead body. The men who had listened to the confession did not believe it and they wanted it proved or disproved. They said that Bell would have sacrificed himself rather than take the life of a friend and companion. The Indians who were consulted said that a lake such as Packer described existed about fifty miles away across the hills. Packer consented to guide the expedition, which was at once formed. This search party consisted of six of the twelve Utah men, two of the agency employes, and three or four Indians, all under the care of Mr. H. F. Lauter, now of Denver, and who was then clerk of the agency. The party was out about two weeks. Packer made an excellent guide until the Lake Fork of the Gunnison was reached, when he grew confused, and said that he was unable to proceed further. The party was

therefore forced to return without having accomplished anything. During this trip Packer made an attempt to murder Mr. Lauter.

After this first confession the Sheriff at Saguache, where Packer was jailed, became friendly with Packer and probably made it easy for Packer to escape from the jail and leave Saguache. In any event Packer disappeared and was not heard from until 1883 when an acquaintance recognized his voice in a hotel in Ft. Fetterman, Wyoming, and turned him over to the authorities.

General Adams happened to be at Ft. Fetterman and Packer asked that he might make another confession to him, since the General had already heard his first confession. This request was granted. Packer made the following second confession on March 16, 1883, which was introduced as evidence at the trial on the 30th day of April, 1883, as plaintiff's Exhibit 1, Fols. 342-351. Inasmuch as this had already developed into a case of circumstantial evidence the confessions of the defendant Packer were of utmost importance.

Incidentally, Packer tried to get a change of venue on the ground that the alleged acts occurred on the Ute Reservation and that he was a white man and could be tried only in the Circuit Court of the United States in the District of Colorado. He also maintained that no statute then in existence fitted the alleged crime. Both of these claims were overruled in the District Court.

The second confession to General Adams is as follows:

I, Alfred Packer, desire to make a true and voluntary statement in regard to the occurrences in southern Colorado during the winter 1873 - 1874. I wish to make it to Gen'l Adams because I have made one once before about the same matter.

When we left Ouray's camp we had about 7 days food for one man, we traveled two or three days and it came a storm. We came to a mountain, crossed a gulch and came on to another mountain, found the snow so deep had to follow the mountain on the top, and on about the fourth day we had only a pint of flour left. We followed the mountain until we came to the main range, do not remember how many days we were traveling then--about 10 days--living on rosebuds and pine gum and some of the men were crying and praying. Then we came over the main range. We camped twice on a stream which runs into a big lake, the second time just above the lake. The next morning we crossed the lake, cut holes into the ice to catch fish, there were no fish so we tried to catch snails. The ice was thin, some broke through. We crossed the lake and went into a grove of timber, all the men crying and one of them was crazy. Swan asked me to go up and find out whether I could see something from the mountains. I took a gun, went up the hill, found a big rose bush with buds sticking through the snow, but could see nothing but snow all around. I was a kind of a guide for them, but I did not know the mountains from that side. When I came back to camp after being gone nearly all day I found the red headed man (Bell) who acted crazy in the morning sitting near the fire roasting a piece of meat which he had cut out of the leg of the German butcher (Miller). The latter's body was lying the furthest off from the fire, down the stream, his skull was crushed in with the hatchet. The other three men were lying near the fire, they were cut in the forehead with the hatchet, some had two, some three, cuts. I came within a rod of the fire, when the man saw me. He got up with his hatchet towards me when I shot him sideways through the belly. He fell on his face, the hatchet fell forward, I grabbed it and hit him in the top of the head. I camped that

night at the fire, sat up all night. The next morning I followed my tracks up the mountain but I could not make it, the snow was too deep, and I came back. I went sideways into a piece of pine timber, set up two sticks and covered it with pine boughs and made a shelter about 3 feet high; this was my camp until I came out. I went back to the fire, covered the men up and fetched to the camp the piece of meat that was near the fire. I made a new fire near my camp and cooked the piece of meat and ate it. I tried to get away every day but could not, so I lived off the flesh of these men, the bigger part of the 60 days I was out. Then the snow began to have a crust and I started out up the creek to a place where a big slide of yellowish clay seemed to come down the mountain; there I started up but got my feet wet and having only a piece of blanket around them I froze my feet under the toes, and I camped before I reached the top, making a fire and stayed all night. The next day I made the top of the hill and a little over. I built a fire on top of a log and on two logs close together I camped. I cooked some of the flesh and carried it with me for food. I carried only one blanket. There was Seventy Dollars amongst the men. I fetched it out with me and one gun. The red headed man had a Fifty Dollar bill in his pocket, all the others together had only 20 dollars. I had 20 dollars myself. If there was any more money in the outfit I did not know of it and it remained there. At the last camp just before I reached the Agency I ate my last pieces of meat. This meat I cooked at the camp before I started out and put it into a bag and carried the bag with me. I could not eat but a little at a time.

When I went out with the party to search for the bodies we came to the mountains overlooking the streams, but I did not want to take them further. I did not want to go back to the camp myself. If I had stayed

in that vicinity longer I would have taken you (Mr. Adams) right to the place, but they advised me to go away (refusing to tell the names of the parties.)

When I was at the Sheriff's in Saguache I was passed a key made out of a penknife blade with which I could unlock the irons. I went to the Arkansas and worked all summer for John Gill, 18 miles below Pueblo. Then I rented Gilbert's ranch still further down, put in a crop of corn, sold it to John Gill and went to Arizona.

The testimony at the trials was necessarily hearsay in nature or consisted of conclusions of the witnesses, and about as far as those who testified for the defense could go was to say that Packer "was more to be pitied than blamed."

Preston Nutter identified the bodies as they were found at Lake Fork on the Gunnison, and testified they all showed natchet wounds in the head which caused death. Nutter also testified that he saw Miller's (one of the Packer party) knife in Packer's belt and that he asked him about it and Packer said Miller left it stuck in a tree.

Otto Mears, one of the most prominent witnesses, went into the lack of game hunting to which Packer testified as a justification for eating the human flesh, and stated that usually in that territory there was plenty of game. Mr. Mears was also present when Packer made his first confession to General Adams and testified to the defendant's nervousness when Packer told of his cannibalism.

General Adams, who took the confessions of Packer, was the main witness and stated that Packer said in his confession that he "had to eat the men and was ready to die for it if he had to." The General testified to the fact that one confession was made just prior to his fitting out an expedition to find the bodies of Packer's party. When the party was looking for the bodies Packer claimed that he was lost and couldn't find

them, thus turning the party off the trail. Obviously he didn't want to find them because they were all together and his confession had stated that old man Swan, one of the party, died of hunger and some of his flesh was eaten by the remaining parties, later that Packer had found Miller dead after he had been killed by the remaining two of the parties, who had agreed to kill him because he suffered from rheumatism and held the party back. Then, according to the confession, Bell shot Noon, and he and Packer ate some of his flesh, and finally Bell attacked Packer, and he had to kill Bell in self-defense.

It is also important to remember that Packer told different stories upon various occasions, one being that the party cast lots as to who should die to furnish food for the others. This was not borne out by the factual evidence of all five bodies being found together. In his confession on the stand he stated that he crossed at least two mountain ranges, which would have been the so-called Engineer Mountain and the land between Burroughs Park and Henson Creek, which according to the witnesses would have been an impossible feat in the middle of winter with the snow as deep as it was. Judge Gerry believed that Packer crossed the Lake Fork of the Gunnison to the spot where the murder was committed, thus deliberately misguiding them to this lonely spot to murder them. Attention has also been called to the conflict of evidence on his statement that he could not kill any game or catch any fish. Then, again, the bullet from Packer's rifle that killed Bell was apparently fired from behind, showing that Bell was retreating and not advancing upon Packer. It was believed by the jury that Packer killed all the men with his hatchet while they were sleeping, and that Bell woke up and ran, and Packer shot him in the back. Also, it appears that Packer was practically broke when he left Salt Lake, with only twenty or twenty-five dollars when he joined the party, but had plenty of money with which to make deals and to gamble after the murder.

After Packer was convicted at the third trial at Gunnison, he wrote his last confession of the deed to a friend, Mr. D. C. Hatch, of Denver, under date of June 27, 1897, while Packer was confined in the State Penitentiary. In this letter Packer states that the entire prospecting party consisted of 21 men who were strangers to each other, six of whom were in his particular group. He states that his supplies were exhausted when they reached Green River at the head of the Colorado, and that they had to live on horse feed, consisting of chopped barley, until they met Chief Ouray and a band of 50 Indians at the Los Pinos Agency, with whom they stayed for a while. Then they started out again; the other party preceded the Packer party of six men which followed on another trail towards Sa-guache. After three or four days the provisions of the Packer party were exhausted and they began to cook and eat their moccasins, until they gained the top ridge of the Rocky Mountains. There was nothing whatever to eat there except the buds and leaves of the bushes which had to be uncovered from the snow, as the men encountered no game whatsoever. (Incidentally, this developed into one of the important points of the trial, as several witnesses testified to the fact that there were always mountain sheep, rabbits and deer in this territory, although their testimony referred to the plentifulness of game at the same time the following year.) The importance of this controversy lay in the fact that if Packer could have obtained game he would not have been forced to practice cannibalism.

From Packer's testimony it appears that they crossed the Lake Fork of the Gunnison River and realized that they were utterly lost. Packer states that in the morning he ascended the mountain alone with the purpose of seeing whether or not he could see signs of smoke or civilization and when he returned to the party he found his companion Bell had become a raving maniac. Bell grabbed a hatchet and started for him whereupon Packer shot him with his rifle. To Packer's surprise, as he relates it, the gunshot did not waken the camp and when he went to look for the rest of his companions he

found them all dead, murdered previously by Bell. Then Packer relates that he saw a piece of flesh on the fire which he later found to be a piece of his companion Miller's leg. He claims then that he became so ill that his mind failed him, but that he does remember boiling a piece of the flesh in a tin cup and eating it to save his life. His memory otherwise was practically a blank, except that when he more or less recovered his balance he found that he had been staggering around the territory near the camp apparently looking for rosebuds to stew in boiling water as a tea. How he kept alive he does not remember, except that suddenly one day he walked into the Los Pinos Agency in the Cochetopa Hills, and discovered that he had traveled forty miles from the Lake Fork of the Gunnison to this Indian Agency. There he learned that the other party had gone on and successfully crossed the mountains over to Saguache. Later Packer arrived at Saguache, where he was questioned concerning the disappearance of his party by the sheriff, Amos Wall, after which the Sheriff told Packer to leave Saguache, which advice he followed.

An article of this character should not be concluded without reference being made to the repercussions, which, like the ripples from a pebble thrown in a lake, have spread over several decades of time.

The most interesting account, from a narrative standpoint, of the Packer case is woven into Gene Fowler's "Timber Line." On page 23, to quote, he said:

Alfred Packer, a newcomer at Provo, was the twenty-first man to be accepted by the fortune hunters. He was twenty-four years old, tall, gaunt, illiterate, taciturn. He was dark and wore a frowsy black beard. He was not well known to many of the adventurers; to some he was an unwelcome addition. He had applied for a position as guide, but a majority of the party demurred.

Then again, on page 34 concerning the murder, Fowler writes,

dramatically:

Packer found Bell wide-eyed, almost hysterical beside the fire. Packer later claimed that Bell attacked him, knocking out two of his front teeth with the butt of a gun. Circumstantial evidence, however, indicated that Packer, half-demented, tried to induce Bell to join him in slaying and robbing the four sleepers. Slay them he certainly did--as they slept--using Swan's axe on their skulls. He then took his bowie and stripped from Swan's thigh a slice of flesh. He cooked it over the small fire, and it is probable--as Packer claimed--that the famished Bell partook of this macabre meal.

The man-eater declared that Swan had died from hunger, that the survivors practiced cannibalism upon the cadaver. He said that another, then another died of starvation, and that finally he and Bell were the two remaining. He averred that he and Bell entered a solemn pact not to kill each other, but to chance fighting it through together. Who broke the vow, if vow there was, between these two starkly marooned men?

All we know is there had been no struggle where the four sleepers were killed, their skulls bashed in; that there was a terrific battle where Bell finally sank to stain the white snow--the one remaining bullet, Packer's, drilling him through the heart.

"It was Bell who was crazy," Packer claimed.

"Why, when I shot him in self-defense, he was howling out: 'You took away my mountain of solid gold.'"

One of the later chapters in the case came when Governor Charles S. Thomas finally paroled Packer after tremendous pressure from the Denver Post, which, under the guidance of Polly Fry, a special feature writer, almost moved heaven and earth to have Packer pardoned. A fellow lawyer, Richard Peete, loaned me an original letter of Governor Thomas to Hon. William C. Blair, the editor of the "Silver World" at Lake City, Colorado,

under the date of November 28, 1930, a portion of which is interesting. It reads as follows:

Regarding Packer himself, the Denver Post be-
develed the life out of me during my whole term as
Governor to pardon him and its proprietors were
bitterly vindictive because I would not do so. It
so happened that I was in possession, through former
Sheriff Shores of Gunnison County, of a somewhat
extended one-sided correspondence consisting of let-
ters from Packer to his relations. They were the
foulest compositions that I ever read and were filled
with all sorts of threats against them in the event
he regained his liberty. I was under pledge not to
make them public, but they were sufficient to justify
a refusal of pardon even if he had any claim for
consideration. I saw him several times during this
period and talked to him at considerable length, but
saw nothing in his attitude to change my opinion.
Finally, however, and in view of reports concerning
his health and also in view of the outstanding fact
that his cannibalism was due to the pressure of star-
vation, I consented to parole him, conditioned in the
most positive way, however, against his leaving
the State or attempting to further correspond with
his relations. Although the first of these conditions
was presumed in the absence of express permission to
leave the Commonwealth, I deemed it advisable to em-
phasize the fact very strongly. I don't know what
became of him nor when he died, but I am very sure
that he was of no use to the community and probably
a burden to himself.

After Packer was released from the penitentiary he be-
came a guard at the Denver Post and died at a ripe old age at
Littleton, Colorado. A member of the Westerners, Hon. Ed.
Bemis, described his tombstone as being in the cemetery lot of
the Civil War Veterans at Littleton, although it is not known

as to just what service he rendered in the Civil War.

Thus ended the strange case of Alfred Facker--only God can judge his sins as only God knows what they were.*

*The author wishes to acknowledge the assistance of the following fellow members and friends who have so generously cooperated in making this paper a success:

Edwin A. Bemis
 Dorcas M. Dunklee
 Robert B. Eagleston
 LeRoy R. Hafen
 Henry W. Hough
 Francis J. Knauss
 Fred M. Mazzulla
 Forbes Parkhill
 Richard Peete
 Virgil V. Peterson

APPENDIX

Repercussions of the Packer Case

The campaign of the Denver Post to free Packer, although productive in its end result, was not without unfortunate reactions for its sponsors. In Timberline, pp. 155-158, Gene Fowler vividly describes the following incident:

In seeking amnesty for Packer, the Post had retained an attorney, W. W. ("Plug Hat") Anderson, to represent the man-eater. Polly Pry had promised Anderson a fee of \$1,000 in the event he succeeded in freeing the notorious cannibal.

One afternoon Polly heard that Anderson not only was expecting the Post's fee, but that he had appropriated Packer's funds--about fifteen hundred dollars earned in prison from the manufacture of hair-ropes and bridles. Polly reported what she believed to be the fact to Bonfils.

"Fire Anderson!" Bonfils thundered. "And we won't pay him one cent, either. The crook!"

Tammen, sitting at the other end of the Post's Red Room, echoed: "We ought to sic Packer on him."

Polly went to Anderson's office, where she accused him of taking Packer's prison-savings without consulting Bonfils or Tammen.

"And who are Bonfils and Tammen?" asked Anderson.

"They have decided to discharge you," Polly said.

Anderson was a hot-headed fellow, but he kept his temper, rose and bowed Polly out. "I refuse to be fired," he said. "But tell your employers I shall call on them at once."

Anderson's offices were across Curtis Street from the Post. He put on his silk hat, buttoned a topcoat over his Prince Albert and left the building. Polly meanwhile had hastened to the Red Room. Both partners

were at their desks. Polly warned Bonfils of Anderson's mood and sat down to await the call.

Anderson came into the room, his eyes blazing, his hands in the pockets of his topcoat, which was noticeably shorter than his Prince Albert. No sooner had he entered than Tammen began to revile him.

The short, strutting Anderson had taken his hands from his topcoat pockets and now was drumming with his fingers on the back of a chair.

"Sir," said Anderson, "I'm a Missourian and a man of culture."

Tammen shouted: "You're not a man at all. You're a low down son of a bitch! And a robber to boot!"

Anderson's face became white. He thrust his right hand to his topcoat pocket.

Polly Pry leaped to her feet. "Look out! He's got a gun!"

As Polly screamed, Bonfils lunged at Anderson. He struck the attorney with great force, knocking him down. Blood oozed from the attorney's cheekbone.

Bonfils now was on top of his man, ready to beat him to death. "Don't, Fred!" Polly said. "Don't! It will be a terrific scandal. Let him go."

Bonfils, breathing heavily, and very pale, listened to this counsel. He rose, stepped back, and then Anderson got to his feet, a very groggy barrister.

"Now get out, you bastardly thief!" Bonfils said. "Get out!"

Anderson started for the swinging door, leading to the City Room. Both partners followed him. Bonfils was hurling epithets; Tammen was exhausting on the worsted attorney one of the finest accusative vocabularies west of the Mississippi River.

"Please keep quiet, Harry," Polly was saying to

Tammen. "He's been beaten. Let him go in peace."

"Let him go to hell!" Tammen said.

Bonfils pushed the door against Anderson's departing hips. Then, without warning, the door swung back; and into the room Anderson's gun was thrust. The three occupants could see the eyes gleaming behind the muzzle of the weapon.

"Look out!" Polly cried.

Anderson fired at Bonfils, the bullet passing through his shoulder and ploughing upward to his throat. Then another shot, this time grazing Bonfils' heart. He sagged to the floor. Tammen dived behind the long table which separated the partners' desks. He knelt beside a suitcase, his hand on the top of it. Tammen was cursing and howling, believing his partner to have been slain. And now Anderson came into the room, snarling. He advanced on Tammen, firing as he leaned over him. He shot downward, a bullet almost shattering Tammen's wrist as it rested on the suitcase. Then he fired once again, the lead furrowing Tammen's shoulder.

Polly Pry, failing to summon help from the street or City Room, herself tackled the would-be assassin. First she stepped to Tammen, shielding him beneath her skirts. Then she grappled with Anderson, seizing the pistol. The barrel was hot, but she clung to it with both hands. Tammen's blood stained her dress, but she stood above him, holding to the gun, looking Anderson straight in the eye.

Joe Ward and several staff-members had heard the screams, the shots, the sounds of struggle, but they didn't come to the rescue. They stood outside the door, listening in a paralyzed fashion to the rumpus. The lady from Virginia fought a lone battle against the gentleman from Missouri. He threatened to kill her.

"Go ahead," she said. "And then hang."

Bonfils was unconscious, bleeding and barely

breathing, lying on the floor. And Tammen was groaning beneath Polly's skirts.

Two men, hearing the screams as they were walking in the street below, now came upstairs. One was a merchant named Cook. The other was James Brown, son of the founder of the Brown Palace Hotel. But they didn't have to interfere now. Anderson had come to his senses and was walking calmly past the Post staff-members, putting his gun in his pocket. No one offered to molest him.

Anderson went immediately to Police Headquarters in City Hall. He handed his gun to a police sergeant. "Arrest me," he said. "I'm a murderer. I've just killed two snakes named Bonfils and Tammen."

When an attending surfeon began to remove Tammen's shirt, the wounded man said: "Don't cut it, damn it--it's silk."

Tammen's wounds were more painful than severe. Although he had been winged in the wrist and shoulder, he maintained in later years that the shots had caught him in the hips.

"Most embarrassing," he would say. "I wouldn't have minded a wound anywhere else, but just think of it--the hips! Shot in the pants, by God! The work of a fiend."

If he had not possessed a frame of steel and an abnormal will to live, Bonfils might have died of his injuries. He was ill a long time. There is a doubt that his nervous system ever entirely recovered, and it is said that his subsequent grewsome nightmares, from which he suffered to an extent which caused him to dread sleep, to keep a man near his bed to awaken him from the weird visitation, were traceable to the Anderson wounds. One bullet he carried all his life; it was deemed inadvisable to extract it.

Anderson eventually was cleared of assault charges.

It is said that while he was in jail, awaiting trial, he received a bouquet and a note, purported to have come from Governor Thomas. The missive read: "I congratulate you upon your intention, but must condemn your poor aim."

Years later at the instance of one Bishop Frank Hamilton Rice of the Liberal Church in Littleton, Colorado, a ceremony absolving the sins of Alfred Packer was enacted. From the Littleton Independent of September 27, 1940, the following account of the incident is quoted:

One of the strangest ceremonies ever to take place in Littleton was witnessed by a number of townspeople Sunday afternoon at the Littleton cemetery when Bishop Frank Hamilton Rice of the Liberal church and a number of his Denver followers absolved the sins of Man-eater Alfred Packer and the five men he ate in the snow-banked mountains in 1874.

Six of Bishop Rice's followers took part in the service. One (barefooted) represented the spirit of Packer and the other five played the ghosts of the men he devoured. Chained together and wearing black robes over white robes, the masked sextet were mistaken by some for Klansmen. When they filed to the grave, Bishop Rice absolved them and transferred their sins to a nanny goat named Angelica. The goat, which was loaned for the occasion by Sculptor Arnold Ronnebeck, took his burden meekly, as the chains and black robes (symbolizing sin) were laid on his back.

Goat's milk was placed on Packer's tombstone by Bishop Rice, who announced that the marker had been erected by the J. C. Fremont Women's Corps.

A photographer from Life Magazine was present at the ceremony and took several dozen pictures of the unusual procedure.

Portions of the official absolution papers prepared by Bishop Rice and read at the ceremony follow:

Absolution Paper

O kind and merciful Father, who looketh down upon this scene knowing full well that we are met here today to transact certain Holy Business which probably should have been transacted many a year ago, give us thy blessing:

Here in the cemetery of Littleton, Colorado, lies whatever remains of the body of one Alfred Packer. Since no man knows where his soul may be, this spot will do as well as any other for the observance of this Holy and Divine Ritual.

And we beseech thee, O Heavenly Father, to spread the ample mantle of thine incredible goodness over the departed souls of the five men who were eaten by Alfred Packer, so that it might never be said that Your compassion favored those whose major sins brought to them a surpassing amount of attention

....

It is recorded that there was a little party of gold-seekers who rashly and in defiance of the counsel of their betters did penetrate the wild and unfriendly upper reaches of the San Juan mountains of southwestern Colorado during the winter of 1874. Likewise it is recorded that of the six men who ventured into that Lake County wilderness, only one man, Alfred Packer, did emerge alive. What happened that winter, O All-Wise, must have been a gory sight, indeed. Would that You, in Your infinite wisdom could describe to us just what did take place.

Packer Denied Accusation

Since we do not know, and You, O Holiest of Holies, do not choose to tell, we are forced to resort to the court transcript which covers the murder trial of Alfred Packer, who was accused and found guilty of the colossal crime of killing and eating all five of his companions. No word has come from the departed spirits of those five unfortunate men,



to testify as to the truth or falsity of the charge. Alfred Packer did flatly deny the accusation, stating that he did kill in self-defense the man named Wilson Bell, who previously with a hatchet had done away with the other four men and had cut a piece of flesh from Frank Miller and was in the process of roasting it when Bell is alleged to have attacked Packer; that Packer did subsequently eat the flesh of his dead companions he did admit, but that he did commit any crime he denied to his last breath.

Here now, what comforting words were spake by Jehovah, who frequently did entreat his chosen people to kill and eat one another. In Leviticus, 26th chapter, 29th verse, the Bible sayeth, "Ye shall eat the flesh of your sons, and the flesh of your daughters shall ye eat." And again in Deuteronomy, 28th chapter, 53rd to 57th verses, doth it say, "And thou shalt eat the fruit of thine own body, the flesh of thy sons and daughters." Again in Jeremiah and in Ezekiel doth the One God proclaim his espousal of cannibalism. Therefore, Alfred Packer, we won't hold that against you. ...

And now, having obtained Divine forgiveness and absolution for Alfred Packer and his five companions, let us give thanks unto the Almighty and Ever-living God from Whom we draw our strength. Amen.

DENVER POSSE

Alfred M. Bailey	Henry W. Hough
Edwin A. Bemis	William S. Jackson
Herbert O. Brayer	Ralph B. Mayo
John T. Caine, III	E. W. Milligan
Arthur H. Carhart	Lawrence Mott
Dabney O. Collins	Forbes Parkhill
George H. Curfman	Virgil V. Peterson
Levette J. Davidson	Wm. MacLoed Raine
Edward V. Dunklee	Fred Rosenstock
Robert Eagleston	Charles B. Roth
Thomas H. Ferril	Henry Toll
W. W. Grant	B. Z. Woods
LeRoy R. Hafen	Arthur Zeuch
Paul D. Harrison	

CORRESPONDING WESTERNERS

Roy J. Bayles	Merrill J. Mattes
Frank A. Brookshier	M. C. Poor
R. G. Colwell	Lloyd Shaw
L. G. Flannery	Harry Stewart
Colin B. Goodykoontz	Morris F. Taylor
Ralph Hubert	John C. Thompson
C. H. Leckenby	Russell Thorp
J. J. Lipsey	F. E. Voelker
Carl F. Mathews	

EXCHANGE WESTERNERS

(Chicago Posse)

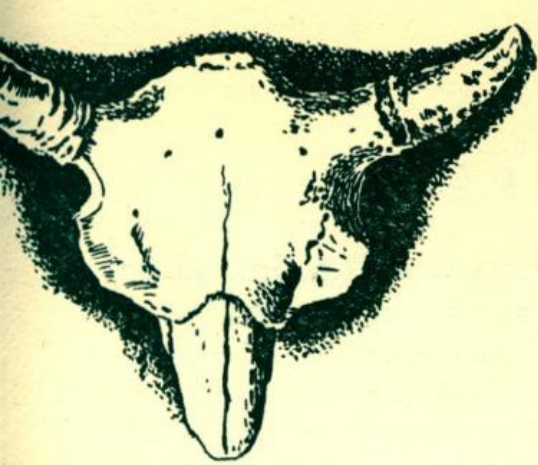
Leland D. Case	Clarence Paine
Everett Graf	Leslie M. Parker
Mannel Hahn	Don Russell
John Jameson	S. J. Sackett
Albert Johannsen	Elmo Scott Watson
Martin Johnson	Burleigh Withers
Herbert A. Kellar	

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DENVER 2, COLO.

PETERSON, REGISTRAR OF MARKS AND BRANDS

MARCH, 1946

No. 3

EARLY JOURNALISM IN COLORADO

By Edwin A. Bemis, Managing Director
Colorado Press Association

Throughout the ages the almost insatiable desire to know what is going on in one's environment has been characteristic among human beings. From the first records, through hieroglyphics and on down through papyrus, the town crier and newsprint, the immutable evidence is that man must have news.

There is little evidence so far as is known as to when news, as we know it, was first written for the enlightenment of the human being. Since we find petroglyphs and other pictographs in certain areas of our state we can presume that these were the forerunners of the newspapers of Colorado even though they have little resemblance.

Man and his newspaper are as inseparable as the moon and the stars. Wherever man has invaded new frontiers, his newspaper has followed him, has entertained him, has amused him, **and** has been the tie between him and the loved ones and friends back home. The newspaper perhaps has assuaged his lonesomeness or has kept him so well informed about the world that he felt that he was satisfied to push on into the unknown frontier. So it is not unusual that the history of the newspapers in Colorado ~~starts~~ with the advent of the first settlers in 1859.

Although there were Spanish settlers in the San Luis Valley prior to the late fifties, there is no record to show that any newspaper was published there at that time. In addition to what the newspapers do for the moment, in the matter of presenting information to the reader, they also record the history of people and of industries in a way that can be found no where else.

The newspapers have a two-fold purpose; that of recording information about the activities of people in general, and that of carrying on various types of crusades. That the newspapers have done a tremendous job in both cannot be denied. What the newspapers have meant to Colorado throughout the years cannot be measured in dollars and cents, but it is not doubted that they played one of the most important roles of any industry in the development of the west.

History of this development in Colorado begins with a dramatic episode in which two publishers were engaged in competition for the honor of being the first to publish a newspaper in the state. The one which captured the honor was the winner by only 20 minutes. One version of the story is as follows:

John L. Merrick, of St. Joseph, Missouri, had followed the rumors of gold, bringing with him the first newspaper press to enter Colorado. This machine already had a notable history behind it, and was destined to serve more papers in the Territory of Colorado than any similar piece of equipment. Its known story begins with the Mormons, who used it to print a newspaper advancing their opinions, in Independence, Missouri. Their entire two-story establishment was razed by an angry mob in 1833, and the press unceremoniously thrown into the Missouri River. Years later it was fished out and rehabilitated; sold to a Mr. Riddenbaugh, it served the St. Joseph Gazette, founded in 1845. From the Gazette,

Merrick purchased it in 1858, and loaded it into a covered wagon, bound for paperless gold regions at Pikes Peak.

It seems that Merrick started for Pikes Peak in advance of the Byers party, which consisted of William N. Byers, Thomas Gibson and Dr. George C. Monnell of Omaha. Merrick reached Denver first and to that extent was the pioneer publisher, but the superior energy of Byers enabled him to get out the first paper ever published in the Rocky Mountains. Merrick issued a paper on the same day, but 20 minutes later. Both were rather crude specimens of typography, especially as compared with the elegantly printed papers now circulating in the state. Byers issued the Rocky Mountain News, and Merrick, the Cherry Creek Pioneer. That issue of the Pioneer was the one, lone, solitary issue from Merrick's press. Before he could collect himself sufficiently to get out another one, Byers had bargained for his sorry little outfit and consolidated it with the Rocky Mountain News.

The Intermountain Press for January, 1923, describes the race between Merrick and Byers as follows:

As a matter of fact both papers appeared on the evening of Saturday, April 23, 1859, in the midst of a driving snow storm. But a self-appointed and excited committee of citizens, rushing back and forth between the two offices, decided that Byers, with the first issue of the Rocky Mountain News, had produced a finished paper about twenty minutes before Merrick could hand out a completed copy of his Cherry Creek Pioneer. By this narrow margin the News won the honor of being the first newspaper printed in Colorado. Merrick made no further effort to compete with Byers. The first issue of his paper also was the last. He then traded his printing outfit to Tom Gibson, an associate of Byers, for \$30 worth of provisions,

and headed for the "diggins". When he returned to Denver, broke, in a few months, he took a job at the case in the office of the Rocky Mountain News, and worked there off and on during 1859 and 1860. "At the first alarm of war (Civil War)," to quote the exact words of Byers, "he hurried to the states, and enlisted in one of the earliest volunteer regiments organized in Illinois. He served his term with credit and gained promotion. When mustered out he returned to his former home in Leavenworth, Kansas, and secured a commission in a Kansas veteran regiment. About the close of the war he was provost marshal of Leavenworth, where, while in the active discharge of his duty, he was killed in a street brawl."

During those early days, there was much competition between Auraria located on the south side of Cherry Creek and Denver which was developing rapidly on the north side. In order not to be considered as favoring either one side or the other, Byers established his newspaper office over the edge of Cherry Creek, the dividing line. The office remained there until the famous flood of May 20, 1864, when the build- and equipment were washed down stream. Byers immediately went to work on a new building at 269 Larimer Street where the paper was published until 1897. In 1898, while construction work was going on, in Cherry Creek near the Platte River, parts of the old Rocky Mountain News press were dug from the sands. They are now in the State Historical Society Museum.

There was a great deal of romance in connection with the Rocky Mountain News during its early day struggles. Quoting from the History of the Colorado Press Association:

The temper of the time may be shown by the fact that one of the first questions Byers asked an employee was if he could handle a gun, and "a printer who was handy in this respect stood high

with the proprietors of the paper, even though he had a multitude of shortcomings as a compositor." Byers' own weapons were "never far from the editorial desk."

These were not idle precautions. The editor's open warfare against the lawlessness and violence of the pioneer underworld won him many enemies in that quarter. On July 31, 1860, following a printed attack upon the notorious Criterion Saloon--spoken of as a criterion of everything bad--a number of desperadoes who made their headquarters there decided that it was time to do something about this troublesome foe. Therefore, primed with liquor and "righteous indignation," they raided the News office and seized Byers. When his men rallied to his defense with guns, the fearless editor quieted them and went calmly off with his captors, who took him to the Criterion. The ruffians were for killing him without more ado, but the owner of the place, Charlie Harrison, was a lodge brother of the editor. He therefore took the prisoner into a back room and sent him out a rear entrance.

Back at his office, Byers barricaded the building, preparing for an attack that was not long in coming. Having discovered Harrison's action the desperados swept down upon the News in full force, led by two particularly vicious characters named George Steele and Carroll Wood. For several hours a state of seige prevailed, until Steele, tiring of indirect methods, made a one-man attack. Lashing his horse past the office, he fired two ineffectual shots into the building. The return fire--buckshot sent by Jack Merrick--wounded Steele seriously. He rode away, only to run into a force of the honest element of the town, who were rushing to Byers' aid. The town blacksmith and hangman, "Noisy Tom" Pollock, blew Steele's brains out with a charge of buckshot.

Steele's companions fled, but the aroused populace rounded them up with more vigor than ceremony. Wood was banished, and many of his satellites followed him from the

camp. Harrison, the ringleader, who had saved Byers' life later was killed while engaged in activities on behalf of the Confederacy during the Civil War.

On another occasion, Byers was challenged to a duel, then the favorite method of settling difficulties in the gold camp. He replied contemptuously:

To any who may feel like calling us out we have only to remark that you are wasting your time by sending us challenges or other belligerent epistles. You may murder us, but never on the so-called "Field of Honor" under the name of a duel.

The story of early Colorado newspapers is not limited to Denver. As a matter of fact, the population center of "the Pikes Peak Country" shifted to the Central City area when gold was discovered there in the spring of 1859. After Gibson, Byers' partner, had secured Merrick's press, he took it to the Clear Creek gold regions to start the Rocky Mountain Gold Reporter and Mountain City Herald, the first papers published in the mountains. Publication was suspended at the end of the first summer. Almost all of the miners, unfamiliar with the unpredictable mountain weather, moved out after the first heavy snow in early autumn. With them went Gibson, promising that he would return to Mountain City the following year. Instead, he remained in Denver to provide Byers with serious competition. Gibson's equipment was sold to George West, a young printer, who on arriving at the Cherry Creek settlements in June, 1859, found Auraria and Denver in a flurry of excitement. Great gold discoveries had been made in the mountains. Horace Greeley, Albert D. Richardson, and Henry Villard, three nationally known journalists, had just completed a report of the "diggins", which was eagerly awaited by gold seekers in every section of the country.

Byers of the News was searching frantically for help to put out the first extra to appear in the Rocky Mountain region.

George West and two other printers who had arrived with him thus earned their first mountain dollars. Not satisfied with the job of printer, young West selected Golden as a promising town for a journalist. With the press that once had printed articles from the pen of the Mormon Prophet Joseph Smith, he began running off the Western Mountaineer, taking on the subscription list of the late Rocky Mountain Gold Reporter.

Of the four papers started in the region in 1859, one press had served to print three of them. The one-time Mormon Washington hand press seemed to have a jinx attached to it. It could never stay long in one place. The Mountaineer gave up in December, in spite of having the most brilliant staff of any territorial paper, including as religious editor, Albert D. Richardson, famous New York Tribune writer; and, as military editor, Thomas Knox, later to edit Leslie's Illustrated Weekly. The press was sold to the Canon City Times.

In the spring of 1860, Canon City had a dozen people and only one saloon; but 500 came in and the Times was established. The first issue was dated September 8, 1860. A few months after the acquisition of the old press, the paper became a semi-weekly and proudly described the town's rapid progress. An item from the Times of May 20, 1861, says, "Abe Lincoln subscribes to Canon City Times. Among the distinguished names that have been added to our subscription list is that of Abe Lincoln, the famous rail-splitter." Like its predecessors that were run off on the "wandering press", the Times proved a temporary venture. Soon after, it was sold and moved to the new mining camp of Buckskin Joe near Fairplay. The town of Buckskin Joe had depended on a single mining lode and when that lode began playing out, the town soon became a ghost town. The press that had served five papers in five towns in less than three years returned to Denver, where it was placed in storage pending new adventures in Boulder County.

The Miner's Register, a tri-weekly, made its appearance in Central City, July 26, 1862. It was issued by Alfred Thompson who brought the equipment from Glenwood, Iowa. The paper prospered, and on April 9, 1863, David Collier, with two other employees, Hugh Glenn and George A. Wells, bought the Register. Later, Wells bought out Glenn and Wells in turn sold his interest to Frank Hall who subsequently became Colorado State Historian. G. M. Laird, who had worked on the old Register under Hall, started the Evening Call. Later there was a consolidation of the two papers, which concern is still operating as the Register-Call and is edited by Laird's son, Rae L. Laird.

In this story I am making no effort to bring in every individual newspaper that started publication during those early years, although any complete history should include them all. What I want to do is to high-light some of the interesting incidents which have happened, but, of course no history of the newspapers would be complete without ample reference to the first few newspapers established here in the Rocky Mountain region.

I should like to have read the story of the Cherry Creek flood as described by O. J. Goldrick, founder of the first school in Denver--the famous flood which washed the News down Cherry Creek. For flowery descriptions nothing like it has ever been written, except possibly a recent story written by the editor of the Dove Creek Press on the occasion of the visit of the Dolores Rotary Club to Dove Creek. Some of you may have read this description in one of the Denver newspapers, but I think you will enjoy the style of writing since the Dove Creek editor, so far as I know, is the only one left of the old school of extravagant descriptions. The story is as follows:

The Dolores Rotarians arose from the South and came like a star of the West to Dove Creek in all their radiant beauty and glory to entertain the

businessmen of our town with a banquet which was prepared by the Dove Creek Ladies Civic Club.

My! What a spread and what a feast!

As the pale moon in its beauty over our hills was creeping, the fire of their harp and the wing of their spirit flung a soft, radiant mantle of friendship around us, plaiting a wreath of welcome snatched from the banks of the lovely Dolores, which pierced the hearts of their guests and warm-bosomed friends. These heart-striking bards sang aloud with devotion as their full hearts burned with love and devotion for their fellow guests.

They brought with them a friendly incense more fragrant than a bright spring morning and more breezy than a gentle evening's zephyr.

These boys live in a world as green as where the musk-rose blooms shade the coverts of their lives like an endless fountain from which immortals drink friendship to mortal men on earth.

As we gathered around the banquet table good cheer streamed o'er our spirits like streams of Northern light glittering with lances bound with garlands of lichens and mosses.

The master of ceremonies was Banker Hudson of Dolores. He wore a helmet of pinto beans plumed in the silk of tassled corn, the corselet that girdled his body was the wild bee's golden vest, his cloak of a thousand dyes was formed from a sheaf of golden wheat, his sandals were spun from the silvery threads of a spider's web, and the gavel he wielded was carved from the heart of an Ingelman fir, and, brandished on high, it waved in the arc light like the fiery trail of a rocket star, and when he rapped for order, silence prevailed while Dolores' Methodist sky pilot offered the evening oblation.

When the master of ceremonies called upon his chief musician, she arose in the beauty and grandeur

of her right, seemingly as though she had dropped from the rainbow's rim, bringing with her all the musical gems of the sky. As she thrummed the ivory polished keys, the Rotarians' trio burst into song. These nymphs of vocal music caused the mists to melt with heavenly breathings borne afar on friendship's wings of music, whose arrowy plume streaked the Eastern sky like a floating feather on a winding, winding stream.

Unto you, Mr. Hudson, in behalf of your Rotary Dove Creek guests, we award you with the golden ring of the Pleiades and the silvery girdle of the Great Orion. We know that as long as they are worn by one of your members they will never tarnish or lose their luster.

When life grows old and many a scene forgot, your Dove Creek guests will hold in memory the happy hours they spent while guests of your Rotary Club.

The Colorado Transcript, General West's second attempt to establish a paper in Golden, was successful. His daughter-in-law and her husband, carrying on the same paper today, represent the best in Colorado tradition. One paper published continuously by the same family for 75 years is a record that few other publications in the United States can equal.

The number of papers in Colorado gradually increased. From the Rocky Mountain News of September 11, 1867, we obtain the following:

Colorado Territory now boasted of many papers: Nebraska has but two daily newspapers--of the number weekly published in the state we are not informed. The territory of Colorado has five daily newspapers, eight weeklies and two monthlies, one devoted to Sunday schools and the other to temperance. We believe the people of Colorado sustain

more newspapers and support them better than does any other western state or territory of the same size. The fact is highly credible to the intelligence and industry of our people.

In the summer of 1867, a stimulus to press organization was given Colorado newspapermen when Illinois editors organized an elaborate excursion to the west. The Colorado Tribune provided an advance account in its issue of September 18, 1867, as follows:

For some months past the subject of an editorial excursion from Illinois to the Rocky Mountains, has been agitated in the newspapers of Illinois, and is now in a fair way of being accomplished. ...

A convention was called in Jacksonville; an organization formed, committees were appointed to take charge of the details, until finally the arrangements are completed, and a hundred and fifty knights of the goose-quill start on their tour from Chicago on the 7th of October--expecting to be gone for two weeks.

The talent and observation they bring with them, combined with the means they possess to make public what they see and think of the countries they visit, make the trip a gigantic advertisement--to be read by the entire population of Illinois.

... They will advertise the Union Pacific R. R. and tell all about the towns along the route, of North Platte--its few busy weeks; the capping of its fountain of life and its rapid return to a primitive existence; the birth of another infantile town and its use by the forces drawn from its elder brother, and in turn its speedy relapse and decay, while the third steps into view as at present the fastest city of the age. They will advertise these

places, write their histories and predict the future of Cheyenne, as well as how it was built in a night, and how it grew to be a city before the grass was trodden down.

Denver was not included in their original route, but we understand that the party is quite unanimous in desiring to visit us, and also our cities in the mountains.

We shall be glad to see all the stage coaches of the two overland lines chartered to meet the party at Cheyenne and bring them to Denver.

They are to come in a special train from Chicago, and will travel by day only, the train switching off and resting at night.

Mr. H. M. Kinsley, the well known excursion commissary, has been employed to subsist the party, which it is expected will consist chiefly of game to be killed on the way. For this important service he is to receive the sum of two dollars per diem for each "excursher," this to be exclusive of "extras."

An artist is also to be employed to make sketches of the principal scenes along the route while a printing press, with a staff of typographers and other materials, is expected to produce a twenty column daily newspaper during the absence of the party.

In addition to all the foregoing, Adjutant Gen. Haynie of Illinois, has agreed to provide all the "excursers" with a first class Enfield rifle and "Equipments" with "forty rounds" each, from the State arsenal, to be used in "self defense," against any hostile or uncivilized foe, of whatever shape. A platform car, with a field howitzer and experienced gunner, will also constitute a feature of the excursion. They will thus be prepared for any emergency, and should any occasion arise requiring the use of arms, a good account will be

given of the weapon which is said to be less mighty than the pen.

It was four years before the Colorado publishers began to plan a similar organization and excursion. References to the idea of organizing were made in 1871 and again in 1874 but no records have ever been found to prove that they did organize until 1878. A permanent organization was then set up which has operated continuously to the present day.

From the History of the Colorado Press Association, comes the following:

Meanwhile new chapters were being written in the story of western journalism. The wandering Mormon press that Merrick had brought across the plains, was dragged out of storage in Denver in 1866 by D. G. Scouten. He took it to Valmont in Boulder County to print the Valmont Bulletin.

The Rocky Mountain News of May 2, 1866, reported:

Our merry friend, D. G. Scouten, alias "the Orderly," has become the sole editor and proprietor of the sparkling little sheet published in Boulder County, the Valmont Bulletin. He has a large circulation among the farmers of that populous county, making his paper a valuable advertising medium for our merchants who desire to secure their patronage, which amounts to thousands of dollars a month. Scouten will be down in a few days, and his pockets should be filled with Denver advertisements for his paper.

Scouten, however, had plunged into a furious battleground --known in the '60s as the "battle of the B's" Three towns were fighting for county supremacy--Boulder, Burlington, (south of the present site of Longmont), and Bugtown (the rivals'

name for Valmont). Burlington, like Boulder, was made up of a few rough log cabins, shingled with mud, and boasted a small frame hotel. Ambitious Bugtown, with the first newspaper, was now after the county seat.

Boulder citizens decided that they also must have a newspaper. They found an editor, W. C. Chamberlain, but had no press. So when the "merry Mr. Scouten" came into Boulder one night in April, 1867, for a few drinks, he found the Boulderites strangely friendly, and very anxious to "set him up" to one after another. Scouten was not one to resist such gracious hospitality, and soon was enjoying the deep sleep of over-indulgence.

The Boulder men hitched up a team, drove to Valmont, loaded the old press and type on the wagon, and brought it to the county seat. The equipment consisted of the old Washington hand press, an imposing "stone," made of wood, and two stands of type cases. When Scouten revived, he accepted the coup and went to work for the new Boulder Valley News as a printer. The old press, described by one man who worked on it as "very dangerous by the poor light in those days," served several papers in Boulder. Finally it was sold again and carried down to Elizabethtown, New Mexico.

W. C. Chamberlain was employed as editor of the Boulder Valley News until the fall of 1868, when it gave place to the Boulder County Pioneer, started by Dr. E. J. Horton. The Pioneer turned against the townspeople and their interests causing the merchants and subscribers to withdraw their support forcing the paper into the sheriff's hands. The stockholders regained possession and leased it to Robert H. Tilney who changed the name to the Boulder County News in the autumn of 1869. Tilney had come to Colorado in 1865 and worked for the Mining Journal at Black Hawk. Later he was employed on the Register at Central City. In April, 1870, he left the Boulder County News and was out of the printing business for two years. He then took a job on the Rocky Mountain News as a printer. The Boulder County News changed hands on several

occasions from then until 1874, when the paper was sold to Amos Bixby and Eugene Wilder. In 1875, Otto H. Wangelin bought the Rocky Mountain Eagle established in Boulder in September, 1873, by Webb Morris. Wangelin started the Colorado Banner, of which he was editor and owner until February 1878, when Robert Tilney returned to Boulder and purchased a half-interest. In January, 1880, Wangelin sold out to Tilney. February 18, he established the weekly Boulder County Herald, which on April 17th became Boulder's first daily newspaper.

Quoting from the Jerome C. Smiley's Semi-Centennial History of Colorado we learn that:

The closing out of the Canon City Times, in the winter of 1861-62, left the southern part of Colorado Territory without a newspaper. In 1868, four years before the arrival of the first railroad, the void was filled with Pueblo's Colorado Chieftain, founded by Dr. Michael Beshoar and Sam McBride. Dr. Beshoar was an experienced newspaperman while McBride was a practical printer who had been in the employ of George West in Golden. In the following year, Dr. Beshoar moved to Trinidad, but continued his newspaper work, traveling between the two towns by horseback.

According to the biographical files in the Library of the State Historical Society, the Chieftain was sold in 1869 by its founders to Captain J. J. Lambert, an army man stationed at Fort Reynolds in the Arkansas Valley. Three years later, with the extension of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad into Pueblo, Lambert converted his paper into a daily. The captain continued at the helm of the Chieftain until 1903, piloting it through difficult and exciting circumstances. Although not very profitable at the time, the Chieftain's attractive typography and excellent news coverage gave it the appearance of a bonanza. As a result, numerous enterprising publishers rushed to the steel town to start papers, most of which proved dismal failures.

Because it was often difficult to get newsprint across the plains in the early days, newspapers were at times printed on wrapping paper or almost any kind of available stock. This critical situation was responsible for the establishment of a paper mill at Golden. Known as the Golden Paper Mill it was built late in 1868 or early in 1869 by Oscar Barber. In its earlier years the mill was designed to manufacture wrapping paper and was not equipped to turn out newsprint. Occasionally the newsprint supply was tied up at eastern railway terminals due to shortage of cars and storms resulting in a number of issues of early Colorado newspapers being printed on wrapping paper which was manufactured at Golden. By 1871, the mill was manufacturing newsprint. There is no record of how long it operated, but it is probable that it was of short duration.

In 1870, Horace Greeley's name appeared in journalistic history in Colorado. With the backing of the editor of the New York Tribune the Greeley Colony was organized to settle in Colorado. The present site of Greeley was chosen by the recommendation of William N. Byers. While the first cabins were being erected, talk of a newspaper was under way. October 19, 1870, the Rocky Mountain News announced, "Mr. Meeker of Greeley will probably issue the first number of his newspaper, the Tribune of the West, the last of this week." (Meeker was killed in 1879 in the famous Meeker Massacre.) The first issue of the Greeley Tribune was dated November 16, 1870. Alice Polk Hill in Pioneers in Pictures and Stories, says:

The masthead for the newspaper was prepared from a photo-engraving of Greeley's illegible handwriting. When the paper later was changed from a weekly to a daily, the post office authorities insisted that the word "daily" be inserted. But when the historic old mast was replaced by one in Roman type, protests from the community poured in. To satisfy both government and citizens, the word

"daily" was prepared in a "reasonable facsimile" of the famous scrawl, and the unusual trademark of the paper was restored.

Otto Mears, one of the entrepreneurs of Colorado and usually referred to as a great pioneer builder, was also instrumental in establishing a newspaper of which he became the editor. The Colorado Editor of July, 1937, states that "Saguache had grown into a busy and prosperous point after the construction of the toll roads to the Arkansas Valley and to the San Juan." Mears, to advertise the San Luis Valley, started the Chronicle at Saguache in 1872. Editorials, boosting the soil, climate, and potential wealth of the valley in farming and manufacturing, resulted in a substantial increase in the population. Mears built many mountain highways, including the Million Dollar Highway. He established railroads and was one of the leaders in the construction business.

An interesting episode in Mear's life was the capture of Alfred Packer, the famous man-eater. It occurred when Mears, who operated a general merchandise store at Saguache, noted a Wells-Fargo draft in the possession of Packer who was making a purchase. Recalling that Wells-Fargo had been robbed and knowing that the five men whom Packer supposedly had slain were reputed to have had some of these drafts, Mears became suspicious and communicated this information to an officer. Packer was arrested and later made a confession of his crimes. He used to live in Littleton, where I met him on several occasions. He is buried in the Littleton Cemetery.

Press history in Longmont has likewise been variable and interesting. Recorded in the History of the Colorado Press Association is the following information:

As everyone knows, Longmont was laid out in 1871 by the Chicago Colorado Colony, organized at a meeting February 22, Washington's Birthday, 1870,

in Chicago, of persons interested in making new homes in Colorado. The Territory's first newspaper man, William N. Byers, assisted an executive committee to select 30,000 acres in the St. Vrain region and to locate a townsite. The old town of Burlington was moved across the St. Vrain to the new town of Longmont, named for Long's Peak, which rises directly west from the town which was incorporated January 7, 1873.

The first newspaper was the Sentinel, published by Lowe & Hall, started in July, 1871. The next year this was changed to the Longmont Press with E. F. Beckwith, proprietor and, later on, F. C. Beckwith, associate editor. In May, 1877, the Longmont Post appeared, the owners being the Longmont Printing Company, with W. L. Condit, editor. The Post became, in course of time, the Valley Home and Farm, with the beloved W. E. Pabor, excellent journalist and gifted poet, as editor. Again it was changed, this time to the enduring title of The Longmont Ledger. It is still published as a weekly..

Jesse S. Randall, who for a great many years owned and edited the Georgetown Courier is perhaps one of the most interesting characters in the history of Colorado journalism. Born on April 23, 1848, he went to work at the age of fourteen on an Iowa newspaper to learn the printing business. In 1869, he came to Colorado to care for his sick father who had settled in Georgetown a year earlier.¹ On arriving at Georgetown Jesse found that his father had arranged for him to take charge of the printing department of the Colorado Miner. Governor John Evans of Colorado was financially interested in

¹The elder Randall died in Georgetown many years later within two months of attaining the age of 102 years.

the paper and on June 30, 1869, Morris E. Wood, a nephew of Governor Evans, changed the paper to a daily. The following October, it was discontinued as a daily for lack of patronage.

Senator Edward O. Wolcott, one of the famous men of Colorado, was also interested in the Colorado Miner. After participating in the Civil War he graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1871. He then came to Colorado and taught school in Central City and later went to Georgetown. In April 1873, he became associated with Alex Cree in the Colorado Miner and succeeded the Rev. Weiser as editor. The Miner was then changed from an evening to a morning paper. After he became U. S. Senator, he purchased a tract of ground south of Littleton where he lived until his death, which occurred during a visit in Europe. I, personally, knew Wolcott as a boy; on several occasions I visited him in his home and I used to see him drive to the Littleton Depot every morning in a two horse rig. Of course, Wolhurst, as his home place was known, has just come into the limelight again on account of ~~the~~ robbery which occurred out there a short time ago.

Randall was with the Colorado Miner until 1875 when he left and opened a job shop in Georgetown. Two years in the job printing business gave him the funds and opportunity to establish a newspaper, the Georgetown Courier, the first number of which came out May 24, 1877.

Jesse Randall was a crusader for decency. He made enemies and they were powerful. The fight against him extended to Washington, but one by one he whipped the "giants." From the April, 1938, issue of the Colorado Editor, comes the following story:

William A. Hamill came to Georgetown in 1867 seeking his fortune. His sister was the wife of Joe Watson who built the first fine residence in

the town. It still stands, now known as the Alpine Lodge, containing works of art purchased in Europe, a spacious, dignified mansion in the midst of large grounds, ornamented with a fountain of classic design.

"Bill" Hamill occupied a cabin in the rear of the Watson house. He made a fortune in mining and was superintendent of the celebrated Terrible mine at Silver Plume for the English owners. Entering politics he became the boss of Clear Creek County, and rode rough shod over all opposition. With reason he claimed he carried the county in his vest pocket. What the Republican ring put over, under his leadership, caused such widespread indignation that he began to lose ground and the fight against him started in 1882.

The county convention was to be held in the court house at Georgetown, the county seat. The delegation from Idaho Springs came up to get his scalp. To keep them out, he had a blacksmith place two strong iron hooks on the sides of each door, and in these were bars of two-by-fours. The boss, who wanted to be United States senator, held his hand picked convention behind locked and barred doors. The Idaho Springs delegates held a separate convention at the famous old Barton House, since they could not break in the court house.

Hamill swore he controlled the Republican party in Clear Creek County and he would continue to control it. Further, he ordered that there should be no Democratic ticket filed, and therefore no Democratic candidate for office.

In those days the politicians did not file the ticket until the last minute to make it legal. Agreeable to the boss' orders, County Clerk Ben C. Catren, Sr., closed his office early Saturday afternoon to prevent the Democrats from filing their ticket, and disappeared. After a frantic search for

him, the Democrats sought Sheriff John C. De Votie, the only candidate elected on the Democratic ticket in the election in 1880, and the sheriff with plenty of witnesses went to the court house, broke a window in the clerk's office and laid the document on Catren's desk.

Randall Is Persecuted

The Courier, which has been staunchly Republican, gave all details of the high handed proceedings and denounced both the closing of the court house and the attempt to shut the Democrats out of the election. It attacked Hamill and waged warfare on him and all his works. It exposed the machinations of the ring and bluntly charged Hamill had been running too high and pleaded for his downfall. The result was, Clear Creek County that had been going 700 Republican majority at every election, elected by 600 majority every Democrat, filling every county office, for the first time in History, with Democrats, and completely changed the political complexion.

Chairman E. Foster of the Board of County Commissioners, Catren and other Republican leaders told Jesse Randall they were going to run him out of the county for not supporting the Republican ticket and immediately started a boycott that was financially disastrous. Foster said, "Randall, you will never get another dollar of county printing unless you change your tune." This was before the election, and the day the Courier came out with its denunciation and notice it could no longer support the Republican party in Clear Creek County. When Randall told him "nothing doing," the fireworks started.

Henry M. Teller was Secretary of Interior in President Arthur's cabinet. He was friendly with Hamill and lost no time in aiding the boycott. Much of the revenue of the Courier came from the publication of mining applications, of which there were many in those feverish days of mining development. George M. Laird,

editor of the Central City Register-Call published a story stating that Richard Harvey, registrar of the land office, had been ordered to send Randall no more applications, and commented on the fight the Courier was waging against the Hamill crowd, plainly saying this action from Washington was in retaliation.

Jesse Randall can afford to chuckle about it now, but it was a mighty serious business then.

"Do you know," he says, "they even fired cannon at me? Yes, sir, it is a fact. Remember the Alpine Hose house directly across the street from the Courier building? Well, Hamill had donated the 1,299 pound fire bell that hangs in the seventy feet high tower and those whiskered, red hatted blue-shirted volunteers were fond of him, naturally. When he ordered a celebration of some kind to be held with cannon in front of the hose house, their's not to question why, their's but to do without a murmur of surprise.

"The cannon were hauled to the hose house and pointed directly at the Courier office. Hamill knew what would happen, all right. He ordered several shots fired. Bang! went the cannon, and bang! went my window glass. The building rocked with the vibration. Again and again the shots were fired. What could I do to stop 'em? The boys were just celebrating, and the cost of glass to a boycotted editor meant nothing to General Hamill.

"Not content, Hamill threw a good sized boulder in when the glass was intact. I wondered who had done such an unneighborly act until Eli Foster, the same county commissioner and member of the town board, afterwards told me it was Hamill and some friends."

Jesse Randall passed away at Georgetown on January 24, 1939.

About 1872, Henry C. Brown, later famous as the builder of the Brown Palace Hotel, took over the Denver Tribune. It had been produced on a hand press and was limited in its influence as well as in its circulation. Brown moved the Tribune into his three-story building on the corner of 16th and Market Streets. During its brilliant but relatively brief career, it was one of the most influential organs of the entire west. In this hectic period of personal journalism, the leading journals almost always were Republican in politics. The slogans and sectionalism of the Civil War remained long after the surrender of General Lee. Colorado, both territory and state, was a Grand Old Party stronghold for years. A notable exception to the rule that all successful papers had to espouse the Republican Party cause was George West's Transcript.

The Democrats attempted to add to their list of papers, but Byers gleefully reported in the Weekly Rocky Mountain News, November 3, 1875:

One more unfortunate weary of breath, rashly importunate, goes to its death. So young and so fair, too! Not a woman, this time, but a newspaper--the Evening Sentinel. Its creditors probably outnumber its mourners ten to five. The Sentinel was started on the "moral support" of the democratic party. And it died of that. It takes a good deal to kill one of these things--that is, a paper of that kind; but it will soon famish on "moral support," mighty soon, if it has nothing else to live on. Nearly every Democrat in town, who can write at all, has contributed something to its columns. It is surprising how many people there are in Denver who have a lot of stuff in them aching for expulsion, who imagine it to be a faculty for journalism. The proprietors of the Sentinel, personally, are very clever men, and the death of the paper is not so much due to lack

of ability on their part, as to the malpractice of the accoucheurs of the Democratic party, who brought the thing into the world. Next!

And a month later Editor West in Golden regretfully reported the death of another struggling enterprise. From the Golden Transcript, of December 22, 1875, the following report is given:

The Denver Democrat has at last yielded to the inexorable decree of fate. It has battled long and bravely against its stern and uncompromising adversary—poverty—but has been compelled to succumb to his repeated blows, Stanton, while you survey its ruins let the proud reflection cheer you, that in falling "you fell with your back to the field and your face to the foe." Democratic party is now without an organ or journalistic exponent in the capital of Colorado-- Three newspapers in one year; that should be holocaust enough. The furies ought to be appeased with that sacrifice. There is one refuge for the Democracy, remaining in the bosom of the Transcript.

One of the outstanding events in Colorado in the 1870's was the opening up of the rich San Juan Mountains area. At Del Norte, Colorado, gateway to this section of the Territory and to the San Luis Valley, the San Juan Prospector began publication. Another newspaper praised the issue highly, and pointed to the fact that it was issued in the "about-to-be-famous" mining district.

One of the most spectacular early day editors was Cy Warman, who edited the Candle at Creede. A feature best known about the Candle was the poetry written by Warman, the most notable of which is his "It's Day All Day In the Daytime and There Is No Night in Creede." Written in 1892, it tersely describes the early mining activities in Creede.

Here's a land where all are equal--
Of high and lowly birth--
A land where men make millions,
Dug from the dreary earth.
Here meek and mild-eyed burros
On mineral mountains feed--
It's day all day in the daytime
And there is no night in Creede.

The Cliffs are solid silver
With wond'rous wealth untold,
And the beds of the running rivers
Are lined with the purest gold.
While the world is filled with sorrow,
And hearts must break and bleed--
It's day all day in the daytime
And there is no night in Creede.

George M. Laird, editor of the Central City Register-Call for 58 years prior to his death in April, 1936, did more to preserve the fabulous, glittering history of the "Little Kingdom of Gilpin" than any other man. A newspaper man of the old school and an editor in the best of the pioneer tradition, he was responsible through his own paper for a day-by-day chronicle of the life of one of the world's most famous gold camps--Central City, the governmental center of Gilpin County. For 75 years he was active in newspaper work and was proud of the fact that during his 58 years as editor and proprietor of the Register-Call he never missed printing an issue of his paper even during the early days when often it was difficult to get newsprint and supplies.

As a boy, he sold newspapers on the streets of Chicago, and learned the printing trade in the Freeport Bulletin office from 1863 to 1866. He came to Colorado in May, 1872, to work at Black Hawk for George Collier who published the Daily Journal. At that time there were two newspapers published in Central City, the Daily Register, with Collier and Hall

as editors and publishers, and the Daily Herald, of which Frank Fossett was editor. After the Journal suspended publication following the election of 1872, Mr. Laird worked as a substitute printer on the Register in nearby Central City, later becoming foreman of its composing room.

In 1876 he installed a job printing press in Central City and with Den Marlow as a partner began publication of the Daily Evening Call, a five-column, four-page paper which was printed one page at a time on an old Gordon press operated by foot power. At a sheriff's sale in May, 1878, Laird & Marlow purchased the Register, combined it with their paper and named it the Register-Call.

Mr. Laird was for years considered the foremost authority on the history and development of Gilpin County and was an enthusiastic patron of the movement which restored the old Central City Opera House, Colorado's "Cradle of the Drama." He was present at the opening of the Opera House in 1878.

With the discovery of important silver deposits in the San Juan area in 1878, the town of Ouray became the center of considerable activity. Two brothers by the name of Ripley bought the Canon City Times and hauled equipment to Ouray hoping to build a successful enterprise. During the year 1878, the little paper struggled along and often complained of lack of advertising patronage. The next year vigorous competition was provided for the Times when Dave Day founded his Solid Muldoon. Day was a reckless, sarcastic type of writer. While the paper gave a complete news coverage, he carried a great number of the barroom type of stories. His characterization of the State Legislature in 1879 under the column, "Muldoon's Primer," is an example of his style. The following appeared in Colorado, The Centennial State by Percy Stanley Fritz:

Is that a Salvation Army?

No, my Child, that is a Band of Horse Thieves.

What are they Doing that they look so Excited?

They are Suspicioned by the People, and are Debating
a Motion to Investigate the Charges.

What is an Investigation?

Investigation, my Child, is a preparation of Self-
amalgamated Whitewash introduced by the Colorado
Legislature in the Latter part of the 19th Century.

What is a Legislature?

In Colorado it is a conglomeration of Rural and Metro-
politan Asses elevated by Misguided Suffrage to
positions intended by the Constitution for Brains,
Honor and Manhood.

Advertising copy furnished by advanced agents was usually
consigned to the wastebasket while the editor wrote his own
copy. When a theatrical company, managed by Sam T. Jack, and
featuring Jennie Lamb was scheduled for Ouray, the Muldoon
published this announcement:

Oh Jennie Lamb is coming,
She is flying o'er the track,
With twenty lovely Jennies
And a solitary Jack.

Ouray's opera house was packed. It was said that sometimes
his stories on local events had to be printed on asbestos to pre-
vent combustion in the mail.

After Day had moved his presses and plant to Durango in
1892, his blistering comments resulted in forty-two libel suits
pending at one time. Towards the end of his career, scathing
criticisms of a court decision brought a \$300 fine for con-
tempt; he refused to pay the fine, and for ten days edited
the Democrat from a jail cell, continuing to attack the judge
in every issue. The record doesn't say how he settled his
case.

During the free-silver controversies of the early '90's,
when any attack on the white metal was considered treason to

Colorado, Day was a victim of a practical joke. He was serving as Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and an investigation of Indian problems was under way. Francis E. Leuppe, Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs came to Durango, and the two spent the day in Ignacio. Day had an appointment in Navajo Springs that evening and complained to the Commissioner that he had lost his entire day and had not written a line of editorial copy for the next day's Democrat. Leuppe said he would edit the issue for him, if the editor would print his articles.

Day replied that he would give the foreman instructions to honor the copy, and he added, "I don't care what you write." The next day's issue caused consternation in Durango. The leading editorial was captioned, "A Confession Wrung from Conscience." Intended as a joke on Day, it repudiated silver and included all of the "gold bug" arguments. The Associated Press sent it over the country, it was widely quoted, and the editor was an "untouchable" in his home town for a month.

The same year that Day founded the Solid Muldoon, Carlyle Channing Davis, more familiarly known as "Cad," began his newspaper work in Leadville. He had come to Denver in 1876 hoping to improve his health, and went to work as editorial writer for the News. When the stories of the Leadville silver discoveries reached the capital city, Davis joined with John Arkins, a printer on the Tribune, to grubstake another printer, James Burnell, whom they sent to the silver fields. After twenty-four hours' investigation, Burnell wired back: "Greatest silver camp on earth: but better for a newspaper than for silver." Quickly the three men organized the Chronicle Publishing Company in Leadville, with Arkins as editor and Davis as business manager. Their total capital amounted to \$3,000. Transportation costs for machinery were prohibitive, but Davis succeeded in getting an entire printing plant transported from St. Louis in a sealed car billed "emigrant household goods." Necessary items of this kind commanded a greatly reduced rate. At Colorado Springs, he stayed up one entire night, and in the

early morning secured receipted expense bills, before ordering a transfer of the "iron foundry" to wagons. The local agent raged but Davis had outsmarted him.

Lumber for the Leadville office took hundreds of dollars, and brick for the chimney could have been shipped in by mail for considerably less money than it actually cost. The first issue of the Chronicle was off the presses on January 29, 1879. According to Davis' account, an edition of 9,000 was completely sold out, although at first he had anticipated only 500 sales. Davis had a tendency to exaggerate figures, but at any rate, the paper was an astonishing success.

The New Year's edition of the Carbonate Weekly Chronicle appeared first in 1880. Printed on calendar book-paper, and profusely illustrated with half-tones, Davis contracted to have it printed at the plant of the New York Graphic. To the amazement of Graphic office he ordered a run of 60,000 and sold the papers at fifty cents per copy. He made a profit of \$7,500 in spite of the heavy costs. Leadville, however, was not the first town to have a fancy annual edition; the Colorado Miner in Georgetown brought out a book-paper edition in August, 1875. In ten pages with sixty-five illustrations, it was the finest typographical specimen put out in Colorado up to that time.

Davis bought out his two partners on the Chronicle during the first year after the successful venture was launched. By 1883, the Chronicle had absorbed the presses and equipment of six competing papers--"including thirteen base burner stoves." The secret of his success, he said, was simple: "I did unto others what they would have done unto me, and I 'did it fust.' That was all."

He included on his staff some of the top newsmen in the United States, for he could pay high salaries. Among them was John Bonner, author of Child's History of the World and the first editor of Harper's Weekly; Robert Gauss, who later

served the Denver Republican as editorial writer for twenty-nine years; Henry Butler, editor of the Leadville Herald-Democrat for more than thirty years; Charley Vivian, who founded the Benevolent Order of Elks; James McCarthy ("Fitz Mac"); Major Henry Ward; and many more.

Newspapermen in the Territory of Colorado effected their first organization in 1867, the year of the Illinois editorial expedition. Known as the Denver Press Club it was started by a grocery merchant, Wolfe Londoner, who always enjoyed the companionship of the gentlemen of the press. He maintained a "cyclone cellar" in the basement of his store where representatives of the Fourth Estate gathered to enjoy liquid refreshments. Reporters and columnists stopped once a day at Londoner's store to pick up the gossip of the day.

This early Press Club was an informal group. Its only officer, Londoner, was elected executive by common consent. The only apparent requirement for membership was to be on Wolfe's visiting list. In addition to evening meetings, largely devoted to political arguments and shop talk over the card tables, the club held excursions to near-by lakes and attended in a body the annual masked ball of the Denver Turnverein.

While Londoner was not a publisher, he was always in attendance at conventions and tours of the newspaper publishers and at one time issued a publication called the Wine Cellar for the editors.

Press organization of a more serious type began in 1871. This was five years before Colorado was admitted to Statehood, and eight years prior to the beginning of the present press association. It was the year that the Boulder County News was suffering from lack of news, that Colorado Springs was being laid out, and rapid increase in population was indicating the beginnings of the boom that was to make Colorado important. The Rocky Mountain News for July 8, 1871, announced:

The publishers of daily and weekly newspapers in Colorado will meet in Denver at 10 o'clock A. M. Saturday, July 15, to complete the formation of a Publisher's Association, to adopt a constitution and by-laws and to discuss such matters pertaining to the business as merits their attention. A full attendance is desired.

The meeting was held in the editorial room of the News, on Larimer between 15th and 16th Streets.

In 1874, another feeble attempt was made to organize an association, but there is no indication that it was successful. By 1878 a permanent organization, the present Colorado Press Association, was formed. With exception of the panic year of 1893, the Association has never missed an annual convention and that year was passed due to the changing of the meeting time from late fall until shortly after the first of January.

During the early years of the Association, long trips were a part of the annual convention. On one occasion, the publishers went to Portland, Oregon. Another time, they went to New Orleans. One of the trips took them to Chicago. On other occasions they went through Colorado. The first post-convention trip was in 1878 when following the first meeting, the delegates went to Central City. During the trip the train was derailed between Black Hawk and Central City and one or two cars hung over a precipice. No one was injured, however, and the delegates walked from the train to Central City. By the time they were ready to return that evening, the track had been cleared and they came back to Denver without difficulty. In those days the railroads provided free transportation for these trips; otherwise, they would not have been taken.

The story of Eugene Field is long and interesting. He was, probably, the most unusual early day editor in Colorado.

Joseph G. Brown, who worked with him for two years, described a number of interesting sidelights on him in the Colorado Magazine of March, 1927. Field was managing editor of the old Denver Tribune and it was during this time that he wrote much of his poetry.

He was elected official poet of the Colorado Press Association at its meeting in Denver, July 12, 1881. For the following annual convention held in July, 1882, Field wrote the poem "Chipeta," later famous throughout the west. He dashed it off only two hours before the convention convened, having previously decided not to write a poem at all because of the press of work in the Tribune office. The poem appears in the Denver Tribune of July 12, 1882. At the annual meeting held July 10, 1883, Field was elected treasurer of the association. He resigned as treasurer when he resigned his position with the Tribune and left Colorado during this same year.

William M. Arkins, a nephew of Col. John Arkins, a publisher of the Rocky Mountain News in the early days, wrote me recently about some of the things which happened in the early times. In speaking of Field, Arkins said that one of his habits while sitting at his desk was to kick the wall with the toe of his shoe. He finally kicked the plaster off in that particular spot. On several occasions after that they replastered the hole, but invariably, Field would kick it out again.

Arkins said that Field always had a row of red ink bottles across the back of his desk. For a long time no one knew why he had so many little red ink bottles, but it seems that a friend of his who drank about as much as Field did would go into Field's office when no one was around, pull out a flask, and fill the ink bottles with whiskey. Finally, someone happened to walk in while Field's friend was filling the bottles and it was then realized why he seemed to need so much ink on his desk. Just how Field drank the whiskey out of these ink bottles was not told but apparently he had a system.

Brown in his Colorado Magazine article says that:

It was well known among all of his friends that Field had no idea of the value of money or purpose of economy. The man with the bank account was an important personage in his eyes. Reckless in his generosity, he never saved or thought of saving a dollar. With money in his pockets he gave loose reign to his mania for buying books or fantastic gimcracks for himself or his friends, or else squandering in social rounds with his fellows, after first his family expenses were provided for.

Brown continues with the following:

Field's familiar mention of Perrin's saloon warrants the rehearsal of a widely circulated story, of which there are two versions as to location and exactness of detail. The variation is that of quantity and quality--a single drink of whiskey, or bottles of champagne for the crowd, the story of the latter originating in Kansas City. Both have appeared in print, but I know that I have the true story. Perrin's saloon was located on Lawrence Street near Seventeenth, one of the most convenient as a popular resort of newspaper men and their convivial friends. Incidentally, I have met "Gene Field there, though not frequently." It was his habit and in accord with his liberal disposition to "treat" any acquaintance he might find there or who might drop in for a drink. Often when a friend or group of persons offered the courtesy to him he would decline, saying, "No, boys, this is on me--drinks for the crowd!" and then, to the barkeeper: "Westley, set them up on me." For such transactions there were many charges on Field's ticket.

One night following such a transaction, Westley Perrin called Field to the bar and gave him a sound verbal drubbing for his method of beating him out of cash custom, ending by demanding that Field pay something on his bill. As usual Field declared he was broke, but gave assurance that he would "make it all right." Whereupon Westley held up Field's bill of \$31.25 before his eyes, Field remarking, with a smile, that it was a very pretty piece of paper.

"Gene," said Westley, "do you know what I am going to do with this bill?"

"Why, no; keep it as a souvenir, I suppose."

"Here's what I shall do," Westley said, as he tore it in two and then into many small pieces. "Now, Gene, your bill is paid and you don't owe me a cent, but please don't try to run up any more bills especially when you order for men who would pay me cash."

"Well, West, that is good and kind of you and I thank you more than I can tell."

"Well, now, Gene, it is time for me to close, and for you to go back to your work. Come, I must lock the door."

Field ran his hands down into his trouser pockets and swaggered up and down in front of the bar.

"What are you staying here for, Gene, when I tell you I will be fined if I don't lock up right away?"

"Why, I am waiting for my due."

"You've got much more than your due; what more do you ask?"

"Don't you know?" answered Field in a tone of commanding assurance, "Don't you know that it is a custom among gentlemen that when a customer pays his bar bill that the barkeeper must set them up?"

The bottle and glass appeared on the counter;

Field took his drink and departed with a cheery "Good Night."

It would be possible to go on with a great number of human interest stories about Field. An evening could profitably be spent talking about his writings. There is a long article in the September, 1938, issue of the Colorado Editor by Teller Ammons, which aptly tells interesting side-lights on some of Field's trips.

Gene was always pulling tricks on his friends; some of them were rather disastrous and others only created fun. One of the disastrous ones was in connection with an old friend who had come out to Denver to introduce a new device of his own invention for extinguishing fire--a sort of hand grenade. He had appealed to Field, his only acquaintance there, to aid him in promoting his enterprise. Through Gene's influence, permission was obtained from the authorities to place an empty cabin upon a vacant lot, ignite the structure in the presence of a multitude, including the fire department and city officials, and then demonstrate the efficacy of the new device in extinguishing the fire. That the intensity of the flames was increased by every grenade that was thrown into them, and that an entire wagon-load was sacrificed in a futile effort to check their progress, astonished all except one of the spectators. The practical joker of the Tribune had tampered with the bottles, substituting coal oil for the chemicals they were supposed to contain.

The Colorado Magazine of June, 1928, carries a complete story on E. H. N. Patterson, much of whose writing appeared under the non de plume "Sniktau". Although this was a name well known to most of the early journalists many of the lay public did not know who "Sniktau" was. Patterson received the name when he went to California with a group of the 1859 miners, and its meaning, "equal to any emergency" was peculiarly adaptable to him. When the news of the gold discoveries in 1858-59 reached Illinois Patterson was assisting his father

in publishing the Oquawka Spectator. He could not resist the temptation to go west again and arrived with the vanguard of the Pikes Peak emigration in the spring of 1859.

Patterson came to Denver, not as a prospector nor a journalist, but as a law-maker. Having reached the diggings known as Left Hand in the course of his prospecting above Boulder, he was recognized by his comrades as a superior in intellect and experience and was accordingly requested to represent them in the Constitutional Convention being assembled to frame the laws for the future State of Jefferson. The State of Jefferson was no more than an abortive dream, but the convention was Sniktau's introduction to the press of the region then represented by the Rocky Mountain News of Denver and the Western Mountaineer of Golden. Soon his interesting and chatty letters were appearing in both papers and his Indian nom de plume became a household word in the territory. After roving up and down the state for some time, he finally disposed of his interests in Illinois and settled in Georgetown as editor and proprietor of the Colorado Miner.

Going back to the Rocky Mountain News, I have an interesting story from my friend, William M. Arkins, and I shall give it to you as he wrote it to me. He says:

I have forgotten the year but it was when certain persons representing the Republican Party secured an option on the Rocky Mountain News for \$400,000. The sum of \$10,000 was paid down and the option read that the balance had to be paid IN CASH.

The night the option was expiring I sat with my Uncle and A. M. Stevenson on the Stout Street side of the Albany Hotel bar room. A. M. Stevenson had a certified check for \$390,000.00 and wanted Uncle John to take it and close the deal. Just before the clock struck twelve, Stevenson asked Uncle John to take the check but he refused. He

said he didn't know of an easier way of making \$10,000.00. As the clock struck twelve Uncle John said: "Well, I'll buy a drink." The option had expired because they had not lived up to the terms -CASH. Stevenson told me some years later that he was of the opinion that T. M. Patterson had talked Col. Arkins out of selling. At that time, Col. Arkins had an option on the old Chicago Times.

Of course, in any history, Fred Bonfils and Harry Tammen and the Denver Post should figure prominently. The story of all of this is so well known to all of you that I am only mentioning the paper and that is all.

Ansel Watrous was one of the outstanding crusading editors of the earlier days. While I do not have an extensive history of him, I note that he founded the Ft. Collins Courier in 1878, and in spite of threats of death for himself and dynamite for his newspaper plant, he waged a vigorous campaign against the underworld. The better element backed him in Ft. Collins and he won the fight to clean up the town. The Courier consolidated with the Ft. Collins Express and was known as such until a year ago when the name of the paper was changed to the Coloradoan. Watrous died in Ft. Collins, August 5, 1927.

At one of the conventions of the association which was held in Denver, February 21, 1888, one of the speakers was Roger W. Woodbury of the Golden Transcript, Denver Tribune and Denver Times. He finally purchased the Denver Times and the paper operated for many years. He made one statement in his talk to the publishers at that convention which I should like to quote:

Suppose I should say that the Denver Republican and the Rocky Mountain News, after having their type set by machinery, will be printed, folded, wrapped and addressed and delivered to every post office in

the state in a minute of time or that they should be instantly printed in every town and city and automatically delivered to subscribers at the instant of printing. The wonderful developments in electricity of which no one can yet tell the why should warn us that impossibility may no longer exist.

Among the journalists of the later times are the names of such men as Walter Walker, editor of the Grand Junction Sentinel, who flew to Washington to be U. S. Senator for one hour; Col. L. C. Paddock of the Boulder Daily Camera; Edward D. Foster, for many years editor of Fort Collins and Greeley papers, later State Immigration Commissioner and finally director of the State Planning Commission; Charley Leckenby, editor of the Steamboat Springs Pilot, who has recently written the book "The Tread of Pioneers"; Dell W. Gee, of the La Jara Gazette; Guy U. Hardy with the Canon City Daily Record. There are many others, but the list is too long to include here.

Lute Wilcox, who is now blind and still lives in Denver, wrote the following incident in his life in 1916 and it was published in the Colorado Press in August of that year. Wilcox for many years was editor and publisher of the Field and Farm, an outstanding agricultural and stock paper published here in Denver. In the Colorado Press, he says:

The first time they sent me out in Denver to get a piece of news I came near flunking and giving up the profession as a regular occupation for the remainder of my life. In fact I thought it would be my last night on earth for I had been assigned to interview a tribe of Ute Indians which had just arrived from the White River country. They had encamped, as the city editor said somewhere up Cherry Creek among said briars and brambles. It was all a confounded uncertainty and no one around

the shop could say just where it was and as for my tenderfooted self I had never heard of Cherry Creek for I had only been here a day or so and had not taken much of a chance on getting lost in a city of 15,000 wild and woolly white folks, to say nothing about a band of man-eating redskins with no appreciation of the courtesies that go with high breeding and all that.

The bewhiskered boss who prided himself on the fact that he was a pretty good Indian himself said I could get a saddle pony over across the street and that I had better hike out. It was then after nine by the dutch clock which allowed none too much time to get the story in the morning paper. The first side closed at midnight and old Salty would be calling for copy before the other reporter came in with his half-column of stuff.

The old hassayamper who helped saddle the bronk said he had once seen a passel of Utes and knew all about "injuns" good and bad but he had never seen any good ones until they were dead. The best of them were a blood-thirsty lot who just "doted on a tender young tenderfoot just like yourself," he remarked as he gave me a quick once over and hoped I would get there before supper was done. I was to go up Sixteenth Street until I got out of town, turn south on Broadway and take the trail to the left when I came to the bridge. The Ute camp would be found somewhere two or three miles up the creek among the cottonwoods. "Be dead shore you bring the hoss back," he added as a fond farewell and I thought there was a tone of personal solicitude in his voice as he said this.

The midsummer night was misty and chilly enough for September in this balmy climate and seemed altogether unsalubrious to a lunger who had come out all the way from Cleveland to get his health back. I found the trail where the old man said it was and in

fifteen minutes a great ki-yi ahead in the loaming, about where the Country Club is now located, assured me I was on the right steer and by the smell born on the gentle breeze I knew the pony and I were on the proper scent. I knew also by the fever chills up and down my back that we were going south and presently the camp fires were seen burning holes in the darkness.

Suddenly the bronk gave a start as a hand reached out and caught the bridle. A gruff voice like that of Beelzebub asked what I wanted. I knew enough to say that I was a Tribune reporter and desired to see the chief. "I am Curtis, the interpreter" replied the man "and I will take you in to Colorow. Go easy with him and don't try to kill anybody in camp. You see these injuns are powerful afeered of the palefaces and we mustn't skeer 'em." I promised to be good and felt pretty chipper when on reaching the village a big buck stepped up and stuck out a friendly paw saying, "How." All I could do was to grunt back, "How yourself?" The interpreter gent said it was Colorow and before the old fellow could give me a punch in the slats I handed him a Punch cigar and as it was a real five-center he gleefully stuck it into his facial orifice, turned on his heel and disappeared in the darkness in the regulation J. Fenimore Cooper way while I was still digging around for a match.

Curtis remarked dryly that "Injuns don't talk much nohow" and I felt a little disappointed when he added that the interview or whatever it might be called was over. The ki-yi and the dogs made more of a racket than ever and I realized that it was time to be disappearing. I passed Curtis the remaining cigar, remarking that I knew his street down town. Then like the king's army I turned around and marched right back again, stopping a spell at the bridge to catch my mind, kill time and

frame up a story for the boss. When I rode into the livery barn on Holladay street the old chambermaid greeted me with a Missouri smile and essayed the remark, "I knowed you'd git tru all hunky-dory", whereupon I asked him to sign a receipt for the horse and to send the bill to the office. A minute later I hustled into the editorial sanctuary and wrote a two-columned interview with Colorow which even Jo Ward would have accepted at space rates on a dull day. Leastwise Tom Dawson put it over, for editors were not very finicky in those cheerful days and besides we had scooped the News.

Another interesting personal anecdote related by an old-time newspaperman appears in the March 1944 issue of the Colorado Editor:

Through the cooperation of J. W. Merrill, editor of the Lamar Register, the editor of the Colorado Editor was able to contact Hamer Morris, one of Colorado's early day editors and who now lives in Garden City, Kansas. Mr. Morris, who is nearing his 85th birthday, agreed to write a story for the Colorado Editor.

I was editor and manager of the Granada Exponent, the first paper published within what is now Prowers county. At the time it was established in May 1886, Prowers county was a part of what was then Bent County, embracing about as much territory as the state of Massachusetts, and which was afterwards divided into several counties. The Exponent was the outgrowth of the establishment of the town of Granada. A town company composed of both Kansas and Colorado men was formed and the town laid out. Two members of the town company, Mims & Keep, of Garden City, Kansas, who were also in the newspaper business, shipped a small printing office to Granada, and knowing that I was a printer requested me to

assist the man they sent with the office to help him get out the first issue. Thousands of settlers were coming into eastern Colorado and I being connected with a real estate firm was kept busy making out homestead and timber claim papers, but took time to assist on the Exponent. From the first day the Exponent man failed to co-operate, and did little but grouch. After considerable labor the paper was ready for the press. The press was an Army press, second to the Washington press, large enough to take in a seven column paper. Old time printers will recognize the press. The printer suggested that he would do the rolling while I furnished the motor power. The roller was in a cast iron frame and the printer holding it high above the ink slab, brought it down with all his might and smashed the frame into a dozen pieces, and remarked: "there I guess you won't get out any paper" and walked out of the office. I solved the problem by getting a carpenter to construct a wooden frame. I then instructed him how to roll the form and pressed him into service, and the Exponent made its debut. I telegraphed Mims & Keep and told them to send up another man, Mr. Keep came up and said that he was unable to get a man right then, and would I not keep the Exponent running for a week or so until he could find another printer. So weeks passed and still no printer came to relieve me. Fortunately, at that time George Merrill came from Kentucky and went to work in the Exponent office as an apprentice, and for five years I awaited the coming of relief. Mr. Merrill afterwards purchased the Lamar Register which is now owned by his son, John.

While many settlers were coming in and Granada commenced to grow mostly with saloons and livery stables, real news was scarce and I had to confine myself to writing boom articles and announced the arrival of men prominent as railroad builders, town

builders and irrigation advocates, of course there were no such men, but the public did not know that, and it kept the people on a tip toe of expectancy in anticipation of the many good things that were coming to Granada, the coming metropolis of the cattle country and the gateway to the wonders of Colorado. Of course I could change this when we had some cold blooded murder to record, and we had a dozen in the first six months in the history of the town and for which no one was ever punished. After the publication of each murder case, I had to hide out for several days to avoid the wrath of the friends of both the killer and the killed. They either did not like my style of narrative or did not want any publicity. By this time I had achieved the reputation of being the foremost Ananias of eastern Colorado who could write a boom story with all the semblance of truth and sincerity yet without any foundation in fact, simply the working of my imagination. Then one day some men came down from Sheridan Lake, a town recently established north of Granada. What justified its name has always been a mystery. It was located on a buffalo grass plain. There was a slough or buffalo wallow nearby which when wet was a mud hole, and a dry mass of baked and cracked gumbo. They asked me to write an article on the coming metropolis of the prairie, a gem of eastern Colorado. There was nothing substantial, or anything to go upon, or any promise for the future, so imagination must be employed, and the mud hole was transformed into a beautiful lake, nesting in a vast sea of green, brilliant as burnished silver in the morning sun, its waves rippling and iridescent at twilight beneath a mellow moon. Wild life resting weary wings on its cooling water. If so desired one could go to peaceful sleep listening to the cry of the loon, or be thrilled by the mournful howl of

the coyote. If a glimpse of the vanishing west was desired there was a cowboy with his ten gallon hat with a rattle snake skin for a hat band, his chaps, rope and high heeled boots, and hear him singing the songs of trail and round-up. I forgot to state that the heat of a summer day was like the blast from a fiery furnace, that the plains in winter were as cold and cheerless as a graveyard, and that it was just as far down to water as it was up to the nearest rain cloud, and that the possessor of a well kept the pump padlocked and sold the precious fluid to famished immigrants at so much per gallon. On a clear morning the snow cap of Pike's Peak could be plainly seen and the mists flowing along the foot hills, but above all, when the warm air from the ground met the cool air from above, there was a sight as then a seeming great lake was formed in which could be seen reflected towns and men and animals walking about, but all upside down. To finish the article I stated that Sheridan Lake was named in honor of the great General who made it a favorite camping place during his campaigns against the Indians. The article fell into the hands of a veteran of Sheridan's army living in Pennsylvania who wrote that he had visited Sheridan Lake recently, drawn there by the article supposed to tell the truth about the town, its beauty and its opportunity for the poor man, that the author was a double distilled liar, the most contemptible deceiver he had ever encountered in a long life, and hoped he would stew in the bottomless pit of hell. That General Sheridan had always been his hero, but if he had ever camped by that mud hole he would strike him from his list of heroes.

Towns were established at Sheridan Lake, Cheyenne Wells and Kit Carson on the north and Boston and Vilas to the south of Granada. With

the appearance of the new towns came the newspapers and through rivalry the most violent war between the editors broke out and the editors could find no words too strong or epithet too mean to be employed, each and everyone was a liar, a grafter and the very scum of hell who would sell his wife's shroud for a land notice. If two of them happened to meet this seeming feud would not be blotted out in gun smoke and a trip to boot hill, but a slap on the back and a drink in the nearest saloon. The partisans did not know it was only a game to let off steam and it often led to neighborhood feuds, sometimes with a tragic ending.

To attempt to write a history of the newspapers, up to the beginning of the century, would require two or three years work and would make many volumes. I hope someday, someone will finance a foundation for that purpose for I cannot think of a more glamorous industry or one which has contributed more to the development of the West than the newspapers.



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DENVER 2, COLO.

GIL V. PETERSON, REGISTRAR OF MARKS AND BRANDS

JUNE, 1946

No. 6

COALS FROM MY CAMPFIRE

By Colonel Frank H. Mayer*

I was born May 28, 1850, in Louisiana--40 miles north of St. Charles Township. My father was a strong Union man, my mother French.

When we moved north in 1855--I was then five years old --my father accumulated a lot of land in Pennsylvania in the Anthracite coal regions.

I left Pennsylvania and went to Mexico where I ran a gold roasting furnace. Lead was just a by-product, and it was worthless at the time, but old Diaz got a little bit too dictatorial, and they had an insurrection. You know a young fellow likes to be in the middle of the thick of it. So I went to work and built some small adobe furnaces and refined lead which I sold to the insurgents. I got a pretty fair price, but I was pursued out of Mexico after that.

I got across the border all right, and into San Antonio,

* Colonel Mayer is a 96-year-old Western pioneer now living in Fairplay, Colorado. In his day he has been buffalo hunter, Indian fighter, mining engineer, rancher, editor, publisher, and author.

Texas, where I met with one of the most colorful figures that I have ever known: Bob McRal, "Brazos Bob." He was a buffalo runner.

Now, that term "buffalo runner" is a misnomer. No man who did buffalo hunting properly was a runner. Running down buffalo and shooting them from horseback--that's what the Sioux Indians inelegantly call "bushwah." There is nothing to it. I had one long-haired cuspidor ask me how many buffalo I had killed in one day. I told him in one day on the Smokey Fork of the Solomon I killed 53 buffalo with 63 shots at one stand. He said, "Oh, that's nothing. I've killed over a hundred in a day." I said, "What rifle did you use?" "Oh, the old Government rifle, .45-70."

Well, you know, I hear a lot of that stuff, and I have become tolerant of it, but this fellow sort of got on my nerves. I said, "I suppose you killed them all at one shot apiece." He said, "Sure, sure."

"How did you kill them, creep up on them and knock them on the head?" I asked. He said, "No, I chased them on horseback."

I called his attention to the fact that a buffalo could run about two-thirds as fast as a horse. He would scare the whole bunch, and by the time he could clean and reload that rifle, those buffalo would run probably two or three miles. Which gave him quite a lot of work to do to go around and pick up his game.

The crowning thing: I said to him, "I suppose you learned how to skin buffalo and clean the hide. Just how long did it take you?"

"Thirty to forty minutes."

I said, "Forty minutes for one buffalo and 100 buffalo

in one day! Gee, but the days must have been long down there."

Well, you know, you hear a great deal of "poppycock" about the buffalo. We regard the buffalo, of course, as an indigenous animal to this hemisphere. Did you ever stop to consider that most people get a false idea about hemispheres? They call this "the New World." The oldest known out-cropping of rocks in the world is near Lake Superior. These rocks are of the Archeozoic period and existed before the age of life; hence they contained no fossils. There is no other country on the earth that has a similar out-cropping, and so, geologically speaking, this is not the new world; it's the old world.

There are some other foolish suppositions, if I might so designate them. For instance, one of our recognized anthropologists--Ales Hrdlicka--has tried to establish a theory that this continent was peopled by Asiatic races who came over the Bering Straits. And he attempts to force that down your neck.

It has been my privilege to visit every country and each sub-division thereof in the country, except Siberia. I have seen the people and I am acquainted with their cosmology, their ideas, their religions, their language, their feelings, and I know absolutely, without contradiction, that when a nation of people emigrate en masse they take with them three or four vital culture traits. The first one is their religion. The second is their tribal ceremonies.

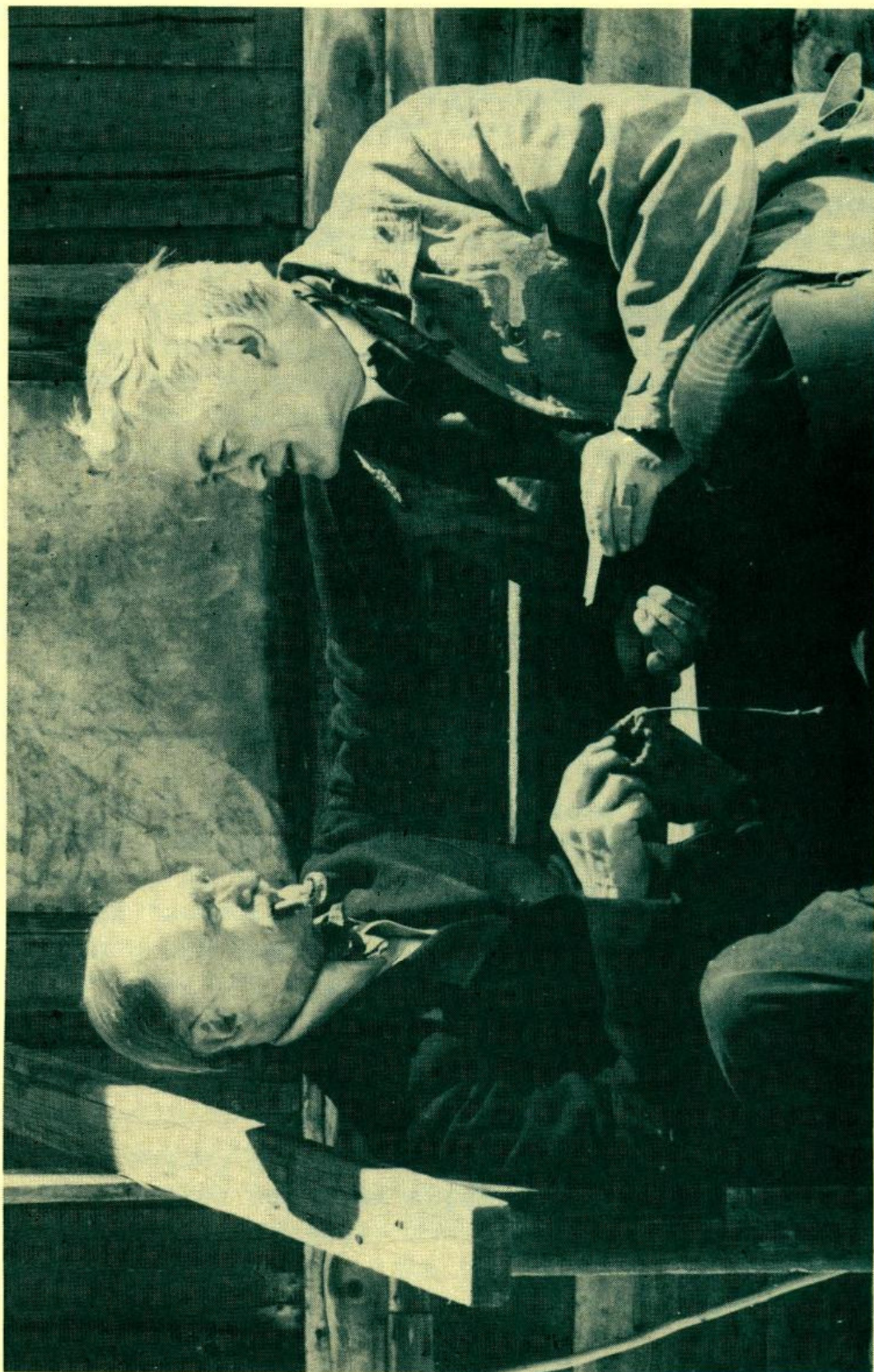
Now, if the Indians emigrated from Siberia how does it happen that not one of those races has the same idea of deity that the American Indian has? Their religions are entirely dissimilar. The American Indian, for instance, worships not one but two gods, one of which is a semi-god often referred to as a devil. The Indian regards those two deities or sub-deities in a peculiar way. One is the beneficent god, and the other is the evil god. No American Indian today gets

down and says a prayer of petition to the good god. Why should he? It is that god's business to provide man with the good things of the earth. But the other fellow--it pays to placate him a little bit. And so it is with most every Indian tribe I know of; Blackfoot, Shoshone, Sioux, and many others from Canada on down to the Mexican border. In many Indian villages they devote one horse to His Satanic Majesty. They don't say, "Thank you God, for the good you have done us," but, "Please don't hurt us."

They sacrifice a pony. And on that pony are carried the coals for their continuous fire. They thank the beneficent god. But the other fellow is the one to placate and look out for. I will say this, that the Indian always drives a pretty good bargain with the devil because he takes the most no-account, scrawniest horse he has to be the fire horse.

Reputable scientists say there has been a great migration from China, especially to Mexico, presumably by the same route down through the Aleutians and Alaska, and that the Chinese were responsible for teaching Aztecs the art of carving jade. The funny part of it is that there is not a piece of genuine jade in the western hemisphere. We have jadeite, yes, and associated minerals, but not the true jade. And the figures and the representations, the effigies, carved upon this American jade bear no resemblance whatever to the Chinese figures. Nor are the color evaluations the same. There are five or six varieties of jade, and each one has its specific value. But the jade most appreciated in China, as I know from experience, having traded in the shops there, is not the green jade; it's not the black jade; it's not the yellow jade; it's not the blue jade. It's the absolutely pure white jade. A bracelet made of pure white jade--in Japan as well as in China--was worth 200 or 300 yen, and at that time the yen was worth about fifty cents of our money.

In contrast to the Chinese the American Indian has a great reverence, love and affection for his female children.



THE LAST OF THE GENUINE BUFFALO RUNNERS, F. H. MAYER, LEFT, EXCHANGES TOBACCO WITH THE LAST OF THE FRONTIER REVOLVER EXPERTS, CHAUNCEY THOMAS, RIGHT.

The boy can find his own way through life. It is permissible to sell the girl, but not the boy. So the female children of the American Indians are very carefully taken care of, very tenderly treated. Over in China they are regarded as an inferior end of the species, and in time of famine they are even killed and eaten.

Differences also occur in the types of weapons used, in the somatic characteristics such as the shape of their heads, and in the skin color. If the Americas had been peopled from Siberia, one could naturally expect a language containing many common roots and radicals. There are, however, no two Indian tribes in the United States, or in Mexico, or in Canada, or in South America that speak the same language. Their idioms are all different. Every one of them speaks a different tongue.

Their stone sculpture, as is evident from the ruins of Piliqui and Copan on the Peninsula of Yucatan, is almost unequaled. I have seen sculptures in the Vatican that I don't consider any more artistic than those. Many of them are sculptured human beings and figures of animals—some of enormous size. No other such work in stone has been known on the American or Asiatic continent.

At Piliqui there is a series of letters engraved on the end of one of the temples. This, doubtless, is a remnant of one of the early languages as is evident by the fact that the letters occur in these writings more than once, just as the letters "a", "o" and "e" might occur in English. That language is not Kufic. It is not Chaldaic. It is not Syriac. It bears no relation at all to the Egyptian. It is a language for which as yet no Rosetta Stone has been found.

Another thing about these Indians is their perfect knowledge of orientation. Naturally curious about these things I took with me the best mountain transit I own and made a series of tests. As you know the compass west of New York does not point true north. There is a variation. Here in

Denver and up in Fairplay the needle has a declination of 12 degrees. This is known as the magnetic variation.

I found when I tested those monoliths and buildings that they were laid on an absolutely true north-and-south line. The orientation is perfect. In no one instance is there any building of any importance in that country which does not show the same characteristics. There have been people who claimed that the Egyptian orientation was true, but that is not so as I found during my work on the White Nile. Those monuments at Piliqui are the only ones that are constructed on true north and south lines.

In addition to this undecipherable language engraved on the stone work there are pictographs of animals that are no longer known in this country. One of them is the saber-tooth tiger, and another mammoth and not the elephant as supposed by some investigation. I made sketches of them. There are also quite a number of animals and plants that were simply indigenous to this country.

Maize, or Indian corn, is strictly a product of the new world and was found originally growing nowhere but in this Western hemisphere. The same with tobacco. Is there a pronged antelope in Asia? There are 59 varieties of antelope in Africa, but no pronghorns. How about turkey? It was never known until this country was discovered.

When I was at Columbia, I studied anthropology and visited a number of Indian mounds in the eastern United States. These mounds all are of significance. Some of them are in the shape of a serpent, others in the shape of a turtle, others in the shape of unknown animals. There's plenty of building stone. They could have built in stone. But they didn't do it. They're all built out of earth. The artifacts obtained from those mounds—I stayed nearly a month—included stone pipes, and what is still more significant, a telescope made of soapstone. A small hole had been bored through the

entire length of it. At first I thought it was a pipe, and then one day I found by looking through it I could see twice as well.

And then again, among the Aztecs were found some of the finest silversmiths that the world has ever known. They were able not only to smelt and work the precious metals, principally gold and silver, when Cortez came into Mexico, but they were able to engrave it. Furthermore, they have been able to engrave beautifully gems which they cut. They also built aqueducts which were set up in stone and mortar.

At Piliqui walls of building were laid up in cement that is today as hard as stone. It's the finest cement I have ever seen. We made five or six analyses of it, and I know that is what it was. In this place the stone wall was $3\frac{1}{4}$ feet thick and there was one place where the stones were pushed apart. Out of that grew an ironwood tree that was five or six inches in diameter as nearly as we could measure it, that had grown up in the hollow between these stones. The age of that tree could not have been less than 2,000 years old and, doubtless, grew from a seed which was deposited long after that stone wall was built.

Now, let's get back to our story. They didn't like me in Mexico at that time, and we came back and went buffalo hunting. We hear a great deal about how the buffalo fences were built and how the buffalo were driven down a lane and over a cliff, and how prairie fires were used to crowd them over ledges, making them easy prey to the Indians.

I once asked old Wounded Breast—he was a brother of Stonecalf, Cheyenne chief—about this. I showed him an illustration by some armchair historian in which is depicted a herd of buffalo being surrounded by prairie fires. He looked at me and said, "Obenichi, you like 'em picture?" I said, "I just wanted to know how you'd react to it." He said, "We roast our buffalo over our campfires. Damn fool!"

I have seen a stampede of buffalo that would knock down 10-foot trees which is another reason that the Indian could not have successfully used a wicket fence. The Indian is a mighty poor builder. When they talk about driving 1000 or 1,500 buffalo through an enclosure, that is all "bosh."

The buffalo had to go. All the army officers insisted upon it. Colonel Richard Dodge put it very plainly to me. He said, "Just so long as the buffalo provides clothing, you can't settle the Indian question." The government was privy to the slaughter of the buffalo. A man who was a runner could go to any United States Army post and get all of the government ammunition he wanted for nothing--provided he could show he was going to use it on buffalo.

The army wanted the buffalo killed. And had they not been slaughtered where would be our wheat fields of Kansas today that produce 35,000,000 bushels a year? It is one of those things that had to happen. I killed a great many, and I am not ashamed of it because I could foresee what was going to happen, and there was pretty good money in it.

The habitat of the buffalo in America has not been very well understood. It might surprise some of you gentlemen to hear that buffalo ranged as far east and south as Florida, and that numbers were killed in Pennsylvania and New York. There were not as many east of the Mississippi River as there were west of it.

To speak of countless millions of buffalo on the prairies is ludicrous. Can you conceive of a million buffalo grazing along on a field eating the verdure down to the roots? Can you imagine what kind of pickings those fellows at the back of the herd would get? The buffalo did not congregate in large groups unless they were frightened or alarmed when they would mass up like cattle. Ordinarily they existed only in small herds and simply followed the feed.

Then we hear the great story of the bellowing of the buffalo bulls. In all the years that I hunted them I never heard a bull bellow. I saw in The Scientific American publication that the buffalo makes wallows on the prairie, and that circular, long holes were made by two buffalo bulls fighting and going around in a circle and kicking up the dust. The fact is that these were water holes, and when the buffalo bulls would see them, they would go into the mud and wallow around in order to keep away from the flies.

Our method of hunting the buffalo was to go out and locate a band. We did not disturb them while they were drinking, which they only did about twice a day. Usually we would let them bed down early. The next morning we would go out and station ourselves. We would lay off anywhere from 200 yards up, and shoot a cow—not try to kill her, but get her to bleeding. Sounds horrible, doesn't it? The other cattle would get up, catch the scent of the blood and mill around her. From our stations we would then kill off what we could before they got away.

There are two methods of skinning buffalo. The first was used among the fellows who were in a hurry to get hides. They would make an incision down the stomach, then one around the neck and around the legs; then insert a hook through one end of the hide and hitch a mule or horse to the hook. The hides all came off partially covered with flesh, and some of them were torn. My hides were all skinned just as you would skin a beef.

I got as high as \$4.00 when others were receiving not more than \$2.50 or \$2.75. I killed only what they could take care of, and we dressed them with all the care that you dress the hide of any fur-bearing animal. In preparing them they were always pegged flesh-side down until they had dried. They were then shipped to Dodge City which was our best market. Some we later brought to Denver where they were sold to L. A. Watkins.

The best buffalo hunting grounds extended from the Cimmaron River Valley in Oklahoma across the Arkansas and the Solomon and on up to the Niobrara River in northern Nebraska. I didn't hunt buffalo very much in Colorado but we did get up to Plum Creek, where the town of Sedalia is now located.

I had a funny experience near there that might interest you. I went to buy some ponies from old Stonecalf after having been here in Denver where I sold a bunch of hides. I took a pack horse and started toward his camp. Just about a mile or two from his camp I ran across a single buffalo calf. It was on a Sunday morning late in June, and I had plenty of time. I shot the calf, dressed it and put it on my pack horse. When I arrived at the Indian camp I saw Echensa (that was Stonecalf's wife--means Crying Bird.) She was a nice looking squaw. I gave her my calf. They invited me to stay to dinner. We made a trade and I got six or eight ponies. In about an hour we had dinner. They served succotash boiled up with meat and I was hungry. I hadn't eaten since daybreak and this was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. They gave me a big wooden bowl of this mixture. The meat was pink in appearance and glutinous like young veal. I liked it and had a second helping. When we finished, I said to the squaw, "I never before ate buffalo calf that tasted so good."

She said, "It wasn't buffalo calf. We had two pups."

I skipped around behind the teepee and stuck my finger down my throat but failed to bring it up. I know now, gentlemen, that I can eat dog because I have--but I don't like to.



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No. 8

POTHOOKS OVER THE PLAIN

by Dabney Ctis Collins*

Rugged individualism, cornerstone of a free America, reached its fullest flower in the wide open spaces of the Old West. Strait-jacketed by today's regulations, conventions and inter-dependencies, when personalities are submerged and tailored to fit social, business, and professional requirements--and over the horizon, One World--one looks back with increasing admiration and a degree of longing toward such champions of individual rights as the trapper, the Missouri River steamboat captain, the stagecoach driver, bullwhacker, prospector and cow camp cook.

A pleasant mixture of fact and fiction has given each of these heroic figures a character tag. The prospector was known for his secretiveness, the muleskinner for his proficiency in swearing, and the chuck wagon cook for his general cussedness. "As cranky as a cook" became a byword of the range.

The old-time trail and range cook had many names: cookie, pot rustler, old woman, biscuit shooter, sop and 'taters, dough wrangler, gut robber, and grub spoiler. He was called other names not so complimentary, but never within his hearing.

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He might have learned his trade in the kitchen of a river steamboat, small town restaurant, or ranch house. He has been accused of learning it in a blacksmith shop. Usually he was a middle-aged man who had been a cowboy. Although handling a team was as important in his profession as handling a dutch oven, the range cook was a notoriously reckless driver. A disgruntled puncher expressed it simply. A grub wagon cook, he said, was a man who had a fire and who drew the same wages he would have earned had he known how to cook.

There is evidence that not all chuck wagon cooks were masters in the art of cooking from the ground up. Barnard, in A Rider of the Cherokee Strip, tells of a cook who would not roast the coffee unless he had plenty of time, but boiled the same grounds over and over, thus violating the first law of cow camp cookery: that coffee should be strong enough to float an iron wedge and most of the water left out of it. His soda-streaked, cannon ball biscuits, when thrown in the creek by a disgusted cowboy, sank like the rocks they were. Another cook, unaccustomed to the ways of dried apples when soaked in water, was discovered in the act of frantically digging a hole in the earth and burying the swelling pie makin's as they pushed over the edge of the pot. At first this cook's bread was like leather, according to Douglas Branch in The Cowboy and His Interpreters, and the beans rattled down one's throat; but being a persevering kind of fellow, by the next roundup he had become a good cook.

Regardless of his cooking ability, the chuck wagon cook was the autocrat of the breakfast table, and the dinner and supper tables. These names, though, were too dignified for range chuck. All the meals were simply called grub pile. The cook ranked next in importance to the boss, who treated him with respect, even paid him five to ten dollars more a month than the twenty-five drawn by the hard-riding cowhands. Anybody could ride a horse. Who, though, but the cook, could build a marrow gut stew and sourdough biscuits to side it, over a cow chip fire in the rain,

a thousand miles from a slice of lemon pie and one foot from hell?

So this king of the kettles, this sultan of the skillets inflicted his orneriness on the cowhands with impunity. Cowboys who staked out their horses too close to the wagon would surely incur the cook's displeasure. This might take the form of biting ridicule, of which he was master, or profanity, or which he was past master. A laughing remark about the grub might cause him to tear the coffee grinder off the chuckbox and hurl it at the offender's head. Missing, as he probably would, because any man who can dodge a cow on the prod can easily duck a coffee grinder, the cook would then begin to talk some Comanche and Spanish and threaten to quit the whole damned outfit.

Or the form of punishment might be indirect, even subtle. The coffee could become suddenly weak, the sourdough bread salty, or pie withdrawn from the menu. This tactic of making the whole outfit suffer for the offense of one usually resulted in punishment of the culprit by his fellows and complete victory for the cook. Sometimes punishment took the form of "chapping" the guilty cowhand with his own chaps.

He might be as tetchy as a skinned rattlesnake rolled in sand. But as long as he could cook, and was reasonably clean, and had the grub ready and hot when the boys rode in, they would not infringe on his regal rights. They would drag in dead wood for his fire; they would help him hitch up, they might even, some time pitch in and help him wash the dishes. By "reasonably clean" they meant that the cook should not stir the beans with the barrel of his six-shooter; that his flour sack apron should be as immaculate at least as their saddle blankets; and that he must never, like the L F D negro cook that J. Evetts Haley tells about, pat down the red-hot coals on his skillets of bread with the soles of his bare feet. The cowboy, a man of huge appetite and robust humor, was not squeamish about his grub, but he had certain rules about such things.

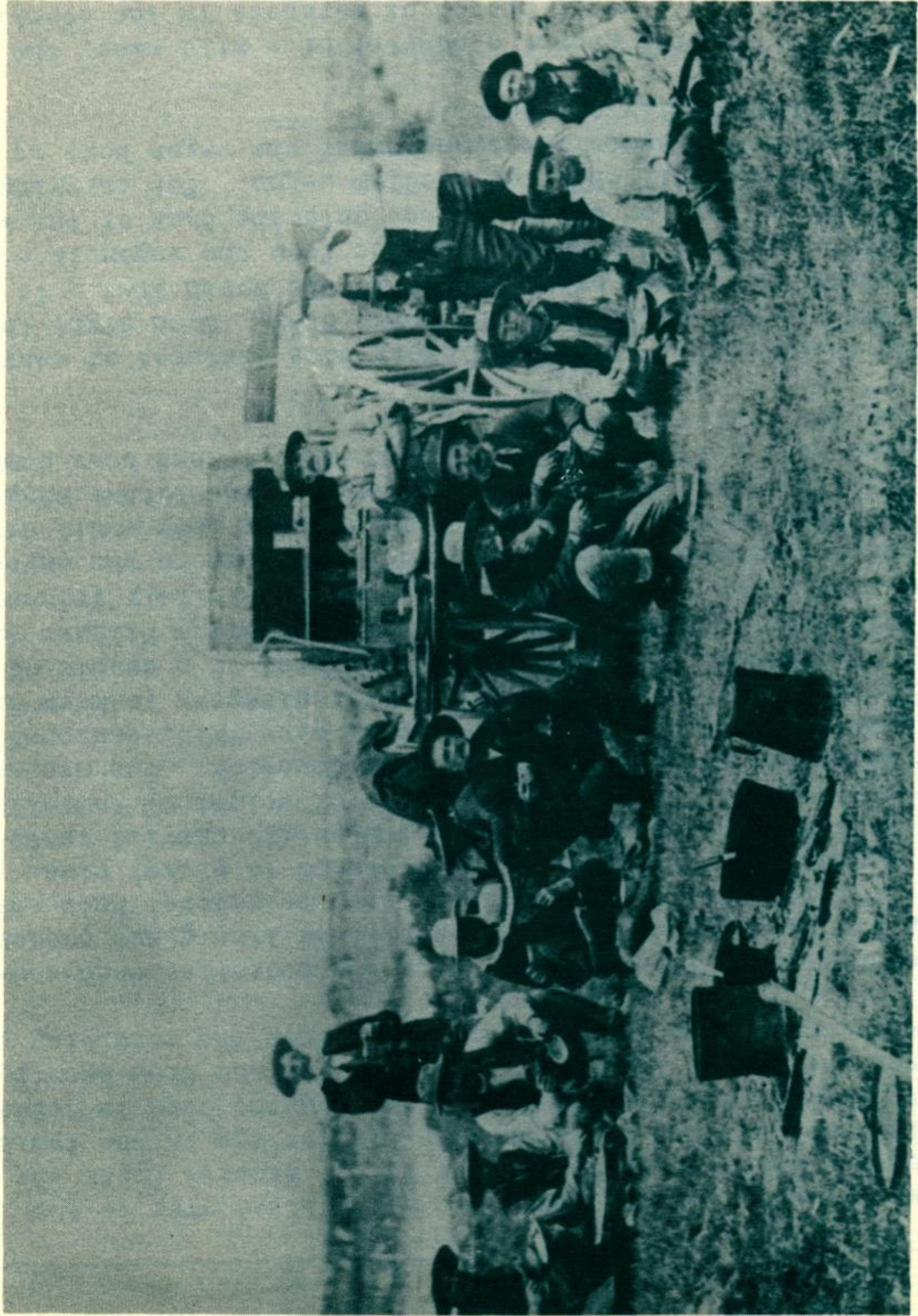
By virtue of his position, the cook was the official stakeholder of bets and judge of quarrels among the punchers. Forgetting his cussedness, they came to him for help when hurt or sick, and his chuck wagon cupboard never failed to yield some kind of remedy. They sought his advice on subjects ranging from politics and religion to women, but there was nothing about cow work that he could tell them.

A tale is told of a range cook who gave unasked counsel. He had left his outfit in the town where the herd had been delivered and had promptly proceeded to cut the alkali from his throat. During the third week of his bender he came unsteadily into a line camp where two cowboys were bunking. It was summertime and they had been cooking on a sheet iron box stove. But the cook, disdaining the use of such a stove, built a roaring fire in the fireplace and was frying a skilletful of beefsteak when a pair of rattlesnakes, dislodged from the rock chimney because of the heat and smoke, plopped into the skillet. With a yell, the cowboys dived for their guns. The cook merely stared at the tongue-darting serpents writhing in the sizzling grease. He turned slowly to the eye-bulging punchers. "Boys," he said fervently, "I want to give you some good advice. Don't never tetch hard likker."

There were two phases of the chuck wagon cook; the trail drive cook, from 1860 to about 1890; and the roundup range cook, from the late '70s until the combination of homesteaders, barbed wire and windmills ended the open range. This was, generally speaking, in the early '90s.

Let us now accompany our cookie up the Chisholm Trail, remembering that in all discussions of range customs and cowboy life allowances must be made for local habits and conditions. The west was, and is, a big country.

It is May, 1870. The herd of some two thousand longhorns has been roped out of the brush country of the southernmost tip



HOME ON THE RANGE—COWHERDS OF THE '80s ANSWER TO THE COOKS
CALL "GRUBE PILE".

of Texas, branded and vent branded, and tallied over to the wagon boss. Past San Antonio, Fort Worth, Wichita Falls the Chisholm Trail has led them, through Elm Springs in the Indian Nations, across the Cimarron River, and now the herd is bedded down over the Kansas line. It is headed for the Crow Agency in Montana, more than two thousand miles from the receiving point.

Beneath the glitter of the stars the bedrolls, each containing two sleeping cowboys, are scattered like giant cocoons on the prairie. Beside each bedroll are the riders' hats and boots; nearby their night horses are staked to picket pins. Except on southern ranges--or where the outfit carried tents--riders doubled up, for warmth. Economy of weight of bedrolls in the wagon was also an important consideration. The average bedroll was made of 18-ounce white duck, size 7x18, equipped with flaps, rings and snaps, enabling the sleepers to keep dry even in a downpour. The bed proper consisted of a couple of heavy quilts or "soogans" and a pair of blankets. Pillows were saddles. Oversize and too-heavy beds were definitely frowned upon, and a cantankerous cook would fix the jiggers who maybe had a mattress in their bedroll. Some evening they would discover that their bed--together with their extra clothes wrapped in it--had been left at the last campground, or had been dumped off along the trail.

The chuck wagon, its four hickory bows stripped of canvas, stands with tongue pointed to the North Star. Each night the cooks point the tongue of his wagon to the North Star. It is the outfit's compass. A short distance from the wagon is a two-wheeled cart or trailer which fastens onto the back of the wagon. This is the wood, bull chip, or hoodlum wagon. For carrying fuel, a rawhide was sometimes swung under the wagon box; it was called the possum belly or coonie.

On gently sloping ground a quarter of a mile away, the bedded-down herd is a great blotch of darkness in the starlight. Occasionally a pair of sweeping horns lift out of the shadowy mass as a steer gets up to stretch, and to stand motionless, looking south. Is he thinking of his old home in the Tropics

River bottoms, of the juicy prickly pear pods and the tall black chaparral among which grows the fernlike guajilla? He sinks to his knees. An old cow at the edge of the herd gets restless for her calf. But the two guards, slowly circling the herd in opposite directions, have no fear of a stampede tonight. They do not even feel the need to hum a song, except for their loneliness.

No star has yet faded when the bedroll under the wagon opens and a trap-jawed little man with ropy mustache throws back the blanket, yawns mightily, and reaches for his battered old hat. The cook's day has begun.

He kindles a fire in the trench over which dangle the soot-blackened pothooks, spreads a shovelful of cow chips over the flame, fanning it with his hat. From the keg fastened to the side of the wagon he fills the five-gallon tin coffee pot and hangs it over the fire. Working fast, for the prairie air is chill, he grinds the coffee, kneads the sourdough into biscuit shapes, places them in two large dutch ovens which go over the now blazing fire. From the quarter of beef hanging to a side of the wagon he cuts thick slices. The boys will have tenderloin steak this morning fried in a hugh long-handled skillet, and sop to dip their biscuits in.

While breakfast is cooking, the cook places a pitcher of molasses, called "lick", on the lowered lid of the chuckbox and sets out the tin plates, cups, knives, forks and spoons. Under the chuckbox lid which, supported by a prop forms the cook's work table, is the wreck or roundup pan, and heaven help the waddie who fails to drop his dirty dishes into it.

Any discussion of chuck wagon cooks and cookery without a description of the chuck wagon would be like leaving the dough out of the cook's sourdough biscuits. This rolling kitchen is said to have been the successor of the ox cart, which followed the pack mule of early Texas cow hunts. These first cow hunts were formed by neighboring ranchers to cooperate in gathering a herd to go up the trail. But when it came to taking a herd up

the trail through unpopulated country on a long journey, a substitute must be found for the pack mule.

The first camp wagon, according to old-time trail drivers, was an ox cart, equipped with water barrel and hoops covered with a tarp, and drawn by a double yoke of oxen. Colonel Charles Goodnight is said to have first used this camp cart on a drive from west Texas to New Mexico, in the 1850's. Other drives, using this conveyance, headed toward New Orleans about the time of the outbreak of the War Between the States, and still others went up into Missouri.

Ox-drawn carts could keep pace with the plodding herd, but there were times when more speed was needed, such as setting up camp before the herd arrived or crossing a stream in advance of the herd. So the mule-drawn chuck wagon was evolved.

The chuck wagon was a regular farm wagon with the chuckbox bolted into the rear of the wagon box when the end gate was removed. Although the size and design of the chuckbox varied according to the notions of the carpenter who built it, it was usually about four feet high, two feet deep at the bottom, the sides sloping upward to a depth of six inches at the top. Or, it was the same size at both bottom and top. It was held in place by the end gate wagon rods and cunningly fitted with drawers and shelves.

On a trail drive from south Texas to Abilene or Dodge City, the chuck wagon carried three months' food supply; to Montana or Canada, six months' supply. In later years, when towns were established along the route, the foreman was sometimes authorized by the shipper to draw on him for needed additional supplies. The bulk of the food was carried in the wagon box. This consisted of flour or corn meal--used mostly on very early trail drives--sugar, bacon, beans, dried fruit, a supply of canned goods or "air tights", and several jugs of lick. There was also a can of kerosene.

The bottom compartment of the chuckbox held the sourdough keg or crock, flour and other bulky groceries. In the middle compartment were cans of beans, sugar, rice, and roasted coffee beans. The small upper section contained soda, salt and pepper and baking powder, together with a few bottles of calomel, quinine, chill tonic, black draught, and maybe a bottle of Wahoo tonic belonging to one of the riders.

Cooking utensils were stored in a hinged box under the chuckbox and bolted to the floor of the wagon bed. A box under the driver's seat held grain for the team. Lashed to one side of the wagon was a ten-gallon water keg, to the other side usually a tool box was bolted. Stake ropes for the night horses and the big corral rope hung coiled from the wagon side and fastened to the chuckbox was the coffee grinder, in which coffee was ground fresh for every meal.

A better camp kitchen was never devised. But the chuck wagon was more than that. It was a cowboy's home, where there always awaited good food, a fire's friendly warmth, and companionship. He never referred to it as chuck wagon, but as The Wagon, and to it he pledged allegiance. When a cowboy on roundup, who had lost his direction in the riding of a circle in unfamiliar country, asked, "Which way's the wagon?" he was asking which way was home.

With the first light of dawn, when night still shrouds the big, silent land, the cook sounds his breakfast call. Tradition has it that the mighty pause between night and day could dwarf the ego of even a chuck wagon cook. Feeling that he alone walked the earth at this hushed hour, as close to his Maker as man would ever be, he might be moved to shout: "Roll out there, fellers, and hear the little birdies sing their praises to God!" Or he might chant, "Arise and shine and give God the glory!" He might even be inspired to become poetic:

"Bacon in the pan, coffee in the pot;
Get up and get it--get it while it's hot."

Or the cowboys might hear this:

"Wake up, Jacob! Day's a-breaking!
Peas in the pot and hoecakes a-baking!"

Being what he was, though, with a reputation to be upheld, he would more than likely profane the matutinal stillness with a leather-lunged bellow: "Come an' git it 'fore I th'ow it in the crick!"

The bedrolls disgorge bleary-eyed cowboys who pull on the rest of their clothes in split seconds and head sleepily for the wash basin or the creek, if the herd is camped on water. The cowboy on trail and roundup duty averaged less than six hours' sleep and this was broken by two hours' night guard. In the event of a stampede or a night drive there was no sleep for anyone. A cowboy once rode out on an outfit with the remark that a man could sure spend the night quick riding for that brand.

As double tiers of bunks in Colorado gold miners' cabins gave George Pullman his idea for inventing the pullman car, so the chuck wagon meal is said to have been the prototype of the cafeteria. Taking their eating tools from the chuckbox table, the cowboys help themselves from dutch ovens, skillets, molasses nitcher and coffee pot. They sit cross-legged about the fire, eating breakfast as it is meant to be eaten, with ravenous appetites and little talk.

Now from the distance comes the tinkling of a bell and the leisurely tramp of horses' hoofs, and out of the lifting shadows a dark mass moves upon the wagon. It is the saddle herd being brought in by the night wrangler. The cattle are motionless on their bedground, slowly circled by the two guards on cocktail shift.

Breakfast soon over, the cowboys shake out a smoke, drop their dishes into the roundup pan, roll and tie their beds. One

of the trail hands fastens a rope to the end of the wagon tongue and stretches it taut. Another does likewise with a rope from a hind wheel. Into the open end of the triangular corral whose base is the wagon the cavvy is herded by the nighthawk, who then takes hold of one of the ropes. The riders rope and saddle their mounts. Then the virgin breast of the prairie echoes to the machine gun-pounding of hoofs as the broncs pitch, kick, sunfish and pinwheel in mighty efforts to get those riders off their backs--or perhaps it is because of sheer exuberance. No matter if they bucked like they had a bellyful of bedsprings, the horses had learned respect of a rope the hard way. The corral, made of a single rope, might as well have been built of cedar logs eight feet high.

There were other ways of building a rope corral. Stakes could be used in connection with the wagon. In New Mexico, a rope corral was sometimes formed by cowboys standing in a circle, each holding the end of a thirty-foot rope.

While all this commotion is taking place, the cook is washing dishes and stowing away his plunder. But Lor have mercy on the cowhand whose bucking horse tears through the cook's holy ground, knocking over his pots, kicking dust and gravel into the grub! That poor devil must do penance by dragging in more than his share of wood. Before he could hope to reinstate himself in the cook's good graces he might even be forced to offer his services with the dish towel.

The guards ride in and eat, and at daybreak the herd is moving slowly as it begins looking for grass. Two riders point the steers in the right direction without difficulty. They know the old trail herd axiom: Never let 'em know they're being driven, but never let 'em take one step back.

His cooking equipment carefully replaced, the cook wraps the quarter of beef in a tarp and lays it in the wagon, then begins to throw the bedrolls on top of it. Should the cook consider this menial task beneath the dignity of his profession, it



◀ NOT SO MUCH TO LOOK AT, BUT A MAN TO CROSS THE RIVER WITH, IS THIS OLD TIME CHUCK WAGON COOK OF THE SOUTHWEST COLORADO RANGE COUNTRY.

MASTER OF THE MULLIGAN, AND SWAMPER ON ROUNDUP IN EARLY-DAY WYOMING.



was performed by the horse wrangler or by the cowhands themselves. The same is true of his hooking up the four-mule chuck wagon team. A particularly lordly master of the mulligan would demand not only that his team be caught and hitched but that the lines be handed up to him on the wagon seat. When the bed-rolls are securely roped to the wagon-box, the bull chip cart is coupled to the end of the wagon.

A story is told of a religious cook--yes, a cow camp cook could be religious--who on a quiet Sunday afternoon was gathering buffalo chips when he saw a herd of antelopes watching him curiously from a nearby rise of ground. The vision of antelope steak sizzling in his skillets finally out-weighed the severe teachings of his parents that it was sinful to shoot a firearm on the Sabbath. He got his old Henry rifle from the wagon and moving boldly within range of the pronghorns, which had not yet learned fear of man, brought one down. As he shouldered the dressed-out carcass, the cook saw a strange rider coming toward him--a stranger, yet vaguely familiar in the way he sat in the leather. Hurring to the chip wagon, he concealed the evidence of his crime under the prairie coal. But when the rider proved to be a cowhand looking for a job, the cook's mighty oath broke the Sabbath a second time.

"I taken you for a circuit rider," he complained bitterly. "You ride jest like a Arkansas gospel slinger."

From then on, that cowboy's name was Parson. And if the antelope steak had an unusual flavor, no one was less enthusiastic over it. The cowboy had no reason to be disrespectful of buffalo or cow manure. Often it baked his bread and boiled his java; it was his poultice to draw out the poison of a thorn or a rattlesnake's fang. Verily, this was the day of the he-man.

The wagon boss has gone ahead, to get the lay of the land and to search for a camping spot with wood and water. The two point riders are working a short distance behind the lead steers,

keeping them pointed in the proper direction. Farther back, on each side of the herd, is a swing rider, riding far out to push back stray cattle, and a flank rider. Bringing up the rear, eating the dust of plodding hooves, are two drag riders. No one envies them their job of keeping slow or foot-sore cattle, and mothers with calves, in the march. Their hats are pulled down over stinging eyes and handkerchiefs cover their mouths, and when they cough the black dirt comes boiling from their throats. The trail hands take turns at riding drag.

The trail herd is some three-quarters of a mile long and fifty to seventy-five feet wide. It resembles a tawny-hided, many-horned dragon crawling across the empty land.

The remuda of eighty Texas mustangs, ten in each rider's string, is in the care of the day wrangler. He is only a kid, going up the trail for the first time. His work is easy, and he has plenty of time to admire this big, new country and to practice with his mouth harp on that piece the boys are all time humming, something about, "Git along little dogies..." Sometimes the remuda was driven ahead of the cattle; at other times, when the outfit carried only a night wrangler, the horses went along with the cattle.

There were, of course, no rules as to each rider's exact position. Had there been, they would have been cheerfully broken. Trail herd equipment also varied. Some outfits carried only a chuck wagon; others had, in addition, a wood and bed wagon. There might rarely be a third wagon, called a calf wagon, for the transportation of new-born and sick calves. Usually, though, new-born calves were knocked in the head and left for the coyotes or given to some nester along the way. The cowboy made no distinction between the two.

"The main body of the herd trailed along behind the leaders like an army in loose marching order," writes Andy Adams in Log of a Cowboy. "There was no driving to do; the cattle moved of their own free will as in ordinary travel." According to most

trail drivers' accounts, longhorns traveled from ten to twelve miles a day. Some trail men have stated that, by keeping the herd strictly in the direction of its destination, it could cover fifteen or twenty miles a day. During a dry drive, when the cattle must be kept on the move all night, the distance of a day's drive was doubled.

The cook pulls out beside the herd and cuts in ahead of the point riders. He must reach the camp site as far in advance of the herd as possible. The sun is warm, the rolling wheels make a pleasant sound, the sturdy mules strain forward in the traces, and sprawled on top of the bedrolls, the nighthawk is already asleep. Occasionally lifting his gaze to the horizon in search of the foreman, the cook pushes his team at a trot. In and out of washes dips the chuck wagon, rumbling across buffalo wallows and prairie dog towns. It has conquered flood and quicksand, and will not be stopped.

From a rise in the blue distance a rider slowly circles his horse. It is the foreman signaling the location of camp. The cook grunts. He sees no trees, which means no water. At the foot of the rise he unhitches and hobbles the mules and unbolts the chuckbox door. It is time to start dinner. He is not worried about the menu; it will be the same as breakfast: fried beef with thick gravy, sourdough biscuits, lick and coffee. Reaching for the dough keg, a reflective gleam touches the cook's somber eye. Well, now, it was kinda hot this mornin'. Maybe the boys would admire to have some canned tomatters. The nighthawk is roused from his dreams to start the fire. This done, he spreads his blanket in the shade of the wagon and resumes his sleep. Of the nighthawk it was truly said, he swapped his bed for a lantern.

By the time the sun is straight up and the herd spread out over the graze, the cook yells. "Grub pile! Come a-runnin'!" The noon pause is brief. The cavvy is again driven into the rope corral, fresh mounts saddled, and the herd moves on up the trail.

For tonight's bedground the foreman has chosen a grassy swale near a willow-bordered creek. After setting up his pottrucks and putting a kettle of beans to boil, the cook has a couple of hours to himself. This is the time of day he looks forward to. Sitting against a wagon wheel, smoking his pipe, he lets his gaze wander over the boundless green.

That same kind of grass, back in Arkansas, might have a wild turkey nest in it, then he could give the boys eggs for breakfast. A patch of sand hill plum trees held his professional attention. Little early up here for plums to be ripe, he reckoned, but he remembered last year one of the boys had ridden in with a shirttail full of big red plums, and he had built them into a cobbler they were still talking about.

He had put the plums in water and cooked them until tender, then removed the seeds. Dough, rolled thin, was laid in the dutch oven. Two inches of plums in the oven, strips of dough crisscrossed over them, sprinkled with sugar and dusted with flour. He had repeated this until the oven was two-thirds full, then had rolled a thin top crust, slashing it with the outfit's brand and sprinkling with sugar. Then, pouring in enough water for it to make its own sauce, he had let the plum cobbler bake until the crust was a rich brown. That was plum cobbler with the hair left on!

His gaze drifted around to the wall of green overhanging the creek. He'd bet there were some big old cats in there. He had half a notion to get his fishline, cut a willow pole and catch a mud-cat for the boys's supper. But he spread his blanket in the shade of the wagon and went to sleep, rising once in a while to replenish the fire and keep the pot of beans simmering.

There would come times when this happy interlude would be denied the cook. He would climb down from the seat bone-weary from fighting the wagon across a swollen or quicksandy creek. Rains would soak him to his tough hide and he would be forced to cook with wet wood or to build his fire under the fly

stretched over the chuckbox and staked to the ground. High prairie winds blowing smoke in his eyes and sand in his grub would cause him to use language that was not parlor-broke. And before the last campfire was built on this drive he would shiver from the sting of wind-blasted snow and his fingers would become numb in the sourdough. Many a time he would be tempted to throw his flour-sack apron in the fire and get the hell away from here back to Texas. But he never would.

If the herd was to be sold at Abilene or some other railroad point, most of the men accompanied the cattle to Kansas City on the train. Returning to the shipping point, the outfit started on the long ride to home range. Often a northern rancher would buy a trail herd at Dodge or Ogallala, hire the riders, invite the cook to join his outfit, and continue the drive. When the destination was Wyoming or Montana, each man decided for himself whether he would remain in this bunch grass country or follow the boss, remuda, chuck wagon and perhaps a good lead steer, back to Texas.

Sometimes the cook elected to stay up north and go out with the roundup crew. He had enough wages coming to bed and feed him through the winter in town. Or he might condescend to accept the job of ranch cook until spring roundup.

With the first tinge of green upon the hills, the roundup cook and his flunky began to ready the chuck wagon. They hammered out the dents in pots, pans and dutch ovens, scrubbing them, the sourdough keg and chuckbox with sand and wood ashes. The blacksmith carefully checked the wagon, tightening loose bolts and tires, replacing cracked bows and spokes. Now the mouth-watering fragrance of roasting coffee hung on the spring air, as the cook stirred panfuls of Arbuckles in his oven. And he made up his sourdough.

Let Ramon Adams, in Western Words, describe this all-important operation. Into the wooden keg, holding about five gallons, the cook put three or four quarts of flour, adding

salt and just enough water to make a medium-thick batter. The keg was then placed in the sun for several days to ferment the batter. Sometimes a little vinegar or mollasses was added to hasten fermentation. The first batch of batter was merely to season the keg. After the fermentation was well started the batter was poured out and the keg filled with new batter. Each day it was put in the sun and each night wrapped in blankets, to keep the batter warm and working. Some cooks even slept with their kegs.

After several days of this treatment, the dough was ready to use. From then to the end of the season the keg was never cleaned out. Every time the cook took out enough dough for a meal, he put back enough flour, salt and water to replace it. In this way, he always had plenty of dough working. When making up his bread, he simply added enough flour and water to this batter to make a medium-stiff dough.

When Rattlesnake Smith, who used to cook for the Hashknife outfit, went on roundup one spring he made the terrible discovery that his bread pan had been left at the ranch. He refused to cook. The foreman ordered him to mix his dough in the water bucket or top of the flour sack. But when the foreman went to feed the work team in the feed box attached to the hind end of the wagon, he made a discovery. Rattlesnake had mixed the bread in the feed box. Next day a new bread pan came out from the ranch, and with it a new cook.

From distant ranges the saddle stock was rounded up and brought to the home ranch. Broncs were broken to the saddle, and other preparations made for the spring roundup. About the first of May the wagon was ready to roll. The pilot rode in the lead, the chuck wagon was next, the cook holding the ribbons over four spooky horses. Then came the bed, or hoodlum, wagon, driven by the nighthawk, and possibly a third wagon which carried wood and water, driven by the swamper. Behind the last wagon, the wrangler herded the remuda of some two hundred horses.

Flanking the whole outfit were anywhere from a dozen to twenty riders. Horses in each rider's string would vary from six to fifteen, probably half of them being kept in pasture for alternate weeks, to recuperate from cuts, bruises, sprains, etc. of roundup work.

The cook's duties on roundup were the same as on trail drive: to feed hungry cowpunchers three times a day. Reaching the campsite selected by the pilot, he and his flunky set up the pottrucks and began to prepare the noon meal. Before long, hearing a shrill and distant whoop, he would look up from his work table, to see a small bunch of cattle break from the mouth of a coulee, two fast-riding cowboys on their tails. The cattle were brought on to the bunch ground about a quarter-mile from the wagon, which was the spot chosen by the boss for holding the herd to be gathered on today's roundup circle. Soon other herds or bunches of cattle, some small, some large, would come pouring in from every direction--all to be thrown into one bunch on the bunch ground.

Smiling to himself, the cook bent again to his labors. Not so long ago--well, not so very long ago--he was pounding leather like that. Could handle a rope, too. Being a cook hadn't changed him. Cows were in his blood.

After the noon meal, the calves and mavericks were dragged, bawling, to the fire, branded and ear-marked. There might be mountain oysters for supper. With a nostalgic gleam in his eye, the cook watched the cutting and rope horses at work. The cattle which the outfit wished to hold, either to ship to market or put in pastures or shift to another part of the range, were cut out from the main bunch and held in the day herd. This day herd was moved along from one bunch ground to the next and guarded in the same manner as trail herds. As the country grew up, it was often held in a corral, or in an abandoned field under fence built by a nester who had learned too late that the grass was right-side-up in the first place. The

cutting out and branding completed, and the main body of the herd allowed to drift back on their range, the weary, dusty riders headed for the wagon and an evening of fun.

In the old days, when several cow outfits joined operations, chuck wagon cooks vied with one another, each eager to uphold the honor of his brand. Intense rivalry would produce such delicacies as peach pies baked in a Dutch oven, sweetened tomatoes thickened with cold sourdough bread, rice and raisins, or son-of-a-gun-in-a-sack, which was dried apples or apricots rolled in dough, sowed in a sack, and hung in a kettle on a potrack to steam.

A cook called "Overslope" because the upper parts of his ears had become frozen and dropped off, thus reminding the boys of the earmark, "Over slope both ears," figured he would make a prune pie to end all prune pies. But racing to be first at the camping spot and being an even more reckless driver than most range cooks, he overturned both the team and the wagon in a creek. "Hell, you oughta see the mess down there," a rider reported to his range boss. "Beds wet, grub soaked, prunes floatin' round in the crick swelled up big as baseballs."

There was, of course, son-of-a-gun stew. This standby of a range cook was made of the liver, heart, sweet breads, marrow guts and brains of a fresh-killed beef. All, except the brains, were cut into fine pieces and put in a pot to stew. When the meat was done, the brains were stewed in a separate pan and thickened with flour, then added to the stew along with salt and plenty of pepper. Cowboys used to say that a son-of-a-gun-stew was made of everything a calf had but the horns, hoofs, hide and holler. The cook would stoutly defend his dish, explaining that it would taste even better if it didn't rhyme so naturally with hitch.

Chuck wagons have become relegated to rodeo parades and to lending an atmosphere of the Old West to outdoor dinners

at dude ranches, Chamber of Commerce activities and other social functions. Needless to say, no cow camp cook would be able to recognize the grub served as being chuck wagon grub. But in isolated parts of the western cattle range, inaccessible to rubber tires, inviolate to change, the chuck wagon still rolls and the cook, undoubtedly as cranky as tradition has painted him, still builds his sourdough bread and son-of-a-gun stew.

ADDENDA

THE ROUND-UP COOK

By Jim Fisher

Yep, that's him over there by the wagon,
That bald-headed, mean lookin' cuss,
With the sugar sack tied 'round his belly,
There now; he's a-lookin' at us.
I'll bet that in all o' your ramblin'
You ain't seen a more poisonous look.
Some day he'll jest swell up an' bite his own self,
But say! That ol' buzzard c'n cook.

He never stays long with no outfit,
I've knowed him t' rare up an' quit,
When a Circle Bar rep fetched a bottle fr'm town
An' he didn't git any of it.
He'd quit if we tried t' hooraw him,
F'r he's jealous an' tetchy as sin:
But he'll roll outa bed an' dig up a hot meal
If a puncher is late gittin' in.

I reckon there ain't no more like him
He's a cross between angel an' skunk,
An' I'd rather be stuck in a Mexican jail,
Then be around him when he's drunk.
But he sure can make doughnuts an' biskits,
An' his blackberry cobbler's a dream
An' no other darn cook on this sheep stinkin' range
C'n match him at handlin' a team.

He ain't got no sweet disposition;
Most anything makes him git sore,
But I seen him move camp with four knot-headed bronks
That had never wore harness before.
An' the hell of it was that he made it,
An' them bronks wasn't showin' no grief;
An' when the first riders had made it t' camp
He was there with hot coffee an' beef.

Fr'm Miles City clear up t' Benton,
An' fr'm Billings t' Malts--an' back,
His marrow gut mulligan, biskits an' pie,
An' his "son of a gun in a sack"
Has built him a rep with the cowboys;
So when the boss went t' Chinook
An' found him there broke, he just brung him along
F'r we shorely was needin' a cook.

If you drink the last drop in the bucket
An' don't go and git him some more;
Or don't put your plate in the round-up,
He'll jest paw the ground up, an' roar.
He'll roar if you trip on a guy rope,
An' have fits if the stove wood is damp;
But I ain't seen a cook fr'm the Pecos t' here
That c'n beat him a settin' up camp.

If the cavvy sh'd mud up the water,
'R the wrangler is slow gittin' wood,
You c'n hear him a-cussin' clear out t' the herd,
An' believe me, ol' timer, he' good.
But when they have turned loose the round up,
An' the boys hit f'r camp on the fly,
They are sure of roast beef that'd melt in y'r mouth
An' plenty hot biskits--an' pie.

He always gets drunk when they're shippin',
 An' stays that way; damn his ol' soul!
 An' the boys has t' rustle the grub f'r theirselves
 Till the wagon is ready t' roll.
 An' t' hell jest -- gittin' him sober
 An' I know it is true, f'r a fact,
 That he'll never git sober an' ain't worth a dam'
 Till he's drunk all the lemon extract.

But he'll move when it's mud to the axles;
 An' he'll put up his tent in a storm.
 An' he'll fix up hot coffee, an' move things around
 T' let the boys in t' git warm.
 An' he don't never need any pilot
 F'r he knows the whole range like a book.
 So he works when he wants to 'r quits an' gits drunk--
 F'r the chery ol' bizzard c'n cook.



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W. PETERSON, REGISTRAR OF MARKS AND BRANDS

SEPTEMBER, 1946

No. 9

A TRAIN ROBBER CONFESSES by Bill Carlisle*

I'll just start this way. I couldn't begin to say what caused me to do the things I did except I just naturally grew up to it. My mother died when I was nine months old. A mother's guidance was out. From the time I was nine months to three-and-a-half years I was in two or three different babies' homes in Pennsylvania.

I was born in Chester. As fast as one of those families--mostly Dutch--got tired of us, someone else wanted to try to bring me up. No one cared to complete the job. I wound up in an orphan's home.

My father came and got me in 1897. I was then seven. We went to Maryland. That was where I got the first schooling. I

* One of the West's last train robbers, Bill Carlisle is now a respected business man in the city of Laramie. This account of his experiences was given at the regular meeting of the Westerners at Denver, September 27, 1946. The book referred to throughout this paper is Bill Carlisle Lone Bandit An Autobiography, published in 1946 by the Trail's End Publishing Company, Inc., Pasadena.

believe I passed the fourth grade in Maryland by running away from town. That's the extent of the public school education I have had.

Since 1903 I have been on my own mostly, very seldom going home. I've peddled papers in Philadelphia and in New York City. Running from one city to another that way, I kept gradually drifting--it didn't matter where--east or west.

My father was a Civil War veteran. On his pension of \$12.00 a month he tried to bring up four children in Maryland. He was crippled. He had been shot in both legs, had running sores on them, didn't work half the time. He was a carpenter those days.

It was up to me to furnish the house with fuel. We lived between two railroads, and they were the easiest place for me to get coal. The earliest warning I remember was not to let the yard bull get me. It became a battle between the two of us. Fortunately, he never did get me in the city limits.

As I got older I grabbed freight trains and would go farther and farther. By the time I was thirteen I was done with home. I came out west, going as far as I could on freight trains. I would travel back east, go down south; eventually I came out to Montana in 1905. I went back east but the next time I came out, in 1906, I stayed.

I got kicked off the freight train by a brakeman at Malta, Montana. There were cattle being shipped--I don't recall whether to a market or to another ranch--but I headed for the corrals where they were working the stock, and here's where I ran into my first serious troubles.

I went over there looking for a job, but I didn't know anything about the cattle country. I climbed up on the poles, watching the men in the corrals. I asked them where the boss was. They said, "Out in the corral on a horse." I leaped down into the corral among the range cattle. The first thing I knew the men started yelling. One of them came riding toward me; picked

and threw me over the fence. He asked me whether I was trying to commit suicide. Right there I was in with some rustlers and didn't know it. It didn't make any difference at that time.

The upshot was the oldest fellow took me under his wing. He told me to stick around until they got through there, and that's what I did. The first horse I ever rode was there. That's where I came in contact with a character called "Missouri"--that's the only name I ever heard him called. He gave me supper. I went with him.

It was night when we lit down in the Rock River country, and two of these men were half-breed Indians or quarter-breeds. Anyway, we hit their ranch that night, rolled into the bunkhouses, and ate the hay. The next morning everyone steered clear of me except this old fellow. Seemed like no one wanted to have anything to do with me. This outfit was running horses out of Canada into Montana, also stealing horses in Montana and running them across the border into Canada. I was only with that outfit a few months before it was busted up by the Canadian Police. That's the last I ever saw of "Missouri."

I came on down into southern Montana and into Wyoming. I hit the Johnson County country. That's where the Johnson County "Hole in the Wall" is and where the invasion took place. I was told once, and remembered it, if I ever got into Wyoming with anyone on my trail to hit for the Smith Ranch.

I had frozen my feet in Montana, and when I got to Sheridan I needed an operation. Of course I was broke. Some people there took me up to Oscar Nelson, who operated a saloon in Sheridan.

There were times when benches there were covered with men with frozen feet. They said I needed an operation. One doctor even said I'd lose my feet. Another said I'd lose my hands. I came out of that just losing part of the joints of my big toes.

I hit down into this Johnson County country after I got out

of this saloon--I wasn't in the hospital. I got down to the Smith Ranch in a pretty bad way. They took me in, and eventually I went to work with them. I worked for them three different times. In the meantime I went to Texas where I worked for the Matador outfit. I went across the border three times with guns in the Madera Revolution.

I came back north again into Wyoming. It was in the fall of the year. I was broke. I didn't know what to do, so I came to Denver. That was in 1915. I came up to Central City figuring I had a steady job for the winter. I found I was working for a stock-stealing group. If we worked two days a week we were lucky. The other mines resented this outfit because a lot of the miners didn't like the way the stock were being sold. I was worse off there than if I were still riding freight trains--or pulling holdups. I left there the first part of February and came back to Denver where I had some friends.

Well, here at the Denver Post I was standing looking at the news as they pasted it in the window. A fellow came out with a glass candy gun. I looked at it and thought it would be a nice present for a niece of mine. I said, "Where did you get that?"

He said, "At the Denver Post. You get them with the want ads."

"What will you take for it?"

"Just what I paid for it."

"What's that?"

"Thirty-five cents."

I went to one of the stores here and had it filled with peppermint candy. The hole in that gun was so big you could put your finger in it. Before I got to Cheyenne I ate half the candy. In Cheyenne I filled it again. I couldn't get work there. I



◀ BILL CARLISLE AT HIS
COTTAGE CAMP IN
LARAMIE, WYOMING.



INFORMAL PORTRAIT OF ▶
BILL CARLISLE—1946.

PICTURES COURTESY C. S.
GREENBAUM, LARAMIE NEWS-
PAPERS, INC., LARAMIE, WYO.

thought, "I'll go on west, and fill that with candy again and send it to my niece."

I left Cheyenne in a blizzard in February 1916. I caught the blind baggage out of there. At Tie Siding or somewhere I got off the blinds and took to the rods. I couldn't get work in Laramie so I stuck there just long enough to hit up the yard master. He told me to go on west but didn't offer me a pass. I caught another train out of there and went to Rawlins. By that time I had eaten all the candy in the gun. I got into Rock Springs early in the morning.

On February 7 and 8 there was a big blizzard that year. The trains were all running late. I cut across country on foot. I ran into the Barrett Ranch. The bartender was there and also one of the Barretts. I asked them what the chance was of getting something to eat. They said, "If you cook it." They told me to stay there and rest up if I wanted. I did and cooked for the whole outfit.

I had a little pocket gun, one of these Smith and Wessons, that you can carry in your coat pocket. No one saw that gun. The fact is I only had fourteen shells. I had this glass candy gun, and that's the only thing they did see. I used the Barretts' gun for shooting rabbits.

One of the older Barretts was going to find out in Green River where I could get work. There was no work on ranches that time of year. When I got into Green River, I looked up this Barrett. He said, "Nothing doing unless you go to work in the soda works." I didn't want to do that. He invited me to supper but I had had supper. I waited around to catch a freight.

While I was waiting a passenger train came along. The observation car was opposite where I was standing, just crowded with people, twelve or fifteen. The idea just came to me if I held up that train I could get enough money to live on till Spring. I wouldn't have to work. That's all there was to it. I watched the train go down

the yards and thought, "I'll catch it and get off at Rock Springs. I could get off that train and disappear in the darkness of the yards before anyone could organize pursuit to take after me.

I never had the least idea in the world I couldn't hold up that train. This "Missouri" was a good bluffer, and he had taught me many things. As the train pulled out, I was just about to pull out to catch it when here came a yard crew. I didn't get that train.

The next train was No. 18. They say it was an hour-and-a-half late that night. When it pulled out, I was on the rear end of the observation car. As soon as it was out of the yard I went in, but instead of a dozen passengers, there was just a lone woman. I never figured I'd want to hold up a woman, so I figured I'd have to go up to the smoking compartment. I told this lady, "Just sit where you are." She was a wealthy sportswoman on her way to Denver. In fact she had more money in her handbag than I got off of all four train holdups.

I went up front. There were three or four people in the smoking compartment. I went down the aisle to make sure there was no one at the end. In those days cars carried barber chairs. All there was in there was a porter sound asleep. I just hauled this glass gun out and tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Come out of there." The old darkey opened his eyes, and they began to roll. He looked at my mask and glass gun and said, "Yas suh, yas suh."

When we came out of the barber shop the brakeman was in the smoking compartment. He'd seen me go by, and he knew there were no men on the rear end. He got curious. Just as I stepped out this door, he stepped out of the smoking door. I told him to get back in there. He said, "Quit your joking." His name was Taylor; they called him "Monk."

I made the porter follow him in. In there nobody put their hands up. With this glass gun I felt a little bit foolish. I

told them three times to stick their hands up. The last time I pulled this little short gun out and put a bullet through the roof. Of course, every hand went up. I took up a collection--let the brakeman do it that time.

I backed out and told them to stay out. I figured I'd better get off the train. I wasn't sure just how close we were to Rock Springs. I went to the back of the train. Here was this woman minus her rings. She had jerked everything off. She was going to make sure I didn't take anything or change my mind.

I thought to myself, "We're not near Rock Springs. I might as well take another car." I went forward through the train, and in the next car there was a porter making up a berth. I told him, "Come on. Take up a collection for me." He looked at me and wiggled his eyes around, too. I said, "Come on and get busy. But don't open up berths with women in them." The result of it was we only opened up about three sections in that car. But in about the middle of the car there was a lone man in the lower berth in an old-style, old-fashioned nightgown. I had the porter jerk the curtains aside. There the fellow sat huddled against the section. The first thing he said was, "Please don't take my money. I'm going a long ways." I had to tell him three times all I wanted was his money. He started crying, "Don't take my ticket." I said, "I don't want your ticket. There'll be a man come along here to take your ticket." The porter looked at him and said, "Mister, you'd better do what this man tells you to do." He gave me twenty dollars, said it was all he had. He was still begging and pleading. I said, "Listen, man, I don't want your ticket. Here's a silver dollar. Get yourself some breakfast. That's more than I will get for breakfast."

We got down toward the end. The porter jiggled around. Here came the old-style nightgown down the aisle. I yelled, "Get back in there," and so did the porter.

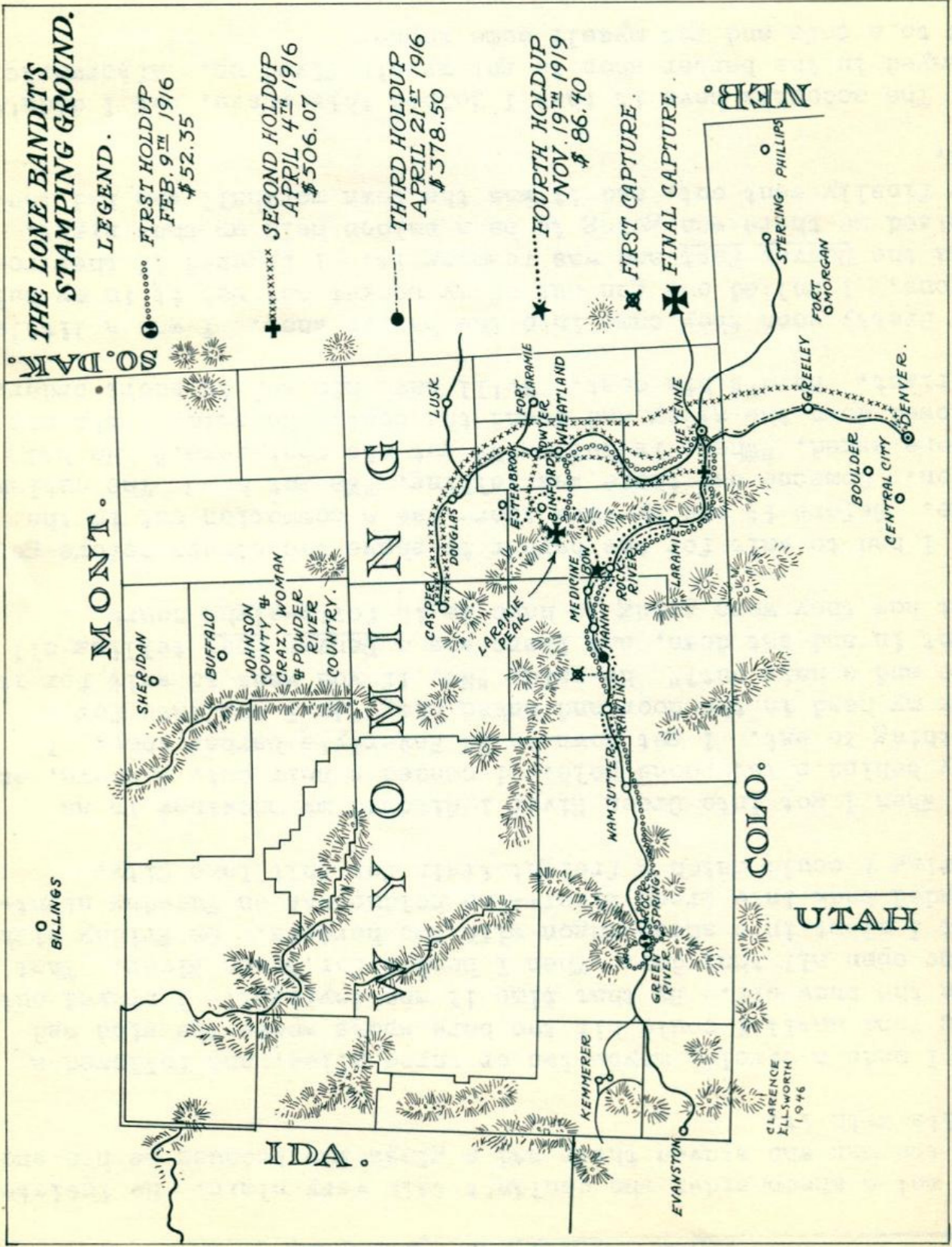
We went through to the next car. The porter here was a bit hesitant, evidently didn't know what to do. He told me in the first

berth there was a woman. In the second section he didn't say anything, so I thought sure there was a man in there and he was going to try to stall it off. I said, "Open it up." But before he could, the conductor came from the front end. I just took the porter and shoved him aside with one hand, held him in the opposite side of the car in the narrow aisle, pointed the gun at the conductor and said, "Get your hands up." He acted kind of funny. I told him again. His hand went for his hip pocket. So I tore a splinter out over his head. By that time the porter had lost interest in almost everything. He couldn't answer any questions at all. I asked him, "Who's in this berth?" The conductor had his hands up. The porter just goggled at me. I said, "Come on, open it up." He swung the curtains aside. There was a lady huddled up smiling at me with a little child about three years old. The lady wasn't scared. I don't think the little girl was any too scared either. It was just the opposite of this other car where the man was crying. All this lady said was, "Don't take my wedding ring." I said, "Lady, you don't have anything I want."

The conductor saw his chance and beat it out of the car. I saw him go. I could have shot him, but I didn't. I turned around and apologized again to this lady. I backed out of the car, climbed over the top, started for the head end of the train.

The conductor got very excited, in fact so excited he couldn't talk. He went rushing forward through the train until he met the brakeman. When asked what was wrong, the conductor couldn't even answer. (We have the Brakeman's story for this.) The brakeman thought something serious was wrong, so he reached up and pulled the emergency. I was three or four cars up. When I felt the brakes go on, I gave myself a push. I rolled over and over, and this glass candy gun rolled out and broke. The next day when they were looking for the holdup man, they found the glass gun. The chief agent of the U.P. said they didn't believe anybody would hold up a train with a glass gun so they gave up that gun.

I traveled around at the sheep camps. As they trailed me



MAP COURTESY H. E. BRITZMAN, PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

they met a sheepherder who couldn't talk very plain. He insisted that the man who stayed there had a glass gun because he had shot rabbits with it.

I made a circle, maybe two or three miles, and followed a wagon road until I could hit the bare spots where the wind had blown the snow off. By that time it was daylight. I stayed out in the open all that day. Then I headed for Green River. That night I slept in a sheep wagon with two herders. On Friday night I headed back into Green River--the holdup was on Tuesday night--figuring I could catch a freight train for Salt Lake City.

When I got into Green River I ditched my mackinaw in an alley behind a telephone pole. I needed a hair cut, a shave, and something to eat. I got down to Ed Peverly's barber shop. I stuck my head in the door and asked him, "Am I too late for a shave and a hair cut?" He said, "No, if you want to wait for it." I went in and sat down, and there was a Denver Post telling all about how they were going to have me in forty-eight hours.

I had to wait for the barber to shave two others before getting to me. Before it was my turn there was a commotion out in the saloon. Someone out there was yelling, "We got him! The outlaw!" Someone asked, "Where is he?" "We got his coat here." He had followed down the alley and found the coat. He said, "It's him all right. Here's his coat. We'll have him and in short order."

Pretty soon they came into the barber shop. I was a little nervous. I pulled one gun out of my pocket and put it in my belt. I had the Denver Post and was reading it. I figured if they recognized me there was going to be a saloon held up that night. They finally went out, and it was the town marshall who had the coat.

The accounts have it that I joined this posse, but I didn't. I stayed in the barber shop to get myself fixed up. Afterwards I went to a cafe and got myself some supper.

I didn't have a coat. It was pretty cold. I figured the best bet was a passenger train rather than a freight. The first thing out of there was a local at 12:10 for Cheyenne.

Charley Irwin was in the depot and I am pretty sure the other railroad boss's name was Davenport, or something like that. They were at the ticket window when I stepped up for a ticket. I knew Charley Irwin--he didn't know me. Finally the ticket agent told him, "Charley, there's a man there wants to buy a ticket." Charley stepped to one side, the other railroad bull to the other. I had to step between them.

This is the only time I nearly lost my nerve. I still carried the gun in my belt. I told this fellow I wanted a ticket for Cheyenne. I laid ten dollars down. He got my ticket. I turned around to walk away. A hand lit on my shoulder and just as that hand lit on my shoulder I went for my gun, but at the same time a voice said, "You forgot your change." It was Charley Irwin. I picked up the change and thanked him and went out of there. You can't blame me for getting excited in a situation like that, for, while he didn't know me, I knew him.

I went out and fooled around at the shows and places there that evening until about 11:30. I took that train out of there but got off at Laramie instead of Cheyenne. I figured they could trail me easily to that sheep camp. They did. The next morning I caught a train for Wheatland. I went back into the hills where I heard the Hall outfit wanted some horses broke.

I had to catch a ranch wagon out of there that evening. They only got me out about fourteen miles. I hit a little shack, just a woman and her daughter in it. I asked them if there was a chance of staying there that night. They said, "No, not very well." It was a one-room shack. Her husband was out with sheep. But she said there was a ranch out over the hill. I saw the lights in the window of this ranch house.

As I came up to it, some dogs got to barking. Some old fellow came to the door, wanted to know who was there. I stepped

up to him, told him I was on my way to Hall's, wanted to get a place to stay that night. He said, "Well, I guess we can put you up. Where's your horse?" I said, "I haven't got a horse. I'm afoot." He said, "Well, I don't know about that. There are train robbers running over the country. We got to be very particular who we take in here." Mind you, this was at Wheatland. The train robbery was at Green River.

The old fellow's son or daughter had got married, so there were four of them in there and a school teacher. I stayed there that night. The next morning the old man charged me for my night's lodging, and I believe that was the first time I ever paid for staying at a ranch.

This was in 1916. I went to Hall's. He wasn't ready for breaking horses so I went to Robinson's in Laramie and chopped wood for several weeks. They ran out of wood or Robinson figured I wasn't cutting enough.

Then I went over to Starr's and broke a few horses. After that I went to his brother-in-law's they called the Dutchman. I worked there a few days, then I went back to Starr's. I figured to come on to Cheyenne and cut down into Texas. I stayed there overnight and caught a train after that from Dwyer's to Cheyenne.

I didn't have much money, and didn't get much money. I got \$155.32 from the holdup in Green River. I figured, "Well, it's April. I might as well hold up another train. They're going to get me anyhow eventually." That's how the second robbery took place.

That was out of Cheyenne. I got away with it on that train, but the passengers got more out of it than I did. One man alone put in a claim for more money than I got from all the passengers.

The breaks were with me all the way. When I left the train I cut north to Wheatland again. Lon Roach was sheriff at Wheatland. His brother Frank was sheriff at Cheyenne. Frank had a

deputy sheriff there who had it figured just where I was going. The sheriff disagreed with him so the deputy resigned his job. That was a lucky break for me.

I went back up to the Cottonwoods, to the park there. That's as far as they trailed me. I cut across country to Douglas and caught a train from there to Casper.

Going out of Douglas I occupied a seat by myself, and the front seat was turned over. Evidently four people had sat there before the train pulled into Douglas. On the seat ahead of it were two young ladies. The door opened, and in came the express messenger, two guns belted on him. He came walking back through the train, and I didn't have anything on me then. I thought to myself, "This is it." He came to my seat and knelt on this front seat, leaned over, and talked to these two girls. There were those two guns--all I had to do was take them out. One of the girls asked him, "What are you carrying those guns for?" He told about the holdup.

At Casper I went up and registered at the Midwest Hotel about 3:30. I went back down town and bought a suit of clothes. It wasn't my intention to stay long. I thought sure they were right behind me. I got this suit of clothes, fixed up, had supper. When the night clerk came on to let the day shift off, I went up and got my grip and checked out. I caught the train out of Casper and got off at Cheyenne the next morning. I had held up the train on Tuesday evening and was back in Cheyenne the next Tuesday. I came down to Denver and had a nice time for two weeks.

I was undecided whether to go up to Canada or down to Mexico. The upshot of it was I decided to hold up a third train and then pull out of the country if they didn't get me. In the meantime the opening game was played here in Denver between Wichita and Denver. This was around April 18, 1916. I decided to come out and take in that ball game.

Now the police all over town here were looking for me. In fact the chief of police had made a statement in the press that he would have me in twenty-four hours. I stayed here two weeks.

Whenever I am in a strange town, I always root for the opposite team. I was attracting attention unwittingly. I was the only rooter for Wichita. I got so hoarse rooting for Wichita that the next day on the train I wasn't sure whether I could hold up that train.

I had written the railroad that I was going to hold up a train just to convince them that they had the wrong parties. You can see that this is all kid tricks because I never figured what it'd take to do these things. I sent the letter from Casper to the Denver Post. When I left here, I figured I'd hold up that train and then get out of the country.

They had guards and everything else on that train. When we left here, like I said, I was so hoarse I could hardly talk, so I kept the porter pretty busy going to the diner and getting me lemonades. At about every telephone pole there were reward posters telling the people to stay in their cars. The train was guarded and they expected it to be held up again. Even then I didn't figure I couldn't do it.

When the train pulled out of Laramie, I was on it again and had a ticket. When we got on the other side of Hanna, I figured it was time for me to hold up the train, and also to find who the train guard was. I spotted him because this fellow was carrying a gun in a shoulder holster.

I went back to the observation part of the train. The only vacant seat was between the train guard and the brakeman. I just excused myself, stepped over one of their feet, and read a magazine until I could collect myself. You know how a conversation goes on in a car. They were talking about me and this letter I had written to the Denver Post. "Brakey" didn't think anybody would write that letter and then hold up the train. He

asked this guard, "If this fellow was to get on this train, what would you do?" He says, "If he climbs on this train, I hope I see him first."

Shortly after that I went to my Pullman, got my two guns, shoved them in my pocket, figuring I'd hold up the guard first and then go through the train. When I got back both has disappeared. They had sneaked into the linen closet to take a smoke. I watched for awhile. I couldn't figure out where they were. I was looking for this guard. I turned around just as the train guard came out of the linen closet. He came walking towards me at the head end of the coach. I pulled my gun out and indicated for him to put his hands up. When he came up I stuck the gun in his belly and said, "Stick 'em up!" He just looked at me. I pulled the other one. I thought I was in a jam then sure. The third time I told him he started raising his eyes until his eyes were on a level with mine, then his hands went up. I said, "Get back in there. I'm holding up this car."

This time there was about twelve or fifteen men in the smoking compartment. The observation car was crowded. Out on the rear platform was what we learned afterwards was a show troupe, three girls and a manager. We came to the swinging doors into the smoking compartment and I told the guard, "Shove those doors open. Get in there." They both went in. I told them, "Now keep your hands up. I'm not fooling." I told the train guard, "Come on, get back out of here." We came back off the car. "Get back in the observation part. We're holding it up first."

I shoved him on ahead of us. I said, "Now step to the right there." I didn't even use a mask that time. He stepped aside. I kept one gun on him and told everybody to get their hands up. I told the porter to take up the collection. He took it. He started to go out on this platform. I told him to leave those people alone out there, to just collect in the observation part here, which he did.

I nabbed the brakeman and said, "Now we are going to the smoking compartment." Just as I said that here was a conductor coming in. I had to tell him three times to get his hands up. Nothing doing. Again I had to put a hole through the roof of the car before the hands went up. That was the only shot fired on that train. I got the conductor back there and told him, "You do what I tell you to and everything will be all right. Now," I said, "the two of you get in that smoking compartment."

And then I happened to think the train guard still had his guns. I said, "Wait a minute." I told the train guard, "Turn around. Back up to me." I put one gun away and searched him. I took his two guns and his billfold.

He said, "I thought you didn't rob members of the train crew."

"I don't. You're a train guard, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"I might as well get a little of your reward money."

Believe it or not, there was every member, every passenger, of that smoking compartment with their hands up. P. J. Whaley was one of them. This time I let the guard take up the collection. When I got through in there I told everybody, "Stay where you're at. We're jing forward in here."

I never searched anybody except the train guard. I told the conductor, "Don't stop the car." He said, "I won't unless you tell me to." I said, "Let her run."

We went on into the next car. I held up a few people there. I went on to a third car. I got through that car and between the next two cars was a train porter. I believe this porter was the only one who showed good judgment. I told him, "Turn around there and get back in that car."

He did, and also snapped the lock on the door. When I tried to go in, the door was locked. That's the reason no other cars were held up that day.

The guard and I stood there between two cars. I was waiting for the train to hit a curve. In the old days the engineer used to slow the train for curves. While we were waiting I talked to the train guard and told him, "Now listen, I'm going to get off this train pretty soon. You're married. I want you to act accordingly. If there's any shooting I'd rather you got me than I got you."

There was a slow order for the Edison Tunnel. The train began slowing down. I thought that they were on a curve and I dropped off. I had my handbag then with some clothing, including a gun and extra ammunition. When I dropped off it tripped me. I rolled over and over and lay in the ditch until these three cars I was holding up went by. I was looking right up into Edison Tunnel--wasn't thirty yards from it. That's how close I came to hitting the side of the tunnel when I jumped off.

This next story we got from the porter and from the dining car conductor. This porter who had locked the door on me went forward. The dining car conductor was counting his evening receipts. The money was spread out. The porter looked at him and said, "You'd better put that money away." He repeated it but couldn't tell him why. Finally he said, "All right, Mister Man, there's a man coming here pretty soon who will take it."

I sprained my ankle getting off. The next afternoon they got me. They brought me back to Rawlins and kept me in jail a couple days. I was given life. John Thompson's brother, Tom, was prosecuting attorney. You often hear fellows cussing prosecuting attorneys for sending them over the road but I've always maintained that Tom was not as vicious in prosecuting me as others. I thought he was just as fair as my own lawyer could be. But the railroad had hired a special attorney to assist in the prosecution. He tried to make me out a desperate criminal, trying to get me to hang.

They sent me up. I went into Rawlins. It's hard to describe what it feels like when a man goes to the penitentiary because every man has a different way of looking at it but to me it just seemed like a curtain was drawn down. I'd lost all friends but it didn't mean very much to me at that time. I figured, "Well, I'll be out of here just about any time I want to get out of here." That was a thought that was in my mind when I entered the gates of Rawlins. I never had any idea in the world that I'd have to do a life sentence. In fact, I don't believe I had any intentions of doing a life sentence.

But my lawyers, Mullins and Hunter--both dead now--had told me to go up there and do three years, and they'd see if they couldn't get the sentence commuted to a reasonable figure. They said, "You go up and behave yourself." The result was I went up there and I did three years. But I soon found out that the penitentiary was nothing to what I thought it would be. At that time gambling was permitted. It was just a great big playhouse for the men that were sent up there. Some of them thought they had a hard time. Once in a while a guard would make it tough for a fellow. I had a good time. I figured if I had to stay there I might as well enjoy every minute of it and get all the fun out of it I could.

I found out that there is a class of prisoners in every penitentiary that realize the only way they can get out of there is to curry favor with the warden and the guards, so they run to them with all the information they can get. When they run out of information they invent it. I found out under four wardens that the bigger lies those fellows told the warden, the quicker they were to believe them. These fellows get clemency and get out. I've talked to men in nearly every penitentiary in the United States and they tell me the same thing exists.

At my time to go before the board there had been a riot. I don't believe in destroying because you can't replace the property you destroy, so when they set the shirt factory afire, I gave the

warning. The fellows tried to keep me from giving that warning. I told them, "No, I don't believe in destroying property. I'd do the same thing outside if I saw one of you fellows' houses on fire."

They didn't save the shirt factory but they rebuilt it. While I wouldn't willingly destroy the factory, I also wouldn't willingly help build one inside prison walls, so I refused to work on it. They put me in the cell house. I had an old Scotchman as guard. He came to me one day and said, "Bill, I want you to do me a favor. A lot of these men aren't going to work if you won't. I don't want you to work, but I would like you to come out there this afternoon and just pick up a hammer and saw and walk around." I said, "All right, I'll come out tomorrow afternoon." He said, "All right, then you can lay in awhile again." The result was I was only out there three times while they built that shirt factory.

The second time I went out I almost started a riot. There were two carpenters, union men, putting on the roof. At that time they had me going around with the walking delegate, carrying his square for him. He sent me over with a message for these two carpenters on the roof. I went over there and here they were talking to two inmates. They were discussing me. Of course, the eavesdropper hears no good of himself. I was a no-good so-and-so. The carpenters were telling them what they'd do if they were prisoners. It got my goat. I went up the ladder and told them, "I know it's right for a man to work. I'm willing to work. But I'm not willing to put up a scab shirt factory anywhere. You men are union men but you're the dirtiest kind of scab for building inside prison walls." Some of them went and got the warden, Hazel--he's dead. He came running out there. He wanted to know what was wrong. I told him, "These men are trying to agitate a riot. I'm helping them. They're trying to get these convicts to stir up trouble to lynch me." I told Hazel, and he was fair enough to see it. He told those two carpenters to get out of there. I hadn't done that intentionally.

It went along that summer, and that fall my lawyers took me before the board. In the meantime Governor Carey came up there investigating the fire. They didn't investigate it very far--conditions were such they didn't dare to--so they whitewashed it, but they tried to get the deputy warden fired and Doc Barber.

I was the only man who had a typewriter at that time. The prisoners came to me and borrowed the typewriter and ran a letter off to the board that created the investigation. I didn't know what they were doing so when the investigation came I asked to see the members of the board. I was the only man that had anything to do with the riot, I believe, that put in a request to see the board. The ringleaders never even asked to be heard. They all got paroles and pardons.

I went to the board and explained to them how this letter had been written on my typewriter, and I wanted them to know that I didn't have a thing to do with that letter. I didn't see any reason why the deputy should be fired or Doc Barber. I thought every statement was false, there was no truth to them, and if the board would make a complete investigation, they'd find it so. They kind of snickered. It looked to me as if they were making fun of me. It got my goat. I said, "I'm not out here to hear myself talk. I came out here to tell the truth. You people think it takes nerve for me to leave here--it takes more nerve to stay here. I can leave here any time I want to." They took notice. They made a more thorough investigation. That's all that happened.

Of course, making that statement didn't set well with some of the members of the board. They took me up with the July board and carried my case over to the October board.

In the meantime, William Jeffers, General Manager of the U. P., hit Cheyenne in September. He and Carey got together, the warden told me. They decided on what I was to get. The warden came back and called me out and said, "I've just got back from Cheyenne, and the board's going to do something for you. They'll do something worth while. Jeffers is there."

I said, "I'll get fifty years, and you know a lifer gets out of here quicker than a fifty-year man."

He said, "No, they're going to do something better than that for you."

Four or five days later they called me out to the bars again. I knew what it was. They handed me the papers. Sure enough, I had been cut to fifty years. A lifer gets out in thirteen years, a fifty-year man in fifty years. The warden said, "Cheer up, Bill, they'll do something for you." I said, "Yes. Maybe I'll do it for myself."

I went back out and went to work. I told everybody I was a short-timer. That's what the men say when they're about to get out in a matter of months or weeks. I got a new pair of pants one day. The deputy saw me with them. I said, "Before I wear these pants out, I'll be out of here." The deputy just laughed at me.

On the fiteenth of November I went out of there in a shirt box in the prison truck. They didn't miss me until about eight o'clock that night--that's where I got the breaks again. You can see all through my story I had the breaks all the way with me.

I walked out of Rawlins that night. There was no freight in the yard. I walked almost to Creston. There was snow on the ground and I got snow-blind. I covered thirty miles that night between dark and daylight. I laid out there that day, went back to a sheep camp about three-fourths of a mile from the highway. Along about two o'clock in the afternoon here came the posse and cars from Rawlins. They searched all the sheep camps along the main highway, but they didn't come back into any of the draws.

I figured that night I'd go back into Rawlins. The posse came back there and was searching everything going west, nothing going east. I just climbed up on one of these eastbound trains.

I'd taken a rifle from a sheep camp and changed clothes. It was about eleven o'clock at night then. I figured with that rifle it was no use to try to hide out, the safest thing to do was just to walk down the yards. I walked down the east yard. Several engines were there firing up. I climbed on one and asked the firemen, "How soon you going to pull out? I'm going to ride out with you and give you the once over."

I got off the engine and went back up the yards. I came to a little shanty they used. It was nice and warm. I went in, leaned this gun in a corner. There were a couple of men in there. Pretty soon a couple more came in. They all looked me over and began talking about it. Finally one of them looked at me and began criticizing railroad guards. The conversation was taking a turn I didn't like. Anything could happen. Finally one said, "I've got my opinion of a railroad guard that'll hire out for a day looking for Bill Carlisle." I thought it was time for me to get out of there.

I pulled out of Rawlins on the running board of a tanker and came down to Laramie. The same thing happened--they were searching everything going east and nothing going west.

I didn't want to have any trouble. I registered in as J. Archer at the hotel. I slept until 5:45 in the evening. That evening I stayed right opposite the depot. Several trains pulled in and out. Several fellows recognized me. The place I had dinner was right next to the viaduct. There was a city fireman in there eating when I went in. I took a table where you could almost see into the police door in the middle of the block. I ate. When I got through I laid a five-dollar bill on the center of the table. This lady came up and handed it back to me. She said, "You'd better keep that. You may need it." I laughed and said, "No, Uncle Sam is still making money." The lady recognized me and never said a word.

I caught a train, doubled back to Rock River and stayed there that day. That evening I caught a train out of there and

made the fourth holdup. I got on it in the snow-sheds and had to break a window. I cut my hand. When she pulled out of the snow-sheds I broke the glass. The train guard came out with a rifle. I told him, "You get back in there and stay in there." He did. They told me afterward they couldn't get that guy to leave that car at all.

I went on into the next car. Once more I lost my nerve but not like I did the time I was telling you about. I was in a car that was loaded with soldiers and sailors mustered out. I thought to myself, "If some of these men have more nerve than I have, I'm not going to get through this car." I had this rifle slung across my back. I had a small six-shooter again. I hollered for everybody to get their hands up. I didn't have any trouble but I didn't feel right in holding up soldiers. All I wanted was to get a new suit of clothes, get to Denver and get out of the country. I figured if I were lucky enough to get out of that car, that's what I'd do. The first couple of fellows I came to I said, "I don't want any money from you. If I had my way I'd have been overseas with you. I'm only holding up civilians."

There was an old couple on that train that claimed I held them up. Once again the passengers got more money than I did. The passengers took up a collection for this old couple. I understand they raised \$200 for them. I only got \$75.

I went out of this car to go into another car. I checked the money. I figured I had enough money for a suit of clothes. It was fortunate I decided on it as it turned out the very first seat in the next car was a post-office inspector.

While I was waiting there the car door opened that I had come out of. I could see these two young fellows, one looking over the other's shoulders. I told them, "Get the heck back in there." One of them raised a gun. They were just kids to me. I knocked this fellow's gun up with my gun. When it went off, I got powder burns and a bullet in my hand. It was a thirty-two. That's what they took out of my wrist the next June. This was November.

That's the last I saw of those two fellows. After that gun went off they beat it.

I tried to drop the gun in my hand and couldn't. It just flashed across my mind that in the moving pictures I had seen a man who was shot with a gun always dropped his gun and grabbed his wounded hand with his other hand. I started laughing. I couldn't let go of mine. As soon as I opened the fingers the blood spurted. I thought the two fingers had been shot off.

When we pulled into Medicine Bow I dropped off. I had this rifle I had taken off the train guard. Someone was hanging to the rail on the front end of the car. I was at the rear end. This fellow hit the ground just about one step ahead of me. I figured he was a guard, which he wasn't. When I hit I rolled over and over. When I rolled over and lit on my back here was this post-office inspector shooting down at me out of his window. I'd lost my hat and thought sure he'd shot it off me. They told me later there was no hole in it.

By that time they were shooting out of darned near every car door on the train. They couldn't see what they were shooting at. I jumped to my feet. This other fellow did the same. That's the last I saw of him. I beat it forward through the old sheep corrals there. They got bloodhounds out. As far as these blood hounds ever trailed me was to the sheep corral. When they hit that sheep scent they lost me. I had a break again.

I went forward a good half mile. You know how these electric lights show up. I know I was all of a half mile away from Medicine Bow. They were still shooting at Medicine Bow--a regular sham battle--so I cut north, made a circle, came back within a couple of miles of the town about daylight and holed up there. I could hear train whistles and everything else. Jeffers had a pull some way and had got the cavalry out from Fort Russell. I hadn't held up any mail.

I stayed there all that day and that evening I hit out for

Laramie Peak. I didn't see any sign of a posse. They were hunting me south of the tracks. I cut north to the Laramie Peak country. All kinds of news came in there. Another \$5000 reward was out for me.

Where I was holed up was with a fellow named Williams, married to a show girl from Seattle. They had a little baby. I was carrying this bullet in my wrist. I told them, "I'd like to stay here a couple of days. I've got a friend here. If I can reach him I can get this bullet out." He said, "Bill, it's all right with me. We don't give a damn about the U. P. We think you've done wrong but just the same won't give you up."

There were two rooms in the cabin. Daytimes I rocked that baby to sleep. I heated water to keep this hand in to try to keep the infection out of it. The people who knew I was there were bringing information. Nobody thought of trying to get the \$5000 reward. That fellow could have used every cent of it but just didn't like the U. P. Railroad.

I got the swelling down but knew I would have to have something done to the hand. They were going to try to write in and get something to deaden the hand until we could get the bullet out. I felt snow in the air.

I said, "I can't wait for you to go to Rawlins. I'll have to get out of here, or after daylight I won't be able to get out of here. If they track me back to this place it'll be bad."

They said, "Stay all winter."

I said, "No, not with this wife and baby here. I've known posses to shoot blind into a house. If they ever find out I'm here one of you people is apt to get shot and I'm going to pull out of here before it snows. I'll leave at two or three in the morning."

His wife told me, "I'll get up and get breakfast for you, Bill."

I got up at three o'clock. They had breakfast ready for me. At four o'clock it was snowing. I had left just in time. I circled in the hills until I got to this friend's of mine. They were working some cattle that day. I saw some men there I thought were possemen. They told me afterward the posse never showed up there all day. I cut back into the Peak country and that's where they cornered me.

By that time my hand was infected, the arm swollen. I had to cut my sheep-lined coat. I couldn't raise my hand. It was turning black in places. I was full of fever. I went down to Rutherford's, another friend of mine--old Joe is still living. I went in there and told them I'd just like to stay overnight. Mrs. Rutherford told me, "Bill, you're welcome. We hate to see you in the fix you are and don't believe you can get away but that's up to you."

The next morning when I got ready to leave, the railroad had been tipped off where I was. Mrs. Rutherford followed me out on the porch and said, "Bill, I'm going to ask one favor of you, When the posse catches up with you, I hope I never hear of your hurting a ranch man, and there'll be some ranch men in that posse."

"All right, Mrs. Rutherford, when that time comes You can rest assured I'll never hurt anyone from a ranch."

They caught up with me that evening. I was on the Braae Ranch. It sits in a little pocket. One of the Braae girls saw the posse come. One of the girls hollered, "Here comes a posse of men." I said, "Yes, they're a bunch of my friends." There was a rocky hill in back of the house. The boys had killed a deer the day before. This was around the first of December. They were cooking steaks for my supper. I went out the back door and up this hill just far enough to see over this roof. I knew if they could see me they'd start shotting and with those children in the house anything could happen.

That was one of those evenings you read about in fiction

stories. It gets dark all at once. I hadn't gone a hundred yards when the frost was falling just like a snow storm. I could see them over the top of the house where they'd stopped with their horses at the front. Two of them ran around the house, two of them in back of the house, so I cut over the rocks and doubled back a few feet. I figured I'd let them get ahead of me and put the rifle on them. They came to within about thirty feet of me and here was the impression of my rifle, they stopped there. One of them said, "There's no use following him amongst these rocks. He could kill us all. We'll wait till daylight." That's what they did.

I cut around this hill, down a mail road, and to a ranch closed up for the winter. I stayed there that night, got myself something to eat. Next morning I started out, figured I'd be about two hours ahead of the posse. I got up the hill toward Estabrook, I'd fallen several times. Of course, I left my tracks. I looked back and couldn't see a sign of anyone following me.

The mail driver asked the posse what they were doing. They said they had me surrounded in the cabin. He said, "Oh, no, you haven't." So they hopped right back in his car. Instead of my being two hours ahead of them, I was not thirty minutes ahead of them.

There I was in the cabin cornered. This miner Williams was cooking breakfast for me. I heard voices outside. Williams had said something about his partner. Right off the reel I thought it was his partner out there talking to him.

They had this Williams outside the cabin. I figured I could go out the front door and into the timber. Here was a man outside the window, so I figured I was up. I stepped back into the door, and this fellow outside of the kitchen door hollered at me to put my hands up. I put the left up but couldn't raise the other. He told me again. I couldn't. He shot. I didn't have anything on but a vest. He could see I wasn't armed. The bullet went through the lung. The bullet didn't hurt. It's like sticking yourself

quick with a pin. It went through the lower part of the lower part of the shoulder blade and came out the back.

I stood looking at him. He began wavering with that gun. I thought he was going to shoot again so I rolled on the floor. They came rushing into the cabin. One put his foot on my one hand the other one stood on my wounded hand. Another man came in and searched me. I didn't have anything on me. They took me to the hospital in Douglas and back to the penitentiary. For thirteen months I had tubes in my side.

During that thirteen months I had a lot of time to think. I could see that everything I had done was done of my own free will. No one ever talked me into anything. I had never got anything out of it but the worst of it. I believe then and there I began to change. I felt no ill will when I was shot. I figured if I lived, all right. The way I was shot I didn't think the railway would try me on another charge. Otherwise, I would get a life sentence and never would get out. That's the way it turned out.

They started to agitate for a trial. They wanted these ranchers tried who had given me meals. There was such a stir went up about it the Denver Post sent Josh Ward, an old writer for the Post, up there to check up on it. In the meantime the ranchers had written to ask why a railroad posse could shoot a man down in cold blood but they wanted ranchers tried for giving me a meal.

Pretty soon the thing blew over. Josh Ward made this investigation and I think you'll find it in the old files of the Denver Post. They brought in a copy to me in Rawlins. It said, "Brave and noble police officer shoots man." There was talk of a libel suit but nothing was ever done about it. All charges were dropped.

But from then on I had a little different viewpoint. I figured in maybe fifteen years or so the railroad might let up on me and I might get out of there. I'd be too old to work for someone else. As I told you, the only way I passed out of the

fourth grade was to run away from home. Probably many of you have noticed that there are fewer different words in my book than any other book published. So I began to study. I tried to save enough money making things to set up in business for myself if I ever did get out.

Well, the fight began. Mr. Alexander Kerr of the Kerr Glass Manufacturing Company, a dollar-a-year man in World War I--I understand he was knighted in England--tried his best to get me out of there. When he died his instructions were to do everything possible for me to get my sentence commuted. When he passed on I lost hope a little bit but I was making two or three hundred dollars a year in there making hair work and bead work. I gambled most of it away and gave some of it to men going out of there who were broke.

Several people came up trying to get me interested in becoming a preacher when I got out of there. That's something I never even thought of. I figured a man doing what I had done couldn't possibly take the Bible and preach to the youth about "crime doesn't pay," but they'd only look on me by my reputation and record. They'd be more apt to want to do what I'd done than listen to my preaching. These people gradually gave me up.

I kept buying books. I sent to the Ronald Press for them. I bought any book I thought might help, if only a chapter. I think I spent on an average of fifty to one hundred dollars a year on books in an effort to better myself.

Father Schellinger came there. He was from Belgium. You know how those people talk. A lot of phrases are reversed. They get words backwards. Well, he amused all the fellows up there when he'd talk. I believe he had more friends in that prison than any other chaplain who was ever there. The boys went up to listen to him because they liked to hear him git these words mixed up. Maybe he didn't realize it at the time but that's the reason he had the best attendance at church.

We got to talking one day. He said he'd been in Maryland. I said, "Whereabouts?"

"Hagerstown."

"Saint Mary's?"

"What do you know about it?"

"I used to peddle papers there. I went to school there a couple of years."

One thing led to another and in time he had the story. People have asked him if my book's true. He said, "That's the way Bill told it to me."

He got interested in me. For a long time I didn't feel it was right to join a church while inside a prison. But he worked-- went before the board for me repeatedly. I said finally, "Father, it don't look like were getting anywhere. I tell you what we'll do. I'd like to start taking instructions. I'm not doing this to keep you interested in me. I'll get out of here. I can leave this damned place any time I want to."

"You're not figuring on breaking?"

"Only as a last resort this time but I don't intend to do life for any man."

We went before the board repeatedly and were always turned down. One day he said, "I know why the board won't do anything for you and I know it's a lie. They're accusing you of setting the shirt factory afire."

"Father, you know better than that. You know the guards here. They can vouch for that. Ask Jerry Driscolls. He's the man I gave the warning to. He can tell you these fellows tried to keep me from giving the warning."

"I know it but Mrs. Catherine Morton insists you were the man who set the fire."

He challenged her to prove it. He said, "I have two guards here that will prove Bill didn't have anything to do with that fire."

The board met on a Wednesday. That evening I was given the parole. The next morning the Father was going to come up and get me and they told me the parole was revoked. They said Jeffers had wined back and threatened that it would be political suicide and that I could be tried on another charge. They revoked the parole.

Eventually he got my good time restored to me. I then lacked four days and four years of doing twenty years. I wasn't paroled or pardoned but served my full time.

Looking back over the penitentiary days, I can see where wardens have a heck of a job. They have to answer to someone else. Men that they would recommend for clemency have no friends. The board passes them up in favor of someone who has friends that come to the front for them. When they go up to board meetings they are only going to act on so many cases of clemency. All those who haven't some one to fight for them are pushed aside. It's very seldom a warden can do anything for a man without friends. On the other hand, a man with friends can hire a lawyer, always gets an application, generally gets a hearing.

I had a good time all the time I was in the penitentiary. I didn't start trouble for anybody. I just went ahead with the intentions of having a good time. I probably smuggled more decks of cards in that penitentiary than any other five men could do. I had one of the means of getting them in there. While gambling was permitted there were very few scrapes or fights. The minute it was done away there were all kinds of scrapes.

When I came out of there I went to Kemmerer. I had eight

hundred dollars. I had two tailor-made suits of clothes which the warden was kind enough to let me have the measurements taken for. I went up to Kemmerer and opened up a cigar store. I thought my troubles were over. For a few months everything was nice. A friend of mine induced me to write a book of my life and with the exception of two chapters it was written in the lobby of the Kemmerer Hotel, Kemmerer, Wyoming. You'll hear stories to the contrary but the facts can be proven.

I came down here to Denver and arranged to have the book published. This friend of mine backed out. I set it aside. Some other friends were going to edit it for me--correct my mistakes--but for ten years nothing was done about it.

At Kemmerer in May I was taken suddenly ill. Now, mind you, for twenty years I could have had the best medical attention possible. Doc Barber was one of the best physicians and surgeons in the State of Wyoming. It wouldn't have cost me a cent. I had a ruptured appendix. Next day they operated. It was infected. They couldn't take it out. All they could do was wash it out. I began to get better but I had the feeling something was wrong. The day they told me I could go back to the hotel, I told them, "You might as well take that appendix out. If you don't I'm going to be worse off." Old Doc Goldberge said, "Now, go ahead and get well. That'll slough off."

Nine days later they carried me back to the hospital again. I was worse off than I was the first time. The appendix had become attached to the back. It had filled up with pus again. That time they never figured I'd come out of it. I had two operations in thirty-two days.

When I got out of the hospital that time, I knew that the cigar store would never get any bigger. The mines were closing down. I figured I'd better get out in the open and live a few months. I left Kemmerer, went up in the Park, laid around in the hills a few weeks, came down to Laramie in 1936, met Oscar Hammond, and went to work for him. I went to work in the Univer-

sity filling station there, worked for a year and took over the camp I've got now.

That same fall I went back to Kemmerer, not to marry a nurse as people usually do in books; I went back and married the superintendent of the hospital. That's the lady I'm married to.

I don't believe I hold any ill will toward anyone. I don't know how you people are going to account for how I did these things--as far as I am concerned I just gradually grew up into them. I didn't even explain them in my book. That's the end of my story.



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SHEEP WARS OF THE NINETIES IN NORTHWEST COLORADO

By Colonel Edward N. Wentworth*

When sheep and their attendants took over the western hemisphere, they experienced none of the poetic romance imputed to the life of the shepherd. The fanciful concept of forest pipes, sheltering boughs, and woodland dances—of naive adoration of bud and bloom—held little significance for either sheep herder or flock owner. Shakespeare's lovely pastoral in Act III of King Henry VI, epitomized the fanciful concept:

Ah, what a life were this! How sweet! How lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
Oh yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And, to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,

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His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys!

By contrast, ovine immigrants to America met Nature in the raw, with sheep and shepherds alike striving against the rigors of an unaccustomed climate and a formidable terrain.

Our commercial sheep industry developed under the watchful eyes of rather masculine sheep-herders--not maternally inclined shepherds. The distinction is sharp. Herders not only fought wolves, coyotes, bears, mountain lions, bob-cats, and eagles as part of their daily routine, but had to outguess the weather, and overcome such contrasting experiences as deserts and floods, hailstorms and prairie fires, "black" blizzards and white.

The sheep's only offensive weapon was its uncanny ability to take over the grass. When flocks reached fresh ranges they left very little for cattle or horses following them; while, if they were trailed across them, nothing remained to be garnered by another grazier during the same season. When the hundredth meridian was crossed, water and grass, the roots of ovine husbandry, were there for the first comer only. American public land policy placed a premium on the man who got there first--because he got the most. Hence this combination of an ability to graze deeply into the grass roots, and a national land policy that rewarded despoliation, gave rise to that long-endured crime of the open range--the cattle-sheep wars.

In theory the public domain was open to all but, by custom, range rights depended upon priority in occupancy, and the majority of stockmen in an area recognized established operations. The cattle drives to the Territories preceded the eastward sheep drives from the coast, and great cattle ranches were located on the choicest areas, clear to the Rockies, before the seventies were well under way. Near the railroads and for miles back, the water rights and grass were held by

cattlemen. As first comers they sought to maintain their occupancy regardless of whether the latter owned horses, cattle or sheep, but the grazing efficiency of the latter species raised the crucial issue with flock owners. Sheep cropped the range closely, and when too large a number were crowded together or when they were held too long on one area, they ate into the crowns of the grass, and trampled the remainder into dust or mud. Areas over-grazed by sheep became practically bare, but sheep could move profitably onto rocky or sparsely grassed sections entirely unsuited to bovine occupation, while the cattleman remained helpless on the stripped lower ranges. Cattle needed the valley pastures, but the public lands were open to all, and stockmen recognized that the grass belonged finally to the man that actually got it.

From the denuded pastures that sheep frequently left behind, came the idea of their producing a scent offensive to cattle. Between the toes of sheep (and cattle as well) is located a deep glandular sac, having the form of a retort, with a small external opening. This produces a sticky and odorous secretion. This gland may have had a survival value from the standpoint of evolution for it enabled a species with an adequate sense of smell to locate others of its kind. Frank Benton wrote:

A sheep just oozes out a stink
That drives a cowman plumb to drink!
Its hoofs leave flavors on the grass
That even make the old cows pass---
Sheep ranges, cattle sure won't graze,
But -- cowboys hate sheep anyways.¹

And the cowboy chose to believe that sheep really tainted the grass. This belief was fallacious, but highly persuasive.

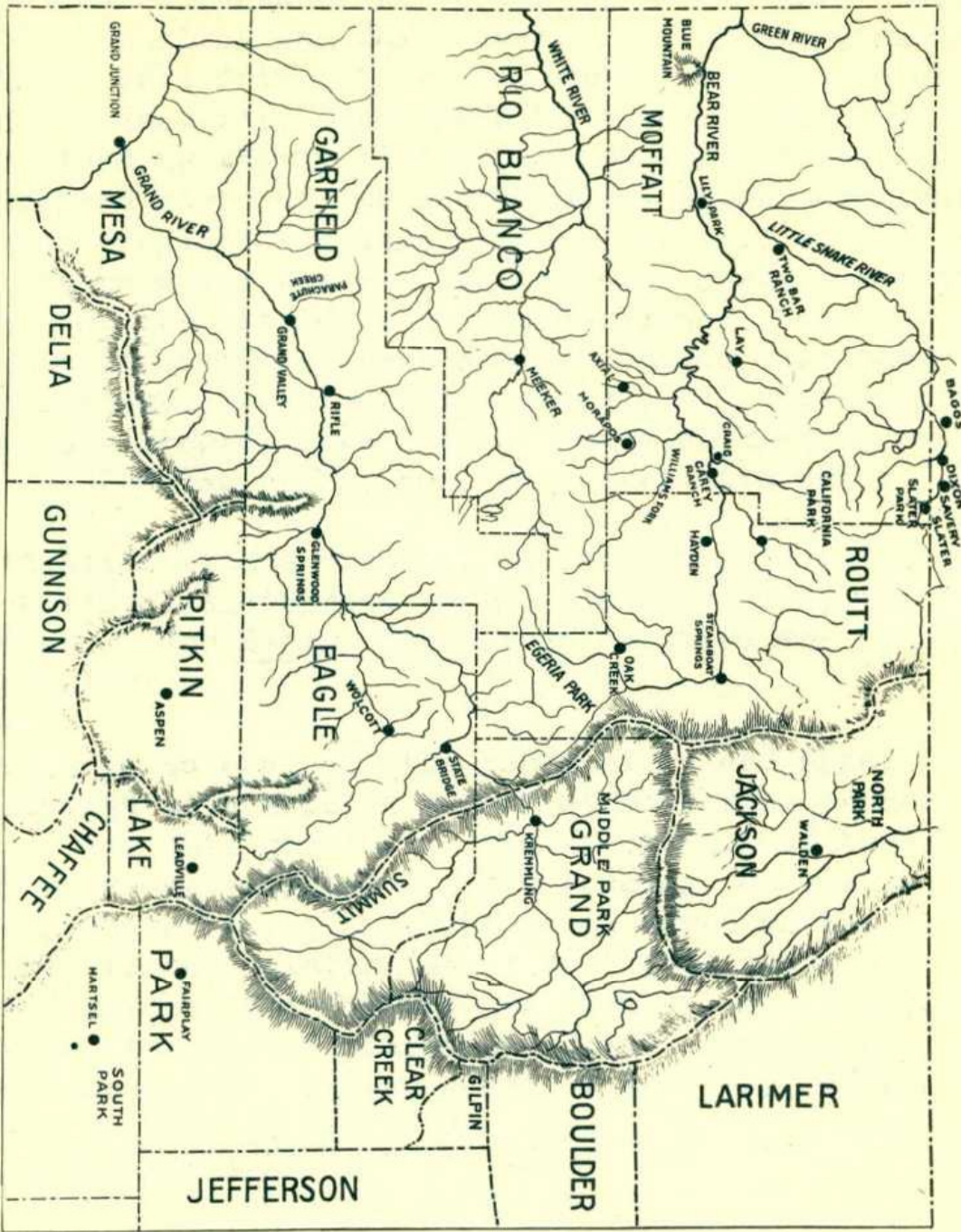
1. Frank Benton, "How I Love Sheep," Verses delivered at the Denver Club, Denver, Colorado, January 13, 1916.

Only when separate men owned the cattle and sheep did a conflict develop for, when the same man owned both, the two species coordinated well. David Dickie of Meeteetse, Wyoming, told me that when his cattle grazed the valleys and lower slopes, and his sheep ranged the timbered areas and the hill or mountain tops, approximately a twenty per cent greater return was realized than when either species ran the same range alone. Also, in the most productive sheep area of the United States today, the Edwards Plateau in Texas, almost every rancher runs sheep, goats, and cattle simultaneously.

On the public domain limits of range were difficult to define. One could easily recognize the territory over which cattle naturally grazed, as a herd stays in the same general locality. Thus prior use made a cattleman's claim have some validity, but sheep had no comparable habit. The herder's practice of keeping flocks on the move led to constant range trespasses from the cattleman's viewpoint. As long as there was room for all comers the custom of priority took care of the situation but when the range became crowded conflicts developed. No authority existed which would either permit or prevent the use of any particular locality by anyone desiring it. Claims for the right to graze a particular location were never recognized federally, though early laws of the various territories provided penalties for driving stock from its accustomed range—apparent recognition that the grower had some sort of right to the region that he utilized.

Sheepmen, especially the smaller ones, had no protection under this custom. In the seventies and eighties the nature of the business did not call for a restricted range nor for a headquarters for his bands. Hence the cattlemen held local recognition in using grazing lands, and the sheepman appeared to be an interloper or trespasser.

Northwestern Colorado (Routt, Moffatt, Rio Blanco, and Garfield Counties) was occupied by the cattlemen in the late seventies and early eighties. Settlement by farmers and home-



MAP OF NORTHWEST COLORADO—LOCALE OF CATTLE-SHEEP WARS

COURTESY COLLEGIATE PRESS, AMES, IOWA

steads on the western slope of the Rockies was delayed by the "Meeker Massacre" until the herds of cattle had become well established. No sheepmen were located in this region but, as flocks multiplied along the Union Pacific in Wyoming, an increasing number were driven there for summer range. In the latter eighties deadlines were drawn to keep sheepmen out of a district extending thirty to forty miles west of the Continental Divide and north of the Bear (Yampa) River. The valleys in this region provided adequate winter range for cattle raisers, as long as sheepmen did not utilize the same areas for summer grazing. Few of the cattle growers were cowmen, but instead grass-fattened steers from Texas and New Mexico. Around the turn of the century, the three big outfits, each with ten to fifteen thousand steers, were Senator Carey of Hayden, Ora Haley with the Two-Bar brand, and Peter Rief with the L 7 brand.

The situation became critical in the early nineties, and there was continual excitement in the vicinity of Craig, Hayden, and Meeker. The Denver Republican detailed the foundation of the difficulty:

Ten years or so ago, all the lower hills and parks were covered with a thick growth of blue-stem grass. So heavy was this growth....that thousands of tons of hay were cut annually without fencing, cultivating, or irrigation. The uncut grass cured on the stem and afforded winter pasturage to the immense herds of cattle that fattened all summer on the rich grasses of the higher plateaus. Cattle could pick up, fat for market, in any month of the year, with no extra feeding at all. (Beef was shipped in June as late as 1894.)

The profits of the business were great, and cattle were trailed in from all the ranges of the West, and even from Texas. A succession of dry years shortened the feed, and the cattle ate it so close that the range was permanently impaired, or at least

so damaged that it will take years of rest for it to recover. The irrigable lowlands have been taken up by settlers, and much of the drinking water fenced in from the stock. It is hardly to be wondered then, that the cattlemen are roused almost to the fighting point by what they consider the determination of the sheepmen to take what little is left of the winter range.²

As early as 1891 the Craig Courier was carrying alarming stories of sheep movements in what had been cattle country. By 1894 lines had been drawn on Snake River by the cattlemen. This region lies directly north of Bear River, at the Wyoming line. Details were given in the Cheyenne Leader, which told of a mass meeting among the Snake River cattlemen, from both sides of the line, at Slater, which set up the following boundaries, within which sheep were not to be allowed: From the mouth of Savery Creek, north to the ridge between the Little Sandstone and the deep gulch east of Battle Mountain; thence east along the ridge to the forks of Battle Creek; thence east on an airline to the North Fork of Snake River; thence south, across the Snake, along the divide between South Fork and Slater's Park; thence to the divide between Willow Creek and Slater's Park to the mouth of the Savery.

The country reserved is about fourteen miles wide, on the average, while the country open to sheep surrounds this little patch on every side. The sheepmen profess to be satisfied with this arrangement.³

One week later the trouble shifted eastward to the North Park where the cattlemen announced in a newspaper that sheepmen were ruining the grazing and driving cattle from the coun-

2. Quoted in the Craig Courier, January 2, 1897.

3. Quoted in the Carbon County Journal, April 21, 1894.

try. The claim was made that the sheepmen were extending their ranges and encroaching year by year, until "there is hardly a stream south of Encampment on either side of the river, that is not in their possession." They then suggested publicly that they should emulate the Snake River cattlemen, and "secure some of the range before it is destroyed."

Sheep troubles did not become public again until fall when a serious situation developed in Garfield County about sixty-five air-miles south of Craig:

Thirty-eight hundred sheep were stampeded over a bluff into Parachute Creek on September 10th while their owners were at the Peach Day celebration at Grand Junction (fifty miles southwest). One of the herders, Carl Brown, resisted and was shot in the hip.....(being left on the range by the raiders). A posse from Parachute (modern Grand Valley) found a mass of dead sheep at the foot of a thousand-foot bluff and climbing up the narrow trail found a wounded herder. The owners are residents of Parachute with rights to the adjacent range and the posse made a futile race to apprehend the raiders. John Miller owned seventeen hundred of the sheep and Charles Brown, uncle of the wounded man, twenty-one hundred.⁴

Tradition says a man named Hulbert was another owner of this band, who was later sent to the legislature because of sympathy for his losses. Old times in Rifle found little papers blowing around the streets the day after the killing. On each was written "Mum's the word."

By the end of May in 1895, trouble was again astir in northwest Colorado. At a meeting of stock feeders in Steam-

4. Quoted in Craig Courier, September 14, 1894.

boat Springs, resolutions were passed forbidding Bear River Valley to sheepmen--resolutions subsequently ratified by a mass meeting of citizens not identified with either the sheep or cattle industry.

From early morning until two o'clock the wagon roads leading to Steamboat (Springs) from north and south, from lower Bear and Elk River, and from Egeria and Twenty-Mile Park, have been subjected to a traffic of teams and saddle horses that has not been known since the march of the Meeker relief.

On the night of the nineteenth riders were sent out to scour the country and warn the settlers that sheepmen now holding their flocks on Snake River at the Wyoming line, were contemplating an invasion of the Bear River cattle ranges. The effect was electrical, and by noon today fully three hundred-fifty cattlemen and feeders were assembled to decide upon positive action to keep the sheep back, in the event of their not being withdrawn from the cattle territory and shipped from other than Routt or Eagle County railroad points.

At the mass meeting of citizens, which was presided over by Senator Graham, resolutions....adopted by the Stock Feeders Association were ratified unanimously, as were also resolutions conveyed....from similar meetings held at Hayden and in Eagle County, which places were represented by delegates aroused from their slumber, as were the Bear River delegates.

After reciting the danger to cattle and ranchers by a sheep invasion, the resolutions adopted closed by reading that 'if sheepmen will not respect our rights, we will be compelled to resort to such means as will protect us in what we believe to be our just and equitable rights.'



COWBOYS ATTACKING HERD OF SHEEP

DRAWING COURTESY OF HAROLD D. BUGBEE AND COLLEGIATE PRESS, AMES, IOWA

The resolution refuses to allow sheep to be either grazed or driven through the country drained by the Bear River, which includes all the territory from the Continental Divide west to Utah, a distance of one hundred fifty miles, and (the resolution also includes) the public edict against sheepmen and their embargo from entire northwestern Colorado.

It is believed that the sheepmen will disregard the warning of the stock raisers, and attempt to drive through the forbidden territory, fattening their mutton as they approach the railroad, depending on state aid in the protection of their rights.

But to anticipate any such action the stock feeders and cowboys, with a force of eight hundred to a thousand (men) are holding themselves in readiness forcibly to resist any advance made south of Hahn's Peak by the sheep owners. A war is imminent and unless the more conservative heads prevail, the rifle will figure a conspicuous part in a Routt County sheep war. The sheep that are causing the trouble are some sixty thousand head belonging to J. G. and G. W. Edwards and others in Wyoming.⁵

On June 4, a tale of wild excitement came out of Hayden that was copied widely in all western papers. Agitation and movement equal to that of the Ute War in 1887 spread all over Routt County.

Since daylight troops of cavalry have been dashing into town at short intervals from all directions, representing every settlement of the county east of the established sheep country. During the day fully two hundred armed men, representing the ranching and cattle

5. Quoted from Cheyenne Leader, May 23, 1895.

industries, arrived in town, soon to disperse and scatter for the night among the ranchmen in the vicinity of Hayden for a distance of five miles on each side of the town.

The weather has been most severe upon the gathering conclave, having drenched them all to the skin and causing heavy roads. This afternoon the clouds lifted and left the army in good spirits. A mass meeting was held at eight o'clock tonight, over which Judge Dunfield of the county court presided, and final arrangements for tomorrow's march to see that the edict against sheep has been obeyed, were made.

In executive session of the whole, a general was elected who, though his name is not divulged, is known to have enormous ranching and cattle interests in the county. Ten captains to command that many regulation companies were chosen, and quartermasters, etc., appointed to their wagon trains.

The army is well provided with ammunition, but a general disposition prevails to avoid resort to violence, and end the campaign in peace and harmony. The marching force will go from here to the mouth of Elkhead Creek, there meet the Craig division, and from there ride to the sheep camp, some twenty-three miles from Hayden.....

The sheep are said to number forty thousand now at the head-waters of Elkhead Creek, and there is a wild rumor afloat, which also reached Steamboat Springs last night from an opposite direction, that there are a hundred fifty armed Pinkertons with the shepherders, with a train of eleven wagons.

It is now midnight, and the campfires about the single street of the town in front of two or three store build-

ings have a warlike appearance. About fifty men are in bivouac in an open field near town, and sitting about camp fires in the midst of stacked arms. The scene reminds one of the Bull Hill campaign.

The main body of the army will form here at seven o'clock in the morning, and it is thought the full strength will number eight hundred, all prepared for any emergency that may occur. A runner has been despatched to the sheep camp, warning them to leave the cattle territory, and every opportunity has been offered by the cattlemen to the sheepmen to fall back.

The rumor of Pinkertons in California Park constantly excited by the leaders, however, has proved stronger than the persuasion for peace and quiet, and if it proves true that the sheepmen have decided upon resistance and invasion, a bloody battle will occur in the Elkhead Mountains on the sixth or seventh inst.⁶

The size of the sheep force which the cattlemen actually faced dampened their heroics. The bubble of excitement burst and deflated the cattlemen's mood.

The sheep war for the time being has been declared off and, unless the sheepmen disregard the warning that has been given by the settlers, no blood will flow.

Scattering squads of horsemen have been arriving in the town all day, and a more peaceable crowd has never been seen. Their arms had been left behind with the wagon trains and all seemed contented that sheep would never again enter the cattle territory. The sheep that were encountered on Fortification Creek, some

6. Quoted in the Cheyenne Leader, June 8, 1895.

eighteen hundred, were found to be the property of an innocent individual instead of Edwards, as it was supposed, and he was consequently allowed to depart in peace, on the promise that the deadline would not again be crossed.

A detachment of horsemen has been sent to Spring Creek, thirty miles back of Craig, to move sheep reported to belong to Edwards and Ex-Governor Osborne of Wyoming.⁷

Apparently the party did not locate either of these flocks but, as the date approached when shipments to market normally commenced, rumors began to fly again. On July 27, the Craig Courier stated that

The sheepmen on the Wyoming line are talking of again attempting to range their flocks in Routt County. It is quite probable that the cattlemen of this country are as determined a set of men as are the woolgrowers, and it is not at all likely that they will permit the devastation of their ranges to proceed without interruption.

Apparently the editor of the Craig Courier enjoyed agitation that would fill his news column, and passions ran high in an atmosphere so charged with tension. Nothing but minor rumors appeared for seven weeks; then a Craig shoemaker, "Doc" Montgomery, and "the only Sullivan" returned from a hunting trip in California Park, where they could find no elk due to the large bands of sheep.

Jack Edwards has ten bunches of sheep aggregating forty thousand head in California Park. His men claim that he does not intend to drive them through to Wolcott (on the Denver & Rio Grande R. R. and Eagle River, sixty miles south of Steamboat Springs) for shipment,

7. Quoted from the Cheyenne Leader, June 12, 1895.

but only wants the benefit of the ranges and will ship as usual from Rawlins this fall. The cattlemen are supposed to have a man patrolling that country for the purpose of notifying them in case sheep were brought in, but to date no report has been received from him.⁸

In spite of this assurance it was apparently Edwards' intention to load from the Denver & Rio Grande, as the Craig Courier on March 7, 1896, stated that "all the sheep trouble in Routt County in 1895 resulted from Edwards' attempt to drive his sheep to Wolcott for shipment." In the same story his return to Colorado for 1896 was reported, as well as his payment of taxes on seventeen thousand head in Routt County. Two weeks later the paper said:

Jack Edwards is planning returning to Colorado this spring and is constructing shearing corrals at Four Mile (Creek). He has hinted that he may protect his interests with militia. Mr. Edwards' position on the range interests has been communicated to the cattle growers' associations and prompt action will be the result.⁹

While Jack Edwards seemed to be the bete noir of the Bear River cattlemen, according to the newspapers, his brothers, Griffith W. and George Edwards, were often harrassed, and Frank Goodman was so maltreated in Brown's Park that he had to retire from business and sell his ranch to Matt Rash of Lodore. Later Matt Rash was killed, presumably from a range dispute. The three Edwards brothers were Welshmen who came to Rock Springs, Wyoming, in the late eighties and formed the Edwards Brothers Sheep Company. Jack Edwards was a small, nervy, muscular type of man, extremely resourceful, and was only once caught off guard by the cattlemen. Even then he exacted a trade from them,

8. Quoted from the Craig Courier, September 14, 1895.

9. Quoted from the Craig Courier, March 21, 1896.

while they had the "drop" on him, that many men could not have handled under normal conditions.

On April 11, 1896, the Snake River cattlemen called a meeting to "draw lines with the sheepmen," announcing their exclusion from the western slope in Colorado "at least as far west as Baggs (north of Craig)." These same cattlemen had met at Savery on April 7, and had passed the following resolution:

Whereas, not only the Snake River Stock Growers' Association, but all the stock growers' associations in Routt County, are unanimous in their opinion that in all fairness the cattlemen should be left the use of the range within said county:

Resolved that the sheep owners who have entered sheep, or have threatened to enter them, into Routt County, be requested to withdraw them.¹⁰

At that meeting cattlemen admitted that a few farmers favored sheep for marketing their surplus hay, also for reducing taxes. Soon the cattlemen were taking a "dog-in-the-manger" attitude on this subject, protesting against selling hay to the sheepmen, but being unwilling or unable to pay corresponding prices. The high spots in the situation up to the close of the century are summarized in quotations and abstracts from the Craig Courier, which probably report the current feeling with less "interpretation" than present-day writers could do:

April 25, 1896

Dixon, Wyoming
April 15, 1896

To the cattlemen of Routt County, Colorado:

10. Quoted in the Craig Courier, April 18, 1896.

I pledge myself to keep the lines and range occupied by me last year. I further agree to close out my entire interest in the sheep that I now hold in said county and state, before the end of the fall and winter of 1899. And I promise to do all in my power to protect such lines given to cattlemen and ranchmen, against any foreign sheep that may try to cross the lines agreed upon.

Yours most respectfully,

J. G. Edwards

May 9, 1896

If Mr. Edwards is allowed the privilege of running his sheep in Routt County for three years or until such time as he disposes of his entire interests in that industry, other sheep owners will demand the same privilege.

The dividing line between sheep and cattle should be established on the state line of Wyoming and Colorado.

May 23, 1896

Jack Edwards "is still talking of advancing, but if he does he must take consequences!"

Several Craig freighters are hauling wool to Rawlins for J. G. Edwards. He is reported to have several bands of sheep in the Four-Mile Country.

May 30, 1896

The Four Mile district presents "a sight which will sicken the average stockman. J. G. Edwards has an even thirty thousand head of sheep ranging in that section."

Inactivity of cattlemen around Slater (is) inexcusable, as Edwards is drawing closer with his sheep all the time and reports say he is headed toward Slater (fifteen miles east of Baggs, just south of the Wyoming line) and California Park." It is also reported that a hundred twenty-five thousand sheep are headed for these parts.

June 27, 1896

For two days the cattlemen gathered in considerable numbers in the mountains near Slater Park. Edwards at his shearing corral at Four-Mile heard that his herders had been killed and his sheep scattered, so mounted a horse and rode out to confirm the rumor. After riding twenty miles he was confronted by a party of masked men who made him dismount and sit with his back to them while he was told that he would have to move his sheep within ten days. He agreed to comply with their wishes, if they would allow him to keep the eight thousand wethers he was summering in California Park on their present range until October first when he would ship them to market.

July 4, 1896

Prompt to keep his word with the cattlemen, J. G. Edwards began crossing his ewes and lambs from Colorado last Monday. If all sheepmen kept faith with the cattlemen as well as Mr. Edwards the range question would be easily adjusted.

October 17, 1896

The time agreed upon between J. G. Edwards and the cattlemen for the removal of the last of his sheep from Routt County expired last Thursday. Edwards has his sheep upon the move and says he will have them all

all out of the county in a few days.

January 23, 1897

J. G. Edwards interviewed in Omaha said: "The cattlemen have several times sent word over to me that they were coming over to clean me out, but I have assembled my men and stayed there. I have an armed force of about fifty ready for the clash when it comes. I am compelled to keep a small army about my place all the time. A short time ago three hundred sheep were killed and two herders; for a while it looked as though the entire Colorado militia would have to be called out, but the sheepmen and cattlemen looked out for themselves, and there are several graves in the vicinity of Meeker that go to show that they know how to do this." The sheep war is not dead, nor is it sleeping, and I suppose it will go merrily on.

In the same issue the Denver News is quoted:

If Jack Edwards has a standing army over in the far northwestern corner of the state, the officers of the law ought to take a hand in the matter forthwith.

March 27, 1897

J. G. Edwards is going to move his shearing pens from Four-Mile to Deep Creek, eight miles north of Baggs (Wyoming).

December 4, 1897

Jack Edwards has several bands of sheep in the Four-Mile country. He has been crowded out of Carbon County, Wyoming, by Tim Kinney who put seventy-five thousand head on top of him. "The stockmen are very quiet in regard to the matter, but it is evident that there is

an undercurrent moving along which forbodes no good to the sheep owners." Edwards is inducing the farmers who have hay to sell, to take a flock of sheep and feed them. Cattlemen object to this.

December 11, 1897

Edwards has emissaries offering more for grain than the cattlemen will pay and he is offering to buy up surplus hay. No ranchman will be interested in his proposition except those who have no stock. "Edwards is a hale fellow well met, a congenial force socially; is a prompt and heavy taxpayer; spends his money like a prince, and withal, he is a man one likes to meet as he has the happy faculty of making friends." But "he is resourceful beyond degree."

December 18, 1897

A. R. Reader, cattleman, who was forced out of Wyoming by the sheep says there is no truth in Edwards being forced out of Wyoming by Tim Kinney.

A few members of the Stock Feeders' Association at Hayden favor having sheep brought in to consume the surplus hay but the majority are bitterly opposed to this. An effort is being made to secure money to purchase cattle to eat the surplus hay.

September 9, 1899

Evidently some of the Wyoming sheepmen have forgotten that the state line was established as the boundary between sheep and cattle ranges--a boundary which the stockmen will enforce. According to reports from the upper Snake River, there are now eighteen thousand head of sheep in Routt County.

November 18, 1899

The Geddes Sheep Company purchased Jack Edwards' interests and moved twenty-five to thirty thousand sheep into Colorado. In the past three years a few herds have come across but not many. On the morning of November 15, forty masked men rode up to a camp and clubbed and scattered three thousand sheep. The herder's effects were taken from the wagon and then it was demolished. The hills were picketed so no interference would be made. The camp was located on the lower Snake River near L 7 ranch. About a thousand sheep are said to have been killed. Geddes reports twenty-five hundred in the band.

Jack Edwards moved to Oregon, and became one of Oregon's leading sheepmen at the famous Hay Creek Ranch.

From that time on the story became anti-climatic. After the century closed, sheep pressure on Colorado's western slope came from Utah. The establishment of the National Forests in 1905-06 put a semblance of order into the range disputes of this region, and the Wyoming sheepmen were given summer grazing permits that tied in well with the ranges in their own state. But the Utah growers had another problem. Many of them wintered in the southern Utah desert, and sought the high mountains of western Colorado's forest reserves each summer. Holdings of Colorado cattlemen intervened, and deadlines were drawn which forced circuitous drives of fifty to two hundred miles to avoid trespass. During dry periods or unseasonal storms, genuine hardships were imposed on the flockmaster. In the fall of 1908 the situation was serious because of early storms and high water. Desperately the sheep owners banded together, hired a hundred men and armed them, as well as each herder and camp tender. With advance, flank, and rear guards, and with bands closely bunched, they crossed the cattle country in grim formation. Whether the outfit was too formidable to challenge or whether the cattlemen realized the dire necessity,

the entire "sheep army" crossed into Utah without molestation.

The coming of the Moffatt Road to Steamboat Springs in 1909 and its westward projection provided rail access to the National Forests on the Western Slope. Woolgrowers of the Rawlins district took advantage of this new transportation (despite a routing through Denver), as lambs raised in northwestern Colorado would weigh eighty to eighty-five pounds in the fall while they would weigh only fifty to fifty-five pounds on the Wyoming range.¹¹ This system did not please cattlemen, but their activities were already hampered by the homesteads, which excluded them from the available water. However, banks were afraid to loan money on sheep, lest they damage their cattle paper.

Yet a few men had small flocks. South of Craig, George Woolly had a hundred-twenty head on a homestead. While in Denver, during the winter of 1915, cattlemen killed his entire flock. Isadore Bolten also had a few cattle and a band of two hundred ewes. Going to his party telephone one morning he heard two men discussing the slaughter of Woolly's flock and expressing curiosity as to how long Bolten would last. Thereupon Bolten confined his sheep to his own property and locked them each night as securely as possible. During the next two or three years several operators had single bands west of Craig. N. M. Chapman, Horace Colthorp, and a man named Brimhall each ran a thousand to twelve hundred ewes.

When grazing season opened in 1920, Colthorp and Brimhall were each taking two bands to the Flat Top range, White River National Forest, south of Yampa. Chapman also was moving a small band there, as were Bolten and John Kitchens. Three hundred armed cattlemen assembled at Morapas, near the site of the Meeker Massacre (fifteen miles from Craig) to in-

11. Interview with Isadore Bolten, Rawlins, Wyoming, July 25, 1940.

tercept them. One band crossed safely into the Forest, but the rest were stopped. A few cattlemen rode into one and killed a hundred-fifty head, but there were no human fatalities. Governor Shoup sent out the militia, and under its protection, after agreeing with the cattlemen and Forest Supervisor that they would ship out that fall and never return, the sheep entered the Forest.

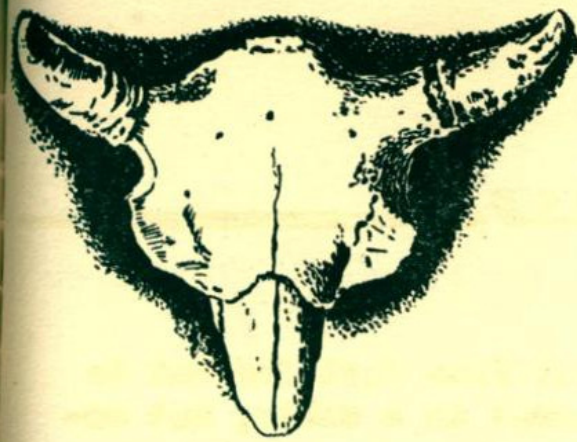
Also that spring cattlemen attacked a sheep camp on Blue Mountain and drove twelve hundred head over a cliff, killing both owner and herder. At that time the Winders were driving twenty-two hundred head into the district from Price, Utah. A telegram sent to their Salt Lake City office threatened similar rim-rocking if they persisted in advancing. Seven well-known cattle operators signed the message—one of them a leading horse breeder and another, later, a prominent federal official. Although the Winders passed the carcasses of the "rim-rocked" flock, their advance guard was watchful, and they reached the new range safely. It is interesting that four of the seven men who signed the telegram took on sheep themselves within five years.

The next year violence had degenerated to poisoning. Sometimes oats or bran treated with strychnine was thrown near the bedground so that the hungry flock would pick it up when it moved in the morning. In January, 1921, west of Craig, Colorado, N. M. Chapman and Isadore Bolten decided to throw their flocks together. Bolten had just purchased sixteen to seventeen hundred ewes, while Chapman's band of another sixteen hundred head was at Lily Park, seventy-five miles west of Craig, on Bear (Yampa) River. When the partners arrived to merge the flocks, they found that Chapman's herder had been forced by cattlemen to hold his band on the bed-ground practically a month. While it was in a half starved condition, the cowboys had thrown poisoned corn where the sheep could get it, causing the death of about three hundred head.

These activities represented the final struggle of the

cattlemen, although the question is still "talked up" occasionally. In the summer of 1940 a half-hearted attempt was made to exclude sheep from certain forests, but the Forest Service officials did not find the reasons supporting the petition and resolutions adequate. Northwestern Colorado proved to be even better adapted to sheep than to cattle, and returns per unit of land have been considerably greater. The steer grazing on which the early conflicts were based has been discontinued completely in that section, and except for a few malcontents, the issue has disappeared.

Under the leadership of Moroni Smith and others, lambs branded with the trademark of coal smoke from the Moffatt Tunnel have come to have top values at the Denver and Kansas City markets. In fact, the supply of milk lambs from the Western Slope in northwestern Colorado now integrates into the permanent lamb marketing system of the United States and under current conditions no other area could substitute in meeting the essential consumer demand. Cattlemen won the emotional contest, but sheep proved the victors in economics.



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W. V. PETERSON, REGISTRAR OF MARKS AND BRANDS

OCTOBER, 1946

No. 10

THE LIVES OF TWO GREAT SCOUTS

by
Kit Carson III

Introduction
by
Forbes Parkhill

Kit Carson III, proprietor of Kit Carson's Trading Post at Sanford, Colo., in the San Luis Valley, is the grandson of two noted frontiersmen. His paternal grandfather was the famous scout and Indian fighter, Kit Carson, guide for two of John C. Fremont's exploring expeditions. His maternal grandfather was Tom Tobin, who won a place in western history by exterminating the Espinosa outlaws, wholesale murderers who had eluded posses and United States troops.

The speaker's son, Kit Carson IV, was killed in action in the Pacific during World War II.

As background for Kit's story of the killing of the Espinosas as related to him by his Grandfather Tobin, the following brief outline of the operations of these notorious murderers is presented.

Felipe Nerio Espinosa and Vivian Espinosa moved to the San Luis Valley in Colorado from New Mexico in the early sixties. In 1863 they held up and robbed a teamster, tied him to the back of his wagon and whipped up his horses. He narrowly

escaped being dragged to death.

A detachment of soldiers was sent out from Fort Garland to arrest the Espinosas. The two were cornered in a cabin, but escaped after killing one soldier.

The two declared a "private war" against all Anglos. In less than a year they ambushed and killed twenty-two persons, mostly miners in the California Gulch region. One of the Espinosas was killed, but his place was taken by a kinsman, and the "private war" continued. Eight more victims fell before their guns. A posse of miners set out to kill or capture them, but failed.

Following the ambushing of a man and a woman on La Veta Pass, Colonel Sam Tappen, commanding officer at Fort Garland, called on Tom Tobin to "get" the Espinosas. The colonel insisted on providing a detachment of fifteen soldiers for "his protection," but Tom left them in camp and went ahead, accompanied only by a Mexican boy, whom he left behind when he actually located the Espinosas.

Historical accounts differ in some respects from Grandpa Tobin's story as related to his grandson, Kit Carson III. They report that the teamster ambushed on La Veta Pass escaped with his life and reached Fort Garland. They say that Governor Evans offered a reward of \$2,500 for the Espinosas, dead or alive; that \$500 subsequently was paid to Tobin by the Colorado territorial government, and \$1,000 by the Colorado state government.

Here Kit Carson III relates the Espinosa story as told him by Tom Tobin, and tells in his own words about his other famous grandfather, Kit Carson.

One day I was riding after some cattle with Grandpa Tobin near La Veta Pass, and he pointed out the place where he'd caught

up with the Espinosas, and I asked him to tell me about it, and he did. I was just a kid at the time.

He said the place he had killed the Espinosas was not in the draw where most people said it was, but in another draw five or six miles away.

The Espinosas had been working their way south from around Colorado Springs, killing people every so often. A man and a woman were driving over La Veta Pass, and the Espinosas killed the man from ambush, and took the woman and tied her up to a tree. But the next day she got loose and managed to get to Fort Garland, where she told what had happened.

Colonel Tappen called Grandpa in, and said, "Tom, they say you're the best trailer in the country. They say you can trail a grasshopper through the sagebrush. Now you go out and get the Espinosas." Grandpa told me he did not know at the time that there was a reward offered for the Espinosas. He told me he killed them just for humanity's sake.

So Grandpa went out, and after he picked up the trail, he left the soldiers behind. The Espinosas had doubled on their trail, but they couldn't fool grandpa. He saw a bunch of crows circling 'round, and he knew that was where the Espinosas were camped, so he crept up and hid behind a rock.

The older Espinosa was squatting beside the campfire. The younger one was out hobbling the horses. Grandpa waited till the younger one came closer to the fire, because he knew that if they were too far apart, he could get one but the other might get him.

Pretty soon Grandpa spit a bullet into the muzzle of his old Hawken and sighted down on the older Espinosa and let him have it. The fellow fell into the campfire, on his face.

The other Espinosa pulled his gun, but before he could find

out where grandpa was hiding, grandpa spit another load into his old Hawken and cut down on him and killed him.

The older Espinosa was still alive. He had rolled out of the fire and pulled out his pistol, but his eyes had been burned in the fire so he couldn't see grandpa when grandpa walked up to him. Grandpa told me his face looked real horrible, what with being burned in the fire, and everything, and his fingernails were like the claws of an animal. He was lying by the fire, waving his pistol, but he couldn't see grandpa because his eyes were burned.

So grandpa leaned down and took Espinosa's knife out of its sheath and cut off his head. He put the heads of both the Espinosas in a gunnysack so he could prove it was really the Espinosas he had killed.

When grandpa got back to Fort Garland he found that Colonel Tappen and some other officer were out horseback riding with their wives. He didn't say anything; just stood around with his gunnysack, waiting.

After awhile the riding party came back, and somebody told the colonel Tom Tobin was waiting to see him. So he sent for Grandpa, and when he came into the room, he asked, "Any luck, Tom?"

Grandpa said, "So-so," and he held the gunnysack upside down and rolled the two heads out on the floor and the ladies screamed and grandpa said the colonel himself turned kind of green.

For a good many years we lived at Fort Garland in the same room where Grandpa had rolled the heads out on the floor, but it didn't bother anybody.

Grandpa was doing pretty well at the time, so he didn't try to collect the reward money. But when he got to be an old man and wasn't doing so well he put in a claim for the reward. After a long time the legislature passed a bill appropriating \$400 for

grandpa. That was all he ever got of the reward.

Grandpa told me he searched the bodies of the Espinosas, and found a little book listing all the people they had killed. He thought it listed twenty-five killings. I don't know whatever became of the little book. I think grandpa turned it over to the colonel.

Grandpa Tobin knew Grandpa Carson. They came from the same town in what is now Missouri. Grandpa Tobin was a lot younger than Grandpa Carson, and looked on him as a sort of hero.

Grandpa Carson was born in Madison County, Kentucky, in 1809, and when he was about one year old his folks moved to what was then upper Louisiana, near what is now St. Louis. When Kit was 12 years old he was apprenticed to a saddler, but after three years Kit ran away and joined a wagon train headed for Santa Fe.

I have seen a clipping from a St. Louis paper published at that time, in which Kit's employer offered a reward of one cent for the return of the boy. Evidently he did not value him very highly, or maybe that was legal at that time, but nobody ever collected the reward.

When the wagon train reached the Arkansas a teamster was shot in the arm accidentally while removing a gun from a wagon. The others dressed his wound the best they could, but about the third day afterward they noticed that gangrene had set in and there was only two things to do, cut off the arm or let the poor fellow die.

Nobody but young Kit was willing to take the responsibility of cutting off the arm. His surgical instruments were a razor, a saw, and a red-hot king bolt from one of the wagons. While his friends held the poor man down, Kit cut off the arm and sawed the bone in two and stopped the bleeding with the red-hot iron and the man got well and worked with Grandpa Carson on many expeditions after that.

At Santa Fe the wagon train outfit broke up and Grandpa Carson went to Taos where he set about learning to speak Spanish. Within a year he spoke the language so well that a merchant hired him as interpreter for a wagon expedition to Mexico City.

After grandpa got back to Taos he joined such famous trappers as Young and Fitzpatrick. They trapped and they fought Indians as far north as the Canadian border and as far west as the Pacific and as far south as Mexico, but they always came back to Santa Fe or Taos to sell their furs.

After awhile Grandpa Carson became hunter for Bent's Fort, on the Arkansas. While there he married an Arapahoe Indian girl. The mother died when her child, a daughter, was born. Kit placed his little girl in the care of a family at the fort. When she was four years old he took her to St. Louis and placed her in a convent. That was the first time he had been back home since he had run away.

A year or so later Kit married one of the two Jaramillo girls. Charles Bent, the first territorial governor of New Mexico, married the other. Kit and Josepha had seven children, four girls and three boys. My father, William, was the oldest son.

When Kit was in St. Louis placing the daughter in the convent he met General John C. Fremont, who was outfitting an expedition to the Pacific coast. He served as Fremont's guide on this expedition, and also on another a year later.

When this second expedition reached California it was attacked by the Mexicans, which was the first anybody knew that there was a war on between the United States and Mexico. Well, you all know what a good job Fremont and his men did. Kit Carson started back to Washington carrying dispatches, but just to illustrate how loyal these frontiersmen were to their country, when Kit was less than a day's ride from the family he hadn't seen for a year, he met General Kearney, who was on his way to California with reinforcements. Kit entrusted the dispatches to someone else and returned to

California as Kearney's guide.

After the Mexican war Grandpa Carson was appointed Indian agent for the southern tribes. He made several trips to Washington on behalf of the Indians. On one of these trips he was accompanied by Ouray, chief of the Utes. The chief presented him with a beaded and embroidered smoked buckskin suit made by his wife, Chipeta. This is the suit I am wearing tonight. You will notice that the fringed coat is pretty badly faded and worn, while the pants are still in good shape.

That is because my father gave my brother the coat and I got Grandpa Carson's pants. I put the pants in a trunk, but my brother used the coat for a work coat while he was working on the range, and it was tied on behind his saddle in all kinds of weather for many years.

At one time grandpa was commanding officer at Fort Garland. As he grew older he decided to settle down and become a farmer, but every so often they called on him to put down Indian disturbances or to punish outlaws.

One time two St. Louis merchants were returning from California and at Santa Fe their guide and teamsters deserted them. A notorious outlaw and his gang volunteered to guide them. When they were a few miles out of Santa Fe one of them returned and reported that the outlaws were going to kill the merchants and take their gold and beat it to Mexico. Grandpa rounded up a few men and started out to overtake the wagon train, which they did on the very night of the proposed murders. Well, the merchants were not killed. What became of the outlaws I never heard.

When these merchants got to St. Louis safely they sent grandpa the best pair of revolvers that money could buy, a pair of .44 colts. This gun I am carrying here in this buffalo-tail holster is one of them.

Grandpa Carson was hurt by a horse falling with him and was

taken to the government hospital at Fort Lyon, Colorado. Upon arriving there he learned that his wife, my grandma, had died at Taos. He died a few days later, May 23, 1868. Grandpa Carson and Grandma are both buried at Taos.

Many places and things have been named for Grandpa Carson. There is the beautiful Kit Carson park and monument at Trinidad, Colorado; the Carson National Forest in northern New Mexico; Kit Carson County, Colorado; the town of Kit Carson in Cheyenne County, Colorado; Carson City, Nevada; Kit Carson Peak in the Sangre de Cristo Range; Kit Carson Hall at the Adams State College at Alamosa, Colorado. Camp Carson, Colorado, was named after him. The figure of the horseman on top of the Pioneer Monument in Denver is that of Grandpa Carson.

A few years ago some moving picture man telephoned me by long distance. They had put out a Kit Carson picture in Hollywood, and they were planning a publicity stunt for the grand opening, and they had heard that Kit Carson's grandson was running the trading post down in the San Luis, and they wanted me to go to Hollywood.

I turned to my wife and said, "Ma, how would you like to go to Hollywood?" She said she would like it, so I told the man "Yes."

While I was on the train I got a wire from the picture people saying they were fixing up a big welcome for me, and would I please be dressed in Grandpa Carson's fringed buckskin suit when I got off the train. Well, I thought I would look kind of foolish getting off a train wearing fringed buckskin, so I didn't put it on. When I got off the train in ordinary clothes they didn't like it, and hustled me back and made me put on the buckskin suit.

They gave me a fellow called a publicity man, and he stayed with me all the time. He liked to go to the horse races at a place called Santa Anita every day. One day we went down to the paddock and looked at the horses, and the press agent's wife got out a lot of charts and figures and picked out the horse she was

going to bet on. She wanted me to bet on him, but I said I liked another horse better.

She said she always lost anyway, so she would bet on my horse, too. I don't know much about racing, but I know horses pretty well, I've worked with them all my life.

Well, the horse I had picked won, and then everybody wanted me to pick for them. There were eight races that day, and everybody was backing my pick. I guessed right in six out of eight races, and after that everybody in Hollywood wanted me to spend all my time picking winners. But I wouldn't do it, because I knew I couldn't do that well all the time, and I wanted to quit while my reputation was good.

The moving picture people took me all over the country. While we were at the World's Fair in New York, they asked me if I didn't want a free 'phone call to somebody back home. You know how it was: maybe a thousand people would be listening in on your 'phone call.

So I called Ralph Carr, who was governor of Colorado, and I said, "Hello, Ralph. This is Kit." And he said, "Kit, you're Colorado's official representative at the World's Fair."

You should have seen the way those folks listening in looked. Here I was, a plain man, calling the governor by his first name, and he was calling me by my first name. Everybody thought we were crazy westerners. They would have been sure of it if they had known that Ralph is a Republican and I am a Democrat, but I did not tell them.

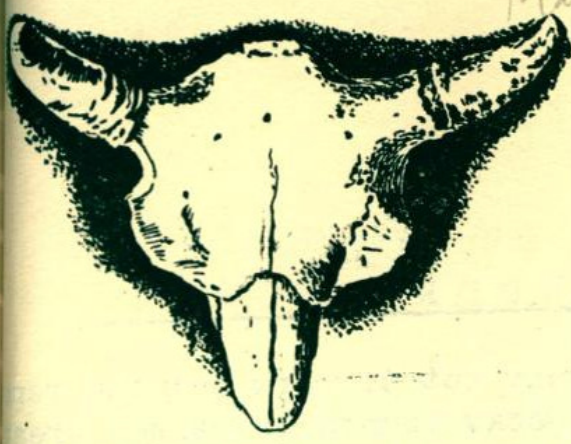
You will notice that this sheath knife I am wearing has two notches filed on the metal guard. I do not know what those notches mean. No, this is not the knife used by Grandpa Tobin when he cut off the heads of the Espinosas. This knife belonged to Grandpa Carson.

You all seem to be interested in the buffalo-tail holster in which I am carrying Grandpa Carson's gun. The way you make one, you take a buffalo tail, and then you take the insides without splitting the tail, and the hide makes a cone-shaped holster that is just the right size and shape.

So I called Ralph Carr, who was governor of Colorado, and I said, "Hello, Ralph, this is Kit." And he said, "Kit, you're Colorado's official representative at the World's Fair."

You should have seen the way those folks listening in looked. Here I was, calling the governor by his first name, and he was calling me by my first name. Everybody thought we were crazy westerners. They would have been sure of it if they had known that Ralph is a Republican and I am a Democrat, but I did not tell them.

You will notice that this sheath knife I am wearing has two blades fixed on the metal guard. I do not know what these blades mean. No, this is not the knife used by General Custer when he cut off the heads of the Apaches. This knife belonged to Grandpa Carson.



Mandel
Hahn
376 Walnut Chicago
Wm. Wells

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DENVER 2, COLO.

V. PETERSON, REGISTRAR OF MARKS AND BRANDS

NOVEMBER, 1946

No. 11

GLIMPSES OF EARLY DENVER by Edward W. Milligan*

Illustrated with slides made from early photographs and some contrasting ones made by the speaker).

The region now occupied by the State of Colorado has had a colorful background. From the time Pope Alexander VI divided the world between Spain and Portugal, this land has been under twenty-one changes of boundary and government, and four foreign flags: the banner of old Castile, the Fleur de Lis of France, the eagle and cactus of Mexico, and a portion under the Lone Star of Texas.

The Pike expedition of 1806 did not come near the future site of Denver, but the Long and Fremont expeditions stopped here camping at Cottonwood Springs, now in the city limits. This camping spot was well known to the trappers and traders of the fur period and was on the trail from Bent's Fort to Fort Laramie.

As early as 1849 an adventurous party of Cherokee Indians and Georgians passed through here on their way to California. On the Cache la Poudre some gold bearing quartz was found. In June, 1850, gold was found by Cherokees in Ralston Creek, near Denver.

Mr. Milligan is Vice-president of the W. H. Kistler Stationery Company. He is an amateur photographer of many years and has collected hundreds of prints and photographs from which he has prepared numerous illustrated lectures on the early West. Three of his lectures have been sent to England for use in the public schools.

The depression of 1857 had thrown many out of work and the report of finding gold at the base of the Rocky Mountains caused great excitement in the midwest. Here was the opportunity to recoup lost fortunes.

Some of this news reached William Green Russell of Georgia and an expedition was organized to make a systematic search for gold in the "Shining Mountains," or Mexican Mountains, as they were then known.

On June 24, 1858, they camped on the bottom land near the mouth of Cherry Creek. They had expected to pick up gold nuggets and to wash out quantities of "color" from the sands. Disappointed many of the party returned home, and Russell was left with only a handful of men. Prospecting up the Platte, at Dry Creek, which runs through Englewood, they came to a spot where the ground sparkled with flakes of gold. Here they washed out \$400 or \$500 worth of the yellow metal. That was enough to settle the future of Denver.

Meanwhile there were arrivals of other gold seekers, who deciding to remain for the winter selected a camp site about where the present Evans Avenue crosses the Platte. A few log cabins were built and the settlement given the euphonious name of Montana City. When the Sons of the American Revolution erected a marker there in 1924 three men who had been in Montana City in the spring of 1859, were present at the ceremonies: J. J. Reithman, Frank Byers, and Nathan C. Baker. Montana City did not seem to be the best spot for winter quarters, so the log cabins were taken down and rebuilt in a location near the present 12th and Wewatta Streets. The new town was named Auraria, and was surveyed to include 1280 acres in the angle between Cherry Creek and the Platte. Much of this area is now covered by the Wazee Market.

The manner in which Denver got its name is illustrated in a letter from James W. Denver to W. H. Larimer.

Washington, D. C.
November 14, 1890

Dear Sir:

When I was governor of Kansas Territory, in July 1858, a report came that gold had been discovered at Pike's Peak. At that time the Territory of Kansas extended to the summit of the Rocky Mountains and the first territorial legislature had divided it into counties as far west as a line running north and south in the neighborhood of the mouth of the Smoky Hill Fork of the Kansas River. All beyond that line was designated as Arapahoe County.... The report of the finding of gold in that region produced a great commotion, and quite a number of companies were at once reorganized to explore the country and engage in mining. One day in my office in Le Comton it occurred to me that here was a crowd of men going into a new country where there were no laws.... I examined the statutes and found that Arapahoe County had been organized as above stated; that the Organic Act of Congress organizing the Territory of Kansas had made it the duty of the Governor to fill all vacancies in office where not otherwise provided by law, and here was a case directly to the point.

For County Judge I appointed H. P. A. Smith; for Sheriff, Edward Wynkoop; for County Treasurer, General Larimer. The names of the others I have forgotten. They proceeded out toward the foot of the mountains and learned that the place where gold had been discovered was in Cherry Creek, a tributary of the South Fork of the Platte River, about 75 miles north of Pike's Peak. There being no county seat for Arapahoe County it became the duty of these officers to locate it; so they laid out a town just below the mouth of Cherry Creek, and did me the honor to name it after me....

Very respectfully,
James W. Denver

The name "Denver City" was formally approved at the first meeting of the Denver Town Company on November 17, 1858. An amazing thing in that same month was the election of a delegate to go to Congress to petition for admission to the Union as the Territory of Jefferson. This delegate received no salary and paid his own expenses. Quite unusual for a politician.

At the close of 1858 there were about fifty cabins in Auraria and Denver City had about twenty-five. The rivalry between these sorry little frontier settlements on the edge of the "Great American Desert" was genuine and deep seated. This rivalry did not entirely disappear until after the great flood of 1864.

Greatly exaggerated stories, such as the one by the man who wrote east, saying he had placed a horseshoe in Cherry Creek overnight, and in the morning found it heavily gold plated, were seized upon by the credulous and ignorant.

As early as March, 1859, emigrant guides to Pikes Peak, with maps and full instructions were being sold in great numbers. The great rush was on, and wagons bearing the slogan "Pike's Peak or Bust" dotted the Western trails.

So many went back, "busted, by gosh." These adventurers had no thought of founding a city or state; their one desire was to fill their pockets with nuggets which they surmised were lying around loose, and then return east to live in comfort.

Most of our large American cities were laid out at the mouths of rivers, harbors, and on strategic trade routes. Not so with Denver, which was in reality founded upon a false rumor, and western optimism.

Denver never was a mining camp, but became an outfitting point where the prospectors could purchase their equipment and hurry on to the placer diggings in the mountains. With an ever-increasing flow of precious metals from the mines, Denver grew in size and importance.

William Byers arrived in Denver in April, 1859, with printing equipment and immediately started the Rocky Mountain News, which has become our oldest business enterprise. The rival paper, The Cherry Creek Pioneer, issued one number and joined the other unfortunate newspapers.

"Uncle" Dick Wootton had built a one and one-half story log building on Ferry Street just before Christmas 1858. The News occupied the upper floor for a time, but owing to the intense rivalry between Auraria and Denver, erected a building for the paper on piles in Cherry Creek, just below Larimer. This was all washed away in the flood of 1864.

The Eldorado Hotel, where Horace Greeley paid a French Count \$5.00 for a shave, was a log building on St. Louis Street, between 5th and 6th. For a sign a silk flag floated from the top of a lofty pole.

Nearby stood the two-story frame building in which the Masonic Order carried on its work. These and many other buildings in that neighborhood were eventually demolished to make room for the Wazee Market.

Merchandising in those early days was mostly a matter of having the needed supplies to fill the requirements of the increasing population. One serious handicap was the lack of a stable medium of exchange. A pinch of gold dust from the buckskin bag of the miners was not very accurate, and government greenbacks were at a great discount.

Clark, Gruber and Co. had been buyers of gold at Central City, and to meet the pressing needs of the community opened a private mint in Denver in 1860. This proved a godsend to all. Their gold coins carried a higher percentage of gold than the standard U.S. coins. There was no attempt at counterfeiting, and the coins circulated freely. The stamping press and a number of the gold pieces are now in the State Historical Society

Museum. This mint was taken over by the government in 1862 and became a receiving office for bullion.

Like most frontier towns and mining camps, Denver had a bad fire. It occurred in 1863. Starting at Blake and 15th., it destroyed most of the business section to Cherry Creek, with a loss of some \$200,000.00.

Add to this disaster the flood of May 1864, and it is a wonder the town survived. It was a staggering combination but with optimism they soon started to rebuild. Nineteen lives were lost in this flood, and the property damage amounted to some \$300,000.00.

The Indians understood the serious nature of Cherry Creek floods, and had warned the settlers that if they persisted in building their houses in Cherry Creek Valley they would someday be swept away by a great flood. That prophecy has in part been fulfilled in a number of instances, as many other disastrous floods have swept down the Platte and Cherry Creek.

With the migration from flood-swept Auraria to the higher ground of Denver City, substantial brick buildings began to be erected on Blake, Wazee, Market, and cross streets. What in those days were rather grandiose "Emporiums" are now occupied by commission merchants and others handling the commodities of everyday life.

The two-story brick building on the corner of 15th and Blake contained a variety theater with a bar, and upstairs a gambling and billiard hall. One day in the Brentlinger Billiard Hall two men began arguing over their own skill at billiards. The challenge was made, and for thirty-six hours the game went on, each game to net the winner \$100.00. Great excitement prevailed in the lower part of the city, with much side betting. Whoever called it quits was to forfeit \$1000.00 but the winner, Mr. J.Q.A. Rollins, the founder of Rollinsville, walked out with a profit of \$12,000.00.

Gambling was Denver's greatest sport in the early days. It was said you could find the same men in the gambling halls on Saturday night that you would meet in Church Sunday morning. The center of this activity was at the Elephant Corral. This had been built by Blake and Williams in the Spring of 1859. It was intended as a hotel, but as the influx of people brought so many gamblers among them it was found more profitable to convert it into a gambling house. Here the gamblers lay in wait for the teamsters and bull whackers from the East, as well as the miners from the hills. Day and night the roulette wheel spun: faro, poker, any game you wished.

Back of this on Wazee Street are the remains of the old corral where the wagons of the overland freight trains were unloaded, and the merchandise auctioned off on the spot, unless it was consigned to some dealer. The animals were sold or traded, and in the '60's a good span of mules might bring as much as \$1000.00. Many a driver would take the profits from his trading into the gambling hall to "buck-the-tiger." The space is now occupied by a trucking company and some of the timbers supporting the shed roof show the fire marks of the disaster of 1863.

On the corner of Blake and 16th, was built the American House, in its day one of the finest hotels in the West. This occupied the site of Denver's first public school. School taxes were hard to collect in those early days. There were so many bachelors who could not see why they should pay taxes to support others' children.

It was not uncommon to see 30 to 40 wagons in an overland train trailing in from the East each drawn by four or five span of oxen or mules and subsequently unloading right on Holladay (now Market) Street. From 6¢ to 25¢ per hundred pounds was the rate from the Missouri River points. Seventeen days was considered fast time. Eggs were packed in barrels of lard and sold here at \$2.00 per dozen. Apples were 25¢ to 50¢

each. There is the story of the woman who wished to buy some tallow candles and was shocked at the high price.

"Well, madam, the Indian troubles on the plains are bad, and freight rates are up."

"Oh! My gosh! Are the Indians fighting by candle light?"

Merchants in that period did not have to hold "closing out" and "cut price" sales. It was all a matter of getting enough merchandise to satisfy the needs of the residents of Denver and the mining camps. Whether it was mining equipment, hardware, groceries, or heavy velvet dresses and silks and satins for milady.

A good description of Denver in 1865 appears in a letter written by Mr. F.C. Young and published in Across the Plains.

Denver-- it is decidedly crude, mainly built of frame shacks and log cabins: these are mostly occupied by "old-cioe" shoos, whiskey joints and gambling halls... The streets are narrow channels of mud and snow ankle deep. They are choked with traffic, lined on either side with prairie schooners, and every description of wagons loading or unloading.

Such sidewalks as there were--built of short strips of narrow planking, and raised but a few inches above the mud of the roadway--are alive with curious, motley groupings of human kind. Freighters, bull-whackers, plainsmen and pilgrims like ourselves; dark colored "Greasers" wide sombrero and picturesque attire; tanned and bearded miners down from the mountains, scattering their dust in a "high old time" after the fashion of their kind.

There are scowling, quarrelsome swaggerers and toughs: isolated figures of the old frontiersman,

trapper, or trader, longhaired and muzzled, surveying the scene with a quiet disdain, and regarding with regret the boisterous invasion of the solitudes that have been his home for many years. Sprinkled here and there are seedy looking loungers whose clothing indicates better and happier days... A miscellaneous human lot of driftwood borne hither by the mighty current that has set in, and is still flowing westward--ever westward--towards those treasure mountains.

It's a big step from the Denver of that day to the Denver of today!

"Cities are what men make them," and so are certain streets. Larimer Street, named after General Larimer, one of the founders of Denver City, was destined to become one of the best known streets of the nation. General Larimer had an eye on the future real estate development, and for several years it seemed as though the future growth of Denver would follow Larimer and parallel streets. The first log cabins of Denver City were built on the four corners of Larimer and 16th. and A.D. Richardson, who was out here with Horace Greeley, made a sketch of the Larimer cabin which is still preserved. It was the first cabin to have window glass. The furniture in the cabin was made from packing cases. The story of Larimer Street would in itself make a volume of great interest.

Between F and G Streets, now 15th. and 16th. stood the storeroom of Murphy and Wallingford. This building became the center of great excitement one day when from a staff on its roof a confederate flag was flown for a few hours. This building later became a military jail. The lower house of the legislature of the Territory of Jefferson met in a hall on the second floor of a building in the same block. The Territorial Legislature became quite nomadic in its search for a meeting place. At one time it occupied rooms in the Barclay Block on the corner of 18th., frequently adjourning to the barroom of the Windsor to settle many important legislative questions.

On the corner of 15th. Street the firm of Clayton, Lowe & Company built up one of the best mercantile establishments in the city. Mr. Clayton was not only a shrewd businessman but was interested in philanthropic work. His monument in Denver is the Clayton School for Boys, which he founded.

At the corner of 16th. and Larimer stood the Broadwell House, and it looked as though the street out beyond to the east might become the best part of Denver.

H. A. W. Tabor had the Midas-touch in Leadville, but finding that too limited for his talents came down to Denver with an income from his mines of about \$75,000.00 per month. He bought a mansion for \$40,000.00 and spent \$20,000.00 more in fixing it to suit his tastes. He bought the Broadwell House and erected the Tabor Block at a cost of \$325,000.00. At one time the Telephone Company occupied the upper floor with about 500 phones in use.

The Windsor Hotel had been built by an English company and became the social center of the city. Tabor had in mind a fine theatre for Denver, and tried to buy four lots at 20th. and B. offering the owner \$100,000.00, but the deal fell through as \$125,000.00 was demanded. Later this same property sold for \$12,000.00. Land for the Tabor Grand Opera House was bought at the corner of 16th. and Curtis and Tabor became "the man of the hour," as the city watched the progress of the building. Denver at that time was an overgrown town of about 40,000 but none of the streets were paved.

On September 5, 1881, the "Tabor Grand" was opened with the opera "Maritana." A drizzling rain was falling, but that did not hinder a large crowd gathering near the theater entrance to see the social set drive up. A boardwalk had been laid from the doorway to the street with a marquee to protect the ladies and their escorts as they stepped out of their carriages onto a red plush carpet ascending the steps into the lobby. We are told that under their elaborate costumes many wore heavy

flannel underthings. The night air!

Emma Abbott sang. Tabor was given a gold watch and chain and muttered a few words of acknowledgment. He was always rather diffident--not at all like the dashing character portrayed in Silver Dollar.

Tabor sat alone in his flower-bedecked box. His prim New English wife, Augusta, who had shared with him all the hardships of their lean years, was left at home. The glitter and pomp were not for her. No, the flowers were for another woman sitting in the parquet, heavily veiled. Space does not permit elaboration of this story of Tabor and "Baby Doe," one of Colorado's greatest dramas.

The show was over. The renowned "Tabor Grand" curtain descended amid tremendous applause. That evening is often referred to as the peak of the career of Colorado's first millionaire, even though he later became Lieutenant Governor of the State and served for a short time as Senator from Colorado.

At his death in 1899, he was assistant postmaster, with a comparatively meager salary, his fortune having disappeared. The funeral services were held in the church of the Good Shepherd at 28th. and Larimer. Tabor was not a Catholic, but had frequently attended services there. Probably the largest funeral procession ever seen in Denver, in carriages and on foot, wended its way down Larimer Street to 16th. and across the hill where the Smoky Hill Trail ran, to Prospect Hill cemetery adjoining Congress (now Cheesman) Park. In the early days this cemetery became a burial place for both Protestants and Catholics. Tabor's burial spot was forgotten, and many years elapsed before it was located.

From the beginning of Denver, religion played an active part in the town's affairs. The first sermon was preached in November 1858, and during the next two years the larger denominations had established small churches.

John Evans came to Colorado in 1862, succeeding William Gilpin as Territorial Governor. Mr. Evans did not care for mining but was vitally interested in real estate, railroad building, and took a leading part in the development of educational and religious matters.

The local organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church had its inception June 10, 1863, in a carriage shop on Larimer Street, and plans made for the erection of a suitable building at the corner of Lawrence and 14th. Businessmen, gamblers, saloon keepers, all contributed to the fund. The cost was \$21,000.00 and the church was dedicated free of debt. It became the showplace of the town.

Governor Evans' home was across the street, so that this corner became the social and religious center for several years until business moved farther away from Cherry Creek.

In 1865, the first Methodist conference was held, and in a photograph made of the thirteen members, there are the portraits of Bishop Kingsley, O. A. Willard, T. B. Vincent, and the famous "Father" Dyer. These men and the others in the group made church history in the State. At times it was necessary for them to carry a Bible in one hand and a revolver in the other.

The charter of Colorado Seminary which is still the property holding corporation of the University of Denver, was approved by the legislature and Governor Evans, March 5, 1864, and the first class admitted November 11th. After operating with varying success, financial embarrassments increased, and in December 1867, the executive and legislative offices of the Territory were installed in the building. The Seminary sank into a state of coma for twelve years. The University problem was a tough one for the Colorado Methodist Conference, but with the generous assistance of Mr. Evans and others, additions were made to the small original building and it was reopened in 1880.

There was also the gift to the University of the Huisch

Building which became the home of the School of Commerce, Law School and School of Music. This was built with the profits from the sale of barb wire amounting to \$50,000.00. Mr. J.W. Iliff, Colorado's "Cattle King" had planned such a building but death intervened.

As more and more students clamored for admission to the University, the Board of Trustees advertised for a suitable site for a new campus. The offer of Rufus "Potato" Clark, of an eighty acre tract where the University is now located, was accepted. The laying of the cornerstone of "Old Main" in 1892, was a milestone in the history of education in Colorado. Fortunately there has been preserved a print of a photograph made on this occasion.

While the University was making progress the Lawrence Street church was growing rapidly under the guidance of a brilliant young minister from Indiana, Henry A. Buchtel, who later became chancellor of the University and Governor of Colorado.

A new building was needed, and lots were purchased at Broadway and 18th. Trinity, built subsequently, has become one of the leading churches in Methodism. Mr. A.I. Doud, a prominent member of the church for more than 50 years, stated at one time that this site was selected mainly on account of its being seen from so many angles of street intersections. After Trinity church was built, the old Lawrence Street Church lead a varied career. The Standard Oil Co. rented it for their offices; a second floor was put in, and the upper room used as a dance hall. The Salvation Army next used it as a barracks, and finally it became a filling station.

The Catholics were early in the field and erected St. Mary's Cathedral on the site where the Coronado Block now stands, and St. Mary's School back of it on California. You who have read the delightful story, Death Comes For The

Archbishop, will remember the good padre driving up here from Santa Fe with the church vestments and altar cloths, which had been hand woven by the Mexican women. They are still preserved. Denver at that time was a mission from New Mexican diocese.

Before the outbreak of the war in 1861, there were a number of Southern Methodists (with their slaves) in Denver. Their small frame structure at the corner of Arapahoe and 14th., was the first church edifice in the city. The war called them home, and the church was closed. In 1862 the Episcopalians bought the chapel at a cost of \$2,500.00 and fitted it up for services; it became widely known through its name, "St. John's in the Wilderness." This name was given because, "It was seven hundred miles from the nearest church." Its successor was the cathedral at Welton and 20th., and then the great cathedral at Clarkson and 14th.

To begin a mission for the Presbyterians, the Reverend A.T. Rankin arrived in Denver July 30, 1860, and went to William Byers' printing office to get the Sunday announcements in the paper. In his diary he says, "While there a man rushed in and caught the editor by the collar; he drew a pistol and threatened to kill him. Half a dozen guns were drawn to protect the editor. The ruffians withdrew but returned later, shooting through the windows. They were pursued up the street, and two of them killed. It was a pretty tough introduction to Denver."

With the arrival of O. J. Goldrick early in the Autumn of 1859, education had its beginning here. A graduate of the University of Dublin, he came to Denver driving an ox team, but dressed in faultless broadcloth, white shirt and black tie, and wearing a silk top hat. Opening a school in a log cabin on 12th Street at Larimer, near the mouth of Cherry Creek, thirteen pupils, with a motley array of text books, were enrolled.

Private and small public schools followed during the next few years, and in 1873, the Masonic order conducted the ceremonies of laying the corner stone of the Arapahoe School, the first high school in Denver. It was loudly proclaimed as "our wonderful temple of learning." Abandoned as a school in 1882, it was destroyed by fire in 1903.

Now for a glance at the early public utilities. For the first settlers a good water supply was available at Cottonwood Springs. When I was there one day some boys were playing nearby, and I asked them what made that spring so famous. One urchin straightened up and answered, "Don't you know that Kit Carson camped here?"

Early maps show circles at certain street intersections, showing the location of public wells. As the city grew and needed additional water, a well was sunk in the banks of the Platte near 15th Street; the sands of the river furnished a natural filter. A Holly Steam pump was installed and the water pumped up town through a wooden conduit. A large mountain area is now tapped to supply current needs.

With the introduction of arc lights, streets were lighted from towers erected at strategic points. From the top a brilliant light spread out for a short distance, giving way to almost stygian darkness. About 1883 incandescent lights were put on the streets.

The evolution of the tramway system began in 1871 with the operation of one horse car, seating twelve people. This ran over a two mile track from its depot at Larimer and 12th to Champa and 27th. The fare was ten cents. The name was changed in 1873 from the Denver Horse Railway to Denver City Railway, because mules were the tractive power instead of horses. By 1877 the company had eight miles of track and twelve cars. The present Denver Tramway Company started in 1886 with the consolidation of several companies. Then there came the cable lines, followed by the overhead trolley system of today. Automobiles were seen in Denver in the early 1900's.

On Champa Street the Episcopalian Church bought twelve lots for \$12,000.00. Wolfe Hall was erected at the corner of 17th. as a girls' school. When the Boston Building was built on the same corner, the company paid the church \$120,000.00 for four lots. The son of Bishop Spaulding earned his spending money by herding the cows in the neighborhood up to Capitol Hill at a price of ten cents each week.

On the way to Highlands, now North Denver, "The Castle," may be seen from the 16th. Street viaduct. This was erected in the early '80's to house agricultural and mining exhibitions. At one of the fairs held here a Mr. Swing, who had been experimenting with melons down in the Arkansas Valley, brought a load to Denver and passed them out to the visitors. This was the introduction to the world of the now famous Rocky Ford cantaloupes.

Colorado was early advertised as a health resort. A sanitarium for tuberculars called "House of Good Hope," was built on Federal Boulevard near 20th. St. Lukes Hospital Association purchased this in 1881, and conducted their hospital there for ten years, when they moved to their present location. On Federal Boulevard there still stands the Highlands Town Hall, now a fire station. A great advance in the recreational facilities of Denver was made when the Elitch Gardens were opened to the public in May 1890. This has grown in reputation and has always been a source of good clean amusement.

In 1895, Denver had an unusual visitor. Francis Schlatter, who believed he was the incarnation of the Messiah; and felt called upon to alleviate the sufferings of the poorer people who had been hard bit by the depression of 1893-1894.

Staying in the home of a Mr. Fox, in North Denver, his presence and powers soon became known. An alley ran behind the Fox yard, and there inside the fence the healer took his position every morning for several weeks. Promptly at nine o'clock the crowd began to pass by to receive his blessing

and help. Among the 80,000 who visited this spot, he is reputed to have made many cures.

Schlatter was no ordinary pretender. Early one morning in November the crowd gathered as usual and when they found he had disappeared during the night, the disappointment of the hundreds waiting was intense. People who were there said it was like taking hope and light out of life. Schlatter lived up to his belief, avoided notoriety, and the proof of his sincerity lies in the fact that he died a victim of it, in the wilds of Northern Mexico. While the people over in North Denver were being blessed by the healer, over on Capitol Hill the residents in the newly built red sandstone houses on Sherman and Grant were striving to obtain "culture."

The story goes that one of these newly rich mining magnates sent a draft for \$5,000 to a friend in the East, asking him to purchase and send to his home a library of the latest books as well as some of the older titles. Some time later a second letter was sent--"Dear Bill: The Books arrived safely, and I have read a number of them. I especially enjoyed those written by a Mr. Shakespeare, and if he should write any more, please send me a copy at once."

A city needs not only health and culture, but it should be made as beautiful as possible. Denver has become a beautiful city, and in this connection I wish to speak of Mr. Robert W. Speer, who became Mayor in 1904, and held that office until 1912. These became the golden years in Denver's development. Public improvement had been made in a haphazard way, without any system or vision. Mr. Speer began a comprehensive plan that would provide for the city's needs in the distant future. Especially is he remembered for his beautification project on Cherry Creek.

The State Capitol had been completed on the ground donated by Mr. Brown. Later the block between Lincoln and

Broadway was purchased by the State and made into a park. Across Colfax the corner lots had been Mr. W. S. Cheesman's "Million Dollar cowpasture." ~~The old firehouse stood where~~ the Pioneer Monument now stands. The Bates Triangle occupied the space now occupied by the Voorhees Memorial. Across Broadway was the Evans Addition. Against the advice of his friends, Governor Evans had bought 80 acres of land "far out of town" for which he paid \$14,000.00. During the years this land had been solidly built up, and on the corner of Colfax, the power house kept the cable lines of the Tramway Company in motion.

Mr. Speer, ably assisted by the Denver Art Commission, launched the idea of a splendid Civic Center. Instantly this aroused in certain quarters the most violent opposition, criticism and censure. After a long and vituperative fight the present location was chosen, and under condemnation proceedings, the city paid about \$1,600,000.00 for sixteen acres of land, which only a few years earlier had resounded to the creaking wheels of the overland wagon trains coming out from the East over the Smoky Hill Trail.

Some day when you are at the Library, stand for a few moments on the steps, look past the Voorhees Memorial and the Colonnade of the Pioneers, past the dome of the State House and the spires of the Cathedral on Colfax Avenue, and visualize for yourself the changes that have turned raw prairie land into one of the most beautiful spots in America. Within the lifetime of a distinguished gentleman present this evening, Judge George F. Dunklee, the unkempt, straggling frontier villages at the mouth of Cherry Creek have been transformed into one of the finest and most American of our larger cities.



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COLORADO'S EARLY-DAY DOCTORS

by

Arthur J. Markley, M. D.*

Actual settlement of Colorado began in 1858 with the discovery of gold near the present site of Denver, and soon after in larger quantities in the nearby mountains. This goldbearing area was at this time included in Kansas territory which extended from $94^{\circ} 40'$ W. longitude westward between the 37th and 40th parallels north latitude to the eastern boundary of Utah Territory, which was then the Continental Divide, excepting that New Mexico Territory extended northward to the 38th parallel making the western part of Kansas Territory that much more narrow. This narrower section lying west of a line drawn north from the northeast corner of New Mexico Territory to the Kansas-Nebraska boundary was known as Arapahoe County, and here, with the rapid increase of population and mining activities, numerous small settlements and mining camps were established along the Platte River Valley and in the adjacent mountains. The most important and largest of these were located at the junction of Cherry Creek and the Platte River, Auraria on the west and Denver City town on the east of the creek. With the growth

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of business activities of all kinds, dissatisfaction with the territorial government, the seat of which was in Ft. Leavenworth, soon developed, and in October 1859 a local convention held in Denver City determined to form a separate government to be known as Jefferson Territory, with Robert W. Steele as Governor and a full complement of territorial officers. That this was an ambitious venture is shown by the proposed boundaries of the new territory, the area to be included being larger than the present state of Colorado.

In March 1860 the several small settlements about the mouth of Cherry Creek united to form the City of Denver, named for General James W. Denver, Governor of Kansas Territory. Jefferson Territory never received official recognition, and President Buchanan by authority of Congress on February 28, 1861, signed a decree creating the Territory of Colorado having the same boundaries as the present state which was admitted to the Union in August 1876.

In 1860 the population of Jefferson Territory was about thirty-five thousand and of Denver about eleven hundred. How many physicians were there is not known, but on June 2, 1860, a small group met and resolved "To proceed to the organization of a territorial medical and surgical association to be known as the Jefferson Medical Society." Committees were appointed and a general meeting called for June 4. At this meeting, "in a rough log cabin at the corner of 16th and Larimer streets in Denver, the first Colorado Medical Society was formed." Its president was Dr. W. M. Belt. No records of its activities are known. The Civil War soon claimed the attention as well as the services of its members, and "the embryo society left to itself perished from inanition."

On September 24, 1864, the Denver Medical Association was formed, but, after a few meetings of which no records exist, it, too, failed. During the following few years two other attempts to form medical societies in Denver were made, "but cohesiveness and durability were not among their attributes,

and they disappeared without trace."

On April 4, 1871, at the office of Dr. R. G. Buckingham, a reorganization of the Denver Medical Association of 1864 was proposed and a meeting was called for April 11th. At this meeting was formed the organizations which now exist as the Medical Society of the City and County of Denver. This society became at once very active and meetings were held twice monthly. At the meeting of June 16, 1871, the secretary was instructed "to notify all physicians resident in this territory that a convention would be held in Denver on September 19th for the purpose of forming a territorial medical organization," and to invite their attendance. This was the first step taken toward the formation of the Colorado State Medical Society.

These men who thus successfully reorganized the Denver Society and soon after initiated the organization of the Colorado Territorial Medical Society were earnest, ambitious and capable graduates of the best medical schools in the country, many of them experienced in the then recent war and well versed in their profession and its literature. It was said in a Presidential Address on the 25th Anniversary of this organization "Let no one of our members youthfully self-confident disparage the Colorado physicians of twenty-five years ago--there were giants in those days."

In 1871 the population of Colorado Territory was about forty thousand, that of Denver being about five thousand. As previously planned, representatives of the medical profession from all parts of the territory assembled in the District Court room on Tuesday, September 19, 1871, at 11 a.m. Dr. W. F. McClelland of Denver called the meeting to order. Dr. G. S. McMurtrie of Central City was made temporary Chairman and Dr. R. J. Collins of Georgetown, Secretary pro-tem. A resolution was adopted "that for the purpose of organization all regular graduates of medicine, residents of this territory who acknowledge fealty to the code of ethics of the A. M. A. and who are not objected to may become members of this association by

signing their names to this resolution." Sixteen did so at once; others were added later in the meeting, making a total of twenty-four charter members.

Members of the profession visiting in the territory were invited to participate in the activities, and members of the press invited to seats during the the meeting.

Dr. Buckingham, President of the Denver Medical Association was then introduced and delivered a previously promised address in the soaring oratory of that period, closing with the following peroration, "and may the time soon come when the Territorial Medical Association of Colorado will rest upon as firm a basis as the grand old mountains before us which lift their snow-capped summits to the clouds."

A committee was appointed to draft a Constitution and By-Laws, and a vote of thanks was extended to the Rev. Kehler for officiating as chaplain.

At an afternoon session the Constitution and By-Laws were adopted and officers for the ensuing year elected. Dr. R. G. Buckingham as President was installed and made a few appropriated remarks. Committee appointments were announced and other details of organization taken up and, when complete, it was found that "everyone present was either an officer or a member of some important committee." Adjournment was taken to meet in Denver in September or October 1872, as specified by the President.

Thus was laid the foundation of this Society upon which, during seventy-five years, was carefully erected its present structure.

For the first few years the programs of the annual meetings consisted chiefly of reports on special subjects assigned to previously appointed committees and individuals, but there were many excellent voluntary papers and case reports. From the first the subject of chief interest was Tuberculosis, or Phthisis as

it was then called, and the effect upon that disease of the Colorado climate, an interest that has never declined.

Pulmonary consumption was not then recognized as a tuberculous process, and voluminous papers were written on its cause, its clinical behavior and its management. Much excellent surgery was reported and pathological specimens presented.

Minutes of the second meeting, held in 1872, state that the name of one member elected at the previous meeting was expunged from the rolls as being unworthy of membership. A testimonial commended Master Robert Steele for his services and attention to the comforts of the members. This Master Steele, son of Dr. Henry K. Steele, later became justice of the Colorado Supreme Court and father of Robert Steele, now district judge in Denver.

At the 1873 meeting Dr. W. F. McClelland, president, proposed "purchase of a tract of land near Denver on which to erect at some future day a medical college." A balance of 75 cents was reported in the treasury. Dr. John Evans, ex-governor of the territory, was elected the first honorary member.

Dr. Henry K. Steele, president in 1875, was Denver's first Health Commissioner. Steele Hospital is named in his honor.

The first clinical laboratory service in Colorado Territory was announced by Dr. H. A. Lemen at the 1876 meeting. With the admission of Colorado to statehood, the name of the organization was changed to the "Colorado State Medical Society."

At the 1877 meeting a committee was appointed to report to the society on "the practice of medicine by females and their recognition by the profession in Colorado." The committee found the subject too "hot" and recommended that it be submitted to a vote of the society.

Dr. T. G. Horn, elected president in 1878, had served as

a surgeon in the Federal army, and had been captured with several others by Quantrell's guerillas. All were executed except Dr. Horn, who was spared and pressed into the Confederate service as a surgeon. At the 1878 meeting discussion of the subject, "Cleansing of the Newborn," advocated that babies should not be washed until after twelve hours but for that time thoroughly greased.

The most picturesque of the society's president was Dr. Boswell P. Anderson, elected in 1880. A Virginian by birth, he enlisted at 18 in the confederate army as one of Mosby's guerillas. He was captured and taken before General W. T. Sherman who, because of his youthful appearance, sent him home to his mother. Following the war he came to Manitou Springs, Colorado, because of pulmonary tuberculosis, which he attributed to a bullet wound of the lung incurred in service. Later General Sherman visited Manitou and Dr. Anderson called on him, recalling their Civil War meeting. The General was deeply moved and "suggested a celebration appropriate to such a reunion."

Another colorful doctor was the 1881 president, Dr. Fred J. Bancroft, who weighed 270 pounds. He had served as a surgeon in the Federal army and came to Denver in 1866. One of his patients and a warm friend for many years was the famous Indian Chief, Colorow.

At the 1883 meeting Dr. Charles Denison exhibited the first microscopic specimens of the Bacillus Tuberculosis ever seen in Colorado.

Dr. W. R. Whitehead, president in 1884, was a graduate of the Universities of Pennsylvania and Paris. He served as a surgeon in the Confederate army during the Civil War.

Dr. Jesse Hawes of Greeley, 1885 president, had served as

as a youthful soldier in the Civil War and had been confined for a long period in the notorious Cahaba prison.

In 1890 the following resolution was passed: "That this Society impress on the Board of Health of Denver the absolute necessity of removing the surface filth from the streets, and that they should be properly paved as soon as possible."

In 1894 the society offered a prize of \$100 "for the best essay on diagnosis of tuberculosis by the microscopical examination of the blood." The prize was never awarded.

Dr. Hubert Work, who some years later was to become Secretary of the Interior, was elected president of the society in 1895, at the age of 32.

Discovery of the X-ray was announced at the 1896 meeting. Its possibilities were demonstrated by Dr. E. P. Hershey and Mr. C. F. Lacombe, Denver electrician. In December the first X-ray picture to be accepted as legal evidence was presented in the court of Judge Owen LeFevre, Denver.

From its beginning to the present, membership in the society has increased from 16 to 1,400.

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Editor's Note: Doctor Markley presented a complete record of the officers and proceedings of the annual meetings of the Society from 1872 to 1946, which cannot be reproduced here because of space limitations. Much of this information appeared in the December 1946 Rocky Mountain Medical Journal and is used herewith by permission of the publishers.