

# *The* BRAND BOOK

OFFICIAL ORGAN

THE WESTERNERS

306 STATE MUSEUM BLDG.

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O. BRAYER, REGISTRAR OF MARKS AND BRANDS

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No. 1

## SAM COLT AND HIS REVOLVERS

by J. L. Armstrong

I have been asked to talk to you about Colonel Samuel Colt and his revolvers. Colt's life could be classed, I believe, as a short and merry one. He was born in Hartford, Connecticut in 1814, and as a boy experimented with the guns of that day, probably flint-locks, with chemistry and with pyrotechnics. His education was not extensive. At the age of 16, he ran away to sea aboard a sailing vessel. In his spare time during this voyage he whittled out a wooden model of a revolver. This first model is said to have consisted of a group of barrels which were automatically revolved and locked in firing position by the action of raising the hammer. Later he shortened these barrels to a cylinder, each chamber of which was successively brought in line and discharged through a single barrel.

On his return Colt raised money for his firearm experiments by giving lectures and demonstrations of the newly invented "laughing gas". In 1836, at the early age of 22, he obtained a patent on his revolver. This proved to be a basic patent and during its life, which was extended to 1857, Colt was able to make life miserable for anyone who aspired to make a revolver in which the raising of the hammer revolved and locked the cylinder. Also in 1836 he organized a company with a capital stock of \$300,000, of which \$180,000 was actually raised, and a factory was started in Patterson, New Jersey. This factory had a stormy time and folded up in 1842. The name still flourishes after 111 years, which must constitute a near record in American industry for one article made under

one name.

Colt retained possession of his patents and in 1847 received an order for 1,000 revolvers to be used by the Texas Rangers and the United States cavalry in a war against the Mexicans. This order was obtained through one Captain Walker of the Rangers and so these guns are known to collectors as the "Walker Colt". It was a heavier and better gun than the first or "Patterson" Colt. The Walkers were made for Colt under contract by Eli Whitney, son of the inventor of the cotton gin, in a factory at Whitneyville, Conn. By 1846 Colt had recovered financially and built a factory at Hartford, Conn., bringing out another heavy revolver known as the Dragoon. From that time on he was immensely successful and when he died 14 years later in 1862, at the early age of 48, he left an estate of more than five million. Truly, a short life and a merry one. So much for Colonel Samuel Colt, who in many respects resembled his contemporary, Phineas T. Barnum

Right here I would like to digress a little. They tell the story of the strange Mexican who was found dead in a small California town. It was very hot weather and they had to bury him at once. When the grave was ready it was thought that there should be some kind of a service but their one minister was out of town. Someone suggested that there was a travelling salesman from Los Angeles at the hotel who was a pretty good talker. So they sent for him and he came and stood over the grave. "My friends," he said, "we don't know who this poor greaser was or where he came from, which makes it hard for me to say anything about him, so why not use the time in talking about the beauty of Los Angeles as a residence city." So, as I said, I would like to digress and talk to you about the beauty of gun collecting as a hobby. The hobby is a great American institution.

I have one friend who collects match covers and another who collects antique automobiles. The gamut runs

all the way between. Some of these days you expect to retire and if you do this without a hobby or some very definite interest you are going to get very lonely. I can earnestly recommend antique guns. In the first place the gun has an intrinsic value that is scarcely approached by any manufactured article. I cannot think of anything produced for use that will bring such a high percentage of its original cost over a long period of years, and I am not talking about antique values, just "shooting irons".

Guns are substantial collection items, neither perishable nor fragile. Moreover, you are in a locality where you can do treasure hunting for guns. This is no longer possible in some of the popular hobbies such as stamp collecting. An advanced collector in Denver recently told me that on account of the great number of collectors, the day of finding rare stamps in Old attics and trunks is just a thing of the past. If he wants some certain stamp he has to buy it from a dealer.

None of my Colt guns that I am about to show you was purchased from a dealer. All were found in the hands of private parties in the State of Colorado. It is well to avoid foreign guns. And long guns take up too much room. Most collectors confine their collection to short American guns, many to Colts only. I understand that a complete collection of Colts in all variations would comprise some 1,100 items, some costing up to \$2,000 each. Even if you wanted to spend that amount you might not get the chance as some of these early Colts are not available for long periods. They have gravitated into the collections of wealthy owners and are sunk there. You just have to wait for someone to die or go broke.

If you like to work with your hands there is plenty of opportunity on antique guns. After being out with the public for from 50 to 100 years they will require some restoration. I often think that some people should not be allowed to have guns, not on account of what they might do with them but

rather for what they do to them. Restoration is governed by a somewhat strict code of ethics. A gun with much of the original finish is more valuable, but the majority of the older models have lost all finish and bear fearful scars. In this case you may clean up the metal to a semi-bright finish but you may not re-blue. If the stocks have been abused you may refinish them. No alterations whatever are permitted. A few collectors like to have their guns show all the ravages of time. These are usually the persons who have a story to go with each and every gun. Frequently I am offered Jesse James' or Buffalo Bill's or General Custer's gun. I tell them that I buy guns and not history.

Now to get to the guns themselves. Colt's first product we call the Patterson. Should you ever happen upon a gun with the inscription "Patent Firearms Mfg. Co., Patterson, N.J., Colt's Patent", contrive to get possession of it and hang on, it is worth from \$500 to \$2,000. There is only one Patterson revolver in Denver and as I do not own it I cannot show it to you. The Walker Colt was made in 1847 only and sells for from \$1200 to \$2,000. Denver has no Walkers. Next came the Dragoons in 1848. They are worth from \$100 to \$150. Denver collectors have a total of six of them.

About the most subtle advertisement I ever read appeared in Outdoor Life, I believe, a year or so ago. Someone advertised saying that he would buy any cap and ball Colt that weighed over four pounds. He carefully avoided exposing his hand by naming names, but any Colt that had this weight would have to be a Patterson, a Walker, or a Dragoon. Wonder how many he located? It is the beautiful dream of every gun collector that some day in some obscure place he will get for a sum one of these big boys. That has happened to me only with Dragoons and we will start with them.

I found my first example in a pile of scrap iron on a bench in a private garage in North Denver. I bought it from the grandson of a Civil War soldier who had taken it

from the body of a buddy who was killed in battle. Two chambers had been fired and the other four have in them the loads that were put there more than 80 years ago. They are not dangerous, however, as there are no caps on the nipples. Still it might not be well to tempt fate by snapping it. In fact none of these old guns should be snapped as they will not stand it as will modern guns

My second Dragoon was found in a little roadside stand in a village just west of Denver. I had driven by it hundreds of times without dreaming that inside a fine old Colt was rusting away in oblivion. Both of these Dragoons were in bad condition and required much restoration. You will note that very little was done to the cylinders as it is important to preserve as much as possible of the original engraving.

Next is one of the 1849 Pocket Models and a rare variation of it that was used by the Pony Express riders. There is only one other of these Wells-Fargo guns in Denver. These issues were in .31 caliber. Then came the 1851 Colt Navy in .36 caliber which was one of the best sellers. In 1855 Colt brought out what is called the Root Model with a side hammer. It was the 1860 Army in .44 caliber of which hundreds of thousands were sold. It was extensively used by the North in the Civil War. About the last of the cap and ball Colts was the 1862 series. These and older issues were continued up to about 1870 when patent expirations permitted Colt to make cartridge guns.

The development of the cartridge involves quite a tale of retribution. I have told you of Colt's control of the revolver situation under his patent which expired in 1857. About 1855 the Smith and Wesson Company was organized but had to remain inactive because of the Colt patent. During this interval they acquired what is known as the Rollin White patent, covering an impossible revolver, but which contained a claim for a cylinder bored all the way through from front to rear. This was another basic patent and no gun using modern

cartridges could well get around it. So, W. & W. made the Colonel keep on making his muzzle-loading revolvers up to 1870.

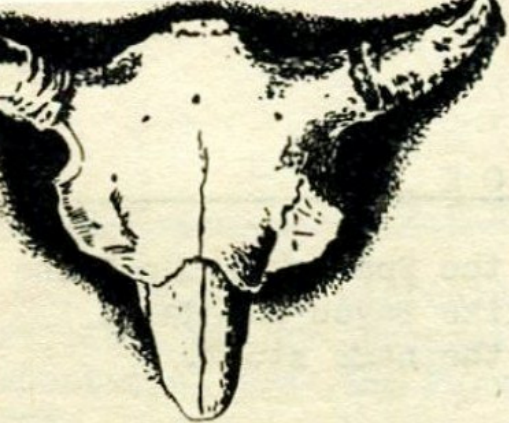
One of the first of the Colt cartridge guns were the .41 caliber single-shot deringers which were a popular gamblers gun. In 1873 the Colt people came out with what has proved to be the world's most popular revolver. It was christened the Single Action Army, but has been called "Peacemaker", "Frontier," "Great Equalizer," "Old Reliable," "Thumb-buster," and other names that could not appear in print. More of them have been made than of any other revolver in the world, having been in continuous production from 1873 to date.

During this long period of hard service only minor changes have been made. The grip is now in two pieces instead of one, the cylinder pin is held in place by a spring catch instead of a set-screw and with the coming of smokeless powder alloy steel is used. Scarcely any article made has a comparable record. In 1896 the Bisley Colt was brought out in what seemed to be an effort to supplant the Single Action Army but the public did not like the shape of the grip and in spite of the fact that it had a better hammer and trigger it was discontinued in 1912.

In closing, may I mention one more matter. In this country we have a Constitution and a Bill of Rights. Both have been considerably kicked around in the last decade but they are still on the books. The Bill of Rights states "The right to bear arms shall not be abridged." For years nearly every session of nearly every legislature has been importuned by a bunch of Communists, fanatics, fifth-columnists, and misguided individuals to pass anti-gun laws. Some states, notably New York and Illinois, have passed vicious ones. These have resulted in the practical disarmament of the honest citizen while the crook pays no attention to them. For proof look at the crime records of New York and Chicago.

I am advised by the National Rifle Association that a certain Western slope senator, and I am ashamed to admit that he is a Republican, recently wrote a letter to the Rocky Mountain News stating that he would introduce an anti-gun law. It masquerades as "Gun registration," which amounts to the same thing plus more officials and more fuss. It would no more prevent killings with guns than the registration of our automobiles prevents the "one-a-day" killings that we now have in this State.

We have many growing subversive organizations, some in low places and some in high. Both hope for the day when they can take over. And nothing could be more convenient for them than a complete list of every gun, its location and its owner. I am asking that you use your influence to kill this vicious legislation. In the final analysis, everything that our country has, has been won with a gun. This is a gun state, it is a Western State, let's keep it Western. Thank you.



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No. 2

### BAYOU SALADE

Some notes on the History of the South Park of Colorado; as a Highway, a Hunting-Ground, and a Home. (Mining and Miners Excluded).

by  
John J. Lipsey\*

The well-known Bayou Salade, or South Park is a bowl-shaped, elevated, mountain-rimmed area lying in central Colorado. Its length, north to south, is about 50 miles; its width, east to west, about 35 miles.

What we in Colorado now call South Park was not always so-called, even by white men. I don't know what the Indians called it, but I'd guess they might have called it something that meant "Salt Valley" in their tongue. The French called it "Bayou Salade," and the Spanish who doubtless got there first called the Park "Valle Salado"--Salt Valley.

Kit Carson's "Autobiography," dictated about 1856, calls South Park "Balla Salado." There is no such Spanish word as "balla," but b's and v's sound much alike in the mouths of those who speak Mexican Spanish. What he said was, no doubt, "Valle Salado."

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The Frenchmen, if I am right, heard the Spanish or Mexicans speak the name of the Park. It sounded like Bayou Salade to them, so that's what they called it, and the name stuck.

What white man first saw this Salt Valley and who first called it that, I do not know.

Here is a listing of the trappers, traders, hunters, explorers, mountain men, journalists, and other adventurers who are recorded as having entered and told about South Park between 1803 and 1878--as far as I have found them out.

The first U. S. American to tread Colorado soil is believed to be James Purcell, a trader among the Indian tribes. Purcell told Zebulon Pike he had found gold at the head of Platte River while he was staying with Indians in South Park in 1805.

Pike himself saw and may have entered and crossed the Park in December 1806. Alexander Majors said that Pike left the site of the present Canon City and traveled northward by Carrant Creek, entering the Park from the south by way of Carrant Creek Pass. Pike himself is not very explicit. Dr. Elliot Coues thought Pike followed the Oil Creek-Twin Creeks Pass route.

Major S. H. Long's expedition in 1820 traced the Platte River to some of its sources, explored the adjoining mountain region, and went almost to the edge of South Park.

About 1826, James P. Beckwourth says, he and some Crow Indian pals stole 118 fine horses from some Arrap-a-ho and I-a-tan villages on the headwaters of the Arkansas. In cutting for home, he says, "Passing through the Park we discovered three Indians coming toward us, driving a small drove of horses." Beckwourth and company ambushed the three and killed two of them. Bernard DeVoto and I believe the "Park" mentioned was South Park.

About 1830, (according to Alpheus H. Favour) Old Bill Williams and two companions in Taos, went over the Raton Mountains, down the Purgatoire, and up the Arkansas into South Park.

This same writer, Mr. Favour mentions the Bayou Salade as one of the places where the fur trappers' and traders' rendezvous were held. I have not found this information elsewhere.

Kit Carson, in his "Autobiography," tells of returning from New Park (North Park) and passing through South Park en route to the Arkansas where he trapped during the fall and winter of 1832-33. This expedition was under the command of Fitzpatrick and Gaunt (or Gant). Carson passed through the Park again in the spring of 1833.

Gaunt's own camp was, during that same spring, in the "Balla Salado" at the headwaters of the "South Fork of the Platte." From there he sent four men to find Carson's party on the Arkansas, where Carson was being troubled by thieving white men and Indians.

In June 1844, Carson (now with Fremont) again crossed South Park from Old Park (Middle Park) on his way to the Arkansas "at the point where it leaves the mountains." I gather from this that the idea was to by-pass the Royal Gorge. On this and his next trip, Carson may have used the Currant Creek or the Oil Creek route between the present site of Canon City and South Park.

In August of 1845, again with Fremont, Carson retraced the route "from where it (the Arkansas) comes out of the mountains, thence to the Balla Salado, thence to the Arkansas above the canon, up to the headwaters," and across the range."

In March 1852, Carson and Maxwell, in New Mexico, "rigged up a party of 18 men to go trapping," Carson in charge. He says: "We went to the Balla Salado, and down the South Fork

to the Plains, through the Plains of the Laramie River to the New Park, trapped it to the Old Park, then again to the Balla Salado."

On May 21, 1839, Thomas J. Farnham, a sickly lawyer from Peoria, Ill., with 16 other innocents, left Independence, Mo., bound for Oregon. His itinerary was from Independence to the Arkansas River near the present site of Dodge City, up the Arkansas to Bent's Fort and to a point near the mouth of the Royal Gorge, thence up Oil Creek and across Twin Creek Pass to about where Florissant, Colo., now is, up the South Fork of the South Platte a piece, and into and across South Park; across the Continental Divide to the Blue River, westward to Great Salt Lake, and thence to Oregon.

By the time he got to Bent's Fort, his party had been by desertions reduced to five. The Farnham party knew the Indians desired that no outsiders should bother the buffalo which roamed the Park, so the white men kept under cover as well as they could until they reached some pass in the northwest quarter of the Park, probably Hoosier or Breckenridge Pass.

In December 1842, the wanderer Rufus B. Sage was on an "excursion" from Oregon to Fort Lancaster (which was at or near Fort Lupton, Colorado). His party got as far as New Park (North Park), skipped across the Continental Divide into Old Park (Middle Park) and again crossed the Divide and got into Bayou Salade. In his book Scenes in the Rocky Mountains, otherwise called Rocky Mountain Life; he writes of South Park:

"Although the passing throngs of buffalo had afforded a well-marked trail, our horses frequently became so mired in the snow we were compelled to extricate them by main strength,—two or three storms in the meantime having increased the quantity to an average depth of 12 or 14 inches. The valleys and sunny hillsides, however, were generally bare, and

afforded some agreeable respites to the toil of traveling . . . The valley is densely thronged with buffalo, while vast quantities of deer, elk, and antelope unite to increase the number and variety of its game."

Earlier in his narrative, Sage says: "The Old Park, like the New, received its appellation from the great abundance of game for which it is celebrated." This gives the idea that our mountain parks may have been called so originally by the early French hunters and trappers. The French word "parc" means a warren or game preserve.

An entry in Fremont's diary, dated July 13, 1843, shows then "a good lodge trail" issued by the head of "Fontaine-qui-Buit" from the Bayou Salade. This, of course, was the Ute Trail used by Indians in their travels from Manitou to South Park.

Fremont's diary, in June of 1844, speaks of North Park as "New Park," Middle Park as "Old Park," and mentions "Bayou Salade" with the following explanatory parenthesis: "(South Park)". I have found no earlier occurrence in print of "South Park."

On this 1844 journey, Fremont was returning from California. He ascended a tributary of the Grand River. Mr. Carl Mathews, after considerable study, believes this was the Blue, and that Fremont entered South Park by way of Hoosier Pass.

About the time Fremont's party was entering the Park, a party of Arapahoes showed up and wanted the white men to join them in eliminating a Ute village. The next day the Utes reported that the Arapahoes had played the usual dirty Indian trick of attacking at dawn and driving off the horses. Four Utes had been killed. The Arapahoes drove the captured horses to a prepared fort about a mile from the Ute village. This fort the Utes instantly attacked, and they seemed to be

licking the Arapahoes at the moment.

Fremont writes: "We could not help feeling an unusual excitement at being within a few hundred yards of a fight in which 500 men were closely engaged, and (at) hearing the sharp crack of their rifles. We were in a bad position."

Lewis H. Garrard in his Wah-To-Yah and the Taos Trail, published in 1850, mentions John Smith, who, in the quiet nooks and warm savannas of the Bayou Salade took up his abode and a squaw with the Cheyennes. He thought it 'better to reign in hell than serve in heaven,' and nothing could persuade him to lead a different life," Garrard wrote.

"The New Mexicans often came in small parties to his Indian village to trade. Smith, exacted tribute, which was always paid," except for one time when the Mexicans refused. Then Smith called his people in. The young men held the Mexicans at bay while the women and children helped themselves to the Mexican goods. Ever after his permission to trade was humbly craved by a special deputation of the parties, accompanied by peace offerings of corn, pumpkin, and pinole. The governor of New Mexico offered \$500 for him dead or alive; but so afraid were they of the Cheyennes that his capture was never attempted."

It appears that Smith was the first white resident of South Park. He was not a permanent resident, however. Sometime prior to November 21, 1858, he began to live where Denver now stands. On that date, he loaned half of his double cabin for the first Episcopal (perhaps the first Christian) services ever held in Denver. During the service gambling continued in the other half of the cabin. Smith had a conspicuous part in the organization of the Denver City Town Company, Smiley says. George F. Ruxton, in March of 1847, spent some time hunting in the Bayou Salade, which he thus describes in Life in the Far West (Edinburgh and London, 1849):

"The Bayou Salade, especially, owing to the salitrose nature of the soil and springs, is the favorite resort of all the larger animals common to the mountains; and in the sheltered prairies of the Bayou the buffalo, forsaking the barren and inclement regions of the exposed plains, frequent these upland valleys in the winter months; and feeding upon the rich and nutritious buffalo grass which, on the bare prairies at that season, is either dry or rotten or entirely exhausted, not only sustain life, but retain a great portion of that 'condition' that the abundant fall and summer pasture of the lowlands laid upon their bones. Therefore, is this valley sought by the Indians as a wintering ground. Its occupancy has long been disputed by most of the Indian tribes, and long and bloody wars have been waged to make good the claims set forth by the Yuta, Rapaho, Sioux and Shians."

The following is from his Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains:

"I never recall but with pleasure the remembrance of my solitary camp in the Bayou Salado, with no friend near me more faithful than my rifle, and no companions more sociable than my good horse and mules, or the attendant coyote which nightly seranaded us. With a plentiful supply of dry pine logs on the fire, and its cheerful blaze streaming far up into the sky, illuminating the valley far and near, and exhibiting the animals, with well-filled bellies, standing contentedly at rest over their picket-pins, I would sit cross-legged enjoying the genial warmth, pipe in mouth, watch the blue smoke as it curled upward, building castles in its vapory wreaths, and in the fantastic shapes it assumed, peopling the solitude with the figures of those far away. Scarcely, however, did I ever wish to change such hours of freedom for all the luxuries of civilized life."

Max Greene, in 1856, published a book called The Kansas Region. He wrote:

"Emerging from the broken spurs which border the plains, we enter Bayou or South Park. Eastward is Pikes Peak; and beyond, the Coocchatope or Gate of the Buffaloes leads out to Utah Territory. The Park is the westernmost and (sic) the great mountain valley of Kansas. We stand here in a region unrivable. Beautiful open glades, verdant meadows, picturesque clumps of pine, cottonwood, walnut, and quaking asp, and pretty level prairies diversified with steep hills, and stocked with deer, elk, and bison, and bordered with dense forests, are enclosed by a circumvallent mountainous range, crested with rocky and naked peaks.

"In this natural park, the head streams of the Arkansas interlock with those of the Rio Grande, and the South Fork of the Platte or Nebraska, and affluents of the Colorado of the West; a water star whose rays glide south to the Gulf of Mexico, north to the Missouri, east for 2,000 miles to the Mississippi, and westward to the mighty Pacific. It is the only valley in the world which, with its four rivers and in other respects, answers to the sacred geography of the Land of Eden."

Mr. Greene was ignorant of the geography of central Colorado. Only one of the four rivers mentioned (the South Platte) rises in South Park.

In the Spring of 1858, the Green Russell party and Cherokee Indians, says Villard, "traversed the Platte to its sources in South Park, and also explored some of its tributaries." I assume they went up the South Platte and perhaps through Eleven-Mile Canon.

On September 20, 1859, Kit Carson (at that time Ute Indian agent) reported to the Indian office: "In July last,

hostilities were commenced by these (Ute) Indians against the whites who were then entering the Valle Salada in search of gold, and many murders as well as other depredations were committed by them. Seven whites were reported killed, and many Indians were killed by the whites in defense of lives and property." Leroy R. Hafen says that Carson withheld the annuities of these Indians and recommended punishment for the offenders.

Another writer (in addition to Max Greene) who was a little hazy about his geography was William Gilpin.

"Still immediately follows (says Governor Gilpin) on the eastern flanks (of the Rockies) the Bayou Salade or Southern Parc . . . This is the mountain's bowl, scooped out for itself by the Southern Platte, as it descends from the snowy cap of Pikes Peak. This parc has the same general characteristics as the fourth (Middle Park), but is greatly inferior to it in size, fertility and climate, being closely hedged as by great mountains, from whose snows descent incessant storms, and a febrile dampness infesting the atmosphere."

On February 19, 1860, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. W. Tabor and two men left Denver, headed for California Gulch. It took them about six weeks to get even as far as Granite. They came to Manitou, widened the old Ute Trail (which was one-horse wide) and took the first freight wagon up Ute Pass. It took them three weeks to get to the top of the pass, Lewis Cass Gandy says in his book, The Tabors. They found no gold in the streams at the lower end of the Park, though they panned them. The men got lost, and Mrs. Tabor (Augusta) guided them back to camp by building an enormous fire. By luck, they hit on Trout Creek Pass, then not too well-known, and continued on their way toward wealth and tragedy. That way lead them back into South Park via Mosquito Pass about 18 months later, to Buckskin Joe where they were to spend seven years.



Mr. Bayard Taylor, in July 1866, did a lot of traveling in and near South Park, but he was never very happy about it. He had his lecture tour on his mind; the weather was bad and so were the beds. He had to cross divides three times: by Berthoud, Hoosier, and Mosquito passes. Weather and weariness turned him toward Denver. His party included Messrs. Byers, Londoner, de Mary, Sumner, Beard, McCandless, Davis, and others who went along for a piece from time to time. Wet, cold, muddy, tired, miserable (and, I guess, a bit quarrelsome) this mob descended from Trout Creek Pass and upon Mr. Charles L. Hall and his wife at the Salt Works (near what is now Antero Junction). The other members of his party walked a quarter of a mile to see the Salt Works, but not Mr. Taylor. He couldn't be bothered.

Brevet Brigadier-General James F. F. Rusling made a trip through the Park in October 1866. In his book The Great West and the Pacific Coast, he wrote:

"The Mexican and herder had given way to the Yankee and the miner, and the contrast was most striking. Ranches and settlements were more numerous, and the spirit of enterprise was everywhere observable. First we visited some saline springs where extensive salt works had already been erected, and they were reported to furnish a superior article of salt at a less price than it could be imported from the east, and the company expected thus to monopolize the salt market of Colorado and the adjoining regions. Beyond these, the ranches thickened up all the way to Fairplay, and we found some splendid duck-shooting on the marshes that now and then skirted the road."

Father J. L. Dyer left footprints all over South Park. He has written at length in his Snowshoe Itinerant about his adventures. In 1863 with about 29 other men, he chased the Reynolds gang, robbers who had stuck up a stage running between Buckskin and Denver.

In November of 1866 he stopped at "Garro's Ranch" during a snowstorm and was entertained by Mr. "Garro," lunched on antelope next day at Mr. Sam Hartsell's, slept that night in the snow on the way to "Thirty-nine Mile House," where next day he met the mail carrier from Canon City, who was turning back because he was unable to proceed along the route Dyer had just traveled. The good Father was in a hurry, on important business; he had to get to Canon City in time for the Methodist Church's quarterly meeting. On this trip he had crossed the Continental Divide twice, coming from Montgomery, Breckenridge, Hoosier Pass, and Fairplay, partly on foot, all the way over the snow.

In the spring of 1867, Father Dyer went on snowshoes (that is, skis) from Fairplay to Brown's Creek in Lake County. First night out he stopped at "Mr. Weston's" (well-known from having a pass named for him), about 12 miles from Fairplay. Dyer wore a veil to prevent snow-blindness, and carried mail and other articles sent by friends of Weston. He was disgusted when Weston asked him, before he could shake hands, "Did you bring me any tobacco?" It turned out that one of the packages, "unbeknownst" to Dyer, did contain a "plug of the dirty stuff."

In May 1867, there passed through South Park the man who, a few months later, was to make the first voyage through the entire length of the Grand Canon of the Colorado. This was James White, a gold-pro prospector. His two companions were killed by Indians and he had no other means of escape than to float down the Colorado on a raft.

Samuel Bowles visited South Park in 1868 with Speaker Colfax, General Pierce, General Lord, Governor Hunt, Governor Bross, and other celebrities. There were ladies along, too. After visiting Fairplay and Montgomery the caravan camped ten miles south of Fairplay for a while. William Bross, lieutenant-governor of Illinois and one-time partner of J. I. Scripps in the newspaper business, was a part owner of the Chicago Tribune.

While they were camped here, a report came which pretty nearly scared the lights out of them. The Indians were on the war-path. The Colfax party fled over the range to Twin Lakes.

Another person who liked to travel in style and comfort was General William J. Palmer. Eliza Greatorex in Summer Etchings in Colorado tells of an excursion in 1872 by a party which, in addition to the General and his wife, included Governor Hunt, Grace Greenwood, Miss Greatorex, "our president" (perhaps Charles Hinchman of the Union Contract Company, one of the constructors of the D&RG), and lesser greats not clearly identified.

They crossed the Park, went on to Twin Lakes and California Gulch, and later to Fairplay, from which point most of the party went in carriages to the top of Mt. Lincoln.

In July of 1872, William H. Jackson, official photographer for the Hayden Survey, drove his pack train from Manitou to Fairplay in three days, probably a record. "Mornings," he says in the book, The Pioneer Photographer, were usually clear, but nearly every afternoon black storm clouds gathered around the mountain summits and sent down spats of snow, hail, or rain, cutting short the day's work and forcing a return to camp to get dried out."

It was on this same trip that Jackson photographed his way across the Sawatch Range and to the Elk Mountain region, and photographed the Mount of the Holy Cross for the first time.

Already there were ghost towns in the Rockies. The following description by Jackson of such a town, unidentified, might serve as a description of many abandoned before and since 1873:

"Near by us was an old deserted miner's cabin, and from it a road had been graded to the bottom of the hill. Although abandoned for many years and obstructed by fallen timber, it facilitated our descent wonderfully. We were soon in the midst

of a 'Deserted Village'--a group of log houses, hewed and designed with a considerable regard for appearances. Some of them had been left unfinished and others looked as if they had never been occupied. We found also the remains of three stamp mills--one of them in ashes. Scattered over the surrounding hillsides were many smaller and more primitive cabins, each with its accompanying prospect hole and dump of ore--mute witness of fruitless labor and of golden dreams that had come to naught. The mining camp had evidently been abandoned for many years. It had probably been started soon after the first discoveries of 1859 or 1860, but there was not the slightest clue--not even a name or date on tree or log of a cabin--to indicate the name of the place or who had lived there."

Helen Hunt Jackson was another who, in 1877, sight-saw South Park from a carriage and climbed Mt. Lincoln the same way. In her Bits of Travel at Home, she winds up by comparing the Park's scenery, favorably, with the domes of Constantinople and Venice, and the pyramids of Egypt. Although she praised the works of God, she had harsh words for those of man. Mining towns were abominations, ill-arranged, ill-built, ill-kept, dreary. "Why cannot a mining town be clean, well-ordered, and home-like?" she asked.

"To enter Fairplay from the south," she wrote, "you go into and up out of the Platte River. It consists of, first, a small creek of water, then a sandbar, then a pebble tract, then an iron pipe for mining purposes, then another pebble tract, then a wooden sluiceway for mining purposes, then a sandbar with aspen trees on it, then a second stream of water, and lastly a pebble tract,--each side of these a fearful precipice."

The Englishwoman, Isabella Bird, called the book she published in 1878-79 A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains. In November of 1878, Miss Bird, alone, rode from Colorado Springs by way of Manitou, Bergen's Park, Hayden Divide, Twin Rock, Colonel Kittredge's ranch on Oil Creek, Link's cabin on an affluent of the Platte, then by a route which followed for a way Tarryall Creek, and then went

over the ridge to the northern part of South Park. During a brief portion of her ride she was accompanied by "a real gentleman," who later turned out to be a locally celebrated outlaw, "Comanche Bill

Certainly South Park is not well-fitted for farming. The altitude (about 8,500 to about 10,000 feet) makes for late springs cold summer nights, and early falls. These grasses and their adjacent waters have dictated the way of life to be followed by most of the permanent residents of the Park. Most of these are stock-raisers.

Another thing that helped make stock-raising the principal occupation of the Park was a strong and profitable market for meat in all Colorado settlements, and especially in Denver.

In 1871, Miss Rose Kingsley wrote of Denver: "In the butcher shops hang, (beside the ordinary beef and mutton), buffalo, blacktailed deer, antelope, Rocky Mountain sheep, quails, partridge and prairie-chicken."

Mrs. Joe Rogers (widow of the eccentric, shrewd, successful South Park-rancher) told Raymond G. Colwell in 1926 that there was much commercial hunting in South Park during the first years of settlement. By 1870, Mrs. Rogers said, the commercial hunters and the buffalo had almost disappeared from the Park.

The raising of cattle was not at first a profitable business in Colorado. "It was cheaper," says Wilbur F. Stone in his History of Colorado, "at least in the Denver district, to buy and make beef of the train oxen . . . Samuel Hartsell, one of the most prominent of Colorado's cattlemen, tells of buying in 1860 and 1861 the broken-down animals that were brought in, for \$10 and \$20, then fattening and selling them for \$90 and \$100 each. In 1861 Duke Green and Ed Shook brought in a bunch of good Shorthorns from Oskaloosa, Ia. Hartsel bought these and was so successful that he determined to go back and bring a larger herd to Colorado. He left Denver in 1864 and returned in 1866." Hartsel wrote:

"I consider that I had the best herd of cattle in the Rocky Mountains. They were all pure-bred, and as I had the South Park to myself to graze them in, there was no chance for them to become mixed with other cattle."

Since Hartsel says he had the whole of South Park to himself for grazing, we must believe that he was the first to run cattle there. In 1862, he homesteaded 160 acres, a tract which constituted the nucleus of the Hartsel ranch which finally comprised 9,000 acres of patented land and 3,000 acres of leased land, one of the largest and best-stocked cattle ranches in the state."

Hartsel Hot Springs seems to have been going strong in 1889 when the Colorado Midland Railway published Horace A. Bird's History of a Line. Horace wrote:

"Leaving the (Eleven Mile) Canon, the train speeds through 20 miles of hay farms and meadows into the beautiful South Park, and then slows up at Hartsel. Here, are located the Hot Springs. The waters are naturally hot enough to boil an egg. Not a few persons who have come to these springs so badly crippled that they were unable to take a step have gone away walking as straight and firm as an Indian warrior."

The Colorado Gazeteer for 1871 (published in 1870) mentions "6,000 head of cattle and 700 head of horses owned by parties near Fairplay." John Erastus Lester, author of The Atlantic to the Pacific, passed through South Park in 1872, and wrote: "South Park (Valla Salada of the Spaniards) . . . is a vast meadow which supports thousands of cattle."

Fossett's Colorado for 1880 says that "stock and animals of similar character had arrived in Park County in 1869."

From Harry A. Epperson's book, Colorado As I Saw It, published in 1944, "I have made the following list of ranches (with their brands) and their owners. Some of these outfits were, at least in part, in the northern portion of Fremont County.

- 21 Brand--Uncle Tommy Robbins, south of Howbert (about 1887).  
 LIL Brand--J. B. Sims, S. W. of Howbert (about 1887).  
 VVN Brand--Eddy-Bissell Cattle Co.  
 Stirrup Brand--Mermod Cattle Co. (Later owned by Whorton Pigg).  
 63 Brand--Cleveland Cattle Co.  
 IM Brand--Mulock.  
 T51 Combined--Prudent.  
 Big R. Brand--Joe Rogers.  
 SB Combined Brand--Ben Spinney.  
 Unknown Brand--B. R. Dell.  
 Half-Circle A--Bill Hammond.  
 JI Ranch--Billy Berry.  
 Teaspoon Brand--Bob Witherspoon.  
 Unknown Brand--George Frost. (He bought the Ed Smith Ranch at the mouth of Eleven Mile Canon, built a dam and formed a lake to harvest ice and entertain tourists. He founded the town of Lake George, and no doubt named it for himself. Walter Witcher now owns the Frost Ranch, Epperson says).  
 Half-Circle V Cross--John Hyssong and Henry Taylor.  
 Heart 6--Charles L. Hall. (Brand now belongs to Tom McQuaid).  
 Q--Bernard McQuaid.  
 D Dot 9--Tom McQuaid. (McQuaid now owns a number of other brands, including the 63, the JP connected, and Three Half-Circles).  
 AL--Link family, on Tarryall Creek.  
 H7V--Harry A. Epperson.  
 E Lazy P--Epperson Land and Livestock Company  
 LVT--John Reeves Witcher.  
 Seven Up--W. A. Stump."

One of the most interesting ranches of South Park was that of Adolph Guiraud. In 1863 Guiraud took up 160 acres near what is now the town of Garo. Born in France in 1823, he and his wife came to this country in 1850 and arrived in Denver about 1860. On his little ranch he raised hay which sold in the Leadville district at \$80 a ton. For ranch equipment he had only a yoke of oxen, two horses, and a cow. In 1864 he moved to Denver and there operated a meat market. But in a year, he was back in Park County,

running a grocery store at Fairplay. He had enlarged his ranch to 640 acres by the time he died in 1875.

Mrs. Guiraud took over the ranch and ran it so successfully that it grew to about 5,000 acres of hay land. When she died, Epperson says, \$80,000 in gold was found in tin cans in her fruit-cellar.

Guiraud and his ranch figure in the familiar story of the Reynolds gang, guerillas who were in 1864 raiding in the name of the Confederacy. General David J. Cook says in Hands Up:

"They stopped for a night at Guireaud's (sic) Ranch, and Captain Reynolds had a long talk with Guireaud, with whom he seemed to be acquainted. He wrote several letters to friends at Fairplay, and next morning inquired of Guireaud what time the coach left Buckskin, as he wanted to beat it to McLaughlin's ranch to mail his letters. They at once set out for the ranch, which is ten miles from Fairplay." They robbed the coach and passengers, and after considerable travel and trouble were captured and shot.

Croffutt's Gripsack Guide (1881) says: Garo's (is) situated on a branch of the South Platte River, 104 miles from Denver, at the junction of the Fairplay branch of the South Park Division, Union Pacific Railway." A city has been platted, a postoffice established, a coal mine discovered under the town, and prospects indicate a 'boom' in the future. . . . Fare from Denver \$8.80. Two passenger trains each way daily."

In those days, you could take a coach from Manitou on any Monday, Wednesday, or Friday at 6 a.m., travel by Summit Park, Florissant and Hartsel, 74 miles, and arrive at Garo's at 5 p.m., on the next days. Or you could leave Canon City on any Monday by hack, travel northwest via Currant Creek and Kastor to Garo, 61 miles. You left Canon City at 7 a.m., Monday and got to Garo's at 5 p.m. Tuesday.



One of the important South Park families is that of Charles L. Hall; his wife, Mary Melissa Hall, his daughters, Minnie B. Hall Murphy and Mildred Nettie Hall McQuaid; and Mildred Nettie's husband, Thomas McQuaid.

Charles L. Hall, was born at Sherman, N. Y., in 1835. In 1859, after a brief unprofitable venture in the flour business, he left for the Rockies. Early in 1861 he went prospecting in the San Juan Country.

In February he and two of his companions began to climb up out of the north end of Animas Canon, about 20 miles north of Durango, and their food began to run short. They thought the next river over the Divide from the Animas would be the Los Pinos, and struck out for that. Instead, they hit the Lake Fork of the Gunnison, and were worse off than before. They struggled through the snow for six days. They boiled their boot-tops, their flour-sacks, their buckskin breeches and a buffalo robe for food. Under a dead log, Hall found a colony of ants and relished them.

His companions plotted to kill Hall for food, and Hall heard them. He slept away from his bed, foiling an attempt to murder him. They deserted Hall, but one of them later came back to him, saying he was afraid of being eaten by the other. They were rescued after being without real food for fourteen and a half days. Hall weighed 48 pounds.

With Eaton's party was a 21-year old woman with two children. Her husband had deserted her. She was Mary Melissa Nye. She nursed and fed Hall back to health and, next year, married him. Mary was the greatest treasure Charles Hall ever found in the mountains. Hall went back to California Gulch and continued to prospect there and in Cash Creek above Fairplay. (Information from Hall's Biography in Stone's History of Colorado and from Baskin's Arkansas Valley, except that portion about Mrs. Nye, this is from Epperson.)

The following extract from an unpublished letter to me from Hall's daughter, Mrs. McQuaid, tells how Hall got into the salt

business:

"In the early sixties, my parents and grandfather, with some other pioneers, stopped at a beautiful spring and clear stream to eat their meal. When they tasted the coffee, each thought some other member of the party had played a practical joke by putting salt into the coffee pot, but they found later that the spring was salt water. My grandfather went in search of fresh water and discovered the Buffalo Springs where the 63 Ranch is now located.

"It was this little salt spring that suggested a salt factory to my father . . . but the water was not strong enough brine, so he hunted around the country and located the salt spring here and homesteaded this land where our house stands. Then he built the salt works, and the first shipment was made to Denver in 1866."

In 1878, when Leadville was enjoying its silver boom, Hall went to Leadville and became a contractor, grading streets. Soon, he, William Bush, and H. A. W. Tabor organized a company to put Leadville under gas lights. In 1880, he, Bush, and Tabor opened in Denver the "largest and most popular hotel in this part of the West, 'the Windsor.'" Later Hall sold his part of the hotel to Tabor. (This information about Hall's connection with the Windsor Hotel is from the Hall biography in Store's History of Colorado, Vol. 4, page 211. Dr. L. R. Hafen tells me that the information is incorrect. J. J. L.) In 1881, Hall, Dennis Sullivan and others bought the Mylo group of mines in the Ten Mile district. He found time to promote the Pueblo Gas and Electric Company and to become one of its directors. He bought an interest in the famous Sixth Street shaft in Leadville, and in the Rose group at Ouray. In 1892, he went to Arizona and discovered the Mammoth mine, from which he took \$800,000 in minerals. When he died in Denver on August 15, 1907, he owned about 40 mines in Colorado and New Mexico.

Twice Hall was elected to serve Park County as a representative in the territorial legislature. Later he was elected to the

state legislature for one term, this time from Lake County.

Hall's wife, Mary Melissa, born in Geneseo County, N. Y. March 8, 1838 was about 16 when she married Nathan Nye. They had two children, Ella and Hal B. In 186-, she, her father (Ebenezer Hill), her husband, and the two little children crossed the plains. Sometime between their arrival in Colorado and the time she met Hall in 1861, Nye deserted his family and we hear of him no more. Nor do we know anything of the Nye children.

On July 4, 1861 in Bakers's Park, Mrs. Nye made from a red flannel dress, a blue sun-bonnet, and white material saved for a shroud, the first U. S. flag made in Colorado. When this flag was raised, some villainous "sesesh" (as Mrs. Thomas McQuaid told me) tore it down. But some time later, Kit Carson bobbed up serenely and handed the ensign back to its maker.

Hall and Mrs. Nye were married in 1862. Three children were born to them. Mrs. Hall nursed wounded Ute Indians. In Mr. Hall's absence she had to defend herself against amorous Indian Chiefs and armed desperados.

If she had kept a guest-book, these names would have appeared in it: Kit Carson, Father Dyer, Vice-president Schuyler Colfax, Bayard Taylor, Governor Bross, Governor Hunt, Samuel Bowles, F. V. Hayden, Grace Greenwood, Eliza Greator, Charles Nachtrieb, and General and Mrs. William J. Palmer and entourage. She died in Denver July 17, 1899.

In July 1945, my wife and I drove from Colorado Springs to South Park for the purpose of seeing, photographing, and learning all we could about the Colorado Salt Works, one of the first manufacturing plants in Colorado. The ranch-house and the works are on the old road from Hartsel to Trout Creek Pass.

The door-bell was answered by a pleasant-faced, smiling Mrs. Tom McQuaid, daughter of Charles L. Hall. Here are some of the things she told us:

Her father had located the site of the Salt Works and had taken up the land as a homestead, not as a mineral claim. As soon as Hall began to make money from the sale of salt at high prices in 1866 and 1867, other persons tried to make his filing as a homestead invalid, alleging that the land was not fit for grazing or cultivation because the salt springs ruined the land for either.

Mrs. McQuaid said her father had brought the great iron evaporating kettles from Missouri by ox or mule teams. There were 18 she said, each costing \$1500 delivered. (Epperson says, apparently in error, that there were 30.) They appeared to be about three inches thick and almost 40 inches across, 16 or 18 inches deep.

When salt was first produced in 1866, it sold for a dollar a pound.

The building a little bit west of the Salt Works building is older than the Salt Works. It was constructed without nails, by the use of mortises, and holes and wooden pins. This may have been the location of the first salt works.

The McQuaids owned about 14 brands, seven ranches, and about 10,000 cattle, which they ran on about 20,000 acres, leased and owned.

The massive stone chimney is at the east end of the Salt Works building that is the top end of the Building's L. It is skillfully made of beautiful grey-red stone, probably sandstone, about 60 feet high. The framework of the main part of the building is made of very heavy timbers stoutly joined. Its total height is the equivalent of about three stories. The narrow clerestory was evidently designed to be kept open for the escape of heat and fumes. The roof was only partly covered with riven board shingles which looked old enough to be the original ones. The walls were of perpendicular planks, still scored by the old saw-marks and beautifully painted by age and weather and sun.

The lower bar of the I has two floors, though it is no taller than the other bar. I should guess that the length of the main part of the building is 160 feet, and that of the other to be about 70.

At the base of the chimney, inside the building, is what looks like a big fireplace, with an arch of rough-hewn boulders. I think that this was probably the place where a big metal or brick or masonry pipe connected with the chimney. Probably the fire was at the other end of the building, the big pipe ran from one end to the other carrying draft and heat, and the iron kettles were set in the big pipe.

Groffutt's Grip-Sack Guide, 1881, says: "When these 'Salt Works' were erected in 1864, all the salt used in this whole western country had to be freighted in wagons from the Missouri River, 700 miles, at a cost for freight alone of from four to twenty cents a pound."

Persifor Frazier, Jr., a mining engineer with the Hayden Survey gave a good description of the works and process of salt extraction. "The whole country from the hither side of Trout Creek Pass to some distance beyond the salt works is covered with the alkali before spoken of. A small creek flows northward, and in this creek the spring from which the salt is obtained discharges its water. It is collected in a box and is conducted in a small channel to the buildings. These are two in number, the one in which the kettles are placed forming a long wing at the extremity of the other. The works belong to Rawlins (sic) & Hall and the business of salt-boiling was begun by Mr. Rawlins in a small out-building, yet standing, in 1861.

"In the long wing are 116 large boiling kettles and eight iron evaporating pans. The Salt water is first run into the kettles and heated. When the water has acquired a high temperature, it is drawn off into the first of the two large evaporating pans (11 by 28 feet) and allowed to evaporate. The sulphate of lime and other impurities are here separated from the brine, which

is again drawn off into the remaining tanks. The finest grained salt is obtained from the second evaporating pan, which is 11 by 19 feet. The six remaining pans are each 5 by 9 feet.

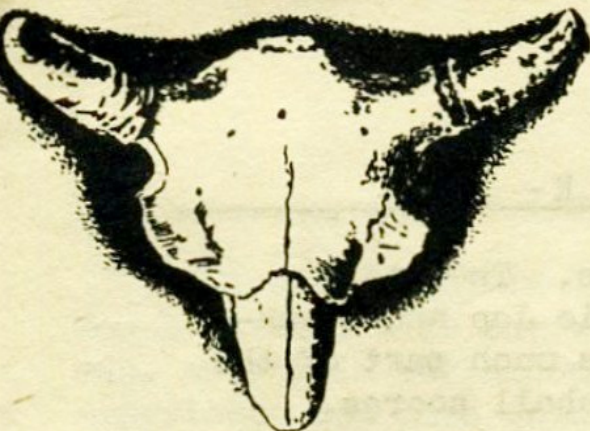
"The company has expended over \$50,000 on the works and expects to commence permanent running immediately. When in full operation, two tons of salt can be produced daily. The production of salt costs the company from \$15 to \$20, and they sell it for from \$60 to \$100; the miners and smelters getting it at the former price, both because they do not require it as pure as do the ranchmen, and also because their orders are invariably larger."

Hayden's Atlas of Colorado, 1879, shows the Salt Works (where they are now) on a stream marked "Long's Gulch," about four miles from where this stream flows into the Little South Platte (alias South Fork of the South Platte). It also shows a "Big Salt Spring" four miles north of the Salt Works, on the Little South Platte; and a "Salt Lake" and "Dry Bed of Salt Lake" just north of the Little South Platte. A township map, compiled by H. S. Meekham for the U. S. Forest service in 1908 and furnished me by Raymond G. Colwell, also shows the Salt Lake and Dry Bed of Salt Lake.

Another prominent South Park family is that of the Eppersons. William James George Hardy Epperson (Hardy for short), brought his family from Missouri to South Park in 1873. He hired out as a wood-hauler at Alma, but gave that up when he found the body of a hanged man in the barn when he went to work one morning. He took up a homestead on Four Mile Creek between Garo and Hartsel, branding his cattle Bar HE. Shortly after he settled there, the traffic between Colorado Springs and Leadville got pretty dense. Hardy Epperson built bunk-houses and stables for men and beasts. Sometimes he would take in a hundred dollars a morning for food, feed, and lodging furnished. Harry Epperson was born there. The elder Epperson sold his ranch in 1882 to Drs. James and Dunnivan. This is now known as the James Ranch or Badger Springs Ranch.

After the Eppersons had lived for five years at Sedalia, the

father traded with John Ash of Colorado City for a ranch at Howbert in the lower part of South Park. He brought with him a great number of Hambletonian horses and a lot of steers. Hardy loved race-horses and horse-racing. In the nineties, when Cripple Creek was booming, Epperson moved his family to the gold camp and there ran a dairy. Afterward, he moved to Manitou and operated sight-seeing buggies. The Howbert ranch he sold to the Jordans of Guffey, who later sold it to the Denver Union Waterworks. Denver built a dam and backed the water up in Eleven Mile Canon until it covered the Epperson ranch under 100 feet of water.



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## THE INDIAN: STEREOTYPE OR HUMAN BEING?

by  
Frederic H. Douglas\*

How many times we hear: ". . . the typical Indian face; . . . Indians make pottery, live in tipis, wear war bonnets; . . . the Indian word for; he was wearing ordinary Indian clothing!" All of this means that in practically everybody's mind there is a picture of a tall, hatchet-faced man in a war bonnet, dashing on horseback over the prairie to the water's edge where he climbs into a birchbark canoe, waving the scalps he has collected, and paddles to his tipi beside a cluster of totem poles under which his wife, in beaded buckskin clothing, is either weaving a blanket or molding a pot, and at the same time discussing, through the medium of grunts, the corn crop with women of a dozen visiting tribes. An exaggeration, you may say. Just be a guide through an Indian exhibit at the world's fair and you will find I have only sketched the picture lightly!

The bored victim of cynicism may well inquire as to what difference it makes whether people know about Indians or not. To us Americans it makes this difference. If we habitually think of this false stereotype of the Indian, with its complete lack of thinking intelligence, and its denial of humanity to the race, we may very well--and too often do--think of other more

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important races in equally stereotyped terms. The stage Englishman, the comic strip German, the movie Jap and a hundred equally card-board nationalities are as much part of the American mental equipment as the latest baseball scores. Hence, when we come in contact with these races in the flesh and find them differing among themselves in the normal way that people do differ we are so frequently baffled and at a loss how to proceed. It is one thing to laugh at a lathe-and-plaster image and another to fight, make love to, or do business with a living person with strong ideas of his own, ideas based on environments and experiences very much unlike ours.

Let us think of our Indians in relation to those two words "environments and experiences," without considering any of the other factors which make the various Indian groups as different as they actually are.

To begin with a rather unfamiliar example, I ask you to look at your maps and note the coast line of British Columbia and the adjoining "pan-handle" section of Alaska. This area is called the Northwest Coast and is the home of many thousands of Indians who share nothing with the picture in the first paragraph except the totem poles.

This is a land of mountains, great forests and the ever-circling sea. The Japan current keeps it moist and temperate, so that mighty cedar trees blanket the mountains and islands rising direct from the ocean. Food is no problem, for every sort of fish swarms in the sea, and both plant and animal life are lush. Hence man has no need to wander in search of food. The horse would be useless for him because of the dense forest. He has no fields because agriculture is unnecessary in the face of the ocean's abundance. Thus being able to live in one place he can build a permanent home; the great trees provide the material. Cutting the trees is no great problem because there is jade to make axes almost as sharp as steel. The sea is his path, his open road; and again the trees make that travel possible in huge canoes.

And so we find in that region sailor-carpenter Indians about as much like our stereotype as democracy is like communism, and, so far in our account, all this is due to environment. But experience has also shaped these people. When first found, about 1775, they were organized into three classes of society, nobles, commoners, and slaves. All but the slaves - and many of them - belonged to great clans named for the bear, the wolf, the raven, the killer-whale and other creatures of land and sea and air. The nobles were clan members who had become wealthy, and to these people family and riches meant more than to the most over-stuffed Boston dowager. By means of carvings and paintings of their clan animals the nobles showed all who could see how famous and rich they were. Houses, canoes, chests, baskets, wool clothing, metalwork, even their own skins, bore the crest symbols. There was no technical difficulty in representing these creatures, for wood was the material most used and it can be carved into, or painted with any shape.

Now to show how experience shaped these people in at least one way. When the Europeans came, and later the Americans, they came to trade, and since the land was rich in fur and timber, the Indians got rich fast. This new wealth still further inflated their egos as well as their purses and seems to have been largely responsible for the appearance and rapid growth of a new idea, the totem pole. For these vast columns, carved and painted with the family crests, and costing a great deal to produce, were perfect ways of showing the world how rich and grand their owners were. So then the experience of meeting the white man and making money produced something new, yet something which has come to be the best known detail of these people's lives and ways of living. Totem-pole carving began about 1820 or so and lasted in full flower till about 1890, a period in which the noble families try to outdo each other in owning bigger and better poles.

Travel now from the magnificence of these haughty nobles and their forest land to the grassy plains of the West and note the Indians who lived there under aboriginal conditions. To these people the buffalo was the equivalent of the fish and trees of the

Northwest Coast tribes--the basis of their economy. Unlike the fish which, in effect, lived on the front-door step, the buffalo wandered like a restless tide over thousands of square miles. The Indian, to eat him, had to wander too, so he did, painfully on foot, with only dogs to help bear his burdens. A wanderer perforce, he carried everything with him. To make this possible it was necessary to make his house, baggage, cooking utensils and anything else he could out of some light and pliable material. His environment provided it, buffalo skin, and those of other animals. So we find the skin tipi, the rawhide parfleche or aboriginal suitcase, buffalo stomach cooking kettles and many such basic elements in Plains Indian life.

Further, his life conditioned his art, for, like all men uncontaminated by civilization, he turned to art as naturally as he breathed. Animal skin was his canvas, yet it must not be made heavy or unpliant through decoration. Porcupine quills and earth paints provided the answers. With the first he embroidered static geometric designs on skin, and with the other he recorded, in effect, his history. The quill designs were static because, by some instinct for appropriateness, he felt that if the objects decorated moved, their designs should remain still. Later on, in the Pueblo section, note how the reverse of this concept appeared.

Not only his art but his religion and tribal organization were molded by the boundless empty space he inhabited. Food necessity kept these people much separated and in the closest touch with Nature. By instinct devout, the Plains Indian, because of his life as an individual and not as a group member, developed what might be called in our language the Protestant point of view. He sought God directly as he saw fit, shaping the form of his worship to suit his needs; striving to bend mighty forces through his own ingenuity. Tribal ceremonies there were, yes, and priests among some groups; yet mostly the Plains Indian attained salvation by himself and his own efforts.

Closely-knit tribal organization was hard to achieve under

these nomadic circumstances. Therefore, the Plains tribes functioned more as bands under forceful leaders than under formally appointed chiefs in a traditional hierarchy. The tribe felt its unity through common language and customs, and usually did meet as a tribe from time to time. But for practical reasons tribal government as such did not exist for most.

Again let us turn to the effect of experience on this group. The experience which molded it most was the coming of the Spanish horses from New Mexico sometime around 1600. With unlimited horses at his command the Plains Indian shook off the chains of earth and vast distance and began that vivid, though brief, career which has seized upon the romantic imagination of even the most prejudiced citizen. Dashing battles, exciting raids on distant lands - the Kiowa went so far into Mexico they met monkeys--a system of war honors to flatter heroes, mad, plunging hunts of stampeding buffalo, all these followed the coming of the horse. Clothing grew rich with the new little beads the horse traders brought; and possessions grew many so that the Indians looked like princes to the dazzled eyes of early explorers. Above all, they symbol par excellence of these times, flaunted the war bonnet, that feathered crown which could only exist on the treeless plains on the heads of horsemen riding fast enough to make its plumes flutter and wave in glory.

Consider now the various groups of town-dwelling Indians of Arizona and New Mexico, all gathered under the general name Pueblo despite great variation in language, appearance and details of life. The land they inhabit is familiar to many as a desert and barren wilderness. Yet it was not always so. In a happier earlier day the climate was moister, and erosion had not cut the landscape into pictures from the imagination of a Dante. The ancestors of our modern Pueblos once lived over much of the greater Southwest, and found the land good for farming. So environment shows its hand, for by surrounding these tribes with circumstances favoring agriculture it molded and colored their lives in many ways.

The farmer is by necessity tied to his fields, for he cannot

plant, then wander away and hope to return to find a crop. Being so tied he can take the time to create permanent housing, and both rocks and mud were present in abundance for him to develop his unique cellular towns, the forerunners of modern apartment houses. Thus settled and provided with food from his fields, he had no need to spend hours transporting his possessions about in search of elusive nourishment. All this gave him time for other interests.

Even in the better old times water was somewhat scarce, so means of carrying and storing it were needed. Pottery was the answer, and doubly suitable because it did not need to be moved because of the fixed settlements. Game was always relatively scarce in the Southwest, and considerable fluctuations in temperature made clothing necessary. The environment favored the growth of a wild native cotton; and, later, the raising of sheep. Weaving under these conditions was inevitable, and at least 1200 years ago the Pueblos had developed the true loom and its fine resulting fabrics. Fixed habitations favored weaving, for it is a slow process and looms cannot be moved easily. So we see how environment made inevitable the great development of architecture, ceramics and the textile art.

The decorative patterns of these villagers reflect all this. Basketry and weaving, the oldest of their arts, make right-angled patterns difficult to avoid because of the regular crossing, at this angle, of warp and weft. When pottery came along, its painters turned to the angular patterns very frequently for the source of the designs they laid upon the clay with yucca leaf brushes and earth colors. Curving lines appear, but can be traced back to hooked elements based on textile patterns. Here, in contrast to the plains, the objects decorated were static. Hence, the decorations applied were very commonly not static and symmetrical, but designed so as to create the illusion of movement.

Contrasted with the Plains tribes, the peoples of the pueblos lived in a tightly organized society and sought their gods in a cycle of ceremonies, ritualistic to a degree, under the direction

of a fully constituted priesthood. Instead of the band under its able leader we find the community ruled by its religious leaders. This status still continues despite the external form of government through elected governors and other officials. The religious cycle was naturally tied to the rotation of nature and the crops, hence each ceremony comes at approximately the same time every year. As the ceremonies are given by settled individuals with plenty of time, as shown above, they are highly complex in ritual and paraphernalia.

We have still to inquire a bit as to what experience has done to the Pueblos. One aspect of its influence will serve. The shock of the white man's advent - in this case the 16th century Spaniards - was more profound in the Southwest than elsewhere, largely because the Pueblos were fixed in their homes by agriculture and their great houses, and could not run to the woods and hide as other tribes did. Despite some virtues, Spanish rule was destructive to the Pueblo civilization, and experience taught that tight secrecy was one of the best weapons to stave off destruction. The incoming Americans in different ways pressed equally hard on the Indians, and again organized silence and mystery helped. It is not surprising, then, to find that because of their past experiences these people are more conservative and secretive about their inner lives than other Indians. Many tribes elsewhere and differently organized have taken to white ways eagerly; not so the Pueblos, still untouched except for superficial externals by the Caucasian way of life.

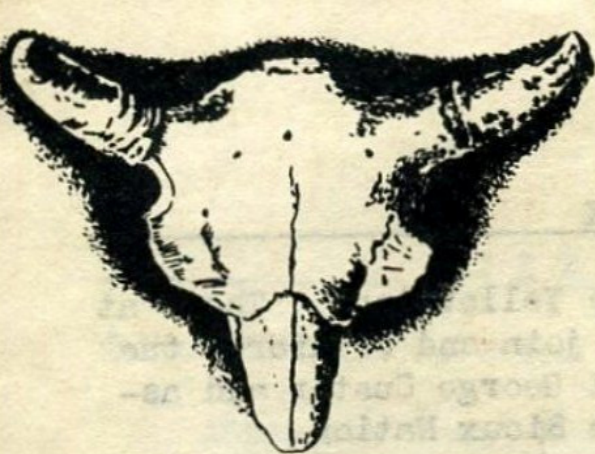
What has been said to point out the amazing differences which environment and experience have brought to the three Indian groups, is surely sufficient to prove the point that our stereotyped Indian of the first paragraph has no more reality than a drunkard's dream. To discuss other groups, each equally different, would be to belabor a dead horse.

The original thesis of this paper was that thinking of other peoples in stereotyped terms inevitably produced misunderstanding at least, and too frequently trouble to the point of disaster. The

history of the Indian-White relationships in our country--let alone Mexico and South America--is ample proof of the concept. Consider the standard idea that all Indians are gathered into tribes under chiefs--a violent contradiction of the facts. Chiefs are rulers; people obey their rulers; therefore, treaties made with chiefs are valid for tribes. No member of a Westerner posse will need further elucidation of that pipe-dream. Another false premise comes to mind. Indians live in the country; farmers live in the country; therefore, Indians ought to be farmers. Think of the wasted millions, the starving beggars on the Plains, the disillusionment of those tribes because of this failure to recognize that stereotypes are frequently criminally bad in their influence. Still another example of the blind fatuity of the lordly White, secure in the conviction that his way is the right way. Indians are savages; savages know nothing about honor and pledged promises; therefore we are not bound by promises we make them. Sand Creek and the Cheyenne wars of the mid-sixties come to mind, with all their bloody horror.

These are no times to play the smug Pharisee in the Temple, thanking God that we are not as other men, and worshipping not God, but our own stereotype of perfection. Until men know themselves and their neighbors as living entities, each peculiar to himself but nonetheless a distinct reality and child of his environment and experience, there can be no peace.

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# The BRAND BOOK

OFFICIAL ORGAN

THE WESTERNERS

306 STATE MUSEUM BLDG.

DENVER 2, COLO.

ROBERT O. BRAYER, REGISTRAR OF MARKS AND BRANDS

I. 3

APRIL, 1947

No.

## MY CHILDHOOD AT FRONTIER ARMY POSTS

by

Mary Jackson English

My first remembrance is of Fort Shaw, a northern military outpost in Montana Territory, 1200 miles from a railroad, built to protect the frontier against Indian depredations. It was erected in the midst of alkali prairies that extended to the distant Rocky Mountains in the northwest, and farther than eye could see east and south. To me it was the most beautiful place in the world, but to my mother, born at Hyde Park, New York, it was an awful, God-forsaken wilderness.

At that time my father, Allan Hyer Jackson, a lieutenant of the Seventh Infantry, holding the Brevet title of Major, had recently joined the regular army following his distinguished service in the Civil War, as colonel of the 134th New York Volunteers. He was a Harvard graduate and had practiced law for two years in New York before the war. His love of army life on the frontier, which he taught me to love also, kept him from ever returning to his law practice, and because of the army's slow regimental promotion then, he remained a lieutenant for twenty years.

It was in 1876 that General John Gibbon, commanding officer of the Seventh Infantry, one of the army's bravest and most experienced Indian fighters, had received orders from Washington head-



quarters to have his regiment proceed to the Yellowstone. There at the mouth of the Rosebud River they were to join and reinforce the Seventh Cavalry under the command of General George Custer and assist in subduing the general uprising of the Sioux Nation.

I have a copy of General Freeman's private diary, telling how the Seventh Infantry found the remains of Custer's force following the massacre, and how they made stretchers for the wounded, buried the dead and rescued Major Reno's command.

The year after the Sioux campaign a party of Nez Perce Indians under Chief White Bird rode into Fort Shaw. They had been hunting buffalo and said they needed some bullets and besides were very hungry. I stood by my father's side and listened as White Bird talked to General Gibbon.

The Indian's face was painted in bands of brilliant colors and over his shoulders hung braids of coarse black hair bound with pieces of red cloth, strands of fur and beads. He was naked except for a red breech clout, and the other Indians similarly attired were seated on their ponies in a half circle back of White Bird.

White Bird held up his left hand in greeting and said, "We show walking soldiers how Nez Perce make big fight. No kill, you savvy? Just have fun play. If you give Injun food and bullets for buffalo. We must take back meat. Our people cry for food."

He described this by rubbing his stomach and lifting his fingers to his eyes let them fall down his cheeks to represent tears.

My father suspected a plot and feared that the sham fight might become the real thing. General Gibbon ordered food be given them with plenty of fat in the stew. He gave them also a round of blank cartridges.

I remember seeing the Indian ponies decorated with thunder-birds on the left shoulder, and white faced pintos with zig-zag stripes painted from eyes to nose. My father called my attention to

White Bird's coup stick stuck in the ground beside his pony.

After the feast the Indians divided into two bands for the supposed sham battle--one to attack, the other defend. How they yelled as they circled around. One instant I saw a painted face watching the officers from under his racing pony's belly, and the next instant the rider would be astride his pony shaking his coup stick at us.

One group raced outside the garrison gate and pretended to set fire to clumps of greasewood. Flames and smoke started suddenly and swept towards the fort. A bugle sounded and a company of soldiers rushed from their barracks with fixed bayonets, trailed by squads of fire-fighters carrying buckets of water. I watched the Indians leap on their ponies and rush madly across the prairie shouting insults as they fled.

My father took part in the Seventh Infantry's famous Battle of the Big Hole, against Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce. He told me about it when he came back, and I listened eagerly to all the stories told by officers of the regiment about that dreadful fight. The Indians set fire to the brushwood surrounding them to burn them out just as they tried to do the year before at Fort Shaw. General Gibbon's command was reinforced with two companies of the Seventh stationed at Fort Missoula. There a small wagon train with provisions and a four pound howitzer and ammunition was collected. They carried this over nearly impossible ground and up mountains to the summit of the Big Hole. The Nez Perce were headed for Canada by way of the Buffalo Country, and would have reached there if, as Chief Joseph said, "he had known about the white man's talking wire,"-- the telegraph.

I heard my father say, "Joseph certainly has my sympathy. We know that some men seeking political advancement went west to get Indian land, honestly if possible, but get it--which they did. Now Joseph's people are to be moved on to a government reservation. I don't wonder they have gone on the war path. Any red blooded man

would."

A year or two later the regiment was transferred to Fort Snelling, Minnesota. Following the Thornburg battle and the Meeker massacre of the White River campaign in Colorado in 1879 the Seventh was sent there to help put down the Ute uprising, but instead Washington Headquarters would not permit the infantry to engage in battle. It was a long tedious wait for army men who lived through the winter in dug-outs on the present site of the town of Meeker.

From Fort Snelling we were ordered to old Fort Laramie at the junction of the Laramie and Platte Rivers in Wyoming. We lived in what was once an old Indian trapper's thick, adobe building near John London's Post Traders store. My father was ranked out of these quarters a year later because of an attractive small bay window which another officer liked very much. My mother had bought the wood and paid the quartermaster for making it. It could be hooked on and off so, of course, she took it with her and used it on the new quarters, much to the annoyance of the officer.

One summer at Fort Laramie, I remember an immense herd of Texas longhorn steers many thousands of head. I heard one of the cattle men say it was the biggest herd he had seen. They passed quite near Fort Laramie. I shall never forget their bellowing and how the earth and hills seemed to be moving.

My father bought me the most intelligent western mustang pony from this outfit. We called him Billy. He saved my life three times and his bravery prevented my father from being killed by longhorns. Father and I had been out to the company gardens three or more days after the herd had passed. He was walking and I was on Billy with our dog Smokey scampering along after jackrabbits. We saw what we thought were some of the post cows, grazing a short distance away. Smokey ran after them barking. But they were long-

horns--trailers separated from the big herd. When Smokey drew near they lowered their heads and pawed the ground fiercely and started after the dog. Smokey turned and bolted towards my father. We were on the prairie--not a tree in sight. "It looks serious for me," he called. "Race Billy to the post for help." Of course I could not do that. I knew my father's life was in danger. Billy had been snorting and pawing the ground frantically. "Billy wants to go after those longhorns--we're going," I cried, letting Billy have his head. Off we went straight at those steers while I made the greatest din I could yelling like the cowboys. Those steers stopped, lifted their heads and looked at Billy, then turned about and ran away. I was very proud of Billy and so was my father.

Once I was walking through underbrush near the river, Billy following after me. Suddenly he caught the sleeve of my waist in his teeth. I looked up to scold him and saw his eyes fixed intently on something ahead. Coiled a few feet away was a big rattler. Another time while riding bareback I stopped to give Billy a drink in the swift flowing Platte. It was a steep bank and when he lowered his head off I went into the river. Fortunately I kept hold of the halter and Billy dragged me to shore.

I recall most vividly an occasion when we were caught in a terrific storm while driving in an ambulance from the Chugwater to Fort Laramie. Mother and I were with General Gibbon and some other officers. The bright sun of mid-day suddenly disappeared and darkness covered us. The General, his officers and driver, took iron stakes out of the wagon repair box and drove them deeply into the ground, roping the ambulance wheels to them. The wagon was turned against the wind and the mule's blinded with gunnysacks were led behind the wagon where the driver stood beside them and talked to them all the time to prevent their breaking away. I remember seeing birds big and little tossed helter-skelter in the air and coyotes trying to hide in sagebrush. Frightened antelope and deer leaping past us were driven before the wind. Not far from us stood a buffalo cow trying to protect her calf.

I was an only child and a real tomboy and whenever it was

possible my father's shadow, until finally the time came when General Gibbon had to tell me it was not right for a little girl to be in an officers club.

"A club is a place for gentlemen only, Mary--not for ladies," he told me.

"But General, I'm not a lady. I don't want to be a lady," I told him seriously. But I never entered the club again.

We stopped at Hi Kelly's ranch at Chugwater on our drive with General Gibbon to Fort Laramie. A number of Sioux Indians were there waiting to meet the General. News spreads fast among them. I stood by the General while he talked in the sign language to Rain-in-the-face, a noted war chief. It is not hard to understand for every motion of finger and hand tells the meaning--I will give a brief demonstration. The Indian sign meaning white man is touching the tongue with forked finger to indicate "man who speaks with a forked tongue," or "liar."

The Sioux bury their dead on pole platforms eight or nine feet in the air. Near Fort Laramie the coffin of a noted Sioux squaw rested on one of these platforms. For weeks I had wanted to find out if she was really there. One afternoon I managed to reach the platform by standing up on my saddle while Billy stood quietly. I climbed up but found nothing in the coffin but buffalo bones. When I started to leave Billy had moved and I couldn't coax him back. There I remained on the burial platform until sundown, when John Hunton, the famous cattleman, rescued me.

We spent a number of years at Fort Washakie, Wyoming, on the Wind River reservation where both the Arapahoe and Shoshone Indians live. In 1870 a small party of Arapahoe squaws and children were captured by a hunting party of their tribal enemies, the Shoshone. A young Indian boy who was afterwards known as Sherman Coolidge was saved from being killed by the Shoshones by Captain Larrabee, an officer of the Seventh Infantry. The boy was later adopted by Captain and Mrs. Austin Coolidge of the same regiment, and afterwards

educated by Bishop Tuttle of Minnesota for the Episcopal Ministry. He became Canon of St. John's Episcopal Cathedral of Denver. He was a friend of mine from my childhood days and greatly esteemed by all who knew him. It was Sherman Coolidge who arranged for my adoption in his Arapahoe tribe where I was given the lovely name, Autha Issay, meaning Star Woman in the Arapahoe tongue.

An Old Shoshone friend, Charlie Washakie, did not approve of my being adopted in the Arapahoe tribe. "You no belong to those dog eater Arapahoes. Your father great friend of my father, Chief Washakie. He no like this." I told him it was too late now to change. "And Charlie," I said, "I want you and Ellen to be at the ceremonies dressed in your very best. Feathers, paint, and buckskin. Remember, I count on you."

Ellen nodded and said, "Leave it to me. I'll see that he goes and wears his best, as I will."

After the adoption I could not see Charlie and asked Ellen where he was. "He wouldn't get out of Mr. Robert's car. He's over there," pointing a short distance away. I was certain he had not left the car. I knew he would not soil his moccasins on Arapahoe ground, so I walked over and spoke to him. "I'm glad you are here, Charlie," I told him, shaking his hand, "and I know why you would not leave the car. My heart is glad to have old friends here today. Arapahoe or Shoshone, I'm glad and greatly honored to be an adopted Indian." We shook hands again and Charlie grinned.

During the spring of 1887, when my father was stationed at Ft. Washakie, Wyoming, Miss Louise Swan of Cheyenne invited me for a visit. I arrived in time for a ball to be given at the Cheyenne Club the next night and the following day we were to leave with Mr. and Mrs. Alec H. Swan and their noted guests on a week's tour of Mr. Swan's ranches. Mr. Swan was known throughout the west as the great cattle baron of Wyoming.

The evening of the ball was a memorable occasion for a young army girl. I had heard much about the grand old Cheyenne Club which

was noted for unbounded hospitality. Champagne flowed like water, and every variety of rare and delicious foods and wines could be had for the asking. It was here that some of the world's most noted and distinguished guests met to invest fortunes.

A number of Englishmen and titled men were introduced to me. The club rooms were artistically and lavishly decorated. Smilax and roses were twined around the stairs and balconies. There were soft shaded lights, tall palms and plate glass mirrors and many oil paintings. Officers from Ft. Russell were in full dress uniforms, and the Post ladies in handsome décolleté gowns. Louise wore a lovely yellow dress made of satin with a large bustle and side panels, that had just arrived from New York via express, as had also the beautiful, expensive favors which we received.

The next morning we started on our exciting drive to see the ranches of the Swan Land and Cattle Company. Besides Louise and myself there were Jean Prentise of Scotland and Mrs. Swan. The men guests were a red-haired Englishman, Lionel Stradman-Stanford, who had been my delightful partner at the dance; Sir Moreton of England; Mr. Oelricks of New York; and Percy Hoyt of Cheyenne.

The first night was spent at the Chugwater ranch. Mr. Swan told me he had bought the Chug and two other ranches from Hi Kelly. Al Bowie was the foreman there for Mr. Swan.

The second night was spent at the Mule Shoe ranch, near Sybille Creek. Frank Smith cooked a splendid meal for us and prepared an excellent lunch for the next day on the drive to Plumbago Creek. We camped that night on a level spur of the Laramie Range, in a sheltered grove of aspens and jack pines. The men had killed a deer that day so we had broiled venison for dinner. A mountain lion entered camp that night and helped himself to half of it, besides causing a great uproar of excitement.

Around noon the next day we drove across the rich Laramie Plain. Tall grass grew there in abundance, which, I was told, cured on the stalk and was considered the best cattle food in the west.

Mystical, snow-laden Laramie Peak gleamed on the eastern side of the plains. Beyond was the small railroad town, Rock Creek, where Mr. Swan was to meet his foremen and cowboys and attend to the shipment of cattle. I saw car loads of longhorns packed like sardines into freight cars.

A drunken prospector killed a young clerk that night in Thayer Brothers Store. Mule skimmers and cowboys took the law into their own hands and lynched the man from a beam on one of the freight cars.

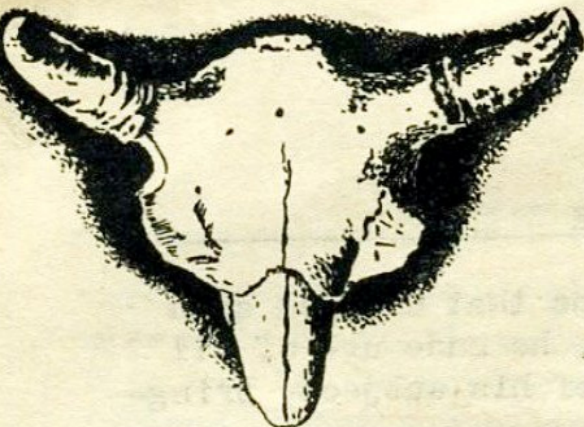
It was near sunset when we reached Ione Lake the next day. Some of the cowboys had gone on ahead and put up our tents beside the clear, still lake. It was a beautiful spot and as we drew near there arose a lazy column of smoke before the camp as supper was being prepared. Before breaking camp the next morning we had fresh trout, which one of the boys had just caught, for breakfast with Smith's hot rolls and delicious coffee.

It was early afternoon when we reached Rock Ranch, the last night we were to spend on a perfect trip. We found Mr. Van Tassell waiting for us there. When he greeted Louise it did not take me long to know he was in love with her. A short time later they were married.

A cowboy dance had been arranged for that night and country people drove in from miles away, bringing their wives and children. It was great fun and we danced until a sudden electric storm grew so terrific that the cowboys had to rush out and try to quiet a big herd of cattle. A stampede could not be prevented, however. It was a terrible sight. A horse and some cattle were killed, but fortunately none of the fine young men was hurt. The next day, clear and bright after the storm, we returned safely to Cheyenne.

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# *The* BRAND BOOK

OFFICIAL ORGAN

THE WESTERNERS

306 STATE MUSEUM BLDG.

DENVER 2, COLO.

ROBERT O. BRAYER, REGISTRAR OF MARKS AND BRANDS

3

MAY, 1947

No. 1

WILLIAM H. JACKSON: A WESTERN PIONEER PHOTOGRAPHER

by  
Nolie Mumey\*

It is a great privilege and honor to deliver an address on one of the world's greatest Western pioneer photographers.

William Henry Jackson, born April 4, 1843, was a most remarkable man. He was versatile in the field of photographic art; a master craftsman, with the ability to compose and transfer the infinite beauty of nature into a permanent record for future generations to share and enjoy. He was truly a pioneer in the field of developing and improving the technique of photography from its earliest inception to the modern period. In his eighty-four creative years he left a heritage in photographic negatives and prints that will last down through the ages.

Jackson was a mild, agreeable individual who enjoyed the outdoors with all its beauty and scenic wonder. He never tired of hiking over rough country and rugged mountain ranges to take pictures. He always looked to the future, and sought inspira-

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\*Dr. Mumey is a well-known Denver surgeon. He writes western history as a hobby and is the author of Life of Jim Baker, Early Settlements of Denver and Teton Mountains.

tion from the rocks, trees, and many streams that dropped down through deep canyons. Alert and energetic, he made use of all his time. He tried to get a true picture of his subject, bringing out its best features.

William Jackson was a self-educated man. He spent only a short part of his early childhood in school, graduating from the Troy, New York public school at the age of fifteen. He then set out to seek his fortune as a painter. At seventeen, he got a position retouching photographs in a studio in Rutland, Vermont, where he remained until 1862.

Jackson participated in the Civil War, and saw service at Gettysburg. He drew maps for the staff, and made sketches on post cards for his own enjoyment, which he sent home to his mother.

After the Civil War, he went West; joined a wagon train of three hundred Mormons at St. Joseph, Missouri; and drove an oxteam to the Great Salt Lake. He sketched Indians and scenes along the way. Jackson walked from Salt Lake to Los Angeles. Three months later he drove a herd of 150 mustangs back across the plains.

In the fall of 1867, Jackson bought out a photographer by the name of Hamilton in Omaha, for whom he had worked. His brother Ed came in as a partner. In the middle of 1868 the firm of Jackson Brothers became a reality. A rival photographer by the name of Eaton sold out to them. The first year they were busy making studio photographs. Occasionally, William Jackson would go off for a few days among the Indians, taking their pictures. This proved to be a profitable enterprise.

At that time photography was in the wet plate stage. It was necessary for Jackson to coat his own plates. He devised a traveling darkroom--a lightproof box on a four-wheeled cart. It was fitted with water tank, sink, and developing pans. He became a welcome visitor among several Indian tribes. After a

three months journey, he returned with the first photographs ever made of the Pawnees, Omahas, Poncas, and Winnebagos. This was the beginning of a collection of 3,000 plates of Indians, which now belong to the Bureau of American Ethnology, and are in the Smithsonian Institution.

William H. Jackson's first marriage was on May 10, 1869 to Mary Greer of Warren, Ohio; she died in 1872. One year later he married Emilie Painter.

Jackson came to Colorado on May 14, 1873. A camp was made on Clear Creek two or three miles out of Denver. Previous to this he had made excursions into the country to photograph the scenery.

Dr. Hayden wanted to explore the Rockies, and Jackson was employed as the official photographer. James T. Gardner, the Chief Topographer, was the leader of the expedition. He prepared Jackson's itinerary for him as follows: To Long's Peak south along the Stony Range to Gray's Peak; around by way of Pike's Peak, and rendezvous at Fairplay in South Park.

Jackson passed through St. Vrain Canyon. He saw Estes Park and camped at the lower end of the village. On May 30th he photographed Long's Peak from Prospect Mountain. He passed along Boulder Creek enroute to James Peak. He traveled on to Georgetown, and climbed Gray's Peak. He spent a month photographing the Rocky Mountains. On July 4th he was in Manitou, Colorado, later reaching a rendezvous point at Fairplay.

There was a legend of a cross of snow outlined upon a mountain slope, but no man could be found who had ever seen it. Jackson took the first picture of the Mountain of the Holy Cross in 1873.

Mt. Jackson, and Jackson's Butte in Colorado were named after William H. Jackson. Jackson Canyon and Jackson Peak in Wyoming were also named in his honor.

Jackson was the first to photograph the cliff dwelling in Mancos Canyon. He spent thirty-one years trying to get Congress to establish the Mesa Verde National Park.

He photographed Leadville and Cripple Creek in the boom days of mining.

Jackson went through nine seasons with the Hayden Survey. In August 1878, at the age of thirty-five, he was a great landscape photographer. His salary with the Survey was about \$175 a month. He earned two to three thousand a year taking scenic photographs.

In 1879 Jackson opened his Denver Studio at 1413 Larimer Street, in a two-story building that was under construction. It was then the center of the business section. He lived on the second floor.

In 1881 he formed a partnership with a Denver photographer, Albert E. Rinehart, whose specialty was portraits. The firm was known as Jackson and Rinehart. Several years later Rinehart went in business for himself. Jackson made arrangements with Chain and Hardy, booksellers, to finance a number of his photographic projects.

He received an order from the Denver and Rio Grande Railway Company in 1881 for pictures along their route, which proved very profitable. In 1885, he moved to Arapahoe Street, then to the Industrial Building at 13th and Colfax.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad engaged him in 1892 to take 18" by 22" pictures along the railroad at the cost of \$10.00 each. Between 1885 and 1892, Jackson carried his camera into Canada, The Yellowstone, Colorado, New York, White Mountains, Mexico, California, Louisiana, and Florida.

In 1892 Walter F. Crosby, an amateur photographer, bought a third interest in the concern for \$10,000, which was then

incorporated as the W. H. Jackson Photograph and Publishing Company.

At the close of the Columbian Exposition, Jackson had made one hundred 11" x 14" pictures for \$10.00 apiece. He sold a duplicate set of those negatives to Harry Tammen of the Denver Post for \$1,000.

Jackson was with the World's Transportation Commission and Field Columbian Museum for a period of seventeen months. He traveled in Australia, many parts of Asia, Great Britain, France, Tunis, Algiers, Carthage, Cairo, up the Nile, through India, China, Japan, and Siberia making photographs of historic interest for the Commission.

The Panic of 1893 was bad for the firm, and to aid his business Jackson began giving lectures which were a failure from a financial standpoint. He was saved from bankruptcy by a Detroit firm who wanted to make colored pictures.

In 1897 the Detroit firm started to produce colored prints, and took over the W. H. Jackson Company for \$30,000. They paid \$5,000 in cash; the rest in stock. Jackson was a director in the new company. He moved to Detroit in 1898. He was interested in the manufacturing end of the work, and helped to develop the color process. The Detroit Publishing Company had about 7,000,000 prints they made into post cards and large pictures. This firm later went into receivership, and Jackson took to his camera again in 1924.

At the age of eighty-one, he was without much money except for a pension of \$75.00 a month. He moved to Washington, and later became connected with the Oregon Trail Association. He made many sketches of historical landmarks along the old route, which have become very rare and valuable.

He had 40,000 negatives on glass plates. These were taken by Edsel Ford and put in the Dearborn Museum, which is a perma-

ment part of the Edison Institute.

Jackson always thought the business of growing old was very pleasant, for he never took enough time off to get run down. He always had so much to do tomorrow. He kept busy doing interesting things, and was always getting ready to do more things of interest. Old age never seemed to creep upon him; for this man, full of energy and ideas, worked up close to the century mark before he claimed a long-earned rest in his 99th year of life.

In closing, allow me to pay this final tribute to a great man:

#### A TRIBUTE

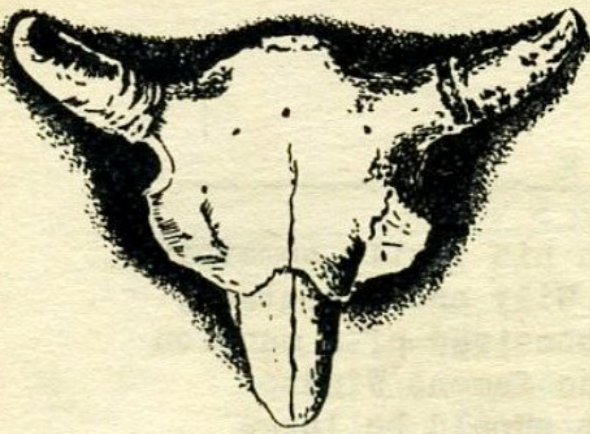
You have built a shrine that will survive  
The years that lie ahead,  
For you live on in eternal worship  
To others--you are not dead.  
In the creative years you left a rich  
Heritage for all posterity to share,  
A monument in pictures more valuable  
More precious than metals rare.  
In the minds of all people you stand  
Reverently enshrined in memories mart  
As a genius for your contributions  
In the field of photographic art.  
The multitudes who appreciate talent  
In its many ramifications and varied test  
Will honor you for the picturesque glory  
You gave to the scenic wonders of the West.

--Nolie Mumey

Written for the  
Jackson Memorial Dinner  
April 5, 1947

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

At the May meeting, it was decided that, on account of the demand for membership and the limited number of memberships provided, any present member who is not able to attend a sufficient number of meetings to qualify as a Posseman, shall have the privilege of becoming a Corresponding Member-- a status which entails no meeting obligation. In that event he shall pay \$3 a year dues in place of \$5 and will continue to receive the monthly Brand Book. Although there is no by-law governing attendance at meetings, the group agreed some months ago that unexplained absence from three meetings indicated sufficient lack of interest in the organization to disqualify a member from the status of Posseman. Under this latest decision, such members automatically become Corresponding Members.



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HERBERT O. BRAYER, REGISTRAR OF MARKS AND BRANDS

Vol. 3

JUNE, 1947

No.

## "Grand Hotel"--The Old Windsor by Edward V. Dunklee \*

A man is known by the company he keeps, so is a hotel known by the guests it entertains. We have enjoyed the motion picture "Grand Hotel," a story of the comings and goings of people in all sorts and conditions of life. The old Windsor has a history that probably outshines any hotel in the West on account of the famous characters it has sheltered and with whose lives and history it is so intertwined as to be almost inseparable. Its well-worn and stained register includes the signatures of Presidents Grant, Cleveland, Taft, and Theodore Roosevelt; Oscar Wilde, Rudyard Kipling, Mark Twain, Robert W. Service, Robert Louis Stevenson, Eugene Field, William F. (Buffalo Bill) Cody, John L. Sullivan, H.A.W. Tabor, "Soapy" Smith (legendary city slicker of the West), W.H. Vanderbilt, George Bernard Shaw, Marie Dressler, Grand Duke Michael of Russia, the Earl of Dunraven, and scores of other famous and notorious figures of the last decades of the 19th Century--the fabulous era of gold strikes and silver rushes and cattle barons and diamond-studded financiers.

Its history starts with James Duff, of Forfarshire /now Angus, Scotland, who was Manager of the Colorado Mortgage & Investment Company of London, England, one of the numerous Colorado organizations founded by his fellow Scotsman, James W. Barclay. Duff was living with his family in Denver in the



late 1870's, and being shunted about with his family something like many of our inhabitants are today. Wily and competent, Duff had grand ideas, and among others conceived of a mansion for himself and family patterned after the famous Windsor Hotels in Edinburgh and in Montreal, that should be large enough to suit the needs of his family and those of the friends who might visit him. Duff wrote to his Scottish principals:

The mansion style of house is giving most satisfaction in New York and other cities affording a series of complete lodgings and a restaurant in the house, which gives the occupiers the nearest thing to a house and home comforts that I can conceive.

Although somewhat reluctant to venture into a different type of investment, the Scottish directors led by Barclay decided that they would form a subsidiary company called the Denver Mansion Company, Limited, to erect the hotel, and recommended the stock of this new company to their stockholders. One of the main reasons they were able to sell this stock was that not only their stockholders, but businessmen all over the world, and particularly in Scotland and England had heard of Central City, Black Hawk, Georgetown, Golden, Boulder, and a score of other mining camps from which the precious minerals of the Rockies were pouring forth in an apparent never-ending stream. They had heard of and marveled at Colorado's colorful and fabulous H.A.W. Tabor and other figures whose Midas-touch drew attention to Colorado and its resources. That was enough for them.

It was a clear, warm summer day when the glistening new Windsor Hotel opened its doors at half-past twelve on June 23, 1880; nearly all Denver was there at the grand opening. From the highest turret floated the American flag, and from the other two turrets the English flag and the flag of the Windsor. The newspaper reporters allowed their imagination full sway in describing the gala event. One correspondent noted:

The main entrance fronting Larimer Street was 17 ft. wide, six men could walk abreast. The women were flattered by a 12 ft. entrance; this was on the 18th Street side. Each entrance was supplemented by iron porte-cocheres of Oriental style, and further garnished by stone lamp posts with four burners each. Visitors passed through burly black walnut doors swinging on hand-tooled, engraved brass hinges. They trod on marble tiling. And they craned their necks to see the ceilings of the ground floor, 20 feet above them. Massive furniture formed the perimeter of the lobby. At its northeastern edge was the heavy walnut desk. On it the elbows of presidents, authors, stage stars, and capitalists were to rest.

Later the management cemented in three thousand silver dollars in the barroom floor, just as an extra touch of luxury.

Another reporter, after being wined and dined at the "Mansion" wrote the following:

....off the billiard room was a private wine room. This was to see meetings of the state legislature, where Colorado statutes were signed into law. The ladies' entrance led to a ladies' reception room, designed to flatter them in luxury while they waited for the men, who were having their drinks. Women were not allowed at bars then.... Three massive carpeted black walnut stairways led from the office floor to the "parlor floor". Visitors had to choose between ascending the stairways and enjoying the feel of spongy plush carpets, or having the novel experience of riding the elevator--a machine which brought the peak of luxury to Denver.

The "parlor floor" satiated the most rabid thirst for splendor. The rooms and suites had no peer, because no cost was spared.

The same Axminster Brussels carpets, rich and heavy, lined wide hallways with 18 foot ceilings. No midnight ambulator could waken guests with his steps in these halls--not even if he chose to jump up and down on the carpets. They drank up sound like a pine-needle forest bed.

Since Horace A.W. Tabor's name is linked with the Windsor it is proper that we should give something of this man's prodigious career as representative of Colorado's pioneers, and as forming the background for a structure such as the Windsor Hotel. Tabor was born in Vermont on November 26, 1830, his parents were farmers and could afford him only a common school education. In 1853 he went to Boston, accepted a position as stone cutter, and married his boss's daughter, Augusta. Later he drifted West to Riley County, Kansas, where he worked for abolition of slavery and where he heard of the fortunes being made in the Colorado mountains. He and his wife and newly born baby again took the road in 1858 from the Cherry Creek region and wandered up the so-called "Tin Pan Alley" of Alma, Colorado. Here he remained until 1868, when he pushed on to California Gulch and Oro City (site of later Leadville), where the gold fever was highest, and opened a general store.

Our fellow Westerner, Henry Hough, suggested a title to a recent article on Tabor--"Rags to Riches to Rags," which was read to a crowded ballroom with over 500 people present as recently as August 13, 1946. I quote from a portion of that paper as presented by James Rose Harvey, the Assistant State Historian:

At Oro City, Augusta, his first wife, assumed the financial burden, for Tabor, with his wide generosity and easy good humor, made a poor businessman. Any would-be miners had only to come into the store, explain to Horace that they were utterly destitute

but about to make a fortune and Tabor would give them the run of the store, to select anything they wished for a "grub-stake," with the understanding that they would count him in on any discovery they might make. Augusta's New England frugality sighed and wrote each new grub-stake on the deficit side of the ledger.

Then one day two shoemakers, Riche and Hook, asked for a grub-stake which Tabor joyously provided and watched them make their way up to the top of Fryer Hill, which was considered the most unpromising spot in the district; he turned back into the store somewhat crestfallen and Augusta might have been heard to remark that "Some people would be better to stick to making shoes instead of digging on top of every hill in the country."

However, Riche and Hook, ignorant but undaunted, started in to dig. They struck it rich--not gold, but silver, solid silver, and opened up the great ore body of the Little Pittsburgh Mine. One year from the date of discovery, the holdings were capitalized at \$20,000,000. Tabor bought out Hook's interest and began purchasing other claims; it seemed that everything Tabor touched turned to silver. Here was wealth and power of which he had so often dreamed. His income was over One Hundred Thousand Dollars a month from his Matchless Mine alone, and he held numerous others that approached its output. Horace Tabor suddenly found himself easily the wealthiest man in Colorado.

Having dreamed of money and its power for years Horace fitted easily and happily into the new life. Not so, Augusta. While money poured in a silver stream into their laps, and Tabor with lavish hand passed it out to every civic organization asking for favors, Augusta sat dazed and panic stricken. Horace no longer needed her; her New England native spirit rebelled at such wanton waste; she could not

spend money for diamonds and frivolous things in life. She had accompanied Horace over the road from rags to riches, now perhaps another might serve him better.

Meanwhile Tabor poured money into Denver. He built at 16th and Larimer Streets the finest business block in Denver, and on 16th and Curtis the world famous Tabor Grand Opera House which was all furnished with Cherry wood from Japan and was one of the finest in the whole world; he donated lots to the government for the Post Office. Not forgetful of his hometown he aided in the construction of the water and gas works and built a fine opera house in Leadville....

Tabor had become a power. He was elected Lieutenant Governor of Colorado in 1878, and became United States Senator in 1883. He saw that Augusta could never adjust herself to his new scheme of living so he divorced her and became engaged to the beautiful "Baby Doe". Her love of expensive clothes and jewels delighted Tabor, and she wore them well. They were married in Washington and President Arthur attended the ceremony. Baby Doe was undoubtedly ravishing in her \$7,000 wedding dress (now on display in the State Museum), and she wore the famous Isabella diamonds valued at \$75,000, a wedding gift from Tabor.

But the wheel of fortune now turned against Tabor. We have seen him go from rags to riches and now a landslide carried him back to rags. His entire fortune slipped through his hands and he died in poverty, a broken-hearted old man, disillusioned and penniless. The curtain on his opera house summed up his life: "So fleet the works of man, back to the earth again; Ancient and holy things fade like a dream."

Mrs. Persis Augusta Tabor, granddaughter of H.A.W. Tabor and of his first wife, Augusta Tabor, was interviewed by the

author; her own colorful description of the Windsor Hotel is worth recording:

I was not born when the Windsor Hotel was opened, but of course remember that grand affair through my father Maxcy Tabor's description. It occurred June 23, 1881, about a year before the opening of the Tabor Grand Opera House, where Baby Doe presided as Senator Tabor's second wife. This wonderful hotel was modeled after the famous Windsor Palace, in Windsor, England, and contains 250 rooms, and was far and away the grandest hotel west of the Mississippi at the time of its construction.

On the first floor was a magnificent bar, and the entire hotel was constructed by American Mansions Company, an English Syndicate.

My father managed the Windsor Hotel for ten years of its existence, and at that time every one of note who came West stopped, as a matter of course, at the Windsor Hotel, including such world famous characters as Diamond Jim Brady, etc.

There still exists the H.A.W. Tabor bridal suite with all the original furniture, which consisted of a magnificent heavy Walnut and Maple bedroom suite imported from England, as was most of the furniture in the hotel. My grandfather, Senator Tabor, kept the mezzanine for himself and his guests who included President Grant, Theodore Roosevelt (before he was president), and other officials from Washington.

About 1890 the management had a new floor put in the ballroom, suspended on steel springs and cables and the wood used was imported from Germany, and when laid consisted of two strips of Maple and one Walnut, alternating.

I also remember my father telling about Senator Tabor when he was Lieutenant Governor of Colorado, holding the sessions of the Colorado Senate around

the magnificent bar and passing any measures that he wished while the members were in the necessary convivial mood.

Incidentally, I was born in the Brown Palace Hotel, which my father opened as manager in the year 1892. This is another famous western hostelry in uptown Denver, constructed in the shape of the famous Flatiron Building in New York City.

The present owners and managers of the Windsor Hotel are Mrs. Mary Hohnbaum and sons, Fred Jr., and Irwin, and they are very much interested in the Western lore surrounding the old Windsor.

In addition to the above interesting features they have a so-called "Portrait Room" wherein the walls are decorated with paintings of early Colorado and western pioneers, and also famous guests who have visited the hotel. I am the guide furnished by the hotel to explain these pictures and other features of the hotel. We now average at least 1,000 visitors from the East each month, all of whom are interested in western lore and western landmarks, and the management of the hotel encourages pioneers from other parts of the United States to personally see and visit those features brought down from the halcyon and fabulous days of H.A.W. Tabor. For the Eastern reader I might say that H.A.W. Tabor made approximately Twelve Million Dollars out of the hills of Colorado in his Little Pittsburgh and Matchless Mines, and who, with the enormous fortune, did more to build up Denver than any other pioneer. Denver now, and the West, pay homage to a pioneer who was willing to spend his money where he had made it. In fact, my grandfather passed away in Room 304 of the Windsor Hotel.

Returning, for the moment, I cannot conclude this article on the Old Windsor without one or two further references to

the contemporary publicity at the opening of the Mansion. The Denver Tribune commented on the "Bridal Suite":

A little balcony on the corner gives a superb view of the city and the mountains, and affords an opportunity for moonlight billing and cooing, supposed to be inseparable with the occupants of the bridal chambers.

Windows, which could be shuttered, were draped in richest satin, trimmed with old gold brocade and silk plush. There were heavy lace curtains of Paul and Virginia design.

And the bride could re-examine her wedding gown in a diamond-dust mirror above a marble-mantled fireplace.

All of the furniture on the parlor floor was of the Queen Anne style, square, massive and imposing. Chairs were of the Pacific parlor chair pattern. Many of the rooms had patent rockers of a design new at that time, along with marble top dressers, with plate mirrors, sofas, and wardrobe beds--the peak of functional furniture of the times....

The ladies' ordinary was not meant for "ordinary ladies". Ladies were not "ordinary" when surrounded by the luxuries that were the Windsor's. "Ordinary," in this sense, referred to regular meals--not banquets or special orders.

In the ladies' ordinary was a \$1,000 Wilton carpet, and 13 walnut tables which could seat over 100 persons. This dining room, like the banquet hall, was expensively decorated and furnished....

Also in the basement was a tunnel extending a whole city block to the city's horse-car barns, allowing visitors to obtain transportation without venturing into rainy or cold weather....

There were 250 rooms, Some of the furniture was imported from England. One carload of furniture traveling via Chicago and Northwestern railroad



was lost in a fire. That carload was valued at \$1,900. Some of the diamond dust mirrors came from France. The mirrors were valued at several thousand dollars.

The Windsor opened business with 1,000 towels, 100 dozen wash rags, 800 sheets and 800 pair of blankets. Seven miles of Brussels carpet a yard wide had been laid.

But let us bring the old Windsor up to date and hear in her own words what Mrs. Mary P. Hohnbaum, who purchased the hotel in 1945, together with her two sons, Fred, Jr., and Irvin, has to say:

We are endeavoring to preserve all traditions of the old Windsor for the people of Denver and Colorado, and to retain as much of the colorful atmosphere and original physical aspects as possible.

The stories are myriad as to the little incidents that occurred when famous guests trod our halls. For instance I have heard of the time Diamond Jim Brady came to the hotel and piling up Twenty Dollar gold pieces in front of him on the bar, called in all the help and threw out the gold pieces as souvenirs. Only this summer, in 1946, Lucius Beebe was the guest of the hotel--an equally colorful figure. Again, in 1938 Herndon Davis, the noted artist, painted the portraits on the walls of the Bonanza Bar of a considerable number of Colorado's outstanding pioneers and other famous people who had been guests of the hotel including Mark Twain, Louis Stevenson, Robert Service, Rudyard Kipling, Eugene Field, Presidents Grant, Theodore Roosevelt and Taft; from Colorado, Governors Gilpin, Evans and Ammons, together with the portraits of Buffalo Bill Cody, Wild Bill Hickok, Calamity Jane, Billy the Kid, Kit Carson, and others. These pictures are well worth a visit to the hotel to see.

Then there is the incident of President Taft being stuck in the bathtub and having to call for four bell boys to get him out.

There are also the ghost stories that surround the historic hostelry--one concerns three prospectors who after having had a rich strike, came to Denver with their little leather "pokes" of gold dust. That night they got into an argument and murdered one of their number and dragged him down the back stairs with his boots on. This stairway is now called the "ghost stairway" as the night porter still says that he can hear the clump of the miner's boots as the body of the murdered miner was being dragged down the stairs.

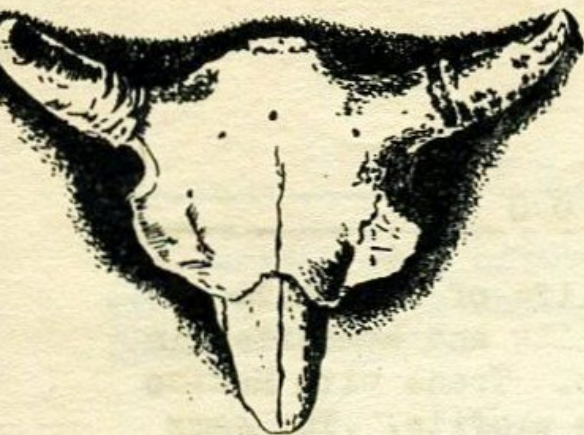
Another ghost story describes the veiled lady who walked the halls at night. Many think that it is Baby Doe still haunting her old bridal suite. Then, again, the unknown charming lady who comes in to Room 360 and sits on the bed; I still have a great many requests from visiting gentlemen guests to occupy this room. In Room 426, where a lady was murdered in the bathroom, some believe her spirit still roams, and the guests can still hear the water running in the bathtub.

Oscar Wilde stopped at the hotel a few days in April 1892. Eugene Field, while living there, wrote "Little Boy Blue" and took it down to the bartender Old Ike Furst, and asked, "Is that worth a drink?" The bar was also Buffalo Bill's favorite haunt and he would transact nearly all his business there. When the doctor told the old showman that he would have to cut his drinking to three glasses a day Buffalo Bill took the bartender aside and said, "Well, the old Doc didn't say what size glass, so get me the biggest water glasses you can." Soapy

Smith was also a guest and wrapped his occasional dollar bill in the soap that he sold on the street corners of Larimer Street. Parlor B also boasts of its record of having as its guest Marie Dressler, while Sarah Bernhardt occupied Rooms 122 and 124 during her stays in Denver.

It is the desire of the management to restore these famous rooms to their original state, as we have nearly all the beautiful furniture that was used at the time these guests occupied the rooms. We also have a guide to explain to the guests about the rooms and the famous people who occupied them, and invite any tourist or interested persons to come and visit us at any time.

Finally, if you have a few hours to spare go down to the Old Windsor with the same spirit that you visit Colorado's famous ghost town--Central City--and, as that town has come to life with its three weeks' summer festival and brought back to the Westerners the spirit of early Colorado, so will the Windsor bring back to you the Colorado of pioneer days. You will hear the murmuring and laughter of the famous characters who have trod the halls of the Old Windsor Hotel, and you yourself may be lifted up to join for the moment their conquering spirits, which will never die.



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## THE SANGRE DE CRISTO GRANT

By Ralph Carr\*

To start with story properly, we must employ the time honored introduction to all fairy tales. While it actually possesses some of the characteristics, the story I am about to unfold is anything but a fairy tale. However, once upon a time--just a hundred years ago, to be exact--a Canadian of French blood who had drifted down the Father of Waters from the Province of Quebec to St. Louis and thence had followed the human current of bull whackers, traders, trappers and adventurers westward through the dangers and dust and thirst of the Santa Fe Trail, was conducting a general store in the historic and throbbing frontier village of Taos

The favored headcovering of the well dressed male on the continent and along the Atlantic seaboard at the time was the beaver hat. So desirable were the hides of our foremost timber cutters that old Jim Bridger and others, according to the "Rocky Mountain Tales" of Davidson and Blake, passed up handfuls of free gold nuggets in their quest for the more valuable beaver skins.

\*The Honorable Ralph Carr, former governor of Colorado, and eminent Rocky Mountain attorney, has a very intimate knowledge of the Sangre de Cristo Grant having directed research into the title of the one-time million acre Mexican land grant in northern New Mexico and southern Colorado

During the formative stage in the life of the United States, men were seeking riches and thrills and homesites in the indefinite region known as the West. Trade with Mexico suggested business contacts and enormous profits. The game tables in the towns at the end of the trail offered the chance to acquire fortunes overnight. Dreams of bright-eyed Senoritas and seductive Inditas, of fandangos and bailes, involved romance. There was allure; there was danger; there was money

While our literature abounds with whimsical tales about Yankee traders and their acquisitive mannerisms, little attention has been directed toward the men of French descent who dominated the commercial activities of much of the West and Midwest during the first half of the nineteenth century. Later in this story, we shall refer to the fact that many of the favored persons were Frenchmen, to whom enormous grants of land were made by the new Republic of Mexico and which were intended to form an actual insulation for that country against the encroachment of Yankoes.

So it was that Charles Hipclyte Trotier, Sieur de Beaubien, a French adventurer, became Carlos Beaubien, the Taos trader. He piled high the shelves of his adobe store and bade the world enter, to buy, to bargain and to trade. While he passed across the counter sugar, bacon and flour, along with articles of clothing, gunpowder and Taos Lighnin' whiskey, as well as all the jimcracks and baubles which brightened the eyes and awakened the desire of Spanish Senoras, Indian squaws and lonely mountain men in town for the annual hell-raising, Beaubien never lost sight of the main chance which had drawn him across the prairie.

As he bartered for sheep clips, beaver pelts and articles of Indian handicraft, the merchant found time to close two of

the largest real estate deals that have been consummated since the Fallen Angel exercised squatter's rights on the Darkened Kingdom.

Few men in modern times have sewed anything like as large a patch on the earth's surface as did Senor Carlos. It required a series of international diplomatic controversies, ending in a war, one blood-letting revolution, the enactment of some unique laws mothered by necessity, the execution of treaties by sovereign nations and lengthy litigation which culminated in the Supreme Court of the United States, to validate the titles which he gathered. But all the essentials were developed in sufficient force and at the proper time to accomplish just that thing and to give it the approving stamp of legality.

The result was that the man who started life in a French birthplace at Three Rivers, Quebec, who later became a citizen of old Spain and then of the Republic of Mexico, and who would up his nationalistic career as a citizen of this country and Judge of a Territorial District Court of the United States, found himself one bright day the absolute owner of one million and thirty-eight thousand acres of land, known as the Sangre de Cristo Grant, in one tract, and one million seven hundred and fourteen thousand acres in another chunk of rock, sand and sagebrush, immediately adjoining it on the south.

We are concerned only incidentally here with the second acreage, originally called the Miranda and Beaubien, and, later, the Maxwell Grant, and which includes a large portion of what are now Colfax, Taos and Union Counties, New Mexico. Its story has been told by William E. Kelcher in his interesting history, "The Maxwell Land Grant",

Carlos Beaubien acquired the title to the Sangre de Cristo Grant which contained more than 1,600 square miles of the most

valuable agricultural, grazing and mineral lands in Southern Colorado and northern New Mexico, together with enormous landscapes of the grandest mountain scenery the Rocky Mountain region affords, for an outlay of exactly one hundred dollars.

The price paid for this vast acreage constitutes one of the gossamer threads which link this actual real estate deal with the fanciful dreams of fairy folk.

The purchase of Manhattan Island for \$24 worth of wampum beads and the other dinguses which the wily white men used to bilk the American aborigine of an earlier date really fades in to insignificance alongside of Beaubien's accomplishment.

Soon after its confirmation, men traveled overseas to England and the continent in quest of, and found, money with which to buy a half million acres at one dollar an acre, as well as the funds with which to construct a railway line around the Mule Shoe along the base of LaVeta Mountain and over the pass of the same name into the San Luis Valley at a time when not another foot of railroad was being built in the United States because of the panic of the '70s. Congress was to enact legislation to validate titles which had been established prior to the Mexican War by losing combatant. Into the halls of our Congress for years ahead, controversies were to be injected involving proposed resolutions calling for the exposure of alleged land trends and the punishment of private individuals and public officials, who, it was asserted, had actually stolen millions of acres of land. During nearly every session for many years, at least one Congressman persistently denounced and discussed. Nothing came of his efforts evidently. The questions were finally litigated in the Courts.

The President of the United States was to sign instruments of conveyance confirming grants made by the territorial governor of a foreign nation whose chief claim to fame involves his

ability as a sharp trader of sheep and wool. Even Governor Manuel Armijo's enormous bodily condition is outweighed by charges of official misconduct and personal cowardice. In spite of his avoirdupois, however, he established some sort of a speed record when he took off for Chihuahua and away from the business ends of army rifles in the hands of undisciplined Missourians from the green army of the West. He traveled in a brougham drawn across the desert sands by six white horses.

The record of the Sangre de Cristo Grant constitutes a vertiable "Who's Who in the West" from the day when a 13-year old boy and the Sheriff of Taos County rode away from the Governor's Palace and across the Plaza at Santa Fe sometime during the New Year revels of 1844 with a paper in their saddle bags which identified them as the joint owners of the Grant.

Recently, the necessity for determining the character of the title to the northeast quarter of the Sangre de Cristo Grant forming the Trinchera Ranch, in the absence of an abstract thereof, rendered essential a resort to other sources than mere courthouse records in the present county seats on either side of the Colorado-New Mexico interstate line.

Usually the investigation of a title to land having its origin in a patent from the United States can safely start from and be based upon, that instrument. Since the patent to the Sangre de Cristo Grant, by its express terms, however, purports to be only a quitclaim deed; since that instrument was not signed by Rutherford B. Hayes in his official capacity as President until 20 years after the Congress had passed a law authorizing its execution; and, since numerous persons claimed interests which antedated the action of Congress for many years, the background of that instrument became important,

The grant was made by the last Mexican Territorial Governor of New Mexico under authority of certain laws enacted by the



new Mexican republic and regulations promulgated in conformity with those laws soon after its separation from Spain. An opinion of the United States Supreme Court in the case of the United States v. Vallejo, 1 Black 541, 17 Law Ed. 232, contains an interesting discussion of these early Mexican statutes and the manner in which they were availed of and enforced.

In an act passed by the Mexican Congress in 1824, it was provided that public lands might be granted or colonized subject to certain limitations. Among the latter was one provision that no person might obtain a grant having an area of more than eleven square leagues. Questions concerning the size of the Miranda and Beaubien and the Sangre de Cristo Grants were among the most difficult of the problems with which our courts dealt in passing upon the titles to Mexican land grants generally, and for that reason they become of interest in this discussion.

The Mexican president promulgated regulations in 1828 providing for the colonization of public lands, which authorized the governor of territories such as New Mexico to grant lands within their respective territories to either Mexicans or foreigners who might petition therefor for the purpose of cultivation or settlement.

The conditions existing in and around New Mexico at the time of these grants must be viewed to understand how grants of millions of acres--in the instance of the St. Vrain and Lucero Grant, the area was more than four millions--could be legally made to a private citizen in consideration of nothing more than a promise to colonize the lands.

In his "Leading Facts of New Mexican History", Ralph H. Twitchell presents a plausible explanation of the grant system and draws a graphic picture of conditions existing in the northern provinces of the Mexican republic in the years immediately

preceding the war with the United States in this passage:

"The independence of Mexico having been achieved, for a number of years commercial, social, and other relations between the two republics were cordial. This state of affairs continued until the period covered by the troubles with the province, afterward republic, of Texas. To be sure there was always trouble at the customhouse. The manner in which Texas had achieved its independence and thereafter become one of the states of the American union was a demonstration to the new Mexicans that the onward march of American settlement was a pronounced menace to their own authority. They feared that American influence would finally predominate, and among the officials, civil and military, a strong opposition to the continuance of further commercial relations with the United States became apparent, although among the plain people of the territory the trade with the United States was very popular.

"The insurrection of 1837 added much to the distrust that was then becoming apparent, for all of the foreigners in Santa Fe and other portions of New Mexico were secretly accused of having been friendly to the movement. The Texas-Santa Fe expedition also served to bring about a wider breach for again it was believed that the traders were privy to the plans of Texans. The raids by the Texans in 1843, the attack on the village of Mora, and the defeat of Armijo's forces on the Arkansas by Colonel Snively, convinced the New Mexican officials that great political changes were within the realm of probability which might result in the acquisition of the territory by the United States. Being convinced that the American Government had ulterior designs upon New Mexico, the authorities immediately began

to do all in their power to maintain the Mexican position as far north as the Arkansas.

"A policy of making great concessions of lands to settlers, other than Americans or other foreigners, across the entire northern frontier of New Mexico was initiated. The grants of land later known as the Tierra Amarilla, the Maxwell, the Mora, the St. Vrain, the Nolan, and the Montoya and Anton Chico were made for the purpose of aiding and carrying out this policy. Petitions for lands lying within the districts covered by these immense concessions were made at times by persons of American birth who had become Mexican citizens which were denied by the governor and granting authorities at Santa Fe. A well organized system of espionage was maintained and the presence of strangers on the Arkansas, at Bent's Fort, and in other localities, was immediately reported to the governor at Santa Fe."

One wonders why the Sangre de Criso Grant was not mentioned by Twichell. Surely it should be included. The same reasons must have existed with respect to it.

An interesting sidelight on this particular grant is contained in a letter dated June 16, 1871, written by Ferdinand Meyer, one of the early settlers on the grant, and which was addressed to the Rocky Mountain News at Denver from La Costilla, Colorado. It was published in the June 21st, 1871 issue of that paper. Mr. Meyer said that the grant was made in payment for some real or fancied service rendered to the Mexican government. By whom it was performed or the exact nature of the service does not appear from the message.

Whatever the underlying reason for making the grant may have been, however, it was held to be legal.

On December 27, 1843, a petition signed by Narciso Beaubien, the minor son of Carlos Beaubien, and Stephen Luis Lee was presented to Don Manuel Armijo, Civil and Military Governor of New Mexico.

Aside from his connection with this remarkable real estate transaction, Sheriff Lee's place in history seems to be based upon the fact that he operated a still which produced the most potent liquid with which the mountain men and trappers celebrated their infrequent visits to civilization during the early years of the west--"Taos Lightning."

The petition was written in Spanish. A translation reveals that the petitioners had found along the borders of the Costilla, Culebra and Trinchera Rivers, including the Rito of the Indians and the Sangre de Cristo to its junction with the Del Norte River, "fertile lands for cultivation, and abundance of pasture and water and all that is required for its settlement and the raising of horned and woolen cattle."

A translation of the prayer of the petition says:

"We have not hesitated to apply to Your Excellency, praying you, as an act of justice, to grant to us the land referred to, the possession of one sitio to each one, promising within the limit of the law to begin to establish ourselves on it until we shall be rooted and the colony established providing that Your Excellency sees proper to grant it to us. Such is the offer we make, and we swear that it is not done in malice."

The showing made by young Beaubien and Sheriff Lee must have satisfied the requirements of the Mexican laws, in the opinion of the territorial chief executive, because three days later on December 30, 1843, Governor Armijo made the following marginal notation on the first page of the petition:

"Referred to the Prefect in order that if the land petitioned for be not otherwise disposed of, he cause the possession referred to by the Petitioners to be given."

This order was attested by Donaciano Vigil, acting Secretary of the Territory, on January 7, 1844.

The Prefect to whom it was referred, Juan Andres Archuleta, in turn transmitted the petition to Jose Miguel Sanchez, Justice of the Peace at Taos, whose jurisdiction extended over the Third Demarcation, with a notation on the back instructing Sanchez to "proceed to the land and place the petitioners in possession provided it is not to the injury of the third parties." The petitioners supplemented this with a written request for the Justice of the Peace to invest them with the actual possession.

Thereafter in a ceremony closely approximating the livery of seisin known to feudal England, and in the presence of witnesses of various characters and capacities, Lee and Narciso Beaubien were certified as being placed in actual possession of the land by the Justice of the Peace, who receipts for a fee of \$30.00 on the back of his report. He certified that they traveled around the exterior boundaries.

The grantees evidenced their ownership by pulling up weeds, throwing stones and earth and performing various other acts in the presence of the official and the witnesses.

It is suggested by Leroy R. Hafen in his "Mexican Land Grants in Colorado", in commenting on the report of the Justice of the Peace, that, "One is inclined to doubt the actual erection of the mounds and the running of the lines on the summit of the snowbound Sangre de Cristo in midwinter (January) as inferred by the language of the document." Those who have spent a large portion of their lives in the San Luis Valley agree with Dr. Hafen. The job might have been done with planes and skis and thermos-jugs a hundred years later. But in 1844--never. Nevertheless, the official report was accepted by the granting sovereignty and was later confirmed by its national successor. The exact procedure was thereby rendered unimportant.

Brigadier General Stephen W. Kearny, in command of the Army of the West, entered Santa Fe on August 18, 1846 and immediately set up a territorial government for New Mexico with Charles Bent as governor and with Donaciano Vigil, who had been the Secretary of the Territory under the last Mexican governor, in a corresponding position. Carlos Beaubien, the Taos Prefect and storekeeper, was appointed one of the Judges of the new Territorial Court by General Kearny. Joab Houghton and Jose Antonio Otero were the other two members of the federal bench.

A revolt against the newly established authority soon after Kearny marched away seeking other worlds to conquer resulted in the assassination of Governor Bent and others, including the two owners of the Sangre de Cristo Grant, Narciso Beaubien and Stephen Luis Lee. Thereafter, with Judge Joab Houghton presiding, Judge Beaubien, the father of Narciso, the murdered boy, also occupied the bench during the trials of certain of the alleged murderers. After the jury rendered its fatal verdict, Judge Houghton pronounced a somewhat cold, if conclusive sentence of death upon those convicted.

An interesting factor involves the trial and conviction upon a charge, not of murder, but of treason, of one of the persons who had displayed his dissatisfaction with the new government by participation in the revolt. An appeal would probably have raised points justifying the reversal of the judgment. Such a reversal could have afforded the appellant little comfort, however, because he was hanged almost immediately after his conviction.

Just a few choice souls were the beneficiaries under most of Armijo's generous official acts. Those who received land at one place served as witnesses for their friends elsewhere.

Carlos Beaubien was already a grantee in his own right jointly with Guadalupe Miranda of the Miranda and Beaubien, or Maxwell, Grant. He also accompanied the alcalde from Taos and assisted that official in the ceremonial which attended the delivery of possession of the Conejos Grant to another group of petitioners on the Rio Conejos somewhere near Guadalupe in 1832 and 1833.

The elder Beaubien and Stephen Luis Lee had likewise signed as two of the three witnesses on the petition of Ger vacio Nolan for the lands along the Charles River, south of Pueblo, later confirmed as the Nolan Grant. The third witness was Ceran St. Vrain, who, with the heirs at law of Cornelio Lucero, was granted more than four million acres north of the Miranda and Beaubien Grant lying on the south bank of the Arkansas River from Pueblo through La Junta to the town of Las Animas, and which includes the drainage areas of the Picketwire, the Apishapa and the Huerfano Rivers. This acreage was reduced to 97,370.95 acres by the confirmatory act of Congress of June 21, 1860. St. Vrain was also one of the witnesses who attended Jose Miguel Sanchez, Justice of the Peace, when that official delivered possession of the Sangre de Cristo Grant to Lee and Narciso Beaubien.

St. Vrain, Nolan, the Beaubiens, the Bents, and several other grantees were of French blood. To an uninformed spectator this series of grants bears the ear marks of a cleverly staged community "back scratching". One wonders if Governor Armijo reported all of this income to the Mexican Internal Revenue officials.

As Narciso Beaubien was only 16 at the time of his death, his father claimed the boy's half interest in the Grant as the minor's sole heir at law. The legality of the claimed inheritance seems to have been assumed and accepted. It was never formally established in any probate court, as far as the records disclose. However, since Congress approved the elder Beaubien's claim by authorizing the issuance to him of a patent thereafter, and in the light of the interpretation placed on the facts by the Supreme Court of the United States, when the validity and effect of the patent were questioned in that court, the heirship issue is foreclosed.

The estate of Stephen Luis Lee was administered in the probate court of Taos County. Joseph Pley, a son-in-law of Carlos Beaubien, administrator of Lee's estate, sold its interest in the grant to Carlos Beaubien for one hundred dollars, on May 4, 1848, when the personal property of the late sheriff's estate proved to be insufficient to satisfy the claims filed against it.

A certified copy of the petition and order for such sale, together with the original administrator's deed, none of which has been recorded, were offered in evidence to sustain Carlos Beaubien's claim to the ownership of the grant in 1856, and are now among the records in the office of the Surveyor General at Denver.

In a case decided by the Colorado Supreme Court in 1890, an attack was made on this transaction by the husband of the



deceased daughter of Stephen Luis Lee, charging that the administrator's deed was fraudulent because Pley, her husband, secured the cancellation of personal obligations in connection with the deal. The opinion makes interesting reading, but the court disposed of the complaint for a number of good and sufficient legal reasons, thereby making it impossible to make a record of the alleged facts.

The treaty with Mexico and the protocol, which was later executed, bound the United States to recognize the validity of titles created by the Mexican government. This required establishing some procedure to determine what titles had been legally created.

Congress enacted legislation which provided several different methods for accomplishing this result. In California the procedure involved court action. In New Mexico, however, a Surveyor General was authorized to summon witnesses, hear proof and report to Congress. William Pelham was appointed Surveyor General of New Mexico.

One of the first petitions presented to him was that of Carlos Beaubien, as the heir at law of his son and the purchaser of the interest of Stephen Luis Lee.

In the petition, he did not assert that any colonization of the land was made by the original owners, but he did allege that, "since the said Grant came into his possession he has made extensive settlements on the same and that it was becoming under his ownership rapidly populated." There is abundant proof that he actually colonized the grant in the vicinity of present San Luis. George F. Ruxton, a young English army officer, passed across the grant from its southern boundary in New Mexico along the western base of the Sangre de Cristos in the winter of 1846 and 1847. In his book "Wild

Life of the Rocky Mountains", Lieutenant Ruxton makes it clear that there was no settlement after he left Questa on the Red River until he passed over the mountains somewhere in the vicinity of LaVeta Pass and reached Greenhorn Creek, probably near the present location of the town of Crow. Ruxton was the guest of Sheriff Lee at Taos for some time and would have spent the winter there had he been able to find pasture for his horses. Being unable to do so, he started forth a few days before the massacre in which Governor Bent and the others were assassinated. He stopped at Hurley's Mill at Arroyo Hondo, and, just a day or two after he departed from there, all of the men whom he had visited at the Mill were likewise assassinated coincidentally with the Taos massacre. Ruxton details his journey across the Costilla or Rib Creek, the Culebra or Snake Creek, the Trinchera or Bowl Creek and expresses interest in the canyon of the Sangre de Cristo which opens into a wide vallecito just before the passage over the main range.

Colonel Joseph K.F. Mansfield, Inspector General of the United States Army, visited Fort Massachusetts in 1853. He tells of settlements south of that fortress on Costilla and Culebra Creeks, the Colorado (Red) River, and at San Cristobal and on the Rio Hondo.

Edmond C. Van Diest, of Colorado Springs, who was the engineer for the owners of the grant for many years, says that the first colonization was made by George Gold and independent persons on the Costilla but that this was forsaken partly on account of insufficient energy on the part of the settlers but largely because the land was in the possession of Carlos Beaubien. The record establishes that the latter brought settlers from the vicinity of Taos to make their homes on the grant near San Luis. He induced them to cultivate the land and to use it for purposes of pasturage with the promise that conveyances for their separate acreages would be executed and delivered after actual residence.

John Gaspar, United States Commissioner, Clerk of the Court and occupant of many other offices, was Beaubien's assistant in establishing the colonists on the grant and measuring their separate patches by means of a compass and a pole five varas long. Thereafter, Gaspar executed deeds of conveyance as their attorney in fact by signing the names of Carlos and Paulita Beaubien as the grantors. He then took their acknowledgments, or, rather, he certified that he took the acknowledgments of their alleged signature as a notary public. The question of the validity of these deeds was raised in two law suits which were filed in the District Court of Costilla County in 1912. The actions were settled without going into court. Every lawyer will wonder what the answer might have been if the peculiar circumstances surrounding the execution of the deeds had ever gone to the court for Determination. Ferdinand Meyer wrote that 140 such deeds were executed.

Surveyor General Pelham found that all the legal essentials were present and so reported to Congress. On June 21, 1860, Congress passed a confirmatory act validating the title to the Sangre de Cristo Grant. Many grants were included within the terms of the act but several failed of confirmation.

Later, in a case entitled John G. Taming v. The United States Freehold Land and Emigration Company, the Supreme Court of the United States held that the grant was validated and the title confirmed by this Act of Congress. In an ejectment action Taming had suggested that the colonization laws of Mexico 1824 authorized grants of land not exceeding eleven leagues to any one person and asserted that the petition of Narciso Beaubien and Stephen Luis Lee constituted merely a request for two floating grants within the exterior boundaries of the lands mentioned. Taming's counsel asserted that the petition asked for "one square league of land (sitio) to each one." This would have allowed the two claimants only about ninety-seven thousand acres of land. The discrepancy between that acreage and a million thirty-eight thousand raised a question of real interest.

The court's opinion says:

"The Surveyor General of New Mexico is clothed with large powers and required to decide upon the validity of each claim. Final action on the subject is reserved to Congress. Such action is, of course, conclusive and, therefore, not subject to review in this or any other forum. It is obviously not the duty of this Court to sit in judgment upon either the recital of matters of fact by the Surveyor General or his decision declaring the validity of the grant. These are embodied in his report which was laid before Congress for its consideration and action. Congress acted upon the claim as recommended for confirmation by the Surveyor General. The confirmation being absolute and unconditional without any limitation as to quantity, we must regard it as affectual and operative for the entire tract. This was a matter for the consideration of Congress and we deem ourselves concluded by the action of that body.

At the time of the death of Carlos Beaubien, he appears to have been the owner of five-sixths of the grant. His widow and children carried out an agreement which Territorial Governor William Gilpin, of Colorado, had made with the original owner in his lifetime by conveying to Gilpin their interest as heirs. Gilpin later acquired the other one-sixth. He sold the south half million acres to a Dutch Company for a dollar an acre. Thereafter, he induced General William Palmer to construct a railroad line across the grant which was to pass within five miles of Fort Garland. In return Palmer received an undivided one-third interest in the north half of the grant. The railroad line ran directly through Fort Garland to Alamosa and southward through Santa Fe as far as Willard, New Mexico, with Mexico City as its proposed destination. Palmer's legal difficulties and his actual warfare with the Santa Fe over the use of the Royal Gorge rendered it impossible to carry out his plan.

What is roughly the northwest quarter of the grant was sold to a company with land booming as its objective. The northwest quarter constitutes the Trinchera ranch and eventually was acquired by the late Ruth Hanna McCormick Simms, to whose estate it now belongs.

No story of the Sangre de Cristo Grant should be closed without some mention of the many colorful characters and the interesting happenings in its record. It should be told that Fort Massachusetts on upper Ute Creek was the first military institution established in the land acquired from Mexico. Because it occupies a strategic position from the viewpoint of an enemy, it was abandoned and Fort Garland was constructed five or six miles southward.

Kit Carson was at one time commandant and Generals Phil Sheridan and William Tecumseh Sherman visited the place. The garrison was maintained to quell Indian outbreaks and to protect settlers. The three homicidal maniacs, known as the Espinosas, operated in and around the grant. It was from the garrison at Fort Garland that the old scout, Tom Tobin, set forth with soldiers and civilians to finally trail down the last two assassins and to cut off their heads to prove the kill on the eastern slope of LaVeta Pass. Legend has it that upon his return to the Fort, he entered the headquarters building while a dance was in progress. He lifted a gunny sack by its bottom, spilling the two heads out upon the floor and causing them to roll like bowling balls the length of the ballroom. Many women are said to have fainted. Even the hardened soldiers were definitely shocked. Tom Tobin was unable to collect the bounty which had been promised for the capture of the Espinosas, dead or alive. It was many years later when a Colorado legislature relented enough to make an appropriation for the man who removed the scourge of southern Colorado.

## THE BRAND BOOK

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It should also be told that the Ute nation, under the terms of a treaty, was moved to southwestern Colorado. Atop Ute mountain, south of the present interstate line, a beacon fire had been kept burning for many generations as a guide for travelers along the western slope of the Sangre de Cristos.

Wild happenings attended the building of the railroad across the grant. In the records of the Clerk of the District Court of Costilla County is a transcript of the evidence taken at a coroner's inquest in Fort Garland. An angry customer in a saloon literally disemboweled the bartender with a knife. That unfortunate man begged the bystanders to give him a gun with which to kill his assailant. Some sympathetic witness handed him a revolver. He promptly shot the knife wielder and both of them died. While this probably was not the every day occurrence, the thrilling tales of that country would suggest that somehow they were not infrequent.

A son of President Arthur acquired a ranch in the very heart of the grant. Strangely, in spite of the title to the grant, Mrs. Simms was obliged to acquire the land from the current owner when she purchased the Trinchera Ranch. Indian warfare, pioneer railroad building, reclamation of great areas by artificial irrigation and hundreds of other factors brighten the story of the grant with the glamour of romance, adventure and amazing business transactions. Today it is marked for the value of its agricultural and livestock productions. Hundreds of deer and elk still graze on its hills. A herd of several hundred buffalo was maintained in a park for years. Bears, lions, and wildcats, trout fishing and mountain scenery still challenge or invite the seeker after thrills.

Volumes have been filled with charges that the whole grant system was the result of fraud. Whenever the Sangre de Cristo Grant is mentioned, however, it is named in connection

with others under broad general statements. Careful search offers little evidence to sustain the claims as far as this transaction is concerned.

There must have been reason for complaint in connection with some of them. The fault of this grant would seem to lie in its choice of company rather than in any actual misconduct on the part of any person involved in the deal from the original presentation of the petition throughout the first hundred years of its life.

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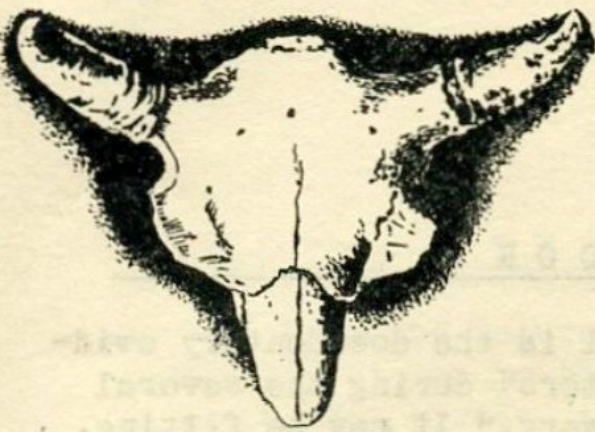
#### POSSIBLE NOTES

As the sun slowly disappeared behind the shadowed frontal range of the Rockies on the evening of July 25, members of the Denver Posse and their guests--including a lively contingent of corresponding members from Colorado Springs--gathered 'round the chuck wagon at Sheriff Roth's ranch northwest of Arvada for a typically western steak fry. Art Zeuch proved adept at grilling the excellent steaks provided by Charlie. The ladle in the bean pot scraped bottom all too quickly.

Former governor Ralph Carr was in grand form and his paper, delivered in the open with the well-fed, receptive Westerners grouped around the camp table, was a fitting climax to a memorable evening. Incidentally, were the howls of the coyotes in the distance real or faked? We have suspicions! To Charlie Roth, our grand host of the evening, the sincere appreciation of the entire Posse and may we do it again soon!

"Two-gun" Pete (Virgil) Peterson informs us that all the difficulties have been licked and the 1947 BRAND BOOK will be off the press by the September roundup. (Ed. Note: While on the subject of Virg, the editor wishes to express sincere thanks for the swell job he did this year on the Brand Books during the sojourn of the editor in Europe. It was fun reading a Brand Book while flying from Geneva to Rome)

**EXTRA!** Make plans to attend the September roundup. Ben Draper of Georgetown is going to be our guest with an engaging, factual story of old Georgetown.



# *The* BRAND BOOK

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No.

## THE LEGEND OF COLTER'S HELL by Merrill J. Mattes

Yellowstone National Park was created on March 1, 1872, when President Ulysses S. Grant signed his name to "a Bill to set apart a certain tract of land lying near the headwaters of the Yellowstone River as a public park... and as a pleasing ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people." The 75 years which have elapsed since that date have witnessed the steady development of that park as the greatest tourist attraction in the world, culminating with the prospect of nearly one million visitors in 1947 alone. It is a historical paradox that this region was visited by white men and its strange phenomena was described over 60 years before the first bona fide tourist arrived on the scene. Geography and politics both conspired to delay him but an even greater obstacle was interposed. Such a region, as reported matter-of-factly by a few obscure trappers and prospectors, could not exist because there were no geysers or glass mountains east of the Mississippi. It was "Colter's Hell," a myth, a legend only, until the period 1869-71 when a series of private and official expeditions conclusively established the authenticity of the geological wonders, the simple description of which sounded like a description of Dante's Inferno.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>Merrill Mattes has been the very successful custodian of the Scotts Bluff National Monument in Nebraska and has recently been delegated to make surveys of historical sites in the Missouri Valley water shed which would be effected by the proposed development of the Missouri River.



Behind the legend of Colter's Hell is the documentary evidence of actual Yellowstone Park "visitors" during the several decades preceding the official "discovery." It may be fitting, at a time when record auto-borne crowds are gaping at the marvellous show of which Old Faithful is the star performer, to call the roll of those privileged mortals who attended the preview.<sup>2</sup>

In 1797 David Thompson, a British fur trader and explorer, arrived at the Mandan villages on the Missouri River, and began to press the natives for information relating to the unknown territory to the west. In Thompson's notes appears the earliest written reference to the "Yellow Stone." French-Canadian employees of the North west Fur Company, who ranged far and wide in their quest for beaver hides, may have been the first white men to reach Yellowstone River, for "Roche Jaune" or "Yellow Rock" was part of their working vocabulary before Thompson reached the Mandans. They didn't invent the name, however, but translated it from the Indian equivalent, the Minnetaree version of which is "Mi Tsi a da si," or "Rock Yellow River." General Hiram M. Chittenden, who wrote the first standard history of Yellowstone Park, holds that the ultimate origin of the name could only come from the brilliant and infinite varieties of yellow which dominate the color scheme of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone.<sup>3</sup>

During the winter of 1804-05 the Lewis and Clark expedition wintered at the Mandan villages near the mouth of Knife River, where Thompson had stopped in 1797. While there Captain Lewis improved his time by compiling a report and drawing a map of the western country, based largely on data provided by his friendly hosts. Although this map was understandably inaccurate in many respects, it indicated a previous knowledge of the Yellowstone River, as well as its sulphurous tributary, the "Stinking Water," which is now more decorously known as the Shoshone. The expedition continued on up the Missouri River to Three Forks, and thence over the Continental Divide via Jefferson Fork and its tributaries.

Upon the return trip in 1806, after wintering at Fort Clatsop at the mouth of the Columbia, the Lewis and Clark expedition divided in order to explore the country more thoroughly. Clark undertook to determine the source of the mysterious Yellowstone. On July 15 with eleven white men, the Indian woman Sakakawea and her baby, the cavalcade crossed Bozeman Pass, which marks the divide between the Yellowstone and the Gallatin Fork, and reached the site of present Livingston, Montana. There is no indication that Clark suspected what wonders lay concealed behind the snowy mountain wall to the south, and being in a hurry, he passed on down the Yellowstone, with glory enough for one expedition. After rejoining Lewis below the mouth of the Yellowstone, the expedition paddled swiftly down the Missouri to reach St. Louis, and report the success of the enterprise.

In this same year Lt. Zebulon M. Pike explored up the Arkansas River, and discovered the Colorado Peak which immortalizes his name. The official map which he prepared purported to locate the headwaters of the Yellowstone, which he claims to have seen from the summit of an unidentified mountain. Certain maps put out by the early Spaniards, operating out of Mexico, seemed to support the Pike story; but it soon developed that he missed the mark by at least two hundred miles.<sup>4</sup> It was fated that the actual discovery of the Upper Yellowstone was to be made, not by any official expedition, but by an obscure fur trapper, who was looking for Indians.

John Colter, a member of the Lewis and Clark expedition, was the first white man to enter the confines of the present Yellowstone National Park. This is a theory only but it is a plausible one. We know little about Colter beyond the meagre testimony of his contemporaries that he was sturdy, honest, and energetic, born in Virginia and raised in Kentucky, a frontiersman in the true tradition of Daniel Boone. He was about thirty years of age when the homeward-bound expedition reached the Mandan villages, and he was granted permission to

take his leave and join two hunters who were headed upstream for beaver hides. In the summer of 1807 Manuel Lisa's fur trading expedition intercepted Colter, who was again paddling downstream, at the mouth of the Platte River, and for the third time he was persuaded to set his face to the setting sun. At the mouth of the Bighorn River, Lisa built a trading post, from which Colter was dispatched to drum up some business among the Crows. The course of his subsequent wanderings in the autumn and winter of 1807-08 has been determined solely on the basis of data which Captain William Clark, presumably after conversation with Colter, superimposed on his map of 1810, first published in 1814.<sup>5</sup> Inevitably Colter's precise route has been subject to wide differences of scholarly opinion, largely hinging on the identification of "Lake Biddle" (or "Riddle") and "Lake Eustis" with Jackson Lake and Yellowstone Lake, respectively, and the true location of a certain "Boiling Spring" and a "Hot Spring Brimstone." A composite of theories offered by Chittenden, Stallo Vinton and W.J. Ghent, to name only three who have attempted the impossible, is that Colter followed up the Shoshone River to present Cody, went south along the foot of the Absarokas, up Wind River to Union Pass, into Jackson Hole (and possibly across the Tetons into Pierre's Hole), thence north along the west shore of Yellowstone Lake and northeast toward Mammoth Hot Springs and Tower Falls, crossing the Yellowstone near the mouth of the Lamar, thence up the Lamar and Soda Butte Creek, across the Absaroka Mountains, thence south to the Shoshone River, and back to Lisa's Fort by way of Clark's Fork and Pryor's Fork.<sup>6</sup> This of course is entirely conjectural, but we have encountered no historian who seeks to deny that Colter did traverse, in some way, the Yellowstone Park area. It is a source of infinite regret that the Clark map is so vague, and that Colter's testimony was not written up in detail; but it must be remembered that he was only incidentally interested in natural curiosities, while Clark and others probably discounted the scenic embellishments. He was looking for Indians who knew where to trap beaver. That he was eminently successful in this main objective is

evident in the rich cargo of furs which Lisa transported to St. Louis in 1808. After further explorations in the neighborhood of the Three Forks of the Missouri, and several harrowing adventures with the hostile Blackfoot Indians, Colter finally concluded that he had seen everything, and so returned to St. Louis in May, 1810. He married and settled down in the little village of Charette, Missouri. With great reluctance he turned down an opportunity to join the Astorian expedition which passed by in 1811; and in 1813 he died, ironically enough, from "jaundice."

After Colter's swift journey several historically important expeditions passed close to the future park boundaries. In 1810 Andrew Henry, hotly pursued by Blackfeet, fled with a group of trappers southwest from Three Forks across the Divide to Henry's Fork of the Snake. Their winter encampment there was the first American establishment on the Pacific slope of the continent. Some writers have reasoned that Henry and his men probably explored the country within a wide radius of the Tetons, but any belief that they touched Yellowstone Park is, again, conjectural.<sup>7</sup> In the spring of 1811 Henry returned down the Missouri, while three of his men, Hoback, Robinson and Reznor, went eastward via Teton Pass, Jackson Hole and Togwotee Pass. At the mouth of the Niobrara River, these men ran into the large expedition dispatched by John Jacob Astor, and led by Wilson Price Hunt, which was bound for the mouth of the Columbia. They were hired as guides and led the Astorians back across the Divide via Union Pass, the Upper Green River, Hoback Canyon and Jackson Hole. In 1812 Robert Stuart and a small party left the Astorian's stockade on the Columbia River to blaze the Oregon Trail from west to east, making one important detour via Teton Pass and Jackson Hole.<sup>8</sup>

After Colter, the first white man in the park area may have been Britishers and half-breeds in the employ of the Northwest Company, which was later consolidated with the monopolistic Hudson's Bay Company. On an exploratory trip in 1880 Colonel P.W. Norris, then Superintendent of the park,

discovered the following inscription carved dimly in a tree above the Upper Falls of the Yellowstone: "J.O.R. Aug. 29, 1819."<sup>9</sup> No trace of the carved section has been found by present park personnel. Aside from the material evidence, however, the validity of this date is supported by the record of a trip made in this year by Donald McKenzie and a trapping brigade to the headwaters of the Snake River, in which reference is made, not only to the Teton Mountains, but to "boiling fountains" and other thermal phenomena.<sup>10</sup> That there were other subsequent invasions of the park area by British interests seems a reasonable conclusion from our knowledge of the ubiquitous wanderings of the half-breed trappers, together with characteristic traps, pit, log hut ruins and other physical remains of considerable antiquity which came to light when the park was later explored in detail. However, documentary evidence of their movements is lacking, and the signal honor of writing the earliest known description of the Yellowstone marvels falls to an American.<sup>11</sup>

The aggregation of trappers and traders known historically as the "Rocky Mountain Fur Company," which was founded at St. Louis in 1822 by William Ashley and Andrew Henry, has achieved a unique fame because the young men who became its leading spirits--James Bridger, Thomas Fitzpatrick, William Sublette, Jedediah Smith and others--became the primary explorers and discoverers of the Rocky Mountain West. Due to the hostility of the Arickaras and the Blackfeet on the Upper Missouri River, the trappers soon diverted their attention to the Central Rocky Mountain region where, in 1824, they discovered South Pass, Great Salt Lake, and the Green River approach to Jackson Hole, perhaps coming within a few miles of the present South Park boundary.<sup>12</sup> In 1824 Ashley instituted the "rendezvous system" of fur trapping whereby the trappers, and their Indian allies, after their winter trapping seasons, would meet the traders in some pre-designated green mountain valley, where they would exchange their beaver hides and catch up on their roistering amid wild carnival scenes.<sup>13</sup> There is a tradition, unsupported by tangible evidence that after the first rendezvous, which was held on Henry's

Fork of the Green, young Bridger and Fitzpatrick, both destined for an illustrious future, betook themselves northward through Jackson Hole into Yellowstone Park, "becoming fascinated with the wonders of that country."<sup>13</sup> Alas, they wrote no diaries. Indeed, Bridger was illiterate, and we would not know even of his later undisputed visits to the park were it not for others who made note of his conversations.

The Wyoming historian, Coutant, who does not reveal the sources of his information, has it that after Bridger's alleged visit to the park in 1824, "he happened to be at the trading post of the American Fur Company on the Yellowstone and there met a young Kentuckian Robert Meldrum, who came out to be employed as a blacksmith at that post," Meldrum, "got the trapping bug, and soon after joined the Crows, and it was while living with these people that he found an opportunity to investigate the wonders about Yellowstone Lake. In later years he often talked to Army officers and others about geysers."<sup>14</sup> Some Army officers indeed may have supplied Coutant with this story, but it must remain unverified in the field, particularly in view of the fact that no active trading post is known to have existed on Yellowstone River between 1823, when the Ashley-Henry post was abandoned; until 1828, when Fort Union was established. It is of course possible that Meldrum was only one of the many fur trappers who are known to have visited Yellowstone Park after 1829; but Coutant's inference is that he was an earlier and lone discoverer.

Daniel T. Potts has been recently identified as the long-mysterious author of a letter which first appeared in the Philadelphia Gazette and Daily Advertiser, September 27, 1827, which contains the earliest known definite description of the geological miracles in Yellowstone Park. This document, dated July 8, 1827 at the "Sweet Lake" or Bear Lake (Utah) rendezvous and carried eastward for mailing by William Sublette, describes how the Potts party, the other members of which are not identified, went north after the Salt Lake rendezvous of 1826 and, after a skirmish with the Blackfeet, went up Henry's Fork of Snake River, crossed the Teton Mountains into Jackson

Hole, ascended Snake River to the vicinity of Two Ocean Pass, and then descended Yellowstone River. There is a vivid description of "a large fresh-water lake which is about one hundred miles long and forty miles wide and as clear as crystal." On the south border of the lake he found a number of hot and boiling springs, mud pots and sundry sulphurous and earth trembling explosions. From here, probably the West Thumb thermal area, "by a circuitous route to the northwest" and after some more encounters with the Blackfeet, the Potts brigade proceeded to the Bear Lake rendezvous.<sup>15</sup> The whole expedition which he so compactly describes probably consumed almost a year, for the purpose of the trip was the systematic collection of beaver hides. In the rich cargo which Sublette packed eastward in 1827 must have been many peltries taken from Yellowstone Park.

In 1826 Ashley sold his interests to Jedediah Smith, William Sublette, and David E. Jackson, the namesake of Jackson Hole. Potts was in the employ of these partners. After 1826 there is no worthwhile evidence of their further operations in Yellowstone Park until 1829. In the summer of this year the three partners were reunited in the vicinity of the Teton, and then the entire outfit moved up Henry's Fork of the Snake and across the Divide to the valleys of the Madison and Gallatin, and then to the foot of Cinnabar Mountain, three miles above the present park North Entrance. Here the party was scattered by the Blackfeet. Joseph L. Meek, who later achieved fame as an Oregon pioneer, and whose biography, River of the West, is a valuable source of information on the mountain trappers, became lost for several days. In the course of his wanderings before rejoining his comrades he stumbled across a region east of Yellowstone River "smoking with vapor from boiling springs and burning with gases issuing from small craters and belching blue flames and molten brimstone," which is identifiable as the seldom-visited thermal area of the Mirror Plateau. After crossing the northeast corner of the park, the reorganized party, minus two men, crossed the Absarokas to spend the winter at Powder River.<sup>16</sup>

"Bridger's biographer contends that the redoubtable Jim led trapping brigades into the park in 1830 and 1831, on both occasions paying his respects to the geyser basins on the Firehole River. In 1832, after the famous Battle of Pierre's Hole west of the Tetons, he is reported to have made his first visit to Mammoth Hot Springs and the Grand Canyon.<sup>17</sup> Whereas there is no reliable documentation to support these journeys, it is incontestable that during the early 1830's Bridger became thoroughly familiar with Yellowstone Park. We have not only the fact of his then growing reputation as a prevaricator among those who couldn't conceive of a geyser or an obsidian cliff, but the later published testimony of unimpeachable authorities who listened carefully to his stories, weighed his character, and gave at least provisional credence to them. Irrespective of the ubiquitous Bridger, clues supplied by Meek and the Hudson's Bay Company journalist John Work indicate the presence of American trappers on the "Upper Yellowstone" in the early 1830's, but the circumstances are too hazy to warrant any flat statements about Yellowstone Park visitors in 1830, 1831 and 1832.<sup>18</sup>

Captain Benjamin Bonneville led a well-organized trading and exploring expedition westward in 1832, taking the first wagon train across the Continental Divide, and remaining in the Rocky Mountain area until 1835. In Washington Irving's classic account of his adventures, first published in 1837, there is no evidence that Bonneville or his men penetrated the vastness of Colter's Hell, although they are frequently portrayed in Jackson Hole and other adjacent areas. Many years later, however, in a letter of 1875 published by the Montana Historical Society, Bonneville states that, while he did not personally see "the thermal springs and geysers," his men knew about them, calling their location the "Fire Hole."<sup>19</sup> Baptiste Ducharme is one of Bonneville's men who is alleged to have visited the geyser region frequently.<sup>20</sup> He personally claimed to have trapped in the park in 1824 and 1826 which, if true, would have made him one of "Ashley's young men" originally, and an associate of Bridger, Jed Smith



and Daniel T. Potts. The assertion is open to question, however, since it lacks confirmation, and Ducherne was over 100 years old when he was interviewed.

Thus far until 1832, we know that only fragments of Yellowstone Park had been explored, notably Yellowstone Lake and its south and western approaches, and the Lamar River Basin. According to Warren Ferris, one of the great geyser basins was visited in the spring hunt of 1833 by a party of forty men under a Spaniard named Alvaris (or Alvarez), in the employ of the American Fur Company. They reached the area by going up Henry's Fork, later returning to Green River for the rendezvous. This is the first definite evidence of white men in the Fire Hole Basin. According to Dr. Paul Phillips, editor of the Ferris journal, this discoverer was "Manuel Alvarez, later prominent in the Southwest trade and United States consul at Santa Fe."<sup>21</sup> He was not one of Bonneville's men, but some confusion has arisen on this point, as the Captain mentions him as an acquaintance in the above-mentioned letter of reminiscence.

Warren Angus Ferris, a native of New York who later resided in Texas, made his first mountain journey with the American Fur Company in 1830 at the age of 19. A rarity among the mountain men, he kept a journal of his travels, which appeared serially in 1842 and 1843 in the Western Literary Messenger, an obscure weekly published in Buffalo, New York. The piece containing an account of his visit to the geyser region in 1834, which appeared on July 13, 1842, did not attract much attention at the time, except to be plagiarized by the editors of The Wasp, of Nauvoo, Illinois, in their edition of August 13, 1842. It is probable that the few readers of the Ferris story regarded it all as a ridiculous fantasy. The true identity of the author and the historical importance of his account as the first written description of the geysers (and the second written description of any portion of Yellowstone Park) by an eye-witness was not disclosed until 1900, by Olin D. Wheeler of St. Paul, publicist for the Northern Pacific Railroad.

It was in May, 1834 that Ferris and two Indians set out from a camp west of the park, travelling almost due east forty miles to the upper reaches of the Madison. His object was to verify the rumors concerning "remarkable boiling springs on the sources of the Madison" which he got from Alvarez' men and he soon realized that "the half was not told me." His vivid description of "columns of water" and "beautiful fountains" projecting at intervals to heights up to 150 feet and accompanied by "loud explosions and sulphurous vapors" clearly describe one of the principal geyser basins, though just which one is of course not clear.<sup>22</sup> It is ironical that this accurate eye-witness report and verification of Colter's Hell should be consigned to virtual oblivion for over half a century.

In August of 1834 a party of 55 men in Bonneville's employ led by Joseph H. Walker, ascended Pacific Creek from Jackson Hole and after some debate agreed to "move down onto Wind River," instead of descending the Yellowstone. Thus Walker, who had previously discovered Yosemite Valley, and Zenas Leonard, the journalist of the expedition, missed the big exploring opportunity which Ferris had grasped.<sup>23</sup>

After the rendezvous of 1834 on Ham's Fork of the Green, the Yellowstone Park area may have been included in the territory trapped by Bridger and the brigade of about 60 men who circled northward before making winter camp at the forks of the Snake. In the spring of 1834 this group probably again traversed the park area, for in May they were found by a party of Nathaniel Wyeth's men at the mouth of Gardiner's Fork, and later on the Upper Madison.<sup>24</sup> This was the last hunt of the historic "Rocky Mountain Fur Company" for at the Green River rendezvous of that year Lucien Fontenelle practically arranged for its absorption by the American Fur Company.

With Ferris in the rare category of well-educated journal-keeping Rocky Mountain trappers is Osborne Russell, a native

of Maine who came west in 1834 with Nathaniel Wyeth and later achieved a reputation as a pioneer of Oregon and California. His several visits to the park beginning in 1835, as an employee of Wyeth and later of the American Fur Company, have been excitingly recorded in his Journal of a Trapper, which was first published in 1914 by his descendents. In June, 1835 his party of 24 men under the incompetent Joseph Gale, left Fort Hall, following up Snake River to Jackson Hole. After extricating themselves with much difficulty from the craggy wilderness of the Absarokas, losing two men in the process, the party reached an easterly fork of the Yellowstone, where they encountered some woebegone Sheepeaters. They travelled thence to "Gardner's Hole," which apparently was named earlier after Johnson Gardner, a free lance trapper. Passing over to Gallatin and Madison Forks in September the party fell in with another contingent under Bridger. The combined forces were attacked by 80 Blackfeet and the furious melee which ensued has also been described by Meek.<sup>25</sup> This apparently took place in the neighborhood of present West Yellowstone.

Before the battle above-mentioned it is apparent that the Bridger brigade, which included Meek and Kit Carson, likewise trapped the fringes of Yellowstone Park. The trappers accompanied the Rev. Samuel Parker and his flathead congregation from the rendezvous to Jackson Hole, where "Bridger detached a portion of his command to trap the stream." The main party, according to Parker, left the missionary in Pierre's Hole and "went north-east into the mountains to their hunt-ground."<sup>26</sup> The details of their route previous to joining forces with the Russell-Gale party, are not available.

After the summer rendezvous of 1836 on Green River, Russell was ordered by Bridger to proceed with 17 men to Yellowstone Lake and await the main party. Via Jackson Hole and Two Ocean Pass he reached the inlet of the lake where Bridger and the main party, including the co-leaders, Fontenelle and Andrew Drips, joined him as scheduled. They followed along the eastern shore of the lake to its outlet

at present Fishing Bridge, and camped again "in a beautiful plain which extended along the northern extremity of the lake." Russell describes the lake as "about 100 miles in circumference" and "rather in the shape of a crescent." His further description of boiling springs and hot steam vents in the neighborhood of Hayden Valley places him behind Potts and Ferris as the third journalist of the park phenomena. Going northeast of the lake, possibly in the Lamar Valley, he again ran into the harmless Sheepeaters, who traded some skins. He recrossed the Yellowstone "at the ford," apparently in the vicinity of Tower Falls, and travelled thence to Gardner's Fork and "Gardner's Hole". The party zig-zagged northward again over the mountains to the Yellowstone which they followed "out of the mountains into the great Yellowstone plain."<sup>27</sup>

From the Green River rendezvous of 1837 Bridger and Fontenelle led over 100 men to "The Blackfoot country." At Jackson Hole Russell and three others were detached to hunt the headwaters of the Yellowstone. They followed the course of the previous season to the outlet of the lake, then went northeast over the mountains to gain the "Stinking Water" or Shoshone. Failing to meet Fontenelle's party as agreed upon, at the mouth of Clark's Fork, Russell and his companions were compelled to travel over the Wyoming plains to Fort William, which the company had erected in 1834 at the junction of the Platte and the Laramie.<sup>28</sup> His biographer holds, although without good evidence, that Jim Bridger led the main brigade twice through the park this year.<sup>29</sup> He may have approached the rendezvous in the spring by way of the Madison Fork or the Yellowstone fighting his way through a swarm of Blackfeet, as Meek suggests, but after the rendezvous it appears that he headed instead for the Three Forks country, by way of Teton Pass.

Several reliable eyewitnesses, including Russell, inform us that the summer rendezvous of 1838 was held on the

Popo Agie, the south fork of Wind River. Bridger and his cohorts may have assembled in and trapped the Yellowstone Park region in the spring; but there is nothing to substantiate the tradition, apparently originating with the untrustworthy Meek, that the trappers "finally rendezvoused on the north fork of the Yellowstone, near Yellowstone Lake."<sup>30</sup> The fact that Meek himself tells of the presence at the rendezvous of various parties known to be following the Oregon Trail that year, makes it obvious that the tale got tangled up somehow. Yellowstone was a great place to hunt and trap; but it was much too inaccessible to serve as a general meeting place.

An entry in Russell's journal for 1839 indicates that some unidentified trappers from Fort Hall reached Yellowstone Lake in 1838.<sup>31</sup> Meek alleges that he went alone to Gardner's Hole after the rendezvous, later meeting Drips and Bridger in the "Burnt Hole."<sup>32</sup> This agrees with Russell's story that the main band crossed to Jackson Hole and Pierre's Hole, then headed north.

By 1839 the golden era of the mountain fur trade was coming to its close. The record of two trapping expeditions in Yellowstone Park this year provides a stirring climax to the era of the beaver hunters. One party of 40 men, including Ducharme previously mentioned, and the apprentice trapper Jim Baker of later fame, followed up the Snake River to Two Ocean Pass, then descended the Yellowstone to the Lake, making a complete "loop road" tour of Mammoth Hot Springs, Sulphur Mountain, Mud Geyser, Yellowstone Falls and the dazzling displays in "Fire Hole Basin."<sup>33</sup> This is the first certain proof of trappers' visits to Mammoth and to the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone although it seems probable that both these features were known earlier.

Another party of four, including our friend Osborne Russell, set out in June, 1839, from Fort Hall, following up the Snake and Lewis River to Lewis Lake and Shoshone Lake. The Shoshone geyser basin is described in detail, including

an "Hour Spring" which answers to the description of Union Geyser. From here they crossed over to Hayden Valley via the Midway Geyser Basin, there being a "boiling lake," probably the Grand Prismatic Spring. After an extended camp at the outlet of Yellowstone Lake, they went east to the head of Clark's Fork, thence back to the Yellowstone at the ford near Tower Falls, thence to Gardner's Hole and back to the Lake outlet. En route they saw evidence of "a village of 300 or 400 lodges of Blackfeet" that had only recently been evacuated. In their camp on Pelican Creek, just east of the present Fishing Bridge camp ground, they were suddenly assailed by a horde of Blackfeet "who rent the air with their horrid yells," and inflicted severe arrow wounds on Russell and one other. They fought off the Indians with their rifles, but suffered great pain and hardship in making their way back to Fort Hall, leaving the park by way of West Thumb, Lewis Lake and Snake River.<sup>34</sup>

The final rendezvous of the trappers in 1840, again held on Horse Creek of Green River, was a lugubrious affair, with few beaver hides in evidence, and little of the customary conviviality. Father Pierre J. DeSmet was the feature attraction with a kind of revival meeting among the assembled Flatheads. His subsequent passage through Jackson Hole by way of Teton Pass was as close as the famed missionary-explorer ever came to the park.<sup>35</sup>

During the next 24 years Yellowstone Park was virtually left in primeval solitude. There is evidence of only three visits of white men during this period, and one attempted visit which failed. In 1844 according to Chittenden, a party of trappers, identity not disclosed, entered Upper Yellowstone Valley from the south, and "passed around the west shore of Yellowstone Lake to the outlet, where they had a severe battle with the Blackfoot Indians, in a broad open tract at that point. The remains of their old corral were still visible as late as 1870."<sup>36</sup> The other three expeditions were guided by Jim Bridger, who in 1843 had set up Fort Bridger on Black's Fork of Green River, to cater to the emigrants who were beginning to follow the Oregon Trail. In 1846 according to

James Commel, Bridger led a "trading expedition to the Crows and the Sioux" north up the Green River through Jackson Hole and into the Park, making a tour of the scenic features before continuing down the Yellowstone.<sup>37</sup> The historian, Topping, who does not indicate his sources of information, states that in 1850 Jim Bridger, Kit Carson and 22 others on a prospecting trip out of St. Louis, "crossed the mountains to the Yellowstone and down it to the lake and the falls; then across the divide to the Madison River. They saw the geysers of the lower basin and named the river that drains them the Fire Hole... The report of this party made quite a stir in St. Louis."<sup>38</sup>

The "stir" made by Bridger's reports was mainly in the form of incredulity and scoffing. There were a few highly respected authorities, however, who took Bridger seriously. In 1853 Lt. J. W. Gunnison, who had been a member of the Stansbury exploring party which Bridger guided to Salt Lake in 1850, in his History of the Mormons, published an accurate description of the geyser region based on interviews with the famous trapper.<sup>39</sup> In a letter dated January 20, 1852, Father DeSmet located the park correctly by latitude and longitude and gives a very creditable description of its wonders. He writes, "I have these reports from Captain Bridger, who is familiar with every one of these mounds, having passed thirty years of his life near them."<sup>40</sup>

In 1859, Captain W. F. Reynolds, Topographical Engineers, was ordered to explore the mountainous regions in which the Yellowstone, Gallatin and Madison Rivers have their source. The expedition was organized with Bridger as guide, and wintered on the Platte River. In May 1860, while a detachment under Lieutenant Maynadier went north along the Absaroka Range, the main party ascended Wind River, crossed Union Pass then turned north seeking a passage to the Yellowstone. Deep snow, however, blocked their efforts before they reached Two Ocean Pass, and they had to satisfy themselves with encircling the park via Jackson Hole, Teton Pass, Henry's Fork

and Raynold's Pass over the Divide. By way of the Madison, they rejoined Maynadier at the Three Forks. Raynold's report and map, which included accurate data provided by Jim Bridger, became the first official recognition in any form of the existence of unusual volcanic activity in the region of the Upper Yellowstone.<sup>41</sup> Had it not been for the Civil War, which prevented publication of the report until 1868, final confirmation of the Yellowstone Park wonders might not have been postponed for another ten years.

It was the discovery of gold, first in California and later in Colorado, which started the population moving westward in great numbers, and diverted whatever attention might otherwise have become focused on the Yellowstone region. It was the discovery of gold in western Montana, in the early 1880's, which brought about the rediscovery and early creation as the world's first national park. Although there was desultory prospecting previous to 1862, it was in that year that the news of several major gold strikes was broadcast and a full scale stampede to the diggings began. In the spring of 1863 at least two prospecting parties entered the park. Although they were feverishly preoccupied with the search for gold, the unusual character of the country did not escape them entirely, and the leader of one party made something akin to the first scientific eyewitness report. This was Walter Washington DeLacy, an experienced engineer. Disappointed in his efforts to locate a claim at Alder Gulch, in August 1863 he fell in with an expedition of about 40 men bound for Snake River, and was elected captain. Their search being unrewarded, some of the party deserted at Jackson Lake, the others deciding to push north. From the junction of the Lewis and Snake they went over the Pitchstone Plateau to discover Shoshone Lake and Lewis Lake. From there they crossed over the Divide to the geyser basins of the Firehole. Although professing to be "delighted" with what they found there, they wasted no time in sightseeing, and left the park by way of the Gallatin. His findings in the western section of the park were incor-



porated in official maps which were prepared shortly after his return, but lack of opportunity to publish his journal until 1876 probably robbed DeLacy of the glory of being acknowledged the first scientific observer and discoverer of the park.<sup>42</sup>

Montana newspaper accounts and reminiscences of old-timers have revealed that there were numerous prospecting expeditions which traversed Yellowstone Park during the next five years. To be sure, the many remarkable features of the area were observed, and speculated upon, and eulogized, but as far as the outside world was concerned the whole thing was still in the realm of mystery. The cumulative effect of the reports and rumors, however, was gradually to convince intelligent listeners that no wild tale could be so persistent, and that there must be something at the headwaters of the Yellowstone worth looking into. In September, 1869, David E. Folsom, Charles W. Cook and William Peterson packed south out of Diamond City, Montana, without distracting thoughts of beaver hides or gold, for the express purpose of seeing what they could see on the Upper Yellowstone, and reporting what they saw without adornment. The brief era of definitive discovery and vindication of Colter's Hell was dawning.

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#### Footnotes

<sup>1</sup> The term "Colter's Hell" appears first in literature in Washington Irving's Adventures of Captain Bonneville, Philadelphia, 1837, I, p. 223.

<sup>2</sup> Hiram M. Chittenden's The Yellowstone National Park, Cincinnati, 1895, several times republished, has not yet been replaced as the standard history of the park. He devotes eight chapters to the "pre-discovery" phase, dedicating his book "to the memories of John Colter and James Bridger pioneers in the wonderland of the Upper Yellowstone. Several new sources have recently come to light.

- <sup>3</sup> Ibid., pp. 2-7.
- <sup>4</sup> Stephen N. Hart and Archer Butler Hulbert, eds., Zebulon
- <sup>5</sup> Charles G. Paullin, Atlas of the Historical Geography of the United States, the Carnegie Institution, Baltimore, 1932, Plate 31A.
- <sup>6</sup> Hiram M. Chittenden, The American Fur Trade of the Far West, etc., New York, 1936, p.705. Stallio Vinton, John Colter the Discoverer of Yellowstone Park, New York, 1926, pp.57-65. W.J. Ghent, "A Sketch of John Colter," Annals of Wyoming, X, July, 1938, pp. 99-113.
- <sup>7</sup> B.W. Driggs, History of Teton Valley, Idaho, Caldwell, 1926 p.22. Donald McKay Frost, "Notes on General Ashley, the Overland Trail and South Pass," Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society, October, 1944, pp.16-18.
- <sup>8</sup> Phillip A. Rollins, ed., The Discovery of the Oregon Trail. Robert Stuart's Narrative, etc., New York, 1935.
- <sup>10</sup> Alexander Ross, The Fur Hunters of the Far West, London, 1855, pp.184, 201-203, 267-268.
- <sup>11</sup> Herbert O. Brayer suggests that British sources as yet unexplored will undoubtedly enrich our knowledge of early Yellowstone history.
- <sup>12</sup> Frost, op. cit. Harrison C. Dale, The Ashley-Smith Explorations, Glendale, 1941.
- <sup>13</sup> C.G. Coutant, History of Wyoming, Laramie, 1899, p.126 J.Cecil Alter, James Bridger, Salt Lake City, 1927, pp.66-67.
- \*<sup>9</sup> Chittenden, Yellowstone Park, p. 40.

- 14 Coutant, op. cit.
- 15 Frost, op. cit., pp. 63-65.
- 16 Frances F. Victor, River of the West, Hartford, 1871, pp. 64, 73-77, 78-91. Chittenden, Yellowstone Park, p. 27.
- 17 Alter, Op. cit., p. 106.
- 18 T.C. Elliott, "Journal of John Work, 1830-31," Oregon Historical Quarterly, XIII, pp. 368-370.
- 19 Contributions to the Historical Society of Montana, III.
- 20 E.S. Topping, Chronicles of the Yellowstone, p. 24.
- 21 Paul C. Phillips, ed., Life in the Rocky Mountains; the Journal of Warren Angus Ferris, Denver, 1940, pp. 192-193, 257, 259.
- 22 Ibid.
- 23 W.F. Wagner, ed., Adventures of Zenas Leonard, 1831-1836 Cleveland, 1904, pp. 248-252.
- 24 H.E. Tobie, "Joseph L. Meek, A Conspicuous Personality," Oregon Historical Quarterly, XXXIX, pp. 288-291.
- 25 Osborne Russell, Journal of a Trapper, 1834-1843, Boise, 1921, pp. 20-37.
- 26 Rev. Samuel Parker, Journal of an Exploring Tour Beyond the Rocky Mountains, New York, 1844, pp. 87-97.
- 27 Russell, op. cit., pp. 47-51.
- 28 Ibid., pp. 65-84.
- 29 Alter, op. cit., p. 158.

30 Victor, op. cit., p. 237.

31 Russell, op. cit., p. 98.

32 Tobie, op. cit., p. 305. The precise location of the "Burnt Hole" is not known but descriptions of it by Ferris and Russel would place it in the valley of Madison River to the west of Yellowstone Park. Chittenden and others have confused it with the "Fire Hole," which is unmistakably the geyser basins of Firehold River.

33 W.T. Hamilton, My Sixty Years on the Plains, etc., New York, 1905. p. 94.

34 Russell, op. cit., pp. 99-108.

35 Hiram M. Chittenden and Alfred T. Richardson, etc., Life, Letters and Travels of Father Pierre Jean De Smet, Cleveland, 1905, pp. 216-228.

36 Chittenden, Yellowstone Park, pp. 49-50.

37 Contributions to the Historical Society of Montana, VII

38 Topping, op. cit., p. 25.

39 J.W. Gunnison, History of the Mormons, p. 77.

40 Chittenden and Richardson, op. cit.

41 War Department Records.

42 Contributions to the Historical Society of Montana, I.

T H E B R A N D B O O K

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COLORADO "GHOST TOWNS."

Carl F. Mathews\*

Had you or I, a quarter-century ago, used the words "ghost town" in talking with a friend, we would probably have been met by a vacant stare, or an interrogatory "What's a ghost town?" whereas today the words flow readily from many tongues, and even books have been written on the subject. The term was even the subject of an editorial in one of our metropolitan dailies not too long ago, and the question raised as to what constituted a ghost town.

The earliest use of the name "Ghost towns" appears to have been in the issues of the Saturday Evening Post for July and September, 1915 when Charles E. Van Loan, noted sports writer, contributed four articles on towns in Nevada and California, using the term to designate localities long since abandoned.

Colorado has no monopoly on ghost towns, as California, Nevada, Idaho and in fact, almost all of the Western States, can list many. The recent book Ghost Towns of Colorado lists a number of once thriving though now deserted communities, but unfortunately, it utterly neglects many others which fully qualify in all respects.

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A large portion of present-day Colorado "ghost towns" were founded in the two vital periods of the state's mineral development, namely: 1859-61 and 1878-80. The first was due to the discovery of gold, the second to the opening of the rich silver-carbonate lodes.

The principal towns of the 1859-60 era were Mountain City (first post office in Gilpin County), Tarryall, Hamilton, Montgomery, Buckskin Joe, Lincoln City, Parkville (or Georgia Gulch), Missouri City, Cache Creek, California Gulch or "Oro City," Empire, Spanish Bar, Gold Hill, Russell Gulch, Golden Gate, Davenport, Enterprise, Nevada Gulch, Lake Gulch, and some smaller settlements. Others of this age still surviving are Central City, Black Hawk, Fairplay and Breckenridge. Georgetown and Montezuma, both founded in 1864, are "live" towns today.

Following the earlier camps came a period of depression resulting from the exhaustion of the richer lodes. The Civil War drew many of the miners eastwards, and the discovery of placer gold in Montana and Idaho attracted considerable numbers of the older prospectors. In the early 70's, however, promising silver lodes were located and several widely-separated towns were established, among which were Caribou (1870) Sts. John (1871), Alma (1872), Rosita (first Brown's Spring-1873), Howardsville (first county seat of San Juan County-1873), Silverton (1874), Lake City and Ouray (1875). Again we must omit a few of these from our "ghost town" list for such healthy towns as Alma, Lake City, Ouray and Silverton are still very much a part of our commonwealth.

In 1878 rich silver bodies began to yield their treasure at Leadville and another cycle of mining towns came into being. Among such boom towns were Querida, Kokomo and Silver Cliff (1878), Hillerton (1879), location of the first newspaper and first bank in Gunnison County and rival of Virginia City (later Tin Cup-1879), Como, Preston, Chihuahua, Decatur, Independence, Ruby Camp or Irwin, Horsehoe (or East Leadville), all in 1879. Weston and Alpine, "rail-heads" of the

South Park Railway were also founded in 1879; 1880 witnessed the mushroom development of a large number of camps including Ashcroft, Bonanza, Gothic, Robinson and St. Elmo. In 1882 Red Mountain was located and later in the year White Pine, and then, in 1883, Ironton.

Strikes in the Creede and Cripple Creek districts in 1891 and 1892 touched off another series of "boom-towns," with Amethyst, Bachelor, Upper and Lower Creede and Jimtown in the first locality; in the Cripple Creek area, the first settlements were Fremont (later Cripple Creek), Lawrence, Mound City, Grassy (later Cameron), Arequa, Altman, Anaconda, Goldfield, Independence and Gillette. The combined population of this area by 1900 was 40,000 or more. The boom spread through the surrounding country and Balfour, Guffy, Manchester and Pemberton-West Creek were founded sometime prior to 1895.

As a matter of interest, it might be well to mention the size of some of the earlier communities; for instance, in the early '60s Central City, Black Hawk and Nevadaville had a combined population of 10,000 (the Colorado Business Directory of 1879 gave them 7,500 for the three); California Gulch had between 8,000 and 10,000 in the late fall of 1860 shrinking to 400 by 1866; the Breckinridge district had an estimated 8,000 by the middle of June, 1860 (Parkville is reported to have had 1,800 voters in the fall of 1860); Tarryall and Hamilton had an estimated 8,000 in 1860. Buckskin Joe, located in 1860, and with 12 people in camp by the end of the next year when the Phillips lode was discovered-- By September it had swollen to 1,000; Georgetown had around 5,000 inhabitants in the early '70s; Rosita and Lake City were estimated at about 1,500 persons each in 1878; Weston, founded in November, 1879, had 500 by the first of the year and an estimated 5,000 by the summer of 1880 (after which nearly everyone left); Kokomo and Robinson each claimed 1,500 by 1881; Gothic had around 1,500 in 1881; White Pine had an estimated 3,000 for a time; Aspen, founded in 1880,

claimed to have 11,000 just before the break in silver (1893).

Lesser communities which are mostly memories today include, among others, the following: Alice, Animas City and Animas Forks, Apex, Capital City, Carson, Chattanooga, Crystal, Glendale, Hancock, Hall's Valley, Holy Cross City, Ibex, Jack's Cabin, King, Lamartine, Liberty, Lulu, Marble, Maysville, Mountaendale, Ophir, Ohio City, Perigo, Platora, Poughkeepsie, Sherman, Swan City, Swandyke, Tomichi, Turret, Vicksburg, Wapiti, Whitecross, Whitehorn, White Pine, Winfield, and Yankee.

With the opening of the mining boom in 1859-60, thousands of men were on the move and with every report of a new "strike" they rushed to the prospective Eldorado, with the hope of striking it rich. As soon as Central City, Black Hawk, Nevadaville, Mountain City, etc., began to settle down to the every-day humdrum existence of the established settlements and men had to work for their daily bread, the more adventuresome or restless would seek new fields, which were being found on every hand. The first of these was in the South Park region where rich diggings were found at Hamilton and Tarryall, two rival towns separated only by a creek. Founded in July, 1859, an estimated 3,000 people were on the ground within two weeks and during 1860 the settlement extended along the stream for about two miles, with perhaps 5,000 or 6,000 people. By 1875 both were in ruins. In 1861 Governor Gilpin was accorded a reception at Hamilton under the auspices of the Masonic Lodge of the town. We are told that a large gambling tent running 20 tables occupied the place; later a theatre was started and shortly afterward a newspaper, the Miner's Record which was produced by Byers, Daily & Bliss of the Rocky Mountain News printed in Denver but dated and circulated in and around Hamilton. A private mint was established in 1861 by John Parsons, who minted \$2.50 and \$5.00 gold pieces.

Due to controversies over the size of the claims, some of the less fortunate prospectors dubbed Tarryall "Graball"



and moved on, locating placers which they christened Fairplay in August, 1859. This was the most permanent settlement in South Park and exists today as a fair-sized town, but shorn of much of its once ebullient glory. Pushing ever onward the newcomers located Montgomery, Buckskin Joe and Mosquito City all on the Platte river and tributaries. None of these did much however until 1860, when the Phillips Lode was discovered near Buckskin Joe. The severe winter of 1860 drove most of the men out until the following spring; in June, 1861, only a dozen miners were working on the Phillips, but by September the population was placed at a thousand or more. In October, 1861, a town company was formed and the place named "Laurette" (compounded from portions of the names of the only two ladies in camp, Mrs. Laura Dodge and her sister, Mrs. Jeanette Dodge). Laurette was the county seat for a time, although in 1862 the postoffice was renamed "Buckskin." In January, 1862, a small newspaper which had been published weekly at Canon City was moved to Buckskin Joe and set up by L.B. St. James and Matt Riddelberger. This was named the Western Mountaineer and the first issue came out on March 7, 1862. This paper only lasted about ten months. In July, 1861, John L. "Father" Dyer reached the town but could find no habitation and was forced to live in a rude bough-thatched lean-to for several weeks. His book The Snowshoe Itinerant, contains a realistic account of the times.

Montgomery, which also boomed in 1860, reached the height of its growth about 1863, when some 1,200 to 1,500 were living there, yet by 1869 only one house was occupied by a family with some twenty or thirty miners spending part of their time there. Nothing remains today of Mosquito City, which was located about three miles south and west of present-day Alma.

Not content with the Platte workings, some men pushed over the range to the north in August, 1859, locating the rich placers near the present site of Breckenridge; others went in over Georgia Pass and found the fabulous deposits of Georgia Gulch, a tributary of the Swan. By 1860, Georgia and French Gulches had an estimated population of 10,000, the

settlement on Georgia Gulch centering around Parkville, which was made the county seat and retained that title for a year or two. At the fall election of 1860, Parkville is reputed to have had 1,800 voters.

Georgia Gulch soon had businesses of all sorts, including stores, supply houses, hotels, saloons, even theatres--The Miner's Record of August 17, 1861, stating "there are no less than three or four different theatres or 'shows' at present in the Georgia Gulch mines. The Colorado Minstrels, assisted by M'lle Haydes, give concerts every night in the Tayassa Hall; the Pioneer Theatre Company gives entertainments nightly in their big tent at the lower end of the same gulch; Prof. Barton, the 'Great Magician and Wizard of the Mountains' gives exhibitions alternate nights in Georgia Gulch and Delaware Flats. A big dance is given most every night in Georgia Hall and fully a half dozen sporting saloons are open day and night." Shortly afterward, September 10, 1861, to be exact Langrische & Dougherty opened a large theatre in Parkville, bringing their troupe from Central City. The gold production of Georgia Gulch for 1860-61-62 is estimated at about \$3,000,000. To facilitate exchange, J.J. Conway & Co. operated a mint in Georgia Gulch in 1861, turning out \$2.50, \$5.00 and \$10.00 gold pieces, which are so rare they command fabulous prices today.

Lincoln City, on French Gulch, about four miles east of Breckenridge, at one time aspired to be the state capitol, but its existence was too short to catch the public eye and but little is known of it today. The population, however, was at no time as large as that of Parkville.

Other hardy souls braved the untrodden passes of the Park or Mosquito range to the West, found gold on Cache Creek west of Granite, then spread on to the north, where at a location on California Gulch, a settlement called "Oro" or "Oro City" was started; in 1860 and for a few years later, it had a population varying from 6,000 to 8,000 (Wolfe Londoner even gave it 10,000). Among the first settlers was

H.A.W. Tabor (later to become the fabulous "Silver King" of Colorado), who started a store, had his wife appointed post-mistress, and managed to ake out some \$12,000 in placer gold during 1860-61. Most of this modest "fortune" was lost when the camp declined during the Civil War period. Tabor moved to Buckskin Joe, where he again engaged in "tending store," but suffered such reverses that after several years he returned, in 1868, to Oro City but did little of note for ten years, when his meteoric career began with the silver discoveries in the rechristened "Leadville."

In the northern part of the state, Empire in Clear Creek County and Gold Hill in Boulder County were established in 1860. Empire flourished from 1860 to 1865 and soon claimed a population of 1,000 or more, but with the decline in value of ore in the principal mines, it shrank to less than a tenth of that. Gold Hill became a city of some 1500 within a few years, but by 1871 was practically deserted. In that year further exploration revived it, but from 1900 until World War I, when the tungsten boom put it on the map again, the town was comatose; by 1930 the population had gone down to 56.

By 1863 the Civil War had taken many of the younger men and rich strikes made in Montana at Alder Gulch and Virginia City drew more of the older ones. In 1864, however, silver strikes were made in Summit County and the settlements of Montezuma and St. John (or Saint John) were started, which drew several hundred men to the district. In 1871 the Comstock Mine was employing about 100 men and the St. Lawrence Silver Mining Company about as many. 1872 saw the building of a small smelter at St. John (one of the first in the state), and some effort was made to handle the high-grade ore which had formerly been shipped to Swansea in distant Wales, for treatment. Montezuma, on account of its location, furnished homes for many of the married miners and grew into a sizeable settlement of several hundred by 1880, having two hotels (the Summit and Rocky Mountain), a

bank, stores, and a weekly newspaper, the Millrun. Today it has perhaps 75 or 100 people and many of the old buildings have gone

In 1869 a miner named Sam Conger located a silver lode at almost the summit of the range in Boulder County, naming it the "Caribou;" in 1870 the district was overrun with miners and prospectors and a town of the same name was founded. In a few months the town claimed 3000 inhabitants. The first business houses were in tents but within a short time substantial buildings were erected. The Planter's House and the Sherman House were famous for their service and meals, "noted from coast to coast," although it is stated that during the winter guests were often able to walk into their rooms on the second floors over the snow drifts (the altitude of the town being about 10,000 feet). The production of the Caribou mine was some six or eight millions. In 1872 its product was brought into the public eye by the spectacular stunt, of "paving" the street in Central City with a walk of silver bricks over which Gen. Grant walked into the Teller House on his visit there. The inevitable fire struck the town in 1879 and much of it was never rebuilt. In 1944 the last remaining inhabitant, the "Hermit of Caribou," died, and all that now remains are a few sagging wind-swept shacks.

Prospectors were responsible for the settlement of Custer County, the first location being at Rosita (originally called "Brown's Spring") and was made by Richard Irwin and two companions in the summer of 1873; by 1878 the population had grown to about 1,500, dropping off to about 1,200 in 1879. At one time it had a large brewery, smelting and reduction works, several hotels, chief of which was the "Grand View." A weekly newspaper, the Index was started (later changed to the Sierra Journal) and in 1876 the Bank of Rosita was established; other business firms included two groceries, two meat markets, assay offices, a lumber yard, etc., and as late as 1881 two stage lines operated between Rosita and Silver Cliff. The town was mostly des-

troyed by fire March 10, 1881, after which time it was incorporated, but was never fully rebuilt. Leading mines were the Senator, the Humboldt and the Pocahontas; production, mostly in silver, is estimated at from \$1,000,000 to \$1,500,000.

In 1877 a sailor, turned miner, named E.G. Bassick, located an unusual ore deposit about two miles north of Rosita which he named the "Bassick" and around which a settlement named Querida sprang up. The population in 1880 was estimated as 500 which must have increased considerably, as when the mine closed down in 1884, it is stated that 400 men lost their jobs. The mine was sold to an Eastern syndicate and total production is said to have been about \$2,000,000.

The dark cliffs a few miles to the west of Rosita, attracted the attention in 1878 of three miners named Edwards Powell and Hofford, who located claims and named the locality "Silver Cliff." Such rich ore was found that a rush to the camp began immediately. The first house was built in September, 1878, but when the U.S. census was taken in June, 1880, the population was 4,674, and probably exceeded 5,000 by the end of the year. In November, 1878, the Custer County Bank was opened; another was started by Stebbins, Post & Co., in February, 1880. The town was well supplied with newspapers, the Silver Cliff Prospect being started as a weekly in May, 1879, changing to a daily a month later; the Republican started in April, 1880; the Mining Gazette in November the same year; and the Daily Herald was established by 1882 but suspended before the end of the year. In 1881 there were ten hotels in the city, chief of which were the Balcom, Carbonate and Powell; in this year there were also four stamp mills, two smelters and two concentration works operating. Most of these were built without regard to the ores they were to handle, indeed, one mill costing nearly a quarter-million dollars never ran but two small batches of ore. It seems incredible today that in 1880 this was the third city in size in the state being exceeded only by Denver and Leadville.

## THE BRAND BOOK

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In the south-west part of the state rich mines had been located at Lake City in 1875, the best known of which was the "Golden Fleece." For many years Lake City was a flourishing city but is almost deserted today. The population in 1877 was about 1,500 and the town boasted the usual assortment of business houses; two banks (The Miners & Merchants Bank established by Thatcher Brothers of Pueblo in 1876, and another--name unknown--which was gone by 1879), two smelters, two hotels (The American and the Occidental), two newspapers, the Silver World started in 1875 and the Mining Register. By 1879 the Occidental Hotel was gone, but the Centennial House, the Olds House and Pueblo House had taken its place; at this time there were 13 stores of various kinds, and 10 saloons and two breweries.

On July 4, 1879, Richard Irwin, the noted prospector and writer, with others, started a settlement on the east branch of the Roaring Fork River several miles below the summit of Hunter's Pass (now known as Independence Pass), and in honor of the day, christened it Independence. This settlement is perhaps one of the best preserved examples of a ghost town today, having still some 20 or 25 houses standing. The camp was at its zenith during 1881-82, having perhaps some 500 people; the figure for 1885 being given as 250. It probably had more names than any other camp in Colorado, bearing at different times in addition to Independence, such titles as Chipita, Sparkill, Mammoth City, Mount Hope and Farewell (or Farwell).

During the years 1879 and 1880, numerous camps sprang up in the south-west and central portions of the state, among which one can name Ashcroft, Bonanza, Gothic, Irwin (or Ruby), Jack's Cabin, Hillerton, Kokomo, Robinson, Tin Cup, Eureka and Howardsville.

Hillerton, in Gunnison County was named for Edward Hiller, who was instrumental in its settlement and who started a bank here in 1879, also a newspaper, the Occident

## THE BRAND BOOK

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which began in May, 1879. In 1880, the New England House was listed as being the hotel "where you pay the highest price for a most ordinary spread." The population at this time was perhaps one thousand. In May, 1879, another settlement named Virginia City, later renamed Tin Cup, was begun only a few miles from Hillerton, and with the sale of the Gold Cup mine in 1880 for \$300,000, most of the population of Hillerton drifted to Tin Cup. In 1880 the new town had about a dozen stores and shops, a smelter, two hotels, the Pacific and Eagle. By 1885, two weekly newspapers, the Miner and the New Democrat were being published. Later, by 1900, the settlement was practically deserted. Today we find it being used as a summer home site for tourists and fishermen.

Gothic was the most important mining camp in Gunnison County in 1880; established first in June, 1879, the U.S. census of the next year gave it a population of 950, which was maintained for several years. There were two hotels, of which the "Olds" was the principal, also a smelter and three sawmills operated for a time. The Elk Mountain Bonanza a weekly, was the first newspaper; the Gothic Record was founded later and ran a few years.

Another camp nearby was Irwin, or Ruby (really two separate communities at first, but later united), also started in 1879, and which boasted 3,000 by the summer of 1880; the Forest Queen Mine was the outstanding property of this camp and employed 80 to 100 men for four or five years. The Elk Mountain Pilot was the leading newspaper and its first issue was published on June 17, 1880. In this same year lots which had sold the year before from \$10 to \$25 each went as high as \$5,000. There were about ten dry-goods and general stores, a hardware store, two drug stores, several hotels, the "Windsor" being the leading one. During the height of the boom, there were 23 saloons, two dance halls and two variety theatres in the settlement. Today, Gothic is being used as a summer camp by an Eastern college while Irwin-Ruby is entirely gone.

The meteoric rise during 1879 and 1880 of Leadville, the city destined to startle the world by its silver mines, did much to hasten the building of the Denver, South Park & Pacific Railway (which had lain dormant for several years), and which, in turn, brought into being a series of "rail-head" towns or terminal points, where the construction gangs lived temporarily. Some of these existed for years while others vanished in a short time. The better-known of these were Como, Weston, Alpine, Saint Elmo and Hancock, in the order named.

On June 21, 1879, the first train reached Como (heretofore known as Lechner's, from a prominent ranch owner of that name) and within a few weeks some sixty or seventy tents had been erected to house the population, one of the largest of these being a saloon and dance hall. Como soon became a division point on the system, being the junction of the main line and the branch to Breckenridge and Leadville, which was built in 1881. At that time it had some 500 or more inhabitants; the first newspaper, the Como Headlight was started about March 15, 1883, another, the Como Record was established in 1889, and a perusal of its columns in 1891 shows three physicians and surgeons; three groceries; two meat markets; one drug store; two saloons; a barber shop, a boot and shoe shop and a merchant tailor. Junking of the railroad in 1937 sounded the death knell of Como and only two families were living there a couple of years ago.

By November, 1879, the rails of the D.S.P. & P. had reached Weston, from which point wagons were constantly on the move over Weston Pass and a cloud of dust hung over the settlement continually; for six months Weston was a busy place with a floating population of several thousand and all mail, express and freight for Leadville, as well as stage passengers, passed through it. Three large forwarding and commission houses handled the freight, it being impossible to get anything hauled except through them, as they had a monopoly on all the freight wagons, horses and mules. Eleven eating houses catered to the inner man, among which were



Yanner & Nelson (The Oyster Bar) handling 60 boarders; A. M. Guilford, who had about 100 at a meal, H. Coffield, Johnny Nugent's "Tontine Restaurant" and others. Four saloons were in operation, one of which, the property of Morgan and Kimball, had a gambling house in connection. Two enterprising gentlemen were Kenson & Hillis, who hauled water from the creek and sold it for 35¢ per barrel. By 1885, Weston was deserted and today one can hardly find even a board from one of the foundations.

After getting out of South Park and reaching the Arkansas River, the Denver South Park, and Pacific Railroad found itself beaten to Leadville by the Denver and Rio Grande so changed its course and headed for Gunnison via Chalk Creek and the range to the west. First place to be reached was Alpine, a town of some 500 souls, and by 1881, 84 new buildings had been erected, including restaurants, stores and saloons. The Alpine dance hall was famous; one man remembering his childhood home thus: "It had two hotels, three stores, lots of saloons, and a hell of a big dance hall!" The newcomer could choose between the Arcade or Badger hotels. In 1879 a newspaper, the True Fissure was started but expired in January, 1880. When Saint Elmo came into being in 1880, Alpine's inhabitants simply pulled up stakes and moved there, an action which naturally hastened the demise of Alpine.

Saint Elmo, first known as Forest City, was platted and incorporated in October, 1880, at which time it had some 400 people. The town probably reached the period of greatest population in 1882, when it is estimated some 1,500 or more lived there. In 1887, 400 males voted, which would indicate perhaps a thousand people. While the railroad was building, Saint Elmo drew the largest Saturday night crowds, and as several hundred men were working on the Alpine Tunnel in the winter of 1880-81, we can imagine one must have had to take the center of the street to avoid being pushed off the narrow sidewalks (boards, of course). Besides having the

railroad, Saint Elmo was the starting point of the Gunnison, Aspen and Tin Cup stages, and at one time there were 500 head of stock carrying freight from Saint Elmo to Aspen. A weekly newspaper, the St. Elmo Rustler, was started on August 21, 1880, but the title was changed with the next issue to the St. Elmo Mountaineer. In 1900 there were 64 people in Saint Elmo, while the census in 1930 showed but 7 residents left.

Next settlement to feel the influence of the expanding railroad was Hancock, two miles east of Alpine Tunnel. In 1881, the town consisted of five stores, a hotel, some restaurants, several saloons and a population of several hundred in addition to the transient workers of the railroad. The last sale of a lot in Hancock was 1885, which dates its end as a place of importance. Today not a soul is living in the place and only a few log cabins remain.

Another district which sprang up in 1879 was the Ten-Mile section, where Kokomo and Robinson were rival towns, less than two miles apart. Kokomo, incorporated in June, 1879, was founded first, and, undoubtedly aided by the completion of the Denver & Rio Grande Railway into the camp, by the end of 1880 had 1,500 or more inhabitants. The Summit County Times started in September, 1879, and in 1880 it was issuing both daily and weekly editions. Principal hotels were the Western and Summit Houses. Ordean, Myers and Co., started a bank in 1880, also two smelters commenced operation that year. Robinson began to build up rapidly in 1880 and soon became a formidable rival of Kokomo. The Rio Grande Railway was completed into the town on New Year's day, 1881, and by midsummer, some 2,000 people were living there. A handsome hotel, the "Robinson" was erected by Lt. Gov. Robinson, for whom the town was named. A live newspaper, the Tribune, was started and Ordean, Myers & Co., started a bank (not a branch of the Kokomo institution). Kokomo was destroyed by fire on October 10, 1881; at this

time there was a small village, Recen, in the valley just below, and after the fire the two were merged as Kokomo. The Colorado Business Directory of 1881 lists eight hotels, eight saloons, two smelting companies, four assayers, four physicians and eleven attorneys in Kokomo. An event of significance occurred when Lt. Gov. Robinson was shot and accidentally killed by one of the guards on his property, the Robinson Mine. The property passed into other hands in March, 1881, when the interests of the Robinson heirs were purchased by Thos. Ewing and Wilson Waddingham. The mine buildings were destroyed by fire in 1882 and it was never reopened. Today the tailing ponds of the Climax Molybdenum Company completely cover Robinson and most of Kokomo, although a few people still live there.

Meanwhile in Saguache County a settlement named Bonanza was established by prospectors and by the fall of 1880 grew to some 1,500 people. Lack of transportation facilities and falling off of ore values caused its decline, and by 1900 less than a hundred lived there; World War I brought about some revival of mining, but in the late 1930's no one was left. Ann Ellis in her book, "The Life of an Ordinary Woman," gives the most readable account of life there.

On the Western Slope a settlement named Ashcroft was started on the headwaters of Castle Creek in 1879. Three years later the population numbered 3,000. Senator Tabor took over the Montezuma Mine, built a smelter and office in Ashcroft, and employed a large crew, but with the failure of the mine to produce paying ore, the camp faded away, most of the miners going to Aspen, which was then in its infancy but destined for a phenomenal growth. Jack Leahy, the last resident of Ashcroft, passed away in 1939.

In the summer of 1881, four men, Robinson, Meldrum, Long and Deitlef, discovered an ore deposit on the summit of the range dividing the water of the Uncompahgre and Las Animas

Rivers, about midway between Ouray and Silverton. They named this the "Guston" mine, but owing to the severity of the winter, they did nothing until 1882, when the agent of the smelting company at Ouray induced them to open up the deposit. John Robinson, while prospecting, located the "Yankee Girl" mine, which sold for \$125,000 after being opened to a depth of only 20 feet. The ores of the Guston, Yankee Girl and Orphan Boy mines proved so rich that the new community of Red Mountain could claim a resident population of 1,000. A variety of businesses flourished in the new camp, including several general stores, many saloons, and restaurants and even two hotels. Otto Mears built a narrow-gauge railroad, the Silverton, Ironton & Northern, into the district, and from an area perhaps two miles square, some sixteen to twenty million dollars worth of ore was dug before the mines were exhausted. The railroad was abandoned some thirty years ago and Red Mountain was added to the list of abandoned mining camps. A few miles to the south and on the railroad, the town of Chattanooga was prominent for several years. It also had several hundred inhabitants.

In the east end of Gunnison County, two camps were founded during 1881, first White Pine, then Tomichi. White Pine is reputed to have had about 3,000 inhabitants when at its largest; Tomichi was considerably smaller, perhaps a thousand or so. White Pine consisted of but a single street which ran along Tomichi Creek, with most of the buildings on the west side. The White Pine Hotel was the first in town and in one of the first frame buildings, most of them being of logs; a newspaper, most appropriately named the White Pine Cone, was established, the first issue appearing on Friday, April 13, 1883. Tomichi was located about two miles up the stream, and having the advantage of more level ground, some larger structures were erected there, although none are standing today. The Tomichi Concentrator, a three-story building was destroyed by fire in September, 1884. In October, 1884, the Bank of Tomichi was opened with William Henderson, formerly of the Citizen's Bank, Topeka, Kansas, in charge.

He later returned to Topeka and was cashier of the First National Bank there. In November, 1884, 162 votes were cast at White Pine and 113 at Tomichi. Mrs. Lida Bailey arrived in the town in April, 1884, and operated a first-class restaurant, later renting the White Pine Hotel and operating it for sometime.

For a number of years, in fact all through the '80s, very few additional camps came into being, and it was only with the rich gold discoveries at Cripple Creek that a new crop of rival towns sprang into existence. Chief of the smaller camps were Gillette, Altman, Anaconda, Cameron, Independence and Goldfield, with the smaller settlements of Arequa, Mound City, Lawrence and Grassy (later Cameron), also some outlying communities, such as Balfour, Guffey, Pemberton-West Creek, and Manchester.

Balfour, fifteen miles south-east of Hartsel, was founded in November, 1893, and by April of the next year proudly boasted of 800 inhabitants. A paper called the News was started early in 1894. Other enterprises were the Balfour and Clarendon Hotels, the Crawford Hotel & Restaurant, two meat markets, two stage lines connecting with all trains at Hartsel two general merchandise stores, "the Nugget" saloon, three mining engineers, and the other usual enterprises. Where once 110 log and frame buildings stood, not one remains today.

West Creek and Pemberton were founded in 1894, West Creek (Pemberton post office) having a population of some 2,000 by 1895, West Creek proper (about two miles south) having considerably less. Pemberton had many business houses, including saloons, general stores, restaurants, etc., and two news papers, the Gold Brick and the West Creek Mining News. As late as 1896, there were 12 saloons in the town, eight restaurants, two meat markets, six hotels and lodging houses, three surveyors and three mining engineers. V.D. Bristol was mayor in 1896, James Gardner, city marshal; and J.P. Lyon, police judge. The other West Creek had its share of business houses, including five saloons, four grocery stores, two meat

markets, and two bakeries. A weekly newspaper, the West Creek Times, furnished reliable news. (?)

Gillette, for a time the terminus of the Midland Terminal Railroad, was about ten miles north of Cripple Creek; in 1895 the roundhouse and shops of the railroad were constructed, the road having been completed, amid due celebration, on July 4, 1894. The El Paso Reduction Works was operating in 1895 and other mills were contemplated (but never completed); in that year a population of 1,500 was claimed. In 1896 a daily newspaper, the Forum, was published, twelve saloons and ten restaurants were in operation and six physicians were listed as "practicing". Gillette has the distinction of being one of the few towns in the United States which ever staged a bullfight, this being on August 24th and 25th, 1895. A curious character named Joe Wolf, a former hotel keeper in Manitou, was the promoter. After one bull had been killed, the authorities stopped the fight.

Altman, on the crest of Bull Hill, had the distinction of being one of the highest incorporated towns in America, with an elevation of 10,800 feet. It had about 500 inhabitants in 1896 and considerably more than that within a few years. Being less than three miles from Cripple Creek, it had few outstanding business firms.

Anaconda, about two miles south-east of Cripple Creek, had a population of about one thousand in the early 1900's. A weekly newspaper, the Assayer, was published and the Mary McKinney and Anaconda mines were the principal employers.

Cameron, first known as Grassy, was about two miles north-east of Cripple Creek, at the junction of the Midland Terminal and "Short Line" railroads. The population probably never exceeded 500. A weekly paper, the Golden Crescent was published by J.R. Wilson for a time. It was the headquarters of the Altman Water Company, but had no outstanding mines.

Goldfield, the third largest town in the district, was at the foot of Bull Hill and Battle Mountain, and had an estimated population of 3,000 in the early 1900's. The Portland, Vindicator, and Golden Cycle mines were the largest producers in the town. Two newspapers, the Leader, and the Times were published here, and the Bank of Goldfield operated for a few years. The town had its share of business houses, including three meat markets, three restaurants, several saloons, grocery stores, and an assortment of other ventures.

Independence was a typical mining town, surrounded on all sides by producing mines. It had no city government of its own and a large portion of the community lay within the city limits of Goldfield. The Vindicator, Findlay, and Last Dollar mines were the principal employers. The Montgomery and Commercial hotels were located here, as well as a number of rooming houses.

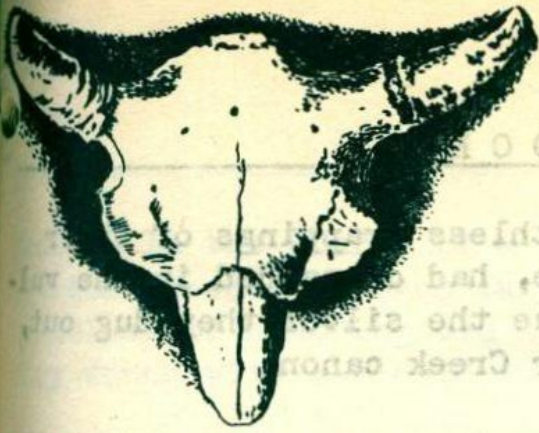
Elkton was a settlement of miners without a municipal organization, the ground being owned by the various mining companies and there were no lots sold. The community embraced Arequa, Beacon Hill, Eclipse and Elkton proper, and in 1905 it had an estimated population of 3,000. The Elkton, Doctor-Jack Pot, C.K. & N., Joe Dandy and Gold Dollar mines furnished employment for many, while the Taylor & Brunton Sampler and the Economic Mill were in close proximity. The Sheldon hotel was apparently the only one in the city. So far as I know, no newspapers were published in Independence or Elkton. Both the Midland Terminal and Florence & Cripple Creek railroads passed through the town and it was also on the "Low Line" of the electric road.

And so the story goes, with dozens of "ghost towns" as yet unmentioned, towns with such names as Liberty, Stumer, Platoro, Capitol City, Sherman, Crystal, Freeland, Fulford, Guston, Ironton, King, Lamartine, Magnolia, Maysville, McNulty Gulch or Carbonateville, and so on through the long

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list of thriving communities. With the exception of a few shacks, an eroded foundation or ~~two~~ the yellowed dumps of tailings, or an occasional historic marker, little remains to remind the curious, or the Westerner, of the many towns which once flourished amid the ranges of Colorado--"Ghost towns in which the hopes of many died without fulfilment, while a few 'struck it rich' and soon departed."





# The BRAND BOOK

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### REVIVING GEORGETOWN;

### Or, The Progress, Frolic and Vicissitudes of Bringing Back an old Colorado Mining Camp

By Benjamin Draper

Georgetown, Colorado, in the 1870's and 1880's, was one of the West's most famous boom towns. It subsided about 1900 to a quiet mountain village. Although never wholly a ghost town, its mines closed down and its population fell to about one-tenth of the glory day jostling crowds. The days of free coinage of silver and the winning of the West had gone.

Along the shaded and quiet streets of Georgetown were only fleeting glimpses of its hey-day. Many of the Victorian or gingerbread homes and the false-fronted highly ornate buildings were empty.

The advent of the automobile had brought only a few curious travelers. Summer folks bought up a handful of the old houses. Astonishingly enough, this treasure town of early history went almost unnoticed until two years ago.

Benjamin Draper, forty-year old Colorado man, formerly a University of Chicago economist, is President of Georgetown Enterprises, Inc., the firm that has undertaken the restoration of Georgetown. He has studied and written widely about the West and wrote his Master's thesis on Georgetown history.

The miners, leaving behind the then worthless trappings of their times and the marks of their peculiar culture, had discarded in the valley riches that today may well exceed in value the silver they dug out, the pay dirt which first brought men to Clear Creek canon.

In 1945, a corporation, Georgetown Enterprises, was formed for the purpose of recreating the Georgetown of boom days. Early in 1946 the work was actually commenced. The 1947 season, just past, was the second summer of the venture.

The over-all objective encompassed the eventful restoration of as much of Georgetown as practicable to its 1880 size and atmosphere. The two-block business street was to be restored, complete with facades, gas lamps, business houses, and hitching posts. The restoration, rebuilding, and new construction of homes was to be encouraged and promoted. Only about one-third of the boom day buildings are standing. Georgetown was to be clarioned far and wide. Visitors from all over the country were to be urged to visit this authentic reproduction of the early West.

Beyond this, and here it was unique, the plan had ambitions to rebuild the community itself, changing it from a struggling economic unit to a once more thriving town. It was an interlocking task of historic restoration, tourist promotion, town building, and starting a number of small businesses.

To undertake the restoration of a town to its romantic past and to re-establish it as a thriving economic unit, although doubtlessly many have dreamed of it, it is quite probably not too frequently undertaken. Textbooks are hard to find.

It is a task full of contradictions and extremes, of paradoxes and platitudes, and, at this point marked by some successes and a few failures. There have been enough successes, happily, to establish the feasibility of the plan and to make plain what earlier were obscure potentials.

This large task is filled with more grief and yet more fun than most businesses. It is a violent vocation that looks like a lucrative

lark. In the course of a single day one veers from tending bar to historical research, from carpentering an old cornice to the personnel problems of humoring old timers or halting a chef who assaults the pantry woman with a French knife.

Restoring a town is certainly no more ingenious than building an electronic contraption. The former process, however, lacks the special comforts guaranteed by the laws of physics. It carries on amid the vagaries and uncertainties of human nature. It has the one great element common to all business. It is hellish hard work.

Georgetown is not intended entirely as a Western Williamsburg. It differs both to Central City and to Aspen. It is similar, however, to all three of these ventures in many ways. To a greater or lesser degree it shares the enthusiasms of these. It has many of the same problems. It draws, as they do, on the historic imaginative in the American people.

Basically, the Georgetown idea, to encourage the growth of a town, must set in motion economic forces that are not dependent upon the continuous pouring in of outside capital, subsidy. The product and export, romantic background and scenery, must sell at a profit.

It is no new idea that tourist attractions make money; Colorado already has an enviable tourist trade. Whole restored towns, though, for which no admission charge is made or that do not have large maintenance or restoration funds, are not often attempted. The spade work of getting the town in attractive shape and of encouraging crowds in sufficient number is expensive. It will, we believe, in the long run pan out commercially. There are already lively indications that it will do just that.

The location of the town, forty-five miles west of Denver, is infinitely important in its potentials. Here are found great numbers of people to draw from, a half million, and an already large tourist population. Georgetown's summer home sites, its winter ski opportunities, and its proximity renders Denver what might be termed a "trading area".

The unparalleled scenery of the high mountain country, fishing,

hiking, hunting, and sight-seeing are other attractions. Georgetown itself, unlike many mining camps, is a beautiful place. Its natural charm, vacation climate, and its romantic background are all qualifications that will neither disappear or diminish.

The Georgetown venture at present is an infinitely smaller operation; by comparison, it is on an extremely modest scale. Lacking the backing of a Rockefeller, the checkbook of a Paepcke, or the underwriting of University committees, Georgetown has had capital invested by a small group of friends. Its greatest expenditure thus far has been a tremendous amount of enthusiastic, happily subscribed human energy.

A small beginning, however, avoids mistakes, white elephants, and overindulgences at the disaster level. The slower process may, in the long run, mean building more solidly, experience being the firmest of guideposts.

#### The Restoration Work

A crew totalling at the peak thirty-five persons were employed in the Spring and Summer of 1946 to undertake the rehabilitation of old buildings, most of which had stood idle for fifty years. Not all the property included in the two business blocks was available; prices skyrocketed when the plan became known. Six buildings, however, were restored.

This process, in most instances, meant almost complete rebuilding. Foundations, joists, roofs, walls, floors, wiring, plumbing, and glazing all had to be reworked almost entirely. What then was restored? The facades of all the buildings were preserved intact and tinkered to their former appearance. Original colors were matched for painting. Inside, enough of the Victorian was preserved to give proper atmosphere and yet permit practicalities of present day business.

The Western Collection of the Denver Public Library, our own Georgetown materials which it was found expedient to collect and have at hand, cooperative old timers, and fan mail all supplied pictures of various buildings of the period.

McMurtry's were persuaded to match the old colors including the now again famous Georgetown Pink and Kelly Green. Cassidy Hicks spent hours unrolling wall papers to find proper patterns. Enthusiastic antique dealers helped locate parts for old fixtures and fittings. Kerosene lamps, as the kindly old lady of all stories once said, were "electrocuted" by the Seacrest Manufacturing Company.

### The Businesses

In these restored buildings, businesses, each headed by a profit-sharing manager, were started. We supplied what we felt were current needs and offered a variety of attractions to draw visitors. All the while, of course, publicity was being undertaken. The Georgetown Shop, the St. James Bar, the Grubstake, McClellan Hall, and finally a Georgetown Museum were all adjuncts of the corporation.

The Georgetown Shop had every intention of being a high class gift shop. Several lines of quality merchandise were developed especially for it. Hand decorated glassware with Western motifs was generously ordered and stocked. Genuine early day prints were affixed to a series of tole trays, boxes, and smoking and drinking accoutrements. The finest glaze pottery horses for collectors, an assortment of sterling silver items (from "Georgetown, the Silver Queen"), and fine writing papers were placed on the shelves.

The shop had not been open long when the discovery was made that the public, at least the segment of it which reached Georgetown, preferred junk. Novelties such a rattlesnake ashtrays, rayon pillow tops, candy mountain trout, copper gadgets, plaster of paris bears, and anything that said "Souvenir of Georgetown" sold readily. The H. H. Tammen company merchandise sold out frequently during the season. Quality and fine gifts stayed heavily in the inventory.

Slight ventures have been made in publishing. The Georgetown booklet, a 25-page illustrated history of the town, has sold widely both to visitors and through the mails. It is about to go into another new edition. Three early day views from Leslie's and Harpers magazines of Gregory Diggings, Central City, and Georgetown were published and found a good market. Photograph postcards and souvenir menu covers were also

popular.

For every customer in our gift shop, the town's two antique stores (which we did not own) had twenty. The very idea of Georgetown created the spirit of buying antiques. Not knowing much about that business we had stayed clear of it. The demand for such shops, however, has led to a plan to open an antique shop this next summer as another of the enterprises.

Personal squeamishness about being in the liquor business, it soon developed, had to be forgotten. Georgetown needed an authentic restored bar. Whiskey, saloons, the brass rail, the swinging door were all an inescapable part of mining camp background. One could almost go the whole hog and state that modified versions are an inescapable part of our times. The old adage, "No one ever went broke selling liquor" was quoted so often that, on a second vote, the stockholders capitulated.

The St. James Bar had first opened in 1875 before Colorado became a State. It was restored as nearly as possible and reopened in August 1946. The St. James has been the most successful of all the businesses. Here are the original silver mugs, Tom and Jerry bowl, brass lamps, spittoons, bentwood arm chairs, and gaming tables. There are no bullet holes in the St. James Bar. This disappointing fact for tourists was explained by one of our summer college boys. "In this bar," he said, "they didn't miss 'em!"

Americans will travel great distances for good food. They'll pay generously for hearty portions, tastily prepared and served. Generally speaking, they prefer standard menus, Chicken, Steak, and Trout. The gourmet fringe isn't worth worrying about. "Unusual," to typical diners out, means garlic for seasoning. Excellent coffee, generous portions, cleanliness, and crisp lettuce are the best guideposts for a successful general restaurant.

These simple homilies sound easy, almost foregone conclusions. Quite often the man who opens a new business thinks that his own clever or striking ideas are better. One learns quickly that tourists are the general public, very general. Their food wants are catholic,

not special.

When the restoration of Georgetown was begun, the firm did not elect to run a restaurant. No right-minded novice would. There was, literally, however no restaurant in Georgetown. There was therefore no alternative. It was assumed, quite correctly, that people would not drive 45 miles unless they could get a good meal, no matter what they had a chance to look at by way of scenery or history. Later, it developed they also wanted hamburgers and snacks which at first we were not inclined to serve.

Sixty percent of the customers the first season were cross-country travellers. The forty percent who were Denver visitors indicated, among other things, that the proper stride, food-wise, had not yet been hit. The Grubstake menu was not sufficient inducement. Too many people drove around town without stopping to eat. Further refinements in price, selection, and service were indicated.

We also discovered that we needed more advertising. It is interesting to note that the day after five large highway signs were erected, business doubled and stayed doubled for the rest of the season.

The Monti Block, where The Grubstake is located, is one of Georgetown's oldest buildings. Erected in 1867 by Joshua and Pasquale Monti, the former prominent in Denver, had originally housed a provision store. From crude shelves and the thick-walled powder house at the rear, the Montis had grubstaked a large share of Georgetown's early miners. From this, fittingly came the name of the restaurant.

For the Victorian decor, hanging lamps, prised and beflowered, and checkered tablecloths were used. Majolica pitchers from which water was poured after guests were seated pointed up conversation. Goodly historic scenes adorned the tastefully papered walls. Menu covers were pictures of Georgetown, old and new. A slip-sheet of "Highlights in the Story of Georgetown," which could be removed and taken along, provided customers with something to read and talk about while waiting to be served, a period slightly longer than usual because of high altitude cooking problems.

The operation of The Grubstake during both summers was complicated by shortages, meat allocations, lack of equipment, and most of all by labor problems. Experiences with the indifferences of college student help were tame to the story of the chefs. Seven cooks, during the first season of fourteen weeks, all left the Grubstake to go to jail.

On opening night, 1946, the first chef raped a fourteen year old girl. In fairness we must hasten to add that she later proved to be seventeen and experienced. This was not discovered, however, until he had languished for some time in jail and we had replaced him by another who took meat from our deep freeze and sold it to competitors.

A boy from Boston who was pot-walloping his way to California got disgusted one day. He threw the dishrag into the mashed potatoes, the traditional "last straw" in professional kitchens. This third chef who was jumpy at best grabbed up a huge knife and chased the boy out through the crowded dining room howling something that sounded very much like, "Scram, Shit-face!"

This third chef departed himself shortly, only a few hours before the sheriff arrived with a warrant charging him with alimony dodging.

Number Four stole \$100 from the cash register to buy a second-hand car. He got cold feet, replaced it, and left. In departing he forgot his coat in the pocket of which were found his parole papers that required him not to leave the State of Kansas.

Five, as has been suggested, cut up his wife, disastrously but not fatally, with a French knife. In order to be gotten out of town, he had to be charged with "disturbing the peace."

Number Six was really a fine cook but had returned to his former profession, it developed, to hide out. He was a confidence man who had defrauded the government of several hundreds of thousands of dollars on the AlCan highway. He left hurriedly, in the midst of lunch, one fine day. He is the only one who has not yet been apprehended.



Number Seven, and last of the first season, distinguished himself with several local ladies some of whom complained. He finished off his career by robbing the drugstore. Escaping he hid in bed. But wait, he further added lustre to his record.

The sheriff found him under the covers. Shaken from his stimulated sleep, he astonished everyone with his first words. Rubbing his eyes, before anyone had spoken to him, he said, "You've got the wrong guy, Bub!"

### Local Folks

An often asked question is "How do the natives feel about having their town restored?"

First, let it be said, they are never called "natives." They are friends and neighbors. We try to participate in community life and to be one of them.

Those local folks who have profited by the activities of Georgetown Enterprises are behind us. Many of them say so. Those quiet, backwater way of life is disturbed by the influx of tourists and who profit little or not at all by the restoration understandably resent the commotion.

Like all small towns, everything one does is public property. The thus vested public regards itself as entitled to express opinions, to pass judgments, and to develop or to strengthen prejudices.

One has to remember that cooperation and support are quite frequently quiescent and inactive. Opposition is vocal, often lively, and sometimes unreasoningly heated. The world had not exactly been at love and charity with its neighbor lately. The fractiousness found elsewhere quite probably is reflected in smaller ways in smaller towns. However, the complicated, difficult, and occasionally unpleasant times have been in the minority. Happily there are enough heartwarming experiences to make one forgive the troubles. Some of the difficulties are in retrospect good stories.

A lively Sunday in May 1946 will long remain as an elegant example of tribulation and trip-up. Lifting local history from newspaper files and putting it on posters has its hazards.

Each of the buildings to be restored was to have an explanatory sign for passers-by to read. Old records were searched to learn who built the buildings and when. Stories of interesting occupants and other tourist-worthy facts were garnered. Structures were again named for their pioneer builders and so labelled. Street signs were once more instituted. Lettering was painstakingly copied from original advertisements. All in all a great deal of time and thought went into this small detail of pointing up interesting bits of local history.

The small frame story-and-a-half building which was converted to an office had had a fascinating life. It was restored, among other details, to its original Georgetown pink. One of the earliest structures in town, 1866, it had been occupied through the years variously as a jewelry store, a Chinese restaurant, and a barber shop.

The latter professional tenant was a man from the Island of Minorca although most thought he was a negro. This good citizen was unfortunately discovered to possess a tail. When this biological oddity became known to younger boys in town, they made his life so miserable that he went over the hill.

Much of this lore about the building was compressed onto an expensively hand-lettered sign. The old fashioned script concluded:

"In the doorway of this building, in the 1880's, one Joe Doe shot and killed a man in an argument over a woman."

"Joe Doe," for reasons which will soon become apparent, is a thickly-worded disguise.

The story, once well-known, is brief. Joe Doe accosted a certain man about Georgetown at the aforementioned entry-way.

"Are you or are you not going to marry my sister?" he demanded.

A negative from the suspect gentleman brought instant death by a bullet from Doe's gun.

The cold blooded murder was front page stuff. By the way, Joe Doe was acquitted for lack of evidence, dead men telling no tales, he had become if not famous, certainly well-known.

Now Joe Doe, hot tempered as he was would never have made the sign with a man with a tail on such a small adventure. He had other activities to commend him. Not long after this incident he had shot another man. This happened in another of the buildings we were restoring. For this last trigger trick he did a stretch in the penitentiary. Labelled by the press and so recorded in history, Joe Doe was a killer.

There appeared bontiful evidence for the modest statement so carefully and artistically lettered on the sign. Restraint, it was felt, had been admirably shown in not mentioning or naming either the first deceased, the sister, the second murder, or the rap. The text, before the sign was painted, had been checked carefully with a number of local folks who approved it. None expressed disapproval or sounded warnings.

On the beautiful May morning earlier mentioned, two interested ladies from Los Angeles poked around amid the restoration activities. They chanced into the building where our signs stood against the wall, ready to be put up. They chanced to read this particular sign. And, they chanced also to be Joe Doe's daughters!

One can readily understand both their feelings and our horror at the unhappy situation. These ladies were in Colorado for the first time in forty years. Only by chance had they come to Georgetown for a few hours. Grasping at straws, we were thankful that the sign was not on view to the world. The ladies had a host of friends in Georgetown, some of whom had seen the text of the sign, and one of whom even hinted of their existence.

The daughters' anger was so great that a lame explanation of the unwitting sign, a promise not to put it up, and an apology were all of no avail. The ladies left us and went practically from door to door. They made the rounds. They raised particular hell all over town.

Later that afternoon, the judge, the editor, preacher, oldest inhabitants, school marms, and assorted citizens including three who had earlier seen the text, all descended on us to protest the outrage. Again, apologies and explanations were of no avail. We felt the incident were better closed. We were sorry for the injured feelings and at the same time thought a minimum of damage had been done. We had made all amends possible.

Did this end the affair? Far from it. Within a week, three lodges held special meetings. Lengthy resolutions of condemnation were passed. No one apparently wanted anything else done or suggested that we could or should make further amends. They just wanted to keep on raising hell until pent up spleens were vented.

The only way the affair ever quieted down was when the picturesque activities of our chefs diverted public attention.

Towards community cooperation, all of the publicity sent out spoke of Georgetown as a growing, attractive community with a historic past of which the community was aware and proud. Seldom did we stress the work of Georgetown Enterprises, playing up rather the local angle. Events and personalities were reported to Denver papers when they were newsworthy.

We employed some eighty different local people in the restoration work. We traded as far as possible with Georgetown business houses, often at a price disadvantageous to ourselves.

During the winter of 1946, after the first tourist season, attention was directed to local activities. The weekly movie, with billings comparable to Denver's neighborhood theatres, successful during the summer, was kept running all winter at considerable expense to Georgetown Enterprises. The community needed the entertainment and the experience of getting together once a week, it was felt.

McClellan Hall was put at the disposal of the community for a number of activities, furnished at cost of heating and lights. Refreshments and entertainment were donated on other occasions. An adult education class in the Great Books was begun. Square dancing,

first brought to Georgetown through our efforts, was continued for local boys and girls during the winter.

A celebration commemorating the seventieth anniversary of the Georgetown Courier and honoring the Randall family, its founders and publishers, was staged. Widespread publicity was given this event. The entire efforts of the firm, for the six months of winter, related to local people and problems. Again, these activities were appreciated by many. They were also occasions that brought out jealousies and crypticisms. Winning the home folks over is an up-hill and arduous task.

Since the beginning of the restoration all the local business houses had benefitted greatly from the advertising that Georgetown Enterprises has done. Publicity costs, the first year alone, totted up more than \$3,000. Six million readers and fifty one million listeners were reached.

During the first summer, a banner one for all Colorado tourist places and all all-time high, sixteen thousand visitors came to Georgetown. This summer, just past, twelve thousand were counted. All these people patronized other business establishments as well as those we operated. Georgetown Enterprises paid the publicity bills. Whether local merchants thanked us or not, they all rode on the free gravy train.

### Attractions

It was apparent, at the beginning, that in order to bring tourists to Georgetown in any great numbers, some kind of entertainment would be necessary. The town had no public hall, no movie, and no dance hall.

Recalling early Colorado history, Georgetown was quite famous for its entertainment. The McClellan Opera House, built in 1867 by pioneer Erskine McClellan, was the first opera house to be erected in the Territory. During boom days it was seldom dark. Everyone from Buffalo Bill to Edwin Booth trod the boards in Georgetown.

Georgetown Enterprises plans eventually to rebuild the McClellan Opera House. (It was completely destroyed by fire in 1892). Meanwhile a beginning was made by restoring the old picture show, once a store

building, to a place of public gathering. Fittingly, it was named McClellan Hall. An appropriate explanatory sign was affixed, this time with the consent and affectionate approval of McClellan's only surviving relative, a grand-daughter.

The decor for the street front of the building was copied from pictures of the grand curtain of the opera house. Simulated red velvet, gold fringe, and ornate tassels were painted on the windows. The quaint ticket booth with its little glass door was restored as was the projection booth which hung out over the entry-way. Inside, the hall was temporarily arranged. Its Victorian furnishings and stage settings are on the list of projects to be undertaken this current winter.

Along with his manager-impresario functions, Erskine McClellan in early days kept the town entertained when road companies were few or could not get through to the frequently snow-bound community. He arranged and promoted local talent shows, concerts, and programs. This was referred to in his own particular jargon as "a big do at the opera house."

Every night during the summer of 1946 and intermittently during 1947, a variety show called "The Big Do" was held in McClellan Hall. Costumed square dance troupes from Denver, local talent, story tellers, and community singing together with informal fun made up an hour's program. This was followed by square dancing in which the troupe, a professional caller, and musicians all assisted and taught the audience the intricacies and pleasures of do-si-do and Swing Like Thunder. Local boys and girls, eager to practice square dancing, staged their own "Little Do" on week-day evenings.

For a special summer festival, comparable with other celebrations, Georgetown Enterprises staged, financed, and promoted an annual Silver Stampede. This ten-day jubilation had all the components of early day high-kinks -- rock drilling, baseball, horse races, decorated bicycle contests, highly Big Dos, old timers' day, special church services, and family picnics.

Like other Colorado mining town celebrations, games of chance were

permitted to be played under the auspices of local government officials. Here was both the success and downfall of the Silver Stampede. Overwhelming crowds exceeded even boomday Saturday nights of the 1880's.

But the forces of reaction, conservatism, disapproval, and opposition arose. Local officials who had been tacit in looking the other way suddenly turned, developed consciences, and became prosecutors. Law suits followed and legal difficulties that very nearly wrecked the entire Georgetown project ensued. Fortunately these were resolved but not until after a bitter court battle that had most unfortunate repercussions. The second Silver Stampede, in 1947, was staged without games of chance. It was a high grade flop.

Old Time Silent Movies were played this last summer on week-ends in McClellan Hall with moderate success. Other than the problems of getting people to drive 45 miles to a movie and then getting them inside on a beautiful summer afternoon, the attraction has definite drawing power. Old favorites such as Charlie Chaplin, Marie Dressler, Francis X. Bushman, Snub Pollard, Ben Turpin, and Rudolph Valentino brought roars of approval. A piano player who could improvise "fast, slow, and sad," added a necessary and delightful touch.

Conducted tours of Georgetown are furnished free of charge to any group requesting them. Special celebrations such as the marking of the site of the Georgetown Loop by the Colorado Historical Society, have been promoted. Several conventions, clubs, and societies have spent a day in Georgetown. The Colorado Mountain Club has an annual "historic Georgetown" trip. Tree Planting Sunday is promoted each year by Georgetown Enterprises in cooperation with the U. S. Forest service.

### The Future

The future of Georgetown is promising. Also indicated is a great deal more work and time before the project achieves a reputation that will carry it along. Notable strides have been made in local growth. When the restoration was begun in 1946 there were thirteen businesses in Georgetown. Today there are thirty-seven. These are all small owner-operated establishments but they add considerably to the substance of the community. All the houses in town have been bought up and are

being restored. Real estate is sky-high. Vacant property is moving and some new building is under way.

The development of Georgetown as a center of the ski area will assure year around trade. Arapahoe Basin, Loveland Pass, and Berthoud Pass are all within a radius of a dozen miles. Ski housing, the greatest need, is being developed by Georgetown Enterprises.

The Loveland Pass tunnel, when and if constructed, will bulk large in Georgetown business during the construction period, estimated at three years. After completion, it will put Georgetown on the most important Colorado transcontinental highway.

The Colorado Historical Society is buying the famed Hotel de Paris and will establish a museum in Georgetown. This non-profit venture will be a great attraction. It will be a relief to Georgetown Enterprises who have had to operate a small museum to satisfy public demand. As already indicated plans are being drawn for the Opera House for summer stock and revivals of good theatrical fare, fitting to the scene.

In the process of consummation right now are plans for a transcontinental radio broadcast to originate in Georgetown next summer. This radio show, featuring a well-known star, will be called "The Big Do" and will be a half-hour variety program with a new Western flavor and atmosphere. This may well develop to be the distinctive attraction which Georgetown needs to build it up throughout the country.

Like most new business ventures, Georgetown Enterprises has both made mistakes and progress. Like most new businesses it lacks capital to develop along what are not apparent as necessary lines. It spends a very great deal of money in promotion and publicity, which investment is slow of return.

America today is conscious of the West as it has never before been. The Western motif and urge is found everywhere -- in popular music, clothing, literature, movies, and travel. The population trend in the country is to the West.



Georgetown, one of the few intact, authentic, and romantic places in Western history can move into this orbit of interest and it can prosper there. The theory under which it is being restored is that it will do so, increasingly, as long as it remains reasonably authentic and as long as it preserves and recreates the glory days of the early West.

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#### HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS RETURNED FROM ABROAD

Things are humming these days in the newly completed Archives vaults, in the State Museum, as members of the staff of the Division of State Archives and the Western Range Cattle Industry Study sort and arrange the many thousands of documents and films brought back from Europe by Herbert O. Brayer.

One of the most valuable collections comprises the papers, diaries, ledgers, and pictures of Moreton Frewen, founder of the vast million and a half dollar British cattle ranch in the American West. Frewen, a young Englishman of the Edwardian set, became interested in western cattle ranching as a result of his friendship with the Adairs, principal backers of Charles Goodnight. Frewen crossed the Big Horn in the winter of 1878 in a memorable trip, and located the site for his Big Horn Ranch on Powder River in Wyoming. The ranch soon became a mecca for the lords and ladies who came west to enjoy the hunting, fishing, and scenery -- and incidentally to invest in the West. In 1880, in conjunction with a number of wealthy and titled countrymen, he incorporated the Powder River Cattle Company for \$1,500,000. The story of this venture, its many trials and tribulations and its ultimate liquidation, is to be found in the several thousand documents now being sorted.

Frewen became "the William Jennings Bryan of Great Britain," and in that capacity, his voluminous correspondence with America's leading silver exponents--Bryan, Teller, Wolcott, Jones, and others--is of vital importance to the West.

Over twenty thousand individual items of correspondence, diaries, pamphlets, notes and ledgers make up the vitally important papers of

General William Jackson Palmer, founder of Colorado Springs and promoter of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, which were brought back from Suffolk in England. Palmer's long association with Colorado, Utah, New Mexico, and other western states, gives this collection paramount significance. It includes in addition to his Western papers, the entire correspondence and papers of his Civil War service, together with several thousand documents relative to his early connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the documents concerning his promotion of the Mexican National Railway.

To supplement the Palmer papers, Mr. Brayer was able to secure in Great Britain the American records of Dr. William A. Bell, Palmer's partner from 1867 until his death. The diaries and papers of Alexander Barclay, Santa Fe Trail trader and founder of Fort Barclay in New Mexico, were also microfilmed, as were some two hundred thousand other documents dealing with British interests--cattle, mining, irrigation, and land--in the Rocky Mountain West. A number of very excellent publications will result from this collection.

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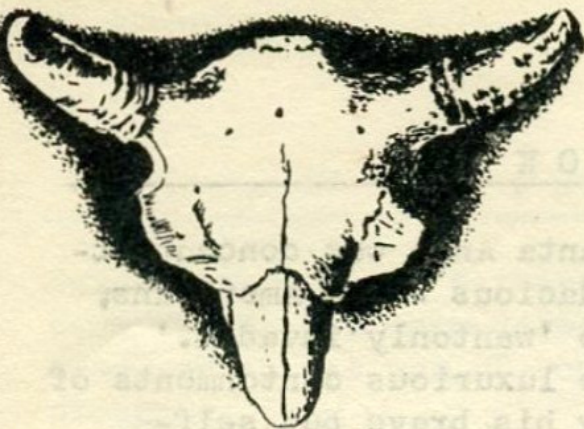
BRAND BOOKS READY FOR PUBLICATION

After many trials and tribulations, editor Virgil Peterson and Posseman Arthur Zeuch have Volume Two of the Brand Book ready for distribution. The work is a fine example of the type of printing that can be done in Colorado. The paper is one hundred per cent rag Alexandria, and Virg has enlivened the appearance with numerous photographs and other illustrations. Members of the Posse and corresponding Westerners may secure their own and extra copies for their friends by addressing their orders to Room 306, State Museum, Denver 2, Colorado. These books would make excellent gifts, and copies for local libraries and schools will be reserved upon request.

There are a few copies of the popular edition of Volume One still available. The Posse edition has been out of print since the day it was published, but some two hundred extra copies of the popular edition bound in blue were held until this Autumn, and may now be secured at four dollars a copy at the Westerners office above.

Volume Three of the Brand Book will go to press March 30, and it is hoped to release the same by June first. All orders should be accompanied by check.





# The BRAND BOOK

OFFICIAL ORGAN

## THE WESTERNERS

306 STATE MUSEUM BLDG.

DENVER 2, COLO.

ROBERT O. BRAYER, REGISTRAR OF MARKS AND BRANDS

I. 3

NOVEMBER, 1947

No. 11

### SKETCHES OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

By George Frederick Ruxton\*

#### I.--The Texan Ranger.

After the sanguinary assault and capture of Monterey, General Taylor's army of invasion remained for several weeks in a state of inactivity, till the arrival of orders from the Secretary-at-War gave notice that the armistice stipulated for in the articles of capitulation should cease, and that hostilities were at once to be resumed and prosecuted without restriction.

In the mean time, the Mexican army under Ampudia, that prince of boasters, had withdrawn within the line beyond which neither of the belligerents were to advance; and, cowed and crest-fallen at the signal defeats they had sustained from an enemy so numerically inferior, was

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\*AT THE NOVEMBER MEETING OF DENVER WESTERNERS MR. AND MRS. CLYDE M. PORTER OF KANSAS CITY WERE THE GUESTS OF THE POSSE, AND DESCRIBED IN GREAT DETAIL A PROJECTED STUDY OF THE LIFE AND WORK OF GEORGE FREDERICK RUXTON. MRS. PORTER, COLLABORATOR WITH BERNARD DEVOTO ON THE RECENTLY PUBLISHED ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI, RECOUNTED HER EXPERIENCES IN LOCATING IN GREAT BRITAIN A NUMBER OF VALUABLE ORIGINAL RECORDS, INCLUDING AN INCOMPLETE "BIOGRAPHY" AND NOTEBOOK, BELONGING TO THE NOTED ENGLISH VISITOR TO THE AMERICAN WEST DURING THE MID-NINETEENTH CENTURY. THE PORTERS ARE ALSO OWNERS OF A LARGE AND VALUABLE COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL PAINTINGS AND SKETCHES BY ALFRED J. MILLER, PIONEER WESTERN ARTIST WHO ACCOMPANIED THE EXPEDITION OF SIR WM. DRUMMOND STEWART TO THE FAR WEST IN 1836. DENVER WESTERNERS HAVE ENTERED INTO A TENTATIVE ARRANGEMENT WITH MR. AND MRS. PORTER TO PUBLISH THEIR PROPOSED VOLUME ON RUXTON DURING 1948--THE CENTENNIAL OF HIS DEATH IN ST. LOUIS. THE BOOK, AS PROJECTED, IS TO INCLUDE THE ORIGINAL PICTURES AND DOCUMENTS FOUND BY MRS. PORTER, AND, IN ADDITION TO RUXTON'S OWN PICTURE AND SKETCHES, WILL INCLUDE A NUMBER OF ORIGINAL MILLER PICTURES IN COLOR. THE RUXTON ARTICLE REPRINTED HERewith FROM FRASER'S MAGAZINE, JULY 1848, AND IS THE FIRST PUBLISHED ACCOUNT BY RUXTON OF HIS MEXICAN WAR OBSERVATIONS.

slowly retiring upon San Luis Potosi, where Santa Anna was concentrating a large force with which to attack the audacious North Americans, and drive them across the frontier they had so 'wantonly invaded.' Whilst Taylor recruited his little army in the luxurious cantonments of Monterey and its vicinity, and strove to bring his brave but self-willed soldiers to some semblance of discipline, the country people, surprised at the kindness with which they were treated, and which contrasted strongly with the tyranny and exactions exercised over them by their own troops, soon became reconciled to the new state of things, and rejoiced in finding so good a market for their provisions, and mules, and horses; and such scrupulous payment for the same in the glittering eagles of the commissariat chest. The characteristic treachery of a Mexican, however, will not permit him to be cordial with any one, further than his own interests seem to invite. As often as they fancied themselves secure, insolence and rapacity marked all their proceedings; and woe betide the luckless straggler who wandered alone or unarmed beyond the American camp. It appeared to be a religious duty with the natives to take the life of an enemy whenever he exposed it; for which purpose they prowled continually about the cantonments, and found but too many opportunities of indulging the horrid task.

The head-quarters of General Taylor were at Walnut Springs, about three miles distant from the town of Monterey, whilst divisions of the army were posted in the neighbouring villages along the table lands, and smaller detachments in the widely scattered ranchos and haciendas which lay in front and rear.

In a small rancho a few miles distant from Victoria, which at this time was occupied by General Quitman's brigade, a party of 'Texan Rangers' formed an outlying piquet for the purpose of watching the enemy, who, with a body of fifteen hundred cavalry, threatened to cut off the communication between Victoria and the main body of the American army. The regiment to which this party belonged was raised in Texas, where it is well known the most bitter hatred exists of any thing and every thing Mexican, and had already signalled itself as well by deeds of daring courage in the various engagements which had taken place, as by acts of the most revolting cruelty perpetrated on the unoffending inhabitants of the country. The cruelties inflicted by the Mexicans on the prisoners captured by them during the

Texan war, and the barbarous manner in which that war was conducted on both sides, had engendered the most inveterate antipathy on the frontier, which was now of course fomented by the progress of the present struggle.

Of the corps called the 'Texan Rangers,' nine out of ten belonged to the wildest and most dissolute class in the state of Texas; most of them had either served during the War of Independence (save the mark!), or in those freebooting incursions into the territories of a state with which they were then at peace, notorious as the Santa Fe expeditions. It is well known what were the results of these enterprises; and in whatever bad faith and treachery they were planned and carried out, nothing could justify the Mexicans in their barbarous treatment of the prisoners captured near Santa Fe. Many of these were butchered in cold blood, after surrendering under promises of good treatment; while the survivors were marched nearly two thousand miles to an ignominious and revolting captivity.

Many of the Texans now serving under the American flag possessed friends or relatives amongst those who had been so inhumanly massacred, and undertook the present service for the sole purpose of avenging their deaths. They openly boasted of their intention to kill every Mexican they could lay their hands on, and vowed to spare neither sex nor age whenever opportunities offered of satisfying their thirst for the blood of their equally barbarous enemies.

Civilised society has never yet offered a parallel to the phase exhibited within the last ten or twelve years in the revolted province of the Mexican republic, now annexed to the confederate states of the American Union. To say that laws were not respected in Texas, would be but to convey a feeble idea of the perfect anarchy which reigned throughout the country. If the state of Botany Bay or any other penal colony can be imagined, supposing all the convicts transported to its shores emancipated upon landing, and the government placed in their hands, some notion may be formed of the condition of things in Texas before its annexation to the United States. The refuse from that country resorted hither, fleeing from the tardy justice of their own land. Murderers, thieves, and swindlers of every hue, walked erect in open day, were received as brothers, and considered only as 'smart men.'

Of such the clergy, the army, the navy, the judicial bench were composed; and these, mixed with foreigners of the same stamp from every European country, formed the Texan nation. In the United States, a common method of marking that any one has ruined himself by criminal or dishonourable acts, is to write after his name the letters, 'G.T.T.,' which signifies, 'Gone to Texas,' and is synonymous with the English phrase of 'Gone to the devil.' Thus Colonel Crockett, when 'hard up' and ennuye by the quasi-quiet life of the southern states, from which deer and bears had been driven by the encroachments of civilised man, declared that he was heartily sick of the country, and announced his intention of shouldering his rifle and starting at once for 'h----or Texas.'

The 'Texan Rangers' numbered some two hundred desperadoes, under officers of their own selection, and were equipped in a fashion to suit their own peculiar fancies. Their costume was a mixture of Mexican, Indian, and American habiliments, which, however uncouth, was at the same time exceedingly picturesque, and served to set off to advantage the tall and sinewy figures of the wearers. As a sample we will select one of the officers of the corps, whom we will call John Smith, since to give his real name might ensure us a rifle-bullet or bowie-knife, should we ever revisit Texas. This man had spent all his life upon the Indian or Mexican frontier; was not thirty years of age--had fought in the Texan struggle--and passed his time between fighting the Comanches on the borders and rioting in the cities of Texas or New Orleans, where he resorted for the purpose of exercising his profession, which was that of Indian killer and gambler; and any one conversant with life in the southern states of America knows well what that latter term implies.

The Ranger stood over six feet in height, and was lightly but symmetrically built, with small and delicately chiselled features, almost feminine in their beauty. Locks of long raven hair hung over his face and shoulders, and moustache and beard, of the same colour, concealed the lower part of his face. A brown, broad-flapped beaver hat, made quite flexible, tied under the chin with a strap ornamented with beads, and a wide band round the crown, jingling with silver buttons and hawk-bells, a Mexican jacket, gaudy satin waistcoat of New Orleans make, and pantaloons of deer-skin, with long fringes down the

outside of the leg, each fringe being bound with stained porcupine's quills, and elaborately worked mocassins, comprised his costume. His small waist was girdled by an Indian sash, in which were thrust a brace of silver-mounted horse-pistols, and a bowie-knife, of the kind favourably known amongst Southerners as the 'Texas bellyripper.' Besides these weapons of offence, a long and heavy rifle was part and parcel of himself. This man was a good specimen of a Southern 'ruffler.' Perfectly indifferent to danger, he courted rather than avoided it, and by his devil-may-care demeanour was continually giving cause of quarrel to those with whom he came in contact. To shoot or knife a man who crossed him was every-day work with the Texan, and although he seldom boasted of his deeds, it was well known that he had taken at least twelve men's lives, either in fair fight or extempore quarrel (before he had engaged in the legitimate slaughter of Mexicans), in which last case with him it was a word and a blow, and the blow often came first.

At the present time Smith was in charge of fifteen of the Texan Rangers, detailed to form an outpost from the brigade and to watch the movements of a flying column of cavalry under General Urrea, which was threatening the flanks and rear of the American army: and his orders were to take up quarters in the rancho of Agua Sarca, whence a look-out was to be kept upon the motions of the enemy.

About sunset one evening, the little band was seen winding in single file down the sierra which overhung the rancho; each trooper accoutred more or less in a style similar to that which has been already described as adorning the handsome person of their leader. Across the saddle-horn of each rested the long heavy rifle, without which no American frontiersman thinks himself armed; and over the pommel hung a coil of lasso-rope, in the use of which they were scarcely less expert than the Mexicans themselves. Before the band rode a countryman as guide, one who had been forcibly seized upon and impressed for the duty, which, from his look of abject fear and trembling demeanour, he evidently considered one of no little peril. And, indeed, he judged aright; for far and near the rumour ran amongst the Mexican paisanos, that whenever a guide was taken by the Texan Rangers to lead them to any rancho or hacienda, on which they proposed to levy black-mail, such unfortunate was never known to return; and the body of more than one known to have been thus employed had been discovered on the roadside,



slain by a rifle-bullet in the back, and not unfrequently scalped or otherwise mutilated.

When the Texans reached the bottom of the sierra a halt was called, and the Rangers gathered round their captain to learn his plans. His eagle eye had detected, at a considerable distance, that mounted and apparently armed men were riding about the rancho, and turning suddenly to the Mexican guide he asked, 'if he had deceived them when he said that there were only a dozen vaqueros about the place?'

'No, by all the saints!' answered the guide; 'there were none other than the rancho's family when I left the preceding evening.'

'What do you think, boys,' asked the captain; 'is the old pelado lying?'

'If he opens his mouth to speak, he does,' replied another, 'or he's no Spaniard.'

'He'll have to die anyhow,' said a third, looking fiercely at the wretched Mexican; 'shoot the blessed greaser, Joe, and let's be moving.'

The guide sat quaking on his saddle, his fingers grasping a silver crucifix which hung around his neck, and his white lips muttering an Ave, Maria, in his dire extremity. At this moment Captain Smith rode up to him, and said softly, and in a friendly tone, which reassured the trembler, --

'Hola, amigo! si quieres a yer su gente, corre!' (Look you, friend if you want to see your people once more, run for it!) 'Ahi esta su casa!' (There's your house--off with you.)

The Mexican waited for no second invitation. 'Ave, Maria, purissima!' he muttered between his teeth, 'bless thee for thy aid;' and gathering up his reins, dashed the spurs into his horse's sides, and galloped towards the rancho.

His back was scarcely turned, however, when the captain of the Rangers, with a devilish smile, dropped the reins on his horse's neck,

and raising his long rifle, took a steady aim at the flying Mexican and fired. Simultaneously with the report the murdered man fell from his saddle to the ground, and lay writhing in agony, shot through the spine. The Rangers passed by, scarcely heeding the body; but the last, more merciful than the rest, drew a pistol from his belt, and bending down discharged it into the face of the wounded man, who stretched out his limbs convulsively and was dead.

'There's one rascally Spaniard the less, anyhow,' he muttered. And without another remark or thought on the atrocious act just committed the party quietly proceeded on their way.

It will scarcely be believed that so barbarous a murder could be perpetrated by civilised men, yet it is perfectly certain that such deeds were ordinary occurrences among the body of which the band described above formed a part, and were committed in open day and before the eyes of their officers with the most perfect impunity. To such a height were these atrocious acts carried, that nothing but the most signal and instantaneous punishment of several of the Texan soldiers sufficed to put a stop to them; and even then the only result produced was to render that secret which, for awhile, had been done openly.

As the Rangers drew near the rancho, the mounted men who had been seen from the sierra dispersed in all directions; and when they rode up to the gate of the corral not a soul was visible about the huge building. The farmhouses in the northern and more exposed parts of Mexico being invariably built in the form of a fort, are of sufficient strength to defend the inmates from the incursory attacks of the Comanches, who frequently lay waste the entire country, killing and slaying the men, making prisoners of the women and children, and carrying off vast droves of mules and horses with which the plains are covered. A large square block of adobes is entered by a wide gateway leading to a corral, or square, round which are the houses occupied by the peones, or labourers, and in the centre of this is a large well. The roofs of the houses are flat, and the wall is continued some three feet higher, to form a parapet, which protects the defenders from Indian arrows. Not unfrequently a large wall-piece, or culverin, is mounted on the top, the sight of which has usually a very salutary effect upon the Indians, who seldom venture within range of the dreaded 'medicine-gun.'

On the present occasion the gate, formed of heavy mezquite wood, was closed, and, by way of knocking for admittance, one of the Rangers put the muzzle of his pistol to the huge panel and fired it off, making the splinters fly in all directions. At this summons a face peered over the parapet of the wall, and demanded, 'Quien llamo?' (Who called?)

'Open the door, you darned yaller-skinned Spaniard,' bellowed the leader of the Rangers, 'or I'll drive a rifle-ball through you. I will, by Lot!'

The face and head appeared by this time quite over the parapet, and its owner, who was no other than the rancho himself, was beginning to parley, when one of the Texans dextrously threw his lasso over his head, and amidst the shouts and jeers of his companions hauled him over the wall, where, half-choked, the unfortunate wight roared for mercy. The door, however, was speedily opened, and the man was released; while the party of Rangers rode into the corral of the rancho, and, dismounting, cried out lustily for corn and shucks\* for their hungry steeds. The provender was reluctantly brought by trembling peones, who were saluted with cuffs and kicks in payment for it, and threatened with more summary punishment should they dare to remonstrate. When their animals were cared for, the Rangers sallied into the houses, and were quickly engaged in drawing from different places of concealment sundry nut-brown mucha chas, who had hidden themselves the first alarm of the approach of the dreaded Texanos. One ruffian had seized the pretty daughter of the rancho, and was proceeding to pay rather too practical attentions to the girl, when Smith, the Captain of the band, himself smitten by her charms, ordered him with an oath to desist, and release the struggling Candelaria.

"Who are you," asked the other, "to order me to do this or that? If you don't keep your rope away from my horse, maybe you'll feel lead in you before long!"

"Who am I?" answered Smith, quite coolly; "let this tell you!" And drawing a pistol from his belt he discharged it full at the Ranger's breast, who, jumping into the air, fell headlong to the

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\* Leaves of the maize, or Indian corn.

ground, shot through the heart, while the former coolly removed the exploded cap from the nipple and returned the pistol to his belt.

Then, accosting the girl, he told her not to fear, and that he would so serve a dozen were they to raise a finger against her.

In the meantime the other Texans were ransacking the rancho, and vowing vengeance if all the money it contained was not immediately forthcoming. As the rancho declared that there was not a silver peso in the house, they had recourse to a stronger argument to compel him to disclose the locality of the coveted treasure. Fastening the noose of a lasso round his neck, they threw the other end over a strong beam, and three or four hauling on the slack of it, they ran him up two or three times to the beam, allowing him to fall heavily to the ground each time. The poor wretch, with black and swollen face, cried in vain for mercy. "Shell out the gold-dust, yallerskin!" was all the answer he received to his supplication. Again they ran the half-strangled Mexican up to the beam, but this time, when he reached the ground, his legs bent under him and refused to support the body; he stumbled with all his weight against the taut rope, and when the savage Texans suddenly relaxed it, he fell on his face---choked and dead.

Thus, within three hours, had these sanguinary monsters destroyed as many human lives, without the slightest compunction, and now seemed bent upon further acts of atrocity upon the persons and properties of the people of the rancho, unless something intervened to stop their lawless and diabolical intentions. On their first appearance most of the male had fled, leaving the women and children at the mercy of the strangers, trusting that to them, at least, mercy and respect would be shewn. They had at once made for the place where General Urrea's cavalry were known to be posted, and informed them of the isolated situation of the American outpost, and entreated that they might hasten to succour the rancho, which would quickly be despoiled if it remained in the hands of the Texan Rangers. A detachment of two hundred men was immediately despatched and with them the peones and the sons of the rancho of Ague Sarca returned to their abode.

When within a few yards of the gate, the first object which presented itself was the girl Candelaria seated on a stone by the roadside,

with her long black hair dishevelled, and hanging in masses over her neck and shoulders: her face was white as snow, and a wild and almost idiotic expression possessed her features. Her dress was, moreover, disordered, the upper part being partly torn from her shoulders. She neither looked up nor gave token of consciousness of their presence, until one Miguel, her lover, rode up, and, throwing himself off his horse, took her hand, and asked, tenderly what ailed her.

"Nome tocas!" (Touch me not), answered the girl, looking into his face. "Quita-te, Miguel, ya no soy como era! Ah, Dios mio, que estoy ahora desdichada-y infelís! Quitate, Miguel, por Dios, y no me tocas!" (Away from me Miguel, I am not what I was! Ah, my God, miserable and polluted that I am! Away, Miguel, and touch me not!) she cried, waving him from her.

"Maria purissima!" muttered Miguel, clenching his teeth, "presta me auxilio!" (lend me aid), as, dropping the hand of the unfortunate girl, he sprang into his saddle and dashed into the gate of the rancho before his companions had time to stay him. In another minute he was galloping out, with a Texan dragging on the ground after him, the noose of Miguel's lasso round his neck, and the other end attached to the horn of his saddle. Turning into the plain, he dashed furiously over the most rocky portions of the ground, the dead body of the Texan trailing after him, with its head smashed to pieces by the rocks over and against which it had been dragged, and besmearing them with blood and brains in its course.

The Rangers inside the rancho, when they saw this daring act, rushed out of the gate without thinking of their arms, and were immediately set upon by the infuriated Mexicans. In a minute all but two were lassoed and lanced to death. The captain and another succeeded in reaching the corral, and mounting two horses, which with several others stood saddled within, jumped into the saddles and essayed to escape. The gateway, however, was thronged with the Mexicans; and although the crowd opened as Smith, with a pistol in each hand, charged into the midst, firing right and left and dropping two of his opponents, yet at the same time a score of lassos, thrown by unerring hands, whirred through the air, and horse and rider were soon rolling over each other on the ground. Smith struggled instantly to his feet, and drawing his bowie-knife cut the thongs

which bound him, and struck furiously with the long and glittering blade at all who came within his reach. His companion already lay struggling on the ground, to which he was pinned by a lance thrust through his neck; and, spite of his hopeless resistance, Smith was soon again lassoed and thrown violently down, and a dozen lance-blades were quickly drinking the life-blood of the Texan Ranger.

When, some days after, a detachment arrived from Victoria to relieve the party of Rangers, all that remained of them were the bleached and well-picked bones, on which the wolves had long before most daintily regaled.

## II.--The Battle of Buena Vista.

The disastrous defeats of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma--with the signal victory gained by the Americans under General Taylor in capturing the fortified city of Monterey, defended by a vastly superior force of Mexicans--had at length compelled the Government of Mexico to take more decided measures to oppose the invaders, and proved to them the inadequacy of wordy remonstrances and bombastic proclamations to arrest the advance of the victorious enemy.

Internal commotions having for a time subsided, and the late president, Paredes, being secured in 'durance vile,' the swords of the conflicting parties of the Mexican people were withdrawn from each other's throats, and Santa Anna -- newly returned from banishment, where he had undergone an expiatory course of twelve months' punishment for his presidential sins--at once took advantage of the popular reactionary feeling. He set diligently to work to equip an army, and raise the necessary funds for its support, in order to place his own 'heroical' person at its head, and march without delay to give battle to the audacious 'North Americans,' and drive them, after summary castigation, from the outraged soil of the Mexican republic.

With a fanfaron of berbose proclamations, commencing with the neverfailing 'Dios y Libertad,' and ending with the terrible name of 'Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna,' the 'hero of a thousand fights' invoked the patriotism and dollars of his valiant countrymen; himself setting the example by casting into the national exchequer a tithe of the

dobloons which he had before filched from it, and announcing his intention of sacrificing his life rather than that the foot of a semi-barbarous American should any longer press the soil of his suffering country.

The appeal was answered by a prodigality of promise, but very scanty showers of 'pesos.' Each city and town over the whole republic vowed death and destruction to the savage invaders, should they be audacious enough to enter their state or province; but never a dollar or dragoon was offered, nor cannon nor clacos despatched, to swell the ranks of the Army of Liberation. For the Church itself, as well of the capital of Mexico as of the confederate states, locked up her plate and golden ornaments in the iron-bound coffres of her sacristies; buried deep her treasures of dobloons and dollars in secret vaults and cellars; and came forth patriotically, in the time of need, with bulls and anathemas against the heretic invaders, which the clergy guaranteed to be of greater value than commissariat chests of dollars, and more effectual than batteries of flying artillery.

In spite of these and other such obstacles as only Mexico and its people could raise to the national object in view, Santa Anna succeeded in concentrating at San Luis Potosi, in January, 1847 (within four months of his arrival in the country), a force of upwards of twenty thousand men, of whom between five and six thousand were cavalry, with twenty-two pieces of cannon. Of the twenty thousand men, sixteen thousand were composed of regular troops of the line, the remainder of armed rancheros and auxiliares, or militia.

On the 1st of February this column took up its line of march for Saltillo. Between San Luis Potosi and their destination was a wide expanse of desert country, destitute of wood and water, and affording but a bare sufficiency of provisions to support the scanty population which inhabited it. The sufferings of the army, ill-supplied as they were by a badly organised commissariat, were extreme; and many desertions took place in consequence. The severity of the climate was also trying to the soldiery, who were mostly the native Indians of the tierra caliente. However, with an energy highly creditable to the Mexican commanders, all these obstacles were overcome; and on the 20th of February the advanced guard reached Encarnacion--a large hacienda within two days' march of Saltillo--where the head-quarters of the

American army were stationed.

Meanwhile, General Taylor, leaving a garrison of fifteen hundred men in Monterey, advanced with all his disposable force to Saltillo, which was occupied by the brigade under General Wool. Here he received certain intelligence that Santa Anna was on the road to meet him; whereupon, on the 2d February, he proceeded with his division to Agua Nueva, distant twenty miles from Saltillo, and on the high road to San Luis Potosi. Here he remained until the 21st, when a reconnaissance having been pushed some distance along the road, the Mexicans were discovered advancing in force; the vanguard composed of several squadrons of light cavalry, and irregular horse, or auxiliares.

Taylor now fell back to a point half way between his present camp and Saltillo, which presented a strong natural position, and seemed capable of being defended against a great superiority of forces. The spot selected for the position was at a point where the main road from San Luis passes a defile formed by the approximation of two mountains or sierras, of moderate elevation, whose bases smooth away into plateaux or table-lands, intersected by many canyons (gullies) and water-courses, and the deep-cut beds of periodical mountain torrents. On the western side of the road a small stream rises in the Angostura, and runs parallel to it, past the hacienda of Buena Vista, joining the river of San Juan. The road, being a mere rugged defile, was easily defensible; whilst from each side a succession of plateaux stretch away to the mountains which bound the valley, those on the right being rendered unapproachable to cavalry or artillery by many deep and rugged gullies, whilst on the left, broken ridges and precipitous ravines completely defended the flanks of the position.

Here Taylor determined to make a stand; and disposed his little army in the best manner the nature of the ground would admit. His whole force consisted of no more than 4073 men, including infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Of these, 453 only were regular troops, of which there were two squadrons of cavalry and three field-batteries of light artillery.



The following was the field report of the entire strength of Taylor's army on the morning of the battle; but a reinforcement of 350 men subsequently arrived from Saltillo:--

Infantry.

2d Kentucky Battalion.....	516
Mississippi Rifles.....	328
Indiana Battalion (2).....	1036
1st Illinois.....	519
2d Do.....	496
	<hr style="width: 10%; margin-left: auto; margin-right: 0;"/>
	Total..... 2895

Cavalry.

1st Dragoons (regular).....	114
2d Do. (Do.).....	72
Arkansas Cavalry.....	392
Kentucky Do.....	265
Texan Rangers.....	53
Spy Company.....	24
	<hr style="width: 10%; margin-left: auto; margin-right: 0;"/>
	Total..... 920

Artillery.

(3 Batteries of 12 guns).

3d Regiment.....	142
4th Do.....	106
	<hr style="width: 10%; margin-left: auto; margin-right: 0;"/>
	248
Head-quarter Staff.....	10

Total effective Force... 

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 4073

Opposed to this handful of men, the Mexican army exhibited a force of, according to the Mexican account, 21,340, but which, when reduced by sickness and desertion on the road, and by other casualties, did not in reality amount to more than 18,000 effectives.

Taylor so placed his men in position, as to make the San Luis road

the centre of his line. The 4th artillery, under Captain Washington, commanded the road, supported by the 1st and 2d Illinois, 2d Kentucky, and a troop of Texan Rangers, the right flank of this division covering the artillery, whilst the left was extended to occupy the crests of the ridges in front and rear. The Kentucky and Arkansas regiments of cavalry formed the extreme left, under the base of the mountain. On the right were the Indiana brigade, the Mississippi Rifles, the squadrons of the 1st and 2d Dragoons, and two batteries of light artillery. Three miles in the rear was the hacienda of Buena Vista, where the baggage and commissariat trains were collected under protection of a small force, mostly composed of the teamsters and drivers belonging to it.

On the morning of the 22d, the advanced guard of the Mexican army first came in sight, followed by dense columns of cavalry and infantry, which were thrown into position as they arrived upon the field. At noon, clouds of cavalry, the meridian sun shining upon their glittering lanceblades, moved to the front, and the heads of the columns were now within a mile of the American position, deploying into line as they gained their allotted stations. Every eye from the little army of General Taylor gazed intently upon the manoeuvre, but not a single cheek grew pale with fear for the results of the impending struggle.

Now a little knot of mounted men was seen to leave the Mexican lines and approach the American army. A flag of truce waved over them, and by and by an officer was ushered into the presence of General Taylor, to whom he presented from Santa Anna a formal summons to surrender. This missive, and the American general's reply, are so characteristic, not only of the two chiefs but of the people they represented, that we quote them at length. Hear Santa Anna:--

Camp of Encantada,  
Feb. 22, 1847.

Dios y Libertad.---You are now surrounded by 20,000 men, and cannot, in any human probability, avoid suffering a rout, and being cut to pieces with your troops; but as you deserve consideration and esteem, I wish to save you from a catastrophe, and for that purpose give you this notice, in order that you may surrender at discretion, under the assurance that you will be treated with the consideration belonging to the

Mexican character: to which end you will be granted an hour's time to make up your mind, to commence from the moment when my flag of truce arrives in your camp.

With this view, I assure you of my particular consideration.

ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA.

To General Taylor,

Commanding the Forces of the United States.

Scarcely appreciating the motives of such singular consideration and humanity, and without waiting for the expiration of the hour so magnanimously afforded by the Mexican general-in-chief, the American commander at once returned an answer in the following terms:---

Head-Quarter, Army of Occupation, near Buena Vista, Feb. 22, 1847.

Sir,---In reply to your note of this date, summoning me to surrender my forces at discretion, I beg leave to say that I decline acceding to your request.

With high respect, I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

Z. Taylor,

Major-General Commanding  
United States Army.

Senor General D. Antonio Lopez De Santa Anna.

Commander-in-Chief, La Encantada.

At this time the rear columns of the enemy had not yet taken up their ground, and the attack was delayed in consequence until the whole Mexican force was in the field. About four in the afternoon a forward movement took place on their extreme left, which threatened the right of the American line. To strengthen this, the 2d Kentucky battalion and a half battery of artillery were detached from the

reserve; but at the same time, under cover of this false attack, a light brigade of the enemy executed a sudden movement on the left, and strove to outflank the American line. This attempt was repulsed, after a smart engagement, by the dismounted squadrons of the Arkansas and Kentucky cavalry, and a rifle battalion of the Indiana brigade; the whole under the command of Colonel Marshall. The skirmish was kept up on the left until darkness put a stop to the firing, the Mexicans effecting a lodgement of a body of troops during the night, on the side of the mountain on which the left flank of the Americans rested. From this position their camp fires were visible throughout the night; but the Americans were obliged to bivouac without fires, and lay upon their arms prepared for any sudden attack.

Meanwhile, General Taylor, satisfied that no actual engagement would take place until the morrow, proceeded to Saltillo, escorted by the Mississippi regiment and a squadron of the 2d Dragoons. Here he found a large body of Mexican cavalry under General Minon, which had gained the rear of the American position by a pass in the mountains to the eastward of the city, menacing the town. The garrison defending Saltillo consisted of four companies of Illinois Volunteers, under Major Warren, whilst a company of artillery, with two twenty-four pound howitzers, were posted in a small redoubt which commanded the approaches to the town. All the available troops which were not absolutely required for its defence were ordered to join without delay the army in front of Buena Vista; and General Taylor, being satisfied with the preparations that were made for protecting the rear, returned to head-quarters.

At dawn of day on the 23d, the enemy, who, as before said, had effected a lodgement of troops upon the left flank the preceding night, commenced an attack with a large body en guerilla. This was handsomely met by the American riflemen, who, extending in skirmishing order, and taking advantage of the cover afforded by the rocks and broken ground, maintained a sharp and destructive fire upon the advancing Mexicans. In this species of warfare, in which the American backwoodsman far surpasses the disciplined soldier of any foreign army, the Kentucky and Illinois regiments respectively maintained the honour of their States. Although far superior in numbers, the enemy was foiled in every attempt to turn their flank. From every rock and bush the American rifles

pealed destruction on the foe, and after a severe loss the Mexicans retired before them.

At eight o'clock a strong column of infantry, supported by six guns, moved against the centre of the American position. As the leading sections advanced along the road, Captain Washington's battery opened upon them with great effect, causing the column to waver, and finally to give way. At the same time a vigorous attack was made on the American left. Masses of infantry, covered by clouds of light cavalry, formed under the broken ridges and advanced with great steadiness to the attack. As they deployed at the edge of the plateau, the brigade forming the American left met them with a bold front. O'Brien's battery unlimbered within a few hundred yards of the enemy's infantry, and poured in several destructive rounds of grape and canister, being replied to by a Mexican battery on its left, whilst the 2d Indiana shewed front to cover their guns. The Mexican column, however, continued steadily to advance, driving back the Indiana regiment, which fled in disorder. In vain its colonel (Bowles) endeavoured to rally his men; panic struck, they refused to follow their officers, and fairly fled, neither did they take further part in the action that day. O'Brien, unsupported by the infantry, was also compelled to retire, leaving one of his guns in possession of the enemy, all its horses and bombadiers having been killed or disabled. The light troops on the mountain being thus cut off were also withdrawn, and retreated upon the hacienda of Buena Vista with considerable loss, but in good order. The left of the Americans had now fairly given way, and had the Mexican general but known how to profit by the advantage, the fate of the day must have been decided; for the flank being turned, masses of infantry and cavalry gained the rear of the American position, and a large body of cavalry had already attacked the rear and baggage-guard at the hacienda of Buena Vista. They were, however, charged and completely routed by the Arkansas and Kentucky cavalry, under Colonels Marshall and Yell, the latter of whom was killed whilst gallantly leading his men to the charge.

It was at this critical moment that the right of the Mexicans, instead of following up their success, wavered and became jammed on the broken ground at the base of the mountain. The 2d Illinois had been outflanked. It had been compelled to retire, and the

centre and rear were exposed to the heavy columns which the Mexicans continued to pour in upon the left, when the Mississippi regiment, which advancing to the support of the left and cresting a ridge, entered into a warm altercation with the enemy's infantry. They, too, were yielding to the weight of numbers, when the 2d Kentucky and a half battery under Captain Bragg, with loud huzzas, appeared upon their right. In a moment the enemy were charged and driven back. And as they retired in confusion, the batteries of Bragg and Sherman plied them with grape and round shot, and threw them into a perfect rout. The ravines and gullies soon became crowded with them, whilst a strong brigade of cavalry under Colonel May effectually checked other bodies which still threatened the exposed flanks of the Americans.

Meanwhile a body of Mexicans, which had gained the rear of the American line, halted, and shewed symptoms of great irresolution. Instead of throwing themselves into the battle, they began, as it seemed, to look about for some avenue by which to return to their friends; and must have suffered annihilation had Taylor been strong enough to detach even a single battalion against them. But he could not venture to move a man; indeed his people found themselves unable to sustain the pressure of the dense columns, which, by their weight, bore them from their position. Fortunately for them, however, the rear of each column lost heart almost as soon as the head had begun to penetrate. The masses accordingly melted from behind, and, without any violent effort of their own, the Americans, time after time, recovered the ground which had been lost.

It was at this juncture that a flag of truce approached the American general, a staff-officer having been despatched by Santa Anna to know 'What he wanted?' General Wool was sent to the Mexican commander-in-chief, and orders were given to cease firing; but the Mexicans still continuing to fire as he advanced, General Wool returned without entering their lines.

Hitherto the main efforts of the Mexicans had been directed against the American flanks, particularly against the left, for the attacks on the right had been invariably repulsed throughout the day. Now, when, in spite of all the efforts to oppose it, the Mexicans' flanking force had regained the main body, their object appeared to be to protect their

artillery, and, for a time, the firing slackened on both sides. By and bye Santa Anna brought up his reserve and made a last grand assault upon the American position. Heavy masses poured upon the plateau in front of the centre and left. Between the ravines which intersected the upland plain lay portions of land, a few hundred yards in extent, each of which was gallantly contested by the Illinois and Kentucky regiments at the bayonet's point. But being forced back by overwhelming numbers, they were completely routed, and a battery of guns remained in the hands of the enemy. The moment was critical, and again the Mexican general had victory in his hands, if he had possessed courage or tact to retain it. General Taylor had ordered up two pieces of artillery to support that part of the line; but when they arrived, the Americans were in full flight. Nothing daunted, Bragg dashed towards the advancing Mexicans and threw his guns into battery within pistol-shot of the leading column. He opened on them with grape and canister, and, though quite unsupported, caused them first to recoil, then halt, and, finally, retreat. This decided the fate of the day; no more vigorous attempts were made by the Mexicans; and night shortly after coming on, the little American army remained on the ground they had so gallantly maintained against overwhelming numbers.

The light column of fifteen hundred cavalry under General Minon, which we have already said had gained the rear and threatened Saltillo, occupied the road lying between that city and the American position. Being fired upon from the redoubt they advanced towards Buena Vista, and were attacked by a small body of mounted volunteers and a field-piece under Captain Shrover. Driven amongst the broken ground near the spurs of the mountain, where they were plied with grape and canister by Captain Shrover's gun, and another which had been despatched to its support from the redoubt, they made one or two feeble attempts to charge the guns, but were soon driven back in confusion, and retired altogether from the field.

By this time darkness had set in, and the Americans, though they felt that the enemy was repulsed, could not assure themselves of more. They lay down, therefore, upon their arms, taking care, however, as much as possible, to remove the wounded to Saltillo; and, not without considerable anxiety, looked forward to the morrow. It came, and, to the undisguised relief of all, brought with it satisfactory proof that

they had nobly done their duty. The glittering columns of the invincible Santa Anna had vanished from their position, and even the wounded seemed on the field to be tended by their enemy. The great disparity of numbers and the exhaustion of the American troops rendered any pursuit both inexpedient and impolitic; and on the 27th of February they reoccupied their old camp at Agua Nueva, the rear guard of the enemy abandoning it at their approach, and leaving behind them many sick and wounded soldiers. An advanced post was pushed to Encarnacion on the 1st of March, where they found two hundred wounded and sixty Mexican soldiers, who reported that the army was entirely disorganised, and their retreat marked by the dead and dying which strewed the road.

The loss on both sides was severe. Out of a force numbering on the morning of the action less than four thousand five hundred men, the Americans sustained a loss of seven hundred and forty-seven killed and wounded, or, in round numbers, a sixth part of the whole.

The Mexicans, by their own accounts, had between fifteen hundred and two thousand killed and wounded on the field; while their army on reaching San Luis Potosi did not exceed four thousand men of all arms, and these disheartened and disorganised. In spite of this, Santa Anna declared he had beaten the Americans, but was unable, for want of provisions, to follow up his advantage; and that to have remained longer in his position would have entailed the horrors of famine upon the heroic 'Army of Liberation.' He was evidently ignorant that three miles in the rear of his beaten enemy were abundant stores of provisions, and that in the city of Saltillo he could easily have recruited the strength of his victorious army.

Subjoined is an abstract of the returns of killed, wounded, and missing, of the American army at the battle of Buena Vista:--

Killed.*	Wounded.
Officers..... 28	Officers..... 41
Rank and File.....239	Rank and File..... <u>415</u>
Grand total, killed, wounded, missing.....	<u>746</u>

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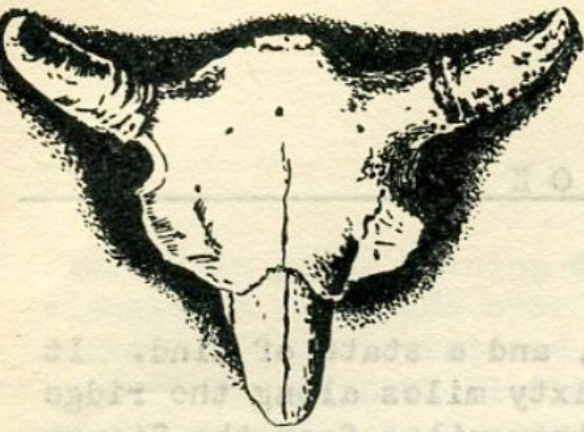
\*The 2d Illinois regiment suffered most severely, going into action 496 strong, and losing 10 officers and 38 rank and file killed, and 6 officers and 69 rank and file wounded; total, 126 killed and wounded.



The battle of Buena Vista presents many curious points of study to the military reader. First, it proves that superiority in numbers and discipline, if unbacked by animal courage, is of no avail when pitted against however small a force possessing bravery alone. Had the Mexicans exhibited but common manliness, the weight of their columns must have pushed the enemy from their position. The American general exhibited an utter want of skill in selecting even the strong position of Buena Vista in preference to remaining within the walls of Saltillo (a town capable of affording a strong defence), and there waiting the attack of Santa Anna's army. Although the immediate flanks of Taylor's line were protected in some degree by the nature of the country, there were still many practicable passes by which the enemy could outflank him and gain his rear; and this was actually effected early in the battle. With his small force he was unable to detach a sufficient body of troops to cover these points, and at two different periods during the day the Mexicans were attacking him in front, flank, and rear, with overwhelming numbers.

As at Monterey, at Palo Alto, and Resaca de la Palma, Taylor proved himself to be a brave soldier but no general; and although it is certain that the gallant little American army did all men could do in the way of fighting, yet their victory must be attributed more to the downright cowardice and incapacity of Santa Anna and his officers, than to the superior skill of their own general, or even their own undeniable and obstinate courage and endurance.

Of the Mexican troops it is almost unnecessary to speak. The Mexican soldier does not possess, in any degree, a single spark of what we understand by the word courage; but, like all uncivilised men, has that indifference to the fear of death which would enable him to face perils of any kind, if led by officers in whom he placed the slightest confidence. The extraordinary successes of the Americans during the present war have resulted entirely from their superiority in courage, and in this alone; for there has scarcely been one action fought, from the Palo Alto to the capture of the city of Mexico, in which the American generals have not exhibited the most thorough ignorance of skilful tactics, and the most perfect contempt of military manoeuvre; and, depending entirely upon the known bravery of the troops under their command, all their successes have been gained at an immense sacrifice of human life.



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I. 3

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No. 12

### THE GRAND ENCAMPMENT

By Velma Linford\*

"Here, we are new, our roots are not yet deep.

"Only yesterday", the aged will say, "Only  
yesterday it was. We, still living, remember - -".

Forward to Wyoming, Wilson O. Clough.

The modern motorist who yearns to leave the beaten pavement of the transcontinental highway in search of the unusual, the spectacular, and the scenic will follow Highway 130 from Laramie past Centennial, through the majestic Snowy Range in the Medicine Bow Mountains to the Platte River, Saratoga and Encampment, then take a country road west over the Continental Divide that crests the serrated Sierra Madre Range, on to Savery, Dixon and Baggs and across the state line to Pearl in Routt County, Colorado. Along with the awed motorist, curious fishermen, who know this region only because its cold streams teem with trout and yield the limit, or hunters in search of bear and deer, pause to inspect gaping holes on precipitous mountain sides, dilapidated and falling buildings, stumps of trees showing the mute trademarks of the timber cutters' art, and occasional collections of bottles, cans and debris which attest the once bustling occupancy of this no-man's paradise. This is the Grand Encampment, ghostly remains of Wyoming's once

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\*Velma Linford is the author of the recently published Wyoming, Frontier State, the most outstanding history of that state published to date. She is a native daughter of Wyoming, a teacher in the Laramie Public School System, lecturer at the University of Wyoming, and a recognized leader in state educational circles.

spectacular copper mining region.

Grand Encampment was a locality, an era, and a state of mind. It was the region stretching in a diagonal for sixty miles along the ridge of the Continental Divide for the width of thirty miles from the Sierra Madre Range on the eastern sources of the river from southern Carbon County, Wyoming to northern Routt County, Colorado. Grand Encampment represented the era at the turn of the century, 1898 to 1910, when copper was king--when the Western Investment Company's prospectus proclaimed "This is an electrical age and copper is its symbol." It represented the formative period as well as an epoch in Wyoming's history. The state, admitted to the Union in 1890, was experiencing growing pains as the open range shifted to the enclosed ranch, and operation of the Carey Act (passed in 1894) and the Reclamation Act (of 1902) made irrigated farming a reality. A range population was shifting to smaller agricultural units. Range troubles had reached their climax in the Johnson County War of 1892 when homesteaders and armed invaders hired by "old guard" cattle interests fought for the northern range. In southeastern Wyoming, Regulator Tom Horn, hired killer, was finally apprehended and hanged in November 1903. During this ruthless twelve year era, cattle and sheep feuds continued and Encampment was the scene of one of the most bitter. In 1909 killers of sheep men at Tensleep in northern Wyoming were brought to justice and sheep were accorded their share of the range. It was an era in which the cowman fought a losing battle to control the Public Domain which he had used so freely for almost two decades. Oil wells and coal mines were yielding a steadily growing wealth. The state's constitution was being tested--its institutions were becoming firmly established and its policy of action determined.

But more surely than place or time, the term Grand Encampment is aptly used to describe the optimism which permeated southern Wyoming as new mineral strikes (from Douglas Creek in the Medicine Bow to Haggarty Creek in the Sierra Madre, from Elk Mountain and Saratoga on the north to Pearl, Colorado on the south; from Jelm on the east to Dillon on the west of the region) assayed so high in gold, silver, and copper as to indicate fabulous wealth; even platinum was found in small but promising amounts. Further enhancement was given the stories when one boulder alone was said to yield

\$10,000 in gold. Mining engineers predicted a second Leadville. Men visualized railroads over the mountain tops carrying the minerals to markets. They invisioned miles of cultivated farms along the tributaries of the North Platte River. In their minds they pictured the region turned into a metropolis. The whole period was dramatized by optimistic promoters and enthusiastic newspaper men who spoke of this as "the greatest mineralogical laboratory in America."

Grand Encampment occupies a rare place in early western history. Judging from archaeological evidence early Folsom and Yuma men passed through Grand Encampment on buffalo hunting expeditions. Through the area Ashley and his men went searching for beaver pelts in 1825. In 1843 Fremont entered the region, crossing the Sierra Madre Range at Bridger's Pass. Henry Fraeb and Jim Baker built a post in 1838 near the trail on the western slope of Battle Mountain and fought a sanguinary battle with the Cheyenne and Sioux which resulted not only in Fraeb's death, but in the Indians setting fire to the forest on the mountain. From this episode Battle Mountain and Battle Lake received their names. A band of Cherokees in 1849, under Captain Evans of Arkansas, went to California over the trail and thus gave it the name, Old Cherokee Trail, which it retained until 1862 when Ben Holladay changed his mail route from the Oregon and thus opened for emigrant travel the Overland Trail passing through the heart of what came to be "The Grand Encampment region".

During this historic period the name Grand Encampment became generally accepted for the region. Game was so plentiful that Indians called the entire North Park "the buffalo house". From 1838 until the end of the fur era trappers who wintered in the vicinity referred to it as "Camp le Grande". Here the Indians traded for calico, beads, looking glasses, and later more dangerous merchandise. According to one account in 1846 two rival companies of trappers imbibed freely in alcohol, caroused long and loud, then made a truce. During the excitement an over-exhuberant half-breed waved a gun and so severely wounded a trapper "who got in the way of the bullet" that the old fellow had to have his foot amputated at the ankle. Fellow trappers performed the operation with a butcher knife and "Peg Leg" Smith, as he thereafter became known, lived richly, if not wisely, for another twenty years. These trappers generally publicized the area as "Le Grande Encampment".

As the fur trade ebbed many of the fur traders became squatters in the region. Jim Baker, the most remarkable of those who stayed, built a combination stockade and settled down with at least one Indian wife.\* Old Jim and other trappers shrewdly entered into emigrant trade as hundreds of Conestagos and prairie schooners followed the luxurious Ben Holladay stages over the Overland Trail. They further supplemented their trade by grazing cattle and working in the timber.

The thin copper strands of the transcontinental telegraph line cut through the Grand Encampment in 1860; poles for the lines were taken from the present Medicine Bow National Forest.

As early as 1865 miners drifted into Grand Encampment and prospected along the streams. Gold, silver, and copper were found but in such minute quantities that the finds were not worked. Each year found an increasing number of eastern and European sportsmen hunting and fishing in the region. One such enthusiast, Sir George Gore, an Irish nobleman, brought a party of over a hundred persons to the Grand Encampment to enjoy the scenery and sport. A member of his party, a Captain Douglas, returned one evening to Sir George's camp, then situated near the present town of Centennial, with several flakes of gold which he had found in a stream on the west side of the divide. Sir George, however, was much too interested in the entertainment at hand to pursue a gold vein and the discovery was not followed up. The creek was named Douglas Creek and some years later, the first extensive gold mining activity in southern Wyoming developed there.

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\*Tall tales and true tales are told of this period and the men who lived there. Jim Baker is usually the central figure. Once when Jim Baker went to Denver to a hotel, the manager, overcome at Jim's uncouthness yet well aware of his tourist-interest value, asked a bell-boy to furnish Baker with a spittoon to prevent his spitting his ever-present chewing tobacco on the fine carpets in the lobby. Several times the bell boy placed the cuspidor in front of Jim, and each time Baker expertly missed it and hit the floor. The contest grew until Jim irritably burst out "If you don't take that d--d thing away from here I'll spit on it".

Professor Louis Agassiz spent six weeks during 1869 in this vicinity recording the natural features, especially the geology. In reply to a question, "Was there not a probability of lodes containing large and valuable bodies of gold, silver, or copper ore being found?", he reported, "Undoubtedly some will be found, but there will be no safety in following them." Upon being asked for a further explanation he commented, "This whole country is too greatly folded and faulted." Spasmodic prospecting continued even as ranching became the established industry of the area despite this authoritative report. Tourists, sportsmen and scientists continued to look upon the Grand Encampment as a refuge from the everyday cares of a hectic materialistic world.

On the shores of Battle Lake, Thomas Alva Edison accidentally solved the problem of a practical filament for his spectacular invention, the incandescent light bulb. While a member of the Henry Draper Eclipse expedition in 1878, he was fishing with a bamboo rod, and mulling over in his mind the obvious impracticability of ever lighting a city with lamp bulbs in which the filament was platinum, the only truly successful material he had found up to that date. His inattention to the business at hand, as in the case of so many other fishermen resulted in his bamboo rod becoming entangled in a tree. In the process of extricating the rod, he splintered the tip. Amazed at the toughness of the fiber which would not break, he touched a match to it, and to his delight, saw it burn white and long and still retain its shape. Scarcely daring to hope, Edison applied the discovery to his incandescent light bulb by fabricating a bamboo carbon filament. His success led to the perfected incandescent electric light.

What better setting for a mineral boom than this beautiful fertile plateau on the banks of the Encampment River! Small mineral discoveries continued to aggravate spasmodic prospecting. The first prospectors were untrained cowboys, ranchers, and professional men. They discovered gold near Saratoga and christened the spot Gold Hill. "Gold Hill is three-fourths gold", they rapturously boasted and Corlett Downey, Laramie attorney, wrote in 1900, "Gold Hill is the greatest gold camp in the West, only requiring time and means to produce its millions."

Trained prospectors drifted to Wyoming from Cripple Creek to test for themselves the truth or falsity of reports. Time after time

promising veins in the badly broken formations petered out. Up and down the mountain sides to Douglas Creek, to Jelm Mountain, to Keystone and to Cooper Hill the Argonauts toiled. When platinum veins rewarded prospectors searching at Jelm, excitement overflowed the camps and spread to Laramie. Cummins City mushroomed at the base of the mountain. Only disappointment rewarded the hundreds who rushed to the mines. Unwise management, poorly trained operators and over-capitalization were the reasons given by State Geologist Wilbur C. Knight for the closing of one mine after another. Said Knight, "Making a mine is like building up a profession or a business. It takes money and time and careful management, without which only failure awaits anyone searching for mineral wealth."

As each wave of optimism died, and would-be miners settled down to ranching or followed the lure of new fields, more miners drifted into the Sierra Madres from Colorado. Even these seasoned veterans in the search for gold, passed over the plainly marked copper deposits. This apparent neglect was explained by one prospectus as follows:

"Along the back or outcrop of copper veins to a depth of from thirty to several hundred feet, a vein usually contains no copper at all, but consists of vein stuff, more or less changed according to its nature, among which are scattered masses of dark redish or brownish hydrated peroxide of iron in a light, spongy condition. This peculiar form of peroxide of iron so characteristic of the outcrop of copper veins, is called by the Cornish miners "Gossan". "...the prospector, on not finding gold by panning or assaying the spongy iron or honey combed quartz, abandoned the prospect as being worthless." 2

Trained miners, familiar with surface conditions of copper mines, were quick to see the potentialities in several abandoned gold claims. W. C. (Jack) Ledbetter, who entered the Grand Encampment region and opened the Portland mine in 1896, discovered the "float" and within a day had located the veins.

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2. Dillon Consolidated Mining and Tunnel Company, Prospectus, Dillon and DeWitt, Smith-Brooks Ptg. Co., Denver, Colo., 1904.

It was the discovery and development of the Ferris-Haggarty mine on the Pacific slope on Haggarty Creek, one of the sources of the Colorado River, which furnished the glamour for the promotion of the Grand Encampment scheme. Ed Haggarty, a sheep herder, was grub staked in 1897 by three friends, J. M. Rumsey, Robert Deal, and George Ferris. He recognized the copper formation on Haggarty Creek and for want of a better name, immediately called his mine the Ru-De-Fe-Ha, a combination of the first two letters of the names Rumsey, Deal, Ferris, and Haggarty. The mine was rich, the ore veins sometimes measured over 200 feet wide. So rich was this mine that the old timers who worked it said all they had to do was sink a shaft and take out ore three-quarters pure copper. Actually the promoters advertised the mine as producing 36% copper ore.

The Doane-Rambler mine on Battle Lake led to the founding of Rambler, and the Portland was responsible for the town of Battle on the slope of Battle Mountain near the crest of the Divide. Within a few years, mines were opened all along the Atlantic slope of the Divide and the shanty camps rapidly grew into towns as five thousand miners moved into the area, fourteen townsites were platted, and thirty-one mines were opened.

Riverside, Grand Encampment, Elwood, Battle, Rambler, Copperton, Rudefeha and Dillon became lively towns as tales of copper fortunes were circulated. Three dominant personalities were responsible for telling the world about the Grand Encampment, Willis George Emerson, Grant Jones and Merritt Dana Houghton. Emerson was the promoter, Jones the narrator and Houghton the artist.

Emerson was a strikingly handsome man with black hair and flashing black eyes. <sup>3</sup> He was a fluent and forceful conversationalist.

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3. THE FOLLOWING BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, UNDOUBTEDLY WRITTEN BY EMERSON HIMSELF, THROWS SOME LIGHT ON THE ENTHUSIASM OF THE MAN AND THE RESULT OF HIS SCHEME. "WILLIS GEORGE EMERSON, STUDENT, AUTHOR, MAN OF AFFAIRS—COMMISSIONER TO PARIS EXPOSITION FROM WYOMING, 1900—ST. LOUIS E.N. FROM WYOMING, 1904—FOUNDED TOWN OF ENCAMPMENT, WYOMING 1897, LATER PROMOTED THE NORTH AMERICAN COPPER CO., TWENTY MILLION DOLLAR CONCERN, ABSORBING SEVERAL SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES INCLUDING FERRIS-HAGGARTY COPPER MINE AND AERIAL TRAMWAY WHICH CONNECTED THE MINE WITH THE SMELTER AT ENCAMPMENT, 16 MILES AWAY, WAS AT THAT DATE THE LONGEST AERIAL TRAMWAY THAT HAD EVER BEEN CONSTRUCTED. THE NORTH AMERICAN COPPER CO. WAS FINANCED BY MEMBERS OF THE STAND OIL CROWN OF PENNSYLVANIA. SOON AFTER THE CONCERN WAS IN OPERATION, THE "SYSTEM" PROCEEDED TO FREEZE OUT ALL THE STOCKHOLDERS INCLUDING MR. EMERSON. THE SYSTEM THEN ORGANIZED THE PENN-WYOMING COPPER CO. AND MUCH LITIGATION FOLLOWED. THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE LEGAL LITIGATION, THE ATTORNEYS FROM ALL ANGLES OF THE CASE ADMITTED, AS SHOWN BY THE RECORDS, THAT WILLIS GEORGE EMERSON'S NAME EMERGED FROM THE INVESTIGATIONS UNTAINTED AND CLEAN AS A "HOUND'S TOOTH." PETERSON, O.S., MEN OF WYOMING, (ABOUT 1915), P. 77.



Emerson had the faculty of radiating the enthusiasm which was honest with him. Moreover, he had a genius for meeting the right people at the right time, and most of his followers remained staunch friends. When Emerson heard tales of the fabulous copper strikes along the Continental Divide, he hastened to investigate.

With his arrival in present day Encampment, interest was quickened by this energetic, enthusiastic, and astute promoter and his associate, Bernard McCaffrey. Soon the twelve or thirteen people who were around at Emerson's arrival brought friends and the boom began. In 1896 the town site of Grand Encampment had been surveyed, platted and divided into town lots by Frank Cramer for Jim Rankin, 4 Malachi W. Dillon, Charles O'Connell, and Tom Sun. Miners, photographers, and the dozen or so other people in the region were immediately interested in the new project. Emerson proved his faith in the project by buying the town site and offering lots for sale. Taking his cue from the historic name of the region, he named the town Grand Encampment.

When Emerson returned to Pueblo, he was introduced to Grant Jones, a young, energetic and resourceful reporter from the Chicago Times Herald, who had come to Colorado Springs for a visit and some inspiration. In the course of conversation, Emerson convinced Jones of the opportunity awaiting youth in the copper area at the crest of the continent. Jones immediately went to Rawlins, met Jim Rankin, and made a stage trip to Grand Encampment to report on the gold and copper fields of Wyoming. Emerson offered to furnish Jones with a stenographer and a photographer for his work.

While Emerson sold the town lots in Encampment, as well as considerable quantities of gilt edged mining stock, Grant Jones "sold" the new country in newspapers throughout the nation. So favorably impressed was he, that he soon had half-column articles in practically every metropolitan and rural newspaper which received telegraphic reports. He was given

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4. Jim Rankin was the brother of Joe Rankin, scout for Major T.T. Thornburgh, who was ambushed enroute to aid Meeker at the Ute Reservation in Colorado. Joe "borrowed" relay horses and rode 150 miles in 24 hours to flash to the world the news of the Meeker Massacre.

space in the New York Herald, the Chicago Herald and Tribune, the St. Louis Globe Democrat, and the Chicago Times Herald, the Cincinnati Inquirer, the San Francisco Examiner, and other newspapers of similar importance and coverage.

Jones was intrigued with Wyoming. He wrote,

"The lodestone that has held me firmly to Wyoming is this mining country, and I have rarely been able to get away from it for more than a few months at a time. I, therefore, take some credit to myself for the development of the mines and for the building of our towns; but, I recognize the fact that others have done more. 5

Merritt Dana Houghton, school teacher artist made his home at various times in Laramie, Saratoga and Encampment. His contribution to the era was a large but unknown number of pen and ink sketches of mines, ranches and the famous Ferris-Haggarty mine and tramway. 6 His many maps and drawings record an otherwise lost era in the state's history.

While the Ferris-Haggarty mine was in production speculators and investors were eager to buy stock in that and other mines in its vicinity. Many independent mines were opened in the region of Copperton and up and down the mountainside. The Ru-De-Fe-Ha was sold to the North American Copper Company in 1902 for a million dollars and Willis George

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5. The Dillon Doublejack, vol. 1, no. 1, Dec. 20, 1902. The author is indebted to Mr. Robert I. Martin and Mr. Robert D. Martin of Saratoga for information about Grant Jones, and for access to the files of The Grand Encampment Herald, The Saratoga Sun, and The Dillon Doublejack.

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6. Views of Southern Wyoming, Copper Belt Edition, Herald Publishing Company, Grand Encampment, Wyo., 1904. 48 pages. The author is indebted to Louis Coughlin of Laramie who loaned his copy of the brochure, special correspondence, and a charcoal drawing of Hog's Park.

Emerson became the promoter. Emerson placed on the market about twenty million dollars worth of stock in North American Copper Company and rechristened the mine Ferris-Haggarty. Its subsidiaries included the Encampment Tramway Company, Encampment Water Works Company, Emerson Electrical Light Company, Haggarty Copper Mining Company, North American Mercantile Company and Carbondale Coal Company. A huge smelter capable of milling five hundred tons of ore a day was built in Encampment. Securities in all these companies, as well as real estate, became Emerson's concern.

The Western Investment Company issued a prospectus about 1904 describing Grand Encampment as a queenly young city of 1200 inhabitants---the result of natural resources, brains and energy; not the result of blind enthusiasm--The growth of Grand Encampment has been and will be as natural as the growth of the human body--There is but one city with which Grand Encampment can be compared and paralleled for situation and conditions and that is the city of Denver--Every trail, road, canon, stream and slope leads ultimately to one spot and on that spot stands the city of Grand Encampment--Grand Encampment will be to Wyoming what Denver is to Colorado.

As real estate and mining companies sold stock hundreds of people flocked to this growing metropolis. Growth in the other boom towns was as steady, for the mines were producing copper in quantities sufficient to make the investments profitable. Elwood was half way up the mountain side and on the top, at an elevation of 9,873 feet, was the riotous collection of log and clapboard buildings known as Battle. In addition to a newspaper, The Battle Mining Times, the town boasted five saloons, two hotels, a barn and livery stable, and three hundred regular inhabitants. A mile and a quarter down the mountain side on the banks of Battle Lake sprawled the town of Rambler with its three saloons rivaling Battle in riotousness. About the great producing Ferris-Haggarty mine mushroomed the town of Rudefeha. Miners imbibed so freely from the saloons there that the North American Copper Company closed all the saloons in 1902. The enterprising and imbibing citizens moved three-quarters of a mile down the mountain side and started the town of Dillon. They borrowed their theme song from Cy Warman's Song of Creede, "It's day all day in the daytime and there is no night in Dillon". Grant

Jones made Dillon come to life and today it lives through his four page, six column paper, The Dillon Doublejack. The story of this paper parallels the dramatic growth of Dillon.

The total population of Dillon on October 6, 1902 was seven persons who lived and ate in the only habitable house. On that day Jones announced his intentions of publishing the newspaper in the town and by evening he had sold 117 subscriptions, \$2.00 each, to seven men. The next day he sold 101 more, and the third day he sold 119 subscriptions. Type was set for the initial number of a windowless building, while the cases containing the type were scattered around on benches and on the floor. Three pages were set before the press came over the mountains and the electrotype headings, The Dillon Doublejack and Grant Jones Anvil. (The latter, a column head on the editorial page, did not arrive until the following day.)

The first issue numbered 7,000 copies and 4,648 of them went in single wrappers to individuals in every part of the civilized world. Since stock in the Ferris-Haggarty mine was sold in every civilized country, it is conceivable (but not a certainty) that the first copies of The Dillon Doublejack went to all stockholders of the company. In addition it went to 1800 friends and relatives. Jones traveled over twenty six hundred miles and stopped in four different states to get the list which included one hundred relatives, thirty-seven Kentucky playmates, fifty-three Iowa friends, eighteen friends in Mulvane, Kansas, one hundred and thirty-two classmates and friends in Wichita, three hundred and twenty-three students and faculty at Northwestern University, two hundred and sixty-two newspaper friends in Chicago, (where he had worked with the Chicago Mail and Chicago Record), and nine hundred and thirty copies to friends and acquaintances in Chicago and Denver.

Jones had named his paper The Dillon Doublejack in tribute to the Grand Encampment miners. The doublejack is the heaviest hammer used by the miners. It requires two men to handle it; one to swing the eight pound head and the other to turn the drill while the wielder strikes.

Jones dedicated his paper to the boys of the drill and pan:

To the brotherhood whose members see the word "welcome" on fewer doormats, and know more about hospitality, travel over more miles of land and see fewer railroad tracks, eat more bacon and see fewer hogs, drink more milk, condensed, and see fewer cows, worship nature more and see fewer churches, regard women with more chivalry and see fewer of them, judge men better and wear fewer starched shirts, undergo more hardships and make fewer complaints, meet more disappointments and retain more hope--than any other class of men in the whole, wide world--to the brotherhood of quartz and placer prospectors and miners--I dedicate The Dillon Doublejack!

To the brotherhood, whose nomadic members wander over nearly one-third of the total territory of North America, and keep their camp-fires everywhere as signals of advancement and civilization,--to the brotherhood whose hopeful members are equally at home among the icebergs of the North, among the pine forests of the mountains, on the bleached sands of Death Valley--wherever their blankets are spread, wherever their tents are pitched, wherever their cabins are built--on the expansive plains of sagebrush solitudes, among the cloud-land crags of mountain ranges, by the silvery waters of snow-fed streams--to the brotherhood whose sturdy members are the pioneers of development in the mining world--I send forth from out the snow of the Sierra Madres, The Dillon Doublejack to tell you and yours that I have gathered from the mosses of the North, from the sagebrush of the plains, from the pine trees of the mountains, and from the flowers of the lowlands--a wreath, which I propose to place about your rugged brow and crown you King!

Jones had a Washington hand press and the task of printing 7,000 papers can only be imagined in this day of mechanical presses. Said Jones to subscribers:

It may be of interest to know that each paper has crossed over the continental divide from the Pacific to the Atlantic slope--and that the sled which carried it has been dragged for miles over snow averaging probably more than four feet in depth and over drifts often twenty feet deep.

That Grant Jones was selling both The Dillon Doublejack and Wyoming are evident from his copy. He once wrote:

I feel that the time will soon come when the commercial world must look to Wyoming for coal, soda, oil, and others of the multitudinous riches with which our state is so generously endowed-- I hope to bring men and money into Wyoming to develop vast and latent resources and to help build up our state to a commercial importance commensurate with its natural greatness. I hope to be able to tell of some of the sacrifices and struggles--of some of the romances-- in the lives of those who have careered their ways in awful singleness through the wilderness of Wyoming as pathfinders and history makers.

Jones explained his choice of Dillon by saying:

After five years of travel in Wyoming I have never found any other place where I could feel so absolutely certain of a bright future of a town. I begin my newspaper work here with a feeling akin to conviction that Dillon, Wyoming is destined to have a sure and rapid growth and to be.. the best money making center in Wyoming.

The entire front page was interspersed with such advertising for The Doublejack as, "This paper will be worth two dollars a year to anyone who reads English," and "Wyoming has so many wonderful things that are practically unknown that I believe I can make this paper worth two dollars a year in any part of North America." "Please subscribe for this paper and save your life."

The editor of The Dillon Doublejack says that if you will give him a Christmas present of two dollars, he will give you a New Years present of fifty-two copies of his paper, and will have no two copies alike, and will send you one every two weeks to show you he is thinking of you all the time.

Grant Jones' sense of humor is evident in every column. That he was editor, news reporter and advertising manager was true. He explained,

For the present this paper will have no religious editor-nor sporting editor-no marine editor- The space that such editors might be expected to fill shall be devoted to mining news.

True to his word, Jones made his paper of special interest to the miners, designating each of them a special correspondent. His language was vivid, his subject matter homely, but his style was calculated to appeal to the boisterous, riotous, hard working boys in the mine pits and along the streams. In one issue he included a glossary of obsolete words:

Whiskey meant	--	tarantula juice.
Teamster	"	-- skinner.
Restaurant	"	-- grub house.
Biscuits	"	-- death wads.
Butter	"	-- walking boss.
Milk	"	-- sixteen-to-one.
Waiter	"	-- hash trammer.
Revolver	"	-- hog leg.
Frightened	"	-- chilled
Hit	"	-- wham.
Table	"	-- grub pile
Tin plate	"	-- nose bag.

Example of Obsolete Expressions.

An intoxicated teamster entered the restaurant and

called for biscuits, butter and milk. The waiter refused to serve him, and the teamster drew a revolver and fired several times at the frightened waiter. He then helped himself from every plate, and beat the table with his fists and yelled and threw butter on the waiter.

#### Translation

Soaked with tarantula juice, a skinner butted into the grub house, and howled for death wads, walking boss and sixteen-to-one. The hash trammer talked, and the skinner slung out a hog leg and smoked 'em up a batch, and the trammer got chilled. He then fed his face from every nose bag, and whammed the grub pile, and landed music from his wind tanks, and checked the walking boss on the hash trammer.

And, yet, a rose under another name is just as sweet.

"Dillon's Market Report" sheds light on prices in the new mining town as well as the quaint sense of humor of the editors:

Sugar, 12 lbs. \$1.00 lump prices advanced.  
Kerosene, 35¢ per gal-light sales.  
Beer, 15¢ per glass-going down.  
Cigars, 15¢ on curb-picking up.  
Flour, \$3 per cwt-spot dough.

The general feeling is that things are high enough, but still buyers are stimulated and bears not much in evidence owing to recent heavy shipments.

He appealed to the nostalgic feeling of all wanderers in his column addressed to the Old Folks at Home:

There is not a woman in this gulch, and not a church, and not a schoolhouse; and, yet we are civilized people, and love home and one-another.



It is fifty-five miles over mountains of snow and plains of sage-brush to the nearest railroad point, and we are 8700 feet above the flight of the sea-gulls--is it any wonder that a fellow sometimes thinks of home!

Little wonder that the Ferris-Haggarty mine became world famous with reporters like Grant Jones to advertise the attractions of the copper region. Nor was any prospectus issued which failed to tell about it. The Elk Mountain Mining Company, the Kalamazos, the Tully and hundreds of others pointed to the great wealth of the Rudefeha as they advertised stock in nearby claims.

"Copper mines have failed in the past" they proclaimed, "and copper mines will fail as long as copper is mined, but the good properties, adequately financed and capably managed, will pull through, beyond the shadow of a doubt."

At the outset, ore from the Ferris-Haggarty was freighted sixty miles across the Continental Divide to Wolcott, the nearest railroad junction. Roads were built to the mines and freight and stage companies were organized. A horse barn and boarding house for Ferris-Haggarty freighters was built at Battle.

George Doane built a road to Battle Lake from the Doane Rambler mine to the railroad at Wolcott, via Encampment. It was later extended to Copperton which stood at the spot where the Rawlins road now joins the Encampment Savery road. A road was built in 1898 from the Ferris-Haggarty mine via Saratoga to Wolcott and another road was built from Slater to Copperton and Dillon.

The towns on the way to the mountain top, Elwood, Rambler, Copper-ton and Battle, furnished stops for the freighters on their way over the divide to Rudefeha. The trip which was hard under any circumstances was from Wolcott on the Union Pacific Railroad to Encampment, a distance of forty-two miles. It took a day to drive twelve miles from Encampment to the top of Battle Mountain, and the six miles from Battle along the crest of the divide to the Ru-De-Fe-Ha mine was a quarter day's drive. Freighters stopped to eat, relax and take part in the riotous merry-making at

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**Battle and Rudefeha.**

Freighter "G-string" Jake Fulkerson was sturdy and tough. He drove a fourteen horse team and freighted equipment and dynamite to the crest of the divide. On one of his trips he was carrying thirteen thousand pounds of giant powder to the mine. He reached the mine at nightfall, tired from his long drive, in uncertain humor, and anxious to unload his wagons and care for his horses. The mine foreman informed him that he would have to wait to unload his freight until the men had finished their supper. Fulkerson, faced with a long hour's wait, and then the duty of caring for his restless horses before he could eat his own supper, shouted "After supper, hell, we'll unload right now," and he pitted his bulky form against the fifty-pound boxes of dynamite and began heaving the "death-and-destruction" powder over the side of his wagon. The wagon box, seven feet from the ground, furnished momentum for the load and the powder dropped fifteen feet down the mountain side before it came to a standstill. Had a stick of the dynamite exploded, the entire work of mankind at Ru-De-Fe-Ha would have vanished. But Fulkerson threw over only seven boxes of dynamite before the startled supper-eating crew moved with alacrity and carefully unloaded the potent cargo. Men who were present still shudder at the fury of Fulkerson, as they think of the possible outcome of the incident. <sup>7</sup> Fulkerson's most important load was the giant seventeen thousand pound spool of cable which was used in the construction of the sixteen mile tramway from the Ferris-Haggarty mine to Encampment.

The Ferris-Haggarty Company plowed back into development much of the money paid by the mine. The directors approved the plan of building a tramway sixteen and one-half miles long to carry the ore from the mine down to the Encampment smelter. The cable for the tramway weighed seventeen thousand pounds and buckets spaced every three thousand feet picked up the ore and carried it down to the smelter. The tramway operated night and day, picking up the rich ore from the Pacific Slope, carrying it upwards for two and one-fourth miles to the crest of the

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7. Daley, Mrs. William, "Last Towns of Carbon County," Manuscript copy in the Archives, University of Wyoming.

divide ( a rise in elevation of eleven hundred feet ), and sending it on down the Atlantic slope to Encampment and the smoke belching smelter which which operated night and day. The ore buckets and tram were furnished power from four powerful wood burning plants, the wood being loaded in the buckets at Encampment. The only human beings to ride the tram were those fearless men who oiled the cogs and now and then a reckless fugitive from the relentless justice of the mining camps--the latter did not escape; stern justice met them at the smelter. There are many stories of the machinery clogging at the smelter leaving the luckless riders suspended in the air until the machinery was restored to order. There was no escape parachute for those riders who in the cold of winter suffered frozen ears, feet and hands. However, there were no deaths from exposure or from mine accidents. Deaths were many during the Grand Encampment boom, but they resulted from knife wounds, chance bullets, and from well aimed pistol and rifle shots of hot tempered rivals. Two men lost their lives in a snow slide and their bodies were not recovered until the following summer.

The snowslide episode has been woven into the folklore of Grand Encampment. Its account was accelerated by Willis George Emerson's fantastic account in The Treasure of Hidden Valley in which he named Grant Jones one of the victims. Actually the disaster occurred in January, 1903. Jones wrote the following account in The Dillon Doublejack on February 7, 1903:

There are but three or four places favored by nature for snow slides in all these mountains, and the head-of Cow-Creek is chief of these. In no other place in the Battle Lake country are the mountains so precipitous as on the south side of Cow Creek by Station No. 3. Here the tramway goes over a brink nearly seven hundred feet from the first floor below and over 2,200 feet from the first spot that a tower could be placed to support the steel cables. This is the longest span on the tramway; this is the highest wall of rock in this country, and this is where the snowslide occurred on January 29th! Here a mighty bank of rock extends along the south side of Cow Creek Canyon for more than a third of a mile in

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8. "Grant Jones' Anvil", The Dillon Doublejack, February 7, 1903.

almost uninterrupted grandeur; and so precipitous in its masonry in places that to try and scale it would be like trying to climb a perpendicular wall 1,000 feet high.

Above this awful chasm is a bench, or gently sloping mountain side, which in the recent snowslide served as a reservoir for holding thousands of tons of snow, at the very brink of eternity below.

Upon this bench of snow, Peter Lemieux and C. G. Comer, the Lineman, trod carelessly with their light web shoes on January 29th; and quick as a thought the mountain side began to move, and then to fly--and they were lost in a Niagara of snow and trees and rocks, and were landed lifeless in the pit below!

It was Death's trap, and they touched the trigger! An ocean of snow, laughed sardonically around them and their shroud was snow!

Not until 1904 was Cheyenne officially named the capitol of Wyoming by a vote of the people of the state. As Grand Encampment boomed visions grew in the minds of the enthusiastic miners, promoters and their friends of making Grand Encampment City the capitol of the state. Residents pointed proudly to the fast developing area. Another smelter had been built (but never used) on a tributary of Jack Creek. "Owing to the smelter being located in a pocket where the heavy machinery had to be let down with tackle and block, most of the machinery still remains there to this date." 9

Battle, with its saloons, newspaper, school house, and hotel gave promise of permanence. Three inhabitants built a water system and buried the pipe line so deep that the water never froze. Two hotels, the Maine and the Kinsella opened their doors to thousands of visitors from every corner of the world. According to the records, W.C. "Jack"

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9. Williams, Evan J., Senior Forest Ranger, Encampment, to Forest Supervisor, December 8, 1933.

Ledbetter built the first permanent house in Battle. Dillon's growth was equally spectacular. By 1904 more than fifty mining properties had been developed within five miles of the town. George Ferris founded and built the Ferris Mercantile Company as well as several large frame houses.

It was the town of Grand Encampment, however, which became the center of culture in the area. It offered within its confines most of the advantages to be found in the larger cities of that period. Its voice was the Grand Encampment Herald, and its editor, Earl Clemons, was a young man of many talents. More books were written in Encampment than in any town in Wyoming. Charles E. Winter, later a Wyoming congressman and judge, wrote Grandon of Sierra and Ben Warman. He also wrote the lyrics to the state song, Wyoming. Editor Clemons composed the music. Emerson wrote four novels, Buell Hampton, The Builders, The Smoky God, and The Treasure of Hidden Valley. There are people today that insist Emerson was no author; that his first three books were written by Grant Jones, and they give as evidence accounts of Emerson taking Jones to Denver to the Brown Palace Hotel for a week or two and emerging with a novel ready for the press. Such skeptics cite his last book, The Treasure of Hidden Valley, in which Jones is a major character and insist that Emerson appropriated the Jones manuscripts when Jones died. In this book Emerson gives an account of the supposed death of Grant Jones in a snow slide (the story being essentially the same as that written by Jones in his newspaper. Emerson uses the names of persons who actually lived but gives misleading facts about them. For example, he has Butch Cassidy killed in 1903 in the cattle and sheep war (Cassidy lived until late in 1920's); he blithely relates that Battle Lake was created by the San Francisco earthquake; the termination of the cattle and sheep war he dates as in Wyoming in 1903. (It actually terminated in 1909), but he is surprisingly accurate with other information. The story of the ranch boom, of the Mexican shepherd fight, the characterizations of Jim Rankin, Tom Sun, and Bony Earnest are warm and interesting, as well as convincing and authentic.

Emerson won and lost at least three fortunes. His friends were many and his enemies as numerous, but most of the latter would have agreed that he left Encampment better off than he found it. One

pioneer who knew him well commented, "He blew the Encampment bubble but blamed others for its bursting....!" 10

Grant Jones lived only until 1903 when his prolonged intemperance caught up with him. His cabin mate, a morphine addict, gave him a shot of dope when delirium developed. Jack Ledbetter, now 85 and living in Saratoga, was called to Jones' bedside. He describes with feeling how the doctor took Jones' pulse, shook his head and said sadly that there was nothing he could do. The life of the brilliant young writer ended on June 19, 1903. Funeral services were held in Encampment following which the body was taken by sled to Wolcott and shipped to Wichita for final internment. Although Emerson's account of Grant Jones' death is false, the eulogy which he has the old Encampment flockmaster give is fitting!

There are stormy seas and rough breakers that  
sweep us with reckless cruelty into oblivion...  
but whether the parting be one of war or the  
other, in peacefulness or in the savagery of a  
storm to loving hearts it is a tragedy.

Grant Jones is a legend even today in Saratoga and Encampment. He was a fitting example of the spirit of times when men dreamed of building a railroad over the top of mountains, for such railroads were projected, and stocks in such a company were sold. W. C. Ledbetter, a pioneer with snowwhite hair (hair that was once blacker than an Indian's), still tells, with twinkling eyes, stories of long winter nights at Battle when Stewart Edgar and Grant Jones would drop in and entertain with stories of strange animals they had seen on the mountain-side. With snapping eyes and a quizzical grin, Jones described the emu, the little four legged animal with one front leg and one hind leg half as long as the other. When the two young men caught the animal and headed it in the opposite direction it could not travel for its legs were made to go uphill in one direction only and when reversed it lost its balance. It could not stand on level ground at all. Jones insisted that the reason that the emu's are extinct today is that their direction was changed so many times that they were destroyed in tumbles

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10. Daley, Mrs. William, loc. cit.

down the mountainside. The two friends told stories of another freakish animal, the cogliwoo, and in the bars over their beers and stronger drinks they related tales of horses being so tired that they had to kick their front legs forward to get along and haul the freight. 11 Grant Jones was truly the figure best described in his own words, "He careered his way in awful singleness".

There were other figures of importance and other papers of importance in the Grant Encampment area. Saratoga to the north of Encampment on the North Platte River, situated on the hot sulphur springs, now a state park, was a boom town while Gold Hill flourished. There the Platte Valley Lyre, founded by Colonel Crawford was published, first by the old colonel, then by the two Huntington sisters, and finally by George R. Caldwell. George R. Caldwell was a literary figure who published stories of "Winchester William" and other make-believe characters. He also published the Saratoga Sun which was later combined with the Platte Valley Lyre.

The copper towns lived lustily, violently, and briefly. The Grand Encampment district produced more than two million dollars in ore before the copper bubble burst. The smelter burned at Encampment and before a new one could be built, or a tramway constructed to the smelter on Jack Creek, the price of copper dropped from seventeen to eight cents a pound. Rich though the mines were, the development and operation was so costly that it was impossible for the Grand Encampment to compete with the Bingham Canyon mines in Utah. In 1908 the Penn-Wyoming Company took over the American Copper Company holdings and the Ferris-Haggarty mine. This corporation was later indicted for over-capitalization and fraudulent stock sales. Mining gradually ceased in the surrounding area and the miners left the mountains with the treasure merely scratched. Machinery was advertised for sale but little of it was salvaged. Twisted, rusting remains may be seen on the hillsides today. Dilapidated, weather beaten cabins and the rusty cables are ghostly reminders of the busy days when "copper was king"--when five hundred tons of ore a day moved down the tramway to the smelter--and copper stock changed hands

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11. Interview, W. C. Ledbetter, Saratoga, August 30, 1947.

over crashing glasses in saloons.

"Oversold and undermined" the residents of the copper district will say in describing the copper boom, as they still cling tenaciously to their claims. Grand Encampment settled down to the solid town of Encampment and became in its own right the center of the North Platte ranching country. Dude ranches surround the historic town and lend color to its vivid history. Recent discoveries of vermiculite deposits have not resulted in a boom, but as rumor of a strike in gold or copper is whispered about faces brighten, for the inhabitants recall the prosperous mining era when their treasure was exploited but not plundered. "They still living remember..."