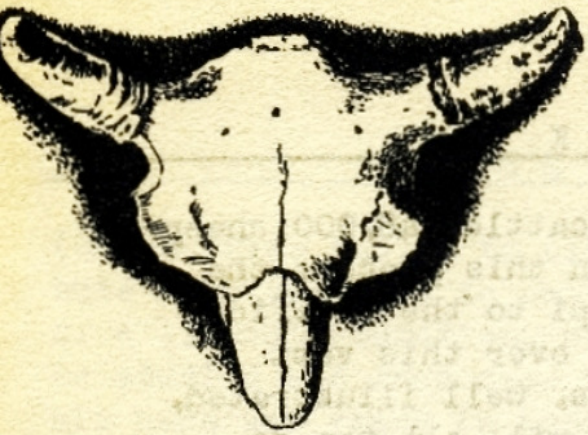

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DOCTORING IN THE OLD WEST

By Dr. Wilford Whitaker Barber

In the development both of the settler and the settlement, the western physician has remained one of the essential pioneers. His theme was this: If there is any possible way of increasing the wisdom and ability of mankind, it must be sought in medicine, religion and hard work. Success meant the right to live; failure, the certainty of death. The great western pioneers came for religious purposes or to make a fortune and return to their former homes; they remained to create the Rocky Mountain Empire.

Sickness stalked their trails and towns. Treatment and nursing care came from friends and neighbors guided by instinct and kindness. Even a so-called doctor's knowledge was derived from personal experience rather than from schools or books. For some idea as to the chances for accidents and the occurrence of disease, please note these two statements: As early as May 22, 1850, trains of 845 wagons containing 2,942 people passed through Fort Laramie. During 1853 no less than 3,700 wagons containing 2,942 people passed through Fort Laramie.

Dr. Barber, a native of Centerville, Utah, is a prominent Denver pediatrician. He is a member of the American Medical Association, Rocky Mountain Pediatric Society, Philadelphia Pediatric Society, and Licentiate of the American Board of Pediatrics. He is a contributor to many medical magazines.

During 1853 no less than 3,700 wagons, 105,000 cattle, 48,000 sheep and 15,000 people passed through Fort Henry. In this process the "Far West" receded gradually from the Mississippi to the Pacific Coast. To tell anything of any one development over this vast stretch of country would require several volumes, well illustrated, rich in humor and local color and perhaps never will all the returns be in. During this time, between the Missouri and the Sierras there was little but cattle, minerals, pioneer misery and religion.

Some of the earliest doctors became sheepherders, temporarily. Dr. Thomas Flint of Maine, at the age of 27, wrote a marvelous diary while he drove 4,000 sheep from central Illinois to California in 17½ months. With them he crossed the plains, the Mohave Desert, the Cajon Pass into Sacramento.

In this vicinity in which we now live many expeditions led by some of the greatest explorers of the far west traveled over these little-known lands. As a member of any such party a doctor of medicine was considered a great asset.

Dr. Edwin James was the surgeon and naturalist attached to the Stephen H. Long expedition to the Rocky Mountains in 1819-20. Dr. James, with two companions, was the first white man to ascend Pikes Peak. Long called the mountain James' Peak. James wrote an account of the expedition which became the official report.

Another adventurous physician was Dr. John H. Robinson, a Virginian, graduated from a St. Louis medical school. He accompanied Pike in the exploration of the Red River, the head waters of the Arkansas River. Nothing more than zest for adventure was responsible for Robinson's presence on these expeditions. They left St. Louis, passed through Kansas, then south to the Arkansas River, westward along the river to South Park to the head waters of the river, down to the Royal Gorge, over the Sangre de Cristo Mountains to the San Luis Valley, south to the Rio Grande and on to the Conejos, a short distance north of Santa Fe. Robinson was a valuable member of the party aside from his medical services. He was a scientist, a hunter and a provider of food, the leader of various side explorations, confidante and trusted friend of Pike.

(He and Pike failed to climb Pikes Peak in November 1806.) As a tribute Pike had this to say of Dr. Robinson: "He has had the benefit of a liberal education, never skimming over the surfaces of sciences, he studied and reasoned, his soul could conceive great actions, and his hand was ready to achieve them; in short, it may truly be said that nothing was above his genius, nor anything so minute he conceived it entirely unworthy of consideration. As a gentleman and companion in dangers, difficulties and hardship, I in particular, and the expedition generally, owe much to his exertions."

Dr. Adolph Wislizenus received his degree of doctor of medicine at the University of Zurich. He was a highly-educated man who came to St. Louis to practice. Soon he embarked on trips to the far west, to Santa Fe, to Old Mexico, into Colorado and Wyoming in 1839. His descriptions of rivers, trees, plants, people and scientific investigations were of such great value that they were printed in the Congressional Record. I take a few passages from his diary. The time 1839; the place, the Green River rendezvous for trappers and Indians of the Rocky Mountains: "We reached the camping place. What first struck the eye was several long rows of Indian tents extending along the Green River for at least a mile. Indians and whites were mingled here in varied groups. The Indians were of the local tribes, Flatheads and Snakes. Of whites the agents of the different trading companies and a quantity of trappers had found their way here, visiting this fair of the wilderness to buy and to see, to renew old contacts and to make new ones. - - These trappers, the 'Knights without fear and without reproach,' are a peculiar set of people. The name in itself indicates their occupation. They either receive their outfit consisting of horses, beaver traps, a gun, powder and lead, from trading companies and trap for small wages or else they act on their own account and then are called freemen. No rock is too steep for them; no stream too swift. They are in constant danger from hostile Indians, whose delight it is to ambush, plunder and scalp. This daily danger seems to exercise a magic attraction over most of these trappers. In manners and customs they have borrowed much from the Indians. Many of them have taken Indian women as wives. Only with reluctance does a trapper abandon his dangerous craft; and often a sort of serious homesickness seizes him when he retires from his mountain life to civilization. The dress of a trapper is generally

of leather. The hair of the head is usually allowed to grow long. In place of money, they use beaver skins, a pound of beaver skins is usually paid for with $4.00 worth of goods. A pint of meal, for instance, costs from half a dollar to a dollar; a pint of coffee, beans, cocoa or sugar, two dollars each; a pint of diluted alcohol $4.00; a piece of chewing tobacco of the commonest sort $2.00. With their hairy bank notes, the beaver skins, they can obtain all the luxuries of the mountains and live for a few days like lords. The pipe is kept aglow day and night; the spirits circulate; whatever is not spent in a few days the squaws coax out of them, or else it is squandered at cards.

The Indians who came to the meeting were no less interesting than the trappers. There must have been some thousands of them. The squaws were engrossed in the game of 'the hand' (button, button, whose got the button) where a small object is passed from hand to hand, the object is to guess in whose hand the object is. The real object is to gamble. Often the game is played all through the night."

Owing to the very indifferent accommodations the sick were carried along day after day, bolstered upon the top of the load, exposed to all the vicissitudes of weather and travel. Many died.

Many incidents closely or remotely connected with early medical care could be retold. Let me recount a few for you:

The pioneer wife was alone with her children. The Indians around the cabin, though bent on grabbing hot bread rather than scalp, were getting out of hand. When one started to crawl through the window, she cracked him on the skull with a wooden potato masher, pulled him on in, and barred the shutter. A little while later a somewhat more sober Indian was pushed out of the cabin door to find his companions. The wound and contusion on his head had been bathed in cold cider vinegar and neatly bound in a poultice of squirrel brains and crushed ginseng leaves. So well did the job meet with the Indians' approval that thereafter, when they more politely asked for hot bread which was, next to liquor, their greatest weakness, there was much thumping of skulls and grunting laughter.

A man doctor was riding across the prairies one warm winter day, when the temperature began to fall precipitately. Within a few hours it was well below zero. The rider was lightly clothed, and it was miles to the nearest house. Though he valued his horse, he valued his life more. When he felt himself beginning to freeze, he sacrificed the animal, gutted the carcass, crawled inside, and lived to tell the tale.

A pioneer husband was called back to his cabin from the clearing where he worked, to confront the emergency of a premature delivery. His six-year old daughter was dispatched through the woods to a neighbor's but the trail was rough, and help was slow in coming. Relying upon common sense and his experience with cows and sheep, the farmer officiated at the birth of his first son.

A doctor found his patient unable to deliver herself of child. Whatever was to be done had to be done quickly. In an unfloored and unchinked cabin, by the light of candles shielded by blankets to prevent their being blown out, with a case of ordinary pocket instruments he performed a successful Caesarian operation, probably the first in the west.

These are isolated and exceptional incidents, part of the pioneer tasks and advances into the virgin wilderness -- a job of chopping, grubbing, hewing and irrigating to make a home out of the wilderness, of getting enough food to carry life through the next season, to build roads, develop schools that the next generation may not grow up savage and ignorant. There was also the incubus or nightmare of the devil and all his evil works, matters not so much of this life as of the next.

When the pioneers moved west they did not leave behind them the afflictions of the older communities. Scarlet fever, diptheria (my mother lost four children with it), measles, mumps and smallpox were seldom long absent from any settlement. Erysipeles was called Black Tongue. Skin eruptions of a severe nature were not uncommon and often spread throughout whole towns, respecting neither age, sex, color, social position or creed. When it responded to the local

application of sulphur and lard some were unkind enough to call it the "7-year itch."

"Lung Fever" or pneumonia attacked many. When the patient spat blood it was called tuberculous pneumonia.

Typhoid epidemics came and went but always took a heavy toll of lives.

It was the common belief among the pioneers that measles, whooping cough and diptheria were inevitable and unavoidable and that to try to escape would be to defy Providence. Children were often deliberately exposed to these contagious diseases, if they were in good health, so that they could have them and be over with it.

Hardly to be classified as a disease, but certainly a pest, were bugs, insects and flies. Mosquitoes and stock flies swarmed by the millions in season to bleed both beast and man. Often cows could be milked only under the protection of a smudge. Fleas and bed bugs were considered almost a domestic necessity. They would emerge from cracks, beds and crevices to bite, irritate and consume. The common house fly was a rather late arrival but soon made up for lost time. It wallowed in milk crocks and blackened drying food; it covered the sleeping baby's face and crawled persistently over dunghill, latrine and food. During outside festivities small boys as fly-shooers with leafy branches had a constant chore. Our early pioneers were little conscious of the disease-spreading propensities of the fly.

Child birth is certainly not a disease but was a great hazard in those days. Early marriage and large families were the rule. A young man could support a family as soon as he could do a man's work. Fifteen children in 20 years was a good batting average. Infants came in annual crops. They all seemed to take seriously the injunction to be fruitful, multiply and replenish. When the baby proved too reluctant to enter the world "on its own" a bit of dried snuff blown into the mother's nostrils by way of a goose quill would bring on a fit of sneezing and probably the desired results. Infants stimulated in birth in this

way were called "quilled babies."

At first it was thought unwise and unnecessary to discuss the subject of midwifery. Indeed, little is written or known about midwives except what we can remember about them. What picture does that bring to your mind? Do you visualize a little old granny you knew who helped when babies came? Even from the dawn of history there has been constant and serious effort to lift in any manner possible the primeval curse from women. It was also in the dim dark past that all women would go through the agonies of child birth unassisted, suffer until kindly nature finally brought forth its miracle. But nowadays in the hands of a skillful obstetrician the process may be made relatively painless and comparatively free of dangers. In the early days, obtaining trained maternity care was entirely out of the question and yet no matter where you may search in history the expectant mother is seldom or never left to her own resources.

Midwifery implies the rendering of aid to a woman while giving birth to her child. It is the most ancient branch of medicine, and the last to surrender itself unreservedly to the spirit of modern science.

Midwives as a group and individually were a stubborn lot. They knew what they knew, and were saturated with weird ideas and notions. They had a remarkable resistance to progress and were unteachable. Some were skilled, others amateurs practicing only on occasion to oblige friends or neighbors. As a rule her duties were restricted to simple acts, such as encouraging the patient, tying and severing the cord, washing the baby and carrying out certain traditional and taboo practices. The medicine-man would stand helplessly by, reciting incantations and raising song during the pains in order to prevent the husband from hearing his wife's cries.

In some countries, as in Palestine, the knowledge is passed by oral instruction from the mother to her daughter or from mistress to her pupil. In Lapland the husband is instructed by his mother and is expected to aid his wife in her labour. Child birth in early American colonization was considered a simple function of nature to be carried out in secrecy with a friend or midwife in attendance.

The wife of Dr. Samuel Fuller, who landed from the Mayflower, was the first midwife of the colonists.

For ages the actions, practices and conduct of midwives was never questioned. Eventually some regulation became necessary, especially for legal reasons. Many women illegitimately with child sought help to shield their disgrace and the unwanted infants were placed in foundling homes. It was in New York City 1762 that the first law was passed to curb their unscrupulous activities. It reads somewhat as follows: "No woman shall practice midwifery until she has taken an oath before the mayor, recorder or an alderman of this city to the following effect: That she will be diligent and ready to help any woman in labour, whether poor or rich; that in time of necessity she will not forsake the poor woman and go to the rich; that she will not cause or suffer any woman to name or put any other father to the child, but only him which is the very true father thereof; indeed, according to the utmost of her powers; that she will not suffer any woman to pretend to be delivered of a child who is not indeed; neither to claim any other woman's child for her own; that she will not suffer any other woman's child to be murdered or hurt; and as often as she shall see any peril or jeopardy, either in the mother or child, she will call in other midwives for counsel; that she will not administer any medicine to produce miscarriage; that she will not enforce a woman to give more for her service than is right; that she will not collude to keep secret the birth of a child; will be of good behavior; will not conceal the birth of bastards."

In the Far West it was many years before any such regulations became necessary. Here most midwives were grandmothers, or widowed mothers who did a fine job, were high-minded, industrious persons. Many of us were brought into this world by one of these honorable superstitious souls.

Gradually medical men horned in on the trade of midwives. They were called he-midwives. At first these men were permitted to help with difficult deliveries. They were allowed to palpate or feel the parts and to determine the baby's position but never to see anything. He sat in position to aid

with the delivery with one end of a sheet tied about his neck and the the other end tied about the expectant mother's neck. In this way all view of the birth was excluded. One such gentleman, not a doctor of medicine, dressed as a woman, determined to see for himself how a baby was born. At the height of the birth he turned pale and sick and was recognized as an intruder. He was arrested, tried and executed.

Babies being no rarity, they received no special attention: They were "raised", not reared. It was done by the same rule of thumb, trial and error that applied to crops or cattle. Such efforts were considered plenty good enough. The science of infant care was nil. Instead of a vitamin the baby got a bacon rind, sometimes attached to a string so that when accidentally swallowed it might be recovered. Infants were weaned by the almanac and were started immediately on fly-infested milk from a nipple made of buckskin tied to the bottle neck with a leather thong, or it could be secured to the small end of an animal's horn. Puncture holes were made with a hot wire or nail. Shortly he received hot corn bread, biscuits and "pot likker" just like grown-ups. The fittest survived and the rest "the Lord seen fitten to take away."

Much of the medical treatment in pioneer days was domestic and primitive. The mother, wife or woman of the house was not only responsible for the domestic economy of the home but everything from food and clothing to spelling and courting, treatments and medications. If she could not manage by herself there was usually someone in each community handy in caring for the sick who could be found to bring about a cure. This usually consisted of concoctions of herb drinks, sweatings, rubbings, poultices and prayers. Tobacco as a medicine was thought to be useful for any grief of the body: pain in the head, worms, toothache, chilblain, venomous bites or carbuncles.

Tea of sassafras roots was a health-producing potion good for the liver and the stomach, to give appetite, provoke urine, "to maketh a man go to stool" and to cast out stones. "Where there is windiness, it consumeth and dissolveth it", and also "any manner of coolness of the belly." It was also recommended to make a woman "becometh with child." A warning was issued to those who have much

heat or be of a hot complexion to take sassafras in very moderate doses. It is possible to find some 60 drugs or herbs first used by the Indians which are now utilized occasionally in modern treatment.

To hasten the appearance of the rash, as in measles, a hot tea made of sheep dung was given and popularly known as "nanny tea".

For indigestion rhubarb bitters and cayenne pepper in spirits were applied to the stomach outside and water and good old spirit-ous liquor within. If a child had summer complaint and wished to indulge in ripe blackberries, old cheese or fresh ham and eggs, it was permitted to do so and was thought to promote immediate im-provement. If a child had a fit it was due to worms and the most popular remedy was a dose of 20 grains of scrapings from pewter spoons, or sugar and turpentine or pumpkin-seed tea.

The accepted treatment for sore throat was to wrap or rub the skin over the sore parts with a piece of fat pork generously sprinkled with pepper, or to tightly wrap a dirty sock about the throat overnight. The fouler and dirtier the sock the better the results. Rubbing the parts with grease from the Christmas fowl, especially a goose, was a sovereign remedy. Mustard and onion poultices or rock candy and whiskey were very popular. For croup and asthma, the patient was given alum, Indian root in molasses or onion and garlic juice. The most frequently-used cough medicine was the liquid poured from a mixture of flaxseed, licorice, raisins, sugar candy and white vinegar.

Rheumatism was treated internally, externally and eternally with goose grease or bear oil, calomel, antimony, cayenne pepper, gum camphor and ripe pokeberries in brandy.

The cure for 7-year itch was hot water and soft soap applied with a corncob, followed by an ointment of sulphur and lard, or gun powder and lard.

Dropsy could be cured by steeping for 24 hours two handfuls of inner bark of white elder in two quarts of wine and taking large tablespoonfuls each morning on an empty stomach. The effectiveness

of any remedy was in proportion to its nastiness or bitterness. Sulphur and treacle was a marvelous spring tonic.

In the early days the doctor, like the judge and minister, rode circuit over his territory. He was tireless, fearless, often gruff, yet sympathetic, often short of learning, intolerant of rivals and frequently given to petty quarrels. He was usually a figure at the same time feared, loved and venerated. His equipment was simple: mortar and pestle, a set of balances, home-made splints and bandages, a few drugs, three or four instruments, a set of tooth forceps, hot water bottle and a pewter bed pan and rarely a set of obstetrical instruments. He was always ready to go with his horse and saddle bags filled with the above assortment. Such a doctor was an important figure in pioneer life--an individual individualist. He knew that success depends largely on what a person does when he has nothing to do, and that success is won by taking the risk of failure. His life was one of peril, toil and privation. He was often regarded as an angel of mercy but his homely garb and rough appearance looked anything but angelic; a simple soul who tells the truth by instinct. He came from no famous vintage and needed no fancy label.

His fees were small and his services were often paid for in promises, seldom in money. He was paid most often in products of the country, usually spoken of as 'truck'. He had a strong hold upon the affections and gratitude of those for whom he labored. They loved him when living and mourned him when dead.

Until 1860 the average country doctor did well if he collected $100.00 in cash for a year's work, the city doctor received about $600.00. Both were required to furnish all medicines, splints and appliances. He reaped much gratitude for services, advice and medicine. The average office call was 12½ cents, popularly known as one "bit", and for a house call three bits or 37½ cents. When change could not be made he gave a receipt good for one dose of medicine. These were known among the laity as "puke pills". For long trips he received 25 cents a mile and the patient was allowed a deduction for the care, fodder and grain provided for his horse. If the physician were required to sit up all night an extra dollar was charged.

Vaccination against smallpox was one dollar. This was often paid for in cash because all had a mortal fear of the disease in time of epidemics. For attending a natural normal birth the standard fee was $5.00, ordinary fractures were $5.00, amputation of an extremity $25.00.

In these days many people thought that diseases were a part of the penalty man paid for his sins, hence with repentance only God could effect a cure. If a fatality occurred it was the doctor who was held responsible, since he had the last chance at the patient. In other words, if the patient recovered it was God's will and if he died it was the doctor's fault.

Drugs were given in massive doses and often in pills as large as cherries. There are many records where 20-100 grains of calomel were given at a dose. One-fourth to one grain is the usual dose today. It often caused the teeth, those valuable instruments of our most substantial enjoyments, to rot, perhaps fall out; and the upper and lower jaw bones to come out in the form of horse shoes. So universal was the use of this drug that many popular songs were composed about it. I give you the final verse of a popular air:

"The man in death begins to groan
The fatal job for him is done.
His soul is winged for heaven or hell
A sacrifice to calomel.
The physicians of my former choice
Receive my counsel and advice.

Be not offended though I tell
The dire effects of calomel.
And when I must resign my breath
Pray let me die a natural death
And bid you all a long farewell
Without one dose of calomel."

The use of this drug and bleeding were just as common and the advice just as inevitable as "pour into a well-greased pan and bake until brown" is to the modern housewife. These two were the

sheet-anchors in the treatment of fevers.

Infected wounds were cauterized with an iron heated to gray heat which was the most irritating and most torturing and hence the most effective. The pioneer doctor killed quick and cured slow. That any of the patients survived both disease and cure speaks wonders for the constitutions and the powers of resistance of these early hardy settlers.

It was about 1852 before any anaesthetic such as chloroform was used in the Far West. Prior to this, vocal anaesthetics and brute strength were used. The patient gritted the teeth and recited psalms.

Opportunities for the education of doctors were extremely limited. Entry into the medical profession was almost as easy as into the law. An aspirant lived at the home of some local doctor, read medicine with him, rolled his pills, mixed his powders, cut splints and took care of his horse. Later, he accompanied the doctor on his visits. At first he maintained a discreet silence; as he grew in medical stature he was permitted to assist in diagnosis and treatment. Most of his class room studies were received in the great open spaces as he sat astride his horse during the long hours of travel from patient to patient. As the preceptor and his pupil rode out the old man knew the names and personal history of the occupants of every house passed. They would ride 10 miles on the darkest night, over the worst roads, in a pelting storm to administer a dose of calomel to an old woman, or to attend a child in a fit. He was present at every birth; he attended every burial, he sat with a saint at every death bed, and put his name with the lawyer to every will. He often sank prematurely into the darkness over the Great Divide. His pupil was required to attend and witness all these duties for about three years before launching the young doctor on his own. Unless he had attended a medical school in the East it was unwise to sign his name with an M. D. Many preceptors trained their voice to be clear and strong and to develop the power of expression to such perfection that it often amounted to genuine eloquence. When his pupil was graduated he was presented with a Bible and a diploma.

In these early days dentistry was taken as part of a doctor's

usual duties. Some became particularly skilled and made no bones about advertising their qualifications. I copied the following ad from a newspaper printed in 1836: "Dr. Etheridge, Surgeon Dentist: He cleans, whitens, and separates teeth without the least pain; and when the double teeth become hollow and useless he plugs them with gold or tinfoil, which often restores them to their former usefulness, and he inserts artificial teeth from one to a set, in a neat and durable manner; and when advisable to have them set, warrants them to be permanent."

When a tooth was removed it was done with a punch, a mallet and a pry.

Toothache required the carrying in one's mouth the eye tooth of a man or a black dog.

Vegetable drugs, because of their availability, were most frequently employed in the treatment of disease. Let us review some of the early preparations and apparatus that were used. Croton Californic decoctions were used to produce abortion and for women's diseases in general. Even animal and insect products were included in the early doctor's armamentarium. A soup made of lice gathered from healthy individuals or from red ants was used both internally and externally for any chronic disease. The enema tip was a hollow bone in the winter time and a circular piece of hollow willow branch during the summer. The fluid to be injected was poured into an animal's urinary bladder. The neck of the bladder was tied to the tube. By pressure the fluid in the bladder was forced into the bowel. No record could be found where any lubricant was employed.

Tobacco, both wild and cultivated, was smoked for its quieting effect, especially at bed time. That's where that beautiful lullaby originated: "Two Cigarettes in the Dark." It was swallowed with an alkali to induce sleep or to overcome fatigue, or a tobacco tea could be drunk to induce vomiting. It was thought to produce a vision rich in sleepy dreams and to activate the mind to better contemplate the soul. They even gave visions which were of great importance in later life: To give health, long life, prosperity and the ability to dodge arrows or bullets.

Cascara sagrada is derived from the bark of a bush, the wood of which was said to have been used to build the Ark of the Covenant. It grows wild along the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, particularly in Idaho. The Indians used a tea made from the bark as a cathartic. We now buy it at the drug store under the name of Aromatic Cascara. The constant stubborn pull of the cascara plant was used as traction in reducing fractures. A thong was tied to the end of the extremity and then to the limb. It thus held the end of the bones in contact. The fractured area was wrapped in bark and bandaged. The patient was required to remain perfectly quiet until the parts were united.

Sage brush leaf tea was used by the Indians and Mormons to produce sweating and urine.

Nursing bottles were made of cow horns fitted with a buckskin nipple.

Earache was treated by filling the patient's ear with his own warm urine. Pleurisy and difficult labor was helped with a decoction of wine and fresh horse manure.

At the age of 18 Kit Carson, armed with a razor and hand iron did an amputation of a comrade's shattered arm and seared the bleeding vessels with a hot iron. Pegleg Smith amputated his own leg, using buckskin thongs as tourniquets, his hunting knife as a scalpel and a hot branding iron to arrest the bleeding.

Surely one could never give a proper account of the early enthusiasm, efforts at adjustment, failure, rare success, greed, suffering and attempted escape in debauchery, of death or survival.

A remedy for scurvy was to bury the patient in earth, all but the head. Whole camps were sometimes buried at once, except a few who remained out to keep off the grizzlies and coyotes. The teeth of these poor devils became so loose and without support that they moved while moving the head. There have been persons who, in expectorating, spat out unexpectedly a couple of teeth at a time. Captain Cook knew the answer both to prevent and to cure scurvy.

When he went to sea every man was obliged once a week to take the juice of one lime and one pound of sauerkraut twice a week.

During the gold rush in California the average wage was $100.00 a day. It cost $5.00 for a hair cut, $10.00 for dinner, $55.00 for a seat at a cheap circus. Quinine was $1.00 a grain; at the cemetery it cost $60.00 for a grave, $30.00 for a rough coffin, $30.00 for a hearse, $10.00 for a grave digger; the minister was given two ounces of gold dust and the same amount was demanded for a foot-square cross as a marker.

The wife of Dr. Clappe made the following statement in one of her letters written in California to a relative in New York: "In the short space of 24 hours we had several murders, fearful accidents, bloody deaths, whippings, a hanging, an attempt at suicide and a fatal duel." Thus the colorful social scenery was peppered with violence, burglaries, and prostitutes spreading social diseases. The fast women had three well-named locations, "Hangtown," "Squaw Hollow," and "Old Dry Diggins." These women who forgathered were whites, hybrids, Spanish, Chinese and Indians.

The doctors in the early days of settlement in California came indulging in gold fever exultation. Some were ignorant and others educated. The bombastic and the modest, the rogue and the champion of righteousness, the irresponsible and the trustworthy, the fool and the philosopher, the worst and the best. There were numbskulls and nincompoops with diplomas and without, wise men schooled by their herb-brewing grandmothers or at the best medical schools in America and Europe. There were no legal regulations. None of the doctors were exceptional in postponing death. The good and the bad seemed much alike to the public. All physicians in these early days had contemptuous odors about them. There was the alcoholic breath of the bibulous gentleman-doctor, the new smell of iodoform, playfully known as chancre powder, the sweet bouquet of chloroform but recently introduced and timidly administered. These and sweat were the medical perfumes of the gold fever doctors.

Dr. David Webber, after whom Webber's Lake was named (now little Truckee) came by the Panama route in 1850. He ran a saw

mill, built roads, bridges, public buildings, and a hotel in Sierra County. He was school superintendent for two years, ran his hotel, farmed and raised livestock. He stocked his lake with trout as early as 1854. He was a creative soul and even a good man. His two children died but he raised and educated nine orphans. Two became doctors of medicine. He said, "They change their sky, not their character, who cross the seas or the plains." He was a scholarly writer and was so highly praised as a conversationalist that men feigned illness so that they might rest and be entertained by him.

The first hospital in California at the port of San Francisco, called the State Marine Hospital, was erected with funds raised by a tax on foreigners. A jail was needed more than a hospital; funds were low, both could not be erected. So an abandoned vessel close in port supplied the first prison. It quickly became filled. Most California cities spent $3.00 to burn up heads and bodies of dead animals lying about the streets.

The first medical school, part of the University of the Pacific, was organized in 1858 under the leadership of Dr. Elias Samuel Cooper. Ten men entered the first class. Entrance requirements were a year's apprenticeship with a respectable physician, or an ordinary high school training. For graduation he must take two courses of 18 weeks. Then, upon the favorable vote of the faculty, he obtained his diploma. Tuition was $150.00.

Early medicine in Utah is not a very savory subject. The reading of church records and early sermons shows how little regard is held for those participating in medicine or surgery. It is only mentioned to be condemned. The worst period was from 1847-1871. Nevertheless, people got sick and had accidents in those days just as they do now. In all the Mormon colonies there was not one graduate of a regular medical college. There were a few Thompsonian doctors who gave herb teas and prescribed certain patent medicines. They obtained their titles by paying $25.00 for a diploma. They had never studied and had no medical training. You can imagine the type of service they rendered. How they could inspire confidence is beyond human understanding. Yet some of them became busy practitioners.

In many of the settlements there was a total absence of any kind of doctor. The hardput colonists had to rely on home remedies and appeal to the Lord for help. There was and is one tenet of the church that filled the bill: Namely, that with the anointing with oil and the laying on of hands, with prayer the sick can be healed. Almost every Mormon male had been admitted to the priesthood and possessed the authority to perform the rite of administering to the sick. It was usually the first and frequently the only recourse of the ailing. This is not the place to discuss its virtues, but no honest physician of broad experience fails to recognize the value of faith and prayer to the sick regardless of sect. At least it gives the poor devil some hope and courage, faith in his eventual recovery, and fortitude to endure his suffering.

Among the Latter Day Saints, at this period there was a definite prejudice against all doctors. It was often expressed by high church authorities at their semi-annual meetings in the great tabernacle. On January 3, 1858, Brigham Young had this to say: "I would send for the Elder for I do not believe in doctors; I would rather call upon the Lord. Let us look at this thing. There is a class of people here that does not believe in sustaining professional doctors. I am one of them. There is a certain class of people, again, when they are sick the very first motion they make is to call upon a doctor as quick as possible. Which of these two classes is right? Neither of them. I will not say that I would not send for a doctor in some instances, for example, to perform some difficult surgical operation, if I knew he was a good surgeon; then there are instances of sickness in which I would not send for a doctor, because I understand the nature of the disease and how to treat it, as well and better, perhaps, than any doctor, and aided by the blessing of the Lord, I can check it, and that is my duty. But, if I have the spirit of God dwelling in me, my tabernacle is not very apt to be diseased."

Dr. Willard Richards, himself a Thompsonian physician and an apostle, was an early editor of the Deseret News. In his column, "So the People May Know", he has this spicy bit to publish on September 18, 1852:

"Two physicians have removed to one of our more distant settle-

ments and gone to farming; three more have taken to traveling and exploring the country; three have gone to California to dig gold, or for some other purpose; and one has gone to distilling; and we are beginning to get some alcohol, which is desirable for gentlemen's shoeblacking, hatter's waterproofing, chemical analysis, washing the bodies of the well to prevent sickness and the sick that they may be made well, when such there be. Those physicians who remained have very little practice and will soon have less (we hope)."

So much, then, for the pioneer doctor who boldly faced the wilderness, and to the pioneer who bravely faced the doctor.

* * * *

TRAIL DUST FROM THE DENVER CORRAL

Dr. John E. Van Male

Posseman John Van Male saddled up and crossed the Great Divide on January 15, following an operation at St. Anthony's Hospital in Denver. He was 48.

A native of Kalamazoo, Michigan, John came to Denver at the age of 19. He received his A.B. and M.A. degrees from the University of Denver and his P.H.D. from the University of Chicago. He served as librarian at the University of South Carolina, professor of literary science at Madison College, Harrisonburg, Va., and director of the Bibliographical Center for Research in the Rocky Mountain region, of which he was the founder. "Bib Center" will ever be a monument to his memory.

At the time of his death he was head librarian of Mary Reed library and assistant director of libraries at the University of Denver, with whose staff he became associated in 1946.

John is survived by his wife, Kathleen; two children, Katrina

and Nicholas, and by his Mother and sister.

Adios, amigo.

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Officers for 1948

ARTHUR H. CARHART, Sheriff
HENRY W. TOLL, Deputy Sheriff
PAUL D. HARRISON, Roundup Foreman
RALPH B. MAYO, Tally Man
DABNEY OTIS COLLINS, Registrar of Marks and Brands

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It Looks Great For '48

Program Chairman Don Bloch and his committee have corraled an impressive list of speakers and events for our monthly round-ups during the coming year. Here's a suggestion of the good things in store for you: The Fur Trade in Colorado, by John D. Hart; Laura Evans, Last of the Great Madames of the West, by Ralph Carr; the Villaseur Expedition into Colorado, by Henry Hough; Early Western Poetry, by Thomas Hornsby Ferril. And seven more, just as good -- Western history with the hair left on!

The February Program

"Redstone on the Crystal River"

Speaker: VAUGHN MECHAU

Westerner, Staff Feature Writer for The Denver Post

Story of the first sociological experiment by industry in the West, conducted by the Colorado Coal & Iron Company (predecessor of C.F. & I.) under President J. C. Osgood. This promises to be an excellent program. Don't miss it.

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Range Rider's Tally Book

That tophand writer, William McLeod Raine, reports the recent sale to the Denver Post of an article on his old friend, the late Eugene Manlove Rhodes.. also publication of a pocket edition of his exciting novel, "Under Northern Stars." Bill Raine is the author of some seventy western novels and source material books.

Dr. Nolie Mumey has recently published Parker & Huyetts Guide Book, 1859 -- first of the guide book series to be published by this author of "The Life of Jim Baker" and "The Teton Mountains."

Herbert O. Brayer had two important articles published recently: "When Dukes Went West," in the British Digest, London; and "British Cattle Ranches in the West," in Geographical Magazine.

Denver Possemen were well-represented among the winners of tophand awards for work published in 1947, at the annual banquet of the Colorado Authors League. Those winning tophand awards -- a Charles Russell Print -- are Sheriff Art Carhart, Ex-Sheriff Charlie Roth, Alfred M. Bailey and Dabney Collins. Another of our Ex- John Laws, Forbes Parkhill, was elected president of the Colorado Authors League.

Corresponding member, Ray G. Colwell of Colorado Springs, has had two very interesting articles recently in the Denver Post Empire Magazine.

William J. Barker, founder and former editor of Rocky Mountain Life, had an article in the January issue of this good magazine: "The Road Agents -- Midget History in Beeswax."

Forbes Parkhill reports recent sales of "Boom Year in Leadville" to R. M. Life, and "The Story of Baroness di Gallotti," to Denver Post Empire Magazine.

One of the most enjoyable Christmas greetings a Westerner ever had was Ralph Carr's "Vengeance of Cripple Creek." It's a classic.

John T. Caine III, was given a special Westerners Award for his fine work in putting on the 1948 Stock Show.

Ed Bemis recently saw Corresponding Members Russell Thorp and John Charles Thompson, of Cheyenne. John Charles, we are happy to report, is back in the saddle again.

Corresponding Members -- Attention! Send in your news items to Dabney Collins, 5315 Montview Blvd., Denver. We'll be glad to hear from you.

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1946 Brand Book Out

The Westerners Brand Book for 1946 is now off the press -- 242 pages of Western lore beautifully printed on 100% rag paper. Illustrated with photographs. Copies, $5.50. Address Virgil Peterson, 303 Railway Exchange Bldg., Denver, Colorado.

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New Books of the Old West

For the following book notes we are indebted to Posseman Fred Rosenstock, owner of the Bargain Book Store, 406 15th St., Denver.

MINING CAMPS, by Charles Howard Shinn. With an Introduction by Joseph Henry Jackson. Knopf, New York, $4.00.

A reprint of the scarce original edition published by Scribner in 1885 (worth, by the way, about $35 as a collectors' item). This is the great classic study of frontier government during the Gold Rush period in California and Nevada. Beginning with the old mining laws of the United States and Mexico, Shinn traces down through the periods of the Spanish Missions and the Alcaldes, to the prime days of '49. There are chapters on law and order in the mining camps; the various problems of self-organization by the miners; foreigners in the camps; mob law, and, finally, the extension of mining camp law to later times and places--the Colorado gold rush of '59, for example.

Shinn came to California with his parents in the middle fifties, and the family home was at Niles in Alameda County. As a boy, he listened to the miners talk--the very men who only a few years back had streamed to California from the four corners of the earth -- and got their stories first-hand. During his young manhood Shinn taught school in several of the counties that represented the heart of the gold rush. A keen observer, he made many notes; and some years later, after receiving his A.B. degree from John Hopkins in history and government, he sent Scribners the Ms. of the book put together from his college notes. It was accepted and published in 1885. This present first reprint edition has the benefit of a fine introduction by Joseph Henry Jackson, which is worth reading for itself.

DEATH ON HORSEBACK, Seventy Years of War for the American West. By Paul I. Wellman. Lippincott, $5.00.

Here, again, is not a new book, but a republication of <u>two</u> outstanding books, which were allowed to go out of print, and for which the demand has been insistent. The original books were titled DEATH ON THE PRAIRIE (1934) and DEATH IN THE DESERT (1935), and they embody some of the most fascinating historical narrative

I know of. The theme is the struggle between White and Red for supremacy in the West and Southwest during the 50-year period from about 1836 to 1886. The Massacre at Taos in 1847 (when Governor Bent was murdered); the Fight in Apache Pass; the War in the Lava Beds; the Sioux War culminating in the wiping out of Custer and his men; the Meeker Massacre; the Geronimo War, and other incidents in the long, bloody roll are related with rare skill and feeling. The illustrations are exceptionally fine. Mr. Wellman is a former newspaper man, first in Wichita and later an editorial and feature writer on the Kansas City Star. He has also written some notable Western historical fiction, all with factual background, and is now writing a novel for Doubleday--a frontier subject.

HISTORY OF THE DONNER PARTY, a Tragedy of the Sierra, by C. F. McGlashan. Stanford University Press, $3.50.

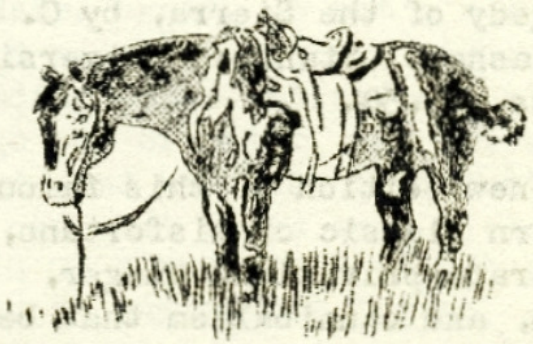
A new edition of this famous Western classic of misfortune, desperate privation, hunger, death, and cannibalism that befell the Donner Party of emigrants to California. This party set out in April 1846 from Springfield, Illinois, made its way through Independence, Fort Laramie, the Sweetwater; then to Fort Bridger. At Fort Bridger the emigrants were told of a new route via Salt Lake called the Hastings cut-off, which was said to shorten the distance by 300 miles. After deliberation, the party divided, the larger number taking the old and well-known route by Fort Hall--and this group reached California safely. The other group--the Donner party -- 87 in number, took the Hastings cut-off. Instead of reaching Salt Lake in a week, the tortuous trip through the mountains took over thirty days. By now, the summer had passed, their provisions were depleted; death struck again and again. They reached the Humboldt river and decided to dispatch two messengers to Captain Sutter at Sutter's Fort in California, for relief. One of the messengers, Stanton, returned with seven mules, five of which were loaded with flour and dried beef that Sutter had generously provided. Had the party even then gone ahead immediately, they might have passed the summits of the Sierras. However, they chose to rest their cattle for a few days near present Reno, and this delay was fatal.

New Books of the Old West - Continued

The subsequent story is one of the most tragic chapters in American history. The present edition is a reprint of the second edition of the original work by McGlashan published in 1881. Editors are Geo. H. and Bliss McGlashan Hinkle. There are valuable new notes and a bibliography.

FREDERIC REMINGTON, ARTIST OF THE OLD WEST, by Harold McCracken. Lippincott, $10.00.

This book was published several months ago--but is such a monumental work and, certainly, the definitive study of the man whom many regard as the West's greatest artist, that it must be mentioned here. Mr. McCracken's job must have taken years, and gives every evidence of a painstaking labor of love. Remington's entire life is well presented, as boy; college student; at 19 leaving college and going west; roaming through the Dakotas, Montana and Wyoming as a cowboy or riding with wagon trains on the plains and deserts or through mountain passes; finally, the submission of his first picture to Harper's Weekly, entitled "Cow-boys of Arizona--Roused by a Scout", which appeared in February, 1882. In 1890 he was assigned to one of the army scouting parties during the Sioux campaign. Remington, by now, had become justly famous as the greatest living portrayer of the horse, the cowboy, and the soldier. During the mid-'90's Remington turned to sculpture as a new expression of his diversified genius--and with notable success. He had also, about the same time, entered the field of literature, writing and illustrating a series of books, beginning with "Pony Tracks", in 1895. Remington played an important part during the Spanish-American War, representing Harper's and Hearst's New York Journal. This is the finest book on Remington, now or probably ever, with over 80 reproductions of his paintings and drawings, including 32 in full color. There is a complete bibliography and check-list, covering all his known published work and showing where and when each first appeared.



1946 BRAND BOOK BRAINBUSTER

Now that you all have received your 1946 Brand Book of The Westerners -- and have read it through, we are sure -- you should have no trouble in knowing the answers to the following questions taken from the book. For correct answers, turn page upside down.

If you get only 4 correct answers you're a pilgrim, 8 correct answers brand you a tinhorn; 12 correct answers, a cowpoke. But if you get all 16 right you're a tophand and a man to ride the river with.

1 - Of what was Alfred Packer found guilty -- voluntary manslaughter, first degree murder, cannibalism?

2 - What outlaw used a transparent gun?

3 - What public utility plant is located on the site of Bugtown?

4 - What park in Denver was once called the "Million Dollar Cow Pasture"?

5 - What is the most populous sheep area in the U. S.?

6 - Which one of these words is out of place in this list: Sage Hen, Turkey Hen, Hawken, Camp Robber?

7 - What natural phenomenom is most frequently symbolized by our Southwest Indians?

8 - What is the length of eruptions of Old Faithful -- 30 seconds, 5 minutes, 2½ minutes?

9 - How does the Folsom point differ from the Indian arrowhead?

10 - A reward was once offered for Kit Carson, in the amount of $50, $500, one cent?

11 - What two newspapers made a race for being first to be published in Colorado?

12 - Can a buffalo run 1/2, 2/3, or just as fast as a horse?

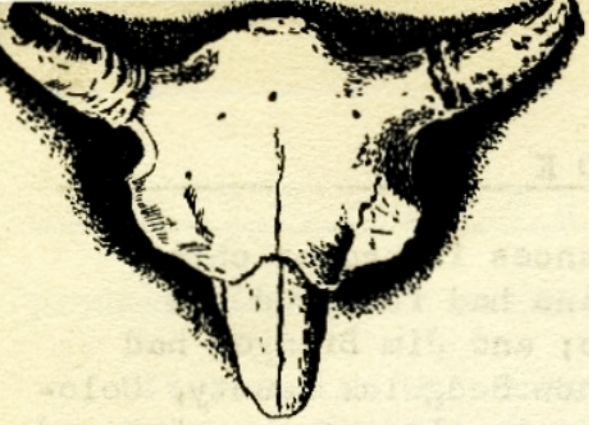
13 - Where was the first "fossil" man found in America?

14 - What did cowboys mean by Arbuckles -- coffee, a fat man, or a bridle throat latch?

15 - What did Noon, Swan, Bill, Miller and Humphreys have in common?

16 - In range parlance chapping was getting saddle-burned, drying hides, or a form of punishment?

1 - Voluntary manslaughter, p. 98; 2 - Bill Carlisle, p. 170; 3 - Public Service Plant at Valmont, p. 46; 4 - Cheesman Park, p. 223; 5 - Edwards Plateau, Texas, p. 128; 6 - Hawken rifle, p. 199; 7 - Rain, p. 31; 8 - 2½ minutes, p. 12; 9 - Mainly in the side-surfaced channels, p. 81; 10 - One cent, p. 201; 11 - Rocky Mountain News and Cherry Creek Pioneer, p. 39; 12 - Two-thirds, p. 116; 13 - Nowhere, p. 77 (That's what the man says); 14 - Coffee, p. 158; 15 - They were murdered by Packer, the man-eater, p. 95; 16 - Whipping him with his own chaps, p. 145.



The BRAND BOOK

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NEY OTIS COLLINS, REGISTRAR OF MARKS AND BRANDS

. 4 FEBRUARY, 1948 No.

COLORADO FUR TRADE, OLD AND NEW

By John D. Hart

History and historians, poets and novelists, have conveyed an analysis of the trader and trapper that has set up an aura of romance and mystery, folklore, fact and fiction around both the fur trade and the trapper. The industry is not new; therefore the parade of those intrigued by the fur trade is long and the names of the participants perhaps are legion.

The American fur trade, from the early days of French-English competition starting in the fore part of the 18th Century, cannot be divorced from the exploration, settlement, and development of our nation or state. Not at all times playing the title role, but always on the stage of action, we find the fur trade akin to our state.

A soldier and explorer, born of the "new order of things" and under orders of General Wilkerson, had moved upon the stage. Zebulon M. Pike was exploring the Arkansas River. The fur trade revealed itself out of the maze of plains and mountains.

Except for a three-year interlude when he was in the U. S. Forest Service, John D. Hart has been connected with the Colorado Game and Fish Department since 1919. His on-the-job experience gives him a broad and accurate knowledge of Colorado's furbearers. Mr. Hart, in 1936, was appointed Chief State Game Warden and License Inspector; in 1941 he was promoted to his present office, Assistant Director of the Colorado State Game and Fish Department.

To mention names, incidents and circumstances in proper chronological order is impossible; but the St. Vrains had followed the Mallet Brothers, French traders, up the Platte; and Jim Bridger had helped mark a trail across a part of what is now Sedgwick County, Colorado. Bonneville and his wagons helped rut the trails where east-bound furs, via overland freight, would move in season.

To the north, Jedediah Smith and William Sublette passed this way and made their niche in the annals of the fur trade. General Ashley and his men made surveys, and in no small way did fur resources help record early travel and suffering along the Green River.

In spite of the fact that the expedition of Stephen H. Long, in 1820, had reported the region would "never be fit for human habitation other than the nomad races" that then inhabited it, and further recommended that it "should forever remain the unmolested haunt of the native hunter, the bison, and the jackal," agents of the American Fur Company clung to the region, establishing outposts at every military cantonment and settlement.

Off to the south, Kit Carson had gained fame as a scout, trader, hunter and trapper. Bronze tablets today mark Kearney's route of march.

Colorado furs were now filtering out to Fort Laramie to the north, Taos and Santa Fe to the south, and downstream from the headwaters of the South Platte. Jules Beni, in 1858 or-59, started appraising furs at the trading post which became Julesburg, early landmark in the Colorado fur trade.

Fort Vasquez, Virginia Dale, Bent's Fort, and Fort Garland were receiving centers. It is impossible to quote statistics as to the actual value of the annual production of furs and pelts during the decades that commenced in the early 1800s and continued until the time of the creation of the Territory of Colorado. Suffice it to say that one must go to St. Louis via the American Fur Company; to Santa Fe and New Orleans via those "gentlemen explorers," who, though of English speaking ancestry, ofttimes formed at this late date partnerships with French, Spanish and Mexican

pioneers to trade for the fruits of the labors of the fur trapper.

It is estimated, however, that the seasonal marketing, particularly at St. Louis, then Santa Fe, next New Orleans, and to a small degree New York, is believed to have amounted to nearly one million dollars, annually. The dollar value in relation to actual cash turnover took place at these marketing centers and not at the source of origin, and very little at local trade centers. Here furs, hides, and pelts were trade goods, commodities with a definite trade and barter value. The hard coin of the realm was not too common.

No Chisholm Trail existed at the early part of this period, nor did the echo from Sutter's Mill in California affect the status of the fur trade. Disciples of Prophet Joseph Smith had passed to the north to establish their "State of Deseret" and to erect their temple. Therefore, we have for a period a clear-cut monopoly by the fur trade.

Traffic in connection with the industry by the 1840s became a north-and-south proposition, as well as east-and-west. Meager records of the times report well-defined trails, though pack trails only, south out of Wyoming to the junction of Cherry Creek and the Platte; thence up Cherry Creek to the Platte-Arkansas Divide down to the mouth of the Fountain on the Arkansas. Then still ever south to the Purgatoire, and upstream and into the upper valley of the Rio Grande and to that rendezvous at Taos.

If fraternal organizations or guilds existed among the mountain men or the trappers of that age, their proceedings or minutes of meetings have never been revealed, and archivists, to my knowledge, do not possess them. Here existed a type of man and profession, among whom was saint and sinner, but seldom a man of letters. They did not write or record history--they made it; writings and recordings were left to the literary minded. Whether or not bachelorhood, monogamy, or polygamy was their trait, is of no concern. Citations can be given in all instances. Here existed a man that lived the life defined by Stephen Long as the "nomadic race." He followed or copied the life of the Indian and became familiar therewith, at times marrying their women, but in most respects, resembling the aboriginal himself.

Contributing to, and making possible the famous fur exhibitions and style showings of London, Paris, Vienna, New York, Montreal, Philadelphia and St. Louis, no Beau Brummels of fashion are mentioned among these half-wild adventurers. They were content with seasonal or periodical appearances at Taos, Fort Laramie, Jules Station, or Bridger's Fort. What "the well-dressed Christian" might be wearing this season was of no concern, even though he be directly affected thereby. Contact with Taos Lightning, or attendance at a trappers' rendezvous on Horse Creek of the Green River, brought on no qualms of conscience. Replenishment of proper stores and equipment and the eagerly anticipated swapping and trading of furs, in exchange for the necessities of life, at Fort Laramie, which during this time was not only a frontier post of our national government, but a most important outpost of the American Fur Company, was much to be preferred to compilations of records or studies of economics. To talk tall or to make the holiday profane was not in any manner to affect the law of supply and demand. Nostalgia for the land of "long distance" held the interludes to short durations.

Let the year 1858, though names and incidents of later date have been cited, be called a year of the zenith of the old fur trade in Colorado. By now the fur-bearing was dwindling. The "good old days" were bowing out. From here on the fur trade, the trapper and the mountain men are definitely relegated to minor, though consistently steady roles. Any effort to make the fur trade a resource--or to make the traders, trappers, and dealers connected with it eclipse the consequences of the events on Dry Creek, Gregory Gulch, Russell Gulch, Pikes Peak, Boulder Creek, and the people in those roles, would be folly.

Though many followed many in the search for gold, and many fell by the wayside, and though plowshares were part of the overland freight--still mines and mining dominated the stage and the fur trade never again overshadowed it.

How then did it survive, or why?

Minds and hands that had heretofore been devoted exclusively to an environment of their own choosing did not altogether take kindly

to sluice boxes, buildings with four walls and roofs. Neither did plow handles or hay forks seem to fit.

The scene must shift in consequence thereof from mountain men, trappers and traders to the furs and fur bearers themselves. Here species, rather than man, competes for the foremost place, but by all odds His Excellency, the Beaver, seems to have created the demand, made secure the foundation and at nearly all times subsidized the industry. And the coyote, though much maligned even before the advent of the livestock industry as a major factor, has held his share of the spotlight throughout the years.

Far away from Colorado and the habitat of its fur bearers, tradesmen would appear outwardly to be nonchalant at auctions, but mountain furs, shrewdly sandwiched in bales with "Northerns," "Hudson Bays" and "Canadians", would break the demeanor of those persons in attendance. Mountain furs exhibited before society, persons of trade and commerce, would tempt the shrewdness of jobbers and manufacturers, be they hatter or furrier.

The lynx, the cougar or mountain lion, coyote or prairie wolf, bobcat or wild cat, the timber wolf and grey wolf, were early destined to carry a classification of predators. Badger and skunk will rise and fall on the barometer of supply and demand.

The lowly muskrat, the weasel or ermine and the marten, along with all species of foxes, will represent revenue in all annual seasons and migrations to the trap line. The opossum and raccoon, never common in early days and none too prevalent yet, will be a commodity but not a feature of production and sales. The wolverine, that nemesis of the trap line, will appear at rare intervals, but will always be unique and bordering on extinction. The fisher and otter will scarcely be more than names on fur lists and will appear in lot offerings at or through a dealer only as exotic furs and not of local production.

Last, but still foremost, is that rodent, the beaver. He is most social, yet is most "cussed" in irrigated districts. He is the chief of engineers in the fur bearing column, a conservator of waters, yet damned by water commissioners; a colonizer and home builder, monogamous in

habit. To continue the narration without subscribing to a partiality toward him will be difficult.

Perhaps he is not only engineer, but educator. Otherwise would not folklore of the fur trade be void of the volumes written around him? A man on moccasined feet for want of entertainment and instruction has craftily approached a colony. There before him, engaged in blissful domestic pursuits, is the representative of the standard of value in all early day fur trades. Beaver created the first and most standardized currency of the fur trade. Before our trapper friend swims the producer of the warmest and most durable of land skins. Fur of velvet softness, almost tear-proof, odorus the beaver, and only the sharpest of steel can remove the pelt or fur from his carcass.

Beneath that pelt, from which are created so many lovely and durable products, there is an anatomy carrying musk glands, or castors, which are indispensable commodities of multiple usages. Small wonder that to the North American Indian, Rocky Mountain tribes included, our royal fur bearer was christened "The Beaver People." Like the Indian in a fashion, he is a tepee dweller. The beaver clan of the Navajo is testimony of recognition. Activity and work under a full moon and the beaver's performance of feats and miracles in building and masonry drew many an Indian lad out from under warm robes and blankets of pelts to watch. Beside water, lake, pond, or stream he learned. Games were played before him, angles of construction demonstrated and lessons in courage were presented. The Indian boy was attending school.

As an empire builder, it will always be beaver first, buffalo second. The few decades of the buffalo hunter and the traffic in buffalo hides may, or may not, be an integral part of the fur trade. If it is, then add those millions to the pelts and furs of the beaver, mink, marten, muskrat, fox and ermine, of the 1860s, -70s and -80s, and it will hide the fact that during this time the fur trade produced only one-quarter to one-third million dollars a year from these fur-bearers.

Colorado was not yet a marketing center for Colorado or Western furs. Local trading posts continued to be local receiving centers.

Every itinerant buyer and every local trading post and merchant was in his heyday a trader. Foodstuffs, powder and shot were exchanged for furs and pelts received from white man and red alike. Almost total lack of ledgers and written accounts prevent factual statements as to complete value of the fur trade in the territory and state. The fact is, however, that every post and commissary had its hide house and fur room and individual lots grew into bales that found their way to St. Louis.

The water sheds of the North and South Platte, the Arkansas and Purgatoire yielded their crops and the Rio Grande contributed to the sum total of fur values. We have good reason to believe that Pueblo thus became Colorado's first marketing center. Fort Laramie, though, detracted from northern and eastern Colorado points.

Beyond the crest of the Shining Mountains, a share of the fur trade found its way back to enrich the coffers of early western Colorado pioneers. It is scarcely debatable, however, that then, as now, topography and lack of accessibility caused a goodly share of top quality pelts to follow, not the trails of Pike and Carson, but Marcus Whitman, Ashley, and those scouting disciples of Mormonism back to Salt Lake, and a few to Santa Fe. The west slope contributed richly in fabulous reports, but little in actual value to the trade until later years, and yet a most visible part of the fur trade existed in the area.

Where, then, is the fur trade as it approaches the turn of the century? It is well to inquire, for the traffic has been one-sided. It has been an unbalanced program, and there has been no management whatsoever of the resource. It has been all harvest and reaping, without any sowing or thought of tomorrow.

Because of the fact that it had suffered practical annihilation, solicitation was made of the first territorial assembly to give protection to the beaver.

Assembly halls were not to be defined as places occupied by persons in whose minds conservation was uppermost. The man on the street with a plain "Quaker beaver," or ladies and gentlemen of society in regal beavers forgot that here was an industry crying for survival.

Territorial assemblies were poor places to lobby for the preservation of a resource that was taken for granted. There were no chambers of commerce or nature groups either to exhibit charts, graphs or statistics showing that the trade meant something direct to local trapper, starved-out homesteader, bankrupt dry lander, destitute miner, as well as jobbers and dealers; or if properly managed, to provide living wages for clerks and feltors, and other minor jobs and professions related to the fur trade.

To state why the fur trade survived the apathy of a people, is beyond my ability. Perhaps Mother Nature jealously guarded a seed stock by giving Colorado her drouths and grasshopper invasions of the sixties, which were the material causes for a reverse in migration. Then there were the severe winters.

Even so, many a desperate person turned to the fur trade at this low ebb and found sustenance and survival. A census of trappers as individuals, partnerships, or groups is impossible and the market hunter of this age bore no reputation for concern over the future. Traps, snares, and trapping, pelts, skins, and furs seemed the "transition zone" between agriculture and mining. In a land of red meat and long rifles, there was still no balanced diet, except for a very few of those who "holed up" on a trap line for the winter. Scurvy took its toll.

Not until about 1887 did the people of this state realize that a resource and trade were passing into extinction. Then Colorado, as one of the first Western states, after having completed a state-wide survey of beaver, placed the species on the protected list and there it has remained ever since. At last a survival,--but, enter the poacher!

Coyote, beaver, mink, marten, fox, muskrats, ermine and weasel, bear and wolf, skink, badger, lion and bobcat, and the elusive wolverine will now tune their ears, not just to mocassined feet and barefooted ponies, but to iron shods, hobnails, rubber boots, newfangled traps and trap guns, irrigation canals, ditches, and diversions, the bawl of cattle and bleating of sheep.

It has not made their environment pleasant or the survival of the fur trade easy. Among those who followed the setting sun to new lands were persons who fathered sons and grandsons who have chosen to fight for the fur trade's right to survival. The opposition arrayed against them at all times and in all seasons is not poorly organized or sentimental.

Some six years after the first protection of the beaver, we find a state fish commissioner telling Governor John L. Routt, "Whatever the game laws may be for the future, the rights of those who occupy a place on the confines of our western wilds should not be forgotten." These are words of wisdom to the effect that imperfect and crude game, fur, and fish laws, which are the products of hasty frontier legislation, are indeed costly and damage to the resources great. The trapper-poacher and skin hunter who operates without regard to season or primeness of hide, is to be considered a cancerous growth.

The fur trade during the 1880s and -90s had now dropped to some $200,000 a year in commercial channels.

Early day Colorado game and fish administrators conceded that, for the sake of sheep and cattle interests, the passage of bounty acts might be considered with reference to bobcat, coyote, wolf, bear or mountain lion. Ironically, Colorado pays a bounty only on the mountain lion. The same administrator writing to Governor Routt, however, refused to call the bounty hunters men, but classed them as "worthless beings," and insisted that those who pursued and hunted these animals solely for reward were far more destructive to the livestock industry than the original predator. That man was Gordon Land, father of Admiral Emery Land.

This part of the animal kingdom has no voice of its own, however, and does not vote. Fur bearers, game and fish have now entered politics. The fur trade still maintains its place as an economic resource, and the fact is indeed a miracle.

No printed biennial reports to the governors of our commonwealth, wherein efforts to enforce the laws protecting in part the fur trade, are mentioned until 1894, when Governor Waite was informed that in 1893 the practice was started. In two years, 104 persons were arrested and

78 convicted, the fines ranging from $2.50 to $300. One poacher received a 90-day jail sentence.

Certainly, a tribute for managing the resource and keeping alive the fur trade goes in the latter 1890's only to a few pioneers of conservation, and not to the state as a commonwealth or the people as a whole. During 1894 and 1895, the state refused to make available any funds to game wardens for performance of their duties or to engage in travels essential in connection therewith.

Leaving state officials momentarily, let it be noted that there were pioneer families in the industry and fur trade in Colorado who, at the turn of the century, devoted their efforts to conserve and protect, improve and expand the fur trade in Colorado along with the perpetuation of all game creatures. Seeking no publicity, they hold that their efforts, though long and weary, are not to result in their names being placed on pedestals above the trapper and trader of yesteryear.

In spite of abuse and neglect, and general public indifference in a state that placed management of the resource only on the plane of political patronage, the resource and fur trade were blessed with the services of men whose sincerity of purpose was beyond reproach. Commissioner Harris was not shot near Rangely for political reasons; seizures of hundreds of illegal skins at Grand Junction, Rifle, and Meeker were not for the purpose of vote-getting.

Combined with this fact, the only case to this date that the game and fish department ever tried in the higher courts was argued before the Court of Appeals on March 31, 1904 by the late Honorable D. C. Beaman, and assisted by District Attorney Samuel G. McMullin of Grand Junction. The splendid decision rendered in favor of the state, and indirectly in favor of the resource and fur trade, started a slow chain of events, all for the better.

The case in itself did not involve fur bearers or pelts, but it set the pattern for legal taking thereof. The fact that the writer is from Mesa County where the case originated, and was an acquaintance of Mr. McMullin until his death in November 1946, makes mention

of this highlight of fur trade history necessary.

Coincident with the fact that fines had gone up to nearly $4000 for 1905 and 1906, long haired fur, that is to say, coyote and bobcat, was in demand and for a decade the fur trade pendulum swung favorably. Economic conditions following the panic of 1893 did not help game animals, but for some reason the people of the world wanted fur. Again our quadrupeds of prairies, mountains and waters furnished "school money" for thousands of teen-agers. El Coyote, the bobcat, and skunk showed up in dollars and cents value at Pueblo and Denver markets to such an extent as to attract additional tradesmen. The badger became an important commodity whose fur was sought for the manufacture of brushes. Tradesmen tell us the history of the era shows furs and the fur trade to be nearly equal to livestock sales.

The beaver was protected. In spite of poaching, he still underwrote the fur program. The game and fish department in 1908 reported receipts of almost $50,000 for two years. There was still no direct overall regulation by the state of the fur trade or industry, but the resource is benefiting. In fact, did not the commissioner tell Governor Shafroth, under report of December 1, 1910, that out of 97 arrests and convictions for the biennium of 1909-10, eleven were identified as having been for killing beaver or having hides in possession without a permit? Here, there seems to be something new under the sun, so far as Colorado is concerned. There has never been a report to any governor since, that fines for illegal killing of beaver do not represent a portion of the fines reported.

From 1912 to 1925 the coyote, in the opinion of the buyer, dealer and trader, was by long odds the greatest producer of pelts in Colorado, in dollars and cents value. The muskrat placed second and the skunk third. Perhaps mink and wildcat were even for the fourth and fifth places. Statistics are difficult because the fur trade was "open range" in those days, as in olden times. Few local or itinerant buyers kept ledgers. Each set his own market values for a community. Denver rapidly moved into first place as a receiving point and shipping center. St. Louis, Kansas City, Chicago, New York and Seattle still, however, received a greater percent of pelts taken and if one reviews the markets of the day, he finds one Denver dealer alone handling some 100,000

muskrat hides a year. The coyote, still defying civilization, produced 40% of the gross number of all pelts, and the demand was steady. Fox, marten and skunk were baled, and we find that again the Colorado fur trade was back in the million dollar bracket.

After World War I, demand for beaver pelts exceeded the supply. For a full ten-year period, the traffic in illegal beaver pelts as a news item was commonplace. The term "black market" or "hot hides" had not been coined. Rather, the "fur smuggler" or "hide runner" entered the fur trade and his success in establishing an off-color following of Colorado poachers was astounding. The ability to trap, make contacts and appraisals, deliveries and sales of these beaver pelts rose to a high degree of perfection, so that between 1920 and 1930, many game and fish administrations fell, principally because of their inability to cope with the poacher. State and national agencies were targets of resolutions from local, state and nationally known conservation organizations. Seizures of illicit shipments mounted through coordinated efforts of officers. Tens of thousands of dollars in fines and revenue through sale values of hides so seized were recovered in Colorado.

Reputable members of the fur trade praised the state in its effort to control this damaging competitive activity. Then all concerned realized that, while the beaver was receiving the lion's share of protection, all other types and kinds of fur-producing animals took a beating.

Surveys revealed that marten had disappeared to a low ebb, where they were formerly abundant. Irrigation canal and ditch protection took their toll of muskrats. Poultry interests were not in love with the skunks, and subsidized predator-control campaigns had reduced the volume of predatory animals to a long-time low ebb.

Then, shortly after the war, importation of a new regal member of the fur family, the silver fox, heralded the advent of fur farming or fur ranching. Volume production started right after 1930. It is admitted here that private experimental farms operated in Colorado shortly after the turn of the century.

Ranch-raised fox and mink are now a subject or angle of the fur trade that would fill volumes. Climatic conditions were not the lone requirement, however, to success; in fact, it seems to rate only 25% of the requirements. Genetics, diet, feeding, nutrition, sanitation and disease control seems to be far more important.

Genetics is a science unto itself, and silver fox and mink are no different from other animals. Yet from a humble beginning the fur trade received a new child. Both man and nature were partners for the first time. New horizons and new fields of research have resulted in Colorado's being the residence of some of the nation's most successful fur farmers.

Today there are some 280 to 300 farms in operation. Colorado claims outstanding platinum fox breeders, white-face fox, pearl platinum, and other crosses. In mink, seemingly ever in demand, we have the natural, as well as all of the mutations. The fur trade exhibits no blue, or silver-blue mink any finer than those of Colorado.

In 1937, however, a new system of game and fish administration came out of a twenty-year battle for change. It recognized that the fur trade and industry were setting the state to shame through their private initiative.

In 1939, an act concerning fur-bearing animals, and to provide for propagation, protection, restoration and increase of fur-bearing animals and to provide proper licensing of the trapper, fur dealer, and the creation of protective statutes, was passed by the assembly.

Prior to this act and its enforcement, 18% of Colorado pelts channeled into the fur trade were unprime, and sold at a discount--a disgrace, and reflection upon the people of any state.

Often at odds with certain federal agencies in some matters of management, let thanks, however, be given to federal aid in wildlife restoration and a vitalized state policy that set up live transplanting of beaver and a field survey of its fur resources.

Public and private interests demanded action, and no time was lost in rendering service to the fur trade, and industry. Field crews in 1939, 1940, and 1941, as a federal aid project, made detailed surveys. Men, whose weary miles and hours of effort will never be truly appreciated and recognized, actually on foot surveyed some 250 Colorado streams, and carefully charted their potential beaver population and values. What did the ghosts of yesteryears, of mountain men, and trappers think of this nose counting of beaver and charting of dams, ponds and food resources, alongside of where lay the cold ashes of camp fires and memories of empire building by explorers, scouts, and colonizers? May it please the gods to accept the late William Nemanic, gentleman, officer, and outstanding worker in this cause, to the inner circle of their councils.

In 1940 an exhaustive research was made of the raw fur crop on a statewide basis, exclusive of ranch-raised furs. In 63 counties, some 60,000 sets of figures were entered on field note books.

After reading and digesting this original, pioneer effort to evaluate the fur trade of today, the trader, trapper and conservationist changed a lot of ideas and opinions. Certainly people in various numbers in all 63 counties were enriched by the proceeds of the sales of raw furs. Contrary to popular belief, however, high altitude counties did not always produce the most or best of some types of skins.

Colorado's second largest fur producer, the muskrat, chose to put on his best clothes in the Platte river drainage in northeastern Colorado. The leather of the mountain rat was thin and papery. Colorado is not a state of vast marsh lands, so the production will always be limited. By comparison, Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey produced more and better muskrat hides. Startling, but true! Colorado simply does not have the abundance of feed and its long deep freeze periods retard mass production.

Members of the fur trade and figures available state that the fur trade in Colorado today is represented by two phases: wild production and ranch production. The state, with Denver its leading fur market and center, produces some 15,000 silver foxes and 12,000

mink annually. Here is barely less than one million dollars per year business turnover.

On a gross basis, the fur trade, through its entire traffic, represents over two million dollars per year, with Colorado wild-caught pelts averaging some 25% of the overall trade. Raw furs, channeled through Denver from other Western and northwestern states, are no small percent of tne fur trade.

Colorado as a manufacturing center? Well, there again all too frequently local products must leave home before returning. The 1947 estimated national production of mink, is approximately one million animals, or twenty million dollars revenue. Inasmuch as New York City, long ago, overshadowed the entire fur garment manufacturing business, Denver and Colorado are far from such classification.

Ninety-eight percent of all Colorado raw furs go direct to a manufacturing center. However, there are several custom and manufacturing furriers in Denver, and the state, but they buy less than one-tenth of one percent of the production of any type of western furs.

No manufacturing center? Here again the fur trade does not exemplify stagnation. It decided, through the efforts of a few leaders, to become a marketing center through the medium of becoming an auction center. In Denver and Colorado today, the fur trade has representatives of large New York and Chicago firms. Sales circulars bring attendance from coast to coast. The air age does not make for isolation. Two large fur auction firms are listed in Denver today.

Fur marketing and a full discussion of it are impossible in a short time. Let any person interested or intrigued by seeing a centuries-old fur trade in action, watch the grading, sorting, baling or lotting of skins. Fifteen years ago the greater share of beaver and other skins was poorly handled, improperly scraped and improperly stretched, following improper skinning. Professional handling has perhaps added to each hide's value from 25 cents to one dollar. This step meant thousand of additional dollars to Colorado trappers.

The people of Colorado have attended in spirit, five years of

auction sales in Denver through their game and fish department. They have marketed from April 30, 1942 to December 26, 1947 - 54,744 beaver, for a sale value of $1,313,371.45. They have pelted and sold 3975 other fur bearers through this agency for a sale value of $7656.96. Besides the first figure quoted, the "Royal Family" of the fur kingdom, the beaver, gave you over one ton of beaver castors for market, which brought you $12,036.50. Yes, Colorado citizens are members of the fur trade in five years to the amount of $1,333,074.24. Add to this, the fact that your salaried hunters, federal and state, have taken 160,876 pelts, furs, skins since 1915, and in addition thereto 10,508 pelts, furs and skins in 1947.

The curtain now falls fast. We are at the crossroads. The fur trade is bewildered. Silver fox production is expected to fall off more than a half in the coming year due to excessive operational costs and lack of demand. True, the chinchilla has come onto the stage and is now being successfully bred in Colorado, but it is a luxury item and hardly a life saver, since fifteen to thirty-five thousand dollar price tags on each coat seem to prevail.

A fur trade that has built fortunes and empires does not quit easily, and a new factor enters. The Colorado Cooperative Wildlife Research Unit joins the profession. Out of only three created in the last year, Colorado, because of its wildlife and raw fur resources, was chosen as a site. The U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, and the Colorado A. and M. College, along with the Colorado Game and Fish Commission, through this unit and its eminent leader in charge, Dr. Lee E. Yeager, are starting to open new fields.

Is not one of the first major projects an attempt to study the "black beaver"? At home in parts of Colorado, he has intrigued the pioneer and modern as to whether he is a sub-species or a color phase.

The pelt commands a premium. Why not, then, procure other of the black beaver from Minnesota, Alaska and Canada for experimentation? Such has been agreed to and 17,000 acres for a black beaver and fur-animal experiment farm set aside in Gunnison County on Game and Fish Department lands.

"Cooperative" is a word not altogether new to fur breeders and marketers, but was uncommon to the old days. Nearly every profession has its guilds and meeting halls where professional experiments and findings are discussed. But did you ever hear of a mountain man or trapper trading or offering trade secrets? There is no recorded instance of it. But modern fur trade groups of today may correct that lack of cooperation.

But what, you ask, is the "human angle" of the fur trade in Colorado? Here are some facts:

Fifty-two resident fur dealers, and six non-resident fur dealers are licensed by the state of Colorado. These six non-resident dealers represent some of the largest nationally known firms in the fur trade at New York and Chicago, as well as Utah and Iowa firms. These fifty-eight firms employ some 120 field representatives or buyers, office and field employees adding up to some 410 persons. Fur farms seem to mean employment for an average of five persons each, and some 1420 persons make up this group. Fur auction firms employ some 20 persons. State and federal agencies in Colorado give employment to about 100 persons directly connected with beaver and predatory animal control. Some 5000 Colorado and out-of-state persons buy trapper's licenses each year, and, custom furriers employ some fifty persons.

In all classifications, various and multiple categories, some 7000 Coloradoans are directly interested in our $1,000,000-a-year fur business. Today, as of old, not a few firesides are dependent upon and connected with the fur trade. May their fires never grow cold.

TRAIL DUST
FROM THE
DENVER CORRAL

RIDING HERD ON THE POSSE

Though still a bit shaky from three weeks' illness following his over-exertion in managing the Denver Stock Show, John T. Caine III attended last month's meeting.

Don Bloch, our able program chairman, had a story, "Tie-Hack's Last Stand," in the February issue of American Forests Magazine.

Rather belatedly, it is learned that Ed Bemis in 1947 founded The Founders Society of America.

Sheriff Art Carhart was one of the principal speakers at the National Wildlife Conference, St. Louis, on March 9. His subject: Western Public Lands. Another honor came to Art last month, when he was selected by the editors of American Legion Magazine to conduct a new outdoor department called "Life In the Open." And--yes, we're still talking about the same man -- he had an article, "The Indispensable Point," the story of fish hooks, in Sports Afield for March.

Corresponding Member Ray G. Colwell, of Colorado Springs, tells the story of highgrading in Colorado gold mines in the March issue of Rocky Mountain Life. Mighty interesting yarn. It's called "Scratching the Seam."

Ed Milligan recently delivered two illustrated lectures to students of Denver University. One was the "Evolution of the Book," before a class in printing; the

other was the "History of Early Denver," given before Dr. Mumey's class in Western history.

Herb Brayer, who said he "hadn't accomplished a darn thing last month," was speaker at the Denver chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution banquet, February 23. He also spoke before the January meeting of the Colorado Authors League.

Virgil Peterson, now in the life insurance business, reports that the 1946 Brand Book is selling well. Possemen and corresponding members may obtain copies by addressing him at 324 Railway Exchange Building, Denver. Price, $5.50. Limited to five copies.

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NEW MEMBERS

At the February meeting two members were added to the Denver Posse: Dr. Wilford W. Barber and Walter Gann.

Dr. Barber, who gave us that fine talk in January, "Doctoring In the Old West," is a well-known Denver pediatrician. Walter Gann is an inspector of the Union Pacific. A past president of the Colorado Authors League and former Texas cowhand, he also writes Western books.

Amigos, you know which way's the wagon.

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THE MARCH PROGRAM

Vaughn Mechau, who was scheduled to be our speaker last month but was called out of town, says he positively will appear for the March meeting. Westerner Vaughn will give us the interesting and little-known story of "Redstone on the Crystal River." It's the story of the first sociological experiment in Western industry and the Osgood-Rockefeller feud, salted with exciting bits of history of the old Colorado Coal and Iron Co., (predecessor of C.F. & I.).

Don't miss it, possemen!

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COMING IN APRIL

Although, as Program Chairman Don Bloch says, all programs scheduled are subject to change, we sincerely hope the April program will go through as scheduled. It's called "Laura Evans, Last of the Great Madames of the West," Ralph Carr will conduct the program. Will Laura be here in person? We'll tell you next month. Meantime, the line will kindly form on the right.

POSSEMAN FRED ROSENSTOCK'S BOOK REVIEW

> Facsimile Series of Guide Books to the Pike's Peak Gold Regions--as originally published in 1859--and now republished by Posseman Dr. Nolie Mumey, in a limited edition of 400 copies. These facsimiles will, when completed, total approximately 18 volumes, will be in various shapes, sizes, and bindings according to their originals, and will probably be two or three years in the course of reproduction; one guidebook at a time. Two of the Guidebooks in this series have already been published.

This is, in my opinion, one of the most important historical projects relating to Colorado history that could be undertaken. Dr. Mumey has long been interested in the gold-rush period of our state. Several years ago he wrote that fine history, "The Early Settlements of Denver," which covers the period of 1858 to 1860. This facsimile series will provide historians and others with exact reproductions of these famous guides that were published in various places in the United States in 1859 to aid and inform the emigrants to the gold fields. There were about 20 of these guidebooks published.. In the main, they were issued with promotional intent, by railroads and the like; but some were independent efforts by men who had come early to the gold region and who felt that their experience in the new gold country qualified them to write guide books that would provide emigrants with exact knowledge of which ever route the author recommended. Also, in some of the more comprehensive guide books, there would be an adequate description of the gold region proper, the location of the mines, bits of history and personal experience, practical suggestions on equipment needed; and, finally, these guide books usually contained ads by the railroads and outfitting firms which must have been avidly read by the eager emigrants of the time, and which, today, are still of great interest to the historical researcher and general reader.

Dr. Mumey's plan is faithfully to reproduce each individual guide book by first photographing the original, page by page. In finished form the facsimile will be a perfect reproduction of the original as to size, binding, and general format. First of the facsimile guidebooks in the series is the famous Parker & Huyett Guide. It has exactly the same sort of binding as the

original, the same lettering on the outside cover, the identical maps, illustrations, and advertisements-- and please note, a yellow page of ads in the original is a yellow page in the facsimile. The only addition to each guidebook will be an extra leaf--appended or, perhaps, just inserted--providing a set of valuable notes for that particular guide, giving history and special circumstances of origin, something about the author or sponsor, and pointing out special features as well as errors in the original. The notes for the Parker & Huyett reproduction are by our member Dr. LeRoy Hafen, a great authority on this phase of Western history. Dr. Hafen, I understand, will do the notes for some of the most important numbers in the series and, I believe, at the present time is preparing the notes for the reproduction of the famous "Horner" Guide.

No. 2 in the series is "Traveler's Guide to the New Gold Mines in Kansas and Nebraska with a description of the shortest and most direct Route from Chicago to Pike's Peak and Cherry Creek Gold Mines", 16 pages; wrappers; New York, 1859. This little guide-book was sponsored by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, and is extremely rare. I believe Dr. Mumey intends, as far as possible, to say how many known copies exist of the rare originals, and where they are. I might add here that several of these guides are so rare that only a single copy exists, and in terms of money value these originals today would fetch up to $5,000 for some of the rarest. The original Parker & Huyett, for example, would fetch about $1,000 to $1,500, according to condition. It happens that I possess a copy of the Parker & Huyett which is complete in all respects but for two lacking maps. For this I paid $600; and believe me, I was happy to have it, at that price. Each facsimile guidebook will be encased in a protective slip case.

I have dwelt on this series in such detail because, as I said before, it is of tremendous importance, not only as Colorado history, but as one of the major migration movements to the West spurred by the excitement and the lure of finding gold. Through the cooperation of the Colorado State Historical Society and the Western Department of the Denver Public Library in permitting reproduction of their rare originals, Dr. Mumey already has

published or has work in progress on eleven of the known twenty or so Pike's Peak guides. The other originals are scattered. There are several rare ones in the notable Coe Collection at Yale, and one or more at Harvard, the New York Historical Society, the Wisconsin Historical Society, the Library of Congress, etc. It is to be hoped that permission to reproduce for this series will be received from all owners, for so worthy a project. In closing, I wish to emphasize that this is strictly a non-profit project so far as Dr. Mumey is concerned. In fact, he will probably lose money--as that has been his experience on the first two items in the series already published.

Note--These first two Guidebooks are now available to Denver Westerners at Fred Rosenstock's Bargain Book Store, 406 15th St.

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A Note Book of the Old West, by W. H. Hutchinson (or, "Hutch," as he signs his name). Published by "Hutch" himself at his home at Cohasset Stage, Chico, California, about a month ago. Price, $1.50.

Here is a little gem of a book about which there won't be much fanfare in the usual ways of publishers' publicity. Yet, it is a group of true historical sketches on various men and events in the history of the Old West and, more particularly, the Southwest, that simply shine! The author has a style that is sprightly and scintillating. I predict a real future for him in his chosen medium of Western history with a punch. In this writer I can't help note the influence of his favorite literary godfather, Gene Rhodes. He writes much like Rhodes, and I want to say here, this same Mr. Hutchinson did a very notable book a year or so ago, one of those "labor of love" jobs. I am referring to a book called "Little World Waddies"--a collection of stories by Gene Rhodes hitherto unpublished in book form-- some of the best of that great writer; yet, because they originally appeared in magazines and publications of an obscure nature, they would have been lost to the world had it not been for Hutchinson's great regard for Rhodes and his desire to make these fine literary morsels available to the ever-growing Rhodes audience. Well, to get back to this new book by "Hutch," --"A Note Book of the Old West"--among other sketches here are some I enjoyed specially.

A story on the almost legendary figure of the fur trade, Jim Kirker, who was in St. Louis as early as 1817-- was with General Ashley on his expedition to the mountains in 1823, along with young Jim Bridger, Jedediah Smith, and Thomas Fitzpatrick. Not long ago my friend Fred Voelker, the Western historian of St. Louis, told me that "somebody ought to do Jim Kirker." Well, here is more about Jim Kirker than has ever appeared before, to my knowledge--and what a man! He had adventure enough to fill several lives, and lived on to go to California during the 1849 gold rush; in fact, he died in California about 1853. There is another fine story here on the "Hide Hunters"--those systematic exterminators of the buffalo--and one of the best accounts I have ever read of the famous 'Dobe Walls Fight in 1874, when a small group of hunters--but including such dead shots as Billy Dixon and Bat Masterson-- held off and stood their ground against a horde of Comanches and their allies led by the redoubtable chief, Quanah Parker. There is another fine chapter on Wild Bill Hickok. In fact, its mostly "good stuff," well told, and, as I said before, with a punch.

"Hutch" once lived in Denver, but left the place. He couldn't help himself much,--he was only six weeks old at the time. Here's what he tells me of himself in a recent letter: "You ask me about my connection with Colorado? For me, personally, it was accidental, as I had very little to say about my birthplace. My mother was a daughter of Harry Bryant, an attorney of Denver, kinsman of the Pattersons and Campbells of that city, founder of the Grand Lake Yacht Club. She was, also a granddaughter of Thomas Routt, onetime Governor, for whom Routt County was named, a personal political friend and cup-mate of U.S. Grant. It seems good to me to recall that Charley Siringo was employed by Harry Bryant's law firm from time to time. My father, James William Hutchinson, to whom "Waddies" is dedicated, was a great admirer of Gene Rhodes. This admiration and appreciation he passed on to me as a priceless and non-material legacy which I have tested and improved upon through the years. When the time came to strike a blow for liberty, I had some spare cash and 'Waddies' was the result."

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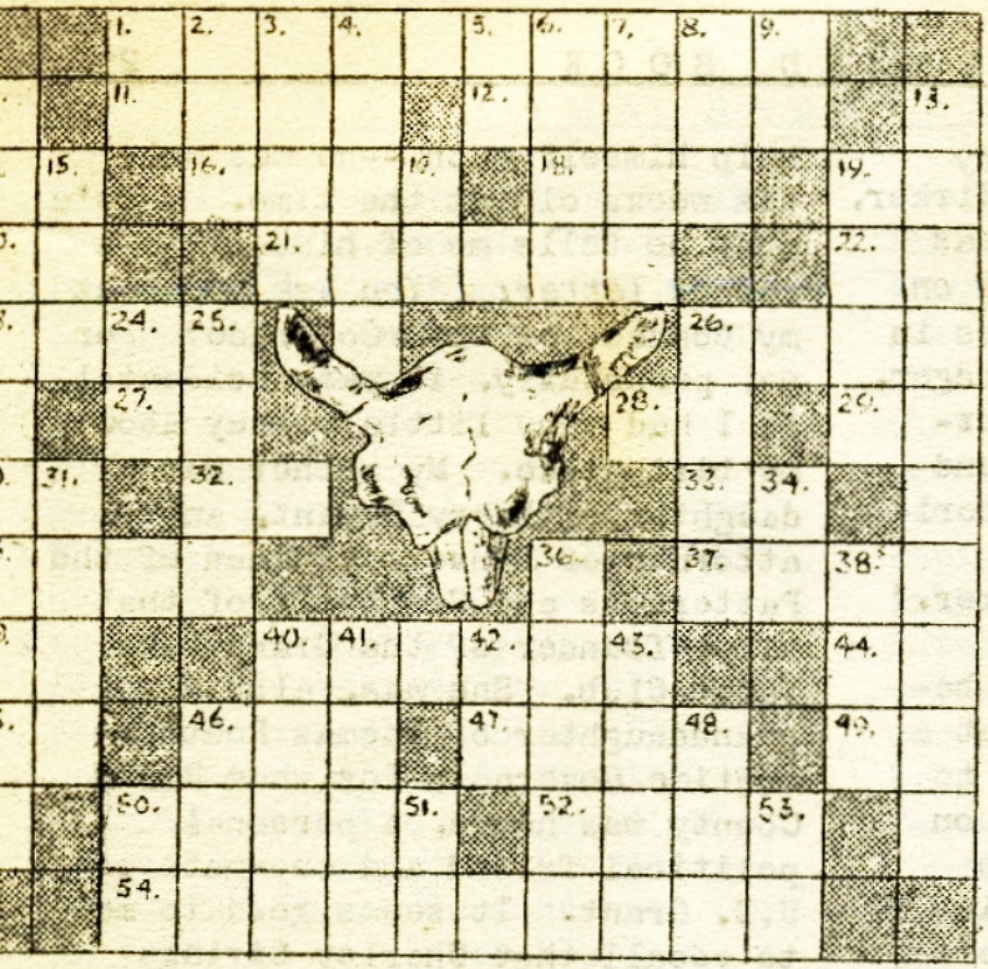


POSSEMEN'S PUZZLE

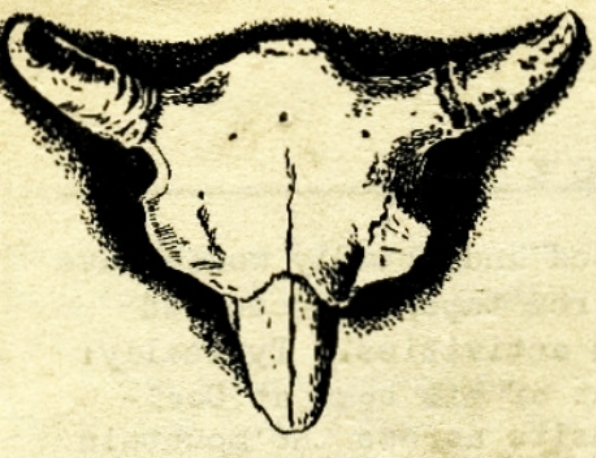
VERTICAL:

1. WHICH (ABBR.).
2. A LONG TIME.
3. A PAIR OF MULES DRIVEN TOGETH
4. ONE-TIME DENVER AFTERNOON CO PETITOR TO THE POST.
5. FIRST TWO INITIALS OF COLORA REPUBLICAN SENATOR, 1925-27.
6. NUMBER OF TERRITORIAL GOVERN COLORADO HAD AFTER JOHN ROUT
7. AT ANY TIME.
8. DAMNYANKEE SLANG WORD.
9. SYMBOL FOR TIN.
10. WHERE COSS' INDEPENDENT WAS SORED BY GOV. SHOUP.
13. A FAMOUS STAGE TEAM.
15. NICKNAME OF A SCOUT BORN IN SON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, IN 180
17. PUT IT IN FRONT OF "SAY" AND HAVE A WORD MEANING "TRY."
19. BEST-KNOWN NAME IN THE OLD W WAS THAT OF THE "JUDGE."
24. RAILROAD THAT BY-PASSED COLO VIA SOUTHERN WYOMING IN '62 (ABBR.).
25. HINDS AND HARTS.
26. ONE OF 7 COLORADO COUNTIES C ATED IN 1889.
31. NAME FIRST GIVEN ANCIENT STO POINTS BY DR. E.B. RENAUD IN 1932.
34. UNITED NATIONS (ABBR.).
36. GREEK LADY WITH PARISIAN IDEA
38. QUICK HISSING SOUND AS MADE B A PASSING BULLET.
40. WHAT MANY SOUGHT GOLD IN.
41. TO INCITE.
42. BROWNSTONE HIDEOUT ON DENVER' 17TH ST. (ABBR.).
43. OLDEST, MOST IMPORTANT TRIBE PUEBLO INDIANS.
46. WORD THAT USUALLY PRECEDES "WESTERNERS."
48. REPTILE FOREIGN TO THIS COUNT
50. INITIALS OF A SCOUT.
51. SYMBOL FOR IRON.
53. INITIALS FOR A UTAH TOWN.

HORIZONTAL:

- YOU'RE ONE OF 'EM.
- TRIBE RESIDENT IN NORTHEAST ARIZONA.
- FORMED BY INTERLACING THREADS, FILAMENTS, ETC.
- INITIALS OF A MAN WHO TRIED TO GET CARLISLE OUT OF PRISON.
- "HANDLE" (WESTERN SLANG NOUN).
- BEFORE '61, BOULDER WAS IN THIS STATE (ABBR.).
- FIRST TWO INITIALS OF BOULDER NOVELIST'S NAME.
- LONG ISLAND (ABBR.).
- ONE WHO ENCROACHED ON CATTLELAND.
- SECOND AND THIRD LETTERS IN THE NAME OF THE STATE.
- ONE DOWN AND FOUR UP IS THE GAME.
- HIS FIRST NAME WAS "SITTING".
- PRESIDING ELDER (ABBR.).
- CITY OF THE ANGELS (ABBR.).
- INITIALS OF A MARK TWAIN CHARACTER.
30. CITY OF 8,000,000 (ABBR.).
32. SIX OF THESE TO AN INCH. (SINGULAR).
33. IT OPENED ITS DOORS FIRST IN SEPT. 1877 (ABBR.).
35. FAMOUS COLORADO ETCHER.
37. HE KILLED GREENHORN IN 1779.
39. UNION MADE (ABBR.).
40. A YOUNG KNIGHT WITH ULIBARRI WHEN THE LATTER CLAIMED COLORADO IN 1706.
44. LAND OF HARPS (ABBR.).
45. RADIUM (ABBR.).
46. RECKONING; TALLY (NOUN SINGULAR).
47. WHAT THE "WESTERNERS" ORGANIZATION IS.
49. PORTUGAL (ABBR.).
50. HIGHEST IN RANK.
52. FIRST NAME OF THE AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF A THOUSAND YEAR PINE."
54. ADJECTIVE APPLIED TO STA OF COLORADO.

CONTRIBUTED BY WILLIAM J. BARKER, PUZZLE WADDY AND LOYA WESTERNER, WHO SWEARS THIS IS THE FIRST AND LAST CROSSWORD PUZZLE YOU'LL FIND IN THE 19 BRAND BOOKS.
ANSWERS NEXT MONTH.



The BRAND BOOK

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REDSTONE ON THE CRYSTAL

BY VAUGHN MECHAU

This paper is confined largely to that period of the life of John Cleveland Osgood when his success had reached its zenith.

It is incomplete because of the manner in which Osgood accomplished his desires. Without a complete and thorough audit of company books, lacking an intimate personal diary and a hold on his purse strings, there is considerable detail lacking. Even his widow, Mrs. Huntley MacDonald, and his brother, Charles, both living in Denver at the present time, are not sufficiently familiar with the vast activities and interests of J. C. Osgood to sift rumor, speculation and intimation from the absolute factual. Mrs. MacDonald was married to J. C. Osgood three years before his death, a good part of which time the tycoon suffered from the disease which cost his life. His brother traveled in an entirely different orbit and despite a close personal interest, he was not involved in either the financial or social activities that radiated from Redstone to Pueblo, Denver, New York City and London.

John Cleveland Osgood was typical of the industrialists later described by the coined phrase "rugged individualist." His actions were direct, controlled almost entirely by his own desires and abilities. All evidence points to a man of great mental and physical vigor.

Vaughn Mechau is a staff feature writer on The Denver Post.

Were he living today, John Cleveland Osgood undoubtedly would have been an unhappy and frustrated man. He hated red tape, he detested being thwarted and resented any control of his activities. Typically: One day while discussing the future development of his camp at Coal-basin and the opening up of the rich coal deposits across the mountain where a road might follow the McClure Pass trail, he was told by one of his Eastern friends that he'd never see the day when an automobile would reach the top of the hill. No more was said about the matter until the following afternoon. Calling his friends together, Osgood promised them an interesting trip. Some hours later, after driving as far along the chucky road as the early-day automobile would carry them, then mounting horses, Osgood's party approached the top of McClure Pass. There on the trail, crowded between the aspens was a model T Ford. The car had been dismantled and carried piece by piece up the trail and reassembled.

J. C. Osgood liked to be right and was deeply gratified when he could by his own power, personal and financial, accomplish that which had been considered impossible--a not uncommon attitude but a rare accomplishment.

Although Redstone was in the mind of Osgood from the year 1800, the period of time at the beginning of the new century is of most concern. That was a period of industrial expansion.

In 1893-94 with the growing expansion, came strikes of the most serious nature. The most spectacular development was in Cripple Creek, then a comparatively new camp.

The mine owners brought in any army of gunmen. The miners threw up intrenchments on Bull Hill. Gov. Davis H. Waite, a Populist, sent in the militia to save the miners and restore industrial peace.

A group of vigilantes, organized by mine owners invaded the Antlers Hotel in the heart of Colorado Springs and seized T. J. Tarnsey, adjutant general of the state militia, and smeared him with a coat of tar and feathers.

This grevious assault on a high official of the state, who was

performing a duty assigned him by the chief executive, was never punished. There was hardly a murmur of protest.

Ten years later, in 1903-04, Colorado had another convulsion. This time Gov. James H. Peabody, a Republican from Pueblo, was in the statehouse and Sherman Bell, wearing what was reported to be a $1000 uniform, commanded the state militia. All of the mining camps were tied up by strikes. The governor placed the militia at the disposal of the mine owners. Miners were rounded up, loaded into box cars, taken to the borders of Kansas or New Mexico, dumped out and after a volley had been fired over their heads warned never to return to the state.

It was during this period that the dream of Redstone, an experiment in human relations, became a reality.

Redstone, the ideal village for the worker, and Cleveholm, Osgood's baronial mansion, were born in the man's mind in 1880. As manager of the White Breast coal company of Iowa, Osgood left the town of Burlington early that year to scout Western Colorado for coal deposits for the Burlington railroad. His search led him from Glenwood Springs, up the Roaring Fork to promising spots in Sunlight Basin, at Marion; and beyond Carbondale following the Crystal river he switched off at Coal Creek. There he found vast high grade coking coal deposits.

Resting at a way-station between Carbondale and the new quarry town of Marble, Osgood was deeply moved by the grandeur of the country. With massive Chair Mountain shutting off the south end of the valley and Mount Sopris marking its beginning on the north, Osgood studied the heavily wooded slopes and the lush, knee high grass of the valley floor.

Just as surely as the conviction came to Brigham Young in 1848 as he gazed upon the Uintah basin that "this is the place," so was Osgood convinced that he was looking upon the site of his future home.

His first step in the direction of Redstone was to leave Iowa two years later and establish an office in Pueblo. He was 31 years old at the time.

Had John Cleveland Osgood been another type of man he probably

would never have left Burlington, Iowa. He had reached the ordinarily comfortable position of cashier of the First National Bank and his future offered both comfort and security. Indeed, considering his humble beginning, he might readily have been considered a success in life, even at that time.

Biographically, John Cleveland Osgood, the son of Samuel Warburton and Mary Hill Osgood, was born in Brooklyn, March 6, 1851. He was left an orphan at the age of nine and spent his boyhood with relatives, for the most time at Litchfield, Conn. He attended school in Brooklyn, at the Friends Boarding school, Providence, R.I., and public school at Davenport, Iowa. He was reared in the Quaker faith. Behind him was a long line of early colonial and revolutionary Americans. One of his predecessors having founded the town of Andover, Mass., in 1627. On the Cleveland side of his family, his ancestors had settled Salisbury and Thompson, in the same state. Daniel Larned, his great-grandfather was a brigadier general in the Continental army. Samuel Osgood, paternal great-grandfather, was one of the three commissioners of the treasury during the revolutionary war and served as a colonial post-master. His great-uncle, Gen. Moses Cleveland, was founder of the city of Cleveland, Ohio.

John Cleveland Osgood's schooling was cut short by the pressure of earning a livelihood. His first job earned him $1.50 a month as an errand boy in a manufacturer's office. He soon moved into a clerkship for the commission firm of William H. Ladd of New York City. Bookkeeping fascinated young Osgood and he soon enrolled for a formal course of study at the Peter Cooper Institute.

Recommended for a position of bookkeeper for the Union Coal Company of Ottumwa, Iowa, young Osgood, then nineteen, left New York. His decision was influenced by the opinion of a fellow-worker, A. D. Moss, who was to be a life-long friend and intimate of the then aspiring young bookkeeper.

Osgood moved from his high, hard bookkeeper's stool to the cashier's window of the First National Bank at Burlington. At the bank, the impressionable young man became more aware of the monthly bank balances of coal companies than with his bank's debit and credit

columns. From there his interests branched out to the business of the White Breast Coal Company of Iowa and Illinois.

Now familiar with both coal and banking operations, Osgood was prepared to venture out on his own. His scouting trip for the Burlington railroad had been profitable both for the company and for himself. Osgood was not one to stumble accidently upon opportunity. He made his opportunities based on valuable potential resources and his own ability to envision future needs of a swiftly developing company.

Plunging into coal and industrial development, Osgood threw enthusiasm into his new life. From his tiny office, with space only for himself and a one-man staff, his influence was soon felt in Colorado mining, industrial and financial groups. Handling his own financial problems, he reached out into Las Animas and Huerfano counties selecting the best of mining properties. He extended himself across the mountains to Garfield, Pitkin and Gunnison counties.

Osgood was established when he maneuvered the consolidation of the interests of the Colorado Coal and Iron Company and the Colorado Fuel Co. in 1887. But despite his adroit manipulations and his ability to create a meeting of minds, other company officials and directors did not entirely see eye-to-eye with him. At heart, Osgood was emotional and idealistic.

The run-down, filthy and squalid camps of coal miners in the East, particularly in Pennsylvania, Iowa, Ohio and Illinois were not for John Cleveland Osgood. Personally fastidious, Osgood was charged with wanting to build the ideal mining community at Redstone only because his own mansion was to adjoin the working operations. This may have been true to a degree, however, schools, clubs, and facilities for the miners when they were away from the bowels of the earth existed in every other camp controlled by Osgood.

In Pueblo, Osgood met Dr. R. W. Corwin, chief surgeon of the Colorado Coal and Iron Company, who had organized some facilities for treating the injuries and illnesses of company employes. It was a happy coincidence because Dr. Corwin was not only an advanced sociological thinker of his time but combined a practical approach for

Osgood's generosities.

Dr. Corwin, too, had visions of his own revolving around new medical techniques and care of patients. When his "dream" materialized as Minnequa hospital at the turn of the century, innovations were made that are not to be found even today in many so-called modern hospitals. Low and rambling in the Spanish style of architecture, Minnequa hospital--later named in honor of Dr. Corwin--had no stairways. Instead ramps were built in order that patients could be moved by wheelchair or hospital stretchers from one level to another. The operating room was lined with sheet lead to avoid reflected light and for more complete sterilization. Live steam was shot into the operating room following operations to kill contaminating germs. Black linen was used in the operating room in order that swabs, instruments and operating details would stand out clearly. Bright curtains, pictures and magazines in every room formed a part of the convalescence of patients.

It was with this sort of assistance that John Cleveland Osgood worked toward his goal at Redstone.

With first things coming first, Osgood developed Coalbasin, the source of coal that was to be coked at Redstone--thus justifying construction of the village and his home. Coke then was to be shipped to Pueblo for use in making iron and steel. His next step was to run a railroad line from Carbondale to the operations. Connecting with the Denver and Rio Grande at Carbondale, the company completed more than 20.44 miles of standard gauge track to Placita, a few miles beyond the site of Redstone by Sept. 28, 1899. The narrow gauge, or highline, running from Redstone, twelve miles west by north to Coalbasin, was completed in November, 1900.

The driving desire of Osgood to overcome difficulties is illustrated in the construction of the highline railroad. A train of thirteen cars was able to straighten out only once between Coalbasin and Redstone and then only for a moment. A 4.4 percent grade with a maximum curvature of 40 degrees was necessary in ascending the 2,242 feet in the 12 miles of line.

With the railroad reaching Redstone, construction was speeded on

facilities for the model mining community.

Despite his wish to build the new community as rapidly as possible, business developments rudely jarred him. Osgood's attention was drawn to Denver where an anxious board of directors intimated that matters would be better for them all if he spent more time holding tight rein on control of the company. With construction moving ahead, the new financial leader was spending more and more time seeing that all went well at Redstone.

It was at this time that Osgood's activities were creating national interest. He had met and defeated John W. "Bet-a-Million" Gates, Wall street plunger and speculator, who earlier had attempted to gain control of the C.F. & I. for U. S. Steel. A ruling by the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals in Denver, however, was in Osgood's favor.

The New York Times on September 7, 1902, took cognizance of Osgood in the following manner:

"Within the past ten days the sharp eyes of Wall street have been raised for a few moments to contemplate a new figure in the world of control, in the person of J. C. Osgood of Redstone, Colorado, who enjoys the proud distinction of having whipped the celebrated Chicago plunger, John W. Gates, in a desperate battle for control of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company."

The battle was not to stop here, however. On November 14, 1902, George Gould, Edwin Hawley and E. H. Harriman made their attempt to win controlling interest of the company. In circulars requesting proxies of stockholders, the trio wrote: "If you have not already arranged to be represented at the substitute annual meeting of the Colorado Fuel & Iron company in Denver on December 10 and are willing to intrust the representation of your interests at the meeting to the undersigned, will you please execute the inclosed form of proxy."

Denverites were shocked by the move particularly because no statement had been made as to what grounds justified such a request. Gould, Hawley and Harriman had continually reiterated that the relations between the contestants were "most friendly."

Finally a statement was made by Osgood's office. Coming directly to the point, Osgood said:

"Should they obtain control, it puts their railroads in a position to name not only the freight tariffs of the company but confers upon them the power to put the price on the products themselves. This, we believe, would not be satisfactory to other interests of the company, especially to the roads in control which could not otherwise result except in harm."

Editorializing in its news story, the Denver Times continued: "The prospect of the present management being ousted was one of the prime causes for the bitter feeling the public held toward the Gates party during the recent contest and the present situation is therefore more acceptable to the people of the state, who want to see Mr. Osgood and his associates receive the recognition they deserve for building up the company."

Until that time Osgood had been safe and secure in his own domain. Having financed his own operations, he held total power. But when demands exceeded supply, it was necessary to extend his operations. Extension meant more capital and consequently the selling of shares. Reaching beyond his own tight holdings, Osgood laid himself open not only to individual competition but finally to organized opposition.

Rockefeller money backed Osgood against Gates and Gould. Finally, when the opposition consolidated to overthrow Osgood, Rockefeller moved in, taking control of the Colorado Fuel and Iron company. On June 24, 1903, Rockefeller urged Osgood to continue as chairman of the board. Osgood declined and walked away from the thing he had created with his own hands and brain.

Osgood still controlled vast holdings in Colorado and Wyoming and never for an instant did his grip loosen on Redstone. He soon organized the Victor American Fuel company but his efforts were concentrated on the fulfillment of his dream at Redstone.

Construction at Redstone had continued despite the cost of his time and interest in fighting his opposition. Apparently there never

was a time during his battles on Wall street, that Redstone was entirely out of his mind.

Camp and Plant, published by the sociological department of the Colorado Fuel & Iron company and edited by Lawrence Lewis, later Denver's long-time congressman, continued its paragraphic progress of the Crystal river valley community.

Boal and Harnois, New York architects, were retained to draw the plans for the mansion. Italian and Austrian stone masons were rushed from Pueblo to quarry red sandstone for the larger buildings and the mansion. Mr. Scheier, proprietor of Hofstetter's furniture company in New York--the firm that had decorated the White House--selected the rich and costly comforts for the home.

In line with his thinking that a working man deserved more than simply earning a living in the black and dangerous depths of a mine pit or in a steel plant, Osgood had constructed recreation centers for his workers.

Taking his inspiration from Hollywood Inn at Yonkers, N.Y., a model for working men's clubs, Osgood planned the Redstone club house. In the basement there were showers for the workmen. On their way home from the coke ovens, the men went into the building, pulled off grime encrusted work clothes, showered and emerged shining clean and fit to enter their immaculate model homes. The club building included a library and reading room, a bar, billiard and pool room and on the top floor an auditorium and stage-- popularly known as the opera house.

The workers occupied 87 cottages in a park-like community. Each house was different--even to the bright paint covering it. Each had a lawn, a small garden plot and a cow, kept in a community barn. Opposite the town and across the clear Crystal river was an agricultural development where the workers might engage in larger scale gardening. Even at that altitude-- 7,200 feet -- experiments were made with fruit trees. Redstone-grown potatoes were famous and brought top prices.

Activities of the sociological department of the Colorado Fuel & Iron company began in 1901 and although they were a part of every

company community, they reached their epitome at Redstone. This community held an advantage over other camps because it was the last to be built. There is little doubt that company funds were laid on with a more generous hand simply because the Osgood mansion adjoined the community. But, it is also evident that the Crystal river valley offered more as a pleasant place to live than did the majority of the camps.

At Redstone, management itself enjoyed benefits as well. Osgood built Big Horn lodge, a handsome Swiss chalet type of building as a meeting place for his board of directors. Special sterling silver flatware, bearing the Big Horn crest in filagree, the finest linens and appointments furnished the great lodge high above the valley. It has been reliably reported that the lodge was used only once by the board of directors, the fumes from the coke ovens in the valley below making the fine building untenable.

By 1902--before Rockefeller took the company over--the sociological department of the C.F. & I. had earned such a wide reputation, the following was reported by the publication, American Medicine:

"The sociological department of the Colorado Fuel & Iron company is something unique in the history of the world and as interesting as it is exceptional. It is under the charge of a colleague, Dr. R. W. Corwin of Pueblo, Colorado. His report for 1901-02 lies before us and every physician and philanthropist should read it.

"The people dealt with are of 32 nationalities, speaking at least 27 distinct languages. There are 38 mining and coke camps, rolling mills and plants owned by the company and scattered over Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico, the extremes being 1,000 miles apart. We read of race jealousies and other disturbances culminating in battles on the hospital lawns by the convalescent patients hurling canes and crutches at each other. To improve the morale, educational and physical conditions of their people by all the systematic and organized agencies in their power is the object of the company. The difficulties seem enormous, the results wonderfully encouraging.

"There is no foolish sentimentalism or fanaticism in this noble work, and a proof is the establishment of clubs where it has been

found that the sale of pure liquor at one-half the usual price for bad, and beer and wine at greatly reduced prices, with the rule that there is to be "no treating," has almost eliminated drunkenness. Gambling has also been almost extinguished by the rule limiting the stakes in poker and other games to a nominal sum.

"We learn of the breaking up of a fight by a worker from 'Harmony Hall,' boys learning cooking, night schools, gymnasiums, traveling libraries, reading rooms, lectures, circulating art collections, public schools, free school books, summer social work, kindergartens--no end of means caught up to benefit young and old. Where but America could such things be? And medicine everywhere. There are lectures on health and all sorts of medical and sanitation subjects fitted for the audience. There is a hospital department with its local surgeon at every camp, emergency branch hospitals and dispensaries. Dr. Corwin should be the 'happiest man in three states'", the article concludes.

The company was earning a reputation for which Osgood could justly be proud. At Redstone, he kept all human relations under close scrutiny. During the early days of the community, he lived in the farm cottage. Nearby was the farm house for the supervisor who worked the land, and scattered about were eighteen other buildings including barns, duck and chicken houses, hog and sheep shelters, each carrying out the distinctive local architecture.

The mansion, known as Cleveholm, was the last structure to be built. It was approached from gate houses at either side; the Crystal river curved gracefully at the front and the mountain slope rose abruptly behind it. For the time and the place, it was a fabulous home.

Fine carriages and broughams circled behind the house into the cobbled courtyard where horses could slake their thirst from a lion's head fountain pouring out a stream of cold mountain water.

The horses themselves were stabled in an immaculately cared-for building, the harness being kept in glass-domed cases.

Even in those early times and in that remote mountain valley, running water and electric lights were a part of the everyday conveniences.

The village boasted its own hydro-electric power plant. Two reservoirs high above the village provided water, piped to all the homes from cast iron water mains.

Redstone became the show place of the valley.

The big clock on the tower of the village inn began tolling the quarter hour on Nov. second, 1902 and for nearly ten years Redstone lived as John Cleveland Osgood desired.

To tell the story of a model community trying hard at living a model life, a few quotations from Camp and Plant tell of the progress.

From the January, 1903, issue:

"The minstrel show at the opera house on Saturday night was a distinct success. The singing of Messrs. Heffern, Ross, Halloway, Fieler and Bolton was particularly pleasing. The jokes by the endmen, Tucker, Ross, Bolton and Beaman, were good, barring one personality that jarred on the audiences. Jimmie Gardiner's sand dancing and Earl Tucker's wing dancing brought down the house. T. M. Gibb, superintendent, has come out in a new role and we must say that his initial appearance as musical director and solo singer has been a success."

In another place, the publication relates the minute details of a Christmas party, then concludes:

"There were dolls and cradles and beds and cabs for them, bureaus, watches and skates and snow shoes; work boxes and baskets--it is impossible to catalogue all the beautiful and valuable things that were distributed. Many of these will be treasured throughout life by the recipients, as mementos of the gracious donor, whose chief delight is in making people happy."

Much of the kindness and generosity of Osgood is credited to his second wife, his mate while Redstone was in construction, who apparently was satisfied to remain obscured in the shadow of her husband's fame.

Camp and Plant, however, makes many references to her in its notes. For instance:

"Mrs. J. C. Osgood's servant, Miss Emilia Benson was stricken with apoplexy about two weeks ago, and was last week taken to the hospital in Pueblo. Mrs. Osgood, with that beautiful sympathy for the distress and suffering of others that has always characterized her, accompanied Miss Emilia to Pueblo."

The workers were not unaware of what the Osgoods were doing in their behalf.

"Some beautiful pieces of furniture," the publication's correspondent recounted, "besides wall and mantel decorations, were received at the Redstone school last week. Our teachers and pupils are favored as few in the land are in having such an elegantly appointed school. Even a look through the school is highly educational and refining. Children and young people should show their gratitude in the way most pleasing to their generous patron, namely, by taking advantage of their privileges and improving themselves to the utmost."

At Redstone, even the appetite level was in for an uplift. A Pueblo domestic science teacher was sent to the new camp to "demonstrate the fine art and science of cooking." The menu and her instructions for preparing the food, covered such specialties as light biscuits, salmon croquettes with tomato sauce, croustardes, tomato bisque and Dutch apple cake.

Company sponsored activities were not the only cultural or recreational activities held in the top-floor opera of the community club house. To balance the culture--with a capital C--such as lectures by Dr. Corwin on "Art of Egypt," and by Prof. J. F. Keating on simply, "Art," Redstone residents were occasionally treated to such thrillers as the play, "Rio Grande, or the Castillian's Revenge," presented by a troupe of eleven professional performers from Glenwood Springs.

Redstone represented an investment variously estimated up to $3,000,000. It is doubtful if a correct figure could be set. One reference is made to Cleveholm costing $50,000, not including the

furnishings which were said to have cost another $200,000. Certainly no expense was spared in building the model community or Cleveholm. Since Redstone was remote from any fresh flower market, a huge greenhouse, with gracefully curved glass was erected near Cleveholm. Glaziers were brought all the way from New Jersey simply to erect what appeared to the natives as a glass castle.

With the reoccurrence of labor troubles that later led to the brutal Ludlow massacre, Osgood withdrew more and more from active participation in the coal business. Although he kept in touch with activities, he traveled to New York, London and to the famous resorts of the continent. While in England, he rented the entire estate of Bulwer Lytton and entertained in spectacular style--as only a wealthy American industrialist of the time might do. Redstone was forever in his mind, however, and objects of art, fine paintings and rare editions were constantly being shipped to Cleveholm.

Several reasons are credited with the abandonment of Redstone. Among them, differences between Osgood and the Colorado Fuel & Iron company, economically unsound operations, and the piping of natural gas from the southern fields to the Pueblo plant.

Osgood closed his fine home about 1913. The village was deserted and the model community fell into sharp decline.

Only John Kinney stayed on, guarding the property with a jealous hand. In the meantime Osgood traveled; his wife, the "Lady Bountiful," died, and a great restlessness filled him.

It was not until 1925 that Osgood returned to Redstone. Already stricken with cancer, he had undergone an abdominal operation in Denver, and while recuperating wanted to reopen his forty-room mansion on the Crystal.

John Cleveland Osgood died at Cleveholm, January 4, 1926. At one time considered one of the nation's six leading industrialists, he had lost stature on leaving the C.F. & I., but he still was a wealthy man at the time of his death.

Dying childless, he left the bulk of his estate to his widow, whom he had married three years before. She was the only legal heir to his interest in the Victor American Fuel company, the Colorado Security company, the Minnequa and Redstone Townsite companies, the Colorado and Southeastern railroad and real estate holdings in New York and Chicago. The estate was said to have been valued at $4,000,000.

Since the death of Osgood, several attempts have been made to revive Redstone. Cottages have been sold as summer homes; the club house and one gatehouse sold for scrap materials, the other gatehouse having burned. The Big Horn Lodge, costing thousands to build and more to furnish sold for scrap at $600, its expertly cut stones now serving another generation for walls and fireplaces in Glenwood Springs.

A portion of the greenhouse now stands just west of the Glenwood city limits, while the vast Colorado Supply company store hardly brought enough money to pay for the scrapping. Both the Redstone Inn and Cleveholm have twice been sold and are now open to summer tourists.

The first time the mansion was sold was in 1940 when it brought the sum of $20,000. By a wartime quirk, its second sale, two years ago, brought a reported $85,000.

Unknown phases of Osgood's character were not learned until after his death. People who were expected to have known him well learned they knew him only superficially.

Others who, it was believed, might have known him only casually, had been the recipients of his generosity. Even members of his family knew nothing of finances he had advanced for the college education of workers' sons, or of aid given to former business associates.

Despite an orderly mind that grasped and totaled figures with the accuracy of an adding machine, much of his activity was strictly off the cuff without advice or explanation from anyone.

His opinions were not chronicled in the press; he was not a public speaker. Even at his death he was so little known by the general public that many believed him to have been an Englishman, rather than

a native, Brooklyn-born American.

From all the evidence available, he lavished deep affection on both people and things he loved--and greatest of the things he loved as Redstone on the Crystal. In 1880, John Cleveland Osgood found the place he wanted for his home. An extravagant venture, costing him in time taken from other profitable pursuits, it was the one object closest to his heart--a place for workers to live decently and the gratification of personal ambition.

The ashes of John Cleveland Osgood were scattered in the valley of his home.

TRAIL DUST FROM THE DENVER CORRAL

THE APRIL PROGRAM

Four seekers after certain truths about the oldest profession went after it first-hand recently, in a pilgrimage to Salida, Colorado. The results of their research will be presented in the paper by Ralph Carr, for the April program. Its title: Laura Evans, Last of the Great Madames of the Old West.

(Editor's note -- One of the pilgrims, Program Chairman Don Bloch, came back with a black eye. As to its cause, Don is reticent.)

RANGE RIDERS' TALLY BOOK

Corresponding Member Lloyd Shaw of Colorado Springs and his troupe of Cheyenne Mountain square dancers opened their annual tour last month with a performance in Denver. Mr. Shaw is founder of the renascence of square dancing in America.

Art Carhart, Great Seizer of the Denver Posse, spoke before the annual meeting of the National Izaak Walton League in Chicago, April 9.

Roundup Foreman Paul Harrison was a guest of Corresponding Members Ray Colwell and Carl Mathews at the March meeting of the Colorado Springs Ghost Town Club. Carl Mathews spoke on Colorado ghost towns.

A showing of hands at the March meeting revealed the sober truth that only two members had solved the Westerners crossword puzzle in the February Brand Book. And this, says Puzzle Waddy Bill Barker, is all he wants to know. How about you Corresponding Members? Did you work it?

There are a few copies of the 1946 Brand Book yet available. For a copy, send $5.50 to Virgil Peterson, 1907 Clermont Street, Denver, Colorado.

Attention, Corresponding Members: Send your news items for publication in the monthly Brand Book to Dabney Collins, 5315 Montview Blvd., Denver, Colorado.

Orchids to the Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners for publication of their magnificent Brand Book, which is enthusiastically reviewed in this issue. Robert J. Woods, Registrar of Marks and Brands, and contributors, have to their credit a work of enduring interest to students of the West.

Jack Rollinson, member of the Los Angeles Corral, author of "Pony Trails of Wyoming" and "Wyoming Cattle Trails", and one-time U.S. Forest Ranger, died at his home in Altadena, California, March 2. He was 63.

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POSSEMAN ROSENSTOCK'S BOOK NOTES

THE WESTERNERS' BRAND BOOK
LOS ANGELES CORRAL.
Limited to 600 copies. $6.00.

Here is a delightful surprise, from the artistic as well as scholarly viewpoint. In addition to a fine group of papers given at the Corral during its first year, there are several highly interesting contributory articles, notably a series of newspaper stories written on the spot in the wildest days of the 1881-82 period in Arizona, and then transmitted by special wire to the Los Angeles Times. I enjoyed these newsstories as much as anything I have read in recent times. One gets a vivid picture of Tombstone, the Earp brothers, and many others, in a blood-red panorama of the Old Southwest. I wish I could deal at greater length with the many fine

features of this book. The illustrations are supreme, the typography excellent; there is an adequate bibliography in support of the principal articles, and a good index. The Los Angeles Corral has my sympathy in one respect. They have a job cut out for them on their next Brand Book. Their start is in such high-gear, they'll have to "go some" to keep up.

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SAGEBRUSH DENTIST,

By Will Frackelton and Herman Seely. Trail's End Publishing Co., Pasadena, $3.00.

To H. E. Britzman, who runs the Trail's End Publishing Company in Pasadena, is due a great big "Thank You" for making again available this sprightly, homey and absorbing record of life in Wyoming -- particularly the period of the nineties, just following the famous Johnson County War. Told by himself, in an inimitable way, this is the story of Will Frackelton, of Milwaukee, a young graduate from dental college, who comes to the wild and sparse West and lands in Sundance, Wyoming in 1893. He had done a little boxing as a student, and it served him in good stead at Sundance, for he achieved popularity at once by knocking out the town's so-called champion. There follows a chain of events that make for the finest reading imaginable. Frackelton soon moves to Sheridan, and loves the place. He takes on a partner, an optician, and when "dentical" business slows in Sheridan, which seems to be often, they go on "tour" to many remote parts of the state and split the proceeds. There was some mighty good dentistry done, too, considering "improvisations" and such. On the road, if he didn't find a barber chair, then any old chair would do, or even a braced or "set" rocker. There are interesting first-hand observations of Bill Cody, Frank Grouard, Calamity Jane, and many other frontier characters whom the author knew well; and, for me an unforgettable story, is the one about how he set two diamonds in the front teeth of the famous lady gambler, Poker Nell. In 1897, Frackelton got the Yukon gold fever, and went to Skagway when that place had its heyday, and there, among many others, he met Jake Kilrain, the former heavyweight fighter, and Denver's Soapy Smith, who, at the time of Frackelton's arrival, was leader of a band of about sixty desperados. Frackelton came back to Sheridan and resumed his practice-- a practice of nearly 50 years, in Wyoming. To get back to the beginning of this review, I said H. E. Britzman,

the publisher, deserves credit for bringing the book out again. It was first published in 1941 by a publisher who must have been a little cautious, as evidenced by the small edition. A few years later, there was a reprint, and again there was an unreasonable cautiousness, as this edition, too, quickly went out of print. In the meantime, the Sagebrush Dentist passed on to his heavenly reward, and Mr. Britzman, undoubtedly recognizing the charm and sustained perennial character of the book, has brought it out in the present form, with the addition of a couple of wonderful new chapters which have been provided by Frackelton's brother-in-law, Herman Seely. One of these deals with the famous Bill Cody divorce trial at Sheridan in 1905--when the great showman sued his wife Louisa for divorce after 35 years of married life, on the charge that she tried to poison him. Mrs. Cody had a good lawyer, and the "great man" was as putty in his hands. The verbal pearls that came from Cody's mouth during that trial are classical gems of a sort. Even Dickens couldn't have improved on such goings on, with the great Western hero on the stand. Mr. Britzman had given me permission to quote from this chapter if I wished, --but it would be unfair to the Westerners to give but a little of it in my allotted space. All or nothing is the recipe here! The finest $3.00 worth of reading entertainment that can be imagined.

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BROTHER VAN,

By Alson Jesse Smith. Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, 1948. $2.50.

Every Western state has its favorite pioneers. Colorado has its Senator Tabor, its William N. Byers, its Father Dyer, its Kit Carson; Wyoming, its Jim Bridger and its Jim Baker -- but in Montana the name of "Brother Van" is truly famous, for he was practically its patron saint, a dynamic personality for good, and whose 40 years in Montana paralleled its evolution from gold-mad territorial days down through World War I.

William Wesley Van Orsdel, a native of Gettysburg, Penna. heeded the call and, as a young Methodist preacher of 25, arrived at Fort Benton after a boat trip up the Missouri in the steamer Far West. There were only a half dozen preachers in the entire great Territory, and among his companions, with whom he often "teamed" on the circuit, were the Rev. Francis Asbury Riggin and the

Rev. Thomas Iliff. Soon Brother Van was appointed to Virginia City which, with Bannack and Salmon City, Idaho, comprised the Beaverhead and Jefferson District circuit--then the toughest, gold-crazed group of towns to be found anywhere in the country. How Brother Van got along, preaching God's Word and at the same time being "one of the boys", is another one of those great pioneer sagas that form the framework of our heritage of the Old West. He preached the first Protestant sermon in Yellowstone Park in 1874. Brother Van was at Bannack during the anxious days following the Battle of the Big Hole, when the Nez Perce, under their great Chief Joseph, had defeated General Gibbon and were free, had they so chosen, to attack and massacre the settlement at Bannack. It makes thrilling reading. His home, during his later life, was at Great Falls, where his influence and good deeds made him one of the state's most beloved men. Charles M. Russell, the great Montana artist, was his life-long friend and one of the pallbearers at his funeral in 1919. Russell has immortalized Brother Van by two famous pictures--one of Brother Van preaching in a saloon at Fort Benton in his first Montana days, and another of Brother Van shooting buffalo.

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Saludos, amigos -- old and new! We swing wide the gate of welcome, with the sincere hope that you will enjoy your corresponding membership in The Westerners as much as we will enjoy having you in our brand. Our common bond of interest in the West That Was will draw us ever closer.

It is with deep pride that we publish the names of our Corresponding Members. Among them are editors, authors, artists, historians, collectors of Western Americana, archaeologists. Their interests are as wide and colorful as a Western horizon: ghost towns, narrow gauge railroads, mining, fur trade, pioneer newspapers and theaters, photography, vigilantes, Plains Indians and soldiers, fiestas, cattle trails.

Some of these men and women have achieved fame, others are noted in their professions, all are possessed of a deep and abiding interest in the history of the West and in the people who made the West. We are honored to have you join our corral.

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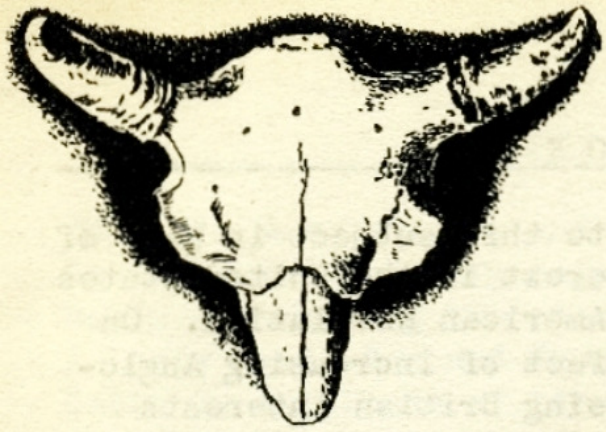

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THE INFLUENCE OF BRITISH CAPITAL ON THE WESTERN RANGE CATTLE INDUSTRY*

BY HERBERT O. BRAYER

It is our purpose in this paper to briefly sketch one heretofore ignored facet in American Economic history: the influence of British capital, knowledge, and livestock in the growth, development and eventual decline of the Western Range Cattle Industry during that colorful, though all too frequently disastrous, period following the American Civil War to the closing of the public domain at the turn of the century. Although the locale of this story would seem to confine its interest and importance largely to the West, it was, in fact, an incident of profound national and international importance. It filled the press of the United States with glowing descriptions of great baronial estates teeming with hundreds of thousands of head of cattle, it brought about long articles of analysis, praise, sharp criticism and denunciation in the British Press; it resulted in an international battle of words involving at least three American secretaries of agriculture, presidents of the Board of Trade, ministers of agriculture, and chancellors of the exchequer. There were rude questions in the House of Commons and pointed inquiries in the Lords. There were even letters to The Times!

IN ADDITION TO BEING DIRECTOR OF THE WESTERN RANGE CATTLE INDUSTRY STUDY, DR. BRAYER IS ARCHIVIST FOR THE STATE OF COLORADO, DIRECTOR OF THE COOPERATIVE PROJECT FOR RESEARCH IN WESTERN AMERICANA IN EUROPE, AND CONSULTANT IN ARCHIVES FOR UNESCO.

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In spite of the curious vacuum in regard to this subject in many of our modern history texts, British economic interest in the United States had not been terminated by the success of the American Revolution. On the contrary that struggle had the long run effect of increasing Anglo-American trade, commerce and investment by freeing British interests from many of the controls and restrictions applicable under the old mercantile system. As early as 1791 English capitalists had become interested in the securities of the United States, and by 1801 the British banking house of Baring Brothers had cashed the coupons of over 4,000,000 pounds sterling of American debt.

The war of 1812 and the depression of 1837 altered only momentarily the upward trend of British investment in America. The repeal of the Corn Laws brought about a profound change in British-American economic relations. Wheat from the American granary poured into Britain displacing the once lucrative and well protected English farm economy. The result in the British Isles was a decline in agriculture with the serious dislocation of farm labor and production. In America the wheat farmer thrived on his new found market and thousands of virgin acres felt the first sharp thrust of the plow. From across the Atlantic to supply the need for better farm cattle came scores of purebred livestock out of the pastures of Herefordshire, Durham, Galloway, Angushire, Ayrshire, Hampshire, Cheshire, Suffolk, the South Downs and off the gentle slopes of the Cheviots. After 1837 American flocks and herds were improved by an ever-increasing infusion from the best blood lines of British cattle, horses, sheep and hogs.*

British traders, in the meanwhile, had actively entered the livestock traffic in America. During the period of Mexican sovereignty in California a group of English importers operating out of Lima, Peru, had secured almost a monopoly of the California hide trade which lasted through the American occupation in 1846. At almost the same time the

* BRITISH LIVESTOCK BREEDS IN AMERICA INCLUDE: CATTLE - SHORTHORN, HEREFORD, ABERDEEN-ANGUS, ANGUS, GALLOWAY, DEVON, SUSSEX, RED POLLED, JERSEY, GUERNSEY, AYRSHIRE; HORSES - SHIRES, CLYDESDALES, CLEVELAND BAYS; SHETLANDS; SHEEP - COTSWOLD, LINCOLN, LEICESTER, SHROPSHIRES, HAMPSHIRE, SOUTH DOWN, OXFORD DOWN; HOGS - BERKSHIRE, YORKSHIRE, SUFFOLK, ESSEX.

Hudson's Bay Company, and its subsidiary--the Puget Sound Agricultural Society--was actively engaged in raising cattle in the Columbia River Basin and sharing the results with the British & American settlers there. A large herd of mixed Shorthorn and Durham cattle was developed by the Society; shiploads of live cattle as well as barrels of salted beef were shipped regularly to the Sandwich Islands; thousands of head of stock were loaned to the Oregon settlers to build up the herds depleted by the long drive across the plains. Shrewd British visitors to Texas noted the rapid increase in the long-horned herds which threatened to overflow the broad plains and reported their observations to interested parties at home.

The demand for livestock and beef in America continued to increase with each passing year. Livestock were needed for the scores of new settlements on the frontier, for the Argonauts in California, and for the rapidly growing urban communities in the East. Texas stock were driven overland to St. Louis, and New Orleans, while large numbers of Indiana and Illinois cattle were marketed in New York, Philadelphia and other cities. The Civil War put a heavy strain upon the meat producers of the nation. Heavy army demands taxed northern meat resources to the limit; there were shortages in the larger cities and prices reached new levels. The end of the war brought but little relief. The herds of the south (exclusive of Texas) were depleted to the lowest point in thirty years. Those of the North were unable to meet the increased demand. Thousands of displaced veterans of both the northern and southern armies went west into Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, and Nebraska where they took up cheap land and became farmers and ranchmen. Texas trail herds overflowed the Lone Star State and stocked the ranches of the West from California to the Missouri.

At this juncture disaster struck the livestock industry in both America and Great Britain. Virulent disease appeared in the herds of both--splenic or "Texas" fever in the American West and hoof-and-mouth disease in England and Scotland. In America the affliction was a disaster for the Texans, but resulted in the rapid expansion of northern short-horn herds as one state and territory after another applied quarantine regulations to the southern cattle.

In Great Britain the situation proved more serious. For years the

British--with a rapidly increasing population--had depended upon heavy imports of livestock from the Continent, but during the 1860's the continental herds were ravaged by anthrax against which Britain applied the most stringent quarantine regulations to protect her own cattle. The disease, however, entered the island from Ireland and spread like wildfire. Tens of thousands of head were deliberately slaughtered in a desperate attempt to combat the spread of the malady. The financial losses were enormous and progress against the disease painfully slow. At the very time that the demand for meat was rising throughout the heavily industrialized nation, the production of beef continued to decline. Prices soared. Heavy annual imports of store cattle from Ireland was all that prevented a beef famine. It was during this period that the importation of thousands of barrels of corned and dried beef from America reached new heights. A few experimental trials at the importation of live cattle from America were also undertaken.

The British were beef hungry. They had the money to buy meat in any market, and as the great creditor nation, were at a distinct advantage in purchasing livestock both in America and in the rest of the world.

Thus it was that at the same time that America was increasing her livestock production by the founding of scores of new ranches on the vast plains and prairies of the West, as well as in the Mountain States, the British were faced with the problem of finding new sources of supply for their meat markets. Stories of the "Cattle Kings" of Texas had been published in the North British Agriculturist, The Mark Lane Express, and other British agricultural and financial publications. Glowing newspaper and periodical accounts of new made fortunes and baronial estates, with tens of thousands of grazing cattle, in Texas, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana and other western states and territories brought dozens of inquiries to British consular officials stationed in America. Reports from these officials were avidly sought and frequently quoted in both England and Scotland. The lengths to which the British press would go to keep their readers informed of livestock conditions in America, is illustrated by the following humorous quip from the Mark Lane Express, published in London:

Every time a cow moves her tail to switch a fly she exerts a

force of three pounds. In the course of the summer a single cow wastes 5,000,000 lbs. of energy. The cows of America throw away enough power to move every piece of machinery in the world. This is exclusive of kicking milkmaids off stools.

By 1878 British promoters, financiers and no small number of investors were quite familiar with certain parts of the West. English colony settlements had been founded in Kansas and Colorado and several million dollars worth of British investments had been poured into the Pikes Peak gold rush and the spectacular mining developments that followed. For more than twenty years British companies had been operating in California and English and Scottish settlers had homesteaded throughout the West. It was inevitable that with the peculiar conditions in the livestock market both at home and abroad, the British would turn to cattle ranching as a major enterprise in America.

During the period of the late 60's and throughout the 70's British men of influence and means traveled throughout the West and noted the potentialities of the cattle trade. Pamphlets, books, and newspaper reports emphasising the fortunes to be gained became familiar both in this country and in Great Britain. Long before Owen Wister, Zane Grey, 'Gene Rhoades, Will Barnes or Wm. MacLeod Raine began to wax romantic about the West and the cattle business, the British had acquired a taste for such accounts. Witness an article published in the North British Agriculturist on June 30, 1880 entitled, "A Titled Emigrant and a lady farmer":

"The Earl of Dunmore has returned from Montana, whither he has been to establish the greatest ranch in all America. People say that his Lordship, who has been one of the heaviest losers by the Glasgow Bank, instead of sitting down to bewail his losses, rose up like a man, and bravely set to work to repair the damage to his fortune. His Lordship is the owner of about 30,000 head of Scotch cattle, and directly perceived the advantages to be derived by carrying the breed to the fertile plains of Montana, and selling the droves to the American speculators in the importation of fresh meat into England. No sooner was the scheme announced, than a whole swarm of ambitious speculators surrounded his Lordship with offers of land and cattle runs without number;

but he was determined to judge for himself, and travelled all through Colorado and Nevada, even traversing Kansas, in search of a spot appropriate to the rearing of a peculiar breed in which he had faith. The choice was fixed upon a wide prairie in Montana, and already have the preparations for receiving the Scotch breed begun. His Lordship is determined to return in the Autumn with Miss Middy Morgan, who is about to sail from New York, commissioned by her American employers to give her judgement in the selection of the best specimens of European cattle to import into the prairies of the West, the most gigantic schemes having been set afloat with a view of supplying the whole of Europe with fresh meat during the next winter. Lord Dunmore, the aristocratic peer and true British gentleman, so far from despising the views and experience of Miss Middy Morgan, is said to be most desirous of profiting by both. There are strange characters to be met with in America, and Middy Morgan is one of the strangest. The daughter of an Irish gentleman, well born and well educated, left dependent on an uncle already overburdened with a large family of his own. Not a moment did the brave girl hesitate in her choice between idleness and dependence, or liberty and work. But the prejudice of birth is still great in the sister island, and poor Middy durst not seek employment amongst her friends, so she started for New York in quest of a situation as governess, with the idea that, with her accomplishments, she would find it easy to obtain. But she was deceived; the New York ladies, who have to suffer from the tyranny of Irish cooks and housemaids, object entirely to Irish governesses, and so Miss Morgan was fain to do as so many emigrants from Europe had done before her--to "go out West." Here she found no prejudice against her Irish birth, but much against her 'accomplishments'; and after having sought in vain for a "genteel' situation, and 'one that was not menial', she was glad to accept the post of a hired girl, to a farmer. So completely did she identify herself with the change in her position, that in a short time she had acquired so much skill in the breeding and rearing of stock that the farmer, perceiving her value, admitted her to a partnership in the farm. Soon did her fame spread abroad, and at every fair and cattle market in the West was her name familiar. Gradually this fame has travelled East, and indeed no reputation is so

widespread all over the Union as that of Middy Morgan. At every great fair or market may she be seen, with broad-brimmed hat tied down beneath her chin by a bandanna handkerchief, a thick frieze coat with many capes, short skirt, ingeniously gathered into high leather boots, something like knickerbocker costume. With a long cowhide whip in hand, wending her way with skill between the droves, now stooping low to examine the hoofs, now standing on tiptoe to examine the head of the beast brought to her for valuation; and so great is the reliance placed by the farmers on her judgement in these matters, that none would ever seek to cheapen the animal after Middy Morgan has pronounced her verdict. Truly fortune and circumstances bring strange companions together. Middy Morgan the ranchera, with her bronzed and weather-beaten countenance, and what would seem to us almost fearful neglect of the conventionalities of life, yet retains some few of the refinements of taste belonging to her early life. The little green Irish harp on which she was once a proficient is still cherished as the solace of the weary hours; and often the solitude of the log cabin "Out West", where she is lodged while awaiting the arrivals of the droves, is enlivened by the sweet airs belonging to the old country--sounding strange and melancholy through the silent prairie--telling of better times, and of the youth and country both now so far away. Lord Dunmore, the great ranchero, who will soon be seen in full Mexican costume helping to chase the cattle into the corral--for a man of his poetical imagination will never be able to refrain from adopting the picturesque view of the undertaking--is one of our most successful music composers, whose songs and overtures have for some seasons past formed the great delight of our concert rooms and salons. Can the fancy picture to itself a more poetical situation than the meeting of these two poetical souls amid the solitude of the far west or the prairies of Montana."

The attractiveness of the business as a result of the market demand for beef was further enhanced by the advantages under which the business flourished. A rancher needed only a homestead, often less than a section of land, upon which to build the home ranch. With such small capital outlay he was free to use his remaining resources to

purchase, at from three to eight dollars a head, the longhorn cattle driven northward by the Texans. A generous government and nature provided the rest. The rancher was free to use tens of thousands of acres of the Public Domain with its natural grasses, its streams, timber and game. He required no muniments of title and paid no rent. The hardy Texas long horns thrived on the nutritious native grasses, and were able to stand the long drives to their ultimate markets whether in California or in Illinois. Thus, with little overhead, the cost of ranging an eight dollar steer did not exceed, during this period, fifty cents per year. Marketed as a four year-old an eight dollar animal probably cost no more than eleven or twelve dollars to raise and brought from seven to twelve dollars per hundred pounds. A seven or eight hundred pound Texan would realize fifty to one hundred dollars--a nice profit of from four hundred to seven hundred per cent upon the original investment. It was no wonder that British capitalists and investors, finding the European securities market paying a continuing declining interest rate, were interested in the American cattle business. They failed to recognize, however, that they were coming in on the tail end of a short-lived spectacular market and that changing conditions in America were even then altering the very basis of the western range cattle industry.

By 1875 the need for beef in Britain had brought about a new industry. In that year some 299 head of live cattle were shipped to Britain from eastern American ports. Of greater significance, however, was the fact that in the same year, taking advantage of the principle incorporated in the newly invented refrigerated railroad car, 3,098 cwts. of fresh beef were sent to Britain in ships especially fitted with refrigerating compartments. The success of shipments of both live and refrigerated beef was the beginning of a traffic of inestimable importance to both Great Britain and the United States. In 1876, 380 live cattle were shipped, but the cargoes of refrigerated meat had increased to 144,336 cwts. valued at $1,850,000. By 1879 an entire fleet of ships was given over to the transport of live cattle which in that year amounted to 75,931 head. The fresh meat trade had soared in the same year to 559,730 cwts. valued at more than six million dollars. Both British investors and agriculturists as well as western American ranchers, felt the impact of this astounding development in international commerce.

By 1879 the British had determined to enter the business and secure a share in its profits. A score of ranches had been purchased by the summer of that year and were being operated by individual British owners. Most of these were in Texas. Plans were made to ship live cattle to England from the Gulf, and a company incorporated in London to develop the trade. Young Englishmen and Scotsmen of limited means, unable to maintain the social and economic positions to which they aspired in the mother country soon appeared in the American west. A number entered the livestock business as small operators, while others took employment on ranches and are celebrated today in western pulp magazines as the "remittance men."

Ingenious as the modern western story writer has become, his most imaginative description cannot surpass the contemporary account of one rather famous "coupon-clipper." The Pall Mall Gazette of March 15, 1884 contained the following report:

> ...Appropos of this ranche business some interesting particulars have been recently received in this country concerning the method in which the Earl of Aylesford lives on his ranche of 37,000 acres in Texas. The only stock that he has on the farm at the present moment is 20 or 30 horses, 13 dogs, and five servants. He has not enough money at present to buy cattle. According to an American account, the Earl is hale fellow well met with all the cowboys of the neighborhood; but his popularity is only natural, seeing that he is said to stand treat for the whole population whenever he comes to town. On the ranches he is known as "the Jedge." "The Jedge always cracks a fresh bottle when a cowboy strikes his camp," said a sociable member of that persuasion, "and 'he don't stop on one neither. I've been to the ranche many a time," he continued, "to stay all night an' woke in the mornin' to find the bottles lying around as thick as flees on a goat, the boys two deep on the floor snorin' like a mad buffalo, an' the Jedge with a bottle in each hand over in the corner."

During this period the Adairs of Kildaire in Ireland purchased the ranches of Charles Goodnight in west Texas and employed that pioneer cattleman to operate their new American holdings.

It was in the spring of 1879, however, that the first of the great British cattle corporations was organized in London. This was the Anglo-American Cattle Company, Ltd., with a capital stock of $350,000. This company later purchased the ranches and some 27,000 head of cattle of the International Cattle Company of Wyoming and Dakota Territory then operated by Harry Oelricks. Oelricks retained a substantial interest in the company and was employed as manager in America. This arrangement became the general pattern for more than a score of British-American cattle companies incorporated in London and Edinburgh during the following decade. It consisted of: (1) The selection, after a brief inspection by a British financier or promoter of a ranch property in the west, which, according to the prospectuses issued, "required additional capital in order to stock it completely and to realize its full potentialities"; (2) The organization and incorporation of a joint stock company in London, Edinburgh, Dundee or Aberdeen with a board of directors principally British; (3) Purchase of the selected ranch and its herd with payment to the vendors of from one third to one half cash, another one third in promissory notes and the final third in stock with the proviso that the vendors could not dispose of their securities for a definite period of years; (4) That the "famous cattle king"--the American promoter or operator--agree to manage the property for the new owners at a definite salary for a stated number of years. Thus a distinct effort was made to overcome one of the principal mistakes of the era of British investment in western mining; a deliberate policy was established of uniting the interests of both the British owners and investors with that of the American vendors and managers. If the American manager was to realize upon his interest in the Company, then his British associates would also profit accordingly.

A few months after the founding of the Anglo-American company, James W. Barclay, Scottish member of Parliament and head of a British land and mortgage syndicate already heavily interested in Rocky Mountain mining and agriculture, founded the Colorado Ranche Company with a capitalization of $125,000 which was soon increased to $350,000. This company purchased a ten thousand acre tract north of Denver. It was the smallest of three large cattle companies subsequently organized by the Barclay group and later served as a station ranch for herds being driven from the company's huge ranches in the Arkansas Valley

to its northern ranges in Wyoming and Montana.

Late in 1880 a third British ranching corporation was organized, the famous three million dollar Prairie Cattle Company which operated in Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico and Colorado. In the following year, 1881, the Texas Land and Cattle Company, a $3,150,000 corporation was founded in London by a group which included some of the wealthiest industrialists of Great Britain.

During the period from 1879 to 1882 the price of beef continued to soar in both the American and British markets. The demand for live beef in 1880 resulted in the shipment to Great Britain of 156,490 head of live cattle from the ports of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New York. In the same year over 724,272 cwts. of fresh beef were shipped to London, Liverpool and the Clydebank. In 1881 and 1882 the trade in live cattle fell off somewhat, but that in fresh meat continued to rise in spite of extremely depressed conditions during the latter year.

In 1882 ten major British-American cattle companies were incorporated in Great Britain: the Arkansas Valley Land and Cattle Company, a Barclay enterprise founded in Colorado; The Cattle Ranch and Land Company in Texas; the Rocking Chair Ranche in the Texas Panhandle; the Hansford Land and Cattle Company in New Mexico; The Matador Land and Cattle Company in Texas; the Powder River Cattle Company in northern Wyoming; the Western American Cattle Company Limited in Dakota Territory; the Western Land and Cattle Company in Texas; and the Wyoming Cattle Company. The total capitalization of the companies incorporated in 1882 in Great Britain exceeded eight millions of dollars. Nine new British-American cattle organizations with a total capitalization of nine million dollars were incorporated in Great Britain in 1883. These included the Dakota Land and Cattle Company, the Deer Trail Cattle Company of Colorado, the Kansas New Mexico Cattle Company, the Nevada Land and Cattle Company, the New United States Land and Cattle Company in western Kansas, the Sand Creek Cattle Company in Montana, the Swan Land and Cattle Company Limited in Wyoming, and the Western Ranches Company in the same state.

The success reported by the larger companies during 1882 and 1883

had the immediate effect of encouraging the formation of seven new companies during 1884 with an aggregate capitalization of five million dollars. The largest of the new companies, The American Pastoral, boasted a capital of a million and a half dollars and owned a 284,618 acre ranch in Texas. Other new comers were: the Carrizozo Cattle Ranch Co., in New Mexico; the Cattle Ranche Co. of Texas; the fabulous three and a half million dollar Consolidated Land and Cattle Company of Texas with a star-studded board of directors which included Lord Thurlow, Lord Lovat, the Earl of Strathmore and the Earl of Mar and Kellie; the Denver Ranch Co. of Colorado; the Espuela Land and Cattle Co. of Texas; and the Montana Sheep and Cattle Co.

By the end of 1884 when signs of an acute business recession were already clearly evident, the British investment market began to show weakness; only four new companies entered the field in 1885 and three in 1886. The "cattle bubble" broke late in 1886 and only one other British-American cattle company was organized during the rest of the century. The seven companies founded just before the "crash" however had a total capitalization of $5,400,000. They were: the Cedar Valley Land and Cattle Co. of Texas; the Chalk Buttes Ranch and Cattle Co. of Montana; the Chama Cattle Co. of New Mexico; the Cresswell Ranch and Cattle Co. of Colorado; the Deervale Ranch Co. of Texas; the International Cattle Co. also of the Lone Star state; and the Wyoming Hereford Cattle and Land Ass'n.

The lone newcomer after 1886 was the Cattle Ranch Co., Ltd. of Texas, organized in 1889 with a capitalization of $400,000. Thus between 1879 and 1900 English and Scottish interests promoted thirty-seven cattle companies with an initial capital structure amounting to more than thirty-four million dollars.

Among the founders and directors of the British cattle ranches were some of the leading financial, industrial and agricultural leaders in Great Britain. In addition to the Earls of Strathmore, Mar and Kellie, and Lords Thurlow and Lovat, the list included the Duke of Manchester, the Earl of Dunraven, Earl of Airlie, Earl of Dunmore, Earl of Aylesford, Lord Castletown, Lord Neville, Lord Granville Campbell, Lord Wharncliffe and a score of barons, knights, and members of Parliament. Far overshadowing this distinguished body

of peers, titled gentry and parliamentarians was the great mass of ordinary business men who joined in the American livestock ventures and invested heavily in them. These included ship owners, barristers, solicitors, engineers, accountants, merchants, clerks, farmers, retired colonels, generals, vice and rear admirals, produce brokers and grain dealers, printers, paper makers, land agents and proprietors, ministers, stock brokers, wax bleachers, stationers, commercial travellers, lithographers, Justices of the Peace, insurance agents, textile manufacturers, bankers, and lastly the "Hereditary High Sheriff of Aberdeen and Kincardine."

In addition to this broad cross-section of Britain's economic life, the lists of stock holders were filled with such common folk as retired and pensioned military officers, school-teachers, ministers, widows, "Spinsters" and "Clerks in Order." Despite the prominence given the "Dukes and Earls", it is evident that at the bottom of the British-American livestock venture there was a firm core of middle class investors..... The success or failure of these livestock enterprises was a matter of real importance to more than ten thousand Englishmen and Scotsmen who resided in almost every county in Great Britain.

Regardless of a downward trend in both cattle and beef prices, the traffic in both live cattle and fresh meat continued to be a major enterprise throughout the 'Eighties. After several years of fluctuation the trade suddenly soared to new heights in 1889 when about 300,000 head of live cattle and more than a million and quarter hundredweights of fresh beef were shipped from America to Great Britain. This trade continued until the end of the century. Despite large British investments in livestock enterprises in Canada, Australia and Argentina during the same period in which they were developing their American ranches, the United States provided 70 per cent of the beef animals imported into the United Kingdom in 1900 and 85 per cent of that nation's fresh beef. The value of these imports in that single year amounted to more than sixty-two million dollars!

Almost from the outset the British ranch owners had encountered trouble. The "boom period" of the great cattle drives and high market prices experienced during the later 'Seventies had continued until

1884, when the accumulated effects of the widespread expansion of ranching in the West, the new conditions occasioned by the completion of railroads to the ranch country thereby obviating the necessity for the heroic "long drives", and the decline in value of the lean grass-fed stock in comparison with the grainfed middle western cattle caught up with the range cattle industry. British managers had bought their lands and livestock at the peak of a highly inflated market. In addition it soon became evident from the annual calf branding tallies that their herds were far short of the numbers called for in their purchase contracts. Investigation subsequently proved that the American vendors had been much too sanguine in their annual deduction from their "book count" of only five per cent for winter losses. The figure should have been nearer to 15 per cent per annum.

Despite their awareness of this situation after one or two years of operation, the demand for high dividends caused the British operators to hide or gloss over the situation and to resort to the dubious practice of marketing immature beeves in order to get sufficient income to meet the expected dividends at home. Except for a desire to secure additional investors by paying substantial dividends, company records do not support the action of the board of directors of the Prairie Cattle Co. paying dividends from 1881 to 1883 of 26 per cent, 30 per cent, and 20 per cent; or that of the Western Land and Cattle Co., declaring dividends in the same period of 20 per cent and two of 15 per cent. Other companies followed suit, paying large dividends either out of capital or by premature marketing. Such practices, of course, could continue only for two or three years when the companies were forced to the situation for their herds contained nor further marketable cattle.

It was at this juncture that nature came to the assistance of the perplexed managers. An especially disastrous winter in 1885-86 decimated livestock in many parts of the West. While actual losses on the British ranches varied from 15 to 30 per cent, the managers took advantage of the acute situation to write off the obvious deficiencies accumulated over several years through failure to allow for normal range losses and premature marketing practices. The result was a reported loss of as high as 65 per cent in various British-American herds. The Swan Land and Cattle Company, Ltd., for example, reported in 1885 that its herds numbered 123,460 head of cattle. In 1887 the

adjusted figure showed only 56,856 cattle on the company's ranges. In spite of this "cushioning" of the real position of the companies, consternation struck the English and Scottish investors. Some companies--after bitterly denouncing the American promoters and vendors of the ranches--voted to forego dividends, and to reorganize their western properties.

In spite of the difficulties a serious effort was made to get an actual count of the cattle on each ranch and to insist on range tallies instead of book counts on all new purchases of cattle. While theoretically sound, this policy led to unexpected difficulties in actual practice. Finlay Dun, Secretary of the Swan Land and Cattle Co. Ltd., of Wyoming, determined to find out the real status of his company's herd. After weeks of counting the cattle on the ranges and marking each steer, cow, or bull driven past him with a broad stripe of blue paint, he discovered to his evident chagrin that he was counting the same animals twice. The cattle had been able to rub off the tally marks in a few days. Some were rounded up by the cowboys and counted a second time. Dun gave up in disgust and went home with the job only partially completed!

Much of the trouble experienced by the foreign companies in the 'Eighties and 'Nineties developed over the use of the public domain. Squatters, sheepmen and scores of small ranchers were already moving on to the Public Domain at the very time the British interests were establishing their properties. The era of free and unchallenged use of millions of acres of public land, which had characterized the profitable period of the "Cattle Kings" in the late 'Sixties and 'Seventies, was rapidly drawing to a close. Despite their carefully drawn contracts the priority rights supposedly conveyed over large tracts of public land to the British companies were invalid. The seizure and fencing of choice hay bottoms, water holes, pastures and trail sections soon forced the British to purchase and lease large tracts for their own protection. The Prairie Company in 1885 held in fee 156,862 acres and leased an additional 32,278 acres; the Swan operators acquired 578,853 acres; the Texas Land and Cattle Co., purchased 388,174 acres and rented in addition 520,966 acres; the Matador managers secured title to 424,296 acres and leased 256,367 acres more; the American Pastoral Co. owned 300,692 acres and secured leases on

208,891 acres adjoining its own lands. In addition to these purchases and leases each company attempted to hold from 100,000 to 300,000 acres of public domain by purchasing small tracts within the public domain--ranging stock over the entire area. Clashes with squatters, sheepmen, and intruding cattle graziers resulted in strong anti-British feeling and outright attacks against absentee ownership and operation.

In an endeavor to prevent trespass and to protect their she-stock from breeding with inferior bulls owned by less progressive stockmen, the ranch managers secured permission from their British boards to fence the ranges. This unprecedented development led to further difficulties as it was soon found impossible to fence in company lands without including inside the closed areas appreciable range land and stock watering sites actually part of the public domain. In some instances this action was quite deliberate--the British operators purchasing alternate sections in the domain and then fencing in the entire area including the government sections between their own tracts. This checkerboard ruse was violently protested by other ranchers; it led to frequent conflicts between the stockmen, and to emphatic orders by the Secretary of the Interior and the Attorney General for the destruction of the offending barriers to the traditional free use of the public domain. Several federal indictments were returned against the companies and heavy fines assessed. The result of the invasion of the British ranges and the government's attitude was two-fold; a number of the companies proceeded to liquidate their properties and withdraw from the field; while the stronger organizations set out to purchase and lease tracts aggregating in at least two instances three-quarters of a million acres each.

Life on the British ranches was essentially no different than on the scores of similar American owned properties. Ranching was a business--a serious one in which all the risks and liabilities of any major enterprise were present--and the British were in business for the profits they could obtain. Frequently the only visible link between the British owners and the American staff was the dour manager--stern, efficient men of the caliber of Murdo McKenzie of the Matador, John Clay of the Swan and Western Ranches companies, and John Tod of the American Pastoral Company.

It was only during the annual visit of the British secretary or president of the company, or when a group of directors or stockholders bent on enjoying the hunting or fishing arrived that the pattern was broken. Moreton Frewen, youthful English sportsman and co-founder of the famed Powder River Land & Cattle Company in Wyoming, constructed a large ranch house on Powder River in 1879 and during the following four years built one of the best ranches in the West. It became the first million and a half dollar British cattle ranch in the Rocky Mountain region. Realizing that the completion of railroads meant the end of the Texas long-horned trade, he turned his attention to raising the shorter and heavier short horn stock which brought top prices in the nation's markets. In place of the rangy Texas cattle he purchased 54,000 head of Oregon stock. The combination of a good range, good cattle and good operations produced excellent results. Frewen was able to ship live cattle from his Wyoming ranges to the Smithfield market in London and to secure premium prices for them. The ranch, located in the midst of one of the finest game areas in the United States, became a "mecca" for Frewen's titled and wealthy friends and co-investors.

His ranch guest book reads like a section from Burke's Peerage or the Landed Gentry. On one page, after the autographs of six titled guests and fellow stockholders, Frewen described a hunting party and its results:

> "There were four guns in this party, and the ground shot over was the other side of the Range looking into the Big Horn basin--game was very plentiful, Buffalo, Elk, Blacktail, Antelope, Hares, and Grouse (blue and willow). Of bears there were bagged 26, and of Sheep 14 Rams and 1 ewe--The party left the Big Horn Ranche the beginning of September and returned in about six weeks, the weather being beautiful."

Attendants included five camp hustlers, one black cook, and "Pauline (French Maid). All Satisfactory."

Ranch stories involving tenderfoot British visitors or embryonic cattlemen are legion, but what is too often overlooked is that the British brought to the Western range cattle industry its first large capital investment; from numerous small operations they organized the

great companies; they made possible the stocking of the ranges to a degree never before attained; they invested in the best stock they could secure and imported the finest pure-bred Shorthorn, Hereford, and Angus bulls to breed up the herds then on the ranges; they improved their rangelands by developing water facilities, reseeding pastures, and fencing to prevent overgrazing; at a time when annual winter losses were high they introduced winter feeding on a mass scale and constructed livestock shelters. British managers were strong supporters of the live stock associations, and liberal contributors to the public life of the West. In addition to developing their ranches the English operators took an active part in the development of stockyards and markets--in Chicago, Kansas City, Fort Worth, Omaha and Denver. They were active in the promotion of the multi-million dollar trans-Atlantic trade, but failed to secure control of that traffic as they had hoped to be able to do.

Despite this broad activity the return on the British investment was disappointing. The ranches were too large and the increased costs of operation cut heavily into anticipated profits. Of the thirty-seven ranching companies organized between 1879 and 1900 only eight Scottish corporations survived the combined effects of initial bad management, the disastrous winter of 1885-6, the depression in beef prices in the '80s, and the silver debacle of 1893 and its aftermath and were able to return a profit to their stockholders. Several of the English companies continued to operate until 1910 but only for the purpose of liquidating their properties and salvaging what they could of their capital investment.

Of the eight Scottish survivors only one had a near perfect record in the payment of dividends. This was the Western Ranches Ltd., a Wyoming and Dakota operation organized in Edinburgh in January 1883, and managed first by Irelands outstanding agriculturist, Sir Horace Plunkett, and later by the no less efficient John Clay. When the company wound up its affairs in 1911 it had paid twenty-seven annual dividends varying from four per cent to twenty per cent. The average annual dividend over the entire period was eleven per cent and at the winding up the stockholders received an additional bonus of seventeen per cent.

The Hansford Land and Cattle Company wound up its affairs in 1904, having paid 17 dividends averaging over the period of its existence four and one-third per cent plus a bonus of fifteen per cent when the company was liquidated. The Matador Land & Cattle Co., of Texas and Colorado is still flourishing after sixty-five years. It still owns 878,625 acres of land plus one of the largest herds of Hereford cattle in America. Since 1883 and including the eight years in which no dividends were paid the Matador has had an average annual dividend of eight per cent; from 1910-1945, however, the average dividend was eleven and one-third per cent.

In twenty four years of operation the Missouri Land & Cattle Company paid back its stockholders and returned a profit of approximately four per cent per annum; the spectacular Prairie Cattle company, which started its dividend record in 1881 by paying 26 per cent, 30 per cent, 20 per cent, and two ten per cent dividends in succession, wound up its affairs in 1920, having paid its owners a return of slightly more than eight per cent over the entire period. The Swan Land and Cattle Company, Ltd., concluded its corporate existence in 1926, having returned an average of six per cent per annum upon its investment over a span of forty-three years. The Texas Land & Cattle Co.'s overall average return was about three per cent.

In summary it appears that short-term investors in British-American ranching companies lost approximately $25,000,000 between 1880 and 1910. Despite this financial disaster, the contribution of this foreign enterprise in the West was incalculable. As they had already done in railroading, mining, milling, and agriculture, the British investor in the range cattle industry had made a material contribution to the economic development of the American West.

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TRAIL DUST FROM THE DENVER CORRAL

NEW MEMBER

Phillip W. Whiteley, M. D., collector of books of Western Americana, authority on early coinage of the West and on Indian anthropology.

THE JUNE ROUNDUP

Posseman William J. Barker will speak on "Sibley's Contribution To the West." Roundup will be held on the Charles Roth ranch, northwest of Arvada...chuck wagon dinner, so bring your cowboy appetites. Wednesday, June 23.

RANGE RIDER'S TALLY BOOK

At the May roundup we were honored with the presence of Russell Thorp, corresponding member, long-time secretary of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association.

Program Chairman Don Bloch has returned from a three weeks' detail in Deadwood, S. Dak., where he gathered material for a history of the Black Hills National Forest, for its fiftieth anniversary. Don whispers that the program for July is a dead secret. So we can't tell, but - hold your breath!

Herb Brayer is away on UNESCO business to London, Paris, Berlin, Helsinki.

"Folklore As a Supplement To Western History" is the intriguing title of a pamphlet by Posseman Levette J. Davidson. It is reprinted from Nebraska History, March 1948, and is deserving of a place in every Westerner's library.

To Posseman Edgar McMechen, for his work in improving the arrangement of exhibits in the Colorado State Historical Museum, of which he is acting curator, and for other civic deeds, was voted the Westerners Award of Merit.

Sheriff Art Carhart reports sales to Atlantic Monthly, American Forests, Journal of

Forestry, Sports Afield, American Legion. That's all, except a nine-pound book, "Fresh Water Fishing for North America," accepted for publication. And somebody said the guy was sick!

From Corresponding Member, J. J. Lipsey, dealer in rare books, Colorado Springs, comesthis message: Add one more to the list of those who worked and enjoyed the Cross World Puzzle in the February Brand Book. The puzzle waddy had a sense of humor. It did not take me all this time to get the puzzle filled out. I worked it on the same day the Book came. Got back this week from a couple of months at Miami Beach.

TRAIL DUST FROM OTHER CORRALS

All possemen will be interested in the following news from our brother corrals - in Chicago, Los Angeles and St. Louis. We think you'll agree that these Westerners are really hitting the Gold Dust Trail.

FROM THE CHICAGO CORRAL -

Our Second "Bound Volume" has been out since January 1. I enclose a prospectus, which has the table of contents:

Celestial Brides: The Coronation of King James I by Manuel Hahn.

"Buffalo Bill" -- a Symposium

Mississippi River Songs and Legends by Franklin J. Meine.

Calamity Jane--Man, Woman or Hermaphrodite by Clarence Paine and

"Aftermaths"--the wisdom of WESTERNERS displayed in open meeting.

Reprints and original diaries, etc.

Diary of Mark Kellogg on the Custer campaign (1876)

Henry M. Stanley's Indian Campaign in 1867 and

With Generals in their Camp Homes by Theodore R. Davis

Recollections of the Johnson County War by one of the rustlers

The Last Indian Uprising in the U.S. by E. H. Jerrard.

The Jeems Boys! from the Lexington (Mo.) Register Aug. 31, 1874.

We are binding a few sets of Vo. IV, 1947-48, in a few weeks. These are available to members only (including your Posse) at $5.00 - including the index and the 12 issues and the binding.

The programs thus far this year have been:

January - Sheriff Elmo Scott Watson on "Photographing the Frontier; 1866 - 1891"
February - Ladies' Night -- Annie Fern Swarthout, niece of Annie Oakley, on "Missie".
March - Vilas Johnson on "Swedish Immigration to the West, 1848."
April - Howard Johnston, former Chief Justice of Montana, on "Pioneer Law and Justice in Montana."

The May program is to be yours truly on "The Discovery of Gold in California, 1848." The June program is still in the air, but July will see a picnic and Barbecue de luxe, repeating last year's highly successful event. It will be known to future generations as "The Royal Gorge."

Officers, elected at the annual meeting in February, were: Sheriff - Elmo Scott Watson; Deputies in Charge of Vice -- Leland D. Case and Franklin J. Meine; Deputy in Charge of Readin' and 'Ritin' -*Mannel Hahn; Deputy in Charge of the Kitty -*Burleigh Withers; Deputy in Charge of 'Ritin' and Readin' - Don Russell; Deputies in Charge -- Herbert A. Kellar, Seymour Frank.-- *These officers resigned subsequently and have and have been succeeded by Seymour Frank and Sam J. Sackett, respectively. Both remain as Deputies in Charge. Burleigh is assistant Treasurer. Mannel is still Acting Secretary (a bow) since Seymour is engaged in moving his home. He will remain as Assistant Sec.

We have moved the home corral to the Ireland's Oyster House, 645 N. Clark St.

I think this covers the news in a capsule - hard to take.

We look forward to having news from you soon.

Oh - by the way - we meet the last Monday in each Month at 6:00 p.m.,

at the Old Home Corral, as previously mentioned. Monday, May 31, being a legal holiday, we will meet Tuesday June 1. We skip the August meeting, as you know. But since our only unchangeable Tradition is that any Tradition is changeable, itwere always best to give a call to some prominent deputy or member before planning to attend!

Cordially,
MANNEL HAHN

FROM THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL -

We had a very interesting meeting May 20, at which Dwight Franklin talked on Gun Toting in the Old West. He displayed a dozen or so old Western firearms and, related the peculiarities of each, and disclosed some interesting historical facts. Then, Al Jennings being present, he was called upon to give his views on gun-fighting, and presented a fascinating half hour or so of personal experiences relating thereto.

Our next meeting, on June 26th, will be held in Placerita Canyon, near Newhall, at a Western town movie set. At this time H. H. Olson will speak on Gold in Placerita Canyond and Other Facts.

At our recent meeting, our active membership reached the limit of fifty.

Our programs are tentatively lined up to July of 1949. Because of a few uncertainties they are not yet ready for publicity.

The officers elected for the current year are as follows: Paul Galleher, Sheriff; Col. C. B. Benton, Registrar of Marks and Brands; Homer Boelter, Roundup Foreman; John Goodman, Deputy Sheriff; Herbert Olson, Assistant registrar; Noah Beery, Jr., and Dan Gann, wranglers; Merrell Kitchen, Representative (corresponding secretary).

Dan Gann is also editor of the monthly publication, the Branding Iron.

Sincerely yours,
MERRELL KITCHEN

FROM THE ST. LOUIS CORRAL -

Thank you for your friendly letter. I am enclosing a copy of Volume I, Number 1 of the ST. LOUIS WESTERNERS publication Westward. This will probably answer most of your questions. I have indicated charter members who responded to my call June 11, 1946.

We have been meeting in the historic old St. Louis Courthouse (now the administrative building of the National Park Service branch in charge of the Jefferson National Expansion Memorial on the riverfront) where Senator Benton made his famous "India speech" at the Pacific Railroad convention.

We expect to expand our publication and increase its usefulness to Westerners everywhere.

Corresponding members are heartily welcome. There is no restriction on their numbers, as there is on residents of the St. Louis area.

DIRECTORY OF OFFICERS - 1948 -- President, Dr. Harold A. Bulger; Vice-President, *John Francis McDermott; Secretary, *Frederick C. Ault; Treasurer, Armand W. Reeder; Editor of Westward, Don Cullimore; *Terms expire June 30, 1948. -- CHARTER OFFICERS - 1946-1947 -- President, Frederic E. Voelker; Secretary, Ralph H. Lewis; Treasurer, Joseph Safron;

Long-range plans of the Westerners call for the publication, in bound volumes, of studies inspired by the organization.

Presentations by members since founding of the Westerners include:

Fred Voelker on "Tom 'Peg-leg' Smith, Adventurer in the West," detailed the life of this trapper and guide who has been the subject of extensive research by Mr. Voelker.

Harry Burke on "John Smith T.," pictured the interesting Missouri figure who was involved in international intrigue and land speculation. Mr. Burke displayed originals and copies of John Smith T. documents.

A symposium of John Charles Fremont, "the pathmaker of the West," which brought from members sharply varying opinions as to the actual abilities of Fremont.

Clarence E. Miller, Librarian of the Mercantile Library, traced the

trends of reading tastes for the last century as shown from library records. He also gave an account of early Western Americana in the library. Mr. Miller's paper was published in the June, 1947 issue of the Missouri Library Association Quarterly. John A. Bryan presented lantern slides of exterior and interior views of the Mercantile Library at various stages of its history.

Don Cullimore on "Joseph Kinney and Rivercene," discussed the Missouri River steamboat magnate and the mansion he built near the site of Old Franklin, Mo.

Dr. Harold A. Bulger, using material from his collection of early maps, showed the development of our knowledge of the topography of the West.

Louis M. Nourse on "Josiah Gregg," reported on the diaries of "the historian of the Santa Fe Trail" and newly discovered facts concerning his life.

Eric Newman on "Early Money of the West," illustrated his talk with many examples of Indian wampum, silver and gold coins of the French and Spanish colonial eras and paper currency issued by the early banks in Missouri.

John Snow on "The Early St. Louis Post Office and the West." This proved to be a surprisingly interesting story.

John Francis McDermott on "Museums and the Missourium," presented a detailed account of early St. Louis museums, featuring especially the mastodon bone experiences of Dr. Koch.

Vuelva pronto!

Sincerely,
FRED VOELKER

WESTERNERS BOOK REVIEWS

FOLK SONG - U S A, by John and Alan Lomax. Music arrangements by Charles and Ruth Seeger. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. New York, 1947. $6.00.

This isn't a book you can slip into your hip pocket, but it's the kind you'd like to - even if you can't carry a tune in a bucket, or even play on a comb.

The Lomaxes, father and son, who wrote and compiled this book, couldn't turn out a bad one, and never have; for the people they

talked to and the material they dealt with could never result in anything dull. The people they talked to, for writing this book, were the salt - and the pepper - of the earth: lumberjacks, Ozark grandmothers and grandfathers, banjo pickers and guitar frammers, poker players, blues singers black and white, lonesome harmonica players, hoedown fiddlers and fiddlers in buckskin, Nego chain-gangers, cowboys, and just plain, common-ordinary people with long memories and a love for tall tales and ballads.

For this is a garner of folk-songs, collected in jails and saloons, sugar-cane and cotton fields, honky-tonks, work camps, on sailing ships, ranches, and factories, in a thousand back-woods churches and little homes, and up countless, forgotten back-country roads, all over the land. Folk-songs are to be sung, primarily - accompanied or not; but the "readin' part" in this book is just plain wonderful, and every one of the eleven sections has half-a-dozen pages of it. These trace, for example; the history of such diverse forms as the chantey, minstrel song, the blues, spirituals, the surge song, and the shout. And, of course, such history as is known of many of the tunes and lyrics. In addition, Alan Lomax has prepared three Appendices - on Sources and References, Selected List of Books, and Selected List of Records: 58 albums of the latter; and 126 titles of printed works on folk songs, music, and lore.

There are 111 songs - songs about heroes and desperadoes, love songs and lullabies; songs that are hopeful, boisterous, lonely, imaginative, lusty, and humorous. Each will leave a distinct taste in your mouth or your mind, whether you sing or play it, or just read the words. Besides a host of new ones, all your old favorites are there, from Careless Love to Madamoiselle from Armentieres. Of Western flavor and theme, there are Shoot the Buffalo and Buffalo Skinner, Sweet Betsey, two versions of the Old Chisolm Trail, Days of '49, Streets of Laredo, Rye Whiskey, Jesse James, Sam Bass, and another good dozen at least.

DON BLOCH.

LEWIS AND CLARK, Partners in Discovery, by John Bakeless. William Morrow & Co., N. Y., 1947. $5.00.

Here is a book which has been out about six months. I have intended reviewing it all along,

but somehow never got to it. It is of sufficient importance to merit a review and there is a feeling of satisfaction to make it known to Westerners.

Probably more books, pamphlets and magazine articles have been written about the Lewis and Clark expedition than any other exploration in American history, some good and some not so good. But here is one that shows research, writing ability, and historical sense.

John Bakeless has not merely taken the Journals of Lewis and Clark and paraphrased them, but he has dug into original sources, such as the letters and papers of Jefferson, letters and documents of both the Lewis and Clark families, and many other sources.

Characters such as Patrick Gass, the last male survivor of the expedition who died in 1870; Sacagawea the "Bird Woman", one of the most appealing characters in all history; Charbonneau, her "minus cipher husband", as Dr. Coues called him; all these and every one in any way connected with the expedition is made to live. Even Scannon, Lewis' Newfoundland dog, is given an humble place.

The book has the conventional divisions, such as St. Louis to Fort Mandan, thence to the mouth of the Columbia, then the return journey broken up into its various phases. In this it follows the journals. Not the least interesting chapter is the one entitled "Aboriginal Amours", which shows that the "Sex Behavior of the American Male" has not changed much in the last 140 years.

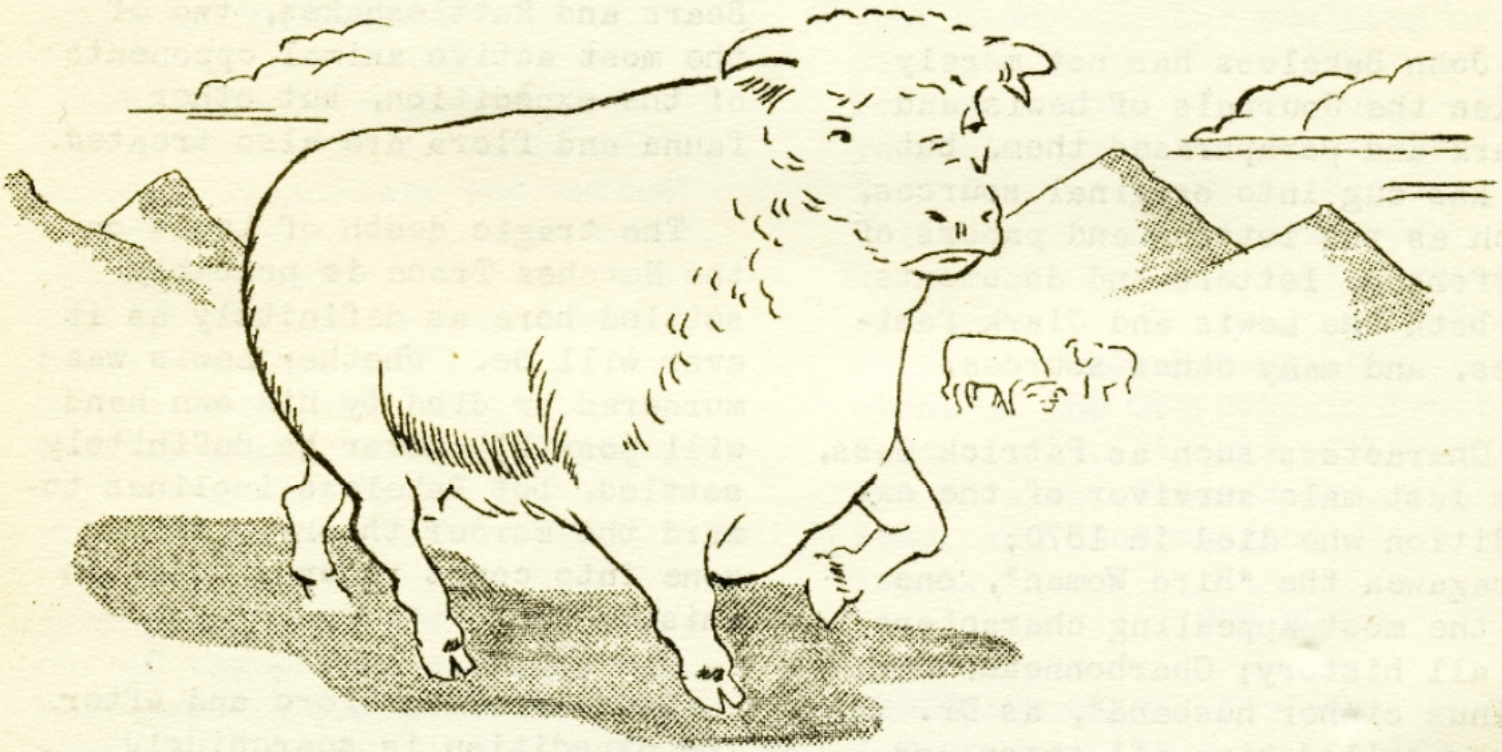
There is a chapter on Grizzly Bears and Rattlesnakes, two of the most active animal opponents of the expedition, but other fauna and flora are also treated.

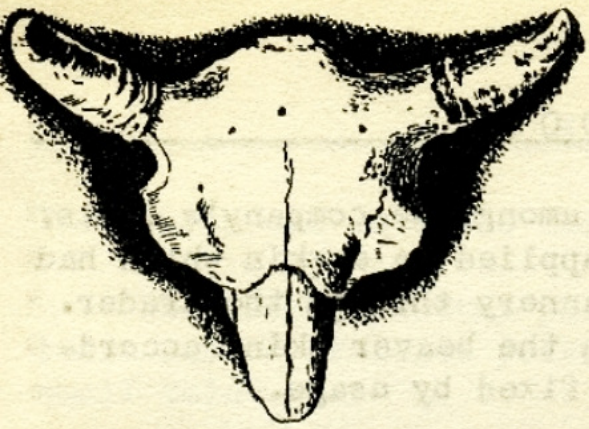
The tragic death of Lewis on the Natchez Trace is probably settled here as definitely as it ever will be. Whether Lewis was murdered or died by his own hand will possibly never be definitely settled, but Bakeless inclines toward the murder theory. He has gone into court records, etc. in this.

Clark's life before and after the expedition is searchingly treated. He performed distinguished service as Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and was known as "The Red Head Chief." Here his honesty and ability shone.

This book can very well be read in connection with a good edition of the Journals, but is complete enough in itself to give anyone a good idead of the "Corps of Discovery"--the great expedition for which Congress originally appropriated $2500.00.

FRED ROSENSTOCK





The BRAND BOOK

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NECESSITY COINAGE OF THE WEST

By Phillip W. Whiteley, M. D.

When it is considered that everything from wheat to nails was used for barter, there was great need for a medium of exchange among the early inhabitants of the West. First such necessity money were Beaver Tokens of the Northwest Company and of the Hudson's Bay Company.

In 1820 the Northwest Company issued a Beaver Token inscribed with the bust of George IV on one side, the reverse side showing a beaver on a log. These tokens are holed at the top and are very rare. Each was worth a beaver skin and was used in the company's trade. In 1821 the Northwest Company absorbed the Hudson's Bay Company, taking the latter's name.

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY TOKENS

In about 1857, the Hudson's Bay Company issued tokens of wood and bronze which corresponded with the number of pelts delivered, and which served as money. These tokens were good for the purchase of articles, the value of which was described in terms of standard beaver skins. The tokens were inscribed as follows: HB for Hudson's Bay, EM for East Maine, 1 (½, ¼, 1/8) NB or MB (the N was said by some to be a mistake; others state that it meant New Beaver.), for 1 Made Beaver or good for one made beaver skin.

Dr. Phillips W. Whiteley is an eminent Denver specialist in obstetrics and gynecology; Fellow of the International College of Surgeons and of the American College of Surgery; District Secretary, Colorado and Wyoming, of the American Numismatic Association.

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The Made Beaver was the unit of currency among the company's forts, and was equivalent to fifty cents. The term applied to a skin which had been dried and made ready for shipment to a tannery through the trader. A Made Beaver might be worth more or less than the beaver skin, according to rise or fall in prices. The value was fixed by usage.

The East Maine district was really Northeast instead of Northwest, and was situated east and south of Hudson's Bay.

On the opposite side of the token is the heraldic coat of arms, the symbol of the Hudson's Bay Company, which also served as a flag for the company, and may be described as follows: Armorial insignia consisting of an argent shield on which are surmounted the red cross of St. George, and, fittingly enough, four black beavers. The crest of the shield is a cap with a turned-up ermine, and sitting on the cap is a fox. On either side and supporting the shield, are two elks. At the bottom is the motto "Pro Pelle Cutem"-- a skin for a skin.

These tokens were found among Indians in the Columbia River Valley, who probably only used them as ornaments.

Both types of Beaver Tokens were used by the fur traders, although neither played an important part in trading during the great beaver period. They were used for making necklaces; were easily lost; and were not too well accepted by the Indians, who preferred to leave their balances, if any, to the company's books.

SUTLER'S TOKENS

Another type of necessity money was the sutler system, which was in vogue before and after the Civil War.

A sutler was one who followed an army, or who lived in a garrison, town, or camp, and sold provisions to the troops. He issued tokens which were pieces of paper or metal intended for currency.

Armies were constantly moving, camping at isolated locations, at considerable distance from any town or city; roads and transportation were poor; the soldier was tired and weary; his wants, ever increasing.

Therefore, the sutler's camp was of paramount importance.

The army paymaster paid the soldiers in gold and silver and in the least number of coins possible, which contributed to a shortage of small coins.

The paymaster carried his money about with him, and on pay day there was deducted from the soldier's pay the amount due the sutler, who had advanced credit in the form of tokens.

The tokens were issued in amounts from 5¢ to $1.00, and the script from 2¢ to $2.00. The tokens were made of copper, lead, white metal, German silver, nickel, and bronze. Thus the soldier was provided with a medium of exchange.

Metallic currency had been withdrawn from circulation, and there was a scarcity of small change all over the country during the years 1861-66. Seven to eight thousand varieties of Civil War tokens and Tradesmen's Store Cards, as well as postage and fractional currency or "Shinplasters" were issued. Not less than 25,000,000 of these private tokens were thought to be in general circulation. The Sutler's Tokens of these years were called "Rebellion Tokens of the United States."

Tokens were issued by sutlers and traders at forts and isolated western posts before and after the Civil War. Many believe that these tokens were never used in the East, and that those bearing the names of Eastern Military Organizations were issued while the regiments were operating with the armies of the West.

The appointment of sutlers was abolished by Congress in 1866, but reinstated ten years later as Post Traders for operation of Post Exchanges.

EARLY HISTORY OF PRIVATE COINAGE

Of great importance in the early West was the private gold coinage which, with the exception of the Brasher Doubloon coined by Ephriam Brasher in 1787, began in 1830. These coins were struck in various sections of the United States from 1830 to 1862, to supply a suitable currency of definite values at times when there existed a lack of the

regular United States coins. Owing to a curious loophole in the laws of the United States, private individuals for many years were permitted to issue gold coins that circulated as freely as money, although the laws expressly forbade any state to issue coins bearing its own stamp.

Private, territorial, proprietary, or pioneer gold coins were first issued in 1830 by Templeton Reid, an assayer, who did business near the gold mines of Lumpkin County, Georgia. Reid was followed by Christopher Bechtler, who, some time in 1831, began the issue of coins bearing his private stamp at Rutherford, North Carolina, from gold obtained from the mines of Rutherford County. These mines remained a gold producing center until the time of the California gold discovery, and coinage by the Bechtlers was continued until 1852.

Little of the Southern gold was ever shipped to the U.S. Mint at Philadelphia because transportation facilities before 1838 were poor and the hazards of the trail were many. So the U.S. Government established mints for gold coinage at Charlotte, N.C. in 1837, and Dahlonega, Ga. in 1838.

This former mint did not stop the Bechtler coinage, although many individuals with quantities of Bechtler coins had them minted into U.S. coins. With the establishment of a banking system in North Carolina, all Bechtler coinage that passed through these institutions found their way to the nearest mint to be eventually re-coined.

The Bechtler coins were accepted without question in North Carolina, South Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia. Between 1850 and 1860, thousands of natives of North Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee emigrated westward and with them went much of the Bechtler coinage.

Inasmuch as the Bechtlers were the first private coiners of real consequence in this country, their minting operations subsequently proved a most important step in our future monetary situation and set a precedent for similar California concerns.

CALIFORNIA GOLD

The discovery of gold in California by John Marshall and Peter

Wimmer on January 24, 1848, at the end of Sutter's mill race heralded another era in private coinage.

The enormous influx of population caused by news of this discovery and the abundant production of gold had a far-reaching effect not only in California, but also throughout the whole United States. Nuggets of gold and gold dust necessarily became a medium of exchange, resulting in much inconvenience to the miners and the population in general. Much-needed merchandise accumulated in the Custom House because of the need of real U.S. currency with which to pay duties and release goods to the merchants. The government refused to accept gold dust and nuggets, with the result that a great many people hoarded gold and silver coins as an emergency measure for their own needs, creating a scarcity of real money in the regular channels of trade. When this became evident, a stream of gold and silver coins of all nationalities and denominations began to flow toward California.

There were the Spanish and Mexican Dollars or Ounces, with their fractions, and the Dollars of Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia, all of which were held above par. Also French Five Franc pieces, worth 93 cents, yet passing (except at the Custom House) for One Dollar. For a fractional currency, all kinds of minor silver coins were accepted, and an immense flood of Spanish Pesetas, French Francs, and Austrian Zwanzigers soon found their way into circulation. None of these had an intrinsic value of even 20 cents, but as nothing could be purchased for less than "two bits" or twenty-five cents, all silver approximating the size of an American quarter passed for that amount. Speculators reaped a rich harvest.

Certain silver coins were equally acceptable with those of gold for duties and the merchant had to pay a premium in gold dust for silver to remove his goods from the Custom House.

Silver was also required for purchases in China, since Chinese would not accept gold for their merchandise, and San Francisco buyers had to pay a premium in gold for silver coins. This need became imperative in the summer of 1848, and Governor Mason was asked to provide some means of relief. He at once instructed the collector to receive gold dust at its then intrinsic value--$16.00 to the ounce - but soon

discovered that his act was a violation of U.S. law. The merchant was then allowed to deposit his dust at the Custom House, but must redeem it in 60 days, with the necessary coin, otherwise his dust would be sold at auction.

Thus many saw their gold dust sacrificed at $6.00 to $8.00 an ounce to the highest bidder. Speculators, somehow able to obtain the necessary coin, again reaped a harvest.

On July 22, 1848, the San Francisco merchants met to devise means to protect themselves against this heavy loss, and passed resolutions requesting the governor to extend the privilege of redemption to a maximum period of six months. This measure would have cut off the revenue for a period of six months. Again, the governor was petitioned, asking as a favor that he make a concession in favor of the holders of gold dust. The governor, in answering the latter, stated that if the California grain gold, now in such abundant quantities in the country, could be wrought into convenient shapes so as to serve as a substitute for gold and silver coin, he would have no hesitancy in ordering it to be received at the Custom House in payment of duties, at its intrinsic value. On July 31, 1848, a proclamation was issued by him to this effect. However, discovering a short time later that this act was of doubtful legality, he revoked the order, explaining that his act conflicted with an act of Congress approved August 6, 1846.

But the issuing of private coins had already begun and although there was no real authority for this, the need was so great that no action was evoked against the coiners. A precedent had already been established by the Bechtlers and Templeton Reid. We find some of these issues dated as late as 1855. It was during the issuing of the larger denominations, which generally bore the names of the coiners, that there began to be issued the smaller denominations of quarters, halves, and dollars. So far as can be ascertained, the names of the persons or firms responsible for issuing the smaller coins are unknown. But from the designs and quality, it is thought that many of them were struck by the same persons issuing the larger denominations, while others were coined by responsible jewelers and merchants.

The smaller denominations were quarters, half and one dollar

octagon and round pieces.

Early in 1849 these private issues began to appear in circulation.

During the latter part of 1849, a great many issues were placed in circulation, as companies in the East came to California, bringing their own machinery for coining. Many of these pieces resembled the regular U.S. coinage, while others bore original emblems and devices. Along with the California issues, it is interesting to note that Mormon coins from Utah made their appearance in general circulation at about this time. These were known as "Great Salt Lake City PURE GOLD" coins.

The next to make their appearance from a neighboring territory were the five and ten dollar denominations of the Oregon Exchange Company. These were the so-called Beaver Coins.

The coinage of each of these three territories is closely related, since the gold came from the same source.

The private gold coins struck in California from 1849 to 1855 which passed as money, form one of the most interesting series of pieces that have ever been issued in this country.

There were fully fifteen mints in California, which operated for a variable period from 1849 up to and including 1855. These issues were made as a substitute for the gold dust currency, and had a wide circulation throughout California, the amount of private coins struck amounting to millions of dollars. It was estimated in 1856 that fully $8,000,000 worth of private coins was at that time in circulation in California. So far as can be learned, the first coin issued was the five-dollar piece of Norris, Grieg and Norris, dated 1849.

Moffatt and Company was the first private minting firm to issue a ten-dollar piece, also dated 1849; while Baldwin and Company issued the first California twenty-dollar piece in 1851. The first fifty-dollar piece was issued by Moffatt and Company in 1851. This was the octagonal coin, bearing the stamp of U.S. assayer, Augustus Humbert. The last private coins to be issued in California were dated 1855, and came from the private mints operated by Wass, Molitor and Company, and Kellogg

and Company, both of San Francisco.

The coining establishment of Moffatt and Co. was by far the most important of all the California private mints. Their operation extended over a greater range of years than any of the others. The assay office of Curtis and Perry, two of the original members of the firm, Mr. Moffat having retired and Mr. Ward having died, enlarged and re-equipped with improved machinery, was continued as the first United States Branch mint at San Francisco. The coins were of such good quality that they were quoted at par in the market reports; whereas, nearly all other private coins were quoted at 8% discount.

Repeated requests of Californians for a branch U.S. mint were finally granted. Coins of twenty-dollar denomination bearing the National Design and "San Francisco Mint Mark" were first struck on April 15, 1854.

THE MORMON COINAGE OF UTAH

In 1844 Joseph Smith met his death at the hands of a mob, and Brigham Young was subsequently chosen as guardian of the Church. In 1846 and 1847 Young and his followers made the historic trek of more than a thousand miles from Nauvoo to Utah.

The membership of the Church consisted mainly of poor people, and what little money they did possess was spent for oxen, wagons, and food supplies which were necessary for their journey. The first small party arrived at the site of their home on July 24, 1847. And though they had many problems--barren earth, drought, crickets, grasshoppers, and Indians--their greatest need was a medium of exchange. All their lives they had depended upon coins and currency to aid them in trading transactions, and then suddenly they found themselves completely lacking any system whatsoever. Brigham Young had brought about fifty dollars with him, and that, according to Frances Foster, represented almost all the money in the valley, with the exception of that owned by members of the Mormon Battalion.

There was no alternative but to go back to the ancient system of trade and barter.

Doctors took their pay in work done by their patients; school teachers received their wages in food and lodging; shoes were traded for bacon, flour for tables; and a blacksmith would fashion chisels and hammers in return for help in building his home. A theatre was soon provided for entertainment, and people lined up just before the doors opened clutching bags of potatoes, carrots, cabbages, and sacks of eggs or flour. In turn, the actors would exchange their portions of the nightly receipts for whatever they might need.

Various methods were used by Brigham Young and the Mormons to solve their monetary problems. In 1849 they put out paper money, and made arrangements to strike gold coins bearing their own stamp from the large quantities of gold that had come from California.

The Mormon capital residents located their mint on South Temple Street, and constructed their coinage apparatus. The director was Thomas Bullock. In the cellar of the mint the gold dust and nuggets were refined, and on the first floor the coining took place. The press was a very primitive one, as were many of its day. John Kay was the first coiner.

The $2.50, $5.00, $10.00 and $20.00 of 1849 were very much alike in design. A local dentist, James M. Barlow, engraved the dies.

On the coin was a somewhat characteristic inscription of a religious group. Eye of Providence "TO . THE . LORD . HOLINESS ." R. clasped hands. 1849 beneath. G.S.C.P.G. TWO AND HALF DO., FIVE DOLLARS, TEN DOLLARS, TWENTY DOLLARS. The ten dollar piece PURE GOLD.

The intrinsic value of the $20.00 pieces ranged from $16.00 to $18.00. The fineness of the gold varied from .899 to .900, but the weight was about 85 grains less than that of the U.S. double eagle, varying from 436 to 453 grains. The Mormon double eagle was the first $20.00 gold piece to be issued in this country. It was coined in May, 1849.

Utah historians recorded that Cary Peebles, a California pioneer, states that he sold goods to the Mormons in May, 1849, and received in return $4,000.00 in new Mormon coins, the first issued at the Salt Lake

City mint. Peebles stood by and watched the coinage. This corroborates the date of first appearance.

It did not take long to reveal that the net value of these Mormon pieces was considerably below par; consequently, they first fell into disrepute and were eventually refused in the regular channels of trade.

BEAVER MONEY OF THE OREGON EXCHANGE COMPANY

The news of gold discovery reached the Williamette Valley in July, 1848. Almost every able-bodied man who could provide an outfit left for the mines at once. Late in the fall, thousands of dollars in gold dust were brought to Oregon City, the largest city in the territory, with a population of about 1,000. At this time the new settlement was using as media of exchange beaver skins, wheat, bills, drafts, and orders and silver coins of Mexico and Peru, all of changing and uncertain value. Gold dust and nuggets came to Oregon in exchange for farm products.

There were three grades of gold dust, valued at twelve, fourteen, or sixteen dollars per ounce, depending on its cleanliness. This created dissatisfaction, since people were likely to be deceived unless gold scales were accessible.

William H. Rector petitioned the Provisional Legislature, then in session, to pass a law to provide for coinage. Such a law was passed on February 16, 1849, and officers were elected to carry out its provisions. Before it could be carried into effect, however, the Provisional Government was supplanted by the Territorial, and the plan was defeated.

Prior to this, the Oregon Exchange Company organized and put into circulation $30,000 in five-dollar pieces and $28,500 in ten-dollar pieces under the supervision of Mr. Rector. A hand rolling and stamping mill was forged of scraps and old wagon tires off wheels that had crossed the plains.

On the obverse side of the Five Dollar piece: Beaver on a log (same as the Northwest Token), faces right, above the initials of the

Oregon Exchange Company as follows: K.M.T.A.W.R.G.S. below T.O., 1849. R. "OREGON EXCHANGE COMPANY. 130 G NATIVE GOLD 5D." Borders plain and edges plain or reeded.

The initials on the five dollar piece represent the first letter of the family name of each member of the company: Kilbourne, Magruder, Taylor, Abernethy, Willson, Rector, Campbell, and Smith. The letter "G" is an error on the part of the engraver, the letter "C" being intended. The letters "T.O." were supposed to have been reversed on the five-dollar piece, but the error was corrected on the ten-dollar piece. The letters represented Oregon Territory. One writer suggested that "T.O." may have stood for Thomas Ormsby.

The five-dollar piece actually weighed 129½ grains.

The ten-dollar piece was more finished in appearance than the five, and weighed 262 grains. The errors mentioned above were corrected. R. 10 D. 20 G. NATIVE GOLD TEN D. The initials "A" and "W" were omitted omitted, since some of the partners had dropped out when the ten-dollar piece was struck. The edges were reeded. This denomination is very rare.

For men so little experienced in the art of stamping gold, it must be said that their work was a credit to them. These coins were of excellent quality compared with other private pieces, and, unlike the Mormon coins, were accepted at par.

The Beaver Coinage did not go out of circulation until about 1854, and then the larger portion was purchased by the U.S. Mint in San Francisco because the bullion value of the coins was from eight to ten per cent greater than the face value or $0.50 and $1.00 on the $5.00 and $10.00 pieces.

The two dies and the rollers of the press are now in the custody of the Oregon Historical Society.

CLARK, GRUBER AND COMPANY

In the spring of 1859 thousands of people rushed into Denver and

Colorado Territory, and with them came a moderate amount of money in the form of gold and silver coin. Pioneers came here to seek wealth, they did not bring it. There was no paper money, and, as in California, the smallest coin was twenty-five cents, called in mining camps, "two bits."

Cherry Creek, the Platte River, and the lower reaches of Clear Creek yielded gold that was almost pure. A pinch of gold dust was worth two bits. Since the weighing of gold dust was against the miner in small transactions, there was need for brokers who would buy gold dust, paying for the dust in money, and shipping the dust to bankers in the towns along the Missouri River. The express charges were 5% of the value of the gold dust.

Gold dust constituted the principal part of the circulating medium until July, 1860, when the coins of Clark, Gruber and Company came into quite general use.

The firm of Clark, Gruber & Co. had been engaged in banking in Leavenworth, Kansas, since 1858, where they had been purchasing gold dust from the Pike's Peak region. Early in the spring of 1860, Austin M. Clark and E.H. Gruber came to Denver to institute preparations to establish a bank and mint. Milton E. Clark went from Leavenworth to Boston to procure dies and presses for minting. This machinery was delivered overland to Denver in the spring by ox or mule team from the Missouri River points, heavily guarded from Indian attacks.

The firm bought several lots at the corner of 16th and Market (McGaa) Sts. and on the corner lot erected a small two story brick building. On July 20, 1860, Clark, Gruber & Co. opened their bank and coinage mint.

The first coin issued was a ten-dollar gold piece which the firm presented to William N. Byers, editor of the Rocky Mountain News, who was present at the ceremony. The News of July 25, 1860, described the event: "'Mint drops' of the value of $10.00 each began dropping into a tin pail with a most musical 'chink'." It is no wonder that these choicest coins exhibit edge nicks.

During the year of 1860, 2½D., 5 D., 10 D., and 20D. denominations

were coined. During 1861 and 1862, all denominations were likewise coined, but dated 1861.

The total coinage by years was:

$131,220.50	in	1860
$240,165.00	in	1861
$222,919.50	in	1862
$594,305.00	total	from July 16, 1860 to January 1, 1863.

In 1863, the government purchased the minting establishment for $25,000. It was thereafter conducted as a U.S. assay office. The original bill, passed on April 21, 1862, provided for a government mint at Denver, but coins were not struck until 1906.

Late in 1860 the firm of Clark, Gruber & Co. opened a branch at Central City and at both places paid for gold in their own coin, drafts, or checks; and later in currency.

JOHN PARSONS AND COMPANY

Gold deposits were discovered at Tarryall, Colorado in 1859 by prospectors from Central City who found all the good lodes there staked out. At first Tarryall Creek proved a disappointment, but pay dirt was struck just as they were preparing to leave. "Let us tarry, all," said a miner, so the story goes, and thus the creek and camp were named.

Dr. John Parsons came from Quincy, Illinois, in 1859, to the Pike's Peak district. In 1860, he brought out dies and presses and set up his mint at Tarryall near the mouth of the canon northwest of Como, where the railway passed to cross the range to Breckenridge. The inscription of these $2.50 and $5.00 pieces reads "Oro," and from this fact it was thought that Parsons intended to locate his mint at Oro City, the present site of Leadville. A later Oro City was established two miles farther up California Gulch. It is quite certain, however, that Parsons located his mint in South Park, at the Tarryall Mines, and that his coins first appeared in the latter part of June or the first of July, 1861.

The Rocky Mountain News of June 27, 1861, reports: "Parsons & Co., of Hamilton (South Park) are preparing to begin the coinage of gold at that place. The issue will be in quarter and half eagles of handsome and original design. We have seen facsimiles of the coins."

The Miner's Record, Vol. I, Number 10, issued at Tarryall Mines, South Park, Colorado Territory, dated September 7, 1861, says: "We were shown one day this week by J. B. Stancil, Esq., a partner of Buckskin Joe Harris, some new coins of the denomination of two dollars and a half, which were coined by Dr. J. Parsons of Tarryall Mines. The specimens we saw were the first that had been coined, and although they were not as even and perfect in form as is usual in gold coins, were fair samples of Pike's Peak coinage. The designs on this denomination are on one side the American Eagle in the center, with the words, 'Pike's Peak Gold 2½ Doll.,' encircling it; on the other, a representation of a six-stamp quartz mill with the words 'Parson & Co., Oro' (The final 's' was omitted due to a mistake of the engraver.) We understand Dr. Parsons designs removing his coining machinery to Buckskin Joe, where he will establish a mint for the coining of gold of different denominations." Neither piece of Parsons is dated, nor were the Conway pieces.

J. J. CONWAY AND COMPANY

Information concerning the establishment which produced the Conway coin is very meagre. The mint was located in Summit County, in Georgia Gulch, which, early in 1861, was one of the gold fields in Colorado Territory. The gulch was in the Snowy Range Mountains, just over the range from Tarryall. At the mouth of the gulch was the town of Parkville and, it is thought, where the Conway mint was located.

Early in September, 1861, a meeting of the miners and traders was held in order to establish a uniform rate at which gold dust should be current; at the time this commodity ranged in value from $14 to $16 per ounce. A disagreement occurred between the miners and the traders as to the rate, which promised a deadlock, when the firm of Conway & Co. solved the difficulty by manufacturing their gold pieces. The Rocky Mountain Weekly News of August 21, 1861, says: "There is a mint in Georgia Gulch, conducted by J. J. Conway & Co., jewelers and bankers. Their machinery seems to be as fine as that of Clark, Gruber & Co. and

their five and ten-dollar pieces look as nice and rich as Uncle Sam himself could get up." The coins must have been issued earlier in August, however, for in the weekly Rocky Mountain News of Denver, dated August 14, 1861, the statement was made that a careful assay made in this city of a new coin of the denomination of five dollars, issued by J. J. Conway & Co. of Georgia Gulch had been assayed. "The assay shows that the fineness of the gold is only, .722½, and the value of the "slug" in American coin $4.26. These slugs may prove a matter of convenience to the miners for home circulation, but in the eastern market they probably would not bring four dollars. In manufacturing private coin for circulation in this region, our bankers should adopt a standard approximating to that of U. S. Coin. Clark, Gruber & Co.'s coin is nearly if not quite up to this standard, and any of our miners who are lucky enough to carry East a pocket full of Denver mint drops need not fear much loss."

There seems to have been a mistake in this first assay, for a later number of the same paper says that as it had been represented that the Conway coins were of light weight and deficient in value, it reproduced the certificate of T. G. Perrenaud, a local assayer, in which it was shown that the Conway five-dollar piece weighed 140.30 grains Troy, the gold being of a fineness of .822, the proportion of silver being .78, and estimating the silver, the intrinsic value of the coin was $5.01.

All of these Conway coins are excessively rare. The Colorado Historical Society have the Conway dies in their possession.

There were only five (5) known pieces of the Conway coins in existence in 1909. One of each is in the mint collection at Philadelphia.

Both gold and silver were run into bars in the Western mining states in the early days. Blocks were cut out of large thick sheets of silver in Montana. These were called Silver mine tokens.

JOSEPH LESHER REFERENDUM PIECES

In the annals of Colorado history, the gold coinages were outstanding. Less picturesque but not entirely overshadowed by the gold coinages were the "Leshers" or Referendum pieces issued by Joseph Lesher of

Victor, Colorado. He believed in the free coinage of silver, as advocated by William Jennings Bryan in the campaigns of 1896 and 1900.

The "Leshers" or Referendum pieces were Octagonal Silver pieces, dated 1900 and 1901. Mr. Lesher classified them as coins and issued them as private pieces of silver for exchange purposes, not depending on necessity or demand. They were issued in defiance of government statute, and for a time performed, in a limited way, the service of money in central Colorado.

Mr. Lesher said that about 3,500 pieces, including all varieties, were struck. Since some were melted, about 3,000 pieces were distributed. Five types with a total of 13 varieties were coined. Although not an old issue as compared with early American coinage, all are now scarce and in demand.

Mr. Lesher stamped the pieces REFERENDUM. He made them octagonal so they could be distinguished from government coins. They showed their price and quality and carried a guarantee to be redeemed by the issuer.

The Georgetown Courier of June, 1901 states, "Jo Lesher, manufacturer of the Cripple Creek Octagon Coin, was in Georgetown this week, renewing old acquaintances.....For the past nine years, he has been at Cripple Creek, and is reaping a harvest out of his octagon coin. He expects to clean up about $50,000.00 this year out of the scheme."

Considering the cost of the dies at $60.00 a set, silver at an average price of $0.62½ per oz., striking, 10 to 15 cents each, punches, patents, etc., it does not appear that the scheme could have proved a financial success.

Mr. Manovry, a collector of Rochester, N.Y. said, "The Referendums were accepted as a dollar in Cripple Creek, Victor, Colorado City, and Colorado Springs, and even in Denver by some banks in a speculative way. I bought several from banks." They also had a limited circulation in Pueblo, but at some places their only use was as trade premiums or as items for sale as souvenirs.

The first issues were dated 1900, contained one ounce of coin

silver, and had a value of $1.25. The plan may have been to pay them out at $1.00 and receive them back at $1.25 in exchange for merchandise; however, Mr. Lesher did not confirm this. Few of the pieces were ever redeemed.

The dies for the first piece were cut by Frank Hurd, a Denver jeweler. The silver bullion was purchased from the smelters. The metal was next rolled out in thin sheets and cut into octagonal pieces, each containing one ounce of pure silver. Various metal stampers in Denver struck the pieces; all the other dies were made by Herman Otto, a designer and die cutter, who was a native of Germany.

There were one hundred of the 1900 issue struck and numbered consecutively from 1 to 100. No effort was made to put them into circulation. These were widely distributed due to mail inquiries following newspaper notices and from the number located, they are fourth in rarity. The dies were seized by the Government and production stopped. There are about 15 known.

Considerable newspaper comment followed the initial production of the pieces. One item in the Victor Daily Record dated November 13, 1900 says: "Joseph Lesher, a Colorado pioneer and silver mine owner, has procured a die, laid in a supply of bullion, and manufactured several silver coins, each containing one ounce of pure silver. He calls his coins 'Referendum Dollars' because they are to be referred to the people for acceptance or rejection.

"Mr. Lesher proposes to demonstrate that the 'intrinsic value' theory is a delusion and a snare. His silver at the present quotation costs sixty-five cents per ounce, the expense of coining is fifteen cents, eighty cents in all, but he values the dollars at $1.25 and intends to keep them above par. Although he is confident that the silver alone is really worth $1.29 an ounce, he admits that other people may be prejudiced. Therefore, he promises to pay $1.25 in United States money on demand for each 'referendum' dollar. In order to avoid any entanglements with the Government, Mr. Lesher makes his dollars eight-sided."

Not many days elapsed after the production of the first Leshers

before their producer had a call from Government officers. Lesher told how, when they requested to see the dies, "They pulled out a little sack in which they put the dies and walked away, and I never saw the dies again." The officers claimed that the pieces had the function of a coin and were therefore contrary to law. Lesher considered the interference of the Government unwarranted, and appealed to Senator Teller who brought the matter to the attention of the Secretary of the Treasury. It was agreed that on certain changes of the inscription to allow the coinage to continue.

The Victor Daily Record under date of November 23, 1900, states: "Joseph Lesher who recently made and issued one hundred silver souvenirs, which he called 'Referendum dollars', says he has assurances from the United States District Attorney that his scheme is not illegal, and he has ordered a new die from which 10,000 will be struck off immediately. The silver will cost him $6,500 and the making $1,500. He will sell the coins for $12,500 and redeem them on demand for the same amount. The new coins will bear the name of a Victor grocery man, who agrees to redeem them in merchandise or money."

The pieces referred to are known as the Bumstead type. The name of A.B. Bumstead, a Victor grocery merchant who issued and redeemed them, is engraved in the die. Dies for this and the remainder of the series were made by Herman Otto. They were well cut and arranged, and all had a narrow struck up flat frame, not always uniform, with a beaded border.

C.W. Thomas, jeweler of Florence, Colorado, and two clothiers at Canon City and Grand Junction, Colorado, purchased Leshers for trade use. None of the stamps has ever been located.

Mr. Lesher had a very unique method of distributing his referendums through grocers, jewelers, a liquor dealer, and a shoemaker, all of whom looked upon his coinage as a very patriotic enterprise.

Other people may have conceived the idea of coining silver, but Mr. Lesher was the first and only man in Colorado who ever carried the theory into execution.

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TRAIL DUST FROM THE DENVER CORRAL

Our hard-working Sheriff Art Carhart is taking a much-needed rest in southern California.

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Three rousing "Yip-pees!" for Tally Man Ralph Mayo, for breaking up the milling figures in the tally book and pointing them straight up the trail.

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That dynamo of energy, Herb Brayer, had a feature article in the March 1948 issue of the Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society. Title of the article: "The Duty or Dilemma of Every Illinoisan." He also attended the Mississippi Valley Historical Association meeting at Rockford, Illinois and at Minneapolis.

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William McLeod Raine modestly admits the publication of another Western novel, his 72nd Western book. It is called "The Outlaw Trail" and is published by Hodder & Stoughton, London.

William J. Barker has an article in the May Rocky Mountain Life magazine called "Star Dust to Pay Dirt," which tells about a revolutionary new idea for taking tourists luxury-camping in the Colorado Rockies.

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Ed Bemis recently organized the Founders Society of America, whose purpose is to accumulate important records about national and international organizations or movements, and about the men and women who founded them, and to provide a safe repository for the keeping of such records. It is also to honor those who, through their foresight, ingenuity and persistance, gave the inspiration which brought these organizations and movements into being.

So, all you Westerners and Corresponding Westerners who ever "started anything," get in touch with Ed Bemis, Littleton, Colorado.

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Again our much-heralded program, "Wild Women of the Wild West," was postponed. Could this be a case of the watched pot?

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ATTENTION, CORRESPONDING MEMBERS

Send us your news for the Monthly Brand Book--let us hear about goings-on in your part of the country. And if you have any suggestions concerning future programs, they would be welcomed by Program Chairman Don Bloch, U. S. Forest Service, 18th and Stout Streets, Denver, Colorado.

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THE MAY PROGRAM

"British Influences In the Western Range Cattle Industry," by Westerner Herbert O. Brayer. Material for this paper, which covers the period of 1865 to 1900, was collected by Herb Brayer in his position as Director of the Rockefeller Western Range Cattle study. It has been four years in the making.

Don't miss this important meeting--Wednesday, May 26.

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NEW MEMBER: Barron B. Beshoer, 2342 Elm St., Denver Representative for Time-Life-Fortune News Bureau.

JACK ROLLINSON'S LETTER

About two weeks before his untimely death on March 2 last, John K. Rollinson, noted cowboy author, wrote a most interesting letter to Posseman Fred Rosenstock. The letter, which gives hitherto unpublished facts in the life of this top-flight Western writer, follows:

"I was born on my grandfather's stock farm May 14, 1882, in Catteraugus County in the foothills of western New York State and, as I dreaded any attempt to expose myself to an education, I purchased a ticket to Denver in June, 1897, on an excursion rate made possible by a religious group of men and women then holding a national convention in Denver. I remember well that, on arriving in Denver, I was assigned to a room at the (Old) American House. I was not a member of this religious group of people and I promptly sold my return trip ticket to a scalper, of which there were many across the street from the depot.

"Always used to teams of horses, I picked up a job the third day as teamster on the Moffat Cut-off Railroad Extension. The work was pleasant; the camp was clean and away from the city,

and while I had 'hired out' to go there at $45.00 and found as a skinner, yet I qualified at once as a four-horse teamster and my pay was $60.00.

"To my great pleasure, they put me in charge of a fine, big six-horse team freighting supplies -- groceries, blacksmith coal and dynamite -- to their camp at the tunnel (I forget which number). My pay was increased. However, as fine as I enjoyed Colorado's high air and my job, yet I really came West to try to be a cowboy so I heard other freighters tell about the Swan Land and Cattle Company, then the largest cattle company in Wyoming at Chugwater.

"It took me a year of hard learning before, by a lucky chance, I was able to get a try-out with the Bear Creek Cattle Association. The address was then Philips, Wyoming. Curt Griffin was foreman of the wagon operated by this organization. His home was on Bear Creek at the old BU Ranch. The old stone house still stands and the brand is carved in stone over the front door. Greatly to my surprise and pleasure, I was employed on their round-up as Nighthawk. We pulled the wagon out May 10th, and we were living at the wagon until three days after Thanksgiving, when we loaded our last train of grass-fat beef at Torrington.

"From horse-wrangling the following year I was promoted to a better job -- riding for cattle. My heart was light; I was starting to realize my ambitions of past years. From then on, I tried seriously to learn just what to do and how to do it. I tried always to be obedient (as was every one of the eighteen seasoned men in our wagon crew). There were no Sundays west of Omaha in those days; we worked from dawn in summer months, which was three A.M., and there were no eight-hour days, for we worked until the dark of the evening and brought to a halt our fourteen-hour day. In the fall, while the days were shorter and we did not get going until about six A.M., after a day's riding all of us had to take turns at two-hour night herding as long as we had a beef herd to get safely to a shipping point.

"That winter at Christmas, I went to Denver and registered at The Windsor Hotel, as I had considerable money saved up. The Windsor was at that time well maintained and had a good dining

room on the second floor staffed, as many of you will remember, by a very competent crew of colored waiters and bus boys. It really was a fine hotel and I enjoyed it so much, for many mining men and range men congregated in the Windsor's spacious marble lobby and at the bar, and I enjoyed hearing these men, who were prominent men in Denver, discuss certain facts and events, though I only knew by sight an occasional person from Wyoming. The Hotel was operating on the American plan and, while I did not demand a pretentious room such as were Haw (H.A.W.) Tabor's suite, yet I could pay my bill at the end of my stay, which was $3.50 per day. It seemed a lot to me 'them days' but I had enjoyed my Denver trip -- theaters which were my big interest, three meals a day and a warm room.

"That winter was mild and, before we realized it, May 10th was at hand with hundreds of good, new calves every day and soon the old chuck wagon was again thundering and bumping across the virgin soil of Wyoming. As I grew older, new thrills came into my every-day life, for I was slowly learning to be what I most had desired to be -- a good cow man.

"In early 1903 we heard a lot about the Big Horn Basin in northern Wyoming and I gathered up my small outfit and 'threw in' with a trail herd of cattle from Old Mexico, headed for the Crow Indian Reservation in Montana. This trip, as much as the foregoing is related in my book PONY TRAILS IN WYOMING, published by Caxton, Ltd., and is shortly to enter the fourth printing.

"Theodore Roosevelt honored me by his appointment as United States Ranger, in which capacity I served until 1912, when I was again in the cow business for myself. I have been since then until 1945 when the government took most of my range and water away and old man rheumatism (arthritis) got the upper hand. I sold my cattle and lands, not without regret, for I had always been happy in trying to build up a herd of fine horses and fine cattle.

"My new book, due for circulation February 21st, is entitled WYOMING CATTLE TRAILS. It has to do with the heretofore unpublished history of Oregon and the Pacific Northwest cattle, migrating as trail herds across Idaho and into Wyoming and Montana and some on further east. To the best of my research and present knowledge, no complete book has been written to

date to describe the long trail of old pioneer cattle, which went to Oregon in the 1840-1850-1860 period -- a fine grade of domesticated Durham stock. In 1880 the offspring from these first overland cattle were made up into herds and trailed almost over the same trail (Oregon Trail) to furnish the native parent cattle of the earlier Wyoming and Montana stockmen, for though vast numbers of cattle came up from Texas after 1880, these were strictly transient cattle and as adult steers were sent east by rail to the markets.

"There were just as many varied dangers encountered by the Oregon Trail as by men so much discussed in books pertaining to the Texas Trail, for the distance was as great and the desert as bad. The rivers to cross were even worse and more dangerous than those encountered by the Texas cattle.

"This book will be new reading in our libraries and in our circles of men who seek to pick up 'forgotten trails of history' in our West. All names of men and women and places are absolutely true names. I do indeed hope that you will enjoy interesting reading from WYOMING CATTLE TRAILS."

(signed)
John K. Rollinson"

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POSSEMAN ROSENSTOCK'S BOOK NOTES

JACOB HAMBLIN, BUCKSKIN APOSTLE. By Paul Bailey. Limited Edition, Westernlore Press, Los Angeles. $4.50.

Here is a full-length portrait, long overdue, of a giant among men - a strange, fascinating character, whose name was Jacob Hamblin. Hamblin was a Mormon, a real frontiersman and pathfinder, and missionary to the Indians of the Southwest--meaning the Hopis and Navajos in the 1850's, when those Indians were far from docile. He honestly believed that no Indian would ever have the power to hurt him, because he had never shed the blood of an Indian. To the Indians he was the resolute man of peace in whom they could lay their trust. Hamblin's life story is replete with other noteworthy accomplishments. He was the first, after Escalante, to cross the turbulent Colorado river; was J. W. Powell's guide on the second Grand Canyon expedition; and was guide and protector to many emigrant trains on the Old Spanish Trail. There is much Western and Mormon history in this well-written and well-

documented book; the format is admirable; and may I express the hope that we shall receive more productions from this publisher --the Westernlore Press.

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WYOMING CATTLE TRAILS

By John K. Rollinson. Edition limited to 1,000 signed and numbered copies on deckle edge paper. Caxton Printers, Ltd. $7.00.

Many books have been written about Western cattle and cattlemen, cattle wars and feuds and roundups, and most of us are informed about the famous Texas longhorns and the important part they played in early cattle days. It has remained for Mr. Rollinson, author of the still popular "Pony Trails in Wyoming" (now in its fourth edition) to detail, for the first time, one of the most important and absorbing phases of the history of the Western cattle trade. This is the story, taken mainly from first-hand accounts by participants, of the long cattle drives eastward, from Oregon and the Pacific Northwest, down through Idaho and into Wyoming and Montana, where these excellent cattle stocked the ranges, thereby laying the foundation for the first native cattle of these states. This Oregon country stock was directly descended from the farm-raised cattle of the East that accompanied emigrants over the old Oregon Trail beginning in the early '40's. The Oregon-to-Wyoming drives reached their peak about 1885, and it was really big business--not without its full share of romance and cowboy lore.

Mr. Rollinson, in addition to his own narrative of this epic, has given us first-hand accounts, some from notes--but mostly in their own words--of a number of men who actually rode those trails; and these are invaluable as records and make the finest reading, as they always do. There is also much other good material here relating to the cattle industry in Wyoming from 1880 to 1910, which includes the Johnson County war and the Powder River "invasion" of the '90's; interesting events as depicted by early Wyoming newspaper accounts and, finally, the influx of the sheep growers and the dry farmers. In all, a worthy book, largely original in character, and a welcome addition to the cattle saga of the West.

There is a sad footnote to relate. About the time the book came off the press, Mr. Rollinson died suddenly, at the age of 65. I have several interesting letters

from him--one of them written on February 11th, being practically a short autobiography. He came to Wyoming as a boy, was by turns cowboy, range boss, and United States ranger. In recent years he lived at Altadena, California, and was one of the organizing members of the Los Angeles Westerners. We mourn the loss of this vivid personality and real Westerner.

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AMERICA'S SHEEP TRAILS: HISTORY - PERSONALITIES.

By Edward N. Wentworth. Iowa State College Press, Ames, Iowa. $7.00.

I was entirely surprised by this book. I mean, there was no advance publicity, no fanfare of any kind, and I first heard of it from a friend who already had a copy. Well, I don't want the Westerners to miss on this. The book is so tremendous, not only in size but in real worth and interest, that one simply can't begin to do justice to it in a few lines. I believe a fair comparison is to say that it does for sheep what the famous and now almost unprocurable "Prose and Poetry of the Cattle Industry" did for cattle. To say it is the best history of sheep in America is putting it modestly. Truly, it is encyclopedic in scope, and it is the type of "big book" that I enjoy reading in my own funny way; that is, I might strike page 522 first--because here is a chapter that sounds most alluring, called "Cattle and Sheep Wars", and it's a good, long one. Then, I might jump back to page 112, because here is a swell long chapter entitled "Sheep in the Southwest." I don't suggest that you read it in this manner, but the fact is, here is a monumental treasure of a book, by far the "tops" on the subject. It traces sheep in America from Columbus' second voyage, when sheep were introduced in the new world. It is interesting to note that there were sheep with the Coronado expedition, which accounts for their existence in New Mexico as early as 1542. Some 30 years later, they were introduced into Texas. We first hear of sheep in California about 1700. There are also chapters on sheep in the Eastern Colonies, Crossing the Alleghenies, sheep in the Old South, South, the central western states--in short, a <u>complete</u> history--but the emphasis definitely is on the Far West and Southwest. There is much on Colorado, Wyoming, Montana and Utah--and, here, in my rambling way, I notice articles with such fascinating names as "Dick Wootton's Drive", "The Carson-Maxwell Drive", "The Bannock Indian

War", and more chapters, with such titles as "Taking over the Territories", "Plains and Foothills", and "The Rise of Texas."

I strongly urge every Westerner to buy this book--and be sure to hold on to it. I have a feeling the edition won't last long, and there will be a great demand for it some day. I must not fail to mention there are 185 illustrations, an extensive appendix, some interesting biographical sketches, and the finest index that I recall seeing in a book in recent years.

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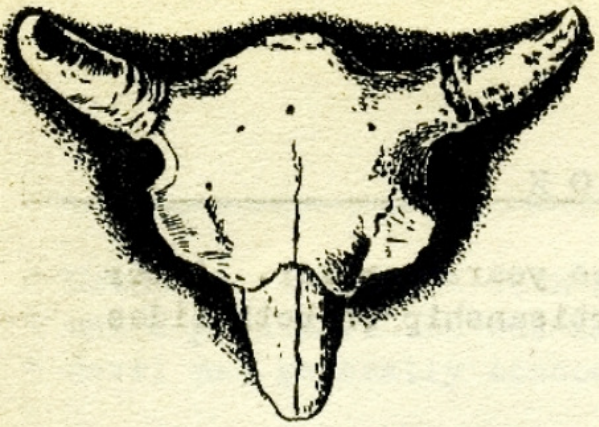

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GLORIETA PASS / THE FORGOTTEN WAR IN THE WEST

BY WILLIAM J. BARKER

Who won the Civil War for the Union?

A regiment of green Colorado troops who met and defeated a formidable, seasoned outfit of Texans which outnumbered them.

The battle didn't take place in the South or East, but in the wildest part of the old West--the rough land of canyons and peaks below the New Mexico-Colorado border. The average history professor outside of these states never heard of La Glorieta Pass, and few of today's tourists notice the markers which symbolize the bloody, gallant, and tragic events that took place there during the three days that sealed the fate of the Confederacy. Here's how it happened....

Back in February, 1861, 25,331 frontier citizens received the news that their rugged, awesome land of plains and peaks had been (after much petitioning and delay) officially recognized as Colorado Territory.

A large number, possibly a third, of the Coloradoans were for the Confederacy; many of these men were leading spirits in the hell-roaring mining towns--in fact, a party of Southerners had developed the

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WILLIAM J. BARKER SERVED AS COMBAT CORRESPONDENT WITH THE 103D ("CACTUS") INFANTRY DIVISION, ORIGINALLY A NEW MEXICO UNIT, IN EUROPE DURING WORLD WAR II. HE HOLDS THE COMBAT INFANTRY BADGE AND THE BRONZE STAR DECORATIONS. SUBSEQUENTLY HE FOUNDED AND EDITED ROCKY MOUNTAIN LIFE MAGAZINE. CURRENTLY HE IS ASSOCIATED WITH GALEN E. BROYLES CO., ADVERTISING.

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first gold diggings in the Territory three years earlier. After the firing on Fort Sumter, April 12, 1861, partisanship on both sides in Denver City (pop. 3000) was vigorous.

Much loud campaigning of the saloon variety led to brawls. Duels were fought both formally and in the "slap leather" fashion of the time and place, when political discussion (always a touchy pastime) reached the insult stage.

This then was Colorado when William ("John-the-Baptist-of-the-West") Gilpin, first governor of the Territory, arrived, May 29th, '61. Gilpin, seasoned explorer and Indian fighter, was a Missourian true-blue to the North and popular in his new office. He knew that Southern military strength was great in Texas, that the Confederacy considered the Western territories fair game for the war bag, and that, with their shaky backing, the South needed gold to buy arms and materiel from Europe. And where was gold for the taking?

Utah (whose Mormons were being wooed by Confederate agents who played upon the bitterness these self-isolated pioneers felt towards the Government as a result of past altercations); California (the southern portion of which was well-known to be secessionist, as well as an excellent avenue to the Pacific for the South); New Mexico (which then included Arizona and was largely populated by Mexican peons); and Colorado--natural central stronghold and gold-studded, strategic door to the pathway West.

Colorado's pro-Southerners propagandized openly. Gilpin, in desperation, set up a semi-military form of government. Both camps bought up all available weapons in a localized armament race. Neither side gained any very useful weapons for waging war; their arsenals were polyglot, in no wise standard, therefore impossible to service with standard military loads.

And now the strange and controversial figure of John M. (for Milton) Chivington enters the picture. He was a big fellow from Ohio--six feet five and strong as a buffalo bull--possessed of a powerful voice which could be heard on Sunday morning three blocks from the

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Methodist church at 14th and Lawrence Streets in Denver City where he was a preacher. He was known as a "fightin' preacher" against whom the devil was generally conceded to have mighty poor odds.

When Governor Gilpin, during the summer of '61, grimly started to recruit volunteers for the First Colorado Regiment, this 40-year-old giant applied for a commission at once. A persuasive campaigner in the mining camps who made the contagious kind of fight talk the mountain men liked, Chivington was offered a captaincy as chaplain. However, he made it clear that if there was to be war he meant to be a warrior, and thereby talked himself into the service as a major of the line.

Gilpin, incidentally, was given no Federal authority to raise, arm and equip his troops. He went ahead anyway. He issued drafts against the U.S. Treasury for what was needed, and these drafts were honored by local merchants--even passed from hand to hand as currency. After the emergency, few were able to collect, and Gilpin was removed from office for his unorthodox act despite the fact that events clearly showed his move to have been justified.

The Governor built a small fort, Camp Weld, on the outskirts of Denver City where the novice infantry companies were put in training as rapidly as they arrived from the various towns: Central City, Black Hawk, Nevada, Buckskin Joe, Empire City, and the South Clear Creek mining camps. The rank and file were a tough and cosmopolitan crew from all over the world.

On August 26th, their officers were commissioned by the Army. This came about in large part through the efforts of a Denver City lawyer with political connections in Washington--John P. Slough. Slough, a man of some military experience as a former militiaman in Ohio, was jumped from Captain of Company A (Denver City) to Colonel in short order, and given command of the Regiment.

Col. Slough and his Major, Chivington, were not inclined to see the business of soldiering alike. Though Chivington had been a preacher, still his instinctive love for the hup-two-three-ready-aim-fire life had caused him to study military manuals between sermons for many months. Result: he wanted to make a well-drilled, thoroughly

by-the-numbers outfit of the regiment. Slough, on the other hand, took a dim view of the training program; felt that his men would operate as guerillas, harrying rather than attacking the superior forces of the South.

In early January, 1862, the long-feared agression by the Texans was under way. Brig. Gen. Henry H. Sibley, brilliant West Pointer late of the U.S. Army, and now a formidable Confederate leader, moved across the New Mexico-Texas border with 3,000 troops, 15 artillery pieces, and a lengthy wagon train. He advanced up the Rio Grande Valley to U. S. Fort Thorn, 70 miles from the state line, and occupied it without resistance.

When this bad news reached Denver City, Gov. Gilpin dispatched a message to military authorities at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, begging for permission to send the restless Coloradoans southward to help the out-numbered New Mexicans who'd backed up to Fort Craig.

A slow month went by with no go-ahead from GHQ at Leavenworth. Gilpin, Slough, Chivington--right on down to the humblest private -- the Coloradoans said nasty words about Kansas in general and the Army brass there in specific. Finally, almost at the end of endurance, the following message arrived, February 14th:

Headquarters, Dept. of Kansas
Fort Leavenworth, Kan., Feb. 10, 1862

> Send all available forces you can possibly spare to reinforce Colonel Canby, commanding Department of New Mexico, and to keep open his communication through Fort Wise. Act promptly and with all the discretion of your latest information as to what may be necessary and where the troops of Colorado can do most service.
>
> D. Hunter
> Major-General, Commanding

Eight days later, February 22nd, the Coloradoans hit the trail south.

Meanwhile, Sibley's Texans were on the march; things were worse than the mountain northerners and the Kansas brass realized. On the 7th of February, the 3,000 invaders had pressed onward up the Rio Grande, leaving Fort Thorn behind. On the 16th, Sibley halted them two miles below Col. Edward R.S. Canby's Union-held Fort Craig and challenged the loyalist forces to come on out and fight.

Canby's troops were green, somewhat overawed by the traditional prowess of two-gun Texans, and inclined to favor the shelter of the Fort. Col. Canby, therefore, declined the challenge; decided to sweat things out.

Sibley, in effect, shrugged his shoulders. If they wouldn't fight, he'd go 'round them, move on north. Five miles above Fort Craig, Sibley pitched camp in the pines and cottonwoods of Valverde, popular crossing-place on the Rio Grande.

That's where the first major battle in the Southwest's Civil War took place, February 21st, 1862.

Around nine in the morning, the New Mexicans moved out of their stronghold and engaged the Confederates across the river. Bitter fighting which lasted the better part of the day ensued. Canby's troops (including a well-liked officer named Kit Carson) had the edge in numbers but lost the battle to the seasoned, confident Texans and were beaten back to the Fort.

Losses on both sides were severe. It has been said that on a per capita basis, they were unparalleled by any single battle ever fought on this continent. Canby reported his casualties as 68 killed in the field, 158 wounded--and of the latter "several died" soon afterwards. Sibley's casualties (an approximate arrived at by averaging estimates given by both sides) were 95 Texans killed, 275 wounded.

The following day, Canby refused Sibley's invitation to surrender. Confederate officers, inside Fort Craig under truce, noted the seeming

strength of the New Mexicans' cannon and decided not to attack. What they failed to note in their hurried call was that many of the "cannon" were simulated--mere wooden pipes painted black.

Two days later, the invaders, after burying their dead, pushed north 25 miles to Socorro with their wounded. The plan now was to continue swiftly as possible; live off the towns en route; take valuable Fort Union near Santa Fe. Fort Union was known to be a treasure house of military equipage, a $2,000,000 quarter-master's dream.

March 2nd, 1862, the Sibley column was spotted by Union scouts as it approached Albuquerque. The Federals ran for Santa Fe, destroying what they couldn't roll with them in their wagons. And the defenders' flight didn't stop at Santa Fe. There the frantic men in blue loaded a train of some 120 wagons with $250,000-worth of GI materiel, fired and destroyed what they couldn't salvage from the onrushing Texans, and on March 5th headed northeast for Fort Union.

They arrived safely at this last ditch stand March 10th, '62, Sibley and his boot-tough Texans darkening their dreams.

The Rebel riders, their own dreams of a Western Confederacy looking brighter every colorful mile, took Albuquerque, Santa Fe and Cubero in short order. Sibley's orders to his officers now were to prepare for the decisive battle, consequently his troops stopped four days' march short of Fort Union to gather all manner of needed supplies.

Sibley planned to break Fort Union open by the use of artillery, including the Sibley Howitzer, only one of this distinguished officer's many creations in and then out of the U.S. Army. As a sidelight on his inventiveness, it has been observed that the famous (perhaps notorious is a better word) McClellan saddle was merely a modification of the Sibley saddle; that the Sibley tent is still used for some purposes by the Army; and this writer, for one, has warmed his GI boots and coffee on a Sibley stove within the past five years.

When and if Fort Union fell, with its substantial stores of artillery, saddles, leather gear, small arms, powder and ball, food and

other military essentials, the Southern forces would be equipped to take the West before Federal resistance could be organized in sufficient strength to tangle with the invaders. Sibley, who had had a hand in the grand strategy from the beginning, would capitalize on his forthcoming victories to recruit men from California, New Mexico, Arizona and Colorado, and his next stop would be San Francisco. Underground elements throughout the West were waiting for him to bring them out into the light.

With the Pacific Coast in hand, the world would be open to the Confederacy. Impossible to blockade, Western waters would swarm with Confederate ships. European recognition of the new nation would follow naturally. And western gold would solve the Secessionists' monetary problems.

But Sibley and his officers reckoned without knowledge of the Coloradoans.

The Coloradoans were on the march as of February 22nd, when their first column left Camp Weld. On March 3rd, a second contingent left Fort Wise, girded for combat.

The weather was cold--February in the Rocky Mountain country is not the most clement in the world. Most of the Colorado Regiment was on foot. When Col. Slough's troops reached Pueblo and Col. Tappan's reached Fort Bent on the Arkansas, bad news met them. Canby had sent word of the defeat at Valverde; said that the Confederates were advancing. He cried for help--fast.

Immediately, despite the arduous march they'd already had, and the several inches of snow which covered this stern country, both columns headed south at a killing pace of forty miles per day.

Near the present site of Trinidad, Colorado, at Grey's Ranch on the Purgatoire, Slough massed his two columns for the big push ahead. Perhaps this rendezvous on March 7th is a good place and time to take a closer look at Col. John P. Slough. Bearing in mind that colonels are rarely beloved by privates, note what Pvt. Ovando J. Hollister

wrote in his diary that day.....

"...We fell in and gave the Colonel three cheers and a tiger. He raised his cap but did not speak. How little some men understand human nature. He has been our Colonel six months, has never spoken to us, and on the eve of an important expedition... could not see that a few words were indispensable to a good understanding. He has a noble appearance, but the men seem to lack confidence in him....His aristocratic style savors more of eastern society than of the free-and-easy border, to which he should have become acclimated...."

Pocketing his diary with a sigh, Pvt. Hollister and the Regiment sloughed through the snowy Santa Fe Trail and eventually hit the tough terrain of the Raton Mountains.

A story--probably apocryphal --is told about a flight of eagles which circled over them as they reached the summit. A Dog Company GI brought up his rifle and said, "Let's shoot a couple!"

Capt. Jacob Downing is supposed to have said in the heroic manner, "No, we won't shoot them. These are the birds of liberty...they betoken victory for us." Dog Company duly gave three cheers for the eagles and saved their powder for less symbolic targets.

On March 8th, in the gathering darkness, the Colorado Regiment prepared to make camp at the southern foot of the Ratons. But the weary men suddenly stopped in the making of their camp. They could hear hoof-beats, the hard, labored breathing of a horse that's been run too far too fast. Then a courier appeared; slid from the saddle with the awful message from Fort Union.

General Sibley and his Texans had taken Albuquerque and Santa Fe where they were enlisting recruits. They were ready to attack Fort Union, which only had a small garrison of around 800 men.

The Colorado officers called their dog-tired troops out and told them. Chivington, in his strong voice and virile evangelistic style, put the matter bluntly. If Fort Union, last stand of the United States

in the plains-and-peaks country, were to be saved, they alone could save it. Would they try?

Chivington, a religious man, might not have said it in so many words even to himself, but it was a hell of a lot to ask. However, the Coloradoans agreed. We don't know exactly what these doughty doughs of 1862 said then, but in effect they said: "O.K. We're already so beat we can hardly stand, but O.K. This is it."

They discarded everything but guns, ammunition and blankets. They struck off through the bitter night over a totally unfamiliar route. They staggered along another 30 miles till bleak daylight found them at Maxwell's Ranch on the Cimarron, where they literally were asleep before they fell down to rest.

Their accomplishment is rather impressive. They'd hiked 67 miles since the previous morning--97 miles in the past 36 hours. No small part of that epic stroll had included mountain terrain. Several of their animals had dropped dead en route--too much work and too little feed. Only one or two companies were mounted.

After a few hours rest, they were trudging on again in the teeth of a howling mountain wind that sandpapered them with a fine mixture of grit and snow. That was March 9th. At dusk the following day, the squat, ugly, beautiful wood-and-'dobe objective brightened their red-rimmed, staring eyes--they'd reached Fort Union!

The garrison of New Mexican troops swarmed out to welcome them. Spirits soared--the Coloradoans had come down out of the Rockies and now the Texans would find the old fort a tough nut to crack!

Col. Canby, operating a part of his small force as a mobile defensive line in the vicinity of Las Vegas (the New Mexican emergency capital), had left Fort Union in charge of Col. Gabriel R. Paul. Slough calmly assumed senior command over Paul's garrison, and then got into an argument with Paul about what Canby wanted done.

Paul felt that Canby wanted Fort Union to be defended as long as

possible and then destroyed if necessary. Slough decided that the best defense was a good offensive--and ordered plans for harrassing the enemy. Slough, it will be recalled, liked the idea of guerrilla operations. In most accounts of this situation, it is also hinted that Major Chivington and Col. Slough were not hitting it off, either. Chivington, of course, was still the loud advocate of drill, drill and more drill. When he closed with the enemy (which he was most anxious to do), he intended to fight in the best Army Manual fashion.

The Regiment was completely re-outfitted in the next 12 days from the copious Fort stores. Chivington put the lads through their paces, too. They fired at targets for hours. They ran, fell, loaded and fired. They practiced with bayonets. And they drilled--oh my, how they drilled. By modern definition, the Colorado Regiment was an exceedingly "chicken" outfit.

The serious-minded patriot-historian, Dr. William Clarke Whitford, says earnestly of this training: "These Colorado soldiers were endowed with such rugged energy that they could not longer endure the routine of petty duties and the severity of discipline incident to garrison life." With all due respect to Dr. Whitford's formal analysis, these poor GIs were obviously just plain fed up, and would rather go to war than do one more "squads right." The situation is not without parallel in more recent army history.

So it was that, almost like kids going to a picnic, the Regiment sallied forth on March 22nd, south for Las Vegas. Objective: Santa Fe. The total column strength: 1,342 men. Three detachments were cavalry, the rest were afoot. Their artillery consisted of eight small cannon. Col. Paul and a skeleton garrison watched them leave; stayed behind to hold the fort.

Now here again, accounts vary about Chivington and the main Slough column. Either the hymn-shouter and his command of 418 men deliberately pulled out ahead of the main body without orders, or they didn't. Anyway, on March 25th, they were headed for Bernal Springs, 20-odd miles southeast of Las Vegas, quite on their own. That night they camped at Kozlowski's Ranch at the eastern mouth of La Glorieta Pass near the old Pecos Mission.

Kozlowski's place was a way-station on the Santa Fe trail, and Kozlowski was a hospitable Polish immigrant who'd served his time in the U.S. Army--five years with the First Dragoons, fighting Indians in New Mexico. He'd been discharged in '58, and it was like old times for him, having these young bucks in blue around.

Probably he felt rather important when he told Chivington about the Texas rangers that had questioned him earlier that day.

Those Texans, they'd wanted to know if Kozlowski'd seen any yankees around, and Kozlowski, well, he'd just told 'em, no sir-ee!

No doubt Chivington took into consideration that Kozlowski could hardly have said otherwise since the yankees had just now arrived.

In later years, Martin Kozlowski was fond of telling his friends about the Coloradoans. Either his memory was short and generous, or GIs have changed a lot, because the old Indian fighter said, "When they camped on my place, and while they made my tavern their hospital for over two months after their battles in the canyon, they never robbed me of anything--not even a chicken."

When Chivington heard about the scouting Texans, he promptly sent a detail of 20 men to catch them. Before sun-up the following morning, the Coloradoans surprised the enemy riders near Pigeon's Ranch, just inside the pass, and took them without firing a shot.

Two of the alleged Texans were officers. One, a Lt. McIntyre, had actually been a member of Col. Canby's staff at the battle of Valverde, and had deserted to the Confederate side. The other, a Captain Hall, was a Denverite well-known to the Colorado soldiers. From these gentry, Chivington learned for the first time that Sibley's army was at the western end of the pass and would march for Fort Union the following day.

Chivington made his decision. Sibley was headed east through Glorieta--Chivington would take the same trail west.... And a lot of good men wouldn't see the sunset.

Eight o'clock the morning of March 26th, 1862, the Colorado column rolled their packs beside the cedar bushes and under the bare cottonwoods, and filled their canteens at Kozlowski's sweet spring. Then, in good marching order, they advanced into the wide mouth of the pass which gradually narrowed until they reached Pigeon's Ranch, the largest hostelry on the route from Las Vegas to Santa Fe.

They were welcomed enthusiastically by the Pigeon himself--a Frenchman named Alexandre Valle who had acquired his interesting nickname as a result of his highly individual style of dancing at parties. The detachment continued on into the forbidding canyon, scouts riding in the vanguard. They reached the summit of the divide, about a mile and a half from Pigeon's, around 2:00 o'clock and proceeded to descend the trail through a narrow gulch. As they turned the corner through a thick stand of trees and brush, a leisurely party of mounted men in grey rode right into their gunsights.

I have said, rather glibly, that Chivington won the War between the States. If that is true, then it is equally true that the Confederate lieutenant in command of this party of 30 scouts lost the war. They hadn't expected, of course, to run into any resistance at all along the trail, but then scouts are supposed to expect trouble anywhere and all the time. That's what scouts are for.

This Confederate unit was riding only a short distance in advance of Sibley's lead column under Confederate Major Pyron. They were taken to the rear after questioning, and then Chivington pressed forward, excited, eager, anxious to strike without warning.

The narrow trail continues for three-fourths of a mile westward, angles to the right and opens up into a long, wide sector -- Apache Canyon. As the Coloradoans rushed into the canyon on the upper right, Pyron and his Texans moved into view, low on the horizon to the extreme left and at the opposite end of the canyon.

A third of a mile separated the blue and the grey. Imagine the shock Major Pyron must have felt when the opening shots told him the awful truth! The Coloradoans had taken quick cover along a traverse ridge. They had no artillery with them, but the Texans did--and

promptly got it into action.

And now for Dr. Whitford's classic quote on the Battle of Apache Canyon, which every reference on the subject repeats. Whitford says, "Then were exhibited the superb push, daring and hardiness of the frontiersmen who constituted the bulk of both commands. On this spot began the armed conflict--brief, fearless and decisive--between these detachments.... The issue at stake was the immediate mastery and the future civil control of... the West and Southwest."

The Texans planted the Lone Star flag near their two howitizers in the road, guarded by mounted infantry. They slammed round after round of shell and grape at short range into the Coloradoans, who, for the moment stampeded, took cover to the left.

Now Chivington, bull-roaring his orders above the cannonade, got his green troops to spread out; sent his little cavalry to the rear under command of Capt. George W. Howland with orders to charge the Rebel artillery if the Texans let up on their barrage in the slightest.

Captains Wyncoop, Anthony and Walker, with their companies, were sent running as skirmishers high along the canyon slope on the left to lay a flanking fire from above on the Texans. Captain Downing's men were dispatched to similar action on the mountainous right. The Texans had been out-maneuvered, and the fire from both elevated sides soon made their position untenable. They retired quickly, firing from behind pines and rocks as they went.

The canyon, further west, turns right and narrows considerably. The Texans re-formed here in a much better position for defense. An arroyo cuts across this upper part of Apache Canyon, and in itself is a formidable barrier. It ranged at the time from 20 to 25 feet deep and was spanned at only one point by a log bridge 16 feet long.

The Texans pulled the bridge down behind them, and set up their two howitzers in a defile just beyond. Their infantry took up positions on both mountainsides. It looked like unbeatable strategy.

Chivington's troops had followed as closely as possible, but now

were receiving a heavy concentration of fire and cannon balls.

The hymn-shouter, yelling his orders, on horseback and dressed in full regimentals, had pistols in both hands and one or two more about his person. We can be sure that he had just chewed Capt. Howland out royally for having failed to bring up the cavalry charge ordered for the first sign of retreat on the Texans' part. Chivington dismounted Howland's horsemen and sent them with Downing's company to climb the steep, rugged slope to the right. His orders were to get above the Confederates--climb even higher than they, and pour it on 'em. Wyncoop and Anthony were given the same assignment for the steep terrain on the left.

The rest of the Coloradoans were spread thin in a frontal line while Captain Cook's cavalry was sent to the rear, out of cannon shot, with orders to charge the arroyo when Chivington gave the signal.

Let a Confederate soldier describe the subsequent action for you as he did in a letter to his family:

"...When they (the Coloradoans) saw us ready to receive them, they stopped, but only for a short time, for in a few minutes they could be seen on the mountains jumping from rock to rock like so many mountain sheep. They had no sooner got within shooting distance of us than up came a company of cavalry at full charge, with swords and revolvers drawn, looking like so many flying devils. On they came to what I supposed was destruction; but nothing like lead or iron seemed to stop them, for we were pouring it into them from every side like hail in a storm. In a moment these devils had run the gauntlet for half a mile, and were fighting hand to hand with out men in the road...."

Chivington, astride his great horse, firing revolvers with both hands, had given the signal to Captain Cook and the cavalry as soon as the infantry had driven the Texans down from the heights. The mounted Coloradoans, came down the road in a thunder of hoofs at a full gallop, and with a long wild yell, jumped the arroyo en masse. Of the 103 horsemen who put their mounts to the chasm, all but one sailed over it and rode on through the invaders, back and forth, cutting them to ribbons.

The Texans retreated in what was almost a rout, but had the presence of mind to withdraw their two deadly howitzers also.

Dusk was slipping into the Apache now, and the Coloradoans, hurt and exhausted, abandoned the fight.

Both sides had suffered heavy casualties, the exact number of which is not known. Between 70 and 80 Texans were taken prisoner, and Chivington pulled them back with him to Pigeon's Ranch where a hospital was set up. It was a grim if victorious night as the Coloradoans buried their dead.

Their baptism of fire had been a costly one, but they had proved themselves first-class fighters. They had had the advantage of surprise, of course. One Texas private reported that when they first sighted the Coloradoans, they felt the Union forces were only some 400-odd Mexicans. The Texans, he wrote, numbered around 600 experienced soldiers, and they had two cannon. There you have the comparison: elements of surprise and spirit favored the blue side; elements of superior strength and experience defended the grey.

The following morning, March 27th, 1862, both sides were girding themselves for a decisive engagement. A truce until 8:00 AM had been arranged to allow for the removal of the dead and wounded.

Meanwhile, Pyron's outfit had been reinforced by Lt. Col. Scurry at Johnson's Ranch in the western, or Confederate end of the pass. The fresh Rebel troops had made a fast all-night march from Galisteo and were in considerable strength with a large wagon train of materiel to back them up. Meanwhile, Chivington, at the eastern end of the pass, had been reinforced by Slough and his entire force which arrived on the double from Bernal Springs.

The truce wore on, throughout the day. Both sides were on the alert--scouts played a nervous game of hide-and-seek with each other; reports were many and confused. The day came to a close with the candles burning over the twilight council tables at both ends of Glorieta Pass.

Col. Scurry, Sibley's right-hand man, came to a confident decision. He still entertained memories of Valverde. He was strong as the enemy, maybe stronger. His men had know-how. Scurry resolved to attack this time, on his own choice of fields.

Soon after sunrise of fateful March 28th, Scurry, with about 1,100 men and three cannon, marched eastward: cool, fearless-- and ready.

About the same time, Chivington, with one-third of the Coloradoans, set out by a circuitous southern route to scout the Confederate stronghold in the vicinity of Johnson's Ranch. This left Slough with around 700 men and two small batteries of artillery. Slough advanced from Kozlowski's to Pigeon's Ranch with a still-green outfit, fatigued from the 35-mile dash made to back up Chivington during the previous 16 hours. Once again it might be pointed out that the men had no confidence in Slough. Some even accused him--without reason, surely--of disloyalty. One of his captains, years later, admitted: "I watched him closely... and if I had discovered any movement or order of his intended to be favorable at any time to the enemy, I would have shot him on the spot."

Around 10:00 AM, Slough made camp at Pigeon's Ranch. He had some hundred wagons along, and the going had been tiring. His troops broke ranks and stacked arms to rest and fill canteens at the small well. This would be the last chance to get water between here and the western end of the pass.....

The Coloradoans were very nearly caught with their pants down. Pickets suddenly dashed into the relaxed camp, shouting that Scurry was a scant 800 yards away and coming fast. Confusion was instantaneous. Bugles shattered the quite. A babble of voices filled the air. Confederate grape-shot rained in while Colorado's officers exhorted their men to form for combat.

In a matter of minutes the battle was joined. It was, of course, a bedlam. Cannon and small-arms fire made an overwhelming din. The Coloradoans were pressed back by the vigorous Confederates. It was a hundred deadly little contests in one. Incredible feats of marksmanship

and bravery distinguished both sides--heroics too numerous to warrant detailing here. Both sides knew that this was it--the battle for the richest prize--the West--that beautiful, incredible, fierce Jezebel who was somehow mother to them all.

Scurry, writing his report of the action two days later to Sibley who was en route from Albuquerque to Santa Fe, said, in part: "Major Pyron had his horse shot under him, and my own cheek was twice brushed by a minie ball, each time just drawing blood, and my clothes torn in two places. I mention this simply to show how hot was the fire of the enemy when all of the field officers upon the ground were either killed or touched." He added in a later report that the conflict was terrible and that the men who opposed him were the flower of the U.S. Army.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, both sides were staggering with battle fatigue. Both were retiring slowly, and on both sides soldiers were in tears, damning their officers for not leading them forward into final victory.

An ambulance wagon bearing a flag of truce suddenly entered the arena from the western, Confederate side. Major Alexander M. Jackson, secessionist, former secretary of New Mexico and close personal friend of Jefferson Davis, was aboard. Capt. Downing led him to Slough at the rear, blindfolded, where an armistice until noon of the following day was arranged. It was subsequently extended still another day. Neither side was capable of prolonging the conflict at that time.

But the real Union victory--the real decisive and crushing blow to the Confederate cause--did not occur in this seven-hour hell just completed.

Chivington, with Lt. Col. Manuel Chavis of the New Mexico volunteers as guide, and about 430 officers and men, had reached the high, forested level above Sibley's wagon train near Johnson's Ranch. They reached this eminence between one and two o'clock in the afternoon after five hours marching and climbing through scrub pinion, cedar, and jagged boulders. They met and overcame a Texas sentry before he could raise the alarm.

Chavis, his memories bitterly full of the defeat at Valverde, gestured towards the Confederate train below, a thinly-guarded camp of some 85 loaded wagons.

"Chivington," he said, "you're right on top of them."

The bull-roarer ordered a reconaissance which took an hour. He had no definite idea of the Texans' strength, (later estimated at 200 men), but he knew that he could surprise them by acting swiftly.

"In single file," he suddenly shouted. "Double-quick! CHARGE!"

And the Coloradoans went over the bluff, falling, running, sliding, --using guns as ropes, letting each other down by harness straps, crashing down on the camp in little avalanches of rock and small trees. The Texan got a six-pounder into action hurriedly, but without telling effect. The engagement was short and final. Those Confederate teamsters and infantrymen who could, jumped horses and rode bareback for their lives toward Santa Fe.

Wyncoop and thirty men silenced and spiked the one defensive cannon. Then, after throwing a protective column around the ranch and train, all the wagons were burned. Many exploded and sent wheels and tattered frames 200 feet in the air. A Confederate runner escaped to tell the tragic news to Scurry at the front. This may well have brought about the Confederate truce up there.

Another tragedy, no less demoralizing, was inflicted on the Texans, who, of course, were horsemen first, last and always. Between 500 and 600 horses and mules were at Johnson's Ranch--the mounts of the Confederates fighting Slough on foot at that moment. The Coloradoans put them all to the bayonet. As one Union GI said, "It seemed a pity to kill them, but we could do nothing else."

There was no way to get the animals back north, and if left there, there was the excellent chance that Scurry's men would retake them. After all, Chivington did not know how Slough's battle was going. Reports on the losses of both sides are so various, even from so-called official sources, as to be valueless. Let's sum it up this way: Sibley,

heartbroken, had no choice but to order a retreat all the way to Texas. And Canby, overly cautious, immediately after the battle ordered the Coloradoans back to Fort Union posthaste.

Slough was outraged at this order, and resigned his commission, although he was later appointed Brigadier-General by Lincoln and put in charge of the military district of Alexandria, Va.

Fortunately, it is not within the scope of this rambling paper to discuss Col. Chivington's later feats of arms. I refer, of course, to the Sand Creek Massacre.

And what of Sibley? One account, possibly fictional, tells of the great soldier's self-exile to Egypt, where he and his wife frequented Shepheard's Hotel in later years, always hoping to meet some Americans who possibly might have news of the West.

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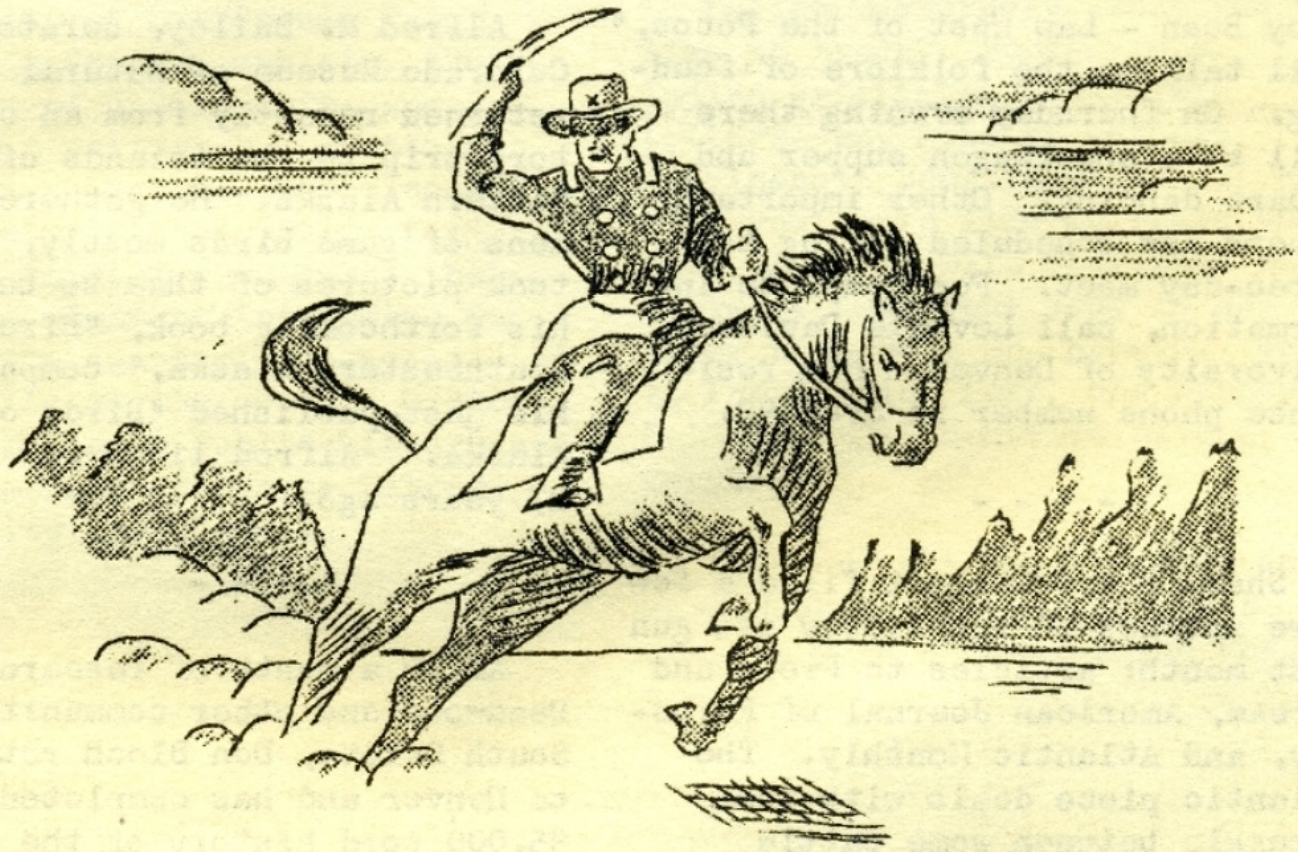

TRAIL DUST FROM THE DENVER CORRAL

All Westerners are cordially invited to attend the 8th annual Western Folklore Conference to be held at University of Denver, July 15-17. On Friday evening, July 16, C. L. Sonnichsen, author of "Roy Bean - Law West of the Pecos," will talk on the folklore of feuding. On Thursday evening there will be a chuckwagon supper and square dancing. Other important papers are scheduled during the three-day meet. For complete information, call Levette Davidson, University of Denver. His residence phone number is SP-4893.

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Sheriff Art Carhart filed a few more notches on his trusty old gun last month: articles to Field and Stream, American Journal of Forestry, and Atlantic Monthly. The Atlantic piece deals with the struggle between some cattle interests and the Forest Service for control of U.S. Forest grazing preserves. Every Westerner should read it.

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Alfred M. Bailey, curator of the Colorado Museum of Natural History, returned recently from an exploratory trip to the islands of southeastern Alaska. He gathered specimens of game birds mostly, also took pictures of them to be used in his forthcoming book, "Birds of Southeastern Alaska," companion of his just-published "Birds of Alaska." Alfred lived in Alaska 27 years ago.

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After a month of research in Deadwood and other communities in South Dakota, Don Bloch returned to Denver and has completed a 35,000 word history of the Black

Hills National Forest and its relation to the economic pattern of the region. An illustrated 20,000 word abridgement of the history will be published in September to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the establishment of the forest.

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A pair of silver-mounted spurs to Herbert O. Brayer who, at a meeting last month in Paris, was named Secretary-General of UNESCO.

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The April issue of Western Folklore, which is published by the University of California Press, carried a feature article, "White Versions of Indian Myths and Legends," written by Levette J. Davidson. Levette, who also edits the quarterly book review for Western Folklore, suggests that possemen might be interested in seeing the quarterly magazine. It is on file at the Western History Dept. of Denver Public Library and at University of Denver Library, University Park Campus.

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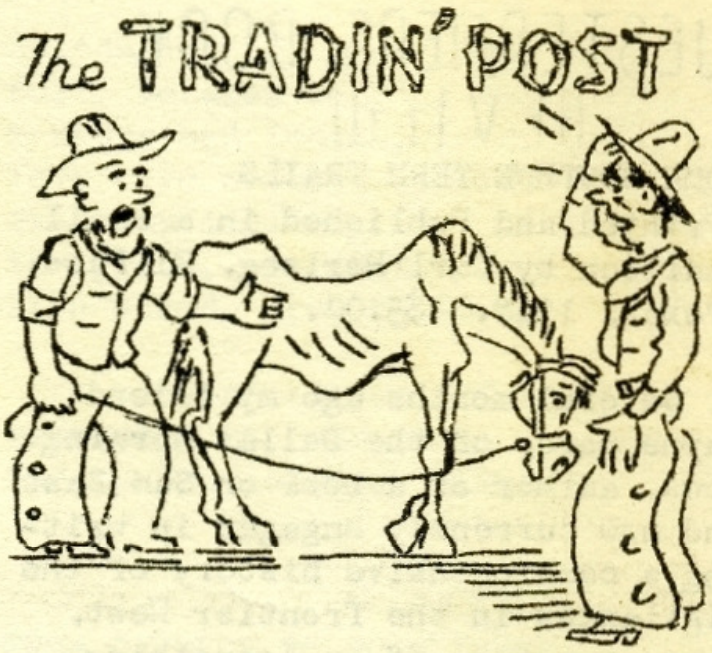

Beginning next month!

What do you have, of interest to fellow Westerners, that you'd like to trade? Books, guns, Indian artifacts, coins, old letters--any kind of Western Americana. Send in your list and what you would like to trade them for--together with your name and address. Get your copy in not later than July 25, please. Send to The Tradin' Post, c/o Dabney Collins, 5315 Montview Blvd., Denver.

Come on--all you possemen and corresponding members! Let's start a good old-fashioned hoss trade.

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WESTERNERS BOOK REVIEW

SOME SOUTHWESTERN TRAILS
Printed and Published in a small edition by Carl Hertzog, El Paso, Texas, 1948. $5.00.

Several months ago my friend Wayne Gard, of the Dallas Morning News, author of a book on Sam Bass and now currently engaged in writing a comprehensive history of the Vigilantes in the frontier West, gave me a tip-off on "something special." He said, "It's a very small edition, you'll be lucky to get in on it." Anyway, I did get in on it--and I strongly recommend it as a super item any way you look at it--history, art, or excellent investment.

Briefly, it is a picturized story of eleven famous trails that traversed the old Southwest: the Great Comanche War Trail, the Old Santa Fe Trail, the Fort Smith-Santa Fe Trail, the Marcy Trail, the Butterfield Trail, the Arkansas River Route, and the Goodnight, the Western, the National, the Rath, and the Tascos & Dodge Trails, in that order. Symbolic of each trail is a full-page illustration by the noted Texas artist, H. D. Bugbee. A page of historical narrative is devoted to each trail, and these one-page "histories" do pack a punch, and why not? They are originals by such authorities as Stanley Vestal, J. Evetts Haley, our own Le Roy Hafen, H. Bailey Carroll, and other noted writers. And a word about the printing and general format of this book. These are the brain-children of the master printer, Carl Hertzog, for whose originality and craftsmanship I have long had profound admiration.

HERE ROLLED THE COVERED WAGONS.
An Historical Tour of the Northwest. By Albert and Jane Salisbury. Limited Edition. The Superior Publishing Company, Seattle, 1948. $6.75.

Here is a unique and unusual book, which has just come off the press. First of all, it is a novel photographic pictorial treatment of famous events and incidents in the history of the Northwest from Lewis and Clark, and Colter, through Fur Trade days, the epics of Westward expansion and the Oregon Trail, the early Northwest missions of Whitmand and Spalding, the beginnings of Idaho, Montana, Oregon, and Washington, the early history of the Yellowstone and the Tetons. The predominant note throughout, and down to the Custer battle and the Nez Perce war, is the long and bloody struggle waged by the Indians to stem the advance of the

white man.

From thousands of pictures of important historic spots, the authors have selected 223 as being the most interesting as well as expressive from the standpoint of surrounding scenic beauty. Most of these photographs are originals taken by Mr. Salisbury himself, and none of them, the authors state, have ever been used in books before. Every fort, battlefield, monument, or marker depicted here has been personally visited and its story documented. There are detailed travel directions for each spot portrayed. But what appeals to me especially about this book is the accompanying text for each subject; in other words, the historical narrative which provides the background. Mrs. Salisbury is responsible for the stories behind the pictures, and she has done a grand job. In fact, for most of us, who will not be so lucky to be able to utilize this fine book as a visual guide on an actual trip through the Northwest, these absorbing narratives, along with the excellent pictures, will be amply satisfying and pleasurable. There are many little "gems" in the prose of Mrs. Salisbury. I could quote several examples, but to give you an idea, I'll take this little statement relating to the Custer battlefield, "Today white markers dot the hill. Relocating the graves was difficult, because many of the original markers had long since disappeared. They were accurately placed, however, by locating the spots where the grass, enriched by a soldier's life blood, grew taller."

A wonderful book! I heartily recommend it, and it is a <u>must</u> for my own personal library.

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FROM CANDLES TO FOOTLIGHTS.
By Melvin Schoberlin. Old West Publishing Co., Denver, 1943. $3.75.

During the usual summer dearth of new books on the West, it has struck me as timely to refer to a book which I published several years ago, one of which I am proud. It was issued in a small edition, of which few remain, and it is probable that some Westerners have not been aware of it. I think it is especially appropriate to speak of it now, on the eve of our approaching annual Mountain theatre at Central City.

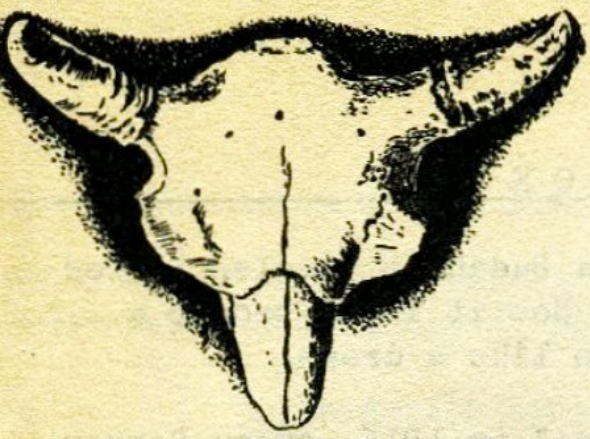
"From Candles to Footlights" is the story of the theatre during the territorial period of Colorado's history. And theatre it was! No matter if theatre meant a crude log structure, or, perhaps,

the upper floor of a gambling emporium, it was good theatre, nevertheless. The principal actors who strode the early Rocky Mountain stage were, for the most part, men and women of national reputation who themselves followed the lure of the gold strike.

Melvin Schoberlin, the author, himself a descendant of Colorado pioneers, wrote understandingly of the frontier and the theatrical companies which appeared at a hundred Colorado theatres in more than a thousand plays--from Denver's first log theatre in 1859, with its twelve candles, to the gas-lighted opera houses of 1876. We see not merely the near-great of the nineteenth century stage-- C.W. Couldock, George Pauncefort, Charles R. Thorne, James Stark, Mlle Aimee, and Blind Tom-- but explore a thousand bypaths, dancing in bawdy variety halls, fighting Indians, cheering the first circus parade. Minstrels, magicians, female dancers, actors, criminals, bohemians: all file by in a colorful cavalcade. Such names as John S. Langrishe, M. J. Dougherty, and a host of others, are added to the roll of illustrious American actors. The "Gold Circuit" lives again, with Central City, Georgetown, Nevada, Buckskin Joe, Laurette, and other mountain towns vieing with one another for good theatrical fare. An epilogue gives a preview of the theatre that followed Colorado's territorial phase, including the Central City Opera House, the Tabor Grand Opera House, and the Elitch's Gardens Theatre--all justly renowned in theatre lore.

One of the best things I can say about this book is that it is fascinating history and yet reads as easily as fiction. It has other good points. There are 20 illustrations of famous early actors and actresses, old theatres, etc., and I might mention one of these. It is of "Mademoiselle Carolista walking across Larimer Street on a tight rope, July 18, 1861." There is a wealth of valuable appendix material at the end of the narrative--notably a list of all the known theatres during the Territorial period of Colorado, where and by whom opened, and very often something of its character. And last, but not least, the book has an interesting introduction by Barrett H. Clark, the noted national authority on the regional theatre.

Fred Rosenstock



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SCARLET SISTER MATTIE

BY FORBES PARKHILL

Mattie Silks is turning over in her grave tonight.

The narrow two-story gray-and-rose stone mansion at 1942 Market street, where she presided as "madame" of one of the gaudiest "parlor houses" of Denver's once flourishing redlight district, is being converted into a warehouse.

Workmen are tearing away the blond birds-eye maple woodwork and the huge plate glass mirrors from the walls and ceiling of the once-magnificent parlor. They are ripping out the parquet flooring and the doorstep in which the name "M. Silks" is inlaid in green tile. They are tumbling the sculptured heads from the facade of the building, one of which has been promised to the Denver posse of The Westerners. Presently a new front will cover the sculptured stone horsehoe in a bed of lotus leaves, alongside the doorway.

For a third of a century Denver's one-time rip-roaring tenderloin district, known as "The Line" or "The Row," has been nothing but a memory. Now memory merges into history. For fifty of Denver's lustiest years the maison de joie at 1942 Market street resounded with the sounds of revelry by night and reeked with the strong perfumes of the "fancy

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FORBES PARKHILL, LONGTIME NEWSPAPERMAN AND CONSISTENTLY SUCCESSFUL AUTHOR AND NOVELIST ("TROOPERS WEST") KNOWS AND WRITES WELL OF THE DENVER, COLORADO, AND GENERAL ROCKY MOUNTAIN SCENES FOR NATIONAL PUBLICATION. HE IS ACQUAINTED WITH THIS PARTICULAR SUBJECT LARGELY THROUGH HIS PERIOD OF SERVICE ON THE "POLICE BEAT" AS A REPORTER.

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ladies." For twenty years, now, it has been a Buddhist temple, filled with whispered prayers and Oriental incense. Now it is to become a warehouse. Ancient and, yes, holy things fade like a dream!

Prior to the official closing of "The Line" in 1915, every Denver adult knew, but seldom mentioned, the names of Mattie Silks, Jennie Rogers, Fay Stanley, Leona de Camp, Verona Baldwin, Rosa Lee and Madame Gould. The names of these leading ladies of the evening were seldom seen in print; were never mentioned in polite society.

Some came, flourished, and dropped out of sight, but Mattie Silks went on forever -- almost. By virtue of her half century as a madame, she earned her title of Queen of The Redlight District. You have read about her house in 'Gene Fowler's Solo in Tom Toms which tells how he tried to send a valentine to the girl, Trixie, who "boarded" at 1942 Market. Supposedly Mattie is the prototype of a character in one of Willa Cather's novels.

This is the story of Mattie Silks. It comes from my own observation when I was a police reporter in 1913; from Jim Maxwell and Coleman Bell, retired police officers who once pounded the tough Market street beat; from Charlie Nolan, proprietor of the Jiggs Buffet on Larimer street; from the Negro maid who served in Mattie's house of glittering mirrors and merrymaking, and from the records of the State Historical Society and the Western Collection of the Denver Public Library.

Mattie was born at Terre Haute, Indiana, in 1846 and ran away from home in her early 'teens. She told friends she became a "landlady," or madame, at Springfield, Illinois, when she was only 19, during the last years of the Civil war. She said she had never communicated with members of her family, and claimed they never knew she had embarked on a career in the oldest profession.

In her twenties she became, briefly, a freighter, bringing a train of covered wagons from St. Joseph to Denver. She is said to have spent a short time at the booming mining towns of Georgetown and Leadville.

Some say she married a Leadville gambler, but I believe this report arose from a confusion of names. In the seventies the cashier of

the Board of Trade saloon at that place was named Silks. The Rocky Mountain News of May 8, 1882 reports:

> A Leadville officer is looking for Mr. Silks, who left that place under a cloud.

Another Silks -- or perhaps the same one -- lived at Georgetown in the seventies.

The topmost sculptured rose-pink stone figure on the house at 1942 represents a full-bosomed Circe.

When Mattie Silks first appeared in Denver in 1877 she was 30 years old, short, blond, buxom and an accomplished hell-raiser. On April 21, 1877, she staged a formal duel with Katie Fulton in the Denver Gardens, a resort in a cottonwood grove in the river bottoms near the old Denver brewery, on the west side of the river approximately where today the Larimer viaduct crosses the Platte.

Dashing young Corteze D. Thomson, a flashily-dressed ex-Californian and noted sporting man from Georgetown served as Mattie's second. Feminine marksmanship being what it is, Mattie missed Katie and Katie missed Mattie, but Cort was shot in the neck. He survived, to figure in a remarkable Frankie and Johnny romance with Mattie. He was her man, her first love, and ultimately her lawful, wedded husband. If he done her wrong by lavishly spending the earnings from her commercial boudoir, Mattie didn't care, for he spent some of it on her. Have you ever heard the proverb, "True as a kept woman"?

One of the sculptured heads on the house at 1942 Market represents a handsome young man with handlebar mustaches.

Cort was a foot-racer of note. He trained the racing crews of pioneer volunteer fire departments. He became a promoter, staging foot races all over the West, sometime winning, more often losing -- losing Mattie's money.

In August, 1881, Cort promoted a foot race at the old Denver fair grounds for a $1,000 stake and $9,000 in side bets. He bet $2,000 on

his own racer and, according to contemporary newspaper accounts, an additional $3,000 was bet on his favorite by "a woman of the demi-monde."

Thomson's runner lost. Someone skipped out with the stakes. Cort was jailed. Mattie bailed him out. He was her man.

The 1878 city directory lists the address of Miss Mattie Silks as 501 Holladay street -- probably her first establishment, near Fifteenth on what today is Market street. As she prospered she bought Cort a 1400-acre ranch in Washington (now Yuma) county, near Laird.

According to the reminiscences of Judge Irving L. Barber in the files of the Historical Society, Cort "was supposed to have killed a number of men, but nothing was ever proved on him." Barber reports he was a sporty dresser, a gambler and a cattle rustler.

In the early nineties Cort made his headquarters at Murphy's Exchange saloon, known as "The Slaughterhouse" because of its many killings. At the time "Soapy" Smith, king of the con men, was running the Tivoli gambling house. Smith later was killed at Skagway, Alaska.

With his top shell man, Tom Cady, Soapy came into Murphy's place one evening, to find Cort Thomson at the bar with a friend, Bill Crooks, and with Cliff Sparks, a St. Louis gambler who wore a $2,500 diamond stud in his shirt.

Cort's group made a derogatory remark about Smith's "soap gang," and Soapy expressed his opinion of those who lived from the earnings of Market street women. Guns began to blaze, and Sparks fell dead with a bullet through his heart.

Crooks burst into tears and flung himself on the body of the dead man, lamenting his untimely death. With his face pressed close to the chest of the corpse, he stole his dead friend's $2,500 diamond stud by biting it from his shirt. No one was ever punished for the killing.

Mattie's friends say Cort made constant demands on her for money. When she refused him, he once rode a horse through the door of her

house and onto the crowded ballroom floor. Rather than see the floor ruined by the horse's shoes, she gave him $500.

She always carried a handful of $20 gold pieces in a special pocket in her dress. "The most beautiful sound in the world is the jingle of gold coins," she once told Charlie Nolan, who has operated eating and drinking establishments in the old Third Ward district for fifty years.

Cort took Mattie to London on a pleasure trip -- at her expense. He bought her a fur cloak, the like of which had never been seen in Denver -- bought it with her money. He was her man. He was mighty kind to Mattie.

In 1898 Cort and Mattie went to the Klondike and opened a house. Mattie couldn't stand the climate, so they came back to Denver three months later.

"In spite of paying members of the Northwest Mounted Police $50 a day protection money, we cleared $38,000 in those three months," she told a Denver friend.

Cort Thompson died at the Commercial hotel at Wray, Colorado -- according to Judge Barber's reminiscences, a confirmed drunkard. He was buried at Fairmount cemetery, Denver, April 12, 1900.

Market street inspired periodic reform waves. In October, 1886, Mattie Silks, Jennie Rogers, Rosa Lee and eleven other madames, described by the Times as "the giddy girls of Holladay street" were arrested on charges of conducting lewd houses. They formed a pool and announced they would carry their defense to the Supreme Court. If the case ever reached that tribunal the "giddy girls" must have won out, for they continued to operate for many years.

In the early days young Mattie drank nothing but champagne. A newspaper account reports:

> Madame Silks was fined $12 for drunkenness, and paid it like a little woman. She ought to play it finer when she gets on a spree.

In the first few years of Denver's existence the redlight district flourished on the west side of Cherry creek, directly opposite the old City Hall at Fourteenth and Larimer streets. By the time of Mattie's arrival Holladay street, later renamed Market street, had become our Barbary Coast.

Real estate transfers show Martha A. Silks bought two parcels of real estate in August of 1879, a third in 1880 and a fourth in 1884. She paid $14,000 cash, for the property at 418 Holladay street. In 1881 she applied for a building permit for a $3,000 brick residence. Later she petitioned the board of aldermen for a permit to build a frame carriage house in the rear of the Holladay street property.

Oscar Wilde visited Denver in April, 1882. Pictures showed him with a lily in his hand. Denver's filles de joie preferred he-men; had no use for lovers of lilies. The News of April 6, 1882, records the arrest of Minnie Clifford, a "woman of the town," and a number of her "subjects."

The young ladies paraded Fifteenth Street wearing sunflowers the size of dinner plates. The police took this to be an insult aimed at Oscar Wilde, the city's distinguished guest, and jugged the gals. The newspaper article is headed, "Arrested for Estheticism."

In the eighties the board of aldermen passed an ordinance requiring Denver's fancy ladies to wear yellow ribbons on their arms. They complied with the law, but went much further, dressing in yellow from head to toe. With these yellow ladies thronging the hotels and restaurants, it appeared that there was scarcely a respectable woman left in Denver. The ordinance was speedily repealed.

Eve Bennet, noted writer and former Denver newspaperwoman, in an article, "Shady Ladies of The Eighties" in the April, 1947 issue of Rocky Mountain Life magazine, presents a colorful picture of the Market Street of the eighties. Some of her material, she tells me, came from the late Chauncey Thomas.

With the article are reproduced advertisements of some of the "parlor houses" as published in the 1892 Denver Red Book. A typical

advertisement reads:

> Jennie Holmes, 2015 Market St.
> 22 rooms, 3 parlors, 2 ballrooms,
> poolroom, 13 boarders.

Another house advertised, "Lots of boarders. All the pleasures of home."

One of the advertisements indicates that at that time Ella Wellington was madame of the house now being remodelled at 1942 Market Street. At one time the house was operated by Jennie Rogers, who is said to have installed the mirrored parlor.

The complaint in a divorce suit brought by the wife of a prominent Denver businessman revealed another method of advertising. It cited an engraved invitation mailed to the husband, reading:

> Yourself and friends are invited to attend the
> opening ball, Saturday evening, April 16, 1881,
> at _____ Holladay Street. Mrs. X. Y. Z.

The divorce was granted, the wife received a substantial settlement and took her children to Europe to live.

Friends report that a wealthy and socially prominent New Yorker became enamored of Mattie during a Denver visit, and asked her to accompany him to the Pacific coast.

"Sorry," said Mattie. "I've got to pay attention to business. I have a $5,000 note coming due next month."

The New Yorker wrote out a check for $5,000, and Mattie accompanied him to California, where they remained a month. On the homeward trip they spent an additional month at the Wyoming ranch of a member of New York's 400. [POTTER PALMER]

"For four weeks the hostess and her guests from New York's highest social circles accepted me without question," Mattie boasted to her

friends upon returning to Denver.

In 1913, when the writer served as police reporter on the Denver Post, Market street had changed but little from "The Line" of the eighties. From Nineteenth to Twenty-second street blocks of low, one story "cribs" line both sides of the street, with two or three "parlor houses" to each block. At that time the feminine population of these three blocks totalled 1,000.

The cribs were just wide enough for a door and a single window. Each contained two rooms; a parlor and boudoir. At that time they rented for from $15 to $25 a week, payable daily. In the white section the cribs were known as "dollar houses," but in the "black belt" beyond Twenty-first street they were "two-bit houses." Prices in the parlor houses ranged from $5 up. No matter how many partook, a round of beer, served in containers only slightly larger than a shot glass, was always $1. At this time a nickel would buy a schooner of beer on Larimer street so large it almost took two hands to lift it.

In the early days the crib girls, wearing low-neck, knee-length dresses and black silk stockings were permitted to stand in the doorways to solicit business. Sometimes they would snatch hats to induce customers to enter.

At one period they used advertising placards that finally became so crude that an ordinance was passed to regulate their wording. A card that complied with this ordinance and passed the city censors read, "Men Taken in and Done for."

Successive reform waves compelled the girls to abandon open soliciting. Curtains were required on the windows, but nothing in the law prohibited the accidental punching of peep holes in the curtains. A typical night scene would reveal throngs of males strolling along the sidealks, stooping at each window to peer through the peep hole. There was none of this peeping at the parlor houses, which were conducted with dignity and restraint.

On the lower side of the street a number of doorways led into the opium dens of Denver's then flourishing Chinatown, known as "Hop Alley."

On either side of a dim, narrow corridor the visitor found tiny, windowless, board-partitioned cubicles, barely large enough for a cot and a taboret containing the opium-smoking layout.

As a police reporter, I once took part in a raid on these firetrap opium joints. The raiders were empowered to make arrests only when they discovered a smoker in the act of "hitting the pipe." The patrolmen would boost me up to look over the transoms. If I found an addict actually smoking, he was arrested. The raid netted a number of white men, a few Negroes, two Chinese, and no women. The only woman addict I ever knew of was 22-year-old Eva Latour, one of Mattie's girls, who killed herself with opium.

Once smelled, the sweet odor of opium smoke is never forgotten. Sometimes this not-unpleasant odor seemed to fill Market street.

On one corner, equipped with booths and bar, stood the famous old Alcazar theater. A respected Denver citizen who held political office for many years once served as bartender at the Alcazar.

Across the alley on Larimer street, a stagestruck New York youth was working as a waiter so he could be near the Alcazar. Discharged for crowning a too-particular customer with a tray of butter pats, he later made a fortune in the restaurant business here.

On another corner was Jack Maynard's cafe. Jack was a maquereau who, seeking a means of preventing the crib girls from cheating, gained national notice by installing the cash register system in the boudoirs of the oldest profession.

In 1907 Mattie Silks moved from 1916 to 1922 Market, and in 1913 bought 1942, the house now being remodelled. The 1910 city directory lists her business address as 1922 Market, her home address as 2635 Lawrence Street.

One New Year's night, with the temperature 21 degrees below zero, the police received a suicide call from Mattie's place. The police ambulance was out on another emergency call, so the police surgeon, the driver, the Times reporter and I responded to the call in an old-

fashioned open touring car.

We found Mattie standing at the top of the narrow staircase. At that time she was in her late sixties. She was short, quite fat, and wore spectacles. She looked like a kindly grandmother. Without a word she led us to the room where the girl, wearing only a pair of black silk stockings, lay writhing in agony from the poison she had swallowed.

We four men lifted her from the bed by the knees and shoulders. Halfway down the narrow stairs she was seized with a paroxysm, rid herself of most of the poison, and ruined my suit.

We wrapped her in a blanket and took her to the old County hospital. I don't recall whether she recovered from the combination of poison and the 21-below-zero ride in the open car with nothing but a blanket to cover her nakedness. Suicide attempts by Market Street girls were fairly common -- perhaps two or three a week -- and seldom rated more than a line or two in the newspapers.

Buxom Mattie Silks, at least in her later days, could never achieve the queenly appearance of some of the madames. Most of them affected a regal garb that a mere man is at a loss to describe. However, armed with a photograph of Mattie taken when she was about 40, I finally discovered the origin of the costume. Rubens' painting of Marie de Medici shows almost exactly the costume preferred by most of the madames.

It consists of a cloak with a long train, worn over a tight-fitting bodice with a broad, flaring, turned up collar as "the Medici effect." With just such a cloak and bodice, Mattie wore, during business hours, a skirt with tiers of lace flounces, and white gloves. Seen driving in her famous buggy to the Overland Park race track, where she placed heavy bets, she carried a huge lace parasol, and a lace handkerchief to wave at friends.

She was built too close to the ground to gain the regal appearance of majestic, six-foot, gray-haired Verona Baldwin. Verona preferred a Medici costume of royal purple velvet, edged with lace. Her Medici-

effect collar was twice the size of Mattie's, its royal purple constituting an effective background for her piled-up gray hair and jewelled tiara. Aided by a bust-high staff, she moved about with a dignified, queenly stalk.

In most of the parlor houses a male "professor" played the piano in the ballroom. At this time, however, the pianist at Mattie's place was a girl who, according to gossip among the police reporters, was a college graduate; a virgin whom the madame jealously guarded against the advances of male guests.

Crossing the threshhold of 1942, the visitor stepped across the inlaid name "M. Silks" into the reception hall, originally decorated with hand-painted cattail panels that still may be seen under many layers of wallpaper. On the right sliding doors opened upon the famous mirrored parlor.

Walls and ceilings were -- and still are -- covered with plate glass mirrors in blonde maple frames. Pier-glass mirrors were even set in the sliding doors. A crystal chandelier hung from a circular eight-foot mirror in the ceiling.

A narrow walnut staircase led from the reception hall to the second floor, where the rooms of the "boarders" were ranged on the right side of a long corridor. Half-inch iron bars on the windows gave the corridor the appearance of a jail. The basement was used as a wine cellar.

The ballroom was directly behind the parlor, and farther back, were the dining room and kitchen. In 1919 the partition between ballroom and dining room was torn out to provide for the auditorium of the Buddhist church, where a cross-legged Buddha sits brooding on human frailties beneath an ornate golden pagoda. Last week the altar was banked with bouquets of gladioli.

One of the sculptured heads on the facade of the building represents a fat, middle-aged woman.

A negro maid, known to the madame and her ladies only as "Green," gives a verbal picture of the Mattie Silks of middle age.

"Madame Silks was an awful kind and generous lady," she says. "Never drank anything but champagne, except sometimes somebody was buying a round of beer she would take a sip, just out of politeness.

"Madame, she told me about her gun duel with Katie Fulton -- said it was over a man. She claimed to be a crack shot. Every once in awhile she would take a week's vacation and go to the ranch to practice shooting. She said the ranch was in the San Luis valley, but everybody knew she was just funning, because she didn't want the folks in northeast Colorado to know she was a sporting lady when she came to visit.

"Madame Silks let her boarders keep half of what they earned, but out of their half they had to pay her for room and board. She fed them real good -- two meals a day; breakfast at 11:30 and dinner about 5. She had two or three 'call girls' that lived at uptown hotels and never did come to the house at all; just kept appointments that she made for them. She made her boarders dress real pretty, and most of them were always in debt to her for clothes.

"A rich man from upstate wanted to marry one of girls named Dollie but she told me she didn't think she'd do it. I said, 'Honey, you got a chance to grab a permanent man, you do it,' so she did. She is a middleaged lady now, but every four, five years she comes to Denver and always visits a spell with me.

"Madame, she told me she'd made a million dollars, maybe two million, but she didn't have much left 'cause she taken too many chances. She was a bettin' lady, and lost lots of money on the races at Overland park. She said she would have been better off if she hadn't been such a fool for good-looking men.

"She said she had been a landlady since she was 19, and never 'hustled' for herself. Said the man didn't live who had money enough to buy her, and claimed she never had anything to do with any man, except she loved him.

"Sometimes she would cry a little and say she was sorry she was a sporting lady, and if she had her life to live over she would go into some other line, because running a sporting house was a very uncertain

line of business, what with the law, and all.

"She always wore a cross of diamonds, and diamond rings, but she dressed real simple, not elegant like some of the other madames. She talked a lot about her adopted daughter, who didn't live in Denver. I think she gave this daughter a lot of her jewelry. Once she told me the daughter was going to have a baby soon.

"Every once in awhile she would tell us she was going to an uptown hotel for a day or two, because her daughter was coming to Denver for a visit. I never saw her daughter. If she ever played the piano in Madame Silks' house, it was not while I was there.

"Madame Silks couldn't write very good, and used to get the girls to write her letters for her. But after Mister Jack came to live at the house, he took care of everything for her. My, but he was a handsome man! Always smiling, and a lot younger than Madame Silks. After he'd been there a while he began to get awful bossy with her, but she didn't seem to mind being bossed around. He told me he had to take care of her, because she was getting old."

Another of the sculptured heads on the facade of the house represents a saturnine man with sideburns.

Mattie's second sweetheart, and later her husband, was John Dillon Ready, born in Nova Scotia and reared in Boston. He was better known on Market street as Handsome Jack and as Jack Kelley. He wore a Prince Albert coat and carried a cane. He was a former telegrapher, and Mattie first employed him as her bookkeeper and bouncer.

He was a huge man, and prided himself on his fighting ability. He was one of the principals in Denver's longest and most noted bare-knuckle fight. It lasted exactly one hour without a second's rest. Witnesses say his opponent, a livestock dealer, almost killed Handsome Jack.

At one time Mattie Silks was robbed of a fortune in diamonds. The house porter was arrested, tried and convicted.

Mattie was a lover of horses and horse racing. At one time she owned a stable of twenty-one horses. Few persons in Denver knew that the Mrs. C. D. Thomson who entered horses in the Overland races and in the horse show at the Stockyards stadium in reality was Mattie Silks, owner of one of Denver's principal Market street parlor houses.

When, in 1913, Mattie bought the house at 1942 she failed to note that the sculptured horseshoe in the cradle of lotus leaves was upside down -- omen of misfortune. In 1915 Police Commissioner George Creel clamped a chastity belt on Denver's tenderloin. Denver's old redlight district was swept out of existence. That was the year the city passed from its hell-roaring pioneer youth and settled down to the smug respectability of middle age. Today, like the man of middle age trying to forget the indiscretions of lusty youth, Denver is trying its best to forget the old Market street "Line." Today, in achieving respectability, Denver has lost some of the color of its youth -- and the color is scarlet.

Mattie was 69 years old when the red lights of Market street blinked out forever and left her with little except her memories. She moved back to 1922 Market, and for a few years operated the Silks hotel at 1916 Market. The Negro maid, Green, married a gambling man and herself became a gambling woma, specializing in "playing the Chinaman" -- fan tan and Chinese lottery.

The 1921 city directory lists John D. Ready, telegrapher, as living at Mattie's address at 1922 Market. The 1923 directory lists both John D. Ready and Mattie Silks as living at 2635 Lawrence street. The 1924 directory changes the listing to show that John D. Ready, livestock dealer, and his wife, Martha, lived in the Lawrence street cottage. The name "Mattie Silks" never again appeared in the directory.

She sold the premises at 1942 Market to the Buddhist church in 1919. In 1926 she fell and fractured a hip.

"Madame Silks was not ever afraid of anything," says the Negro maid. "That was why she disobeyed the doctor's orders and got out of her wheel chair during a Christmas day party in 1928, and fell and broke the same hip again."

She was taken to the Denver General Hospital, where the next day she made out her will on a hospital letterhead. She died January 7, 1929, at the age of 83. So it was that Mattie Silks lived, and loved, and died.

Funeral services were held at the Hofmann undertaking parlors without benefit of clergy -- because, the pallbearers were informed, it was a Quaker service. There was no music, no flowers, few mourners. Three or four friends followed the hearse to Fairmount cemetery. There, without prayers, she was buried beside the unmarked grave of Cort Thomson, sweetheart of her youth. But the name on her modest stone is Martha A. Ready.

At one time Mattie Silks reportedly was worth half a million dollars. She left an estate consisting of $4,000 in real estate and $2,500 worth of jewels. Supposedly she gave a fortune in jewels to her adopted daughter. Were the two diamond rings she retained till her death the rings given her by the two men in her life, Cort Thomson and Handsome Jack? Why had she retained the diamond cross to the last? Was it the symbol of something life had withheld from the scarlet lady?

The only real estate Mattie owned when she died was the cottage on Lawrence street. Her humble Negro maid, Green, owns three houses in the same block.

The estate was divided equally between Jack Ready, the second husband, and her adopted daughter. Ready died May 23, 1931, and is buried at Fairmount in an unmarked grave far from the stone bearing the name "Martha A. Ready."

Who was Theresa? Kin of Cort Thomson, the spendthrift sporting man who was the sweetheart of Mattie's hedonistic youth? Perhaps his daughter by another woman? Was she the college-educated girl who played the piano in Mattie's house, the virgin she guarded so closely against the advances of male guests?

If the pierglasses in the house at 1942 Market could mirror the past, they could tell who the adopted daughter was. Perhaps it is just as well that they can't.

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TRAIL DUST FROM THE DENVER CORRAL

Dabney Otis Collins, Registrar of Marks and Brands, is on the holiday trail as this issue of the monthly Brand Book goes to press. If'n this critter is a mite porely-lookin', it's because Doc ain't here to ride herd on 'er.

Summer's hit the Posse bad, looks like. When the confession slips were turned in at the last meeting, only three of our riders wrote that they'd done anything.

William MacLeod Raine allowed as how he'd not been idle. Had three short stories rejected.

E. W. Milligan closed the gate on a special Colorado History study group for their season by giving the concluding lecture, "Early Denver."

Doc Collins sold an article called "Pothooks Over the Plain," to Adventure Magazine. It will appear in the August issue. His earlier version of the same subject, i.e. cow camp cookery, appeared under the same title in the 1947 Brand Book.

Hank Hough is on his vacation

So's Don Bloch.

But Bill Barker's still workin', cuss it!

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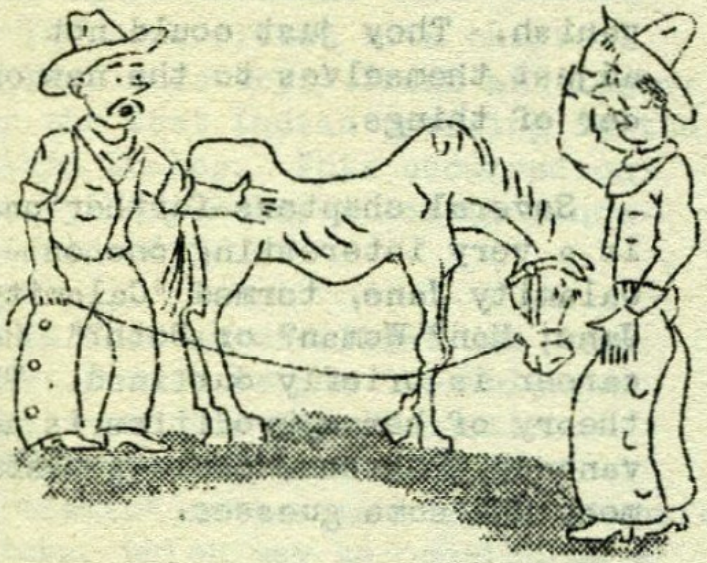
The TRADIN' POST



What'll you swap, partner? If you human packrats have any books, guns, coins, Indian artifacts, prized signatures--in fact any kind of Western Americana you'd like to horse-trade for something else, put it in this column. Simply give your name and address and what you'll exchange for what. We'll list it here free. Send your swap items to the Tradin' Post, c/o Dabney Collins, 5315 Montview Blvd., Denver.

WILL SWAP books and imprints on the West for other books; WANTED also files and ledgers of ranches and mines in existence before 1900; ALSO WANTED: miner's candle holder. Herbert O. Brayer.

I HAVE for exchange: photos, scenic booklets, promotional booklets, pertaining to Far Western railroads during 1890-1910. Also a few sets of "History of Moffat Tunnel" by McMechen. Many are very rare. Too many to list here, but will send list to anyone interested.
I WANT: any item pertaining to Colorado railroads; postcards, photos, timetables, books, booklets, scenic folders, securities, passes, tickers, annual reports or souvenirs. Bob Le Massena, 1001 Oneida, Denver 7.

--

Forsyth's "Story of the Soldier,"

Spring's "70 Years Cow Country,"

1947 Denver Westerners Brand Book.

WANTED: Fur trade first editions.

Dabney Collins, 5315 Montview Boulevard, Denver.

WESTERNERS' BOOK REVIEW

CHICAGO WESTERNERS' BRAND BOOK, 1945-46; being the Papers Presented during the Second Year---together with some original papers rescued from Manuscripts and Ephemera. Chicago, 1948. $8.00.

This excellent collection opens with an article on a dissident branch of Mormons, led by one James Strang. Strang also found plates--of brass rather than gold.

Next, comes a chapter called "Aftermaths," which is a record of the give-and-take comments that followed delivery of various papers before the Chicago Westerners; an excellent idea.

Following this is a symposium on Buffalo Bill, which characterizes him. Unquestionably, he was a very human sort, and the good in him far outweighed the bad. His record in the Indian wars and as a pony express rider is more to his credit than his later career. It became the habit of people who knew him in his later days, when he had fallen on bad times, to discredit everything he did. In a way, he was like all frontiersmen, after the settlement of the country had caused their familiar world to vanish. They just could not adjust themselves to the new order of things.

Several chapters further on, is a very interesting one on Calamity Jane, termed "Calamity Jane; Man? Woman? or Both?" Her career is briefly outlined. The theory of hermaphroditism is advanced, with some medical testimony and some guesses.

Then comes the Custer Campaign diary of Mark Kellogg, representative of the Bismark Dakota Tribune, and through membership of that paper in the old Western Associated Press, correspondent for several Eastern papers. This is interesting but does not add a great deal of new material.

After this, come two papers by Theodore R. Davis, an artist-correspondent for Harpers and other periodicals. Included is a short sketch of Davis himself. Henry M. Stanley figures in one of the Davis papers. The other gives sketches of generals in their camp homes and a good deal on Custer.

Following this is possibly the best chapter in the volume--a Rustler's Account of the Johnson

County War in Wyoming in the '90's.

The book closes with chapters on the James boys, Frank and Jesse; and the last Indian uprising in the United States. This occurred on the Ojibway Reservation in Minnesota in 1898.

This is an excellent job--and great credit is due the Chicago Westerners for its production. The illustrations are of an "artistic" rather than an "authentic" nature, which may be considered a shortcoming by some historians.

The format, on the whole, is very pleasing--and no really worthwhile collection of Western Americana can afford to be without it.

--

WARPATH AND COUNCIL FIRE, by Stanley Vestal (Otherwise, Dr. Walter S. Campbell, of the University of Oklahoma). Random House, N.Y., 1948. $3.50.

This is an attempt to cover much the same ground that Paul Wellman did in "Death on the Prairie."

The scope of the book, in time, is from the early 1860's to the Ghost Dance and Wounded Knee, in 1890. It includes all the important campaigns and councils of that period.

Beginning with a resume of the earlier contacts of the white man with the Plains Indians, it takes up the growing tension of the Civil War period, then passes on to the Sand Creek fight (or massacre); the troubles on the Bozeman Trail, Fort Phil Kearney; the Forsyth fight near the present site of Wray, Colorado; Sherman and Custer; the battle of Washita; Adobe Walls (there were two Adobe Walls fights--one on the Canadian in 1864 and the other in 1874--the first between volunteers under Col. Kit Carson and Comanche Indians; the second between a group of buffalo hunters and Cheyennes). The book winds up with the Sioux War of the '70's; the Dull Knife Raid; the Ghost Dance, and the pitiful Wounded Knee massacre, which Vestal narrates with conviction and feeling, perhaps better than it has ever been told before.

Stanley Vestal is a readable Western historian. He knows his background and writes with a facile pen. Although this is a subject that has been covered many times by Paul Wellman and others, much of the familiarity somehow is dispelled, and the reader is at once highly enter-

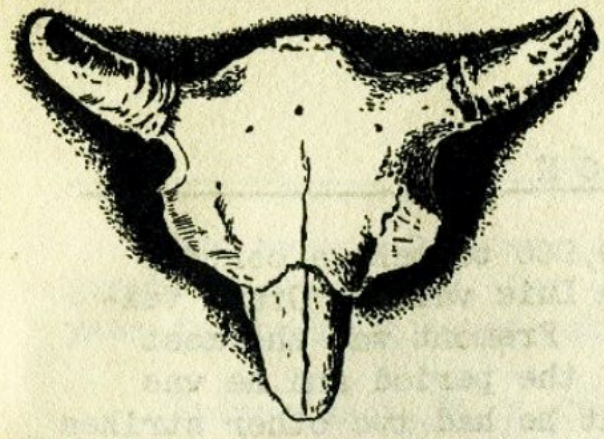
tained and re-informed. It is a valuable addition to the long list of noteworthy historical books that Vestal has given us.

--

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MOUNTAIN MAN--STEPHEN HALL MEEK--1805-1889. Published by Glen Dawson, Pasadena, 1948. $2.00.

This is in no sense a review; merely a notice of a fine little item which, with introduction notes and all, contains only 17 pages. The Publisher, Glen Dawson, Los Angeles bookseller, is just about "tops" of the California dealers specializing in Western Americana. Anyway, this is the autobiography of a Mountain Man, Stephen Meek, older brother of the redoubtable and more publicized Joe Meek, whose life and adventures formed the basis of the famous book by Frances Victor, "The River of the West," published in 1870. The "autobiography" is really a reprint of a sketch which appeared originally in "The Golden Era" for April, 1885. It is regrettable the book does not tell the place of publication of this periodical, but it probably was somewhere in California. In this short sketch of himself Stephen Meek appears to have been a very important figure in the Mountain Man group, and no secondary character to his brother Joe. He first went to the mountains in 1830 with William Sublette and Robert Campbell and then, in his own words, "commenced that wild life of adventure which I led so many years." A fine and important addition to early far-western history. The introduction and notes are by Arthur Woodward, capable historian, with Glen Dawson, a member of the Los Angeles Westerners.

-- Fred Rosenstock



The BRAND BOOK

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ABNEY OTIS COLLINS, REGISTRAR OF MARKS AND BRANDS

Vol. 4 SEPTEMBER, 1948 No. 9

THE GUNNISON STORY

BY DAVID B. HERRICK

Colorado's first road -- from border to border, east to west -- cost the taxpayers something under $15,000 ninety-four years ago. It wasn't much of a road--no bridges, no cuts or fills, no road signs. All that can be said for it is that a train of twenty wagons passed over it, and that today a motor highway and a railroad follow approximately this route laid down in 1853.

The pioneer road-builder was Capt. John Williams Gunnison, martyred soldier-engineer who left his name sprinkled liberally over western Colorado and Utah.

Congress, following the Mexican war and the discovery of gold in California, was anxious to survey a railroad and emigrant route through the central Rockies. It was felt that the Oregon trail to the north and the Santa Fe trail to the south were wastefully circuitous.

John C. Fremont had started to lay out a central route through what is now the Gunnison and Colorado valleys in the fall of 1848. His insistence upon making the survey in midwinter, that he might see the route at its worst, ended in disaster in December in the La Garita mountains in the San Luis valley.

MR. HERRICK IS A WELL-KNOWN WRITER OF HISTORICAL ARTICLES OF THE OLD WEST. HE IS FAMILIAR WITH THE LOCALE OF THIS ARTICLE, HAVING BEEN BORN AND REARED IN GUNNISON, COLORADO.

REPRINTED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE DENVER POST.

In March, 1853, congress appropriated $40,000 to make a central survey from the Arkansas river through the San Luis valley, Grand valley, central Utah and on to the Pacific coast. Fremont was the most experienced of the Rocky Mountain explorers of the period and he was the logical choice to head the expedition. But he had two other strikes on him besides the La Garita debacle.

He had recently been courtmartialed for insubordination in the California campaign and sentenced to dismissal from the army.

A clinching factor was that the man designated by congress to have the survey undertaken was Secretary of War Jefferson Davis, future president of the Confederacy. And Fremont had in California already made known his stand against slavery.

Gunnison, then 41, was an honor graduate of West Point, veteran of the Seminole campaign and removal of the Cherokees to Oklahoma. He had twelve years' topographical experience around the Great Lakes, in the Pacific northwest and in the basin of the Great Salt Lake. He had spent the winter of 1849-50 mapping central Utah.

Upon his return from this journey (the Stansbury expedition) in the spring of 1850 he investigated reports of the mountain men concerning a route through Wyoming to the south of the old Oregon trail. Gunnison was able to substantiate these reports and a dozen years later this route from Granger through Rock Springs to Rawlins was selected for the Union Pacific railroad.

Furthermore, Captain Gunnison followed the professional soldier's tradition of political sterility--an important quality in the eyes of the Washington politicians of that explosive decade preceding the Civil War.

So Gunnison, the New Hampshire captain, got the nod from the war department. On June 23, 1853, he pulled out of Westport (Kansas City) at the head of an expedition of eighteen heavy six-mule wagons, a light instrument wagon and an ambulance, with a military escort of two officers and thirty dragoons from the regiment of Mounted Rifles.

His second in command was Lieut. E. G. Beckwith, corps of topographical engineers, for whom a 12,000-foot Colorado peak and a mountain pass in Gunnison county are named.

Brevet Capt. R. M. Morris commanded the military escort. F. Creutzfeld, the expedition's botanist; R. H. Kern, topographer and artist, and Capt. Charles Taplin, wagon master and veteran of the Mexican war, had all been with the ill-fated Fremont expedition of 1848. The party also included an astronomer and a geologist-surgeon.

Including civilian experts, teamsters and soldiers, the party included probably sixty men and close to 175 animals, with full scientific paraphernalia, plus bacon, beans, flour, coffee and sugar for a 1,500-mile trip.

Aside from Fort Atkinson in Kansas and Fort Massachusetts, near Fort Garland, Colo., they would find no white settlements until they reached the Mormon colonies in central Utah.

Through the plains, of course, buffalo and antelope varied their salt meat diet, as well as deer, elk and antelope through the Rockies. But their journey from about Grand Junction westward to well beyond the sadly misnamed Green river in Utah was to be noteworthy for its painful lack of fresh meat and water.

It took them a month to traverse what is now the state of Kansas. On July 24 they crossed into the present Colorado on the much-traveled Arkansas river route.

Looking for the Huerfano, they turned, through error, up the Apishapa (between Manzanola and Fowler) and headed for the mountains. They crossed into the valleys of the Greenhorn and Graneros, where they picked up a Mexican guide, and on to the Sangre de Cristo pass (near La Veta pass) in the lower end of the Sangre de Cristo range.

The party reached Fort Massachusetts Aug. 13. They paused a few days in this vicinity while Captain Gunnison investigated Roubideau's pass (Mosca) farther north, and Lieutenant Beckwith and the young dragoon officer rode in haste to Taos, over 100 miles south, for a guide

familiar with the Grand valley.

Beckwith was back Aug. 24 with Antoine Leroux, 20-year veteran guide of the central and southern Rockies and the expedition took up its week's dusty trek up the eastern edge of the San Luis valley. Across the immense flat valley lay the La Garitas which had trapped Fremont in '48. Behind them rose the gleaming backdrop of the Sierra San Juan, the northern end of which they would cross at Cochetopa pass.

They turned westward in the upper valley and camped at Saguache on Aug. 29. Gunnison and a small escort had continued on north to the head of the valley to investigate Poncha pass, leading over into the Arkansas watershed near Salida.

The captain rejoined the train the following day and they made their way to Cochetopa pass, crossing it on Sept. 2. The working parties were forced to cut timber and move heavy rocks to make way for the wagons.

They were now in that great basin which would one day be known the world around as "the Gunnison country," but to these dusty travelers of 1853 this was the nebulously described Grand river basin.

Great confusion exists in descriptions of early-day explorations in this region for the reason that the mountain men of a century ago knew our Gunnison valley as the Rio Grande, or Grand. Rivera had called it the San Xavier in 1756. (The Rio Grande of today was then known as the Rio Grande del Norte.)

The Grand river of more recent history--from Grand Junction up through Glenwood Springs and into Grand county and Grand lake--was known in the '50s as the Blue river. This was finally changed in 1921 by legislative decree to the Colorado all the way to its source in Rocky Mountain National park. The Blue river today is merely that branch coming into the Colorado at Kremmling.

Following Captain Gunnison's massacre in 1853, the Grand became the Gunnison river. The Utes knew the basin as the Tomichi.

Cochetopa is the Ute word for "passage of the buffaloes;"

a Spanish name of the same meaning, Puerto de los Cibolos, was used to some extent at the time of Gunnison's expedition.

This was the division of the waters; behind them the watershed of the Rio Grande del Norte and the Gulf of Mexico; at their feet the trickles that would add up to the mighty, unconquerable Colorado.

The lumbering wagons and their screen of horsemen rolled across the gentle sagebrush hills to Cochetopa creek and on to its confluence with Tomidghi (Tomichi) creek eight miles above its juncture with the Gunnison river.

In the long evening shadows of Sept. 6 the train made its way across the five-mile plain upon which the town of Gunnison now stands, and for the first time gazed upon the river which, more than any other of many monuments, was to plant John Gunnison's name indelibly upon the geography and history of an epoch.

Fording the beautifully clear waters the expedition bivouacked on the west bank of the river a couple of miles above the mouth of Tomichi. The next morning they recrossed to the east bank and took to the low hills south of the river.

Although another thirty miles was to intervene before the Black canyon of the Gunnison started in earnest, the bottom lands with their impenetrable thickets of cottonwood and willow and the occasional cliffs shouldering their way into midriver made the rough sagebrush hills to the south much more inviting to the teamsters.

Captain Gunnison wore out his cavalry escorts riding down each intersecting canone (boy-size canyon) and arroyo to complete his data on a railroad grade. The guide, remembering troublesome country ahead, rode far in advance, trying to map the best route for the clumsy wagons.

Camping at Sapinero (named for Ute Chief Ouray's brother-in-law later) on the evening of Sept. 8 they saw the innocuous beginnings of the Black Canyon. The next day brought them full explanation of Leroux's furrowed brow when they spent the entire day crossing the gorge of the Rio de las Lagunas, or Lake fork.

Proceeding some miles above its mouth without finding much of a crossing, the wagons were assisted by ropes and main strength down the side of the 300-foot canyon, whence they proceeded down the bed of the stream for a quarter mile before an equally precipitous ascent was to be found on the other side of the gorge.

Each six-mule wagon was hoisted up the canyon wall by ten mules, with the steadying influence of spliced picket ropes in the hands of the exhausted wagoners and soldiers on the lip of the gorge.

This was the worst of several such crossings before they reached the broad valley of the Cimarron three days later. In covering thirteen airline miles they had traveled twenty-one and used forty hours of tremendous effort on the part of both men and animals.

Although Captain Gunnison had dismissed as fantastic the possibility of a railroad following the main river below Sapinero, in 1882 the bustling little giant-killer, the Denver & Rio Grande railroad, actually did blast out a shelf for its rails. But only for fourteen miles, for it, too, threw in the sponge at Cimarron, even as had Gunnison's wagons, and took to the hills.

In addition to the impracticality of following the ever-deepening gorge, Gunnison's decision to turn west over the Cerro Summit hills was governed by the wide loop taken to the northwest by the river. This great bend which Captain Gunnison never saw includes the malignant canyon depths--at times 1,300 feet wide and half a mile deep--set aside in 1926 as the spectacular Gunnison National monument, sixteen miles east of Montrose.

The Cimarron valley was known a century ago as the Cebolla (onion), a name which later moved thirty miles upstream to take over the designation of what was then known as the White Earth river.

From the Cimarron the expedition moved due west over the divide into the Uncompahgre and toward the site of the present town of Montrose. Captain Gunnison passed over ground under which yet another monument to his name was to be started half a century hence--the Gunnison tunnel, bringing water through the sheer walls of the Black canyon to the upper mesas of the Uncompahgre above Montrose.

Throughout their journey down the Gunnison valley the party knew they were under constant surveillance of the Indians; they could see their signal fires and an occasional fleeting horseman against the horizon. Gunnison had been quite anxious to contact them, as he wanted to buy horses, but it was not until Sept. 13, descending the divide into the Uncompahgre, that a small band of Utes approached.

The captain jollied the Utes along with a few presents from the government trade goods with which he was equipped, but the only basis upon which they would trade their horses was for powder and lead, which the military party could not give them.

In the next few days the Utes virtually dripped from every gulch; by the time they made their night camp near the present town of Olathe, on Sept. 16, the travelers found difficulty in getting a night's rest because of the noisy Indians gathering in a prototype of the circus day spirit.

The next day the expedition came again to the banks of the Gunnison, which had turned westward after its confluence with the North fork (then known as Smith's fork) and passed through what was to become the town of Delta. They camped below the ruins of Roubideau's old trading post, on Roubideau creek.

Joseph Roubideau, who founded the town of St. Joseph, Mo., was one of five brothers prominent in the early Rocky mountain and New Mexico fur trade from 1825. He had established his post near Delta about 1828, the only white settlement of any sort in the whole Gunnison valley, and about five years later built another fort on the Uinta river, above the mouth of the Duchesne in Utah. Fremont passed his Uinta post in 1844 and reported it recently sacked by Indians, but Roubideau had luckily been away at the time. The post on the Gunnison was abandoned about the same time.

Dropping down from Roubideau's fort, Gunnison's party encountered the Unaweep (red) canyon, extending virtually all the way to the junction with the Blue at what is now Grand Junction. Reaching the Blue, or Nah-un-kah-rea, on Sept. 19, they found a gentle valley of twenty miles in diameter, natural site for the present beautiful city of Grand Junction, founded in 1882 after the expulsion of the Utes.

Otto Mears, pioneer Coloradoan of a later generation and only local member of the commission created to solve the Ute problem after the Meeker massacre in 1879, was lawyer enough to save the present Grand Junction and Grand valley from remaining part of the Ute reservation.

Sidney Jocknick, writing in his "Early Days on the Western Slope," relates that the commission had decreed the Northern Utes be settled at "Grand Junction or adjacent territory."

Grand Junction with its upper valley was a potential paradise for white settlers. Utah was still a "territory" and was "adjacent to" Grand Junction, if you didn't want to be too technical, so the wily Mears, in the absence of the eastern members of the commission, signed the order under which General MacKenzie and his cavalry shoved the Northern Utes clear off the map of Colorado into what was reasonably supposed to be worthless land in northeastern Utah.

Worthless or not, it was Mormon land, and the Mormons were fair game for everybody in those days. Because of this stroke, Colorado today has the smallest Indian population, excepting Texas and Kansas, of any of the seventeen westernmost states.

Proceeding below Grand Junction, Captain Gunnison now reached the farthest-north point reached by the early Spanish explorers, Rivera in 1765, Dominguez and Escalante, in 1776. The latter two are memorialized in the names of two of the creeks entering the Gunnison between Delta and Grand Junction. Below Grand Junction, the captain was able for the first time to buy some of the small but hardy Indian ponies.

After a few miles, meanwhile, the river began dropping deeper into its gorge. The canyon of the Grand from below Fruita to its confluence with the Green, more than 100 rugged miles, was not to meet the eye of a white explorer until 1889, when a boat party surveyed it for the proposed Denver, Colorado Canyon & Pacific railroad, which would have followed a water grade down the Colorado river to the Gulf of California.

It had been projected to supply coal to the Pacific coast, but the fearful cost of blasting through the Grand and Colorado canyons, coincident with the opening up of sufficient coal supplies in the Puget Sound area, obviated the necessity for the road.

The deepening canyon had forced the Gunnison party farther from the river and they now traveled the rough plain between the canyon and the forbidding Book plateau, or Roan mountains. On Sept. 21, Leroux and three companions left to return to Santa Fe, their contract having been fulfilled.

On this day the party crossed what became the west boundary line of the State of Colorado. Now a little over 1,000 miles from their starting place at Westport, they had traveled 560 miles of this in traversing the 387 air-line miles across Colorado, using fifty-nine days to do it. This was an average of about nine and one-half miles a day.

Thus far the trip had been pleasant, and without loss of man, animal or property.

But as they rounded the shoulder of the desolate Roan mountains and headed westward for the divide between the Grand and the Green they were to know bitter days and the bitter taste of tragedy in the massacre of their leader and many of their comrades.

On Sept. 22, 1853, the Gunnison expedition was well into the eastern Utah desert flanking the worthless Roan mountains. The dusty desert hills still were unbearably hot and water was becoming a real problem. The granite-locked Grand (Colorado) river might just as well have been a thousand miles away.

The party made dry camp on one of the creeks that dry up by day and during the night become insignificant rivulets of brackish water.

Their water troubles were alleviated the next two or three days by heavy rains, but the wagons were almost immobilized in the quagmires that resulted. Progress was snail-like, but on Sept. 28 they surmounted the divide between the Grand and the Green and the next day were on the old Spanish trail of Escalante and Dominguez, which they followed to the foot of Salt mountain.

Far to the west was the Wasatch range, separated from them by a 100-mile plain cut by a series of rocky, parallel chasms and fantastic sandstone ridges. At their feet lay a ford across the chocolate waters of the Akanaquint, or Green river.

This ford is one of but three in a thousand miles of unbridged moat between the bottom of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and the Wyoming border. The highway and the Denver & Rio Grande Western railroad cross the river at this point. Wonsits valley, 135 miles upstream, and Lee's Ferry, 200 miles down, were the only crossings of this canyon barrier until Grand Wash is reached, far below the present Hoover dam.

The railroad station here is known now as Green River, but for many years this little oasis in the horror of gorge and desert was to be known as Gunnison's Crossing and Gunnison Valley. The lofting spire at the upper end of the little valley is called Gunnison Butte.

A band of Akanaquint Utes on the far side of the river hastened across to help the Gunnison party make the ford and to beg or swap for tobacco. Destitute and hunger-ridden, they had nothing to trade but dressed deerskins. Despite their poverty, Beckwith records them as being the merriest savages he had encountered, next to the equally-destitute Yumas to the south.

Captain Gunnison tried with trinkets, cloth, paints and blankets to induce a guide to accompany them to the crossing of the Wasatch range. But the Indians confirmed the rumors of war between Wah-ka-ra's (Walker's) Utes and the Mormons, and none of these jolly Akanaquint warriors yearned for the smell of Mormon gunpowder.

Turning upstream across what was later called the Beckwith plateau to the Price river (then called the White) the party crossed the divide into the San Rafael on Oct. 8. Two days later they again came upon the old Spanish trail, somewhere below the present Castle Dale in Emery County.

On Oct. 12, toiling up the Wasatch, they were overtaken by one of the Indians from Green river, who had found it impossible to resist the presents they had offered.

Newip Narrienta (Powerful Earth) was the apt name of this odorous son of the wild. He accompanied them over the divide and to the rim of the Great Basin, whereupon he hit the back trail for his squaw and papoose. He had begun to feel the chilling proximity of the Mormon settlements around Manti.

Descending into the valley of the Sevier and camping near the present thrifty sugar-beet town of Gunnison, the captain wrote:

"On reaching this plain a great stage is attained. The great mountains have been passed and a new wagon road opened across the continent --a work which was almost unanimously pronounced impossible by the men who knew the mountains and this route over them."

He saw (1) a new mail and military road to Taos by way of Fort Massachusetts; (2) a road from the southern states to California and for emigrants too late in the season to go through Wyoming, and (3) a military road through and commanding the Ute country, passing into the center of the territory of that people at Grand Junction.

The captain rode the eighteen miles up the San Pete to Manti on Oct. 20 and there found all the settlers of the valley, about 100 families, gathered for protection from the Utes. Several settlers had been killed, some mills destroyed and stock driven off. Here Gunnison secured the services of two Mormon guides, G.C. and William Potter, brothers, who were to accompany him to Sevier lake.

Rejoining the wagon train next day, Gunnison continued over the Pah-Vant mountains and made camp on Chalk creek, ten miles east of Fillmore. The following morning Gunnison rode into Fillmore to renew friendships made during his stay in the basin in '49-'50. On Oct. 23 the party moved northwest across the valley above Fillmore; finding no water, they had to tie up their animals without water or grass.

Awakening at dawn in a temperature of 12 degrees, the party hastened to resume the march and reached the Sevier at 10 a.m., finding an abundance of good dry grass, the first the animals had had in twenty-five miles and almost twenty-four hours.

The Sevier river comes up from the south through the San Pete valley, skirts the San Pete mountains and doubles back in a wide, fifty-mile loop and flows southwest into the dead Sevier lake. The Gunnison survey party had been three days crossing this loop through the dry, sage-clad plain. They were now camped in the vicinity of the present town of Delta, in Millard county, on the Sevier not far above the lake.

Gunnnison's plan was to make an examination of Lake Sevier, then proceed northward and survey the Timpanogas canyon and around Provo, after which the party would go into winter quarters at Salt Lake City and work around there. With spring, they would carry their railroad survey on through Nevada and California.

Leaving Beckwith and Captain Morris with the wagon train, Gunnison on Oct. 25 took a small, fast-moving pack train and rode down the Sevier for a day or two of observations around the lake. With him were Topographer Kern, Botanist Creutzfeld, Cook John Bellows, Guide William Potter and a corporal and six dragoons from the escort. The lake was presumed to be from fifteen to eighteen miles downstream, but the little detachment camped a few miles short of the lake as they feared the water might become salty if the proceeded farther.

Beckwith, meanwhile, set off upstream to make a semipermanent camp for the few days Gunnison would be engaged in the Sevier lake operation. The animals were put out to graze and about 11 o'clock the next morning a small party was readied to ride farther upstream and plan the route through or around the canyon a few miles away. Beyond it the way was clear to Provo, Salt Lake City and winter quarters.

"But the party had scarcely proceeded a hundred yards from camp," wrote Beckwith, "when it was met by a man, weak and exhausted, reeling breathless into camp, barely able to communicate, by a few broken sentences, as he sank into a seat, the painful intelligence that Captain Gunnison's party had been surprised in their camp by a large party of Indians and, he thought, all but himself massacred."

Captain Morris hustled his dragoons into their saddles and in half an hour was galloping toward the scene. The corporal in charge of Captain Gunnison's six soldiers now staggered into camp. He had escaped from the massacre on his horse, forcing the animal until it gave out at the previous day's camp, from whence he ran on foot fourteen miles.

Even as Morris' relief column was leaving a third survivor appeared, and two others were encountered on the road that afternoon. As soon as possible, Beckwith started the wagon train back down the river toward the previous day's camp. As they bivouacked in the darkness, Morris rode up and confirmed their worst fears.

Gunnison had camped early in the afternoon of Oct. 26, amid wind and fresh snow flurries, "doubtless feeling the security which men come to indulge after passing long periods of time surrounded by savages without actually seeing them."

They had pitched their tents in an inviting nook in the river bottom where grass, fuel and water were abundant, sheltered from the wind by the high second bank at their rear and thickets of willows to either side about thirty yards away.

They knew Indians were near, for they had seen their fires and fresh tracks. Two days before Gunnison had visited old friends in Fillmore and had learned of recent troubles with the local Pah-Vant Indians, but had been given to understand the difficulties had been adjusted. Nevertheless, the party mounted the customary guard through the night, in which even Captain Gunnison stood his share.

At dawn, as the guard had been drawn in and preparations were going forward for breakfast, warwhoops rang out, accompanied by a shower of arrows.

From the door of his tent Gunnison extended his hands in the signs of friendship and called out Pah-Vant words of identification, but he fell pierced with an arrow. Not a shot was fired by the whites. The surprise was complete. Of the twelve men in the party, five escaped.

"The bodies of the slain were not all found at dark," continues Beckwith's journal, "and hope still lingered as a bright fire was built to assure any survivor of safety. But the long, weary night--rendered hideous by the howling of wolves--wore away, as this little band of armed men, barely larger than that which had already been sacrificed, lay near the fatal spot, and day dawned only to discover the mutilated remains of their recent comrades.

"Some of their arms were cut off at the elbows and their entrails cut open; and the wolves having had access to them during the day and to those exposed during the night, their bodies were in such condition that it was not deemed possible to bring them away--not even that of Captain Gunnison."

Bishop Anson Call, prominent early-day Mormon leader and friend of Gunnison, arrived from Fillmore on Oct. 29 with a group of citizens to see what service they could render and get further particulars of the massacre. The last mail from Salt Lake City to the states was to leave on Nov. 1 and a courier accompanied Call to carry any dispatches Beckwith wished to prepare.

Gov. Brigham Young had sent a burial party, but the wolves had "left but slightest traces of remains of the dead to receive the solemn rite of burial." Bishop Call was able to recover Gunnison's papers and instruments looted by the Indians, also some horses and mules, but Beckwith had to dig into his government trade goods for presents to bribe the friendly members of the tribe who assisted.

Call had sent for Kanosh, chief of the Pah-Vants (Piutes), who brought with him Captain Gunnison's horse, which had been given to him by one of the marauders when he came to report the "successful operation."

Kanosh "deeply regretted" the incident, which he said was without his knowledge or authority and committed by some of the young men -- boys, he called them.

An altercation with a California emigrant outfit early in October had resulted in the death of the father of Moshoquop, unruly war chief of the Pah-Vants. The Mormons had expended considerable effort and seven beeves from their little herd to smooth over the incident, but Moshoquop harbored his grudge and with two or three tribal renegades and twenty-five or more of the youths of the tribe had taken to the malpais around Lake Sevier a few days before the Gunnison party arrived.

He had sworn vengeance on the first white travelers he met, and it was just Captain Gunnison's ill luck to stumble into this situation.

Punishment? Brigham Young's valiant territory of Deseret was a thousand miles from anywhere. The power of the United States government was but a far-off, distasteful shadow so far as these little pioneer cells of Mormons were concerned. There wasn't a federal soldier in Deseret except the two dozen men of Captain Morris' command.

The Mormons were barely able to defend their tiny settlements, let alone undertake punitive expeditions into an unfriendly desert teeming with savages. They had learned it was cheaper to feed the Indians than fight them.

They played fair with the Indians in most respects, but the here - today - and-gone-tomorrow California emigrants had no scruples in their dealings with the natives. Many abused and even killed the Indians "just for the fun of it" and just to cause trouble for the Mormons.

The Piutes knew two kinds of white men: The Mormons, or "Mormonee," who were to be treated with respect, and the itinerant "Mericats" or "Swaps," with whom it was catch-as-catch-can in all intercourse--trading, stealing or fighting.

After the Nov. 1 dispatches reporting the outrage reached the states, a wave of indignation swept the nation. Lieut. Col. E.J. Steptoe, passing through Deseret the following summer with a body of troops for California, carried orders to bring the Gunnison murderers to justice.

Eight Pah-Vants, including Chief Kanosh, were rounded up and brought before federal court at Nephi City. All but three were acquitted, and these three served but a short time before they were released or escaped.

As for Beckwith, nothing remained but to marshal the saddened remnants of the expedition and complete his assignment. Until the massacre, the expedition had been a successful, well-conducted, thoroughly interesting journey--what a mariner would have called a "happy ship."

In the two or three days following the massacre while the expedition was around Fillmore the angry mutterings of the teamsters and soldiers almost led to taking punitive measures into their own hands. But Beckwith and Captain Morris put them on the road to Salt Lake City, which they reached Nov. 8.

Beckwith and his assistants prepared their reports and through the winter completed their surveys in the Timpanogas canyon. In reporting

to the secretary of war, Beckwith had stated his belief that the full 1,566-mile journey from Westport via Sevier lake to Salt Lake City had used less than $18,000 of the original $40,000 appropriation.

He said the maintenance cost of the expedition had been between $1,000 and $1,200 a month "including wages and subsistence, wear and tear." This, remember, for an expedition of twenty wagons, about sixty men and 175 horses and mules! Compare the relative results of this little expedition with the 40 million dollars spent to impose Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston's army upon the Mormons in the "war" of 1857-60!

In February, 1854, Secretary of War Jefferson Davis instructed Beckwith to continue the survey across Nevada and down the Humboldt river to California. Captain Morris was again detailed to accompany him. He was authorized to draw upon the unexpended $23,000 of the appropriation.

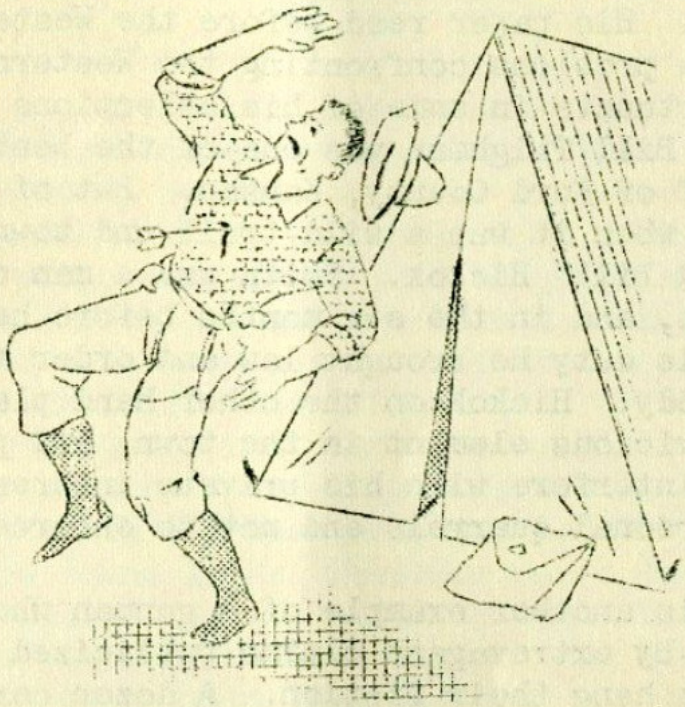
These instructions were carried out and on July 26, 1854, Beckwith reached Fort Reading on the Sacramento river, where he disbanded the expedition. He presented himself to the secretary of war in Washington Sept. 12, after returning by sea.

On Memorial day, 1927, almost 5,000 residents of Millard county and visitors gathered in the desolation of the lower Sevier bottoms and dedicated a monument on the site of Gunnison's massacre, until then marked only by a weathered cedar post. Under sponsorship of the Fillmore American Legion, Daughters of Pioneers and Boy Scouts, a shaft of black lava had been quarried from the nearby malpais and upon it had been imposed a bronze tablet bearing the names of the slain explorers and the date of the massacre.

John Williams Gunnison, a New Hampshire farmer's son who died at the peak of his usefulness, has left his name to what the National Geographic Society once designated as one of the two best trout-fishing streams in North America.

In addition, Colorado has a county and its county seat, a national forest, a national monument, a great reclamation project and a 12,000-foot peak in the West Elk mountains named for him.

In Utah, the captain's name is carried by a town, an island in the Great Salt Lake which he helped to survey, and the crossing of the Green river at Gunnison Valley.



NOTES ON OLD WEST PEACE OFFICERS

BY WILLIAM MCLEOD RAINE

IN WHICH MR. RAINE, NOTED WESTERN AUTHOR, EXPRESSES SOME VIEWPOINTS REGARDING PEACE OFFICERS MENTIONED IN DR. HERBERT A. KELLAR'S PAPER BEFORE THE DENVER WESTERNERS LAST MONTH.

I do not wish to start a controversy with Dr. Kellar in regard to frontier justice. His paper read before the Westerners gives clearly and concisely the problems confronting the Western pioneer, but I think he has been unfortunate in some of his selections of representative peace officers. Bill Tilghman was one of the best. Masterson made an excellent sheriff of Ford County, Kansas. But of the two famous marshals of Abilene when it was a wild trail end town Tom Smith was far superior to "Wild Bill" Hickok. Smith was a man of character, modest, strong, efficient, and in the six months before he was shot down in the performance of his duty he brought law and order to the community without killing anybody. Hickok on the other hand played favorites, was allied with the vicious element in the town, and permitted lawlessness when it did not interfere with his private interests. The men he killed were slain in personal quarrels and not to enforce law.

Wyatt Earp is another example of a gunman who boosted himself into the hall of fame by extravagant claims publicized by writers looking for a hero on whom to hang their fiction. A dozen careful and sober historians of the early days in Arizona agree that the Earps were turbulent and lawless characters. Among these are McClintock, Robinson, Lockwood, Waters, Breakenridge, and Bechdolt.

In Frank Waters' recent book THE COLORADO he says he has spent a lot of time and gasoline looking up the Earps. He comes to the conclusion that Wyatt Earp was "Little more than a tin-horn outlaw operating under the protection of a tin badge." He adds: ". . . WYATT EARP, FRONTIER MARSHAL, his purported autobiography dictated to Stuart N. Lake, is the standard text book adhered to by all movie and pulp magazine Western writers. In it he is portrayed as the model frontiersman. . . It is the most assiduously concocted blood-and-thunder piece of fiction ever written about the West, and a disgraceful indictment of the thousands of true Arizona pioneers whose lives and written protests refute every discolored incident in it."

The story of Arizona in the American Guide series says: "The turbulent side of Tombstone history reached its height with the Earp-Clanton feud of the early 1880's. The Earp clan sought to shield their dealings with shady characters behind their official positions of city marshal, deputy sheriff, and United States marshal. . . The climax of the feud came with a gun fight at the O.K. corral in 1881. Ambush warfare continued until the remaining Earps had killed several men and fled to Colorado."

Frank C. Lockwood, a professor at the University of Arizona, a scholarly and careful writer, takes a poor view of Wyatt Earp. In his book, PIONEER DAYS IN ARIZONA, he writes: "For number of years I have been patiently gathering facts about the early life of Arizona and in so doing have had long and frequent interviews with quiet and intelligent men who knew the life at first hand and who bore a main part in shaping it. I have often visited with such men as Jeff Milton, W.M. Breakenridge, James Hancock, John A. Rockefellow and Ed Vail (All of whom I knew except Hancock. W.M.R.) the scenes that have become historic. I have had many accounts of the Earp-Clanton feud from many men who lived in Tombstone at the time. . . I think the most complete and unbiased account of the whole matter is to be found in Mr. Breakenridge's book HELLDORADO. His story differs essentially from that told by Wyatt Earp. No man was better able to see the situation from all angles than Breakenridge. On the other hand, I believe that Wyatt Earp was both a coldblooded killer and a very suave and crafty dissimulator. On October 26, 1881, Wyatt, Virgil, and Morgan Earp, and "Doc" Holliday, shot and killed Billy Clanton and Tom and Frank McLaury on a street of Tombstone. Though officers of the law, the four killers named above seem to have deliberately brought on the quarrel for the purpose of getting rid of the Clantons and the McLaurys."

Another reliable witness is Will H. Robinson, an early settler in Arizona, who wrote a book called, THE STORY OF ARIZONA. I quote from it. "While as a whole the peace officers of the state have been capable, fearless, and energetic men, in a few conspicuous instances they seem to have been chosen on the theory that it takes one desperado to capture another. A celebrated case of the criminally inclined officer is found in the story of the Earps of Tombstone. In the early 80's, when lawlessness in Southern Arizona had been worse than it had been in many years, Virgil Earp was city marshal of Tombstone and Wyatt Earp deputy United

States marshal----in spite of the fact that both of them were professional gamblers and were suspected of either planning or participating in at least two stage holdups. Associated with Virgil and Wyatt were Morgan and Jim Earp and "Doc" Holliday who, although he hung out a dentists's sign had gambling for a vocation and manslaughter for an avocation. Bitter enemies of the Earps were the Clanton cowboys of the Babacomari mountains."

Robinson then goes on to describe the battle, forced on the cowboys by the Earps, and to mention that the gamblers later killed Frank Stilwell and a Mexican in the Dragoons before they fled to Colorado. It is only fair to say that the Clanton crowd were rustlers and that Stilwell was thought to have killed one of the Earp brothers.

In my files I have a letter from my old friend Billy Breakenridge concerning the battle at the O.K. corral. He writes: "I went carefully through the evidence as printed in the Tombstone Nugget of the trial of the Earps and Holliday for the murder of the McLaurys and Billy Clanton, and find that Sheriff Behan and six other witnesses for the prosecution swore that the Earps ordered the cowboys to throw up their hands, which they did promptly, and while their hands were up in the air the Earps commenced shooting. Three witnesses for the defense swore they did not see the hands in the air and did not know who started the shooting." He adds later in the letter that two of the cowboys were not armed and sums up, "It was just a coldblooded murder."

I have no space to follow the career of Wyatt Earp after he left Arizona. Many of the claims of brave deeds made for him to enhance his reputation are wholly fallacious. In Lake's book, for instance, a long story is told of his heroic arrest of Ben Thompson at Ellsworth after the killing of Sheriff Whitney. The whole Ellsworth affair is well documented and there is no evidence whatever that Earp was present.

In the winning of the West for law and order many scores of brave men lost their lives. Many thousand more, not called to pay this penalty, helped to establish the stable conditions that obtain to-day. As Gene Rhodes wrote, "No mile of all our miles but has its story, no farm but was won by daring and toil, perseverance, hardship, and pain." Surely we do not need to pick for our heroes men of the caliber of Hickok and Earp. (William MacLeod Raine)

TRAIL DUST FROM THE DENVER CORRAL

At the September roundup Posseman Thomas Hornsby Ferril -- poet, editor and publisher of the Rocky Mountain Herald, contributor to Harper's and the Saturday Review of Literature -- discussed aspects of Western poetry. He gave readings from his "Westering", Yale University Press; "Trial By Time", Harper's; "Time of Mountains"; "Words for Leadville", prize winner of Poetry Magazine; "Nocture at Noon", which appeared in American Mercury; and "Two Rivers", (Cherry Creek and the Platte).

To read Tom Ferril's poetry is a great experience; to hear him read it is enjoyment with the hair left on.

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Our genial Sheriff Art Carhart has just accepted a position as editorial director, on a consultant basis, of Better Fishing, Inc. Also a book contract with Ziff-Davis. The book, "Hi, Stranger!" will be about dude ranches. We sincerely hope that Art's contract calls for a rate commensurate with that charged by his subject.

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Levette Davidson's article, "The Festival of Mountain and Plain", appeared in Colorado Magazine, of the State Historical Society of Colorado, in two parts, in the July and September issues. In August, Levette visited Dodge City, taking in the sights on old Boot Hill and in Beeson Museum, which contains many relics of the days when Dodge was the "Cowboy Capital of the World".

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Leroy Hafen, recently returned from a year of teaching at the University of Edinburgh, published two splendid articles in the Huntington Quarterly (Calif.) on the Spanish Trail, which went from Santa Fe, through southern Colorado, Utah and Nevada, to California.

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Another fine contribution by one of our Westerners was the history of the first 72 years of banking in Colorado Springs, published in August in Colorado Magazine. The author: Supreme Court Judge Wm. S. "Bill" Jackson.

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Herbert O. Brayer, on September 11, addressed the Economic History Society at Harvard University. His subject: "Aspects of Economic Discontent in the West.".

And those of you who didn't receive a copy of Herb's "Window Musings", better try to get one. It's good -- and good reading.

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Don Bloch has written "Annals of the Black Hills", a 44-page illustrated booklet to commemorate the 50th Anniversary of Black Hills National Forest. How about a complimentary copy to each Wes Westerner, Don?

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Tom Ferril has prose and poetry, "Out in the Stovepipe Mountains", in Harper's; and a new poem coming up in The Atlantic.

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Speaking of production, Ed Dunklee proudly announces the birth of his first grandson, in California. Bill Barker sired a daughter, Patricia Raine Barker, Jr., Sept. 10. Mother and father doing nicely, he says. Phil Whiteley, that that master neumismatist, passed the cigars at September roundup - a bouncing baby boy! And not to be outdone in the vital statistics department, your humble word wrangler became a grandpap on Sept. 7. Yep. Dabney Otis II.

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Roundup Foreman Paul Harrison has left on a two months' trip to the Southwest. Paul is an Indian trader.

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Fred Rosenstock's newsy book reviews have been missed the last two months. Fred has been too busy at his book store, but we hope he will have time next month, to give us another review of recent western books.

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THE OCTOBER PROGRAM

Posseman Henry Hough will speak on "Villasur's Trail". Henry traveled most of this old Colorado trail last summer, and has an interesting tale to tell us. Remember, it's the last Wednesday -- October 27.

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In November we'll have the privilege of hearing former Gov. Ralph Carr speak on the extra curricular activities of Old West Madames. It's a new slant on an old profession.

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What am I offered, asks Wm. J. Barker, 1161 Humboldt St., Denver. for first edition of Short Train Daily, autographed by author Lucius Beebe and photography by Charles Clegg?

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Wanted to buy or trade -- Railroad histories; vol. 5, Our Times, by Mark Sullivan.

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Wanted to sell or trade -- In the Heat of the Sierra, by J. M. Hutchins, 1st ed., Watson's Annals of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, 2 vols., 1855; Wild Man of the Wild West, by Edw. L. Sabin, 1st ed., Dave Cook of the Rockies, by Collier Westrate; Garrison and the Anti-Slavery Movement, by Oliver Johnson; Chief of Scouts, by W. F. Drannan, 1910; Our Times, vols. 1 and 2 (1st ed.) Mark Sullivan; Life of Billy Dixon, by O. K. Dixon, 1921; 1946 Westerners Brand Book; Drum Beats of the Nations, Freedom Triumphant, Old Times in the Colonies, by Charles G. Coffin. -- Don Bloch, 654 Emerson St., Denver.

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Paul Harrison, 870 Madison St., Denver, wants an offer on a 1945 Denver Westerners Brand Book.

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Stone's History of Colorado, 4 vols. cloth. Robertson's History of Discovery of America, 1858. Will trade for any western books. E. W. Milligan, 3109 E. Warren Ave., Denver.

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What do you Westerners out there have for our hoss tradin' column? Come on in, it's for free. Mail your "ad" to Dabney Collins, 5315 Montview Blvd., Denver.

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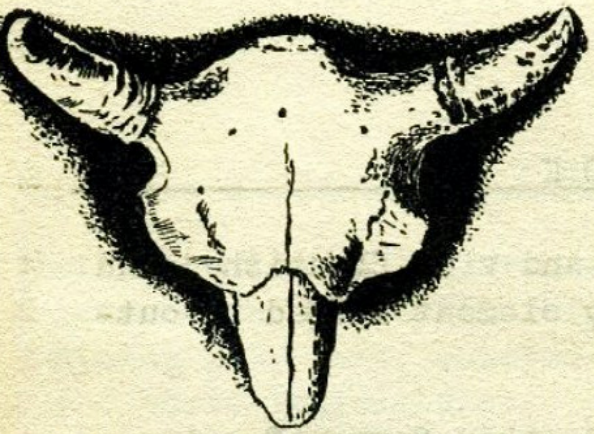

The BRAND BOOK

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l. 4 AUGUST, 1948 No. 8

FRONTIER JUSTICE

BY HERBERT A. KELLAR

Law, in the Old West, started from scratch. The great tide of humanity flooding the unknown of half a continent had neither the time nor the inclination for the orderly processes of justice. In the headlong rush to reach the Promised Land, to conquer Indian and wilderness, to build towns, railroads, fortunes, and in the unceasing struggle for survival, a man stood on his own two feet. He carried his law in his holster.

As conditions grew more settled, the Anglo-Saxon concept of justice gradually re-asserted itself. First evidence of this was the town marshal, then the sheriff. An effective type of local self-rule set up by citizens of a community was the Vigilance Committee, or the Vigilantes.

These operated largely in the region west of the Mississippi River and first became well known in 1849, during the Gold Rush period in California. Congested centers of population such as mining camps and cattle towns early attracted every variety of individual. In them were to be found representatives of the best of society and also the law

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DR. KELLAR IS DIRECTOR OF THE McCORMICK HISTORICAL FOUNDATION, CHICAGO. HE IS A CHARTER MEMBER OF THE CHICAGO CORRAL OF THE WESTERNERS AND PAST PRESIDENT OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

FOR INFORMATION PRESENTED IN THIS PAPER, THE WRITER WISHES TO ACKNOWLEDGE HIS INDEBTEDNESS TO ELIZABETH HOWARD WEST, J. C. DUVAL, HOWARD A. JOHNSON, W. J. GHENT, EDWARD E. DALE AND STUART N. LAKE, WHOSE RESEARCHES AND WRITINGS HAVE FURNISHED INTERESTING MATERIAL.

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breakers and the depraved. Drinking, gambling and vice flourished and not infrequently the malefactors and disorderly element seemed to outnumber the more respectable.

Under such conditions murder, robbery, and other forms of crime went unpunished and the individual citizens were in constant danger of losing their lives and property. Popular local governments elected by the residents of the community were, more often than not, ineffective or controlled and operated for the benefit of the vicious. The better citizens could stand only a certain amount of such disregard for law and at a certain depth of misrule assembled and appointed Vigilance Committees to promote a better and more satisfactory existence in the locality.

This Vigilance Committee either strongly supported those officials who desired to enforce the law, or put their own men into office. As a last resort they took over governing powers themselves. Usually the objectionable citizens did not take this opposition lightly and a sharp struggle ensued between the two groups. The Vigilantes, if necessary, after giving criminals a fair trial, resorted to hanging or shooting and a number of such reprisals did much to restore order.

After obtaining the upper hand, the Vigilantes continued in control until such time as authorized settled government was in operation. Then they voluntarily abdicated and disbanded. In certain instances they continued as an organization for a time in order to lend morale or actual assistance to the new regime.

In addition to promoting good government, the Vigilantes made a constructive contribution to mining law. In placer mining, in which many of the camps engaged, numerous problems soon arose not covered by statute or common law. The miners established mining districts and within them regulated custom and practice regarding water rights, title, and transfer of mining claims. They also determined sale, location, extent, acquisition, maintenance, the rights of the owner, how the claim could be worked and many other aspects of the business. Within the districts Miner's Courts were set up and ruled by judges elected by the miners. These organizations were empowered to put into effect

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mining rules and practices which the miners created. Out of these regulations and the deliberations of the Miner's Courts grew a body of mining law, later enacted into statute with little change by Congress and state legislatures.

The evolution of authority in Montana offers an interesting example of the Vigilance Committee. There was no established local law in this region prior to the creation of Montana Territory in 1864. Originally Montana was constituted into two parts, the Continental Divide serving as the dividing line. On the West it belonged to Oregon Territory in 1848, Washington Territory in 1853, Idaho Territory in 1863 and then became part of Montana Territory in 1864. Most of the section East of the Divide formed a portion of Louisiana Territory in 1803, and the District of Louisiana in 1804. Then it was under the authority of Indiana Territory with its own nominal government in 1805. It formed a part of Missouri Territory in 1812, and Michigan Territory in 1834. It was assigned to Indian Territory the same year, under the jurisdiction of the United States District Court of Missouri, Nebraska Territory in 1854 and Dakota Territory in 1861. It became a part of Montana Territory in 1864.

The principal mining camps were located at Bannack on Grasshopper Creek in 1862, Virginia City on Alder Gulch in 1863, and Helena on Last Chance Gulch in 1864. Although popular rule was set up in Bannack and Virginia City and a few other places it soon degenerated in character and the criminal element grew so unrestrained, and committed so many murders and outrages, that the miners lived for a time in a condition of perpetual terror. No man's life or possessions--at home, at work or while travelling--were safe from the desperadoes.

The situation was further complicated because Henry Plummer, sheriff of the region, was actually living a double role, acting not only as an official but also as a leader of the bandits, although for a time this last fact was skillfully concealed. At last Vigilante Committees were formed at Bannack and in Virginia City and on December 19, 1863, George Ives, a murderer and a member of Plummer's gang, was apprehended, tried and hanged on the same day in Virginia City. This marked the beginning of open warfare between the Vigilantes and the outlaws in the Montana mining camps. These organizations acted swiftly

and twenty-two bandits were executed in various parts of Montana in the next month. These included five more of the Plummer gang. One of the most important actions of the Vigilantes was seizing and hanging Plummer, whose leadership in organized crime had been discovered, and also two of his leading associates at Bannack on January 10, 1864.

The names of all the members of this outfit had by now become known to the Vigilantes and they relentlessly hunted down each and punished him. Eventually they completely broke up the gang, hanging twenty-four and banishing eight from the region. It was just as well, as 102 people had been murdered and robbed in Montana within a short period, the majority of which outrages were attributed to Plummer and his brutal assistants.

Notwithstanding these vigorous blows of the early Vigilance Committees, other criminals succeeded Plummer and his gang and continued an active career in banditry at Helena and other camps in 1864 and 1865. This provided additional work for the Vigilantes and they did not shirk their responsibilities. After 1866 conditions improved in Montana, although sporadic serious crime occurred occasionally and there was need for activity of Vigilance Committees as late as 1870. Territorial Government in Montana was created by Act of Congress, May 26, 1864, and by 1867 had begun to function reasonably well, thereby forcasting the early end of the Vigilante period in this region.

On the agricultural frontier, in the cattle towns and in the mining camps much of the responsibility for maintaining law and order depended on the peace officers and certain of these achieved justifiable reputation for their prowess.

William Alexander Anderson Wallace known as "Bigfoot Wallace" had an extraordinary career and has become one of the legendary heroes of the Lone Star State. He was born in Rockbridge County, Virginia on April 3, 1817 and died near Devine, Texas, January 7, 1899. He went to Texas in 1837 for the express purpose of avenging the death of a brother and a cousin, who had been killed at Goliad in March of the previous year. If one can credit the numerous casualties among the Mexicans for which he was said to be responsible in the course of his subsequent activities, he amply achieved his objective. Incidentally, he soon

added hostile Indians to the list of his enemies and long waged official and individual warfare against them.

Landing at Galveston, Wallace went inland and for a period became a farmer. In 1840 he enlisted as a private in a company of Rangers under the command of John Coffee Hays, whose assignment was to defend the area around San Antonio from attacks of marauding Indians and lawless whites. He participated in the conflict on the Salado, connected with Woll's expedition into Texas in 1842. After Woll had retreated into Mexico in the same year, Wallace joined the ill-fated Mier invasion of Mexico, was taken captive with the other members and spent almost two years in Mexican prisons. It was during this hegira that he obtained the name of "Bigfoot".

Released in 1844, on September 8, 1846, he became a first sargeant in Captain R. A. Gillespie's Texas Mounted Rangers. In June 1846, following the mustering out of this organization, he re-enlisted in Captain Gillespie's Company, now a part of Hays' Texas Mounted Rifle Volunteers. He served in this company during the Mexican War and became a first lieutenant. In 1850 Governor Bell commissioned him to enroll a company of volunteers for duty on the frontier. On numerous occasions during his fifty most active years he left his farm on the Medina River with a hurriedly gathered group of neighbors to protect lives and possessions against raids from the Indians.

In 1850 he signed a contract to carry the mail from San Antonio to El Paso. The route covered six hundred miles and much of the way was through a wilderness of unsettled country occupied by hostile Indians, with whom he had numerous encounters. It customarily took Wallace a month to make this trip. Except for one occasion when careless sentries allowed the Indians to steal his mules, he carried the mail on schedule. Wallace did not approve of the Civil War and took no part in it other than to protect the families on the frontier, whose men were absent in the war. He visited Washington at one time to see what the capital was like.

Wallace was six feet-two inches in height and weighed 240 pounds. He possessed keen eyesight, never wore glasses and never lost a tooth. His life in the open, particularly his fights with the Indians developed

in him notable quickness of eye and movement. He was likewise swift of foot and an excellent marksman. Limited in his formal education, Wallace was nevertheless well-read. He delighted listeners with his story telling ability and was renowned because of his prowess, genial personality, and generous nature. Unmarried, he lived alone until in his old age he had to reside with friends who could look after him. This was necessitated because of the growth of palsy for which he blamed his experience in Mexican prisons.

James Butler Hickok, known as "Wild Bill", was born at Troy Grove, LaSalle County, Illinois, May 27, 1837. As a young man he achieved a reputation as a hunter and as an excellent shot. By 1855 he appeared at Leavenworth, Kansas, where he was known for his hard-working qualities and peaceable disposition. In Kansas he joined the forces of General Jim Lane agitating for a free state. In 1856 he became constable of Monticello Township in Johnson County, and demonstrated his ability as an officer of the law.

Later Hickok drove for a state company operating over the Sante Fe Trail. In Raton Pass he was seriously injured in a fight with a bear which he killed with a bowie knife. Placed on the Overland State route on the Oregon Trail, Wild Bill had a fight at the Rock Creek Station with the McCanles gang on July 12, 1861, in which he killed several men. He served as a scout and a spy for the Union Army in the Civil War, with headquarters at Springfield, Missouri. He was taken prisoner several times and condemned to death but escaped safely with many thrilling adventures. He killed David Tutt, an ex-Confederate scout in Springfield in 1865. As in the case of the McCanles conflict he was legally acquited.

Wild Bill's appointment as a marshal at Fort Riley, Kansas followed in 1866. Here he had jurisdiction of a region 400 miles wide and 500 miles long and in pursuit of his official duties slew many desperadoes and recovered numerous horses and mules. While in this section he served as a scout under Generals Hancock, Sheridan and Custer and fought against the Indians. In 1869 he became marshal of Hays City, then one of the toughest towns on the border. At this place he engaged in numerous encounters with breakers of the law and added appreciably to the number of men he had killed. He next accepted an appointment as marshal

at Abilene, Kansas, in 1871. Abilene, located at the end of the Texas Trail, was a noted shipping point for cattle and a very wild place. Enforcing his will upon the criminally inclined, almost single-handed he defied all efforts to displace his authority and again engaged in a number of desperate conflicts with bad men.

So great was Hickok's reputation by now, that he became one of the stellar attractions when he toured the East with Buffalo Bill in 1872-1873. In 1876 at Cheyenne, Wyoming, he married Mrs. Agnes Lake. The same year he went to Deadwood, South Dakota, where he was assassinated on August 2, 1876, by Jack McCall, while playing in a game of poker in a saloon.

Hickok was tall, six feet-one inch, and well built, having well-muscled shoulders and chest and a small waist. He had gray eyes and wore his hair, which was brown, hanging over his shoulders in frontier fashion and he likewise had a long drooping mustache. He dressed with care, was graceful in his movements, and had a gentle voice and manner, which was completely deceptive of the tiger in the man. Women found him very attractive and Calamity Jane is reputed to have been his paramour. They lie buried side by side in the cemetery in Deadwood, South Dakota.

There are two schools of thought about Wild Bill Hickok. One regards him as a national hero from the West, who could do no wrong. The other portrays him as a cold-blooded killer who gave his victims no opportunity to survive and who in the end got what he deserved. There is no question as to the fact that he was effective as a peace officer. Further he was an expert marksman, and incredibly quick and accurate in his shooting to kill. He was a good showman and dramatized his own reputation. He was touchy about what he regarded as his honor and would not allow others to take advantage of him. Also, except for the time he was killed, he did not allow any one to get the drop on him. Settlement of the controversial points in his career such as the real nature of the McCanles killings, and his duel with David Tutt and his true relations with Calamity Jane, would aid in determining which view of Wild Bill is correct. Perhaps the truth lies somewhere between.

William Barclay Masterson, more widely reputed as "Bat" Masterson,

was born in Irquois, Illinois, November 24, 1853. We know little of his early years. His family began farming near Wichita, Kansas, in 1871. The next year Bat and his brother Edward became members of a group of buffalo hunters with Fort Dodge as their destination. In the summer of that year with another man he engaged in a contract, grading land for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad. On June 27, 1874, while again with buffalo hunters he engaged in a furious battle with Indians and won commendation for his bravery. Subsequently he acted as a scout for General Miles.

In the spring of 1876 he became deputy marshal of Dodge City but soon resigned and joined the gold rush to Deadwood City. Returning in November, 1877, he was elected sheriff of Ford County. In the first part of 1878 he achieved reputation by capturing a notorious bandit named Dave Rudebaugh. In April of the same year, he came to the assistance of his brother Edward, acting marshal of Dodge City, who was shot down by two outlaws, and arrived in time to kill one man and mortally wound the other. In 1880 he went to Tombstone, Arizona, which at that time had the reputation of being the wickedest town in the world. While there, he aided Wyatt Earp, the Federal marshal, in fights with outlaws. Leaving Tombstone in 1881, Bat went first to Trinidad and then returned to Dodge City by 1883. Two years later he established himself in Denver and on November 21, 1891, married Emma Walters. Much of the time he supported himself by gambling, which in the West of that day was considered a legitimate occupation.

He became interested in sports, especially in pugilism, and was a familiar figure at prize fights. I recall as a boy frequently reading that he had been presented to the audience from the ringside, preceding the beginning of major contests. Within a year, after moving to New York in 1902, he became sports writer on the Morning Telegraph. He was appointed a federal deputy marshal by Theodore Roosevelt in 1905 and held this office until he resigned two years later. He eventually became sports editor of the Morning Telegraph and secretary of the company which owned it. He died at his desk on October 21, 1921.

Bat Masterson customarily dressed well and was noticeably fastidious in his appearance. Affable in personality and easy to approach, he possessed many friends and was much respected. In his career as a peace

officer on the frontier he is regarded as ranking with Hickok, Earp and Tilghman. These men were an outstanding group, of whom it has been written that they "shot their way to heaven" by subduing the lawless, protecting the weak and establishing peace and order.

William Matthew Tilghman, popularly designated as Bill Tilghman, was born at Fort Dodge, Iowa on July 4, 1854. He was a member of the well known Tilghman Family in Maryland and was descended from Richard Tilghman who came to the colony from England in 1661. The Tilghmans took up their residence on a farm near Atchison, Kansas in 1856. His father and his older brother were in the Civil War, leaving the boy as the chief support of the mother and four children. Young Tilghman became an expert in the use of firearms and at the age of sixteen in company with three other boys made a successful trip to the buffalo country.

In 1871 he chose the Fort Dodge area as his place of residence. He achieved a reputation as a hunter of buffalo and occasionally acted as a scout operating out of Fort Dodge. In 1877 he served as deputy sheriff of Ford County under Bat Masterson. Later he was marshal of Dodge City. He married Flora Kendal in 1878 and engaged in ranching on the Arkansas River. He was a participant in the settlers' race that marked the opening of Oklahoma in 1889 and secured a good location on the site of present Guthrie. In 1891 he obtained a claim at Chandler which he developed into an excellent farm. In this year he was appointed a deputy United States marshal and kept this office for about twenty years. This region was overrun for a long time by bands of outlaws and it was largely due to Tilghman that eventually they were broken up and eliminated.

After being elected to the state senate in 1910, he became chief of police of Oklahoma City a year later. He held this office for two years. His first wife died, leaving him with four children and on July 15, 1903 he married Zoe Agnes Stratton, who came from an old pioneer family. Tilghman had three children by his second wife. In 1915 he directed the making of a moving picture entitled "The Passing of the Oklahoma Outlaws". He exhibited this for several years. Retired from active business, he nevertheless accepted the office of marshal in the boom oil town of Cromwell, in August 1924. Three months

later he was assassinated on the street. His body was taken to Oklahoma City, where it lay in state in the capitol. His funeral was largely attended and his death greatly mourned.

Tilghman had a powerful figure and was five feet-eleven inches in height. He was noticeably abstemious in his habits. He had a gentle manner, was generous and kindly and particularly fond of children. He numbered many people among his friends. Tilghman had an exceptionally good knowledge of Western history and fluent command of the Spanish language. His reputation for courage was not surpassed by that of any one on the frontier. In answer to an inquiry from Theodore Roosevelt, who sought his friendship, Tilghman said the explanation of his survival from so many desperate conflicts was his ability to fire a sixteenth of a second before the other man and that this shade of advantage was because he represented the law.

Frank Canton, a peace officer whose active career covered more than fifty years, was born near Richmond, Virginia in 1849. While a child, his parents moved to Denton, Texas. As soon as he could climb into a saddle he rode a horse. Associated with cowboys, he learned to use a rope and shoot. Likewise he absorbed much lore from them about the cattle business, including the handling of large herds on the trail. During his youth he got into a scrape and left home. This early trouble was adjusted in later years, but he never resumed his real name. After his death, a manuscript autobiography was found among his papers. Edward Everett Dale, of the University of Oklahoma, edited and published this in 1930, under the title Frontier Trails, The Autobiography of Frank M. Canton.

In the spring of 1869 Burk Burnett of Denton County and several others drove a heard of 1500 cattle from Denton to Abilene, Kansas. A boy of seventeen, Canton accompanied the drive. They had much difficulty crossing the Red River, and in Indian Territory the Indians stampeded the herd and stole their reserve saddle horses, forcing the cattlemen to go most of the way on foot. At Abilene, Canton joined another outfit to take 2500 cattle to North Platte, Nebraska. At Big Blue River on the way, their cattle were stampeded by rustlers who drove off 300 head. The Sioux and the Pawnees were at war at this time and a band of Sioux gave them information which enabled the cattlemen to

recover their stock. Returning to Denton by way of Abilene, Canton was soon out West again in the Belknap Mountains. This was an unruly section due to the depredations of the Kiowa and Comanche Indians. He was present when these tribes were supressed by United States troops in 1871.

In 1878 Canton was in charge of driving a heard of 2500 cattle from North Texas to Ogallala, Nebraska. At Julesburg, Colorado he had trouble with the Cheyenne Indians but succeeded in getting the cattle through safely, although losing fifty horses. At Ogallala, Canton entered the service of The Wyoming Stock Growers Association, as field inspector. His duties were mostly to protect members of the association from stock losses. Also appointed a deputy, he made his headquarters at Miles City, Montana in the Yellowstone country.

He visited the Custer battlefield two years after the massacre and in his reminiscences gives a graphic description of what he could perceive and learn about that battle. Outlaw conditions were bad west of Miles City, which was the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Here cattle thieves and stage robbers were joined by criminals from eastern cities, such as New York and Chicago. It became necessary for vigilantes to operate again and they ran the outlaws out of the towns. Granville Stuart, president of the Montana Stock Growers Association, at the head of fifty cowboys then engaged in a war of extermination of the outlaws on the range and killed or drove them out of the state.

In 1880 Canton, while still in the employ of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association, settled on a ranch near Buffalo, Wyoming. Two years later he was elected sheriff of Johnson County, which covered a large area, and served until 1886. These were exciting times for Canton and he was continuously on the move, fighting, killing and sending desperadoes to prison. Canton had eighteen field deputies assisting him in this work.

One effort was directed against stage robbers or road agents, whose chief activity was in attacking the line which ran from Rock Creek to Custer Station, Montana, a distance of 450 miles. The Wells Fargo treasure was carried here and almost weekly the stage was ambushed somewhere along the line, causing numerous casualties and loss of large sums of money. Finally Big Nose George, the leader of the principal gang, was killed and three of his men were captured and sent to prison for life.

Canton likewise took Bill Brown, another notorious stage robber and his partners, prisoners and sent them to the penitentiary. An equally exciting episode was his warfare with the Teton Jackson gang.

Jackson, who was a renegade Mormon and had a price of $3500 on his head, in Utah, had developed a lucrative business of stealing horses from the ranchers, driving them to South Dakota, and selling them to the miners in the Black Hills. Jackson had committed a number of murders and was a desperado of the worst type. His headquarters were in the Jackson Hole country and the Teton Mountains. Canton, with two deputies, surprised Teton Jackson in the cabin of a trapper in the Big Horn Basin and safely delivered him to the authorities. Imprisoned in the penitentiary at Boise, he escaped and was never heard of again.

Another unsavory character was Arapaho Brown, a white man so named because he was driven out by the Arapaho Indians with whom he lived because of some dirty work. He was powerful in physique, vicious, crafty, and cruel. He would, so to speak, double-cross his own grandmother, and had much influence with the outlaws in the region. Canton was convinced that Brown was guilty of several murders, but could never find proof.

One of Brown's followers was Bill Booth, who was discovered by Canton to have killed Jake Smearer, a rancher. Booth was captured in Deadwood because of a $500 reward Canton had offered for him, was brought to Buffalo, tried and sentenced to be hanged. He attempted to escape many times, with great ingenuity and strength breaking every leg iron placed upon him. On one occasion he made a saw out of a steel pen point and sawed off the rivets on his shackles. To make them appear strong he tied the two pieces together with pieces of thread. Canton discovered the trick and prevented Booth from making a break when his cell door was opened. Booth was finally hanged.

In 1884 Canton was re-elected sheriff and the next year married Annie Wilkerson, who came from Illinois.

Outstanding in Canton's career were his contacts with the Arapahoe and Shoshone Indians both of whom were on the same reservation. Washakie, Chief of the Shoshones, and Black Coal head of the Arapahoes,

were honorable men and his friends, but Sharp Nose, leader of a faction of the Arapahoes was treacherous and unreliable, liking neither his compatriots nor the white people. Sharp Nose's band developed a practice of stealing and killing cattle and claiming the meat was taken from elk they had slain. For a long time they cleverly concealed their activities and could not be caught. Eventually two young braves, Samuel and Beaver, were seen in the act of skinning a cow. They escaped, but were traced to the Indian agency. Arresting them meant going among the tribe on the reservation and taking them away, a delicate matter and likely to start an Indian war. However Canton, aided by his friendship with Washakie and Black Coal, in a daring manner succeeded in taking the two Indians away from the reservation, without causing an outbreak of hostilities, and eventually securing their conviction. In the process he became sorry for the two Indians and succeeded in getting them off with a light sentence. This incident stopped cattle stealing by the Indians.

In 1886 Canton declined to run for sheriff again and retired to his ranch. However in 1888 he again resumed work with the Wyoming Stock Growers Association as an inspector on the range with a commission as deputy United States marshal. The two sheriffs who succeeded Canton were not as efficient and much cattle stealing was going on. The cattle business had grown greatly and there was much absentee ownership and not enough supervision of employees on ranches. Too many of the wrong kind of individuals, foremen and others, were in the business. These men began to steal from the owners and to build up stock for themselves. Thieves were arrested but were seldom convicted, since local juries would turn them loose. Rustling cattle became general in Johnson County. The members of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association were the greatest sufferers from the practice and fought back. Gradually bad feeling grew between the Stock Association and the rustlers. In 1891 two rustlers, John Tisdale and Ranger Jones, were killed by unknown persons and rumor was spread by Canton's enemies that he was responsible, although this was not true. Canton demanded a trial, was indicted, and in court proved his innocence. However he was now unpopular with the rustlers and their supporters and they tried to prevent his catching a train to Chicago where his family was sick with diptheria.

The Stock Growers Association requested Canton's return in the

spring of 1892 and when he arrived he found that a large number of cattle owners in Cheyenne, from Johnson and other counties, had organized an expedition to go to Johnson County to round up cattle left on the range and ship them east. They had also secured warrants for ten or twelve of the leaders of the rustlers. Canton was asked to go along and take care of the criminal warrants and consented to do so. There were forty-two in the group. At the K. C. ranch where a number of rustlers were supposed to be in residence for the winter, they had a fight and Nate Champion and Nick Ray, two rustlers, were killed. The Canton group then started for Buffalo but did not reach there, being besieged at a ranch fourteen miles south of Buffalo by a growing group of rustlers which eventually rose to several hundred. There was much shooting, the siege lasting several days. Finally troops from Fort McKinney appeared and the battle ceased. The officer in charge had orders to arrest all parties in combat. Canton and his party surrendered but most of the rustlers vanished. Indicted, over a thousand men were called before a jury was obtained. This jury acquitted everyone concerned, but ruined Canton financially as the defendents prorated the expense of the trial. The Johnson County War left bad feeling, but after that there was no further trouble with stealing cattle and juries punished individuals who did.

Enough has been cited to give a fair example of Canton's activities as a peace officer. He went to Oklahoma in 1889 and became a United States deputy marshal. Between that time and 1897 he was active in sursupressing banditry in the state, dispersing and eliminating the Dalton and other gangs. In 1897 Canton went to Alaska and acted as a United States deputy marshal in the Yukon River District. He made his headquarters in Circle City on the upper Yukon. Canton had numerous adventures with outlaws in the north and other hairbreadth experiences as well. One responsibility was carrying a million dollars in gold dust by steamer down the Yukon from Dawson to St. Michael. Losing his dark glasses by theft while out after outlaws caused snow blindness and Canton had to resign his position and return to the United States for medical attention to his eyes in the summer of 1899.

In 1900 Canton again became a United States deputy marshal in Oklahoma hunting down other bandits, including Ben Craven. In 1907 Governor C.N. Haskell made Canton adjutant general of Oklahoma. He held

this position for nine years and made the national guard an efficient military force. Illness prevented his taking part in World War I. He died in 1927. General Canton's autobiography does not cover his activities after 1907.

Wyatt Berry Stapp Earp, peace officer extraordinary, was born at Monmouth, Illionois, March 19, 1849. The Earps were a fighting family and from the time that James Earp, a Scotchman, settled in Fairfax County, Virginia in the latter half of the seventeenth century, the Earps separately and as a group participated in the wars of the Colonial period, The American Revolution and the Mexican War. In successive generations the family moved steadily westward, sometimes changing location more than once in the same generation. Thus the greatgrandfather moved near Wheeling. His son, Walter Earp, a lawyer, took up his residence at Hartford, Kentucky, subsequently going to Illinois where he became a judge on the Illinois Circuit Court. Nicholas Earp, father of Wyatt, was likewise a lawyer, but equally interested in acquiring and improving agricultural land in which enterprise he was very proficient. In 1843 Nicholas bought acreage near Monmouth, Illinois and settled there, later moving to Pella, Iowa.

The Earps were not only good pioneer stock but likewise men of substance and strong character. Wyatt, as he grew up, was influenced in mind and ideals by both his father and mother, who was Virginia Anne Cooksey, descended from an English family, who came to Eastern Virginia in the eighteenth century. The Earps looked alike and three of Wyatt's six brothers so resembled each other in general build and appearance that they could hardly be told apart. This group composed of Wyatt, Virgil and Morgan, functioned as one in frontier enterprises, at times causing confusion in recording their individual activities. In addition to imbuing his children with love of land, and for animals and evidencing an urge to always go somewhere that was new, all of which were Earp characteristics and duly possessed by Wyatt, Nicholas taught the men of his family respect for the law, and hatred of lawless elements in the West.

He left Pella in the early fifties, crossed the plains, mountains and deserts to California and decided to settle in San Bernardino County. Returning to bring his family west, he was prevented from

doing so by illness among them and second by the opening of the Civil War. Nicholas, although formerly a slave owner, fought on the Union side until the issuance of Abraham Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation of which he did not approve. Accordingly he resigned from the army and resumed preparations to go to California. The three sons in service did not agree with their father and remained in the army.

Nicholas Earp was elected captain of the expedition to California which was joined by some of his neighbors. It numbered forty wagons and comprised about one hundred and fifty emigrants, when it started in the spring of 1864. The caravan crossed the Missouri on May 12 of that year. Wyatt, who as a boy of sixteen had already shown he was the best marksman among his family was given a combined rifle and shotgun and commissioned by hunting to keep twenty people provided daily with fresh meat. This he did.

Wyatt saw a cold-blooded killing in Omaha and his father explained conditions with which any of them might be confronted henceforth. He made it plain that Wyatt's own safety and life depended upon his readiness and ability to defend himself. He likewise made distinction between those who used their weapons in self defense, or on the side of law and order, and killers, who resorted to gun play on the least excuse. He suggested that every man should have the fullest benefit of doubt, but when you were certain you were dealing with viciousness with complete disregard for human rights and decency, he said you could be assured that such disregard was the greatest enemy of society. Any man honestly fighting such lawlessness was justified in going to such lengths because lawlessness forced the fight. When you had such a conflict it was best that you strike first, if you were able to do so and when you did strike, strike to kill. That philosophy also became the code of Wyatt Earp, although when he obtained the upper hand in conflict he preferred not to shoot at all. If he found it necessary to fire he usually shot to disable rather than to kill.

On the journey to California, Indians attacked the wagon train several times, but it came through safely. The most outstanding episode to Wyatt was meeting Jim Bridger, who had known his father previously. The boy spent two weeks hunting and fishing and talking to the trapper about the frontier. From Bridger he learned further border lore. On

December 19, 1864 the caravan reached San Bernardino.

Wyatt, although still a youth in years, was now a grown man in experience and was regarded as such by his fellows. Evidencing skill in handling horses he soon obtained employment, driving daily a six horse coach between San Bernardino and Los Angeles and return, a distance of 120 miles. He next took a sixteen animal outfit running between San Bernardino and Salt Lake. This road traversed 700 miles of mountain and desert. At Salt Lake he freighted supplies for railroad construction from there to Julesburg, Colorado. Wyatt now engaged in an independent contract furnishing teams and grading for the railroad in Wyoming. The railroad camps were rough and prize fights furnished amusement for the workers. Young Earp, who was an able boxer soon obtained additional employment by acting as referee for certain of these bouts. With the Union Pacific nearly completed Wyatt ended his grading contracts with a profit of about $2500. After a trip to Monmouth, he decided to stay definitely in the West and accepted a contract as a hunter to furnish meat for government surveyors in Indian Territory. This was in 1870.

The next year, in April, Earp went to Kansas City for a glimpse of civilization before going further west. In Market Square he found a galaxy of hunters, freighters and cattlemen, the elite of these several occupations. Wild Bill Hickok, Jack Gallagher and numerous others were there. Wyatt learned much about buffalo hunting, guns and shooting during the summer and in September embarked on a career as a buffalo hunter, which he followed for several seasons. Among the buffalo hunters he met and with whom he associated were Bat Masterson and Bill Tilghman. He became life-long friends with both men. Tilghman noted that like himself, Earp did not drink liquor. In later life he indulged at times but always was abstemious. Wyatt was now gaining note as a marksman and also as a daring gambler. Masterson said that he was the best poker player he ever saw. Earp was likewise a proficient rough and tumble fighter, and won several contests in which he was challenged, adding further to his growing reputation.

In April 1873 he contemplated leaving buffalo hunting and using his profits to engage in the cattle business. Accordingly he started a tour of cattle centers, the outcome of which started his career as a peace

officer. He visited Abilene and Ellsworth and at the latter place had his famous encounter with Ben Thompson, whose brother had just killed Sheriff Whitney. Temporarily pressed into service as marshal, he subdued the cattleman and his following without a gunfight, thereby creating the sensation of the year on the frontier. An hour later he resigned his office and in September 1873 continued as a buffalo hunter for the last time.

In May 1874 Wyatt, still interested in the cattle business, came to Wichita. This was a larger cattle center and the disorder caused by the exuberant Texas cattlemen and their cowboys, was if anything wilder. Previous marshals in the town had been driven out and banking on the efficiency which Earp had displayed at Ellsworth, the mayor asked him to become peace officer of this turbulent frontier town. Wyatt accepted and repeated his adventure of the year before by compelling the famous Shanghai Pierce to yield his authority, again without a gun fight. He followed this bloodless victory by frustrating the raid on Wichita planned by Mannen Clement, a noted gunman, and a group of cowboy followers. Earp won a number of personal encounters with law breakers without his guns, using only his fists and physical strength.

In May 1875 Dodge City called for Wyatt's services and he became marshal there. Among his deputies were Bat Masterson, Virgil Earp and Bill Tilghman. The lawless element was held in check here as at Ellsworth and Wichita. Earp was attracted by the excitement of the gold rush to Deadwood, South Dakota, and in September 1876 resigned as marshal of Dodge City and went to South Dakota. While there one of his exploits was guarding a shipment of $200,000 in bullion sent by Wells Fargo and Company express from Deadwood to Cheyenne, Wyoming. Wyatt again acted as marshal at Dodge City in the summer of 1877, employing Masterson, Tilghman and other noted fighters as deputies to aid him in preserving order; Earp's enemies offered a thousand dollars for his death and Clay Allison, a noted gunman and killer attempted to kill him.

Wyatt left Dodge City in 1879 and went to Tombstone, Arizona. Here he intended to engage in a freighting business but conditions and law and order were so bad in the new mining center that he was soon drafted into service, first as a deputy marshal of the town and later as a United States deputy marshal. In his activities at Tombstone he was

aided by his brothers Morgan and Virgil, Masterson and John H. Holliday, known as Doc Holliday.

At the mining camp Wyatt further added to his reputation in his fights with the Clanton-McLowery gang, including the contest in the O.K. Corral. The situation was complicated by the fact that Johnny Behan, the sheriff protected the outlaws. In the course of events both Morgan and another brother Warren, were killed. Earp's enemies for political reasons filed a murder charge against him which was subsequently squashed. Wyatt left Arizona in 1882, and for a time made his living as a gambler in Colorado, Nevada and other places, interspersing this activity with prospecting and investing in mining properties. He spent his last years managing his numerous business interests. He died at Los Angeles January 13, 1929.

Comparison of the qualities of these six peace officers, Wallace, Hickok, Masterson, Tilghman, Canton and Earp, reveals that they had many things in common. All of them were noted for their alertness, particularly in time of danger, their great physical strength and their endurance. They were tall men with excellent coordination of mind and muscle, possessed remarkably good eyesight, and were incredibly quick in movement. All received training by engaging extensively in hunting and in warfare with the Indian tribes on the frontier. Courageous and daring, these men evidenced coolness and poise when confronted with danger, took their time before shooting, and when they wanted to do so, shot to kill. They knew everything there was to be known in their day about the use of firearms, such as the rifle and the pistol, and after Wallace's time, the shot gun. Renowned for their skill in marksmanship, they made good use of their abilities in this respect, enforcing their decisions by force of character and will power and efficient action. They could both plan in advance and carry out what they wished to do in face of opposition but could also function quickly and well under emergency conditions. They were generous and magnanimous in spirit. Conscious of their abilities, they were proud men, usually fastidious in their dress, and in a real sense aristocrats of the frontier. Most of them were not talkative, although they could express ideas clearly when the occasion called for it. Wallace and Hickok could tell tall tales with imagination and the latter also had a flair for the dramatic. In almost every case the ancestors of these men were Scotch, Irish and English who had come to this

country early in its growth, some as far back as the seventeenth century. These ancestors had dealt with the exigencies of the frontier as they had arisen, had learned much, and it would not be far from the truth to say that the six men were literally bred and trained for the jobs they had to do. In their own persons they concentrated in ultimate degree the qualities and abilities needed to restrain lawlessness on the frontier and to pave the way for the more peaceful development to follow. Without their presence anarchy would have reigned supreme and the evolution of society would have been retarded.

THE SEPTEMBER PROGRAM
Thomas Hornsby Ferril
"Rocky Mountain Poetry"

This promises to be perhaps the most unusual and most entertaining program of the year. Be sure to come -- Wednesday, September 29.

* * * * *

The October Program will present another of our distinguished possemen, Henry Hough, who will tell the interesting story of Villasur's Trail. Henry has some new stuff on Villassur, gathered this summer while journeying over this historic Colorado trail.

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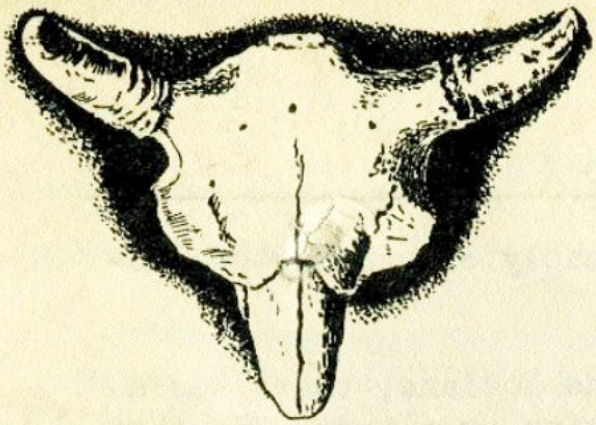

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PICKING UP THE TRAILS OF ULIBARRI AND VILLASUR

BY HENRY W. HOUGH

This is the season of the falling leaves. We could not choose a better time to watch leaves of another sort fall away from the Book of the Years. Consider for a little while some rather surprising events that were worrying people here in our portion of the North American continent some 250 years ago.

This period may seem a long time ago, but it was a hundred years after the Spanish had pushed northward from Mexico and established their string of settlements along the upper Rio Grande river. The Frenchmen, notably La Salle, had penetrated the full length of the Mississippi valley from the Great Lakes to Texas and were becoming acquainted with even the smaller tributaries of the Missouri and the Arkansas. Such English adventurers as Drake and Cavendish were poking into Pacific bays and inlets looking for the northwest passage. The hold of the Spanish was being threatened by other Europeans and something had to be done about it.

The Indians in what we know as New Mexico had put up with the Spanish simply because they couldn't resist them. In 1680 the Pueblo Indians staged a revolution and ran the Spanish clear out of the country.

HENRY HOUGH, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF THE OIL REPORTER, IS THE AUTHOR OF NUMEROUS WESTERN ARTICLES. HE FOUNDED THE DENVER BUREAU OF TIME-LIFE-FORTUNE AND WAS FOR TWELVE YEARS ITS MANAGER. HE HAS BEEN ACTIVE IN THE COLORADO AUTHORS LEAGUE AND IN ENCOURAGING WESTERN WRITERS OF POETRY.

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Sixteen years later the Spanish returned, peaceably enough, after dissension had split the Indians.

Even before the successful rebellion of the Indians, there was a recurring form of trouble that plagued the Spanish overlords. In the northernmost pueblos of Taos and San Lorenzo of the Picuries were Indians who preferred to risk death in attempted escape, rather than stay and live in slavery under the cruel and arrogant Spanish.

It wasn't easy for the governors and bishops of New Spain to explain to their viceroy in Mexico City and to the "home office" in Spain that dozens of presumably Christianized and happy Indians had run away to escape the hard life imposed by the invaders. Consequently, reports usually stated that the missing Indians had been kidnapped by savage tribes from the great plains to the north and east, whose raids were a constant menace to the Spanish outposts. Invariably orders would come back, "Go get the converted Indians and bring them back."

Numerous forays had been made by the Spanish from the Rio Grande settlements and Santa Fe to the prairies northeastward in what would be northeastern New Mexico. Juan de Onate, who colonized New Mexico in 1598, had roamed through the country of the Apache and on to the far-away Quiveras in Kansas, as well as meeting the Utes to the northwest and north of the Spanish colony.

The Journey of Archuleta

Only a few years before the successful rebellion of the Indians in New Mexico, some of the Taos Pueblos ran away and took refuge among the Apache Indians of eastern Colorado. It seems to have been about 1664 when the Spanish governor at Santa Fe sent Juan de Archuleta with 20 soldiers to bring back the escapees. Unfortunately, no journal of Archuleta's expedition has been found and the earliest information about it is in Escalante's report of 1778. Here is what Escalante said about the Archuleta journey, as translated by Alfred Barnaby Thomas:

(From "AFTER CORONADO" P. 53) "About the middle of the past century some families of Christian Indians of the pueblo and nation of Taos revolted and fled to the plains of Cibola and fortified themselves in a

spot, which since then on this account they call El Cuartelejo.

"They remained there until D. Juan de Archuleta, by order of the governor, went with 20 soldiers and a force of Indian auxiliaries and brought them back to their pueblo. He found, in the possession of these Taos, kettles and other pieces of copper and tin. Having asked them where they had acquired these, they answered from the Quivira pueblos, to which they had made a journey from El Cuartelejo. This caused great surprise and content to all the Spaniards and religious of the kingdom, as they believed that these and the rest of the pieces and kettles were made in La Quivira. From this they inferred it to be a kingdom very civilized and wealthy.

"From El Cuartelejo, by that route, one goes to the Pawnees, and today it is evident certainly that there are no other pueblos except those mentioned. With them the French at that time were trading. More than this, in all the pueblos from the Jumanos to the north or northeast that the English have discovered, we do not know that any have been found with the advancement and richness that is imagined of Gran Quivira."

What aroused greatest excitement among the Spanish colonists along the Rio Grande and throughout the Spanish world was Archuleta's information about the French and their Pawnee Indian allies. From various Indian sources, more and more word about the French penetration into eastern Colorado had come in to alarm the Spanish.

Immediately after the re-conquest in 1696 a flight of Picuries Indians from their pueblo to the eastern plains had resulted in an expedition for their recapture. This was led by the Spanish governor, Don Diego de Vargas, and he was accompanied by Juan de Ulibarri, the captain-general of the province. It was a dangerous period and the Spanish were taking no chances. The record reveals it was a bloody campaign and the 84 prisoners brought back by the Spanish were parceled out as "servants" to the Spanish soldiers and colonists who had made up the expeditionary force.

By 1706 more of the Picuries had escaped to the plains and were reported to be at El Cuartelejo with the Apache. Anxiety about the French and what they might be doing on Spain's frontier no doubt had something

to do with the expedition, but when the force left Santa Fe the principal purpose was to get the escaped Picuries and bring them back to New Spain. Before the expedition had gone beyond Taos, another important factor emerged. The Ute and Comanche Indians in Colorado were threatening all of the Apache and Pueblo people of New Mexico as well as the Spanish outposts, notably Taos. This was due to become a far more important menace, in the years ahead, than troubles with the various Pueblo Indians and of even greater concern than the much-feared French.

Fortunately for those of us interested in learning just who did what and where, Juan de Ulibarri kept a journal of his expedition and he did a masterful job of it. The original is in the archives at Mexico City, and translations of it are easy enough for us to read.

My self-imposed assignment of the past spring and summer was to retrace the journey of Ulibarri from its starting point at Santa Fe, visiting the places mentioned in his report and comparing his notes and those of translators and students of his route. Armed with quite an assortment of modern maps, including the quadrangle maps issued by the U.S. Geological Survey, I have checked the route almost mile-by-mile.

I had found that nobody in Colorado, apparently, had worked out the routes taken by Ulibarri, Valverde, Villasur and other Spanish explorers of the period before 1720. This lack whetted my appetite for the task. I wanted to chart the right-of-way in terms of today's maps so that residents of the area and tourists passing that way might have the added thrill of knowing they were on historic ground. However, I assumed that the historians in New Mexico had long since worked out the trails on the New Mexico end and probably marked them for the benefit of tourists and residents. Far from it. As in Colorado, the historians seem to have been content to dwell on much more recent bits of history and could offer no assistance in picking up the trails of these most distinguished early day New Mexicans.

Ulibarri's Journey (1706)

It was a Tuesday, July 13, 1706, when Juan de Ulibarri's force left the plaza in front of the Governor's Palace in Santa Fe and marched to the northwest over the sandhills by a familiar trail to a

spot on the Rio Grande river called La Canada. Here arrangements for the long journey were completed. This spot, which ought to have a marker and a place on the maps, is between San Ildefonso and Santa Clara. Nineteen miles west of here is Los Alamos, cradle of the atomic age, which is still a mushrooming war baby that has upset the economy of the entire area by creating a drastic housing shortage and driving prices of everything skyhigh.

The next day Ulibarri's expedition marched northward along the Rio Grand, past today's Espanola and Riverside to the San Juan pueblo where a chaplain was picked up and the northward journey was resumed. Passing through the canyon between Velarde and Dixon, just as Coronado had done 166 years before, the Ulibarri party left the Taos road where Embuda creek comes down from the eastern mountains. Ulibarri had business at San Lorenzo.

San Lorenzo is the pueblo of the Picuries tribe, hidden in an idyllic mountain valley. Ulibarri had been here ten years earlier, and probably many other times. The Picuries had more git-up-and-git than the other Pueblo Indians, as shown by their repeated efforts to get away from the Spaniards. Today's Picuries are secretive and sullen. When I was there in August a feud was in progress and the people on the south side of the pueblo were sniping away with rifles at the people on the north side, or vice versa. One young man, employed in a factory at Albuquerque and home for a vacation visit with his parents and bride, had been struck in the back by a sniper's bullet. The sheriff, not knowing what else to do, had hauled the injured man off to jail and charged him with disturbing the peace. Only a couple of years ago the pueblo voted to resume its old Spanish name of San Lorenzo.

The padre Ulibarri had picked up at San Juan left the expedition at San Lorenzo, pleading illness. Crossing the hills to Taos by the old trail the natives still use when going to fiesta, Ulibarri arrived at the great pueblo that still is one of the wonders of the western world. As today's visitors do, Ulibarri found reasons for hanging around Taos for several days, lingering from Thursday night until the following Tuesday. A new chaplain came up from Santa Fe to join the party.

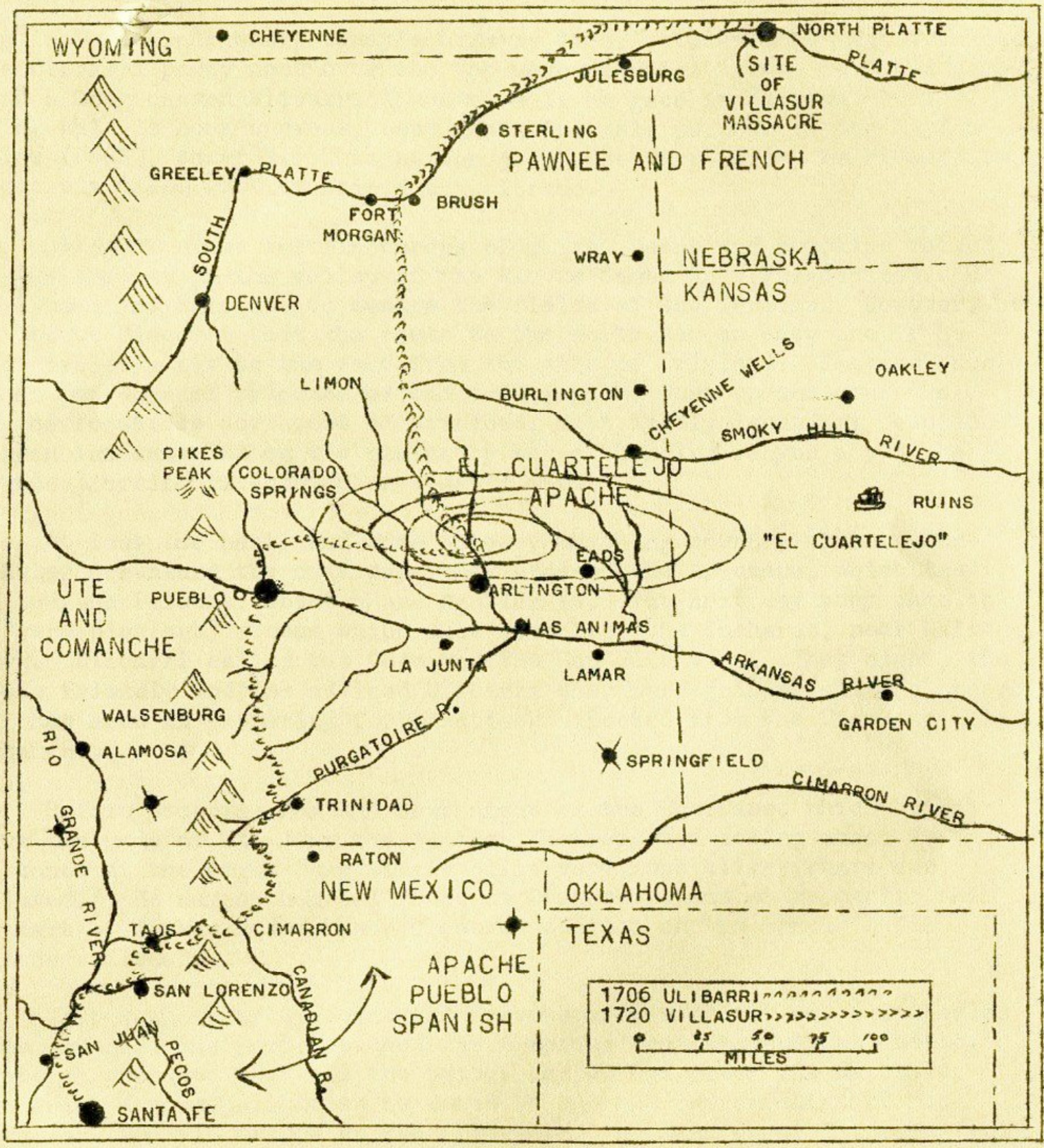
Disquieting news greeted Ulibarri and his men at Taos. They learned the Ute and Comanche Indians were ganging up for a raid on Taos. Ulibarri convinced himself the danger was not imminent, but the hostility of the marauding Ute and Comanche presented trouble of a new sort. As if to compensate, the Pueblo and Apache Indians grew more friendly to the Spanish as their fears of the Ute and Comanche increased. Fortunately for the Spanish and their Indian allies, the French alliance with the Pawnee Indians of the Platte river country never led to a merger with the Utes and Comanches. Otherwise the entire Spanish colony could have been wiped out and the French would have won the southwest as well as the entire Mississippi valley.

Leaving Taos, Ulibarri's party went eastward up Fernando de Taos creek by what was a well-traveled route even then. Up and over the mountains to the beautiful park or valley called La Cieneguilla where the huge Eagle Nest reservoir now dominates the scene, Ulibarri headed for the prairies. First he had to cross another mountain range. Finding the outlet to the valley very narrow and rocky, he evidently did what the modern highway does, crossing one or two rocky ridges before returning to the stream that leads down to the plains and becomes part of the Canadian river. Ulibarri seems to have done it the hardest possible way, crossing several more of these ridges than would have been necessary if his scouts had done their work efficiently. This is the first of several instances that show his scouting was very poor.

Coming down the Cimarron branch of the Canadian, which he gave the name of Saint Mary Magdalene, Ulibarri came to some friendly Indians who brought news that hostile Indians were ahead to the east. Hugging the foothills in an obvious effort to avoid a brush with the enemy, Ulibarri headed north from the present site of Cimarron, New Mexico. From here he could see far out on the prairies, without being conspicuous. This prudence made the journey somewhat more difficult than if the party had gone farther out on the plains, but as we shall see, prudence was the best policy in those days.

After crossing the numerous branches of the Canadian river, Ulibarri came to the Raton hills or Sierra Blanca, as the Spanish called the ridge that extends far out on the plains and almost provides a boundary between New Mexico and Colorado. Instead of making the cross-

MAP SHOWING TRAILS OF ULIBARRI & VILLASUR



ing into Colorado where today's highway does, between Raton and Trinidad, the Ulibarri party went over the top several miles to the west and came down a long canyon Ulibarri liked so well he gave it his own name. I think this is Long's creek, best shown for this purpose in the Hayden atlas (USGS), sheet X. This stream joins the Purgatoire, or Picketwire, about six miles west of Trinidad, Colorado.

Ulibarri noted the fine crops of maize, beans and pumpkins raised by the Indians in the valley of the Rio de Santa Ana (Purgatoire). He mentioned his care not to damage the fields of the Indians. However, he failed to discover that the route to the north was an easy one if he had circled a bit to the east from the site of Trinidad. Instead, due to an overdose of prudence or bad scouting, he went up and over the rugged foothills northwest of Trinidad, most likely ascending Colorado canyon and emerging on the plains by way of Tingley canyon about where Forbes junction is located on today's maps.

At last the party had come to easy marching country again. Continuing northward the next day, they crossed the Apishapa, which they called Las Piletas, about where Aguilar is. The next day they came to a "very pleasant" stream which must have been the Cucharas, near Walsenburg. Ulibarri called the Cucharas the San Valentine. That night, the 27th, friendly Indians advised Ulibarri they were joining all the others of that area in preparing for an attack expected from the Utes and Comanches.

Before stopping for the next night on the Huerfano, which Ulibarri gave the name of St. John the Baptist, he reported seeing ahead in the distance at the right "two little hills very much alike, sharp and pointed." He named them Las Tetas de Dominquez, and we recognize them as part of Turkey Ridge, near Graneros station on the Denver & Rio Grande railroad.

Next day, after crossing the Greenhorn (San Diego) and St. Charles (San Antonio) the party reached the Arkansas approximately at Pueblo. Ulibarri reported that all the tribes called the river the Napestle, but being a good politician he named it for the patron saint of his governor, the Rio Grande de San Francisco. He mentioned, "it runs from north to east. It is more than four times as large as the Rio del Norte

(Rio Grande) "and bathes the best and broadest valley discovered in New Spain...the time taken to cross it was about the equivalent of thirty-three Credos recited very slowly. Having crossed happily from one side to the other, we spent the night." That was the 30th, and they had left Santa Fe on the 13th.

Before turning east to find the missing Picuries at El Cuartelejo, the Ulibarri party went northward up Fountain Creek (San Buenaventura) ten or twelve miles, approximately to the site of Pinyon. Stocking up with water, the expedition headed east across the prairies and promptly got lost. After praying for divine deliverance, Ulibarri sent out some scouts who located a spring. Some of the extra horses and mules were left here to be picked up on the return trip (they were) and again the party headed eastward, getting lost once more. About that time the guides picked up evidence they were in the rancherias of the El Cuartelejo Apache, which we now know occupied an enormous area between Horse Creek and Adobe Creek in what is now Crowley and Kiowa counties, twenty or thirty miles north of the Arkansas river on the plains of eastern Colorado. The rancherias also extended eastward across the Kansas state line into Greeley, Wichita and possibly Scott counties.

Sure enough, the next day Ulibarri's scouts encountered the principal chief of the El Cuartelejo Apache at a place called Tachachichi (take a chickie). That was on August 2nd and the party had reached its goal only 20 days after leaving Santa Fe. Much feasting and celebrating ensued and the Apache showed no hesitancy in giving up the missing Indians from the Picuries pueblo. It took ten days to round them all up and Ulibarri insisted upon having every one before starting the return trip. Some of the principal Picuries including a chieftain's son were away off in Kansas at another part of the El Cuartelejo rancherias.

For years there has been some controversy among historians as to the location of El Cuartelejo, and I believe I can provide a happy solution for this issue. In 1896 ruins of some pueblo-like adobe structures were found in western Kansas in Scott county, between the towns of Oakley and Garden City. The people of Kansas are smarter about these things than Colorado residents, so they made quite a fuss about the find and made the site a state park which they call El Cuartelejo. The place is quite an attraction for tourists passing that way as well

for residents of that part of Kansas.

There is no very good reason to suppose these ruins weren't part of El Cuartelejo, but the location is much too far east for the El Cuartelejo visited by Ulibarri and Villasur. However, since some of the El Cuartelejo Apaches of Ulibarri's time lived within thirty miles or so of the Kansas ruins, it is quite likely that an earlier generation lived farther east. In the time of Archuleta's expedition, some of them may have been located in the vicinity of the ruins in Scott County, Kansas.

The Pueblo peoples, who had a way of seeking refuge with the Apache of El Cuartelejo, doubtless used their knowledge of adobe construction to make habitations on the windswept prairies. It is likely that other sites like the Scott County ruins will be found somewhere near Arlington Colorado, where most of the El Cuartelejo Apache were living as late as 1720. I am working with Arnold Withers, archeologist and ethnologist of the University of Denver, to find such sites and to preserve any artifacts found there before the area's swarm of arrowhead hunters forever ruin any chance of adding to the knowledge of El Cuartelejo.

Ulibarri returned the Picuries people to their pueblo and reached Santa Fe on Sept. 2nd with his mission accomplished. What was more significant, he brought back proof that the French were present on Spain's northeastern frontier. The proof consisted of a French rifle, a coat, a kettle and other objects of European origin obtained from the El Cuartelejo Apache.

The objects had been acquired by the Indians of eastern Colorado only a few days before Ulibarri's expedition arrived. It seems that a party of Frenchmen with their Pawnee Indian allies were moving across Colorado between the Arkansas and the Platte when the Apache came upon them. One man and his wife, who was pregnant, had fallen behind the main party and were killed by the Apache.

The Spanish were properly impressed to discover a number of Frenchmen in this area. A Frenchman with Ulibarri's party, who had served earlier with La Salle and somehow had managed to establish himself in the good graces of the Spanish colony at Santa Fe, said he recognized

the gun as belonging to one of his kinsmen. The El Cuartelejo Apache provided much information about the geography of the area between the Rockies and the Mississippi and told Ulibarri's party about trading with other tribes who obtained from white men in populous communities to the east iron things such as hatchets, swordblades, guns and copper utensils.

Ulibarri had done his job well. He added far more to the knowledge of the area than the American explorer, Zebulon Pike, added just one hundred years later. Pike's chief reporting consisted of his own misadventures, whereas Ulibarri's well-written journal is alive with colorful and obviously authentic facts about the people, the land, social customs and the chances for colonization and Christianization.

Following Ulibarri's journey northward in 1706, the people of the plains and northern Rio Grande colonies were bedeviled by the Utes and Comanches. Something had to be done to break up this menacing combination and to solidify the Spaniards' alliance with the friendly Indians who served as a buffer. By this time the Pueblo and Apache were pleading with the Spanish for protection from the Utes and Comanches.

Valverde's Expedition (1719)

Thirteen years after Ulibarri's northward journey, Governor Valverde left Santa Fe on another journey of similar character. Like Ulibarri, he made an admirable record of his travels and the scenes and people he encountered. Valverde had a much larger force than Ulibarri's 28 soldiers, 12 settlers and 100 Indians. When Governor Valverde started from Santa Fe he had 60 soldiers, and at Taos he mustered 45 settlers and 465 Indians. At Cimarron among the Jicarilla Apache he enlisted 196 more men. By then the young army had nearly a thousand horses. It would have been too bad for any Utes or Comanches encountered.

Unfortunately, the enemy kept just ahead of Valverde's force and the weather turned bad. In addition to snow, the party had a bad time with "an attack of an herb called ivy, caused strangely by lying down upon it or being near it. Those affected swelled up. He (the governor) ordered Antonio Duran Armijo, a barber by trade who had some knowledge of blood letting, to attend and assist them..."

Moving northward past today's Dillon and Trinidad, Valverde followed Ulibarri's route in general but without hugging the hills unnecessarily. Valverde was prepared for trouble, whereas Ulibarri had been trying to avoid it. Valverde's army skirted the Wet Mountains north of Walsenburg and crossed the Arkansas some distance below Pueblo.

After days and days of following cold Comanche trails and campfires south of the Arkansas, messengers from the El Cuartelejo Apache said their people had come down to the Arkansas from their rancherias some miles farther north. Valverde met the huge band of Apache on the Arkansas a few miles east of today's La Junta. Too much trouble from the Comanche had caused them to consider leaving their usual haunts and now they were ready to greet the Spanish as deliverers. However, Valverde had decided to head for home in the face of an early winter, and the El Cuartelejo Apache were left to shift for themselves. El Cuartelejo was occupied, evidently as usual, when the Villasur expedition visited it the next year, in 1720.

Valverde was told a lot about the French when he met with the El Cuartelejo Apache on the banks of the Arkansas near La Junta. He was told that the French and their allies, the Pawnees and Jumano, had built on the South Platte two pueblos each of which was as large as that of Taos. The French, the informers said, had armed their allies with rifles and pistols. Valverde had learned so much he hurried home and reported the disquieting news about the French. He reached Santa Fe late late in November after covering about 750 miles. He may have returned by following the Arkansas much farther westward than any previous expedition, but his journal ends abruptly:

> "Thus having taken leave of the Apaches, the governor set out with his command from the spot, the march all being made along the Rio Napestle (Arkansas), on which they had been going." (the rest of the pages are torn out).

The Villasur Massacre (1720)

After receiving Valverde's news about the French establishments on the South Platte river, the Viceroy in Mexico City sent orders to

establish at El Cuartelejo a presidio of 20 to 25 soldiers and some missionaries. This was to be a Spanish outpost to hold back the French in their apparent determination to advance from the Platte to the Arkansas and possibly on to the Rio Grande colonies.

The Governor was in a spot. He wanted authorization to establish an outpost on the Canadian in northeastern New Mexico in the rancherias of the friendly Jicarilla Apache. That was only 100 miles from Taos. But the Viceroy wanted an outpost 320 miles away in what seemed like territory already in the hands of the French, and certainly most difficult to defend.

While messages were being run back and forth between Santa Fe and Mexico City, Valverde sent his assistant, Don Pedro de Villasur on an expedition called a reconnaissance but which obviously was intended to be capable of waging war against the French and their allies.

The ill-fated Villasur expedition seemed to be well-staffed and well-equipped. There were 42 soldiers, 3 settlers, 60 Indians, a priest, and several leaders skilled in frontiersmanship and veterans of the earlier trips to El Cuartelejo. The canny warrior, Ulibarri, was not along. Maybe he had died. Unfortunately, there is no single journal of the expedition, such as we have of the journeys of Ulibarri and Valverde. Eye witness accounts of what happened and the statements of Valverde and several others who presumably knew all about it are available for study. Much has been written and much more will be written about this decisive defeat of the Spanish in a battle that took place in Nebraska about where the North Platte and the South Platte come together, near the city of North Platte.

Following the now-familiar route to Taos, across the mountains to the Cimmaron branch of the Canadian, northward past Trinidad and Walsenburg, the Villasur expedition crossed the Arkansas a little below Pueblo on rafts. Continuing northeast to El Cuartelejo, the party lost no time there but went on to the Rio Jesus Maria (South Platte). At least one of the expedition's leaders had been on the South Platte bebefore.

To everyone's surprise and regret, there were no Frenchmen there

and no signs of the settlements the French and their allies were supposed to have constructed on the South Platte. The Villasur party halted to consider the next step. It was decided to hunt for the Pawnee, who ranged the country beyond the South Platte. Heading northward, the army came to the North Platte, not very far above its junction with the South Platte. Here a large encampment of Pawnees was found. Attempts to communicate with them indicated a peculiar attitude that was interpreted as hostility. The party of Villasur withdrew up the North Platte some miles and made camp. The next morning, shortly after sunrise, the Spanish expedition was ambushed.

Governor Valverde, in reporting to the viceroy on what happened to the Villasur expedition, stated the attack was made by "more than two hundred soldiers using arquebuses, with an endless number of Pawnee Indians as their allies." None of the eye-witness accounts by the survivors is specific as to whether the attack was by Indians alone, by French and Indians or just who the victors were, but several refer to the abundance of guns used as well as arrows.

New Spain lost 45 of its best soldiers and colonists. Fourteen escaped, with about two-thirds of the Indians who accompanied the Spanish. The blow was a crushing one. It reduced the prestige of the Spanish among the plains Indians to nearly zero, and for many years it looked as if what was left of the Rio Grande colony might suffer a similar fate at the hands of emboldened Utes and Comanches.

Too much credit cannot be paid to the men who have dug out these facts and made them available for us to read and ponder, and perhaps to add to when we have an opportunity to turn up new evidence. Herbert E. Bolton of the University of California has made a life work of this subject, adding immeasurably to the findings of Twitchell, Bandelier and other historians. To Alfred Barnaby Thomas, now a professor at the University of Alabama, we are particularly indebted, because we find all of this material handily arranged in two colorful and provocative books, AFTER CORONADO and FORGOTTEN FRONTIERS. In these books we find the results of years of study by Professor Thomas in Bolton's extensive library, the archives in Seville, Spain and Mexico City, and in Santa Fe, New Mexico. These books are readily available and should be read and reread by everyone who seeks to fill in the gaps in his knowledge of the stirring events that took place in Northern New Mexico, Eastern Colorado and parts of Kansas and Nebraska several years before George Washington was born.

HEAVY-HOLSTERED MEN

BY

LAMONT JOHNSON

NORTH OF THE HENRY MOUNTAINS AND
SOUTH OF THE SAN RAFAEL,
PAST THE BURNING SINBAD DESERT
WHERE RAINDROPS SELDOM FELL;
EAST OF THE DIRTY DEVIL WHERE
THE DEEP GREEN RIVER FLOWS
TO THE MIGHTY COLORADO IS
A LAND NOBODY KNOWS.

A LAND OF RAW ADVENTURE WHEN
THE WEST WAS YOUNG AND TOUGH,
WITH SOME OF BRAWNY COURAGE, SOME
OF BLUSTER AND OF BLUFF;
FOR HERE WHERE BOTH THE BEST AND WORST
OF HARD MEN WAS UNLOOSED,
BUTCH CASSIDY'S WILD OUTLAW BAND
HID IN THE ROBBERS ROOST.

NOW THERE'S A LONG, LONG STORY THAT
WOULD TAKE A WEEK TO TELL
HOW BUTCH RODE OUT AND IN AGAIN
ACROSS THE SAN RAFAEL;
FOR BUTCH WAS KEEN AND BUTCH WAS BOLD,
HE RODE A GOOD FAST HOSS;
IT NEVER TOOK THE OTHERS LONG
TO FIND OUT WHO WAS BOSS.

AND THERE WAS ONE AMONG THE BAND——
JOE WALKER WAS HIS NAME——
WHO DID SOME RISKY JOBS HIMSELF
IN BUILDING UP HIS FAME;
BUT WHEN ONE DAY THE OUTLAWS MADE
A DOCTOR GO ALONG
TO FIX A BANDIT'S STRANGLED LUNG
AND TELL HIM WHAT WAS WRONG,

THEY TOOK THE DOCTOR'S BLINDFOLD OFF
WHEN THEY HAD REACHED THE PLACE,
AND WALKER JERKED HIS GUN; HE THOUGHT
DOC RECOGNIZED HIS FACE.
BUTCH HIT THAT GUN AND GRABBED HIS OWN;
"BEHAVE YOURSELF!" HE GLARED.
"WE NEED DOC MORE THAN WE NEED YOU,"
AND THUS THE THREAT WAS SQUARED.

ONE EVENING THEN THE OUTLAW BAND
WAS JOGGING DOWN THE TRAIL
FROM WOODSIDE IN TO LAWRENCE OUT
NORTHEAST OF CASTLE DALE;
FROM REAR GUARD TO THE VANGUARD THEY
WERE SPREAD ABOUT A MILE,
THE MAIN GANG IN THE MIDDLE, FOR
THIS WAS THEIR USUAL STYLE.

ONE MAN WAS RIDING JUST A COLT,
HE SHIMMIED AND HE SHIED;
THEY HAD TO MAKE A TRADE ON HIM,
HE WAS NO EASY RIDE.
SO AS THE DARKNESS DEEPENED IN
THAT VALE OF SPARSE ABODE,
THE RIDERS CONCENTRATED
ON THE LONELY, WINDING ROAD.

A BUGGY WITH ONE MAN ALONE
CAME SPINNING ROUND A BEND——
AND THERE THEY WERE ON EVERY SIDE;
THE RIG WAS SWIFTLY PENNED.
THE DRIVER STARED AROUND IN VAIN;
NO CHANCE TO CLATTER THROUGH,
AND BUTCH RODE UP, AND THEN HE LAUGHED:
"HELLO, DOC!.....IS THAT YOU?"

THEN DOC WAS FLABBERGASTED AND
HE THOUGHT IT WAS A FARCE
WHEN CASSIDY SIZED UP THE TEAM
AND SAID: "I WANT THAT HORSE."
HE PICKED THE BEST ONE, CHRISTENED SNAIL
SLEEKED UP WITH CURRY-COMB,
AND DOC BURST OUT: "THE HELL YOU DO!
AND HOW WILL I GET HOME?"

"WE'LL FIX YOU UP, THIS COLT WILL DO,"
SMILED BUTCH AS COOL AS ICE,
AND HEARD THE DOCTOR SET ON SNAIL
A HUNDRED-DOLLAR PRICE.
"HERE'S SIXTY BUCKS," THE OUTLAW SAID,
"DON'T FRET ABOUT YOUR PAY;
YOU'LL GET THE REST, AND SOON, BUT WE
MUST HAVE THIS HORSE TODAY."

HE CHUCKLED AS HE WORKED, AND SAID:
"I HATE TO DO THIS, DOC;
ONE TIME I MAYBE SAVED YOUR LIFE,
AND NOW I STEAL YOUR STOCK."
THEN AS THE RIDERS CANTERED ON
INTO THE UTAH HILLS,
DOC SMILED——HOW BANK AND RAILROAD FUNDS
BUTCH USED TO PAY HIS BILLS!

BUT THAT IS HOW BUTCH RULED HIS GANG
OF HEAVY-HOLSTERED MEN;
HE KEPT HIS WORD WITH ALL ALIKE,
AND SPLIT THE SPOILS WITH THEM.
HE STOLE OUTRIGHT FROM NO ONE MAN;
HE WENT FOR BIGGER STAKES;
HE LIKED THE CASH, BUT ALSO LIKED
TO BEAT THEM ON THE TAKE.

NOW THERE WERE MANY IN THAT BAND;
GOOD GUNMEN TRIED AND TRUE,
FOR ANY GAINFUL PURPOSES
BUTCH WANTED CARRIED THROUGH.
HIS FAVORED PAL WAS ELZA LAY——
AN EDUCATED MAN
WHOSE CULTURED MIND WAS NOT AVERSE
TO ANY HOLDUP PLAN.

FOR ONE NEW JOB THEY PLANNED TO MAKE
THE BIGGEST THEY HAD DONE;
THEY SPENT SIX MONTHS IN "CASING" IT,
CAMPED OUT IN HUNTINGTON.
FROM AUTUMN EIGHTEEN NINETY-SIX
TILL APRIL THERE THEY STAYED
AS FRIENDLY COWBOYS; NO ONE DREAMED
WHAT HIGH FINANCE THEY PLAYED.

AND THEN AS PAYROLL DAY DREW NEAR
FOR MINES AT CASTLE GATE,
THESE TWO WOULD WATCH THE TRAINS COME IN,
AND LOAF AROUND AND WAIT.
THEY PLAYED THE GAME AND KNEW IT WELL——
ONE LOCOMOTIVE TOOT
WOULD SIGNAL THE ARRIVAL OF
THE TRAIN THAT BORE THE "LOOT."

BUT ON THE REGULATION DAY
THAT SIGNAL NEVER CAME;
THE MINE AND RAILROAD MEN WERE WISE,
THEY PLAYED A CANNY GAME.
SO BUTCH AND ELZA BIDED TIME
AND LOAFED AGAIN NEXT DAY
AMONG THE HUNDRED MINING MEN
WHO WAITED FOR THEIR PAY.

AT HALF-PAST TWELVE CAME ONE LONE BLAST
AND SOON THE TRAIN PULLED IN,
BUT MOVEMENTS THAT THE "COWBOYS" MADE
WERE LOST AMID THE DIN.
THEN FROM THE TRAIN STEPPED CARPENTER
WITH SEVEN-GRAND IN GOLD;
AND PHELPS AND LEWIS CARRIED MORE,
EACH HAD ONE BAG TO HOLD.

AND WHEN THEY REACHED THE OFFICE STAIRS
THE ACTION SHIFTED FAST;
THE GUNMEN THREATENED TO PRODUCE
A DIFFERENT KIND OF BLAST.
"HANDS UP!" THEY CRIED, "AND DROP THOSE SACKS."
PHELPS TRIED TO PUSH ON BY;
LAY STAGGERED HIM WITH ONE SWIFT BLOW;
THE OTHERS DIDN'T TRY.

THEY DROPPED THE SACKS, LAY GRABBED THEM
AND LEAPED UPON HIS BAY,
BUT CASSIDY WAS LEFT AFOOT;
HIS OWN HORSE WHEELED AWAY.
NO PANIC SHOWED UPON HIS FACE;
HE BOLDLY HELD HIS GROUND;
HIS GUN APPEARED TO DRAW A BEAD
ON EVERY MAN AROUND.

HE SIDLED BACKWARDS——IN ONE HAND
THE SILVER MONEY BAG,
AS ELZA CAST A RUNNING GLANCE
TO SEE WHAT MADE HIM LAG.
LAY WHEELED HIS HORSE, CAUGHT UP THE REINS
OF CASSIDY'S GREY STEED;
BUTCH MADE A RUNNING LEAP AND THEN
WAS OFF WITH CLATTERING SPEED.

A CLOUD OF DUST, A SHOT OR TWO,
AND THEN A FUSILADE;
COMMOTION, SHOUTS, AND THAT IS HOW
THEY MADE THE PAYROLL RAID.
THEY DROPPED THE HEAVY SILVER BAG,
THEY CUT THE WIRES AND RODE
OUT OVER WASHBOARD FLAT FROM WHERE
THE TRAIL TO BUCKHORN SHOWED.

ONE POSSE LEFT FROM HUNTINGTON,
AND ONE FROM CASTLE DALE,
TO SEEK AMONG THOSE CRAGGY CLIFFS
A VANISHED OUTLAW TRAIL.
AND DEEP IN BUCKHORN DRAW THAT NIGHT
A GUN FIGHT RATTLED OUT;
EACH POSSE THOUGHT THEY'D FOUND THEIR GAME
AND PUT THE THIEVES TO ROUT.

AS FAST AND CLAMOROUS IN THE DARK
ACROSS A RIDGE THEY FOUGHT,
A LITTLE SORREL RACING MARE
NAMED PIGEON GOT A SHOT.
IT STRUCK HER HIP AND MADE HER LAME,
JOE MILLER ON HER SAW
AS THE BATTLE OF THE POSSES
THUNDERED OUT IN BUCKHORN DRAW.

BUT WHAT THEY DIDN'T KNOW WAS THIS:
THEY NEVER HAD A CHANCE;
THE OUTLAW BAND HAD TAKEN CARE
OF EVERY CIRCUMSTANCE.
FOR BUTCH AND LAY HAD STATIONED MEN
ON THREE WELL-SCATTERED TRAILS
WITH RELAY HORSES——JUST IN CASE
THEIR FIRST WAY OUT SHOULD FAIL.

SO DOWN AT BUCKHORN RESERVOIR
THEY SWIFTLY CHANGED THE GOLD,
TIPPED OFF THE BOY A WAD OF DOUGH
AND RIDING OFF, THEY TOLD
HIM THAT THE OUTLAW GAME WAS TOUGH;
TO NOT GET IN---BUT HOW
WITH THESE FRESH MOUNTS NO POSSEMEN
WOULD EVER CATCH THEM NOW.

AND JUST BY WAY OF MENTIONING
THE GRATITUDE THEY FELT,
BESIDES THEIR SENSE OF HUMOR THERE,
EACH FIXED A LITTLE BELT,
ATTACHED GOLD COINS AND TIED IT TO
THE RELAY HORSE HE RODE,
AND SENT HIM TO HIS OWNER HOME---
A DEBT OF SERVICE OWED!

FOR THOSE TWO HORSES HAD BEEN PICKED
WITH PRACTICED OUTLAW CARE
FROM MEEKS AND MURNING RANCHES UP
IN CASTLE VALLEY WHERE
FROM FALL TO APRIL BUTCH AND LAY
HAD LIVED BEFORE THE RAID,
AND THROUGH HARD WORK AND HONESTY,
GOOD REPUTATION MADE.

AND IN THAT TIME THEY USED NEW NAMES---
BERT FOWLER WENT FOR LAY;
TOM GILLIS FOR BUTCH CASSIDY
THAT PAYROLL HOLDUP DAY.
AT SOCIAL TIMES THEY MADE A HIT
WITH LADIES OLD AND YOUNG,
SO EVEN WHEN THEY GOT IN BAD
THEIR PRAISE WAS LOUDLY SUNG.

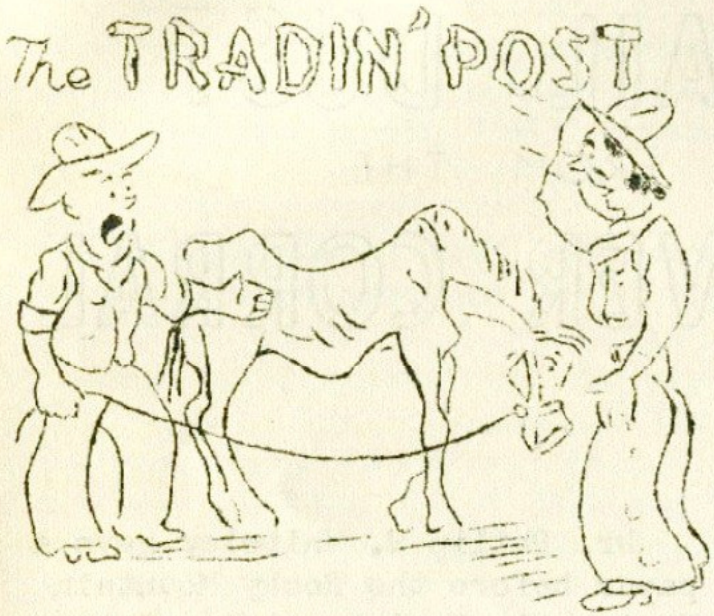
AND WHEN OLD PETER MURNING HEARD
ABOUT THE BANDIT JOB
DONE BY THESE HONEST BOYS, HE SAID,
AND ALMOST WITH A SOB,
TO OLD JENS NIELSON WHERE THEY'D LIVED
FOR NEARLY SIX MONTHS LONG:
'OH, MON, WE'RE INNOCENT MEN, BUT
APT TO BE HUNG IN THE WRONG!"

BUT WHEN HE LEARNED THE PAYROLL HAUL
WAS ON THE RANGY BAY
NAMED CHUNK---A STURDY PM HORSE,
RIDDEN BY ELZA LAY,
HIS EYES HAD AN IRISH GLEAM, HE
BURST OUT PROUD AND BOLD: "OH
BE GODS, I'M GLAD I HAD A HORSE
THAT GOOD TO PACK THE GOLD!"

NOW IT AIN'T RIGHT TO STEAL THE THINGS
THAT OTHER FOLKS POSSESS,
BUT THERE ARE THRILLS IN THE DEEDS OF
BOLD GUNMEN, NONETHELESS.
AS ENGLAND HAD HER ROBIN HOOD;
THE SWISS THEIR WILLIAM TELL,
SO WE HAD HEAVY-HOLSTERED MEN
WHO RODE THE SAN RAFAEL.

THEY RODE WITH GAY BUTCH CASSIDY---
THE WILD BUNCH THAT HE LED
ON ROOTIN-TOOTIN' SHOOTING RAIDS
FOR POSSEMEN TO DREAD.
THEIR PILLOWS WERE THEIR READY GUNS,
AND ENEMIES VAMOOSED
WHEN CAME THESE HEAVY-HOLSTERED MEN
OUT OF THE ROBBERS ROOST.

* * * * * *



WILL SELL Silverton RR (Otto Mears) silver pass 1889; TPA convention silver pass 1890; set of 12 original photos, about 17 x 21, by Mellen in 1880s along South Park and Colo. Central RRs. Would consider swapping some of above for Mears filigree silver pass 1892. Morris W. Abbott, 23 Bedford Ave., Milford, Conn.

Wanted by Dr. Nolie Mumey, 6000 Montview Blvd., Denver, association items pertaining to the history of Colorado.

Trade or Sell -- Pahute Indian Legends, by Palmer; Compass of the World, a Symposium on Political Geography, by Weigert & Stefanson. Virgil Peterson, 1907 Clermont St., Denver.

Wanted to sell or trade -- In the Heat of the Sierra, by J. M. Hutchins, 1st ed., Watson's Annals of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, 2 vols., 1855; Dave Cook of the Rockies, by Collier Westrate; Garrison and the Anti-Slavery Movement, by Oliver Johnson; Chief of Scouts, by W. F. Drannan, 1910; Life of Billy Dixon, by O. K. Dixon, 1921; 1946 Westerners Brand Book; Drum Beats of the Nations, Freedom Triumphant, Old Times in the colonies, by Charles G. Coffin. -- Don Bloch,
654 Emerson St.,
Denver.

Wanted by Dabney Collins, 5315 Montview Blvd., Denver, a Green River knife. Also more itmes for the Tradin' Post. Come on, fellers. Send me your "ads."

* * * *

TRAIL DUST FROM THE DENVER CORRAL

RIDING HERD ON THE POSSE

At the October roundup we were honored with the presence of Homer Britzman of the Los Angeles corral. Homer, big enough to hunt bears with a switch, was the first sheriff of the Los Angeles Posse. His Denver visit was coincidental with the publication by his Trail's End Publishing Co. of the beautifully printed two-volume masterpiece on the life and works of Charles M. Russell, which he co-authored with Ramon F. Adams. The edition, limited to 500 copies, is already sold out.

Dr. Nolie Mumey attended the October roundup of the Los Angeles posse and heard a very interesting paper, "Holy Smoke" -- the story of the "Mormon War" and the burning of General Albert Sydney Johnston's wagon train.

Dr. Philip W. Whiteley gave a paper before the Rocky Mountain Numismatic Society at its October meeting on "Early American Dollars, 1794-1804." His talk was accompanied by an exhibit of coins from his extensive collection.

Don Bloch distributed copies of Black Hills National Forest 50th Anniversary, a highly interesting 44-page booklet written by Don in his capacity as publicity writer for the U. S. Forest Service.

Henry Hough's "Poetry Forum," a feature of the Rocky Mt. Empire Magazine of the Denver Post, is pulling about 225 contributions a week. Henry says all the old-time cowhands in creation seem to write verse -- some of it not half-bad.

Thomas Hornsby Ferril is writing a quarterly review of American

poetry for the San Francisco Chronicle, also a regional letter for the Chronicle about local activities of writers. His newest poem, "House for the Canyon," will appear soon in The Atlantic Monthly.

Tally man, Ralph Mayo, reported that we have 39 possemen (40 is the limit), 125 corresponding members, and that our finances are improved. All of us sincerely appreciate the fine work Ralph is doing. Incidentally, the 1945 Brand Book was recently listed in Arthur H. Clark's list at $30 to $35.

As a postscript to his paper, "Scarlet Sister Mattie," Forbes Parkhill gave us an illustrated talk which, if published, would bury a certain city father's memory in shame.

Corresponding Member Lamont Johnson, Denver free lance writer whose singing, swinging ballard appears in this issue, sends the following interesting sidelight on Gunnison Butte:

> On page 10 of the September Brand Book, in narrating "The Gunnison Story," David Herrick told of Captain Gunnison leaving his name in Gunnison valley and Gunnison crossing (now Greenriver town) where he crossed Green river in easter Utah. He said: "The lofting spire at the upper end of the little valley is called Gunnison Butte."

I don't know when Mr. Her- Herrick wrote this, but it should be "was" Gunnison Butte. This towering pinnacle fell with a great crash in the later summer of 1936, perhaps like that of the huge boulder with which Lassiter closed Deception Pass as the climax to Zane Grey's famous story -- "Riders of the Purple Sage."

Gunnison Butte was a picturesque monolith which had long been a landmark in that desert country. It bore striking resemblance to a man and was locally known as "Brigham." The superstition concerning it was that Brigham Young had placed a curse upon Greenriver valley as long as the pinnacle stood, and that prosperity would never come to the valley until it fell.

Residents in general apparently didn't worry about that. The lofty butte was a popular spot for tourists and groups of students to make pilgrimages to, out there amid the wild desert mountains above Greenriver. It had historic glamor for them, as Captain Gunnison had camped at the foot of it.

When it went down -- crashing 1,000 feet to the valley floor, it must have made a sight and a sound as spectacular as its colorful background entitled it to.

Author's note: Greenriver, Utah, is one word; Green River, Wyo. is two.

Editor's note: How many words is it, bottled?

Next Month's Roundup

Wednesday, December 1

Former governor of Colorado, Ralph L. Carr, will speak on "The Role of the Madame in the West." Roundup will be held at the home of Dr. Nolie Mumey, 6000 Montview Blvd.

Ralph has uncovered feats of heroism by noted ladies of the evening that place them high in the estimation of every student of the Old West. These extra-curricular activities prove that a scarlet sister of the high plains could also live on a high plane.

Here's a double-barreled program no Westerner can afford to miss. Remember the date, December 1. Remember the address, 6000 Montview Blvd.

WESTERNERS BOOK REVIEW

AT THE END OF THE SANTA FE TRAIL, by Sister Blandina Segale. Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee -- $3.00

In 1932, unheralded, a book was published in a very small edition printed at Columbus, Ohio, entitled "At the End of the Santa Fe Trail," -- being the Journal of a Catholic nun, Sister Blandina, of the order of the Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati. This journal, in the form of letters to her own sister, also a nun of the same order, in Cincinnati, was the record of a remarkable experience of 20 years--from 1872 to 1892--in the Southwest; meaning Southern Colorado and New Mexico. This nun, by no antecedent of her youthful life could have been considered fit to cope with a rough frontier. Yet by dint of character, fortitude, vision--and, perhaps more than anything else, a genuine love of the country and its people, particularly the Indians, she "moved mountains", and for these 20 years she was a vital force for humanity and the good life in this remote country. Her name today is revered through all New Mexico and in bordering Southern Colorado. Sister Blandina passed away in February, 1941, at Cincinnati, at the age of 91.

Since the original limited publication in 1932 there has been an insistent demand from many sources for a re-publication of this narrative. I myself, as a bookseller, had many requests for it over the years before I even saw a copy of the 1932 edition. I became very curious about it, and when I finally saw the book and read it, I could understand why this unusual first-hand pioneering story was so much sought. Then, not long ago, I was informed that a new edition was finally in preparation, with the editor none less than Sister Therese Martin, of Cathedral School, Denver, a Sister I know well. The book is now available for everybody--and with interesting and master-like prefaces, annotations, and bibliography by Sister Therese Martin.

Sister Blandina was given no advance notice that, at the age of 22, she would suddenly be transferred from Steubenville, Ohio, to Trinidad. "Where is Trinidad?" she thought. Someone remembered Trinidad as a part of Cuba. Well, it was either in Cuba, or maybe it was Venezuela! But, anyway, just imagine for yourself, this young religious girl, finding herself in the rough frontier town of Trinidad, Colorado in 1872. Here was Dick Wootton, and his toll-gate--the dividing line between Colorado and New Mexico. During those wild days, the toll-gate furnished harbor for outlaws and other notorious characters who had committed depredations in New Mexico; and life was anything but uneventful. Soon she met the famous ex-mountain man and hunter George Simpson, whose place was called Simpson's Rest; Dr. Michael Beshoar (grandfather of our posse-member Barron Beshoar); quite naturally, Archbishop Lamy and Bishop Machebeuf; and a host of others, prominent or otherwise --not to forget Rafael, the Ute chief, and Crazy Ann, the prostitute. She met Billy the Kid at close range under most unusual circumstances, gained his respect, and it is interesting to reflect on the nun's impression of him (in 1876), "steel blue eyes, peach complexion--one would take him to be 17--innocent looking, save for the corners of his eyes which tell a set purpose, good or bad; has a bashful appearance--I judge he has sisters." Billy the Kid came to Trinidad for the avowed purpose of bumping off the four physicians of the town, including Dr. Beshoar, because they had not shown enthusiasm in treating a wounded member of the gang. Sister Blandina alone succeeded in talking Billy the Kid out of this. She visited Billy again in 1880, in Santa Fe, where she had been transferred early in 1877. Billy was then in jail, manacled in irons; and, to disgress a bit, after being moved around first to

Mesilla, then to Lincoln, and while under sentence of death, he made his sensational escape from Lincoln jail, killing two guards, only to be finally cornered and shot by Pat Garrett, on July 14, 1881. Sister Blandina, by then, was in Albuquerque, teaching, building, and doing God's Work. Many striking incidents are related throughout this book in which Sister took a personal part or hand, personifying bravery, charity, and the pioneer spirit, all in one. Of such stuff was our country made--and this little nun, who came to American shores from her native Italy at the age of four, simplifies the answer as to what makes America great: because it has always been true, and it is true still, that in this land character and perseverance will shine out, in spite of humble beginnings and terrifying obstacles.

PERSIMMON HILL, A Narrative of Old St. Louis and the Far West; by William Clark Kennerly, as told to his daughter, Elizabeth Russell. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, $3.75.

Persimmon Hill was the home of the author, and in spite of the rather unusual name, the book is an important contribution to Western History. Persimmon Hill is in St. Louis, Missouri, and the time covered is from 1824-1912, the lifespan of the author. Mrs. Russell, his daughter, has done a commendable job of moulding her father's diaries along with many conversations she had with him--and the result is a highly interesting narrative.

Kennerly's family was related to the family of General William Clark, and he knew all the Clarks and the Hancocks intimately. His association with General Clark alone would make the book worth while, but there is very much more to it. There are many anecdotes of famous people, including one of Abraham Lincoln. Kennerly met Audubon when he, Audubon, was starting up the Missouri on his western expedition and, at the same time, Kennerly was with the famous Sir William Drummond Stewart expedition of 1843. There are stories of Fremont, Thomas H. Benton, General Kearny, Black Hawk, Chief Shahaka, and many others.

The pictures include a fine portrait of Sir William Drummond Stewart, as well as most of the other prominent people mentioned in the book. There are about 25 pages of Kennerly's diary while on the 1843 expedition, in which he was an invited guest of Stewart.

Later Kennerly fought in the Mexican War; went overland to California in 1849, and tells of his experiences there. In the

Civil War he was an officer in the Confederate army.

The book is packed with material on the period covered, and in which St. Louis was one of the principal centers of activity in Western affairs. The appendix contains a genealogy of the Hancock family, and a valuable list of people on the Drummond Stewart expedition of 1843.

FIGHTING INDIANS OF THE WEST; by Martin F. Schmitt and Dee Brown. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York -- $10.00.

This is primarily a book of fine pictures--mostly photographs, but some paintings and drawings as well. The paintings and drawings are, for the most part, of incidents of which there can obviously be no photos, such as the Sand Creek fight, the Wagon Box fight, Custer's Last Stand, etc. The period covered is from 1865 to Wounded Knee, in 1891. The book is divided into 13 chapters, with an introduction, and each division has four to six pages of text on the principal events of that particular series of episodes. The text is not too detailed, but is well condensed and authentic.

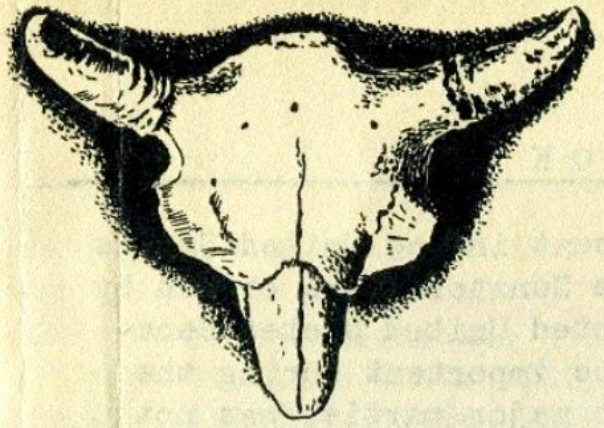
Most, if not all, the pictures have not previously been published; for instance, there is a picture of Jim Bridger that seems to be positively unique. All pictures of Bridger published heretofore, anywhere, have been reproductions from that in the Montana Historical Society museum. This surprising "new one" of Bridger shows the same rather rough-looking individual, but in it he wears a beard. This photo was furnished by the Kansas Historical Society, and probably was taken in the sixties.

The index of illustrations gives source and present location of all the pictures used, of which there are about 300. The subjects are varied -- many portraits of Indians, soldiers, and frontiersmen, including a couple of Calamity Jane; Indian camps, views of battlefields, etc.

The book is 9 x 12, affording a page-size large enough to make adequate reproductions. The end-papers are maps of the regions in which the events occurred.

Again, my comment is-- a "must" for every student or collector of Western history!

FRED ROSENSTOCK



The BRAND BOOK

OFFICIAL ORGAN
THE WESTERNERS
306 STATE MUSEUM BLDG.
DENVER 2, COLORADO

ABNEY OTIS COLLINS, REGISTRAR OF MARKS AND BRANDS

Vol. 4 NOVEMBER, 1948 No. 11

AN INCUBATOR BALLOT BOX

BY RALPH L. CARR*

It was a difficult assignment for a woman.

It would have been a tough job for a he-man with years of experience in rough and tumble politics, wise to all the curves and idiosyncracies of temperamental ballot boxes--and the sleight-of-hand tricks of liberal-minded election judges and clerks.

She possessed little preparation for the task beyond her zeal for "honest elections" and her patriotic desire to be of service to the Party in whose principles she believed as wholeheartedly as she espoused her Christian religion.

Osier's total ballots at their unbelievable most--66 votes were the highest ever returned--were generally not worth worrying about around state headquarters at Denver. True, that interesting mountain precinct had done some peculiar things at times--had determined many close local election contests under circumstances which suggested uncanny influences surrounding its ballot boxes. But fifty or sixty questioned votes had little or no influence upon the outcome of state elections ordinarily.

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* RALPH CARR, FORMER GOVERNOR OF COLORADO, A MEMBER OF THE DENVER POSSE OF THE WESTERNERS IS NOW A PRACTICING ATTORNEY IN DENVER.

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This year, however, it was different. A seat in the United States Senate was at stake. It was in the days before Senators were chosen by popular vote. The State Legislature then selected United States Senators. Every vote in the State Assembly would be important during the next session because the margin between the two major parties was not great--and it was not yet certain just where that margin would rest.

Over and beyond that was the fact that in the national Senate, itself, the membership promised to be so evenly divided that the gain of a single vote might shift national and international policies.

Osier, with its five weather-boarded buildings, including the railroad station house, the section foreman's home, the workmen's bunk house, and Bill Jenkins' combined store-hotel-saloon-post office under one roof and his barn under a second, suddenly assumed an importance which promised to challenge that of the famous horse-shoe nail whose absence is said to have lost a great battle.

Just why state headquarters selected a woman and this particular woman at that for the job of "Watching" the election at Osier was never explained. Some said that the state chairman--a product of the old school of politics which clung to the theory that no holds were to be barred and that if the other crowd put one over this time, you didn't squeal but just prepared to even the score in future campaigns--believed that she was seeing and hearing more than was good for her with her peculiar ideas of clean politics and the like. With this zealous crusader 350 miles away on the day that the battle should reach its height, his style would not be cramped by having a woman around who refused to shut her eyes.

And then again, a woman like her might be just the person to ride herd on foxy old Bill Jenkins.

Near the top of the Continental Divide, on a bare mountain slope, snow-covered and wind-swept through half the year and carpeted in green velvet the remainder is Osier. Or to be more exact--was Osier. The station house had been the end of the line through one winter for the narrow-gauge Denver and Rio Grande Railroad which extended across the mountains which formed the Continental Divide toward the southwestern corner of Colorado to the point where one of the dreams of General

Palmer ended.

Bill Jenkins was a Canadian with big ideas and lots of words and had come into the country before General William J. Palmer, the Civil War railroad builder, had started constructing his two narrow-gauge railroad lines out of Antonito as a junction point, one southward toward Mexico City, later to be called the Chile Line, and the other westward toward the Pacific Coast. The Chile Line ended at old Santa Fe, and the money for the western division petered out when the rails reached Durango in the far-off San Juan Basin.

Jenkins had secured a job as foreman of a construction crew on the strength of his asserted knowledge of the railroad business. His crew was the one which gained fame because it laid the inner rail higher than the outer and banked the curve downhill. The first passenger train over the road discovered the error. The whole train went down the hillside, and a number of people were hurt. This did not disturb Bill Jenkins, however, although it did add somewhat to his distinction.

He claimed that he had taught Harriman and Hill all they ever knew about railroading. He asserted also that he had built the first railroad bridge across the Mississippi River. But his chief accomplishment involved his alleged nomination of Abraham Lincoln at the Wigwam in Chicago in 1860. His age, his nationality, the records of the convention, the memories of the actual participants and a lot of other things detracted somewhat from the glory that was Bill's, but he clung to his story to the end of his days.

Bill had constructed a toll road from Osier to Chama, New Mexico against the time when the railroad might arrive. The toll road had made real money during those golden days when the bull-whackers and horse-freighters hauled supplies into the San Juan district and brought back the gold and silver ores from its mines headed for the smelters at Denver.

Sensing a business opportunity on the top of the hill, Bill had set up his place of business at Osier, had filed a homestead on the land thereabouts and the freighters and prospectors had used his headquarters as a station on the long trek between Denver and the mines. Through the years after the construction crews had gone and the trains

ran on regular schedule, when the cattle and sheep men grazed their herds in the high tops through the summer, Bill Jenkins' good liquor and the chance for a card game brought every man who wasn't riding nightherd for miles over the mountains to Osier. His beds were fair, he served eatable victuals and, above all, his whoppers were worth riding twenty miles to hear any rainy night in midsummer.

He earned quite a reputation as a story-teller, and as the years went by and he embellished his statements with the imagery of a born raconteur, he came to believe the tales himself.

There were other stories which he never told. They involved the high-handed manner in which he enforced the laws which he made in the country of which Osier was the Capital and over which he reigned as monarch.

One of these is told around the campfires of the West and the Southwest where our cattlemen croon their whining nasal chants about dogies and empty saddles and wherever sheepherders sing about the Rancho Grande.

More than that, five or six legal voters were never domiciled within the borders of the 140 to 160 square miles of land which made up the Osier voting precinct, and thereby hangs a tale of Bill Jenins' true position as a maker of history.

In those days Conejos County was ruled by what was called in polite terms a "fusion" party. Just before each election, the leaders of the Democratic and Republican parties gathered in a little smoke-filled room which, for intrigue and political acumen and the influence it exerted upon the lives of the people of that cattle community, earned the right to be listed side by side with a certain other room in a great hotel which reeked with tobacco fumes in old Chicago and which has come to be a hiss and a byword among sharp-tongued political orators.

The bosses agreed on the candidates who were to win in that campaign and then sent the word by the separate grapevines to their constituents. Those boys who promised to do the "right thing" if elected always got the nod and, of necessity, thereafter, the votes as well. At times the unsympathetic people in the Valley proper rose up to smite the unholy alliance, and at such times they cast too many votes for the few against

the "fusion" candidates.

It was on such occasions that Osier reached its peak as one of the important towns in Colorado, and Bill Jenkins then exerted his real influence as a political power.

The Osier ballot box never came in until several days after the election. The polling place was about thirty-five miles from the county seat over any route except that which the crow follows. Oiled automobile highways are a development of a later generation. In the old days it consumed the better part of a day to drive a team with a buckboard down over the rocky trail to Conejos, the county seat. The extra time consumed made it possible to determine just how many votes were needed in order to put over the "fusion" candidates. And by the time that the Osier ballot box had bumped and bounced over the rocky road across the Cumbres and La Manga Passes, down to the expectant County Clerk, the rough going would usually develop enough ballots in that wooden emblem of democracy to overcome the lead of the opposition and to assure the election of any lagging "fusion" contestant.

Such were the conditions which sent the Denver woman watcher south from the State Capitol to Walsenburg and then westward over the Sangre de Cristo's by way of the La Veta Pass at a time when the quaking Aspens were pure gold. The cattle and sheep which had been grazing in the forest reserves since June were raising great clouds of dust as they trailed homeward bawling and blatting and wearing off the pounds which their owners had hoped to exchange for money at the River. In the fall the white man understands why the Indians loved the country over the mountains in that great park which forms the San Luis Valley on the banks of the historic Rio Grande.

All night long she traveled to Alamosa on the standard-gauge Pullman. The day was then consumed in the trip in a toy-like parlor car of the miniature train which switched back and forth across the interstate boundary half a dozen times before it finally made the grade and stopped puffing and panting at Osier. She registered at Bill Jenkins' tavern, was assigned a fairly comfortable room and was up bright and early the next morning to be on the job when the polls opened at seven o'clock.

All day long she visited with Bill Jenkins, the station agent, the section foreman and a couple of section hands of the Rio Grande who were the judges and clerks of election. Bill was in an entertaining mood, and it was well that he was because only six persons, including himself, the agent and the section employees, presented themselves to exercise their right of franchise during the entire twelve hours that the polls were open. Their ballots were duly numbered and cast with all legal formality.

The woman watcher from the State Capital kept a list of the names of the voters and the order in which the ballots were cast and enjoyed the scenery, Bill Jenkins and his stories throughout the day.

When evening came and the polls were closed, she insisted that the ballot box must go at once to Conejos. Grumblingly, Bill Jenkins hitched his team of sorrel nags to his buckboard and placed the ballot box in the small space back of the seat. The section foreman went along also. Bill tried to induce the lady from Denver to sit in the seat. She insisted, however, that they cover the ballot box with rugs and blankets so that she might sit upon it on the trip over the mountains.

No one has recorded the tortures which the lady must have suffered in riding on a loose wooden ballot box in the rear of a buckboard over the rockiest road this side of Dublin.

It was early in the morning when the Osier ballot box reached the office of the County Clerk. The watcher witnessed its delivery to the Clerk and saw that official execute a receipt therefor and hand it to Bill Jenkins.

Three tired public servants then drove from Conejos to Antonito a mile away, where she found rest and sleep at the Palace Hotel for what was left of the night.

About noon she awakened. Immediately she went to the Court House to check the results. To her amazement she learned of another home run which had been scored by Osier in electing all the "Fusion" candidates on the local ticket and giving majorities to certain state candidates, including the candidate for a place in the State Assembly whom she did not favor.

With fire in her eye, she went in search of Bill Jenkins. She found him regaling a group of the boys in Barlow's Store with a new crop of stories. She cut in upon a half-told yarn sharply, saying:

"Mr. Jenkins, did you hear that there were 66 ballots counted for Osier?"

"No I didn't hear it," said Bill. "Is that a fact?"

"Yes, it's a fact. And I'd like to know how those 66 ballots which were never cast got into that ballot box."

"Well now, lady, I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about. If there were that many ballots in the box, then maybe you hatched them. You sat on the ballot box all the way down from Osier."

* * * * * *

NOTES FROM A COWBOY'S DIARY [AT BENT'S OLD FORT.]

BY GENERAL W. H. SEARS*

In the spring and early summer of 1876 I was a cowboy in Eastern Colorado. I worked for the cattle firm of Moore & Powers twenty miles east of Las Animas. On the north bank of the Arkansas River stood the ruins of old Fort Wise. This fort was named after Governor Wise of Virginia. During the Civil War my father-in-law, Judge Lawrence Dudley Bailey, Justice of the Supreme Court of Kansas, paid a visit to Major General David Hunter, commanding the Department of the Missouri at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. When Judge Bailey entered General Hunter's headquarters, General Hunter said. "Well, Judge, how is old Breckinridge County?" Judge Bailey replied, "General Hunter, there is no Breckinridge County. I put an act through the Kansas Legislature changing the name of Breckinridge to Lyon County, Kansas. We do not propose to perpetuate the names of traitors in our State." Without a word General Hunter turned to his desk and wrote the following: "General Order Number..... The name of Fort Wise, Colorado, is hereby changed to the name of Fort Lyon. We do not propose to perpetuate the names of traitors in this country." As is well known, General Lyon was killed in the battle of Wilson Creek in the Civil War. Now I will proceed with my cowboy story.

Immediately below Fort Wise was Bent's old fort. It stood on a high, rock promontory fifty or sixty feet above the Arkansas River and was built of sandstone with a dirt roof and in the form of a hollow square, covering a half acre of ground. An enormous deep ditch faced by a high stone wall encircled the fort and inclosed about five acres of ground. In the days when the Indians were on the war path the great gate in this wall was on hinges so that it could be let down across this great ditch to form a bridge. When I lived in this old fort the gate was permanently down; but the two great posts with pulleys at the top of each, the great chain used to lower the gate, and the two enormous cast-iron weights used to balance the gate when it was lowered as a bridge, were still there.

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* THIS "GEM" WAS PRIVATELY PUBLISHED BY GENERAL SEARS IN LAWRENCE, KANSAS, AND IS A COLLECTORS ITEM. IT IS REPRINTED HERE FOR THE PLEASURE OF ALL WESTERNERS THROUGH THE COURTESY OF THE WESTERN RANGE CATTLE INDUSTRY STUDY.

In the days when this old fort was one of Colonel Bent's Indian trading posts, small field pieces were mounted on the dirt roof of the fort behind low walls that were some three feet higher than the roof.

There was a well in the plaza of the fort that furnished plenty of water; but a road had been cut out of the stone bluff down to the river where live stock could be taken for water. I lived alone in this old fort for about three months, inspecting the cattle on the range every day, and engaging in round-ups and cattle drives.

Soon after the Civil War a great flood came and an ice jam formed at Bent's old fort, so that old Fort Wise was flooded many feet deep and the soldiers were forced to leave the fort. Immediately after this the fort was abandoned and moved to the north side of the Arkansas River opposite Las Animas, Colorado.

While I was there in the spring of '76, Second Lieutenant Homer W. Wheeler of the Sixth Cavalry was sent to old Fort Wise with a detail of soldiers and camped there for some two weeks. This detail of soldiers took up the bodies of all dead soldiers buried at Fort Wise and placed them in wooden boxes. These bodies were hauled by wagon to Kit Carson, Colorado, and from there shipped to Fort Leavenworth for permanent interment. While Lieutenant Wheeler was there I visited with him daily. Sometimes he would take supper with me at Bent's old fort, and at other times I would eat with him in his tent at Fort Wise. I learned that Lieutenant Wheeler was a nephew of General Carmi W. Babcock, of Lawrence, Kansas. I also learned that he served as the guide to Lieutenant Hanley and a troop of cavalry in April 1875 and participated in the battle of Sapulpa Creek in Northwestern Kansas with the Indians. In this battle Lieutenant Wheeler killed an Indian Chief who was just on the point of shooting a soldier, thus just saving the soldier's life. For his heroism he was appointed Second Lieutenant in the United States Cavalry and was on duty with the Sixth Cavalry only six months when I met him at old Fort Wise.

Opposite Bent's old fort was Miller's Island, a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, and covered with heavy timber. A man named Miller owned it and lived there in 1876. On the south side of the river was the Santa Fe Railroad and near the track was a ranch house which served as the post office for the surrounding cattle men and

ranchers. About twice a week I swam my pinto cow pony across the river to get my mail. Incoming mail was thrown off on the ground in bundles. Outgoing mail was fastened to a large barrel hoop and caught on the arm of a railroad mail clerk at the mail car door as the train passed, the mail detached and the hoop thrown to the ground.

I had my share of breaking wild bronchos while on this ranch. Always we took the wild horse to a large sand bar opposite old Fort Wise and there these bronchos were broken. It did not take long for they were soon worn out from bucking in the deep sand.

For some weeks I had a negro cowboy on the ranch as a helper. He had just finished five-year enlistment in the United State Cavalry and was a good rider. We called him "Peak". One day he insisted on riding the worst bucking horse we had at the ranch, a gray mare. He carelessly let the end of a rope hit the mare's heels and she began to buck furiously. She was very near the bank of the Arkansas River and finally the saddle girths broke and saddle and negro were catapulted over the mare's head into the Arkansas River, ten feet deep. But "Peak" was a good swimmer and holding on to the saddle with one hand he swam to a sand bar and got out. I was able to lasso another cow pony near by and so "Peak" was soon mounted again.

One day we had a big round-up on the south side of the Arkansas River opposite old Fort Wise. I was "cutting out" for I was riding a very fine cut-out pony. A trained cut-out pony will follow a cow like a dog, and drive her out of the herd without any direction from the rider. My ranch boss, Abe Peterson, was also "cutting out" when suddenly his pony turned quickly to follow a cow, and Abe fell off his pony. This pony immediately galloped away to the south toward the sand hills. I pursued the running pony, but was not able to get near enough to throw my lasso until I had chased him nearly a mile into the sand hills and almost back to the round up, when I got near enough to throw my rope. It was perfect cast and the noose dropped over the running pony's head very beautifully. I never stopped the gallop, but led the captured pony back to the round-up. The cowboys cheered me for my expert work and I was nicknamed "Lasso Bill". This name stuck to me as long as I was in the cattle country in Colorado.

One day I was driving a herd of range cattle toward the ranch house, when suddenly a cow dodged out of the herd and ran toward the hills. I followed her and tried to drive her back. I did not know at the time that she had a young calf concealed in the grass in the hills, or I would not have tried to compel her to rejoin the herd. The cow suddenly become enraged and quickly turned and charged, and before my pony could get out of the way she drove one of her sharp, slender horns through its breast causing its death within a few minutes. I drew my revolver, intending to shoot the cow, but she walked quietly away. I had to carry my heavy cowboy saddle about three miles before I found a bunch of cow ponies grazing and was able to catch one of them by offering it lumps of sugar. I rode to the ranch a very tired cowboy.

I was in prairie dog country and often saw prairie owls, rattlesnakes, and rabbits, all running into the same prairie dog hole. This story has often been denied, but I vouch for the truth of it.

Soon after taking charge of Bent's old fort I picked six good milk cows out of the herd of range cattle and drove them into the corral inside of the fort and milked them twice a day. I had to rope these cows every time I milked them, snub their heads close to a post, and then tie their hind legs together, before they would submit to being milked. I made butter and sold the extra butter, milk and buttermilk, also eggs, to passing immigrants, for the trail passed close to Bent's fort and near the trail I put out a sign, "Butter, Buttermilk, Milk and Eggs for Sale." I had a flock of chickens at the ranch and they furnished me several dozen eggs a day. When Lieutenant Wheeler was camped at Fort Wise, only one-half mile from Bent's fort, he was one of my best customers for these food supplies, not only for himself but for his men. My income from these sales largely supplemented my salary. In fact, this source of income was larger than my salary.

William Bent Moore, son of my employer, often visited me at the ranch and assisted me with the cattle on the range. One day his mother came to the ranch in a closed hack with a Mexican driver. She remained to help set the dinner that I had prepared. She was an educated woman and spoke perfect English, though her mother was a full blood Cheyenne Indian, while her father was Colonel Bent, former owner of Bent's old fort.

Six years later William Bent Moore entered the University of Kansas and we were classmates there and belonged to the same dancing club, "The Gradatim Club", which was organized by the late Lieutenant-Governor William Y. Morgan, of Hutchinson, Kansas. While here in the University, I held many "campfires" with William Bent Moore over our cowboy days on the range. Soon after leaving the University and returning to his home in Old Town Las Animas, he was run over by a switch engine in the railroad yards and instantly killed. He was one-quarter Cheyenne and a very handsome man. His two sisters, younger than William, were said to be the most beautiful women in the State of Colorado.

In my performance of my duties on the range in the neighborhood of the ranch, I rode horse back from fifteen to thirty miles per day; but one day I rode eighty miles, using four horses. The last twenty miles I rode from the ranch in company with William Bent Moore to his home at Old Town Las Animas, where I stayed all night.

Before daylight the next morning I left Old Town Las Animas in company with Judge Moore in a buggy drawn by two very fast trotting horses, for Trinidad, Colorado, a distance of one hundred miles. We arrived at our destination just as it was getting dark. Judge Moore had a large sum of money in the buggy and he took me along to help him guard it. We were armed with rifles and revolvers, but we were not disturbed on our journey. We remained in Trinidad all night and started back the next day, but we traveled slowly and it took us two days to get back to Old Town Las Animas.

After the round-up season was over I was assigned, with other cowboys, to guard a large beef herd on reserve pastures on the north side of the Arkansas River, a few miles above Bent's old fort. One night I was on duty, with three other cowboys, holding the cattle. It was after midnight and most of the cattle were lying down, when suddenly a great storm came up from the northwest, with wind, rain and hail. I was on the south side of the herd near the river when the storm broke. Instantly this great herd of cattle stampeded and as is always the case, they ran before the storm. My only chance of escape was to plunge my horse into the Arkansas River and swim across; but before I got across the herd was upon me and on both sides. As soon as I struck dry ground, I raced my horse to the south as fast as any horse could run, finding my way by the flashes of lightning. I ran up a gulch, a tributary to the

Arkansas, with the great herd thundering in pursuit, but a flash of lightning showed me a ledge of rock and I dodged in behind it and there waited. The great herd rushed past, but I was protected by the rock and thus probably saved my life.

Those were the days of open ranges and real cowboys, but now those days are gone, never to return, and the cowboy of today has become only a fence rider.

* * * * * *

CHUCK WAGON REVIEWS
By Fred Rosenstock

CHARLES M. RUSSELL, THE COW-BOY ARTIST.
By Ramon Adams and Homer Britzman.
Trail's End Publishing Co.,
Pasadena.

This book is published in two forms; a so-called Regular edition, in one volume, at $7.50; and a Limited Edition, in two volumes, at $25.00.

The Regular edition is primarily a biography, but is not of the all-too-often "Birthstone", "Grindstone", or "Tombstone" variety. It really makes the man live, giving his nearer genealogy and antecedents as a starter, but soon widens out to all phases of the remarkable development of a great artist of pioneer Western life.

Russell's own career covered only the Open Range period from 1880 on, which might be called the cow-chip period; but he personified almost equally well the earlier, or buffalo-chip period; the days of Bridger, Carson, etc.

The book has 12 color plates, 37 chapter heads from pen and ink drawings of Russell, and 99 black and white illustrations from paintings, letters, and photographs.

The Limited, two-volume, edition has not only the "Biography" volume, but an additional volume of bibliography, containing a comprehensive list of books, pamphlets, periodicals, etc. with Russell illustrations; as well as works of which he was both author and illustrator. It also goes into the question of imitation or fake Russells and their detection.

The 37 chapters of biography

cover all of Russell's career from his earlier carefree days of painting for a drink or so, to his later days (after his marriage) when his work sold for thousands of dollars. Charley, to the last, had the artist's typical contempt for money in itself.

With the Limited edition comes a duplicate set of the 12 colored reproductions, loose and suitable for framing.

Breathes there a Westerner who does not say to himself, upon seeing one of Charley Russell's famous pictures, "Here is my own, my REAL Old West!"

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JEFF MILTON; A GOOD MAN WITH A GUN. By J. Evetts Haley; with drawings by Harold D. Bugbee. University of Oklahoma Press -- $5.00.

Born in 1861 shortly after the beginning of the Civil War, the son of the Governor of Florida, he was named Jefferson Davis Milton. His father was a fanatical follower of the Secession movement, and was so distressed at the outcome of the war that he committed suicide in 1865.

Milton was descended from the great English poet, John Milton, and his background was that of the aristocratic slave-owning South. When about 18 he headed for Texas, as his family fortunes were at low ebb. His temperament and likings naturally drew him to a frontier life with the Texas Rangers, with whom he served for three years and made his mark as a man of nerve. Then, for a short period, he clerked in a dry goods store (but did not wind up president of the U.S.).

Going back to his Florida home for a visit, he found he could not stand the quiet life, and so he again headed for the West. For a time he homesteaded and had various adventures with bad men and wild animals. Then came a term as Deputy Sheriff and Customs Inspector, both jobs involving fights and shootings. For a short period he was a locomotive fireman, then a Pullman conductor, his run being from El Paso to Mexico City. However, he was accused, unjustly, of pushing a Mexican off a train, and had to be transferred to the St. Louis run. In 1894 he was appointed Chief of Police of El Paso, a man-sized job at that time. During his term he once met and cowed Wes Hardin, the notorious Texas bad man; but Hardin lived to be killed by another hand. Still later, Milton was a Border Inspector for the Immigration Department, and his main job was to prevent the illegal entry of Chinese into the U.S. He won the praise of

his superiors in the service for honest and fearless discharge of duty. From this he finally retired in 1932, and spent the remainder of his life quietly at his home in Tombstone, Arizona. He died in 1947. Milton was a dangerous man to trifle with, yet withal a man of fine character, never picking on the weak or allowing himself to be drawn into anything that wasn't wholly up-and-up.

Mr. Haley, the author, is a competent historian, being the author of a number of esteemed works, notably the book "XIT Ranch" and the Life of Charles Goodnight. His present life of Jeff Milton is on the same high level. The drawings by Harold Bugbee, and the old photographs, are excellent.

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THE BIG DIVIDE. By David Lavender. Doubleday & Company, $4.50.

David Lavender, a Westerner by birth and inclination, has here written a regional book that can be read and enjoyed by the casually interested as well as by the occasional person who is saturated with Western history.

The first 90 odd pages, with some deviations and shuttling (which do not detract from the book) tell the story of the region, beginning with Lewis and Clark, and Pike, the periods of the fur trade and the mountain men, culminating with the Colorado gold-rush of 1858-59. Then comes some really fascinating reading, as Lavender treats vividly, yet without exaggeration, such subjects as the Indian Troubles, the Silver Camps, Leadville, Aspen, Creede, etc. with some especially fine chapters on mountain railroads and early transportation.

The development of Southwestern Colorado was not wholly the work of Otto Mears, but he was an important factor, building roads, trading with the Indians; and when trouble with the Utes developed he played no small part in shaping relations with them to the advantage of the white man. I believe Lavender has given us the most interesting and credible account yet, of Mears.

All the picturesque, great and near-great, figures are here: Uncle Dick Wootton, General W. J. Palmer, H.A.W. Tabor, Chief Ouray and Chipeta, his squaw; W.A.H. Loveland; Nathan Meeker, of Meeker massacre fame; Dave Moffat, W.S. Stratton, and a host of others emerge as live characters.

There are some fine pages on the development of the cattle industry; the cattle and sheep

wars, and the long struggle between the cattlemen and the rustlers. An excellent chapter is devoted to the industrial unrest and mine wars of the early 20th Century. Conservation, reclamation, and skiing and mountain climbing are entertainingly treated.

In short, the "Big Divide" gives the reader a general view of the discovery, conquest and settlement of the "back-bone" or Big Divide region of the continent. The illustrations tie in perfectly with the text and are a welcome relief from the atrocities sometimes drawn or painted for Western books.

David Lavender made his mark with his earlier book, "One Man's West." In "The Big Divide" he has even surpassed that. This is highly entertaining history, and yet, none-the-less, history of permanent value. Certainly, it seems to me, here is a book which is a definite rival to "Timberline" and "Here They Dug the Gold", in its interest to Coloradoans.

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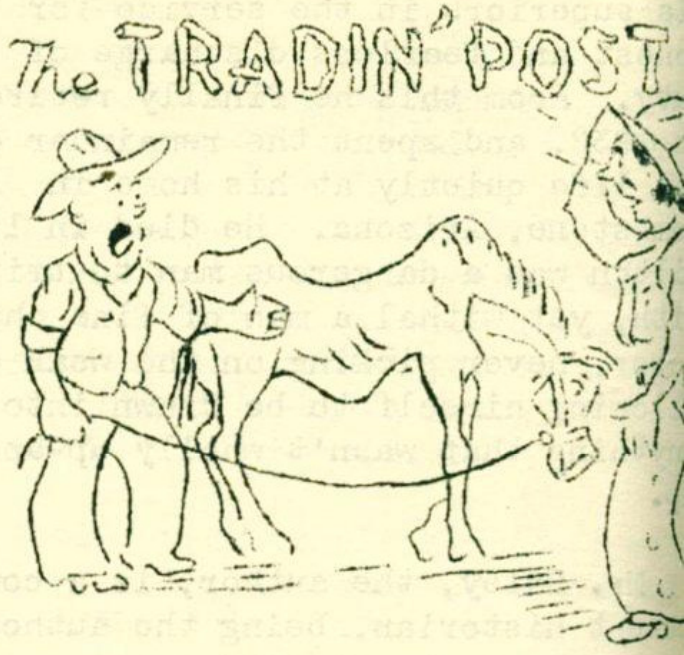

WANTED: "Guns of the Frontier", 1st edition by William MacLeod Raine. Name your price, pardner! Address Don Bloo and Philip W. Whiteley, M.D., c/o Brand Book, 713 Midland Savings Bldg., Denver.

FOR SALE: Complete edition, 13 years of "Railroad Magazine." Period: Jan. '35 - Dec. '47. $20.00. Contact Carl Mathews; P.O. Box 23; Glenwood Springs, Colorado.

MAKE AN OFFER: 16 mm. Cinekodak motion picture camera (1929) in perfect condition. Only 14 rolls of film ever put through this prewar, solidly constructed machine. Very compact;

deal for hikers, explorers. Simple peration: takes either 50 or 100-oot rolls. Close-up lense attached. an be used for color. Bill Barker; 13 Midland Savings Bldg., Denver.

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TRAIL DUST FROM THE DENVER CORRAL

IDING HERD ON THE POSSE

Sheriff Art Carhart is currently gathering illustrations for his two books forthcoming next Spring. The two new volumes are titled "Fresh Water Fishing" (A.S. Barnes and Co., New York), and "Hi, Stranger!" (Ziff-Davis, Chicago). The first concerns what its title implies; the second is an amusing, informative treatise on dude ranches and how to enjoy same.

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Compliments are going to R. G. Colwell's way for his intriguing article in the November Rocky Mountain Life on the Golden Cycle Mill at Colorado Springs. Good Reporter Colwell leaves no millstone unturned in his detailed story about the fabulous Golden Cycle.

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Last roundup of the Westerners, held at Dr. Nolie Mumie's hospitable Denver home, December 1, left the posse greatly indebted for a most wonderful evening. Although Ralph Carr and "The Last of the Madames" could not be present, the meeting was made very worthwhile by Dr. Mumie's off-the-cuff talk on Gutenberg's printing and Don Bloch's unrehearsed reading of "An Incubator Ballot Box," substitute paper by Ralph Carr. "Doc" Mumie distributed three-color reproductions of a page from the Gutenberg bible whereon the 23rd Psalm appears. Herewith, officially, the Westerners' sincere

thanks to Mrs. Mumie and Doc--bless their hearts!

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D E C E M B E R R O U N D U P:

Date: December 29
Performer: Don Bloch
Subject: Denver's First Movie (with lots of surprises).
Place: Press Club

Special: Ladies Night - bring the gals, but make advance reservations.

Extra: This will also be election nite for 1949 officers.

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Ah,h,h,h! The new annual BRAND BOOK will be published soon!

- - - -

COMPLETED: For the first time since 1910 there now exists a complete (?) index of all territorial and state documents issued by Colorado from 1861 to 1948. It will be published next Spring, but can be consulted until then in the State Archives, room 306, State Museum Building.

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HAVE YOU SEEN -- Roy Hafen's new HISTORY OF COLORADO, in four volumes? Just off the press it probably is the best general history of Colorado available, and the second volume containing specific studies by outstanding authorities is a gem. Lee Casey took an ineffectual swing at the two volumes of biographies, but any researcher will tell the gentleman of the fourth estate how valuable even the "inspired" articles can be in later years.

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RUMOR DEPT: Herb has another, it is said, "Window Musings" ready. Requests have been received from eleven countries and dozens of states.

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Yipe Dept: (all right, Gripe, then): Our faces are red over the proofreading of Don Bloch's advertisement in last month's Brand Book; sorry Don, but it just goes to prove that they do read the stuff since half the subscription list has let us know about it. Snuff' said!

- - - -

Corresponding member "Mac" Poor of Chicago has given "birth" to a splendid study of the DENVER SOUTH PARK AND PACIFIC RAILROAD which is now being published in Denver by the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club.

When the project was first begun some ten years ago, it was intended that the book would be issued by the Railway and Locomotive Historical Society of Cambridge, Mass. Upon completion it was found that the paper presented too lare a publication problem for that organization. (The editorial policy of that Society also left much to be desired!) After some discussion the alert and very active Rocky Mountain Railroad Club took over the publication of the work and contracted it to a Denver publishing firm who will complete the printing early in 1949.

Entitled DENVER SOUTH PARK & PACIFIC, Or a History of the Denver South Park & Pacific Railroad and Allied Narrow Gauge Lines of The Colorado & Southern Railway Co., the work includes the complete history of that line which was later known as the Denver Leadville & Gunnison Railway, and includes such constituent lines as the Denver Georgetown & Utah Railway--fore-runner of the South Park road -- the Denver South Park & Hill Top Railway, The Denver Cripple Creek & Southwestern Railroad, the London South Park & Leadville Railroad, The Leadville Mineral Belt Railway, The Colorado Railroad, and others, together with the two Clear Creek lines--the Colorado Central Railroad and the Georgetwon Breckenridge & Leadville Railway. After a hectic era under the Gould banner, the entire group (23 narrow gauge companies) eventually wound up as part of the Colorado & Southern Railway. In addition to the history proper there are 16 maps, 6 charts, a large profile of all major lines, and approximately 200 of the best photographs that could be assembled. For the technician and motive power or equipment "fan" there is a complete locomotive roster of all narrow gauge equipment of both the South Park line and the Colorado Central.

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WANTED: Annual reports (printed as pamphlets) of the Denver Union Stock Yard Company (1886-1948), Kansas City Stock Yard Company, Chicago Stock Yards & Transit Company, Omaha Union Stock Yards, and St. Louis Union Stock Yards. If you have <u>any</u> but don't want to sell them (and we will buy them if you do want to) kindly let us microfilm them for research use. Write Herbert O. Brayer, Western Range Cattle Industry Study, State Museum, Denver. Will trade if desired for large collection of rare and valuable railroad publications or state documents.

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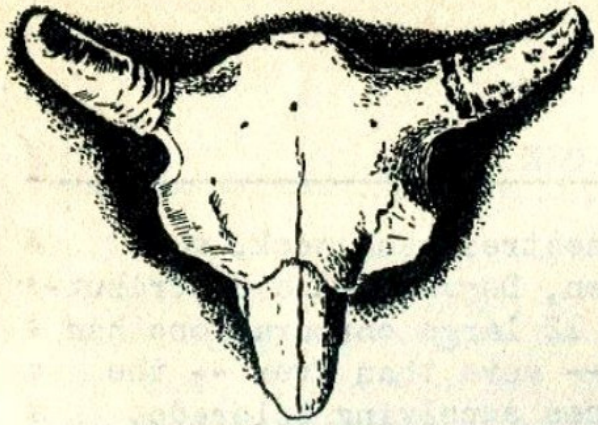

The BRAND BOOK

OFFICIAL ORGAN
THE WESTERNERS
306 STATE MUSEUM BLDG.
DENVER 2, COLORADO

ABNEY OTIS COLLINS, REGISTRAR OF MARKS AND BRANDS

Vol. 4 DECEMBER, 1948 No. 1

FLICKERANA FOR DENVER

BY DON BLOCH

I - Introduction

The story begins with a challenge.

In the April 23, 1934 issue of the Rocky Mountain News appeared an unsigned item which began: "So small were the beginnings of the movies in Denver that they have been forgotten almost. They first appeared in an atmosphere of catch-penny devices and nickelodeons...only a step ahead of the parlor stereopticon, and for many years concerned themselves mainly with the spicy doings of the philandering parlor maid..."

Initial research proved this statement only too literally true. No champion had come forward, apparently, to chronicle the early history of motion pictures in Denver, and that history was forgotten -- "almost." Schoberlin and Burt have covered its dramatic, variety, and allied amusement phases specifically and carefully; every self-respecting history of the city and state has a section on the subject. None, however, even nods in contempt to an industry which, little more than a decade after its beginnings was described as "a million dollar industry."

DON BLOCH IS A FORMER NEWSPAPER MAN AND TEACHER OF JOURNALISM. HE IS INFORMATION SPECIALIST WITH THE U. S. FOREST SERVICE, DENVER.

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By then, 150,000 people attended its 50 theatres each week, and over $1,250,000 was invested in them. Even then, Denver was a distributing point for many manufacturers of films, and 12 large corporations had agencies here. At the present time Denver is -- more than ever -- the key city for film distribution, with 26 exchanges supplying Colorado, Wyoming, western Nebraska, northern New Mexico, southwestern South Dakota, and northwestern Texas. There are 40 moving picture theatres in Denver proper, seven more in the suburbs; their total seating capacity is close to 40,000, and almost the whole amount of $4,489,389 -- collected by the State as Internal Revenue from "Admissions to Theatres" -- comes from the movies.

These data, it seemed to me, were sufficient to indicate that the initial beginnings of that facet of Denver's economic and social history which had come from scratch to such totals in half a century, ought to be recorded.

So -- I have tried to record it in this paper. First, because it is interesting, I wanted to discover the where, when, what, and who of the very first motion picture shown on a screen in Denver. Then, I wanted to carry the story, briefly, to the establishment of the first commercial moving-picture houses. The period I shall cover lies between 1896 and 1904.

Let me catch up a bit of moving picture history here, for the benefit of those who may not be familiar with it, to tie in with my story.

Before 1885, there were seeds which sprouted into ideas that may have been precursors of pictures that moved. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Germans, Americans -- all figure in that incunabula of movie history. But, in 1885-86, Anschütz, a German, perfected the Tachyscope -- simply a series of cards, showing successive photographs of a moving object, and twirled on a rod -- and this seems in all likelihood to have been the immediate inspiration to Edison who invented his Kinetoscope in 1889. He didn't bother to patent it until 1891, however, nor to push it until 1893. In that latter year the first so-called "Kinetoscope Parlor" was opened in a phonograph shop at 1155 Broadway, in New York. That was the world's first "penny arcade," the first "penny-in-the-slot peep-show."

Just to keep the record straight, the first such peep-show in Denver was the Midway, or Midway Arcade, located across from Gart's Sporting Goods Store, at 1643 Larimer. When it was opened exactly, or by whom, I have not yet discovered. In it, in addition to the peep-show machines, was a famous barrel organ that had "come across the plains." It was the pin type, and there was a man who used to come from somewhere once a week and change the pins to make new tunes. (That organ -- I am confident it is the exact one -- is now in the basement of the Gold Nugget, at 1623 Larimer -- and I wish I had room for it at home!) This arcade ran up to 1912, then was converted into the Fun Theatre, more or less burlesque.

Next peep-show was the Mills-Edisonia. It opened some time in latter 1902, at 1015 Sixteenth street. I have a picture to show what it was like. It does not appear in the 1908 Directory -- but my guess is that much of its subsequent history now lies in the back room of the Penny Arcade, in operation at 1735 Curtis street; and also in that "Museum of 1,000 Mechanical Gadgets" at the home of my good friend, W. F. Pritts, of Denver.

But it was from this primitive but highly popular peep-show that the Frenchman, Lumiere, got his idea for projecting the pictures on a screen. His ideas seem to have come first, but Edison preceded him with the actual machine. It was in the same year, 1895, that the latter brought out his "improved Kinetoscope," for screen projection. There seem to be no recorded public appearances of this particular machine, for almost simultaneously Thomas Armat of Washington, D. C. (whom I have interviewed on this subject in his Georgetown, D. C. laboratory), and C. Francis Jenkins (later of television fame), also of Washington, perfected a machine for projecting the peep-show images on a screen which they named -- for obvious reasons -- the Vitascope. They offered to join forces with Edison, in order to get the financial benefit of his name. Edison agreed, and a machine which combined the best features of both the earlier Kinetoscope and an improved Vitascope was born.

And that was the first real movie machine.

Motion pictures reached the screen virtually simultaneously in France, England, and the United States. In April and May 1895 a man named Latham gave public exhibitions with the new machine in New York,

the world's first movies projected on a screen. Only a few private exhibitions in New York followed this, during that summer of 1895. Armat took a Vitascope to Atlanta, Ga., and gave a public showing in September. That was number two. Lumière gave the first public exhibition of his machine at the Grand Cafe, in Paris, in December 1895. That was number three. And Paul, also a Frenchman, gave the first public exhibition of the perfected Lumiere machine in London, in February 1896. That was number four.

And those were the first real movie shows in the world.

The whole history of the moving picture at this period is fast, furious and utterly fascinating. Between 1895 and 1905 there was an almost terrifying amount of invention, wild experiments, crazy ideas; fortunes were made in a few weeks and lost in a day. A horde of adventurers -- furriers, peddlers, secondhand dealers, cattlemen, plumbers, and fairground proprietors -- hurled themselves upon the novelty, engaged in epic struggles and lawsuits with one another, and out of the welter eventually carved the forms of a great and glittering new industry. In that period, although it is difficult to believe, there emerged movies in full color, talking movies and talking movies in color; and virtually every camera trick was devised which -- forgotten, and then "re-invented" along the way -- is in use today.

By some common instinct, the first films turned out in this country very much resembled those made by Pathé, Gaumont, Lumière, Méliès, and others in France. Americans apparently demanded no originality at all, at least up to 1905. We turned out the same brief funny "farce" scenes, love scenes, and newsreel sort of thing as the French. An 1899 film catalogue for "Life Motion Picture Machines," published by the American Lubin Company (priced, fellowbook-catalogue prowlers, at $32.50, by the way) lists a group of "Short Films, mostly 50-100 feet", under these headings: War films, Naval films, Grand Naval Review at New York, Dewey (the admiral, that is) films, Dances, Railroad Express films, Illusions, Animals, Comic films, Yacht races, and Miscellaneous.

"The pictures as shown on the screen," says one early historian, "were of about one minute's duration; bulky, proportionless and so imperfect photographically that wholly apart from almost intolerable flickers, there was considerable resentment expressed in the press..."

During those early years, the producers cared little enough about what they turned out, though they were firmly convinced that the public would accept only films lasting no more than two or three minutes, and that anything longer would prove bewildering or incomprehensible.

The first shows were received well enough, however, although with a certain amount of suspicion. The pictures had to be shown in dark halls, and the Americans -- thanks to Barnum and others who introduced new "marvels" -- had good reasons for mistrusting dark halls. There were pickpockets, for example. There seemed something odd, too, about the offer of so much amusement for only a few cents. The public remained so "obstinately suspicious of a trick of some kind," relate Bardeche and Brasillach in their History of Motion Pictures, "that one enterprising exhibitor cut a hole in the back wall of his hall so that prospective customers might peep in before buying a ticket, and convince themselves that there really would be something inside worth seeing...but as people gradually discovered that darkness provided certain compensations as well as dangers, they finally got used to the idea."

In April 1896, just one year following Latham's first public showing of the Vitascope, the Edison-Armat-Jenkins invention got its first performance at a "big house", Koster and Bials's, in New York, where Macy's now stands. Armat was at the projection end.

This is how Armat described that show to me, during an interview in 1934:

"My part was last on a variety bill which introduced Albert Chevalier, Maurice's father, as a singer of coster songs. My films consisted of 10 fifty-foot items made originally for the Kinetoscope machines of Edison. The item, Sea Waves, showing the surf breaking on the coast of Dover, England, drew cheers from the crowd and started a panicky commotion among those up front as the sea came rushing toward them. The audience cheered, too, and went wild, when they saw the life-size shadow of Annabelle, a favorite of the day, dancing on the screen. The complete program included the Umbrella Dance, the Barber Shop, Burlesque Boxing, the Butterfly Dance, the Bar Room, Venice Showing Gondolas - a travelogue, and two newsreel shots - Kaiser Wilhelm Reviewing His Troops, and Cuba Libre."

I ask you to keep in mind these titles for a little while, and the date, April of 1896.

II - The First Movie

The earliest date to begin on was easy: there couldn't have been any screen-projected movies in Denver before 1896, for Armat's solitary showing in Atlanta, in December of 1895, was the farthest west they'd come, and the only showing there had been outside of New York at all. Previous definite information I had, indicated 1898 as the latest date I need consider for this phase of my search. Somewhere, then, between these years, would have been Denver's first movie.

Newspaper morgues were unproductive; and, at first, nothing came from the good attendants at the Public Library. (Eventually, I came so often and pestered them so unmercifully, that I had only to look in the direction of one of them to get a polite but definite shake of the head in answer to my unspoken question, "Have you found anything on early movies for me?")

I had interviewed a score of "old-timers" of one sort or another. Working forwards and backwards between my delimiting dates, I had gone through some four months of the files of early Denver newspapers; and all the early theater programs in the library's Western History Collection. I had crawled, also, through that wonderful group of old programs assembled by our fellow-Posseman, Fred Rosenstock (and kept the bound volumes two nights, instead of the one promised, just so I could drool a little longer over the dear, dead days of the "theater" in Denver.)

I had taken my subject back through January 1, 1897, when the wonderful "Biograph" came to the Broadway - and I wish I could read you the whole descriptive--and now very quaint-sounding-article which begins: "Many a curious eye has been turned in the last week to the red-curtained tent that shuts in the mysteries of the Biograph at the Broadway theatre...(and) the curiosity concerning its mechanism has amounted to wonder and utter incomprehension..."

I had learned that, although praised highly, even these films were still the "flickers" to the press (which complained of their "unsteadiness...a kind of trembling that at times amounts almost to a blur and

prevents perfections".) I had learned that, although the "management" of theatres used these early films because the people clamored for them - like the famous Empire State Express short feature, which simply had to close the Broadway performances for two seasons -- they nevertheless regarded them as "chasers", to empty the theatre, or to fill in the time between the acts or scenes in the vaudeville and legitimate houses.

I had learned, from the old programs - for the newspapers did not go into detail about anything but the play in their reviews - that the same short subjects that had been made earlier for the peep-show Kinetoscopes, by Edison, in his famous "Black Maria" studio back in New Jersey, were still going the rounds. True, they had "graduated" to the screen, via film, from the old "cards", but they were the same. There were "The Stable on Fire", the U. S. Flag (waving nobly in a studio breeze); Niagara's Upper Rapids, Hard Wash (a typical Monday scene, it was described); Annabelle and LaLoie Fuller -- the incomparable dancers; the New York Fire Department (and taken from the front seat so you imagined yourself dahing along - a good buff - to the conflagration); a scene in the Winchester Arms factory (in imitation of the very first movie in the world - a scene at the Lumière studios in Paris); and still the famous "Kiss" scene, with May Irwin and John Rice.

The Empire State Express had been at the City Park and Sloan's Lake outdoor screens, at the Empire, the Empress, and perhaps at other theatres, as well as the Broadway. And, as always, it is said, people moved back from the front rows and screamed in horror as the giant locomotive bore down upon them from a speck in the distance. Sound effects - steam escaping from the boilers, the shriek of the whistle, and the oncoming sound of steel on the rails - always were a part of the showing for this popular feature.

Then, one evening at the end of a library day, Miss Auls, patient with me always in this search, came up with my first real lead. Buried in the August 1915 issue of an obscure publication, Colorado Factory Facts, she had found an article on "The Economic Side of the Moving Picture Industry in Denver". One F. O. Browne, who seems to have completely disappeared, then secretary of the Paris Theatre Company, had written it.

"One evening 18 years ago," began Mr. Browne, "a number of Denver people visited Elitch's Gardens to attend one of the regular performances in the theatre at that resort. The patrons had been promised an opportunity to see an improvement on the old-fashioned stereopticon slides which at one time entertained thousands of people in the lecture room, the church, and the home. The invitation said the figures in the new pictures would be shown in the act of moving as in real life, and would reproduce on the screen animated views as seen by the naked eye. The promise was fulfilled, and the audience witnessed the innovation of the modern moving picture."

That language was unmistakable, if correct: 18 years ago, and "the innovation". I went to work on the August issues of Denver's four newspapers of 1896, and worked backwards, chronologically.

For the last week of August, Gus Heege was playing in A Yenuine Yentleman at the Tabor Grand Opera House; the Schiller Opera Comique Co. was putting on The Bells of Corneville at the Broadway. Manhattan Beach had Captain Swift, featuring James Neill, George R. Edeson, and (do you remember her?) Henrietta Crossman!

At Elitch's Gardens, however, for the Week Commencing August 23, 1896, appeared this announcement in the Post: "Still Waters Run Deep". Mr. Walter Edwards, Stage Dir." In the cast were Frederick Montague, Walter Edwards, Miss Jessie Izett, and Mamie Dupont. But - "Before the show, Vitascope (colored). Amy Muller, fantastic toe dance". And after Act I, Vitascope again, with "Sandow, the Strongest Man in the World"; after Act II, "Bertholdi, the Lady Contortionist", and after the show, "Niagara Falls."

This was getting close. I sought the Sunday issues of the week preceding - August 16. There, on page 11, of the Daily News, was "The Merry Stroller" column, a potpourri of theatrical gossip.

"In this marvelously progressive era," began the initial item, "when the world of amusement receives the engrossing attention it unquestionably does, one particular manager occupies the highest place of importance in one particular line of offering. As certain ones are recognized in the realms of Italian opera and the highest order of dramatic entertainment, so is Mrs. John Elitch recognized as the center par excellence for all

summer amusement seekers in this vicinity. To her excellent judgment and liberality the public of Denver is today allowed to share with that of New York city the reigning craze, the vitascope. Not one of the many inventions of the wizard Edison has begun to create the sensation of the vitascope. It has been the talk of New York City and at Koster and Bial's has packed that house to the doors and been pronounced by them to be the greatest drawing novelty in their twenty years' experience as managers. The New York public is manifesting such extraordinary interest in the vitascope and its development that the papers continue to publish information and unsolicited testimony as to the machine and the great hit it has made. ("Some of the scenes," said a New York Herald squib of May 3, "thrown on the sheet are realistic in the extreme and the audience simply go wild with wonder and admiration.")".

The remainder of this item for Elitch's indicated that "the Indians" would be there another week, with their games and war dances; that the stock company's play, Ferncliffe, by John Howorth, the Stark Orchestra from Vienna, the fishing pond, and the "little steam engine ...also interesting to machinists" - were other popular attractions.

For Manhattan Beach, the play Niobe - a burlesque on Pygmalion and Galatea, and put on by the Manhattan Stock company - was puffed. Then: "As a special feature and following the Niobe performance, exhibitions will be given by one of the most interesting novelties ever offered by this city, the new and wonderful electrical invention, the phantoscope, which is the greatest invention of the kind now before the public. The phantoscope is a combination of the diorama and kinetoscope, and by it life, color, and motion are all reproduced before the vision of the spectator in a manner as realistic and startling as they are beautiful and true to nature. The complete and perfected views as seen by the spectator are composed of a great number of instantaneous photographs which, however, are thrown upon the screen so rapidly by the electrical apparatus reflecting them that the optic nerve of the spectator cannot transmit the images to his vision as rapidly as the machine reproduces and throws them upon the screen; hence the result is a perfect living picture in which, however, the minutest details of life are reproduced in a manner that is simply marvelous."

Notice, please, the tenses and wording of both items: it indi-

indicates that this is something definitely strange to Denver, and that these comments were written in advance of the showing of the films; previews, as it were, and undoubtedly composed from publicity blurbs which had come in by mail - or --- well, let us see.

The Denver Times, on August 22, had carried a couple of interesting squibs: Of Manhattan Beach's show, one said, "The phantoscope, which is an especial attraction at the Beach, has proved to be a tremendous drawing card, with its wonderful exhibitions splendidly received. It is certainly a remarkable invention, and the entirely new set of views that will be presented by it this week will be awaited with great interest." Of Elitch's show (despite a week of overcast skies and pouring rain, it had been crowded): "The Vitascope, Edison's great success, has in a measure been responsible for this great outpouring of the public. It is a marvelous invention, even for this age of progress, and as the pictures are to be changed every week, it would seem as if the Vitascope would continue with profit for the remainder of the season."

In the Daily News, for Monday August 17, under "Amusements" on the editorial page, there were noted the facts that"...the Gardens were crowded all day yesterday, and the thousands of people enjoyed themselves. One of the greatest novelties of the present century is the Edison Vitascope, which reproduces everything as it is in real life, with every facial expression that may be worn by one sitting before it. This machine is being used throughout the entire East with great success, and can be seen all this week in the theatre at the Gardens. They present five pictures: The Serpentine dance, kissing scene by May Irwin and John Rice (taken from Widow Jones), ocean waves coming in and breaking against the beach, the ballet dancer, and Sousa's band." For Manhattan Beach it was noted - and this is significant - that: "The phantoscope is being introduced in the theatre at the Beach with very good success for the first time in the West."

Similar puffs were carried in the Times that Monday which added, for the Elitch show: "It must be confessed that the latter (i.e., the Vitascope) was more appreciated than the former (meaning the legitimate play being shown.")

All this language indicates that I am close to the beginnings -- and

the end -- of my search. A bit eye-weary at one point, I turned inadvertently, to the Thursday, August 13 issue of the Times. Featured on page two, flanked by a 5-column picture of W. J. Bryan (captioned boldly, "The Next President of the U. S."), is this article:

"Vitascope or Phantoscope. Latest novelty from the East for Resort Patrons, Mind of the Wizard and its Marvelous Product. Both Elitch's Gardens and Manhattan Beach Have Unusual Attractions to Offer. Elitch's Gardens offer a new attraction to its patrons next week beginning on Sunday. It is something entirely new to Denver, and will undoubtedly prove an unusually entertaining feature of this always popular resort's bill. It is a vitascope.

"There are doubtless a great many people in Denver who do not know what a vitascope is. The fact is not at all to their discredit, for it is one of the Menlo Park Sage's newest and most marvelous inventions. But about everybody knows what a kinetoscope is. For instance, there are very few people who have not heard of the fact that the Fitzsimmons-Maher prize fight was photographed, and that by sticking your eye to a peephole of any of the many machines that are traveling about the country you can see an exact electrical reproduction of the movements of the fistic gladiators.

"The vitascope goes the kinetoscope one better. That is to say, it does away with the necessity of sticking your eye to a peephole. It casts the picture of the kinetoscope on a screen in life size. So that all you have to do is to sit and watch the figures on the canvas play their respective pantomime.

"This interesting and wonderful invention has been having a remarkable reception at Koster and Bial's New York Theater, and the newspapers of the metropolis have been devoting columns upon columns of space to its description and to the reception which its performances have been meeting with by the public. The first public exhibition that was given with it was on the evening of April 24. Since that time, it has been a constant feature of Koster and Bial's shows, and has proved a delightful source of amusement."

Manhattan Beach's notice, headed "An Electrical Invention which

Made a Hit in the East", indicates who has been the busy little beaver who provided these entertainments: "Manager Giffen of Manhattan Beach," it says, "announces another novelty he secured during his recent absence, and which is one of the most novel and remarkable things ever submitted to the amusement-loving public. It is a wonderful electrical invention called, for lack of a better name, the phantoscope. The first exhibition by the phantoscope will be at the Manhattan at the matinee in the theatre next Sunday afternoon. These exhibitions will follow the regular performances by the stock company, and will be a special feature for some time to come.

"Everyone is asking what the phantoscope is. It is a combination of diorama and the kinetoscope, and the effects produced by it are simply marvelous. By it, life, color, and action are all reproduced before the vision of the spectator in a manner as realistic and startling as they are beautiful and true to nature. Imagine sitting in the theatre looking at a huge screen upon the stage, and seeing thereon depicted, not pictures, but actual life-size, life-like, figures and scenes that are as real as though the spectators were actually looking at the originals. Imagine a scene like the Brooklyn handicap - the horses eager for the start, the jockeys in their vari-colored, brilliant-hued jackets, the starter ringing the bell, the horses covering the race course, spectators in the grandstand raising and throwing their hats in the air, and all of this perfectly life-like, not alone the motion, but even the color being reproduced - and you have a faint idea of what can be done with the phantoscope, the latest triumph of electrical invention. One of the most pleasing scenes, the 'Breaking of the Waves on the Dover Coast', is so realistic that when this was presented in Chicago, people sitting in the front row got up to move further back for fear they would be dampened by the moisture.

"The phantoscope has been enjoying a most successful run at the Chicago Opera House, and the Great Northern Roof Gardens, and Oscar Hammerstein has just succeeded in securing one for his famous Olympia in New York, where it will shortly be produced. Mr. Hewitt, who represents the owners, and who will have charge of the exhibitions during the Denver engagements, arrived in the city Friday morning."

It was that "arrived in the city Friday morning" which caught my eye.

I went over each of the four papers for Friday twice, with no luck. In the Sunday, August 16 issue of the Republican, page 24, column 1, was the final clue:

Under a "Something New This Week" headline, was this news: "Latest Edison Inventions at Manhattan and Elitch's... While the theaters at the summer resorts continue to furnish excellent entertainments, they have been augmented of late by other attractions. This week the latest improvements by Edison in the way of amusements will be presented at both the Beach and Elitch's Gardens...

"Elitch's will sustain its presige to-day by being the first to offer to its thousands of visitors the Edison vitascope. The vitascope is nothing more or less than an enlarged kinetoscope. Those who are familiar with the kinetoscope will understand what the vitascope is when it is explained that the pictures are thrown upon a screen and that the pictures move as in the kinetoscope, which adds greatly to the effect. In a private exhibition given Friday night the first picture shown was the Leigh sisters in their umbrella dance. The effect was the same as if the girls were there on the stage; all of their smiles and kicks and bows were seen. The second picture represented the breaking of waves on the sea shore; the effect was simply marvelous, wave after wave came tumbling on the sand and as they struck and broke into tiny floods just like the real thing, some of the people in the front row seemed to think they were going to get wet and looked about to see where they could run to in case the waves came too close.

"The third picture was a boxing match. Then came in quick succession a scene from Hoyt's 'A Milk White Flag', in which a couple of dozen people appeared. A scene from 'The Widow Jones,' in which May Irwin and John Rice did a burlesque on the Nethersole Kiss. A serpentine dance with all the colored calcium effect and an amusing picture showing an argument between John Bull and Uncle Sam. The vitascope is a big success and Mr. Edison is to be congratulated for his splendid contribution to the people's pleasure. The vitascope will be produced in the theater in conjunction with 'Ferncliffe' by the stock company."

(For Manhattan Beach) "Following the regular performance, a special attraction announced for this week is the phantoscope, the most

wonderful electrical invention of the age. The phantoscope is a combination of the diorama and the kinetoscope and the effects produced by it are simply marvelous. By it, life, color and action are all reproduced before the vision of the spectator in a manner as realistic and startling as they are beautiful and true to nature.

"Imagine sitting in the theater looking at a huge screen upon the state and seeing thereon depicted, not pictures, but actual life size, life-like figures and scenes that are as real as though the spectators were actually looking at the originals, and you have some idea of a phantoscope exhibition.

"People who have seen that famous finale of one of the acts in the 'Milk White Flag,' where there are 42 people present upon the stage and the band is playing and the Ransom Guards, and the bright colored vivandieres are performing their maneuvers, may see this reproduced upon the magic screen with a fidelity to the original that is simply astounding. The Cissy Fitzgerald dance, a fire rescue scene, where the fireman is mounting the ladder and rescuing the lady as the flames are roaring about him, the Lay sisters' famous dance, the Corbett and Courtney fight, and the village blacksmith shop, are but a few of the many novelties that the phantoscope depicts; while one of the most pleasing scenes, the 'Breaking of the Waves on the Dover Sea Coast', is so realistic that when this was presented in Chicago people sitting on the front row got up to move further back for fear they would be dampened by the moisture."

"In a private exhibition given Friday night" -- not at the Manhattan Beach but at Elitch's Gardens -- there it was. And, in a tiny, editorial page squib in the Denver Republican, for Saturday morning, August 15, the confirmation: "Vitascope at Elitch's", it said. "A New Feature of Entertainment Introduced Last Night. The Management of Elitch's Gardens has secured a new attraction for the theatre in that resort. It is a duplicate of Edison's vite(sic)scope, a contrivance on the kinetoscope principle, but on a much larger scale. The persons and objects photographed in motion are of life size, as their counterfeits are reproduced by the stereopticon light on canvas. Remarkably vivid results in expression of feature and readiness of action are obtained by the vitascope. At the close of last night's theatrical performance, Andrew Mackey, manager of the vitascope annex to the theatre, exhibited its

workings to a small crowd of privileged spectators, and won for his specialty applause in plenty. Two pictures were shown, one representing Ida Muller in a skirt dance, and the other the kissing scene from the comedy, The Widow Jones. Those familiar with the danseuse and the play showed acute appreciation of last evening's performance, every pose and gesture of the photographs being true to the originals. At Sunday afternoon's theatrical performance, the vitascope will be put on formal exhibition, pictures being given before the opening of the play, between the acts, and again when the curtain drops on the last scene."

Since August 11, in one paper, and the 13th and 14th in others, the Sunday performances in the two resorts, both operated by Mrs. Long, had been advertised. Since both resorts had matinees, the honors of first public showings of movies in Denver must be shared by both. But - the private showing at Elitch's, that Friday night of August 14, 1896 - that was Denver's first screen-projected motion picture.

I have no details on it - as to what, exactly, were individual reactions, or as to who were the privileged few who saw it. I inserted the following ad in the Denver Post Personal column for December 5, hoping I might get a response.

CAN YOU GIVE ME ANY INFORMATION ABOUT "A PRIVATE EXHIBITION GIVEN FRIDAY NIGHT (AUG. 14, 1896)" OF EDISON VITASCOPE FILMS IN DENVER? THESE SAME FILMS WERE SHOWN PUBLICLY, THE FOLLOWING SUNDAY, AT ELITCH'S GARDENS AND/OR MANHATTAN BEACH, DON BLOCH, CH. 8287.

There wasn't a nibble. I suspect the dramatic critic of each paper, the entire cast of Ferncliffe, Mrs. Long, and the "deck hands" were there - although Jimmy McParland, oldest stage hand in Denver, whom I talked to - and who probably was a stage-hand there at the time, hasn't the faintest recollection of it.

Anyhow, that was the birthday of the movies for Denver.

III - The First Movie Theater

Between the 1895 and 1905 dates I have suggested, the furriers, secondhand clothing dealers, and the host of others - all bold and crafty business men, hot upon the scent of something new - were carry-

ing this novelty over the country, pick-a-back, by horse and wagon, and in beat-up automobiles of that day. They were showing in pool halls, saloons, at fair grounds, public parks, and under whatever roofs of tar-paper, timber, or canvas they could rent. A fireman in Kansas City made a fortune by giving shows in a simulated railway coach across the end of which flickered the earliest travelogue pictures - many of them obvious fakes filmed thousands of miles from where they pretended to be. These were shown similarly all over the world, and were known as Hale's Tours. And do you, over 40, remember them at Elitch's - and the "effects" of sound and motion, when the scenery was rocked?

But, says the record, "In 1905, an ingenious Pittsburgh business man had the happy idea of renting a store, outside which he erected a glittering and many-hued facade. Within, he provided a show lasting 20 minutes with piano accompaniment, all for five cents. He remained open from 8 a. m. until midnight. This emporium of elegance combined with cheapness was baptized a nickelodeon, a name which hit the public fancy and also indicated exactly what the cinema was to be for years to come. Nickelodeons opened in towns everywhere, attracted a large public, and made it difficult for the producers to keep up with the demand for film. Edison regarded the films as a mere toy, interesting as a scientific problem, but due for a vogue of a few months only. When he was urged to take out international patents, he replied that he would not lay out so much as a dollar on any such foolery.

"The films stayed under canvas in fairs and sideshows, in gambling and burlesque halls, for many years still, projected in barns and tents with a sheet for a screen. It gave up roaming in Ohio and Normandy and through English hinterlands, however, and came to roost with the 1905 date."

This, from the books: in 1905, the cute "Pittsburgh business man" and his "nickelodeon".

Now let's pinpoint on Denver a moment, for I believe I have something that may necessitate a bit of rewriting in motion-picture history.

It would make a story in itself - the luggage and bed salesmen,

policemen, lawyers, cooks, barkeeps, electricians, politicians, pawnshop and feed-store proprietors, candy-makers, deck-hands, retired madames and their hired girls, real-estate dealers and contractors, old movie theater operators and projectionists that I pestered to establish this next point: to wit, Which WAS the first commercial moving-picture house in Denver?

I think I have it spiked down, however; although I must admit that the best actual evidence I have for the date of its establishment is the reluctant admission of a pre-marital prank recalled by a lady who says definitely it was "before 1902". My own conclusion is that the first commercial all-movie house in Denver was the Nickelodeon - yes, that was the name - located in a converted store-front, so-called, on the first floor of the old St. James Hotel, now the Regent, at 1528 Curtis street; and that it was opened and owned by one Gus Heck in the fall of 1901 and closed some time in early 1903.

There is no record of the Nickelodeon in any Denver Directory of any date, by name or suggestion - that is, classified under Amusements. There are no newspaper advertisements about it or its programs that I can find. I could find no photographs of the exact period which might have shown it. The Motion Picture Projectionists Union wasn't founded until 1912, and the records of its predecessor - Local B of Number 7, Stagehands Union, which covered in motion-picture operators of those cradle days - drew me a complete blank. The records of the licensing bureau of the Electrical Department for the City of Denver had all its early records destroyed when the fire burned its old City Hall quarters to the ground in the early '20's. Nobody now in any store, hotel, or office building in that block on both sides of the street remembers it. But the candy maker, Allison, on the corner of 15th and Curtis, whose brother established the shop in 1892, knew a Harry Klein who used to work in a saloon on the opposite corner who knew all about it - but Harry was in California for the cold weather and wouldn't be back until it warmed up again! (Parenthetically, half the people - I swear - who could have dictated this paper to me ad lib, have moved to, gone to on vacation, or died in, California.) No Harry Klein listed with the Bartenders' Union; but there was a Harry Klein - yes, an old-timer - who was a cook, and maybe worked in the saloon. The Cook's Union had no Harry, but there was a Jack Klein - but he was only 57 -- not old

enough for me. Anyhow, when I finally contacted Harry's brother Simon, who works for the city as foreman of a street building crew, it turned out maybe the candy maker was thinking of two other people: Harry hadn't come to Denver until 1917...

But - I have the best recollections of "Jap" Morgan and Ed Ellison, holders of Denver's Number 1 and Number 2 projectionist's union cards, that it was 1901 or '02 when Gus Heck (who later went to work at the Golden Eagle Department Store, thence to California - and died) opened and operated it. I have the best recollections of Howard Burtis, who was the first projection operator there - preceding Noble Alexander, Billy Lee, Jake Kramer, and Howard's brother, Ross E. Burtis; and those recollections of Mr. and Mrs. Lou Brady - he's holder of #3 card in the Union - that both Morgan and Ellison are right with their date.

Best of all, there is the word of Max Kohn who, with his brother, Gus, ran a chain of movie theatres here in Denver at a slightly later date. Max Kohn attended the Nickelodeon before 1903, definitely, and remembers it had been there some time as a "going show" by that date. He worked at Joslyn's, next door, from 1895-1903, and he attended the show while he was still working there.

These details are a combination of recollections by him, Lou Brady, Jap Morgan, Howard Burtis, and a dozen others who contributed some little bit to piece together.

The Nickelodeon, Denver's first commercial moving picture house, was on the ground floor, to the left of the present entrance of the Regent Hotel -- i.e., now between the Rialto and the Regent -- in one of the spaces converted to "store fronts" about the turn of the century. It opened right off the street; it had no sign on the outside to give its name. It was not well attended - "only a few people ever dropped in", says Kohn - and they sat, facing the alley, on folding chairs, - "like at a funeral". Music was furnished by an Edison cylindrical record phonograph which was on a table just inside the door, to the left. This was all the music; there never was even a piano, and no song-slide singer.

The store theatre was about 18 feet wide, and ran clear back to the

alley. Its capacity was "about 200". All the walls were bare. There was no stage. Tacked to the back wall was a white cotton bed sheet for screen. The theatre was open from 2-11 p.m. Admission was five cents for a show which lasted about 20 minutes, and ran all short subjects. One of these was the famous Empire State Express picture which had held them spellbound at the Broadway back in 1897. (It was still a favorite, incidentally, and was to continue so for another three or four years.)

Those are the meager details - meager because, I find, that it is not easy to remember back almost a half century... even if you WERE there...

Now, just to wind up for the records. After the Nickelodeon, came "Fuzzy" Wilson's Dreamland theatre, at 1500 Larimer, where Joe Alpert's Clothing Store is now. It was opened in late 1902 or early 1903. Jap Morgan, who was a projectionist there, remembers the sound effects: "Shots were made by striking with a rod on a buggy cushion". Third all-movie house was George R. Adams' first Crystal (he had two), which opened in 1903 in "the old Mozart Place", then moved up to 1717 Curtis to take over the Plaza. Morgan, again, was a projectionist for Adams. Finally, for number four - and the one most people interviewed usually accorded first honors - was Harry Lubelski's Novelty, across from the original Crystal, at 1640 Curtis (later, 1630-32 Curtis). This opened early in 1904, with the "Diamond King" himself usually out in front, waving a fist full of bills and betting anybody who came along that they couldn't find a better show in town.

After Lubelski, the deluge...

And that is the end of the story. I must add a frank postscript, however. As with others who have attempted such a footnote to history as this paper attempts, conflicting evidence on almost every point can be the ultimate reward. Memory is treacherous, when one has come to be sixty or thereabouts, concerning events of four or five decades before. There are lacuna that, apparently, all the third-degree methods and persistent questioning in the world cannot fill with actually lived-through but forgotten facts. What difference is it to one of seventy-five, whether the entrance to a theatre he once attended 40-odd years before was on the left side or the right side of this or that... or

whether it was in the fall of 1901 or the summer of 1906? And many who might have answered my questions, are dead and buried.

I shall probably never know really whether that "early movie on 15th, between Curtis and Arapahoe, run by 'Daddy' Rand", or that one "at Second and Broadway, opened by Cassidy, a former Denver ball-player, that had folding chairs, too" - weren't maybe numbers two and three, for instance, before Fuzzy Wilson... But you have to stop somewhere.

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TRAIL DUST FROM THE DENVER CORRAL

RIDING HERD ON THE POSSE

THE DECEMBER ROUNDUP

Sheriff Art Carhart turned in his badge with a program acclaimed by all in attendance as the most entertaining in the four years of the Denver Corral. Program Chairman Don Bloch, whose work this year merits a pair of silver-mounted spurs, climaxed his achievements with "Flickerana of Denver." His interesting and informative talk -- the result of years of research -- was followed by a showing of the old Wm. S. Hart two-reeler, "The Outlaw," with piano accompaniment by Betty Adams and sound effects on the drums and coconuts (hosses galloping) by the versatile Art Carhart. The fine tenor voice of Harry Morton, member of famed Men of the West Quartet, led in song-slide singing -- Two Little Girls in Blue, Sweet Marie, After the Ball.

It was our annual Ladies' Night.

- - - -

OFFICERS FOR 1949

Dabney Otis Collins, Sheriff
B. Z. Woods, Deputy Sheriff
Don Bloch, Registrar of Marks and Brands
Dr. Nolie Mumey, Roundup Foreman
Ralph B. Mayo, Tally Man.

The many friends of Corresponding Member Russell Thorpe were happy to see him at the December roundup. Russell brought word that John Charles Thompson has retired as editor of the Wyoming State-Tribune and is confining his splendid talents as a writer to his famed column which every Westerner should read, "In Old Wyoming."

Two other distinguished guests from Wyoming: Author-Historian Velma Linford and Gov. Miller of Wyoming.

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Bill Barker recently returned from a two weeks' vacation in Mexico City (the trip made romantically complete by fellow-traveler Patty Barker). This month the Denver Post Sunday magazine will publish Barker's article called "The Life and Times of Wild Bill," a story about a father-in-law.

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Apropos of the foregoing paragraph, William MacLeod Raine recently spent two weeks as a baby sitter.

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Apologies to Corresponding Member and loyal Westerner, Carl Mathews, for transplanting him to Glenwood Springs in last month's Tradin' Post. Carl is in charge of the Colorado Springs Police Department Identification Bureau and is rated among the nation's leading finger print experts. He is a photographer of rare skill, using small stop, long exposure and sharp focus, after the manner of Wm. H. Jackson and Edward Weston. The chief hobby of this amazing man is the exploration, iconography and collection of historical material about Colorado ghost towns. For the Ghost Town Club of Colorado he has written many papers of our "cloud cities." His story of the Jimmy Camp Trail, which in pioneer days connected Fountain and Cherry Creeks, has been published in a limited edition. Among his other interests are Western railroads, mining, and mineralogy, being a prominent member of the "Rock Hounds."

What do you do in your spare time, Carl?

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Ray Colwell will gladly swap the unsigned copy of Doc Mumey's "Empty Shells" which he picked up at the Ladies Night party for the one autographed for Mrs. Colwell and him by Dr. Mumey, which some one else evidently took by mistake. Drop him a card at 468 Independence Bldg., Colorado Springs.

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Dabney Collins also will trade an unsigned copy of this book for

his autographed copy. Whodonit?

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LETTER FROM LOS ANGELES CORRAL

Our last meeting of the year was held last Thursday night, December 17th, at which the election of officers for 1949 took place. These are as follows: Sheriff, Homer Boelter; Deputy Sheriff, Arthur Woodward; Roundup Foreman, Lonnie Hull; Registrar of Marks and Brands, Bert Olson; Assistant Registrar, Don Hill; Editor, the Branding Iron, Dan Gann; Assistant Editor, Merrell Kitchen; Representative, Carl Dentzel; wranglers, Paul Bailey and Iron-Eyes Cody.

We have had some good meetings the past year and I think a comparatively successful year as a whole. Probably the biggest disappointment was the fact that the Branding Iron, which we had hoped to bring out monthly, due to excessive printing costs, came out only five times. Since the cost of publishing continues to rise it seems likely that we shall have to limit printing the magazine to a couple times during the year, or devise a much cheaper way of getting it together.

The 1948 Brand Book inall probability will come out sometime in February.

As you will note above Mr. Carl Dentzel has been elected representative (corresponding secretary) for the coming year. His address is Northridge, California. He will undoubtedly keep you posted as to our activities for the year of 1949.

I wish to thank you for your cooperation during the year just ended for your letters and the information concerning your chapter. We are always interested in what the other Westerners are doing and you certainly have an active group in Denver. If I can ever be of any help in any way please write me.

Let me at this time on behalf of the Los Angeles chapter of Westerners wish you and the Denver corral a most merry Christmas and continued success for the coming year of 1949.

Most sincerely,

Merrell Kitchen, Rep.

CHUCKWAGON BOOK REVIEW

By Posseman Fred Rosenstock

PURSUIT OF THE HORIZON

A Life of George Catlin; by Loyd Haberly; Macmillan, $5.00.

George Catlin, "Indian Loving Catlin," he has been called, was

born in 1796 in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, in the Wyoming Valley, famed in ballad and legend for its Indian Massacre in 1778. His mother, then seven years old, was taken captive, but was released unharmed. The Catlin family was large, consisting of 14 children. George grew up in an atmosphere of Indian life. He was educated to be a lawyer, but his desire to be an artist was not to be denied, and after a few years of miscellaneous painting and sketching he went west to St. Louis. Here he received the willing help of General William Clark, of Lewis and Clark fame, at this time Indian superintendent of the entire West. While waiting in St. Louis for an opportunity to go to the Indian country, he painted Indian delegations which had come to see representatives of the Great White Father, as well as stray Indians who interested him.

On the 26th of March, 1832, he boarded the steamer Yellowstone, the first steamboat ever to ascend the Missouri River as far as the mouth of the Yellowstone. At Fort Tecumseh, (later, Fort Pierre) he painted many Indians, mostly Sioux. On July 16th, the Yellowstone was at Fort Union. Here, Kenneth McKenzie, "King of the Upper Missouri", as he was called, bade him welcome, and enabled him to paint many of his best Indian subjects.

Returning down the river by small boat, he had opportunity to paint many pictures of the Mandan tribe. This tribe was his favorite, and these pictures are among his best. He painted many scenes that no other artist except Karl Bodmer ever pictured; among them, the famous annual rite of the Mandans, a ferocious and obscene affair of torture and pantomime that he described in his writings.

Returning to civilization, he gave exhibitions of his paintings, Indian costumes, weapons, etc., in several of the larger cities of of the United States. In 1834 he was allowed to accompany the Dragoon Regiment under Colonel Dodge, into Texas. Colonel Henry Leavenworth was in command of the expedition and Lieutenant Jeff. Davis was one of the junior officers. General Leavenworth and many of the officers and men died of malaria and other diseases on this expedition, but it gave Catlin an opportunity to do his wonderful paintings of the Comanche Indians.

Catlin exhibited his work and collections in the United States and tried to have the Government buy them, but in this he was never successful. Taking them, then, to England and the continent, he was lionized and shown

every consideration. The Indians he had with him were looked upon with awe and wonder. Once, when some preachers visited the Indians and urged them to become converted to the white man's religion, an Indian named Fast Dancer answered them with Indian logic by drawing a cartoon showing the Indians climbing a long ladder right up into the Happy Hunting Grounds, and a half dozen short ladders, far too short to get up to Heaven, labeled "Methodist", "Baptist", "Catholic", "Jewish", etc.

After his return to the United States he made a trip to South America and, of course, wrote and painted a lot about it. Crossing South America, he proceeded north on our West Coast and painted many pictures of the Northwest tribes.

Catlin died in 1872. His best-known book is his "Letters and Notes", etc.; commonly called Catlin's "Eight Years"; but he wrote and illustrated a number of other works, notably the "North American Indian Portfolio." He was a true friend of the Indian, and did all in his power to place before the white man the deserving and better side of the Indian; and that was definitely courageous and important in a period that considered the only good Indian a dead Indian.

Where are Catlin's pictures and collections now? Well, some are in the Smithsonian Institute, some are owned by the Field Museum at Chicago, some in the museum of the University of Pennsylvania, and others in various places.

There is much more in this book than can be outlined in a short review. The book contains a portrait of Catlin by an English artist, and 16 reproductions of Catlin's work, all in black and white. George Catlin deserves a longer, more detailed book than this; and one with less thought for popular consumption than this book portrays.

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MY LIFE WITH BUFFALO BILL,
by Dan Muller. Reilly & Lee, Chicago, $4.00.

I started out to read this book mainly as a duty. Not many books are published in December; yet this book made its belated appearance just before Christmas, although it had been previously announced for October. Oh, well, I thought, another book on Buffalo Bill--I wonder if it has anything new in it? Well, I have had a pleasant surprise. After I got into it about 20 pages, I couldn't lay it down. It positively has qualities of Mark Twain, and if you recall your thrill on first reading Huck Finn or Tom Sawyer, here is a close approach to

quality, progressive interest--yes, and excitement--which makes the subject as fresh and vibrant as your morning newspaper.

No fiction is this. Dan Muller, Western artist and author (you may know his fine book "Horses", which he wrote and illustrated) here relates his own story, from the time he was orphaned at the age of nine until he was 27-- a span of 18 years. During these 18 years, a period from about 1899 to 1917, he was perhaps closer to Buffalo Bill than anyone--first, during the boyhood days, as his ward, and later, as his assistant, secretary, and confidential agent; and while Dan Muller does not use the word, it strikes me that Buffalo Bill and Dan were practically a father-and-son relationship. Mrs. Louisa Cody, too, in spite of her rather unhappy life with the Colonel, took to Dan like to to an own son; and Dan Muller loved them both.

Briefly, Dan's own father, an old companion of the trail of Cody's, was accidently killed by an unruly bronc on his Cross-Up Ranch, near the Teton river, in Montana, leaving Dan's widowed mother and a younger brother. The mother and young brother went to New York to live. Later the mother remarried, but was sickly and died when Dan was about 18. Except for occasional and infrequent visits East to see his mother and brother, Dan was with the Codys. Cody's own son had died in infancy, and this little boy of nine provided the Colonel and Louisa with a new-found happiness. Dan Muller has done a remarkable job in recalling from memory intimate details of his life with the Codys--first, the early boyhood years at the Cody Ranch, "Scout's Rest", near North Platte, Nebraska, with Louisa Cody as much a mother to him as any boy could hope for. Bill Cody would return from his show season, and there would be endless processions of friends and notables, long rounds of story telling and drinking, with the Colonel the core or center of things--a radiant personality of great charm, which while given to some exaggeration, was withal that of a man of great loyalty and character, possessor of a heart so big that often it exposed him to the machinations of the unscrupulous. Above all, he was truly representative of the Old West, and even though the thing in the background was largely commercial, the Colonel, as he liked to be called, played his part magnificently and in the grand manner, and more than any other man he made the youth, as well as the men and women of the world, West-conscious. To have

seen Buffalo Bill in the flesh, leading his procession of cowboys and Indians in one of his annual Wild West shows-- as I vividly remember him about 1910 or 1911, as a boy in my hometown of Rochester, New York--is one of my own unforgettable recollections.

Dan Muller wasn't much for schooling as a boy. He loved horses, he loved the open spaces of the ranges; but above all else he loved to draw and paint. His natural-born ability to portray what he saw was manifest in his early boyhood years, and his skill progressed as he grew older--very much like Charley Russell and Will James.

At the age of 12 he first went on the road with the Wild West Show, and for much of the time during the next 15 years of his life he was in the hub of things, always looking after the Colonel's best interest, like a good son. The Colonel's financial difficulties were always plaguing him, due partly to his big-heartedness, but equally, to his unquenchable spirit of promotion and investment which led him to sink several ordinary fortunes into ranches and hotels in and near Cody, in the Big Horn basin of Wyoming; in gold mines in Arizona, and other ventures, all of which were a constant drain, and in spite of his high personal income at times, put him so deeply in debt that by degrees he lost control, then even slight ownership of the Wild West shows--until the last days when the Colonel, worn out and riddled with illness, passed on, in January 1917, at the Denver home of his sister May Decker.

Dan Muller, in a fascinating manner, tells much of the detail of the long estrangement between Bill and Louisa Cody. Dan's sympathy went out to both, and in the very last years, when the Colonel was sick and so completely disillusioned with the hand fate had dealt him, it truly warmed Dan's heart when Louisa came back to be with Bill and care for him.

The panorama of notables--Buffalo Bill's relatives, friends, associates, well-wishers, as well as those who "used" him, prevails through the book; and Dan Muller describes and evaluates them fairly. A fine sense of humor stays with the book throughout; but there are pathos and tragedy, too. The style of writing is superb--a Huckleberry Finn type of book, as I said before, except this is a real, not a creative subject. Need I say more!

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