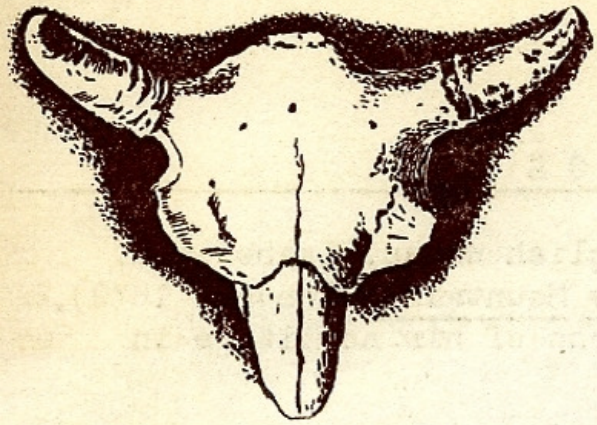

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ROCKY MOUNTAIN HERMITS

BY LEVETTE J. DAVIDSON

Why would anyone want to be a hermit? Perhaps every person has moments when he is oppressed with too much of the company of his fellow men; but any man or woman who chooses to live alone, permanently, in some isolated spot is justifiably regarded as queer. Nevertheless, most communities preserve stories of hermits that became famous throughout the neighboring region; and many localities boast of a live hermit or two, who can be studied--at least from a distance--by the curious.

If a misanthrope, an escapist, or a devotee of some solitary occupation were looking for a hermitage, where could he find a suitable one most easily? A desert island might do nicely if it were as plentifully stocked as Robinson Crusoe's. Or a dense forest would serve if it were penetrated deeply enough. Chances are, however, that other people would soon settle upon the island; and that the forest would soon be cut down by the lumber companies, or invaded by nature-loving campers. But one could easily lose himself in the Rocky Mountains and still keep within reach of necessary supplies, for there are many uninhabited and almost uninhabitable spots just a few miles off the main roads. About all they have to offer is solitude. Certainly there are enough cases on record to support the claim that the Rockies have, in the past, appealed strongly to hermits.

Quite naturally criminals wishing to evade capture have, from time to time, fled to the Rockies and "holed in." One such fugitive from his own past was discovered in 1873 in the neighborhood of what is now

Estes Park, Colorado, by the much-traveled English woman, Isabella L. Bird. In her book, A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains (London, 1879), she described "Mountain Jim" and her impressions of his hermitage in the following somewhat flowery language:

"A very pretty mare, hobbled, was feeding; a collie dog barked at us, and among the scrub, not far from the track, there was a rude, black log cabin, as rough as it could be to be a shelter at all, with smoke coming out of the roof and window. . . I longed to speak to someone who loved the mountains. I called the hut a den--it looked like the den of a wild beast. The big dog lay outside it in a threatening attitude and growled. The mud roof was covered with lynx, beaver, and other furs laid out to dry, beaver paws were pinned out on the logs, a part of the carcass of a deer hung at one end of the cabin, a skinned beaver lay in front of a heap of peltry just within the door, and antlers of deer, old horseshoes, and offal of many animals, lay about the den. Roused by the growling of the dog, his owner came out, a broad, thickset man, about the middle height, with an old cap on his head, and wearing a grey hunting-suit much the worse for wear (almost falling to pieces, in fact), a digger's scarf knotted round his waist, a knife in his belt, and "a bosom friend," a revolver, sticking out of the breast-pocket of his coat; his feet, which were very small, were bare, except for some dilapidated moccasins made of horse hide. The marvel was how his clothes hung together, and on him. The scarf round his waist must have had something to do with it. His face was remarkable. He was a man about forty-five, and must have been strikingly handsome. . . This man, known through the Territories and beyond them as 'Rocky Mountain Jim,' or, more briefly, as 'Mountain Jim,' is one of the famous scouts of the Plains, and is the original of some daring portraits in fiction concerning Indian frontier warfare. So far as I have at present heard, he is a man for whom there is now no room, for the time for blows and blood in this part of Colorado is past, and the fame of many daring exploits is sullied by crimes which are not easily forgiven here. He now has a 'squatter's claim' but makes his living as a trapper, and is a complete child of the mountains."

The account given by Enos Mills in The Story of Estes Park (Denver, 1905) is less flattering. After referring to Jim's murder, nine months after Isabella Bird's visit, by Griff Evans, at whose cabin Miss Bird had boarded, Mills indicates that Jim was a character about whom many

stories but few facts were known.

"James Nugent, 'Rocky Mountain Jim,' came to his death in the only real Estes Park tragedy that occurred in the days of the pioneers. Jim's associates, his uncertain and irregular past, his braggadocio, bravery, chivalry, liking for poetry, and the writing of doggerel, his romantic association with Miss Bird, his debauches, moods, kind acts, his white mule, and picturesque dress, the cowardly manner in which he was shot and the dramatic manner of his death--all these make him the star character who has thus far played on Estes Park scenes. He may have been 'a nephew of General Beauregard,' and hailed from the South, but he also claimed to have been the 'son of an English army officer stationed in Canada.' Meddling parents, with a lovely maiden in the background, may have started him on reckless ways. He seems to have served with both the Hudson Bay and the American Fur companies; seems to have bushwhacked in the Kansas 'border warfare,' and may have been with both Quantrell and Hamilton. For a time he was a free trapper, then a scout under the United States government. He seems to have come to Estes in 1868, and built his cabin in Muggins' Gulch. . .Jim hunted, trapped, kept a few cattle, and made frequent trips to Denver and Boulder. On a few of these trips he was drunk and quarrelsome, but generally he was jovial and generous. Every old-timer along the way between the Park and Denver with whom I have talked, say that they were 'always glad to see Jim and his white mule coming'. . .

"Evans was drunk when he shot Jim, but the shooting was cowardly and uncalled for. The stories that Jim was in love with Evans' daughter, and that he had insulted her, are stories that seem not to have become known until after the shooting. Evans and Jim were incompatible; both drank heavily at times, and they had had several quarrels. Evans was associated with those who were scheming to fraudulently secure the whole of Estes Park for Lord Dunraven. Jim opposed his land scheme, and opposed it with threatening, armed presence, and with his pen. At the time that Jim was shot he seemed to be making a winning fight against the land scheme. Naturally the old-timers were with Jim, and a concensus of their opinions is that 'English gold killed Jim for opposing the land scheme.'"

Another famous mountain hermit with a legendary background was Pat Lynch, who lived in a little park in northwestern Colorado, still known

as Pat's hole. According to tradition Pat first appeared in this region at the time of Major Powell's explorations, in the seventies. He was seen there in 1911 by the Kolb brothers. From their accounts and those of others who had known Pat, Edgar McMechen pieced together an unusually interesting story, "The Hermit of Pat's Hole" (Colorado Magazine, May 1942), from which the following excerpts are taken:

"Pat Lynch settled first at the present Chew ranch on Pool Creek above the Hole. When the Chews filed on the land, Pat moved from the open cave that he had occupied into the depths of the Hole. He left a few trifling possessions in the vacated cave. These never have been disturbed by the Chews, a Mormon family.

"Pat possessed a wonderful memory and was quite loquacious. He was fond of relating his experiences and would ramble along, laughing frequently during his narration. He was very deaf and paid little attention to comments. He was interested in history and took several papers and magazines, among them the New York World, Colliers' Weekly, and the Literary Digest.

"An article printed in the Craig Empire, February 28, 1917, four days after Pat's death, states that Pat was born in Ireland. He took service on a sailing vessel when he was fourteen years old; was shipwrecked on the coast of Africa and captured by a native tribe. Pat remained with this tribe for two to four years, according to stories told by him to various persons, and rose to a place of importance with the natives. An English sailing vessel then rescued him and took him to India.

"Upon coming to America Pat joined the United States navy under the name James Cooper, at the time of the Civil War. Pat often told of an incident during a naval battle when a 'time' bomb was thrown upon the deck; and that, in seizing it to throw it overboard, he was badly wounded. He was rendered unfit for active service, and the wounds continued to suppurate, but he succeeded in enlisting in the Union army under his own name. He drew a pension for this service. Pat's age at death is given as ninety-eight years and ten months. . .

"One of Pat's stories related to a pet mountain lion. Pat claimed to have tamed this creature which, he said, frequently brought a dead

deer and left it at his cabin. He would call this animal with a pecu-peculiar, plaintive wail, and the lion would answer from high in the cliffs. The identical story was told the author by Carey Barber of Maybelle, who was born in the country and knew Pat well.

"'Pat claimed that the lion would come out upon a high cliff and scream in answer to his yell,' said Mr. Barber, 'and old Pat would say "That sound is sweeter than any Jenny Lind ever sang".' Old residents of the Brown's Park country still call this cliff the Jenny Lind Rock.."

Another strange case is that of George Woods, the hermit of Golden Mountain, near Granite, Colorado. His story was collected and written down a few years ago by Clarence Reckmeyer, of Black Hawk, Colorado, who investigated the available facts. The following is quoted from Reckmeyer's manuscript, deposited in the Western History Department of the Denver Public Library.

"George Woods lived in a shack built between two rocks a couple of miles down the creek from Granite. In the course of time the residents of the village applied the name of 'Johnny Behind the Rocks' to Mr. Woods. No one knew where Woods came from or the exact year that he settled in the shack where he lived, but Tom Mathews estimated that it was not far from 1912. Woods was a peculiar fellow and would fraternize with no one. When anyone came in the vicinity of his shack he would either go inside and close the door or hide in the rocks. . .He spoke to scarcely anyone during his visits to the town, except to Mr. Morgan, the storekeeper, and was never known to ever cash a check or a post office money order.

"As time went on he applied to the county for help and was given orders on Morgan's store for food to live on. His overalls were badly worn and had many patches on them. One day Mr. Morgan gave him a new pair and tried to get him to put them on, but he preferred to go home in the old ones. Like many of the old fellows who live along the Colorado streams, he placer mined more or less, but gave no evidence of having acquired any competence. He was always peaceable and never bothered anyone, and his quiet manner and mystery of his coming kept all of the people guessing. There was a rumor about Granite that he had been married and that another man had run off with his wife. . .

"Two rocks up along the steep bank of the stream were utilized as the two end of the shack and the sides were constructed out of mud and rocks. The roof consisted of old railroad ties with dirt thrown over them. At the rear of his home against the big flat surface of the rear rock he had built a crude fireplace. The outlet from the fireplace inside of the shack was made by bending a large sheet of galvanized iron roofing into a semicircle and fastening it up against the big flat rock. The chimney on top of the roof was constructed with old lard and powder cans. There was no window in the place and the door was quite small. A rude wooden bunk was built in one corner. When he died only a few ragged blankets and some tin dishes of little or no value were found in the six by eight domicile."

From the records at Salida, the county seat, Reckmeyer found that George Woods died at the city of Salida, on or about the sixth day of December, 1931, leaving no last will and testament. The report of the administrator showed a certificate of deposit on Durango Trust Company for $900 and interest due of $30.30; cash on person of deceased $31.00; savings account, First National of Cripple Creek in amount of $554.24 and interest of $21.53. Total $1537.07; after all expenses were paid, $608.74 was turned over to the State of Colorado.

"Woods had been brought to the hospital in Salida with a hole burned in his right knee and hospital records showed that Woods was a Cornishman, 72 years old, a miner, belonged to no church or lodge; had one brother dead and nine sisters living, one of whom he gave the address of as Mrs. Susie Clark of Callaway, Nebraska, but no such person was found at that address.

"Also found in his overalls was a receipt for a pass book on First National Bank of Salida in the name of Jim Geiger. It is not yet established if Geiger and Woods were the same person, but no Jim Geiger has ever appeared to claim the balance of $570.34 there.

"Investigation of George Woods at Cripple Creek dug up an involved story of a George Woods who was supposedly killed in a mine there in 1912 at about the time the hermit appeared at Granite. His wife and daughter, Mrs. Myrtle Woods Wilson, of California, would not claim relationship, though."

Perhaps one of the most pitiful aspects of the life of a hermit is that he may have to endure sickness and even the coming of death alone. Such was the fate of Reuben Dove, who in the 1890's built his crude home under an overhanging cliff near Hubbard Creek, in the North Fork country of Western Colorado. Together with several other hermit stories, Wilson Rockwell in his book New Frontier, Saga of the North Fork (Denver, 1945), related that of Dove in considerable detail.

According to Rockwell, Dove lived alone in a cave-like dwelling under a rocky ledge for thirty years, trapping for furs, hunting for his meat, and raising some tobacco and a few vegetables. He collected wild dandelions during the summer, storing these and his crop of potatoes in flour sacks for use during the winter. These kept him alive for some six weeks during his last sickness, before he was discovered and taken to civilization for medical care. He died soon after, without telling why he had chosen the lonely life of a hermit.

A strange "cave-man of the Rockies," was Dave Marsh, a negro, described by a story in The Denver Post, April 23, 1922, as having lived for twenty years in an abandoned tunnel a mile and a half west of Cripple Creek, facing Mt. Pisgah. He was eighty-six years old, had been born and raised in slavery in Georgia, had worked his way to Cripple Creek at the time of the boom, and ten years later had returned to nature, where he led what he termed "a happy life near God." After crawling out of the entrance of his tunnel, only a foot and a half wide and two feet high, Marsh discussed his philosophy of the simple life with the newspaper reporter. The account concludes as follows:

"Marsh abhors a civilized mode of living and the 'hurly-burly' of town life. He prefers a quiet existence in the hills, where he bothers no one and no one bothers him. He believes in the goodness of all women, although, as he says, 'I was married twice when I was young, but didn't have any luck either time.'

"He does not care for houses. The Commissioners of Teller county built him a one-room cabin a month or two ago, but Marsh refuses to live in it. The cabin is built near the mouth of his cave and Marsh uses it for a storehouse for wood and the various odds and ends he gathers from the city dump on his almost daily trip to Cripple Creek.

"How Marsh gathers his food is somewhat of a mystery. A little money comes from the poor fund of Teller county. . .an occasional rabbit or bird or 'pickings' in his daily travels must form the balance of his diet.

"Marsh sees nothing queer in his mode of life. He believes that by living close to nature he is wiser than his fellow man who coddles himself with too much civilization."

Sometimes a hermit, in his attempt to return to the primitive way of life, runs afoul of the law or of his neighbors without intentionally violating any regulation. Such happened to William Hardick, whose difficulties were reported by The Denver Post, November 27, 1918, as follows:

"High up on the breast of the Rocky Mountains, twenty-five miles from Pagosa Springs living in what once was a den of wild animals, William J. McClelland, deputy U. S. marshall, has found William Hardick, 75 years old, the 'Mystery Man of the Mountains' -- a man who had never heard of the war and who had been out of touch with civilization for nearly forty years.

"Until McClelland found Hardick, who is being sued in U. S. court for grazing wild horses on the national forest without obtaining a permit and paying a fee, no one in that section of the country, except 'Denver' Latham, owner of a ranch eleven miles from the abode of the recluse, had ever seen him . . . .

"Long matted gray hair hangs down his back. He has a long flowing beard, and he is absolutely black. The man, in the opinion of Deputy McClelland, has never known the enjoyment of a bath for years. How he lives no one in the country can tell. He had a rifle slung across his arm when the deputy marshall found him crawling from the hole, which seems to be the means of getting in and out of his cave, but how he obtains ammunition for the weapon is a mystery.

"But Hardick refuses to go to court. His horses have multiplied but gone wild since forty years ago when he went into the mountains.

"Evidently a man of refinement and education, rumor in that

country has it that he was driven into the mountains years ago through a disappointment in a love affair and has lived as a cave man ever since, losing all interest in civilization."

Hermits may become wild enough to terrify neighboring ranchers and townspeople. The following description must have caused shivers when it was published in The Denver Post, October 21, 1922:

"A wild man--apparently half man and half beast--who leaps on all fours across the sage brush and cactus and subsists on the uncooked flesh of animals and birds in the wilds of the desert, has bewildered and terrorized scores of residents in the vicinity of Naturita, Colorado.

"For a year the strange being has appeared--his huge body gaunt and hairy and his features drawn about his skinny, beastly eyes--to seize and devour chickens, or has been seen escaping into the hidden recesses of the hills about the properties of the Standard Chemical Company."

A later newspaper clipping indicates that this wild man was captured later on in the La Plata Mountains. He was described as between thirty and forty years old, demented, and living in a den littered with refuse and queer objects. His early history was a mystery.

A more recent Wyoming wild man is described in the following news dispatch to The Denver Post, October 9, 1947, from Evanston, Wyoming:

"Families in lonely houses in the foothills, and ranchers and sheepherders in Uinta county were keeping a careful lookout and all set to dodge rifle bullets Thursday. The wild man of the Uinta mountains was reported on the loose again. The bearded wanderer of the hills, dressed in faded and dirty overalls and carrying a long-range rifle, has been sighted twice in recent days near the town of Robertson in southwestern Wyoming along the Utah line."

Some men have become hermits not through choice but because society has ostracised them. Although no one knew, many guessed that the hermit in the mountains near Sapinero, Colorado, three or four decades ago, an apparently well-to-do and cultured gentleman, was the scion of a noble

family in England, who was banished by relatives and friends for some disgraceful deed. Once a year he came to town for supplies and the packages of books that he seemed to crave. Trainmen on the railroad that ran near his hermitage would throw off newspapers to him and speculate as to why a man of his culture and means should have left society.

Queer yet generous was the last will of a Colorado hermit recently described as follows in the Rocky Mountain News for September 21, 1947, by a reporter with an eye for human interest:

"Because a pathetically-lonesome hermit, dying a painful death from cancer, wanted to bring happiness to others, Denver orphans are going to have a better-than-usual Christmas from now on. Details of a strange bequest left by the hermit, Karl Enosh, were discovered yesterday by City Attorney J. Glenn Donaldson, executor of the $4,200 Enosh estate. A crude diary, written in a crabbed wavering handwriting, told a portion of Enosh's story--a story which ended last January 21 in Denver General Hospital with the death of its central figures.

"A scrawled will, showing many insertions and deletions, told more of the story: 'I wish the beneficiaries ever to be ones as children who otherwise would not receive real or substantial Christmas gifts.' That was written in a primitive lean-to twenty miles southeast of Walden by a burly hermit who had lived there since he came to Colorado in 1916 and got a job on the construction project of Moffat Tunnel.

"Not too much is known, Donaldson said, of the hermit before he arrived in Colorado. It is believed that he changed his last name from Smith to Enosh when he settled in this state. He raised sheep for a livelihood. A sign outside his simple dwelling, constructed out of rough lumber, bore mute testimony to the hermit's philosophy. It said: 'Private--Friends Welcome. Outlaws Stay Out. K. Enosh.' Inside the small lean-to and its adjoining sheds, there were few comforts. A flat Russian stove served as a cook-stove and a heater. A pile of boughs in one corner was the hermit's bed.

"Enosh was a big man. He was about 6 feet 5 inches tall and was heavy-set. At one time the hermit was a member of the University of Michigan football squad, Donaldson said. That was about 1908. In his will, the hermit remembered his college days. 'If I die, and probate

is later made, I wish my old 45-90 Sharps-Rifle plus its ammunition to be sent as my gift to the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, Michigan, for its museum of curios and to be ever exhibited,' he wrote. He asked that the Colorado National Bank invest his estate with yearly income to be used to buy Christmas gifts for orphans."

Another generous hermit was Henry C. Childs, founder of Crystola, near Manitou, Colorado. According to the Denver Republican of February 18, 1910, when he died on February 7 of that year, he left two thousand acres of land on which a cooperative colony and a sanitarium were to be established. Although he had lived as a recluse for forty years, a sister-in-law, his only known relative, soon appeared to contest the will.

Probably the greatest single explanation for Rocky Mountain hermits is gold fever. For nearly a century prospectors have gone up in the hills to get rich. When they failed, many of them didn't have the heart to return to civilization and admit their failure; others continued to nurse the delusion that someday their luck would turn. Sometimes they did have good prospects. On a visit to Silverton not long ago, I was told that George Washington Posvar, for example, had stood armed guard for years over his mining claim up above the town. So far, the American Smelting and Refining Company had been unable to dislodge him from what it contends is its property. Although Posvar has been sued for trespassing, he maintains that the Kitty Mack is his and that someday it will pay off. He has retained a Denver lawyer to take care of his legal interests while he maintains personal possession.

One hermit built himself a cabin in a niche of the mountains at the edge of Silverton in what is now the ghost town of Chattanooga. His prospect hole was at his back door. From about 1908 to about 1940 he carted out ore that supplied enough for him to live on, supplemented by the vegetables which he raised; but he never got rich. Now, all of the buildings of Chattanooga, including his cabin, once a well-known landmark, are gone.

The cabin of "Old Bob" Stewart, ten miles from Eldorado, was also well-known a generation ago. Information about "Old Bob" may be found in the book written by Langley and Donald C. Kemp, Happy Valley...Being an Historical Sketch of Eldora, Colorado and Its Environs (Denver, 1944).

Old Eli, a venerably bearded prospector who lived alone near his mine in the Magdalena Mountains in New Mexico, had a problem that kept him busy for a long time. This was explained to me by Professor Arthur L. Campa, of the University of Denver, who once met Old Eli while on a hunting trip. The ore in his mine would make him rich if he could just get it down to a mill; but there was no road up the mountain to it. So he built a few hundred yards of road each year, living simply on the supplies he lugged in and on the annually permitted deer, which he invariably killed by a single shot. When asked what ammunition he used, he displayed a handful of shotgun shells which he had filled himself. They would be enough to last him for several years, he said, at the rate of one a year.

Another old-time prospector hermit was Herman Fay, who lived in Bucksin Joe and Fairplay in the early days. After the gold rush was over and the mines had closed down, he wandered around picking over the ore dumps. He claimed that he had a special process of his own for separating the gold from the ore that he collected. One time he leaned too far over a mine shaft and his body was found later in the abandoned mine; this was reported by Judge W. F. Stone in the Rocky Mountain News for July 1, 1901.

Perhaps the most-talked-about hermit in the Leadville district was a woman, "Baby Doe" Tabor. According to the much publicized story, H. A. W. Tabor, one-time bonanza king, advised his wife when he was dying, "Hold on to the Matchless." At any rate, the once beautiful "Baby Doe" did spend her last years living alone in a shack by the shaft of the old Matchless Mine, up above Leadville. Periodically she went down to the city for supplies and to Denver in attempts to get money with which to reopen the mine, which had long before been lost to her through mortgages. In the spring of 1935, when she had not been seen for several weeks, old friends went up to the mine, broke open the door to her shack, and found her dead amid the relics of her former grandeur.

More in the tradition of old world hermits than the gold-hunting recluses just described were the consecrated men who renounced society in order to accomplish work which they considered of greater worth than the social life that interfered with the attainment of the desired goals. Nearly half a century ago such a man lived in solitude in the midst of populous Denver, devoting his energies to the invention of an

aquaplane, long before flying had become a commonplace. The Denver Post for March 17, 1901, described this near-genius as follows:

"Frank Levin is the hermit of the air whose castle rises high above the dingy squalid little shacks in the bottoms near the gas works. Thousands see the strange little house on stilts every week, yet few can solve the riddle of its existence. . . .

"When Levin squatted in the bottoms by the side of the old mill ditch, the memory of man knoweth not. The residents of the vicinity say 'he has been there always--yet,' and maybe they're right. . . . He is reputed to be wealthy almost beyond calculation, for he has received the rent for the little houses built of driftwood for many years and, besides, is said to be a German count or something like that. . . .

"Two years ago Levin had a practical trial of one of his inventions on which he had been working for many years. . . . The affair was a monster of the air. . .built like a huge alligator, the legs being equipped with wings and rotating fans and the tail had a canvas fin that acted as a rudder, that is, it was intended to so act. . . .

"Levin built a long inclined chute on the edge of the lake near Manhattan beach. The chute or runway gave him nearly two hundred yards of track on which to give his machine the required start. The lower end tipped up something like a toboggan slide and was supposed to shoot his machine high into the air, where it would maintain its poise and ally with the clouds. . . . But it sank!"

Another busy hermit was B. B. DeWitt, the wood carver. He was described by a Denver Post reporter on March 21, 1920, as follows:

"Hermits in these days are few and far between, and those that do exist are usually persons who are hermits because of some twist of imagination and are very seldom the romantic and mysterious figures they are painted in fiction. Colorado, however, has a real hermit--one who is as full of mystery and eccentricities as any hermit character ever originated in the brain of a fiction writer.

"His name is Walter B. DeWitt, and according to those few persons who know anything of him, he is about seventy-four years old. The

little wooden shanty in which he makes his home is situated in the mountains near Pitkin, Colorado, and in that shanty DeWitt produces. . . his fine wood carvings modeled after great paintings. . . .

"Fifteen years ago fire destroyed his plant in Florida and the works of a lifetime went up in smoke. This, it is said, was the reason for DeWitt burying himself in the mountains and choosing the life of a recluse. . . . Last June he completed a reproduction of the famous Rosa Bonheur painting of Buffalo Bill and sent it to Denver for exhibition purposes in connection with the William Cody Memorial."

W. A. (Billy) Martin, of Waverly, Colorado, is a hermit devoted to poetry. By alternating gardening and literary labors, he accumulates vast quantities of vegetables and verses. When I visited him a few years ago, I marvelled at his uniquely constructed home, where one ceiling was covered with neatly arranged round and oblong tin can tops, at his fruit cellar, containing a thousand glass jars of fruit and vegetables which he had canned, and at his study, lined with books of poetry and history and with the thick manuscripts of his yet unpublished metrical romances. Now an old gentleman with a pension, Billy Martin lives alone except for the muses.

Stories are still being told about Hal Gibbs, who lived as a hermit near Fort Collins, a generation ago. Perhaps he could have performed many of his feats of strength had he not been a hermit, but no woman would have enjoyed sharing his contacts with wild animals. One time, according to report, a bear got into his tent. Hal tied a butcher knife to a stick, and ran it down the animal's throat. He trapped [illegible] mountain lions, selling one to the New York zoo. But he asserted that captive mountain lions always grieved themselves to death. Famous for his strength he was always betting that he could do this or that feat. Once he wagered a jug of whiskey that he could swim across Terry Lake, north of Fort Collins. He did; then he turned around and swam back, for he said that he didn't want to walk clear around the shore to get to the starting place.

From time to time stories are circulated that a hermit is living in some out-of-the-way place. Then, when one goes to investigate, the hermit is gone. The one reputed to be living on Flattop Mountain in Estes Park during the summer of 1947, however, could not be blamed for

changing his location before the coming of winter. Another hermit was reported to me as having his dwelling place in the deserted brickyards at Forty-fifth and Fox Streets, Denver; but I have not yet seen him. Some years ago an Indian Remedies man had his hermitage in the Black Forest, near Palmer Lake, Colorado, where he was visited by many who sought health by way of the herbs which he prescribed. But he has, I understand, moved on.

This last example suggests that hermits, like most other folk figures, are being commercially exploited today. When a new comic feature was added by The Denver Post, in June 1947, this paper arranged for Squirrel Gulch, near Idaho Springs, to be renamed Steve Canyon in honor of the chief character in the comic strip. As part of the well-publicized ceremony, a real hermit was produced and used as follows:

"After a luncheon at the Hanson lodge, a jeep caravan was formed to escort Caniff and other dignitaries up the newly marked Steve Canyon south of Idaho Springs. And at the entrance the party was met by J. Scott Henderson, 76-year old prospector, who has been living a hermit-like existence in a little cabin at the end of the canyon.

"The aged recluse was a little hard to get acquainted with but he finally warmed up and recounted the days a quarter of a century ago when he went up the canyon to prospect for gold and decided to stay there away from the world."

Perhaps the best known "local character" in Colorado today is F.E. Gimlett, the self-styled "Hermit of Arbor-Villa." Stories about him appear frequently in newspapers and magazines. For many people he represents the hermit type. Summer before last I had the privilege of meeting him, for he had stationed himself at the summit of the automobile road over Monarch Pass, where he was selling mineral specimens and copies of his own numerous pamphlets, all entitled Over Trails of Yesterday, Stories of Colorful Characters That Lived, Labored, Fought, and Died in the Gold and Silver West. Mr. Gimlett, now over eighty years of age, is a picturesque character, with definite ideas about the need for the re-monetizing of silver, the unreliability of women, and "the old days, the better days." His dilapidated straw hat, dark glasses, tobacco-stained beard, overalls, tucked into boot tops, and car of ancient vintage parked near his display of merchandise, laid out on a

boulder by the side of the road, are enough to attract customers, many of whom tarry to listen to his stream of highly flavored talk about the past and present problems of the West. His stories of early-day boom towns are well worth listening to.

Although many more hermits of the Rockies might be described, the ones here included are sufficient to reveal the basic patterns that appear frequently in local tradition and gossip about past and present recluses. The who, why, where, when, and how can be answered in fairly simple generalizations. Usually the hermit's origin is unknown to the locality, though it may be rumored that he once was rich and famous back East or was a member of the English nobility. He may have committed a crime, been unsuccessful in love, failed in business, or merely wanted to make a fortune by prospecting. He may have had a great desire to create art or to develop inventions, but he may just have gone sour because of the disappointments incident to human relationships. His make-shift, highly individualized habitation is isolated--if not by distance from other dwellings, at least by antisocial treatment of intruders upon his privacy, although a few of the hermits welcomed occasional visitors. Most of the hermits were old men, having at least sampled normal existence before abandoning it. Nearly all of the recluses became negligent about such civilized standards as cleanliness, recognition of social responsibilities, and regularity in routines like meal-time, bed-time, and church-going. Some of the hermits were evidently "remittance-men", others dug enough gold to pay for meager supplies, and still other tended small garden patches and hunted. Clothes were worn until they fell to pieces, old styles and curious combinations predominating. Only a few hermits were obviously crazy, but nearly all were a bit queer. From the point of view of society, all hermits are abnormal.

Even though times have changed and the automobile has penetrated to many of the old haunts of the hermits of the Rockies, it is to be hoped that there will continue to be some individuals who will rebel against the pressures of civilization and will flee "the world and the devil" in order to heal their wounds or to develop in solitude their gifts for artistic creation, for invention, or for philosophizing. The Rockies have not yet had as famous a hermit as Henry David Thoreau, of Walden Pond, or John the Baptist of Judaea; but they have harbored a varied assortment of recluses about whom numerous stories have been

widely circulated. These stories provide material for interesting speculations concerning human nature and civilization.

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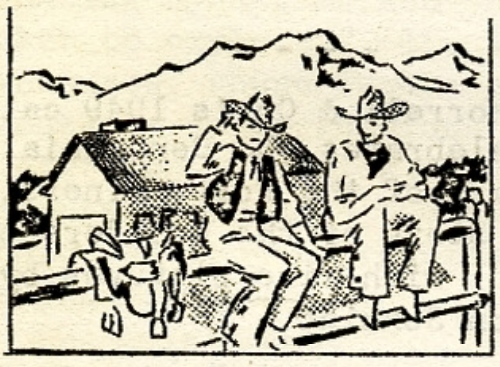

TRAIL DUST FROM THE DENVER CORRAL

POSSEMAN ROUNDUP FOR JANUARY

Ex-Sheriff Art Carhart has an article in the January issue of AMERICAN FORESTS, on "Jeeps in the Wilderness".

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William J. Barker cracks wise that "No noose is good noose," said the condemned horsethief, and depones that Mr. and Mrs. William MacLeod Raine are in Palm Springs soaking up sunshine (and recouping from "baby-sitting"?).

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F. "Eric" H. Douglas anticipates a three to four month detail at Harvard university beginning in September. He will reinstall the American Indian and Pacific collections in the Peabody Museum there, at the invitation of the Director.

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"Help! help!" cries J. J. Lipsey (1920 Pinegrove, Broadmoor, Colorado Springs, Colo.). "Full credit but no cash to informers." He is "writing a piece about that celebrated (if third class) gangster of Chicago and Colorado, Louie Alterie (alias 'Diamon Jack' Varain(..." Dredge your memories, fellow Westerners: write Lipsey what you know or have heard about "Diamond Jack".

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Norman Nevills, whose exploits in running the canyons of the San Juan and Colorado rivers have made some of the most exciting magazine

reading in years, sends us (from his hideout at Mexican Hat Lodge, P.O. Bluff, Utah) a neat "prospectus" for the trips he conducts (illustrated with pix and map), and a note about his "activities". Make "Reservations" for a trip direct - after making wills...

- - - -

Herb Brayer was busy between Denver, Washington, and Detroit in connection with his coup (severally aided and abetted) in getting 7,475 of the glass negatives made by W.H. Jackson, famed "Picture Maker of the Old West" for the Colorado State Historical Museum. Subjects depicted: Indians, railroads, ranching, mining, farming, scenes - of Colorado, Wyoming, California, Arizona, Idaho, Montana, Nebraska, New Mexico, Oregon, Dakota Territory, Utah, and Washington.

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Registrar Bloch asks: (1) What do Possemen think of running, in successive issues of monthly Brand Books, bio-bibliographies of Westerners? These would include brief who's-who type entry on member, followed by short-title list of his published works. (2) For "true western" ballads or poems - original, of course. (3) For old papers, diaries, letters, reminiscences which, in whole or part, could be edited as Brand Book material. (4) For suggestions as to how "Swapper's" column may be improved or presented to be of real value.

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John Morrell & Co.'s 1949 calendar "Celebrates the Centennial Anniversary of the Forty-Niners, The Epic Story of the Builders of the West". with fine pictures by Harold Von Schmidt.

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If there be any members who do not wish to keep their old monthly Brand Books (could be, could be), they would confer a favor upon the Westerners by forwarding them (for depleted files, especially) to Herb Brayer, Room 306 State Museum, 14th & Sherman sts., Denver 2, Colo. 1945 and '46 really needed.

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Committeemen Named for '49.

Program: Ed Bemis, chairman; Herb Brayer, Barron Beshoar.

Membership: Art Carhart, chairman; Harold Dunham, Walter Gann.

Nominating: to be appointed.

House: Art Zeuch.

Publications: Will be announced in February issue.

Book Reviews: Fred Rosenstock, chairman; members as selected.

ASCITITIA

Authors of papers must somewhere along the main stream of their research, run far or briefly up fascinating byways marked "Return later to explore." If, in a few sentences, these byways can be indicated - as suggestions for future historians to follow, or merely as vignettes per se - the Registrar would be happy to receive them. Samples follow.

"Sparker" - One ------ Frazer, a colored man, was an early "deck-", or stage-hand at the Broadway Theater. (He died only a few years ago.) Among other duties he had at one time, was the job of "sparker" or "spark man" at the Tuilleries Gardens, for Wayne Abbott, contemporary balloon-ascensionist with Ivy Baldwin (in the late '90's) who operated at Elitch's. Equipped with asbestos gloves and water-soaked sponges, his nose and mouth covered with a handkerchief, Frazer would climb up inside a balloon as it was being filled with hot air and clap out the sparks. Once, inside doing his job, Frazer was amazed to find himself going up! Abbott had cut loose forgetting his man was inside. Frazer let out a holler - and Abbott "walked down" the balloon (i.e., rolled it - letting heat out faster, letting it cool faster). Frazer got out, when the balloon was down, none the worse - and after that decided to become a balloonist. He did; and became probably the first and only colored balloonist in the world. (Meager records indicate this would have been between 1902-04.)

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On Sunday, August 9, 1896, Mr. W. S. Hall and Miss B. M. Martensan, both of Denver, were married in a balloon high over the city. The POST headline was, "Bridal Trip to the Clouds". Query: Was this in Ivy Baldwin's balloon; and was this the first such marriage?

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Let the curious investigate the whole story of Mrs. Margaret F. Cody (see POST, August 25, 1897), for a real Denver "character".

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CHUCKWAGON BOOK REVIEWS

ONE MAN'S WEST,
by W. H. Hutchinson. Chico, Calif., 1948. $2.00.

Here is a new work by Hutchinson, or "Hutch", as his friends generally call him. Hutch is one of our corresponding members, and a resident of Chico, California. You may recall that, a year or so

ago, I reviewed another book of his, A Note Book of the Old West, at which time I referred to Hutchinson's Colorado family connections. Aside from his own historical writings, he has been a prime mover in the group which has rightly and permanently established Gene Rhodes as one of our greatest Western writers. Hutchinson's superb volume of hitherto-uncollected Rhodes stories, published under the title of Little World Waddies was an admirable job -- almost as much a mark of honor to Hutchinson as it was to Rhodes.

In his new book, a collection of short, unrelated historical sketches, the outstanding ones, in my opinion, are those on Jedediah Smith, the great trail blazer of early fur-trade days; and on Ishi, the last of the Broncho Indians. By "Broncho," Hutch means "utterly wild and untouched by white man's civilization."

Jedediah Strong Smith was almost unique as a fur trader in that he was a very religious man; unique, that is, among American fur traders --for McLoughlin of the Hudson's Bay Company, for example, was also a devout man. Smith's religion did not, however, submerge or blunt his Yankee trading ability, as witness his dickering 900 prime beaver pelts away from Alexander Ross's Hudson's Bay men; and then, at what from this distance looks like insult added to injury, enjoying Ross's hospitality of a winter's stay at Flathead Post.

Jedediah Smith's whole career from 1822, when he signed up with Ashley for his famous trading trip up the Missouri (an expedition as full of exciting events and outstanding personalities as ever the fur-trade days saw) until he was killed by Comanches on the Cimarron river in 1831, was one terrific struggle with man and raw nature. He starved, thirsted, froze, baked, and had his head almost knocked off by a Black Hills grizzly bear--finally to die, a pincushion for Comanche arrows. He was the equal of Bridger, Fitzpatrick, and Clyman.

Equally interesting is the story of Ishi, the Yahi, or Digger Indian, who survived the numerous purges staged by the early pioneers against his people, and lived unsuspected in a wild and primitive state in North central California until 1911. Then, with all his relatives and tribesmen dead and in desperate straits owing to his simple means of subsistence having been destroyed, he had betaken himself to a slaughterhouse on the outskirts of Oroville where he was cornered by some of the town's dogs. He was taken into custody and locked up, and then

word was spread that a wild man had been captured. Fortunately, Dr. Waterman, University of California ethnologist, was able to gain the confidence and, later, the friendship of the poor creature, and he was then taken to the University and kept in comfort until his death, from tuberculosis, in 1916. Ishi was the last of the totally wild and primitive Indians in the United States.

The other articles in this book include a general discussion of the mountain men; one of the perennials on a lost gold mine; a good one on the discovery of the Comstock Lode; a summary of all that is known of Peter Lassen, of Lassen Trail fame, and the man who also procured the charter for the first Masonic Lodge in California. The book closes with five short amusing anecdotes of Western locale.

As to be expected, these new true stories of the West have the typical Hutchinson punch and flavor, and they give evidence throughout of the research that is behind them.

Fred Rosenstock

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FRONTIER DOCTOR,
by Samuel J. Crumbine, M. D.
Dorrance and Co., Philadelphia, 1948. $3.00.

Autobiographies usually depict incidents that concern the author, regardless of the viewpoint of the reader. Frontier Doctor holds interest and relates many fascinating stories about Dodge City, Kansas, during the 1880's and '90's. (It must be remembered that its existence began as a frontier town in 1872, but the cattle business was gone by 1881.)

Dodge City took its name from Fort Dodge, which was established in 1864, but was abandoned shortly after Dr. Crumbine's arrival. During the boom period of the town, a common saying was: "No law west of Chicago; no God west of Dodge City." Boothill Cemetery was still receiving gunmen when the Doctor began his practice. His experiences are delineated in the narrative style of a true pioneer and frontiersman, although he was born after the fur-trade era and the gold-rush period of the West.

Dr. Crumbine lived in Dodge City for 20 years and recorded his many experiences with patients, health-reform measures, and the various characters that came into the town.

He moved to Topeka, Kansas, in 1904, where he served in the capacity of a Public Health

officer. In 1923, he went to New York City and became associated with the American Child Association.

Born in a log cabin in 1862, the author, was the son of a blacksmith, and one of eight children. His father died during the Civil War, and his widowed mother, unable to support all of the family, placed Samuel in an orphan's school in Pennsylvania, where he graduated at the age of sixteen. He then went to work in a drug store, apprenticing as a pharmacist. About three years later he began the study of medicine, serving under Dr. W. E. Lewis. After this, he attended the Cincinnati College of Medicine and Surgery, and then began his practice of medicine in a mid-western frontier town of Kansas.

He is best known for his health reforms in eliminating the roller towels and common drinking cups from public places. He is also responsible for the slogan, "Swat the fly."

Nolie Mumey

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AN OPEN INVITATION

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to invite their friends, in turn, to become

Corresponding Members of The Westerners.

TO BECOME A CORRESPONDING MEMBER

you need have only a genuine interest in the cultural and historical development of the Rocky Mountain West.

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have but one purpose:

"to investigate,

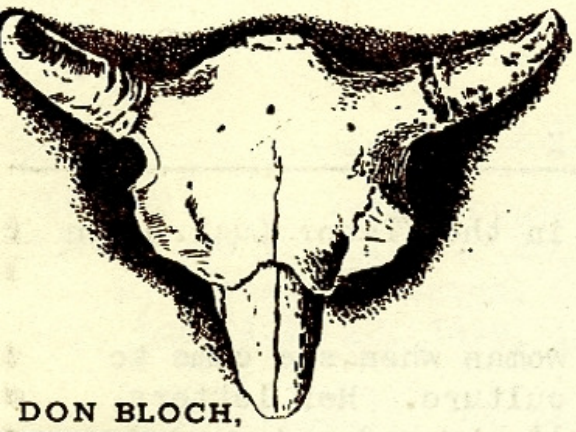
to discuss, and

to preserve, where possible,

a record of the cultural background and evolution of the vast region referred to as The Rocky Mountain West."

/s/ Dabney Otis Collins,

Sheriff



DON BLOCH,
[redacted] REGISTRAR OF MARKS AND BRANDS

The BRAND BOOK

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DENVER 2, COLORADO

.5 FEBRUARY, 1949 No. 2

BABY DOE TABOR - EPILOGUE

By Edgar G. McMechen

Of the two books written around the bizarre and tragic romance of the Tabors, the one named Silver Dollar was penned in the best tradition of yellow journalism, consistently in error as to fact. One senses in it a sort of lip-smacking glee as the more lurid anecdotes unfold, a mild echo of the malevolent words of Eugene Field. The other book, The Tabors, written by Lewis Cass Gandy, while also in error in many points, shows a serious effort on the part of the author to dig beneath the spume and spit and present the Tabors as human beings, subject to the frailities and aspirations of the average person.

This is no attempt to paint Baby Doe Tabor as a lily. It is rather an effort to give her a fair break, now that she is dead.

H.A.W. Tabor was originally from Maine, and a stonecutter by trade. He had a good common-school education but has been generally regarded as uncouth and unlearned. It was customary, for example, for him to say "thar", and "them fellers"; but in his letters he never used such expressions. Considering his lack of opportunities, his English was reasonably good. Tabor was a friendly, great-hearted, honest man who loved the company of his fellow men. It may be that he dropped into the vernacular of the mining camp through a desire to identify himself more closely with the people who traded at his store or - and this is more likely - because he was inclined by nature to be rather lazy and careless. Possibly his most outstanding characteristic was his

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irrepressible optimism and his unshaken faith in the "Tabor Luck." In this, Baby Doe believed as firmly as Tabor.

Augusta Tabor was a very handsome young woman when she came to Colorado, and not without a certain amount of culture. Her letters, penned in a beautiful Spencerian hand, were well phrased and worded. She met the conditions of the frontier with great courage: nothing was too hard for her to endure. She operated her bakery, ran the store, did anything needful to make her husband a success. She continually urged him on to greater efforts, but his easy-going attitude irritated her continually. Even when they were still in Oro City, there are evidences that Augusta had become quarrelsome. She thoroughly disapproved of Tabor's generosity and grub-staking of poor miners. To her parsimonious soul this represented inexcusable waste.

Augusta, however, was a woman of excellent character. She underwent great hardships, although resenting those that she believed avoidable, and not hesitating to use her sharp tongue in upbraiding Tabor. Yet, it is doubtful, with all the hardships that she underwent, whether she endured as much mental agony as Baby Doe when the latter was put under her baptism of fire after her marriage to Tabor.

By 1875, just a few years before the Leadville discovery, the Tabors had amassed a modest fortune of $35,000 and were well off considering the spending value of a dollar at that time. This economic status was very largely due to Augusta who, scrimping and saving, regarded it as a sin to throw money away on such things as expensive clothes and jewelry. The rift between the couple had grown quite serious by the time the Little Pittsburgh was discovered; as a team, they were far apart when opulence burst upon them.

Only a few years after Tabor's good fortune Baby Doe came upon the scene. There was a popular belief of the day that Baby Doe set her cap for Tabor deliberately in order to gain luxury. If so, it is not the first time that women have married for money, and probably will not be the last.

Even in her girlhood days in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, Baby Doe was known as a beauty with great allure and magnetism. When eighteen years old she married Harvey Doe, the son of W. H. Doe, a well-to-do lumber man of

Oshkosh. The latter opposed her marriage to his son, believing her entirely too frivolous. Immediately after the marriage, Harvey Doe and his wife went to Central City. She had one child by Harvey Doe, a baby boy, born July 13, 1879, in stillbirth.

Incidentally, the term "Baby" Doe, which generally has been accepted as one of derision and contempt invented by Gene Field, actually was the name by which she was known in the family. "Baby" was the pet name of Harvey Doe for his wife, and Tabor continued this practice. Baby Doe sometimes signed her messages "Baby", when writing to her family.

The story that Baby Doe, after deciding that she wanted Tabor's millions, deliberately divorced Harvey Doe to clear the way, hardly holds up under an examination of contemporary documents. One afternoon, in Central City, during the winter of 1879-80, she saw Harvey Doe enter a house of prostitution on the opposite side of the street. She immediately crossed the street, followed him into the house, and upbraided him for his conduct. He maintained that he had gone there to collect a bill owed him for merchandise, but she refused to accept the explanation. It was immediately after this that she filed suit for nonsupport in the County Court of Arapahoe County, and was granted a divorce, March 4, 1880.

The authority for this story is Harvey Doe himself, because he wrote the account of it in a letter to his own father and mother, which they forwarded to Baby Doe. This, it would seem, indicates that Harvey Doe's father and mother had changed their opinion of their daughter-in-law and held her in some esteem.

Three years passed before the "triangle" claimed public attention. There is no dependable evidence as to when Baby Doe and Tabor met. Tabor, with his usual impetuosity, tried to cut the Gordian knot that held him to Augusta. He secured a secret divorce in Durango, Colorado. Augusta never was served with papers in this suit; and Tabor's attorneys evidently knew it was fraudulent when the divorce suit of Augusta came up, because they did not bring the record of the divorce into that case. When it was discovered by Augusta's attorneys and given to the newspapers it created a great furor and scandal.

At this time, Tabor was completing a second term as Lieutenant Governor of Colorado. He was State Chairman of the Republican Party and had ambitions to become United States Senator. Unforfunately for him, Colorado then had some of the most brilliant attorneys and political leaders that the State has ever known, and they had ideas of their own about his election to the United States Senate. They were far more able and clever than Tabor; they were far better equipped to represent the State in the highest legislative body in the land; and they had no intention of being pushed aside by a man beneath their intelligence quotient.

Tabor persisted in his ambition, however, and was elected to the Senate January 27, 1883, by the State Legislature. Senator Teller had been appointed Secretary of the Interior, and there still remained thirty days of his term. Tabor went East to be inaugurated and took Baby Doe with him. With the same lack of judgment that characterized the Durango divorce, he had been secretly and previously married to Baby Doe at the Southern Hotel in St. Louis before Augusta had received her final decree. After arriving in Washington he was married again by Father Chappelle at the Willard Hotel, evidently knowing that his marriage in St. Louis was questionable, if not fraudulent.

For several years Eugene Field, serving on a paper opposed to Tabor's political ambitions, had lampooned and ridiculed the mining king. One can imagine how Gene must have been crestfallen and flabbergasted when the marriage came over the wires. What an opportunity he had missed in not anticipating this marriage, as he had anticipated the "baby" of Emma Abbott which was never born. However, as Gene had at this time left Denver for Chicago, he probably had other victims for his acid pen.

Immediately after this marriage appeared a deluge of remarkable stories about Tabor. The most famous was that concerning the pink silk nightgown with the rosepoint lace insertions and gold buttons, which was told seriously in the best Denver Society and is very generally believed today. Personally, I doubt whether there ever was such a nightgown. In the Tabor collection at the Colorado State Museum are several suits of Tabor's pajamas -- no nightgowns. These are made of fine French flannel and elaborately embroidered in white silk. One such garment still has the embroidery needle in it, indicating that his nighties were the work of the loving hand of Baby Doe.

The wedding brought forth in Washington newspapers the most detailed description of Baby Doe that we have and, as her beauty is one of the controlling factors in the entire Tabor romance, it would be well at this point to quote. One such article said,

"The pictures that have appeared in illustrated papers of the present Mrs. Tabor are simply caricatures. She is without doubt the handsomest woman in Colorado. She is young, tall and well proportioned with a complexion so clear that it reminds one of the rose bush mingling with the pure white lily; a great wealth of light brown hair that is always dressed in a simple, but artistic manner, and shows that it grew on the head that wears it; large dreamy, blue eyes, which sometimes kindled with enthusiasm, twinkle and flash like the brilliant gem that fastens the lace about her swan like neck; a Mary Anderson mouth and chin, and a shoulder and bust which no Colorado Venus can compare with; delicate feet and a tiny hand with tapering white fingers; and I have done with pen-picture, except to add that she is unostentatious; that she dresses richly, but in perfect taste, and that when she walks she moves as majestic as a queen. She shows also a sweet disposition and an affectionate and genuineness of nature." A strange mistake in this description is that relating to height. Her wedding gown in the Colorado State Museum proves definitely that she was a tiny woman, possibly not more than five feet three.

It is probable that the impression this writer got of her height was due to what he termed her "majestic" carriage. It is well known that Edwin Booth, a very small man, appeared to loom to heroic proportions when in the midst of one of his great scenes. One is inclined to wonder how Baby Doe acquired this trick of moving with majesty and perfect ease. But I believe that her scrapbooks contain the answer to this problem. Baby Doe was incurably romantic. This quality, and her devotion to her religion, were two of her most pronounced traits. Throughout her scrapbooks are many many clippings discussing in minute detail the dress, the movements, and the manners of European Royalty and of the leading social lights of New York and other great centers of population. Also, among her clippings are numerous articles revealing the tricks of toilet used by fashionable women to gain the effect of glamor and romance. One is brought to the conclusion that Baby Doe made an elaborate study of pose and gesture and, being a born actress who never did anything without calculating its effect, was able to ape with great success the manners of the socially elite.

Added to this, Baby Doe's beauty was not so much a beauty of features as of expression. She did have beautiful features, but they were a little coarse. Her complexion, her intense expressive eyes, her native Irish wit, her ability to hold her own in conversation in any drawing room, and her dramatic qualities which were second nature, made it possible for her to steal the spotlight in any gathering. One of her greatest physical attributes was a beautiful, golden voice, possibly as close to that of Bernhardt's as any voice in modern times. Had she gone to New York instead of Central City, and fallen into the hands of a Belasco or a Frohman, she undoubtedly would have become one of the greatest actresses of the American stage.

The wedding celebration was held in two parlor rooms of the Willard Hotel. In addition to President Arthur and the members of the Colorado Congressional Delegation (wives absent), practically all members of the McCourt family were present. One writer draws this word picture:

> "Over 300 yards of smilax entwined with rosebuds, tulips, japonicas and other rare flowers were used in festooning the pillars and the chandeliers. In the other room a table was laid for twenty-eight. In the center from a flower arch hung a white marriage bell, and under it lay a wreath of rosebuds, typifying the wedding ring. Surmounting the arch was a heart of roses pierced by an arrow of violets shot by a cupid's bow of heliotrope. The main ornaments of the table were notable for the marvelous perfection of the flowers which composed them. They represented huge four leaf clovers, the two opposite leaves in each being of Jacqueminot roses, and the other two of pure white camellias, entwined with sweet violets. All around the table ran a garland of buds entwined with smilax. On the side table stood the bride's cake, and over it was a large, bell-shaped canopy of roses and rosebuds, lined with the same. The lower edge was trimmed with huge calla lilies, and from each side to the floor gracefully hung droopings of smilax and rosebuds, forming the sides of the canopy. The chandeliers were festooned with smilax, and everywhere were evidences of good taste and lavish expenditures."

After the close of Tabor's abbreviated Senatorial term the couple returned to Denver. There Baby Doe met with snubs and rebuffs on every hand. It may be said to her credit that she took it all with an unruffled front; although. being human, she doubtless burned with resentment. Here begins the story of years of persistent attempts to justify herself. She persisted in her efforts to keep Tabor in the political limelight, to confound the predictions that she would drag him down from his high estate by her marriage. In letters and notes to her friends she also made a stubborn and pathetic attempt to prove that she had not been ignored socially. A typical instance of this was the following note that she sent to a friend:

> "You know we were in New York only a few weeks ago, and met with a social success there that was entirely unexpected. The very cream of New York called on us and invited us to their homes. I had hoped to return there this winter and enjoy again their delightful society, and besides, I have a large number of social engagements in Washington after the first of the year. We have a large circle of friends there, personal friends of the Senator, and I am going there this winter. But at this time it was impossible to go. Mother was sick, and just before the Senator went brother Stephen was taken with malaria. Of course I couldn't go and leave them."

About a year after the close of Senator Tabor's term in the Senate their first child was born. This was Elizabeth Bonduel Lillie, born July 13, 1884. Upon her, Baby Doe lavished every attention. Seemingly, she sought to fill the vacuum caused by her social ostracism in trying to make Lillie the most publicized baby in the world. The child's pictures were copied far and wide, even in Europe. The beautiful little girl was dressed in the costliest rosepoint and Honiton lace, cut velvet, and jeweled trinkets. On October 17, 1888, the third child of Baby Doe was born, but died on the same day. This was Horace Joseph Tabor. The fourth and last child was Rose Mary Echo Silver Dollar Tabor, born December 17, 1889. Letters between the members of the family were extremely affectionate. Very few letters written by Baby Doe have been discovered, but in her scrapbook is a poem in her own hand apparently written upon the occasion of one of Tabor's absences from the City. This is of interest from several standpoints and it is quoted

here.

"How can I part from thee
E'en for a day.
My life will be lonely
while thou art away.
The smile on thy tender lip,
The glance of thine eye,
Will haunt me my darling
Howe'er I may try,
To forget for a moment,
That thou art not near.
So hasten back to me,
My heart's treasure dear!

Baby

Nice sweet "B" flat
Clarionette
(Stop that nose business)

Kiss."

It is notable that she signed this letter to her husband as "Baby", What she meant by her reference to "nose business" is not known. Probably some little incident of family life. Tabor frequently signed his letters to her as "Hob". It is not known how this name was derived, but apparently it was a family nickname. Many writers of later years have referred to Tabor as HAW Tabor, but there is no documentary record whatever that this nickname was ever used by the Senator or his friends. In public, Baby Doe invariably spoke of her husband as Mr. Tabor.

In about mid-1884, Tabor was at the height of his wealth and activities. He had bought a one-half interest in the First National Bank of Denver, sold his interest in the Little Pittsburgh for $1,000,000.00 to Chaffee and Moffat, purchased the Matchless Mine in Leadville, owned a fourth interest in the mines of Borden, Tabor and Company, and five or six mines which together yielded $100,000.00 a month. In this group were the Alaska, Adelphi, Acapulco, and Victory mines, situated in Poughkeepsie Gulch. He was sole owner of the Red Roger and the Saxon, and owned valuable mining property in Alpine. He had erected the Tabor Block, Tabor Grand Opera House in Denver, the Tabor Grand Opera House in Leadville, and owned a brownstone front five-story building at the

corner of Sixteenth and Larimer Street.

Tabor continued investing with what appeared to be reckless abandon. He purchased 175,000 acres of copper land in Texas; valuable copper mines in Arizona; and purchased alternate sections of land for 400 miles bordering upon the Patook River in the Republic of Honduras, which included groves of mahogany, ebony and other valuable woods. He also owned mines in Chihuahua, and the Tam O'Shanter mine near Aspen, Colorado. Tabor relied implicitly upon his judgment and acted with great dispatch in making his investments. A newspaper writer of the date commented upon this as follows:

> "He no sooner decides than he begins to act. To illustrate: The transaction before alluded to, by which he closed out his remaining stock in the Little Pittsburgh Mining Company for $1,000,000.00, bought 880 shares of the First National Bank of Denver and at the same time purchased the Matchless Mine at Leadville for $117,000.00, took place in the short space of fifteen minutes. His fortune has been acquired mainly in the purchase and operating of mines, requiring a strong nerve, excellent judgment and great faith in the richness of Colorado's mineral deposits. In every instance have his expectations been realized and his judgment been fully vindicated and Governor Tabor is to-day one of a trio of millionaires consisting of himself, Mr. Chaffee, and Mr. Moffat, whose wealth is not equaled by that of any other three men in Colorado."

However, an 1885 newspaper report upon the rating of Colorado's wealthy men placed Tabor's wealth at $8,500,000.00, and listed Governor John Evans as second and Walter S. Cheesman as third among the wealthiest men in the State.

As indicated by the above quotation, Tabor was hardly the trusting dupe of get-rich-quick operators that he has been represented. He gambled with abandon, but the properties he acquired often had real value. He over-reached himself in his investments, and his great mistake was that he believed the Matchless Mine to be an inexhaustible bank to which he could turn in time of need. Although warned by his friends, by 1885 he had obligations and bank debts that would have staggered the ordinary man. When the Matchless Mine had been gutted

and the collapse came from the demonetization of silver, he had no resources with which to extricate himself from his dilemma.

The popular idea has been for many years that Tabor was victimized by business associates in Denver, and that he lost tremendous amounts of money in gambling. What really happened was that they "ganged up" on him. From his first days in Oro City, Tabor had been a poker player and a good one. An interesting anecdote in this connection was printed by the Kansas City Daily Times. This quoted here. "They tell a new story now on Senator Tabor of Colorado. It is related when Tabor was on the Kansas Pacific Train going to Washington to take his seat, he met a Hebrew drummer who had known him some time by reputation. To pass the time they engaged in a game of seven up. The play was even until the close of the second game when the drummer received four kings and an eight spot. A queen was turned up.

"Great God" said the drummer. "Mr. Dabor I vish it was boker. If ve vas blayin boker I vood bet you my whole bun-dell."

"How much is your bundle?" asked the noble Senator from Colorado.

"Two hundred and fifty tollar," replied the drummer.

"Well," replied Tabor, "if you will give me the queen, which is turned, I will go you."

"Tun," said the drummer, and Tabor picked up the queen.

"Dot ees a shnap," whispered the drummer, showing his hand to a man in the next seat.

"I should smile," answered the man laconically.

"Vood you like to bet some more, Meester Dabor?" asked the commercial tourist with an insinuating smile.

"Yes," said the noble Senator, "I have a fair hand; I will make it $500."

"I haf only fifty," replied the drummer, and he made his bet good for $300. "What haf you got, Meester Dabor?"

"Four aces," answered Colorado's favorite son, showing the fatal one spots. The drummer was perfectly paralyzed and was unable to speak, while the noble Senator stowed the pot in his togs. Slowly drawing a cigar from his pocket, Colorado's favorite was about to light up and withdraw when the drummer recovered his sense of speech. Leaning forward he said, "Eet ish all right, Meester Dabor. You haf won the money square, but Great God! Mr. Dabor, vot had er g-veen to do mit four aces?"

With the collapse of silver, Tabor found himself loaded with valuable property which he could not maintain or retain. Ruin came to him as quickly as he had acquired riches. Both he and Baby Doe still believed in his luck. He made one attempt to develop a gold mine, the Eclipse, near Ward, Colorado. In order to finance this he appealed to W. S. Stratton, the Cripple Creek millionaire, an old friend and a hard-headed business man. Stratton loaned him $15,000.00. This loan is popularly known as the Stratton "grubstake" to Tabor. As security, Senator Tabor placed in Stratton's hands his deed to Arizona copper property which had never been recorded. Stratton tossed this deed into his desk and never looked at it again. No effort was made to keep up the payments or taxes and the property was sold. Years later, after Tabor's death, Stratton's secretary returned the note to Baby Doe with a letter wiping out the debt. It was too late to do anything about saving the property.

The family went through the most dire hardships after Tabor's collapse. In his book "Olden Times in Colorado", Carlyle Channing Davis has a paragraph devoted to an anonymous man. This paragraph states that Davis saw a former multi-millionaire silver king and political leader wheeling slag at $3.00 a day at a Leadville smelter. Without question Davis meant Tabor.

Tabor was appointed Postmaster of Denver in 1898 as a means of saving him from starvation. The man who actually got this appointment for Senator Tabor was not Stratton, as many have supposed, but his old political opponent, United States Senator Edward O. Woolcott, who showed in this manner that he was not one to hold petty political grudges. The following year Senator Tabor died, not on the stage of the Tabor Opera House as one writer has stated, but in his bed at home.

The critics of Baby Doe Tabor had insisted from the time of her marriage to the Senator that, should he lose his fortune, she would desert him immediately. To their amazement and probably their chagrin, she shared his fortunes step by step, even living in a shack at the Eclipse Mine. After Tabor's death, she remained as faithful to his memory as she had been to him in life. In one of the few existing letters left by her, she admonished her girls never to do anything that would bring disgrace to the great name of their father.

A serious quarrel between Baby Doe and Lillie brought the first rift in the family. This occasion arose when Lillie married her first cousin, an act not condoned by the Catholic Church. A furious quarrel resulted. Lillie married this cousin and moved to Milwaukee. Once Baby Doe and Silver Dollar, at the time of Silver's residence in Chicago, visited Milwaukee in order to effect a reconciliation. The record of this visit by Baby Doe, kept on a calendar, indicates that she and Silver called at Lillie's house repeatedly without being able to see her, but finally were admitted. Baby Doe recorded that they had a "nice visit," but this was the last contact between the two.

The years following Tabor's death were bitter and hard. Many times Baby Doe and Silver came close to starvation. The remnant of Baby Doe's jewelry, mortgaged to a Denver bank for $18,000, was finally redeemed by a friend and sold, supposedly for her benefit. All that she received, however, was a diamond solitaire.

Silver attempted newspaper reporting, musical composition, and novel writing. Her talents and her training were not equal to the task. The most notable of her outputs was "Star of Blood", a lurid dime-novel type of booklet which she peddled around Denver. Silver Dollar was only ten years old when her father died and, at the time she made her attempt to become a newspaper writer, she was an unsophisticated and sweet girl. As she grew older, she became quite unmanageable because of her restlessness and abounding vitality. This situation is doubtless one of the reasons why Baby Doe removed in 1913 to Leadville to live in her shack by the side of the Matchless Mine, which Tabor on his death bed had told her to "hold on to". A friend gave Silver Dollar a pony in Leadville, and she frequently created excitement by dashing wildly up and down Harrison Avenue at a gallop. Soon Leadville was too small to hold her, and she went to Chicago in an effort to fit herself for the stage. Her only previous experience had been a tour with a County Fair Company through Colorado where she was pianist until the Salome dancer died. She then took over this role.

The subsequent sensational stories about her career in Chicago at the time of her tragic death are well known. How much truth these tales contain is problematical since they were written in the best traditions of the sensational yellow press. The death of her father while she was still so young, the loss of the Tabor fortune, the

grinding and bitter poverty which forced her and her mother on many occasions to pawn the famous Tabor watch fob presented to the Senator by the citizens of Denver at the opening of the Tabor Grand Opera House, threw a cloud over her life and robbed her of her girlhood. Had these events not occurred, it is probable that she would have married well and raised a happy family. As it was, she was an unfortunate pawn of fate.

In her bare, unpainted shack at the Matchless Mine, Baby Doe lived on alone with her memories and her visions. Few people could engage her in conversation. Her fierce pride would not allow her to accept help from anyone, even her own brother. As time passed, her visions, recorded on scraps of paper, became more irrational: they were always of a religious nature, and dealt with demons and the devil. Her mind had lost its balance. She spent her last days guarding the gutted Matchless with a shotgun, to repell anyone who might attempt to steal the Tabor luck and the fortune, which she believed still was under ground.

Much of the character of this remarkable woman can be gleaned from perusal of her voluminous scrapbooks and relics. Everything that at some period had been connected with her romance, everything that touched upon a tender episode or family intimacy, was saved. It was a strange miscellany of objects found by the administrator in her trunks. Bolts of expensive silk dress goods, never touched by shears; her children's toys; forty of her old hats that probably had won admiring comments from the Senator: a gilded cocoanut from some remembered party; ears of prize corn awarded at some agricultural fair to which she and the Senator had been invited; several bottles of bonded whiskey; letters; clippings; pictures and colored decorations cut from books (all of a sentimental or fashionable type); her wedding dress; a collar of her ermine coat, the rest of which apparently had been sold; trinkets; souvenirs; bundles of newspapers marked "for shelving" -- these are but a few of the strange items left by Baby Doe in a Denver warehouse and in St. Vincent's hospital in Leadville.

The writer had once been shown the gold watch fob during a casual meeting with Silver on Sixteenth Street, Denver. She was carrying it in a black handbag and drew it forth with the remark, "Mother and I will starve to death before we will ever part with this". At the time I was

appointed Tabor administrator by the County Court of Lake County, I had this incident in mind and searched vainly through her twenty-one trunks and boxes in the Denver warehouse for this fob -- but without success.

Later, by accident, I learned of a second cache in the Leadville hospital. It was security for a loan, forced upon the unwilling sisters, to cover a note which read: "I promise to pay St. Vincent's hospital $100.00 when I get it."

It was there that the watch fob was found, wrapped in a very large bundle of rags. This was Baby Doe's way of protecting from possible loss or theft the most precious relic left by the Senator. It doubtless had brought to her mind the days of her glory when she sat in the Tabor box at the Tabor Grand Opera House in Denver, dressed in the height of fashion and covered with glittering jewels.

Baby Doe was frozen to death in her cabin at the Matchless sometime prior to mid-March 1935. Her body had been frozen so long that it was impossible to give an accurate estimate as to the date of death. She had only the barest necessities in her cabin, and a few cans of vegetables on the shelf. Although an administrator promptly placed upon the cabin warning against trespassing, souvenir hunters literally ripped the contents of the cabin to pieces in a few weeks time. The muslin lining on the ceiling was ripped off, the mattress torn to bits, furniture broken, and boards torn from walls, all in a senseless attempt to discover hidden jewelry and wealth.

Thus died Baby Doe, her meagre home torn apart and violated after death, as her private actions had been reviled during her life.

In this paper there has been no attempt to repeat the many anecdotes told and retold over the years with lifted eyebrow and knowing smile because, in the final analysis, they prove nothing.

All the characters involved had good qualities and faults, and it is not my purpose to elect the role of Solomon.

In conclusion, one somehow is reminded of a creature of the wild, backed into a corner and doing the best it can to defend itself.

One thing may be said of Baby Doe that elicits admiration -- when the going was roughest, she did not cringe nor show her teeth - she smiled.

TRAIL DUST FROM THE DENVER CORRAL

POSSEMAN ROUNDUP FOR FEBRUARY

Lots of good Possemen on the move about now, just been, gone, or just going. Like Alfred M. Bailey - off on his annual lecture tour in the east, beginning at the National Geographic Society; Forbes Parkhill, gone a week ago to Washington, D.C.,; Nolie Mumey vacationing in Old Mexico; Art Carhart in New York or Washington, (details unclear); and Eric Douglas is away, "as we go to press", somewhere; Art Campa just back from Mexico City in old Mexico, and leaving soon for the Philosophical Congress in Mendoza, Argentina; Charlie Roth back now after being star speaker at the Convention of the Texas Press Association, at Austin, on (briefly) "Public Relations Programs for Newspapers"; Paul Harrison just back from business in New Mexico and off on more to Arizona soon; and Phil Whitely - moving, too - to his new "true western" type home, not yet finished, at 3336 Belcaro Drive, on about April 1.

After a severe spot of pneumonia, Herb Brayer is up and about.

Bill Raine, having dusted off another editing job - the Powder Smoke Yarns, one of those Pocket Book anthologies of western stories - is at it again: yep, another novel.

Doc Collins, holding down three jobs these days (one for a living, two for fun), now has all the copy in for the '48 Brand Book, and is in the midst of layouts and dummies (I'm smiling, Barker).

Vol. 1, No. 2 of Hank Hough's new magazine, Service Station and Garage, has hit the Rocky Mountain region's newsstands now.

In the March issue of Harper's

Magazine will appear a new poem by Tom Ferril, entitled "Words for Time", followed by another in the Atlantic Monthly; and, currently, a discussion of 20 recent volumes of poetry in the San Francisco Chronicle.

The Denver Posse of The Westerners soon will have, for the first time, a Constitution and By-Laws. A tentative set has been drawn up, drafted by a committee composed of Ed Dunklee, chairman, Herb Brayer, and Forbes Parkhill. Worked over by members present at a special business meeting recently called by the Sheriff, these articles will receive distribution in due time.

B. Z. Woods is chairman of a committee working out the details which will determine what shall be the extent to which the Denver Posse will share in honoring Leland Case, "Father of The Westerners", by way of nominating him for a place in the National Founders Society.

Registrar Bloch is wondering if anyone read, and if so, what they opined about the several suggestions he carried in the January Brand Book. He suggests, further, that Corresponding Members are not prohibited from sending in news notes about what they've been doing. They are, in fact, encouraged to do so...

For those who wondered where Nolie Mumey got that burlesque of Robert W. Service entitled "The Ballad of Yukon Jake" which he recited with gusto after January's meeting, the answer is: it is by Edward E. Paramore, Jr., and was published in Vanity Fair for August 1921.

For new Possemen and Corresponding members, it should be noted that there are a few (very few) copies of 1947 and 1948 monthly Brand Books available from Herb Brayer; also, a few 1946 annual Brand Books. It should be repeated from last month, too - if you have any old monthly issues to dispose of, let Brayer know, please.

ASCITITIA

"... by 1886 The League of American Wheelmen had more than ten thousand members. It fought village ordinances and municipal regulations which barred bicycles from roads and streets; agitated for bicycle paths, macadam roads; and instituted a campaign for the building of good roads throughout the country... Before the turn of the century, millions of Americans were cyclists; professional bicycle races called 'scorchers' were very popular; and the place of this vehicle in American life seemed assured." (THE GOOD OLD DAYS, David L. Cohn. P. 454).

"So he hobbled out to lean against the billiard saloon with Lee Redding, rheumatic from Andersonville prison, and maybe a hurdy-gurdy war crip collecting tobacco tags to get a wooden leg, and old Mat, the palsy shaker."
(THE TOM-WALKER, Mari Sandoz. P.56)

* * * *

PROGRAM FOR MARCH MEETING

Dr. Harold Dunham: Lucien B. Maxwell, Frontiersman and Businessman.

FOR SALE

Paul D. O'Connor, 4482 Quitman st., has a rare old slot machine, highly decorative and decorated (swirling dancers and stuff in the "western style"), which came originally from a Leadville emporium of some sort and was bought in Idaho Springs. It plays five coins at a time -- pennies up to dimes - and is really an authentic piece of Americana. Contact him direct.

* * * *

CHUCKWAGON BOOK REVIEWS - and PREVIEWS -- By Fred Rosenstock.

THE '49 ERS; by Evelyn Wells and Harry C. Peterson. Doubleday & Company, 1949. $3.00.

101 years ago last January 19th or 24th (there is some doubt which is the correct date), James Wilson Marshall found gold in a mill race on American River, in California.

He did not have in mind a Marshall plan, but his discovery had almost as far-reaching results as the Marshall plan in the 1940's.

This book relates in popular form the tremendous effect upon the United States and the rest of the world, of the discovery of gold in California; the tide of humanity, good and bad, that flocked overland and by sea to the new field; its effect on the political and economic history of the United States.

But most of all, the day-by-day doings of the miners, their toil, amusements, foibles, their women, their lynchings, claim jumping, and their reaction to good luck or bad. For instance, one miner, asked how he felt when he picked up his first nugget, said, "I jest stared at that little gold feller and thought, gol durn ye, where's your partner?"

The book is not documented, there is no index, and there are no illustrations. It is obvious, however, that the authors have done very considerable research and they have succeeded in producing a highly readable, sprightly, and entertaining narrative.

Here is a concise, over-all view of the days of '49; and it would be hard to find a better condensation of a subject that would require perhaps many volumes to set forth fully.

GOLD RUSH ALBUM: Editor in Chief, Joseph Henry Jackson; Scribner's, 1949. $10.00.

California is properly to the fore during its present Centennial Years, and something is surely being done about it, in a book-sense. There will be new histories of the goldrush epic as a whole, as well as limited treatises on various specialized phases. There will also be new editions, or re-publications, of important works that have been out of print, such as Hulbert's Forty-Niners, already re-issued, and the great Bruff Journal, to be re-issued in the early Spring.

It is fitting and noteworthy that the house of Scribner has topped off its great series of pictorial historical albums--which include the famous James Truslow Adams Album of American History, the elaborate pictorial volumes on W. H. Jackson and Frederic Remington and, more recently, the exciting Fighting Indians of the West--by publishing this Gold Rush Album, under the capable chief editorship of Joseph Henry Jackson, well-known book editor of the San Francisco Chronicle.

It is a masterly job in every way. Foremost, of course, are the pictures themselves-- 352 of them--taken from many sources, and many undoubtedly used for the first time in a published work. There are drawings and sketches, daguerreotypes, prints, lithographs, facsimiles of rare newspapers, broadsides and programs; title-pages of rare books and pamphlets; even inscriptions on headstones--an amazing array--supplemented by explanatory text which is far superior to what I have observed, generally, in pictorials. The running narrative is provocative and exciting in its own right. There is logical sequence to both text and pictures, which makes for clarity, understanding, and progressive interest for the reader. There is also a good index--a valuable adjunct for a book of this type. Truly, this is a difficult book to review--for me, that is. Superlatives crowd in on the mind, and it is futile to try to think up criticism when there doesn't seem to be the slightest loophole for criticism.

Thoughts at random while scanning the pages of this book for the 'teenth time: 1. Page 21 shows

a facsimile of the famous Hastings Emigrants' Guide, published in 1845. The text says Hastings had great ambitions; even aspired to be "ruler" of Oregon and California. Hastings and his Guide have been censured by some historians; several even blaming him with major responsibility for the Donner Party disaster. Why doesn't someone write a definitive life of this man Hastings that will clarify him and establish his true place in the record of Western expansion? This work, it seems to me, is long overdue.

2. The many references to the J. Goldsborough Bruff Journal, and the many illustrations from that Journal reproduced here, make me ever more grateful to the Columbia University Press for republication of this Journal, this spring. The original edition came out several years ago, in 2 volumes. It was quite limited, and was quickly sold out. Before I woke up, I had to pay twice the published price to obtain a set. The new edition will be complete and unabridged, in one volume, and will sell for a very reasonable price. My opinion of this work is that it is one of the "all-time-greats" in the entire field of Western history.

3. How remarkable that so many of these original, pictorial source-records were preserved all these years--to make possible such a fascinating Gold Rush Album as this! A thought comes: (and a tip to Scribner's) what could we do right here in this State, for a Colorado "gold rush scrapbook" in 1958 or 1959-- ten years hence. The wonderful collections in the Colorado Historical Museum, the Western history Department of the Denver Public Library, the University of Colorado Library, and other institutional collections, not to overlook the collection of yours truly (who hopes to be still on the job at that time), would surely provide a pool of historical treasures befitting such a Scrapbook.

4. Well, here's a surprise! Across the entire back end-paper is a historical map titled "Westward Advance, 1849-1860", and it says that it is drawn under the supervision of none other than our own LeRoy Hafen, and of Carl Coke Rister.

5. Final thought: Ye Gods, what a book!

* * * *

Current and Forthcoming Books of Interest to Westerners.

1. The Great Betrayal, by Dorothy Gardiner. Doubleday, $3.00.

Just published. A novel

centering about Col. John Chivington of Glorietta Pass and Sand Creek fame, or notoriety, as you please. You have already read reviews of this book in the Denver papers. Apparently, Chivington is given a real "going-over", and his staunch defenders, such as Governor Evans and William N. Byers, are also given "the works." From all accounts, a very good novel, based on adequate research.

2. Wicked Water, by MacKinley Kantor. Random House, $2.75.

Just published. A novel, so I am told, based on incidents in the life of Tom Horn. I haven't read it, but MacKinley Kantor is one of America's foremost fiction writers, and it should be interesting.

3. Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage Routes, by Agnes Wright Spring. Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale. $7.50.

Just published. The discovery of gold in the Black Hills in the 1870's inspired thousands of gold-hunters, freighters, merchants, and others to surge to the new Eldorado. This route, between Cheyenne and Custer and Deadwood, carried not only the passengers, but also the freight and express, and millions in treasure. This is a fascinating account, by a careful and readable historian, of this famous stage line and the men who operated it.

4. ROUND DANCE BOOK, by Lloyd Shaw. Caxton. $5. Just Published.

A fine account, by the noted practitioner and author of SQUARE DANCES, of the waltz, and other dances not contained in his previous volume. Colorful and historically accurate, this well-illustrated volume is a must for American dance addicts.

5. The Golden Fury, a new novel by our own Marian Castle, author of Deborah. To be published by Morrow in March or April.

This is a story of a woman, and the locale and period, the Colorado mining camps from 1878 to 1909. First, there is Leadville in its heydays in the '70's; then Aspen, during its own boom period in the late '80's; and on to the close of the pioneer era in the first decade of 1900's. Mrs. Castle tells me that while this book is mainly about a woman, it is nevertheless a book which will appeal to both men and women. I feel certain that this book will achieve nation-wide popularity.

6. Professional Salesmanship, by our ex-sheriff, Charles B. Roth. To be published by

McGraw-Hill on February 28th.

This doesn't sound like Americana, but who knows? Undoubtedly, this will be a top book in its field.

7. The 1948, or Second, Brand Book of the Los Angeles Westerners in early March.

Limited to 400 copies, with a dazzling group of original stories, profusely illustrated, and in delightful format, it promises to outdo even their first Brand Book--which was certainly an unforgettable production.

8. The Journal, Drawings and Papers of J. Goldsborough Bruff. California Centennial edition. Columbia University Press in March.

Don't fail to get this extremely important book.

9. The Black Hills, and their Incredible Characters, by Robert J. Casey. Bobbs-Merrill in April.

Traces the story of the region from the early '70's to the present. The gold excitement; frontier characters, etc. 40 photographs and map.

10. Granger Country. A Pictorial Social History of the Burlington Railroad; edited by Lloyd Lewis and Stanley Pargellis. Little, Brown, on April 11.

11. A second and revised edition of the outstanding and authoritative book on Navajo rugs and blankets, Navaho Weaving, by Amsden; University of New Mexico Press on April 15. The original edition has been out of print for years, and commands a considerable premium in the rare-book market.

12. Our past Sheriff Arthur H. Carhart certainly has not been asleep. He has two books coming out, and both sound fine for Western interest. In April, A.S. Barnes & Co. will publish his Fresh Water Fishing; and, early in May, Ziff-Davis will issue Hi, Stranger; a guide to Dude Ranches.

13. Bad Company: A Gold Rush Rogues' Gallery, by Joseph Henry Jackson. California's outlaws and highwaymen, from 1850 to 1890. Harcourt-Brace on May 5.

14. Voice of the Coyote; by J. Frank Dobie; illustrated by Alans J. Murrie. Little, Brown.

So far as I know, this is the first actual book on the subject of the coyote. Dobie has ranged far and wide in search of source-material, and, knowing Dobie, this I think should be a masterpiece.

15. The Custer Story.

The intimate correspondence of General Custer and his Wife--edited by Marguerite Merington, literary executor of Mrs. Custer and custodian of this series of letters, which are fascinating and important source-material. Devin-Adiar on May 15.

16. The House of Beadle and Adams and Its Dime and Nickel Novels.

The Story of a Vanished Literature. By Albert Johannsen. Profuse with illustrations; many in color. 2 volumes; 1000 pages. University of Oklahoma Press in late spring.

17. The Old West Publishing Company (meaning myself and associates) will publish a Workbook in Colorado Geography in late spring.

Its principal use will undoubtedly be as a school item, a valuable adjunct to social science courses in Colorado schools. We believe it will also have an appeal to anyone interested in an up-to-date geographic presentation of the State--not only geographically, but economically and socially as well. It will have excellent cartography and illustrations.

18. Herb Brayer's opus--the Diaries and Journals of William H. Blackmore, in 2 volumes, printed by the Bradford Press.

This very important historical work, on which Herb has worked so long and so hard, is about ready for publication--if it is not already issued. It is a "must" for everyone who reads and buys Colorado history, and certainly should be in every library in the region.

19. Our fellow-Westerner Nolie Mumey will soon issue another, the third, in his series of facsimiles of the excessively rare original 1859 emigrant guide books to the Colorado Gold Fields.

I understand this next is the famous Luke Tierney Guide, which is considered one of the most important as well as one of the rarest of the guides. Dr. Hafen has supplied valuable notes to this facsimile editon.

(Nos. 20 and 21 continued on page 23.)

20. Wells Fargo, by Edward Hungerford. Random House in June.

This is one history that for a long time I've hoped would be done. The author, in my opinion, is one of the foremost authorities on transportation history, having written the History of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad and Men of Erie. The publishers say that Hungerford in his younger days worked for Wells-Fargo, and the Wells Fargo Bank of San Francisco. The book will be illustrated with numerous photographs and prints.

21. Denver, South Park and Pacific, by M. C. Poor in November (approximately).

From all I know in advance about this book, and especially from the circular of the publishers (The Rocky Mountain Railroad Club), this will be a superlative, monumental work both as to text and illustrations. The issue will be limited, and my prediction is that this will surely become a prized collector's item.

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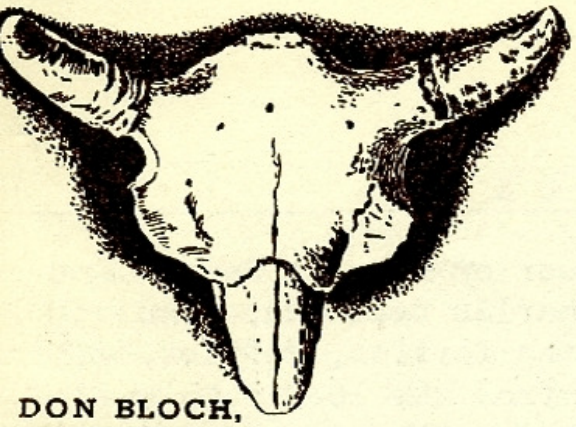

DON BLOCH,
[redacted] REGISTRAR OF MARKS AND BRANDS

The BRAND BOOK

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DENVER 2, COLORADO

V. 5 MARCH, 1949 No. 3

LUCIEN B. MAXWELL: FRONTIERSMAN AND BUSINESSMAN

BY HAROLD H. DUNHAM

Everyone will recall that the mountain branch of the Santa Fe Trail, as distinct from the Cimmaron Branch or desert crossing, ran from the Missouri River to Bent's Fort on the Arkansas, and thence southward across the Raton Mountains to Las Vegas and Santa Fe. In crossing the Raton Mountains through Raton Pass some distance below the present town of Trinidad, Colorado, and stretching for forty miles further southward, the Trail traversed what was originally termed the Beaubien and Miranda land grant, made by Governor Manuel Armijo in 1841. This Mexican grant eventually to be patent by the United States Government for more than 1,700,000 acres, was for a time during the 1860's the property of Lucien B. Maxwell, and from him took its later and more well-known name.

Mr. Maxwell was one of the most colorful and fascinating characters developed in frontier days. A contemporary described him as possessed to an eminent degree of pride of character, a strong will, and both moral and physical courage. He also had his eccentricities.

Thousands of people knew him in the several decades preceding his death in 1875, and hundreds of references may be found in Western literature to him and his famous ranch house at Cimmaron, New Mexico. He was a trapper, guide, hunter, Indian fighter, Indian agent, sutler, trader, merchant, banker, judge, cattle raiser, progressive farmer, businessman of note, and friend to Americans, Mexicans, and Indians.

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He was a boon companion of Kit Carson, and a peer of Charles Bent, Ceran St. Vrain, Richard Owens, Uncle Dick Wooton, Charles Beaubien, John Charles Fremont, and other notable figures of the forties, fifties, and sixties. His years of Western activity extend from the 1830's to the 1870's, spanning the period when the West was being transformed from a wild, untamed region to a country peopled by settlers served by railroads. His services to this transformation were notable, yet only brief sketches of his life are available. Let us look further into his record.

Lucien Bonaparte Maxwell was born in Kaskaskia, Illinois, in September, 1818. His father was Hugh Maxwell, an outstanding immigrant from Dublin, Ireland, in 1899. His mother was a member of the Menard family, so prominent in the early history of Illinois. She was born in the famous Menard House in Kaskaskia, a house which was constructed in the style of the smaller plantation mansions of Louisiana. So notable was this house that it was reproduced for the Chicago Fair in 1890, and the original is now preserved in a public park. The Menard home was noted for its hospitality and the many famous Western travelers who stopped there after its erection in 1802. Its style undoubtedly influenced Maxwell when he later came to build his own homes in New Mexico.

Maxwell received the education pertinent to his time and place, and early in his life--that is, by the time he was 18--he began to take part in the Santa Fe trade. This was a logical step since his family was related to the Chouteaus and the Shepards, both famous in Missouri and Western history. He seems to have come West about 1837 in the employ of the American Fur Company, the same company for which both Beaubien and Miranda served as agents. By 1840 he had so far established himself as an able frontiersman that, in association with St. Vrain, Bent, Lupton, and Beaubien, he was instrumental in establishing the first American settlement at Adobe Creek in Fremont County, Colorado. During the period 1840 to 1841 he was employed at Fort St. Vrain on the South Platte River. Prior to 1842 he also served as a trader among the Arapahoe Indians. Friendships he established among these Indians were to stand him in good stead later, as a subsequent story will show. Stanley Vestal notes that, in these earlier year, Maxwell served also as a foreman at Bent's Fort on the Arkansas River.

Maxwell's several visits to Taos had made him acquainted with the Beaubien family, and there he had fallen in love with Luz, one of the

five Beaubien daughters. According to W. J. Ghent, Maxwell married her in 1842. Other authorities, however, assert that Maxwell was not married until 1844. In any case, William Keheler describes Luz as a beautiful woman with large hazel eyes, dark hair, and a complexion like milk and cream. She was to bear Maxwell nine children, three of whom died in infancy. Maxwell himself is described as being five feet ten and one-half inches tall; he was stockily built, and possessed a fair complexion, blue eyes, and brown curly hair until age began to thin the top.

When in the summer of 1842, John Charles Fremont was ready to undertake his first expedition to the West, Kit Carson was hired as his guide, and Maxwell was employed as the hunter for the party. Relatively speaking, this expedition did not encounter much excitement. Nevertheless, there are two incidents worth relating. Fremont had brought with him a rubber boat which he launched full of provisions on the Kansas River. The boat capsized, spilling its contents, the most important of which was coffee. In their strenuous efforts to rescue the provisions from the water, Carson and Maxwell were both made ill. However, they soon recovered, and the party proceeded, Fremont taking Maxwell and three others up the South Platte to Fort St. Vrain, while the rest of the party took a more northerly route.

In proceeding westward, Fremont's small group of five were surprised by a band of from two to three hundred Indians. The five explorers struck out for timber in order to obtain a defensible position. But they could not get across the river to the timbered area, so they made ready to open fire when Maxwell suddenly recognized the Indians' leader and shouted in their own tongue, "You're a fool, damn you! Don't you know me?" It turned out that the Indians were Arapahoes with whom Maxwell had traded previously. As the result of Maxwell's acquaintance, Fremont's party was invited to the tepee of the head chief, where their property and lives were safe. So well known was Maxwell that when he and Fremont started to leave, one of Maxwell's friends gave him a bundle of dried buffalo meat as a present.

At the start of Fremont's second expedition to the West, which took place in 1843 and 1844, Maxwell was in Missouri waiting to return to Taos. He therefore travelled with the party as far as Fort St. Vrain on the South Platte. There Fremont had hoped to obtain additional supplies

and fresh mules or horses. None were available; consequently, Fremont commissioned Maxwell to see if he could pick up ten or a dozen mules with appropriate provisions in Taos. Maxwell departed for Taos, and Fremont's party started more slowly for the Arkansas River.

When he reached Pueblo, Fremont learned that because of the Texas raids on New Mexico, contact with that area had been shut off to the Americans. Furthermore, there had been an uprising of the Pueblo Indians near Taos against the "foreigners" of that place, in which the Indians had plundered the foreigners' houses and mistreated their families. Among those, says Fremont, whose property had been destroyed, was Maxwell's father-in-law, Beaubien, from whom Fremont had expected Maxwell to obtain supplies. Beaubien had been obliged to make his escape to Santa Fe. Incidentally, the standard histories of New Mexico do not seem to have paid much attention to this uprising of the Indians.

Fremont also learned at Pueblo that some of the Ute Indians, called the "Spanish Utes", were on the prowl, and he feared that Maxwell, not knowing that they were in the vicinity, would not be able to escape them. He did not count sufficiently on Maxwell's resourcefulness, however, because Maxwell was able to get through safely. Nevertheless, failing to be able to obtain the supplies needed, Maxwell did not rejoin this second Fremont expedition.

In the fall of 1844 we catch another brief glimpse of Maxwell. According to the testimony of J. J. Webb, that Santa Fe trader with the remarkable memory who did not write down his story until he reached his '70's, the Webb party had proceeded from the Bent Fort region toward the Rio Grande, and had stopped for a night on the Rio Culebra. While there, three horsemen dashed to a nearby location, dismounted, built a fire and began cooking their coffee and prairie dog. Then they came over to talk to the Webb party. These horsemen proved to be Maxwell, Carson, and Tim Goodale, who that morning had left Pueblo and intended to make Taos that night. After a brief conversation, the three horsemen ate their meal, mounted their horses, and proceeded on their way. It is not recorded what their purpose was in this trip.

Apparently in 1844, Maxwell first took up residence on the Rayado River, a small stream east of Taos and on the Beaubien and Miranda grant. In this same year, Beaubien himself had established a settlement

on the grant. We also know that in the winter of 1844-45, Kit Carson and Richard Owens themselves settled on the Rayado River, in the vicinity of Maxwell's location. We have J. J. Webb's account that in March, 1845, upon his return trip to the States, he stopped in Taos at the home of that ever-hospitable old gentleman, Charles Beaubien. The next day Webb continued eastward toward Mora and spent the night with Maxwell.

In the fall of 1845 Fremont came to Bent's Fort on the third of his Western expeditions. He sent word for Carson to join him, and so Carson sold out his establishment at Rayado to James H. Quinn, a prominent early New Mexican settler. Again Maxwell went with the party, which was to become the famous one found loafing around in California at the time of the outbreak of the Mexican War.

Fremont's party left Bent's Fort on August 26, 1845, with two hundred horses and sixty men. They went up the Arkansas River, skirted the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas, crossed near the region of Cripple Creek through the lower end of South Park, passed near Buena Vista, crossed the Continental Divide near Leadville, passed the White River, descended the Green River into Utah, and went on to Provo. At Provo on the 28th of October, Carson, Maxwell, and two others were selected to cross the arid plains near the Great Salt Lake, to ascertain whether or not there was water beyond. The four made the trip of sixty miles with a pack mule, and when they arrived at the foot of the mountains, they found both water and grass. Consequently they signalled by smoke, and the Fremont party crossed to join them.

We need not recount here all of the adventures of Fremont in California, but we can note that in 1846 he turned northward into Oregon territory. There in May the party was surprised by an attack from the Klamath Indians. Carson awoke to the sound of an ax striking the head of a man, who proved to be one of the party's Delaware Indians. Carson's own rifle was useless, but he fired his pistol at the chief of the Klamath Indians, and missed him. Maxwell fired his gun at the chief, who was dodging around rapidly, and wounded him in the leg. Then another member of the party shot the chief dead, and the raid ended.

Maxwell had an even narrower escape on the march southward to the

San Francisco Bay area. He and Archambau were riding ahead in order to hunt for game. They met a lone Indian coming up their path. When the Indian saw them, he halted and started firing arrows in rapid succession. He let one fly directly at Maxwell, who was forced to fling himself from his saddle just in time to have the shaft speed across it. After a brief duel, the two men succeeded in killing the Indian, whom they then scalped, planting his scalp on a stick in the path. This had been the sort of danger frequently encountered by frontiersmen like Maxwell.

It will be recalled that in September, 1846, Carson was ordered to go from Los Angeles to Washington with important dispatches. En route he encountered General Stephen W. Kearney advancing westward from Santa Fe. This meeting took place near Socorro, New Mexico, and Kearney ordered Carson to turn over the dispatches to another in the party for delivery in Washington, while Carson was to guide the party back to California. Carson himself tells us how he planned to take French leave. He made his preparations one evening and told Maxwell of his intentions. Maxwell, however, in one of the many notable services he performed, persuaded Carson not to leave, but to follow Kearney's orders. Maxwell, himself, was able to return to his wife and home in Taos.

Shortly thereafter Maxwell went on an expedition to Bent's Fort, and he was there when the famous January, 1847, uprising at Taos took place. Upon learning of the murder of Charles Bent and others at Taos, William Bent formed a party including Maxwell, and hastily crossed the Raton Pass in the direction of Taos. This was a sorrowful journey for Maxwell, for he did not know what had happened to his family. He found, however, that they were safe and that the fighting had ended when he reached his home.

A little later in this same year we find that Maxwell had been sent on an expedition to the Cimmaron Crossing of the Santa Fe Trail, where he was to pick up about a hundred government horses intended for service in New Mexico. On his return with these horses he passed Bent's Fort and did not observe that a group of Indians was apparently watching him. The Indians subsequently attacked Maxwell and his party near the famous Spanish Twin Peaks. Many years later Maxwell told Henry Guy Inman of this battle, one of the most desperate of his career, and

Wooton also was given an account of it. The Indians succeeded in driving off all of the Maxwell party horses, and wounded and even killed some of the party. The Indians left, of their own volition, finally, and Maxwell and his men were forced to make their way back to Taos without horses, without food, and without attention to their many wounds. A friendly Indian informed the people of Taos of this attack, so a rescue party headed by Uncle Dick Wooton set out to rescue Maxwell. Maxwell's men were forced to travel at night, with the brambles nearly tearing their clothes from them. About forty miles from Taos, when they had almost given up hope of reaching safety, they suddenly encountered the rescue party coming toward them. A great rejoicing followed, while food and succor were provided.

Maxwell apparently returned to the grant area periodically in both 1847 and 1848. We find that after the disastrous expedition which Fremont headed in the winter of 1848-49 he, Fremont, tells us from Kit Carson's home in Taos, that Maxwell was "at his father-in-law's doing a very prosperous business as a merchant and contractor for the troops." I assume this means Beaubien's settlement on the grant, and not his store in Taos. From 1847 on, we know that a detachment of troops was stationed in the Rayado area to protect that stretch of the Santa Fe Trail.

Despite the disaster he had encountered, Fremont was determined to continue his trip to California. Both Uncle Dick Wooton and Henry Guy Inman tell us that Fremont succeeded in persuading Carson and Maxwell to accompany him on this fourth expedition. I have found no corroboration for this story in the accounts of Carson's life. We may note that Fremont's letter from Taos is dated January 29, 1849, and according to Carson, in April, 1849, he and Maxwell decided to settle more permanently in the Rayado area on the grant. However, there thus begins for Maxwell, two decades of living in the area fifty miles east of Taos--an area which was to become famous as the Maxwell Land Grant.

Starting with but a few companions on the Rayado, Maxwell was soon able to build up a considerable settlement. By 1851, he was quartering two companies of troops in the building where he himself at first had lived. He built another house for officers, in addition to a storehouse, and a new dwelling for himself just below the other buildings. There also was several small timber houses. Maxwell built stables of

lumber for his own stock.

According to the testimony of Calvin Jones, a long-time associate of Maxwell, the new house which Maxwell built for himself covered an acre of land and was constructed in the form of a square around this acre, with an open court in the center. There were between sixteen and seventeen rooms in the structure. The storeroom was fifty feet long by twenty feet wide. Maxwell's dwelling place was about thirty-six feet long, and was cut into two sixteen foot rooms and a hall. The officers' building also was long, and divided into five rooms.

At Rayado, Maxwell was the sutler for the two companies of troops stationed there. He furnished them with hay and grain. As a part of his merchandising activities he operated a hundred pack mule-team from Taos to Rayado. He maintained a large store filled with goods, and supplied all the citizens of the area as well as the soldiers.

E. L. Sabin points out that even the presence of such famous men as Carson and Maxwell in the Rayado area did not prevent Indian attacks. Carson has told us of a number of times when either all or part of the horses at Maxwell's were driven off. The troops, however, were helpful in securing the return of many of these horses. In 1853 Carson became Indian agent to the Ute and Apache tribes that wandered in the grant area. He depended on Maxwell for supplies for the Indians and this helped to promote peace for the region, though Indian unrest occasionally flared up for another two decades.

Peace, however, did not mean entire freedom from certain types of Indian threats. For example, when Carson had his niece, Teresina Bent, staying at his house at Rayado, a group of Indians came and were served supper. Teresina was pouring the coffee when she suddenly noticed one of the braves was staring intently at her. She dropped the coffee pot and fled to the kitchen. After supper the young brave asked Carson for Teresina's hand in marriage. Carson stalled along, told the Indian that he would have to consult with the girl's mother, gave the Indians presents, and finally went back into his house and barricaded the door. He knew the Indians were restless, and that all of his family might be in some danger. Next morning, however, it turned out that the Indians had departed, but Carson took no chances and removed both Teresina and his wife to Taos.

Maxwell's trading activities prospered and in fact were to grow from this time forward. Carson tells us that in March, 1851, he started for St. Louis, taking with him twelve of Maxwell's wagons for the purpose of bringing out goods for the latter's store. On his return trip Carson succeeded in escaping a threat from the Cheyenne Indians, but he depended upon the troops coming out to help bring him back safely.

During the next year, 1852, in March, Carson recounts how he and Maxwell arranged a party of 18 to go trapping into the northern territory. They went into the Bayou Salado and down the south fork of the Platte River to the plains, through the plains to Fort Laramie--to the New Park--trapping periodically. This must have recalled the days when Maxwell and Carson were trappers as far north as the Columbia River. The party in 1852 returned by way of the Bayou Salado down the Arkansas on to Rayado.

While after the peace treaty ending the Mexican War, signed in 1848, some slight progress was being made in expanding the settlement in New Mexico, the gold rush had started for California and produced a great influx of population there. This provided an unusual opportunity for the sale of food. Consequently we find that in 1852, Uncle Dick Wooton, with a party of 22 men, drove nine thousand sheep from New Mexico to California. Here he disposed of them profitably in the San Francisco Bay area.

According to Calvin Jones, it was in this same year that Maxwell also endeavored to drive a flock of sheep and cattle from New Mexico to California. Probably Maxwell did not skirt the eastern edge of the Rockies going to Fort Laramie, and then westward, for Jones relates that Maxwell crossed the Rocky Mountains and decided to winter his flock on the Green River. Here, Jones tells us, he and Maxwell had a falling out, and Jones quit the party. Maxwell also decided to return to Rayado for the winter, leaving only a portion of his band in charge of the sheep.

Next year, Maxwell resumed his drive and successfully reached the San Francisco Bay area. Here he made contact with Kit Carson, who in 1353 had gathered six thousand sheep in the area below Santa Fe, and had driven them to Fort Laramie and then westward along the regular immigrant trail to California. Incidentally, an account of the

experiences attending such a drive from New Mexico to California may be gathered from the account given in Conard's life of Uncle Dick Wooton.

Maxwell and Carson arranged to meet in Los Angeles and take the Gila River route back to New Mexico. Maxwell took the steamer from the Bay area, and arrived in Los Angeles ahead of Carson. Carson stated that his own experience on a steamer in 1846 had prejudiced him against them. He would never ride one again if there were any other means of conveyance available. Both men arrived safely back in New Mexico in December, 1853.

In his book, The Second William Penn, Billy Pyus states that Maxwell and Carson made two overland trips driving flocks to California. The first one, he says, resulted in a holdup which deprived the two frontiersmen of all of the money earned by the trip. However, the robbers were said to have left the party their horses so they could return to New Mexico. I have found no other account to corroborate this story of Ryus. Carson himself mentioned only one expedition.

In 1851, the Army built Fort Union on the Santa Fe Trail one hundred miles east of Santa Fe, and about fifty miles southeast of Taos. This was located south of the Beaubien and Miranda grant, but it proved to be a lucrative source of trade for Maxwell. In fact, in addition to the detachment of troops which was stationed at Rayado, and later at Cimmaron, Maxwell had the tremendous demands of the quartermaster at Fort Union which he endeavored to, or helped to satisfy.

In 1857, Maxwell decided to move from his original branch on the Rayado to a new location on the Cimarron River. Here he built his second great establishment, the one which was to become famous for those who traveled the Santa Fe Trail. One frequent visitor has said that Maxwell's house was a veritable palace compared to the usual buildings of that time. It was constructed on the old Southern style, and was large and roomy. Some of the rooms were said to have been as lavishly furnished as those of an English nobleman. The mansion seems, according to the pictures that are still available, to bear considerable resemblance, as did the house at Rayado, to the old Menard home in Kaskaskia. In addition to this so-called palace, there was a three-story grist mill (which is still standing), a sutler's store, a wagon repair shop, and a trading post for the Indians. In fact, this settlement grew into a

sizable small town.

Henry Guy Inman, in his Old Santa Fe Trail, has given us a vivid picture of life at the Maxwell ranch. In 1861, it became headquarters for two groups of the Ute and Apache Indians. Maxwell was able to add to his wealth by supplying these Indians with their necessities. In addition, many a stage coach and traveling caravan stopped at Maxwell's. His hospitality was fabulous. When stagecoaches were delayed, passengers might be forced to stay overnight and to eat at Maxwell's table, where as many as fifty covers might be set at one time--covers which were made splendid with the marvelous silver set which Maxwell used. It is interesting to note that the men ate in one room, and women in another. Maxwell would never permit a guest to pay for a meal: when anyone endeavored to do so, Maxwell would seem to be insulted, and ask whether or not the guest thought he, Maxwell, were running a hotel.

The large room which Maxwell used as a den was a famous gathering place for Indians and travelers. Inman gives us a first-hand account of groups that slept there on the hard floors during the night or held conversation throughout the long evenings. This also was the place where frontiersmen, Maxwell, Carson and others, loved to play cards. They usually played for small stakes, but Maxwell would seldom play except with men he knew personally. If he won, as he usually did, even from Carson, he would usually recompense the loser the next day by a handsome gift of money.

In opposite corners of the den were two fireplaces, usually kept burning during the night. Along the walls sat the famous bureau, in one drawer of which were deposited the large sums of money which Maxwell collected. It is said that anywhere from $30,000 to $50,000 in gold, silver, paper money, and drafts drawn on the government might be deposited in this bureau. It was never locked, and Maxwell was said to have replied to those asking him if he did not fear the loss of that money through robbery, that God helped the man who tried to rob him, and he, Maxwell, knew of it.

Ryus also has told how there was not even a charge for feeding horses at Maxwell's ranch. On one occasion in the early '60's when Ryus was requested by Maxwell to take $52,000 back to Missouri for him, Ryus did so by hiding the money in the boot of the stage. Enroute,

there was a threatened holdup of the stage; but when Ryus gave the would-be robbers the key to the safe, and they found only $10 therein, they decided not to carry out the robbery. Maxwell's money was safely delivered by Ryus in Missouri. When his employer, Thomas Barnum, of the firm Barnum, Veil, and Vickeroy, heard of the delivery he told Ryus "...you know that we would never charge Maxwell a cent for express for we never paid him a cent for board or for feeding our mules."

Probably only once did the traditional hospitality of the Maxwell ranch fail. That failure is related by Sister Blandina, who has told of the first trip of her Sisters from Denver to Santa Fe by stage coach in 1865. Their coach stopped at Maxwell's ranch for the driver to change horses, but apparently the driver had a great deal of difficulty in catching the new team, and so was gone all night. Meanwhile, the Sisters stayed in the coach. Early in the morning, Mrs. Maxwell came out to inspect the coach, and found the Sisters waiting there. She was deeply distressed at her seeming negligence in welcoming the ladies into the ranch house. Not only had the Sisters spent the night without food, but they had been in great fear of possible attack by Indians.

We must now turn from an account of occurrences at the Maxwell ranch to an examination of the basis of Maxwell's claim to the Beaubien and Miranda land grant. As previously explained, in 1841 Governor Armijo had granted to Beaubien and Miranda the land claim first registered in their names, and sometimes known as the Rayado claim. When, in 1858, Maxwell moved to Cimmaron, he purchased from Miranda, the latter's entire claim to the grant. The price was some $2,700 for what was termed the "Beaubien and Miranda grant or Rayado claim." Evidently the two were one and the same thing. This sale took place in April; and in the following September, Maxwell and his wife also bought from Beaubien "all that certain tract or parcel of land known as the Rayado, being two and one quarter miles extending from the Plaza built by the said Lucien B. Maxwell and his dwelling house being the center forming a square, extending on each side from said house two and one quarter miles north, south, east, and west." The price of this sale was $500.

From one standpoint this would seem to have made Maxwell the sole owner of the Beaubien and Miranda grant, or the Rayado claim. But this is not so, for Beaubien, himself, still retained a claim to a portion of the grant. In addition, the heirs of Charles Bent, the first

American governor of New Mexico, also had a claim to the grant based on a parole agreement. These heirs, the three natural children of Charles Bent, had been unable to obtain from Beaubien what they considered a fair division of the grant. Consequently, in 1859, at the suggestion of Carson and St. Vrain, the Bent children brought suit against Maxwell, Miranda, Beaubien and others for a one-third portion of the grant. They later changed this suit to demand a one-fourth section of the grant. This change from one-third to one-fourth raises the question of who had the right to the other fourth. According to the original grant documents on file in the Surveyor-General's office in New Mexico (and, incidentally, these documents had been filed with the Surveyor-General in 1856, and had received his ratification in 1857), Governor Manuel Armijo also had a claim in the grant. Armijo was never able to make this claim good, though John Gwyn, Jr., endeavored very strenuously to have Armijo's rights recognized.

The suit of the Bent heirs against Maxwell, Beaubien, Miranda, Joseph, Pley, and others, has an important bearing on the Maxwell story. Twice the case was carried to the United States Supreme Court. (It was not finally decided until 1897.) Because of all of the litigation, we have an abundance of testimony as to many of the characteristics of Maxwell as a person, as well as to many events that occurred within the area of the grant as patented in 1879.

In 1865 the first district court of New Mexico decided to portion out the grant, giving the Bent heirs the one-fourth section that they claimed. However, within the next year, the Bent heirs decided to sell to Maxwell their portion of the claim for $18,000.* This amount was $3,000 less than that reputedly paid to Beaubien heirs, who inherited their father's share in the grant when he died in 1864, though it should be noted that the deeds of sale from the other Beaubien children to Maxwell and his wife are dated from 1864 to 1870. Maxwell's

*There is some testimony to the effect that Maxwell threatened to keep the case in the courts until the Bent heirs could no longer afford to support their claim. One witness quoted Maxwell as saying he would "law" the principal Bent heir till hell would freeze over, and law him a day or two on the ice.

purchase of the Bent heirs' share in the land grant was not carried through in a way that gave him a clear title. Hence the litigation continued, but it need not concern us here.

The testimony taken from individuals who were called into the litigation signified that Maxwell was a man of great liberality and hospitality. Because of the bad feeling that seems to have been aroused, however, there also were some strictures on Maxwell's character. The Supreme Court of New Mexico, itself, declared that the testimony showed that Maxwell was a man of great influence; he was determined, resolute, and unscrupulous; he made threats that no one should occupy any part of his land; and people had no desire to oppose any of his wishes as to anything he desired to accomplish. The testimony should be somewhat discounted, however. We must remember the circumstances under which the testimony was given--a long, drawn-out series of law suits.

The Court's summation was based on testimony that included the following type of statement. One man claimed for Maxwell generosity, hospitality, and a disposition to do what was right by everybody, and to treat everybody right; his known bravery and manly ways of dealing with everyone won the respect and confidence of even the Indians as well as the white man. The same man also stated that where Maxwell's mind was set on accomplishing an object, there was nothing to prevent him from attempting to carry it out regardless of danger or cost of anything that stood in his way. "In fact, no one ever dared to--at least I never heard of anyone daring to--stand in the way of anything he had started out to accomplish. I inferred that partly through respect that everyone had for the man, and partly from his determined character. No one ever undertook to stand between him and any object he had in view. Not that he ever undertook to bulldoze anyone, but that he had a peculiar way of winning everyone over to him without any browbeating."

There is no doubt that Maxwell was a forceful personality. One man testified that if a Mexican servant didn't do the thing he was ordered to do, Maxwell took whatever was handy and whipped him with it. The same individual testified that he knew Maxwell to tie up one man, a Mexican, and shave one side of his head close with a butcher's knife. He also struck the man a number of lashes with a cowhide, and told him that if he ever caught him on the place again he would kill him.

As judge, or alcalde, in the middle sixties, Maxwell also dealt in a forthright fashion with those who ran afoul of the law. For example, one time a couple of men broke into his store and took about $200 worth of goods, including clothing, and stole a horse out of the corral. Maxwell was able to apprehend one of the men who was peddling the goods he had stolen. He was brought back to Cimmaron, where Maxwell took a long chain weighing about forty pounds, and with a padlock, locked it around the man's neck and put him in the cellar with the other end of the chain fastened to a block. He left him there about 46 hours without food or water. This was because he forgot his prisoner, as he himself admitted. When he remembered, he sent someone to bring up the prisoner. He then had him tied to a post and given a number of lashes with a cowhide whip. Because the man applying the cowhide did not do it with sufficient vigor, however, Maxwell himself gave the punisher a few licks to show him how it should be done.

Maxwell could be just as forcible in dealing with those who came to apprehend miscreants on his own property. One of his Indians, for example, got on a drunk in Taos, cut up two or three men very badly, then came back to Cimarron. The constable came to Cimarron and stated that he wanted to take this Indian back for a trial. Maxwell, however, took out his six-shooter, shot it off a few times, shoved the man around, and told him to tell the justice to come after the Indian himself. This sent the constable away and no one ever returned to apprehend the culprit.

We must remember that Maxwell lived in a dangerous and hardfighting era. Life was full of perils and Maxwell had experienced them to the fullest. If he dealt out justice vigorously, he took life in the same way with respect to other activities. He liked to ride very hard, as Henry Guy Inman tells us; he made it a point to take every ditch at a full gallop in whatever vehicle he was riding.

Maxwell also loved to race horses. He placed numerous bets on them. Incidentally, it is said that he was not very astute in the way in which he ran his races, and that many people were able to trick him. But he was a great lover of good horse flesh and he was proud of the many thoroughbred horses that he raised. Unless the reports are false, Maxwell placed very high stakes on some of the races: one is reported to have lost him $40,000; on another, he won $16,000. Many

were run, however, for considerably lesser sums of from $3,500 to $6,000, or perhaps in only the few hundred dollar class.

While we are considering the vigor with which Maxwell conducted his life, we must remember the other side which he also displayed. A great many people lived off his bounty. According to one witness, there were a large number of Mexican families and some American families to whom he gave land and cattle on shares and otherwise. A great many of these people depended upon Maxwell for their subsistence. If they paid for it, it was all well and good; if they did not, it was all well and good anyhow. Mexicans, both men, women and children, and even the Indians, called him "father". His house was the resort of old timers and people from far and near, many officers and others. Said one: "I myself was in the service part of the time, and was stationed at Fort Union, and knew of my own knowledge that the government officers availed themselves of his services on several occasions to keep quiet among the Indians and settlers. His influence was so great."

Another witness pointed out that in 1866 he knew that Maxwell was considered very wealthy--one of the wealthiest men in the territory. "People looked up to Maxwell as a kind of prince because he owned his (grant) property. They generally sought his advice. He had natural qualities that made him a leader among the people. He would have been a leader in those days if he had not had an acre of land. It was an Indian country, and he was an Indian fighter. He always treated the Indians with kindness. I suppose they looked up at him as a man they couldn't tamper with. They feared him as much as any white man around there, or more".

As an example of the services that Maxwell performed, we may recall that during the period 1864 to 1866 he was the Indian agent in his area. In the following year trouble had occurred amongst the Indians in the region near Trinidad. Maxwell learned of the trouble, sent a message to Kit Carson at Fort Garland urging Carson to come and pacify the Indians. Carson came, brought the Indians to Cimmaron, where they held the conference. Uncle Dick Wooton also was present, and it is he that tells the story. Maxwell had become a great friend of these Indians, as had Carson. Some of the Indians at an earlier time had been defeated in a battle with anctner group of Indians. They had lost all of their horses. Maxwell freely offered to replace those horses from

his own herd without charge. In the above-mentioned conference Carson, Maxwell, and Wooton were able to bring peace to the troubled Indians. Maxwell's services, therefore, in this peace conference of 1867 were numbered among the many he gave the country.

The Civil War had produced enormous demands for supplies in New Mexico. During that time anywhere from eight to twelve companies of troops were stationed at Fort Union. These needed food as well as various types of supplies. Consequently, the shipments over the Santa Fe Trail and through Maxwell's grant were extensive. One witness testified that on a given day at least once every two weeks, he could count two hundred freight wagons pass along the Trail through Trinidad. Maxwell helped in supplying the quartermaster with necessities. He was paid $40 a ton for hay. Other things brought good prices, too. For example, flour was sold at his mill for $6 per hundred pounds. Beef was $.22, government contracted from Fort Union.

Merchandise from Maxwell's store was also sold very profitably. It realized 300% to 500% on the dollar. By the close of the Civil War it is estimated that four or five hundred people lived on the New Mexico portion of the Maxwell Grant; and Maxwell is estimated to have owned a thousand horses, ten thousand cattle, and forty thousand sheep either in his own name or let out on shares. Among his cattle and horses were some of the finest specimens of imported blooded stock. As early as 1860, Maxwell is said to have paid $1,000 to $2,000 to bring in a new breed of sheep, Cotswald bucks, from Vermont, and fine short-horned bulls from Kentucky. Incidentally, he also brought in the first mowing machine in that area, one which A. W. Archibald testifies broke down until he, Archibald, could suggest how to repair it.

This prosperity but added to the increasing wealth of Maxwell. He also sold quite a number of tracts in his grant, receiving anywhere from $1 to $2 per acre, and frequently selling into the thousands of acres at a time. One of these tracts included the area where the Clifton House was established and where a stage stop was located. Another tract, on the Vermigo River, contained another stage station. Besides stores at Cimarron, Rayado, Elizabethtown, and elsewhere, which Maxwell either owned or to which he sold goods, he also operated a store in Taos in conjunction with Solomon Beuthner, one of three brothers who were well-known merchants of that town and era. Further-

more, Maxwell allowed Texas cattle to be pastured on his grant.

Maxwell had become one-sixth owner of the Sangre de Cristo million-acre grant, which sixth he sold for $6,000 in 1864 to William Gilpin. He and his wife also sold to Gilpin their joint rights to the same grant, along with the other Beaubien children. Furthermore, Maxwell owned thousands of acres in the Los Animas grant, and it is recorded that he kept cattle on the Greenhorn River in Colorado, from which he later transferred them to Bent County, Colorado.

There were extensive coal deposits on the Maxwell grant, some of which had been noted as early as 1847, and reported on in official government publications. By 1861, Maxwell began digging small portions of this coal and distributing it either to the quartermaster at Fort Union or to nearby towns--some as distant as Las Vegas. Maxwell did not charge the government for this coal for he wanted to have it tested for its smithing qualities, and to encourage the government to use it. He also used some of it in his own smithing establishment at Cimmaron.

Maxwell's business interests extended far beyond the limits of the land grants. In 1863 his name is found among the incorporators of the Kansas, New Mexico, Arizona and California Railroad and Telegraph Company. To all these business activities was added a special one when, in 1866, gold was discovered in the western portion of the grant area. This area was later included in the Maxwell grant patent. The discoveries brought thousands of miners to the region, many of them from Colorado. At first the mining was placer mining; then the miners began working on the lodes. In order to facilitate these mining operations, Maxwell somewhat reluctantly entered into the formation of a company with several other local residents, to build a ditch approximately forty miles in length, stretching from the upper Red River to the mines. This ditch, costing $250,000, was a major engineering undertaking. Unfortunately, it did not prove entirely successful because the water was brought over such a great distance that it tended to evaporate or to seep out before it could reach the gold fields for effective use. However, some use of it continued to be made until the 1870's.

At first, Maxwell did not seem to claim the area in which the gold was found. He did, however, show his usual generosity in grub-staking a great many miners; and later helping to build and finance stamp mills

for processing the gold ore. By 1867, however, Maxwell asserted that the mining region lay within his land grant. He then began to insist on mining leases to those operating the lodes. It is interesting to note that most of the leases are dated January 1, 1868.

Maxwell obtained part ownership of some of the principal lodes, such as the Comstock and the Aztec. He also built the toll road from Cimmaron to the newly established settlement called Elizabethtown. About the same time he came to own a store and other property in that town. Some of the miners testified that they were willing to purchase leases from Maxwell because he had been so friendly to them. Others, however, insinuated that Maxwell encouraged the Indians to make trouble for the miners until they did sign leases. When these were signed, the Indian trouble ceased. This may, of course, have been the testimony of disgruntled miners.

When, in the winter of 1867-1868, John Dodd and Marcus Brunswick were endeavoring to interest Maxwell in the formation of the ditch company, Maxwell is reported to have said, "I am tired of this place, from the Indians and the new-comers on the land, and I will sell you the whole grant; everything I have got." When asked how much he wanted for the grant, Maxwell named the figure, $200,000. One visitor replied, "That is more money than I have got, and it is not worth it; it is too much money". This offer occurred after the discovery of gold and it should be noted that within two years one of the stamp mills was turning out $18,500 worth of gold a week.

Maxwell must have told others that he was willing to sell the grant in 1867, for in that year the Superintendent of Indian Affairs at Santa Fe recommended to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs the purchase of the grant. The Superintendent asserted that it contained about 1,500,000 acres and it would be useful as an Indian reservation. He added that the grant could be obtained for $250,000 and argued that it would cost four times that amount to move the Indians away, for they would fight such removal. Bur the government also was not interested in purchasing the grant.

Two years later, however, in 1869, Maxwell did find at least tentative purchasers in a group that was willing to guarantee a substantial price. Early in the latter year, Charles F. Holly (of New

Mexico), Jerome B. Chaffee, and George M. Wolcott (the latter two being from Colorado) signed an option bond for the purchase of the grant within seven months' time. With these men were associated David H. Moffatt and Wilson Waddingham, the latter of whom had taken a considerable interest in a number of other New Mexican land grants. The option must have been extended, for it was not until July, 1870, in New York, that a sale was finally consummated. The sale was actually made to the Maxwell Land Grant and Railway Company with John Collinson, and Englishman paying the purchase price of $1,350,000. Maxwell received his share of that sum, which amounted to $650,000, and the other men divided the remainder.

Maxwell had reserved for himself 1,000 acres surrounding his home ranch, and certain other of his smaller holdings; but in September, 1870, he sold these, too, for a reported price of $150,000. Not all of this inured to Maxwell's benefit, however. In the first place, the Indians threatened his life; in the second place, he had to move; in the third place, he did not give a perfect title and the Company demanded back $110,000 of the purchase price; and, in the fourth place, while he was away in New York negotiating for the sale, his daughter, Virginia, married against his wishes.

This daughter was a charming young lady who had been sent to a convent school near St. Louis for her education. Billy Ryus tells how in the 1860's he brought her back to Cimmaron in his stage, and how he learned that she had forgotten her knowledge of Spanish, the only language her mother knew. When the stage rolled up to Maxwell's ranch, the family was out waiting to welcome the daughter, so long absent from home. After the first tearful greetings of the mother, Maxwell had to act as interpreter for the flood of questions and answers of mother and daughter. A year later Ryus learned that Virginia had again learned to converse fluently in her mother's tongue.

Virginia must have possessed some of the strong will of her father, for 1870 she was determined to marry the man of her choice. He was Captain A. S. B. Keyes of the U. S. Army. Virginia's parents opposed the marriage because of their desire to have her marry a wealthy Mexican of the Rio Grande Valley. Virginia planned her campaign well and arranged with a Methodist minister to perform the ceremony in March, 1870, in the three-story grist mill while everyone, except her father

who was in New York, was busy with Indian food distribution day. The ceremony was duly performed. None of the family was informed; but a few weeks later when Captain Keyes received his expected orders to transfer to an eastern post, the secret came out. Keheler reports that Maxwell was furious when he learned of the marriage, but later became somewhat reconciled to it and donated a sizable wedding gift of $10,000.

In selling his home ranch in September, 1870, Maxwell had reserved only his personal possessions and some few horses. It is said that he did not retain a sufficient number of horses to move his personal belongings to his new home at Fort Sumner and that, consequently, he was forced to purchase a number of mules. It must have been with some regret that Maxwell left the old Cimmaron post. He certainly was not cowed by Indian threats and violence, which had included stoning his store and making an attempt on his life. The Indians had resented Maxwell's sale of the grant, for they thought the land was theirs. Maxwell must have looked back over the nearly quarter of a century of service on the grant with a feeling that there he had built up the country and now he must leave it to foreign hands. Yet, he was still young enough to start over again with the wealth that he had at his disposal, and it may be true that he entered on his new life with some zest.

Not too encouraging, however, was the banking venture on which Maxwell launched. In 1870 he formed the First National Bank of Santa Fe, subscribed the bulk of the stock from his own fortune, and was elected President. The bank notes which he first printed carried his own portrait. Several authorities indicate that Maxwell soon tired of his banking activities, and so in 1871 he sold the bank to a group of Santa Fe citizens. Another version has it that the citizens threatened to establish a rival bank and that, rather than endure the competition, Maxwell sold out to them. In any case, his formal banking career was brief. But this episode recalls the time in 1858 that Archibald first met Maxwell and was so impressed with his honesty and ability that he, Archibald, left some of his cash for safekeeping with Maxwell. There must have been other similar examples of financial trust in Maxwell.

Maxwell is said to have invested $250,000 of his fortune in Atlantic and Pacific Railway Company bonds. Ralph E. Twitchell asserts that this investment proved a total loss to Maxwell. We also catch glimpses

of Maxwell enjoying one of his favorite sports, horse racing, of helping to establish Silver City, New Mexico, and of aiding in the reorganization of the Democratic party in New Mexico.

There is not a great deal of evidence readily available on this latter part of Maxwell's life. He had only five years to live after he sold his ranch. A sudden illness seems to have struck him in his fifty-seventh year and, before a doctor could reach him, he had died. Contrary to the statement in Twitchell's Leading Facts in New Mexican History, Keheler claims that, irrespective of his financial reverses, Maxwell died fairly well off. Thus ended one of the significant and important lives of the Old West. It is a matter of considerable amazement that up to the present time there is no marker on Maxwell's grave in the Fort Sumner cemetery.

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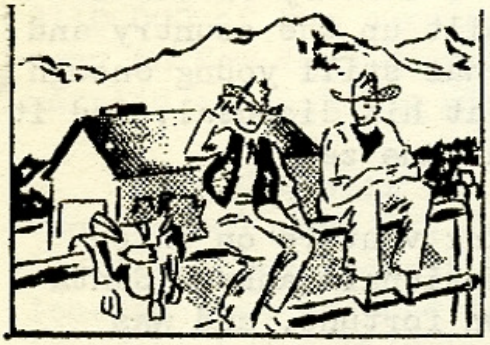

TRAIL DUST FROM THE DENVER CORRAL

Posseman Roundup for March

Levette Davidson conducted a panel discussion for the Regional Meeting of the National Council of Teachers of English at Glenwood Springs, Colo., Saturday, March 19, on the subject "Using Regional Materials in the Teaching of English." "I hope," says Levette, "that this will help to spread the gospel of of the Westerners."

Tom Ferril read from his poetry at the banquet meeting on Saturday evening.

On April 15, Levette will take part in a symposium for the Mississippi Valley Historical Association at the annual meeting in Madison, Wis., on Literature of the Midwest.

His paper will be on the "Folk Element in Midwestern Literature."

Ed Bemis attended the annual convention of the Nebraska Press Association at Lincoln, where his paper, The Littleton Independent, edited by his partner, Houstoun Waring, won designation as outstanding newspaper of the United States for 1948.

The Izaak Walton League of America, indicates Art Carhart, has just put out Crisis Spots in Conservation, "a booklet I wrote on the most critical threats to natural resources of the nation". Distribution will be made to the national leaders in the conservation field.

In addition to this business, Art has just been elevated by the Sportsman's Club of America to their lofty Fishermen's Hall of Fame, an honor bestowed on those leading authorities in and outstanding advancers of the cause of conservation and good fishing. While our good Posseman couldn't be on hand for the actual tapping ritual which goes with this honor, his name and good deeds will be duly recorded plaque-wise for permanent deposit either at the University of Chicago Library or the Field Museum - Art wasn't quite sure which.

Ray G. Colwell, 468 Independence Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colo., wants to buy an October 1946 BRAND BOOK.

With this issue, the monthly Brand Book goes to 250 copies for each publication. (Go after those Corresponding Members, you Corresponding Members - and Possemen!)

Ralph Mayo's article on "Partnership Agreements for Public Accountants" was published in the April Journal of Accounting, the national publication of the American Institute of Accountants.

There remains only the editing to be done in Washington, D. C., on Snow Ranger, a 3-reel movie in color based on a scenario co-authored by Don Bloch and W. S. Davis, made for the U.S. Forest Service. Colorado's national forest ski areas were used for locale.

Three articles on the effects of windbreaks and shelterbelts in the recent western blizzards, written by Don, are scheduled for April appearances in Nebraska Farmer, Western Farm Life, and Colorado Rancher and Farmer; another on the history of the Kansas Farm Forestry Project will be published in Capper's Weekly; and a pair of his radio scripts

on the windbreaks-in-the-blizzards subject have been delivered over half a dozen radio stations in the Rocky Mountain region in the last ten days or so. He also repeated, on Sunday, March 20, for the Friends of the Public Library, his talk on early movies in Denver.

LeRoy R. Hafen returned to Denver Sunday the 27th from Stockton, Calif., where he delivered an address on "Exploration and Trade to California before the Gold Rush" before the California Historical Foundation at the College of the Pacific. While in the state, LeRoy did a mite of research both at the Huntington Library at San Marino and the Bancroft Library at Berkeley.

Program for April

Barron B. Beshoer will present a paper on the Penitentes.

Book Reviews

There ain't none, pardners...

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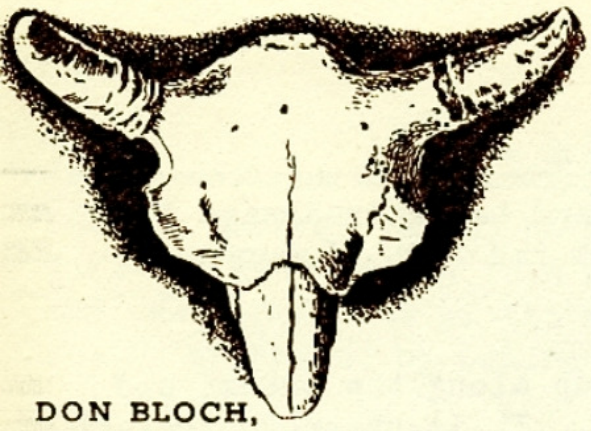

DON BLOCH,
[redacted] REGISTRAR OF MARKS AND BRANDS

The BRAND BOOK

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THE GHOST TOWN OF BOWERMAN

BY FRANCIS B. RIZZARI*

Bowerman, located midway between Pitkin and Waunita Hot Springs, in Gunnison County, was not born until the 20th Century. That fact, however, did not keep its birth from being as widely heralded throughout the state as were those of its earlier, sister mining camps.

Bowerman, in fact, was advertised louder and quicker than the others, and for two main reasons. First, two railroads, the Colorado and Southern and the Denver and Rio Grande, passed within three miles and fifteen miles of its site, respectively. This meant that telegraph wires to the larger cities were also that close. Second, newspapers were well established, and took great pride in publicizing anything that would seem to give Colorado mining a shot in the arm.

At any rate, we note the blessed event in the headlines of the Gunnison News Chronicle, of July 17, 1903. "GOLD FIND UNPARALLELED!" they ran. "A gold find which staggers the imagination was made on the 26th of May by J.C. Bowerman. It is on the North prong of Hot Springs creek, four miles above Waunita near the Pitkin road, 32 miles from Gunnison. The news did not get out till last Friday, and by Sunday night, 500 claims had been staked in the neighborhood. A well defined vein of sugan quartz, honeycombing silver schist between a granite foot-wall and porphyry hanging wall, has been opened for 750 feet, and is known to continue for miles. It has been cut for 12 feet in width at a depth of fifteen feet, and is seamed with numerous streaks of quartz from six inches down, some of which show wire and nugget gold

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*MEMBER OF THE GHOST TOWNERS OF COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO.

in fabulous richness--the writer has seen it, and has seen assays by a reliable Pueblo assayer received Tuesday, that ran 3598.76 ounces of gold--or a value of $70,175."

"Placer and lode claims have been taken up along the creek, and a town site, Nugget City, is already talked of. It is started, in fact, by Mr. Bowerman, who, with his wife and family are camped at the forks, where he has grounds located."

"The lead was found as a reward of as pretty a piece of systematic prospecting as one ever saw. In 1880, he passed through Waunita, bound for Irwin, and found float that assayed $20, besides discovering placer gold. The activity about Irwin drew his attention, but he always intended to return and trace the float and placer gold. Three months ago, the opportunity came.

(His first two claims were the Geyser and Forest King, but Mr. Bowerman was not satisfied with the showing of gold here, so----)

"Returning to the forks, he worked up North Hot Springs Creek and the gold grew coarser. He located the schist vein found in the Geyser on the east side of the stream, and panned on, until the gold stopped. Then he found float and started up the west hill slope. It was rich float with free gold as big as peas. Trenching, and systematically searching through the wash at 1000 feet up the slope, and almost on the ridge, he found the chute. He called it the Independent. A group of seven claims was located, including the Independent No. 1, 2, 3, and 4, and the American Flag, Geyser, and Forest King.

"Mr. Bowerman's partner is Stephen Dunn (or "Dunne") of Pueblo, Chief Dispatcher of the D&RG at that point."

Thus, the account of the beginnings of what was called, "The Greatest Gold Camp of the 20th Century."

Born about 1860, Bowerman came west at an early age. As a youth he dreamed of owning a gold mine. Marriage did not dim that dream - he continued to look for the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. He heard of the strikes at Irwin, but fortune did not smile on him there.

For the next 25 years, he swung a prospector's pick with tireless energy, until he located the lead at Bowerman. It seems evident that his wife had furnished most of the money for his prospecting, as well as for family expenses, by taking in washing.

It became obvious that he would soon need real backing if he wished to continue prospecting, so he advertised in a paper for a grub-stake, as a last desperate hope. He received five answers, and only one of these was of any value: a Mr. Stephen Dunn, Chief Dispatcher of the Rio Grande at Pueblo, came forward with an offer of help. Seeing Bowerman's ad, he had written to his brother Peter, in Idaho. Peter seemed to think well of the idea, so Stephen put up sufficient to allow Bowerman $50 a month for expenses.

Bowerman arrived at the gulch where the town was to stand in the middle of May, 1903. He soon found signs of gold. When the assay of $70,175 per ton was returned, he sent for Mrs. Bowerman and their four children, who were in Pitkin. Mrs. Bowerman, in the midst of a washing, refused to leave until it was finished. She had, no doubt, gotten calls like this before, and was taking no chances.

She joined her husband in June, however, after telling her friend, the postmistress in Pitkin, to "Come on over and stake a claim near my husband's, and you'll be well fixed." The postmistress, being sworn to secrecy, told absolutely no one. So, in a few days, several other tents had made their appearance in the gulch, and by August, there were no less than 107 tents in sight from the road, and scores more back in every gulch and ravine for miles around. Of course, it still is possible the postmistress had told no one...

The announcement of the great discovery greeted the eyes of Denver readers in the News of July 15, 1903. The story was carried under red, one-inch headlines: "GOLCONDA OF THE GUNNISON."

In this story, it was claimed that Bowerman was able to pan out $300 a day from the rotten quartz. He had demonstrated his claim, it pointed out, by crushing and panning about two pounds of rock, and obtaining about $40. He had also exhibited another piece of quartz, weighing about three pounds, that was literally held together by the small wires of gold. Even the great Cripple Creek did not start as auspiciously as this.

The News Correspondent claimed to have seen 1000 pounds of ore taken from the discovery cut that would run from $5000 to $40,000 a ton. People visiting the claim had carried off approximately $500 worth of specimens. This caused Bowerman to cover the shaft and build a fence around it to keep away the curious.

At this time, Bowerman and Dunn's property included seven claims, a mill site of five acres, and a placer claim of 20 acres.

Newspaper accounts of that day stated that only one property in the United States had produced ore richer than that of Bowerman's Independent, and that that property was in South Dakota.

A few days after the story of the great discovery was given to the public, an item appeared in the News stating that Elmer Wiley and W.A. Gillespie had called on the managers of the Rio Grande Railroad in regard to the building of a rail line into the camp. It was never built, however; and, thus, another ghost railroad was added to the long list of those already forgotten.

By July 20, the name of Nugget City was being suggested for the town that was sure to grow up in the gulch. Its sides were already lined with tents, a grocery and general supply store was almost ready for business.

A meeting of the miners and prospectors, held on July 23rd for the purpose of organizing the camp, was attended by about 150 men.

It was decided to name the town Camp Bowerman, and to retain the name of Box Canyon for the entire district. The mining laws of the United States were to be respected and conformed with, and claim jumping was not to be tolerated under any circumstance. The work day was to be eight hours in length. Ordinary miners were to be paid at the rate of $3 per day, Machine helpers at $3.50, and machine men at $4.

The surveyors began platting the townsite on the 24th. During the short week the camp had existed as Nugget City, it had more or less divided itself into upper and lower camps, with the first store in the upper part and the first hotel in the lower part.

Optimism about the camp was so great that even the State of

Colorado expected to reap a financial harvest for its treasury, by entering the mining game. It owned a section of land in the heart of the district, and offers to lease it poured into the land office. The State decided to rent 10-acre plots for a flat rate of $10 per acre, plus a 10 percent royalty on the gross output.

At Cripple Creek leases had been good for 20 years, but the lessees were not required to do any development work. At Bowerman, however, leases were fixed to run a maximum of eight years, with a prescribed amount of development required each year in order to continue the lease from year to year.

On its section of land, the State expected 64 mines to be in operation within a month, and everyone of them paying right from the start.

Petitions to incorporate the town were sent to the County Commissioners by the end of the month, but nothing was heard from them.

By August, several businesses were established, among them a barber shop, a real-estate office, and of course, a gambling house. A plumber, Peter Snow, had brought in several hundred dollars worth of equipment and had contracted for a good, substantial building.

Development work on the mines could not be done because of scarcity of labor. Although new arrivals were pouring into the camp at an estimated rate of 30 to 50 a day, everyone seemed to be a claim owner, and the ground was staked for miles around. Naturally, if one owned a mine assaying into the thousands of dollars, why work for $3 a day?

Although many claims were being staked out, no ore was found to approach the value of that claimed for the Independent. Its shaft was still covered with logs and guarded against specimen collecting. The disappointment of the camp in not finding more of the rich leads was beginning to be voiced aloud. Some of the more luckless ones were saying that if the find was so wonderful, Bowerman and Dunn would be wanting to show it to the whole world. Bowerman, however, defended his position by saying they needed a shaft house. As soon as that building

was completed, he said, they would resume development work, and open the mine for inspection.

Yet some of the reports continued to be very optimistic. One of these was from a James P. Obrien, whom the newspapers credited with staking the first claim at Creede. He was in on the ground floor at Leadville, and he supposedly had a reputation for finding smelting ore.

Said he of the camp, "I have seen better indications here than in any other camps of the state, and nothing but an ignoramus would turn the district down on short notice.

"I have been here two weeks and can state that this is going to be a rich camp, but it will require digging."

Just about a week later, there was a report on the district, written by Mr. E. C. Limbach, for the Mining Reporter. Because of the difference in circulation between this magazine and the newspapers, however, this report did not receive too much publicity. More people should have read it; but if that had happened, you probably would not be reading this account of Bowerman.

In his article, Limbach stated that ore, similar to that found in the Independent, could be found in any of the older workings of the district. Some of these veins were several feet in thickness, but none of them disclosed anything phenomenal. In fact, he stated that none of the Bowerman quartz would assay over $10 unless handpicked specimens, showing free gold, were used. In his opinion, there was too much importance being given to the strike.

By the first of August, a new hotel called the Bowerman House, was opened up, complete with table cloths and tooth-picks. A second gambling resort also was operating. The News stated there were 20 to 30 business houses with more going in.

With the great influx of men of every sort, it had been evident for some time that someone with authority was needed to enforce the law. So an election was held August 1, for the purpose of choosing three candidates, one of which was to be picked by the sheriff for his

deputy. There was also to be an arbitration committee of five men.

There was no registering of the voters: the only requisite was to be there. One account tallies 164 votes, while another tallies 154, with six women voting. Ex-fire chief, W.E. Roberts of Denver, headed all other contestants for the arbitration committee. J.D. Jennings, J.B. Turner, and A.B. Warner were all chosen to be deputy sheriffs.

For days, Bowerman and Dunn had been promising to show their mine right after the election, but once again failed to keep their word. They now said they would show it immediately after the first church service, an event which had been scheduled to be held on the afternoon of August 2.

A first-hand description of this event was carried in an article written by Dora Desmond in the Denver Post, August 5, 1903.

"Church Services tomorrow at three P.M. in the adjoining tent." This announcement was tacked to the door of the Gold Nugget Restaurant.

(THE ARTICLE DESCRIBES THE NUGGET AS THE "FIRST REFUGE IN CAMP FOR THE HUNGRY", AND AS "A BUILDING WHICH HAD ITS FRONT DOOR IN ONE CORNER OF THE FRONT, NEAREST TO THE CONGESTED BUSINESS PORTION OF THE CAMP, IN ORDER THAT NOT ONE UNNECESSARY SECOND NEED TO BE LOST IN LAYING IN A CARGO OF SALT, MEAT, EGGS, BREAD AND COFFEE, TO SUSTAIN TWO-THIRDS OF THE POPULATION IN DIGGING IN THE HILLS, AND THE OTHER THIRD, IN THE ARDUOUS PURSUIT OF HOLDING DOWN A BOX IN EITHER OF THE TWO TENT SALOONS." THE RESTAURANT IS FURTHER DESCRIBED AS "HAVING A LITTLE WINDOW IN THE FRONT WHOSE FOUR SMALL PANES HAVE NOT AS YET HAD A BATH, BUT THE FACT IS THAT BATHING IS NOT CONSIDERED ETIQUETTE AT THE CAMP."

THE BILL OF FARE AT THE RESTAURANT WAS VARIED. IT WAS SERVED UP IN REGULAR MEALS AND SHORT ORDERS, THE LATTER FIFTY CENTS, AND REGULAR MEAL PRICES AT THIRTY-FIVE CENTS. A HUGE HOTEL RANGE STOOD BEHIND THE PARTITION THAT FORMED THE KITCHEN. THE PROPRIETORS CLAIMED IT WAS HAULED OVER THE MOUNTAINS ON A HAND SLED.)

Men read the notice and went to tell others. Women called on their neighbors to tell the news. It was the most interesting announcement that had been tacked on the Gold Nugget door since the camp began.

The "adjoining tent" mentioned in the announcement as the meeting place, was the older of the two saloons in town. At the last minute, however, it was found to be too small to accommodate the crowd.

Shortly after noon, the road leading from Waunita Hot Springs,

four and one-half miles south of Camp Bowerman, to Pitkin, four and one-half miles north of the camp, was a procession of people in every conceivable kind of conveyance, from rough board wagon to double carriage. Others came on horseback, burroback, or on foot. Nearly everyone in the camps turned out, too: and when the management of the services saw the crowd, they quickly decided to hold the meeting out-of-doors.

A young man had started to build a saloon and dance hall on the west side of the main street. The joists were laid for the floor, and about one-fourth of the flooring was down. This was the place chosen for the first church service. Chairs were placed as far back as the flooring was laid, and these were occupied by 13 visiting ladies and two little girls. Two dozen men sat on rough benches.

The main part of the congregation sat on a row of logs, or stood around the section of flooring. There were millionaires, lawyers, politicians, and prospectors, dressed in everything from business suits to overalls and jumpers, at that first church service in Bowerman.

Reverend T.J. Mackay, D.D., formerly Rector of St. George's Church at Leadville, was the officiating minister. He wore a gray Prince Albert coat, with the vest buttoned up tightly to his immaculate collar. Gray haired and ruddy complexioned, the Reverend was a fine looking man.

The pulpit was a rough board table, and the chair beside it was a board bench. A tin cup, filled with water, and the minister's papers, held down with rocks, were on the table. The preaching was done easily, clearly, and without notes. Just behind the pulpit was a small log hut with a blanket for a roof. A small gray burro on the hill behind the pulpit, drowsily nodded his ears, and kept very still throughout the service.

The minister was famous for his command of rhetoric. This time, though, in keeping with the simplicity of the setting, his sermon, based upon the story of the Prodigal Son, was told simply and appealingly.

The older saloon in town closed during the service. The second,

just across the street, remained open. Some of the patrons joined lustily in the hymns; although sometimes they failed to notice when the congregation stopped singing, and the minister had to ask them to discontinue their vocal efforts.

One old sinner hauled logs to build a house, during the service; and someone was excavating for another house with horses and scraper on the hillside.

A lady, dressed in an army blue tailor-made dress with a light blue chambray waist, sang several solos. Her singing was appreciated; but she seemed undecided, relates Miss Desmond, whether to use the broad or flat "a".

The collection netted only $8.70. One man had no change less than a dollar and said to his neighbor, "I wish someone would change this. I want to put ten cents in the hat." This was a surprising part of the service, strangely unlike other first services at famous new strikes where gold pieces clanked together in the collection plate.

At the close of the service, the minister mingled with the others in the dusty road for a few words of conversation. Friendly good-byes were called back and forth. The first church service in Bowerman was over.

It might be well, at this time, to tell something of the women of Bowerman and their work. Again I am indebted to Dora Desmond, writing in a later August issue, for such information as I have.

There seems to have been no "high-toned" work for women in new camps at that time. Washing and the lodging-house business offered the only opportunities for respectable employment.

Mrs. Ellenette B. Phillips, says Miss Desmond, was the first woman who came to Bowerman. (Mrs. Bowerman and her husband lived in a tent about a half-mile up the gulch from the town proper.)

Mrs. Phillips came to Bowerman July 21. She wanted it strictly understood that she was a "grass, not a sod-widow." She brought her

tent with her, a "sheet-iron stove with two holes", and a small oven. She started immediately to bake bread and pies, and made $2.25 the first day. Unfortunately, since she pitched her tent in the middle of the street, and the townsite company was trying to collect $250 for the lot, her business was somewhat unsettled at the time of the writing.

Mrs. Phillips and, later, a Mrs. McMurtry, became partners in the bakery business. Mrs. McMurtry was also a grass widow, so they probably had a strong fellow-feeling for each other. They sold between 40 and 50 loaves of bread a day at 10 cents a loaf. Pies were sold for 10, 15, and 20 cents, and were announced by a little board sign tacked to the peak of the tent.

The Phillips-McMurtry was the first bakery in Bowerman. As business increased, the ladies bought a "sure enough" stove. The mixing was done on a table, set in the front corner of the tent by the tent-flap. The tent was so small that there was room for only one lady at a time to work inside. The other sat on a log in front of the tent, and talked to the people who were constantly coming for bread.

A Mrs. Sherwood was running a bakery at Pitkin when she heard of the booming condition of the new camp. She baked 33 loaves of bread, packed her household possessions and tent into a wagon, and headed for Bowerman. She sold the bread for 15 cents a loaf before she could get down from the wagon--her reputation as a baker had evidently preceded her. Her home in Bowerman was a tent, pitched on a hillside, with a ceiling so low that Mrs. Sherwood had to go about her work in a stooped position. She baked and sold about 30 loaves of bread a day.

Mrs. Maude Knopp was a dressmaker at Pitkin. She and her husband bought some mattresses and springs and brought them to Bowerman, July 23. They put up a tent on Main Street, and nailed up three board beds. Mrs. Knopp tied some old sheets around a bed in one corner to make the only apartment for ladies in Bowerman.

The roof of the tent was full of holes. A hole where a stovepipe had once gone through, was stuffed with an old skirt that Mrs. Knopp had worn until the binding hung in a fringe. A tin washbasin sat on a shelf in front of the tent, and women and men alike washed there,

in full view of the town. This was the Gold Nugget Hotel.

Beds were one dollar, whether occupied by one or three.

Mrs. Kate Roberts ran the "Bowerman House", a tent twelve by eighteen feet, equipped with oilcloth-covered tables. Mrs. Roberts served hearty meals to all comers. She and her children slept in their wagon.

Mrs. Annie Tutem was night cook at the Gold Nugget. She received $2.50 for working from noon until midnight. People at the Bowerman camp were hired by the day, as no one could know what a week might bring.

Mrs. Annie Cardwell was the only cake-baker in town. She and her husband had a camp wagon, fitted out to take trips in during the summer. They were on a fishing trip when they heard of the strike at Bowerman. After they had come and set up in business, Mrs. Cardwell took in $5 a day from her bakery. She sold cake at 20 cents for a six-inch square.

Mrs. Honey Combs was the first and only laundress in Bowerman. Her skin was black, and she was known for her amiable disposition. She had a branch office in every business house in Bowerman. She took the clothes to Pitkin, where she washed and ironed them, then returned them to Bowerman residents, beautifully done. She charged 25 cents for a starched shirt and collar, of which there were only a few in Bowerman. She did flannel shirts and underwear for 12½ cents each, and socks for five cents a pair.

These women comprised the entire working force at Camp Bowerman. There were about 30 women camped in and around the townsite, but they spent their time in working and caring for their own families. Miss Desmond stated that at the date of the writing, August 16, there were no women of loose character in the camp.

A dance hall was soon to be erected, but the dance-hall girls had not as yet made their appearance. Their arrival was no doubt looked forward to with great anticipation by the male population of the camp.

On August 7, the first tourists came into the camp. A group of people from Chicago, who were spending the summer at the Waunita Hot Springs Hotel, drove up the dusty road to experience a night in a booming camp. The ladies of the party were escorted through the saloons and gambling halls by the gentlemen of the party, and were treated with the greatest respect. Hats were doffed and the drinking stopped while they were present.

In one large tent, where a group of two or three hundred people had assembled, the visitors joined the miners in singing old-fashioned tunes. One of the young ladies in the crowd sang a solo, and was well applauded. Judge R.S. Tuthill, of the U.S. Circuit Court of Chicago, made a short speech, euologizing the miners for adding to the nation's wealth. All in all, it was a grand evening.

By now, the miners of the camp were clamoring anew for Bowerman and Dunn to work their claim and show the world what they had. They had failed to show it after the first church service, and now they gave another excuse for refusing to open the shaft: they claimed the ore was so rich that no assayer or sampler could give an accurate report!

Meanwhile, a few properties were changing hands. T.R. Henahen and C. McCullough of Denver, bought the Boss group of seven claims, and four other properties, for $10,000, from a group of Pitkin men composed of Hughes, Christian, and Grossman. The claims showed fine, well-developed veins, assaying from $4 to $25 per ton -- a long way, however, from Bowerman's value of $70,000 per ton.

In the meantime, K.C. Sterling, one of the first men to arrive at the camp, came into Denver, and displayed several samples of ore. His claim was three-fourths of a mile above the Independent, and a small camp called Camp Sterling had been built up around his mine. He claimed to have seen the Independent before it was covered up, and that its value had not been overestimated.

It is not hard to understand the feeling in the camp caused by the reluctance of Bowerman to ship his ore. Most of the country was covered with overburden and wash, and there were practically no surface indications of mineral. It is surprising that the tempers of the

men remained as calm as they did.

But on the 17th of August, the town had its first arrest, brought on by gun play. A quarrel over some mining property occurred between J.W. Nicholson and W.J. Hurley. Both parties claimed the ground which was involved. Hurley drew a revolver and ordered Nicholson from the claim. The latter retired in the face of this superior argument, but consulted his brother, Reed. Together, they went to Deputy Sheriff Jennings and swore out a warrant for Hurley's arrest. He was released on $500 bond for trial the following Thursday. No record could be found by this writer as to the disposition of the case, but later dispatches mention Hurley's name, so it was evidently settled to everyone's satisfaction, if such a thing is possible.

On the 19th of August, the town got its newspaper. Mr. E.K. Lore of Gunnison, started the Bowerman Herald, a weekly.

The same day, James P. Obrien, the mining expert, describes the camp as having 500 people, five saloons, five gambling halls, a big dance hall, grocery stores, and plenty of lawyers, doctors, and dentists. The people were still living in tents, but one woman had contracted for a rooming house.

On the 20th of August is recorded the second argument over mining property. There were doubtless plenty of them, but this was the second which the press seemed to consider worthy of mention. J. H. O'Neill of Hillsdale, Mich., sank a shaft on K.C. Sterling's ground. O'Neill claimed the vein, but Sterling was ready to back up his argument with firearms, so they sat down and talked it over. A compromise was effected, and a new company joined the score already listed. Its name was the Waunita Consolidated Gold Mining and Milling Company. O'Neill and Sterling both held positions of responsibility in the new concern.

The first week in September saw great plans being formulated for civic improvement. A telephone connection with the outside world was expected to be completed within a few days. Investors were figuring on a water company and an electric company. The streets were all named, and Gold Avenue, the main thoroughfare, was being graded. A

contract for a new hotel was let by R. Blanchard, to be completed within 60 days.

News items dated September 10, 1903, tell of negotiations pending on the wonderful Independent group of claims, between Bowerman & Dunn, and Eastern Capitalists. The deal was expected to be completed within a few days. Mr. Dunn had resigned his job as Dispatcher for the Rio Grande, and had joined Bowerman at the mine.

Only two days before the above item appeared in the papers, another article from the camp had stated that "the owners have about concluded to commence shipments."

However, by the end of September, the mine had not been sold, nor were the owners working it. Their reluctance or inability to work the mine was the worst setback to the camp. They still claimed that the ore was so rich that no mill or assayer could give them a fair and honest return.

In October, there were rumors of dissension between Bowerman and Dunn. The rumors were to the effect that outside interests had secured an option on the Independent for the sum of $300,000.

In November, it was reported that the Guggenheim Exploration Co. had secured an option and had offered $250,000 for the Independent. The partners countered this with a figure of $500,000, and it was said the property was under option at that figure. John Hays Hammond supposedly examined the property for the Guggenheim Company, and the sale was dependent upon his report.

In December, a two-line report in the Mining Reporter, states that John C. Bowerman and Stephen Dunn have come to an understanding; and, instead of selling their mine, "they now intend to thoroughly develop it." This seems to be the last mention of the Independent as a single mine.

In April, 1904, the Camp Bird Mine* shipped the first carload of ore to be shipped from the Bowerman district. The citizens of the camp

* PROBABLY CALLED SO AFTER ITS MORE FAMOUS NAMESAKE ABOVE OURAY.

turned out en masse and constructed a wagon road from the camp to the mine, permitting the ore to be hauled down the following day.

Upon its arrival at Pueblo, however, it was immediately attached by the Goodwin Tunnel Company, on account of adverse ownership. Later dispatches call this company the Richmond Tunnel & Mining Co., which property was purchased by George Brandt, in September, for a reputed sum of $33,500.

In May, 1904, Bowerman was incorporated and an election was held. There were five votes against the act, but the election passed quietly with a fair vote being polled. T.J. Kane was elected Mayor.

The day was spent in celebration by various events including boxing, horse racing, and jumping. Speeches were made by the city officials, and some elbow-bending and apple-polishing were indulged in on the side. A grand ball was held in the evening, and was recorded as a great success.

It is always comparatively easy to trace the beginnings of a new camp, since its birth is given the widest publicity. Its death, always a slow, lingering one, is not so easy to follow. Bowerman's life can best be traced through the State Business Directories.

For the year 1904, the Business Directory lists four grocery stores, two bakeries, the Bowerman Herald, two stage lines, four saloons, two drug stores, three mining engineers, two attorneys, the Postoffice and General Merchandise Store, one dairy, The American House, the Bowerman Hotel, several other rooming houses, and several assayers. The population was about 500.

In 1905, the list is somewhat diminished. The Bowerman Hotel and the American House are still in existence: but only one grocer, one attorney, three carpenters, a Notary Public, Justice of the Peace, Blacksmith, two saloons, and one dairy are listed. The population remains the same, and mining is "confined to development."

In 1906, business seems to be improving. There are now three saloons, two hotels, the Postoffice, stage line and store combined

under one owner, the newspaper, several mining companies, and a blacksmith. The population, however has dwindled to 300.

In 1907, the Bowerman Hotel is no longer listed. There are no saloons, only one hotel, a general merchandise store, and an assayer, blacksmith, the Postmaster, and a carpenter are mentioned. The population is only 200, and the Herald is gone.

This was the year of the beginning of the big development by the Brandt Independent Mining Company. This Company had acquired most of the claims between Bowerman and Pitkin.

Officers for the year 1908 were: President, A.P. Nelson; Vice President, M. Wooley; and Secretary-Treasurer, George Brandt. These men were also elected as Directors of the Company. A total of 643,312 shares of stock were alloted for sale at 35 cents per share, and one million shares of Treasury Stock were left in reserve.

The Brandt company also owned the Pitkin Mill, but would handle the ore in the Bowerman Mill until repairs could be made on the one in Pitkin.

A great tunnel was proposed, to start on Quartz Creek and penetrate Copper Mountain, cutting the veins under Bowerman at a depth of 1700 feet.

Production figures of the district could not be found. The U.S. Geological Survey publications for the years 1904-1910 do not even mention the Box Canyon District. The value of the gold mined in the whole of Gunnison County in 1905 was only $28,000.

Old-timers in Pitkin say the ore was "awful rich, but just in pockets, and never went deeper than forty feet."

In the 1908 Business Directory, Bowerman's population was given as about 200. A carpenter, Justice of the Peace, the Postmaster, and a dairy make up the list. Listed also, are several mining companies, including the Camp Bird, Abe Lincoln, and Navajo. These were part of Brandt's holdings.

For 1909, Frank Allison's saloon is listed; Parker C. Dice runs the Postoffice and General Merchandise store; D.J. Dunbair is the Justice of the Peace; and there are five mining companies, of which the largest group is controlled by George Brandt. The population is still the same, and "Development" work is being carried on.

By 1910, only one saloon, one bakery, and seven mining Companies are mentioned. The largest of these latter was the Brandt Mining Company, which also ran the Brandt Independent Mining Company Hotel.

The Business Directory for 1911 fails to list any business houses. Bowerman had been relegated to the ranks of the "ghost towns."

Sporadic mining has been carried on, down to the present day; but most reports are limited to the one sentence, "Development work is being carried on."

Hundreds of people, travelling the road from Waunita to Pitkin, have passed over Gold Avenue in recent years. Most of those people were not aware that a town once stood there. Only a cabin or two remain as a monument to another Colorado mining town and to the limitless dreams of the ever-hopeful prospector.

Bowerman is dead. May it rest in peace.

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TRAIL DUST FROM THE DENVER CORRAL

POSSEMAN ROUNDUP FOR MAY

From Art Carhart's prolific typewriter, an article in the May issue of FIELD AND STREAM: Fishing Elephant Butte Reservoir.

Herb Brayer says, in black and white: "Vol. III (1947) BRAND BOOK will be ready for distribution by the time of our June meeting." (The 1948 one, let it be known, is well in hand.....)

Just appointed for a three-year term as Research Fellow in Ethnology at Harvard university - Eric Douglas. He says that this will mean no permanent residence for that time away, however.

Just published, by Nolie Mumey: VACCINATION: Bicentenary of the Birth of Edward Jenner. With a facsimile of the enquiry published by Jenner in 1798.

On May 19 Don Bloch spoke to the Mile-Hi Optimists of Denver about his hobby of speleology. He continues the topic for them again at their June 16 meeting.

John T. Caine III presented a talk on "The Value of Livestock to Colorado" to the Kiwanis Club of Colorado Springs on May 4.

Corresponding Member Carl Matthews talked on "Ghost Towns of Colorado" to the Convention of the Colorado County Treasurers Association at Colorado Springs on May 24.

Doc Collins had an article on Fort Laramie in the Denver POST Rocky Mountain Empire Magazine on May 22. Modestly he acknowledges assistance from LeRoy Hafen's "classic FORT LARAMIE".

N.B. to ALL

With this edition of the monthly BRAND BOOK, we increase to 275 copies. That fact gives us opportunity to explain a minor

matter that some members have inquired about.

Copy for these monthly issues of the BRAND BOOK is edited sometimes for length: i.e., what is published herein is not always all that was given in the original reading of the papers. Economy dictates. The editor is on something of a budgetary allowance, and does his best under the circumstances.

In the annual editions of the BRAND BOOK, however, all the original essay is reprinted, as a thoroughly revised, re-examined, and re-edited piece. Nothing is lost; the result is better history in a more permanent form.

PROGRAM FOR JUNE

Ramon Adams, author of WESTERN WORDS and COWBOY LINGO, up from Texas to speak to us on "The Cowboy's Code of Etiquette." Mr. Adams, according to information we have, is working currently on a pair of interesting bibliographies of the cattle business and badmen of the West.

THE BLACK HILLS AND THEIR INCREDIBLE CHARACTERS. By Robert J. Casey. Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis, Ind. 1949. $5.00.

This book might have been called "The Incredible Black Hills and their Incredible Characters," for typographically and geographically the Hills themselves are as unusual as the people who settled them. There are grotesquely shaped peaks and canyons, unexpected formations, rocks and fossils of dinosaurs and other prehistoric animals.

The book is not a definitive history of the Black Hills; rather, it is a collection of anecdotes, interwoven with and tied together by actual and important history, plus guide-book material. There are seven special chapters on places of interest, called "Information Pieces", and a separate small, but information-packed, guide-book in a pocket on the inside back cover. A useful map of the region decorates the end-papers.

After reading this book, and having read some others such as Struthers Burt's Diary of a Dude Wrangler, one might conclude that the West was settled by rather queer people. The fact actually emphasized is that these Americans are individuals -- not a lot of regimented robots, all doing and saying the same things -- at least in the era covered by Casey.

There are all kinds of characters, good and bad, including Swill Barrell Jimmy, a pioneer bum; Fly-Specked Billy, victim

in a work of civic improvement commonly known as a lynching; and, of course, a proper quota of gamblers, dance hall ladies, and their male co-workers.

Casey briefly reviews Wild Bill Hickok's career before he came to Deadwood, where he was shot in the back by Jack McCall. He had not had time to give the local coroner any work before he himself was killed. Wild Bill was buried in a Deadwood cemetery and a monument erected over his grave. It is said that souvenir hunters hammered to pieces and destroyed the two predecessors of the present monument; but one wonders, after seeing pictures of them, if the vandals were not really true but outraged art lovers.

Calamity Jane is characterized and her life as written by herself is given in full. The fictional Deadwood Dick, and the real Gutzon Borglum and his great stone faces of four of our greatest presidents, are well described.

Casey draws no conclusions, but he tells of a reformed train robber who became a contractor.

Much is said of the Indians and their work in hindering the white man in his theft of their lands. Sitting Bull figures in a couple of good yarns. A memory sketch of Crazy Horse by Fred Hans, historian of the Sioux, may be the only authentic likeness of the great Indian leader. There are three or four other alleged pictures of Crazy Horse, but they are all different and probably none of them genuine.

There is the story of Scotty Phillips, and how he came to form his herd of buffalo because his Indian wife did not like tame beef.

Noticeably, the book does not have much to say of the early visitors to the Hills, such as Ashley's men -- one of whom, the famous Jedediah Smith, got into difficulty with a Black Hills grizzly, was grievously mauled, and had an ear torn nearly off. The ear was sewed back on by James Clyman, probably the first piece of surgery ever done in these parts by a white man.

The Homestake Mine and its history forms another of the near-incredible episodes sketched in this book.

The illustrations are, for the most part, very good. The book has an excellent index--an admirable asset not always present in otherwise worthy books of the West these days.

Robert J. Casey, the author, definitely knows his Black Hills. As a young man he came about 1910 to Rapid City to live; and, for the past 40 years he has collected the lore which has materialized into this first-rate book. Mr. Casey is internationally known as a journalist, traveler, and

foreign correspondent; and has written a number of books relating to travel, newspaper personalities, romances, mystery stories, and satires.

(Fred Rosenstock, Chairman)

THE FIRST FIVE YEARS OF THE RAILROAD ERA IN COLORADO. Compiled by E. O. Davis. Sage Books, Inc. Golden, Colorado. 1948. $3.00

Born out of the author's lifetime of railroading on the Union Pacific, this volume is the result of long and painstaking perusal of the files of the Rocky Mountain News and Denver Tribune, pioneer newspapers of Colorado, together with selected extracts from the memorandum diaries of Leonard H. Eicholtz, engineer and surveyor for the Union Pacific, Kansas Pacific, Denver & Rio Grande, and Denver, South Park & Pacific Railroads.

Unfortunately, the result is unsatisfactory either as a history of railroading during the period from June 19, 1867 to June 19, 1872, as the compiler intended, or as a chronicle of events during that era. Despite its title, the work is in reality a compendium of condensed or summarized newspaper articles and reports relating primarily to track construction in Colorado.

In making his selection of news items, the author reproduced much that is irrelevant (cf.pages 8-9) and omitted many of the more important factual news notes, articles, and editorials published in the Colorado press during this period. There appears nothing, for example, of the campaign to secure a rail connection for the booming Pikes Peak mining area; nothing of the Union Pacific-Denver controversy; the struggle between Denver and Golden for rail supremacy; the Evans-Loveland competition; or the role played by local enterprise in developing the Colorado railroad network, all of which were fairly well covered in the public press of that era.

As a chronicle the book leaves much to be desired. Citations are incorrectly given ("State Records" instead of "Certificates of Incorporation" or "official corporate record file"), the arrangement of the quoted or summarized notes is frequently confused, sub-titles are improper, and in almost every instance the author failed to identify persons repeatedly named in the references. The average reader, unfamiliar with the details of Colorado or western railroad history will find the latter omission disconcerting if not irritating. On the other hand, the author is repetitious when referring to less important figures whose sole claim to importance in the story is (or was) their longevity.

Despite his use of the Eicholz diaries--(the first to be made

thereof)--the author's selections are frequently unimportant. In using the same sources (through the courtesy of Mr. Eicholtz's son), this reviewer found much of vital importance to western railroad history which was completely overlooked in the work under review. No use was made of the very valuable Pueblo Chieftain or other territorial newspapers which contain much pertinent material not found in the Rocky Mountain News or the Denver Tribune. Unfortunately, dates and statistical material in a number of newspaper references used are incorrect. Lastly, despite the excellent railroad archives available upon application at the State Historical Society of Colorado, (including the private and official papers of Berthoud, Palmer, Evans, and others) the author failed to use these sources.

This is an example of a hobby that might have resulted in a valuable contribution had the amateur historian-author utilized the professional services readily available to him.

(Herbert O. Brayer)

FRESH WATER FISHING. By Arthur H. Carhart. A.S. Barnes & Co., New York. 1949. $5.00.

Beautifully illustrated with eighteen pages of kodachrome pictures of fresh-water lures and twenty-seven performance diagrams, this book will find a welcome place on the bookshelves of the avid fisherman and outdoor enthusiast. The author, unlike so many of his predecessors, does not attempt to set up rules and regulations, but places his emphasis on explaining the "why" of fishing. While treating every phase of the sport from a brief sketch on "How It All Began" to specific equipment and methods, the principal theme is always the fish and his reaction. By this method Carhart succeeds in getting away from the mass of minutiae which clutter so many similar texts--and which the tyro tries to remember with such disastrous results--and substitutes, therefor, reason and logic. Unlike other authorities in the field, Carhart avoids the arbitrary; he presents, instead, a variety of methods, lures, and techniques, and leaves it to his reader to make the selections best suited to individual capabilities and the situation at hand.

Lake fisherman will find in several chapters invaluable information on spinning, plugs, and methods of luring the wily bass, pike, pickerel and muskies. The chapter on "The Spoon-Spinner Family" is a classic; but old-timers around the bait house will argue long and heatedly over Carhart's discussion of plugs and their use.

This is another volume in the popular series known as "The Sportsman's Library," published by A.S. Barnes. The general format is good; but, despite its superior content, it does not approach the standard of publication set by recent British and Danish books in the same field. The subject index is much too abbreviated--a defect which will detract somewhat from the usability of the work.

Arthur Carhart is to be congratulated on his ability to make a very complex (and frequently controversial) subject so readable and simple. Regardless of how experienced a fresh-water fisherman the reader may be, or how "set" he has become on his own technique or a certain type of lure, he will find within the covers of this volume much to interest and intrigue him.

Unfortunately for this reviewer, the author thought it unnecessary to include a chapter on how to keep from fouling a fly line in the trees and bushes that border too many of our streams; how to stretch a measly "six-incher" into a two-pound rainbow; or how to get a full creel without trespassing on the state-stocked preserves of the multitudinous private fishing clubs or lands along our best fishing streams. And, curiously enough, even a close perusal of the text failed to turn up a Carhart trout whistle similar to the very efficacious contrivance devised by the author for luring deer and elk. Perhaps that is yet to come.

(Herbert O. Brayer)

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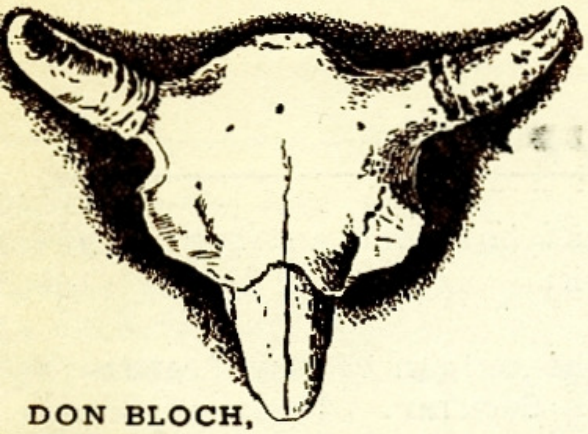

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WESTERN TRAILS TO CALVARY

By Barron B. Beshoar

On the afternoon of March 20, 1598, Don Juan de Onate, his soldiers, his brown-robed Franciscan priests and his colonists stopped on the banks of a small stream in New Mexico to observe Holy Week. As soon as the camp was organized for the night, the observance began. In the eleventh canto of his epic poem, "Historia de la Nueva Mexico," published in Spain twelve years later, Captain Gasper Perez de Villagra, gives the first recorded description of a Holy Week observance in what is now the American Southwest. He wrote in part: "The night was one of prayer and penance for all. The soldiers, with cruel scourges, beat their backs unmercifully until the camp ran crimson with their blood. The humble Franciscan friars, barefoot and clothed in cruel thorny girdles, devoutly chanted their doleful hymns, praying forgiveness for their sins. Don Juan, unknown to anyone except me, went to a secluded spot where he cruelly scourged himself, mingling bitter tears with the blood which flowed from his many wounds."

When they lashed themselves on their backs and sent up the moaning prayer "Ruega por nosotros pecadores...." ("Pray for us sinners...") Don Juan and his men were following an ancient Christian practice, expiation of sin through personal suffering.

Flagellation was a type of penance and religious devotion which appealed strongly to the Spanish mind and the Spanish character. The Franciscans looked on it with friendly eyes. They were (and are today)

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pious, humble men, much given to the theory that holiness and humility are promoted through mortification of the flesh.

Most students of the Penitentes contend the origin of the fraternity is found in the Third Order of St. Francis Secular. Their customs and practices all point back to the Third Order and their own version of their origin, handed down from generation to generation, offers further confirmation. When the Franciscan missions of the Southwest were secularized in the early Nineteenth Century and the Padres Franciscanos departed, conduct of Third Order affairs and ceremonies fell to the tertiaries themselves.

The earliest rules of the Penitente fraternity were informally formulated just prior to 1800. They were formally approved at the first general council of Penitentes, held March 25, 1810, in the village of Santa Cruz de la Canada in New Mexico. The rules and regulations adopted by this council were approved in 1823 by the Most Rev. Antonio Subidias, Catholic bishop of Spain and Mexico and vicar of Santa Fe. They were re-affirmed by the fraternity itself at a second meeting in Santa Cruz in 1835. Flagellation, that old hold over from Europe, was practiced before the Franciscan fathers departed, but the Penitentes were not organized primarily for self-flagellation, nor is that the object of the fraternity today. The Penitentes are organized for the purpose of leading Christian lives, and for doing good Christian works such as feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, caring for the sick, comforting the sorrowing and burying the dead.

In dozens and dozens of isolated little villages throughout the Southwest, the good, sound men of the community, banded together in the sacred bonds of Los Hermanos Penitente, provided the only organized stabilizing force in the community. They provided law and order founded on Christian principles; they, in the absence of priests, provided the necessary religious life; they provided an agency for corporal works of mercy. Through their Holy Week observance, a vivid, realistic re-enactment of the Passion of Jesus Christ, they provided their communities with both religious teaching and unparalleled drama. To some extent all this remains true today in many small Spanish-American villages.

Each lodge or fraternal group has a morada or chapter house, usually

uilt on the edge of the village near a small hill which serves as a Calvario or Calvary. The morada, sometimes freely translated as the purple ouse, purple being the penitential color of Lent, is maintained separately from the village church, is the property of the fraternity and not of he Catholic bishop of the diocese.

Most scourges or whips are made of yucca fibers, though today some oradas use whips made of leather thongs which have been studded with ieces of metal and glass to give them good cutting qualities. The caps nd masks are worn during flagellation, not to conceal the identity of the hipper from ecclesiastical authorities as many believe, but to preserve umility, to avoid any implication of exhibitionism.

Each Penitente lodge is headed by a set of officers elected annually y the membership, usually on Ash Wednesday. The head of the group is nown as the Hermano Mayor (Principal Brother). The other officers, with ome minor variations in different moradas are the Hermano Segundo Second Brother), the Hermano Celador (Monitor), the Hermano Consegero Advisor), the Hermano Tesorero (Treasurer), the Hermano Sangrador (one ho cuts the crosses on a brother's back), the Hermano Secretario (secetary), the Hermano Rezador (the brother who leads in prayer), and astly the Hermano Maestro de Novicios (the brother in charge of noviiates) who is in charge of and instructs new members.

A new member is carefully examined as to his motives and sincerity, e must be a Roman Catholic and he must agree to guide his life by the ules and regulations of the fraternity. The novices place themselves nder the charge of the Hermano Maestro de Novicios.

Few moradas have printed rules and regulations, nor do they have rinted copies of their rituals. In most instances the liturgy, if uch it can be called, and the rules are written out by hand in notebooks. An example of a Penitente rule in force in a Southern Colorado orado:

1. Those who observe and prove if some brother break the secrets hich Jesus Christ commands in order that he may not lose the glory of od on judgment day, and if some brother is scandalized or does not arry out his devotions or his oath, or fails to give due respect to the raternity or to the orders of the elder or watchman, he shall be exelled from the fraternity.

When the applicant first enters the novitiate, in addition to learning the rules and taking an oath to obey them, he must participate in a painful ritual. The Hermano Sangrador, with flint or knife, cuts a small cross on the novitiate's back. In some moradas the cross is cut between the shoulder blades; in others two crosses are cut, one under each shoulder blade, and in still others a cross is formed by making two long, sweeping cuts down the length of the back and one horizantal cross across the center of the back. After the cuts are made, it is the general practice for the novice to say: "For the love of God bestow on me a reminder of the meditations of the Passion of Our Lord." In response the sangrador gives the man three light slaps with a scourge.

At all other times, Penitentes who scourge whip themselves, not each other. The vigor of the scourging on a given Penitente back depends on the faith and piety of the owner of the back. During both world wars, draft board physicians in Spanish speaking areas soon learned to spot the brothers. When prospective draftees were ordered to strip for examinations, the brothers would look embarrassed. They did not want to disclose their backs to non-Penitentes. Most examiners had a room set aside, sent Los Hermanos into its privacy for their physicals.

Lent, and particularly Holy Week, highlight the Penitente year, but they also have ceremonies for other days of the year. Prior to the coming of the Anglos, Penitente services were a regular part of village life in the Southwest. The brothers commonly conducted funerals in the absence of a priest and a regular Catholic church service. When a priest was available, the brothers conducted the velorio or wake for the deceased. Their processions, including flagellation, were in the open for all to see. With the arrival of American troops and settlers, things changed radically. Anglos, particularly Protestants, who were unused to and offended by any form of religious display, bitterly condemned the surprised Penitentes. Their attacks on the order inevitably led to many lurid tales which served to bring the fraternity into even greater disrepute. No one knew or cared anything about the worthwhile works and features of the fraternity; everyone concentrated on telling a bigger story about cruel beatings and crucifixions that would have made Romans shudder with horror.

Anglo newspapers in New Mexico and elsewhere repeatedly ran sen-

sational stories on the activities of the Penitentes. Reporters took a few facts, picked up some background from hostile accounts in books and magazines, and let their imaginations run wild. Often times the unfriendly accounts, which have since provided background material for Penitente stories, were originally written for a purpose. One such account was in the form of a pamphlet published in Pueblo, Colo., in 1893. It was written by a Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Alex M. Darley, who signed himself as "The Apostle of the Colorado Mexicans." He called his pamphlet "The Passionists of the Southwest or the Holy Brotherhood," and stated that it was an exposé of an evil fraternity and of the Roman Catholic Church.

The Reverend Mr. Darley contended that Catholic priests charged the Penitent Brothers a dollar a head for permission to march in processions and that flagellation had a sexual angle, wrote that: "The Mexican harlots of Las Animas County, Colorado, have been known to make 'Holy Week' and the exercises of 'The Brotherhood' their annual penitential washday." He wrote that the Penitent Brothers are stripped to the waist during flagellation, added: "The priest first so stripped the men of their clothes, then the women of both their clothes and their virtue, if they had any left. Commencing on the sexual basis, it ended the same way."

I cite the calumnies of the Reverend Mr. Darley for the purpose of showing the sort of thing the Penitentes have had to endure at unfriendly and malicious hands. Occasional excesses of zeal within the order itself in the form of overly enthusiastic flagellation or a particularly realistic crucifixion also brought censure from authorities of the Roman Catholic Church. Various bishops have shaken their croziers in the general direction of the moradas and threatened ecclesiastical action. In 1889 the archbishop of Santa Fe condemned the order's penitential practices as barbaric and ordered its disbandment. This threat greatly weakened the order throughout the entire Southwest, but at no time has the church placed parishes under interdicts or excommunicated Penitentes in an effort to break the order's back. The policy has been to avoid such drastic means on the general theory that they might only force good, well intentioned, simple people into either a schism or irreligion. Most church authorities have followed the policy of curbing the order as gently as possible in the hope that time will finally kill it or divert it into channels more in accord with modern day

concepts and practices. In 1947 the present archbishop of Santa Fe, the Most Rev. Edward Byrne, said he felt that the Penitentes had rid themselves of excesses, added: "The brotherhood now is a pious association of men joined in charity to commemorate the passion and death of the Redeemer."

The center of Penitente activity is in New Mexico and Southern Colorado though the society has spread into some other sections, has a chapter and a morada within fifteen miles of Denver. Each lodge is essentially autonomous though most Penitente groups look to either a mother morada or are loosely affiliated with other moradas in a council embracing groups within a county or several counties.

For example, in March, 1931, La Fraternidad de Nuestro Padre Jesus Del Condado de Taos, was formally incorporated under the laws of New Mexico as a non-profit religious organization with its principal office in Arroyo Seco in Taos County. Incorporated for a period of fifty years, the fraternity set forth its purposes as follows: "The general objects of this association shall be to teach morality, to practice charity, and to provide benefits, mutual and otherwise, for its members and their dependents, to increase its membership in the manner provided by its laws, and to aid its members."

This particular group has jurisdiction over a number of moradas in Fernando de Taos, Ranchos de Taos, Arroyo Hondo, Pilar, Cimarron, Valdez and Ranchitos. Still another group is known as the Concilio Ministerial de la Alianza Fraternidad de Nuestro Padre Jesus de Colorado y Nuevo Mejico (Ministerial Council of the Alliance of Fraternities of Our Father Jesus of Colorado and New Mexico), embraces Penitente groups in Santa Fe, Las Vegas, Santa Rosa, Espanola, La Garritta, Aguilar, Sopris, Walsenburg and other communities in Northern New Mexico and Southern Colorado. It is presided over by a group of officers who carry the titles of regular morada officers plus the word supremo to indicate they are officers of a general council. The head officer is known as the Hermano Mayor Del Centro Supremo (Principal Brother of the Supreme Central Group). There are a number of these central groups and they, in turn, are loosely bound together by a common tradition, similar rules, similar customs and interests, with variances to meet local conditions.

A Penitente group in one little village in Southern Colorado may be

affiliated with the Taos County Council while another group, in a village three miles down the road, will be affiliated with the general council headquartered in Rio Arriba County, N.M., or a general council headquartered in some other New Mexico or Southern Colorado county.

One of the earliest incorporations resulted from a meeting in the morada in Long's Canon in Las Animas County, Colo., near Trinidad, April 23, 1921. A month after that meeting, which was attended by delegates from Southern Colorado moradas, the group incorporated under the laws of Colorado as Concilio No. 1, Long's Canon, Colorado. The council published its laws and regulations and set forth its objectives in the following flowery languages:

"We, the undersigned, believers in the Catholic Apostolic Roman faith, members of the Pious Fraternity of Our Holy Father Jesus, and citizens of the United States, wishing to promote and defend the religious principles of our Catholic faith, do adopt the following rules for the guidance of our fraternity which we believe will point out to us the path toward the attainment of our desired aims. It is our purpose not to enact by-laws which might conflict with ecclesiastical or civil laws, but, as Catholics, we pledge ourselves to obey the precepts of our Holy Mother the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church and, as citizens, we pledge ourselves to abide by the Constitution of the United States of America.

"Desirous always to observe the spirit of the principles and aims on which was laid the original foundation of our fraternity we shall strive to eliminate all those practices and customs which might conflict with our society's true purposes or be a source of scandal to others, and we consider that this purpose will be attained only through a co-operative effort. Now, therefor, we invite all the fraternal members of the various sections and locals to unite in one fraternity body and to remember that 'united we stand and divided we fall' and that 'in union there is strength'. Only through harmonious efforts in our fraternity shall we be able, with the Divine Providence's help, to establish the mutual principles of fraternity and union, 'one for all and all for one.'

"The purpose of this fraternity is purely religious and to the end that its members, by honoring the Passion and Death of Our Lord Jesus

Christ, may progress in the practice of Christian virtues and, by setting the example, may inspire others to practice them. The officers of the Pious Fraternity of Our Holy Father Jesus shall be elected or re-elected each year on Ash Wednesday. Their respective duties shall be as required by the old customs. It shall be a duty to obey all just precepts of the church, and for the fraternity's good it is required to seek the advice of a bishop, who will serve in the capacity of a director or instructor. The old original statutes shall remain in full force and vigor."

This group then elected the Rt. Rev. J. Henry Tihen, the late Bishop of Denver, as instructor of the Council and asked him to designate Father Good "whom we consider well posted in the history and affairs of the fraternity" as his assistant to give the actual instructions. In writing Bishop Tihen, the fraternity said in its letter: "At the present time the fraternity is literally tore (sic) to pieces, divided into several councils or factions like if they were different fraternities organized under different principles and for different purposes." Good Bishop Tihen looked over the Long's Canon by-laws and regulations, promptly gave his approval. He wrote Father Good: "The constitution or by-laws you send have no objectionable features that I perceive and upon your suggestion and in view of approval given by former bishops I am ready to give my placet. If the original rules contain no reference to parish priest and the deference due him it might be well to safeguard his authority to an extent at least, but not to the extent of suppression and disbanding the order."

The most powerful influence working against the fraternity is not the quiet opposition of the church, but the ridicule which Anglos and new generations of Spanish-Americans, who want no part of the old ways, heap upon it. Penitente hunting has been a Holy Week sport since the first American settlers came into the Southwest and remains a sport today. The inevitable result has been the almost complete disappearance of public ceremonies and public processions in all except the most isolated, entirely Spanish speaking villages. Unlike many Indian tribes, which have forgotten their sacred dances, but have learned a silly rabbit hop which satisfies Anglo curiosity and draws in tourist dollars, the Penitent Brother wants no part of tourists or sightseers. His ceremonies are motivated by convictions; his liturgy remains religious though now hidden away insofar as possible from the eyes of scoffers. Ruth McLaughlin

Barker, in her book "Caballeros" (D. Appleton-Century Co., New York, 1934), wrote that "Los Hermanos Penitente not only desire no audience, but have been known to attack intruders. The Penitent Brothers go through their Lenten drama in darkened moradas on lonely windswept mesas and drag their crosses down narrow canon trails. Because it is a personal, mystic exaltation the Crucifixion is rarely witnessed now by any save the Brotherhood and the black-shawled women --- the grieving Marys who kneel at the foot of the Cross."

Since the turn of the century, Penitentes in Colorado have commonly thrown armed guards about their moradas during Holy Week ceremonies. It is a familiar sight in Huerfano, Las Animas and Costilla counties to see Penitente guards posted at strategic distances from their morada to wave away Penitente hunters who come, loaded down with cameras, lunch boxes, soft drinks and beer, to desecrate and make sport of the most profoundly serious and spiritual drama to be found in contemporary life. In many counties, the sheriffs deputize the celadores or Penitente watchmen to better enable them to keep trespassers at their distance.

George Wharton James, in his book "New Mexico, the Land of the Delight Makers" (The Page Co., Boston, 1920), writes: "Since the hostility and interference of officious Protestants one now finds, on approaching the morada, a number of armed men with loaded rifles and shotguns, acting as armed sentinels who guard against any interference, and also scare the wits out of any simple-minded camera fiend who fondly imagines he might be allowed to take a photograph."

When Penitente hunting first became a Spring sight-seeing feat in New Mexico and Anglo newspapers were bitterly assailing the order, the brothers succeeded in getting a law on the statute books of New Mexico which makes possible legal action against calumniators. The law (Session Laws of 1915) makes no mention of the Penitente order. It is extremely broad in scope, reads as follows:

"Libel Against Religious Orders or Fraternal Societies: Any person who, with intent to injure, publishes or circulates any malicious statement in writing, with reference to or concerning any fraternal or religious order, or society, shall be guilty of criminal libel.

"What Constitutes Libel Against Religious or Fraternal Societies:

The written or printed or published statement to come within the definition of libel must convey the idea:

a) That said fraternal or religious order has been guilty as an order or society of some penal offense or has conspired to commit some penal offense.

b) That said fraternal or religious order or society has, as an order or society, been guilty of some act or omission which, though not a penal offense, is disgraceful and the natural consequences of which act or omission are to bring such order or society into contempt among honorable persons."

Persons who violate this interesting and comprehensive law can be punished by fines of not less than $200 or more than $2,000, jail sentences of three months, or by both fine and imprisonment.

Flagellation furnishes most of the fuel for attacks on the Penitente Brothers with their crucifixions, actual or simulated, sort of pointing up all the bad things that can be said about the fraternity. There have been many reports over the years of actual crucifixions where the Cristo was actually nailed to the Cross. There is no doubt there have been some real crucifixions, but they have been rare. In Southern Colorado there have been many stories of crucifixions with nails, but they cannot be verified at this late date. When Author Charles F. Lummis told of the San Mateo, N.M., crucifixions in his "The Land of Poco Tiempo" he simply reported something he had heard. He gave no data or authentication of any kind. He himself never witnessed anything more than a Cristo tied to a cross for a period of thirty minutes. I have never found anyone, Anglo, Spanish-American, Penitente or whatever who could testify that he personally witnessed a real crucifixion by Los Hermanos Penitente. The tales are always second, third or some other hand.

Alice Corbin Henderson, who wrote, "Brothers of Light, the Penitentes of the Southwest" (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York, 1937), contends there is no "actual evidence" of real crucifixions. In her work she made this interesting observation: "In spite of lurid reports of cruelties administered to lagging Penitentes by other members of the brotherhood, nothing seen today indicates anything of the kind; on the contrary, great care is taken by the leading Hermanos that the self-imposed penances do not exceed the bounds of human endurance." She

gave a very wise warning (the only writer on the subject to do so). "In reading accounts of the Penitentes," she said, "due allowance must be made for the background of the narrator."

The Penitentes have often been criticised for playing politics or for being the willing tools of politicians. The Reverend Mr. Darley of Pueblo was shocked to find that Penitentes on the east side of the Culebra Range in Southern Colorado were Democrats, while those on the west side in the San Luis Valley were Republicans. He either did not discover, or did not choose to reveal it if he did, that the same variation in party affiliation existed among non-Penitente residents of the two areas. However, moradas are often in politics just as any organization with which Spanish-Americans are concerned is bound to get involved in polictics. There have been chapters of the brotherhood, such as two moradas at Abiquiu and two at Las Vegas, which came to be known as "the Republican morada" and "the Democratic morada."

In 1946, a political fight landed the brotherhood in court in Las Vegas, N.M., left the brown brothers with a brown taste in their mouths and very little of "the spirit of fraternal love" of which they boasted in their charters.

The case involved a suit filed by La Fraternidad de Nuestro Padre Jesus de Nazareno del Candado de San Miguel, Territorio de Nuevo Mejico (The Fraternity of Our Father Jesus of Nazareth of the County of San Miguel, Territory of New Mexico) against an upstart group known as the Concilio Originale de Nuestro Padre Jesus de Nazareno de Sheridan, Candado de San Miguel, Nuevo Mejico).

The older group was headed by Severo Lucero, a Republican Party leader and Hermano supremo of a central council. The newer group was headed by peppy, black-haired Manuel Jose Baca, a veteran Democratic politico who was both the treasurer of San Miguel County and the newly-elected mayor of Old Las Vegas. When the suit was filed, rotund District Judge Luis E. Armijo, a Republican, took one quick look at the political implications and the 800 loving brothers involved in San Miguel, Nora and Gaudalupe counties, promptly disqualified himself. The older group charged the new group with fraud and deceit and with being outlaw moradas through refusal to operate under the rules and regulations "and cooperate with the plaintiff corporation." The suit was settled two

months later by stipulation; both councils changed their names and I have no doubt both remained as political as they were before they got into court.

The Penitentes seldom come to public attention except during Holy Week, but they are active throughout the year. In the normal course of village life the brothers perform their works of charity and mercy, hold regular business meetings, visit the members of neighboring moradas, and attend velorios or wakes. At a velorio, the friends of the deceased sit up all night with the body. When a velorio is in the hands of the Penitent Brothers, they stagger their attendance, thus have the wake staffed, if such a term is permissible, for its duration with members of the fraternity. It is customary either to say or chant fifteen decades of the rosary during the night. There have been cases where male relatives of the deceased and Penitente novices whipped themselves at a velorio to bolster their prayers for the departed soul, but it was a matter of individual piety and not a requirement of the fraternity.

When Holy Week arrives each year, the brothers drop everything to tend to matters of the soul. Members who live in neighboring villages or even distant cities arrive on the weekend before Holy Week begins. On Palm Sunday, the first day of Holy Week, the brothers enter their morada. They do not emerge again, except for public processions and outdoor ceremonies, which are anything but public, until Lent ends at noon on Holy Saturday. As they enter the morada one of the brothers is designated as the Cristo. He may be chosen by lot or he may be selected by the members because of his holiness. Whatever the method, the honor is much sought after. Once chosen, the Cristo makes only one public appearance, but he is the key figure in all of the private ceremonies. Within the confines of the morada, he is tried before a Penitente Pontius Pilate; he is reviled by the mob; he is dressed in a purple robe, and a crown of thorns is put upon his head, and he is slapped and spat upon. And when the climax of the week is reached, the Cristo staggers up Calvario with the heavy cross on his bleeding shoulders. It is then the great act in the drama takes place. The Cristo is crucified.

Some chapters have the Cristo stand aside at this supreme moment; they put a statue of Christ on the cross and tie it in place with ropes. But the majority fasten the Cristo on the cross, not with nails, but with strips of sheeting, binding him carefully so he will not be injured.

Then they lift the big cross and stand it in a previously prepared hole. The Penitentes and their women folk kneel then at the foot of the cross. Their leader in prayer, the Hermano Rezador, recites the Passion while the women cry gently and the men mumble "Pecado, pecado." (I have sinned, I have sinned). When the reading of the Passion is finished, the cross is lowered again to the ground and the Cristo is released from his bonds. Often times the Cristo is unconscious when the cross is lowered, unconscious from excitement, from the tightness of the bindings. If unconscious he is carried back to the morada and revived.

Once in the morada for the week long observance, the brothers do not go home to eat or sleep. They fast in the mornings, eat a collation at noon, a heavy but meatless meal at night at a table set up in the morada. The meals are carried to the morada in baskets by women of the village. The bearers of food are usually wives and sweethearts of the brothers, but non-Penitentes in the community are encouraged to prepare food for the brothers as an offering. Those who do are remembered in the brothers' corporate prayers. Meals begin with a chanted hymn and end with a hymn. The hymns used in all Penitente exercises are known as alabados and are an authentic folk music developed by the Hispanic peoples of the Southwest. Although alabados are common among all of the Spanish speaking people of Latin America and are by no means the private property of the Penitentes, the brothers use them to such an extent that the hymns are commonly known in the Southwest as "penitente music." The alabados are usually sung without accompaniment of any kind, but in some instances a pito or home made flute with a sweet, wavering tone is used. A line of Penitentes wending up a hillside at night chanting an alabado will cause every Spanish American within hearing distance to cross himself and mutter, "Los Hermanos." The hymns, especially when accompanied by the pito, have an unearthly quality which causes the spine to tingle.

A single alabado may have ten or fifteen verses or it may have several hundred. The words are usually written in a notebook, but the tunes are not transcribed except by folklorists such as Dr. Juan Rael of Stanford University and Prof. J. Leslie Kittle of Alamosa who have recorded more than sixty San Luis Valley alabados for the Library of Congress (Colorado Magazine, March, 1945). Unadulterated by outside influences, the alabados are an honest, sincere folk expression in music, sung by untrained singers who couldn't read a note of music. Titles of the alabados reveal their nature: "Through the Trail of Blood", "What Pain

Can Equal", "Within His Breast St. Joseph Suffers." The verses tell a religious story or simply exhort men to penance and to piety. They lose much in translation, but sample verses are:

"Penitence, Penitence
Sin no more, unfortunate man
Examine your conscience
Come to the temple and hear the Voice

"It is time to do penance
You who have been too busy
To take warning to repent
Examine your conscience."

From Palm Sunday until Holy Thursday little is seen of the brothers. Except for certain public ceremonies, they remain in the morada during the day, emerging only under the cover of darkness to whip themselves. Inside the thick adobe walls, they scourge, chant their alabados, pray for forgiveness of their sins, re-enact the first Holy Week with their Cristo as the central figure. Their public ceremonies, and they still have them if the village is sufficiently isolated from Anglos and is not plagued by Penitente hunters, begin with Holy Thursday when the brothers emerge from their morada and march into the village to the Catholic church. The churches rarely have a resident priest and are in the care of a villager who may or may not belong to the fraternity. The marching brothers are led by the Hermano Mayor who carries a processional cross or a small figure of Christ. He is followed by the pitero who plays his flute. Behind the pitero comes a brother carrying a hand matraca or noise maker which he twirls vigorously at the end of each verse of the alabado. The other brothers follow in line, two abreast, chanting. In the early days some of the brothers in the procession, naked to the waist and their heads covered with black hoods, would scourge themselves as they marched, but today scourging in a public, daylight procession is virtually unknown. The people of the village line the road to watch the Holy Thursday procession. As it passes they fall in behind the brothers and join in the chanting. The Hermano Mayor leads the group directly to the door of the church where the brothers part and form two lines on either side of the door. While the brothers chant and the pitero plays and the brother with the matraca swings his noise maker, the people of the village pass between the two lines and in the front door of the

church. They take their places in the back of the church. The front pews are reserved for the brothers who come in last and file down the center aisle and into their seats. Once Los Hermanos are seated, they sing an appropriate alabado such as "Weep, Ye Sinners." The Hermano Mayor arises and carries his processional cross or figure of Christ to the altar. He places it on the Gospel or left side. Then he lights four candles, two on either side of the empty tabernacle, and returns to his pew.

The Hermano Rezador (brother who leads the prayers) then leads in the recitation of the rosary. He says the first half of each Our Father and Hail Mary in a loud voice. The brothers and the people respond in unison: "Santa Maria, Madre de Dios, ruega por nosotros pecadores, ahora y en la hore de nuestre muerte. Amen."*

After the rosary, the Hermano Rezador, assisted by the Hermano Mayor and the Hermano Secundor, says the Stations of the Cross. This Holy Thursday afternoon service is very similar to a regular Catholic Church service conducted by a priest. When it ends, the brothers file out as the bell of the church is tolled and sweet music comes from the pito and the matraca makes an ear-splitting clatter. The people follow the brothers out, fall in behind them when they form in line and march off toward the morado. The people follow to within a few yards of the morada, then huddle and silently watch the chanting brothers disappear inside.

That night the Penitentes conduct their first Holy Week service for the public in their morada. The service is known as the tinieblas which simply translates tenebrae. In the past writers have made much fuss and woven many mysteries around the tinieblas, but in truth it is almost the same service as the tenebrae service conducted in Denver's Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception and thousands of other Catholic churches throughout the world each Thursday and Friday night in Holy Week. When the people arrive for the service, the women and girls are separated from the men and boys as is the custom in Spanish churches. The two sexes enter by different doors. The women and girls kneel in the altar room; the men and boys in the center or exercise room. As

* HOLY MARY, MOTHER OF GOD, PRAY FOR US SINNERS NOW AND THE HOUR OF OUR DEATH. AMEN.

the people enter they must pass by celadores or guards who scrutinize them closely. Scoffers and Penitente hunters are not wanted. As the two rooms begin to fill with villagers, the Hermano Celador or monitor tolls the bell; a few minutes later the windows, if there are any, are shuttered, and the doors are closed. The candles in front of the altar are lighted and the service begins. The candles vary in number. In the Catholic Church they number fifteen, one to be darkened after the chanting of each of fourteen psalms of the Divine Office and one to be hidden away for a few minutes and then brought forth to symbolize the Risen Christ. In the moradas of the Penitentes, the harrow shaped tenebrae candlestick may contain anywhere from fourteen to seventeen candles.

The Hermano Mayor and four or five of the brothers kneel before the tenebrae candles which are placed on a table directly in front of the altar. The Hermano Rezador stands in the doorway between the altar and exercise rooms, a dog-eared notebood in hand. Immediately inside the door of the exercise room stands the pitero with his flute and the noise maker with his hand matraca. Older Penitentes and non-Penitentes kneel side by side in the exercise room. Behind the locked door of the third room, the novices softly chant their petitions for forgiveness and apply their whips with both hands, first over one shoulder, then over the other shoulder.

The Hermano Mayor and his assistants sing alabados which correspond somewhat to the psalms chanted at a Catholic Church tenebrae. At the end of each long verse, a candle is extinguished and the Hermano Rezador, from his strategic position in the doorway between the two rooms, shouts in a loud voice: "Ave Maria!" whereupon the people in both rooms say a Hail Mary in unison. As they finish the prayer the pitero toots on his flute and the man with the matraca twirls it. When only one candle remains lighted, it is carried to the Hermano Rezador who hides it beneath his coat plunging the two rooms into complete darkness. Then the Hermano Rezador calls for prayer after prayer. An Ave Maria for the welfare of the village, an Ave Maria for forgiveness of all sin, an Ave Maria for Tony Martinez who died on Bataan, an Ave Maria for good crops, another for the good people who have provided the brothers with food throughout the week. The calls for Ave Marias are interspersed with a hollow cry from the Hermano Rezador: "What would you of our Saviour?" The answer: "Forgiveness of our sins." While the Hermano Rezador is leading the prayers, a huge matraca (often made of a large-sized packing

box) is brought from the locked room. When the Hermano Rezador is finished, there is a moment of silence. Then two brothers pick up the big matraca and begin to turn it. It goes slowly at first, then faster. The effect is as if someone suddenly fired a couple of 50 caliber machine guns in the closed, tightly packed room. The brother with the hand matraca adds the noise of his instrument to the din, the pitero toots on his flute and the people and brothers clap their hands to symbolize the earthquake which shook the earth when Christ died on the cross. As the noise finally dies away, the hidden candle is brought forth and replaced in the harrow shaped candlestick holder to symbolize the Ressurection. All of the candles are then relighted and a final alabado is sung. The Hermano Mayor closes the service by crossing himself: "En nombre del Padre, y del Hyjo -- y del Espiritu Santo."* The people file out of the morada and return to the village. The brothers remain in the morada. The night of Holy Thursday is a night of penitential scourging for men who seek salvation.

There is no levity, no smiling, no visiting, no friendly greetings before, during or after the tinieblas. The people give the guards on the doors a whispered greeting, a quick nod of the head when they enter the morada. There is an air of suppressed excitement and reverence. When they leave they nod briefly or say a quiet, subdued "Buenas noches," as they go quietly out into the blackness of the night. I once saw two boys giggle at a tinieblas. Watchful guards seized them and ejected them. When the people have gone, the brothers emerge, lighted candles in their hands. It seems that it is always cold and windy in the Penitente country. The brothers shelter the tiny flames of their candles with their free hands as they march slowly toward Calvario, singing alabados to the accompaniment of the pito. "What grief is as great as the grief in my heart," is the refrain.

In the old days, the Cristo staggered up Calvario under his heavy cross shortly before noon on Good Friday, the day Christ was crucified. Today, because of spying and interference by Penitente hunters, most crucifixions take place shortly after midnight of Holy Thursday or just before sunrise Good Friday morning. On both the march up Calvario and on the return march to the morada, the novices flog themselves with their cruel scourges. I have never seen a Cristo on the cross though many

* IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, AND OF THE SON, AND OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

other Anglos have witnessed this sight. The moradas of which I have personal knowledge use a statue of Christ.

After dawn on Good Friday, with the Crucifixion finished and done with, the women of the village spend the morning singing alabados and praying the rosary. They move back and forth between two huge crosses set up at a distance of about 100 yards from each other. The women start at one cross and walk three steps toward the second. Then they kneel and sing. When the verse is finished they arise, take three steps, kneel and sing. The process is repeated over and over. The brothers remain in the morada Good Friday morning. But shortly after the noon hour half of the membership leave the morada for their second public procession and service, a beautiful ceremony known as El Encuentro (The Meeting) which commemorates the traditional meeting of Christ and His mother as He traveled the torturous road to Calvary. The Encuentro excites the people of the village because they participate. All housework and chores are gotten out of the way as quickly as possible Good Friday morning and by noon there is an air of subdued festivity though this is the most solemn day of Lent. The girls walk up and down the village street in their finery and the young men stand against the walls of adobe houses and eye them or race their horses and old cars up and down the village street to attract attention. Shortly after one o'clock, the Penitente procession, led by the pitero with his flute and two village women, who consider their selection for this ceremony a great honor, come marching down the road from the morada. The sound of the pito draws everyone to the side of the road. When the procession passes, the people again fall in behind it and march to the church where brief prayers are said and alabados are sung. Then the two women who led the procession move inside the altar rail and up to the altar. Carefully, reverently they lift the blue-robed statue of the Virgin and carry it down the center aisle and out of the church, followed by the pitero, the escort of Hermanos and the people. With the women and the Virgin in the lead and the pitero tooting the accompaniment to a hymn, the procession moves slowly back toward the morada. As it approaches the building, the remaining brothers, led by the Hermano Mayor, the Cristo and the Hermano Rezador appear in two-by-two formation around a corner of the morada and march forward to meet the women. The Cristo carries in his hands a small figure of Christ.

The two groups come to a halt when the Cristo and the women carrying

the Virgin are about 15 feet apart. Everyone kneels and there is a moment of silence. This is the Encuentro, the meeting. The Hermano Rezador makes the sign of the cross and pulls a notebook from his pocket. The people cross themselves. Then the Hermano Rezador begins to read in a loud, clear voice: "The Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ according to St. Mark. And it was the third hour and they crucified Him....." When the reading of the Passion is finished, an alabado of lamentation is sung. Then one of the women, the Maria, rises. The Cristo does likewise, holding the statue of Christ before him. They walk slowly forward until they meet. Then they turn and march into the morada. The brothers follow. In the altar room, the Virgin and the Christ are placed on the Penitente altar. The weeping people return to the village; the brothers close the doors of their morada to outsiders. Good Friday afternoon, too, is a time for prayer, for penances, for scourging. That night a second tinieblas, exactly like the first, is held in the morada for the people of the village.

On the morning of Holy Saturday the brothers file out of their morada between 9 and 10 o'clock. They assemble in front of the door, and, to the accompaniment of the pito, chant "The Lamb Comes Forth." Then they march for the last time up Calvario where they kneel at the foot of the cross where the Hermano Rezador leads them in prayer: "Padre nuestro, que estas en los cielos, santificado sea el tu nombre....." After the prayers, the Cristo, with the aid of his fellows, pulls the cross from the earth. It is loaded on his shoulders and the march down Calvario is begun. They move slowly. There is no scourging, only the seemingly endless singing and pleading for forgiveness, the sweet notes of the pito. The cross is carried to the morada and put away for another year. The brothers then march to the village church with the Hermano Mayor in the lead. The people are waiting and again they file into the church between two lines of singing Penitentes. When the people and brothers are all in their places, the candles are lighted and the rosary is recited. This time the pito and the matraca are stilled. When the rosary ends the great moment of the Lenten season, the moment for which the people have impatiently waited, arrives. The Hermano Rezador goes to the front of the church. He lifts his head and in a mighty voice chants: "Glory be to God on High, and on earth peace to men of good will. We praise Thee. We adore Thee....." Lent is ended, and the severe penances of Los Hermanos are ended for another year. Come another Holy Week and Los Hermanos Penitente will again follow western trails to Calvary.

TRAIL DUST FROM THE DENVER CORRAL

POSSEMAN ROUNDUP FOR APRIL

Dr. Alfred M. Bailey, Director of the Denver Museum of Natural History, took off on May 1 on a flight to Midway and Wake islands to add to the Museum's collection of common sea birds. From thence, on to Laysan island, to gather data and materials to complete a faunal group in another of those amazing "showcase" exhibits at the Museum. After a brief spot at home, after Laysan - on to Australia.

Forbes Parkhill, secretary now to Senator E. Millikin in Washington, is preparing a historical summary of American aid to Latin America. In a brief note to your Registrar, Forbes gives his address as 5712 Colorado Ave., NW, Washington, D.C.

Ralph Carr was re-elected a Director of the Chamber of Commerce of the United Stated to represent the Department of Natural Resources - a position he has held since 1943.

The American Pioneer Trails Association of New York has received and is publishing a new book, CATTLE TRAILS OF AMERICA, 1540-1900, by Garnet M. and Herbert O. Brayer. It will have a five-color map of the U.S. showing major cattle trails in each of our 48 states, for the dates indicated, drawn by the noted cartographer and Corresponding Member, Hugh T. Glen.

Ed Bemis, founder of the Founders Society of America, will fly to Jackson, Miss., on May 24, to present a Founders plaque to an FSA member, Laurence C. Jones, President of the Piney Woods School. (Ed flew back from Burbank recently, by the way, on the big plane Constitution.)

Corresponding Member John J. Lipsey postcards from Florida where he is living in shorts on the beach when not browsing the good spots for books.

Judge William S. Jackson's spare

time these days is being given over to preparation of a paper for THE WESTERNERS on Colorado Springs' famous pioneer, James Pourtales. Much of the new material comes from a ms. in German, now being translated by Mrs. Jackson. We understand a full book may come of this work which will be offered to THE WESTERNERS for publication.

Everyone regretted that Barron Beshoar - whose soul belongs to TIME and LIFE - was on a story up in Arco, Idaho, the evening his paper was read. Ralph Carr - from the Penitenes country, himself -did a swell job on the reading for Barron.

Just signed, with the Naylor Publishing Co., of San Antonio, is the contract for Walter Gann's new book, TREAD OF THE LONGHORNS. It will come out in the fall. This is a factual history of open range cattle and all the romance of the trail drives, especially between 1865 and about 1900 although the period before 1865 is not neglected.

Vaughn Mechau, during much of the forepart of April, was up in Wyoming - where he sampled cheeses in famous Star Valley, and down in Texas - where he slurped bean soup around Dallas.

THE WESTERNERS are now represented in the Founders Society of America, with Leland Case, Chicago Posseman, now recognized by all three Posses as our founder. Leland was presented with a bronze plaque at recent ceremonies.

At the April 15 meeting in Madison, Wisc., of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association there were 14 Possemen and 22 Corresponding Members, which ought to give you some idea of who writes our history....

Arthur Zeuch reminds us that Artcraft Press is printing the forthcoming STAMPEDE TO TIMBERLINE, by Muriel Sibell Wolle. Publication date: June 10.

Paul Harrison's article on "Early Mormon Journalism" is appearing in the March 1949 issue of the Mississippi Valley Historical Review.

One and all - don't miss the June issue of SIR! which carries Henry Hough's story on "Laura Gilpin: Last of the Great Madams". (Ralph Carr, are you there?)

Art Carhart's beauty of a book, FRESH WATER FISHING, full of swell color plates, came out April 25. Apropos of his "Fishing Hall of Fame" election by the Sportsmen's Club of America, let it be known that there have been only 38 living anglers so honored. Art has a pair of features coming out next fall in the SPORTS AFIELD HUNTING ANNUAL: "Hunting Mule Deer", and "Care of Venison"; and he has the lead article in Dave Cook's new Fishing Guide and Catalogue.

William M. Rains (who swears he will never do it again) made the principal address before the

Colorado A. & M. College Faculty Club at Boulder recently. Subject: "Law on the Frontier". He will represent his own Oberlin College at Colorado Springs this month, when the new president of Colorado College is inaugurated.

John T. Cains III spoke on "What's on the Trail Ahead in the Cattle Trade?" at the Idaho Cattleman's convention at Boise, April 11-12.

Herb Brayer has had a busy month which included a talk before the Colorado A. & M. College Faculty Club on "British Influence in the Cattle Industry"; the Rocky Mountain Academy of Sciences at the University of Wyoming, Laramie, on "European Sources for Western History"; the Phi Beta Kappa Annual Meeting, Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., on "The West in a World Economy"; and the Wyoming Stockgrowers' Association, Sheridan, Wyo., on "The Western Range Cattle Industry, and International Traffic". He also attended the Mississippi Valley Historical Association meetings at Madison, Wisc. The latest on the '47 BRAND BOOK from Herb indicates it is in page proof stage.

Bill Barker makes formal a bitter complaint about the Registrar's detestable habit of putting "commas and periods outside of quote marks". Like that. The Registrar herewith wishes to remind Mr. Barker, an estimable fellow withal, that out here - "west of the Pecos", and all that - Registrars are a law unto themselves; and that, having also been weaned now, after a quarter century in the world of letters, he - the Registrar - has put away Webster's Intercollegiate, and follows such mature grammarians as Boulton, for example, Lubeck, Greenwood, Seeley, and others....

ASCITITIA

Under this heading in the February issue of the BRAND BOOK, was noted the matter of "collecting tobacco tags to get a wooden leg". A recent AP story with a Casper, Wyo., dateline leads off: "Rumors currently rampant here and in many other parts of the nation that a blind person can get a seeing-dog by saving the cellophane strips off cigaret packs are 'absolutely without foundation', an official of Seeing-Eye, Inc., (said) today.

"The rumor that has had hundreds of Casper and Wyoming people and business firms busy for weeks collecting the little red strips is apparently without any basis in fact.

"...the organization (Seeing-Eye, Inc.) is getting reports of the rumor daily and....such reports have been coming to (their) office for more than 10 years."

Query: why should such matters be tied together - disability and tobacco? Are there other such "rumors"?

PROGRAM FOR MAY MEETING

"THE GHOST TOWN OF BOWERMAN",
BY FRANCIS RIZZARI.

BOOKS WANTED

CLIFFORD P. WESTERMEIER, P.O. BOX 352, BOULDER, COLORADO, WOULD LIKE TO GET EMERSON HOUGH'S STORY OF THE COW-BOY, ANY EDITION.

LE ROY HAFEN, STATE MUSEUM BLDG., DENVER, WANTS THE MAY 1946 ISSUE OF THE BRAND BOOK.

CHUCKWAGON BOOK REVIEWS

MARSHALL OF THE LAST FRONTIER, BY ZOE A. TILLGHMAN. THE ARTHUR H. CLARK CO. GLENDALE, CALIF. 1949, $7.50.

THIS BOOK COVERS THE LIFE OF BILL TILGHMAN, A PEACE OFFICER WHO FOR 50 YEARS REPRESENTED LAW IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE WEST. WRITTEN BY HIS WIDOW, THE BOOK IS A LARGE OCTAVO VOLUME OF MORE THAN 400 PAGES, WITH INDEX, MAPS, PLATES, AND FACSIMILES, PRINTED ON FINE PAPER AND WELL BOUND.

WILLIAM MATTHEW TILGHMAN WAS ONE OF THE FEW ADMIRABLE CHARACTERS AMONG THE LAW OFFICERS OF THE WEST WHO BECAME FAMOUS. DOZENS OF SUCH MEN, GOOD OFFICERS AND GOOD CITIZENS, ACQUIRED LOCAL RENOWN; BUT THOSE WHOSE NAMES HAVE BECOME HOUSEHOLD WORDS—— SUCH AS HICKOK, EARP, CANTON, AND BEN THOMPSON——HAVE BECOME NOTED MAINLY BECAUSE THEY KILLED WITHOUT COMPUNCTION AND BOASTED OF THEIR EXPLOITS.

BILL TILGHMAN HAD A VARIED CAREER ON THE FRONTIER. HE WAS A BUFFALO HUNTER, INDIAN FIGHTER, CATTLEMAN, RANCHER, STATE SENATOR, SHERIFF, MARSHAL AND DEPUTY UNITED STATES MARSHAL. DURING ALL HIS YEARS OF MATURITY, NO MATTER WHAT HIS IMMEDIATE OCCUPATION, HE WAS ALWAYS BEING CALLED UPON AS A PEACE OFFICER TO UNDERTAKE DANGEROUS TASKS WITH WHICH OTHER MEN COULD NOT COPE. TOM SMITH OF ABILENE, ONE OF THE BEST, ONCE SAID THAT THE "GOOD OFFICER WAS THE ONE WHO BROUGHT 'EM IN ALIVE." THAT WAS WHAT TILGHMAN ALWAYS TRIED TO DO, THOUGH HE BROUGHT SEVERAL IN DEAD, TOO, WHEN THE PRESSURE FORCED HIM TO DO SO.

YOU WILL FIND THE STORY OF HIS RECORD IN THIS BOOK, SO FAR AS I CAN SEE, A TRUTHFUL UNEMBELLISHED ACCOUNT. HE WAS THE MOST ACTIVE AGENT IN BREAKING UP THE DALTON, DOOLIN, AND JENNINGS GANGS OF TRAIN AND BANK ROBBERS.— — YET HE WAS A MILD MAN, GENTLE, CALLED BY THE CHILDREN OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD, "UNCLE BILL", A MAN WHO GATHERED WARM AFFECTION AS HE MOVED THROUGH LIFE.

HE WAS KILLED WHILE DISARMING A DRUNKEN PROHIBITION OFFICER. HIS BODY LAY TWO DAYS IN STATE AT THE CAPITAL. GOVERNOR TRAPP SAID, "HE DIED FOR THE STATE." HIS PALLBEARERS INCLUDED A GOVERNOR, AN EX-GOVERNOR, THE U.S. MARSHAL, AND A BRIGADIER GENERAL. THE LIST OF HONORARY PALLBEARERS INCLUDED THE MOST NOTABLE MEN IN THE STATE. THE STATE SENATE HELD A MEMORIAL HOUR FOR HIM, AND, ON THE NEXT ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF THE CHEROKEE STRIP RUN, WHERE HE HAD BEEN THE OFFICER IN CHARGE, A HORSE CARRYING BILL'S GUNS LED THE PARADE OF THE '89ERS. THE SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER COMMENTED, "BILL TILGHMAN, THE BEST PEACE OFFICER THE WEST EVER KNEW."

THAT STATEMENT COVERS A WIDE TERRITORY, BUT I THINK IT CAN BE TRUTHFULLY SAID THAT HE WAS THE BEST OF THOSE WHO HAVE ACHIEVED WIDE RENOWN. THIS BOOK IS A STRAIGHTFORWARD UNVARNISHED ACCOUNT OF A GOOD AMERICAN, BRAVE AND FAITHFUL, WHO FOLLOWED THE PLAIN LINE OF DUTY. WHEN HE WAS KILLED, OKLAHOMA FELT THE SAME REGRET IT DID WHEN ITS WILL ROGERS DIED, THE FEELING THAT LIFE HAD BECOME POORER BECAUSE OF THEIR LEAVING. — — (W. M. RAINE)

GOLD RUSH — THE JOURNALS, DRAWINGS, AND OTHER PAPERS OF J. GOLDSBOROUGH BRUFF; APRIL 2, 1849 - JULY 20, 1851. COLUMBIA UNIVERISTY PRESS, 1949. $10.00

IT IS DIFFICULT TO REVIEW SUCH A BOOK AS THIS. THE IMMENSITY, THE SUPERLATIVE FEATURES OF THIS GRAND ODYSSEY OF THE '49 CALIFORNIA GOLD-RUSH, BOTH IN SUBSTANCE AND STYLE, FILL THE WOULD-BE REVIEWER WITH AWE.

WHAT IS THERE TO SAY BUT TO AGREE WITH THE EDITORS THAT "WE KNOW OF NO RECORD OF THE ROUTE COMPARABLE TO HIS FOR LENGTH AND HISTORICAL FACT...IN HIS PAGES THE GREAT MIGRATION UNROLLS, NOT AS PORTRAYED IN ROMANCE AND MOVIES, BUT AS LIVED BY THOUSANDS OF BRAVE, DETERMINED FORTY-NINERS — THE SLOW WESTWARD THRUST OF MEN AND WAGONS; THE CLOUDS OF DUST BEAT UP BY PATIENT HOOFS; ... THE HERDS OF BISON; THE TRAVELING BANDS OF RED MEN; ALWAYS THE UNKNOWN, UNTIL LIFE ITSELF BECAME FLUID, NO LONGER SET WITHIN KNOWN BOUNDS; THE DAILY LIFE OF THE TRAIL."

THIS DIARY OR JOURNAL OF J.GOLDSBOROUGH BRUFF WAS ORIGINALLY ISSUED BY THE SAME PUBLISHER IN 1944 IN A TWO-VOLUME EDITION, WHICH SOLD OUT ALMOST IMMEDIATELY. THIS "CALIFORNIA CENTENNIAL" EDITION DOES NOT INCLUDE BRUFF'S EARLIER DIARIES, AND CRITICAL NOTES AND COMMENTS HAVE BEEN ABBREVIATED; HOWEVER, SOME FRESH INFORMATION ON PERSONS AND ROUTES HAS BEEN ADDED.

BRUFF, IN 1849, WAS LIVING IN WASHINGTON D.C., OR WASHINGTON CITY, AS IT WAS THEN CALLED, EMPLOYED AS A DRAFTSMAN WITH THE UNITED STATES BUREAU OF TOPOGRAPHICAL ENGINEERS. HE HAD HAD WEST POINT TRAINING, AND SOME PRELIMINARY INTEREST IN THE FAR WEST. FOR INSTANCE, IN HIS OFFICIAL CAPACITY, HE HAD DRAWN MANY OF THE MAPS IN THE FREMONT REPORTS AND, UNDOUBTEDLY, HE MUST HAVE DRAWN OTHER MAPS RELATING TO THE WEST.

AT ANY RATE, THE CALIFORNIA GOLD FEVER CAUSED THE SAME STIR AND EXCITEMENT IN WASHINGTON CITY THAT IT DID EVERYWHERE ELSE. THEREUPON, A COMPANY OF 66 MEN WAS FORMED, SEMI-MILITARY, SUPPLIED IN GREAT DETAIL EVEN AS TO UNIFORMS, WITH BRUFF AS CAPTAIN. THEY CALLED THEMSELVES "THE WASHINGTON CITY AND CALIFORNIA GOLD MINING ASSOCIATION," AND THEY SET OUT FOR CALIFORNIA ON APRIL 2, 1849. THE PLAN OF COMPANY ORGANIZATION APPARENTLY DID NOT EXTEND BEYOND REACHING THE GOLD REGION, FOLLOWING WHICH THERE WAS TO BE DISBANDMENT AND A DIVISION OF REMAINING ASSETS.

BRUFF, HIMSELF, SEEMED TO HAVE NO BURNING DESIRE TO GET RICH IN CALIFORNIA. RATHER, HE SEEMED TO DERIVE A GREAT SATISFACTION OUT OF THE VERY ORGANIZATION OF THE COMPANY AND ITS HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL MARCH TO CALIFORNIA WITH A MINIMUM OF TROUBLE AND LOSSES. PERHAPS HIS PRINCIPAL AMBITION WAS TO WRITE AN EMIGRANT GUIDE-BOOK FOR THE OVERLAND TRAIL WHICH WOULD BE AT ONCE INFORMATIVE, ENTERTAINING, AND TECHNICALLY CORRECT. HOW WELL HE LOOKED AFTER HIS CHARGE, RECORDING DAY-BY-DAY EVENTS IN ABSORBING NARRATIVE INTERSPERSED BY SKETCHES OF WHAT HE SAW, IN SPITE OF ILL HEALTH AND EVEN A PERIOD OF UTTER PRIVATION AND HUNGER, IS ATTESTED TO BY THESE JOURNALS.

THE COMPANY TRAVELED THE REGULAR OREGON TRAIL ROUTE TO FORT LARAMIE AND THROUGH SOUTH PASS; THEN BY WAY OF THE SUBLETTE CUT-OFF (BRUFF HIMSELF PAID A RAPID SIDE VISIT TO FORT HALL); ACROSS THE DESERT NORTH OF SALT LAKE; ALONG THE HUMBOLDT AND OVER THE LASSEN TRAIL, DOWN DEER CREEK TO PETER LASSEN'S RANCHO ON THE SACRAMENTO RIVER — A DISTANCE OF 2061 MILES FROM THE MISSOURI RIVER, IN 120 DAYS.

THE REAL THRILLER IN THE BOOK — WONDERFUL MOVIE MATERIAL OR I'M ENTIRELY INCAPABLE OF JUDGING — IS ONE INVOLVING BRUFF HIMSELF. ABOUT 30 MILES FROM THE END OF THE JOURNEY, AT THE DAVIS AND LASSEN RANCHOS, THERE WERE ENOUGH MULES AND WAGONS TO TAKE THE MEN IN, BUT NOT THE HEAVY-WEIGHTED SUPPLIES AND PARAPHERNALIA OF THE EXPEDITION. THE MULES HAD BEEN TOO YOUNG AND HAD LARGELY FALLEN BY THE WAYSIDE; THREE OF THE FIVE WAGONS HAD ALSO BROKEN DOWN. BRUFF RESIGNED LEADERSHIP OF THE COMPANY AT THIS POINT.

HE ELECTED TO STAY AT THE CAMP TO GUARD THE COMPANY PROPERTY, HOWEVER, ON PROMISE OF THE COMPANY MEMBERSHIP THAT THEY WOULD RETURN PROMPTLY WITH ADEQUATE CONVEYANCES TO MOVE EVERYTHING IN OR, AT LEAST, HIRE SOMEONE AT DAVIS'S OR LASSEN'S TO DO IT. IT ALL SOUNDED VERY SIMPLE.

ONE MEMBER OF THE COMPANY, WILLIS, AT FIRST REMAINED WITH BRUFF, BUT SOON LEFT HIM "FLAT" WITHOUT NOTICE, TO BRUFF'S DEEP CHAGRIN AND DISAPPOINTMENT. OTHER TRAVELERS AND PASSERSBY AT TIMES TARRIED; AND WHILE SOME FEW PROVED REGULAR HUMAN BEINGS, WERE SYMPATHETIC AND EVEN HELPFUL TO BRUFF, FOR THE MOST PART THEY SPONGED ON OR STOLE FROM HIM, AND ONE IRRESPONSIBLE ROUGHNECK EVEN LEFT AN INFANT CHILD IN BRUFF'S CARE. SHADES OF PATIENCE AND LOVE OF FELLOW-MAN! BRUFF HAD THEM SUPERABUNDANTLY!

EVENTS THAT FOLLOWED ARE POSITIVELY FANTASTIC. ON OCTOBER 23, 1849, THE MAIN COMPANY HAD PARTED FROM BRUFF. IT WAS ACTUALLY NOT UNTIL APRIL 9, 1850 — AFTER A STRANGE PANORAMA OF EVENTS INVOLVING ILLNESS, HUNGER, THEFT, TREACHERY AND NEAR-CANNIBALISM, AND HIGHLIGHTED BY A FASCINATING AND, ON OCCASION, SPECTRAL-LIKE PROCESSION OF MEN AND WOMEN, BOTH WHITE AND RED — THAT BRUFF, ALL ALONE EXCEPT FOR HIS FAITHFUL DOG, LITERALLY STAGGERED INTO HUMAN HABITATION NEAR DAVIS RANCHO IN THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY, AFTER A GRUELLING TREK THROUGH THE WILDERNESS WASTES.

BRUFF'S GREAT CURIOSITY AND ABILITY TO RELATE AND PORTRAY HIS EXPERIENCES DID NOT END HERE. HIS OBSERVATIONS OF THE CALIFORNIA SCENE ARE ON THE SAME HIGH LEVEL OF HISTORICAL ENTERTAINMENT. HE TELLS, FOR EXAMPLE, OF ACCOMPANYING PETER LASSEN ON A GOLD-HUNTING EXPEDITION TO THE FABULOUS GOLD LAKE, WHICH RESULTED IN UTTER FAILURE, AND FINALLY OF HIS LAST ODYSSEY — STILL WITH LASSEN — TO THE ALMOST UNKNOWN HONEY LAKE VALLEY, NEAR SHAFFER PEAK AND THE PRESENT ALTURAS HIGHWAY.

BRUFF LEFT CALIFORNIA IN JUNE, 1851, RETURNING BY THE SEA ROUTE THROUGH PANAMA. HE RESUMED HIS GOVERNMENT POSITION AS DRAFTSMAN. ACTUALLY, HE STAYED ON THIS JOB UNTIL 4 MONTHS BEFORE HIS DEATH, IN 1889, AT THE AGE OF 85 — AN AMAZING TOTAL OF 63 YEARS IN GOVERNMENT EMPLOY!

THE ORIGINALS OF THE BRUFF DIARIES AND DRAWINGS WERE SPLIT AND DIVIDED YEARS AGO BUT, FORTUNATELY FOR WESTERN HISTORY, SURVIVED AND WERE PRESERVED. PART OF THE MATERIAL IS IN THE HUNTINGTON LIBRARY, AND PART IN THE COE COLLECTION, AT YALE. THE EDITORS, GEORGIA WILLIS READ AND RUTH GAINES, MERIT THE GRATITUDE OF A HISTORY-MINDED WEST FOR A GREAT AND PAINSTAKING ACCOMPLISHMENT.

HISTORY OF THE GOLD DISCOVERIES ON THE SOUTH PLATTE RIVER, BY LUKE TIERNEY, PACIFIC CITY, IOWA, 1859. REPUBLISHED, IN FACSIMILE, BY DR. NOLIE MUMEY, IN HIS SERIES OF REPRINTS OF THE RARE 1859 PIKE'S PEAK, OR COLORADO, GOLD RUSH GUIDE BOOKS. WITH NOTES BY DR. LEROY HAFEN, ESPECIALLY FOR THIS EDITION. WRAPPERS, BOXED. $3.00.

IN THIS, THE THIRD IN HIS SERIES OF REPRINTS OF THE 1859 PIKE'S PEAK GUIDE-BOOKS, DR. MUMEY HAS REPRODUCED ONE OF THE RAREST AND MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL. THE TIERNEY GUIDE IS EXTREMELY RARE IN THE ORIGINAL, ONLY ABOUT SIX COPIES BEING KNOWN TO EXIST. AS DR. HAFEN INDICATES IN HIS NOTES, THIS PROVIDES THE BEST CONTEMPORARY ACCOUNT OF THE FAMOUS RUSSELL OR GEORGIA PARTY OF PIKES PEAKERS WHO ARRIVED AT RALSTON'S CREEK TOWARD THE END OF JUNE, 1858. WITH THEM WERE ALSO A GROUP OF CHEROKEE INDIANS LED BY JOHN BECK, WHOM THE GEORGIANS HAD MET, BY PRE-ARRANGEMENT, ON THE ARKANSAS RIVER; AND A GROUP OF MISSOURIANS, WHO CALLED THEMSELVES THE MISSOURI COMPANY, AND WHO WERE MET ON CHERRY CREEK JUST A FEW DAYS BEFORE THE STOPPING-PLACE AT RALSTON'S WAS REACHED. THE COMBINED COMPANIES TOTALED 104 MEN.

THE LATTER PART OF THIS BOOKLET COMPRISES A GUIDE OF THE ROUTE, BY S. W. SMITH AND D. C. OAKS.

I ADD AN ITEM OF INTEREST. HIS NAME IS NOT MENTIONED IN TIERNEY'S ACCOUNT, BUT THE CHEROKEE PARTY HAD AN EXPERIENCED GUIDE WHO LED THEM TO THE MOUNTAINS; AND, OF COURSE, WHEN THE CHEROKEES MET WITH THE RUSSELL PARTY, THIS MAN CONTINUED TO BE THE GUIDE FOR THE ENTIRE PARTY. HE WAS AN EXPERIENCED MOUNTAIN MAN, NAMED PHILANDER SIMMONS. SIMMONS HAD A VERY INTERESTING CAREER IN HIS OWN RIGHT; AND SOME YEARS AGO THIS REVIEWER FORTUNATELY FOUND A MANUSCRIPT AUTOBIOGRAPHY, IN WHICH SIMMONS RELATES HIS ADVENTURES IN THE FAR WEST BEGINNING IN THE 1840'S. I HOPE TO PUBLISH THIS IN BOOK FORM IN THE NEAR FUTURE, AND IT WILL BE EDITED BY CORRESPONDING MEMBER FREDERIC E. VOELKER, OF ST. LOUIS. SIMMONS, BY THE WAY, DIED IN DENVER IN 1899, AND IS BURIED IN RIVERSIDE CEMETERY.

(FRED ROSENSTOCK, CHAIRMAN)

THE STRANGE LITTLE MAN IN THE CHILI-RED PANTS, BY WILLIAM AND MARY WALLRICH, COTTONWOOD PRESS, FT. GARLAND, COLORADO, 1949.

FROM OUT OF THE HISTORIC SAN LUIS VALLEY, BEARING THE IMPRINT OF A NEW PRESS AT A HISTORIC SITE OF MAJOR IMPORTANCE TO WESTERNERS, HAS COME A FINE CONTRIBUTION TO WESTERN FOLKLORE IN THIS NEW WORK BY OUR CORRESPONDING MEMBER, BILL WALLRICH AND HIS TALENTED WIFE, MARY.

OVER A NUMBER OF YEARS, THE WALLRICHS HAVE GATHERED FROM THEIR FRIENDS IN THE NATIVE VILLAGES ALONG THE RIO GRANDE, THE CONEJOS, THE TRINCHERA, AND THE SAN JUAN, THE STORIES WHICH HAVE BEEN HANDED DOWN FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION BY THE PEOPLE WHOSE ANCESTORS WERE ONCE CITIZENS OF THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO AND PREVIOUSLY OF SPAIN. THE FIRST VOLUME ARTISTICALLY PUBLISHED AND SPLENDIDLY BOUND, CONTAINS SEVEN OF THE BETTER STORIES OF INTEREST TO ADULTS AS WELL AS CHILDREN INCLUDING "THE BLUE LADY", "PEPITO EL CORCOVADO", "WHY THE ASPEN QUAKES", "MR. LOPEZ AND HIS PLATE OF SILVER & CUP OF GOLD", "THE MAN WHO ROARED", "PROCOCIPIO AND THE SHOES OF IRON", "THE STRANGE LITTLE MAN IN THE CHILI-RED PANTS".

ONE OF THE MOST DELIGHTFUL ASPECTS OF THIS WORK IS THE EXCELLENT LINOLEUM BLOCK ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARY WALLRICH. THESE WILL BE A DELIGHT TO THE YOUNGER READERS. ONLY A THOUSAND NUMBERED COPIES OF THIS FIRST PUBLICATION OF THE COTTONWOOD PRESS HAVE BEEN PRINTED. WE HOPE THAT THE ARTCRAFT PRINTING COMPANY IN ALAMOSA, IN FUTURE VOLUMES, WILL BE ABLE TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM OF IMPRESSION WHICH IN SOME WAYS IS DISAPPOINTING. BOTH THE TYPOGRAPHY AND THE ILLUSTRATIONS MIGHT BE IMPROVED BY BETTER PRESS WORK. IT IS ALSO SUGGESTED THAT THE AUTHOR PRESERVE SOME OF THE HISPANIC FLAVOR OF HIS STORIES BY USING THE SPANISH SPELLING FOR FAMILIAR WORDS, SUCH AS

"SANTO" FOR "SAINT". PROPER SPELLING ALSO CALLS FOR THE ACCENT MARKS AND TILDES ON SUCH SPANISH WORDS AS JOSE AND DONA. THESE ARE MECHANICAL CORRECTIONS WHICH THE PRINTERS CAN IMPROVE IN FUTURE VOLUMES.

THIS IS A MUST BOOK FOR ALL WESTERNERS AND WE LOOK FORWARD TO FUTURE VOLUMES BY THE WALRICHS' AND FROM THE COTTONWOOD PRESS WE WISH A LONG AND PROSPEROUS FUTURE.

(HERBERT O. BRAYER)

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/s/ Dabney Otis Collins,

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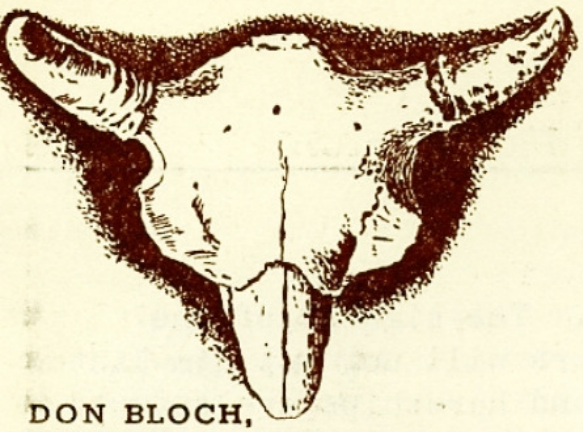

DON BLOCH,
REGISTRAR OF MARKS AND BRANDS

The BRAND BOOK

OFFICIAL ORGAN
THE WESTERNERS
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DENVER 2, COLORADO

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THE COWMAN'S CODE OF ETHICS.

By Ramon F. Adams

Back in the days when the cowman and his herds made a new frontier, there was no law on the range. Lack of written law made it necessary for him to frame some of his own, thus developing a rule of behavior which became known as the "code of the West." These homespun laws, being merely a gentleman's agreement to certain rules of conduct for survival, were never written into the statutes, but were respected everywhere on the range.

When legislated law did come to the frontier it failed to fit the needs and conditions on this fringe of civilization. Men did not respect them because they could not obey them and survive. Thus the West gained a reputation for being lawless though the blame for this condition should have been placed upon the white-collared lawmakers, not upon the so-called law breakers. Though the cowman might break every law of the territory, state or Federal government, he took pride in upholding his own unwritten code. His failure to abide by it did not bring formal punishment, but the man who broke it became, more or less, a social outcast. His friends "hazed him into the cutbacks" and he was subject to the punishment of the very code he had broken.

One of the first rules of the code is courage. Men who follow this life will not tolerate a coward, for one coward endangers the whole group. Through the hundreds of ways of making the life of a coward unbearable, he is soon eliminated. If a man has a spark of courage to start with, the life he lives on the range soon develops it

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to a high degree.

Cheerfulness is also a part of this code. The bigness of the country, the mighty struggles of a virile nature will not let him listen to the whimpers of a mere human. Privations and hardships are endured without complaint. No one knows when a man is tired; sickness or injury is his own secret unless it can no longer be kept hidden.

The cowman laughs in the face of danger, laughs at hardships when laughing is hard. Tragedy and its possibilities is all around him and his cheerfulness is an attempt to offset it. Being a man of action he has little time to mourn fatalities.

From the nature of his work, no cowboy can be a quitter. Therefore, he rarely complains because he associates complaints with quitting. He takes a pride in his work, always trying to do better than the other fellow. No matter how good they are, there is no room for excuses on the range. Grumblers simply do not flourish in a cow camp.

One of the cowman's outstanding codes is loyalty. He is one class of worker who does not have to be watched to see that he does his work well. The nature of his work demands that he be trusted. He takes a pride in being faithful to his "brand" and performing his duties well. He needs no overseer, nor advice. He works long hours and "packs" no time-piece. He belongs to no union and no whistle is blown ordering him to knock off work.

Personal comfort and safety is forgotten in looking after the welfare of the herd under his charge and he will lay down his life if necessary, for the privilege of defending his outfit. Once a cowhand has thrown his bedroll into the wagon and turned his private horse into the remuda of an outfit, he has pledged his allegiance and loyalty.

He lives up to a precept which holds the obligation of friendship deeper than all others. Yet, according to the unwritten law, he stands ready to offer friendly service to strangers, or even an enemy, when necessity calls for it. The rule requires that whoever catches a signal of distress is to render quick assistance. It sometimes happens that a cowboy lays down his life to save an enemy that he might live up to this norm.

No man has a greater sense of fairplay than the cowman. He despises treachery. The very principle of his code demands square dealing with his fellowman. That common expression "He'll do to ride the river with" is about the highest compliment that can be paid him. It originated back in the old trail days when brave men had to swim herds across swollen, treacherous rivers. The act required level-headed courage, and as time passed, this phrase acquired the meaning that the one spoken of was loyal, dependable, trustworthy, and had plenty of sand.

Gene Rhodes spoke the sentiments of the whole range when he said: "To rise up from a man's table and war upon that man while the taste of his bread is still sweet in your mouth----such dealings would have been unspeakable infamy.xxxx You must not smile and shoot. You must not shoot an unarmed man, and you must not shoot an unwarned man. Here is a nice distinction, but a clear one; you might not ambush your enemy, but when you fled and your enemy followed, you might then waylay and surprise without question to your honor, for they were presumed to be on their guard and sufficiently warned. The rattlesnake's code, to warn before he strikes, no better; a queer, lop-sided, topsy-turvy, jumbled and senseless code----but a code for all of that. And it's worthy of note that no better standard has ever been kept with such faith as this barbarous code of the fighting man."

An ironclad rule of the West is that every quarrel is a private one and no outsider has a right to interfere. It is never healthy to openly voice approval or disapproval of a shooting. The shooter has friends and little breaches of etiquette are likely to be remembered.

There is no prouder soul on earth than the cowboy. He is proud of his occupation and holds it to be a dignified calling. The man on horseback has ever held himself above the man on foot. You might see many men and boys from other walks of life try to palm themselves off as cowboys, but you will never see a cowboy trying to hide his occupation. For this reason he avoids wearing a spur on a single foot because it smacks of the sheepherder, and he shuns the bib-overalls because it is the farmer's rigging.

He will do a tremendous amount of work in the line of duty, but his proud spirit will not let him kowtow to anyone. No commands are given him; the merest hint is an order. To throw off on the boss is an

unpardonable sin. In the saddle at frosty sunup, he rides through all kinds of weather, rain, snow or heat until the job is done, no matter how late the hour.

Yet, in spite of his loyalty, the proud spirit of the oldtime cowboy would let him do no work that could not be done on horseback. Like the old saying, he was "too proud to cut hay, and not wild enough to eat it."

When ordered to dig some postholes, one cowboy informed the boss that he "wouldn't be caught on the blister end of no damned shovel," and immediately saddled his horse for a ride toward a new frontier---- some place where fences had not yet cut up the range.

Because of this great pride in his calling, the punishment that hurt the deepest was to be "set down" in the presence of his fellow riders. This meant being ordered to surrender his "company horse" and, if he didn't own a "private mount", to hit the trail afoot. Very often this sting of disgrace was so deep it ended in gun smoke.

The true cowboy has "a heart in his brisket as big as a saddle blanket." He is generous to a fault. Nothing he owns is too good to share with a fellow worker if that puncher needs it. The night is never too dark, nor the trail so long or rough that it keeps him from riding to the aid of a friend. He is generous with his money. Any stranger can make him shell out his dinero with a hard-luck story. Even if he is "powerful narrow at the equator" himself, he will share with any other hungry man. Hearing of some puncher being sick or broke and needing medicine, the whole range will empty its pockets. He is generous with his life and will take all manner of risks to save the property of his outfit, even to going to war for it.

Far out on the range, a long way from where he can buy more, his supply of "makin's" might run low, but he never refuses another a smoke, unless he wants to offer a direct and intentional insult.

Some people wonder at the cowman's code of honesty. In his dealings with another, his word is his bond, and the unwritten law puts a premium upon honesty and fair dealing. According to romance, about half of the men of the cow country are cow thieves. It is true many cowboys,

honest in every other way, did not spend much time looking for the mother when they found a slick-ear.

Property in the West consists of horses and cattle. There is no such thing as petty thievery. As Charlie Russell once said, "I've known many old-timers who would hold up a stage or steal a slick-ear, but they was not camp robbers." Locks on doors were unknown until the nester came, and in the old trail days bags of silver and gold lay around camp unnoticed with never a thought of theft. There was horse and cattle stealing to be sure, and the code of the West made a strange distinction between the two. To set a man afoot by stealing his horse carried a penalty of death, for depriving a man of his horse could mean life itself on the plains. Public opinion regarded the cow as just property and its theft a case for the courts.

The cowman also has a code regarding his horses. No matter how hungry he may be himself, he takes care of his horse before looking after his own comfort. When climbing mountains on horseback, he picks the easiest way; when riding along a hard surfaced road he rides at the side where it is soft.

When nearing another person on a trail, etiquette requires that a man approach within speaking distance and pass a word before changing his course, unless, for a very good reason, he is justified in such a change. The West holds that every person has the right to ascertain the intent of all other persons about him. Unwarranted violation of this is usually interpreted as a confession of guilt, or as a deliberate and flagrant insult.

When two men meet, speak and pass on, it is a violation of the West's code for either to look back over his shoulder. Such an act is interpreted as an expression of distrust, as though one feared a shot in the back. If he stops to talk along the trail he dismounts and loosens the cinches to give his horse's back some air. When greeting a stranger on the trail one is careful not to lift his hand if he rides a skittish horse. Some critters bolt if a man lifts a hand near them. He merely nods and says "Howdy." If the stranger lights to "cool his saddle," the other does not remain ahorse while carrying on a conversation. The polite thing to do is to dismount and talk with him face to face. This shows one is not looking for any advantage over the other.

If he meets a rider on a grade, he gives him the inside. Thus he can always dismount without stepping down in front of, behind or against the other's horse. This rule does not hold good if the dust-drift blows his way. In that case, he rides down-wind.

When a new man signs with an outfit the boss points out to him the horses he is to ride, giving him no information concerning them. Information is often taken as an offense; telling him nothing is a compliment and a good way to start a new man. He then feels that you have confidence in his ability. Each rider is responsible for the condition of his "string" and while the boss never interferes, the rider whose horses show signs of abuse is apt to be looking for a new job. The man who leaves his mount in good flesh with sound backs is worth much more than the man who would be afoot after a two-weeks' roundup.

A man's "string" of horses is rarely broken. If it is, or the foreman takes a fellow's pet horse away from him, it is a sure sign he is asking him to quit before he has to be fired.

No buster hired to break horses abuses them. No outfit wants spoiled horses. If the buster is thrown, and not crippled in the fall, he is certain to crawl back upon the animal. It never does a horse any good to let him think he has won the argument. A good hand never gives a horse too much work; nor does he jump his horse into a run if he has a long way to travel.

A cowman saddles and unsaddles his own horse and an offer to help is unwelcome. Only in a serious emergency will he lend his horse to another. He knows a horse is easily spoiled or crippled by the wrong person riding him. One of the worst possible breaches of range etiquette is for a man to ride another's "company" horse without first asking permission, even from his best pal, for no two cowboys train a horse alike, and one spoils it for the other. To mount without leave another's 'private" or "individual" horse, his own personal property----well, slapping a man's face could scarcely be more insulting.

It is a good rule to never dismount within a hundred yards of a bedded herd. The shake of the saddle often given by a horse freed from his burden is enough to cause a stampede. Also no good cowhand will ride a horse into the middle of a herd if that horse is a bucker.

Another good rule is to never strike a horse when you are angry. One has to control himself before he can control his horse.

Early in cattle raising, the code of the range required every cowman to brand, not only his own calves, but all others he rounded up. All honest cowmen brand these offsprings with the brand of the mother, so no matter how far a man's cattle might stray he is sure to gain the natural increase.

It is not a statute law, but a range law just as strong, that two outfits covering the same territory shall roundup at the same time. If one outfit covers it, then a second comes along through the herd making their cuts, it not only makes much extra work but is hard on the cattle.

In working cattle, if a man lets an animal break from the herd and get by him, it is his job alone to bring it back and he resents anyone giving help.

A strict range law is "no whiskey at the wagon." Nothing would get a man fired quicker than drinking while working cattle. The only man who can get away with this is the cook and he does no cattle work.

A standing rule in the old trail days was to awaken a man by speech and not by touch. The hardships and dangers of the drive frayed his nerves and he was apt to "come alive" with a gun in his hand. No firing of guns around a cow camp unless emergency demands it is another unwritten rule.

Rude and unlettered though he may be, and treating his companions with a rough and ready familiarity, the cowboy yet accords his neighbor the right to live the life and go the gait which seems most pleasing to himself. One does not intrude upon the rights of others in the cattle country, and he looks to it very promptly that no one shall intrude upon his.

Every westerner is so imbued with the distaste of intruding into other peoples' affairs, that he volunteers to the officers of the law practically no assistance, save in such matters as pertain to his own cattle and horses. These men are not close-mouthed because they approve crime. They merely have a dread of "hornin' in." They hold in

contempt anyone guilty of "feedin' off his own range." One of the prime rules of a cowman's life is to keep his mouth shut and attend to his own business. He holds to the philosophy that "the bigger the mouth, the better it looks when shut."

It is a violation of his code to ask a man what his name was "back in the states," even if it is known he is bearing a pseudonym. Names mean nothing in the cattle country. It is quite enough to know a man by his local and accepted name. The man is valued for what he is, not for what his name is nor for what that of his father may have been. A man's past belongs to him alone and shall remain a closed book if he wants it so. If a cowman feels any curiosity toward another's past there is no evidence of it. Too much personal curiosity is not good form, and meets with many discouragements; besides it is unhealthy. The West cares nothing about a man's past and gravely accepts any name one cares to volunteer if he is living up to the code. Many men have lived for years known only by a nickname.

As the cowman says, "Mindin' one's own business is the best life insurance." Nobody asks questions of a stranger. If he is just drifting through the country seeing things, that is his business. If he has reasons for travelling which he does not dare tell, his silence is respected. Also asking a cowman how many cattle he has is not done. This is as bad as asking a business man how much money he has in the bank.

It is never good form to exhibit curiosity. A puncher, passing a stranger or entering the latter's camp, will not bemean himself by seeming to note the stranger's apparel or equipment. Custom also demands that whoever approaches a person from the rear shall let his presence be known by a "hello" before getting within gun range. A like signal shall also be used when approaching a camp, and, if possible, the approach shall be made from the direction most easily observable by the camp's occupants. As an incident of greeting between strangers it is good form for each to bow to the extent of temporarily removing his hat, or at least to raise his right hand to his hat brim. This takes away the supposedly dangerous hand from the vicinity of the gun at the belt.

One of the strictest codes of the West is to respect womanhood. No other class of men look upon women with greater reverence. An abundance

or over supply of anything lessens its value and position. So it is with women of the range; there were so few of them. No matter who she is, nor what her station in life, the cowman holds respect for her.

Range etiquette forbids a strange male guest to show an interest in the women of the household, or an appreciation of their hospitality except by eating heartily. The cook, if it happens to be the lady of the house, is just "the lady who cooks." Except for a duck of the head she is not greeted when an unknown man arrives.

A woman may live alone, miles from anyone, but she has no fear of any true westerner. She is as safe as in a church and she knows it. If any man, at any time, under any circumstances, mistreats a woman, he is culled from society. Men refuse to speak to him, doors are shut against him and he is an outcast. If one insults a woman, he is probably killed sooner or later, even if someone has to get drunk to do it.

So we see that even though the cowman fails to always observe man made laws, he has a code of his own of great beauty and one to which he strictly adheres.

Good social deportment is not peculiar to drawing rooms and dress suits. After all, etiquette is nothing more nor less than an observance of proprieties, a conventional decorum. The cowboy, perhaps more of a savage, and not so cultured as his Eastern brother, nevertheless has his code of etiquette. The clubman may laugh at the cowboy's behavior in cultured surroundings, but place the clubman in a cow camp and he will be just as ignorant of proper conduct.

While the polished clubman is held to highly conventionalized conduct, the cowboy is bound no less severely by his own code. He follows these rules, not as a display of breeding, as is so often the case with his Eastern brother, but as a consideration of others. Kindness is the foundation of all graciousness, and when all is said and done, etiquette is but the display of respect and kindness for others. You will note in the rules of the cowboy's code that all of them are a manifestation of these qualities.

As the man of culture has no greater opportunity to show his good

breeding than at the dinner table, so the cowman has no greater occasion to show his experience and character than at the chuck wagon meal. In a cultured home, with the announcement "Dinner is served," there are rules to be observed. This is equally true at the chuck wagon. When "Come an' get it" is announced, there are rules of gentlemanly deportment as surely as in the banker's home.

Contrary to Eastern custom, every cowhand begins to eat as soon as he reaches the chuck wagon, without waiting for the others----that is, if the meal has been announced. He does this in order not to be in the way of the others as he goes from pot to pan and fills his plate and cup from the victuals that are around the fire. Another reason is that the sooner he is through eating, has caught and saddled a fresh horse, and is ready to go back to work, the better hand is he. Cowboys eat because they are hungry, and do not assemble at a meal to hold social gatherings. Even when they come in together, there is no crowding, no rushing, no over-reaching. These would be breaches not tolerated.

Consideration of others is uppermost in his mind. When he lifts the Dutch oven lid for a helping, he is careful not to place it where the under part will touch sand. If the wind is blowing, he is careful to go around on the lee side so that none of the dust he might stir up will fly into another's plate. If he takes a utensil off the fire, he is careful to put it back when through so that its contents will keep hot for others.

No man takes the last piece of anything unless he is sure the others are through. No man leaves food in his plate. In the first place he has an appetite sufficient to consume his helpings, but if he does not, the rules demand that he scrape his scraps to the chipmunks and birds, or rake them into the fire to prevent flies.

Under the mess-box lid the cook always places a huge dishpan, sometimes two. This is known all over the range as the "wreck pan" or "round pan." The ignorant tenderfoot who does not drop his dirty dishes into it, but sets them in a neat pile on the mess-box lid is in for a "cussin'" from the cook, and those old "dough wranglers" can scorch the atmosphere.

It is a breach of etiquette for the cowboy to tie his horse to a

wheel of the chuck wagon, or to ride into camp so that the wind blows dust into the food the cook is preparing. No one likes hair in his beans.

It is against the rules for one to jump into chuck until the cook calls that it is ready----he won't do it the second time; for one to run a horse into camp; or for one to saddle or unsaddle a horse near the wagon. There is no scuffling nor kicking up dust around the chuck wagon during a meal or when food and cooking utensils are exposed.

If one goes near the water bucket and finds it empty, he is duty-bound to fill it immediately. If, during the meal, a man gets up to refill his cup with coffee and another yells "man at the pot," he is obliged to go around with the pot and fill all the cups held out to him.

One must be called only once to get up in the morning. For that matter a second call is unnecessary. Life in the crisp western air expels somnolence and produces appetites that are keen.

Although, when at the chuck wagon, the cowboy has all outdoors in which to eat, he is thoughtful of others and does not sprawl all over the ground. Instead, he crosses both feet, bends his knees, and eases himself down in a genuine Turkish squat, a really difficult feat if one has never tried it.

For a cowboy to leave the wagon with his bed not rolled and packed when camp is to be moved constitutes an almost unpardonable breach of etiquette. If he commits this offense the second time, the cook is apt to drive off and leave it behind, or, if he is reckless and unafraid of consequences, he might tie it to a rear axle and drag it to ribbons.

At night around the camp fire, it is practically an unwritten law that a song or a fiddle piece, or a story be not broken into----unless the talk is a general discussion.

If he takes pride in being a "hand", he also takes pride in his proper conduct around the chuck wagon. He does nothing which will break the unmapped rules of range etiquette. He has as much to live

up to as the man who eats his meals from linen-covered tables.

The West is noted for its open hospitality. There are no signs spelling "Welcome" upon their door mats. It is acted, not made in signs. It is real, not shammed. All men are welcome at the ranch, and no questions asked of them. The horse thief may sit at the table beside the circuit rider and receive the same courteous treatment if he behaves himself.

Every visitor goes to the table without invitation when the meal is announced, and there all men eat in silence. In this region where news is the scarcest of commodities, the idea of idle gossip is unknown. When the time comes for the visitor to take his departure, if he is acquainted with the custom and etiquette of ranch life, he does not think of offering pay, no matter whether his stay has been for days, weeks or months. No pay is expected of any guest. For one to offer it is very close to an insult and arouses the ire of every man of the outfit. He simply mounts, says "So long," and rides away without looking back. The taciturn foreman says "So long" and goes back to work.

It is almost unheard of for a host to ask pay for a meal. The guest will despise him for it, and so will the outfit for which he rides. His outfit will never again, if gathering stock and seeing one of his parsimonious host's steers, throw it over on its home range. They will likely kill it for food to be sure of getting back that money. There is one case on record where a rancher charged a visiting rider for a meal and for a long time afterward every time any of this rider's outfit found one of the rancher's animals they branded its ribs with the word "MEALS" in large letters.

In the sections of the cattle country where modern civilization had not invaded, there were no locks on the doors. Every visitor had the vested right to enter a ranch house at any time, whether the regular occupants were present or absent, and to expect food and shelter for so long as his necessities demanded and he did not abuse this privilege.

Though every passer-by had this right to enter a house, it was his bounden duty, first, to ascertain whether any of the occupants were at home, and if so, to await their welcome before attempting to pass

through the door. If the visitor was mounted and a follower of conventions, he would remain ahorse until requested to dismount. It was extremely discourteous to quit one's mount before receiving an invitation to do so. If the owner of the house was home such invitations as "light and cool your saddle," or "light and eat a bean" were sure to be forthcoming.

If forced by circumstances to travel on, and if in actual distress, the visitor might, in the occupant's absence, help himself to food requisite for the journey to his next prospective shelter. The code demands that he leave a written note in which he states his name, what he has taken and why. This writing is not exacted with any idea of assuring a refund to the particular rancher who unwittingly has furnished the supplies; it is to impress upon the public that it should borrow only what it needs, and that whenever once more affluent, it should repay, not to the original lender, but to some traveler who is in the same predicament the visitor once had been. Besides, when an absent rancher returns home, it may worry him to see strange tracks and a note dispels this anxiety.

Neighborly friendship is one of the rules of the cowman's code. To be a good neighbor is the effort of every ranchman. If a neighbor needs help on special occasions, it is willingly given, with no thought of charging for time or labor.

When a cowboy drinks at a bar, courtesy requires him to fill his glass full, and use his gun hand in carrying it to his lips. A glass thus filled shows that the recipient values the quality of the gift. When an enemy accepts a drink at one's expense, it is a declaration of truce, and range etiquette forbids this enemy making further aggressive moves toward a settlement of differences. The original grievance is closed. If still seeking revenge, the recipient of the drink must pick a new quarrel. An infraction of this provision of the code will make the violator an outlaw in the graces of his fellowmen.

There is also an unwritten law that a gun shall never be drawn upon any man who does not himself wear one. A courtesy of the land is for one to remove his gun before seating himself at the dining table. He does not necessarily remove his hat unless ladies are present, so behatted heads are common at the dining table, but guns are not in

evidence. It is polite for a stranger arriving at a ranch to leave his belt and gun hanging on the horn of his saddle, or lay them aside when entering the house. This is delicate proof that he is not "looking for someone."

One never hands another a loaded gun without telling him about it; he never "packs" a loaded gun in the house where others are present; he never touches a friend's gun without his permission, whether loaded or not; and all guns are treated like they are loaded.

It is a good rule to take off your spurs when you take off your hat. This is an old tradition and a visitor would insult his host if he ignored it. Spurs are not made to rip up rugs and scar furniture. There is an old saying that "gentlemen wear spurs in saloons, but never in a friend's house." The cowboy is inclined to look upon a chair as an uncomfortable thing that is to be saved for company. He would rather squat upon his heels or sit upon the floor.

Folks who seldom get to town appreciate the courtesy of a traveler bringing newspapers or magazines. In passing through a strange section, this is a way he can make up for the many meals he has eaten at strange tables. Another way he can show his appreciation of hospitality is to clear any rocks or deadfalls from the trail if they are of recent dislocation and apt to endanger man or beast.

If a smoke is seen on the edge of the timber, it pays to approach it very carefully. The camper might have "bedded down" some fellow in cold-blood and be "on the dodge." Such men are usually as "techy as a teased snake" and do not enjoy close companionship with strangers.

If one is out after horses or cattle and sights another horseman, he rides toward him; if the other fellow is on ligitimate business he will do the same; each can give the other useful information, or perhaps swap a "chaw" of a different brand, and go on his way. But if the stranger shies off, objecting to close scrutiny, it is etiquette to let him go, unless the native has a bunch of stock hunters with him that are on the lookout for rustlers.

A rider keeps to the trail on a stranger's range. If he meets a driven herd, he stops, but keeps his saddle. Wild range cattle do not

mind a man on horseback, but a man on foot is a strange sight to them and at such a sight they are apt to go high-tailing over the prairie. This costs the owner of that brand money in lost beef tallow.

One never touches a piece of down fence. He would no more think of touching another man's wire than he would go around town banging on people's doors. But at the same time, he should go out of his way to report a broken fence, empty water troughs, or any damage he might notice. Under no circumstances does he cut a man's wire. If he is forced to cross a fence line, he pries the staples off several posts, lowers the top wires, presses his foot upon them and leads his horse across. Then he puts the wires back like he found them.

He leaves gates like he found them. If it is closed he closes it behind him. If it is open, he leaves it so. A rancher never leaves a gate open unless for a purpose, or unless he is very drunk when he goes through, and there are not many of them drunk. Such advice might sound unnecessary, but you will be surprised how many pilgrims do not realize a cowman's gate is about the same as a business man's safe.

It is not polite to speak of cowhides drying in sight and is still worse to inspect the brands upon them. This social convention represents an attempt to protect honest cowmen from implied accusations of theft.

One does not feed another man's horse without his knowledge, even if he is putting that horse in his own barn and the rider in his own home. If that horse had just been grained somewhere along the trail, and then grained too soon again, the brute would probably develop a case of "hoss bellyache." Also, some grass-and-grain horses do not do good on hay.

Sometimes one has to ride a borrowed saddle. If this happens he does not change the stirrup length without the owner's consent. It takes time for stiff leathers to gain their proper shape, and most cowboys are cranks about their stirrup leathers.

One of his rules is to never smoke on a short ride through a fire hazard country. He covers his campfire ashes with dirt, even if they are cold. Then the next man who comes along will not suspect him of carelessness. If fire happens, he will not be blamed. It is

like keeping his hands above the table when he is playing poker.

He does not mark trunks of live trees. Such marks might be mistaken for trail blazes and cause some traveler to become lost.

The cowman, like the Indian, regards it a breach of good taste to bring up business matters as soon as one arrives; there should be some small talk first.

The cowboy may have missed college, but we see he has learned many things not taught in schools. He may not have acquired the polish of a refined deportment, but he makes his own rules of etiquette and observes them. His code fits the life he lives and has as high a standard as that of cultured society. It originated from the principles of men who followed a life in the open----a life free from sham and hypocricy.

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TRAIL DUST FROM THE DENVER CORRAL

Information from our speaker this month, and Corresponding Member, Ramon F. Adams, indicates he is on an extended trip doing research for a biliography on range cattle and western outlaws. This is being done on a Rockefeller Grant for the Texas Historical Society.

Honest confession from Walter Gann: "Haven't done very much..."

In the May issue of Outdoor Life, another article by Art Carhart.

Levette Davidson says: "The 9th Annual Western Folklore Conference (July 14-16) has been planned and the program published. All WESTERNERS are invited to come out to Denver University, and get acquainted with the folklore of the west." Levette has prepared a syllabus of American Folklore for his seminar class in that subject, and will send a copy to anyone interested.

A. M. Bailey has just returned from an 11,000 mile (eleven, that is) trip to Hawaii, Midway and Wake Islands; and leaves in August for Hawaii again, Canton, Fiji, New Caledonia, New Zealand, returning by way of Midway again in late November. (Ed. Note: Anybody know of an old book on short-cuts in ornithology?)

Bill Raine's 74th and 75th (ho,hum...): in England, HE THREW A LONG SHADOW; in the U.S., THE BANDIT TRAIL. Oh, yes - both new novels. (And, at the little birthday shindig we threw for Bill at the last meeting of the group, he opined that he only hoped the present in the box wasn't a pair of slippers for his old age since he hadn't gotten there yet. Bill was 39, by the way...)

On the evening of June 16 happened one of those off-night sessions of a smattering of WESTERNERS proposed as a possibility when occasion might arise. J. Evetts Haley and Earl Van Dale, prowling these alien parts for books, no doubt, hit town and called Herb Brayer. Herb called everybody his home would hold, and an evening was made of it. Your editor never did quite find out how Dr. Stith Thompson, Indiana University professor and international authority on world folk-lore came to be there, but no doubt a query to Levette Davidson would have picked up that information.

Don Bloch, still in a hole, gave talks three and four on speleology (now titled, "Devils in the Darkness") recently, before Denver groups. Five and six, for Lakewood Kiwanians and the Denver Chamber of Commerce, are coming up shortly.

On May 6, Tom Ferril was awarded the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature by Colorado College.

At the moment of writing, Eric Douglas is in Santa Fe, N.M., but he's headed for San Francisco and a vacation afterwards at La Jolla, California.

N. B. to ALL - Again

With this edition of the monthly BRAND BOOK, we increase to 285 copies.

PROGRAM FOR JULY

Herbert O. Brayer, on "Moreton Frewen - Cowman". And, since Herb will be leaving us for Chicago in September, this will be his farewell to us. The program will be in the nature of an outdoor supper, incidentally, at the Kiwanis Club Reservation, up Genesee Gulch.

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BOOK REVIEWS

THE VOICE OF THE COYOTE. By J. Frank Dobie. Little, Brown & Co. 1949. $4.00.

In the language of the country inhabited by the coyote, it is a "cinch" that this book will never be voted the book of the year by the Woolgrowers' Association. Neither, as Dobie says, "will the civilized man filled with lust to kill and with shocked righteousness against any other animal that kills" enjoy reading it.

The coyote is an animal that never had anything but hate and persecution from man, never even a hint of protection. Yet, he survives; and, in fact, has

increased his range in the last century. Nevertheless, his total number has dwindled.

Dobie tells of one sub-normal westerner (small w), a sheepman who would trap a coyote, saw off the lower jaw, then throw the mutilated animal to his dogs. The enemies of the coyote have invented a cyanide squirt gun trap and another, even deadlier, poison. Few coyotes survive a brush with these.

This book treats on everything about the coyote--biology, folklore, and legends; and, almost lovingly, on his voice. El Coyote's vocal powers come in for extended treatment by Dobie. He says, "If I could, I would go to bed every night with coyote voices in my ears and with them greeting the gray light of every dawn." And again he says: "When I remember their derision of camp fires, their salutes to the rising moon, their kinship cries to stars and silences, I am ten thousand times more grateful to them than I am to the makers of the blaring radios and ringing telephones that index the high standard of American living."

One of the many pleasant incidents he relates is the experience of a power-dam tender named Lofberg, and his wife, in the Sierra mountains of California. Three coyotes came to them, one at a time, in a starving condition in mid-winter. The Lofbergs shared their not too ample food supply with them as well as with many other animals and birds. The pleasing behavior of the coyotes and their real show of gratitude and quaint actions is told in the words of Mrs. Lofberg and bears the stamp of truth.

All coyotes are individualistic. Some specialize in killing rabbits; other, gophers, and mice, and so on; but, in general, he is distinctly omnivorous. He eats meat when he can get it; but he does not scorn watermelons, corn, berries, fish, crickets, rawhide, etc. In fact, he thrives on everything except poison. He does not, however, eat dead Mexicans, apparently because they are impregnated with the great amount of chile they eat.

Dobie says that greatest sympathy for wild life is shown in the two extremes of society, i.e., people with cultivated minds and sensibilities, and savages. With the savage it is part of his harmony with nature. One thing sure and that is, Dobie belongs in the first classification. He speaks of his humblest Mexican acquaintance as his friend and you know he means it. It is his opinion that the ordinary Mexican and the pure-blood Indian have a greater understanding and tolerance for the coyote and, indeed, for all wild life, than the usual run of white men.

Dobie, frankly, is a pleader for the defense. But he tells also of the coyote's sins. These are mainly economic. He quotes one authority as saying one hundred per cent of the coyotes are blamed for the depredations of twenty per cent.

He writes amusingly of the mating of coyotes. He says, "In mating, coyotes seem a good deal like human beings; some are strictly monogamous and some are strictly polygamous; some mated males, like many professedly orthodox husbands, would apparently relish more variety and less responsibility." On this subject, the great naturalist Ernest Thompson Seton expressed the opinion that the coyote's canine relative, the dog, was more monogamous in the wild state than since his domestication.

There are some excellent illustrations by Olaus J. Murie, an artist and naturalist. Also, a rather crude habitat map. There is a good index, and an extensive bibliography. This book will be enjoyed by all who love the outdoor west and by those interested in sane conservation.

(Major Lester Gehman, long-time associate of Fred Rosenstock.)

HI, STRANGER! By Arthur Carhart. Ziff-Davis Publishing Company. 1949. $3.00

This book is by our fellow-posseman and former sheriff. He has a prolific typewriter, having produced some 1500 pieces for various magazines and an impressive list of books, of which "Hi, Stranger!" is his fifteenth.

Hi, Stranger! is described as a complete guide to dude ranches, and its foreward is by Charles C. Moore, Past President of the Dude Ranchers Association. It is written for dudes, dudes in the western sense of visitors who want to taste the west, become better acquainted with our western empire, experience western hospitality, and get as close as possible in this modern day to pioneer living in the frontier country.

Opening with a brief history of the cow country, the book traces the evolution of the area from the days of the mountain men through the gold rush, free cattle ranges, the trail herds, down to our modern ranches of today. In succeeding chapters, Arthur Carhart tells how to choose the dude ranch; and what to wear, from boots to hats. He outlines the pedigree of the cow pony and tells sympathetically what may be expected of horses on western ranches. Saddles, bridles, bits, and spurs comprise the subject of another chapter. The author tells

what to do on the trail, gives advice on pack-tripping, making camp, what to take as personal plunder. He also covers how to see things, what to do when lost. There is a discourse on hunting and fishing. The final chapter is not for dudes, but for dude wranglers. It tells how to treat visitors.

That Hi, Stranger! is really intended as a handbook is illustrated by the following excerpt on saddling your horse. Unless you are familiar with saddles, I defy you to follow these directions without the handbook right in hand. Maybe your horse will hold the book for you and mark the page with dainty hoof. Here are the directions:

"IF THE CINCH IS NOT FITTED WITH A BUCKLE ON THE NEAR SIDE, YOU REACH UNDER, PULL THE CINCH TOWARD YOU, INSERT THE LATIGO STRAP HANGING FROM THE RIGGING RING ON THE NEAR SIDE THROUGH THE CINCH RING, THREADING THE POINT OF THAT STRAP DOWN THROUGH THE RING. THEN YOU BRING THE END OF THE STRAP UP, OUTSIDE THE RING, TOWARD YOU, THREAD THE LOOSE END DOWN THROUGH THE RIGGING RING, IN BETWEEN THE RING AND THE SADDLE SKIRT, PULLING IT THROUGH ON THE FORWARD SIDE OF THE RING. PRESSURE THERE WILL KEEP THE STRAP FROM SLIPPING BACK THROUGH THE RIGGING RING. IF THE STRAP IS LONG, YOU MAY NEED TO TAKE A SECOND LOOP DOWN THROUGH THE CINCH RING, UP, AND THEN IN THROUGH THE RIGGING RING, ABOVE AND OVER THE FIRST LOOP MADE BY THE LATIGO. . . . NOW YOU HAVE THE LATIGO ALL READY FOR TIGHTENING THE CINCH.'

YOU TIGHTEN THE CINCH, CATCHING THE HORSE UNAWARES, PROBABLY WHEN HE IS TRYING TO SEE IF YOU ARE FOLLOWING THE DIRECTIONS IN THE BOOK.

I CONTINUE: "NOW THE LOOSE END OF THE LATIGO IS THROUGH THE RIGGING RING JUST IN FRONT OF WHERE THE STIRRUP STRAP COMES OUT FROM UNDER THE SADDLE SEAT LEATHER. YOU HAVE TO FASTEN THAT LOOSE END SO THE TENSION ON THE LATIGO WILL NOT LOOSEN. YOU TAKE THE END OF THE LATIGO STRAP IN YOUR LEFT HAND, AND PULL IT OUT TAUT, BRING IT BACK ACROSS THE LATIGO WHERE IT IS THREADED FROM THE OUTSIDE, THROUGH THE RIGGING RING, TRANSFER THE STRAP END FROM LEFT TO RIGHT HAND, PUSH IT UNDER THE REAR SIDE OF THE RIGGING RING, THREADING THE END OUT TOWARD YOU AS THE STRAP IS SHOVED FROM BACK TOWARD THE FRONT, AND PULL THAT END DOWN THROUGH THE BULGED-OUT LOOP IN THE STRAP AS IT LAYS ACROSS THAT PART OF THE LATIGO JUST BELOW THE RIGGING RING. NOW YOU PULL THIS 'HITCH' TIGHT — AND THE JOB IS DONE."

I am not seriously poking fun at Hi, Stranger!, but I did chuckle when I read the foregoing, and imagined a dude trying to cinch his saddle and hold the book before him at the same time.

Hi, Stranger! is an exceptionally creditable work that does the job for which it is intended. Each chapter is spiced with anecdotes of personal experience, so that you know the author has knowledge whereof he speaks. No matter how well you know western life, you will enjoy reading Hi, Stranger!

Alonzo E. Ellsworth

EMPIRE ON WHEELS. By Mary Lund Settle and Raymond W. Settle. Stanford University Press, 1949. $3.50.

THIS IS THE FIRST BOOK ON THE GREATEST WAGON FREIGHTING FIRM OF THE WEST— RUSSELL, MAJORS, AND WADDELL. THE AUTHORS ARE REV. AND MRS. SETTLE, FOR FORMERLY OF LAMAR, COLORADO, BUT NOW OF LEXINGTON, MISSOURI. AT LEXINGTON,

ONCE A VERY IMPORTANT WESTERN BUSINESS CENTER, AND HOME OF RUSSELL AND WADDELL, SETTLE FOUND THE IMPORTANT WADDELL PAPERS, WHICH ARE NOW THE PROPERTY OF THE HUNTINGTON LIBRARY.

UPON THESE PAPERS AND VARIOUS SECONDARY BOOKS, SUCH AS ARTHUR CHAPMAN'S PONY EXPRESS, ROOT AND CONNELLEY'S OVERLAND STAGE TO CALIFORNIA, AND OTHERS, THE BOOK IS BASED.

IT DESCRIBES THE RAMIFICATIONS OF THE GREAT ORGANIZATION THAT MAINTAINED A WESTERN MILITARY FREIGHTING MONOPOLY FROM 1855 TO 1861, AND BUILT UP AN EXTENSIVE STAGECOACH, MAIL, AND EXPRESS BUSINESS.

THIS EMPIRE ON WHEELS, CREAKING WHEELS OF OX-DRAWN CONESTOGAS, WAS BUILT WITH THE BRAINS AND DARING OF THREE GREAT WESTERNERS, AND UPON THE BRAWN AND SWEAT OF DUST-GRIMED BULL-WHACKERS AND THE STRONG NECK-SHOULDERS OF CASTRATED BULLS. THE FIRM OF RUSSELL, MAJORS, AND WADDELL SERVED THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN WEST AND TIED IT TO THE MISSOURI RIVER DURING THOSE FATEFUL YEARS BETWEEN THE MEXICAN AND THE CIVIL WARS.

EACH OF THE THREE MEN OF THE FREIGHTING FIRM WAS A DISTINCTIVE CHARACTER, AND EACH COMPLEMENTED THE ABILITY OF HIS PARTNERS. WILLIAM HEPBURN RUSSELL, OF ENGLISH AND NEW ENGLAND ANCESTRY, WAS ARISTOCRATIC, VOLATILE, TEMPERAMENTAL, INCLINED TO TAKE CHANCES. WILLIAM BRADFORD WADDELL, A VIRGINIAN OF SCOTCH DESCENT, WAS SOLID, WITH COOL CALCULATING REASON. ALEXANDER MAJORS, FROM KENTUCKY, WAS SOBER, GOD-FEARING, CONSERVATIVE: WHEN WITH HIS BULL-WHACKERS, HE WAS ONE OF THEM.

RUSSELL AND WADDELL STARTED THEIR MERCHANDISING BUSINESS IN LEXINGTON IN THE MIDDLE 1830'S, TWENTY YEARS BEFORE MAJORS OPENED HIS STORES IN KANSAS CITY AND DENVER. THE ERA OF MILITARY FREIGHTING UPON THE PLAINS BEGAN IN 1846, WITH THE OUTBREAK OF THE MEXICAN WAR AND THE NEED FOR SUPPLYING KEARNEY'S ARMY OF THE WEST. THE ARMY'S ATTEMPT TO FREIGHT ITS OWN SUPPLIES PROVED A FAILURE THE FIRST YEAR, AND THEREAFTER THE MILITARY CONTRACTED WITH CIVILIAN FREIGHTERS. AFTER THE MEXICAN WAR, CAME THE INDIAN WARS AND THE ESTABLISHMENT OF WESTERN MILITARY POSTS THAT REQUIRED SUPPLIES.

THE CLIMAX FOR RUSSELL, MAJORS AND WADDELL FREIGHTING CAME WITH THE TREMENDOUS TRANSPORTATION REQUIRED BY THE SO-CALLED UTAH WAR, OR MORMON REBELLION OF 1857-58. IN THE FIRST YEAR, FOUR TRAINS (OF 26 WAGONS EACH) CARRYING 4,500,000 POUNDS, WERE LOADED FOR UTAH. THREE TRAINS, CARRYING 96,000 POUNDS OF BACON AND 167,000 POUNDS OF FLOUR WERE BURNED BY LOT SMITH AND HIS MORMON RESISTANCE FORCES.

RUSSELL, MAJORS, AND WADDELL LOST HEAVILY ON THEIR MORMON WAR FREIGHTING. ON SHORT NOTICE THE GOVERNMENT REQUIRED THEM TO TRANSPORT 3,000,000 POUNDS OF SUPPLIES TO UTAH AND THE ORDER CAME LATE IN THE SEASON, WHEN ALL THEIR REGULAR TRAINS WERE ALREADY ON THE ROAD. THE COMPANY HAD TO BUY NEW EQUIPMENT AND STOCK AND HIRE DRIVERS — ALL AT INCREASED, WAR PRICES. THE COMPANY'S REMUNERATION WAS AT THE OLD RATE OF $14.27 PER 100 POUNDS FROM THE MISSOURI RIVER TO SALT LAKE CITY, WHEN IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN OVER $20. THE TRAINS WERE CAUGHT IN SEVERE WINTER STORMS AND THE LOSS OF STOCK WAS TREMENDOUS. THE COMPANY NEVER RECOVERED FROM THE BLOW.

THE CHAPTER ON FREIGHTING TECHNIQUES IS GOOD, DETAILING THE METHOD OF YOKING, CARING FOR, AND DRIVING OXEN, THE CONSTRUCTION OF WAGONS, THE BULL-WHACKER'S LIFE, ETC. THE CHAPTERS ON STAGECOACHING AND THE PONY EXPRESS ARE DRAWN LARGELY FROM SECONDARY SOURCES, BUT THE CHAPTER ON R.B. BRADFORD & COMPANY IS FULL OF NEW DATA. MR. SETTLE REVEALS THAT BRADFORD, ONE OF THE LEADING BUSINESS MEN IN DENVER IN THE EARLY '60S, WAS A RELATIVE OF WADDELL AND WAS IN REALITY THE BUSINESS REPRESENTATIVE HERE OF RUSSELL, MAJORS, AND WADDELL. BESIDES FREIGHTING AND MERCHANDISING, BRADFORD WAS IN COAL PRODUCTION, ORGANIZED THE DENVER MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, OWNED DITCHES AND RANCHES, AND PROMOTED REAL ESTATE AT BRECKENRIDGE, ST. VRAIN, AND THE PROJECTED TOWN OF BRADFORD (WEST OF LITTLETON) ON THE BRADFORD ROAD TO SOUTH PARK.

IT HAS BEEN SAID AGAIN AND AGAIN THAT THE PONY EXPRESS RUINED RUSSELL, MAJORS, AND WADDELL. THAT IS NOT TRUE. IT WAS A FAILURE AS A FINANCIAL ASSET FROM THE BEGINNING, AND MADE ITS CONTRIBUTION TO THE FINAL DEBACLE, BUT THAT CONTRIBUTION

WAS BOTH MINOR AND ONE OF MANY. THE FREIGHTING BUSINESS APPEARS TO BE THE ONLY ONE WHICH PAID DIVIDENDS. HAD THEY CONFINED THEIR EFFORTS TO THAT AND BEEN REIMBURSED FOR THEIR LOSSES IN 1857, THE STORY PROBABLY WOULD HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT. THE DAY RUSSELL DECIDED TO ORGANIZE THE LEAVENWORTH & PIKE'S PEAK EXPRESS COMPANY WAS A DAY OF DOOM. THAT ORGANIZATION AND ITS GREATER SUCCESSOR DID AS MUCH TO BANKRUPT THE PARTNERS AS THE FAILURE OF THE GOVERNMENT TO REIMBURSE THEM FOR THEIR LOSSES IN 1857.

IN AN EFFORT TO BOLSTER THE CREDIT OF THE BIG FIRM AND SAVE IT FROM RUIN, RUSSELL BECAME INVOLVED IN A GREAT SCANDAL. INDIAN TRUST FUND BONDS WERE HYPOTHECATED (DEPOSITED AS SECURITY FOR A LOAN), ONE BUNCH AFTER ANOTHER, TO A TOTAL AMOUNT OF $870,000. BUT EVEN THIS FAILED TO SAVE THE COMPANY FROM COLLAPSE. THE PARTNERS WERE RUINED AND RUSSELL WAS DISGRACED.

LE ROY R. HAFEN

THE WESTERNERS BRAND BOOK

LOS ANGELES CORRAL
Dated 1948
but
Published May 1949. $7.50

THIS, THE SECOND ANNUAL BRAND BOOK OF THE LOS ANGELES POSSE OF WESTERNERS, OFFERS ANOTHER AMAZING COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL ARTICLES ON VARIED PHASES OF WESTERN, SOUTHWESTERN, AND CALIFORNIA HISTORY. THERE ARE SO MANY EXCELLENT FEATURES, ONE CAN HARDLY DO JUSTICE IN A BRIEF DESCRIPTION; BUT SUFFICE TO SAY, THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL HAS SUCCEEDED IN SURPASSING THEIR FIRST BRAND BOOK, WHICH I HAD THOUGHT COULDN'T BE DONE.

IMPORTANT NARRATIVE; BEAUTIFUL PRINTING AND BOOK-MAKING; ILLUSTRATIONS THAT ARE WELL-CHOSEN AND WHICH REPRESENT RARE PHOTOS, FACSIMILES OF DOCUMENTS, BROADSIDES AND NEWSPAPERS, AND SOME GOOD MODERN DRAWINGS, ALL COMBINE TO MAKE THIS A BEAUTIFUL AS WELL AS VALUABLE BOOK. (THERE WERE ONLY 400 COPIES PUBLISHED, BY THE WAY, AND TWO WEEKS AGO I WAS INFORMED THERE WAS BUT A HANDFUL UNSOLD). TO TOP IT OFF, THERE ARE TWO FINE MAPS, ONE OF WHICH, IN PARTICULAR, OF THE WINE DISTRICTS OF CALIFORNIA, IS QUITE SOMETHING. AN EXCELLENT AND COMMENDABLE FEATURE IS A SECTION OF BIBLIOGRAPHY TO SUPPLEMENT AND SUGGEST FURTHER READING ON THE SUBJECTS COVERED IN THE LEADING ARTICLES. THERE IS EVEN SOME GOOD WESTERN POETRY.

ALL IN ALL, WE WESTERNERS OF OTHER CORRALS HAVE A TOUGH ASSIGNMENT TO MATCH THE LIKES OF THIS. THE EVIDENCE OF EXTENSIVE RESEARCH, ENTHUSIASM, HARD WORK, AND THE COLLABORATION AND CONTRIBUTION OF A NUMBER OF EXCELLENT MINDS, HAS RESULTED IN A PRODUCTION THE LOS ANGELES POSSE MAY WELL BE PROUD OF.

FRED ROSENSTOCK, CHAIRMAN

MEMBERS OF THE DENVER POSSE CORRAL

SUPPLEMENTING THE MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION OF THE DECEMBER AND CONTINUING THAT OF THE MAY ISSUES OF THE BRAND BOOK:

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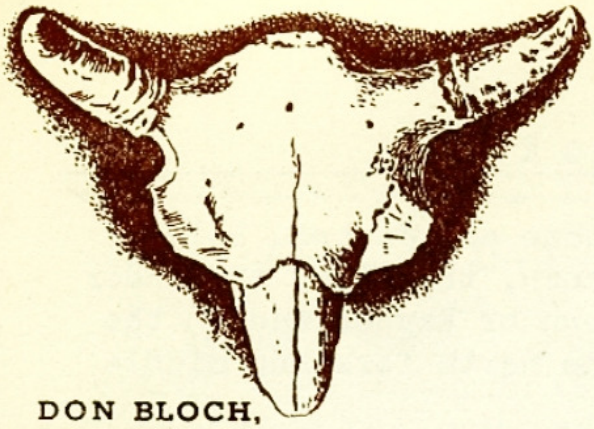

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MORETON FREWEN, CATTLEMAN

BY HERBERT O. BRAYER*

Sixty-nine years ago tonight (July 27, 1880) a trail herd of 2500 Oregon bred cattle was slowly wending its way across the rolling, sage covered hills of southwestern Idaho enroute to still virgin ranges on the Powder River in Wyoming. The days had been hot, dry, and dusty and the herd was a malingering one. The 'punchers were tired and irritable. The stench of the herd was oppressive, and the ever present dust cloud which rose over the backs of the plodding cattle and hung motionless over the trail for a mile behind the last "drag" caked on their sweat-wet shirts and coated their faces a lifeless grey. At night, the mosquitoes had plagued both men and cattle. Two bad stampedes had set both men and beasts on edge. It had not been a pleasant job. The trail boss was obviously crooked, and the herd was still 300 miles from its destination and weeks late.

Up on Powder River, at the foot of the Big Horn Mountains in northern Wyoming, two worried English cattlemen, Moreton Frewen and his brother Dick, organized a relief crew and gathered a new remuda to go to the aid of the tired trail outfit. It was weeks more before the herd finally reached the home ranch and became the basis of the Powder River Cattle Company stock. The Frewen brothers had come to Wyoming in 1878

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ostensively to hunt "big game" in the Yellowstone and Jackson Hole country. They had stayed to found a cattle ranch, the first on Powder River, about four miles east of the present town of Kaycee and on the north bank a little east of the junction of the north fork and middle forks of the Powder.

Moreton Frewen, young Sussex bon vivant, was a younger son of one of the older and socially prominent south England families. Bishops, state ministers, and men of public note had characterized the Frewen family for almost 300 years. After leaving Cambridge, and serving a short tour of duty in the "Blues," Moreton had become a favored member of the colorful, "high-living" Edwardian set which made its headquarters during the hunting season at Melton Mowbray in Leicestershire.

Throughout the leading social "circles" in Europe and America, the hunting boxes of the Meltonians were famous. Here, the young scions of Britain's best families made record bags of grouse and pheasant, and rode to hounds, while during the long English evenings and late into the night they danced and squired the most beautiful--and the wealthy women --of a dozen countries. At the center of this gay and frequently amoral group was Edward, Prince of Wales, and his lady love of the moment, the very beautiful and talented Lily Langtry.

At 26 years of age, Moreton had led a full and eventful (if not overly fruitful) life. He had been in love and out of love a dozen times and his present affair had run its course and had arrived at that always embarrassing stage when a terminus was desirable. In addition to this problem, his inheritance, as in the case of so many younger sons, had not been overly abundant. What money he had received, he had largely spent, for the hard riding, heavy gambling Meltonians were never known for frugality, although some made fortunes through judicious investment or lucky speculation. The bare fact of the matter was that Frewen was "broke", or nearly so. What was left of his meager estate was entailed and he could neither sell nor mortgage it. As in so many other similar instances, a trip to America offered the possibility of a solution to both problems--the one of the heart and possibly the one of the pocketbook.

The circumstances behind Frewen's proposed visit to America were most propitious. Wanderlust--a disease for which man, and woman of

course, has sought through the ages for a remedy--was again making brother Dick nervous and irritable. He was one of those 19th Century figures, who, intrigued by remote and dangerous places, was constantly seeking the unknown in the earth's farthest and darkest recesses. In 1874 he made the long trek into Chinese Tartary, and two years later had packed through unmapped jungle to trace the Zambesi to its remotest sources far above the Victoria Falls in Africa. Entranced by the vivid descriptions of the Rockies made by Gore, Drummond Stewart, Ruxton, and Ross, he had already made plans to visit the Far West. Moreton, however, was of a different stamp. His interest in America was both financial and personal--and hadn't quite a number of Meltonians recently made excellent marriages with American heiresses?

It is doubtful whether the younger Frewen even thought of the Far West until one evening at Melton chance placed him next to his old friends the John Adairs of Rathdair, Ireland. The Adairs were old Meltonians and had been friends of the Frewens for years. John Adair spent a good deal of his time in England hunting and stalking in preference to having irate members of the Irish Land League hunt him. Several years before, he had met and married Cornelia Wadsworth Ritchie, the daughter of the American Civil War leader, General James Wadsworth. Adair, through the timely intervention of another British financial figure, William Blackmore, had become heavily interested in Texas cattle, and, in 1877, had entered into a strange and frequently strained partnership with pioneer cattleman, Charles Goodnight, buying most of his cattle and outfit in the Palo Duro Canyon of West Texas. The Adairs, captivated by Moreton's charming and enthusiastic personality, and aware of his personal problems, invited him to join them on an imminent visit to Texas. He readily accepted. New York Society in the Spring of 1878, gave Frewen and brother Dick a warm welcome. The Adairs knew everyone, and during the course of their rounds of Newport, Long Island, Saratoga, and other spas, Moreton was introduced to Clare Jerome, daughter of New York financier and Wall Street tycoon Leonard Jerome, and sister of Lady Randolph Churchill.* Clare was the second of the beautiful Jerome daughters: Jenny (Lady Randolph), Clare, and Leoine (who subsequently married Lord Leslie of Ireland). Missing few opportunities of note, Moreton made his New York visit a social triumph; but the West beckoned, for the Adairs were anxious to see the improvements

*Lady Randolph was the Mother of Winston Churchill.

which Goodnight had made in their Palo Duro Ranch. During this trip west, the party outfitted at Denver and visited Leadville. Frewen made the acquaintance of Irish-born Colonel James Archer--one of Colorado's leading financiers and business leaders--and of Wolcott, Washington Clayton, Judge Hallett, the two Grant brothers and other social and political figures. The West was intriguing and potentially a profitable place. At the Palo Duro Ranch Frewen spent two months studying the cattle business. He spent hours with Goodnight and listened in amazement to the stories told by the frontiersman and pioneer rancher. It was these conversations, undoubtedly, which convinced the youthful Englishman of the future in ranching and led to his venture into that business.

Matters at home, however, needed attention, and despite his desire to visit the Yellowstone, Moreton returned to Britain. Tempted again by the Meltonians, he temporarily postponed his plans to make a fortune in America and again entered the social whirl, hunting, card-playing, partying, and loving as he willed. Though his luck ran well to start with, an astounding run of bad luck one evening at écarté, plus the loss of his heavily backed favorite in the races at Doncaster, brought him face to face with financial disaster. He sold his splendid string of racing and riding horses and with brother Dick set out for the Yellowstone to explore that fabled country and, if possible, to locate a cattle ranch.

A few weeks later the Frewens and their hunting party caught the Union Pacific at Omaha and headed west. A thoroughly successful two month hunting party in the Yellowstone area ended in mid December at Fort Washakie, and there the party split up. At the suggestion of Jack Hargreaves, one-time Dakota and Black Hills prospector, Dick and Moreton headed for the Big Horn country, where, if their information was accurate, they expected to find the ranges between the Powder River and Tongue River entirely unoccupied and ideal for cattle raising. During the last weeks of December, 1878, and in the face of repeated warnings of the danger of heavy snows in the Big Horns, the Frewens, Hargreaves, and a Texas cowboy named Tate, made their famous six weeks crossing of the southern part of the 10,000 ft. range from No Wood Creek to Powder River. It was during the latter part of this trip, while following a well-defined buffalo trail, that the party "utilized" a herd of buffalo to clear a snow-blocked trail through a mountain pass.

The frightened bison stampeded through the snow-blocked area and opened a path across the Divide through which the Englishmen and their guides could drive their pack outfit. Several weeks later, Dick and Moreton selected a ranch site on the north bank, four miles below the junction of the north and the middle forks of the Powder. Moreton recorded:-

> "We selected the site for the house with much care. It was on a flat prairie about 100 yards from the River and on a bench perhaps 70 ft. above it. There we rightly judged, we should be free of mosquitoes. Ten miles away in the foothills and easily accessible, was an abundance of big pine timber, the strong-tree trunks promising excellent house logs. Nor did it escape us that, a half mile away across the flat on which our house stood, there was a seam of excellent coal....an endless supply of fuel that only needed quarrying."

The road to Fort McKinney (near present Buffalo) crossed the Powder River 20 miles below the ranch. Except for a store on the Crazy Woman Creek and the road ranches for mail and express riders and stages, located every 40 miles along the Bozeman Trail, the country was unsettled. Halfway to Rock Creek was Fort Fetterman, which in turn was a little more than half the distance to Fort Laramie.

Richard Frewen undertook to organize the ranch and to construct the ranch house. Brother Moreton was soon off again for the East, where, in the midst of a colorful social season, he made suit for the hand of Clare Jerome. The stories of his past, however, plus his reported impecuniousness left the Jerome family somewhat cool. On the other hand, Miss Clare was definitely interested, but Moreton's past haunted even her, and no final decision was reached before his departure for the West.

Back on Powder River in April of 1879, Moreton found Dick had made rapid progress with the building of the house. Pine logs from the hills formed the main walls. Lumber and roofing shingles, together with the furniture, were shipped in from Chicago. When completed, the house was indeed a mansion in the wilderness and inevitably became known as "Frewen's Castle". It compared favorably with the shooting boxes of the English nobility in Norway and in Scotland. One visitor described it as -

"A two-storied log-house built of entire Pine-Trees, plastered and ceiled inside with chimneys of stone quarried within a half mile. Within are indices of other than prairie life. The drawingroom is prettily finished, has a pianoforte and plenty of books, including the works of Froude, Macaulay and the late Lord Lytton, whose Zanoni has been restored to notice by recent works on Buddhism. The favorite books of the chief are Drapers' Intellectual Development of Europe, and DeTocquevilles' Democracy In America. The great attraction in the drawing-room of the home ranch to the natives is a colored engraving of a painting by Earle of 'A Polo Match at Hurlingham between the Blues and Monmouthshire,' three of the players in which are Brocklehurst and 'Charley' Fitzwilliam for the soldiers, and Sir C. Wollsley for the County, all of whom have been in Wyoming with Mr. Frewen. The house is, as a Far West palazzo should be, built, as it were, round a large hall which runs to the top of it. This is a huge apartment, with its immense rough-hewn logs covered here and there with the skins of beaver caught in the river and bison killed on the prairie and the decoration consists of heads of elk, of black-tailed and white-tailed deer, Big Horn Sheep, and other creatures. Amid, these signs of wild life is a telephone connected with a post office and telegraph office at the crossing of Powder River twenty-two miles below.... Around the Home Ranche are buildings of no very considerable extent--cow-houses, a dairy, and the all-important ice-houses, without which no American dwelling is complete."

Frewen himself was very fond of the big hall for it reminded him of the beamed, high ceilinged Norman Halls in the hunting lodges in Leicestershire. In a letter to Clare Jerome who, by July of 1880, had secretly become his affianced, Moreton added,

"Dick has built a bathroom and a storeroom....such a nice great hall running up to the roof and hung all around with Indian trophies and the spoils of the chase; elk and deer horns, buffalo robes and beaver skins; and lots of flowers and creepers which twined up and over the 'musicians gallery'. And the old couple I found at Salt Lake have turned out capitally; he a good cook and she, the cleanest, tidiest old housekeeper imaginable...

Twenty of us can dine in the hall comfortably and after we can move out and lounge on the piazza, and watch the great purple shadows stealing down over the prairie from the mountains."

All the business of the Powder River Ranch Company was carried on 18 miles down the river at the cow camp where the Frewens constructed an excellent log house, stables, and a hen-roost. The brothers also established a general store on the site of Connors Cantonment, about five miles below Fort Reno, and there operated the far famed Powder River Post Office.

In June 1879, Dick and Moreton crossed the mountains to the Sweetwater and purchased a herd of 2,000 fine Oregon cattle from Tim Foley and acquired therewith the '76 brand. This herd of Oregon bred heavy short horn cattle became the basis of the Powder River operation. In addition to the Powder River range, the Frewens soon acquired a ranch and range on the Crazy Woman Creek. A third herd ranged for several years along the Platte near the Harris ranch east of Fort Fetterman.

In view of later financial difficulties, it is interesting to note that part of the Powder River herd grazed up Salt Creek where a small, log, branding corral was constructed by the cowboys. According to Fred Hesse--whose father became foreman of the ranch in 1879--a land officer inspector rode up to the '76 one evening and demanded to know whether Frewen had built a certain corral on government property on Salt Creek. Hesse said he didn't know but he would check on it. He left the room and instructed a cowboy to ride up the valley and burn the corral. After talking to the inspector a few minutes more, he finally told the somewhat astounded gentleman that there was no corral at the place indicated and to get off the property. The inspector hastily departed muttering imprecations and threatening legal action against the company for building on land upon which they had not filed. On the site of that corral and on thousands of acres surrounding it stands today one of the greatest oil producing fields in America, the noted Salt Creek field of the Midwest Petroleum Company.

To operate the ranch, Dick and Moreton employed Frank Kemp, another Englishman who had had considerable experience in agriculture in Britain, and as foreman of the property they secured young Fred Hesse, an energetic and forceful Englishman who had had some experience with

cattle on the Platte in Nebraska. There is no truth whatever in the story that he was the illegitimate son of Edward, Prince of Wales. The Hesses' were an old county family in Essex and had sent their sons to Australia and Egypt as well as to America. Hesse built the ranch house on the Crazy Woman--a large commodious log home in which he lived for many years. At the dissolution of the '76 he secured the Crazy Woman property and started his own outfit. This ranch remained in the Hesse family until a few years ago.

Frewen's luck was good. The winter of '79 and '80 was a mild one on the Powder and the heavy short horn herd wintered well. In the spring of 1880 he marketed 800 head of three-year-old bullocks and the top price obtained refunded him almost 50% of the original purchase price for the entire '76 herd.

Moreton and Dick worked hard throughout 1881 and 1882 and the ranch prospered. By the end of 1881 the various herds totaled almost 15,000. Frewen stuck to his original plan of buying Oregon or "American" stock in contrast with the cheaper and less remunerative Texas herds, which were rapidly pushing their way north. He took part in every phase of the ranch work, riding with the trail herds, branding, cutting, and shipping. There is no truth whatever in the apocryphal tale of his purchasing the same herd twice or buying the same steers which had been run around a hill. The fact is that had he been so naive, it is a certainty that such range-wise cowmen as Fred Hesse, Frank Kemp and Ed Murphy would have called the turn. Upon their judgment he relied implicitly and the fact that he enjoyed not only success but the respect of fellow ranchers, must be credited to their ability as well as his own judgment.

The "book count" story warrants little repeating here. The truth is that all ranchers, big and little, foreign and American, purchased on "book count" during this era. That there were dishonest cattlemen cannot be denied and they did take advantage of the gullible of all nationalities. Frewen, however, was not gullible. That his herd turned up short in 1887, was due to a number of factors. First, it must be pointed out that at least 14 of the 17 major British cattle ranches in business during the winter of 1885 and 1886 reported similar shortages. It is also well to remember that some of these ranches were being run at that very time by such noted managers as Tod and Mackenzie.

It is also a fact that the same circumstances pertained to the large American owned cattle companies. The basis of the shortages--other than in a few instances of outright larceny--lay in two general practices: First, the widespread and accepted method of estimating herds by multiplying the annual calf crop by five, adding the bulls and subtracting sales for the year; and, secondly, failing to adjust the annual loss deduction. In the latter instance, cowmen had adopted a blanket 5% annual deduction. In almost every record still available, it is apparent that the annual loss figure actually varied from 5% to as much as 10% depending on the year, the location, severity of the winter and dryness of the summer and autumn, and lastly the degree of acclimatization of the herds being carried through the winter. A good example of this can be found in the records of the Swan Land & Cattle Co., Ltd., in which it is recorded that a Texas trail herd reached the winter ranch in mid October. The losses to that herd during the winter of 1887 ran at least 75%. A neighboring herd of Oregon trail stock which had been on that same ranch for almost 7 months suffered less than a 10% loss.

Frewen was highly successful in enticing fellow countrymen to the Powder River ranges. Alexis Roche and Horace Plunkett (son of Lord Dunsany), and Charley Boughton settled on the Powder above Frewen. Between the Powder and the Tongue Rivers there rapidly developed an English Colony, and "Frewen's Castle" on the Powder became the social center of the area. Visitors from Britain came by the score and the ranch guest book reads like a copy of Burke's Peerage or the Landed Gentry. The Big Horn hunting parties (one of which included even the far-famed Marquis of Queensbury), became famous from the shooting boxes of Melton Mowbray to the flowered walks of Saratoga. While the results of most of the Frewen hunting parties were eminently satisfactory, at least one ended in a major tragedy. "Gilly" Leigh, son of Lord and Lady Leigh and member of parliament for Warwickshire fell to his death in 1884 while hunting Big Horn Sheep near present Ten Sleep Canyon. A stone monument, readily seen from the highway which passes below the cliff, marks the site of this tragedy.

1880 and 1881 had been highly profitable years for the Frewen brothers as well as for most of the cattlemen in the Far West. Moreton was undoubtedly correct in his estimate that:

> "From 1865 to 1880 cattle growers using the public domain, west of the Missouri, had drawn 10% from the sales of their three-year-old bullocks, while all the time doubling their herds and thus doubling their capital each third year".

Such "bonanza" could not last very long without being discovered by speculators and promoters. In England and Scotland large surplus funds were available for capital investments, and it wasn't long before investors in London, Edinburgh, and Dundee began to discuss their cattle companies as they had once spoken of their land and railroad investments. The craze seemed to have spread throughout the Kingdom and despite the warning and caution made by men who knew the West, and especially the livestock business, it appeared that almost no cattle venture could fail of being fully subscribed within 24 hours after opening its stock books. In 1882, following his marriage to Clare Jerome, Moreton bought out his brother Dick. His cattle numbered almost 20,000 head and spread from the Tongue River on the north to the Powder River on the south, and to the Rawhide some 200 miles east. He was, indeed--in the language of the Pall Mall Gazette--a "cattle king". In that connection, you may recall that Owen Wister, in his delightful story, The Virginian, refers a number of times to the "76" outfit, and to its English owner. Frewen was very proud of Wister's reference to him. The wide suzerainty of the Frewen ranch was seldom challenged. A well-known Johnson County cattleman reminiscing in later years recalled how he inadvertently squatted on the '76 range:

> In my rambles, I got onto the waters of Powder River. While in camp, a lot of cowboys came along and one of them asked, "W'at hare you fellows doing 'ere?" They were so intensely English, I did not know what they were talking about. I told them I was going to settle. "Carn't do that, you know," said he, "this is the Frewen Brothers Cattle Ranch". My camp was about 35 miles from the Englishman's castle.

The gentleman appears to have moved on to other pastures.

Taking advantage of the boom period and the craze for organizing joint stock companies in order to enlarge current operations, Frewen decided in 1882 to form a company and thereby to secure sufficient capital to stock his ranges to near capacity. His diary tells how in

the space of a fortnight he was able to select a board of directors headed by the Duke of Manchester, the Earl of Wharncliffe and Sir Henry Nevill, among others of almost equal social and economic stature. £300,000 ($1,500,000) of preferred and ordinary stock were sold within a week and thus was born the Powder River Cattle Company, Ltd.

Frewen's contract with the new company, while highly favorable in one sense, was extremely dangerous in another. He agreed to sell his entire holding in Wyoming to the new company in return for one-third of the ordinary shares in the company, and to manage its affairs in America for a period of five years without salary. In return he was to receive at the end of five years, in addition to his regular dividends, one-third of any surplus over and above the original £300,000 capital investment. During that five year period, however, he was bound not to sell any of his shares in the company. He thus put himself at the mercy of a directorate 5,000 miles away which could greatly limit his actions as manager, and left himself in a hopeless position if he were to find things going badly.

At the end of the first year of operations the limited liability company paid a dividend of 10%, although the earned profits for 1883 did not warrant such expenditure. After floating the company in Britain, Frewen had returned to Wyoming and, through the purchase of additional Oregon trail herds and short horned stock from Nebraska, had greatly expanded the company's herds. By the end of November, these numbered 49,113 head of cattle valued at £282,245. He imported a small herd of purebred Sussex cattle and bought a large number of registered bulls.

By the autumn of 1883, however, the price of range beef had declined materially, and Frewen, in company with other Wyoming stockmen, was not loathe to blame this condition upon the monopolistic practices of the "Chicago Beef Trust" made up of Swift, Armour, Nelson Morris, and McNeil. To offset this situation, a number of the larger cattlemen began their own feeding and slaughtering operations. Tom Sturgis and his partners opened a feed lot near the distilleries in Omaha, taking advantage of rejected and spoiled grains from the liquor plants. Frewen opened a slaughterhouse at Sherman, near the Union Pacific tracks, and sent Murphy to develop feeding pens near the grain elevators at Stromsburg in Nebraska.

Still unsatisfied with his marketing operations and determined to circumvent the Chicago packers, who, it was charged, also controlled the Chicago stock yards, he purchased a likely site south of the grain shipping center of Duluth, near the town of Superior, Wisconsin, where he rapidly constructed large feeding sheds. Utilizing the vast amount of inexpensive waste grain--much of it rejected because of size or quality (and which formerly had been dumped as worthless into Lake Superior)--he fattened both cows and steers and shipped them to mid-western markets or sold them in the rapidly developing mining area around Duluth. The capital outlay for these varied operations was considerable, and Frewen undertook much of this development without advising his British board of directors. It is little wonder that when they met for the second annual meeting, in 1884, there was a good deal of feeling of dissatisfaction with the amount to be divided among the stock-holders.

The worst was yet to come, however, for there was little doubt that market conditions, both in Britain and in America, were deteriorating. In addition, the ranges were filling up and where only a few years before the Frewens had founded a ranch on virgin ranges, there were few suitable locations available in the Wyoming north country in 1884. Both Murphy and Hesse warned Frewen of the imminent threat of the overstocked range lands. The pressure resulting from the establishment of scores of small "shoe string" ranches was increased by the first wave of rustling early in 1884. Herds were vast, the country unfenced, and settlers still relatively few. The pressure from the South, from Texas and the Cherokee Strip which had been recently cleared of cattlemen by the Government, resulted in the migration to Johnson County of a small number of unscrupulous cowboys and minor ranchers who were not adverse to robbing the larger and long established outfits even though employed by them. Frewen's company was one of the first to suffer. Though his action was prompt and decisive whenever possible, circumstances made it impossible to fully curb the evil which was growing more widespread as the population increased. An appeal to the Wyoming Stockgrowers' Association resulted in 1884 in the secret assignment of Frank Canton as a detective assigned to work with Frewen in curbing the rustlers. This was the beginning of the struggle which was to culminate eight years later in the explosive "Johnson County War".

As the truth underlying the warnings of Murphy and Hesse became

more and more evident, Frewen determined upon a bold course of action. Without consulting his board in Britain, he negotiated a contract for the lease of several hundred thousand acres of land in Alberta between Fort McLeod and Edmonton, and began the transfer of the Tongue River herd to the new Canadian range. Moreton then advised the board by cable of the necessity for this action as well as for winter feeding in order to prevent heavy losses due to poor range conditions. The noble lords and directors were dumbfounded, but could do little as their manager had presented them with what was, in effect, a fait accompli.*

During this period of stress, Frewen evolved the spectacular plan of shipping literally millions of head of range cattle to meat-hungry Britain for finishing and marketing. It was this program that first earned him international attention and no little fame. The plan was simple enough, for it involved only the concentration of operations and services already in existence and in use. Since the middle 'Seventies Great Britain had been in a very difficult position with regard to beef. Not only were her herds declining as the result of epidemics, but it was also manifestly impossible to raise sufficient beef to supply her greatly expanded population. The ravishes of hoof and mouth disease on the Continent had forced the Privy Council and Parliament to prohibit the importation from most of Western Europe of store cattle--lean, live cattle imported for fattening on British pastures. The crowning blow fell, however, when the same disease made its appearance in virulent form among the Irish herds upon which Britain depended for three-quarters of her live cattle imports.

It was at this moment that Frewen thought he saw an answer to both the British problem of securing large importations of disease free, store cattle, and the Wyoming problem of finding a more profitable market for tens of thousands of mature grass fed beeves. It was only necessary, he reasoned, to get the Privy Council to lift the quarantine specifically on Wyoming and Montana cattle which he claimed were completely free of disease. He could thereby market two-million Western store cattle a year in Britain.

On the face of it, this plan had great merit. American cattle, since the appearance of pleuro-pneumonia in the late 'Seventies, had also been scheduled under the British quarantine act and had to be slaughtered at specified ports of debarkation within 24 hours after

*Note that this is an entire year before the disastrous winter of 1885-1886.

their arrival. This meant that the only live stock acceptable in the British market were fat cattle ready for slaughter. For various reasons a fat stock trade with America was impractical and unprofitable. Frewen pointed out, however, that under his plan there would be no need for the 24 hour slaughter provision since the Rocky Mountain livestock were free of pleuro-pneumonia and splenic fever. All that was needed was for the Privy Council to unschedule this specific area of the United States. To avoid contamination while enroute, as well as to cut down the cost of transportation, he evolved a plan to send the western store stock north to Canada (which was an unscheduled country), and then to ship by rail to a Great Lakes port where they could be trans-shipped by ocean-going cattle boats to British ports.

A rapid survey of the situation convinced him that he could undertake this plan and sell Wyoming and Montana cattle in Liverpool, London, or along the Clydebank for almost £6 ($30.00) per head less than the British were currently paying for domestic store stock. With characteristic enthusiasm he conferred with other cattle growers and finally with Thomas Sturgis, noted Wyoming stockman and secretary of the powerful Wyoming Stock Growers' Association. Within a few days, the association and the Territory of Wyoming, acting through the territorial governor, appointed Frewen as official envoy to Britain to effect the program as outlined.

Frewen hurried to Ottawa, where he discussed with Canadian Minister of Agriculture Pope the various implications and advantages of the program. He pointed out that such a commerce would greatly enrich Canada through the sale of feed, the stocking of her ranges, the furnishing of millions of dollars worth of supplies, rail and shipping facilities. Pope, apparently caught somewhat off guard by the enthusiasm and seriousness of the aristocratic young Wyoming cattleman, approved the plan in principle. Jubilantly, Frewen sailed for Britain where he promptly discussed the plan in a series of private conferences with the directors of a score of British-American cattle companies. In every instance, the corporations represented by these men had also felt the affect of the contracting American market and the subsequent decline in dividends. Frewen became the "man of the hour", and even his own disgruntled board temporarily ceased their bitter carping.

A well organized campaign to effect the program was carried on in

the press, while Frewen traveled widely and spoke frequently and eloquently at agricultural meetings from Dundee to Devon. In many instances the response was enthusiastic, for Frewen portrayed the program as a boon to producer and consumer alike. The beef producer would get his stores cheaper than he had ever obtained such stock before, and the consumer would be able to secure finished beef at the butcher shop at five pence (ten cents) per pound. A delegation headed by members of both the government and opposition parties in Parliament called upon the President of the Privy Council and the Minister of Agriculture. Frewen made a calm and well prepared plea for the lifting of the quarantine on the western stock. The Government promised to consider the matter, and in an optimistic frame of mind, the Wyoming rancher sailed for America on the following day.

Moreton had hardly left British shores before entrenched interests began to ridicule the plan and attack it from every point of view. Chicago interests--already heavily interested in the export of dead meat to Britain--"planted" the story that disease was present in Wyoming and other Rocky Mountain states and territories. It was intimated that the quarantine which Frewen promised would be put into effect by the Wyoming authorities against cattle from infected areas would be ineffective, if not ludicrous. The landed interests in Britain, largely upper Middle Class, saw the program as a threat to their rents and tenantry, while British cattle breeders cried out against the plan as ruinous to their entire livelihood. The "protectionists" called the whole program a "free trade" plot. Within a few weeks, the political aspects of the program had assured its failure.

Simultaneously, interests working in Canada pointed out to the government that the program would deprive the Canadian stock-raiser of his favored position. As it stood Canada was probably the only major cattle producing country whose stock was not quarantined. The expansion of Canadian herds was far more desirable from the point of view of the Canadian grazers than to permit the Americans to send their stock through Canada to a market which the Canadians freely enjoyed. There was also the threat that, if, by chance, disease spread from American stock to Canadian stock, the provisions of the Contagious Diseases Act might also be applied to Canada, thereby resulting in the loss of the favored market situation now exclusively enjoyed in Britain. Minister Pope quickly reversed himself, and Prime Minister John McDonald openly

opposed the Frewen plan. Agitation in Britain for acceptance of the plan continued, despite these setbacks, for over a year. To further the propaganda campaign Frewen shipped a herd of one-hundred fattened bullocks from Superior to London where they temporarily became a center of interest throughout the British press. Despite this agitation, no favorable action was taken, and by the time the Government was ready to make some concession, the demand for cattle in America had again risen and the price of Wyoming store stock was such as to make it more advantageous to sell at home.

The failure of the export plan was a serious blow to Frewen. Prices continued to decline in 1884 and he failed to realize the amount expected from the sale of stock at Stromsberg and Superior. The "Chicago Packers" ruined the Superior plan by waiting until Frewen was ready to slaughter and then shipping in meat in such quantity and at such prices as to glut the market and eliminate any possible profit Frewen might have realized. Reports from Powder River gave grave concern for the stock appeared to have wintered badly and high losses were indicated.

In England and in Scotland the principal directors of the Powder River Cattle Company lost their nerve at the first signs of impending storm and complained bitterly over the high cost of operations in America, the small amount available for dividends, and the various development programs carried out by Frewen in the face of a declining market. The crisis came when Frewen returned for the Spring meeting of the board in 1885. He informed the board of the threatened loss of a large part of their capital unless he were permitted to transfer a large portion of the company's herds to Canada and to carry out a program of feeding during the winter. At this costly suggestion, the preference share-holders, largely Scottish investors, attacked him unmercifully for his inability to pay the 10% annual dividend guaranteed them. The Duke of Manchester and the Earl of Wharncliffe joined in charging misrepresentation and maladministration.

Frewen, in turn, replied that the directors had acted unwisely, if not unconstitutionally, in paying dividends out of capital during 1883 and 1884. After pointing out that he drew no salary for managing their interests in America and despite his contract to manage the company until 1887, Moreton agreed to resign as manager if the company would

appoint T. W. Peters of Cheyenne to head the American operation. After long and acrimonious debate this was agreed to and Frewen returned to America to wind up his affairs on Powder River.

On June 23rd, 1885, Frewen wrote in his ranch visitors book,

"I am leaving tomorrow via Superior for England, and this abode of pleasant memories and good sport is to be abandoned. The pressure of settlement is driving us cattlemen northward, nor shall we secure permanent quarters south of leased ranges in Alberta."

After saying farewell to Fred Hesse, his friends and neighbors, Frewen mounted his horse and headed up the long trail. As he stopped for a last look at the "Castle", and with a lump in his throat, he penned his final tribute to the almost seven years he had spent on Powder River:-

Westward by northward loomed sadly my track
And I must ride forward, and still I look back,-
Look back-Ah, how vainly,
For while I see plainly
My hands on the reins lie uncertain and slack.

The warm wind breathes strong breath,
The dust dims mine eyes,
And I draw one long breath
And stifle one sigh.

Green slopes softly shaded
Have flitted and faded-
My hopes flit as they did-
Good-night and Good-bye!

Frewen returned to Britain where he threw himself into the rapidly developing silver crisis which, in the 'Nineties, was to bring him a second period of international acclaim as well as his second international failure.

He continued, however, his interest in the Powder River Cattle Company of which he remained the largest single stockholder. The winter of 1884 and 1885 had led to a very poor calf crop as well as the

necessity for writing off 7,000 head of cattle from the Rawhide range. On November 30th, the cattle account showed 57,915 head, but after deducting losses of 9,367 head, the auditor's statement showed that there remained on the range only 48,550 head and Manager Peters expressed fears that there might be a further deficiency from the Powder River range.

In the meanwhile, Frewen's conflict with the board of directors, had reached a crisis and was now public knowledge. A special board was appointed in February, 1886, to look into the affairs of the company and to decide how best to meet the situation. The report of this special committee was made in March, and recommendations for reorganizing the company so as to salvage its assets and continue operations were made. In concluding the report the committee, to the complete amazement of the vociferous minority on the board of directors, reported:

> "In conclusion the committee cannot pretend to ignore the differences which have so notoriously existed between the Board of Directors and their late manager, Mr. Moreton Frewen. Especially, because to do so would be unjust to both, and also because your committee has been appointed, if not primarily, certainly in a great measure in consequence of these disputes. When the company first purchased their estates from Mr. Frewen, a valuation was made by two commissioners appointed by a Board, and a majority of the present directors were upon that Board. The price asked was considered reasonable, and Mr. Frewen took in exchange for his property more than nine-tenths of its value in ordinary shares, his present holding being more than £40,000. Subsequent purchases of cattle were effected, and Mr. Frewen has been reproached by the board because he invested the capital of the Company too rapidly in 1882; it is, of course, probable that cattle thus bought on the usual Western plan of 'book count' were not in every instance delivered to the Company in numbers that accorded with Mr. Frewen's estimate, but we believe we are justified in saying that in no single instance have large herds been bought by English Companies on any other plan than that of 'book count', nor is it to be lost sight of that while the cattle which were bought in 1882 involved a cost per head of 27 dols., the price of cattle rose steadily in 1883 and 1884 at least 20%.

And it is right that the Share holders should know and appreciate the fact that Mr. Frewen has discharged the duties of manager without any salary whatever for three years. The fall that has now taken place in the price of cattle--the mortality caused by the overstocking of the Ranges, the burden of the payment of dividends on the Preference Shares, the collapse of the markets in Chicago: These appear to us to be the real cause of that depreciation in your Shares which the directors have attributed to Mr. Frewen's management; and Mr. Frewen's retorts upon the Directors do not seem to us wholly without justification, as those plans for which he contended and which the Board of Directors have opposed, are the same which your Committee now recommends to be carried into effect. And, it is a fact that Mr. Frewen's entire interest and that of his family is wholly in the Ordinary Stock and that his well-being must therefore be involved in the well-being of the Company; while his energy, his power of work, and his experience, are undisputed, even by those most opposed to him."

Despite this almost complete vindication, Frewen was still in a difficult position. He was heavily in debt and owed considerable sums to individual members of the Board who were now opposed to him. His threat of suit to protect his interests in the company was met by counter-threats to throw him into bankruptcy--a condition, of course, which would bring about his complete social, as well as economic, ruin.

One result of the special committee's report, was the resignation of the anti-Frewen directors. This did not occur, however, until after the noble gentlemen had succeeded in appointing Horace Plunkett as manager of the Company in America. Despite their earlier friendship, Frewen was inalterably opposed to Plunkett. This personal animosity harked back to differences of opinion while both were ranching on Powder River.

In 1886, it was decided to form a new Company which would receive the assets of the Powder River Cattle Company, sell its own stock, and exchange shares with the share-holders of the Powder River company. A liquidator was appointed for the latter and the articles of association and incorporation of the International Cattle Company, Limited, were filed with the Recorder of Companies in London. It was soon discovered that Plunkett's expenses of operation in America exceeded all expecta-

tions and were greater than those for which Frewen had been so roundly castigated. The liquidator, however, was able to borrow considerable sums at from 7% to 10% interest, but such sums were too small and proved only palliative instead of remedial.

Liquidator Kemp reported in 1887 that creditors in America, as well as in Britain, were threatening legal action and that he feared that the American creditors would force sale of the Wyoming properties to the great loss of the shareholders. He petitioned the Court for authority to sell the Alberta herd and lands as well as the cattle and feeding sheds at Superior. The amount received was considerably less than the outstanding debts. In a report covering the situation, the English director pointed out to the High Court of Chancery that there did not seem any possibility of marketing the remaining Wyoming herd and property at a sufficient profit to meet all outstanding debts. Needless to say there were no funds for the payment of dividends or the repayment of the amount invested by the preference share-holders. Ultimately, the Powder River property was abandoned for at no time did the Company own in fee any large acreage. The leases fell to other and smaller cattlemen. Fred Hesse received the range on Crazy Woman in payment of a large debt owed him for services and supplies, and there laid the foundation for his noted "28 Ranch". The remaining property was sold by Plunkett and such funds as were thus realized were apportioned to the creditors. Frewen's investment, like that of other stockholders was a complete loss. In many ways, it was a needless catastrophe for Moreton aided by Hesse, Peters, Kemp, and Murphy had devised a plan as early as 1884 which would have saved the Company even though dividends would have been eliminated temporarily in order to weather the storm. Forty years later, Frewen wrote of the situation,

> "I did just the wrong thing--wrote in a panic to directors 5,000 miles away. Four years before I had inculcated, and even prospectused, my view that our lease of cattle life on Powder River was fully 20 years. A board of amateurs, mostly my good friends, had every right to distrust my panic appeals that we should migrate our property on the hoof to Canada."

Moreton Frewen went on to new fields and despite a chronic condition of financial difficulty he lived a fruitful life. Up to the day of his death in 1925, he looked back upon his experiences on Powder

River as the most joyful of his long career. It is easy today to feel the attraction of the country as one stands on the site of the old '76, a few miles down the river from the little, though robust, community of Kaycee. It is a beautiful land and yet a harsh one. It is a land of strong men and pleasant hard-working women. It is a land of productive farms, excellent cattle ranches, and rich producing oil fields. It can also be a land of heavy snows, drought and grasshoppers. It is the land of the Johnson County War, the land of the Sioux--of Dull Knife, of Fetterman and Carrington. It is the land of Frank Grouard, of Frank Canton, of the Hesses (Fred Sr. & Jr.), of the Brocks (Albert and Elmer), of Horace Plunkett and Alexis Roche, and, lastly, it is the land of the Frewens, both Dick and Moreton. A strong land for strong men. It is the land of the Powder River--"a mile wide, an inch deep and God only knows how long!"

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TRAIL DUST FROM THE DENVER CORRAL

On August 25, A.M. Bailey leaves for Australia and New Zealand. (Al left his good old faithful tooth-brush on an island down there somewhere and just has to go back for it. But he'll be back with us in November...)

Guests at the July meeting included Corresponding Members Warren Young, Charles Ryland, William Stanek, Robert Denhardt, Herndon Davis, Bradford Murphey, Carl Mathews, John Lipsey, and Walter Pelton - a goodly turnout.

The 1947 BRAND BOOK is out! For Possemen and Corresponding

Members, $6.75; for the public $7.50.

Honored guest at the July meeting was Professor Allen Nevins, of Columbia University, eminent American historian, author and diplomat, whose third volume in the series, Ordeal of the Nation, went to press on July 26. Professor Nevins and Herb Brayer concocted a publication birthday shindig that evening - involving the traditional champagne, it is said - to celebrate the occasion, Herb's two-volume opus on Blackmore being issued the same day.

Incidentally, Herb requests the Registrar to tender public thanks to all the good folk who helped mail out the '47 BRAND BOOK announcements. A round dozen or so worked long and late on this much appreciated job.

Vaughn Mechau wishes it to be known that he has begun an account - and we hope fervently that it will take the form eventually, in part, at least, of something for The Westerners - of "The Great American Evacuation - the Nihonjin". In round numbers, Vaughn will be writing of that unprecedented uprooting of the Japanese, in wartime, to the Rocky Mountain western region (it was our own Ralph Carr who had much to do with opening this section of the country to these evacuees), and the human, social, and economic significances and results of this transplantation.

The history department of Colorado University has recently approved "The Life of John L. Routt" as the subject for his doctoral thesis for B. Z. Woods.

Bill Raine chose to be a principal speaker at the Writers Conference at Boulder on the night of July 27 - so, we missed him.

Rumor mentions a forthcoming book (Doubleday-Doran) to include several pieces from the Post's Rocky Mountain Empire Magazine section, by Elvon Howe. One piece, "Wild Bill of the Circle WR", is by Bill Barker.

Eric Douglas is back from a sojurn in California, ready to go to "work" again.

N. B. to ALL - Yet Again

With this issue of the monthly BRAND BOOK, we climb to 315 copies!

PROGRAM FOR AUGUST

Ralph B. Mayo will present a paper on "The News Butchers on the Railroad."

CHUCK WAGON BOOK REVIEWS

BUCKEY O'NEILL: By Ralph Keithley. Caxton Printers, 1949. $3.50.

This book tells the story of William Owen O'Neill. His parents gave him that name at birth, but nobody in Arizona called him anything but Bucky. (This present writer spells it with an E, but there was no E in the word when I roamed the territory gathering stuff for articles before this century came into being. Keithley captures something of the gallant glamor of Bucky but misses some of the best stories about him. He arrived on the scene about 40 years too late. Most of the men who knew Bucky well had passed away.

I am glad this book was written. The author does his hero justice——shows his eager vitality, his passion for fair play, and his championship of the underdog——but swamps his story in the dry political struggles in which Bucky became involved. Yet, in some degree, he rescues from oblivion the memory of one who, like a shooting star, held the eyes of all who knew him until his light was blown out. The West never saw and never will see another Bucky O'Neill. He was unique.

When I read these new books about old-timers whose swords are rust and bones are dust I realize that I am an ancient. I was one of the first roving reporters to cover the old West. For magazines I wrote the first stories about the Tonto Basin Feud, of the Apache Kid, of Billy Tilghman, Jeff Milton, Bucky O'Neill. All of their stories have been recently expanded into books by younger writers. I had the advantage of hearing most of the tales I told from the lips of those who were actors in them.

Bucky O'Neill was the most picturesque character in Arizona. He was the darling of the territory, if one can use so effeminate word to apply to a gay and rollicking he-man who loved wine and song but was always shy of women. He was a many-sided character——poet, soldier, adventurer, and gambler, who in turn was typesetter, court reporter, editor, lawyer, judge, writer, school superintendent, sheriff, ranchman, and politician. He was a daring officer, a man-hunter who followed a trail for weeks to drag home train robbers, yet listened with deep sympathy to any appeal from the weak.

It was partly the man's character, the blend of reckless adventurer and civilized gentleman, that gave Bucky his peculiar charm. But it was more than that. He had the most engaging personality conceivable. A friendly smile from lovely brown eyes greeted his friends, and he had hundreds of them. Looking at him, listening to his soft voice, one would never guess what a jaunty daredevil he was. But never a bully or a swaggerer. Keithley's book makes this clear.

A characteristic story is that of the execution of a murderer named Dilda. It was thought that his friends of Whisky Row might try to rescue him, so the Prescott Grays under command of Lieutenant O'Neill guarded the scaffold. As the trap was sprung, Bucky fainted. He could not stand to see a man killed without having a chance for his white alley.

Half a century ago you could have heard in the country where he lived a dozen stories illustrating his dash, warmth, generosity, and his swiftness to counteract injustice.

It is claimed that he was the first man to enlist for the Spanish-American War. Organizing a company, he became captain of A Troop in Roosevelt's Rough Riders. To this day his words as he signed up are remembered; in fact they are carved on his tombstone at Arlington: "Who would not die for a new star on the flag?" The general opinion is that he was expressing a hope that if Arizona did well in the war the territory would be given statehood.

At San Juan Hill in Cuba he died, a few minutes after he had quoted some verses from Whitman. He was standing behind a trench looking through field-glasses and somebody urged him not to expose himself so recklessly. He answered with a laugh, "The Spanish bullet that will kill me has not been molded yet." The words had hardly been

SPOKEN WHEN THE SLUG CAUGHT HIM IN THE THROAT.

(WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE)

A BLOOMER GIRL ON PIKE'S PEAK 1858.

JULIA ARCHIBALD HOLMES, FIRST WHITE WOMAN TO CLIMB PIKE'S PEAK. AGNES WRIGHT SPRING, EDITOR. WESTERN HISTORY DEPT., DENVER PUBLIC LIBRARY. DENVER, 1949.

THIS IS A THOROUGHLY CHARMING LITTLE STORY OF THE DARING (IN THE VICTORIAN SENSE) ACCOMPLISHMENT OF A MILITANT SUFFRAGETTE. MRS. AGNES WRIGHT SPRING WHO, FOR THE DENVER PUBLIC LIBRARY, ASSEMBLED AND EDITED THE FEW SURVIVING LETTERS AND EXTRACTS FROM THE LAST JOURNAL OF MRS. HOLMES, PRESENTS IN THIS SMALL VOLUME AN UNUSUAL FIRST-HAND ACCOUNT OF THE WOMEN OF A WAGON TRAIN ENROUTE TO THE PIKES PEAK GOLD FIELDS IN 1858. JULIA HOLMES' CONDUCT APPARENTLY WAS A DECIDED CONTRAST TO ORDINARY WOMANLY BEHAVIOR. THE TACIT DISAPPROVAL OF THE ONLY OTHER FEMININE MEMBER OF THE TRAIN OF HER "REFORM DRESS"-A BLOOMER COSTUME-AND HER UNLADYLIKE WALKS WHICH WERE GRADUALLY EXTENDED TO TEN MILES A DAY; THE OUTRAGE OF THE MEN AT JULIA'S OFFER TO STAND REGULAR NIGHT WATCH; THE DISDAINFUL REFERENCES, IN THEIR LETTERS HOME, TO "STRONG-MINDED WOMEN AND WEAK-MINDED MEN", POINT UP JULIA'S DIVERGENCE FROM WHAT WAS EXPECTED OF EVEN THE MOST VENTURESOME WOMAN.

JULIA ARCHIBALD BECAME AN ADVOCATE OF WOMEN'S RIGHTS QUITE NATURALLY. SHE WAS THE DAUGHTER OF AN ACTIVE "ANTI-SLAVERY" FATHER AND A SUFFRAGETTE MOTHER. THEIR HOME BECAME A "STATION" ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY FOR ESCAPED SLAVES. IN 1857, JULIA MARRIED JAMES H. HOLMES, THE YOUNG KANSAS CAPTAIN WHO SUCCEEDED JOHN BROWN IN COMMAND OF THE "FREE STATE" RANGERS. SOON AFTER MARRIAGE, THE YOUNG COUPLE JOINED A WAGON-TRAIN OF GOLD-SEEKERS HEADED FOR THE PIKE'S PEAK REGION.

MRS. HOLMES WAS A VERY OBSERVANT, INTELLIGENT PERSON, AND WAS KEENLY ALIVE TO THE CHANGING BEAUTIES OF THE COUNTRY THROUGH WHICH THEY PASSED. HAVING REACHED THEIR DESTINATION, THE HOLMES' LEFT GOLD HUNTING TO THEIR COMPANIONS. WITH PACKS ON THEIR BACKS, THEY STARTED WHAT WAS APPARENTLY THE FIRST ASCENT BY A WHITE WOMAN, AND PROBABLY BY ANY OTHER WOMAN, OF PIKES PEAK. JULIA RELISHED THE FEAT OF CLAMBERING UP THE STEEP SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN DECLARED UNSURMOUNTABLE BY ITS DISCOVERER, SKIRTING THE HUGE GLACIAL CIRQUE, LEAVING BEHIND EVEN THE STUNTED TWISTED TREES OF TIMBERLINE TO ARRIVE AT THE TUNDRA REGION AT THE TOP.

HAVING ATTAINED THE SUMMIT OF THE GREAT MOUNTAIN, CAPTAIN AND MRS. HOLMES HURRIEDLY WROTE LETTERS TO FAMILY AND FRIENDS AND THEN DESCENDED TO REJOIN THE OTHERS IN THEIR CAMP IN THE GARDEN OF THE GODS. DISAPPOINTED AT NOT FINDING MAJOR QUANTITIES OF GOLD, THE WAGON TRAIN TURNED SOUTH TO NEW MEXICO. AS THEY PROCEEDED, THE TRAIN SLOWLY DISPERSED AS WAGONS TURNED OFF TO LOCATE AT THE NEW SITES ALONG THE WAY. AFTER TEACHING FOR A PERIOD AT FORTS UNION AND BARCLAY, THE HOLMES' WENT TO WASHINGTON WHERE THEY BECAME ACTIVE IN THE POLITICAL INTRIGUES AFFECTING THE TERRITORY OF NEW MEXICO. AFTER SERVING A YEAR AS SECRETARY OF NEW MEXICO, CAPTAIN HOLMES AND HIS WIFE AGAIN RETURNED TO WASHINGTON. JULIA HOLMES REMAINED A POPULAR SUFFRAGETTE. SHE DIVORCED HER HUSBAND AND OBTAINED AN UNUSUAL SITUATION FOR A WOMAN, A POST IN THE GOVERNMENT AS CLERK IN THE DIVISION OF ABSTRACTS, BUREAU OF EDUCATION, POSITION WHICH SHE HELD UNTIL HER DEATH IN 1887.

WHILE THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF JULIA HOLMES WERE UNUSUAL IN HER DAY, IT DOES NOT SEEM AT ALL JUSTIFIABLE FOR THE EDITOR TO COMPARE HER ACHIEVEMENTS WITH THOSE OF SUSAN B. ANTHONY. HOWEVER, SHE DID ADD HER BIT TO POPULARIZING THE MOVEMENT FOR WOMAN'S INDEPENDENCE AND SUFFRAGE.

THE DIVISIONS ADOPTED FOR THE BOOK SEEM A BIT CONFUSING, BUT THIS IS A MINOR FAULT; THE BOOK IS PLEASING IN CONTENT AND APPEARANCE. IT IS TO BE EARNESTLY HOPED THAT THIS IS ONLY A PRELUDE TO MORE OFFERINGS BY THE DENVER PUBLIC LIBRARY OF ITS MANUSCRIPT TREASURES. MRS. SPRING HAS AGAIN MADE A WORTHWHILE CONTRIBUTION TO ROCKY MOUNTAIN HISTORY.

(GARNET BRAYER)

JESSE JAMES WAS MY NEIGHBOR, BY HOMER CROY. DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE, NEW YORK, 1949, $3.50.

HERE IS ANOTHER VOLUME TO PUT ON YOUR SHELF OF BOOKS GLORIFYING BAD MEN. THE "INTRODUCTION" CONTAINS SEVERAL OF THE "SAINTS' LEGENDS" THAT HOMER CROY, THE AUTHOR, GREW UP WITH AS A FARM BOY NEAR MARYVILLE, MISSOURI. THE REST OF THE BOOK TELLS HOW THE JAMES BOYS GOT STARTED ON THEIR GLAMOROUS CAREER OF CRIME DURING THE TROUBLOUS TIMES OF THE CIVIL WAR, HOW THEY ROBBED BANKS AND TRAINS AND HOW JESSE ENDED UP IN A "MARTYR GRAVE" FOR, AS THE BALLAD HAS IT, "THE DIRTY LITTLE COWARD THAT SHOT MR. HOWARD HAS LAID JESSE JAMES IN HIS GRAVE."

ACCORDING TO THE LEGEND, WHICH HOMER CROY ACCEPTS WITH BOYISH, BREATHLESS WONDER, JESSE WAS AN EXPERT MARKSMAN, DEVOTED TO HIS MOTHER, A SINGER OF HYMNS, CHIVALROUS TO ALL WOMEN, A CHAMPION OF FAIR PLAY, GENEROUS TO THE POOR, A KILLER ONLY WHEN FORCED BY CIRCUMSTANCES TO LIQUIDATE A STUBBORN OFFICER OF THE LAW OR A HESITANT BANK CASHIER; A FEARLESS LEADER OF DESPERATE MEN, A HERO WITH A PRICE ON HIS HEAD. IT MAKES A GOOD STORY AND PROVIDES AMERICAN FOLKLORE WITH A ROBIN HOOD OF ITS OWN.

IN REALITY, SUCH GANGS AS THE JAMES-YOUNGERS RETARDED THE COMING OF CIVILIZATION AND PEACE TO THE FRONTIER, PERPETRATING TERRORISM AND BLOODY CRIME. IT IS DOUBTFUL IF THEIR CODE OF BEHAVIOR WAS MUCH DIFFERENT FROM THAT OF A DILLINGER OR ANY OTHER MORE RECENT KILLER - EASY MONEY AS THE GOAL AND ESCAPE FROM THE PENALTIES OF LAWLESSNESS BY WHATEVER MEANS NECESSARY, INCLUDING MURDER.

BUT STORIES OF DARING HOLD-UP MEN ARE A PART OF THE WESTERN TRADITION. I CANNOT RESIST TELLING ONE MORE STORY ABOUT JESSE, MYSELF. WHEN I WAS A BOY OF SIX OR SEVEN I WATCHED A LARGE SHOW WAGON, DRAWN BY A TEAM OF FINE HORSES, PULL UP ONE SATURDAY AFTERNOON TO A CORNER OF THE COURT HOUSE SQUARE IN WOODFORD COUNTY, ILLINOIS. THE TEAM WAS UNHITCHED AND LED AWAY TO THE LIVERY STABLE, STEPS WERE PLACED AT THE REAR END OF THE WAGON BEFORE THE OPEN DOOR, AND A SIGN WAS SET UP NEARBY - "JESSE JAMES MUSEUM - ADMISSION, TEN CENTS." FORTUNATELY, I HAD A DIME; WITH MANY OTHER "SUCKERS" "SUCKERS", I FILED IN.

THERE, NOT IN FLESH, BUT IN LIFE-SIZE WAXEN IMAGE, WAS JESSE JAMES STRETCHED OUT IN A GLASS ENCLOSED SHOW CASE. HIS SOBER BLACK SUIT, HIS WELL-CURLED MUSTACHE, AND HIS POWERFUL FEATURES MADE AN INDELIBLE IMPRESSION UPON MY CHILDHOOD MEMORY. AROUND THE WALLS OF THE WAGON WERE ARRANGED "THE WEAPONS USED BY THE JAMES BOYS IN THEIR ROBBERIES" AND MANY HANDBILLS IN BIG, BLACK TYPE OFFERING LARGE REWARDS FOR "THE CAPTURE OF THE JAMES BROTHERS - DEAD OR ALIVE." SINCE THEN, CIRCUMSTANCES HAVE NOT ENABLED ME TO FOLLOW IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF JESSE JAMES, BUT I AM GRATEFUL FOR THE LEGEND.

(LEVETTE J. DAVIDSON)

STAMPEDE TO TIMBERLINE, BY MURIEL SIBELL WOLLE. PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO, BOULDER, 1949. 544 PAGES; 198 DRAWINGS; 14 CHAPTER-HEAD MAPS. $7.50.

THIS BOOK HAS BEEN NEARLY 25 YEARS IN THE MAKING, AND ITS ACCOMPLISHMENT IS DUE TO AN INDEFATIGABLE ENTHUSIASM, A LIMITLESS CURIOSITY—AND, ABOVE ALL, THE UNUSUAL COMBINATION OF AN ARTIST-RESEARCHER WHO COULD CAPTURE A SCENE WITH PENCIL OR BRUSH "ON THE SPOT" AND LATER SUPPLY THE WORDS. OTHER SPECIAL TRAITS OF THE AUTHOR-ILLUSTRATOR ARE CLEARLY EVIDENT: A FINE SENSE OF HUMOR; A RARE ABILITY TO FUSE HISTORICAL NARRATIVE WITH THE AUTHOR'S PERSONAL ADVENTURES ON HER MANY EXPEDITIONS; ALL INTERSPERSED WITH ANECDOTE, PERTINENT PASSAGES FROM OLD NEWSPAPERS, PROGRAMS, HANDBILLS, OLD MENUS, AND GRAVESTONE INSCRIPTIONS. THE RESULT IS A HONEY OF A BOOK—TO END ALL BOOKS ABOUT COLORADO GHOST TOWNS. THIS IS IT!

IT IS A TREASURY OF COLORADO HISTORY, ALTHOUGH THE AUTHOR MODESTLY DISCLAIMS BEING A HISTORIAN; AND IT

IS DIFFICULT TO PICTURE ANYONE IN THE SLIGHTEST DEGREE INTERESTED IN THE RICH SAGA OF COLORADO FROM 1858 ON, THROUGH ITS MANY AND ALMOST EVER-RECURRING "STRIKES" AND "BOOMS," IN PRACTICALLY EVERY PART OF THE MOUNTAIN COUNTRY, NOT OWNING A COPY OF THIS BOOK. IT IS ABSORBING READING ALMOST ANYWHERE YOU ACCIDENTLY MAKE A START. YOU DON'T NEED TO BEGIN WITH PAGE 1 UNLESS YOU WISH. YOU COULD JUST AS EASILY TAKE PAGE 399, "THE SILVERY SAN JUAN", AND START THERE. OR, YOU COULD BEGIN WITH "DREDGE COUNTRY" (BRECKENRIDGE, ALMA, FAIRPLAY, ETC.), ON PAGE 72. OR, "THE GUNNISON COUNTRY," ON PAGE 191. THE BOOK IS DIVIDED INTO 20 CHAPTERS, EACH ON A PARTICULAR PART OF THE STATE; AND, AT THE HEAD OF NEARLY EVERY CHAPTER, IS A READABLE MAP DRAWN BY THE AUTHOR, WHICH MAKES IT EASY TO CHECK WITH THE NARRATIVE.

THE USEFULNESS AND HANDY PRACTICABILITY OF THIS BOOK WILL POSITIVELY BE A GODSEND TO FUTURE HISTORIANS AND JUST PLAIN GHOST TOWN ENTHUSIASTS. JUST IMAGINE— UP TO NOW, TOWNS LIKE BEARTOWN, BUCKSKIN JOE, LEMOYNE CITY, MOSQUITO, PARROT CITY, POVERTY BAR, SNEFFELS, STUMPTOWN, SUGARLOAF, AND WHISKY GAP HAVE SOUNDED ROMANTIC ENOUGH TO THE EAR, BUT WHAT RESEARCH TO RUN DOWN THE FACTS — LOCATION! ORIGIN! IMPORTANT HAPPENINGS! FIND YOUR "TOWN" IN THE INDEX OF THIS BOOK—THEN TURN TO THE PAGE OR PAGES REFERRING TO THE PLACE— AND IN A FEW MINUTES YOU WILL HAVE READ THE INTERESTING DETAILS—THE RESULT OF MRS. WOLLE'S YEARS OF RESEARCH. CERTAINLY THIS WILL PROVIDE AN ACCURATE BASE FOR MUCH REGIONAL WRITING OF THE FUTURE, BOTH HISTORICAL AND FICTIONAL.

MANY WILL BE ENTRANCED, AS I AM, BY THE FLAVOR AND QUALITY OF THE DRAWINGS OF ABANDONED TOWNS, CAMPS, AND CABINS; INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS OF OLD CHURCHES, SCHOOLS, THEATERS, HOTELS AND COURTHOUSES; OLD MINES, MILLS, AND DREDGES—AND OLD CEMETERIES. THEY ARE JUST "OUT OF THIS WORLD." WHEN ONE REFLECTS THAT MRS. WOLLE BEGAN THESE PERSONAL EXPEDITIONS TO GHOST TOWNS AND MINING CAMPS SO MANY YEARS AGO AND PICTURED WHAT THEN MET THE EYE, THE CHARM AND IMPORTANCE OF THIS WORK LOOMS EVEN MORE BRILLIANTLY. BY HER OWN WORDS, SHE VISITED CERTAIN PLACES A SECOND, OR THIRD TIME, FIVE, TEN, OR FIFTEEN YEARS LATER—TO GET A LITTLE MORE COLOR, OR PERHAPS TO RECAPTURE SOMETHING SHE FELT SHE MIGHT HAVE MISSED ON AN ALL-TOO-SHORT VISIT THE FIRST TIME, ONLY TO FIND EVERY EVIDENCE OF THE PLACE COMPLETELY GONE! NOT A TRACE OF FORMER HABITATION OR STRUCTURE! IT IS ALMOST FRIGHTENING TO THINK OF HOW RELENTLESSLY AND SPEEDILY —EVEN IN THE SPAN OF ONE HUMAN LIFETIME— NATURE RECLAIMS HER OWN AND LEVELS THE WORKS OF MAN IN THESE FORSAKEN PLACES. BUT SO IT IS, AND WE CAN ALL THE BETTER VIEW THIS GRAND, MONUMENTAL EFFORT OF MRS. WOLLE'S AS OUTSTANDING —AND SO HAPPILY FORTUNATE FOR COLORADO!

I MUST NOT FAIL TO MENTION THE BOOK HAS A USEFUL AND COMPLETE INDEX; A DELIGHTFUL PREFACE, AND AN INTRODUCTION (THE LATTER REALLY BEING CHAPTER I); AND THERE IS EVEN A GLOSSARY OF MINING TERMS WHICH THE UNFAMILIAR READER MAY REFER TO IF SOME TECHNICAL TERM IN THE BOOK PROVES BOTHERSOME.

I SHOULD LIKE TO GIVE A MORE DETAILED REVIEW OF THE SPRIGHTLY AND ENGROSSING CONTENT OF THIS BOOK. HOWEVER, IF NOTHING MORE THAN TO ACCENTUATE MY STATEMENT THAT THE AUTHOR-ARTIST HAD A GOOD SENSE OF HUMOR (SHE ALMOST HAD TO HAVE), I WANT TO CULL, AT RANDOM, A FEW LITTLE GEMS FROM THE BOOK:

"WHEN LULU (A MOUNTAIN TOWN) WAS ABANDONED ITS POST OFFICE REMAINED, AND MAIL WAS DELIVERED LONG AFTER EVERYBODY HAD GONE. IN JANUARY, 1886, THE POST OFFICE WAS DISCONTINUED." "AHEAD IN A CLUMP OF TREES, TOWARD WHOSE SHADE WE HURRIED, WERE THE BUILDINGS OF LIBERTY (IN THE SAN LUIS VALLEY). HUNG ON THE OUTSIDE OF A GOOD-SIZED CABIN WAS A COLLECTION OF SKULLS AND BONES FROM HORSES, STEERS, AND SHEEP. BEYOND WAS A LITTLE CLEARING IN THE TREES, ON ONE SIDE OF WHICH WAS A SMALL, FALSE-FRONTED CABIN WHICH WAS ONCE THE POST OFFICE AND IN WHICH, JIM TOLD US, A HARMLESS LUNATIC HAD LIVED UNTIL RECENTLY. 'HE MUST HAVE BEEN MAD', SAID JIM LACONICALLY. 'I CAME DOWN HERE ONCE AND STOPPED TO SEE HIM. I OPENED THE DOOR OF THE CABIN AND FOUND HIM THERE DEAD DRUNK AND A DEAD SKUNK IN WITH HIM. HE'D BEEN THERE A WEEK.'" REFERRING TO ANIMAS FORKS, A PRACTICALLY ABANDONED MINING TOWN NOT FAR FROM LAKE CITY AND SILVERTON, THE AUTHOR SAYS: "ONE FAMILY WAS LIVING AT THE FORKS, AND SNUFFLING

AROUND THEIR HOUSE WERE SEVERAL PIGS. ONE OLD PORKER EYED ME SUSPICIOUSLY AND EVERY TIME I WALKED IN HIS DIRECTION, LOOKING FOR A NEW 'COMPOSITION,' HE STARTED TO CHARGE ME. FINALLY HE WON OUT, AND I FINISHED MY SKETCHING FROM THE CAR. I'VE BEEN STOPPED BY BEAVERS WHO DAMNED A ROAD TILL IT WAS UNSAFE TO CROSS; AND ONCE DEER FLIES CUT MY SKETCHING TRIP SHORT BY THEIR WICKED BITES, BUT NEVER BEFORE HAD I BEEN ROUTED BY PIGS!"

IN HER LAST CHAPTER--A SORT OF EPILOGUE ENTITLED "THERE'S ALWAYS ONE MORE"-- MRS. WOLLE SAYS: "JUST AS IMPORTANT AS FAITH IS A SENSE OF HUMOR. SOMETIMES THE SITUATION IS SIMPLY AMUSING, AS IT WAS ON THE DAY WHEN I ENTERED A NEWSPAPER OFFICE IN A TOWN ON THE WESTERN SLOPE AND ASKED THE EDITOR IF I MIGHT MAKE A SKETCH OF HIS OFFICE. HE SEEMED SURPRISED AT THE REQUEST BUT HE GRUDGINGLY CONSENTED, SAYING, AS HE LOOKED AT MY SKETCH PAD, 'SURE, YOU CAN MAKE A PICTURE IF YOU WANT, BUT I WARN YOU I WON'T BUY IT.'"

THE UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO IS TO BE CONGRATULATED FOR MATERIAL ASSISTANCE TO MRS. WOLLE IN THE FORM OF GRANTS FOR THIS SPECIAL RESEARCH. THIS WAS PRACTICAL ENCOURAGEMENT, WELL PLANNED AND APPLIED. THE ACHIEVEMENT HAS CERTAINLY "PAID OFF".

(FRED ROSENSTOCK, CHAIRMAN)

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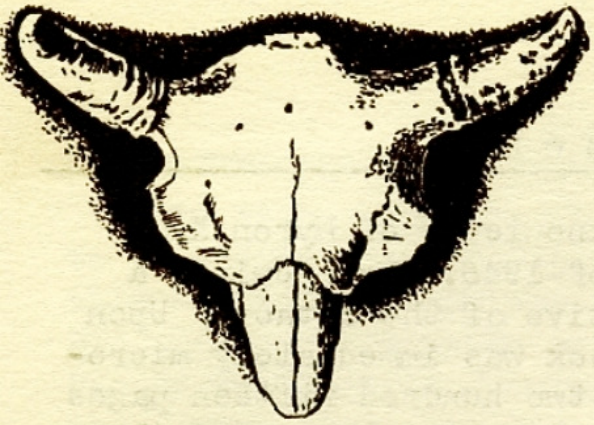

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JAMES POURTALES--FIFTEEN WESTERN YEARS

BY WILLIAM S. JACKSON

> "From my story you will be able to deduce that many disappointments and losses would have been avoided, had I in my youth been granted a more practical education and preparation for the struggle for existence. My life has taught me that if I had children, I would not bring them up under the influence of the pedantic secondary school education. Provided they were not physical or mental cripples, I would make of my sons men who, under any circumstance, even in a socialistic state, could earn their bread and, without relying too heavily upon family assistance, could win for themselves honored positions."

The foregoing words are quoted not from a contemporary writer, airing his views on the proper education for youth. They were actually written at the beginning of this century -- approximately fifty years ago. The author was James Pourtales, a German count, who had returned to his ancestral estate, Glumbowitz in Silesia, after having engaged in various enterprises in the western part of this country -- mostly in Colorado -- during the previous fifteen years. The words are in the preface of a book, written and privately printed in 1900 for his family and friends, detailing his life in the West.

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The existence of this book came to the knowledge of Myron K. Blackmer while in Switzerland in the Spring of 1946. He received a copy from Horace de Pourtales, a French relative of the author. Upon Mr. Blackmer's return to this country, the book was immediately microfilmed by the State Historical Society. Its two hundred fifteen pages of superior paper are well printed in the German gothic type and illustrated -- all illustrations except three being of Colorado scenes. Altogether the format is good. My wife, Margaret Woodbridge Jackson, has translated this book. Prior to our marriage she was an instructor and professor of German in various colleges and universities, having received her doctorate in that language. She spent one year at the University of Marburg, in Germany.

James Pourtales' account amplifies many facts already known and supplies new ones. It throws additional light on events and persons of that time, all of which can by no means be covered in this paper.

In his judgment,

> "The most attractive part of the United States for us Europeans is the southern and western part. The eastern section, by and large, seeks to imitate conditions in Europe or to surpass them in grandeur. However, the real backbone of the United States is to be found in the great agricultural production of the West and South, and of greater interest for us is the mass of raw material obtained from the same sections of the country. It is remarkable, but understandable if one is acquainted with the situation, that the Easterner in general knows very little about the western and southern parts of his country. The number of Americans who have travelled in the West is very small indeed."

However, he felt the South was still impoverished from the Civil War and after his first visit, during which he saw most of the United States, he says that he was particularly interested in the conditions in the West. Upon his return to Germany, he gave a lecture about it in Breslau, giving some information about agricultural conditions in the United States with special emphasis on the raising of cattle in the western states and the cultivation of wheat in California.

By this, however, it is not to be assumed that when Pourtales came to locate in Colorado Springs, at the conclusion of his second trip over this country, he had any intention of going into the cattle business. His coming to Colorado was much less spectacular than the advent of the Frewen brothers in Wyoming, who ran 50,000 to 60,000 head of cattle in the Powder River country. The business of raising beef cattle had caught the attention of Pourtales, but apparently his interest in it was academic. In fact, his approach was more that of an investor rather than that of an entrepreneur. He writes:

> "Since I had noticed during my first visit to the United States that in western mortgages one could get at least twice as high a rate of interest as is possible here, I went across in December 1885 with the plan of settling in Colorado and loaning money on mortgages. Soon after my arrival in Colorado Springs I put $10,000 in a first class mortgage on a Pueblo business firm from which I got interest at nine per cent, and two other mortgages of $4,000 and $5,000 at eight per cent."

This was the simple beginning that was later to involve him quite heavily in other operations. This involvement occurred, however, only when he ceased to be a lender and became a participant in a joint enterprise. Through Dr. Solly, a leading physician at the time, he met a Mr. William Willcox who owned a ranch which he had called "Broadmoor." In Pourtales' words:

> "The ranch lay south from Colorado Springs and contained about 1600 acres. There was a delightful stone dwelling house of massive proportions on the ranch and a cow barn and hay barn. According to earlier ideas, the grazing land was good; in a canon, where there were several springs, there was a natural meadow with grass which could hardly be called sweet. Mr. Willcox, a gentleman from Philadelphia, lived on this ranch with his family and ran a small dairy. Most of the milk he made into butter in a most primitive manner. The cows which he had were for the most part small, tubercular New Jerseys. (He of course means Jerseys.) This type of cow is remarkable for

the butter content of the milk it gives. Many such New Jersey herds exist in the eastern part of the United States."

Willcox at that time was beginning to realize that he could make nothing out of the ranch without putting more into it and without changing his technique. He wanted to find a partner who would take half ownership in the ranch and put up from $12,000 to $15,000. He did not want to give a mortgage because of a promise he had made his father, not to tie up his land. Pourtales thus describes the matter:

"But I didn't think of buying the ranch from Willcox, because this would have meant that I would have to remain permanently in the United States if I were going to operate the ranch. First of all I wanted to learn more about the dairy business by the practical means of visiting around; and I must confess that in Colorado, I might almost say west of the Mississippi, there was no very good dairy farm to be found in the year 1886."

He discovered, after asking around, that it was characteristic of Colorado cows that they did not give much milk. Having by this time taken a house in Colorado Springs, he bought in Denver two good milk cows and put them in a barn behind his house. He experimented in the feeding of them to see if he could not increase milk production. He fed them hay, alfalfa and ensilage. He states:

"I soon came to the conclusion that the difficulty, contrary to the situation in Europe, lay in getting enough carbohydrates in relation to the protein content of the fodder. I continued my experiments throughout two months. I had to give up determining the fat content of the milk by analysis because it was too difficult, but I did make practical experiments in butter-making. It soon became clear that with the rich feeding, which naturally was weighed out and noted down, cows can give good milk even in Colorado if they are only handled properly and well fed."

He then studied the water situation and realized that the water rights were of the utmost importance -- that land without right of irrigation had very little valué and must remain grazing land. After all these studies and inquiries, he proposed to Willcox that he should buy an interest in Broadmoor "for a considerable sum, with the understanding that, in the first place, he (Willcox) would be willing to purchase with me a large area of land next to Broadmoor with good water rights attached to the original deed so that it would be possible to raise the necessary alfalfa for a herd of milk cows." It was also to be agreed that some of the funds should go for various improvements: elimination of the worst cows, replacing them with some eighty new ones, cow barns to be enlarged. Milk dealers in the city were to assure them the sale of milk, and separaters were to be bought.

> "If we should agree to this, Willcox was to raise $10,000 for Broadmoor and another $5,000 out of his own pocket, while I would contribute $25,000 to the business provided he would pay me 6 per cent interest on the first income from this sum and the balance we would divide between us according to a certain percentage. Willcox agreed."

Accordingly, they bought the Rose ranch, about 250 acres, with good water rights out of Cheyenne Creek and Fountain qui Bouille.

It was thus that the joint adventure between Willcox and Pourtales began, with Willcox living at his Broadmoor ranch and Pourtales living in town. Not long afterwards, again to quote him:

> "By some misfortune an epidemic of contagious abortion (now also called undulant fever) began which infected not only the newly bought cows, but also those which had already been at Broadmoor. The means of fighting this ailment were not known in Colorado and were made use of only in France at that time, and the means which were used must have been completely misunderstood."

It is interesting to note that the dairy cattle industry seems still to be troubled with this disease. The recent 1949 session of the Colorado

State Legislature passed an act relating to the care, apprehension and avoidance of this disease. The new act refers to it not as undulant fever or Bang's disease, but as "brucellosis."

Then another trouble developed which could not be laid to the cows. As Colorado Springs prospered in the middle '80s, other persons decided to run dairy farms in competition with Broadmoor. Pourtales writes:

> "The dealers, who had been buying our product, discredited the Broadmoor milk and even went so far as to pour petroleum into the milk cans and to pass this mess on to the consumers so that the business under the direction of Willcox would get a bad reputation. The business suffered by this and the price of milk, which should have brought at least eight cents a quart, fell to a lower point. In 1887 I was informed that the interest on my funds could not be paid and that our business was no longer profitable."

> "Although the direct sale of milk and butter had been damaged by this competition, there was a third factor which hit the Broadmoor dairy a hard blow. The farmers had made it clear to the legislature of Colorado that they must be protected against Oleomargarine -- against the sale of it, as well as against the mixing of it with dairy products."

Over sixty years later we find the National Congress still struggling with the oleomargarine question.

Pourtales computed that the business must be conducted on a larger scale. They acquired more property and more water rights. He then writes:

> "Willcox was unable to keep up with these developments and so we changed houses; he moved into the city and I went out to Broadmoor. I engaged a Dutchman as overseer and for milkers I got some Swiss and Dutch."

The dairy then began to make cheese, in addition to selling milk and butter. At this point Pourtales writes:

> "The project began to prosper, for the alfalfa crop was excellent -- with three cuttings, 3½ to 4 tons of alfalfa hay from each acre in a year. In the second year of cultivation, 350 acres of alfalfa brought in almost 1500 tons of hay."

Now another step occurred in the ever-increasing involvement of Count Pourtales in the region -- a development which has more historical interest for today's generation than did the dairy business. Pourtales describes it in the following words:

> "While these events at Broadmoor were developing, the situation in Colorado Springs had changed greatly because of the growth in population. There was a great deal of building and the price of city lots had increased enormously. In the fashionable residential section along Cascade Avenue, land, which had cost $30 a front foot, now brought $100. Because of the increase in city wealth, the price of land in Broadmoor also rose. In the preceding fall and winter of this year it had already occurred to me that the high mesa of Broadmoor would be a most suitable location for a residential suburb to Colorado Springs. And it seemed to me that the proper time had come, before the Spring had advanced too far, to make an attempt to establish such a suburb at the western end of my land. In that area there were about 80 acres cutting right through the Broadmoor property which annoyed me very much. This land belonged to minor children and the only way I could get possession of it was to take a lawyer, Judge Colburn,* legal guardian of the minor children, into the undertaking. I formed a company, 'The Cheyenne Lake, Land and Improvement Company.' The purpose of this company was to sell building lots and, through the construction of a lake which would actually serve as a reservoir, to supply the owners of

*HE LATER MOVED TO DENVER AND BUILT THE COLBURN HOTEL WHEN HE WAS OVER EIGHTY YEARS OF AGE, AND LIVED TO BE PAST NINETY.

the building lots with water for their households and gardens. Willcox contributed $3,000 to this business, Colburn contributed the eighty acres of land as his share, and I, as chief investor and owner of Broadmoor, gave 240 acres of land and, in addition, $9,000. With part of this $9,000 a lake was constructed, in which process 'wheel-scrapers' -- machines for the removal of earth -- were used. * * * Since the lake was 300 feet wide and 1500 feet long, the dam had to be built up 14 feet above the floor of the lake in order to keep the water on this sloping plane. However, we made the dam 20 feet high and gave it a foundation 110 feet thick. The inner side of the dam was faced with large granite stones loosely laid, so that the waves which washed the shore could not tear the dam apart. The water was taken from Cheyenne Creek by means of a canal. From the lake as a center, the streets radiated -- particularly toward the east. Along the streets I had double rows of trees planted, and the streets themselves were at that time only plowed and kept free of grass. Willcox had agreed to build the first dwelling house immediately."

"It was of greatest importance to fill the Cheyenne Lake with water. I have already mentioned that the lake went dry 14 days after it had first been filled at the time the Cheyenne Lake Company was formed. In explanation of this fact, I must tell about the so-called 'prairie dogs,' which live on the prairies. The prairie dog is a little rodent looking like a cross between a rabbit and a rat and resembling a small kangeroo, but doesn't belong to marsupial species. These little animals build their dwellings deep down in the earth. It is often stated that they seek the level of the underground water. In any event they dig down to a gravel strata. That prairie dogs had inhabited the level stretch where the lake was constructed had not been noticed. Apparently they had once lived there and then, for some reason, moved away. After the earth had been removed by machine, the floor of the lake seemed to be

a good one -- a good clay content with no sand. But as soon as the lake was filled, the pressure of the water apparently reopened the prairie burrows, which were only superficially filled in, and the lake water rapidly drained off through these old prairie dog burrows. The burrows, and there were about 300, were filled with potter's clay as far as they could be discovered. At the first opportunity the lake was filled again. At a certain level it held water beautifully, but if this level were raised more water ran out than came in and the lake went dry. This time about 100 more holes were found. They were filled in as the others had been, but the same thing happened again, though to a lesser extent. So I bought 800 sheep and turned them into the dry lake, and fed them with alfalfa at different points on the lake floor. The sheep were kept there day and night, so that all the remaining prairie dog burrows would be filled up with bits of uneaten fodder and dung. I kept them there two months. Unfortunately, before I had a chance to fill the lake there was a heavy wind and dust storm, such as occurs on the prairies, and all the carefully introduced material, from which I had hoped so much, was blown away. There was enough left though to have some effect. Then I had some clay soil plowed loose above the lake and turned water over this until it was saturated, and I let this clay-bearing water into the lake and the clay settled to the bottom. By this procedure we succeeded finally in getting the lake to hold water. But the unexpected expense was considerable! Originally the lake had cost 20,000 dollars, what with plastering the banks with loose stones. By the time I had got the lake so that it figured as such in the landscape and had the dam sewn with grass, it had cost over $25,000. But it would have been impossible to have incorporated this huge hole, 1500 feet long and 300 feet wide, within a city.

"It was very unfortunate that the catastrophe at Johnstown, where hundreds of persons were drowned, and

> another dam-break in Colorado, where people were drowned, occurred about this time, because my lake and its dam gave a very sound reason for not building on its banks. * * * One evening it occurred to me that I could best win the confidence of the public if I had the Casino built directly on the dam. This was a happy idea in many ways."

From the foregoing it will be noted that Broadmoor had already been platted by Pourtales' company. He had reached the conclusion to build a casino and a complete water system for Broadmoor through the following reasoning:

> "Events proved that the building of a residential suburb would only be possible provided an excellent supply of water were assured those who purchased building lots. The only feasible way to obtain the water was to pipe it to the Broadmoor building lots from Cheyenne Creek, which lay several miles to the west of Broadmoor. In addition, it seemed to me essential to create another attraction, beyond the natural beauty which the place afforded, so that Broadmoor would have the advantage over both Colorado Springs and Manitou; the attention of the general public had to be directed more sharply toward Broadmoor and Cheyenne Lake than had thus far been the case. I made all kinds of plans and finally came to the conclusion that I needed $250,000."

> "In the course of the years I had invested $160,000 in Broadmoor. For these reasons I was not in any position to consider raising even a minor part of the necessary $250,000. But all the same, I said to myself that the money must be raised or the entire Broadmoor undertaking, which comprised an inseparable whole, would have to be sold."

One of the ways Count Pourtales used to draw people to Broadmoor was to form a country club. He tells at some length of this development. We have time to read but one of his paragraphs.

"I have already explained that in 1890 I had organized a country club, which was then very modest, with thirty members who enjoyed various sports, pigeon shooting and golf. In January of 1891, before I had decided to build the Casino, I began advocating the foundation of a larger country club with suitable buildings. Because I was well acquainted with all the 'leaders' of the city and was, I believe, well liked by them, I was able to get seventy members for the 'Cheyenne Country Club.' Each member promised to contribute $60 a fonds perdu and in addition to pay a yearly sum of $20. Not very much could be done with the $4,200 collected in this manner. On the other hand, it was very important for the whole Broadmoor undertaking to create a club which would attract to Broadmoor and vicinity that type of public which was still living in Colorado Springs. So $6,000 from the Broadmoor fund was loaned to the Cheyenne Country Club at six per cent interest and the money entered as a debt against the association."

It should be noted at this point that this club is apparently the next to the oldest country club in this country, being junior only to the Country Club of Brookline, Massachusetts. Pourtales remarks that the club-house was moved three times before assuming its present setting. The third move was that of turning it around so that the veranda facing west could be made to face east, thus enabling the members to watch the performances on the polo field.

But for Pourtales, the biggest event was the building and opening of the Casino. The grand opening occurred in 1892. Six hundred guests from Colorado and other states attended. There is not time to go into the many amusing details which Pourtales recites in his book, including the fact that the little electric car line, that he had persuaded its officers to build up Lake Avenue to the Casino, proved inadequate to transport the guests back into Colorado Springs. Pourtales remarks that the streets leading away from the Casino were lighted during the fourteen days before the opening with twenty electric lamps. To use the Count's own words, "because Broadmoor is located on high land, the trains which came and went from Colorado Springs could at night see the

'new city' brightly lighted. So many a traveller may have asked himself, 'What the devil is the matter with that prairie?' One newspaper article after another spread the news. For such advertisement I did not have to pay anything, at least not as long as my undertaking wore its baby shoes."

It should be added that shortly thereafter the Casino supply of liquors seemed to have vanished very rapidly to the financial loss of the establishment. I cannot resist including at this point Pourtales' description of the drinking habits of the Americans.

> "We in Germany are also very fond of our drink -- the ancient German used to lie on his bear skin and get drunk, but the modern German takes his drinks more slowly than the Yankee; he usually sits down in a tavern and drinks, be it schnaps or beer. But the American has other habits. The American barroom is furnished with a long table, like a shop counter, which is set up along one side of the room and behind this stands the man who serves the drinks, the 'bar-tender,' and here also the various drinks are kept. The American steps up to the counter and orders his 'drink,' and when he has swallowed it he takes a second and a third and leaves the shop, only to seek out another similar place at first opportunity and repeat the same rapid process. Usually several guests come into a bar together. Instead of sitting down in a comfortable fashion to converse while they drink, one of them calls out 'Take the orders,' and the bartender then asks each one what he wants. The drinks are ordered and prepared by the bartender; the guests regard one another and say, 'My regards,' or 'Hallo,' or 'Here's how' and empty the glass at one swallow. If, for instance, four men have come into the tavern together and one of them has ordered and the 'drink' has hit the spot, then the next one feels obliged to take his turn and he says to the bartender 'Take the orders.' And so it goes until each one of the four has stood his turn. If one enters a tavern in a group, one expects as many drinks as there are people in the group. One can

imagine that such a custom doesn't always bring good results, and that naturally a good share of the income goes down the throat and the family suffers for it. The women are very active in their efforts to check this custom. To drink at meal time, as we do in Europe, is not the custom; the man drinks before meals and after meals, but during the meal ice water is usually served."

At this point the attention of Pourtales was directed to Cripple Creek. His account indicates that he was one of the first in the field. He noted that "the only people in Colorado at that time who possessed fluid resources and who received large financial gains were the owners of mines. They also were the only ones who spent money at the Casino." Pourtales' statement, that he became convinced of the value of the district while the majority were still skeptical, is borne out by some of the newspaper accounts of that period. On May 8th, 1892, The Denver Republican wrote an editorial which reads, in part, as follows:

"Today The Republican presents to its readers the only complete and authentic account yet written of the great gold camps of Cripple Creek. * * * Cripple Creek has arrived at that stage when theorizing ceases. It has passed beyond the experimental stage and is now firmly established as a great producing district. * * * (It) has undergone a wonderful change during the three months of its active existence. Hundreds of new mines have been discovered and hundreds more have been developed into paying properties. ***"

The section of the paper dealing specially with Cripple Creek contains the following description of the Buena Vista mine:

"The Buena Vista mine, on Bull Mountain, has the credit of showing the largest amount of development work of any one property in Cripple Creek. About 500 feet of development has been done in shaft and levels. * * * No stoping has been done as yet, and only the ore brought out in development work has as yet been shipped. It runs full $100 to the ton. The croakers said when Cripple Creek was first made known that the ore was too near the surface and too high grade to last. The development work done on the Buena Vista shows that these croakers were just like the average croaker, very wide of the mark.

"The ore at the lowest level is superior in quality to that found at the surface and there is no sign of its giving out. * * * The mine is owned by the Buena Vista Mining Company. Count Pourtales, of Colorado Springs, is president, T. C. Parish is general manager, T. P. McDonald superintendent, and G. M. King is the agent.

"Work on this property was first started in January, so it will be seen that the management did not allow the grass to grow***"

There is not time to detail all of the disheartening experiences that Pourtales relates concerning his Cripple Creek mining venture. A writer for The Colorado Springs Evening Telegraph* in October, 1900, which it will be noted was after Pourtales terminated his interest in Cripple Creek and had returned to Germany, uses the following words to summarize the matter:

"There is one man that I have always regretted did not make a big fortune in Cripple Creek. I refer to Count Pourtales. He was a good fellow and brought a lot of money out here for investment. The very year Cripple Creek was discovered was the year the Casino at Broadmoor was built by him. Just a little, tiny bit of the money that went in there, placed at the right point in Cripple Creek, would have made him a millionaire a dozen times over. The Count was alive to the new camp and enthusiastic from the first. He sent for me one day and begged me not to write something adverse to it, as I would some day regret it. He went in there with Mr. T. C. Parrish, who had had quite an extended experience in mining camps, and they gave the place its first public importance. They looked at Mr. Stratton's claims and offered him $10,000 for an interest, but it was refused. Then they went up on Bull Hill and secured an option on the Buena Vista claim. * * * The bond was taken up and the Buena Vista company organized. Later it became a part of the Isabella company and the claim is one of the best in that great property. This big sale was a sen-

* "THE FORTUNES OF A DECADE," PP. 9, 10, A GRAPHIC RECITAL OF THE STRUGGLES OF THE EARLY DAYS OF CRIPPLE CREEK, THE GREATEST GOLD CAMP ON EARTH, ETC. WRITTEN, COMPILED AND PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF SARGENT & ROHRBACKER FOR THE EVENING TELEGRAPH, COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO, OCTOBER, 1900.

sation and had the effect of putting our people in earnest. They made other purchases later, but neither the Count nor Mr. Parrish held on long enough to reap the rich reward they deserved for their early faith."

For those of us who love the western mountain country, I must include Pourtales' description of a hunting trip he took one fall.

> "As I have said, I closed the Casino on the first of October. My nerves and health were in such a bad state that I let myself be persuaded to set off on a hunting excursion which would take me away from civilization for several weeks. With my wife I took the train as far as Glenwood Springs and hunted around on the high mountains for four weeks.
>
> "About 40 English miles from Glenwood Springs a group of men from Colorado Springs and Denver had joined together financially and had built a log cabin with a stable nearby. They had then organized a sort of club which would offer to its members opportunity for hunting during the fall months. They might enjoy the hunting season as a group, or use the lodge as a starting point for excursions. * * * The club members offered me the use of Marvin Lodge, with its guides and horses, in a most friendly fashion. ***
>
> "In all, I was away from Colorado Springs four weeks and I count them among the most perfect of my life. The life I led could be compared to that of an Indian or a trapper; fifty miles from the nearest station, one had no idea of the day or date. Though it would have been possible to get news from the outside world, I was totally unaware of what actually was going on in so-called civilization. I rejoiced in the beauties of nature, in the magnificent forests, mountains and views. All day I spent wandering about on foot or on horseback; meals tasted better than the finest offering of the best French chefs; at night I slept, wonderfully tired, on the hard camp bed; and one can well imagine how contented the old

trappers were leading a similar life in the early days of America. ***

"There is *** a story I would like to introduce here which illustrates how a man can become accustomed and devoted to the life of a hermit far from civilization. There was an old trapper who lived deep in the mountains and emerged only once a year to bring his skins and hides to market. With the returns from such sales as he made, he purchased powder, lead and perhaps flour and clothing. Otherwise he lived from what he could kill or catch. One day, as this old trapper was hunting in his usual area, he saw the smoke of a camp fire rising in the distance. Angrily he turned around, saying, 'It's getting too crowded here. I have to move away.' And truly, when one has for weeks lived a life similar to a trapper's and has enjoyed himself, as I enjoyed myself during my own hunting trip, then one can well understand the feelings of this old fellow."

The mining experience directed Pourtales' attention toward the possibility of developing improved methods of ore reduction. To quote from him once more:

"I talked a great deal about the treatment of ores with the Englishman Moreton Frewn (Frewen)*, who was a well known bimetallist. This gentleman had been telling me for years tales about a certain Crawford and his wonderful mill -- a ball mill. Thereupon in the Spring of 1892 I sent a ton of ore to Salt Lake City for treatment in one of these ball mills, and the amount of gold taken from the ore -- the treatment is based upon amalgamation -- seemed

*MORETON FREWEN'S CAREER AS A CATTLEMAN IN WYOMING IN THE '80S WAS THE SUBJECT OF HERBERT BRAYER'S PAPER IN JULY 1949. THE NAME OF FREWEN BROTHERS WAS FAMILIAR TO COLORADOANS IN THE '90S, NOT ONLY AS CATTLEMEN BUT ALSO AS MINING MEN. IT WILL BE RECALLED THAT BRAYER'S ARTICLE MENTIONS THAT MORETON FREWEN TOOK A PROMINENT STAND ON THE SILVER QUESTION.

to me greater than it would have been with the usual stamping mill. At the end of September, 1893, I got a telegram from Frewn in London in which he told me that Crawford had made a wonderful discovery concerning a better treatment of gold ore. He also said that he would come to the United States immediately with Crawford to introduce the discovery there, and that he would like very much to join forces with me and use the discovery in Colorado. * * * At the beginning of October, Crawford also came to Colorado and I took him to Cripple Creek and led him around the whole mining district, showing him the ores that occur there and explaining to him other circumstances. Crawford had a little model of his newly discovered ore mill which he had brought with him, and, in conjunction with Frewn, he set it up in Denver at the end of October. They intended to conduct experiments on a small scale for the treatment of the different gold ores in Colorado. Instead of the balls of his earlier mill, Crawford used in this new invention a wedge-shaped cylinder which broke up the ore and allowed it to fall, in its powder form, into quicksilver. Crawford had admitted to me during his visit in camp that there was in the Cripple Creek ore a large percentage which would not combine with the quicksilver. He assured me, however, that he could recover this gold by treatment with potassium cyanide, provided the greater per cent of the gold had amalgamated with quicksilver in his mill.

"The field of ore treatment was wholly new to me and so I had to rely upon the judgment of specialists. I put great faith in Frewn, with whom my wife and I had been acquainted earlier. The experiments with Cripple Creek ore, which had been sent to Crawford in Denver for trial and treatment, showed good results after an analysis of the tailings. By amalgamation alone we extracted almost 90 per cent of the gold without the use of potassium cyanide. * * * The breaking up of the ore in this mill was noticeably cheaper than

> in the stamping mill, and the wear and tear on the machine parts of Crawford's mill was half as great as that in the usual stamping mill. The erection of a large version of the Crawford mill without the power to drive it was supposed to cost $1,500. This mill was said to treat twenty tons of ore in twenty-four hours. Parrish, Devereaux and several others, who, earlier, had something to do with the treatment of ore and who watched the experiments with me, considered this result good."

The next paragraph I quote to show how Pourtales was inclined to blame his associates for some of the failures:

> "* * * He (Devereaux) brought Harry Leonard into the company as bookkeeper. The end of the story was that Crawford spent more money than he should, and eventually the mill froze up and the water pipes burst, and Crawford, maintaining that he could not work with Devereaux, walked out. Crawford's wife, who had taken up residence in Denver, was ill and Crawford used this circumstance as an excuse to leave Cripple Creek and desert his mill. The combination of potassium cyanide and amalgamation, which we proposed to use, was never attempted. My other partners had troubled themselves very little or not at all about the project. Parrish had taken a pleasure trip to California; Frewn went back to England; Stevens showed no interest at all; and Chisholm had only glanced at the business occasionally."

Pourtales did not lose heart at these occurrences and was continually at work trying to develop some new way of treating gold. The last method, which he was promoting in London after he left this country, was treatment by the use of electricity.

In December 1895 Pourtales became acquainted with John Brockman of Silver City, New Mexico, and Richard Penrose, the geologist brother of Spencer Penrose. They brought news of a promising mine in Arizona. After Penrose and Brockman had examined the mine, Pourtales met them at

La Junta and they all decided to proceed further. At about this time Harry Leonard, whom Pourtales described as having experienced some success in Cripple Creek, called attention to the Contention Mine which was in the neighborhood of Telluride. Before he went to Arizona to inspect the Pearce Mine, Pourtales and the Countess went to Telluride to look over the Contention Mine. They stopped at a house which belonged to a certain Belle O'Brien. The Count described her as "a character such as one finds only in a mining city; she chewed tobacco and spat. However, she conceived a great fondness for my wife and kissed her continually."

When the Pearce mine in Arizona became increasingly promising and they could not get the contract they wished out of those interested in the Contention Mine, Pourtales writes: "A certain Baron Richthofen, who was a representative of the Exploration Company and in Denver, took over our contract with Hockley and paid us $5,000 for it which was sufficient to repay Leonard and me for our expenses in connection with the Contention Mine. The Baron bound himself to pay us, on the 15th of July, 1896, a further $5,000." Later on in his story, Pourtales tells of meeting Richthofen in London, and refers to him then as a fine fellow who paid him the remaining $5,000. At that time he remarks that the Contention Mine did not pan out as successfully as it looked at first.

Meanwhile he and his associates organized the Commonwealth Mining and Milling Company to take over the Pearce mine. As he says:

> "Finally, after the favorable completion of all this business, I could consider leaving Colorado and returning to my European home. I knew that this time I had acquired able and honest partners in the persons of Penrose, Brockman and Barringer."

The Commonwealth mine, which he visited in the Spring of 1898 and again in the Spring of 1899, continued to develop and pay him handsome returns. The income from this Arizona mining property gives the Pourtales story a comfortable ending from a financial standpoint.

It will be noted that the very first time Pourtales mentions Moreton Frewen he refers to him as a "well-known bimetallist." Although Pourtales does not refer to his own views in his story, it is interesting to observe that he was an ardent bimetallist himself and went so far

as to urge the cause of bimetallism by having printed a pamphlet entitled, "Some Views on Bimetallism," by James Pourtales, Colorado Springs, Colorado, April 1895. In this pamphlet were copied two articles published in Germany -- one containing the speech of a German member of the Reichstag, the other referring to the attitude of a member of the French governmnet. Both articles were in favor of bimetallism and the need for convincing the English government to adopt it. After quoting these men, Pourtales writes -- and you will note it is in his own English:

> "Three classes of people can be distinguished in their aims concerning the monetary question. The gold bug is the first; it is he who controls the money of today, who has kept, and still keeps, by his power over the press, a great many people in ignorance as to their real interests. Only a few derive benefits from the present gold monometallistic system; these are the monopolies of the present currency, for whom the scarcity of money is an advantage.
>
> "The silverite is another character. He wants to see silver on top, and is an enemy of the gold bug to the knife; he would be pleased to see the silver mines regarded as a 'Mecca' by the people (though it be even only for a short period.) But he wants that silver should crowd out the gold; he would not hesitate to make the gold dollar unsound money. The monetary question is for him largely one of speculative silver mining.
>
> "Finally there is he who says, 'Suum Cuique' and in medio tutissimus ibis, the bimetallist who says, give to silver the same right as to gold; give it that place again which it held for centuries, but of which it has been deprived since 1873 by the closing of the mints; give to silver a place which it can hold conjointly with gold, by a strong combination of leading nations -- the money powers -- agreeing to such steps as will be necessary to make gold and silver international money, giving them the chance of the ordeal of

fire, which will be done by opening the mints of these nations for the free coinage of silver as well as of gold at a fixed ratio."

Pourtales crossed the Atlantic twenty-two times, eleven over and eleven back, during the fifteen years he was devoting his principal energies to this western country. And, German-like, his book contains many pages discussing the steamship companies and the different types of boats used in the crossings. Frewen's crossings were apparently more frequent, but he had stockholders and directors to meet. The stories of these two men emphasize the fact that the West was not only a place for the investment of money from Europe, but was a sort of international meeting ground for the more adventurous Europeans to try out their personal enterprises. The international character can be seen in El Paso County -- the French and Spanish before the coming of the railroad, then afterwards an English strata for Colorado Springs, and a German base for Broadmoor.

In this international melée, Pourtales deplored the fact that Germany was at a disadvantage. He puts it this way:

"Unfortunately, the young Germans who have thus far migrated to foreign countries are completely lost to their fatherland, and if they should return, a lengthy stay in a foreign land away from their fellow countrymen would be criticized, as if by their very absence they had shunned duties toward their home land. How differently this situation is judged and treated in England and Holland! Everywhere on this globe one can find the sons of the best and richest families at work and in close connection with their fatherland. When they have achieved something, they return home permanently, and later send out their sons to new adventures or to continue those undertakings in which they themselves had formerly been engaged."

The Pourtales book puts flesh and blood on the skeleton story that appears in the abstracts of title to the properties in Broadmoor. Many a lawyer and some Broadmoor property owners, in looking over an abstract covering Broadmoor property, must have wondered how in 1890 the Central

Trust Company of New York could have been persuaded to make a quarter of a million dollar loan secured by Broadmoor property, and how such a large loan could again have been made in 1895 by the London and New York Investment Company, another eastern concern. This book gives the principal actor's account of these doings.

The particular abstract which I have with me shows that the mortgage to the Central Trust Company was foreclosed and a new company -- The Broadmoor Land Company -- took title in 1894. It was this company which borrowed $250,000 from the London and New York Investment Company in 1895, and it was the loan to this company to which Pourtales states he did not incur any personal obligation.

Paradoxically, his largest financial failure laid the basis for an ultimate success -- the development of his Broadmoor much as he would have liked to see it grow. His vision here has been vindicated in a subsequent generation. The streets, the avenues, and the lake now surround a hotel which would surprise and please him by its grandeur.

The principal deviation from the Pourtales plan is the location of the hotel. Having located the Casino on the east side, the Pourtales plan contemplated a hotel on the west side of the lake. This is the way Maxfield Parrish, with artistic license, has made his painting -- showing the lake in the foreground of the hotel and the mountains in the background. Of course, the present location of the hotel is where the Casino once stood and gives to those looking out from it a western view that includes both the lake in the foreground and the mountains in the background. The second Casino is now the Broadmoor Golf Club. The first Casino, which was larger and more pretentious, was burned.

It is also an interesting turn that as one member of the Penrose family, Richard, the geologist, was Pourtales' associate in the successful mining enterprise in Arizona, which may be considered to have restored what he had lost in Colorado, so it was another member of the Penrose family, Spencer, who in another era built upon the Pourtales' base and completed the Pourtales' dream for Broadmoor.

It satisfies one's sense of justice that the community which he founded and platted and nurtured should eventually take on so much of the character he had envisioned. As he himself wrote even before the

days of the present Broadmoor Hotel,

> "Even if I did lose considerable sums in my first undertakings and possessed no money at all in 1891, I must say that I have worked my way up in an honest fashion without capital, without the help of my European friends, with nothing but my good name. The fact that I did not achieve financial gains in all undertakings bothers me little; at least I can say that my activities met a need or indicated progress, and those activities have proved this fact in their development to date. I know full well that a man with the practical upbringing that I suggested in my foreword would be less disappointed and more successful."

Pourtales had the prevailing orthodox view about trade and commerce -- that both parties benefit in a transaction -- as distinguished from gambling, where to the extent that one person is benefitted another suffers a corresponding detriment. Commerce is therefore productive; gambling is not.

Struthers Burt, in his book on the Powder River, tells how Claire Sheridan, the sculptress, daughter of Moreton Frewen, made a trip to Wyoming many years after her father's cattle operations in that state and could, only with great difficulty, locate the site of her father's headquarters as manager of the Powder River Cattle Company. A relative of James Pourtales would, after the same span of years, have been at no effort to find Broadmoor, which Pourtales had been so largely instrumental in furnishing with its initial form and growth.

Like Moreton Frewen, Count Pourtales was married in this country; but unlike some other counts, as well as Frewen, he did not marry an American heiress. He married his own first cousin, Berthe Pourtales, a countess born, who came to this country to be with her father in Cambridge, Massachusetts. The latter was a scientist and an associate of Louis Agassiz of Harvard. After an impermanent marriage in Boston to a well known composer, the Countess Berthe came to Colorado Springs with her two young daughters seeking to recover her health. It can here be noted that they were married in New York City and that she died in California under the surgeon's knife, refusing the aid of anesthetics.

All reports agree they were a charming, handsome couple. He was tall, of pleasant countenance and agreeable disposition; she very stately and of great beauty. Pourtales Road and Berthe Circle in Broadmoor are thus both named after the Count and Countess Pourtales, as well as a more recently platted addition in Broadmoor which bears the Pourtales name.

Count Pourtales died in 1908, less than ten years before the present Broadmoor Hotel was commenced and only eight years after he had written,

> "I write this book really because my active energy -- the love of creation -- has not diminished, in spite of the fact that I have grown older."

Since he had no children, his ancestral estates passed to a French cousin. Glumbowitz was confiscated by the German government during the first world war because of its French inheritor. Now, after the second world war, we find that part of Silesia in which Glumbowitz is located, behind the Iron Curtain, incorporated as a part of Poland. It may be that Broadmoor remains as the most enduring monument to the restless, creative and kindly energy of James Pourtales.

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TRAIL DUST FROM THE DENVER CORRAL

Art Carhart returns to our midst with mss. galore under his arm, after a spell up in the hills a-writin'. Things like: copy for a CONSERVATION HANDBOOK, sponsored by the Garden Clubs of America, and being brought out under the auspices of the Natural History Museum of New York; three chapters for Ira S. Gabrielson's monumental

FISHERMAN'S ENCYCLOPEDIA (companion to the HUNTERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA) -- ones on "History of Fishing Tackle", "Structure and Function of Each Part of Tackle", and "How to Cast, with Fly and Bait"; corrected page proofs and the Index for another book, FISHING IS FUN (Macmillan and Co.); and two articles to be published in Sports Afield's ANNUAL. Outside of all this, Art allows, he "had fun". Oh, and don't forget the articles "Bad Medicine for the Rio Grande", in this month's AMERICAN FORESTS magazine; and "How to Call Deer", scheduled for an early issue of OUTDOOR LIFE. (How do you spell "prolific", bub?)

News notes on what becomes of our annual BRAND BOOK: Vol. 1 (1945), all gone; Vol. 2 (1946), 6 Posse copies left; Vol. 3 (1947), 120 left out of 547. And -- hold your hats, Vol. 4 (1948) - copies will be distributed at the next meeting of THE WESTERNERS! (For status of monthly BRAND BOOKS, see rear pages of this number -- and, if you lack copies to complete your files, DO SOMETHING!)

Says Art Zeuch: "The first edition of STAMPEDE TO TIMBERLINE is entirely gone. We are running a reprint now." If you didn't get one -- more's the pity....

Erie Douglas gave his now internationally famous Indian Fashion Show on September 7th before 500 members of the International Anthropologists Society at the Brooklyn Museum. "Thirty-two," he says, "32 (count 'em) beautiful living models showing Indian women's costumes of the period from 1825 to date." (Eric has details on this show...)

We will be looking for a story by (now) Posseman Ray Colwell in the Denver Post Magazine. Probably on ghost town lore...

LeRoy Hafen writes: "I have just finished the revision and additions to WESTERN AMERICA, for a new edition of this college textbook on the history of the West, written in collaboration with Dr. C. C. Rister."

TREAD OF THE LONGHORNS, by Walter Gann, will be ready for distribution about October 15th.

RANCH ROMANCES, for October, has another (ye gods, it must be 'way up in the hundreds now, Doc!) story by Dabney Otis Collins: "River Highway", a story of the development of travel and transportation on the Missouri River. And, sold to WESTERN HORSEMAN, for early publication, "Weaving a Horsehair Saddle Girt", an article on how to do it with a tarrabee, the pioneer twisting paddle -- about which did you ever hear?

We think it nice that our guest, B. H. Heddy (British Consul in Denver), wrote on his card to the editor: "I am most appreciative of opportunities to find out more about the West; and The Westerners' papers are shown to my visitors from England as a matter of course. The more intelligent of these visitors are, I find, as fascinated by them as I am."

It appears that Don Bloch leaves October 3rd for a couple of weeks prowling Mesa Verde and Santa Fe, the Great Sand Dunes, Antonito and La Jara, Taos, and some of the pueblos down thataway.

Levette ("Lafe" to some!) Davidson, scribbles: "On a recent trip to California, I had the pleasure of visiting some famous sites of early Western history - Virginia Dale, Colo.; Fort Bridger, Wyo.; Temple Grounds, Salt Lake City, Utah; Harold's Club, Reno (hmmmm...); old mining towns in California; "Cannery Row" - i.e., Monterey, Calif.; etc. It is good to get back to Denver and hear the lowdown on the historical background of these and other famous places - from The Westerners, of course."

PROGRAM FOR OCTOBER

Arthur L. Campa will present a paper on "Superstitions and Witchcraft Along the Rio Grande". Art, by the way, has just returned from an extensive field trip to southern Colorado and New Mexico gathering curative herb and plant lore.

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EXTRA COPIES OF THE MONTHLY BRAND BOOK AVAILABLE

DATE	VOL.	NO.	ARTICLE	AUTHOR	COPIES ON HAND
APR. 1945	1	3	THE WILD WEST OR BEADLE'S DIME NOVELS	COLIN B. GOODYKOONTZ	11
AUG. 1945	1	7	THE MEEKER MASSACRE AND THORNBURGH BATTLE—FACT AND FICTION	FORBES PARKHILL	2
DEC. 1945	1	11	LONG RIFLES AND RAW MEAT	ARTHUR H. CARHART	8
JAN. 1946	2	1	YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK	EDMUND B. ROGERS	22
FEB. 1946	2	2	WESTERN BRUSHSTROKES - A SYMPOSIUM	ARTHUR CARHART	1
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JUNE 1946	2	6	COALS FROM MY CAMPFIRE	COL. FRANK H. MAYER	19
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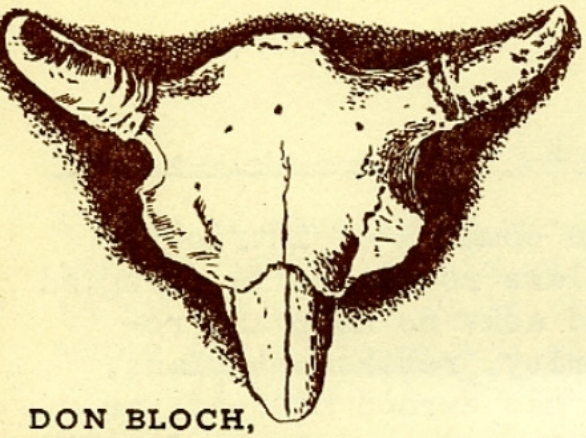

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NEWS BUTCHERS ON WESTERN RAILROADS

BY RALPH B. MAYO

This is the story of the news butchers. Not of any particular men among them, nor is it a complete history of all of them. No individual personality has been singled out for dramatization or to weave a personalized tale, either in fiction or fact. Rather, the purpose is to faithfully assemble such information about these strange and interesting merchants on the western railroads, as has reached the limited notice of the author. The search has been for the truth, documented where possible, and tales of spectacular exploits have been avoided.

In the stuffy wording of railroad contracts they are "news agents", but to trainmen, passengers, and friends, they are "news butchers" and among themselves they are the "butch". This familiar name is traced back to 1889 by the Dictionary of American English, but is probably much older. Everybody knows about them, and has met them, but nobody writes about them. The railroad literature boasts of the services to passengers: sleeper, diner, lounges, bars, barbers and stewardesses, but never a mention of the news butcher. Yet in many ways he is or was more important to the passengers and their comfort or discomfort than all these. More even than the conductor, who is captain of the train and lord of all his domain, of one to fifteen cars, but not master over the butcher. No, the butch is an independent merchant, a monopolist, an entrepreneur in the dictionary sense, responsible of course to the news company for certain money and merchandise but otherwise a free lance. He is a merchant who knows his merchandise and the wants of his customers, or if need be can create that want. He is a master of psychology without aca-

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demic degree, has the touch of an expert and a command of intricate sales techniques without benefit of text or class room. He is a rugged individualist who prospers by his own wits and asks no help and receives none. He is a stranger to social security, retirement plans, subsidies and price support. What he has, he has earned himself, or made, or secured, or got, or whatever the right word is. Just give him a train with passengers on it, tourists preferred, is all he asks and the butcher will carve out a living and something more.

He is not the best of men nor is he the worst. In his sense of values the dollar rates high, very high, but face him with distress or an emergency and he is resourceful and generous. Methods of acquisition are his specialty; he is bold, venturesome and spectacular in his approach and is prepared to meet any situation, however rugged. His passengers hold various opinions of him ranging from indifference to tolerant acceptance with occasional antagonism. Some folks like him, some are amused, but at the other end of the scale are those that are annoyed or even dislike him. Everybody has an opinion about him, for he touches the lives of all his passengers.

This is a walk of life or a calling which started with the building of the first railroads about a century ago; rose to its place of importance and now has disappeared entirely from many of the railroads and from all strictly first-class trains and remains on a greatly reduced basis only on certain roads. In 1904 the Columbus Evening Dispatch (Aug. 16) stated that "the days of the 'butchers' are numbered and their privileges have been so restricted that they are able to do little if any business." This may have been true on the eastern roads, but the zenith of the growth and importance of the news business on western railways came somewhat later, probably between 1910 and 1925.

The Railroads

The story of news butchers is inseparable from that of the railroads. It means the sale of newspapers and other merchandise on the trains. Therefore, there were no butchers until there were railroads. The first trains ran in about 1831 which approximately marks the beginning of this unique business. There is evidence that news service on trains started very early in railroad history. The Union News was granted the right to sell newspapers, magazines and tobacco through

trains of the Harlem Railroad by Commodore Van Derbilt the owner. In consideration of this right the founder of the Union News agreed that he or his agents would first pass through each train with a bucket of water and a dipper and give a drink to each passenger. ("Grand Central" by David Marshall, McGraw-Hill, page 100).

This discussion will be limited to the western railroads. The first to build west of the Missouri was the Union Pacific which started to lay rails in Omaha in 1865 and completed its junction with the Central Pacific with the golden spike ceremony at Promontory Point, Utah in 1869. The Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific effected a junction at Deming, New Mexico in 1881 forming the second rail route to the Pacific. The last spike of the Northern Pacific to the Pacific was driven in Hell Gate Canyon at Gold Creek, Montana in 1883. The Canadian Pacific reached Vancouver in 1885. Then followed the Oregon Short Line and O. W. R. & N. to Portland in 1885, the Santa Fe with its own through route to Los Angeles in 1888, the Great Northern to the Puget Sound in 1893, the Los Angeles and Salt Lake in 1905, the Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul to Seattle in 1909, the Western Pacific to San Francisco in 1910 and the last of the transcontinental lines, the Canadian National to Vancouver in 1914.

Men had pushed out into the West before the railroads; the Mormons to the great Salt Lake in 1847, the California gold rush of 1849, the Colorado gold rush of 1859 and other historic movements. Nevertheless, the real development of the west was made possible by the western railroads. Under the law of reciprocity, the natural resources of this vast country and the acumen of its people in turn made the building and growth of these railroads possible. An "on the ground" description of early conditions is found in Grofutt's "Transcontinental Guide" (1872) page 31.

> "In 1865 this place (Atchison, Kansas) was the principal point on the Missouri river from which freight was forwarded to the great west----. There was loaded at this place 4,480 wagons, drawn by 7,310 mules and 29,720 oxen. ----An army of 5,610 men was employed. The freight taken by these trains amounted to 27,000 tons."

This same Tourist Guide (page 52) under the heading "Denver", says

that the principal hotel is the American and that "what cannot be found in Denver, you need not hunt for in the west." Take that any way you wish.

Of primary interest here is the Union Pacific. It was made possible by an act of Congress signed by President Lincoln in 1862 plus Federal aid through land grants and bond purchases. This act was interpreted to fix the starting point of the route at Council Bluffs. There was no bridge across the Missouri and in fact no railroad had yet been built to that point (Council Bluffs) from the east. The Chicago and Northwestern was the first road to arrive in 1867, followed by the Rock Island and then the Wabash. Rails had touched the Missouri at St. Joseph somewhat earlier.

Ground was broken for the Union Pacific in December 1863 at the foot of Davenport and the Missouri river in Omaha, but the real start was made from a point near the present Carter Lake when the first track was laid in 1865. The rails and first engines and cars were brought up the river by boat from St. Joseph. Cars were ferried across the river between Council Bluffs and Omaha until 1872 when the first bridge was completed.

As soon as the rails reached Fremont train service was started and was extended westward as construction permitted, reaching Ft. Kearney on the 100th Meridian or 190 miles in 1866. This run took 18 to 24 hours with an overnight stop at Columbus until a contract was signed with George Pullman personally (no company) Oct. 1, 1867. By this time the Northwestern had reached Council Bluffs and the famous Palace Cars were ferried across the river. The road reached Cheyenne in July, 1867 and Ogden in March, 1869 and the golden spike was driven at Promontory Point, Utah on May 10, 1865, connecting with the Central Pacific from San Francisco in the first transcontinental route. This more than 1,000 miles of mainline track was surveyed, graded and laid in a period of four years, a construction record which would be difficult to attain in this present time with modern equipment. Of course, the rails were light, (55 pounds), the ties rough and hand-hewn and the graded cuts and fills narrow and rough and without ballast. But it was a railroad and it carried thousands of tons of merchandise for the commerce of the day and the comfort of the people and at speeds, though slow by present standards, that eliminated all competition where time was important.

Likewise passenger business grew as people felt the pull of the western land of opportunity. Immigrant trains were run to provide economical one-way passage for those who left their homes in other lands to settle in the West. Business men found it convenient to travel on business and people found it pleasant to take train excursions for pleasure in the comparative luxury of the plush coaches. This is where our news butchers came on the stage. This was his meat. The Union Pacific trains had news butchers on them from the beginning, even as early as 1865 as we shall see later. Pacific Railroads Illustrated (D. Appleton Co.) published in 1878 (page 8) describes a scene in the Omaha station.

> "The Union Pacific depot is a handsome structure. It contains every convenience for the traveler. The scene of the departure and arrival of the transcontinental trains is of the liveliest kind. There is a mingling of many races and many costumes. Sleeping-car porters and conductors, brakemen, news-agents, railway police, emigrants, soldiers, plainsmen, fashionable tourists, commercial travelers, and occasional Indians give spice and variety to the ensemble."

The Contractor

We turn now to the outfit that first contracts with the railroad, then hires the news butchers to represent them on the trains. It is necessary to see how they conduct their business and what they expect of the butcher to understand him and his way of life.

As an interesting example, the case of Sidney D. Barkalow is selected because he and his brother formed the partnership of Barkalow Brothers in Omaha and took the news contract on the Union Pacific in 1865 ("Omaha and Douglas County" 1917 page 123), and because this writer knew him personally before his death in 1915 and admired his qualities as a man who had attained true success in the finest sense. This same Barkalow Brothers still holds the news privilege in Union Pacific stations to this day and has held it continuously for 84 years.

Sidney Barkalow was born in 1844 in Ohio. In 1856 at the age of 12 he moved with his family to Omaha. He remembers his father mobilizing with the men of the community on the hill where Central High

School now stands, at times when Indian trouble threatened. He, at the age of 16, opened a bookstore on Farnum Street in 1860. When Lincoln was assassinated he placed telegraphic bulletins in the store window for the crowds to see. When the Union Pacific started to run trains in 1865, he and his brother, D. V. Barkalow, contracted for the news service and they were on the first passenger train westward from Omaha ("Omaha and Douglas County" 1917, page 123). The son of Sidney Barkalow is our own Denise Barkalow who is well and favorably known in Denver, where he has lived for many years.

A disturbing reference is found in Grofutts "Transcontinental Tourist Guide" (1872) page 27, which at the time of this writing has not been reconciled with facts stated previously. It says:

> "G. C. Hobby, Esq., General News Agent of the Union Pacific Railroad, who will supply our "Guide", "World", "Hickman" and in fact all our publications, either wholesale or retail. Dealers on the line of the U. P. and at Omaha should order of Hobby."

Through the kindness of Mr. Bennewitz, of the U. P. contract department, and Mr. Rigdon, historian for that company, a careful search has been made for early copies of the Barkalow contract with the Union Pacific. The earliest found was dated August 15, 1876, exactly 73 years ago. It is in excellent penmanship and is signed by S. H. H. Clark as General Superintendent for the Union Pacific. Mr. Clark became President of the railroad from 1892 to 1898. This contract was for a period of three years and "granted the exclusive right and privilege of conducting on (its) railroad and trains the News Business". The consideration was $7,500 per year, payable monthly in advance.

The next original contract which could be found was dated January 5, 1881 and contained just 24 words. This contracted the news business on the Denver and South Park Railway, which at that time was part of the Union Pacific system. The consideration was $2,500 per year. This agreement is of particular interest because it was written in the beautiful handwriting of Mr. Barkalow, and is on the letterhead of Barkalow Brothers, and shows that this young aggressive firm, after 16 years in business, had gained news contracts on 12 railroads as follows:

Union Pacific Railway
Burlington & Mo. River R. R. in Neb.
Missouri, Kansas & Texas Ry.
Colorado Central Ry.
Utah & Northern Ry.
Kansas City, Ft. Scott & Gulf Ry.
Kansas City, Lawrence & Southern Ry.
Denver Pacific Ry.
Denver, South Park & Pacific Ry.
Atchison & Nebraska R. R.
Omaha & Republican Valley R. R.

Most of these names are now obscure or little known. It would be interesting, if time permitted, to trace the story of these ventures as they enter the spotlight and then fade from the scene.

The next contract found is typewritten and is dated January 1, 1890. It is for one year and conveys the exclusive right "to conduct the news business on the trains and at the stations of the said Union Pacific Railway Company, the Oregon Short Line and Utah Northern Railway Company, the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, and also upon all of its branches, leased and operated lines -- including also the right to carry on said news business upon all of the transportation lines which may be operated or controlled by the Union Pacific Railway, except steamers and river boats". The consideration was 25% of the gross sales before any deductions for commissions, or otherwise. This would mean that Barkalow Brothers must price merchandise so that it could pay this rental of 25¢ out of each $1.00 of sales, plus the usual 20¢ to the news agent, which would leave 55¢ to cover the cost of the goods and other expenses and a margin for profit. In other words, the sale price had to be about three times the cost of the article. If a package of candy cost 3¢ and was designed to sell for 5¢, it would be necessary to sell it on the trains for 10¢. Those were the good old days in retail mark-up.

Barkalow Brothers have had contracts on other western railroads including the Moffat Road from about 1913 to 1925. Other well-known news companies with contracts on the western railroads were, (using only their familiar names), Interstate, Van Nuys, Fred Harvey, Gray, and Burke.

The merchandising methods and controls of all of these companies

were similar. They purchased goods in quantity from the usual wholesale sources, except that some of the unusual and unique items, like Indian art and craft work, required ingenuity and "know how" in dealing with these strange people and in remote places. Generally the articles handled were standard and well-known, but, as will be noted later, the company buyers were always in pursuit of unusual trinkets which would catch the eye and intrigue the curiosity of the passengers, especially the tourists. Puzzles, trick toys, jewelry, cards and picture books were of this class and represented the best mark-ups and produced the more exciting profit results. The "bread and butter" items were newspapers, magazines, candy, cigarettes and cigars;;however, as we shall see, the most profitable items for the company were not always the favorites among the butchers.

The company would set up a stock room in or near the station, where space and facilities were provided for checking the agents out and in. Each agent was provided with specially constructed cases for jewelry, trunks for magazines, books, tobaccos and other items and hampers for fruits and candies. When these wore filled for a run on a scheduled train the items would be listed with a copy for the agent as well as the company. Porter service was provided by the company for which a charge of 25¢ was made for loading on the front seats of the forward passenger coach.

Since this load of goods represented a sizeable sum, a deposit of cash as security of $50.00 or $100.00 or more was required. This goal was frequently only theoretical and the company frequently "trusted" the boy, who was expected to live and sleep with his boxes, except when safe storage could be found at the terminals, until he returned from the run, had them unloaded by the porter for another 25¢, and checked in. These lone merchants had no showcase and counters from which to sell, nor cashiers or cash registers to ring up sales, nor any sales tickets. In fact, they stood in the middle of their cash box as they passed up and down the aisles of the weaving coaches with their stock of merchandise on their arms. Such being true the companies had a problem of control over merchandise and cash, both of which were in the sole care of the agent, who could sell at his own price, put the money in his own pocket with his own money, if any, and who kept no required record of sales and could walk off the train at the other end of his run and forget to return. Obviously the company could not rely solely on the integrity,

good intentions and will power of these young men to resist race tracks, taverns, and other glittering attractions. Some safeguards were essential. The methods were usually simple. These talented fellows were salesmen not accountants. The company merely set a sales price on each article which was extended on the list when the agent checked out for the run and the total then represented the sale value of the goods in the boxes. The cost was of no importance. At the end of the return trip when he checked in, the quantity of each item was counted and extended at the same price and the total was the sale value of the merchandise brought back. The difference between what he took out and what he brought back was the amount of the total sales and he must turn in cash to cover it less his commission, usually 20%, which was his sole compensation from the company. Perishable items such as fruit were checked to him at a price with no privilege of return and no commission. The agent could sell it at any price and keep the difference, but any spoilage was his loss. Boy, how they loved those damned bananas!

The superintendent of agents at Omaha and Denver were acquaintances of 35 years ago, both had held their jobs since the turn of the century and before. Their work called for long and uncertain hours, as all train departures had to be met, and as many arrivals as possible no matter what the hour nor how late the train might be. They were unique personalities and had enjoyed a lifetime of interesting experiences. Higher education was not one of the requirements of the office. A college graduate would probably be voted the least likely to succeed. Even a high school education might be more of a handicap than a help. It was not required that they write convincing and well-constructed letters, nor that they be able to speak with eloquence or in good taste. They never met the public, just the butchers, but to match wits with those experts in psychology and devices for circumventing the best of systems called for the highest order of forceful expression and direct action. Speaking decisively and with authority required using words and phrases familiar to and understood by the butchers. Physical stature and prowess were desirable qualifications for the job. When the news agent represented that he could not turn in the cash called for by the settlement sheet because he had been robbed, or must have lost it, or had met a friend with superior ability at cards or dice, the more capable superintendent might satisfy himself by inspection of the personal belongings of the agent, even his inner pockets. When settlement of money or merchandise is involved, disputes are inevitable, even among gentlemen of Wall Street,

and among the butchers they were frequent and lively and, at times, violent. The Omaha superintendent enjoyed telling of his mastery of all situations in his stockroom at all times. He boasted of his instant reaction under stress and his accuracy with the hatchet or banana knife that won the respect of all his agents. Disregarding the hatchet throwing stories, enough was seen and heard while visiting in his stockroom, and observing his handling of the boys, to gain respect for the innate qualities of leadership which the job called for and which our rough and ready friend possessed in generous measure. It takes a special kind of talent to stand up against the ingenious plans, methods and maneuvers invented and tried from time to time by these wizards of selling on trains to gain some advantage, or discount, or special favor.

The News Agent

Having taken a brief look at the development of Western railroads and the methods and problems of the companies which contract for the news privilege on the trains, we come now to the news butcher himself. He is that interesting and unusual personality who rode the trains and sold his merchandise and rubbed elbows intimately with the traveling public. They are the red-blooded lively and unique characters that bring breath and human interest and zest of living into the story.

It would be most interesting to bring an intimate picture of the experiences of the early day news butcher who covered the Western trains from 1865 to 1900. That is difficult as so little has been written and so few now live who have personal knowledge. Life in those years was, of course, more rugged than now. The trains ran slowly, trips were longer, and the coaches were not comfortably heated or lighted and obviously there was no air-conditioning. There were more cinders from the engine and more dust from the road bed. But the staple merchandise, papers, magazines, candies and tobacco were about the same then and now, and so was human nature.

These older agents did enjoy one line of business that completely disappeared long years ago. This was the rental of pillows, bedding and even light mattresses on the low-class emigrant sleeping cars that were in use from about 1880 to 1900, especially planned for the cheap fare passengers, known as emigrants who were settling or colonizing the West. They were practically all recent arrivals from the "old countries

of the peasant and low economic groups. Their English was sketchy and they were rough mannered, poorly clad and inexperienced in our ways. Feeding them was a problem and many carried their own crude supplies which multiplied the sanitation difficulties but gave the butchers an opportunity to sell fruit and sandwiches within the limited means of the passengers.

The Union Pacific official publication of March 1887 under the heading "Union and Central Pacific Emigrant Sleeping Cars" states that:

> "Emigrant sleeping cars are attached to express trains leaving Omaha--and running to Ogden without change. The new cars are fitted with upper and lower berths. The upper berths swing freely on iron rods, and when not in use can be hung upon the roof of the car, where they are not in the way. ---The chief difference between these cars and first class sleepers is that the former are not upholstered, and the passengers must furnish their own bedding. Especial care is taken by depot passenger agents --- to place only people who will be agreeable traveling companions in the same sleeping car. No additional charge for berths. ---Time of fast express trains Omaha to Denver, 20 hours and to Ogden 40 hours." (In 1869 the time to Ogden was 54 hours.)

The berths on the emigrant sleepers were crude wooden affairs without upholstery. The passengers could bring their own bedding, or rent some, or do without and sleep on the hard boards, as many did. The agents had a problem in handling bulky heavy pillows and bedding, but they managed some way to do so, making a rental charge for which they had to account to the company and on which they received their commission. If they were fortunate in renting the same bedding twice in one trip, the first customer having left the train enroute, the second charge was retained by the butcher. Losses and disappearance were charged to the boy but laundry and cleaning, which had its unpleasant points, was handled by the company. The company got the dirty end of this deal. The "mass" which was turned back at the end of the trip is better left to those stalwart men of the early days.

A simplified form of this business has continued to more recent

years. That is, the rental of pillows to coach passengers, especially on night runs. The company checked on the revenue by counting the clean pillow-slips issued, less those returned. Multiple use of soiled slips was the butcher's profit.

We turn now to the typical case of Frank Blair, an acquaintance of 35 years. Frank took his first run as a butcher on the Union Pacific on August 4, 1900, forty-nine years ago. When the U. P. terminated the news agents on trains in about 1925, he was the oldest man in point of service. He then worked on the D. & R. G. to Grand Junction. This included the Royal Gorge run with the open-topped observation car from Florence to Texas Creek, which was considered the top assignment in American railroads during the summer tourist season. The boy who made that run was in the big league; it was better than hitting the jackpot or the daily double daily. His route also included the canyons of the Eagle River and of the Grand River (now the Colorado), also choice tourist attractions. At another time Frank ran on the Colorado and Southern from Denver to Silver Plume and Mt. McClellan over the famous Georgetown loop (now abandoned and junked). Since his news butcher days he has returned to his first employers, Barkalow Bros., and has served them as stand manager at several of the more responsible installations, both on and off the railroad. He is at present on full time duty in Omaha, and recently assisted in assembling material for this paper. Although not a pioneer in this field, he has seen a lifetime of experience and was most active during the period of maximum use of news agents on trains, the first twenty-five years of this century.

Frank Blair is a thorough gentleman and represents the best of those men who chose news butchering as a career. This is in contrast to the floating element who followed the circuses in season and ran on the trains from fall to spring, like field mice hunting warm cellars.

In talking of the early 1900's he wanted to dwell on the trainmen who impressed him most, such as Jeff Carr who was a train guard between Green River and Cheyenne and who was so tough on hobos, almost cruel, but got along well with Frank, then a very young man trying to get a start in a rugged game. One morning on No. 4, Carr, who was a plain-clothes man, reported he had word that a tough looking gang was waiting to pick up the train at Rock Springs and warned Frank to be on the alert and watch his merchandise. The tense suspense was ended when the rough

appearing customers boarded the train and proved to be sheep herders who had been isolated from civilization for some time. Frank, the true salesman, saw his opportunity, unlocked his trunks and went to work. These fellows hadn't had a chance to spend any money or buy anything for so long, and Frank's glittering trays and appealing sales technique proved so attractive, that he had sold them $30 to $40 worth of items by the time they reached Cheyenne. Sheep herders and cow punchers were always good customers, especially for the stuff that counted--better than the clean-shaven gentlemen of distinction in the Pullmans.

Then there was another butcher, called Preacher Wise, who had trained for and become a minister, but who was such a good salesman he was lured to the trains where there was more opportunity to use his talents and the pasture was greener. Frank chuckled to recall how Preacher Wise carried and sold his own sandwiches without company knowledge or approval.

The traditional articles carried by news agents were candy, cigars, cigarettes, fruit, newspapers and magazines. These only carried the standard profit or commission and did not challenge a man's sales ingenuity like view books, goggles and jewelry. These latter called for creating a desire to buy and own which was exciting, whereas the former were staples for which there was always a demand which took so much time and labor to supply. The boys were almost annoyed by this interference with their main purpose, which was to move people to buy the long-shot items. In fairness to the old standbys of newspapers and magazines, it should be noted that on crowded trains they could prove quite profitable if enough people left their papers and magazines on the seats after reading them or upon leaving the train. There was no reason why they could not be gathered up by an alert news boy, neatly assembled, and sold again, with no need of accounting of course. Then at the end of the run why could not these discards be checked in as unsold? Well, of course they could. This is not a treatise on business ethics. Also, with reference to fruit, which was an undesirable item usually, Frank spoke of working some of the emigrant cars when the fare was $25 one way to the coast. These hungry people bought all the company fruit and several boxes of his own.

View books and folders called for more than routine peddling. The news butcher served as guide and lecturer on points of interest to

travelers and he was more than glad to do it as it offered an excellent aid to sales. There was of course a wide variation in ability among the boys in making these announcements. Some made much of it by gaining the attention of an entire car full of people and addressed them with dramatic emphasis befitting the importance of the spectacle, while others put it on an intimate personal basis by stopping at individual seats and directing their attention to noteworthy points. Frank Blair did not pretend to be much of a spieler. All this seems terribly crude and obsolete compared with the present day public address systems in the long trains of vista domes. Now the well-modulated voice of the stewardess asks politely for attention and speaks quietly of the passing scenes, with nothing to sell.

The more effective butchers, who set sales records, as the train neared an outstanding point of interest would enter a coach full of people and would first interrupt whatever each was doing by placing a view book such as "Pathway to the Setting Sun" or folder in each lap. Then standing at the front end of the car would gain the attention of all and launch on a description of the approaching scene with interesting and historic facts about it, closing his speech by calling attention to the pictures of the object in the folder each one had and which he was sure each would buy to keep as a record of the important places on their trip. Then passing down the aisle he tried to collect the announced sum from each, or failing in all persuasion would take back the view book most reluctantly, making the passenger feel that he might regret it later. All the boys interviewed have said that the first two rows of seats were crucial; if they bought, the rest followed in turn--but if they returned the items, then few sales were made in that car.

Points of interest on the run from Omaha to Ogden, which were the subject of such lectures, included:

Scouts Rest Ranch near North Platte, old home of Buffalo Bill Cody

Cheyenne

Ames Monument on Sherman hill, erected by resolution of the U. P. Board of 1875 in honor of Oliver and Oakes Ames who were shovel makers and had much to do with the construction of the road.

Trestle at Dale Creek
Tie Siding
Coal Mines at Hanna
Medicine Bow Range and Elk Mountain
Continental Divide at Creston
Point of Rocks and Rock Springs
Castle Rock and Green River
Devil's Slide

On the transcontinental runs there was a good sale of books including such best sellers as "Ten Years a Cowboy", "Wild Life in the Far West", and "Pearls from Many Seas", a religious book. These were checked to the boys at 50¢, but they were marked to sell at $1. Some on the butchers carried smutty books, such as "Only a Boy", "A Week in Dowie's Zion", "Doctor Bates" and racy packages, but these were not issued by the company and the boy had to buy them himself, which of course was out of bounds. They cost the boys 15¢ to 25¢ and they sold them for what they could get, $1.50 or $2.00. Frank Blair lost interest in the clandestine features of the business after an unfortunate experience with Mr. Woodward, superintendent of the Wyoming Division. Mr. Woodward joined a circle of trainmen who were enjoying a tour of inspection of Frank's wares. This was before Frank knew who he was.

Jewelry provided the greatest freedom of action for the boys. It called for top-flight salesmanship, creating a strong desire to own, sales were in larger amounts and profits were big. The articles were small and values large, making it easy to fill in with direct purchases. To help the boys to make more money, some companies permitted the agents on some runs to carry their own watches, which permission was hardly necessary.

Gold stone, which is a glittering composition, was the favorite of all, but they carried crystalite and moonstones, which were real, and a large variety of sparklers in eye-catching shapes. This stuff was checked out at reasonable amounts, but no limit was placed on selling prices and obviously no price tags were attached to handicap the free exercise of imagination. Items that cost the company 30¢ were checked out at $1 and sold for as much as $1.50 to $2.50. This sounds attractive but the butchers were constantly tempted by the 300% to 400% profit available if they bought stock with their own money. The popular source

of supply was Montgomery's on lower 17th Street in Denver.

Selling jewelry on the train is a highly skilled profession. It calls for painting the beauty of the jewels and the Western craftsmanship and drawing out the romantic origin of these stones, identified with the mountains (or plains, if necessary) through which they were traveling. It requires concentrated individual attention. The real test of moral fibre came at the point of deciding whether to force the customer's attention on the tray of company jewelry or on the personal stock of the boy. One way to avoid this painful decision was to mingle both in the same tray and let the customer unwittingly make his own choice between the company or the agent. This method had its dangers and difficulties when the trays had to be unscrambled before checking in at the end of the run.

Frank Blair was delighted one morning to receive an assignment to cover a special train running West from Cheyenne on which Mr. E. H. Harriman, the president, was entertaining the Dutch stockholders on an inspection trip. The most popular articles were view books. He recalls on another occasion selling Mr. Harriman a pair of goldstone cuff links, costing 25¢ for $1.25.

Spectacles were sometimes carried as sidelines by the more enterprising boys. They cost 25¢ and would be sold for $2 to $3, but called for unusual finesse in selling, obviously without benefit of eye-testing equipment. One effective method was to select an older person who was having difficulty in reading. If they held their paper at arms length then a magnifying set should be chosen, which was placed carelessly in a book. When passing out books for free inspection, this particular one would be placed in the lap of the customer to be favored. Upon discovery of the specs, the passenger would get the attention of the butcher who would appear surprised and explain that they probably had been left there by mistake by someone on the last run. Well, why not try them on and see if they fit--they weren't worth anything to the agent if he turned them in. So if the fortunate customer was amazed and delighted at how much easier it was to read the magnified print, a real bargain would be struck for $2.50 and everybody was happy.

We turn now to listen to the story of James R. Harvey who served as news butcher from 1912 to 1914 while a student. One run he enjoyed was

on the C. & S. from Denver to Silver Plume each late afternoon, returning the following morning. In addition to the usual sales he became well acquainted at all stations along the line and performed many extra curricular errands for which he received payment or rewards. He would shop in Denver for the special needs of these friends, would direct travelers to the choice hotels (even if only one in the town) and persuaded tourists to take charge trips through the mines. He averaged $3.50 per day.

He also ran on the C. & S. from Denver to Amarillo and at another time from Denver to Falcon, but neither was any good. He then worked on the D. & R. G. narrow guage from Antonito to Durango. This offered the opportunity to trade candy to the Indians and other things they liked for Indian baskets and artcraft. Also on this run, papers were profitable as he could sell them once to regular passengers and then at the end of the run salvage them from the seats and sell them easily to townsmen at Durango.

Jim Harvey, like Frank Blair, was promoted to the big time on the D. & R. G. Royal Gorge run from Canon City to Salida and return, only Jim was the assistant to an old time and most successful agent by the name of Smith. This run averaged $25 to $50 per day net to Smith who through a lifetime amassed a fortune in the upper six figures.

Peanut brittle, along with other items, was a staple that the company checked to them in fixed daily amounts, which was their sales quota and they dare not return any. Being unwilling to waste their time selling candy when there was big fish to fry and only a short run to do it in, they made one trip through the train with the baskets of candy and fruit in order to satisfy their contract with the company. Anything unsold at the end of that one round was dumped out the window. Jim says the Royal Gorge is paved with peanut brittle and the section house kids were raised on it.

As previously noted, this run carried an open observation car. The first big gun to be fired each trip was the sale of scenery glasses (goggles) "especially ground for the Colorado sun and constructed to sharpen the view of distant scenes, and designed with screen-guards to protect the eye from cinders". It was an upgrade run and some of the firemen (for value received) would cooperate with a burst of well-timed

cinders. As Smith made the speech, Jim passed out samples of glasses to all in the car. Upon conclusion of the moving spiel the "bird dogs" or lead-off men in the front seats would call out buying glasses and forcing the money on the agent. A good start is always essential and the other passengers follow. If too many tried to return the goggles, the agent working frantically, with his hands full of money, would appear to be making change and would force the startled passenger to keep the glasses, thus simulating sales and stimulating others to buy. It is a fast game and must be worked with speed and dash. Oh, certainly! He retrieved the goggles unobtrusively later.

These cars loaded with tourists were greedy markets for 65¢ view books sold for $1.50 after an appropriate lecture. Also, jewelry, novelties, etc.

News butchers in some quarters have a reputation for short-changing and other slick operations, which is certainly not true of the substantial and successful ones, but as in any other walk of life may be justified with some of the lower element. Jim told of a personal experience of making a sale rapidly one day and realizing as he put the coin in his pocket that it felt like a $5 gold piece rather than the nickel the customer intended. He wavered for a moment, undecided what to do. Without really reaching a conclusion, he went on with his busy paper sales. Later he found it was a gold piece. That night he had trouble sleeping. Next day a customer gave him a $5 bill which he laid on the hamper while he reached in his pocket for change. A vagrant gust of wind blew it out the window of the speeding train and he realized the score was even. The devil giveth and the Lord taketh away. He never hesitated over such a decision again.

Other acquaintances in this profession have demonstrated how change can be made and profitably. For example, if a $5 bill is offered for a 65¢ purchase, the agent would fill his left hand with coins and ask the customer to open the palm of one of his hands. Then using his right hand, the butcher, with flourish and a show of exactness, would select a dime and slap it into the outstretched palm, then a quarter, then a silver dollar, and another and a third. The fourth dollar would stick in the right palm of the agent who would strike his customer's hand with its coins and the sound and motion would indicate that the fourth dollar had been placed with the rest. Most passengers would just close their

hand and put the change in their pocket. Occasionally one would note that he was short whereupon the boy would take the change back and recount it into the customer's hand, this time correctly.

Many times the opposite of this was true. Passengers would brag that they could beat the butcher. It was fair game to do so. The agent working feverishly as he did, with his hands sometimes full of money, it was hard for him to note an intentional mistake by the customer. Some passengers would swipe merchandise or loose sample view books passed out by sitting on them.

No story of the western news butcher would be complete without mention of the Moffat Road, which in its prime was a star tourist attraction. Our friend, Chauncey Mark DePuy, operated news agents and eating privileges on the D. & S. L. either for himself or Barkalow Bros. and other companies from 1904 when the road building began until the D. & R. G. took it over a few years ago. The plush tourist business lasted from 1905 until the tunnel was finished in 1927. Trains first ran just to Tolland which became a popular resort for group picnics. Then the road was extended past Dixie Lake and up above timberline to Corona at the top of the pass. This was the highest standard gauge railroad in America and deservedly attracted thousands of tourists. As the road extended westward, Arrowhead, a few miles beyond, became the turning place of excursions and special trains. The spectacular engineering exhibited in its building was another attraction to the traveling public. The crowds on these special trains were large in the summer, were free spending, and bought view books, jewelry and souvenirs on which the profit was big and the news butchers had a field day.

Our own Don Bloch was a news butcher for a few months in 1917 or 1918 on the Great Northern between Grand Forks and Fargo, North Dakota. He sold the usual lines of merchandise but in addition rented collapsible cups and sold needles and thread, puzzles, games and joke items and milk in bulk. His best selling books were "Slow Train Through Arkansas" and "A 1". His most profitable sidelines were sandwiches and Maraschino cherries. When at one of the station stops a local restaurateur started selling through the car windows better sandwiches and cheaper, he had to hustle to get his sold and eaten before arriving at that point. He carried no papers, no salacious books or pictures and used no spiel.

Conclusion

All this is about over and this exciting calling of other days has all but disappeared from the business stage. It is obsolete. The life of the news butcher had the romance of riding trains, changing scenes and new and unknown customers every day; the zest of influencing people to buy what they had no thought of acquiring; the satisfaction of personal achievement with one's own hands, unaided, and the freedom of complete independence.

They were not outstanding men as historians record greatness, nor did they sway the economic tides of commerce. They were to the passengers on the train what the corner grocer is to the local community, except that you select from the grocers' shelves the things you want but you buy from the butcher what he wants you to have.

The disappearance of these lusty merchants from the train arouses emotions similar to the passing of our favorite vaudeville teams from the theatre. On the popular trains of thirty years ago, the butcher was the star performer. The spotlight played on him more than on the train crew. Now on the few roads permitting agents, they are reduced to the equivalent of ticket takers at the entrance of the theatre. The real show is the train itself with vista domes, radios, public address systems and free papers and magazines in the luxurious lounges. The agents of today are on a salary with no incentive reward for greater sales. They are there to please the public. The postcards are free and the candy, fruit and tobaccos are at popular prices. No jewelry, goggles, or souvenirs are sold at all. Imagine that. What is there in this white collared, snappy-uniformed softness with a regular salary check that would quicken the pulse or attract the news butcher of the rugged days? About as much lure as a chocolate sundae to a gorilla.

Many factors in the advancement of modern living have contributed to his disappearance. With an auto in every American home, the family take their excursions and cross-country tour by car. The trains now strive for luxury and refinements, and the news butcher seems incongruous in these surroundings. On the all-Pullman trains especially, the railroads seek undisturbed quiet for their passengers. No news agent can thrive in that atmosphere. As an example, the D. & R. G., one of the top tourist roads of the country, finally eliminated news service

on their trains last spring.

So progress marches on its relentless way and one more calling available to our fathers is no longer open to our sons. This is as it should be. Only those careers that fit their time and environment can be justified. However, as we bid farewell to these colorful merchants on the train, we might ponder the forces in modern living which will keep alive those desirable qualities of individual achievement and self-reliance, which the impact of the daily task built into our news butchers of former days.

"Isn't it strange that Princes and Kings,
And clowns that caper in sawdust rings
And common folks like you and me
Are builders of eternity?"

(by R. L. Sharpe)

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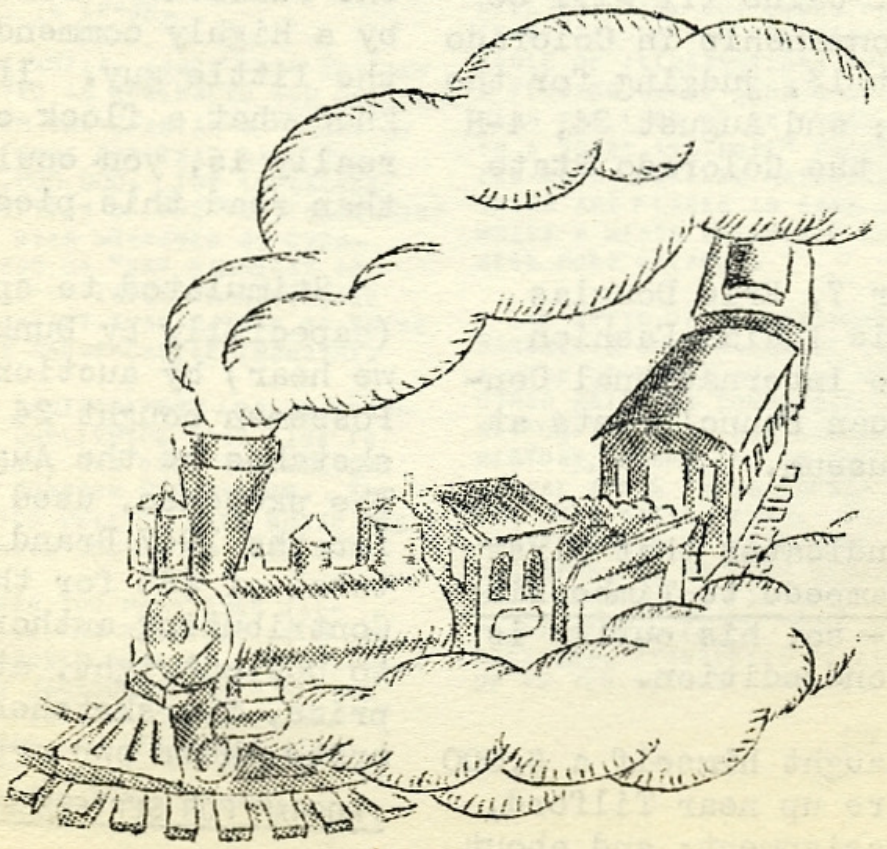


TRAIL DUST FROM THE DENVER CORRAL

Ed Bemis gave National Newspaper Week its slogan this year which will be promoted throughout the nation October 1-8: "Freedom Goes Where the Newspaper Goes!"

For the Weld County Fair, August 10, John T. Caine III will be judging 4-H Showmanship in Colorado Springs; August 13, judging for the 4-H Steer Show; and August 24, 4-H Showmanship at the Colorado State Fair.

On September 7, Eric Douglas will present his Indian Fashion Show before the International Congress of American Ethnologists at the Brooklyn Museum.

Art Zeuch indicates that first editions of Stampede to Timberline ain't no more - so, his outfit is printing a second edition.

Don Bloch caught himself a 6,000 acre forest fire up near Tilford, S. D. for an assignment; and about the time the last shindig was under way, he was eating smoke on a fire line away up thar in the Black Hills

TIME, for August 15, carried a pixie-like likeness of our Posseman Barron Beshoar in its "A Letter from the Publisher" column, surrounded by a highly commendatory text about the little guy. If you want to know what a flock of man Barron really is, you couldn't do better than read this piece.

Stimulated to spirited bidding (especially by Dunklee and Jackson, we hear) by auctioneer Bill Barker, Possemen bought 24 Herndon Davis sketches at the August meeting. The sketches, used as illustrations for the 1947 Brand Book brought a total of $85 for the Westerners. Contributing authors were permitted to buy outright, at a stipulated price, the sketches used to illustrate their own articles.

PROGRAM FOR SEPTEMBER

WILLIAM JACKSON WILL PRESENT A PAPER ON "COUNT POURTALIS".

CHUCK WAGON BOOK REVIEWS

GRANGER COUNTRY, A PICTORIAL SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE BURLINGTON RAILROAD, By Lloyd Lewis & Stanley Pargellis. Little, Brown and Co. Boston, 1949. 266 pages. 425 illustrations. Cloth. $5.00.

From the administrative office archives of the Burlington Railroad, now deposited in the Newberry Library, and from the collections of such modern photographic artists as Esther Bubley and Russell Lee, Dr. Stanley Pargellis and Mr. Lloyd Lewis have assembled a pictorial record of outstanding importance for that vast mid-western area served by the modern Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad System.

In the pictorial sense, Granger Country is a contribution of real merit. In the historical sense, however, it is somewhat spotty -- at times brilliant; at other times mediocre; and, alas, all too frequently outright poor. While in general the legends are clear and popularly written, they frequently convey erroneous ideas and sometimes their factual content is distinctly in error.

The authors, for example, state that British syndicates had invested an estimated $30,000,000 in cattle ranches from the Dakotas to Texas by 1882. The correct figure for that date would be approximately $15,000,000. The inference that the economic position of the "cattle baron" by 1885 and 1886 had been weakened by overstocking and by inroads of "dry farmers" is only a half-truth, for it fails to recognize factors far more important than either of these in the decline of the range-cattle industry.

The cause for the postponement and abandonment of the proposed Burlington spur line to Johnson County, Wyoming, was only indirectly due to the so-called Johnson County War. The authors would have done well to have noted the tax situation in Johnson County in 1892-3-4.

There are altogether too many such ill-conceived statements in the publication which subsequent editions should correct. The statement below the famous Jackson picture of the Garden of the Gods to the effect that that colorful area was owned and developed as a tourist "objective" by Charles E. Perkins, is another of the half-factual statements.

While specifically entitled a "pictorial social history", a good deal of the material in this book is anything but social. Much that was omitted would have improved the "social covering". Despite these drawbacks, it is manifestly impossible to produce a pictorial history which is wholly satisfactory; since much that men do could not be, or was not, recorded photographically. The authors might have given more attention, for example, to the human exodus from the Burlington area during the dust bowl and depression eras, and to the rehabilitation of the same areas -- with the planned assistance of the railroad -- in the subsequent period. Considering the tremendous part played by those states covered by the Burlington system during the recent war and the impact of that struggle upon the entire social fabric of the area, one would have expected a section dealing with the period from 1941 to 1945. That there is none is somewhat bewildering.

From a technical point of view, the book is well printed, but lacks pagination which makes it difficult for reference. It also has no table of illustrations which could be used as a finding guide (for over 400 pictures!); this, with the lack of an index, leaves the reader in a "hunt and hope" position, as far as finding or relocating material. Unfortunately, there are places in each section in the book where a wiser selection of pictures would have been more helpful.

In spite of its evident shortcomings, Dr. Pargellis and Mr. Lewis have given their readers a work of merit and one which should provoke other railroad companies in other areas of the nation to issue similar volumes. Pictorial history, normally, is popular history with wide appeal among those groups who would seldom read the more basic texts. This very fact places a heavy burden of responsibility upon the authors and sponsors of such works. Granger Country is a book which all will understand, and most readers will enjoy, but which from the professional standpoint falls just short of living up to its potentialities.

(Herbert O. Brayer)

FORT LARAMIE AND THE FORTY-NINERS, By Merrill J. Mattes. Wrappers; illustrated; 36 pages; published by the Rocky Mountain Nature Association, Estes Park, Colorado, 1949. 50 cents.

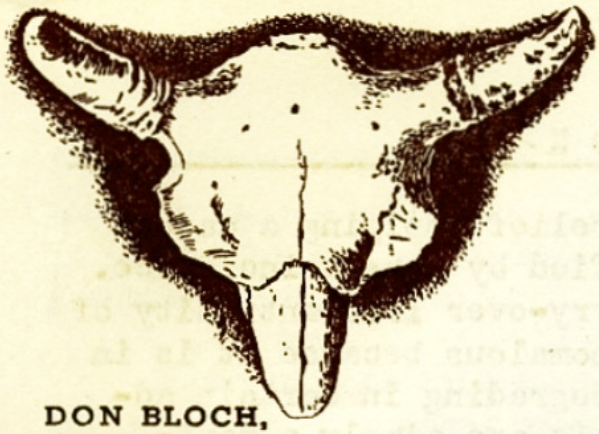
It is a pleasure to report on the first publication of this Association, which is really a composite group of National Park Service men, researchers and historians, and some lay friends, who have chosen this form of expression, by means of private publication. There is, apparently, no governmental provision for such publishing. If this first effort may be judged as a criterion, then we look forward with pleasant anticipation to further publishing activities of this Association.

The author is Merrill J. Mattes, accomplished and accurate historian of the fur trade, now with the Omaha office of the National Park Service. Mattes was associated for several years with the Fort Laramie National Monument research project gathering data on the history of the famous fort first built by William Sublette and Robert Campbell in 1834 and named Fort William. In 1838 its ownership passed to the American Fur Company, which company in 1840, because of the rotting condition of the old one, decided to build a new adobe fort on the banks of the Laramie, calling it Fort John. This was the official name, but it was almost immediately popularly called Fort Laramie. In 1849 the fort was formally taken over by the United States government.

Mattes here gives the fascinating panorama of Fort Laramie during the wonderful year 1849. The California gold-rush provided the big push of migration westward, and the fort was naturally a most important point of rendezvous along the trail. Quotations from army reports of the Mounted Riflemen, from famous emigrants like Alonzo Delano, Isaac Wistar, J. Goldsborough Bruff, and others, form the principal part of the story. The fine editorial hand and historical ability of Merrill Mattes, however, provides a smooth continuity; and, actually, I derived more enjoyment reading this 36-page booklet than in reading some other of the recently published books of Western history.

The Rocky Mountain Nature Association is to be praised for its choice of subject, author -- and last, but not least, for the excellent format, good paper, good printing, excellent photographs and maps -- in short, a fine item. Merrill Mattes is a corresponding member of the Denver Westerners.

(Fred A. Rosenstock, Chairman)



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Vol. 5 OCTOBER, 1949 No. 1

SUPERSTITION AND WITCHCRAFT ALONG THE RIO GRANDE

BY ARTHUR L. CAMPA

When he addressed The Royal Institution in London in 1909 on the subject of superstition, Sir James G. Frazer began by saying:

> "We are apt to think of superstition as an unmitigated evil, false in itself and pernicious in its consequences. That it has done much harm in the world, cannot be denied. It has sacrificed countless lives, wasted untold treasures, embroiled nations, severed friends, parted husbands and wives, parents and children, putting swords and worse than swords between them....It has done all this and more. Yet the case of superstition, like that of Mr. Pickwick after the revelations of poor Mr. Winkle in the witnessbox, can perhaps afford to be placed in a rather better light; and without posing as the Devil's Advocate...., I do profess to make out what the charitable might call a plausible plea for a very dubious client." [1]

The beginnings of superstition are lost in hoary antiquity, and probably correspond to man's first attempts to understand the inexplicable phenomena of nature which surrounded him. Impelled by the will to survive, he evolved animistic beliefs based on the most elementary forms of sympathetic and mimetic magic, and through word of mouth transmitted to present-day generations a body of material which we look upon sometimes as a recrudescence to primitive idealism.

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Superstition may mean to us an unfounded belief implying a casual relationship, or the lack of relationship verified by mere coincidence. Strictly speaking, superstition is simply a carry-over from antiquity of a practice, belief, or custom which may seem anomalous because it is in a sense outmoded. There need not be anything degrading in certain adherences to superstition; sometimes these beliefs are simply a manifestation of some fundamental thought.

Thomas De Quincey once said:

> "Superstition, indeed, or the sympathy with the invisible, is the great test of a man's nature as an earthly combining with a celestial. In superstition lies the possibility of religion, and though superstition is often injurious, degrading, demoralizing, it is so, not as a form of corruption or degradation, but as a form of non-development."[2]

Superstition may suggest degrees of folly, and the belief in it may in some cases manifest a lack of good judgment. In many instances the difference between superstition and sound sense is about the same as that which Bishop Washburton indicated when he defined orthodoxy and heterodoxy. "Orthodoxy", said the Bishop, "is my doxy; heterodoxy is another man's doxy."[3]

Superstition, whether it be a transmission from antiquity or a casual relationship unverified by scientific process, is one of the universal forces that man has utilized knowingly or unconsciously in attempting to keep his societal organization from crumbling or his personality from deteriorating. Frazer states that superstition has served to strengthen respect for government, especially monarchical government, and has thereby contributed to the establishment and maintenance of civil order. Whether it be a chief in Melanesia or an emperor of ancient Greece or a king of a modern nation, the task of these rulers has been facilitated by the fact that the governed have a superstitious belief in the powers of their chieftains, a power which eventually became translated as respect for constituted authority. Superstition has also strengthened respect for private property through the instrumentality of taboos, thereby contributing to the security and enjoyment of property to which only certain individuals in the group are entitled. The superstitions connected with marriage meant a stricter observance of morality;

fear of ghosts of the departed has strengthened respect for human life--in fact, the belief in the departed has been and is one of our greatest preoccupations.

Today we all like to believe that we are free from superstitious beliefs, and I suppose that we are freer now than we have ever been before. However, it should be pointed out that man's nature is such that he, in his attempt to attain security, will even dig deep into his pocket to pay for practices that from the standpoint of the afflicted are as superstitious as the practices of the Samoan islander.

The belief in witches and sorcerers was part of the heritage of the Middle Ages. After the revival of the church, men turned to it for comfort and assurance not necessarily because they understood the ministering of the church but because they found security under its protective wing.

Today we see instances of superstition in another quarter. We do not turn to witches and sorcerers, nor do we crowd the mourner's bench; we go to the psychiatrist, that professional whose duty it has become to listen to man's misfortunes and, through scientific divination, to find out what ails him. Man, or should we say woman, has found someone whom to propitiate with monetary lustrations and thereby attract his beneficent influence. The sympathetic magic inherent in his person and in his prescriptions can and does bring about desired results in many cases, sometimes to the utter astonishment of the psychiatrists themselves! The same can be said for facial creams that provide "skin food" and the labels on patent medicines the world over.

But, getting back to the peoples of the Rio Grande, the folk who compose the bulk of population from Southern Colorado to the Mexican border; they are like everyone else in that they, too, are searching for security, advancement, and profit. The more resourceful rely on personal effort and inherent capabilities in order to attain security; but those with greater limitations fall back on fetishes and upon those practices which are endorsed by tradition as being conducive to more profitable and happy living. They may be lacking in intellectual attainments, economic means, social status and political effectiveness, so they must rely on superstitious practices in order to achieve the desired results. In such instances, superstition follows a fixed pattern and the behavior

of the community is quite uniform.

It is interesting to note the manner in which security is achieved. In most cases the individual does something negative in order to avoid something positive. He may avoid marrying on Tuesday, cutting a child's fingernail before he is a year old, or refrain from eating fruit on an empty stomach in order to forestall evil consequences. These negative taboos actually are turned into positive factors which will help to preserve the well-being of the indivudual. Furthermore, no one can prove what might have happened, and thereby disprove the efficacy of the practice.

Even when a superstition loses its effectiveness, it may still be preserved simply because there must always be a way of doing things, or because of sentimental reasons. Male babies are dressed in blue and female ones in pink. That is a way of doing. Brides wear "something old and something new, something borrowed and something blue" for sentimental reasons, even though the attendant superstition may have long disappeared. One can easily be led astray, however, in ascribing symbolic meanings to practices that in reality are nothing more than traditional expediency. Very picturesque and feasible explanations can be found which the uninformed accept as fact. Witness the spellbound listener who is told that New Mexicans paint their doors blue in order to ward off evil spirits. These "superstitions" appear in the guise of hidden symbolism, a symbolism that is readily dispensed to the victimized tourist when he buys a Navajo "prayer rug" for a good price. The Rio Grande craftsman has sensed this awesome quality in his wares and will speak glibly of symbols and omens with which he breaks down buyers' resistance. The Rio Grande valley with its old Indian and Spanish settlements is a fertile field where "superstition" of this sort thrives, and to such an extent that charlatan folklorists see meanings lurking in every house design and in every action of the native peasant. With unerring clairvoyance these perspicacious inquirers discover why the New Mexicans hang their strings of chile over their housetops. The New Mexican, who is a practical-minded individual in these matters, knows from experience that nowhere are his peppers better exposed to the drying sun, and out of reach of the chickens that roam over his patio.

Many a superstition is merely recognized without being practiced or actually believed in. A young woman may remark as she sweeps her

kitchen at night that it is very bad luck to do so, but she continues with this household chore with no misapprehension. Again, she may sweep the feet of one of her unmarried guests who gets in the path of her broom, to which he will remonstrate by saying that this means he will marry an old woman or a widow. Some of these superstitions are actually observed by the credulous, but even those who do not observe them derive some satisfaction from knowing what they should or should not do. This attitude is no different from the one in the observance of natural law. The knowledge of consequences does not keep people from indulging in a number of practices which they know to be detrimental.

The belief in the supernatural, however, is not taken altogether lightly by the people of the Rio Grande, and for that matter it is not a passing fancy in most civilizations. Man has greater faith in his empiric knowledge than in that which he acquires vicariously. Even the most enlightened, when faced with self-preservation, will set aside the discoveries of science and resort to superstitious practices, particularly when the afflicted one is trying to recover his health. Today some people fear the atomic weapons, not for what they are known to do but for what they might do. And how many of us listen to the doctor's suggestions for the care of colds! There are as many "sure cures" for this affliction as there are people in the neighborhood, all because we do not know what causes a cold. The "Teulfelsbree" or Devil's brew with which moderns combat the "hexenchuss" resulting from overindulgence is as superstitious as the vilest potions brewed from frogs, scorpions, and dead cat's bones.

The realm of the supernatural abounds with ghosts, witches, dwarfs, basiliks, and all sorts of nocturnal rovers against whom the villagers have found exorcisms, amulets, and fetishes for protection. This is not, as we all know, an exclusive patrimony of the Rio Grande. The peasants of "Dutchland" Pennsylvania paint crosses--hex marks--on their barns and cowsheds to protect them against witches. In Philadelphia, one Margaret Matson was accused by a Henry Drystreet of bewitching his cows and, according to the records, was found guilty in court. Within recent memory a man by the name of Stephenson attributed a pain in his leg to the witchcraft of a neighbor named Green. Several attempts to liquidate Mr. Green failed because the latter evaded Stephenson by turning into a rabbit. In New Mexico he would not have gotten away so easily: a bullet marked with a cross would have ended his mischief. Finally Stephenson

surprised his neighbor Green behind a barn and shot him. The former's leg was instantly cured. A stranger case yet is that of Wilbert Hess who shot one Rehemeyer, while trying to take a lock of hair from the latter's head so he could bury it eight feet deep in order to break a spell Rehemeyer had cast over him.[4]

The story of witchcraft along the Rio Grande extends back to autochthonous America, but continues today among the Indian, the Spanish, and the Anglo as well. The Navajo believes in human-wolves, men and women disguised in animal skins whose maleficent practices bring grief to its victims unless the latter choose to remain on "friendly" terms with them.[5] Along the Texan-Mexican border, water is located by "Water Witches" who tie a string around a Bible and twist it around a door key. As the Holy Book unwinds they measure a foot for every turn and drill accordingly. The sympathetic magic in both cases derives from objects of power taken from their respective cultures.[6]

At one time, brujas, or witches, were not necessarily bad. Before the broom-stick riders fell into disrepute, the theologians of the 13th century had to work out their theory of human relations with Satan; and the Holy Inquisition, as well as the good citizens of Salem, drew them into their own jurisdiction by confusing witchcraft with heresy.

Today nothing but mischief is accomplished by witches along the Rio Grande; the Devil is the gentleman who dispenses love potions and favors to those who have entered into a Faustian "pact" with him. These pacts are generally referred to as pactados con el diablo.

Witchcraft is an accepted culture-pattern about which even the clerics, when asked point blank, will answer: "Sí hay brujas, pero el cuento es dar con ellas." "There are witches, but the trick is to find them." I have tried frequently to corner these elusive beings, but have always, it would seem, arrived on the scene just shortly after their visit, and witnessed nothing but the results of their evil work. There was a house toward the volcanoes west of Albuquerque, for example, which was turned topsy-turvy by witches every so often. They would cut down the flowers and throw them right through the windows without breaking the panes. The coffee pot would start boiling when it was empty; and the pictures on the wall would come tumbling down. A miller down by Las Cruces apparently had better luck than I. The night man at the mill

was found dead one morning; he was replaced by another who also failed to see the next dawn. The case was repeated until no one would take on the night job at the mill. Finally an old man proposed to the owner that the latter close all the exits from the mill and lock the door. After doing this, the miller took an ax with him and started the wheels going. Around midnight he heard a sweet young female voice which made some very enticing suggestions to him through the keyhole. He almost succumbed to her entreaties but suggested that she should slip her hand through the partly opened door. He touched the arm making the sign of the cross upon it with his finger. The tempting voice turned to a screech, but before the arm could be withdrawn, the miller chopped it off.

Some witches assume a less appetizing form. Even though it was in the dead of winter, a large frog suddenly began jumping about in the bedroom of a very sick man. The sick man's oldest son scooped the frog into the fireplace from which it jumped right back out, unconcerned. Before it could reach the sick man's bed, however, the son impaled the frog with a hot poker and threw it back into the fire. Thereupon it quickly disappeared. The next day a woman suspected of witchcraft was found severly burned and with a seared wound on her breast.

In localities where the belief in witches is not so strong the story is set in another village and the characters are impersonal. In the more superstitious places they call them by name and point out the participants involved. In the Manzano mountains east of Albuquerque a woman accused of being a witch was brought to court for casting a spell. In the corner of her room under a pile of old rags they found a heavy stone covering a hole filled with snakes. And not over six months ago two women were fined in New Mexico for practicing witchcraft.

There are interesting accounts of those whose curiosity led them to investigate the secret doings of the witches. The story is told about a man driving from Taos to Mora who suddenly saw a brightly lighted house not far from the road in a spot where there had been nothing but a thick forest before. He left his car by the roadside and walked over to investigate through one of the windows. He was astounded to recognize some of the women of his own village dressed in black and dancing around with a gay gentleman whose tail protruded under his coat, and at the end of whose legs were hooves instead of shoes. In the midst of these revels a

big billy goat, or macho, walked in and all the women kissed his tail. Next a writhing serpent slithered in and kissed every woman on the tongue. The man at the window then noticed a coffin carried in by skeletons draped in black. They took out a corpse and all the women fell to eating it like hungry wolves. The man, unable to contain himself, exclaimed: "Ave María Purisima!" and was catapulted to the road as the house disappeared in a great puff of sulphurous smoke. He swore never to look in again on a witch fandango. But should this same man wish to meet the Devil himself, all he would have to do is grab a black chicken before she squawks, go to a place where five roads meet, wring the chicken's neck, and suck all the blood. He should then shut his eyes and turn clockwise until he falls. When he opens his eyes, the road he is facing should be the one he must follow to meet the Devil face to face.

Espinosa speaks of a school for witches in Pena Blanca. There the Devil presided in a cave teaching aspirants how to become transformed--first into a dove, then into an owl, and finally into a dog.

It is very seldom that a completely new witch story is ever found or that a new exorcism is developed. The field is so well known that standardization has set in. Many stories run something like this: A man coming home from work late in the evening is followed by an owl which perches itself on a fence post and eyes the man peculiarly. The man throws rocks at the owl but can never hit it. Not long after, the man is stricken with a strange disease that the doctors diagnose as rheumatism or pleurisy. The man's wife speaks to her comadre about it, and they both decide that the poor don Panfilo has been bewitched. He remembers the owl that followed him home one night and realizes that here was the beginning of his troubles. The next thing to do, of course, is to send for an Arbolario, the village witch doctor; the only man who can prevail against the onslaughts of the occult. The latter makes the usual diagnosis, and verifies the fears of the family. The fee is agreed upon and he goes to work. That night the Arbolario asks the housewife to invite all women in the neighborhood to a party. While they are gathered having their fun, he encircles the house with salt and places crossed needles on every exit. The evening party breaks up and all the guests depart except an older woman who seems to lag behind greatly distressed. The witch doctor removes the crossed needles from the front door and immediately the woman leaves. The Arbolario follows her home and watches. She lets in a black

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cat and then the lights go out. He guards every exit but nothing happens. Suddenly he hears the flutter of wings, and from the chimney on top of the house emerges an owl. He is ready for this: purposely the Arbolario waited until Friday, and he also brought along the shirt of a man named Juan. This he turns inside out and slips it on. Then he takes a gun loaded with a shell marked with a cross. The owl flies from housetop to housetop until it comes to the house of don Panfilo. The Arbolario throws some salt into the air in the form of the cross and raises the gun to shoot. The owl becomes glued to the spot and, as the witch doctor fires, a woman's shriek is heard. The next day the suspected witch sends for the Arbolario. He calls at her home and finds her mortally wounded in bed. She begs him not to kill her, but he merely asks, "Why did you bewitch don Panfilo?" She answers that in his youth don Panfilo had refused to marry her so she became a witch in order to avenge herself. Then, from under her pillow she pulls out the wax figure of a man with a large needle pierced through his hips. As she pulls out the needle don Panfilo recovers, and the witch dies in convulsions, a bat flying out of her mouth.

If the witch cannot be found, the Arbolario prescribes a truly original medicine. On a moonless night, a virgin is to take a coal black hen and smother it alive in a pot of boiling water. She is then to take out the contents of the gizzard and empty them on the afflicted person.

On highway 66, east of Albuquerque, long before the city had expanded beyond University hill, there lived an old woman on the open mesa in a house with a conical-shaped roof, who enjoyed the reputation of witch. The yard was cluttered up with a variety of bones, rusty scrap iron, and broken down old rigs. Anyone approaching the house could see at least a dozen cats sunning themselves by the door or feeding on scraps thrown from the only door in the one-room structure.

I drove in to the yard one night on the pretext of having my fortune told. As I stopped, I could see her peering through the window. At my knock, a wrinkled old woman with a piercing look, dressed in a full black skirt and peasant blouse, came to the door and motioned me in with a slight toss of her head.

"What do you want?" she asked.

When I told her that I wanted my fortune told, she directed me to

follow her up a ladder to a straw-filled attic. We sat down, and she requested me to cross her palm with silver. I laid a half-dollar on her palm; she held it to her face and blew on it. Then, by the light of a short candle she took my hand and began her divinations, looking straight into my eyes.

"You are a lawyer," she said in a surprisingly cultured voice. "In fact, you are a prohibition enforcement officer."

She then advised me of a forthcoming trip I was to make and added the usual remarks about "the women in my life". I was asked to make a wish and, when she assured me that it would come true, I left. I never saw her again. I have often wondered about this old woman, living alone on the mesa with her cats, and am still puzzled by her command of excellent English.

Brujas appear in numerous ways. A man driving home is driven off the road by another car which suddenly appears out of nowhere, just as he rounds a dangerous curve in a canyon. Sometimes a man walking home at night is surprised by a dull thud directly in front of him. Upon examination all he can find is a big splotch of blood. Again, a child is followed home by a strange dog. After getting the confidence of the child, the dog leads him to the woods where the dog sets upon and almost kills the child. A posse goes in search of the dog, unseen by anyone, and picks up the trail. Strangely enough the tracks turn to owl foot prints and then they disappear where the bird flew away.

The ball of fire, or will-o-the-wisp, is another form taken by witches. There is the story of a young man who married a girl against the wishes of his mother. Soon after the wedding the wife began to grow thin and lose her appetite. After consulting the doctors in the nearby city with no results, the distressed husband decided to call on the village Arbolario who said to him: "Son, I have known your mother longer than you have, and I know her to be a witch. She has cast a spell on your wife because you married her against her wishes." On the way home that night, the sad young man noticed a ball of fire that kept hovering over him. He jumped from his horse, drew a circle on the ground with his quirt, and exclaimed, "Les tres dulces nombres, Jesús María Y Jose!" Instantly the ball of fire fell within the circle and turned into his own mother who begged him not to kill her. He promised not to disclose her

identity if she would follow him home and undo the mischief she had done to his wife.

There is a great deal of speculation regarding these fire balls. I have seen them twice over the Sandia Mountains east of Albuquerque and tried to follow their course. At first they look like a campfire in the mountains, but they keep moving down the valley and finally disappear over the Rio Grande. Some claim to have shot at them, but they bounce around and cannot be hit. Another man claims to have actually followed one to the cemetery where the fire ball hovered over a grave and spoke, saying, "Please, amigo, have some masses said for me in church to get me out of Purgatory."

The household cat, and particularly the black variety, has been the most maligned in superstition the world over, not only because of its color (or lack of it to be exact), but because of the cat's ability to see at night.

Witches are said to borrow cats' eyes when they go out on their nocturnal wanderings. A farmer saw a pair of shining eyes in his barn one night and noticed that his black cat was bumping into things helplessly. He took the witch's eyes and put them in the cat, but the cat became so useless as a mouse catcher that the farmer placed it back in the barn where the witch recovered her own eyes.

There lived two youngish old maids in the vicinity of Las Vegas who received callers during the day, but always refused callers at night, saying that they retired early. An old bachelor became interested in these girls and decided to watch their house one night. The blinds were pulled down after dark, and two black cats meowing at the door were let in. The man waited until everything seemed quiet at the house, and then knocked at the door. No one answered, so he pounded the door calling the women by name. When this failed he forced his way into the darkened front room where he was scared out of his wits as he stumbled over the cats. By now he began to suspect his "early retiring" friends, so he took the cats home. There he discovered to his amazement that he was looking into the eyes of his friends! The following afternoon, as was his custom, he called on his lady friends and noticed that they pulled their shawls over their eyes, and would turn their faces away from him saying that they were suffering with "mal de ojo," or pink eye. In order

to get a good look at them he suddenly cried in great pain, "Ay!" causing the women to turn inadvertently towards him. He was shocked by the truly feline look in their faces.

In addition to the cat, witches use monos, muñecos, or rag dolls, and wax figures made to resemble the one they wish to harm, into which they stick needles over the particular part of the body they wish to afflict. Some monos are elaborately made by stretching mouse fur over a wax figure, according to the directions given in the Black Book, or Libro de la Magia Negra. A second-hand car dealer once showed me a bundle taken from under the seat of a trade-in where it had been left by an Albuquerque woman who was reportedly a witch. In the bundle were numerous herbs which were used in brewing potions and a piedra iman, a loadstone, or magnet. The belief in the magnet goes back to early Roman times and has been used universally as an adjunct to magic. Every Friday, incidentally, it must be fed steel or iron filings in order to keep up its strength.

Witches are only a part of the host of denizens that plague the inhabitants of the Rio Grande. The basilisk, that ugly bird born from the last egg laid by an old hen, is a fearful creature. If the basilisk looks upon its victim first, the latter dies; but if someone sees him first, the creature dies instantly. Down by El Paso there was a spot on the road where many healthy-looking people fell dead for no reason at all. Finally someone discovered a basilisk in a crow's nest up in a cottonwood tree. A mirror on a long pole was raised to the nest of the basilisk. Seeing its image therein, the monster died of the shock, as is usually the case.

In addition to witches there are espantos, or ghosts, who haunt deserted houses, graveyards, and buried treasures. Some ghosts of departed and aggrieved husbands come back to uncover the feet of unfaithful wives who marry the other man. When treasure hunters are getting close to the "old Spanish chest", they are assailed by falling bones and leering skulls or they are overcome by fumes. Of course, these treasure hunters could have come prepared with an invisible cat bone. This can be easily acquired by boiling a black cat till the flesh falls off the bones, and holding each bone up to a mirror until one is found whose image will not reflect itself upon the mirror. Anyone with this amulet in his hip pocket need not worry about ghosts and witches.

Ghosts, particularly Spanish ones, have been known to be not only amorous but also polite. One harassed husband below Socorro, Texas, complained about the ghost who got in bed with his wife every night and refused to let him get into bed until he said, "With your permission." It was the ghost of his wife's first suitor who had died before she was married.[7]

Some ghosts have been known to be musical, or at least they have been known to whistle--like the "whistling ghost" in one of the canyons down by the Mexican border. A wealthy and rather peculiar old rancher disappeared from his house where he lived alone. People raided his home until nothing was left but a few empty boxes and an overstuffed sofa infested by rats and other vermin. In time the weatherbeaten structure became a landmark in the countryside, but it was reported that the old man came back every so often and whistled to people passing by. An adventurous traveller went out this way one night to call on the "whistling ghost", and no sooner had he gotten out of his car when the old man began his beckoning whistle. With a six-shooter in one hand, the iconoclast investigator walked into the house. The taunting host moved to the attic The man listened for a moment and heard very plainly the moaning whistle above him. He went back to the car and got some tools with which to pry loose part of the ceiling, improvised a ladder from the old boxes, and hoisted himself to the attic where the whistling now became clearer and louder. As his eyes became accustomed to the dark, he perceived a moving object swaying back and forth. He gripped his gun tighter, took aim as best he could in the dark, and fired. The object continued to sway and whistle mockingly at him. If only he had brought a flashlight! He took out his cigarette lighter and, by its flickering glow, revealed the hanging figure of a man whose skull had been picked clean. As the wind blew from a certain direction it passed through an opening of the skull and produced the wierd whistle that had lured him to investigate.

These ghostly apparitions produce a sort of shock which the people refer to as "susto". Sometimes the victims foam at the mouth, turn blue, and roll their eyes. When they come to, they lose their appetite and run a high fever. The way to cure this malady is quite simple. You take a pinch of dust from the four corners of a graveyard, add a piece of red flannel, your mother's wedding ring, and boil this miscellaneous assortment in "agua bendita", or holy water. Pour the brew into a cup, make the sign of the cross with the right hand, and take three swallows . . .

repeating between each draught: "Alabado sea el Santisimo Sacramento del Altar", and presto! you are cured of "susto".

But this individual who has just been cured of "susto" could easily fall back into a state of shock were he to hear during the night the wail of "La Llorona". Centuries ago this woman lost her children and has been looking for them ever since. Some say that she drowned them in a well or in a pond in order to marry a man with whom she fell in love. All along the Rio Grande and down into Mexico can be heard her tearful wailing by those who lie awake in apprehension lest she stop at their door to sob. In such cases someone in the household is sure to die. Neighbors talk about it the next morning and ask each other, "Did you hear La Llorona last night?"

The most common evil, and one feared by most people is the evil eye. No one seems to be exempt from this malignant curse. Even those who have no evil designs on anyone are apt to bring harm upon a little child. Should one look intently or admiringly at a baby, the mother will object saying that one will cast a spell upon the child by looking too long at him. El ojo accounts for high fevers, vomiting, and even blindness. It can be cured by finding the person who caused the evil eye and having her spit into the child's face, or transfer water from her mouth to the afflicted child. If the person is not known, the yoke of an egg is placed in a plate and the person's face who caused the evil eye will be reflected in it. In the lower Rio Grande many children wear coral beads around their necks in order to prevent the evil eye.

Everything seems to be reduced to a superstitious formula among the peasants. Perhaps it is easier and much more satisfactory to ascribe a supernatural cause for the ills that plague them. These "explanations" go beyond afflictions and cures; they also explain the behavior of animals. The horned toad rolls into a convenient ball in order to be swallowed by a snake, then he expands within her and with his horns breaks through the sides of the snake that feasted on him. Certain varieties of snakes, such as the whip snake, or chirrionera, are capable of some of the most incredible feats. The habits ascribed to these snakes are so commonly accepted that the extraordinary thing is to believe differently. Many a cow, for example, has gone dry after being milked by a chirrionera. They lie in the brush and wait for a good milk cow to come along; the snake wraps itself around her hind legs, and pro-

ceeds to suck the milk from the cow until completely dry. (I often wondered where a thin snake would put away a couple of gallons of milk!) At night they also wrap themselves around the neck of a woman with a breast-feeding infant and suck the mother's breasts, meanwhile keeping the infant contented by putting their tail in the baby's mouth. Sometimes they attack men in the fields and administer a terrific whipping. They stand on their heads and use the other end like a cat-o-nine-tails. They also crawl on a man's back and choke him to death.

One particular chirrionera had found a new trick. It would hide behind a gate post and pull a man's neck against the post so he could not run for help. Finally a brave ranchero volunteered to kill the snake and took with him an open sharp knife. When the snake slithered over his shoulder to circle his neck, he placed the blade to his neck with the edge facing out. The snake whipped around him instantly, but he simply cut its coils by forcing out his knife blade. These snakes are truly wonderful and fast. Those who have chased them claim that when they see the pursuer gaining on them they turn cartwheels, end over end.

More feared by women than the chirrionera, however, is the water-dog, or ajolote, referred to in New Mexico as guajolote, the Mexican name for turkey. This amphibian is particularly dangerous to young girls who bathe in the ditches slong the Rio Grande. After entering a woman it remains for a nine month's period giving the impression that the woman is pregnant. Many a mischievous boy has emptied the ditch of its feminine bathers by shouting, "Ajolote!"

The collared lizard, or mountain boomer, which abounds in the valley to the south, is also quite a fellow. He runs on his hind legs, chases men and spits on them his deadly secretion. He also crawls over the sheep and urinates on their heads, causing the wool to fall off and the sheep to die a slow death.

Despite the mischief that these reptiles, fowl, and amphibians can do, they compensate by producing numerous beneficial oils and salves. There is aceite de la víbera, cebo de coyote, manteca de zorrillo, and all sorts of salves used for rheumatism, skin infections, and internal ailments. The list is legion.

There are times when nature seems to tip the scales in favor of the

superstitious. The effects of the rising waters of the Rio Grande upon the centuries-old grave of old Father Padilla of the XVI century are convincing enough to confuse even the incredulous. In the church in Isleta, 12 miles south of Albuquerque, there lies the body of Father Padilla who came with Coronado in 1540. Every so many years his coffin rises through the church floor. This "miracle" is looked upon by many as a constant reminder of the faith for which the old friar died.

In Las Cruces and in the White Sands, particularly, there is found an unusual rock-like formation which the inhabitants of the valley call "frozen lightning". According to geologists, this popular name is given to the fused sand particles which the heat of lightning causes when it contacts sandy soil. The pieces look like a policeman's club and are about as long. The city of Las Cruces was divided into two camps when the Chamber of Commerce exhibited, around 1935, a few pieces of the so-called "frozen lightning". One side believed it to be just what the name implied, and others claimed that the whole thing was a hoax. Herb healers sell this rock or rent it to those afflicted with rheumatism. The tea brewed by boiling the stick a few minutes is used as a cure for a number of afflictions.

Those of us who have listened for years to weather forecasts come to view them as a scientific form of folklore. The people along the Rio Grande, Spanish and Anglo, have a way of foretelling weather that is absolutely reliable, however, according to them. "Las Cabañuelas" is an old system for computing the weather for the entire year. It works in this manner. The weather of the first twelve days in January correspond to the twelve months of the year. Beginning with the 13th day, each day represents the months of the year in reverse. From the 25th to the 31st each half day represents the weather for each month in succession, and the first twelve daylight hours of the last day of January also indicate the weather for the entire year. The average of these observations is the weather forecast for the entire year. (This works only "along the Rio Grande", however.)

People who work in the open or who do not usually have proper shelter, are naturally very concerned about the weather, and this may be the reason why there are so many omens--especially bad weather. If the roosters crow early in the evening, the weather is sure to change; if the cattle are frisky, if the snails are climbing, or the rattlesnakes

come out in large numbers, or a donkey brays and is answered, rain will follow. Sometimes the ring around the moon or around the sun will tell the story; and, when nothing else avails, the sheepherders claim that something within them tells them it will rain or that a storm is brewing. Ask a native of the Rio Grande about the weather and he will look around for some sign upon which to base his prediction. Will it rain tonight? Maybe yes, maybe no, I think so, maybe, I don't know!

The healing arts is a field where superstition has developed into a major enterprise. The curanderas, the medicas, and the arbolarios (herbolarios) do a thriving business all along the Rio Grande from Colorado to the Gulf of Mexico. There is hardly a root or a weed growing in the valleys and in the deserts that does not have a usage. In addition to herbs and roots, they prescribe some very picturesque treatments. A newborn pig is rubbed on those suffering from epilepsy. If you suffer with asthma, bake a badger until dry, grind to a powder, mix with magpie soup, and serve in the first quarter of the moon. In the case of tuberculosis, rub the patient with cat's flesh and give him the blood to drink. If you want a ruddy complexion, rub your face with the umbilical cord of an infant. If you have a crimp on your neck, take your wife's (or husband's) drawers and tie them around the neck. For an infection, "axe sweat", suder del hacha, is the best cure. (Burn a piece of cloth on the axe head until it is consumed, and the moisture--or sweat--that gathers where the cloth burned is applied to the wound.) Bleeding from a cut can be stopped by wrapping the open wound with cobwebs. A headache will disappear if you take the tax labels from Bull Durham or Tuxedo tobacco and paste them on the sides of the forehead. If a child is afflicted with rickets, wrap his joints with strips of coyote hide. Skunk grease and rattle snake oil can be purchased in many places where it is said to be a good rubaficient for rheumatism. And for those who wish to win the heart of a young lady, it is suggested that they grind the dry bone of a male jack rabbit and place a pinch of it in the lady's soup or in her cigarette if she smokes.

There are hundreds of omens which augur good or evil. Here are a few:

If you wear your trousers high above the ankle, you will have good luck.

It is bad luck to stumble on your left foot.

To insure good luck, place your shoes at the head of the bed.

When a bird enters a house it is a sign that someone will die soon.
If it rains on your wedding day the bridegroom will die first.
If you see a spider coming down its web, it means that you will get a letter soon.
Persons with large ears are very unselfish.
People with moles cannot be bewitched.
The white spots on your fingernails indicate the lies you have told.
Two people drink out of the same glass, the second will know the other's secrets.
Mirrors should be covered during a storm to prevent lightning from striking.
An axe should always be placed with the cutting edge down to prevent lightning.
A hair thrown into a barrel of water will turn into a snake.
A pregnant woman's cravings should always be heeded lest the child be marked; she should also carry a key in her pocket to prevent harelip.

The superstitious practices along the Rio Grande are an integral part of the life pattern of the people there. People who have not replaced their folk beliefs with those of a more cultivated society will continue to guide their thinking and their actions with the magic formulae sanctioned by the traditions into which they have been born.

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1 SIR JAMES GEORGE FRAZER, THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE, A PLEA FOR SUPERSTITION. P 3.

2 DEQUINCEY'S WRITINGS, CHRISTIANITY, PAGANISM AND SUPERSTITION, HOUGHTON MIFFLIN & CO., NEW YORK 1877, VOL. 8, P. 533.

3 H. M. WILTSE, SOME MOUNTAIN SUPERSTITION OF THE SOUTH, JAFL, VOL. XII, NO. XLV, P. 132.

4 LITERARY DIGEST, JANUARY 5, 1929, P. 124-125.

5 HUMAN-WOLVES AMONG THE NAVAJO, BY WILLIAM MORGAN. (YALE UNIVERSITY PUBLICATIONS IN ANTHROPOLOGY, NO. 11, 1936).

6 DAVID HALL, "WITCHING FOR WATER WITH THE BIBLE", STRAIGHT TEXAS, NO. XIII, 1937, P. 176-181.

7 SONNICKSON, CHARLES L., "MEXICAN SPOOKS FROM EL PASO", P. 120-29, STRAIGHT TEXAS, PUBLICATIONS OF THE TEXAS FOLKLORE SOCIETY.

TRAIL DUST FROM THE DENVER CORRAL

Art Campa went off to Chicago for a two-day conference on Discrimination in College Admissions, November 4 and 5, as part of the American Council on Education meetings.

Wrote Herb Brayer on his attendance card: "Wish I could be with you.....My sincere best wishes to all the gang. Chicago Westerners meet on the 24th, and will have a roundtable on Wyatt Earp. Too bad Bill Raine isn't here to give them the real dope."

The November 7 and 13 issues of the Rocky Mountain Empire Magazine of the Denver POST will carry "The Forgotten War in the West", a story by Bill Barker, in two parts --prominently credited to The Westerners BRAND BOOK, Vol. IV, as "advance publicity". Incidentally, the BRAND BOOK address is given, and the price, too!

In the current issue of the Western Humanities Review, Levette Davidson has an article entitled, "Folk Element in Midwest Literature"--says Levette, "Fairly close to the interests of The Westerners"

Writes Art Zeuch: STAMPEDE TO TIMBERLINE, by Muriel Sibell Wolle, is now in its third printing--even before the second has been completely delivered!

Ralph Carr wants some stirring of minds on this one: "I hear rumors," he writes, "of a steamboat which operated between Sloan's Lake and downtown Denver in pioneer days. Any basis for it?"

WANTED: Monthly BRAND BOOKS

By Doc Collins: July 1946 and October 1947.

By Don Bloch: February, March, May, June, July, September, October, and November, 1945; January, February, May, June, and July, 1946; February, March, April, and May, 1947.

Apropos of the above note, the

Editor understands that the Westerners are now virtually all out of supply of these back numbers of individual Brand Books, as a result of the note published in the last issue.

Did you get your copy of that well-illustrated little brochure on Meeker, Colo., "The Last Frontier", published on the occasion of the Range Call Rodeo last July 4 and 5? Or MEN AND FORTUNES, the thick historical magazine just out, Folks and Fortunes (at $1.00), on the San Luis Valley? These and other similar ephemeral publications are being published quite frequently in the state, and are really collectors' items for their pictures and historical material.

Writes Merrell Kitchen (Asst. Ed. of the Los Angeles Corral's BRANDING IRON):

> "I want to thank you for the monthly Brand Books which I have been receiving regularly. There have been some mighty good papers this year and among them I particularly liked BABY DOE TABOR - EPILOGUE by E. G. McMechen, THE GHOST TOWN OF BOWERMAN by Francis B. Rizzari and WESTERN TRAILS TO CALVARY by Barron B. Beshoar. But they were all good.
>
> "I can't reciprocate to quite the same extent. As you perhaps know our monthly papers are printed only in the annual Brand Book, and this year we are not even publishing the Branding Iron magazine due to high printing costs. However, I am sending the three 'keepsakes', as our Sheriff Homer Boelter calls them, which have thus far been issued, and we hope another one or two will be forthcoming yet this year.
>
> "I have seen your latest Brand Book also and think it's the best you have done yet. A worthwhile contribution to authentic works on the west. I am sure you will miss Mr. Brayer. I thought his two volume set William Blackmore a notable work covering an aspect of the old west all too unfamiliar."

And Edward T. Ballinger writes, also to Doc, re Rails That Climb, or How the California Zephyr Got West Through the Rockies, a new railroad history of the Moffat line. He says, "a Memorial Edition to W. C. Jones, who rebuilt the Moffat for Rio Grande steeds", will comprise the first few of a 2500-copy edition, and these will sell at $4.75 each if ordered and paid for before December 25. Along with these copies comes a "scale model walnut

tie from Moffat line". Price goes up to $5.50 later.

In the September 2, 1949 issue of the Wyoming State Tribune appeared this story under an AP, Rawlins, Wyo., dateline: "Legend of Big Nose George Revived; Bones Discovered--

"The legend of Big Nose George has been revived by the discovery of bleached bones that may--or may not--be those of the famous outlaw.

"George Parrotte, better known as Big Nose George, was hanged from a telegraph pole in March, 1881, three years after he and his gang killed two officers.

"After the lynching, his body was skinned and dismembered. According to popular accounts, he was buried in a barrel at the corner of Fifth and Cedar streets.

"Most authorities believe he was buried at the site of the present city cemetery, but now workmen have discovered bleached bones while digging the foundation for a new store. They were found at Fifth and Cedar streets.

"The chamber of commerce at one time was located at Fifth and Cedar, and workmen uncovered a document from its files telling how Big Nose George met his end. It was written by R. Zingeheim, an early resident of Rawlins.

"He told how H. H. Vincent discovered that George and his gang had pulled the spikes from the mainline railroad track near Carbon to derail and rob a train. Vincent and a Deputy Sheriff Widdowfield tracked the gang to his hideout in the Elk mountains, and were killed. That happened in August, 1878.

"One of the gang, Dutch Charley, was arrested the next year, wearing the fancy boots of one of the victims.

"Big Nose George wasn't apprehended until 1881. He tried to break out of jail, but was forced back to his cell by the jailer's wife. Later, an irate group of citizens lynched him.

"The outlaw's skin was tanned and made into shoes, one pair of which still is on display. Now Rawlins residents are wondering if his bones have been found."

PROGRAM FOR NOVEMBER

Charles Redd will present a paper on the "Hole-in-the-Rock Expedition."

CHUCK WAGON BOOK REVIEWS

TREAD OF THE LONGHORN, BY WALTER GANN, THE NAYLOR COMPANY, 1949. $2.75.

AFTER READING SOME OF THE RECENT BOOKS ABOUT THE WESTERN FRONTIER, VOLUMES FILLED WITH A REHASH OF OLD STORIES AND WITH VERY LITTLE ORIGINAL IN THEM, IT IS A PLEASURE TO PICK UP ONE SO WELL GROUNDED IN SOURCE MATERIAL AS THIS ONE WRITTEN BY WALTER GANN.

THE FIRST PART OF THE BOOK IS A CONDENSED HISTORY OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CATTLE INDUSTRY AND ITS SPREAD OVER THAT VAST TERRITORY THAT HAS BEEN CALLED CATTLELAND. THE AUTHOR SHOWS THAT HE HAS MADE A CAREFUL STUDY OF DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE AND HAS ADDED TO IT DEDUCTIONS JUSTIFIED BY HIS PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE OF THE WAYS OF CATTLE AND HORSES.

A READER NOT DEEPLY VERSED IN THE HISTORY OF THE WEST AND UNAWARE OF THE TREMENDOUS EFFECT CATTLE HAVE HAD ON OUR SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC LIFE COULD FIND GREAT PROFIT IN A CAREFUL READING OF GANN'S BOOK. MY PERSONAL OPINION IS THAT IT WOULD MAKE A VALUABLE ADDITION TO HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARIES FOR SUPPLEMENTARY READING. OUR SCHOOLS TEACH YOUNG PEOPLE THE HISTORY OF GREECE AND ROME, OF ENGLAND, OF OUR COLONIAL DAYS, BUT VERY LITTLE OF THIS VANISHED PERIOD OF THE COW COUNTRY WHICH IS OUR PARTICULAR HERITAGE. I HAVE KNOWN CULTURED PEOPLE OF THIS SECTION WHO LOOK DOWN ON IT AS A CRUDE UNWASHED CHAPTER OF OUR PAST JUST AS WELL FORGOTTEN. THEY ARE WRONG. ANY INDIVIDUALITY COLORADO HAS STEMS LARGELY FROM THOSE TWENTY YEARS WHEN THE MAN ON HORSEBACK RODE THE PLAINS, LORD OF ALL HE SURVEYED.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS OF THE BOOK ARE EXCELLENTLY ORGANIZED BUT ARE, OF COURSE, A SUMMARY OF MANY MEN'S WORK. IT IS IN THE LAST CHAPTERS THAT GANN COMES INTO HIS OWN. IF THE CONTENT HAD NOT BEEN A PART OF HIS LIFE HE COULD NOT HAVE WRITTEN THEM. HE WAS ASTRIDE A BRONCO WHEN HE WAS A FIVE-YEAR-OLD; A GOOD COWHAND WHEN HE WAS FIFTEEN. HE HAD HEARD THE TALK OF OLDTIMERS AND KNEW THE FACTORS THAT MADE POSSIBLE THE TEN THOUSAND CATTLE RANCHES THAT EXIST TODAY. THESE FACTORS WERE INVENTIONS NOT MADE BY CATTLEMEN THEMSELVES. THE FIRST WERE THOSE OF THE COLT'S REVOLVER AND THE WINCHESTER RIFLE BY MEANS OF WHICH THE COMANCHES, THE KIOWAS, AND THE APACHES WERE SUBDUED. ANOTHER LANDMARK WAS THE MANUFACTURE OF DIGGING MACHINERY FOR DEEP WELLS ON THE PRAIRIES AND WINDMILLS TO BRING THE WATER TO THE SURFACE. STILL ANOTHER WAS THE COMING OF BARBED WIRE WHICH PRACTICALLY PUT AN END TO THE OPEN RANGE AND MADE IT A PRACTICAL PROPOSITION FOR CATTLEMEN BY BREEDING TO CHANGE THE LONGHORN, LEGGY AND BONY AND WITHOUT TALLOW ON ITS SKINNY FRAME, INTO THE FINE BLOODED STOCK OF TODAY.

IN HIS CHAPTERS THE COW PONY AND THE COWBOYS, THE AUTHOR MENTIONS A HUNDRED DETAILS ABOUT CATTLE, BRONCOS, THE TERRAIN, AND THE RIDERS THAT NO PROFESSOR SITTING IN HIS LIBRARY COULD PICK UP FROM HIS READING. FOR YOUNG WRITERS AND STUDENTS OF THE OLD WEST, I RECOMMEND ESPECIALLY THE LATER CHAPTERS OF THE TREAD OF THE LONGHORN. THE WAY OF LIFE SUCH CONDITIONS ENTAILED HAS GONE FOREVER; BUT BECAUSE THEY WERE, THE DOMAIN WE LIVE IN NOW—THAT SECTION KNOWN AS THE WEST—RETAINS A FLAVOR STILL UNIQUE AND REFRESHING.

I RECOMMEND YOU PUT THIS BOOK ON A SHELF OF YOUR LIBRARY——AFTER YOU HAVE READ IT.

(WILLIAM M. RAINE)

WELLS FARGO: ADVANCING THE AMERICAN FRONTIER. BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD (NEW YORK: RANDOM HOUSE, 1949. XVI + 274 PP. $3.75.)

U. S. WEST: THE SAGA OF WELLS FARGO. BY LUCIUS BEEBE AND CHARLES CLEGG. (NEW YORK: E. P. DUTTON & CO., 1949. 320 PP. $7.50.)

THE STORY OF OVERLAND MAIL, STAGECOACH, AND EXPRESS OF THE WEST HAS BEEN A FAVORITE SUBJECT FOR WRITERS. BOOKS UPON THE GENERAL SUBJECT HAVE COME IN AN INCREASING FLOOD DURING THE PAST TWENTY OR MORE YEARS. EARLIER, THERE HAD BEEN FRANK ROOT'S REMINISCENCES IN ROOT AND CONNELLEY, THE OVERLAND STAGE TO CALIFORNIA, PUBLISHED IN 1901. THEN CAME VISSCHER'S BOOK ON THE PONY EXPRESS IN 1908 AND BRADLEY'S IN 1913.

IN 1926 MY OVERLAND MAIL WAS PUBLISHED. TWO YEARS LATER BANNING AND BANNING'S

SIX HORSES GAVE THE STORY OF STAGECOACHING. THE SEQUENCE OF OTHER PUBLICATIONS IS AS FOLLOWS: E. A. WILTSEE, THE PIONEER MINER AND THE PACK MULE EXPRESS (1931);, ARTHUR CHAPMAN, THE PONY EXPRESS (1932); A. F. HARLOW, OLD WAYBILLS (1934); H. R. DRIGGS, THE PONY EXPRESS GOES THROUGH (1935); N. C. WILSON, TREASURE EXPRESS. THE EPIC DAYS OF THE WELLS FARGO (1936); O. O. WINTHER, EXPRESS AND STAGECOACH DAYS IN CALIFORNIA (1936); W. B. LANG, THE FIRST OVERLAND MAIL (1940); J. V. FREDERICK, BEN HOLLADAY. THE STAGECOACH KING (1940); W. L. ORMSBY, THE BUTTERFIELD OVERLAND MAIL (1942); O. O. WINTHER, VIA WESTERN EXPRESS AND STAGECOACH (1945); CONKLING AND CONKLING, THE BUTTERFIELD OVERLAND MAIL, 3 VOLS. (1947).

THE TWO BOOKS ON WELLS FARGO PUBLISHED THIS YEAR ARE IN LARGE PART A REHASH OF PREVIOUS VOLUMES. BOTH CARRY MANY OF THE SAME STORIES; BOTH ARE ENTERTAININGLY WRITTEN AND AIMED AT A POPULAR AUDIENCE.

MR. HUNGERFORD, THROUGH MANY YEARS OF ASSOCIATION WITH WELLS FARGO AND VARIOUS RAILROADS WAS ABLE TO SUPPLY FROM PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE, INTERESTING DETAILS OF THE COMPANY'S HISTORY AND PERSONALITIES. HIS PRINCIPAL CONTRIBUTION IS IN THE LATER PART OF THE VOLUME. HE GIVES A FRANK AND ENLIGHTENING ACCOUNT OF THE BUSINESS AND FINANCIAL CONTESTS AND CONTRACTS OF WELLS FARGO WITH VARIOUS RAILROADS AND OF STRUGGLES AMONG THE RAILROAD MAGNATES.

THE EARLIER PART OF HIS VOLUME HAS THE CHAPTERS AND STORIES COMMON TO PRECEDING BOOKS ON THE GENERAL SUBJECT. THERE ARE ACCOUNTS OF THE BEGINNINGS OF THE EXPRESS COMPANIES IN CALIFORNIA, THE RISE OF THE STAGECOACH EMPIRE OF HOLLADAY AND OF WELLS FARGO, THE PONY EXPRESS, AND THE ROAD AGENTS BOTH OF THE STAGECOACH AND THE RAILROAD ERA. PERHAPS THE MOST INTERESTING OF THE HIGHWAYMEN WAS BLACK BART, WHO LEFT SIGNED POETIC NOTES IN THE RIFLED TREASURE CHESTS. FROM 1875 TO 1883 HE EFFECTED 27 SUCCESSFUL HOLDUPS. ON THE 28TH THE EXPRESS BOX WAS FASTENED TO THE FLOOR OF THE STAGE AND IT TOOK HIM A LITTLE TOO LONG TO HACK IT LOOSE WITH HIS AX. HIS MOST FAMOUS STANZA OF POETRY, LEFT IN THE BOX WAS THIS (P. 144):

I'VE LABORED LONG AND HARD FOR BREAD
FOR HONOR AND FOR RICHES,
BUT ON MY CORNS TOO LONG YOU'VE TRED,
YOU FINE-HAIRED SONS OF BITCHES.
BLACK BART, THE PO8

EDWARD HUNGERFORD, AUTHOR, CRITIC, AND EDITOR, SPENT MOST OF HIS BUSINESS LIFE WORKING FOR AN WRITING ABOUT RAILROADS. HE STARTED THE FIRST RAILROAD MAGAZINE, IN 1905, FOR THE ERIE. LATER HE FOUNDED THE WELLS FARGO MESSENGER. HE WAS ADVERTISING MANAGER OF WELLS FARGO FROM 1912 TO 1918. HIS DEATH OCCURRED SHORTLY AFTER FINISHING THE MANUSCRIPT OF HIS WELLS FARGO.

THE BOOK BY LUCIUS BEEBE AND CHARLES CLEGG IS ENTERTAININGLY WRITTEN AND IS REMARKABLE FOR ITS VARIED AND EXTENSIVE ILLUSTRATIONS (OVER 225). ESPECIALLY INTERESTING ARE THE NUMEROUS PAIRS OF PICTURES -- THE FIRST OF WHICH IS A VIEW OF A MINING TOWN IN ITS BOOM DAYS, WHILE THE SECOND IS A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE SAME POSITION, OF THE GHOSTLIKE PRESENT.

MR. BEEBE IS SO FULL OF INFORMATION ON OLD MINING TOWNS, NARROW GAUGE RAILROADS, AND PICTURESQUE PERSONALITIES THAT HE GOES BRAVELY ON WITH HIS INTERESTING STORIES, ONLY OCCASIONALLY BECOMING CONSCIOUS THAT THE TITLE OF HIS BOOK IS WELLS FARGO.

BEEBE AND CLEGG RECOGNIZE THAT MUCH ABOUT WELLS FARGO IS AN OFT-TOLD TALE. "THE AUTHORS' CHOICE OF LOCALES AND BACKGROUND FOR THIS INFORMAL CHRONICLE HAS BEEN HIGHLY SELECTIVE AND MAKES NO CLAIM OF BEING DEFINITIVE" (P. 13). THEY HAVE GONE IN HEAVILY FOR STORIES AND PICTURES OF THE SHORTLIVED NEVADA MINING CAMPS THAT WELLS FARGO SERVED. THERE IS A GRAPHIC AND LIVELY CHAPTER ON VIRGINIA CITY. A SECOND TELLS OF THE BRIEF HEYDAY AND DISSOLUTION OF BODIE, AUSTIN, PANAMINT, AND CANDELARIA. A THIRD, OF 53 PAGES ON "THE LAST BONANZA", GIVES THE STORIES OF TONAPAH, GOLDFIELD, RHYOLITE, AND RAWHIDE.

IN ADDITION THEY GIVE THE USUAL CHAPTERS ON THE BEGINNINGS OF THE EXPRESS COMPANIES, THE PONY EXPRESS, STAGECOACH AND TRAIN ROBBERIES, ETC. BEEBE AND CLEGG HAVE SOME GOOD MAPS IN ADDITION TO THEIR WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF PHOTOGRAPHS.

(L. R. HAFEN)

FRONTIER JUSTICE, BY WAYNE GARD.
UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS, $3.75.

HERE IS A LONG-AWAITED BOOK ON A POPULAR, ACTION-PACKED PHASE OF WESTERN HISTORY—THE STORY OF FEUDS, OUTLAWS, RANGERS, BAD MEN, AND PEACE OFFICERS AND, ABOVE ALL, A NARRATIVE OF THE VIGILANTE AND THEIR "NECKTIE-PARTY" TYPE OF METING OUT JUSTICE—IN CALIFORNIA, MONTANA, WYOMING, COLORADO, AND OTHER LOCALITIES ON THE RAW AND SURGING FRONTIER.

FRONTIER JUSTICE MAKES HIGHLY ENTERTAINING READING. THE AUTHOR, WAYNE GARD, A DALLAS NEWSPAPER MAN WITH A BENT FOR GOOD, ACCURATE, HISTORICAL WRITING (NOTABLY, THE BEST BIOGRAPHY OF SAM BASS, THE INDIANA-BORN DESPERADO), HAS UNDOUBTEDLY WORKED HARD ON THIS BOOK, AND GIVES EVIDENCE OF HAVING GONE TO MANY ORIGINAL SOURCES FOR HIS MATERIAL. HE HAS CONSULTED MANY BOOKS, NEWSPAPERS, AND PUBLIC DOCUMENTS, AS IS ATTESTED BY HIS FINE 17-PAGE BIBLIOGRAPHY.

IN VIEW OF THIS PRODIGIOUS RESEARCH, THE BOOK IS IN A MEASURE DISAPPOINTING TO THE MAN WHO HAS ALREADY READ SOME OF THE BETTER GENERAL BOOKS ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE WEST. GARD HAS SEVERAL CHAPTERS ON LAW AND ORDER IN TEXAS, DURING VARIOUS EXCITING PERIODS IN ITS HISTORY, WHICH ARE HIGHLY INFORMATIVE AND WHICH PERHAPS COME CLOSEST TO PROVIDING NEW MATERIAL OR, AT LEAST, A NEW AND MORE ADEQUATE TREATMENT. HOWEVER, FOR THE MAIN PART, IN THE OTHER SECTIONS OF THE BOOK—THE CHAPTERS RELATING TO WYOMING, CALIFORNIA, MONTANA, COLORADO, KANSAS, ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO—THE MATERIAL IS VERY LARGELY THE BASIC, STANDARD, ALREADY WELL-KNOWN STORY. THIS DISAPPOINTMENT WILL NOT, OF COURSE, BE SHARED BY THE NEW OR GENERAL READER. TO HIM THE BOOK WILL JUSTIFIABLY BE A DELIGHT.

(SPEAKING OF THE DEARTH OF NEW FACTS WHICH THE WESTERN HISTORY "FAN" AVIDLY HOPES TO FIND IN A BOOK THESE DAYS, NEARLY ALWAYS WITH MEAGRE IF NOT NEGATIVE RESULTS, LEADS ONE TO CONTEMPLATE, NOT WITHOUT SADNESS, THAT MAYBE AFTER ALL, THE WESTERN HISTORY WELL MIGHT BE RUNNING DRY.)

FRONTIER JUSTICE IS DIVIDED INTO FOUR SECTIONS, EACH WITH SUBDEVISIONS. THE FIRST SECTION IS CALLED "VENGEANCE", DEALING WITH SOUTHWESTERN FEUDISTS, "REGULATORS", AND OTHERS OF SIMILAR ONERY BEHAVIOR. THERE IS ALSO A CHAPTER ON FEUDS OF WHITES AND INDIANS.

SECTION TWO IS CALLED "WAR ON THE RANGES", AND COVERS THE QUARRELS OF THE LIVESTOCK MEN; SHEEPMEN VS. CATTLEMEN; AND CATTLEMEN VERSUS NEARLY EVERYBODY ELSE. THERE IS A CHAPTER ON THE WHOLESALE FENCE-CUTTING INCIDENTS THAT PLAGUED VARIOUS PARTS OF THE RANGE. ALSO, AN ACCOUNT OF THE WYOMING JOHNSON COUNTY WAR THAT BRINGS OUT VERY LITTLE THAT IS NEW.

SECTION THREE IS ON THE VIGILANTE MOVEMENT IN CALIFORNIA AND MONTANA, AND ON OTHER PARTS OF THE WEST WHERE THIS WAS NOT SO LARGE A FACTOR.

SECTION FOUR IS ON THE PART PLAYED IN THE EARLY DAYS BY THE MORE FORMAL AND LEGAL FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER. THERE IS A FINE CHAPTER ON THE TEXAS RANGERS, INCLUDING THE STORY WITHOUT WHICH NOTHING IS EVER WRITTEN ABOUT THE TEXAS RANGERS, VIZ.: THE RANGERS BEING CALLED UPON TO SETTLE A RIOT, SEND ONE RANGER WHO, ON BEING ASKED WHERE THE OTHERS ARE, REPLIES, "THERE AIN'T BUT ONE FIGHT, IS THERE?" ANOTHER CHAPTER IS ON MARSHALS AND SHERIFFS OF DODGE CITY, HAYS CITY, ABILENE, AND THE REST OF THE TOUGH COW AND BUFFALO HUNTER TOWNS.

THE NEXT-TO-LAST CHAPTER IS CALLED "WITHOUT BENEFIT OF BLACKSTONE", AND IS A COLLECTION OF YARNS ON THE LESS "LEGAL" COURTS OF ROY BEAN AND HIS KIND.

THE FINAL CHAPTER DEALS LARGELY ON THE FORT SMITH FEDERAL COURT OF JUDGE PARKER, FAMOUS AS THE "HANGING JUDGE".

THERE IS ONE MAP (OF THE JOHNSON COUNTY WAR); AND SEVERAL ILLUSTRATIONS, AMONG THEM AN UNCOMMON ONE OF WILD BILL HICKOK. THE INDEX IS GOOD, AND FORMAT OF THE BOOK IS EXCELLENT.

(LESTER GEHMAN)

HISTORY OF COLORADO RAILROADS, BY HERBERT O. BRAYER. (REPRINTED FROM "COLORADO AND ITS PEOPLE", PAGES 635 TO 690 OF VOLUME II. LEROY R. HAFEN, EDITOR. LEWIS HISTORICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK, PUBLISHERS. 1948. $42.50.)

THE RESULT IS A VERY SATISFACTORY, BUT SOMETIMES A SOMEWHAT FICTIONAL HISTORY AND INTERESTING STORY OF THE PROMOTION AND FINANCING OF RAILROADS IN COLORADO.

UNFORTUNATELY IT IS DISAPPOINTING AS A HISTORY OF RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION IN THE STATE. UNLIKE THE USUAL HISTORY, HISTORY OF COLORADO RAILROADS DOES NOT RECORD THE TIME OR PLACE OF THE FIRST RAILROAD TRACK AND LOCOMOTIVE TO ENTER THE STATE OR THE NAME OF THE RAILROAD COMPANY (UNION PACIFIC) BUILDING IT. THE SAME DATA ARE MISSING FOR THE SECOND (DENVER PACIFIC) AND THIRD (KANSAS PACIFIC). THE BEGINNING OF COLORADO'S FOURTH (THE BOULDER VALLEY) AND FIFTH (COLORADO CENTRAL) ROADS WERE MENTIONED, BUT ITS SIXTH (THE D.& R.G.) IS GIVEN IN DETAIL. (SEE PAGE 649.) THIS WAS THE LAST ROAD BUILT DURING THE EARLIEST PERIOD OF COLORADO RAILROADING.

ON PAGE 684, HISTORY OF COLORADO RAILROADS RECORDS, IN A SUMMARY, TRACKS CONSTRUCTED FROM 1909 TO 1914 (THE LATTER YEAR BEING THE PEAK OF RAILROAD MILEAGE IN THE STATE), BUT BY AN UNDOUBTED OVERSIGHT FAILS TO INCLUDE THE CONSTRUCTION OF 111 MILES OF IMPORTANT UNION PACIFIC TRACKAGE, AS FOLLOWS:

THE DENT DISTRICT MAIN LINE,
SAND CREEK TO LASALLE...46 MILES
GREELEY BRANCHES, GREELEY
TO PURCELL AND BRIGGSDALE.....40 MILES
FORT COLLINS BRANCH, DENT
TO FT. COLLINS.....25 MILES

THESE WERE ALL BUILT IN COLORADO DURING THAT PERIOD 1909 TO 1914.

THERE ARE TWO GOOD EXAMPLES OF FICTIONAL HISTORY ON PAGE 643 OF HISTORY OF COLORADO RAILROADS:

FIRST, A FOOT-NOTE REFERENCE NUMBER 23 IS MADE TO AN ARTICLE IN THE DAILY COLORADO TRIBUNE OF AUGUST 15, 1870:

"AMID WILD DEMONSTRATIONS AND CELEBRATIONS THE FIRST TRAIN OVER THE KANSAS PACIFIC ARRIVED IN DENVER AT THE RESPLENDENT NEW DEPOT LOCATED AT THE FOOT OF 22ND STREET ON AUGUST 15, 1870."

ITS BEING MONDAY, THERE WAS NO ISSUE OF THE TRIBUNE ON THAT DATE; THE DEPOT MENTIONED DID NOT START TO EXIST UNTIL A YEAR LATER; AND 22ND STREET DID NOT EXIST --IT WAS "N" STREET. THE DATE WAS CORRECT.

SECOND,

"CURIOUSLY THE ROAD (COLORADO CENTRAL) CONTINUED ITS EARLIER ANTIPATHY AND REFUSED TO BUILD DIRECTLY INTO DENVER. IT JOINED ITS TRACKS WITH THOSE OF THE DENVER PACIFIC AT A JUNCTION SIX MILES NORTH OF DENVER. BEHIND THE COLORADO CENTRAL'S ACTIVITY WAS THE UNION PACIFIC."

THIS WAS PROBABLY A TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR, AS THIS JUNCTION WAS ONLY A SHORT TWO MILES NORTHEAST FROM THE DENVER CITY LIMITS (BROADWAY) AND AT THE MOST LOGICAL PLACE, NAMELY WHERE THE DENVER PACIFIC AND KANSAS PACIFIC JOINED. THE 100-FOOT RIGHT OF WAY ON WHICH THIS CONNECTING TRACK WAS BUILT WAS RECENTLY DONATED BY THE COLORADO & SOUTHERN RAILWAY TO THE CITY OF DENVER, ON WHICH TO BUILD A PART OF THE NEW STOCKYARDS STADIUM NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT 46TH AND LAFAYETTE STREETS.

HISTORY OF COLORADO RAILROADS SUCCEEDED IN INCLUDING MUCH VALUABLE RAILROAD INFORMATION IN FIFTY-FIVE PAGES. IRRELEVANT ITEMS, AND SOME RELEVANT, WERE NECESSARILY EXCLUDED. HISTORY OF COLORADO RAILROADS COVERED EXCEEDINGLY WELL THE POLITICS, FINANCES AND PROMOTION OF VARIOUS RAILROAD SCHEMES.

AS A CHRONICLE, HISTORY OF COLORADO RAILROADS LEAVES MUCH TO BE DESIRED BY THOSE INTERESTED IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF ALL RAILROADS IN COLORADO. IT FAITHFULLY IDENTIFIES ALL PERSONS NAMED, BUT OMITS MANY NAMES OF IMPORTANCE. IT IS UNFORTUNATE THAT COL. EICHOLTZ'S DIARIES WERE NOT AVAILABLE FOR USE IN HISTORY OF COLORADO RAILROADS, SO MUCH MATERIAL OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO WESTERN RAILROAD HISTORY COULD HAVE BEEN INCLUDED IN IT ALSO.

HAD HISTORY OF COLORADO RAILROADS MADE USE OF THE VERY VALUABLE PUEBLO CHIEFTAIN AND OTHER TERRITORIAL PAPERS, IT WOULD HAVE RECORDED ON PAGE 649 THE CORRECT TIME AND PLACE OF THE COMPLETION OF THE D. & R. G. INTO PUEBLO. ALL AGREE THAT IT WAS BETWEEN SEVEN AND EIGHT PM JUNE 19, 1872, NOT JUNE 15TH.

HISTORY OF COLORADO RAILROADS WAS FORTUNATE IN HAVING ACCESS TO RAILROAD RECORDS IN THE HISTORICAL SOCIETIES' ARCHIVES. UNDOUBTEDLY, HISTORY OF COLORADO SHOULD BE THE MOST VALUABLE CONTRIBUTION TO COLORADO'S RAILROAD HISTORY, WITH ALL THOSE PROFESSIONAL SERVICES AVAILABLE. ALL PRESENT AND FUTURE HISTORIANS WILL FIND THE ENTIRE FOUR VOLUMES OF "COLORADO AND ITS PEOPLE" (OF WHICH HISTORY OF COLORADO RAILROADS IS A SMALL PART) VERY VALUABLE AND INTERESTING.

(ELMER O. DAVIS, AUTHOR OF THE FIRST FIVE YEARS OF THE RAILROAD ERA IN COLORADO, 1948)

THE LOST PATHFINDER ZEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE, BY W. EUGENE HOLLON. UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS, NORMAN. $3.75.

THIS BOOK IS ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO SETTLE THE LONG MOOTED QUESTION AS TO PIKE'S CONNECTION WITH THE BURR CONSPIRACY AND, LIKE ALL OTHER ATTEMPTS IT PRODUCES NO DIRECT EVIDENCE. THE AUTHOR, BASING HIS DEDUCTIONS UPON PIKE'S CHARACTER AND HONORABLE SERVICE IN THE ARMY OVER A PERIOD OF 19 YEARS, CONCLUDES THAT PIKE WAS INNOCENT OF THE CHARGES.

THE AUTHOR, AT PRESENT ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA, RECEIVED A GENEROUS GRANT FROM THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY TO PROSECUTE THE WORK, AND HIS REFERENCES SHOW A PAINSTAKING STUDY OF ALL AVAILABLE PIKE MATERIAL. THE WORK IS SCHOLARLY AND OFFERS SOME NEW SIDELIGHTS UPON PIKE'S ACTIVITIES AND CHARACTER.

THE SECOND SON OF A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER, ZEBULON PIKE, WHO SERVED FAITHFULLY THROUGH THE INDIAN WARS ON THE OHIO FRONTIER, ZEBULON MONTGOMERY HERE PASSED HIS APPRENTICESHIP AS A SOLDIER, AND IT WAS DURING THIS PERIOD THAT HE FORMED HIS ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE NOTORIOUS GENERAL WILKINSON, WHOSE UNSAVORY RECORD IN THE BURR CONSPIRACY HAS BRANDED HIS NAME WITH INFAMY.

YOUNG PIKE OWED HIS OPPORTUNITIES TO GENERAL WILKINSON AND, SUCH WAS HIS NATURE, THAT HE REMAINED EVER FAITHFUL IN HIS FRIENDSHIP FOR WILKINSON. TO THIS WAS DUE MANY OF HIS FUTURE DIFFICULTIES. WHEN ALL OTHERS TURNED IN CONTEMPT FROM WILKINSON, PIKE PERSISTED IN HIS STEADFAST DEFENSE. IT TOOK GREAT MORAL COURAGE THUS TO FLY IN THE FACE OF PUBLIC OPINION FOR A PRINCIPLE IN WHICH HE BELIEVED, AND THE AUTHOR BASES HIS EXONERATION OF PIKE LARGELY UPON THIS ATTITUDE. IN THIS, HE MAKES A TELLING POINT.

MUCH OF THE BOOK IS DEVOTED TO TRACING PIKE'S JOURNEYS TO THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI AND TO THE ARKANSAS, THE MANNER IN WHICH HE HANDLED HIS MEN, THE COURAGE AND INTREPIDITY OF THE YOUNG COMMANDER, ALL BASED UPON PIKE'S OWN NARRATIVE, AND HENCE PRESENTING NO NEW MATERIAL. IN THIS ACCOUNT THE AUTHOR SHOWS HIS UNFAMILIARITY WITH THE GEOGRAPHICAL NATURE OF THE COUNTRY, AND COMMITS SEVERAL MINOR ERRORS.

THE MOST INTERESTING PART OF THE BOOK IS THE REVELATION, THROUGH PIKE'S LETTERS, OF HIS CHARACTER. WE SEE A HEADSTRONG, SELF-RIGHTEOUS, SOMEWHAT POMPOUS AND STUFFY YOUNG OFFICER, CONTINUALLY BOMBARDING HIS SUPERIORS WITH DEMANDS FOR PROMOTION, AND HE BY NO MEANS HID HIS LIGHT UNDER A BUSHEL. YET, THERE IS UNDOUBTED EVIDENCE THAT PIKE WAS ACTUATED BY A HIGH SENSE OF PERSONAL HONOR. HE WAS ALWAYS A CAPABLE AND EFFICIENT OFFICER, WITH A STERN ADHERENCE TO DUTY; QUALITIES WHICH LATER WON HIM THE CREDIT OF HAVING BEEN THE BEST BRIGADIER GENERAL IN THE ARMY AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH AT THE BATTLE OF YORK, CANADA, DURING THE WAR OF 1812. HIS STERLING QUALITIES STOOD OUT THE MORE BECAUSE OF THE GENERAL INEFFICIENCY AND INCOMPETENCE OF THE AMERICAN ARMY OFFICERS, ESPECIALLY MILITIA, DURING THE PERIOD JUST PRECEDING THE WAR OF 1812.

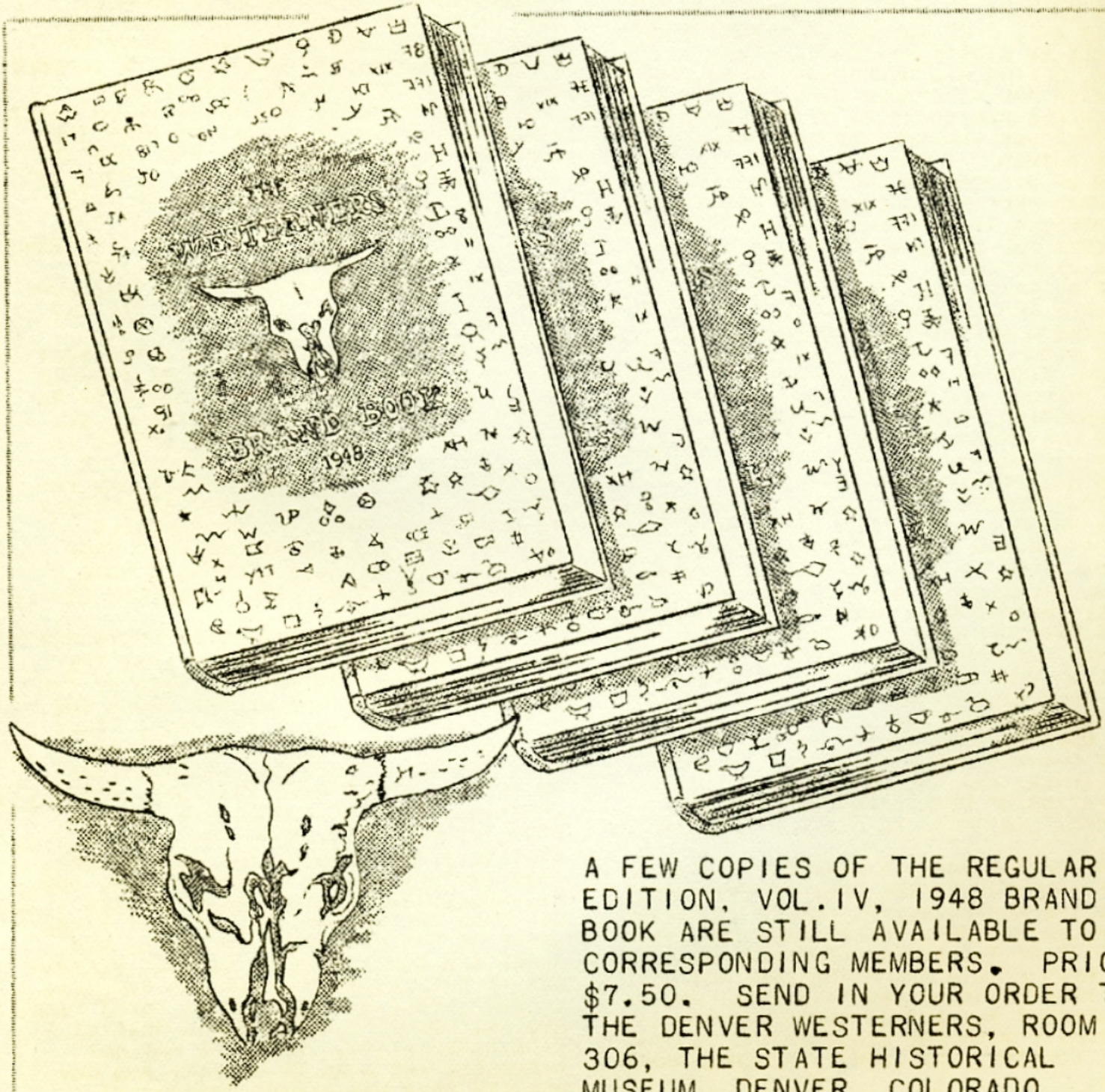
MR. HOLLON HAS CONTRIBUTED THE BEST AND MOST CONCISE STORY OF PIKE AND HIS MEN, BECAUSE THIS IS THE FIRST BOOK TO ATTEMPT A PRESENTATION OF PIKE IN ALL ITS ASPECTS. WE SEE HIM ENLISTING IN THE ARMY AS A BOY OF 15, STRUGGLING CONTINUALLY TO IMPROVE HIMSELF AND EXTEND HIS KNOWLEDGE, WITHOUT ADVANTAGES OF SCHOOLING, BATTLING CONTINUALLY AGAINST ODDS TO WIN WELL-EARNED PROMOTIONS, AND FINALLY LEAVING A NAME AMONG THE GREAT OF EARLY AMERICAN EXPLORERS.

NEXT TO THE EXPEDITION OF LEWIS AND CLARK, THE PIKE EXPLORATION INTO THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE WAS FOLLOWED BY THE MOST IMPORTANT CONSEQUENCES AMONG THE EARLY EXPLORATIONS OF THE WEST. THAT HE HAD RECEIVED SECRET INSTRUCTIONS FROM GENERAL WILKINSON, INSTRUCTIONS WHICH HAVE NEVER COME TO LIGHT, SEEMS CERTAIN. THAT HE FORCED HIS CAPTURE UPON THE MEXICANS, NONE CAN FAIL TO BELIEVE AFTER READING THE ACCOUNT OF THAT CAPTURE ON THE CONEJOS RIVER, BUT HIS UNBLEMISHED RECORD AS A SOLDIER SUPPORTS THE GENERAL BELIEF THAT PIKE, WHILE HE MAY HAVE BEEN THE DUPE, WAS NEVER THE CONFIDANTE OF GENERAL WILKINSON IN THE LATTER'S NEFARIOUS SCHEMES.

TOO LITTLE HAS BEEN KNOWN ABOUT PIKE AND MR. HOLLON'S BOOK SHOULD RECEIVE A WIDE CIRCULATION. WHILE HE HAS NOT DISPELLED THE AURA OF MYSTERY AND UNREALITY THAT HAS ALWAYS SURROUNDED

PIKE'S CHARACTER, HE DOES HUMANIZE THE CHARACTER SOMEWHAT, SO THAT WE ARE ABLE TO REGARD HIM AS FLESH AND BLOOD RATHER THAN AS A PAINTED FIGURE UPON A PAINTED BACKDROP.

(EDGAR C. McMECHEN)



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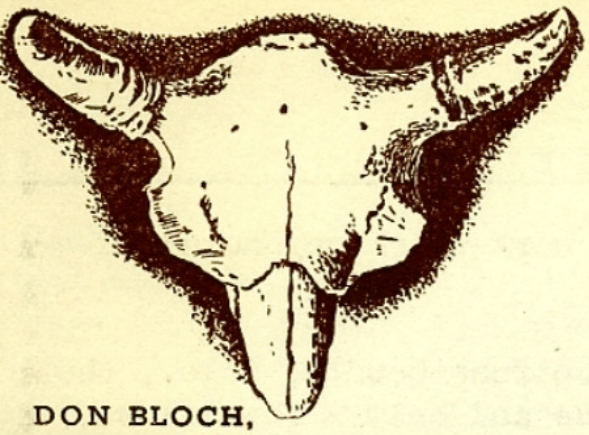

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PARADOX VALLEY OF COLORADO

A STUDY IN ENIGMAS

BY DOLORES C. RENZE*

In a remote section of Western Colorado lies the Paradox Valley, a peaceful, quiet place with colorful sunsets and marvelous views. Unless Escalante or other explorers reached it, the first recorded entrance of white men into the valley was that of A. C. Peale and his U. S. Geological Survey expedition in 1875. Hayden, who was a member of the expedition, aptly named it Paradox Valley, because the Dolores River that virtually bisects it, from east to west, runs at right angles to the watershed.

Still today, with super-highways, modern transportation, and other wonderous inventions, this valley remains a contradiction, a true paradox in more ways than one. For this section of Colorado is difficult territory to explore: the roads into it are few and often bad, and the terrain is broken by cliffs and deep canyons; water is scarce and modern accommodations practically non-existent. The valley presents almost a laboratory situation for research; influences of geographical environment are positive and clear cut, beginning with the geography, moving successively to the geology, the archaeology, the pioneer settlement, the cattle raising era, to the succeeding mining developments. Like the Scotch village in the play "Brigadoon", the valley lies quiescent periodically until a "miracle" brings it to life for awhile -- to current headlines which proclaim it "The Source of Death in Setting of Beauty". It is a primary source for uranium, a necessary element to the most destructive, devastating product ever discovered by science -- the

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*ARCHIVIST, STATE OF COLORADO; CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE WESTERNERS

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Atomic Bomb! Or, paradoxically, for research work which may herald a new era of benefits to mankind.

Situated in the extreme western end of Montrose County, Colo., the Paradox Valley is 50 miles due west of Montrose and only a few miles east of the Colorado-Utah state line. The only feasible approach to the valley by road is from the east via Norwood and Naturita, Colo., along Highways 145 & 90. The valley may be approached from the Utah side by the same highway, but the road is very poor and frequently dangerous. Even the most experienced mountain driver finds it a harrowing experience to traverse this road.

The valley is 25 miles long, and extends in a northwest-southeast direction; it varies in width from one to five miles. On all sides, except the southwest, abrupt and often sheer walls of naked rock rise to an awesome height of from 1500 to 2000 feet from the valley floor. These walls, fantastically eroded in banded red and grey sandstone, present strange and unearthly aspects in the changing lights. Through a narrow canyon in the south wall of the valley, the Dolores River enters; and, after meandering across the valley floor, it exits through an equally narrow canyon to the north. The valley is thus naturally separated into two halves, each of which presents entirely different physical features. West Paradox contains the only two towns in the valley proper, BEDROCK AND PARADOX; while East Paradox does not contain even a single inhabited house. West Paradox is moderately well watered by perennial springs that rise under the cliffs at the extreme western end of the valley, and by West Paradox Creek which traverses this section on its way to join the Dolores River.

On the other hand, East Paradox is for all practical purposes a desert. There are no constant springs of water there; and, only after a heavy cloudburst, does East Paradox Creek run at all, and then only for a few hours.

Paradox, with a store, hotel, and school; and Bedrock, with a store and school, are the two trading centers in the valley. Placerville, shipping point for the territory, is 70 miles to the southeast on the narrow-guage Denver and Rio Grande Southern Railway. Since the highway out of the valley to the west is exceedingly steep and rough, Paradox looks to the east for most of its contacts with the world outside.

Grand Junction is the area trade center (to the north on Highway 141), and the mining business of today trucks most of its product to the railroad for shipment. The elevation on the valley floor is 5100 feet, with rimrock rising to as high as 6500 feet. The climate is mild in the winter and sheltered from the wind; summer heat is tempered by the cool air from the La Sal peaks to the north and west. The soil, mostly red and weathered from sandstone, is exceedingly fertile.

The geologist, looking up from the valley floor, reads a history of the aeons in five chapters taking the form of red, pink, white, and buff colored bands of rock. Reading from bottom to top, from the oldest to most recent, they are in geological terminology the Carboniferous, Dolores, La Plata, McElmo, and Dakota Sandstone. The story of life told by these valley walls is primarily of the rise, flourishing, and decline of the great Mesozoic reptiles. Something of their weird, awesome, and fantastic nature still lurks in the shadows of the valley at twilight.[1]

Archaeological work in the valley has been done by two expeditions. In 1924, Frank H. H. Roberts and Jean Allard Jeancon did a preliminary survey which was incomplete. Their manuscript remains unpublished. In 1931, Doctor G. and Mrs. E. Woodbury made an archaeological survey of the valley and adjacent country.[2] The latter were guided to archaeological sites by residents of the community who had found potsherds, metates, arrowheads, and traces of ruins. It was evidident that the low, natural mounds which rise from the valley floor had been extensively utilized for habitations, especially those near constant and good water supply. From artifacts, pottery, and wall remains, the prehistoric inhabitants appear to have belonged to the Pueblo I and II periods. No human remains were found, however, except fragment of an occipital. Game was apparently abundant from evidences found of bison, mountain sheep, cottontail and jack rabbits, and gray wolf. The east end of the valley produced not the slightest trace of prehistoric occupancy of sedentary Indians. In the Dolores River canyon, on a rough wagon road up the left bank of the river, there were petroglyphs, but no other evidence of human habitation.

On the San Miguel-Dolores Confluence, north of Paradox Valley, are caves evidencing habitation. No pottery was found here, but they could well have been used by Utes in historic times. This is verified by stories of the old settlers who say that the Utes once came here in great numbers to hunt deer and used the caves as temporary shelters.

The Utes themselves, who resided in this territory until 1881, have a legend that the valley was once occupied by peaceful cliff dwellers who were massacred in a single day by an invading band of nomadic Indians from the north. This legend, incidentally, has been preserved in the poem, "DOLORES", written by Alfred Castner King,[3] the blind miner who lost his sight in an explosion while prospecting for gold.

DOLORES

I WILL SING OF A QUAINT OLD TRADITION,
A LEGEND ROMANTIC AND STRANGE,
WHICH WAS WHISPERED TO ME BY THE PINE TREES
HIGH UP ON THE WILD MOUNTAIN RANGE.
FAR AWAY IN THE MYSTICAL WESTLAND,
FROM THE MOUNTAIN PEAKS CRESTED WITH SNOW,
GLIDES DOLORES, THE RIVER OF SORROW,
DOLORES, THE RIVER OF WOE.

TIME WAS WHEN THIS RIVER OF SORROW
HAD NEVER A THOUGHT TO BE SAD,
BUT MEANDERED IN JOY THROUGH THE MEADOWS,
WITH BLUEBELL AND COLUMBINE CLAD.
HER RIPPLES WERE RIPPLES OF LAUGHTER,
AND THE SOFT, DULCET VOICE OF HER FLOW
WAS SUGGESTIVE OF PEACE AND AFFECTION,
NOT ACCENTS OF ANGUISH AND WOE.

LONG AGO, ERE THE FOOT OF THE WHITE MAN
HAD LEFT ITS FIRST PRINT ON THE SOD,
A PEOPLE, BOTH FREE AND CONTENTED,
HER MESAS AND CANON-WAYS TROD.
THEN DOLORES, THE RIVER OF SORROW,
WAS A RIVER OF LAUGHTER AND GLEE,
AS SHE PLAYFULLY DASHED THROUGH THE CANONS
IN HER TURBULENT RUSH TO THE SEA.

HIGH UP ON THE CLIFFS IN THEIR DWELLINGS,
WHICH WERE APERTURES WALLED UP WITH ROCKS,
LIVED THIS PEOPLE, SEQUESTERED AND HAPPY;
THEIR DWELLINGS NOW SERVE THE WILD FOX.
THEY PLANTED THE MAIZE AND POTATO,
THE KIND RIVER CAUSED THEM TO GROW,
SO THEY WORSHIPPED THE RIVER WITH SINGING
WHICH BLENT WITH ITS MUSICAL FLOW.

THIS PEOPLE, SO ARTLESS AND PEACEFUL,
KNEW NOTHING OF CARNAGE AND WAR,
BUT DWELT IN SUCH QUIET AND PLENTY
THEY KNEW NOT WHAT WEAPONS WERE FOR.
THEY GATHERED THE MAIZE IN ITS SEASON,
UNMINDFUL OF FAMINE OR FOE
AND GAVE THEIR THANKS TO THE SPIRITS
THAT DWELT IN THE CANONS BELOW.

BUT ONE EVIL DAY FROM THE NORTHLAND
SWEPT AN ARMY IN BATTLE ARRAY,
WHICH FELL ON THIS INNOCENT PEOPLE
AND MASSACRED ALL IN A DAY.
THEIR BODIES WERE CAST IN THE RIVER,
A FEAST FOR THE VULTURES, WHEN LO!
THE LAUGHTER AND SONG OF THE RIVER
WERE CHANGED TO THE WAILING OF WOE.

GONE, GONE ARE THIS PEOPLE FOREVER,
NOT A VESTIGE NOR REMNANT REMAINS
TO GATHER THE MAIZE IN ITS SEASON
AND JOIN IN THE HARVEST REFRAINS;
BUT THE RIVER STILL MOURNS FOR HER PEOPLE
WITH WEIRD AND DISCONSOLATE FLOW,
DOLORES, THE RIVER OF SORROW,
DOLORES--THE RIVER OF WOE.

The former Uncompaghre Indian Reservation embraced this valley and it had from time immemorial been a favored hunting ground of the Utes. About 1881 this land was opened for settlement and the first homesteads were taken up. The Indians and settlers were always friendly and, with the exception of one or two arguments over cattle stealing, there were no serious conflicts. Since the time of the first homesteaders all irrigable land, and much that is not, has been filed upon and considerable cultivation attempted. The valley has been consistently devoted to small farming and the winter pasturage of cattle, except for sporadic mining developments in greater or lesser degree.

The social and historical changes which have produced the manner of living in Paradox Valley have centered around certain major formative processes (or, more precisely, complexes of processes). These correspond roughly to historic periods, the last of which is still in a state of flux, or overlap:

1. Conquest of the frontier by pioneers - 1879 to 1900
2. Irrigation Boom - 1910 to 1917
3. Era of radium mining prosperity and its decline - 1911-1923
4. Vanadium mining and World War II demands and decline - 1936-1944
5. Uranium and post-war development of atomic energy research - 1945 (still an unknown factor and quantity)

Each period represents a series of community readjustments to conditioning roles of frontier environment, irrigation resources, and mineral

resources. Each period brought its own characteristic influx of population, and each fixed its own stamp upon the community and its people.

Old settlers claim that the first white man to enter the valley with intention to settle was Riley Watson, who came from the Blue Mountains of Utah in 1877. He remained only two years because he found it too difficult to get supplies. Thomas Goshorn was the second settler but the first to remain and the first to bring a family. He entered in the spring of 1879. During the summer of that year several other ranchers settled in Paradox. Charles Montgomery settled near some large springs in a far western corner of the valley, but he soon sold out to Gilbert Webb who, in turn, sold to Frank Steel. Steel took in a partner, one P. T. Stevens, who looked the situation over in 1879 and brought his family the following year. This partnership was the beginning of the Stevens-Steel Cattle Company which was later to play an important part in the irrigation development of the valley.

In June, 1880 James Huff settled on the claim vacated by Riley Watson. That autumn, Richard Netherly located at the mouth of Paradox Creek. Then came Charles Wheeler, a surveyor. The year 1881 saw a large new immigration: W. C. Hamilton and S. T. Talbert and families, John Prentis and Mrs. Lucy Cooper. After this influx, negotiations were completed to remove the Ute Indians. A treaty was signed, the Utes were moved to Utah in 1881, and the land was opened for pre-emption. Altogether fourteen or fifteen pioneers, some with and some without families, had entered the valley by this time.

Getting into the valley during this early period was a great problem. No roads or trails were broken; no bridges were built. Daniel Nyswonger stated that he and his family, upon arriving from Nevada in 1883, unloaded and took apart their wagons at the valley rim and lowered the parts from ledge to ledge with ropes. Their livestock was driven into the valley another way. Senator Galloway and family entered the valley the same year under similar difficulties and settled on the Dolores River near what is now Bedrock.

The Montrose Daily Press ran serially a few years ago the memoirs of the late Senator Galloway -- cowboy and rancher. There he tells of experiences during the 1880's, life in a cattle camp, the trials of building a home out of quarry rock, mixing mud to lay rock, and getting

poles for the roof by rolling the felled trees off the mesa. There was no bridge over the Paradox River. He also mentions Indians, especially Mancos Jim and Buckskin Charlie, Chiefs of renegade Indian bands. In the spring of 1887 he lived near Nelson Spring, twelve or fifteen miles from Norwood. The Lone Cone Round-up was camped here at this time and Fred Anderson, Galloway's good friend, sent him for "Aunt Julia" Goshen (Goshorn?), a lady of many trades. Galloway went six miles across the flats in a buckboard to find Aunt Julia. She could rope a wild cow, tie it to a post, milk it, and from the milk make a very fine cheese. She could also catch a buck, skin him and make a fine buckskin shirt, all covered with tassels. Aunt Julia acted as the community mid-wife; and at this time, when Galloway brought her back in the buckboard, she ushered in Rodney Anderson who grew up to be Montrose's chief drugstore dispenser of "chawklitt ice cream sodies". Other entering families in or about 1883 were T. R. Swain, James Leach, and J. Q. Waggoner. (Mrs. Waggoner, now deceased, kept a diary which is available by inquiry in the valley; so, also, Mrs. W. H. Ray: see the unpublished document, "Pioneer Days", in Paradox and Naturita; in possession of L. E. Deets.)

By 1886 land around the perennial springs and most of the priorities for water rights had been taken, and it became apparent that further expansion of the cultivated area of the valley was contingent upon securing more water. This was done by diverting water from Deep Creek into the valley. In 1886 two groups contested for priority rights to Deep Creek waters. The contestants were the P. T. Stevens Cattle Company versus a group of ranchers, Tom Ray, Monte Leech, John Brown, and Cam Young. In the ditch construction race one group offered their ditch diggers all the whiskey, tobacco, and gloves they wanted, and the other offered a dollar a day extra pay. The former group won.

Senator Galloway, in his Memoirs,[4] says: "The Tom Ray family living in the upper west end of Paradox Valley December, 1884, finished the first school and had a dance to 'warm it up'; the school marm was a vision in white; she was to become the mother of Helen McCafferty of Montrose." Mrs. Waggoner, the community diarist, has recorded many other interesting "firsts" in the valley. The first contract for bringing mail into the valley was made in 1879 with George Blake and William Callon. The mail was carried with pack animals from Ouray, Colo., to La Sal, Utah, a distance of 175 miles. Five days were required for the trip. The first child born in the valley, August, 1882, was William,

son of James Huff and wife. The first marriage was of Curtis Estes and Jennie Nyswonger, February 5, 1885, in the presence of E. C. Hamilton, Justice of the Peace. The first death was of Mrs. S. T. Talbert, July 27, 1882. Lumber for her coffin was whipsawed from a pine tree.

The first bridge over the Dolores River was built by W. R. Leonard in 1882. He dragged the lumber and iron over the snow from Montrose. The first saw mill was built in 1883 by Monte Hill at the foot of the rimrocks. Logs were secured from the forests above and rolled over the rims. Provisions were supplied by excursions to Montrose and by occasional itinerant traders. During the winter of 1883-84, snow on the ranges was so deep it was impossible to get to Montrose until August and, as a result, much hardship was suffered through lack of provisions.

About this period in the valley history, a colony development a few miles to the east--Nucla--is of interest. An account of this experience is given in the Gunnison News Champion (August 11, 1938), as told by one Coxey.

J. O. McGloyn, Nucla pioneer, joined the Colorado Cooperative Colony settlers in 1883 as a recruit, two years before actual establishment of the Colony. The company, itself, was formed in Denver, and settlers were selected from all over the world. There were many nationalities joining in the adventure which was a hazardous one. They settled first at Pinion, just this side of Nucla. They had no money, but the combined efforts of all succeeded in making it one of the few enduring communistic settlements in Colorado.

The area was a desert land which needed only water to make it a farming area; and, to this end, ditches were constructed, 20 miles long, from the San Miguel to the land. The Colony had no equipment so the ditches were made by hand. Monumental flumes were erected, one being the tallest and longest irrigation flume in the world. While part of the Colonists worked in the outside world and sent home their wages to support the colony and keep them going, others established a saw mill in the Ute section, where great piles of sawdust still remain, and 10,000 feet of lumber a day was sawed. Millions of feet of this lumber helped finance the ditch and buildings of the Colony. The families of this Colony were so hard up that they existed on beans almost entirely --and when one got hold of a piece of salt pork, it was passed from

family to family pausing only long enough to flavor the beans.

It was an undertaking that tried men's souls. There were 800 people in the settlement, and only after years of heart-breaking work was the ditch finished and crops grown. Now, with modern equipment, they have little trouble. As late as 1940, there were still a few of these hardy pioneers left: Alex McDonald, Reindl of the flour mill, Andy Ubell, Gus Winkle (who lived in Montrose), George Douglas and Charles Williams (both then in Hartman Sanitarium). In 1938 the Montrose paper noted that Mrs. Sarah Ellen Chamberlain (nee, Sara Gillette, b. Iowa, 1857) died. It related that she joined the Colorado Cooperative Colony in 1896, lived in Pinion, in early years there had charge of the boarding house, was very active in civic affairs, and served on the Cooperative Board--very unusual for a woman in those days.

Formal religious activities in the valley began July 11, 1888, with a sermon preached by "Father Organ" of Colorado Springs. That same evening a child drowned in the Dolores River and the next day Father Organ held the first religiously officiated funeral. The next clergyman to appear in the valley was a "Reverent (sic) Ellwell" who came at intervals of three or four weeks during a nine-months' period. A Methodist minister from Norwood made monthly visits for a few months. No other clergy are reported until the coming of the valley's much loved "sky pilot" - James Walker. Walker came into Paradox in 1911 to organize the first church. The services then, as now, were held in a school building. He later held services in both Paradox and Bedrock school buildings. He was obliged to give up his work in 1916 on account of health. The period of continued formal religious activity in the valley was thus 1911 to 1916. Services since have been intermittent, dependent upon infrequent calls of Nucla and Redvale Congregational clergymen.

A newspaper item of 1944 relates that the church at Paradox admitted new members for the first time in 27 years. They met in the school house and indicated that there had been no regular pastor for many years. It was also stated that services had been held twice monthly in the early days by ministers riding over from Redvale, Utah. The services were currently being held in the school house as the church owned only some benches and a bell, now used by the school.

The first store was built in 1895 at Paradox by Thomas Swain. It was operated until 1904. Its adobe walls still stand. The Bedrock store was built in 1898 by Milton Fraidie. It has since changed ownership many times. The present Paradox store was built in 1913 and was purchased by its present owners, the Monroe family in 1916. Another store owner of the area was Amon R. Payson, who was a pioneer rancher and store owner, and resident of the west end of Montrose County for 60 years. He operated a store at Naturita in partnership with John Blake for years. He also operated a ranch near Naturita, which served as a change station for the Pony Express Route operated via Saguache and the Ute Indian Trail to the Utah border. He was well acquainted with Indian scouts and prominent members of the Ute tribe. He aided in the development of the rich agricultural and stock raising district and in its industrial growth.

The first school was taught by John Prentis, alias Roland Wilson. Valley tradition refers to him as an outlaw. The Paradox school building was constructed in 1898 with an addition in 1909. The first school building at Bedrock, probably the one referred to by Senator Galloway, was erected in 1884--even before they had adequate shelter for themselves. Its successor, the present adobe structure, was built in 1900.

The first census was taken in 1890 by Senator Galloway and P. B. Monell. It covered Paradox Valley and the whole west end of the County. Mr. Galloway says census takers earned $300 for two weeks' work. On the first of July, 1890, they received "ten lbs. of blanks asking so many questions it made me tired." During the course of his census-taking he mentions that Hotchkiss consisted of a "Post Office and the Duke Brothers." He also states that a number of Englishmen settled in Montrose County, many of them brothers and mostly in the livestock business.

In his reminiscences, he tells of some of his cowboy experiences. In the summer of 1886 he joined up with the La Sal Pittsburg outfit which owned land adjoining Paradox Valley in Utah, and rode for them for five years. He tells of the square dances and the fun had with the Mormon girls. He would ride up to a house on his horse, hallo, and out would run a Mormon girl, jump on the horse behind her swain, and off they'd gallop to the square dance. He says they were generally fun-

loving girls. He also rode for the Paradox Dolores Company (P.D.C.) in 1892, taking up residence in the Shavno Valley, west of Paradox, where the Utes for forty to fifty years had made their winter headquarters. The Uncompaghre Valley Roundup met there and Galloway rode in the round-up. He remarks on the evidence of the Indian tepees, great piles of ashes, and chips from arrows. There is a large rock on the floor of the valley which he says originally was once part of the upper rim. He expressed belief that the valley abounds in iron ore; also, believed it to be a great potential oil producing section of the future.

Paradox's pioneer legal institutions were distinctly homemade and consisted of justice meted out via "Sagebrush Courts". Legal talent was lacking; trials were handled on a commonsense, greatest-good-to-greatest-number basis. It is reported that one defendant was acquitted on the grounds that the victim was a dangerous member of the community and needed to be done away with. There are no written records of these "Sagebrush Courts".

The pioneer period in Paradox Valley may be said to date from 1879 to about 1900. This population was a rugged, self-reliant, and individualistic lot. They formed the basic institutions which still exist. They are, or were, the "old timers" - the patriarchs. But by 1933 the torch of leadership had almost wholly passed to a second group, those who came on the crest of an irrigation boom.

The second formative era in Paradox Valley is identified with an irrigation boom. It may be dated from 1910, the year of first work on Buckeye reservoir, and extends to about 1917, when the irrigation company which was formed was taken over by its bondholders.

Construction of the first irrigation ditch and reservoir before the turn of the century had been accomplished by the Stevens Cattle Company, who sold out to Kinney and Kyle in 1900. From this time until the first World War there was a constant development of dams, ditches, and irrigation projects; and the influx of population which came as a result were not the rugged pioneer types, but people with high hopes of profiting from an agricultural bonanza.

The boom fizzled out in 1917 due to a variety of circumstances.

Then the exodus began - but to those of the second era who remained, the torch of leadership was destined to pass. The new group, less inured to hardships than the pioneer group, strove to bring valley life closer to standards they knew outside. The rise and development of carnotite mining in the area made this possible.

Although radium was not discovered in Paradox until 1898, carnotite, the soft yellow ore containing uranium from which radium is secured, was attracting attention of Paradox pioneers as early as 1881. Puzzled prospectors wondered if it could contain gold. In 1881 the Talbert Brothers sank a shaft into some yellow mineral when in search for gold and silver on Roc Creek. Their claim lapsed, but it was later to become the Copper Prince. In 1898 a sample of the unknown yellow mineral was sent by Gordon Kimball of Ouray to a French chemist, Charles Poulot, then in Denver. Later, several tons of the ore were shipped to the School of Mines in Paris, where they were delivered to Madam Curie and used by her in experiments that resulted in the extraction of radium.[5]

By 1912, carnotite mining was a definitely established industry and the large reduction plants which sprang up at various locations in the valley and vicinity brought in an influx of miners who took over the towns making them their rough and tumble headquarters. Paradox was riding the crest of a wave of prosperity. Eastern capital was interested and H. G. Palmer, a Chicago engineer on the proposed North South Railroad traversing the Paradox Valley, completed a preliminary survey, declaring it possible to build the road with a two percent grade maximum. New York capital was said to be organizing a $3 million company to promote construction work. But, paradoxically enough, the bubble burst; the rich mines of the Belgian Congo provided competition which deflated the valley boom. In a few years all the population attracted by the carnotite mining industry had departed.

At best, the population attracted by carnotite had been a restless crew. They had no interest in the community and were never assimilated by it. They were in the valley but not of it; and these same general comments may be said to hold for all successive mining elements.

From 1923 to 1933 the Valley was in a period of transition, gradually becoming dormant without any particular hope for the future. The

total number of families living in the valley were about forty-five; women were few in number; and the eligible, unmarried population, in the majority.

From 1911 to 1923, Paradox Valley was the source of radium ores, during which period, vanadium, a by-product of the radium ores, was considered worthless. Vanadium is used in the steel hardening process. It is interesting to note here, incidentally, that the method or process for the extraction of vanadium and uranium was devised and patented by Justin H. Haynes and Wilbur D. Engle of Denver in 1906. World War I brought about the first big demand. The vanadium process requires boiling the crushed ore with alkaline carbonates, drawing off, and precipitating it with slaked lime. The first production of vanadium in Colorado was in 1906; in 1943, Colorado produced about 75 percent of the world's supply. The 1943 peak of production was more than five times that of 1917.

Mining slumped between 1923 and 1935 when the distant rumblings of World War II suddenly brought extensive demand for use as a steel hardening alloy. The demand for more and harder steel boomed the mining of vanadium, and uranium became the by-product. In 1940-41 a news black-out was thrown around the area as its place in the war picture became apparent and the valley began to experience troubles new to it. Authorities of three federal agencies moved in and arrests disclosed an outbreak of "high grading"--the theft of ore concentrates--to a value of $33,000. There seems to be every possibility that the stolen ore was sold and eventually shipped to Japan and Germany for use in armament manufacture.

There are large deposits of uranium ores in the Paradox District but, except for small pockets which run 40-50 percent uraneous oxide, it is all low grade. The vanadium is processed by the U. S. Vanadium Corporation (a subsidiary of Union Carbide Co.) at Rifle and Uravan, and by the Vanadium Corporation of America at Naturita, Colo., and at Monticello, Utah, and by several smaller companies. During World War II, this region yielded about 60 percent of the world's supply of vanadium and 90 percent of the domestic vanadium supply. Mills in the area refined an even greater percentage of the world's supply. The shipments are made in almost pure concentrate form, with processing being done in the vicinity. The coal deposits of the area are adequate, and the com-

panies have even developed their own salt wells, a necessary item in the process of reduction of the concentrates.

Radium was in strong demand during 1943, notwithstanding certain trade journal comments to the contrary. The uranium industry was greatly stimulated by a Government program granting materials the priority over all other military procurement for the Atomic Bomb development of World War II. Most of the facts were and ARE buried in War Department secrecy, however.

Most of the radium and uranium produced in the United States comes from mines in Colorado, Arizona, and Utah, but comparative state figures are not available at this time. Radium's principal current uses are in medicine and therapeutics. Uranium is now supplied mostly to physics laboratories for research on uranium isotopes as a source of energy; its principal pre-war outlet was as a colorant in ceramics, but this use was largely prohibited by the War Production Board in 1943. Pottery manufacturers have substituted a combination of iron and antimony for uranium. Several thousand pounds of uranium compounds were allowed to be consumed in 1943 in amber signal lenses and in glass of specific coefficient of expansion for glass-to-metal contacts in radio tubes. But currently the entire production is controlled by the Atomic Energy Commission and information is extremely difficult to get and statistics shrouded in secrecy.

Next to the Paradox Valley in Colorado, the Belgian Congo is the best-known source of the material, although some discoveries have been reported in the Soviet Union. The United Kingdom's best source is Canada. Too, minor sources have been reported in Sweden and Bulgaria.

This whole new modern phase which has swept into the remote Valley of the Paradox may well herald a new generation of pioneers. Certainly it has succeeded in making a terrific impact on the community life. This group of mine people is a different ilk from the "early prospector". These contemporary townspeople are big "company men", and "the Companies" exercise a certain amount of paternalistic despotism that will reflect on community structures. Radios and other modern entertainment devices are in process of invading the pattern of life in the valley. The company has built a new school, and Montrose County furnishes the staff; company houses and stores are coming into the valley.

A news item which appeared in the Montrose Daily Press of January 15, 1943 gives something of the essence of the impact of this new folk-life.

"Enthusiastic Nucla-Naturita People and Organizations have Provided Fire Fighting Equipment for Area" reads the headline.

A pumping equipment and fire truck with hose have been acquired. Clubs and organizations band together to build a two story fire house. The Vanadium Corporation donated labor and use of a machine shop. Other donations include the use of the siren of the Defense Council (fire and black-out signal). The U. S. Vanadium Corporation coal miners held a dance and proceeds of $300 were contributed. They have a Volunteer Fire Department. The fire house, however, is built on a slope, so that, if necessary, the truck can be rolled out and started without batteries.

Thus, even modern methods remain a paradox in this curious land.

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1 "PARADOX VALLEY - AN HISTORICAL INTERPRETATION OF ITS STRUCTURES AND CHANGES", BY LEE EMERSON DEETS. COLORADO MAGAZINE, SEPT. 1934.

2 THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF PARADOX VALLEY AND ADJACENT COUNTRY IN WESTERN MONTROSE COUNTY, COLORADO, 1931. BY G. AND E. WOODBURY. COLORADO MAGAZINE, JAN. 1932.

3 THE PASSING OF THE STORM - A. C. KING, 1907.

4 "PASSING OF THE TWO GUN ERA", MEMOIRS OF SENATOR ALVA GALLOWAY. MONTROSE DAILY PRESS. JAN., FEB., MAR., & APR., 1941.

5 GORDON KIMBALL, "DISCOVERY OF CARNOTITE", IN THE ENGINEERING AND MINING JOURNAL, LXXVII, 956.

TRAIL DUST FROM THE DENVER CORRAL

Arthur Carhart, who indicates on his grub-check that his "State" is "Tired", likewise notes that he has a story in the December issue of Adventure Magazine (which Barron Beshoar assures us is "Good, too!").

John T. Caine, who should be able to do it about as well as any man, made a talk to young folks at the Utah State Agricultural College Career Conference, on "A Career in Livestock Management."

Eric Douglas, who had been in New York attending the 48th Annual Meeting of the American Anthropological Association, took advantage of his time there to put on his now famous Indian Fashion Show at the swank Twenty-One Club. He caught himself this lead in a New York Times story: "Backless sundresses, functionally-cut hunting clothes, such smart touches on formal gowns as pieces of eagle down in sockets of mallard duck and a striking hat of moose hair, were features of the...show..." The latter creation, said the Times reporter, "looked like glycerined ostrich." (He was probably on an end seat, far left, first row...)

From Lamont Johnson comes a letter informing us that Corresponding Member N. H. Rose (4014 W. Houston St., San Antonio, Tex.) is in the throes of publishing the ALBUM OF GUNFIGHTERS - Rose, together with J. Marvin Hunter, Publisher of the Frontier Times of San Antone. "This book will have about 400 photographs of the well-known Western characters he (Rose) has been collecting for 50 years," says Lamont. "These characters include outlaws, desperadoes, Texas Rangers, peace officers, and others..." Prepublication price, $8; afterwards, $10. Write Rose for details.

A note comes from Robert LeMassena, collector par excellence of railroadiana of Colorado:

"A FRIEND OF MINE BACK EAST UNCOVERED A PORTFOLIO OF W. H. JACKSON'S ORIGINAL PRINTS. HE FELT THAT THEY SHOULD GO INTO THE HANDS OF PEOPLE OUT HERE, SO HE SENT THEM TO ME FOR DISPOSAL. THE PRINTS ARE THE USUAL 17x25 SIZE, ON HEAVY CARD, WITH 2 AND 3 INCH MARGINS. EACH ONE IS IN ESSENTIALLY NEW CONDITION, AND IS A THING OF BEAUTY. THE SUBJECTS ARE MOSTLY RAILROAD SCENES ALONG THE COLORADO MIDLAND, AND THE D&RG GLENWOOD EXTENSION, AND THEY WERE TAKEN IN THE '80'S, WHEN THE TWO LINES WERE RACING FOR ASPEN. MY FRIEND WANTS $7.50 PER PRINT, AND I AM GIVING THE WESTERNERS FIRST SHOT AT THIS COLLECTION, ON A FIRST-COME, FIRST-SERVED BASIS. THE PRINTS MAY BE SEEN BY CALLING ME AT EAST 7312 IN THE EVENING, OR PEARL 4691 DURING BUSINESS HOURS. THE NUMBERS OF THE PRINTS ARE AS FOLLOWS: 1001, 1008 1077, 1083, 1159, 1161, 1162, 1163, 1200, 1201, 1202, 1203, 1205, 1206, 1207, 1208, 1210, 1212, 1217, 1225, 1227, 1231, 1233, 1238, 1242, 1245, 1246, 1247, 1248, 1250, 1251, 1252, 1253, 1256, 1257, 8031, 8175, 8176, 8178. (THE FIRST PERSON TO PURCHASE 10 PRINTS GETS THE PORTFOLIO, A VERY HANDSOME AFFAIR, FREE.)"

(ED. NOTE: OTHER POSSES, PLEASE COPY.)

Notes and Queries Dept.

In the October issue, Ralph Carr asked: "I hear rumors of a steamboat which operated between Sloan's Lake and downtown Denver in the pioneer days. Any basis for it?" And E. O. Davis, indefatigable railroad historian, dug into the files and came up with this from the Denver Daily Times of May 16, 1874, page 4, column 2: "OUR STEAMBOAT. WHEN THE TIMES FIRST TOLD THE PUBLIC THAT A CANAL WAS TO BE MADE AND A STEAMBOAT BUILT AND RUN THEREON, SOME POSSIBLY LAUGHED, OTHERS DOUBTED, AND A FEW WHOSE FAITH IN OUR RESOURCES WOULD BE STAGGERED AT NOTHING, BELIEVED. NOW THE CANAL IS BUILT, THE BOAT READY, AND REGULARLY ENGAGED IN MAKING TRIPS TO SLOAN'S LAKE AND BACK. TWENTY-FIVE CENTS IS THE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP. TWENTY-FIVE CENTS WILL TAKE ONE FROM THE CORNER OF LARIMER AND 15TH STREETS OVER TO THE BOULEVARD, OUT ON THE LAKE, AND BACK TO TOWN AGAIN. NO ONE CAN COMPLAIN AT THE PRICE."

Mr. Davis continues: "THIS ARTICLE MAY HAVE STARTED THE RUMOR. THE FACTS WERE, THE RECENTLY CONSTRUCTED (I.E., OF JULY 3, 1873) HORSE CAR LINE, EXTENDING FROM 15TH AND LARIMER TO WHAT IS NOW WEST 17TH AVENUE AND FEDERAL BOULEVARD PROVIDED MOST OF THE TRANSPORTATION FOR THIS TRIP. THE STREET CAR FARE WAS FIVE CENTS EACH WAY. AT THE END OF THIS CAR LINE WERE LOCATED THE STEAMBOAT DOCK, A MINIATURE FERRY BUILDING, AND A LAKE OR SMALL LAGOON FOR TURNING THE STEAM SHIP. THESE FACILITIES WERE AT THE LOCATION TODAY OCCUPIED BY THE HARNER DRIVE-IN RESTAURANT AT 1717 FEDERAL BOULEVARD AND THE SWAN CLEANERS AND DYERS AT 1703. THE CONTRACTOR WHO CONSTRUCTED THESE BUILDINGS SAID THEY ARE RESTING ON 40-FOOT PILING, INDICATING THE FILLED-IN LAGOON WAS QUITE DEEP. THE STEAMER WAS CALLED THE 'CITY OF DENVER', AND THE SLOAN'S LAKE STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY WAS OWNED BY A MAN NAMED ANDERSON. THE CONCERN WENT BROKE AND ON NOVEMBER 7, 1874, THE STEAMER WAS SOLD AT AUCTION FOR $240. THE TIMES STATED THIS WAS THE FIRST STEAMBOAT BUILT IN COLORADO, BUT THE CENTRAL CITY REGISTER SAYS NO, THEY HAD ONE ON A SMALL LAKE NORTHEAST OF BLACK HAWK TWO YEARS PRIOR TO THIS."

Apropos of Mr. Davis, above, ex-Denver Posseman Herb Brayer - feeling Mr. Davis was a bit rough in his October note on Herb's section in the Hafen Colorado history opus - writes, in part: "FAR FROM OBJECTING TO MR. DAVIS' EFFORTS, I AM VERY PLEASED THAT HE FOUND THE SUMMARY THE BEST AVAILABLE, AND I DEEPLY REGRET THE FACT THAT LIMITATIONS OF SPACE PREVENTED OUR PUBLISHING EVERY MINUTE FACT WHICH HE WOULD HAVE LIKED. AS IT TURNED OUT, THE CHAPTER IS THE LONGEST IN THE ENTIRE WORK. WE NOT ONLY HAD TO CONDENSE WHAT WAS PUBLISHED, BUT TO OMIT MUCH WHICH WOULD HAVE BEEN

OF VALUE. THE RESULT WAS OUR DECISION TO GIVE A BRIEF SURVEY OF THE FIELD AND NOT A CONSTRUCTION HISTORY OF COLORADO RAILROADS.

"YOUR READERS WILL UNDERSTAND THAT WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FIVE PROOF-READING ERRORS (TWO OF WHICH MR. DAVIS FOUND), AS THE PUBLISHERS DID NOT SUBMIT PAGE PROOFS TO THIS WRITER.

"I SHOULD...APPRECIATE YOUR PUBLISHING THIS LETTER...AS THE...SITUATION WOULD SEEM TO WARRANT SOME NOTE OF EXPLANATION EITHER FROM THE EDITOR OR FROM ME."

PROGRAM FOR DECEMBER

Ann (Mrs. LeRoy) Hafen, will offer a novel presentation on Charbonneau, the famous half-breed French fur trade captain, (probably) son of the equally famous Bird Woman, Sacajawea, Lewis and Clark's guide.

In this connection, we re-print from the following article from the Wyoming State-Tribune, Nov. 20, 1949:

"LANDER, WYO.--(AP)--A WOMAN WHO CLAIMS TO BE THE GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER OF SACAJAWEA PAID A VISIT TO LANDER RECENTLY.

SHE WAS MRS. BENJAMIN E. BROWN OF BOONE, IOWA, WHO WITH HER HUSBAND IS FOLLOWING THE ROUTE OF SACAJAWEA AND THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION, SPENT A DAY IN THIS VICINITY.

WHILE HERE SHE VISITED THE GRAVE OF THE FAMOUS INDIAN WOMAN.

MRS. BROWN SAID SHE WAS THE GRANDDAUGHTER OF HAPTISTE CHARBONNEAU, SON OF SACAJAWEA, AND BAUDELL. THEIR DAUGHTER, MARY CHARBONNEAU, WHO MARRIED ALEXANDER BOURET, IS THE MOTHER OF CLARA BOURET BROWN.

THE FAMILY, SHE SAID, LIVED AT FT. TOTTEN, ON THE CHEYENNE RESERVATION IN NORTH DAKOTA. IN 1908, BENJAMIN BROWN, A TEACHER, MET AND MARRIED CLARA BOURET, AND IN 1926 THEY LEFT NORTH DAKOTA AND MOVED TO BOONE, IOWA."

For January, Ed Bemis has asked the Editor to announce, Mr. E. S. Watson will present a paper on pioneer photographers of Indians, entitled: "Shadow Catchers of the Red Men."

Many WESTERNERS mentioned Barkhurst to the Editor, so this - from the Wyoming State-Tribune, 11/3/49, is herewith re-printed:

"RAWLINS, WYO.--(AP)--FUNERAL SERVICES WERE HELD HERE TODAY FOR JESSE WILLIAM BARKHURST, 72, PIONEER WYOMING COWBOY.

BARKHURST, WHO DIED HERE MONDAY, WAS A WELL-KNOWN COWBOY 50 YEARS AGO. HE WAS A BRONC RIDER WITH THE BUFFALO BILL WILD WEST SHOWS IN 1908-1909, AND BUSTED BRONCS IN EVERY MAJOR RODEO IN THE COUNTY. ONCE HE RODE FOR THE KING OF ENGLAND IN LONDON.

HE WAS ASSOCIATED CLOSELY WITH SUCH PROMINENT RANGE RIDERS AS HARRY HUNTER, THE IRVINS, AMOS WILCOX, OTTO PLAGE, ISOM DOT AND FRED BATH. IN ADDITION HE WORKED FOR SUCH CATTLE COMPANIES AS THE HORSE CREEK, CASTLE AND HUNTER CATTLE COMPANY, NOW THE BIG CREEK RANCH AT THE SOUTH END OF THE NORTH PLATTE VALLEY.

HE WAS BORN IN SCRANTON, IA., AND WAS BROUGHT TO WYOMING BY HIS PARENTS IN THE EARLY 1880'S.

BARKHURST ONCE BUNKED UNKNOWINGLY WITH THE NOTORIOUS TOM HORN, THE NIGHT BEFORE HORN WAS ARRESTED FOR MURDER.

SURVIVORS INCLUDE TWO SONS, LYLE OF CHEYENNE AND JACK OF FULLERTON, CALIF."

New Corresponding Members from September 28-November 20, 1949:

T. WEBBERT HOUSTON
767 MONACO PARKWAY
DENVER 7, COLORADO

GEORGE RILEY NEWMAN
2195 SO. DOWNING ST.
DENVER 10, COLORADO.

PAUL BERNHARDT
2984 So. BANNOCK
ENGLEWOOD, COLO.

JOHN W. BOLTE, JR.
2134 W. 29TH, APT. 46
DENVER 11, COLORADO

T. A. LARSON
HEAD, DEPT. OF HIST.
UNI. OF WYOMING
LARAMIE, WYOMING

MISS ELIZABETH HUGGINS
513 COLORADO AVENUE
TRINIDAD, COLORADO

R. G. LYTTLE
MEEKER, COLORADO

DR. IRVIN E. HENDRYSON
766 MILWAUKEE ST.
DENVER, COLORADO

DONALD E. STROUT
175 So. HARRISON
DENVER, COLORADO

EMMA V. COPRICH
1607 E. 23RD AVE.
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A. D. FRAME
1300 FILLMORE ST.
DENVER, COLORADO

GLEN EDMONDS
EDITOR, THE SUN
PAGOSA SPRGS., COLO.

BEVERLY KORSMEYER
1530 WILLIAMS ST.
DENVER 6, COLO.

GEORGE L. GARY, JR.
6300 ACACIA AVE.
OAKLAND 18, CALIF.

MRS. VIRGINIA GREEN MILLIKIN
267 RAFFERTY GARDENS
LITTLETON, COLORADO

Registrar of Marks and Brands
Speaking:

Profuse apologies for the lateness of this issue. When our speakers fail to provide the Editor with copy for the monthly Brand Book, the latter is often hard put to it to find something suitable and of WESTERNER quality for publication. It happened this time; and, in honest truth, since November 21 - the date of our last meeting - there has been much correspondence and conferring, here and there, to find the piece published herein.

CHUCK WAGON BOOK REVIEWS

CATTLE EMPIRE, BY LEWIS NORDYKE. WM. MORROW & COMPANY, NEW YORK. $4.00.

THIS IS A HISTORY OF THE FABULOUS XIT RANCH WHICH UNDOUBTEDLY COMPRISED THE LARGEST BODY OF LAND SUPPORTING THE LARGEST NUMBER OF CATTLE IN A SINGLE BRAND AND UNDER A SINGLE MANAGEMENT THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN. IT WAS CREATED WHEN FOUR CHICAGO CAPITALISTS ERECTED THE MAGNIFICENT STATE CAPITOL OF TEXAS AND ACCEPTED THREE MILLION ACRES OF LAND IN PAYMENT.

THE MATERIAL IS GATHERED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES, BUT MAINLY FROM RECORDS OF THE COMPANY DURING ITS THIRTY-ODD YEARS OF OPERATION. IT CONTAINS A FEW VISIBLE ERRORS AND EXAGGERATIONS, BUT THEY ARE SO TRIVIAL THAT THEY DETRACT NOTHING AT ALL FROM THE BOOK'S VALUE AS AN HISTORICAL EPITOME.

IN A MASTERLY FASHION, 250 PAGES OF INTERESTING AND DRAMATIC READING MATTER HAVE BEEN JOINED TOGETHER. THE AUTHOR HAS INTRODUCED MANY COLORFUL AND UNIQUE CHARACTERS WHO HAD A HAND IN BUILDING AND OPERATING THIS GIGANTIC PROJECT. HE HAS CLEARLY SHOWN THE FALLACY OF ATTEMPTING TO GUIDE THE DESTINY OF SUCH A VAST UNDERTAKING THROUGH REMOTE CONTROL BY MEN IN CHICAGO WHO, SO TO SPEAK, COULDN'T EXPLAIN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A HORNED TOAD AND A LONG-HORNED STEER. WHILE HE GIVES FULL RECOGNITION AND DUE CREDIT FOR THE IMMENSE OBSTACLES THAT WERE OVERCOME AND FOR DEEDS WELL DONE, HE ALSO DRAWS A CLEAR AND CONVINCING PICTURE OF THE SELFISHNESS, SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS AND EGOTISM OF THE SUPPOSEDLY BIG MEN WHO OWNED THE XIT.

AN INTERESTING SIDELIGHT TO THIS BOOK IS THE STERN CRITICISM BY A RECOGNIZED HISTORIAN WHO WROTE AND PUBLISHED A SIMILAR HISTORY TWENTY YEARS AGO. HE DISPUTES MANY OF THE FUNDAMENTALS OF "CATTLE EMPIRE", BUT STRANGELY ENOUGH, BOTH AUTHORS COULD BE CORRECT IN THEIR FINDINGS. THEIR MATERIAL CAME FROM THE SAME SOURCE AND NO DOUBT THE XIT RECORDS ARE SO VOLUMINOUS AND CONTRADICTORY THAT, LIKE THE BIBLE, ONE MAY PROVE OR DISPROVE MOST ANY POINT HE CARES TO RAISE.

YOUR REVIEWER'S OWN LIMITED KNOWLEDGE OF THE XIT CAME BY WORD OF MOUTH FROM COWBOYS WHO HAD BEEN EMPLOYED UPON THE RANCH OR WHO HAD WORKED ON RANCHES ADJACENT THERETO. THESE MEN MAY HAVE BEEN IGNORANT OF MANAGEMENT POLICIES AND STILL POSSESS A SENSE OF VALUES. THE XIT BORE THE GENERAL REPUTATION OF A CHEAP OUTFIT. THE WAGONS, HARNESS, AND CAMP EQUIPMENT WERE NOT UP TO STANDARD AND THERE WAS A LARGER PERCENTAGE OF WINDBROKEN, SORE-BACKED, AND LOCOED HORSES AMONG THEIR REMUDAS. THEY PAID A NIGGARDLY WAGE. THERE WAS A CLEAR CUT AXIOM IN THE CATTLE COUNTRY THAT POOR EQUIPMENT, SORRY HORSES, UNDER-PAID MEN, AND A CHEAP OUTFIT ALL WENT TOGETHER.

IT IS MY HONEST CONVICTION THAT ANYONE INTERESTED IN CATTLE HISTORY AND THE MEN WHO MADE IT WILL FIND THIS BOOK WORTH READING AND KEEPING.

(WALTER GANN)

DESPERATE MEN, BY JAMES D. HORAN. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK. $4.00.

THERE ARE SO FEW WORKS THESE DAYS THAT GIVE SOMETHING REALLY NEW THAT IT IS A PLEASURE TO INTRODUCE JAMES D. HORAN'S DESPERATE MEN; REVELATIONS FROM THE SEALED PINKERTON FILES.

ROBERT A. PINKERTON, II, WRITING THE PREFACE, SAYS THAT AFTER A CRIMINAL HAS DIED OR THE AGENCY IS CONVINCED THAT HE IS INNOCUOUS "...THE RECORDS ARE '... STORED IN SPECIAL FILES'...'AT THE (PINKERTON NATIONAL DETECTIVE) AGENCY.' ACCESS IS POSSIBLE ONLY BY PERMISSION OF ONE OF THE EXECUTIVE OFFICIALS OF THE AGENCY."

HE CONTINUES, "IN THE LAST FEW YEARS, HOWEVER, NUMEROUS MOTION PICTURES, BOOKS, AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES ON THE LIFE OF THE JAMESES AND YOUNGERS AND OTHER WESTERN OUTLAWS HAVE APPEARED. MANY OF THEM GLORIFIED THE BANDITS AS MISJUDGED ROBIN HOODS. TO OFFSET THIS ERRONEOUS CONCEPTION, WE DECIDED TO OPEN OUR COMPLETE, CENTURY-OLD FILES DEALING WITH WESTERN OUTLAWS FOR THE FIRST TIME..."

FOR THIS VOLUME (IT IS TO BE HOPED THAT MORE FROM THE SAME SOURCE ARE TO FOLLOW) MR. HORAN HAS SELECTED ONLY TWO FILES FROM THE PINKERTON COLLECTION. BECAUSE THE TWO SUBJECTS ARE COMPLETELY DISCONNECTED, THE VOLUME IS DIVIDED INTO TWO "BOOKS". THE FIRST CONTAINS 19 CHAPTERS; THE SECOND 14 CHAPTERS.

BOOK ONE DEALS WITH THE JAMES-YOUNGER GANG AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF THEIR IMPLACABLE ENEMIES, THE PINKERTON ORGANIZATION. THE PINKERTONS RECORDED THE MOVEMENTS OF THE GANG AS A WHOLE AND OF ITS INDIVIDUAL MEMBERS, AND THEIR OWN COUNTERATTACK IN MOST MINUTE DETAIL. HOWEVER, MR. HORAN DOES NOT CONFINE HIS SOURCE MATERIAL ENTIRELY TO THE VERY VOLUMINOUS FILE ON THE SUBJECT, BUT TURNS TO OTHER SOURCES TO VERIFY OR OCCASIONALLY TO QUESTION. THOUGH THERE IS NO EFFORT AT INTERPRETATION, NO SPECULATION AS TO MOTIVATION OR PSYCHIATRIC PROBLEMS, THE NARRATIVE DOES NOT DEGENERATE TO A DRY CHRONICLE AT ANY TIME. THERE IS ACTIVE MOVEMENT, SUSTAINED INTEREST THAT KEEPS THE READER TURNING THE PAGES. THE AUTHOR DOES OCCASIONALLY INTRODUCE DIALOGUE THAT MUST BE SURMISE, BUT NOT ENOUGH TO WEAKEN THE ESSAY'S POSITIVE HISTORICAL VALUE. IT IS FACTUAL HISTORY PRESENTED ARTFULLY. THERE IS MUCH THAT IS NEW AND THIS NEW MATERIAL IS SO EVIDENTLY AUTHENTIC.

ALL THAT HAS BEEN SAID OF BOOK ONE APPLIES EQUALLY TO BOOK TWO EXCEPT FOR THE NAMES. THIS IS THE STORY OF BUTCH CASSIDY AND HIS WILD BUNCH. IT, TOO, CONTAINS A GREAT DEAL OF NEW MATERIAL EXCELLENTLY PRESENTED. A DIFFERENCE, OF COURSE, IN THE TWO "BOOKS", IS THAT THE SECOND HAS TO DEAL WITH SO MANY MORE "BAD ACTORS" AND SUCH A VASTLY GREATER AREA. NEW MATERIAL IS ESPECIALLY RICH, AS THE BOOK DEALS WITH THE ACTIVITIES OF CASSIDY, LONGBAUGH, AND ETTA PLACE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

MR. HORAN HAS TAKEN AN IMPOSING MASS OF DRY MATERIAL AND HAS BLENDED IT INTO A RAPIDLY MOVING, LIVING PICTURE THAT SHEDS MUCH NEW LIGHT ON THE SUBJECTS. THOUGH BOTH GANGS HAVE BEEN EXTENSIVELY STUDIED AND RECORDED FOR MANY YEARS BY MOST COMPETANT HISTORIANS, THESE ESSAYS WILL RENEW INTEREST IN THE OLD SUBJECTS. THE ILLUSTRATIONS ALONE ARE WORTH HAVING. THERE ARE 38 REPRODUCTIONS OF PHOTOGRAPHS. OF THESE, AT LEAST 28 ARE FROM THE PINKERTON SECRET FILES. MANY OF THEM, AS FAR AS I KNOW, HAVE NEVER BEEN PUBLISHED BEFORE.

REGARDLESS OF WHETHER THE READER IS A GENERAL COLLECTOR OF WESTERN AMERICANA, SPECIALIZES IN ONE OF ITS PHASES, OR IS JUST A READER OF ANYTHING INTERESTING, THIS BOOK WILL HOLD ATTENTION. IT IS A "MUST" IN THE LIBRARY OF BANDITS AND GUN-MEN, A "SHOULD" IN ALL WESTERN COLLECTIONS, AND A HIGH SPOT IN ANY LIBRARY OF ADVEN-TURE.

(CHESMORE EASTLAKE)

THE INDIANS OF THE SOUTHWEST, BY EDWARD E. DALE. CIVILIZATION OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN SERIES, NO. 28, THE UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS. PP. I-XVI, 1-283, 32 PHOTOS, 5 MAPS, BIBLIOGRAPHY AND INDEX. 1949. $4.00.

ON 2 FEBRUARY, 1848, THE TREATY OF GUADALUPE HIDALGO ENDED THE MEXICAN WAR AND BROUGHT TO THE ADOLESCENT UNITED STATES A VAST INCREASE IN TERRITORY - AND INDIANS! SCATTERED OVER THE THOUSANDS OF SQUARE MILES OF NEW LANDS WERE THOUSANDS OF INDIANS OF EVERY SHADE OF TEMPERAMENT AND DEGREE OF CIVILIZATION, FROM THE AL-MOST SOPHISTICATED PUEBLOS TO THE INSECT-EATING, BARELY ALIVE WANDERERS OF THE NEVADA DESERTS. FEW HAD HAD MUCH CONTACT WITH THE WHITE MAN, AND THOSE WHO HAD HAD FOUND THE RESULTS UNINSPIRING. YET SOME-THING HAD TO BE DONE - AND BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

THIS EXCELLENT BOOK IS THE STORY OF WHAT GOVERNMENT DID WITH THIS MONUMENTAL PROBLEM. THE PERIOD IS THE 100 YEARS WHICH HAVE PASSED SINCE THE TREATY, AND THE AREA IS THAT ACQUIRED FROM MEXICO. HENCE THE TERM "SOUTHWEST" IS USED IN A LARGER THAN USUAL SENSE, FOR IT INCLUDES CALIFORNIA, NEVADA, UTAH, AND COLORADO, AS WELL AS THOSE STATES USUALLY SO LABELED, ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO.

DALE HAS WRITTEN WHAT MIGHT BE CALLED STATISTICAL HISTORY OF THE PROB-LEM AND ITS VARIOUS ATTEMPTED SOLUTIONS - FOR NO REALLY SATISFACTORY ONE HAS EVEN YET BEEN FOUND. HIS TEXT TEEMS WITH POPULATION FIGURES, SQUARE MILEAGE OF RESERVATIONS, NAMES OF AGENTS, SUPERIN-TENDENTS, COMMISSIONERS, ROWS OF EXACT DATES. HE FIRST SETS THE HISTORICAL, GEOGRAPHICAL, AND ANTHROPOLOGICAL BACK-GROUNDS, AND THEN TAKES UP THE COURSE OF EVENTS IN VARIOUS LARGE AREAS - SOU-THERN CALIFORNIA, ARIZONA, AND SO ON. FOR EACH AREA HE TELLS THE TALE FROM 1848 TO 1868, AND THEN FROM 1868 TO TODAY. THERE ARE SPECIAL CHAPTERS ON EDUCATION, HEALTH, AND THE WORKINGS OF THE INDIAN REORGANIZATION ACT OF 1934, THE BASIS FOR CURRENT POLICY AND PRACTICE. THE FINAL CHAPTER RE-VIEWS THE SITUATION AS OF 1947, AND PULLS TOGETHER IN ONE HANDY PACKAGE, DATA USUALLY WIDELY SCATTERED.

DALE IS NO ARMCHAIR SPECIALIST WHO GETS EVERYTHING OUT OF BOOKS AND KNOWS NOTHING OF HIS SUBJECT FROM ACTUAL CONTACT. HE HAS SPENT YEARS IN THE AREA, AND HIS WORK WITH THE COM-MISSION PREPARING THE SO-CALLED MERIAM REPORT OF 1928, KEPT HIM IN THE FIELD FOR MONTHS DURING THE TAKING OF THE COMMISSION'S VAST, ALL-EMBRACING TESTIMONY, NEITHER IS HE A SPECIAL PLEADER, WEEPING ABOUT THE POOR INDIAN OR, CONTRARIWISE, YAMMERING FOR "WHITE SUPREMACY". HE PRAISES OR BLAMES INDIAN AND WHITE ALIKE AS THE RECORD INDICATES. YET HE IS NO MERE COLD THEORETICIAN; FOR A WARM HUMANITY RUNS THROUGH HIS PAGES, TOGETHER WITH A DEEPLY FELT HOPE THAT THE RUGGED ROAD MAY ONE DAY BE SMOOTHED.

NO ONE WHO WORKS IN THIS FIELD, OR IS INTERESTED IN IT, CAN AFFORD TO MISS THIS BOOK! ITS LARGE BIBLIOGRAPHY ALONE IS WORTH THE PRICE, AND A VERY FULL INDEX MAKES USING THE BOOK EASY.

(FREDERIC H. DOUGLAS)

CREEDE, THE HISTORY OF A COLORADO SIL-VER MINING TOWN, BY NOLIE MUMEY. ARTCRAFT PRESS, DENVER. 185 PAGES AND MAP. EDITION LIMITED TO 500 AUTOGRAPHED COPIES. $4.50.

DR. MUMEY, HISTORIAN AND FELLOW-WESTERNER, HAS MADE ANOTHER DISTINCT CONTRIBUTION TO WESTERN AND, PARTICU-LARLY, COLORADO HISTORY, BY DOING THIS, THE FIRST HISTORY OF CREEDE. IT IS A WORK LONG OVERDUE.

CREEDE STANDS WITH LEADVILLE AND CRIPPLE CREEK AS EXAMPLES OF MINING BOOMS WHICH ATTRACTED WORLD ATTENTION TO COLORADO, AND WHICH VITALLY AFFECTED THE STATE'S PROGRESS. THE CREEDE "RUSH"

WAS THE SHORTEST; YET, THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT FOR THE BRIEF MOMENT OF ITS HEYDAY--THE FIRST SEVEN OR EIGHT MONTHS OF 1892--IT PROVIDED A FABULOUS CHAPTER OF COLORADO HISTORY--WILD, EXCITING, COLORFUL--A COMBINATION OF UNUSUAL CIRCUMSTANCE, LOCALITY, AND A GROUP OF HUMAN ACTORS FASCINATING AND DIVERSE, THE LIKE OF WHICH WILL NEVER AGAIN BE SEEN.

CREEDE CAMP, FIRST CALLED WILLOW, CAME INTO BEING WHEN NICHOLAS C. CREEDE, A PROSPECTOR WITH TWO COMPANIONS, DISCOVERED THE HOLY MOSES MINE IN 1889. THE CAMP WAS IN A NARROW GULCH SURROUNDED BY HIGH VERTICAL CANYON WALLS AT AN ALTITUDE OF ABOUT 9500 FEET, ROUGHLY IN A SORT OF TRIANGLE BETWEEN WILLOW CREEK, THE NEW MEXICO MERIDIAN, AND A PROJECTED LINE FROM THE TOP OF THE SNOWY RANGE TO THE TOWN OF DEL NORTE. FREMONT HAD TRAVERSED HERE ON HIS ILL-FATED FOURTH EXPEDITION IN 1848-49.

BECAUSE OF UNDEFINED AND FAULTY SURVEY LINES, THREE COUNTIES CLAIMED THE CREEDE REGION--SAGUACHE, HINSDALE, AND RIO GRANDE; AND IT WAS NOT UNTIL MARCH, 1893, WHEN THE CREEDE EXCITEMENT WAS PRACTICALLY FINISHED, THAT A NEW COUNTY, MINERAL, WAS CARVED OUT, EMBODYING THE SILVER CAMP. THIS UNDEFINED AUTHORITY DURING CREEDE'S PRIME PERIOD IN 1892 MADE LAW ENFORCEMENT CLOUDY AND CHAOTIC, THUS ALLOWING FOR A CHARACTER LIKE SOAPY SMITH WHO COULD VIRTUALLY ENFORCE HIS OWN LAWS ON A COMMUNITY, DONE IN AN EFFECTIVE, FAIR-AFTER-A-FASHION MANNER--SOMETHING OF AN ANOMALY FOR A MAN WHOSE PRIMARY INTEREST WAS IN BLEEDING THE SUCKERS. SOAPY HAD UNDENIABLE NATURAL QUALITIES OF LEADERSHIP AND A CERTAIN (THOUGH PERVERTED) SENSE OF CIVIC SPIRIT WHICH GAINED FOR HIM UNDISPUTED LEADERSHIP IN THE CAMP OR TOWN.

THE ORIGINAL SILVER STRIKE AT CREEDE WAS KEPT QUIET UNTIL LARGE SHIPMENTS OF THE ORE COULD BE MADE. AN EXTENSION OF THE D.&R.G. FROM WAGON WHEEL GAP TO CREEDE--A DISTANCE OF 10 MILES--WAS STARTED IN JULY 1891 AND FINISHED IN DECEMBER. EARLY IN JANUARY 1892 ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE, AND THE WILD RUSH WAS ON! THE POPULATION INCREASED AT THE RATE OF 100 TO 150 PER DAY. RAILROAD CARS WERE JAMMED BEYOND STANDING ROOM, AND IN CREEDE THE PROBLEM OF WHERE TO SLEEP AND EVEN EAT WAS ACUTE. THE PULLMAN COMPANY KEPT FIVE CARS AT CREEDE WHICH WERE USED AS SLEEPING ACCOMMODATION FOR THOSE WHO DID NOT WANT TO SLEEP ON THE FLOOR OF A TENT. THERE WAS FEVERISH BUILDING, SO THAT IN BUT TWO MONTHS, BY MARCH 1892, THERE WERE WOODEN STRUCTURES FOR A DISTANCE OF OVER TWO MILES. BY APRIL, THE POPULATION HAD JUMPED TO 8,000. THE TREMENDOUS INFLUX BROUGHT ALL SORTS OF PEOPLE TO CREEDE--MANY OF THE MOST UNSAVORY TYPE; ALL MANNER OF GAMBLERS, CON MEN, DESPERADOS, AND THE INEVITABLE "GIRLS". FOOD WAS EXORBITANT, EVERYTHING WAS SKY-HIGH, AND REAL ESTATE VALUES ROCKETED. LOTS THAT WERE CONSIDERED ALMOST WORTHLESS IN THE MORNING WOULD CHANGE HANDS SEVERAL TIMES IN THE COURSE OF A SINGLE DAY, AND BRING SEVERAL THOUSAND DOLLARS AT THE CLOSE OF A DAY'S DEALINGS.

IMAGINE YOURSELF, A TENDERFOOT, EXPERIENCING A NIGHT DURING THE NOISY AND BOISTEROUS CREEDE, SAY OF MARCH, 1892, STROLLING THROUGH THE GAMBLING AND LIQUOR EMPORIUMS RUN BY SUCH WORTHIES AS SOAPY SMITH, BAT MASTERSON, AND BOB FORD, HE WHO KILLED JESSE JAMES--ALL COMPETITORS! WHAT A PLACE, AND WHAT A TIME!

DR. MUMEY GIVES AN UNFORGETTABLE PICTURE OF THE WILDEST TIMES IN CREEDE'S LIFE--BEFORE THE DISASTROUS FIRE OF JUNE 5, 1892. THIS IS REALLY THE HIGH-SPOT IN THE BOOK, IN MY OPINION. CREEDE WAS NEVER THE SAME AFTER THIS FIRE, AND THINGS BEGAN TO TAPER OFF. THE GLAMOUR BEGAN TO TARNISH. MANY PROSPECTORS WERE MADE HOMELESS AND WITHOUT FUNDS, AND LEFT CREEDE IN SEARCH OF NEW FIELDS. THE GAMBLERS AND SALOONKEEPERS FELT THE PINCH, AND SO DID THE DANCE HALL GIRLS.

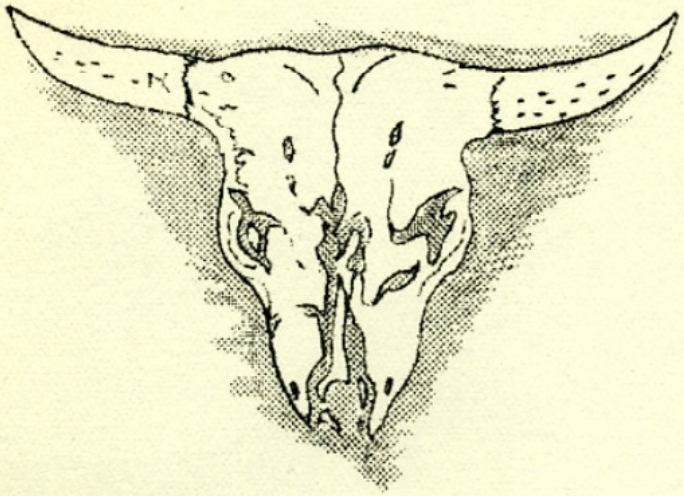
THIS WAS BUT THE BEGINNING OF THE DECLINE. THE FINISHING TOUCH WAS PROVIDED BY THE SILVER ACT PASSED IN 1893, WHICH LOWERED THE VALUE OF SILVER FROM $1.29 TO 50 CENTS AN OUNCE. THIS CAUSED MANY OF THE MINES TO CLOSE IMMEDIATELY. WITHIN A SHORT TIME CREEDE BECAME A QUIESCENT TOWN, BOASTING OF ITS SCENERY AND FISHING SPOTS. TODAY CREEDE IS STILL VERY MUCH ALIVE, WITH A POPULATION OF ABOUT 500.

THIS BOOK HOLDS THE INTEREST OF THE

READER THROUGHOUT. NOLIE MUMEY IS ESPECIALLY AT THE TOP OF HIS "CLASSIC TOUCH" IN TELLING OF THE SHOOTING OF BOB FORD, AND OF THE DEATH OF SOAPY SMITH'S PAL, JOE SIMMONS. SOAPY PREACHED THE GRAVESIDE FUNERAL SERMON HIMSELF, TOPPED OFF BY THE GUZZLING OF A DOZEN BOTTLES OF CHAMPAGNE BY THE ASSEMBLAGE—AND ALL IN A RAGING BLIZZARD!

MY ADVICE TO ALL WESTERN HISTORY FANS IS, GET THE BOOK NOW FOR $4.50 AND SAVE YOURSELF THE DISTRESS OF HAVING TO PAY A PREMIUM COLLECTORS' PRICE FOR IT LATER. THE EDITION IS LIMITED TO ONLY 500 COPIES.

(FRED ROSENSTOCK, CHAIRMAN)



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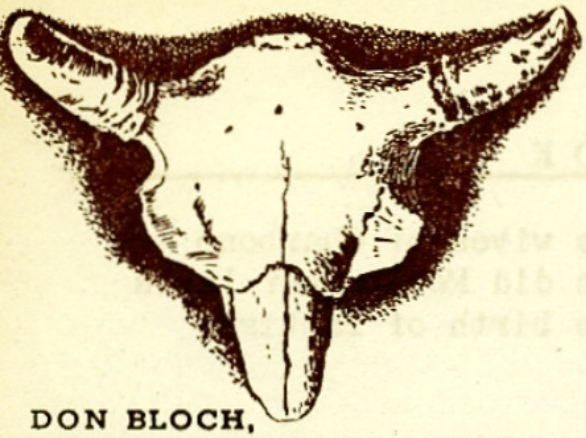

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BAPTISTE CHARBONNEAU, SON OF BIRD WOMAN

BY ANN W. HAFEN

AS HE DANCED UPON YOUNG RED-HEAD'S KNEE,
HIS SHADOW ON THE LEATHER TENT
WAS A BATON THAT MARKED THE GLEE
OF A NATION WESTWARD BENT.
"THIS INDIAN BOY SHOULD COME TO BE
A SYMBOL OF DEMOCRACY."

HIS FEET WERE SET ON THE WHITE MAN'S ROAD
TO LEARN HIS WAY THROUGH TALKING LEAVES.
BUT HIS LAUGHING HEART PREFERRED THE MODE
WHERE HIS MOTHER SINGS AND WEAVES
ENCHANTMENT WHILE HER BROWN EYES GLOWED:
"MY SON SHALL EASE THE RED MAN'S LOAD."

TO LEARN THE OLD WORLD'S CULTURED WAYS,
TO MAKE HIM SKILLED AS WELL AS WISE,
HE TRAVELED FAR IN YOUTHFUL DAYS;
AND, WITH OBSERVANT EYES,
HE SAW THE WHITE MAN'S TANGLED MAZE
AS THE SUN-BLOOD-RED THROUGH AN AUTUMN HAZE.

THEN BACK HE SAILED ACROSS THE FOAM
TO HIS MOUNTAINS AND ETERNAL PLAINS,
WHERE MOCCASINED FEET HAD LOVED TO ROAM
UNMESHED WITH WHITE MAN'S CHAINS...
IN DEATH HE CHOSE NO MARBLE DOME
BUT THE BIG, BIG SKY TO ARCH HIS HOME.

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"About five Oclock this evening one of the wives of Charbono (Sacajawea) was delivered of a fine boy." Thus did Meriwether Lewis record in his journal on February 11, 1805, the birth of Baptiste Charbonneau.

He continues: "it is worthy of remark that this was the first child which this woman had boarn, and as is common in such cases her labour was tedious and the pain violent; Mr. Jessome informed me that he had freequently administered a small portion of the rattle of the rattle-snake, which he assured me had never failed to produce the desired effect, that of hastening the birth of the child; having the rattle of a snake by me I gave it to him and he administered two rings of it to the woman broken in small pieces with the fingers and added to a small quantity of water. Whether this medicine was truly the cause or not, I shall not undertake to determine, but I was informed that she had not taken it more than ten minutes before she brought forth perhaps this remedy may be worthy of future experiments, but I must confess that I want faith as to it's efficacy."[1]

During the preceding year the Lewis and Clark expedition had made its slow way in keelboats up the Missouri River from St. Louis and had reached the Mandan villages in present North Dakota. Here the explorers had build Fort Mandan and settled for the winter. Here also they arranged with Toussaint Charbonneau, a French trader among the Indians, to accompany the expedition and act as interpreter. His wife, Sacajawea, was to go along and was expected to be especially useful, as she was a Shoshone girl who could doubtless help the expedition when it reached the land of her people in the Rocky Mountains.

In early March (1806) the ice in the river began to break and preparations were being completed for continuing the journey. Charbonneau now began to hesitate about the intended trip. A sidelight on his attitude and character is reflected in William Clark's journal enteries of March 12 and 17:

". . . our Interpeter Shabonah deturmins on not proceeding with us as an interpeter under the terms mentioned yesterday, he will not agree to work let our Situation be what it may nor Stand a guard, and if miffed with any man he wishes to return when he pleases, also have the disposal of as much provisions as he Chuses to Carry inadmissable and

we Suffer him to be off the engagement which was only virbal. . . .

"17th of March Sunday -- . . . Mr. Chabonah Sent a frenchman of our party (to say) that he was Sorry for the foolish part he had acted and if we pleased he would accompany us agreeabley to the terms we had perposed and doe every thing we wished him to doe &c. &c. he had requested me Some thro our French inturpeter two days ago to excuse his Simplicity and take him into the cirvice, after he had taken his things across the River we called him in and Spoke to him on the Subject, he agreed to our tirms and we agreed that he might go on with us."[2]

On April 7th the party set out. Clark lists the regular members of the company and adds: "Shabonah and his Indian Squar to act as an Interpreter & interpretress for the snake Indians". He renders her name "Sah-kah-gar we a."

Captain Lewis recorded the departure and expressed his enthusiasm: "Our vessels consisted of six small canoes, and two large perogues. . . we were now about to penetrate a country at least two thousand miles in width, on which the foot of civilized man had never trodden; . . . in a voyage which had formed a darling project of mine for the last ten years, I could but esteem this moment of my departure as among the most happy of my life. . . .3

The party, comprising thirty-one men, besides Sacajawea and her baby, made steady progress up the river. After pushing at the oars all day the men were glad to tie up for the night and camp on shore. A fire was built to cook the game brought in by the hunters. Wrapped as snug as a cocoon, with his feet toward the allnight fire, little Baptiste slept under the big skin tepee. Sometimes, in the early morning, Baptiste rode on his mother's back while she hunted onions for seasoning the soup, or wild turnips for supper; or perchance while she opened the nests of prairie mice to find artichokes.

On up the river the boats crept until they came to the Great Falls of the Missouri. Here a month passed while they worked their way around the cataract. A month, to go only eighteen miles. But wagons had to be built; wheels made by sawing off sections of three trunks;

roads cut through thick timber.

In the path of the explorers the great Stony (Rocky) Mountains loomed like an unbroken wall. But Baptiste's mother knew this country; it was her childhood home. She was going to see her people once again, people whom she had not seen since she was stolen away many years before.

Finally the explorers came upon a band of Shoshones. With a happy cry the long lost one ran to the embrace of her brother, the chief. The Indian women cuddled little Baptiste. They set him down in the middle of a big buffalo robe with a little dog. The other children crowded around to see the little pale-face Indian baby.

Her people begged Sacajawea to stay and make her home with them. But the woman guide preferred to travel onward with her husband and the kindly white men.

With horses bought from these Indians, the Lewis and Clark party traveled on until they came to rivers that ran westward to the Everywhere-Salt-Water. In canoes they floated down the Columbia River to the ocean. Baptiste reached up for the white seagulls that hung above him in the morning sunshine.

At the mouth of the Columbia the explorers camped for winter. They built log houses. Plenty of good wood to burn in the big fireplaces. While it rained ceaselessly outside, the leaping fire within cheered the lonely men. Through long days Baptiste crawled about the floor, and finally learned to toddle on sturdy legs. He tugged at the new buckskin shirts that his mother seemed forever to be sewing, and clapped his hands when Clark paused in his endless writing to take the little fellow on his knee, or to toss him into the air.

Once Baptiste went down to the Big Water's edge where a whale had been washed ashore. Already the Indians had stripped its bones. When Sacajawea stood with her baby in its open mouth she could not reach the roof.

Singing meadowlarks told the explorers spring had come. They

packed and started eastward towards St. Louis, over 2,000 miles away. All were supplied with new buckskin clothes made Indian style -- long shirt, moccasins, leggins.

As they traveled back they could not find Sacajawea's people again; it was root-digging time and they had probably journeyed to the root grounds. Through the dangerous Blackfoot country the explorers made their way on horses until they reached the waters of the Yellowstone and the Missouri. Then in boats they floated down the river. At times endless lines of buffalo swam the river and held up the boats' passage. As the crew waited, the mosquitoes were almost unbearable. At last the adventurers were back at the Mandan villages on the Missouri.

Here Charbonneau, his wife, and baby remained, while the rest of the party continued down the river.

On the trip to the Pacific William Clark had grown very fond of little Baptiste. He had urged the child's parents to let him take the boy and rear him as his own. But this the parents were unwilling to do.

As Lewis and Clark floated down the Missouri they met traders coming up. Clark decided to send with one of these a renewed appeal for the Charbonneaus to come down to St. Louis. He wrote:

Charbono: August 20, 1806

"Sir: Your present situation with the Indians gives me some concern -- I wish now I had advised you to come on with me to the Illinois where it would most probably be in my power to put you on some way to do something for yourself . . . You have been a long time with me and have conducted yourself in such a manner as to gain my friendship; your woman, who accompanied you that long dangerous and fatiguing route to the Pacific ocean and back, deserved a greater reward for her attention and services on that route than we had in our power to give her at the Mandans. As to your little son (my boy Pomp) you well know my fondness for him and my anxiety to take and raise him as my own child. I once more tell you if you will bring your son Baptiste to me, I will educate him and treat him as my own child. . . . Charbono, if you wish to live with the white people, and will come to me, I will give you a piece of

land and furnish you with horses cows and hogs -- If you wish to visit your friends in Montreall, I will let you have a horse, and your family shall be taken care of until your return -- . . . or if you wish to return to trade with the Indians and will leave your little son Pomp with me, I will assist you with merchandise for that purpose, and become myself concerned with you in trade on a small scale, that is to say not exceeding a perogue load at one time. If you are disposed to accept either of my offers to you, and will bring down your son, your famn Janey had best come along with you to take care of the boy until I get him. . . If you ever intend to come down, this fall or the next spring will be the best time. . . Wishing you and your family great success, and with anxious expectations of seeing my little dancing boy Baptiste, I shall remain your friend.

[4] William Clark

Soon Baptiste with his father and mother were floating down the great river to St. Louis. For the next few years, while his father went off on trading expeditions, Baptiste and Sacajawea remained under the care of the kind readhead captain. Sometimes the boy's tutor was a Catholic priest or nun; sometimes a Baptist minister. But the young half-breed went on learning as white boys did.

When Baptiste was eleven years old he was among the Mandans, where he was met by Hugh Munroe. To this traveling white man Sacajawea told her life story -- her exciting journey across the mountains with Lewis and Clark and her earlier capture by the Minetarees. Munroe saw young Baptiste's horse gambled away by the lad's father. Years later Munroe was to see Baptiste again, at Fort Bridger in the Green River country.[5]

When Baptiste was eighteen he met the twenty-five-year-old traveler from Germany, Prince Paul of Wurttemberg. The Prince was delighted with this unusual boy and induced him, with Clark's consent, to go with the royal visitor to Europe. Prince Paul has left us a detailed account of the voyage.[6]

The Prince and Baptiste took passage on the steamboat Cincinnati from St. Louis for New Orleans on November 3, 1823. The boat, carrying a heavy cargo of lead, had not gone far before it struck a snag and sank. The passengers and most of the baggage were saved.

After a month's delay the passengers were picked up by the Mandan and were again on their way toward New Orleans, which they reached on December 19th. Five days later they boarded the brig Smyrna for the overseas journey. The voyage was rough and long; a new but thrilling experience for Baptiste. Finally, on the fourteenth of February they slipped into the harbor of Havre, France.

For the next six years Baptiste did not see his native land. He lived with Prince Paul in his castle near Stuttgart, Germany. The Prince traveled extensively and wrote much, but most of his writings are still in manuscript, untranslated and unpublished.

On one of Prince Paul's later journeys he visited Fort Sutter, California, and saw there a Shoshone boy that greatly resembled Baptiste. The Prince wrote: "Among these latter was a handsome youth who reminded me, on account of his startling likeness, of a lad from the same tribe whom I took to Europe with me from a fur-trading post at the mouth of the Kansas, in western Mississippi, in the fall of 1823, and who was my companion there on all my travels over Europe and northern Africa until 1829, when he returned with me to America in 1829. This latter was the son of a Shoshone woman who with her husband, a Canadian Frenchman, accompanied the Messrs. Lewis and Clarke on their expedition to the Pacific Coast in 1804-06, the one as guide and the other as interpreter"(Translation by L.C. Butscher, University of Wyoming).

When Prince Paul returned to America, Baptiste came with him. It was not long before he obtained employment with the American Fur Company and was soon on his way to the mountains with a company of fur hunters.

While Baptiste was with the Robidoux fur brigade trapping the Idaho-Utah country in the fall of 1830 he got separated from the main party and had an experience that was reported thus by a fellow trapper: ". . . we returned to Cache Valley by the way of Porteneuf, where we found Dripps and Fontenelle, together with out lost companion Charbineaux. He stated that he lost our trail, but reached the river Maladi after dark, where he discovered a village of Indians. Fearing that they were unfriendly, he resolved to retrace his steps,

and find the main company. In pursuance of this plan, he filled a beaver skin with water, and set off on his lonely way. After eleven day's wandering, during which he suffered a good deal from hunger, he attained his object, and reached the company at Porteneuf. The village he saw was the lodges of the Hudson Bay Company, and had he passed a short distance below, he would have found our camp. But his unlucky star was in the ascendant, and it cost him eleven day's toil, danger, and privation to find friends."[7]

During the early and middle 1830s Baptiste was associated with Robidoux, Jim Bridger, Thomas Fitzpatrick, Joe Meek and the other picturesque members of the trapper fraternity that came to be known as Mountain Men. These trappers and fur hunters were the real trail blazers of the West, the first to thoroughly explore the streams, passes, and parks of the Rocky Mountains.

If Baptiste kept a diary of his journeys, it has never come to light. Most of the trappers could not read or write, despite their thorough education for the adventurous career they pursued. So records of the time and period are scant. One must pick up bits here and there to piece together biographical sketches of the characters of the fur trade period.

Nathaniel J. Wyeth, builder of Fort Hall in Idaho and a leader of one of the fur companies, mentions Charbonneau as being present at the Green River rendeqvous of 1833.[8]

In the journal of E. Willard Smith we have a fairly detailed account of Baptiste's activities during the years 1839-40. He was a member of the party led by the experienced trappers and traders, Louis Vasquez on the South Platte River near present Platteville, Colorado.

The little train of four wagons, each drawn by three spans of mules, set out from the outfitting town of Independence, Missouri, on August 6, 1839. Smith records in his diary: "The two gentlemen who had command of the party were old Indian traders, having followed this mode of life for more than ten years, there were also with us Mr. Thompson who had a trading post on the western side of the mountains, and two half breeds employed as hunters. One of them was a son of

Captain Clarke, the great Western traveler and companion of Lewis. He had received an education in Europe during seven years."9

The company made its way along the famous Santa Fe Trail and up the Arkansas River into Colorado. It passed Bent's Fort, turned north up Fountain Creek, descended to the mouth of Cherry Creek and the site of Denver, and moved down the South Platte to Fort Vasquez.

Smith here joined Philip Thompson, one of the owners of Fort Davy Crockett, and crossed the mountains to spend the winter at that trading post on the Green River in the northwestern corner of Colorado. Baptiste Charbonneau was probably in the same party, but of this we are not sure. In any event, when Smith returned to Fort Vasquez and a party was organized to boat furs down the Platte in the spring of 1840, Baptiste was hunter for the party. Smith records in his diary:

"April 26th we started in a mackinaw boat, which had been made at the fort at the foot of the mountains. This boat was thirty-six feet long and eight feet wide. We had seven hundred buffalo robes on board and four hundred buffalo tongues. There were seven of us in company. The water of this river, the South Fork of the Platte, was very shallow and we proceeded with difficulty, getting on sand bars every few minutes. We were obliged to wade and push the boat along most of the way for about about three hundred miles, which we were forty-nine days traveling. We had to unload the boat several times a day when it was aground, which was very hard work."10

In relating his one experience in buffalo hunting, Smith records this incidental bit about Charbonneau: "This afternoon we had, as usual, tied up our boat and the hunter, Mr. Shabenare, went out a short distance from the river bank to shoot a buffalo for his meat. At the time there were several large buffalo bulls near us. After killing one we assisted the hunters in butchering it, and in carrying portions of the meat to the boat."11

The voyage was finally completed, the boat reaching St. Louis on July 3, 1840. It was one of the very few successful voyages from the mountains down the Platte to the Missouri.

Two years later we find Charbonneau in charge of a party again

boating furs down the South Platte. This time the spring rise had been too low to carry the boats and the fur men had finally given up the attempt to navigate the river and had sent for land transportation. While waiting on the South Platte, not far from present Fort Morgan, Colorado, they were visited by Lieut. John C. Fremont on his first tour of exploration Fremont reports:

". . . arrived at Chabonard's camp, on an island in the Platte. Mr. Chabonard was in the service of Bent and St. Vrain's company, and left their fort some forty or fifty miles above, in the spring with boats laden with the furs of the last year's trade. . . . finding it impossible to proceed, had taken up his summer's residence on this island, which he had named St. Helena. . . . the island here had a fine grove of very large cottonwoods, under whose broad shade the tents were pitched. . . . smoke was rising from the scattered fires, and the encampment had quite a patriarchal air. Mr. C. received us hospitably. One of the people was sent to gather mint, with the aid of which he concocted very good julep; and some boiled buffalo tongue, and coffee with the luxury of sugar were soon set before us."[12]

More than a month later he was still stranded. The traveler, Rufus B. Sage called upon him and wrote thus:

"August 30th (1842). A ride of ten or fifteen miles, from this point brought us to a camp of whites, in the employ of Bent and St. Vrain, occupying a small island in the Platte. They were guarding a quantity of robes with which they had attempted to descend the river, but were unable to proceed further on account of low water. . . .

"The camp was under the direction of a half-breed, named Chabonard, who proved to be a gentleman of superior information. He had acquired a classic education and could converse quite fluently in German, Spanish, French, and English, as well as several Indian languages. His mind, also, was well stored with choice reading, and enriched by extensive travel and observation. Having visited most of the important places, both in England, France, and Germany, he knew how to turn his experience to good advantage.

"There was a quaint humor and shrewdness in his conversation, so

garbed with intelligence and perspicuity, that he at once insinuated himself into the good graces of listeners, and commanded their admiration and respect. . . About noon we bade farewell to our new friends, by whome we had been kindly entertained."[13]

Charbonneau must have got to St. Louis with his furs, for the next spring he accompanied the large company of pleasure and health seekers who traveled to the Rocky Mountains under the leadership of the Scotsman, Sir William Drummond Stewart. The party consisted of about eighty men, all fully equipped for hunting and sport. One of the accounts of the tour is by William Clark Kennerly, a nephew of William Clark. Kennerly writes that "to each six men was allotted one two-wheeled cart, or charette, the covers of which, I remember, were painted red; each cart was drawn by two mules driven tandem.

"One of the drivers, Baptiste Charboneau, was the son of the old trapper Charboneau and Sacajawea, the brave Indian woman who had guided Lewis and Clark on their perilous journey through the wilderness. He had been born about the time they built Fort Mandan, far out in the Dakota hills, and had been carried a papoose on his mother's back all through the Indian country. By a singular coincidence he was now again to make the journey and guide the son of William Clark through the same region."[14]

The party followed the Oregon Trail to and over South Pass and turned north to the upper Green River and the Yellowstone country. One incident of the trip, as reported by Kennerly, gives a sidelight on Charbonneau:

"Later there was a fight between Walker and Smith, and the whole cavalcade stopped to witness it, while Charboneau ran excitedly about, keeping a ring around the combatants with his heavy whip and shouting for no one to interfere. It was not a very even fight; Smith was much the larger man, but, after a few rounds when he jumped on Walker's back in an effort to bear him to the ground, Walker drew his pistol and, firing over his shoulder, wounded Smith in the thigh, the wonder being that he did not kill him."[15]

The following year Charbonneau was at Bent's Fort on the Arkansas

River, in the employ of Bent and St. Vrain. William M. Boggs, a son of Governor L.W. Boggs of Missouri, was at the fort in 1844, met Charbonneau there, and left this record:

"I also learned considerable from the hunters of Bent's Fort, particularly from Charbenau, an educated half-breed. His father was a French Canadian, his mother said to be a Blackfoot Indian squaw. His name was Baptiste Charbenau. His father and mother accompanied the Lewis and Clark Expedition in their journey to the Pacific shores via the Columbia River as guides. Charbenau and his squaw were very useful members of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. This Baptiste Charbenau at Bent's Fort was only a papoose at the time of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, but his mother took him the entire route, according to Gen. Clark's account in his published letters. The squaw was as useful as a guide as the man Charbenau himself, being raised in the country they were passing over and familiar with mountain passes and trails. This Baptiste Charbenau, the hunter of Bent's Fort, was the small Indian papoose, or half-breed of the elder Charbenau that was employed by the Lewis and Clark Expedition as guide when they descended the Columbia River to the Pacific Ocean. He had been educated to some extent; he wore his hair long -- that hung down to his shoulders. It was said that Charbenau was the best man on foot on the plains or in the Rocky Mountains."[16]

Charbonneau accompanied Lieut. J. W. Abert on his exploring expedition from Bent's Fort south and down the Canadian, and Thomas Fitzpatrick also with the expedition, expressed his pleasure with the usefulness of the guide, "Mr. Chabonard."[17]

One of the notable expeditions of the Mexican War was the march of Col. Philip St. George Cooke and his Mormon Battalion from Santa Fe to San Diego in 1846. Baptiste Charbonneau was one of the guides chosen to pilot this battalion across the deserts of New Mexico and Arizona. It was a hard journey over rough mountains, across waterless plateaus, and was doubly difficult because they were to break a road and take wagons the entire distance of 700 miles.

Charbonneau is frequently mentioned in the diaries of the trip.

He is ahead of the caravan looking for water holes, seeking passes over mountains, searching for suitable crossings of arroyos. Two incidents recorded by Colonel Cooke might be repeated here:

November 22, 1846. "Since dark Charboneaux has came in; his mule gave out, he says, and he stopped for it to rest and feed a half an hour; when going to saddle it, it kicked at him and ran off; he followed it a number of miles and finally shot it; partly I suppose from anger, and partly, as he says, to get his saddle and pistols, which he brought to camp."...

Toward the last of November, while the train was crawling up the pass "I discovered Charboneaux near the summit in pursuit of bears. I saw three of them up among the rocks, whilst the bold hunter was gradually nearing them. Soon he fired, and in ten seconds again; then there was confused action, one bear falling down, the others rushing about with loud fierce cries, amid which the hunter's too, could be distinguished; the mountain fairly echoed. I much feared he was lost, but soon, in his red shirt, he appeared on a rock; he had cried out, in Spanish for more balls. The bear was rolled down, and butchered before the wagons passed."[18]

After the battalion reached San Diego Charbonneau was released and is reported to have returned, presumably to New Mexico or the Rocky Mountains. We are not sure of his movements; but in 1849 he is reported in the California gold fields. Jim Beckwourth tells of staying with him at Murderer's Bar, on the middle fork of the American River.[19]

Just when Baptiste Charbonneau returned to live with his Shoshone people is not definitely known. He appears to have joined them in the Fort Bridger country, before they moved to the Wind River Reservation in Wyoming.

Superintendent R.P. Haas of the Shoshone Indian Agency at Fort Washakie, Wyoming, wrote to L. R. Hafen on January 11, 1926:

"In answer to your letter of the 4th instant, you are advised that Barbara Mayers, daughter of Baptiste Charbonneau is unable to carry on correspondence with anyone, as she neither reads nor writes and is old and quite childish.

"Baptiste married a Shoshone Indian woman about 1844 or 1846. He lived among the Shoshones off and on during his life time.

"In his early life, he spent a great deal of time among the fur trading posts in the capacity of interpreter, etc. He could read and write and was educated to a small extent."[20]

A letter of inquiry of mine with specific questions was passed on by Mrs. Gladys F. Riley, State Librarian and Historian of the State of Wyoming, to A.F.C. Greene, long a resident of the Fort Washakie region and employed in the U.S. Indian Service. Mr. Greene responded in a letter of May 27, 1941:

"I have just had a talk with Quintan Quay, the old Shoshone I mentioned in my letter of May 5th, who knew Baptiste Charboneau, and he gave me the following answers to the questions you asked in your letter of April 30th:

"1. So far as I have been able to ascertain, there is no existing photograph of Baptiste.

"2. Quintan Quay says that he does not remember having ever seen Baptiste wearing the 'Jefferson medal,' which a number of people, both whites and Indians, have told me that Sacajawea owned, but he has a very clear remembrance of her adopted son, Bazile, wearing it on many occasions, and he always understood that it was the property of Sacajawea. He thinks it quite likely that this medal was buried with Baptiste. This bears out the statement made to me by Pandora Pogue, an old Shoshone woman who also knew Sacajawea and both of her sons. This old woman told me that she had seen both Baptiste and Bazile wearing this medal, but that it was not buried with Sacajawea. She was sure of this, as she assisted in preparing Sacajawea's body for burial. It has always been thought that the medal was buried either with Baptiste or Bazile. Bazile's body was disinterred a few years ago, but the medal was not found. A leather pocket book, containing a number of papers, which had belonged to his mother, was found with the body however. The pocket book was in a fair state of preservation, but the contents fell to pieces when exposed to the air, and none of the writing on the papers was legible. The place of Baptiste's grave

is known, but a number of rock slides have covered the site, and while many tons of shale were removed in search of the grave, it has been impossible to reach it. A number of other Indian graves in the vicinity were opened while this search was being made, but all of them showed evidence of having been rifled, probably by white settlers. Both of my informants described the medal as being about 2½ inches in diameter. One side showed the head of a man, which the Indians thought was God; the other side bore clasped hands and some letters which, of course had no meaning to the Indians.

"3. Quintan Quay says that Baptiste had two Shoshone wives and two children living with him in his lodge at Fort Bridger, but he does not know when he married them. Quintan Quay was 10 years old when the Shoshones came to the Wind River Reservation from Fort Bridger in 1871, and he remembers that Baptiste's two sons were young men in their late teens or early 20's at that time.

"4. Baptiste had two Shoshone wives. Quintan Quay says that one was called 'Toot-sahp' (Dirty), but he does not recall the name of the other.

"5. There are six living descendants of Baptiste on the reservation at the present time. One grandson, two great-grandsons and one great-granddaughter by his son 'Boa Tindall,' and one great-grandson, one great-great-grandson and one great-great-granddaughter by his daughter 'Barbara.'

"6. . . . Civilization did not appeal to him and he reverted to type, rejoining his tribe in the Fort Bridger country, and remaining with them until his death.

"7. There is no disagreement between Dr. Roberts and Dr. Grace Hebard on any important points concerning Sacajawea and Baptiste.

"8. Baptiste dressed as an Indian; wore his hair in braids and lived in a tepee during his entire life among the Shoshones."[21]

Dr. Grace R. Hebard, in her excellent Sacajawea (1933), publishes an interview she had with Quantan Quay on July 21, 1929. In it he said:

"I was born in the Bridger country. I knew Baptiste and Bazil, sons of Sacajawea, or Porivo, very well. These two Indians seldom came up on a hunting expeditions in this region (Wind River Reservation) in the very early days before this reservation was set aside for the Indians. These two people, Baptiste and Bazil, generally stayed at or near Fort Bridger and often traded with furs from visiting Indians and resold the furs to the traders and trappers. Both Baptiste and Bazil acted as interpreters for other Indians who were trading their furs.[22]

Reverend John Roberts, who went to the Wind River Reservation in 1883 and labored there so many years, wrote in 1935:

"Baptiste, Sacajawea's son, I knew over a period of some years up to his death. He had a large family. Those descendants now living are numerous. Baptiste lived on the reservation. He spent his time in hunting, fishing and selling Indian curios to supply the needs of his family. His grandchildren and great grandchildren are living on the reservation. Baptiste made his home about three miles from the Shoshone Mission up to the time of his death. He died and was buried, according to the ancient custom of the Shoshones, in the rocks in a canyon west of the Mission at a distance of some seven miles at the head of Dry Creek. From his rocky grave can be seen his mother's resting place, Sacajawea.

"Baptiste's son, Wyt-te-gan, informed me one time that his father, Baptiste, had often told him that Baptiste's mother carried him (Baptiste) on her back when he was a baby, across the mountains when she led the first 'Washington' across to the Great Waters toward the setting sun (Dab-be-dos-nank)."[23]

"In 1885 Jean Baptiste Charbonneau died on the reservation," writes Dr. Grace R. Hebard. "His body, according to Mr. Lahoe, the government interpreter for the Shoshones, who knew both Baptiste and Bazil and assisted at their burials, was taken by a few Indians and carried into the mountains west of the agency and ther let down between two crags about forty feet high. After the body had been lowered by a rope, a few rocks were thrown down upon the corpse, one of which struck the skull and crushed it."[24]

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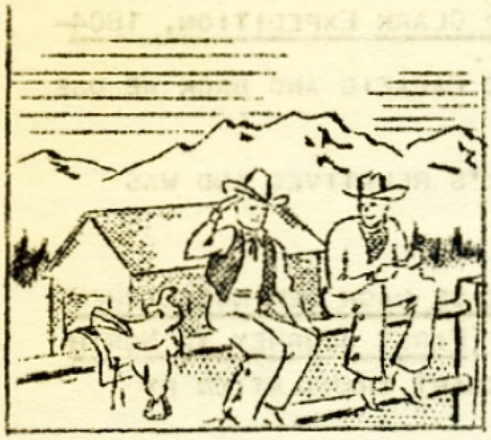
NOTES

1. R.G. Thwaites (Ed.), Original Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, 1804-1806, I, 257-258.
2. Ibid., I, 271, 274. For our account of the trip to the Pacific and back we use data from the original journals.
3. Ibid., 284, 285.
4. This letter was found among the papers of some of Clark's relatives and was published in the Century Magazine, October, 1904.
5. J.W. Schultz, Bird Woman, 111-114.
6. Paul Wilhelm Friedrich Herzog von Wurttemberg, Erste Reise nach dem nordlichen America in dem jahren 1822 bis 1824 (Stuttgart, 1835) (First Journey to North America in the Years 1822 to 1824). We used the manuscript translation by Professor W.G. Bek of the University of North Dakota.
7. W.A. Ferris, Life in the Rocky Mountains (Denver, 1940), 67. When first mentioning Baptiste Charbonneau, Ferris explains: "This was the infant who together with his mother was saved from a sudden flood near the Falls of the Missouri by Capt. Lewis,—vide Lewis and Clark's Expedition" (p. 64).
8. The Correspondence and Journals of Capt. Nathaniel J. Wyeth, 1831-6, 207.
9. The Smith Journal was published in the Oregon Historical Quarterly, XIV, 250-79.
0. Ibid., 272-73
1. Ibid., 277.
2. J.C. Fremont, Report of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains, etc., 30-31.
3. R.B. Sage, Rocky Mountain Adventure, 205-207.
4. W.C. Kennerly and Elizabeth Russell, Persimmon Hill, 144.
5. Ibid., 158.
6. L.R. Hafen (Ed.), "The W.M.Boggs Manuscript about Bent's Fort," etc., in the Colorado Magazine, VII, 66-67.
7. "Journal of Lieut. J.W. Abert from Bent's Fort to St. Louis, 1845," in Sen. Ex. Doc. 438, 29th Cong., 1st Sess.
8. P. St. George Cooke, Conquest of New Mexico and California, 131, 134.
9. T.D. Bonner, The Life and Adventures of James P. Beckwourth (1931 edition), 353, 364.
0. Letter in our possession.
1. Letter in possession of the writer. It was published in the Annals of Wyoming, XIII, 181-183.
2. G.R. Hebard, Sacajawea, etc., 249-50.
3. Annals of Wyoming, XIII, 175.
4. G.R. Hebard, Sacajawea, 211.



TRAIL DUST FROM THE DENVER CORRAL

"Turn Off That Faucet!" advises Art Carhart in an article coming out in the February issue of ATLANTIC MONTHLY. Nice going, Arthur...Also, he notes, Art gave two talks at the Midwest Wildlife Conference, at which 12 states were represented (Madison, Wis., December 15-17): one on "Pounding Over the Conservation Story", and one on C.V.A. and M.V.A.

For January, for the indefatigable "Wild Bill" Raine, his 74th book (he admits to) for publication, RANGER'S LUCK.

Duell, Sloan, & Pearce have announced for publication on April 1, 1950, THE INDOOR BIRD WATCHERS' MANUAL, by Helen Ferril (Mrs. Tom to us) and Anne Folsom, illustrator (daughter of the Ferrils). This book is based on Mrs. Ferril's column, "The Dumb Friends' League", which appears in the ROCKY MOUNTAIN HERALD. (For a good laugh in every scale, buy this one the day it comes out!)

In the RED BOOK for January is Bill Barrett's latest story, "Odds Against the Bride."

Doc Collins comes up in the January WESTERN HORSEMAN with the results of more of his research in western lore: an article on "Weaving a Horse-Hair Girt." (Sure, sure... it's "girth", really; but nobody pronounces it thataway.)

John Lipsey (he's now President of the Colorado Springs Ghost Town Club, as well as a good WESTERNER posseman) and his wife, Julia, have just completed the production (by mimeograph) of the early memories (1865-88) of John's father, Plautus Iberus Lipsey, of Mississippi. They did the reproduction and binding

themselves, and only 100 copies were made - for the family.

In a recent issue of THE INFORMATION BULLETIN, published by the Library of Congress, was this item:

MRS. L.M. PETTIS, OF SILVER SPRING, MD., AND BONHAM, TEX., HAS PRESENTED TO THE LIBRARY 305 ADDITIONAL ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHIC NEGATIVES BY HER LATE BROTHER ERWIN E. SMITH, A WELL-KNOWN PHOTOGRAPHER OF COWBOYS AND RANCHING LIFE. MR. SMITH'S WORK IS ESPECIALLY WELL KNOWN IN THE SOUTHWEST, WHERE IT HAS FREQUENTLY APPEARED IN MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS. BETWEEN 1900 AND 1910, HE DEVOTED HIMSELF ALMOST EXCLUSIVELY TO THE OPEN CATTLE COUNTRY TO WHICH HE WAS DEVOTED, TRAVELING FROM "OUTFIT" TO "OUTFIT" AMONG HIS WIDE CIRCLE OF ACQUAINTANCES AND MAKING A COMPLETELY AUTHENTIC RECORD OF ROUNDUPS, ACTIVITIES AROUND THE CHUCK WAGON, ROPING, HORSEMANSHIP AND DAILY RANCH EXPERIENCE.

With a Tulsa, Okla., dateline, the AP carried this story on January 8, 1950:

TEXAS JACK, REFORMED OUTLAW, WHO RODE WITH THE DALTONS, BILL DOOLIN AND HENRY STARR, DIED YESTERDAY. JACK WHOSE REAL NAME WAS NATHANIEL REED, DIED IN HIS HOME AT THE AGE OF 87. NO IMMEDIATE RELATIVES SURVIVE.

THE CRUSTY OUTIMER STILL BORE FOURTEEN BULLET WOUNDS, SCARRED MEMENTOS OF HIS LIFE AS A DESPERADO IN INDIAN TERRITORY, NOW OKLAHOMA. HE BOASTED OF FOUR TRAIN ROBBERIES, SEVEN BANK THEFTS, THREE STAGECOACH HOLDUPS AND TWO GOLD BULLION HIJACKINGS.

HIS CAREER OF CRIME CAME TO AN END BEFORE JUDGE ISAAC C. PARKER AT FORT SMITH, THE FAMOUS "HANGIN' JUDGE OF ARKANSAS," WHO RELEASED JACK WHEN HE TURNED STATE'S EVIDENCE WHICH RESULTED IN CONVICTION FOR HIS CONFEDERATES.

THE PENITANT BADMAN THEN BECAME AN EVANGELIST AND TOURED THE COUNTRY WITH A WAGON AND TEAM OF HORSES. HE LATER APPEARED IN WILD WEST SHOWS BILLED AS "TEXAS JACK, TRAIN ROBBER."

On January 10, 1950, THE NEW YORK TIMES ran this story, with pictures of the three principals.

CHIEF SITTING BULL COULD HAVE TOMAHAWKED HIS WAY THROUGH THE LOBBY OF THE HENRY HUDSON HOTEL YESTERDAY WITHOUT ATTRACTING TOO MUCH ATTENTION. FOR HOLDING COURT UPSTAIRS WAS AN OLD MAN WITH FLOWING WHITE HAIR AND FIERCE EYES WHO SAID HE WAS JESSE JAMES AND, CONSEQUENTLY, 102 YEARS OF AGE.

IN A ROOM LARGER THAN MOST NIGHT CLUBS THE LATEST CONTENDER TO SEEK LEGAL RECOGNITION AS THE NATION'S MOST FAMOUS DESPERADO RECREATED A GOOD DEAL OF THE FLAVOR OF DIME NOVELS WITH SPEECH THAT COULD HAVE COME STRAIGHT FROM THE SCRIPT OF "THE LONE RANGER," EXCEPT FOR SOME PURPLE PASSAGES.

THOUGH BED-RIDDEN BY A FRACTURED HIP, THE MAN WHO HAD BEEN KNOWN AS J. FRANK DALTON SINCE 1882 MANAGED, WITH THE AID OF SEVERAL CRONIES, TO PUT ON A SHOW THAT HAD THE RINGING FERVOR OF A REVIVAL MEETING AND THE DUBIOUS FASCINATION OF A MEDICINE SHOW.

ON HAND WERE PRESS AGENTS, LAWYERS, MICROPHONES, SPOTLIGHTS, BULLETS STRAIGHT OUT OF THE BODY OF "UNCLE JESSE" AND A GOLD PIECE SAVED FROM A TRAIN ROBBERY. WHILE A COUPLE OF PEOPLE HANDED OUT RELEASES AND AFFIDAVITS, THE MUSTACHIOED GENTLEMAN IN THE BED FENCED WITH REPORTERS SHOWING THE EFFECTS OF TWO YEARS OF REHEARSAL ON THE ROAD. NO SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION WAS OFFERED FOR THE NEW YORK PERFORMANCE WHEN PAPERS WERE BEING FILED IN A MISSOURI COURT, TO ESTABLISH THE OLD MAN'S IDENTITY.

QUICKLY THE STAR OF THE SHOW DISPOSED OF AN ADVANCE ANNOUNCEMENT THAT HE WOULD DISCUSS HIS PAST IN DETAIL. "I'M GONNA TELL 'EM WHAT I WANT TER AND THAT'S ALL," HE SAID. HE REFUSED TO DISCUSS THE AMOUNT AND DISPOSAL OF LOOT. "WE DON'T TALK ABOUT THAT," HE SNAPPED.

OCCASIONALLY, MR. DALTON-JAMES BROKE INTO A WHEEZING COUGH AND THEN THE MICROPHONE WOULD BE MOVED AWAY FROM HIM TO ONE OF SIX OTHER MEN--

THEMSELVES AS COLORFUL AS A CARNIVAL—WHO HAD BEEN ROUNDED UP FROM VARIOUS PARTS OF THE SOUTH TO TESTIFY FOR THEIR FRIEND OF MANY DECADES.

THERE WAS, FOR INSTANCE, COL. JAMES H. DAVIS OF NASHVILLE, TENN., WHO SAID HE WAS 109 YEARS OLD AND A SURVIVOR OF QUANTRELL'S GUERRILLAS IN THE CIVIL WAR. THE COLONEL, A SMALL MAN WITH SPADE BEARD AND DOUGHTY MANNER, NOT ONLY TOLD OFF REPORTERS BUT EVEN TANGLED ONCE WITH HIS OLD PAL, JESSE.

THOUGH COLONEL DAVIS PLAYED THE CHIEF SUPPORTING ROLE IN THE SHOW, A MAN NAMED ROBERT E. LEE, WHO SAID HE'D BEEN BODYGUARD FOR BUFFALO BILL, TOLD OF THE MEETING BETWEEN CODY AND JAMES LONG AFTER 1882, WHEN JESSE WAS REPORTEDLY KILLED.

"WELL RIGHT AWAY QUICK COLONEL CODY DIDN'T KNOW 'IM," SAID MR. LEE. "BUT WHEN HE LOOKED AT HIS NECK AND SEEN THE SCARS HE THROWED UP HIS HANDS AND SAID: 'BY GOD, YOU'RE JESSE JAMES.'" COLONEL DAVIS EVEN PRESENTED TO A WOMAN REPORTER A GREEN, SPENT BULLET THAT HE SAID HE'D REMOVED FROM JESSE'S BODY.

A PRESS AGENT SLIPPED THE MICROPHONE IN FRONT OF ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE TROUPE. THIS WAS A MAN IN A DEERSKIN SHIRT, COWBOY HAT AND FANCY DUNGAREES. HE IDENTIFIED HIMSELF AS 90-YEAR-OLD BRUSHY BILL ROBERTS, ONE-TIME MEMBER OF THE JAMES GANG. THIS WAS OBVIOUSLY THE STRONG SILENT TYPE. HE STOOD ERECT AND SAID LITTLE. SOME THOUGHT HE MIGHT HAVE GONE UP ON HIS LINES.

BY THIS TIME A .38 COLT ARMY SPECIAL HAD BEEN PLACED IN "UNCLE JESSIS' HAND, BUT HE REFUSED TO POINT IT AT ANYONE DESPITE CAJOLING OF PHOTOGRAPHERS, LAW-LAWYERS AND PRESS AGENTS. "DAMMIT, I AIN'T GONNA DO IT," HE SNORTED.

COLONEL DAVIS AROSE AND TURNED HIS BODY TOWARD THE OLD MAN. "POINT THE GUN AT ME, JESSE," HE SAID. THE MAN ON THE BED DID SO. PHOTOGRAPHERS' BULBS EXPLODED. THE OLD MAN COVERED HIS EYES, TURNED ON THE PHOTOGRAPHERS WITH A FEW WELL-CHOSEN CURSES AND THE INTERVIEW WAS OVER.

ASCITITIA

Dated "1930 - Cochetopa National Forest", we publish, for the first time, this article from the files of the U.S. Forest Service.

THE CHARCOAL INDUSTRY IN COLORADO

BY ERIC A. JOHNSON

ONE OF THE EARLIEST USES OF THE FOREST, AS WELL AS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT INDUSTRIES OF THE REGION IN AND ABOUT LEADVILLE, COLORADO, DURING THE LAST QUARTER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY WAS THE PRODUCTION OF CHARCOAL. WHILE, UNDOUBTEDLY, SMALL QUANTITIES HAD BEEN MANUFACTURED PRIOR TO THAT TIME, HERE AND THERE OVER THE COUNTRY FOR DOMESTIC OR SPECIAL PURPOSES, THE USE OF CHARCOAL ON AN EXTENSIVE SCALE DID NOT BEGIN TO TAKE PLACE UNTIL THE MINING OF PRECIOUS METAL ORES WAS DEVELOPED IN THE LEADVILLE DISTRICT.

WITH THE COMPLETION OF THE FIRST SMELTER FOR THE REDUCTION OF ORES AT LEADVILLE, IN 1878, THE USE OF CHARCOAL RECEIVED A GREAT IMPETUS, AND FOR A PERIOD OF ABOUT TWENTY YEARS THIS COMMODITY WAS EXTENSIVELY USED AND IT PLAYED AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MINING INDUSTRY IN THE REGION. IT WAS THE PRINCIPAL FUEL USED IN THE BLAST FURNACES PRIOR TO THE ADVENT OF COKE, AND WAS IN DEMAND, NOT ONLY BECAUSE OF ITS HEATING PROPERTIES BUT ALSO BECAUSE OF THE ABSENCE OF SOOT AND SMOKE, BEING SUPERIOR TO THE ORDINARY BITUMINOUS COAL IN THIS RESPECT.

THE VALUE OF CHARCOAL IN THE PROCESS OF SMELTING MAY BE SEEN WHEN IT IS REALIZED THAT TO SMELT ONE TON OF ORE ABOUT 1400 POUNDS OF CHARCOAL, ROUGHLY AMOUNTING TO 100 BUSHELS, WERE REQUIRED. IN THE FIRST ELEVEN MONTHS OF 1878, IT WAS ESTIMATED THAT 3330 TONS OF ORE WERE SMELTED IN THE LEADVILLE REGION, AND DURING THE NEXT FEW YEARS SMELTERS WERE CONSTRUCTED AT A RAPID RATE TO TAKE CARE OF THE INCREASED PRODUCTION OF ORE, SOME AUTHORITIES STATING THAT AS MANY AS TWENTY SMELTERS, VARYING SIZES AND CAPACITIES WERE IN OPERATION DURING THE '80'S AND '90'S. THIS CREATED SUCH A DEMAND THAT BETWEEN THE YEARS 1878 AND 1895 THE BURNING OF CHARCOAL GREW TO A LARGE AND PROFITABLE INDUSTRY.

THE GREATER PORTION OF THE CHARCOAL

WAS MADE IN THE REGION CLOSE TO THE SMELTERS, ALTHOUGH CERTAIN SMALL AMOUNTS WERE ALSO MANUFACTURED AT MORE DISTANT POINTS WHEREVER TIMBER WAS ACCESSIBLE AND THE PRODUCT OF THE KILNS COULD BE TRANSPORTED EASILY. KILNS WERE LOCATED NEAR THE PRESENT SMELTER AT LEADVILLE, IN GEORGIA GULCH, AT THE SITE NOW OCCUPIED BY THE GOVERNMENT FISH HATCHERY AT MALTA, IN BOXES CREEK, AT SNOWDEN, TENNESSEE PASS, EAST TENNESSEE CREEK, WILLOW CREEK, AND A SHORT DISTANCE UP HALFMOON GULCH. MORE DISTANT KILNS WERE LOCATED AT RIVERSIDE, BROWN'S CANYON, CHARCOAL SPUR NEAR SALIDA, AND EVEN AS FAR EAST AS COALDALE.

CHARCOAL WAS MADE IN BOTH PITS AND KILNS, THE PROCESS AT FIRST CONSISTING MERELY OF PILING UP THE LOGS, COVERING THEM WITH EARTH, AND SETTING FIRE TO THE MATERIAL. BOTH LARGE AND SMALL TREES WERE CUT, AND WHILE DRY TIMBER PRODUCED THE BEST CHARCOAL, GREEN MATERIAL WAS ALSO USED. THE WOOD WAS PILED UP IN GREAT QUANTITIES AND THEN COVERED FIRST WITH SMALLER STICKS AND BRUSH, AND FINALLY WITH DIRT. SEVERAL OPENINGS WERE LEFT AROUND THE PILE FOR IGNITION PURPOSES AND TO FURNISH DRAFT IN THE INITIAL STAGES OF THE BURNING PROCESS. THESE OPENINGS WERE CLOSED AFTER THE PILE HAD BEGUN TO BURN BRISKLY AND UNIFORMLY THROUGHOUT, THUS CHECKING THE RATE OF BURNING SUFFICIENTLY SO THAT THE FIRE WOULD MERELY SMOULDER AND CHAR THE WOOD WITHOUT CONSUMING IT. AFTER A FEW DAYS WHEN THE FIRE HAD DIED OUT AND COOLED, THE DIRT WOULD BE REMOVED AND THE CHARCOAL DUG OUT AND HAULED TO THE SMELTER.

IT WAS SOON FOUND THAT THE AMOUNT OF CHARCOAL MANUFACTURED BY THE PIT METHOD WAS INADEQUATE TO SUPPLY THE NEEDS OF THE SMELTERS, THE PROCESS BEING BOTH WASTEFUL AND UNHANDY TO OPERATE. THE MUSHROOMLIKE GROWTH OF THE MINING INDUSTRY AND THE DEMANDS OF THE SMELTERS SOON BECAME GREAT ENOUGH TO JUSTIFY THE INSTALLATION OF KILNS AND THE ADOPTION OF THE KILN PROCESS. ACCORDINGLY, WHEREVER, CLAY AND OTHER MATERIAL COULD BE FOUND IN CLOSE PROXIMITY TO THE TIMBER SUPPLY LARGE NUMBERS OF CHARCOAL KILNS WERE CONSTRUCTED. ORDINARILY, A BRICK PRESSING MACHINE WOULD BE BUILT AT THE PROPOSED SITE OF THE KILN AND THE KILN CONSTRUCTED OUT OF BRICK MADE ON THE SPOT.

TRIBUTARY TO LEADVILLE THERE WERE PROBABLY AS MANY AS ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY OF THESE CHARCOAL OVENS DURING THE PERIOD OF GREATEST USE, AND MANY OF THESE BEEHIVE-LIKE STRUCTURES MAY STILL BE SEEN, LOCATED AT VARIOUS POINTS UP AND DOWN THE ARKANSAS RIVER VALLEY. FOR MILES DOWN THE RIVER, AS FAR AS TWENTY MILES EAST OF SALIDA, AND NORTH AND WEST OF LEADVILLE, THESE KILNS STILL APPEAR AS MONUMENTS OF AN ALMOST FORGOTTEN INDUSTRY.

THE KILNS USUALLY HELD FROM TWENTY-FIVE TO FORTY CORDS OF WOOD EACH AND FROM 900 TO 1200 BUSHELS OF CHARCOAL PER RUN WERE PRODUCED. THEY USUALLY HAD TWO DOORS, ONE AT THE BOTTOM, THE OTHER ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE NEAR THE TOP. WHERE, AS WAS OFTEN THE CASE, THE KILNS WERE LOCATED NEXT TO A BANK OR STEEP HILLSIDE, THIS UPPER DOOR FACILITATED LOADING THE KILN WITH THE CORDWOOD SKIDDED DOWN FROM THE ADJOINING TIMBERED SLOPES. THE BOTTOM DOOR WAS USED TO REMOVE THE CHARCOAL. IN ADDITION, THERE WAS USUALLY A ROW OF VENT HOLES NEAR THE BOTTOM ABOUT TWO FEET FROM THE GROUND, ANOTHER ROW HALF WAY UP, AND A FEW HOLES NEAR THE TOP.

THE WOOD WAS PLACED VERTICALLY IN THE KILNS. AFTER THE CHARGE WAS PROPERLY IGNITED THE HOLES AT THE BOTTOM WERE STOPPED UP TO REDUCE THE DRAFT, THE UPPER ONES BEING ALLOWED TO REMAIN OPEN FOR A CERTAIN TIME TO ALLOW THE GASES TO ESCAPE AND TO CONTROL THE RATE OF BURNING. AT THE PROPER TIME, THE UPPER HOLES, TOO, WOULD BE MUDDED UP, THE MIDDLE HOLES FIRST, THEN THE TOP ONES, THUS SMOTHERING THE FIRE AND PRODUCING THE CHAR. IF TOO MUCH DRAFT WAS ALLOWED, THE CHARGE SOMETIMES BURNED TO ASHES.

IT REQUIRED ABOUT TEN DAYS TO LOAD, BURN, COOL, AND DRAW A KILN. WHILE, UNDER MODERN METHODS, THERE ARE NUMEROUS BY-PRODUCTS IN THE PRODUCTION OF CHARCOAL, SUCH AS WOOD, CREOSOTE, ACETIC ACID, AND WOOD ALCOHOL, NONE OF THE OVENS USED IN THE EARLY DAYS WERE EQUIPPED TO SAVE THESE, THE MAIN OBJECT BEING TO SECURE AS GREAT A QUANTITY OF CHAR-

COAL AS POSSIBLE.

IT IS INTERESTING TO NOTE SOME OF THE COSTS ENTERING INTO THE MANUFACTURE OF CHARCOAL, TOGETHER WITH THE PRICES RECEIVED. THE CHOPPING AND HAULING OF WOOD TO THE VARIOUS KILNS AND PITS GAVE EMPLOYMENT TO A LARGE NUMBER OF MEN AND TEAMS, AND IT IS ESTIMATED THAT AT ONE TIME AS MANY AS 2500 MEN WERE EMPLOYED IN THE INDUSTRY. THE MAJORITY OF THE MEN WERE SWISS AND CANADIANS WHO WERE NOTED AS GOOD WOODSMEN. TEAMS WERE EXTREMELY VALUABLE AND HARD TO GET, PRACTICALLY ALL OF THEM BEING RAISED IN THE LOWER COUNTRY AND DRIVEN TO LEADVILLE. ORDINARY TEAMS SOLD AT ABOUT $250.00 AND EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD ONES AS HIGH AS $500.00. HAY AND GRAIN COULD BE PURCHASED FOR ABOUT $35.00 PER TON. NOTWITHSTANDING THE HIGH COST OF WORK ANIMALS, A MAN AND TEAM COULD BE HIRED FOR ABOUT $8.00 PER DAY. LIVING CONDITIONS WERE QUITE REASONABLE. IT IS SAID THAT A GOOD MEAL COULD BE BOUGHT IN LEADVILLE IN THOSE DAYS FOR ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. MEN WORKING IN THE WOODS, CHOPPING THE TIMBER AND MAKING CORDWOOD, WERE PAID BY THE CORD, RATES BEING $1.00 AND $1.25 PER CORD. THE CHOPPERS WOULD CUT AND PILE FROM FOUR TO SIX CORDS PER DAY.

THE CHARCOAL WAS SOLD TO THE SMELTERS AT A NET PROFIT OF FROM 8¢ TO 8½¢ PER BUSHEL, A BUSHEL WEIGHING ABOUT FOURTEEN POUNDS. A BASKET RACK, HOLDING 300 TO 350 BUSHELS, WAS USED IN HAULING THE COAL FROM THE PITS AND KILNS TO THE SMELTERS. IT COST ABOUT 8¢ PER BUSHEL TO MAKE AND HAUL THE CHARCOAL, AND THE PRICE RECEIVED WAS ABOUT 16¢ PER BUSHEL, NETTING THE PRODUCER FROM $24.00 TO $28.00 AND $30.00 PER LOAD WHEN DELIVERED TO THE SMELTER. COAL FROM PLACES AS DISTANT AS BUENA VISTA AND FROM SETTLEMENTS WEST OF THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE WAS USUALLY SHIPPED TO LEADVILLE BY RAILROAD FREIGHT. IN 1879 THE PRICE PAID IN PUEBLO WAS 20¢ PER BUSHEL. A LOAD WHICH CONSISTED OF 80 BUSHELS BROUGHT $16.00 COMPARED WITH $6.00 PER LOAD IN NEW ENGLAND. THE COST OF PRODUCTION WAS ABOUT THE SAME BUT THE COST OF DELIVERING THE PRODUCT WAS SOMEWHAT MORE IN COLORADO. THE REASON FOR SELLING CHARCOAL BY THE BUSHEL INSTEAD OF BY WEIGHT PROBABLY WAS ON ACCOUNT OF ITS HIGH ABSORPTION OF GASES AND MOISTURE, WHICH SERVED TO GREATLY INCREASE THE WEIGHT UNDER CERTAIN CONDITIONS.

THE AVERAGE DAILY PRODUCTION OF CHARCOAL AT THE HEIGHT OF THE INDUSTRY HAS BEEN ESTIMATED AT 100 BUSHELS PER KILN. FIGURING 150 KILNS IN AND ABOUT LEADVILLE, THE TOTAL DAILY PRODUCTION WOULD BE ABOUT 15,000 BUSHELS, WORTH AT 16¢ PER BUSHEL, $2400.00.

THE VOLUME OF TIMBER USED ANNUALLY TO SUPPORT THIS INDUSTRY CAN, AT THIS LATE DATE, ONLY BE CONJECTURED. THE AMOUNT USED WOULD DEPEND ON THE NUMBER OF SMELTERS IN ACTIVE OPERATION AND THE LENGTH OF TIME WHICH THEY OPERATED, TOGETHER WITH SOME KNOWLEDGE OF THEIR RESPECTIVE EFFICIENCY AND THE DEMAND FOR SMELTERING FUELS, WHICH UNDOUBTEDLY VARIED CONSIDERABLY FROM TIME TO TIME. FROM THE FIGURES GIVEN, HOWEVER, IT SEEMS REASONABLE TO ASSUME THAT THE TOTAL VOLUME OF TIMBER CONSUMED COULD NOT HAVE AMOUNTED TO LESS THAN AN EQUIVALENT OF 100,000 M FEET B.M., AND MAY HAVE AMOUNTED TO TWICE AS MUCH.

WHAT MUST HAVE BEEN THE EFFECT OF THIS DEMAND FOR CHARCOAL UPON THE NEIGHBORING TIMBER REGION? THE RESULT MAY BE ONLY TOO PLAINLY SEEN BY A GLANCE AT THE DENUDED CONDITION OF THE WATERSHEDS IN THE VICINITY OF THE SMELTERS AT THE PRESENT TIME. IT WAS THE PRACTICE IN THOSE DAYS TO CUT AS MUCH DRY TIMBER AS POSSIBLE FOR USE IN THE PITS AND KILNS, AND OLD SETTLERS IN POSITION TO KNOW THE FACTS STATE THAT MEN WERE ACTUALLY PAID TO SET FIRE TO THE TIMBERED AREAS AND TO KEEP THEM BURNING SO THAT DRY TIMBER WOULD ALWAYS BE AVAILABLE WELL IN ADVANCE OF CUTTING. THE DESTRUCTION OF TIMBER BY FIRE AND THE DENUDED SLOPES AROUND LEADVILLE TESTIFY TO THE RECKLESSNESS WITH WHICH THIS NATURAL AND VALUABLE RESOURCE WAS HANDLED.

BY 1889, THE USE OF CHARCOAL BY THE SMELTERS BEGAN TO GIVE WAY TO A MIXTURE OF CHARCOAL AND COKE, AND ABOUT 1895, WHEN THE VALUE OF COKE FOR SMELTING PURPOSES WAS FULLY REALIZED AND ITS MANUFACTURE PLACED ON AN ECONOMICAL BASIS, THE USE OF CHARCOAL RAPIDLY DECLINED AND WAS EVENTUALLY REPLACED BY COKE. TODAY, NOT A STICK OF WOOD IS CUT FOR THIS PURPOSE, NOT A POUND OF CHARCOAL IS TAKEN OUT OF THE BLACKENED THROATS OF THE KILNS, AND ONLY A FEW OF THE OLDER RESIDENTS REMAIN TO RELATE

THEIR EXPERIENCES AND OBSERVATIONS OF THE CHARCOAL MAKING INDUSTRY.

CORRESPONDING MEMBERS

(11/23/49 TO 12/28/49)

THOMAS TEAKLE
C/O LEWIS & CLARK HIGH SCHOOL
WEST 521 - 4TH AVENUE
SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

REV. DR. FREDERIC J. NELSON
ST. FRANCIS MAJOR SEMINARY
MILWAUKEE 7, WISCONSIN

C. C. MORRIS
EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

KARL F. WESSEN
3222 JOSEPHINE ST.
DENVER 5, COLORADO

J. NEVIN CARSON
1690 QUEBEC STREET
DENVER 7, COLORADO

BERT DUNN
MCQUEENEY,
TEXAS

PROGRAM FOR JANUARY

Elmo Scott Watson, one of the founders of THE WESTERNERS, and a Chicago Posseman come west now, to take over the journalism school of Denver University, will present a paper on "Shadow Catchers of the Red Men."

CHUCK WAGON BOOK REVIEWS

WILLIAM BLACKMORE. BY HERBERT O. BRAYER.

VOL. 1, THE SPANISH-MEXICAN LAND GRANTS OF NEW MEXICO AND COLORADO, 1863-78;

VOL. 2, EARLY FINANCING OF THE DENVER & RIO GRANDE RAILWAY.
2 VOLS., 700 PAGES. INTRODUCTION, BIBLIOGRAPHY, AND INDEX. BRADFORD-ROBINSON, DENVER, 1949. $15.00.

THERE ARE SO MANY SIGNIFICANT PHASES OF FORMER POSSEMAN HERBERT O. BRAYER'S OUTSTANDING ACCOUNT OF WILLIAM BLACKMORE THAT IT IS DIFFICULT TO KNOW WHAT TO EMPHASIZE IN A SHORT REVIEW. THE CHARACTER OF BLACKMORE HIMSELF, AND THE VARIETY OF HIS INTERESTS AND ACTIVITIES, THE STORY OF MANY OF THE NEW MEXICO LAND GRANTS FROM THEIR INCEPTION THROUGH THE 1870'S, THE HISTORY OF THE EARLY FINANCING OF THE DENVER AND RIO GRANDE RAILROAD — PARTICULARLY THROUGH THE FORMATION AND GROWTH OF VARIOUS LAND COMPANIES, THE ACTIVITIES OF MANY LEADING FIGURES IN NEW MEXICO AND COLORADO SOCIETY OF THE 1870'S, THE CHARACTER OF EASTERN AND INTERNATIONAL FINANCIAL CONNECTIONS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN WEST IN THE 1870'S, THE RELATIONS OF WESTERN ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT AND THE GOVERNMENT AT WASHINGTON, AND OTHER ITEMS ALMOST TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION, ARE ALL OF PRIME CONCERN TO THE STUDENT OF THE WEST.

SINCE MR. BRAYER'S VOLUMES ARE ENTITLED "WILLIAM BLACKMORE", IT IS PERHAPS NECESSARY TO POINT OUT FIRST, THAT THEY ARE BY NO MEANS A LIFE OF THIS AMAZING ENGLISH BARRISTER, ENTREPRENEUR, SPECULATOR, LOBBYIST, PROMOTER, TRAVELLER, ARTIFACTS COLLECTOR, AND BON VIVANT OF AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN SOCIETY. MR. BRAYER HAS DISCLAIMED ANY INTENTION OF PREPARING SUCH A STUDY. INDEED, IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT TO WRITE A COMPLETE LIFE OF MR. BLACKMORE, SINCE APPARENTLY NEARLY ALL OF HIS PAPERS, EXCEPT THOSE DEALING WITH THE UNITED STATES AND THE WEST, WERE DESTROYED BY HIS EXECUTOR. BUT ONE IS INTRIGUED BY MR. BLACKMORE'S MANIFOLD INTERESTS, AND MR. BRAYER MAKES CASUAL REFERENCE TO HIS ACTIVITIES IN COLLECTING OHIO INDIAN MOUND ARTIFACTS, HIS FINANCING OF WILLIAM H. JACKSON ON SOME OF HIS TRIPS IN THE WEST, HIS FRIENDSHIP WITH DR. F.V. HAYDEN, HIS ASSISTANCE TO THOMAS MORAN (NOTED PAINTER OF YELLOWSTONE CANYON), HIS CONTRIBUTION TO THE SMITHSONIAN

INSTITUTE, AND HIS STUDY OF WESTERN INDIANS, COUPLED WITH HIS INTEREST IN THE ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT OF OTHER AREAS OF THE WORLD, PARTICULARLY FRENCH NORTH AFRICA.

MR. BRAYER RESISTS THE TEMPTATION TO TRY TO FOLLOW THESE LINES OF ACTIVITY. INSTEAD, HE HAS PROVIDED THE FOLLOWING SUBTITLES FOR HIS TWO VOLUMES: "THE SPANISH-MEXICAN LAND GRANTS OF NEW MEXICO AND COLORADO, 1863-1878", AND "EARLY FINANCING OF THE DENVER AND RIO GRANDE RAILWAY AND ANCILLARY LAND COMPANIES, 1871-1878". IN THE LATTER VOLUME, PARTICULARLY, WILLIAM BLACKMORE PLAYS ONLY A SMALL, THOUGH SIGNIFICANT PART. BUT THE SCOPE OF THE SUBJECTS TREATED ENABLES MR. BRAYER TO DRAW ON HIS EXTENSIVE KNOWLEDGE OF THE ECONOMIC HISTORY OF EUROPE AND AMERICA, AND OF NEW MEXICO AND COLORADO HISTORY, PARTICULARLY COLORADO RAILROAD HISTORY. THE PRINCIPAL MATERIAL ON WHICH THE VOLUMES ARE BASED CONSISTS OF BLACKMORE'S AMPLE DIARIES AND PAPERS, INCLUDING LETTERS WITH MANY OUTSTANDING AMERICAN CITIZENS IN THE 1860'S AND '70'S, THE BASIC DOCUMENTS OF NEW MEXICO HISTORY —WHETHER FOUND IN CALIFORNIA, NEW MEXICO, COLORADO OR THE EASTERN UNITED STATES COLLECTIONS (INCIDENTALLY, THERE IS AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF ASSISTANCE FROM MR. FRED ROSENSTOCK'S COLLECTION OF KIT CARSON MATERIAL), THE ARCHIVES OF THE DENVER AND RIO GRAND RAILROAD (WHICH ARCHIVE MR. BRAYER HEADED FOR A TIME), THE RECORDS OF CERTAIN FINANCIAL CONCERNS, SUCH AS BROWN, HARRIMAN AND COMPANY, AND VARIOUS GOVERNMENT REPOSITORIES AND COLLECTIONS SUCH AS THOSE OF THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES AND CONGRESS. IT IS SMALL WONDER THAT MR. BRAYER STATES THAT THE VOLUMES ARE THE RESULT OF YEARS OF STUDY AND RESEARCH ON HIS PART.

IN PASSING, ONE SHOULD NOT FAIL TO MENTION THE FACT THAT SCHOLARS OF THE WEST ARE INDEBTED TO MR. BRAYER FOR SECURING IN ENGLAND FOR AMERICAN REPOSITORIES, NOT ONLY THE RECORDS OF MANY LEADING AMERICAN CATTLE COMPANIES, BUT ALSO THE PAPERS OF MR. BLACKMORE AND GENERAL PALMER, TO MENTION BUT TWO. MR. BRAYER ACKNOWLEDGES THE SUPPORT OF THE COMMITTEE FOR RESEARCH IN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCE RESEARCH COUNCIL, WHICH MADE POSSIBLE THE PREPARATION AND PUBLICATION OF THE MANUSCRIPT, AND HE DEDICATES THE TWO VOLUMES RESPECTFULLY TO MR. PAUL A.F. WALTER, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL SOCIETY, AND MR. HENRY SWAN, EMMINENT COLORADAN OF WESTERN HISTORY.

IN THE FIRST VOLUME, MR. BRAYER GIVES A DETAILED, THOUGH NOT A COMPLETE, HOSTORY OF THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT TO THE 1870'S OF MANY OUTSTANDING NEW MEXICO LAND GRANTS LOCATED BOTH IN NEW MEXICO AND COLORADO. SPECIAL ATTENTION IS GIVEN TO THE SANGRE DE CRISTO GRANT (WHICH FELLOW POSSEMEN RALPH CARR AND LEROY HAFEN HAVE DESCRIBED IN SEVERAL PUBLICATIONS, INCLUDING FOR THE FORMER, A PAPER READ TO THE DENVER WESTERNERS AND PUBLISHED IN ITS 1947 BRAND BOOK). THE LOS ANIMAS GRANT, THE NOLAN GRANT IN COLORADO, THE CHAMA GRANT, THE TIERRA AMARILLA GRANT, THE CEBOLLA GRANT, THE LOS LUCEROS GRANT, THE MORA GRANT AND OTHER ALSO ARE DESCRIBED.

THE LATE 1860'S AND THE 1870'S WERE A PERIOD WHEN POSSESSION OF MANY OF THESE GRANTS HAD COME INTO THE HANDS OF CERTAIN PROMINENT NEW MEXICO AND COLORADO CITIZENS, PARTICULARLY LAWYERS IN NEW MEXICO, AND THESE LEADERS WERE ENDEAVORING TO SELL THE GRANTS TO EASTERN AND EUROPEAN INVESTORS AT CONSIDERABLE PROFIT TO THEMSELVES. MR. BLACKMORE BOUGHT EITHER FOR HIMSELF OR FOR A SMALL COTERIE OF ENGLISH INVESTORS, A WHOLE OR PART INTEREST IN A NUMBER OF GRANTS, AND ASSISTED IN SECURING THE FINANCIAL SUPPORT FOR THE PURCHASE OF OTHERS, NOTABLY THE SOUTHERN PORTION OF THE SANGRE DE CRISTO, CALLED THE COSTILLA ESTATE.

INITIALLY, MR. BLACKMORE RECEIVED AMPLE FINANCIAL RETURN FOR HIS ASSISTANCE IN THESE MATTERS. HE ALSO PROMOTED GREAT SCHEMES FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE GRANTS, AIMING IN PART TO ESTABLISH TRUST FUNDS FOR SUPPORTING A SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTE IN THE WEST. HE BUILT HIMSELF A RANCH HOUSE ON THE PORTION OF THE SANGRE DE CRISTO GRANT GIVEN HIM BY FORMER GOVERNOR GILPIN AND ASSOCIATES AS PART PAYMENT FOR HIS ASSISTANCE IN MARKETING THE BONDS OF THE UNITED STATES FREEHOLD LAND AND EMIGRATION COMPANY TO DUTCH FINANCIERS. HE SPENT ONLY A SMALL PORTION OF HIS

TIME ON THE RANCH, HOWEVER; FOR, WHEN HE MADE ONE OF HIS HALF DOZEN TRIPS TO THE UNITED STATES, HE WAS OCCUPIED IN BUSINESS CONFERENCES AND SOCIAL EVENTS IN WASHINGTON AND NEW YORK, AND BUSINESS AND HUNTING EXPEDITIONS THROUGHOUT THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN REGION. ALTHOUGH A LAWYER OF ABILITY, MR. BLACKMORE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN AT A DISADVANTAGE IN MATCHING WITS WITH THE SKILLFUL BUSINESS MEN AND LAWYERS OF THE WEST, AND SO ULTIMATELY HIS LAND GRANT VENTURES PROVED TO BE A FINANCIAL BURDEN TO HIM AND WERE SOME OF THE CONTRIBUTING FACTORS THAT LED TO HIS SUICIDE IN 1878.

VOLUME TWO IS ALMOST COMPLETELY A HISTORY OF THE WORK OF GENERAL PALMER AND HIS ASSOCIATES IN CONSTRUCTING THE NARROW-GAUGE DENVER AND RIO GRANDE RAILROAD FROM DENVER TO TRINIDAD, AND ITS WESTERN BRANCHES UP THE ARKANSAS RIVER AND ACROSS THE VETA PASS TO THE SANGRE DE CRISTO GRANT. MR. BLACKMORE'S PART IN THESE ACTIVITIES WAS LARGELY CONFINED TO ASSISTANCE IN MARKETING SOME OF THE BONDS FOR THE RAILROAD AND THE BONDS FOR THE LAND COMPANIES, WHICH WERE USED BY RIO GRANDE OFFICIALS BOTH TO HELP FINANCE THE RAILROAD AND TO FOSTER CERTAIN SPECULATIVE SETTLEMENT AND MINING ENTERPRISES. THESE LAND VENTURES INCLUDED THE DEVELOPMENT OF COLORADO SPRINGS, PUEBLO, SOUTH OF THE ARKANSAS RIVER, AND OTHER NOTABLE VENTURES.

THE ACTUAL RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION WORK WAS CARRIED ON BY THE UNION CONTRACT COMPANY, UNDER FINANCIAL ARRANGEMENTS COMMONLY USED PARTICULARLY BY WESTERN RAILROADS. GENEROUS AMOUNTS OF RAILROAD BONDS, PLUS STOCK, WERE AWARDED THE CONSTRUCTION COMPANY; BUT THE BONDS OFTEN HAD TO BE SOLD AT 40% DISCOUNT IN ORDER TO OBTAIN THE NECESSARY FINANCIAL SUPPORT.

WHILE RELATING THE STORY OF THESE DEVELOPMENTS, MR. BRAYER EMPHASIZES THE PART PLAYED BY MANY PROMINENT AMERICANS (PARTICULARLY COLORADANS) AND EUROPEANS, NOTABLY WILLIAM A. BELL, WILLIAM S. JACKSON, COL. ROBERT H. LAMBORN, HENRY MCALLISTER, JR., JAMES C. PARRISH, WILLIAM P. MELLEN, COL. WM. H. GREENWOOD, ALEXANDER C. HUNT, COL. JAMES ARCHER, GOVERNOR WILLIAM GILPIN, J. EDGAR THOMPSON, JAY GOULD, J. GERALD POTTER, THOMAS A. SCOTT, AND MANY OTHERS. IT WOULD SEEM TO THE PRESENT REVIEWER, WHO DISCLAIMS ANY THOROUGH KNOWLEDGE OF DENVER AND RIO GRANDE HISTORY, THAT ALL STUDENTS OF THAT RAILROAD WOULD BE INDEBTED TO MR. BRAYER FOR HIS SKILLFUL AND EXTENSIVE PRESENTATION OF THE HISTORY OF THE EARLY FINANCING, CONSTRUCTING, AND OPERATION OF THE ROAD.

THE TWO BLACKMORE VOLUMES ARE LIMITED TO 500 NUMBERED SETS; AND WHILE THIS WOULD SEEM TO INDICATE THAT THEY WERE INTENDED PRIMARILY FOR LIBRARIES OF SPECIALISTS IN WESTERN AMERICANA (INVOLVING A POLICY WITH WHICH THE PRESENT REVIEWER STRONGLY DISAGREES FOR GENERAL STUDIES, BECAUSE HE BELIEVES IN THE WIDEST POSSIBLE DISSEMINATION OF THE HISTORY OF THE WEST), THE SPECIALISTS AS WELL AS THE GENERAL READER OF WESTERN HISTORY WILL FIND ABUNDANT REWARD IN READING AND STUDYING THESE DETAIL-PACKED VOLUMES.

TOO LITTLE HAS HERETOFORE BEEN WRITTEN ON THE ECONOMIC PHASES OF WESTERN ECONOMIC HISTORY IN THE POST CIVIL WAR PERIOD. IT WOULD SEEM THAT A CERTAIN RESTRAINING HAND IN THIS FIELD ARISES FROM A DESIRE FOR SECRECY IN RESPECT TO SPECULATIVE ACTIVITIES THAT MIGHT NOT RECEIVE WHOLE-HEARTED APPROVAL FROM LATER GENERATIONS. BUT CONSIDERING THE VISION WITH WHICH SO MANY ENTREPRENEURS LABORED, THE RISKS THEY READILY UNDERTOOK, AND THE CONTRIBUTIONS WHICH THEY MADE TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY, THEIR STORIES SHOULD BE TOLD AS FRANKLY AS THAT OF THE TRAPPERS, MOUNTAIN MEN, INDIAN FIGHTERS, SOLDIERS, MINERS, FARMERS, AND EARLY TOWN SETTLERS, OF THE OLD WEST. AN EXCELLENT CONTRIBUTION IN THIS DIRECTION HAS BEEN MADE BY MR. BRAYER, AND AT LEAST HE WILL FOLLOW IT UP WITH MORE STUDIES, NOTABLY A NEW LIFE OF GENERAL PALMER.

(HAROLD H. DUNHAM)

CORONADO, KNIGHT OF PUEBLOS AND PLAINS. BY HERBERT EUGENE BOLTON, WHITTLESEY HOUSE, NEW YORK, AND UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO PRESS, ALBUQUERQUE, N.M. 491 PP., BIBLIOGRAPHY, INDEX. $6.00.

WHENEVER PROFESSOR BOLTON TAKES UP HIS PEN, THE RESULT IS USUALLY A WORK OF LITERARY AS WELL AS OF HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE--ALBEIT, SOMETIMES CONTROVERSIAL. SINCE THAT DAY, ALMOST HALF A CENTURY AGO, WHEN HE LEFT PENNSYLVANIA TO JOIN THE HISTORY DEPARTMENT AT THE

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS, HERBERT BOLTON HAS DELVED DEEPLY INTO THE HISPANIC BACKGROUND OF THAT VAST PART OF THE AMERICAS WHICH WAS ONCE PART OF IMPERIAL SPAIN.

AFTER HIS TRANSFER TO STANFORD AND THEN TO THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, HE BROADENED HIS APPROACH TO THE SUBJECT; AND, IN THE DECADES THAT FOLLOWED, DEVELOPED AT BERKELEY A SCHOOL OF HISTORIANS WHOSE INFLUENCE ON HISTORICAL RESEARCH AND WRITING HAS BEEN BOTH PRODIGIOUS AND PROFOUND. OUR OWN LEROY HAFEN IS ONE OF THE "BOLTON SCHOOL," AND OUR CORRESPONDING MEMBERSHIP ROSTER INCLUDES NUMEROUS OTHERS. UNDER THE TUTELAGE OF THE "OLD MASTER", THE BOLTON MEN HAVE TORN AWAY THE VEIL WHICH OBSCURED MUCH OF THE MOST COLORFUL IN AMERICAN HISTORY. IT IS, THEREFORE, NO SURPRISE TO FIND PROFESSOR BOLTON, AT OVER 70 YEARS OF AGE, PRODUCING A WORK OF SUCH IMPORTANCE HISTORICALLY AND SUCH INTEREST LITERARILY THAT IT HAS BEEN AWARDED THE WHITTLESEY HOUSE SOUTHWESTERN FELLOWSHIP AWARD.

EVERSINCE THE PUBLICATION BY GEORGE PARKER WINSHIP OF "THE CORONADO EXPEDITION, 1540-1542," IN THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE U.S. BUREAU OF ETHNOLOGY, 1892-93, AMERICAN HISTORIANS HAVE BEEN INVESTIGATING AND PUBLISHING BITS AND PIECES OF THE STORY BEHIND THE CORONADO ENTRADA—WHICH COULD BE CHARACTERIZED AS THE FIRST MAJOR NORTH AMERICAN GOLD RUSH. JUST FORTY-EIGHT YEARS AFTER COLUMBUS "DISCOVERED AMERICA", AND SIXTY-SEVEN YEARS BEFORE THE FOUNDING OF THE JAMESTOWN COLONY, THE GRAND CONQUISTADOR PN PENETRATED NORTHWARD FROM MEXICO INTO WHAT WAS TO BECOME CENTURIES LATER THE STATES OF ARIZONA, NEW MEXICO, TEXAS, OKLAHOMA, KANSAS, AND COLORADO. IN HIS ACCOUNT OF THIS ASTOUNDING EXPEDITION—WITH ALL THE MEDIEVAL TRAPPINGS OF A CRUSADE—DR. BOLTON HAS BROUGHT TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME THE VARIOUS PUBLISHED ACCOUNTS, AND ADDED TO THEM NOT ONLY THE VALUABLE NEW MATERIALS RESULTING FROM HIS OWN RESEARCH INTO PREVIOUSLY UNPUBLISHED SOURCES, BUT ALSO THOSE OF SUCH NOTED SCHOLARS AS GEORGE P. HAMMOND (ONE OF OUR CORRESPONDING MEMBERS), AGAPITO REY, ARTHUR S. AITON, ADOLPH F. BANDELIER, KATHARINE BARTLETT, A. GROVE DAY, LANSING B. BLOOM, FREDERICK W. HODGE, CARL O. SAUER, AND MANY OTHERS.

FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE READER—SCHOLAR OR CASUAL—WILL FIND WITHIN THE COVERS OF A SINGLE VOLUME THE DETAILS AND COLOR, THE HIGH HOPES, SUCCESSES, AND ULTIMATE FAILURE (AS FAR AS ITS ORIGINAL PURPOSES WERE CONCERNED) OF ONE OF THE MOST SIGNIFICANT PENETRATIONS INTO A "DARK CONTINENT" MADE BY EUROPEANS DURING THE ERA OF AMERICAN EXPLORATION AND CONQUEST. BEST OF ALL, DR. BOLTON HAS PRESERVED IN HIS ACCOUNT MUCH OF THE ACTUAL WORDING OF THE REPORTS AND THE READER CAN FEEL THE CHANGES IN MOOD OF THE PRINCIPALS AS THE STORY PROGRESSES.

FIRST CAME THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE "GOLD STRIKE" AND THE WHISPER OF FABULOUS QUIVIRA, THE RESULT OF THE UNBELIEVABLE TREK OF CABEZA DE VACA AND HIS THREE COMPANIONS ACROSS THE SOUTHWEST FROM FLORIDA TO TEXAS BY HORSEHIDE BOAT, AND THEN BY FOOT ACROSS TEXAS TO THE PACIFIC (1533-36). THE EXCITEMENT CAUSED BY DE VACA'S REPORT OF RICH CITIES IN THE NORTHERN INTERIOR THREATENED A "GOLD RUSH" BY THE CONQUISTADORES, WHO SCENTED ANOTHER TREASURE SUCH AS THAT PIZARRO GATHERED FROM THE INCAS OF PERU AND FROM MONTEZUMA IN MEXICO. THE READER WILL CHUCKLE OVER THE INCONGRUOUS NATURE OF VICEROY MENDOZA'S EXPEDITION TO CONFIRM THE STORY; THE TALL, EBONY BLACK MOOR, ESTEVANICO—WHO HAD BEEN WITH DE VACA—MAKING HIS WAY NORTH WITH INDIAN ALLIES AND AN INDIAN HAREM; AND HIS SCHOLARLY, PIOUS COLLEAGUE THE GOOD PRIEST, FRAY MARCOS DE NIZA. TO THIS DAY, AFTER FOUR CENTURIES, THE ZUNI INDIANS IN NEW MEXICO RECOUNT THE LEGEND OF THE COMING AND DEATH OF THE "BLACK MAN WITH CHILI LIPS." THE PRIEST BEAT A HASTY AND JUDICIOUS RETREAT; HIS ACCOUNT OF WHAT HE HAD SEEN, AND THE REPORTS SENT HIM BY THE MOOR AS WELL AS THOSE GIVEN HIM BY THE INDIANS, SPREAD THROUGHOUT MEXICO AND THE "GOLD RUSH" WAS ON!

THE STRUGGLES OF THE YOUNG CONQUISTADOR, CORONADO, AND THE DETAILS OF HIS ENTRADA AND THE INVESTIGATION WHICH FOLLOWED IT MUST BE LEFT TO THE ENJOYMENT OF THE READER, BUT SUFFICE IT TO SAY THAT THE JUDGMENT OF HISTORY PLACES THIS SPANISH ADVENTURER ALONG-

SIDE SUCH MORE WELL-KNOWN FIGURES AS CORTES, PIZARRO, AND DE SOTO.

IT IS DIFFICULT TO CRITICIZE THIS STUDY, FOR DR. BOLTON HAS DONE A REMARKABLE JOB OF REDUCING TO LESS THAN 500 PAGES THE TREMENDOUS BULK OF ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS AND PRINTED REPORTS, TOGETHER WITH THE MANY ARTICLES AND MONOGRAPHIC WORKS DEALING WITH THE CORONADO EXPEDITION. SOME SCHOLARS, PERHAPS, WILL FIND FAULT WITH THE STYLE OF WRITING, FOR THE AUTHOR INJECTS PERSONAL REMARKS AND COMMENTS IN WAYS FOREIGN TO ESTABLISHED SCHOLARLY PRACTICE. IT IS BY THIS MEANS, HOWEVER, THAT PROFESSOR BOLTON FREQUENTLY SUGGESTS TO HIS READERS AND COLLEAGUES THE NEED FOR FURTHER INQUIRY AS WELL AS CONSIDERATIONS WITH WHICH HE COULD NOT DEAL IN THE PRESENT WORK. THIS REVIEWER FINDS NO QUARREL WITH THIS METHOD, OR WITH MOST OF THE TREATMENT. WITH CERTAIN OF DR. BOLTON'S SPECULATIVE CONCLUSIONS THERE IS ROOM FOR FURTHER DISCUSSION AND INTERPRETATION. THE PRINCIPAL DIFFICULTY WITH THE PRESENT WORK IS THE NEED FOR A MORE ELABORATE SERIES OF DETAILED MAPS, AND POSSIBLY A SERIES OF PERSONNEL OR "CAST OF CHARACTERS" TABLES, IN ORDER THAT THE READER MAY READILY FOLLOW THE TEXT WITHOUT TOO FREQUENT REFERENCE TO PREVIOUS SECTIONS.

IN THIS STUDY PROFESSOR BOLTON HAS ACHIEVED REMARKABLE SUCCESS IN PROVING HIS OWN THEORY THAT THE DAY OF THE ARM-CHAIR HISTORIAN IS LARGELY OVER; THAT THE MODERN HISTORIAN IS A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH IN SITU --FOLLOWING THE ROUGH TRAILS OF OLD; EXEXAMINING MANUSCRIPTS IN REMOTE PARTS OF THE WORLD; ARMED WITH SUCH MODERN TOOLS AS THE MICROFILM CAMERA AND THE PORTABLE RECORDER HE FINDS HIS LABORATORY NOT ONLY IN GOVERNMENT ARCHIVES AND RECORDS DEPOSITORIES, CHURCHES, BUSINESS FIRMS, LIBRARIES, PRIVATE COLLECTIONS, AND BOOKS, BUT IN THE LAND ITSELF. HISTORY HAS BECOME IN HIS HANDS, A SCIENCE BLENDING THE BEST OF THE CLASSICAL SCHOLAR WITH THE TECHNIQUES AND PATIENCE OF THE LABORATORY TECHNICIAN.

(HERBERT O. BRAYER)
EVANSTON, ILL.

NO MAN LIKE JOE: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOSEPH L. MEEK.
BY HARVEY ELMER TOBIE. PUBLISHED BY BINFORDS & MORT FOR THE OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY. PORTLAND, OREGON 320 PP. $5.00.

IN THE GALAXY OF AUTHENTIC WILD WEST HEROES, JOE MEEK'S STAR IS OF THE FIRST MAGNITUDE, BURNING PERHAPS ONLY A SHADE LESS BRIGHTLY THAN THOSE OF JIM BRIDGER AND KIT CARSON. THIS AMIABLE GIANT, THIS BEAR-KILLER, SQUAWMAN, AND UNABASHED "ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY FROM THE REPUBLIC OF OREGON TO THE COURT OF THE UNITED STATES," HAS CHARMED THREE GENERATIONS OF SCHOOLBOYS AND PROFESSIONAL HISTORIANS. HIS ESCAPADES ARE A ROUTINE ITEM IN ANY WESTERN ANTHOLOGY OF ADVENTURE. FINALLY, THANKS TO DR. TOBIE AND THE OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY, THE LEGENDARY FIGURE COMES INTO FOCUS IN THIS HEAVILY DOCUMENTED AND COMPETENTLY WRITTEN BIOGRAPHY.

IN HIS ADMIRING INTRODUCTION, DR. LANCASTER POLLARD CONFESSES THAT, "IT IS EASY TO WRITE AN INTRODUCTION TO SUCH A BOOK." WHILE THE RESEARCH AND WRITING OF THE BOOK ITSELF COULD NOT HAVE BEEN EASY, WE MUST OBSERVE THAT "IT MUST BE FUN TO WRITE SUCH A BOOK." A JUICIER SUBJECT COULD SCARCELY BE IMAGINED. THE SAGA OF THE MOODY AND VIOLENT APPRENTICE FUR TRAPPER, BOONE CAUDILL, IN A.B. GUTHRIE'S FICTIONAL BIG SKY, WAS NOT MORE EXCITING THAN THE TRUE ADVENTURES OF THE NINETEEN-YEAR OLD VIRGINIAN WHO SIGNED UP WITH WILLIAM SUBLETTE IN 1829 FOR A PLUNGE INTO THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN WILDERNESS. HERE WAS A PRIME ACTOR IN THE RENDEZVOUS SCENES AND THE INDIAN BATTLES WHICH MARKED CAUDILL'S IMAGINATIVE PROGRESS. LIKE CAUDILL, JOE LIKED SQUAWS AND WHISKEY. BUT UNLIKE THE FICTIONAL CHARACTER, JOE PROVED HIMSELF CAPABLE OF MAKING THE DIFFICULT TRANSITION FROM THE ROLE OF IRRESPONSIBLE TRAPPER TO THAT OF A RESPONSIBLE OREGON IMMIGRANT, EVEN RISING TO A WELL-DESERVED IF GAUDY IMMORTALITY AS A FOUNDING FATHER OF THAT TERRITORY.

NO MAN LIKE JOE DOES NOT PRETEND TO BE A HISTORY OF THE WESTERN FUR TRADE. IT IS A BIOGRAPHY OF THE SAME GENRE AS HAFEN AND GHENT'S BROKEN HAND, ALTER'S JIM BRIDGER, AND MUMEY'S JIM BAKER. IT IS A RICHER FULLER TREATMENT THAN THESE OTHERS, BUT THIS IS NO REFLECTION ON ANYBODY'S SCHOLARSHIP. TOBIE SIMPLY HAD A MUCH GREATER ARRAY OF AVAILABLE SOURCE MATERIALS TO WORK WITH THAN THESE OTHERS. THE MANUSCRIPT BIOGRAPHY OF MEEK'S PAL, ROBERT "DOC" NEWELL, IS ONLY ONE OF SEVERAL NEW GOLD-BEARING VEINS EXPOSED

BY DR. TOBIE'S PICK, WHICH INSTRUMENT WAS SHARPENED ON A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON "JOSEPH MEEK, A CONSPICUOUS PERSONALITY," WHICH BEGAN IN THE JUNE, 1938 ISSUE OF THE OREGON HISTORICAL QUARTERLY. (IN SOME WAYS, AS A STRAIGHTFORWARD ANALYSIS OF MEEK'S MEANDERINGS, I PREFER THIS SERIES TO THE MORE AMBITIOUS WORK, WITH ITS LITERARY SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.)

IT SEEMS A SHAME TO POINT OUT FAULTS IN THIS WELCOME ADDITION TO FUR-TRADE LITERATURE; BUT, IN DOING SO, WE MAY RELIEVE THE READER OF ANY NOTION THAT OUR PRAISE IS INDISCRIMINATE. WHILE DR. TOBIE'S SCHOLARSHIP IS METICULOUS AND HIS DATA PAINSTAKINGLY ACCURATE, HIS STUDY LACKS THE DEPTH ONE HOPES FOR IN A "DEFINITIVE" BIOGRAPHY. HE GIVES US SPARKLING SURFACE ILLUMINATION, BUT BACKGROUND CAUSES AND EFFECTS ARE NOT ADEQUATELY EXPLORED OR ANALYSED. THIS IS A FULT FORGIVEABLE BY THE READER WHO MAY BE VERSED IN THE ANTECEDENTS AND THE ECONOMICS OF THE FUR TRADE AND THE OREGON TRAIL, BUT IT MAY ANNOY THE CASUAL READER. WHILE HIS WRITING IS SKILLFUL AND AT MOMENTS INSPIRED, DR. TOBIE DOES NOT WRITE WITH THE FORCE AND FLUENCY OF AN IRVING OR A CHITTENDEN ON A SUBJECT WHICH DESERVES IT. FOR THAT MATTER, FOR A REAL SPINE-TINGLING AND SOUL-SATISFYING ACCOUNT OF THE RENDEZVOUS ERA, I STILL LIKE THE ORIGINAL MEEK SEMI-AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF 1870, THAT IS, MRS. VICTOR'S RIVER OF THE WEST, FOR ALL OF ITS EXAGGERATIONS AND CHRONOLOGICAL DISLOCATIONS. DR. TOBIE DOES HAVE THE WISDOM TO BRING IN MANY QUOTES FROM THIS WORK; BUT THERE IS JUST ONE WAY TO REVIVE SUCH A CLASSIC--THAT IS, TO REPUBLISH IT IN ITS VIRGINAL ENTIRETY, WITH THE LEARNED EDITORIAL NOTES OF WHICH DR. TOBIE IS CAPABLE. YOU CAN MAKE OUT MEEK TO BE A SINGLE-HANDED SLAYER OF GRIZZLY BEARS, IN THE MOST EXCITING LANGUAGE YOU CAN DEVISE; BUT YOU STILL CAN'T IMPROVE ON MEEK HIMSELF, WHO MODESTLY EXPLAINS: "I MERELY DROVE A LITTLE LEAD INTO HIS PALPITATOR."

IN GEOGRAPHICAL DETAILS, DR. TOBIE IS ACCURATE, AS FAR AS HE GOES. BUT THE GREEN READER WILL BE A LITTLE AT SEA WITHOUT A MAP OF OREGON AND THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN STATES. SUCH A MAP, OR SERIES OF MAPS, COUPLED WITH A MORE PRECISE ANALYSIS OF THE GOINGS AND COMINGS OF THE FUR TRAPPERS IN RELATIONSHIP TO PRESENT GEOGRAPHIC FEATURES, WOULD ALSO HELP TO GET THE BOOK INTO THE LITERARY BIG LEAGUES.

IT WOULD BE UNFAIR TO MEEK, IN THIS AGE OF BOSOMY LITERARY HEROINES, TO NEGLECT TO NOTE THAT OUR HERO WAS ALSO A ROMANCER OF THE OLD SCHOOL. ASIDE FROM NUMEROUS INFERRED LIAISONS, HE HAD THREE ACKNOWLEDGED INDIAN WIVES, IN ALL OF WHOM WERE COMBINED SURPASSING BEAUTY AND WILDERNESS KNOWHOW (ACCORDING TO BOTH VICTOR AND TOBIE). LET'S SEE, FIRST THERE WAS MILTON SUBLETTE'S SHOSHONE WIDOW, UMENTUCKEN, THE MOUNTAIN LAMB, WHO FELL IN A CROSS-FIRE OF BANNOCK ARROWS. THEN THERE WAS THE NAMELESS NEZ PERCE GIRL WHO WANDERED OFF FROM FORT HALL, THE MOTHER OF HELEN MAR WHO DIED WITH MARY ANN BRIDGER AND THE WHITMANS AT THE HANDS OF THE CAYUSE REBELS. THEN, AFTER AN ABORTIVE EFFORT TO CAPTURE A BLACKFOOT MAIDEN, THERE WAS VIRGINIA, DAUGHTER OF THE NEZ PERCE KOWESOTE. VIRGINIA BECAME AN OREGON PIONEER, TOO, REARED A LARGE FAMILY, AND OUTLASTED DURABLE JOE. IT WAS SHE WHO PROCLAIMED, "NO MAN CAN RUN LIKE JOE; NO MAN CAN FIGHT LIKE JOE; NO MAN LIKE JOE." THIS LATTER PHRASE EXPLAINS THE TITLE. BUT ONE CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER. COULD IT BE THAT ONE OR TWO WORDS WERE OMITTED, EITHER INADVERTENTLY OR INTENTIONALLY, FROM THE ORIGINAL QUOTATION?

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