

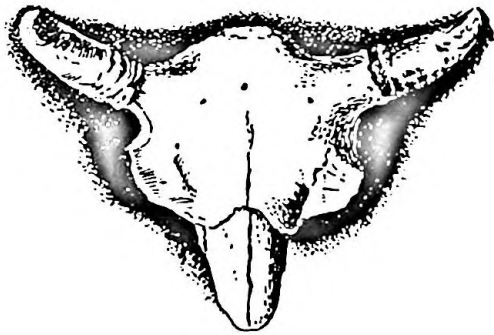
# *The* BRAND BOOK

OFFICIAL ORGAN

THE WESTERNERS

306 STATE MUSEUM BLDG.

DENVER 2, COLORADO



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VOL. 8

JANUARY, 1952

NO. 1

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Welcome to The Westerners as Corresponding Members

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How to Become a Corresponding Member  
Mail check for \$3.00 to 306 State Museum Bldg., Denver 2, Colorado.  
Ask for application.

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*"Meet Another Westerner"*



WM. S. JACKSON

*Chief Justice Supreme Court, State of Colorado and an enthusiastic Westerner*

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# COLORADO MOUNTAIN MEN

by LEROY R. HAFEN\*

There were many types of characters in this "Reckless Breed of Men." Perhaps the most picturesque was Old Bill Williams. From Ruxton's excellent description we take an extract: "Williams always rode ahead, his body bent over his saddlehorn, across which rested a long heavy rifle, his keen gray eyes peering from under the slouched brim of a flexible felt-hat, black and shining with grease. His buckskin hunting-shirt, bedaubed until it had the appearance of polished leather, hung in folds over his bony carcass; his nether extremities being clothed in pantaloons of the material. . . The old coon's face was sharp and thin, a long nose and chin hob-nobbing each other; and his head was always bent forward, giving him the appearance of being hump-backed. He appeared to look neither to the right nor left, but, in fact, his little twinkling eye was everywhere. He looked at no one he was addressing, always seeming to be thinking of something else than the subject of his discourse, speaking in a whining, thin, cracked voice, and in a tone that left the hearer in doubt whether he was laughing or crying."

David Brown, who met Old Bill and other trappers at the Green River Rendezvous of 1837, wrote an article which was originally published in a Cincinnati newspaper in 1845, in which he said:

"Next to Bridger, sat Bill William, the Nestor of the trappers. A more heterogeneous compound than this man, it has never been my fortune to meet withal. He was confessedly the best trapper in the mountains; could catch more beaver, and kill more horses by hard riding in so doing, than any that had ever set a trap in these waters. He could likewise drink more liquor, venture farther alone in the eager pursuit of game into the neighborhood of dangerous and hostile Indians, spend more money, and spend it quicker than any other man. He could likewise swear harder and longer, and coin more queer and awful oaths than any pirate that ever blasphemed under a black flag. . . He could shoot (so he said) higher and deeper, wider and closer, straighter and crookeder, and more rounding, and more every way than 'ever a son of a——— of them all.'" Bill was a little ahead of his time. The radio this morning told of a rifle that will shoot around corners.

Of a different type, was the equally famous Mountain Man, William Sublette. William Anderson accompanied Sublette to the mountains in 1834. He writes: "Our company consisted of but thirty-seven men, headed by a good trapper and a brave man—all in all just such a one as you would like to know—God what a country this would be. if every man was such as he. This tall Jackson-faced, raw-boned, brave is W. L. Sublette, with as quick an eye and steady a hand as ever led company or shot a Black-foot."

Another contrast in trappers is found in the two Smith boys, Jed and Tom. They were not brothers, but both were famous fur men.

Jedediah, or Jed, Smith has been called the knight in buckskin. He came of pioneer New England stock, one of a family of fourteen children. In 1822 he responded to General Ashley's famous call for "enterprising young men" and keelboated up the Missouri River. After the big fight with the Arikaras he led a party to the Crow country of Wyoming and crossed South Pass to the rich beaver haven of Green River. In all his travels, through virgin wilderness and rugged terrain, among crude companions and hostile tribes, he remained the Christian gentleman. The rifle and the Bible were equally his reliance.

\*This is an abstract of a paper read at a monthly meeting. The full text will be printed in the 1951 Brand Book.

From the Sacramento River Smith's reunited party trapped northward toward the Columbia. On the Umpqua River he was again attacked by Indians, and this time only Smith and three men survived from a party of twenty.

Jed Smith retired from the mountain fur trade in 1830 and returned to St. Louis. But the spell of the West was still upon him. He launched into a new career as a wagon caravan trader over the Santa Fe Trail. Upon his first trip westward, the summer of 1831, while ahead of the company looking for water on the Cimarron Desert cutoff, he was set upon by Comanches and his career ended at the age of thirty-two.

Of a very different type in most respects, was Tom Smith, to whom I next refer. Tom was born in Kentucky, one of a family of thirteen. His Irish father had fought in the Indian wars of old Northwest Territory. Tom learned a bit of writing and cyphering in a little round-log schoolhouse, but he had a fight with the teacher, dropped his slate and headed for the West. In 1823 he joined a caravan to Santa Fe, and the next fall began trapping in western Colorado. After many Indian scrapes on the Gila and Colorado, we find him in North Park, Colorado, in 1827. Here an Indian arrow struck his leg just above the ankle, shattering both bones. When he stepped toward a tree for his rifle the bones stuck in the ground. His companions being unwilling to cut off the leg, Smith called for the cook's butcher knife to cut off the muscles at the fracture. Milton Sublette then completed the job. Milton later had a similar experience. Smith objected to having the wound seared with a red hot iron to stop the bleeding, so they wrapped the stub in an old shirt. In twenty-four hours the bleeding had stopped, leaving him almost bloodless. For several days he was carried in a litter swung between two horses.

The party moved westward and went into winter quarters on Green River, where they were joined by a band of Utes. These Indians were grieved at their old friend's loss. They wailed, chanted, chewed up certain roots and spit the juice on the wound. This, Smith later told an interviewer, they "kept up for several days, while the stump gradually healed under the treatment." A wooden peg was now fashioned for his use, and he was thereafter known as Pegleg Smith. He is famous in the literature, under this name. He was not especially handicapped by the loss; in fact the pegleg frequently became an effective weapon in a fight.

Pegleg later turned to prospecting in Arizona. The famous, but lost Pegleg Mine is still being searched for by credulous tenderfeet. Pegleg's last days were spent near a grogshop in San Francisco, where he died in 1866.

Now let us turn to some of the Mountain Men who were guides to the official explorers of the West. The more famous guides such as Kit Carson, Thomas Fitzpatrick, Joe Walker, and Antoine Leroux, are too well known to most of you and their careers too long for summary here. They guided "Pathfinder" Fremont on his various expeditions. Some served with Captain Gunnison and Lieut. Whipple in their search for routes for a transcontinental railroad. But tonight I shall mention only two of the less publicized guides, those with Colorado's *first* official explorers, Captain Pike and Major Long.

Baronet Vasquez, who went with Pike, was the fifth of twelve children born to Benito Vasquez. The father was Spanish, the mother French. Baronet was born at St. Louis in 1783. With Pike he acted as interpreter and hunter, and served well.

After his return from the expedition, he joined the army and reached the rank of first lieutenant. He resigned in 1814, became a trader with the American Fur Company, was a member of the Chouteau-De Mun fur trading expedition of 1816 into Colorado, and then became agent for the Kaw Indians in eastern Kansas. In the summer of 1828 he took cholera on the St. Louis boat and died.

The guide for Major Long's expedition to the Rockies in 1820 was Joseph Bissonet, called Bijeau (his stepfather's name). This Frenchman, Long picked up enroute, at the Pawnee villages in eastern Nebraska.

He had been, along with Pike's interpreter Vasquez, a member of the Chouteau-De Mun company. This largest early trapping expedition into Colorado came up the Arkansas River in 1815 and trapped the Rockies for two years. Just as they were about to return home with their packs of pelts, a company of Spanish soldiers came upon them and took them to Santa Fe, where all their furs were confiscated.

Bijeau, who knew several Indian languages and was a good sign talker, knew the country so well that he could not only guide Major Long in 1820, but could give the officer an accurate description of the mountain country which they did not enter. For example, he described large, mountain-encircled North Park, and told Long it was called the "buffalo bull pen."

A number of Mountain Men founded fur trade posts, or forts, in Colorado—Bent's Fort and Fort Pueblo on the Arkansas, Fort Davy Crockett on the Green, Fort Uncompahgre on the Gunnison, and Forts Lupton, Vasquez, Jackson, and St. Vrain on the South Platte.

Andrew W. Sublette, one of the founders of Fort Vasquez near present Platteville, was born in 1799, and was one of five brothers, all prominent in the western fur trade. Andrew first came to notice in 1832 while accompanying his elder brother William's caravan to the summer rendezvous. In 1837, Andrew Sublette and Louis Vasquez founded Fort Vasquez. They continued for several years to trade with the Indians for furs and buffalo robes.

In 1844 Andrew was guide to a company that was perhaps the first party of health seekers to come to Colorado. They went to Brown's Hole on the Green River of north-western Colorado.

After gold was discovered in California, Andrew joined the rush, but he soon gave up mining to pursue his favorite sport of grizzly bear hunting. In December, 1853, Sublette was out hunting. His friend Horace Bell tells the story:

"Andy had only recovered from severe injuries received in an encounter with a bear at Elizabeth Lake when in company with Jim Thompson he went on another bear hunt. Somehow or other he became separated from the party and found a grizzly and shot him, but before he could reload the fierce brute was upon him. Poor Andy! It was his last fight, and gallantly did he maintain his former renown. His faithful dog, *Old Buck*, was with him, and the two fought, Andy with his knife and Old Buck with the weapons furnished by nature, and gained the victory over the mountain king. When Thompson found them the bear lay dead, Andy was insensible, and Old Buck, lacerated in a shocking manner, was licking the blood from poor Andy's face. Tenderly were the two, man and dog, brought to the city, and comfortably lodged and cared for... For many days the struggle between life and death was fierce... Old Buck was as tenderly cared for as was his gallant master... Old Buck lay on a nice pallet at the side of Andy's bed. When his master was unconscious the old dog would almost break his heart with piteous subdued moaning, and when Andy in his delirium would imagine himself still fighting the bear and would say 'seize him, Buck,' 'at him, old fellow,' 'we'll get him yet,' and like expressions, Old Buck would raise his forepaw on the side of the bed and would give a bewildering growl. Finally death came out first best, as he always does, and poor Andy was one of the first to be interred in the Fort Hill cemetery. Old Buck rode in the wagon that took Andy to his last resting place, he and Jim Thompson being chief mourners. About every *gringo* in the place turned out at Andy's funeral, and it is safe to aver that there was not one person who left that graveyard with tearless eyes, on account *not* of the loss of a gallant man, a friend and Christian neighbor, but for the doleful distress of poor Old Buck, who utterly refused to be comforted and to be removed from his dead master's grave."

Of the Mountain Men it can be said: *their trails now are boulevards, their campfire sites are cities.*

Let us see who lit the campfires that became Colorado's two largest cities. The principal fur men who set up tepees at the mouth of Cherry Creek before there was a Denver were Elbridge Gerry, William McGaa, and John S. Smith.

Elbridge Gerry was born in Boston in 1818 and came into the West in the 1830s. We do not know the reason for his move, but he had been a sailor, and had a ship tattooed on his arm. When he came to the central Rockies he was about as far away from the sea as he could get. After some years spent as a trapper he became a trader. I saw his account books fifteen years ago, and his grandson, the owner, then promised them to us. They arrived this year.

Gerry took up a ranch at the mouth of Crow Creek, ten miles east of present Greeley, where he and his Indian wives reared their family. In 1864, when the general Indian uprising was brewing, Gerry's wife learned from her people of the intended simultaneous attack on the Colorado settlements. She told her husband, and he made the fast, heroic ride to tell Governor Evans at Denver. The settlements were alerted and saved. Gerry has been called the "Paul Revere of Colorado."

The Indians retaliated by raiding Gerry's ranch and carrying off his horses. Several years later he was reimbursed by the government, and with this money he built the Gerry House, a hotel in Evans, Colorado. Gerry died at Evans in April, 1875.

A second Mountain Man who was here before the gold rush and who became one of the founders of Denver, was William McGaa. He was a British subject, presumably Scotch-Irish, and was reportedly of noble blood. He had run away and drifted into the West, about 1839.

When the pioneer prospectors came to the mouth of Cherry Creek, McGaa and John Smith were here with their Indian wives. These two Mountain Men were taken in as partners by the men who organized the first town company at Denver. The first child born here was the son of McGaa, whom he named William Denver McGaa. The child later became a prominent cattleman in the Dakotas.

McGaa's wife, according to my late Sioux friend, Joe Kettle, was named Champa, the Indian name of Cherry Creek. Her name was given to a street in Denver. Another of the original streets of Denver was named McGaa. It has had a strange history. In the early 1860s, when McGaa was drinking to excess, and when the city fathers wanted to honor the great stage coach king, Ben Holladay, and induce him to run his overland coaches through Denver, they changed the name of the street from McGaa to Holladay. The name was later changed to Market.

There was a regular colony of Mountain Men at the site of Pueblo some twenty years before the town was founded. I recently visited descendants of three of these men in San Bernardino, California.

One of the men was Jim Waters. He came west from New York state in 1835 at the age of twenty-two and became a trapper and trader. His biographical sketch, published in a history of San Bernardino County, California, tells of an experience when he and Bill Williams were besieged on the Las Animas River, southern Colorado, by a party of Apaches. "Mr. Waters was severely wounded by a rifle shot in his side. He cut the bullet out on the other side of his body with his butcher knife; after holding the bloody savages at bay for three days, without food, he and 'Old Bill' escaped by riding their horses over a bluff ten feet high and traveling forty miles before camping. Notwithstanding Mr. Waters suffered greatly from his wound, his comrade bolstered him up with blankets around the saddle. They reached Bent's Fort."

In February, 1848, above Bent's Fort, Waters killed Ed Tharp over a Mexican girl. The next year he joined the gold rush to California. Finally he settled in San Bernardino, where he became a wealthy land and cattle owner.

In 1856 he married an English girl. Two of their daughters I visited this past year in the big frame house their father built in San Bernardino. He also constructed several business blocks in the city and even built a fine opera house there. He died in 1889.

A third Mountain Man at Fort Pueblo was Rube Herring. He fought a duel with a man named Beer at Lupton's Fort near the present town of Fort Lupton on July 4, 1843, and killed his man. Herring, whom Ruxton met at Pueblo in 1847, figures prominently in Ruxton's great classic on Mountain Men, entitled *Life in the Far West*. Ruxton tells how a band of trappers once found Old Rube Herring alone at the Soda Springs of southern Idaho. The old trapper had had an unusual run of bad luck. The Indians had stolen two of his three horses, and half of his beaver traps. So he had come to the springs to "make medicine" to drive away the hoodoo.

When the sick detachment of the Mormon Battalion in the Mexican War wintered near Fort Pueblo, 1846-47, Herring was there and was converted to Mormonism and did a little preaching. But in the spring, when they decided not to hire him as guide for their further journey, Rube threw his Book of Mormon into the Arkansas and left the Saints in disgust.

Later Herring settled, along with his old companions Jim Waters and John Brown, in San Bernardino, the California town the Mormons founded in 1851. After the Mormons were called back to Salt Lake by Brigham Young in 1857, Herring became Justice of the Peace of what was left of the town, and he even became Superintendent of Schools!

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### CORRAL DUST

Los Angeles Corral, 1952 Officers:

Sheriff—Carl Dentzel

Deputy Sheriff—Arthur Clark, Jr.

Round-Up Foreman—Gregg Layne

Representative—W. W. Robinson

Registrar of Marks and Brands—James Gardiner

Ass't. Registrar of Marks and Brands—Merrell Kitchen

Wranglers—A. R. Van Noy, Iron Eyes Cody and Don Meadows

Daguerreotype Wrangler—Lonnie Hull

"Clark's had a copy of POKER ALICE by Mumcy so I bought it and read it this evening. I have ordered a copy of CATTLE KATE from John Lipsey and look forward to it. I find Dr. Kuhlman's book on Custer and the Little Bighorn a very fine item and am hoping to get it reviewed for a future issue of the Branding Iron. I asked Col. Graham to do it but he graciously declined as he said he disagreed on many points with Dr. Kuhlman so his refusal is understandable. Perhaps you have seen the book—LEGEND INTO HISTORY."

Signed,

MERRELL KITCHEN

### PLEASE READ!

The February meeting will be held on Friday, February 29th instead of the usual fourth Wednesday.

Guest speaker will be our good friend, Herbert O. Brayer, Reserve Member and one of the founders of the Denver Posse, who will speak to us on "Troubles in Cow Country (Wyoming), 1884-1885."

Give "Herb" a good turnout. Don't forget the date—Friday instead of Wednesday.



## BELLE OF THE OZARKS—(1846-1889)

By Nolie Mumey

Many false statements have occurred in history and fiction about a woman who was a victim of circumstance, a product of backwoods environment.

Myra Belle Shirley was born in Carthage, Missouri on February 3, 1846 and reared during a transition period in our history. She learned to play the piano, to ride horseback, to chew tobacco and spit like an expert. Myra grew up in a hotel where there was a lobby audience flattering her talents. At fifteen she was resourceful and self-reliant for a girl of that section of the country.

She came into womanhood at the beginning of the Civil War, when hatred between the North and the South grew into such turmoil as to drive men to murder and pillage. It was a common occurrence to murder a civilian Yankee and burn his home in a night raid. Myra's twin brother, "Ed", joined the Missouri bushwhackers and became a captain of the guerrillas. Myra acted as a spy on the activities and movements of the Yankees, doing the work of a scout, carrying the news she overheard at the hotel to Quantril and her brother.

In 1862, Myra rode to the village of Newtonia, thirty-five miles from Carthage. A Yankee trooper arrested her, and she became the prisoner of Major Enos, who was a neighbor and knew all about her activities with the Confederates. She knocked, clawed, cursed and kicked him, then sat at his piano and played Confederate music for an hour. Myra was released after being told that her brother would be arrested. She took a short-cut home, arrived ahead of the troops, and warned him. She became a heroine, a local celebrity for this act.

In 1866, Myra Belle married Jim Reed over the objection of her father. Reed was a member of Quantril's Gang. He made raids in Missouri and would use the Indian Territory as a hide-out. In 1870, Jim's brother, Scott, was killed by the Shannon Boys. Jim retaliated by killing one of the gang. A warrant was issued in the Indian Territory for his arrest and he fled to Los Angeles with Myra Belle and a year-old daughter born in 1869. A son, Eddie, was born in 1871.

They returned to Texas in 1872, where her father, John Shirley, lived. He helped them acquire a ranch nine miles from his place. Jim Reed soon left Texas for Indian Territory again where he became connected with Sam Starr.

Belle had a stable of horses in Texas. She became a part of the society of Dallas and was popular among the early residents. Horses came into the stable from unsavory sources, and Jim was arrested. Myra Belle talked to Deputy Sheriff Nichols and informed him if her husband was not released she would kill him. A few days later Nichols was shot on the street. No one could remember who did the shooting. Belle was accredited with it, but nothing was ever done about the matter.

Jim Reed was killed in 1875 by John Morris for the reward offered for his capture dead or alive. It was necessary to have identification of the body to claim the reward. Belle came to identify the dead man. She played her part well, and said: "Mr. Morris, I am very sorry, but you have killed the wrong man. If you want the reward for Jim Reed's body, you will have to kill Jim Reed."

She was lost with Jim gone and two children to support. She began to take excursions from Dallas to the prairies, and was arrested and placed in jail in 1878 for horse stealing. She escaped by making love to a deputy sheriff who eloped with her. In 1879-1880 she began riding the ranges of northwest Texas and Oklahoma with a group of desperados. She had many male admirers, among them were: "Blue Duck", Jack Spaniard, and Jim French.<sup>1</sup> "Blue Duck" lost \$2000 he borrowed from Belle in a poker game at

<sup>1</sup>Jim French was the last of the notorious Cook Gang. He was killed in 1895 during a robbery of a store.

Fort Dodge, Kansas. Belle went into the gambling place the next day with a gun in each hand. She took \$7000 and said: "Gentlemen, there is a little change you're due. I haven't time to give it to you now. If you want it come down to the Territory and get it."

Belle left "Blue Duck" and Jack Spaniard, and went to the Starr ranch in the Cherokee Country. Sam Starr and Belle went to Ogallala, Nebraska in 1880. They returned eighteen months later with a large herd of cattle. They were married and located a 1000 acre claim, eight miles from Eufaula, Oklahoma. Pearl, Belle's daughter, came there to live with them. In 1882, Belle and Sam were sentenced to the House of Correction in Detroit, Michigan for nine months.

A story was related about how the beautiful Pearl was sought after by a man of unsavory reputation. He offered Belle fifty dollars for the privilege of sleeping with her daughter. Belle accepted, and had them go to bed. She sat there with a loaded revolver and said, "Now go to sleep you son-of-a b——." The man remained on one side of the bed with Pearl on the other side. Pearl later ran a house in the red-light district of Fort Smith, Arkansas.

Belle Starr, the woman who had led a tumultous life, poured tea by day to a fashionable set and rode with desperados by night. She met her fate, a violent death, on her forty-third birthday, February 3, 1889. She was shot in the back by Edgar Watson, a tenant she had threatened with blackmail.



## Denver Posse Officers for 1952

Sheriff.....Fred A. Rosenstock	Registrar of
Deputy Sheriff.....LeRoy R. Hafen	Marks and Brands.....Elvon L. Howe
Roundup	Tally Man.....Ralph Mayo
Foreman.....Albert N. Williams, Jr.	Chuch Wrangler.....Arthur Zeuch

### Committees

Publications Chairman .....Nolie Mumey	Membership
Program	Chairman .....Dabney Otis Collins
Chairman .....Albert N. Williams, Jr.	Book Review Chairman .. Arthur Carhart



It is the duty of each member of this Posse to try to secure as many Corresponding Members as possible in order to keep printing the monthly Brand Book. We need 400.

## WESTERNERS' BOOKSHELF\*

- NAVAHO MEANS PEOPLE. Text by Evon C. Vogt and Clyde Kluckhohn, Photographs by Leonard McCombe. Harvard University Press. \$5.00. Nearly 200 photographs, with commentary on Navajo culture, history, economy, social life, religion and health problems by Harvard University anthropologists.
- PONY TRACKS. Text and illustrations by Frederick Remington. Long's College Book Co., Columbus, Ohio. \$5.00. Facsimile reproduction of 1895 edition of the first published work of this noted western artist. Seventy illustrations.
- CARLOS M. PINTO, S. J., APOSTLE OF EL PASO. By Sister M. Lilliana Owens. Revista Catolica, El Paso, Texas. \$2.50. Biography of the noted priest who served at Pueblo and Trinidad in Colorado in the seventies, before removing to El Paso, Texas.
- THE TEXAS STOCK DIRECTORY or BOOKS OF MARKS AND BRANDS. By W. H. Jackson and S. E. Long. Originally published in 1865 by The Herald, San Antonio, Texas. Approximately 4,000 Texas cattle brands, and names of 2,750 cattle owners.
- WHEN THE TREE FLOWERED. By John G. Neihardt; Macmillan, \$3.50. The eminent poet, author of "A Cycle of the West," applies a fictional veneer in recording glories of Sioux Indian life before subjugation by the whites.
- SHADOWS FALL ACROSS THE LITTLE HORN—Custer's Last Stand; by Masters; University of Wyoming Library, Laramie, \$3.00. A short but highly original and interesting thesis on the tragic battle. The author gathered most of his material in an early day from participating Indians and surviving troopers of Benteen's and Reno's commands.
- UP THE MISSOURI WITH AUDUBON—The Journal of Edward Harris. Edited by John Francis McDermott; University of Oklahoma Press, \$3.75. The first complete account of this expedition undertaken in the summer of 1843. Well documented. A highly creditable job by both editor and publisher.
- POKER ALICE—by Nolie Mumey. Limited to 500 copies; autographed. Artcraft Press, Denver, \$4.00. All the known facts on this unique woman, so singularly a product of her time and environment. Posseman Nolie Mumey has applied the human, personal touch.
- QUEEN OF COWTOWNS—Dodge City; by Stanley Vestal. Harper, \$3.50. This will probably not end all books about old Dodge, but it would seem to be just about the last word. A new, highly readable and pungent treatment of this classic theme by a master historical writer.
- THE GREAT RASCAL—The exploits of the Amazing Ned Buntline; by Jay Monaghan. Little, Brown; \$4.50. A top-notch life, long overdue, of a character, himself more fascinating than any of the Western dime-novel heroes he concocted; creator of the Buffalo Bill legend, and adventurer extraordinary; a book hard to put down until finished. Vibrant from cover to cover.
- THE LAS VEGAS STORY (New Mexico); by Father F. Stanley. Published for the author by the World Press, Denver. \$4.00. Corresponding member Stanley, "the mountain priest," has added another fine book to his notable series of original studies of Southwestern communities. Beginning with Cabeza de Vaca, this part of New Mexico has had a long and colorful history. Father Stanley had special facilities for gathering many little-known facts relating to periods before and after the American occupation in the mid '40's. The book is crammed with historical incidents told for the first time. Much on Indians, feuds, outlaws, vigilantes, early newspapers.

\*Watch for more and better book reviews in future issues.

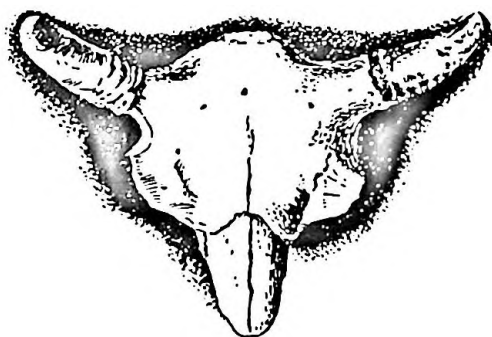
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VOL. 8

FEBRUARY, 1952

NO. 2

## WESTERNER OF THE MONTH

Edward V. Dunklee

*Attorney, Charter Posseman*



### *Corral Dust*

Particular timeliness attaches to the publication of a sampling of the letters of W. N. Byers, whose long-lived and vigorous journalistic child, *The Rocky Mountain News*, will soon be ready to move into its new publishing plant. A lift and a sweep of

the Westerners' Stetson to this glossy and important new addition to the city and region . . . Book review section, expanded to keep possemen and corresponding members more current in western Americana, offers two headliners this month as a starter. Fiction isn't normally our concern, but when a charming corresponding member named Marian Castle writes charmingly about a charming new novel named *Winds of Morning*, could we say no? Incidentally, don't scold Art Carhart, book review chairman, for plugging his own volume. Ye Ed stuck that one in . . .

New leaflet now available tells all (well, nearly) about the Westerners. Cordially invites corresponding members to write or phone direct for reservations at regular meetings if they wish, reminds feminine CM's of "Ladies' Night" meeting in December . . . Nearly double normal turnout provided an appropriately spirited homecoming for Herb Brayer in February. An excellent cow-talk, too.

Here and there: That internationalist, Ed V. Dunklee, February Westerner-of-the-month above, is now a two-way third-termer as president of the Colorado United Nations Committee and chairman of the state Committee of Human Rights . . . PM Phil Whiteley's right fascinating display of fur-trade and frontier-trader tokens can be seen at the State Historical Society museum . . . Deep regrets of the posse accompanied one of the most faithful and productive of Denver possemen, "Diligent Don" Bloch, on his recent trek over the range to a (temporary, we hope) camp in Salt Lake City . . . The Scott Broomes have climbed back to the high country after a *descent* to the Texas Gulf Coast . . . PM Ray Colwell is pumping a steady stream of "shorticles" on familiar Western topics to the pulp mags. . . . PM J. J. Lipsey (*who* said Lipsky?) is sunning and sanding at Miami Beach just like a goldurned Easterner . . . Warmest greetings to twenty new corresponding members this month. Hope to see 100 more. —ELH.

# THE LETTERS of WM. N. BYERS

BY LEVETTE J. DAVIDSON

According to Thomas Carlyle, "History is the essence of innumerable biographies." In the biographical sketch of William N. Byers, published in the 1880 *History of the City of Denver, Arapahoe County, and Colorado* (Chicago, pp. 339-340), one of his contemporaries wrote:

He undoubtedly knows Colorado better than any other man, has always had great faith in its future destiny, and has done more than any one else, with his pen, to attract the attention of the world to her magnificent possibilities and make Colorado what she is today.

Eighteen years later, another biographer remarked of him:

... It is doubtful if, in a review of the eminent men of the state, there could be found a man who has done more than he in the promotion of the state's welfare from the early settlement of the state's welfare from the early settlement of Colorado to the present time.

In fact, all of the histories of Denver and of Colorado seem to indicate that the career of William N. Byers from his founding of the *Rocky Mountain News*, on April 23, 1859, until his death, on March 25, 1903, touched upon and influenced more of the life of this community than did that of any other man.

Although no full-length biography of Byers has been published, the materials for such a work exist in abundance. The files of the *Rocky Mountain News* probably contain the fullest record of Byers' activities between 1859 and 1878, the years of his ownership and editorship.<sup>1</sup> His diaries from May 7, 1850 through December 31, 1853, now in the Western History Collection of the Denver Public Library, are the best source of information on his earlier experiences.<sup>2</sup> After 1878 his public activities can be traced in various newspaper accounts and in the records of a multitude of business and public organizations such as the Denver Tramway, the Masonic Lodge, the Denver Chamber of Commerce, the State Historical and Natural History Society, and the Festival of Mountain and Plain Association.<sup>3</sup> Then, too, his many historical addresses to the meetings of the Colorado Press Association and to the gathering of pioneers were usually published; and he contributed numerous articles to a wide variety of magazines. But the best key to the life and the personality of William N. Byers is to be found in his letters, both public and private.<sup>4</sup>

Only a sampling of them can be given here. But even this limited selection will indicate something of Byers' wide interests, public-spiritedness, kindness, humor, practicality, optimism, skill in reporting and in descriptive writing, scientific and historical hobbies, and his many private worries, for the most part unknown to the public.

## I. FAMILY LETTERS

Throughout his lifetime Byers carried on an extensive correspondence with his wife and children whenever they were separated and with various of the Byers and the Sumner relatives. (Mrs. Byers was Elizabeth Sumner).

<sup>1</sup>The State Historical Society of Colorado has in its library the most complete file in existence of the *Rocky Mountain News*, including the extremely rare Volume One.

<sup>2</sup>cf. Levette J. Davidson, "The Early Diaries of William N. Byers (1850-1853)," *The Colorado Magazine*, xxii, 4 (July 1945), pp. 145-157.

<sup>3</sup>e.g. See references to Byers in Levette J. Davidson, "The Festival of Mountain and Plain," *The Colorado Magazine*, xxv, nos. 4 and 5 (July and September, 1948), pp. 145-147 and 203-212.

<sup>4</sup>Fortunately, a very extensive collection of Byers' letters has been preserved, largely through the friendship of Miss Ina T. Aulls, head of the Western History Collection of the Denver Public Library, with Mrs. William F. Robinson, daughter of William N. Byers. This material was given to the Denver Public Library a number of years ago and is supplemented by scrapbooks and other papers that once belonged to William N. Byers. Unless otherwise noted, the letters quoted herein were copied from those in the Denver Public Library collection.

Denver Sunday  
January 3rd, 1861

Dear Father, Mother and friends:

In my two last I have suggested a visit to this country and have for some time expected a reply . . . Enclosed I send you a rough plat of my ranch—it lies just one-fourth mile from the town plat and about a mile and a half from the present center of business.

Sixty acres is low bottom that will produce well without irrigation—forty acres of that amount will be ready for cultivation this spring—ten remain in grass and ten in timber, too thick for crops.

All the balance can be irrigated in another year by water from the Hydraulic Company's ditch which passes along the table ground back of it. The posts are all planted for fencing, the eighty acres begin getting lumber on the ground the coming week. Altogether it is one of the pleasantest and will be one of the most convenient and best paying farms in this country.

Now if you want to come out and occupy it you can do it on your own terms either as mine or as a partnership or a divided property. Money can be made on it from the start, and thus far farming has ben the best and most universallv paying business in this country.

I do not know a single farmer who is not in easy circumstances notwithstanding the fact that they all commenced with nothing.

I am satisfied you would like this climate better than any in which you ever lived—it is dry—mild seldom windy and with less unpleasant days than any other I have ever lived in. Not a drop of rain has fallen since September and there has not been over six days that were unpleasant from any cause, outdoors.

It is mild clear and warm as summer while I look from the window where I write upon snow that remains all the year and it seems scarce a stone's throw away.

I would not persuade you against your judgment, but I think both you and mother would enjoy this climate and country.

Should you come better bring a carriage and good horses and mule team (latter the best) and no load but what you need unless perhaps some seed plants, etc.

Ever truly

W. N. Byers.

On the 14th of March, 1861, Byers wrote to Charley Sumner, his wife's younger brother, and invited him to come to Denver, promising him a job. While carrying the *News* to the mountain mining camps, Charlie contracted Rocky Mountain Fever and died.

Letters to "My Dear Wife" were written most frequently from Hot Sulphur Springs, Colorado, where Byers had obtained, with Indian script, a ranch that included the famous hot springs. On September 4, 1878 he reported that "the Indians left Monday. Yesterday killed Elliott." The next day he wrote a two page letter, telling that Elliott's body had been recovered, that they had organized a party to follow the Indians, that the enclosed map showed "yours and Frank's lots," and that he wanted her to send him a pair of overalls. On September 15, he wrote ". . . returned this evening . . . very tired . . . sciatica . . . brought back horses . . . eleven days in the saddle, 350 miles . . . Will send letter to Robinson for *News* with full particulars." Even more distressing was the news in his report to his wife on September 26: "Josie (their son Frank's first wife) came home mad . . . quarreled . . . fired hands."

Following his sale of the *News* in 1878, Byers followed the new mining discoveries, hoping to make a fortune. His connection with the Leadville boom is revealed in the following portions of letters to his wife:

From Leadville, February 23, 1879:

. . . Think there is a good show at Ten Mile when the snow goes off. It looks pretty doubtful here, though I am going to keep on looking and trying. I am going tomorrow to look at some property over toward Evans gulch. Will write again in a day or two.

Was just shown the result of Little Pittsburg and New Discovery. Last week gave over \$38,000.

From the Leadville office of H. A. Tabor, "Dealer in Wines, Groceries, Provisions, Liquors, Miner's Supplies, Tobacco and Cigars," Leadville, Colorado, Feb. 26, 1879:

I took supper with Mrs. Sheriff (a sister to Mrs. Byers) and the boys yesterday evening. She has got deeds for her lots—four of them—and owes only about \$100 on her house. They have claimed through other lots, not deed, and have sold two recently. For one of them with a foundation Glenn said he got \$100. She has 15 or 18 boarders and gets \$7 per week. Is working very hard I should

think. Had a girl for awhile but she got married the other day. The boys wait on the table . . . I was Monday over to Little Evans gulch to look at some mines that are for sale. Yesterday went up Big Evans gulch and today was up Stray Horse gulch to Adelaide in the forenoon and in the afternoon explored the mines on Carbonate hill. In a couple of days more I will have seen all the prominent mining centers except Long and Derry group which are so high that I will not visit them this time. I have a prospect of getting an original location not far from the Iron mine in a few days but it is not certain. The whole country appears to be staked over and a majority of the claims will probably never be worth a cent.

I am feeling pretty well but have a terrible cold. Walking tires my "game" leg but otherwise it seems no worse than when I left home.

From Washington, D. C., Feb. 8, 1880:

I had for some time past been trying to secure a contingent interest in a mining property near Leadville—the Boulder Nest—but had thought the probability of my having anything to do with it very remote. Now they telegraph me "Boulder Nest all right" "Will meet you in New York 16th." So I will be delayed until that time and doubtless some longer. The property is three claims about half mile from Fryer Hill and the price is about \$125,000. I guess I had better try to "make a stake" while the chance offers. People are all wild about Colorado and I believe we can sell.

Routt and party left for New York night before last. Gen. Tyner tells me that Routt has an offer of \$3,200,000. Tyner is crazy to get into Colorado and wants me to find a proper man to take charge and go with him (Tyner) on a prospecting expedition just as soon as the weather will permit in the Spring. I attended the President's reception last night—the last one of the session. There was a fearful jam and crush; said to have been the largest that ever honored Mr. Hayes. Being under the wing of Senator Hill, after the presentation I passed by the charmed line and spent more than an hour in the Blue room among the notables, whilst the crushing tide passed through at one side. Most of the Cabinet were there and many Senators . . .

From New York, February 12, 1880:

Governor Routt and the men of his party dropped in soon after I came. They are at the Windsor, which the Gov. says is "the best hotel in America"—very high toned you know. Mrs. R. is sick. They says there's a general "round-up" of Coloradans here every evening between 7 and 8 o'clock. A good many are at this house and there are 200 or 300 in the city. Routt expects to sell his mine. Says he can take the checks for it tomorrow if he wants to from either one of three parties. He thinks our show is good if we manage right.

Chaffee is sick at his house—which fronts on this and over Cautae Park. Moffatt is staying here. Tabor has gone to New Orleans. I was told in Washington that Mrs. Moffatt had gone to Florida for her health . . .

That Commissioner in Indian Affairs is a mighty empty bubble. Nobody in Colorado could get it and I for one would not accept it. It is the most certain *ruinois* office in the Gov't. I left Gov. Pitkin in Washington and he will be there for some days.

From New York, Feb. 27, 1880:

. . . Wish I was home. I am getting fearfully tired of this. Saunderson who first telegraphed me that he would be here on the 16th has not arrived yet . . . If he had come on direct as first promised I feel confident we could have made a sale but the "jig is up" now.

A "bear movement" began on the Little Pittsburg about a week ago. It went down slowly until Wednesday (two days ago) when it "tumbled" five dollars per share and all mining stocks followed it. Yesterday it went down another dollar and I believe it will keep on going. The effect will be to stop all sales for the present. Some think differently but I can't see any other possibility. So I think as soon as Sanderson comes and we have a little conference and perhaps some understanding for the future, when the tide turns, I will go home. Probably in three or four days.

Britton is here with two or three mines. On Tuesday I thought he had closed his principal sale (about \$600,000) and a little one. Wednesday evening he said the little one was "off". The other he thought was still "all right," but I noticed yesterday that his face had lengthened—did not talk to him. Britton was jubilant Tuesday. He said "they take mines like trout take flies." I guess he has changed his opinion. The Colorado camp begins to look and talk mighty blue, and some of the boys are beginning to ask "how the walking is toward Sundown". Dave Moffat is sick, confined to his room. Several new Coloradans came yesterday and one or two this morning.

I went out to see Eddison and his lights yesterday.

During the 1880's Mrs. Byers took to travelling, sometimes with her daughter, Mollie, along. She visited New York, Florida, and even Europe. Will's letters to her report on many Denver doings, for example:



Denver Post Office, Aug. 10, 1880.

... On Saturday morning, with City Engineer Lowire, I set out for the head of Bear Creek. Had Sam brought in and shod, and rode him all the way. Sunday noon we lunched on the summit of Mt. Rosa. Got home last evening (Monday). Went to find a source of supply for good water for Denver, and found it. Tabor, France and I have incorporated a company and expect to construct the works. The Public know nothing about it yet.

The Firemen's tournament is in progress today and the town is full of red-shirts and music. The course is on 14th St. and the outcome right back of the office. There are dense crowds of people in that direction but I do not expect to see a single race. The sun shines very hot and has for several days past but the air is good and it is pleasant in the shade. There was a rain yesterday afternoon and Cherry Creek was a considerable stream last night.

Cheeseman's agent wants to rent me front rooms on 17th street near Larimer—over the Water Company's office. Offers two front rooms in perfect order for \$35 per month. I dislike to leave our present neighborhood. It seems more like home. However I'll see...

Well, take in the salt-air and rain, the huckleberries, and milk, and clam-chowders, and see just how well and strong and fat you can get...

Denver Post Office, Aug. 17, 1880

Washouts and no mail from the East since day-before-yesterday make dull times in the P.O. It began raining here Saturday night and continued almost without cessation until late Sunday night. The K.P. is broken in the neighborhood of Kit Carson. They promise the delayed mails at 4:30 this P.M. The Rio Grande broke above Littleton. A freight train was wrecked and the engineer killed. No other accidents and no other roads hurt. The Platte is again a river. Bear Creek flooded portions of its valley.

The Grant party was received yesterday with a great *eclat*. "For particulars see small bills" or the papers. There was a crush at the Glenarm at the reception last night, to which I didn't go, and it is to be a "\$10 per plate" banquet there tonight to which I do not propose to go...

I have just telegraphed Frank to "run down" a big discovery just made in South Park. Dave Cook and I have the secret but not the place, which we are going to find if possible. Frank telegraphed me last night that he had succeeded in buying for me another quarter of the Iron Mask.

On Sunday I extended the general delivery alcove of the postoffice so as to put in two more windows. Last night had carpenters and painters at work until near midnight. Will be in shape in a few days, and will probably have no more changes to make this year...

Most of Byers' letters to his son were written from Denver giving Frank instructions on how to run the Middle Park ranch, mill, store at Hot Sulphur Springs, etc. In the 1896-1899 file there are 99 such letters. Mrs. Byers' letters to Frank during the 90's are almost as numerous and more personal. Even though he was in his forties, she was still "mothering" him. She frequently mentioned his father's inability to pay his own debts and her own financial wisdom. Their differences, however, seemed to lead only to such fussing as is not uncommon to couples well on in years.

## II. LETTERS TO THE PUBLIC

At the time of William N. Byers' death March 25, 1903, his brother-in-law W. R. Thomas wrote a tribute in which he told of their many associations during thirty-seven years. Having worked for Byers on the *News* from 1867 to the sale of the paper in 1878, Thomas was in a position to judge Byers as a journalist. He wrote:

It was as a correspondent that Mr. Byers shone best in newspaper work. As a descriptive writer he never was surpassed in the West, and many of his old letters in *The News* can be ranked as models for this class of newspaper composition. Of this kind of work he was especially fond, as it was in those times closely allied to the trail and the campfire.

Probably Byers' first letter to the public was the one published in *A Hand Book to the Gold Fields of Nebraska and Kansas*, by Wm. N. Byers, late Government Surveyor and John H. Kellom, Superintendent of Public Instruction of Nebraska (Chicago and New York, 1859) p. 112. In it Byers, writing from Omaha, January 26, 1859, to his collaborator, told of the most recent news from the Kansas mining regions and ended by noting, "Great inquiry is made for our Guide Book—hasten its publication." Other items are addressed to prospective Emigrants, on "Clothing and Personal Comfort," "Team and Wagon," "Tent, Camp Fixtures and Provisions," etc., and are signed "W. N. Byers."

Byers' own trips to the mining districts in the mountains were reported frequently in the columns of the *News*, beginning with the fourth issue, May 28, 1859.

Space permits only one example of Byers' letters to the public. The following details the first ascent of Long's Peak by white explorers and was printed in the *News* for September 1, 1868 (Volume X, Number 6).

## THE POWELL EXPEDITION

From Grand Lake to Long's Peak—Ascent of that Mountain—The view therefrom—Return to the Hot Springs.

August 20. The party destined for the ascent of Long's Peak, consisting of Major J. W. Powell, W. H. Powell, L. W. Keplinger, Sam'l Garman, Ned E. Farrell, John C. Sumner, and the writer, left camp at the west side of Grand Lake, each mounted, and with one pack mule for the party. The mule was laden with ten days rations, though we expected to make the trip in much less time. Each man carried his bedding under or behind his saddle, a pistol in his belt, and those not encumbered with instruments, took their guns. We had two barometers and two sets of thermometers.

Crossing the Grand where it leaves the lake, we made one half its circuit, around the northern shore, through a dense mass of brush and foreign timber, and at a point directly opposite our camp on the eastern shore, began the ascent of the mountain.

The lake is fed by two principal streams; one coming from the northeast and the other from the southeast. The first is about thirty feet wide and a foot deep, and the latter near double that size. The southeasterly branch has a roaring cascade a short distance from the mouth, which prevents the curious phenomenon of quite as often sounding at the northeast side of the lake as in its true position. The stream is formed by two branches which unite a little way from the lake. They are all very rapid, and as we learned, frequently interrupted by unbroken ledges or masses of rock which occasion the formation of deep lakes of greater or less extent.

Turning away from the lake at right angles, we followed up a sharp, narrow ridge, very steep, rocky and almost impassable on account of the fallen timber. Progress was necessarily slow, and we were full three hours making the first four miles. Then we entered green timber and got along much faster. In about seven miles from the starting point we reached the limit of timber growth and wound along the crest of the sharp, rocky ridge which forms the divide between the two streams before mentioned. The route is very rough and tortuous. On either side, thousands of feet below, are chains of little lakes, dark and solitary-looking in their inaccessibility. About five miles from the timber line we camped for the night, turning down, for that purpose, to the edge of the timber on our right. The barometer showed an altitude of about 11,500 feet, and the frost was quite sharp.

August 21. Our start was over much the same kind of country traversed in the afternoon yesterday; skirting around the side of a very lofty mountain; clambering over broken rocks, or climbing up or down to get around impassable ledges. In some places we pass over great snow banks, which are really the best traveling we find. At the end of a mile we came to an impassable precipice which subsequent exploration proved to extend from the summit of the mountain on the left down to the stream on our right, and thence down parallel with it. We spent the day in searching for a place to get down or around it, but without success, and were compelled to go into camp, like the night before, at the timber line. We had proved one thing, that horses and mules could go no further, and we made preparations for proceeding on foot. The animals were turned loose to feed on the short, young grass of the mountain side; the trail by which we came down being barricaded by a few loose stones and a pole or two to prevent their going back. Escape in any other direction was impossible.

August 22. We were off at 7 o'clock; each man with biscuit and bacon in his pockets for two day's rations. One or two carried blankets, but most preferred doing without carrying them. Arms were also left behind. After some search a place was found where we descended the precipice—not without risk—then crossed a little valley, just at the timber line, and began the ascent over the range directly over a huge mountain which had the appearance of extending quite to Long's Peak. Gaining its summit, we found ourselves still further from our destination than we supposed we were the day before. Descending its precipitous northern face—which upon looking back appeared utterly impassable—we followed for a mile along a very low ridge, which is the real dividing range—then turned eastward along a similar ridge, which connects Long's Peak with the range. It has been generally supposed that great mountain was a part of the range, though occupying an acute angle in it, but such is not the case. It is not less than two miles from the range, and all its waters flow

toward the Atlantic. Following up this ridge, it soon culminated in a very lofty mountain, only a few hundred feet lower than Long's, but with a crest so narrow that some of the party became dizzy in traveling along it. This, we supposed, would lead to the great mountain, but found the route cut off by impassable chasms.

There remained but one route—to descend to the valley and climb again all that we had already twice made. Turning to the right, we clambered down with infinite labor to the valley of a branch of St. Vrain, where we went into camp at the extreme timber line. Some explorations were made, however, preparatory to the morrow's labor; the most important by Mr. Keplinger, who ascended to within about eight hundred feet of the summit, and did not return until after dark. We became very uneasy about him, fearing that he would be unable to make his way down in safety. A man was sent to meet him, and bonfires kindled on some high rocks near us. An hour after they came in; Mr. K. with the report that the ascent might be possible, but he was not very sanguine. The night was a most cheerless one, with gusts of wind and sprinkles of rain; our only shelter under the side of an immense boulder, where we shivered the long hours through.

August 23. Unexpectedly the day dawned fair, and at six o'clock we were facing the mountain. Approaching from the south our course was over a great rockslide and then up a steep gorge down which the broken stone had come. In many places it required the assistance of hands as well as feet to get along, and the ascent at best was very laborious. There was no extraordinary obstacle until within seven or eight hundred feet of the summit. Above that point the mountain presents the appearance, in every direction, of being a great block of granite, perfectly smooth and unbroken. Close examination, however, removed this delusion in some degree, and we were most agreeably surprised to find a passable way, though it required great caution, coolness, and infinite labor to make headway; life often depending upon a grasp of the fingers in a crevice that would hardly admit them. Before ten o'clock the entire party stood upon the extreme summit with accident or mishap of any kind.

The Peak is a nearly level surface, paved with irregular blocks of granite, and without vegetation of any kind, except a little gray lichen. The outline is nearly a parallelogram—east and west—widening a little toward the western extremity, and five or six acres in extent. On the eastern end are some large boulders, giving it an apparent altitude of ten or fifteen feet above the remainder of the surface. Along the northern edge and especially at the northwest corner, the surface rounds off considerably, though the general appearance is almost that of a perfect level.

The view is very extensive in all directions; including Pike's Peak, south, the Sawatch ranges, southwest. Gore's range and the Elkhorn mountains, west, the Medicine Bow and Sweetwater ranges, north, and a vast extent of the plains, east. Denver is plainly distinguishable to the naked eye; also the Hot Springs in the Middle Park.

Barometric and thermometric observations were taken to determine altitude, and a monument erected to commemorate our visit. A record of the event with notes of the instrumental readings was deposited, along with other mementoes, in a tin case in the monument, and from a flag-staff on its summit a flag was unfurled and left floating in the breeze. After nearly three hours stay on the Peak we began the descent, which occupied two hours. A snow squall enveloped us on the way down, but it lasted only a few minutes. Over thirty Alpine lakes were counted from the summit.

Our way back was by the head waters of St. Vrain; three considerable branches of which were crossed. The valley of each is filled with lakes alternated with great fields of snow. The latter is strewn with grasshoppers, which could be gathered by wagon loads. Upon these the bears were feasting, and the country seems to be literally infested with them. We saw two, and the tracks of others in every snow bank and soft spot of ground. We stopped for the night on the most westerly branch of the St. Vrain, and spent a second night without blankets around a camp fire, yet more cheerless because we were out of "grub."

August 24. Without breakfast to eat or baggage to pack we had no impediment to an early start, and had almost reached the summit of the range before old Sol's greeting. Our path was up a great gorge, over a snowfield, then a frozen lake—a small part clear of ice—and then more snow to the summit. Then down an easier slope with grass and boulders, and great, black ledges to the head of the Grand, and our old camp, where our stock had been left. A hasty but a hearty breakfast, and then we saddled up and retraced our trail along the mountain ridge, through the tangled, fallen timber, and around the lake to our old and pleasant camp. We had been gone only 5 days; had been eminently successful, and of course were satisfied; the more so because the mountain had always before been pronounced inaccessible, and ours was the first party that had ever set foot upon its summit.

Messrs. Keplinger and Garman were left at our mountain camp to make a series of barometrical observations on the summit of a very high mountain near by, extending through eight or ten days, to aid in calculating the altitude of other neighboring points where less frequent readings were made.

August 25. Returned to the Springs, finding there a camp of near one hundred visitors who had come in during our nine days' absence. The Indians have all left; pulling down their lodges and going off very suddenly this morning. It is said they have gone toward the South Park.

### III. OTHER LETTERS

Byers served as Denver postmaster from March 18, 1864 until March 1867 and again from February 1879 to March 1882.<sup>5</sup> His letter copy books for these years indicate that he strove to improve the service in spite of many obstacles.<sup>6</sup> Under the date of November 7, 1864, he wrote to Hon. Alex W. Randall, 1st Assistant Postmaster, Washington, D. C., that he was taking over the work from his predecessor Samuel S. Curtis, enclosing an inventory and naming W. D. Pease and Ed C. Summer as assistants, "both of whom were sworn in under my predecessor."

Throughout his lifetime Byers also was engaged in all sorts of business enterprises, buying and selling real estate, organizing and conducting corporations, building railroads and telegraph lines, and engaging in law suits. Much of this activity is reflected in surviving letters or in letter copy books. The most socially fruitful of his non-journalistic labors for profit were those connected with the National Land Company, organized to market railroad grants, of which he was Colorado manager. It was through Byers that the Greeley Colony was located where the city of Greeley now stands and that the Chicago Colorado Company chose to colonize the present location of Longmont.

Most of Byers' correspondence reveals a personality and a way of life quite praiseworthy. One bundle of letters, however written to a Miss H. E. Sancomb of Golden, an attractive divorcee, was the basis of attempted blackmail and, when published in part in connection with an attempt on his life by the woman, probably wrecked his seemingly unlimited journalistic and political usefulness. The most remarkable aspect of this matter, however, is not that Byers had strayed from virtue in his private life—during the dangerous mid-forties—but that he refused to submit to blackmail and that he was able to rebuild his reputation in the years following.

One more letter which should be quoted here was Byers' swan song as he turned the *Rocky Mountain News* over to his successors, who a few months later resold to W. A. H. Loveland and other representatives of the Democratic party that Byers' had fought by his unswerving support of the Republican party—the party that failed to support him in 1876.

#### Good Bye

With this issue my pecuniary interest in, and editorial control of, *The Rocky Mountain News* ceases . . .

It is impossible after more than nineteen years of daily repeated tasks; of constant solicitude and anxiety, how best to perform a great duty to the public; of intimate association with all the newspapers that have ever risen, lived and died, or that yet live, in Colorado; of personal acquaintance with so many—it seems to me with all—of the people of the state, to lay down the editorial pen without sad and strange emotions. These years have compassed a larger part of my life than can be given to any other undertaking, and they were of what should be its best for work. Undertaken by accident, the newspaper business has had for me a strang fascination. Not educated as a journalist, I have not been confined to the straight and narrow path of the profession. My feelings have been those of personal championship for a state in which I have felt a deep personal interest; of neighborly feeling for every person who has become a citizen of the state. I know that my work has been roughly done and that I have made many mistakes. If I have seemed too earnest it was not with malice, and I crave the pardon of each and every one whom I may have unintentionally offended. toward my brethren of the press I have none but the kindest feelings. All differences are forgotten and only pleasant recollections of them shall dwell in my memory.

Wm. N. Byers<sup>7</sup>

Because of his unique experiences, his gift for detailed observation and effective reporting, and his willingness to devote freely much of his own time to informing the

<sup>5</sup>J. O. Stevic, "The Growth of Denver's Post Office Since the Days of the Elephant Corral," *Colorado Magazine*, xii, 4 (July, 1935), pp. 127-130.

<sup>6</sup>Six of these letter copy books are now in the Colorado History Collection of the University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado. They cover the following periods: (1) Jan. 1864-Feb. 1865, (2) Jan. 14, 1866-April 27, 1866, (3) Nov. 18, 1868-July 29, 1871, (4) March 1870-June, 1871, (5) Feb., 1872-April, 1875, and (6) April, 1879-April, 1880. Three letter books covering the periods April 16, 1880 to Dec. 3, 1880; January 1, 1881 to April 30, 1882; and April 30, 1882 to May 8, 1887 are in the Western History Collection of the Denver Public Library. Others have, no doubt, been lost or destroyed.

<sup>7</sup>*The Daily News*, Denver, May 5, 1878, p. 2.

public about Western matters, Byers was called upon to answer inquiries from all over the nation. Moreover, he seemed to enjoy preparing extensive reports upon scientific and historical matters, in the form of letters to various newspapers and magazines, both local and national.

From the foregoing description of the letter writing activities of William N. Byers one should be able to formulate a fairly distinct picture of the personality of the man and of his career. It was eminently fitting that he should have been one of the first seven chosen by the Board of Capitol Managers, at their meeting on August 11, 1899, to be included in "Colorado's Hall of Fame." His portrait in stained glass is one of the sixteen that form the windows of the dome of Colorado's chief building.<sup>8</sup>

#### WESTERNERS' BOOKSHELF

**THE CLEVER COYOTE**, by Stanley P. Young & Hartley H. T. Jackson, 411 p., profusely illustrated, The Stackpole Company & Wildlife Management Institute, \$6.50.

Our "west" is a complex of earth forms, living things and an outlook on life. No more typical animal can be found than the coyote; a genuine westerner. Stan Young, who wrote the first half of this book, is a Westerner in fact, as well as being a corresponding member of our Denver Posse. From boyhood spent in the locale of Astoria, Ore., his interest has been in wildlife; over three decades in the old Biological Survey, later the Fish & Wildlife Service, he dealt with the predatory animal control work of those agencies.

So the portion of this book concerning coyote life histories, habits, distribution and economic status, unquestionably is the most complete text published about the "barking wolf" of the great plains and mountains. It is the treatise of a scientist; exact, inclusive. Within the scholarly text there are gems of coyote lore, stories of cunning behavior. One wishes these were not so restricted to such starkly factual reporting; that some allowable dramatization might be employed in the telling—for the breath of western adventuring is inherent in the brief notes of many incidents.

The book is primarily for wildlife workers; but it is a reference volume for any westerner interested in the outdoor west. The second half of the book by Jackson is devoted to classification of coyote races.

Throughout the book, Stan Young has stressed the control of coyotes; by hunting, trapping, poisoning. Control of coyote predations may be essential to supply protection to western wildlife and livestock. But those of us who no longer hear the coyote song in the west, feel some spirit of western wilderness has been erased in many places because of constant pressuring by stockmen for wiping out the coyote, feel a touch of sadness that this "little wolf" is fading from the scene.

If anyone should write a book to which future Westerners might turn, to know of the coyote tribe that once was so much a part of our region, **THE CLEVER COYOTE** by Young and Jackson has met the need. Not for entertainment reading; a positive first-rank book for reference and some interesting browsing.

—Arthur H. Carhart

**WINDS OF MORNING**. By H. L. Davis. William Morrow and Co., New York, 1952. 344 pages. \$3.50.

Here is a book as beguiling as a Chinook wind straight from H. L. Davis' own Northwest. What matter if, to some of us who have written orthodox westerns, the plot seems to meander a trifle? What matter if, to others of us who have written standardized slicks, the characters seem a bit cool and detached?

<sup>8</sup>Levette J. Davidson. "Colorado's Hall of Fame." *Colorado Magazine*, Denver, vol. xvii, no. 1 (January, 1950). pp. 23-33.

It is a novel with stature, written by a man who has a loving ear for western idiom and a naturalist's eye for both the beauties and the idiosyncrasies of the outdoor world.

The chief thing about it, it is interesting. With a somewhat pastel love story and only a tenuous mystery and adventure thread, it manages to be exciting. You won't lay it down. It will haunt you pleasantly afterwards. Old Hendricks is as real as King Lear, and is not unlike Lear in his pained, yet compassionate, acceptance of the fact of his faithless children. Here is an old man who might live long, in literature.

The story, laid in the Northwest during the 1920's, is told by a boyish deputy sheriff who (to get him away from worse trouble) is sent to help old Hendricks haze a band of horses from the Columbia river wheat lands into the back country. On the trip, there unfolds the not-quite love story and the not-quite murder mystery. And also all the richness and saltiness and ribaldry and poetry that comprise H. L. Davis' prose.

Of the Indians, whom the author knows with tolerant familiarity, he says: "Dogs occupied a kind of special bracket in an Indian camp: too high to be killed, but never quite high enough to be fed."

He has old Hendricks ruminate sarcastically: "'Keen as a brier, you are: all fixed to raise hell and put a block under it'."

He comments on the Oregon spring nights: "The cold bound down like rawhide contracting, and scythed up through the cracks in the floor."

Of a woman of the streets he remarks that she could "lie like a tombstone."

And of human beings and their strangenesses he has these things to say: "Dying would have been hard enough by itself, but to die unnoticed and neglected . . . gave the bitterness fourteen rattles and a button."

And: "Horses and women. Leave either of them alone with only a man to depend on for company, and they could develop an intelligence so quick and sensitive it was uncanny to be around. Herd them back with others of their species, and they dropped instantly to a depth of dull pettiness and mental squalor that made a man wonder how he could ever have credited them with intelligence at all."

And: "In old Hendricks' younger days, there had been more value set on people. Nature had been the enemy then, and people had to stand together against it. Now all its wickedness and menace had been taken away; the thing to be feared now was people, and nature figured mostly as a safe and reassuring refuge against their underhandedness and skullduggery. It was the great healer."

See what I mean? Davis himself is a one-time Pulitzer prize winner, and "Winds of Morning" is a Book-of-the-Month-Club selection. No wonder.

—Marian Castle

BOOK NOTES AMONG OUR MEMBERS: Long awaited by many a Westerner, the story of the discovery of the Mount of the Holy Cross, under the title *Quest of the Snowy Cross*, by CM Clarence S. Jackson and Laurence Marshall, will be published April 1 by the University of Denver Press . . . CM Paul H. Gantt, whose *Alfred Packer, the Man-Eater* (University of Denver Press) appears in March, is working on the story of Georgetown's Louis Dupuis and, with PM Fred Mazzulla, on still another volume about the Wyoming outlaw, Big-Nose George . . . *Water or Your Life* (J. B. Lippincott) by ex-Sheriff Art Carhart, chosen by the Friends of the Land as the outstanding conservation book of 1951 and fast becoming the standard volume in its field, has gone into a second printing.

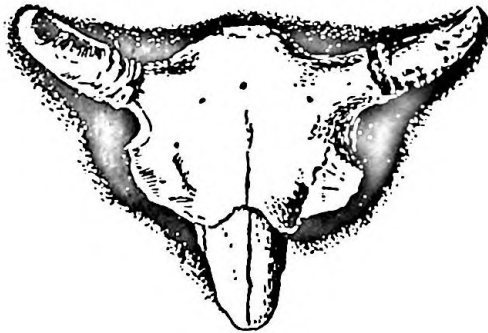
# *The* BRAND BOOK

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WESTERNER OF THE MONTH

RALPH B. MAYO

*Certified Public Accountant, Tally Man*

*Corral Dust*

A new member of long and successful editorial reputation and long association with the affairs of the Chicago Posse was welcomed by Denver Possemen at the March meeting. He is Maurice Frink, former managing editor of an Elkhart, Indiana, daily who quit last year to come to live in this much-studied West and is now instructing in the journalism department at the University of Colorado . . . Our Westerner-of-the-Month, Ralph B. Mayo, might be called our "Westerner-every-month." While the rest of us follow pleasanter pursuits, literary or gastronomical, Tally Man Ralph has the ever-dubious chore of seeing that the trail hands are paid at the end of the month. Besides accounting and such-like, he is also an explorer on such historical byroads as that of the news-butchers of earlier railroading days . . . Congratulations to Posseman Ed Bemis, who recently was accorded by the Colorado Press Association the distinction of becoming its second honorary life member in the association's eighty-year history. Ed is now preparing the story of "Colonel" Spotswood, late Littleton patriarch and early-day stage driver of the Denver-Leadville run . . .

A number of possemen and officers are actively working to prevent the closing of several outlying museums of the Colorado State Historical Society, including that at Fort Garland, for lack of adequate operating funds . . . Posseman Edgar C. McMechen announces the installation of a new-type "study gallery" at the state museum building, to be open for meeting or "contemplation" by groups interested in historical subjects.

Off in a hurry to Europe last month: PM Nolie Mumey, who will attend medical meetings in Madrid and Bordeaux and prowl the Baedeker route around the continent . . . Back from Mexico City after finding in Old Mexico's regeneration "many developments that remind one of our own frontier activities of eighty years ago": PM Levette Davidson . . . PM John T. Caine III has been sleuthing information and spreading the word about the bull business in a number of talks through the mountain states . . .

Odyssey of a book: Piero Gerbore, Italian consul and man-about-Denver during the 1920's, bought a privately-printed Hammond monograph about Juan de Onate for his western library. Last year CM McKinnie I. Phelps went on the trail of this now-rare edition, alerting dealers here and elsewhere. Last month Gerbore's copy of this Hammond treatise found its way back to Denver all the way from some obscure book-pile in Italy, courtesy Sheriff Fred Rosenstock and a book dealer in Lucy, Louisiana.



# RANGE COUNTRY TROUBLES, 1885\*

BY HERBERT O. BRAYER

Director

Western Range Cattle Industry Study, Northwestern University

It has been frequently said that the "great die-up" of 1886-1887 spelled the doom of the range cattle industry at the very height of its glory. It would be more correct to observe that the disaster merely put the final touch to a trend already well on the road to an inevitable conclusion; a calamitous end, which might well have been foreseen and ameliorated if not avoided.

A number of competent scholars have made incursions into this intriguing field. In addition to Professors Osgood of Minnesota and Pelzer of Iowa, there are the more recent articles of fellow Westerners, Professor Alfred Larson of Wyoming and Historian Ray H. Mattison of the National Park Service. Professor Larson, more than the others, found good reason to challenge the general popular deductions concerning the effects of the harsh winter and even mentioned some of the factors which, if not greater in effect, were at least equal to the force of nature in bringing about the misfortune.

It is possible to approach this problem in a rather unique manner. Instead of depending upon statements made after the disaster or upon the various newspaper, official and semi-official reports subsequently issued, we have the singular experience of being able to draw upon the actual statements made before the event by the men involved. This study will be confined strictly to Wyoming as the most spectacular case in point.

Throughout 1884-5 and part of 1886, a group of experienced interviewers personally called upon almost every major cattleman in Wyoming (as well as in the rest of the range country, except for Texas and the Dakotas) and in every instance took a personal statement of the opinion of each, concerning the principal problems facing the cattle industry. Almost all of these have been preserved and many are in the actual handwriting of the cattlemen. It appears that these accounts (many long, colorful, and often of primary importance to the history of the West) have been long overlooked. It was not until the summer of 1951 that this researcher, with the kind assistance of Professor William Binkley of Vanderbilt University, undertook to examine each of the more than 13,000 statements in order to cull those of the stockraisers. This paper is an abridgement of the result, which, in its complete form, will include similar material for New Mexico, Colorado, Montana, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, Idaho, and a small part of the Texas "panhandle."

The written reports of the cattlemen contained the following information, dictated or actually written by the rancher: name, address, date of statement, date and place of birth, education, subsequent movements prior to arrival in Wyoming; business ventures, and a series of observations on the pressing problems facing the cattle industry.

The basic facts of the situation on the Wyoming ranges in mid-year 1885 were fully known and appreciated by all segments of the public, including the cattlemen. They were well outlined in the press, at stockmen's meetings, at the annual meetings of the stockholders and directors of the cattle corporations, and in various state and federal reports.

First, the Wyoming ranges were generally fully stocked, and, in certain important areas, badly overstocked. Coincidentally, Kansas, as long anticipated, within a year would take the final step which would close the entire state to the Texas trail herds. Already everything east of the hundredth meridian was within the "dead line." When the Wyoming and Montana-bound drovers sought to open a trail along the eastern Colorado boundary they found new handicaps; settlers, fences, abortive toll roads and undependable ferries, as well as hostility on the part of the Colorado ranchers, who feared Texas fever and

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and desired no further admixture between their own improved and improving herds and the rough longhorned Texans. Trail herds came through in ever-decreasing numbers. After 1886 the herds that did come through belonged to outfits operating breeding ranches in Texas and maturing ranches on the northern ranges.

The entire character of the industry had changed in six years. Beginning in 1879, corporate ranching had rapidly replaced the small ranches which had been well distributed over the vast public domain, with plenty of distance between herds and enough grass for both summer and winter pasture. Range and water rights, though unwritten in most cases, had been understood and respected. First, the large companies had bought out the small ranchers, united their holdings and herds, and with their unprecedented financial resources stocked the ranges to their fullest with both Texas and Oregon cattle. Represented by some of the finest cattlemen in America, these companies became the most powerful economic factor in the territory, which, at that time, at least, also meant the most powerful politically as well. It is not stretching the facts to say that the territorial government of Wyoming from 1880 to 1886 was, in a very real sense, a cattlemen's government. Wyoming thrived, her herds became famous and her cattlemen rich. In London, Edinburgh, Aberdeen and Dublin, brokers watched the American cattle market and hoarded their shares in Wyoming cattle companies.

Almost from the beginning of this spectacular development, however, there began to appear disturbing elements. Scores of earnest, land-hungry settlers from the East and from overseas poured into the territory to take advantage of the land laws and either to preempt or homestead on the public domain—the same public domain which the cowmen had freely utilized for cattle ranges for more than a decade. These new colonists knew nothing about unwritten range and water rights and cared less. They squatted on the best watered lands along the river bottom, fenced in the wild hay areas upon which the cattlemen depended for winter feed, and took possession of the water holes—all quite legally. Limited by the federal statutes to his own homestead and such private land as he could purchase legally (or secure through circumvention of the intent of the land acts), the cattleman could do little but gnash his teeth or resort to intimidation. He did both. A few of the larger companies—especially the British-owned spreads—bought every acre they could afford from the government and especially from the Union Pacific railroad, and then endeavored to encompass within three strands of barbed wire, all lands—owned or not—within the external boundaries of their purchases. Such fencing, of course, resulted in the enclosure of from two to twenty times the amount of land legally owned. This abuse had brought down a virtual flood of angry protests by 1885, and not alone from the homesteaders. The most powerful protest was that of the small rancher whose herds had been excluded from ranges upon which they had traditionally grazed. Though the ultimate result was never really in doubt, the problem was as yet unresolved in 1885. The government had ordered the illegal fences removed, but the "detestable wire" still remained and was actually on the increase on private holdings.

Marketwise, certain other factors should be noted. In Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Louis, Milwaukee and St. Paul, the stockyard system of buying and selling had fairly well crystallized by 1885. There were later and important alterations—but these were largely in the organizations involved rather than in the system. The "Big 4" in the packing industry could and did effectually control such major markets. The omnipresent commission houses already were potent factors in the nationwide distribution of beef. A reputed tie-up between the railroads and the major packers worked to the advantage of the latter and had direct and adverse effects from the western stockman's point of view.

In Wyoming, such shrewd operators as Alexander Swan, H. E. Teschmacher, Francis E. Warren, Moreton Frewen, N. R. Davis, the Durbins, Horace Plunkett and the large companies soon recognized that transportation throughout the midwestern corn belt and into the southwest had brought about a very real change in their high plains range industry.

Swan, Warren, Teschmacher and the others recognized the market for what it was. The longhorn as a "beef critter" was through. They bought tens of thousands of head of Oregon cattle, mostly of Shorthorn blood—remote though it was from its original source—and they proceeded to import from Iowa, Illinois, Indiana and Great Britain appreciable numbers of purebred bulls of Hereford, Shorthorn, Angus, Galloway and Sussex blood lines.

The Wyoming stockman in 1885 was discussing in his ranchhouse, at the stores, at the Cheyenne Club, and at the market where he accompanied his beef shipment, those facets of the rangeland and grass problems which were pressing upon him the need for far-reaching decisions: (1) the small rancher and granger problem, (2) fencing, (3) breeding up of the herd, (4) winter feeding, and (5) the future of the business. In examining his recorded reflections it is well to remember that those used in this paper were given freely, privately, and usually at his own home where community or industrial pressures were not directly involved, and where he was free to "spout off to his heart's content."

This discussion combines the written statements of ninety-two Wyoming cattlemen. (The entire membership of the powerful Wyoming Stock Growers Association in 1885 numbered only about a hundred.) The reporting group, too extensive to enumerate here, was fully representative, encompassing small ranchers and large ranchers, "professional" ranchers, and those whose ranching was secondary to some other business, such as banking, general merchandising, railroading, and so forth. The list includes ranches from Pine Bluffs to Evanston, the Platte Valley, Powder River, and the Big Horn Basin. It includes young men and older ranchers, rich men and struggling ex-cowpunchers, or farmers just getting their start, ranchers who were the owners and founders of their outfits. The list does not include any employees. So, in reality, this is a study of the *entrepreneur* in the West—that important cog in America's economic development who, by his own foresight, his own sweat, and his own resources, established a business and strove to become an economic success.

#### *The Granger—Small Rancher v. the Cattle Kings:*

Taking the greater problem first, that posed by the increased competition for grass and water from granges and small stockmen, the larger Wyoming cattlemen had very definite opinions. Colonel A. T. Babbitt, president of the *Standard Cattle Company*, which had large ranges on the Chugwater, Belle Fourche and Little Powder, summed it up succinctly: "under the small herd system originally prevailing on the ranges, it cost from \$3 to \$4 per head to raise cattle, while under the large herd system, the cost did not exceed one dollar per head."

There was the crux of the whole business. To the large rancher extensive ranges were fundamental. His costs mounted as his ranges shrank. He objected vigorously, therefore, to the small ranchers and "fencing grangers" who forced his cattle to detour on the way to water and pasture, and who threatened his grass monopoly. It was grass he needed and the more he had the better his "spread." Spelled out in another way, "the land means little; it is grass that is converted to meat." Colonel Babbitt's opinion was concurred in by Ora Haley, Edwin R. Hard, Robert H. Hall (Lander), Robert E. Fitch (Laramie), A. C. Converse, Delos Babcock (Buffalo), Alex and Tom Swan, H. E. Teschmacher and others.

On the other hand, there was a goodly number of large ranchers who knew that the traditional method of running large herds on the open range was a poor one and that the relative inexpensiveness of the system was more than offset by certain disadvantages in grading up and protecting the herd against incursions by nature as well as by man. In this class fell John W. Snyder, J. M. Carey, and Mowry Arnold. They were for a large ranching system but with modified techniques. Their program was designed to improve their own operations, but like their less foresighted brethren, had no place for the small ranchers and

grangers. As in all business, there were some among the large ranchers who were determined to buck the trend and refused to recognize the new situation. Louis Vidal of Lander predicted that "In a few years the capital in cattle will all be in a few hands and then there will not be so many small raisers." Many agreed with him.

The great mass of second-rank cattleman, however, saw the handwriting on the wall. They knew the ranges were fully stocked, for each was looking further and further afield for new grazing. By 1885 even the Powder and Big Horn areas were overstocked. John Loucks of Sheridan summed it up well: "The grangers are crowding out the cattlemen and I think the leaning will be to raise cattle in small herds and each farmer have his own little bunch. All this will have a strong tendency to breed up cattle. The heavy herds will be compelled to take up vacant land and the owners irrigate. This will be very beneficial and advance the settlement of the country."

In thorough agreement with Loucks were Elias Snider of Buffalo, Barton Ryan of Rawlins, Worden Nobel, James Lobban of Buffalo, John Lee of Lander, Robert M. Galbraith of Lander, Henry Held of Sheridan, John Dye of Rawlins, James Culver of Sheridan and a score of others. John Hunton said that "during the next twelve years agriculture will become secure and important along the Laramie and Platte and tend to crowd out the cattleman."

As might have been expected some of the comments are tinged with bitterness as well as reality. Barton Ryan observed, "The tendency heretofore has been for the large ranchers to buy out or freeze out the small ranchers. After selling out, the small owners would put their money into sheep and take up and fence the land, with the result that they blocked out the large herds."

Newell Berman of Evanston griped, "Most of the cattle business in this section is controlled by large owners who run it to suit themselves."

It was left to James V. Cantlin with the Ferris outfit, however, to make the prize statement of all. In speaking of the threat to his ranges he recalled that they once were part of the Arapaho Indian reservation. "We went into their territory before they broke their treaty and took our chances, but when the Indians broke the treaty, it gave us the right to squat on their land."

And so it went. The obvious fact was that the great majority of cattlemen recognized that the larger outfits were going to have to be broken up; that there were too many cattle on the ranges; and that the "breaking point" was closer than the ten or fifteen years they had estimated back in 1880. Frewen advised his board of the situation and pulled out half the Powder River herd and sent them to Canada. For his foresight he lost his job. Others trailed north and east to open lands in Montana and Dakota. All too many gave recognition to the facts but put off the evil day when they would do anything except exert hostile resistance toward them.

### *Fencing the Grass:*

Fencing was not a new problem but merely an aggravated one caused by the overcrowded and deteriorating condition of the ranges. Some fencing had been done in the late 'seventies. Early in the 'eighties fencing had been resorted to by Swan and others who were breeding up their herds and sought to exclude the poorer bulls of their neighbors. Such fencing was limited and generally confined to areas not in conflict with other ranchers.

But then came the grangers and the fencing question broke out in a veritable rash, especially in the southern half of Wyoming. All too often the enclosures involved large areas of the public domain—the free ranges upon which the small cattlemen depended and the potential homesteads of the land-hungry grangers. The illegality of this action was offset for a time by the political power and effective action of the large offenders. While using the barbed wire for his own benefit, the rancher became irate when it was used against him by the grangers. Water holes and grassy bottom lands surrounded by

wire were an anathema. But in the case of the grangers, such enclosures were usually perfectly legal and done to fence in all or part of his homestead. When the granger found himself excluded by illegal wire he could call on the sheriff or federal marshal for relief—and, if he waited long enough, he usually got it. The cattleman was on his own and the resulting trouble was not infrequently of a violent nature.

By 1885 this fencing problem was being widely and warmly discussed by all grades of cattlemen. Orin C. Waid, a small rancher of Poison Spider Creek, wrote that "The fencing of government lands was an injustice to both the poorer class of stockraisers and the government."

H. E. Teschmacher, a large rancher, frankly stated that all range fences should be eliminated as they were injurious to the cattle. They prevented drifting in winter storms and contributed to recent large losses. He was glad the government intended to have them removed. Chauncey Stoddard, Ora Haley, Edwin Hard and John W. Snyder agreed.

Swan and Warren, of course, objected and believed in the fence although the latter agreed it was illegal to fence public domain.

Delos Babcock of Buffalo put it another way. "Wire fencing has been on the wane the last two years and the present, good Democratic administration is adverse to wire fencing. The principal reason for wire fencing," he went on, "was to keep out people."

Mowry Arnold, who in addition to being a successful large rancher, was also a prominent attorney, drew the line clearly. "The fencing law must and shall be enforced and the public domain turned over to the people to whom it belongs. It is against my individual interest, but what is wrong should not be tolerated even though 'I profit by it'."

It would seem, therefore, that by far the majority of the stockmen, large and small, disapproved of the fencing of the public domain and supported the government in its action to make the large companies remove the offending wire. A considerably smaller majority agreed on the necessity for breeding up their herds in fenced areas. There was but one answer: small herds, raised in fenced areas, which the cattlemen actually owned. It is clear, therefore, that well over half of the cattlemen surveyed in Wyoming in 1885 recognized the contracting future that lay before the range industry.

#### *Breeding Up the Herd:*

It will thus be seen that the cattlemen were fully cognizant in 1885 that their "physical plant" was already in a great state of change. The cattle themselves posed a problem, which while easier to solve, nevertheless, provoked widespread argument. All saw that the "Day of the Longhorn" had set. The market situation demanded quality rather than quantity although some of the larger ranchers stuck doggedly to the Texas cattle. To find substitutes, some of the older stockraisers preferred to start with Texas she-stock and to breed up with imported bulls, thereby preserving the hardiness of their cattle under western range conditions. Another large group refused to even start with the Texans and in their place purchased tens of thousands of cattle from Oregon trail herds and undertook to improve these. The latter were, of course, a much better beef animal to start with than the Texan, but they were also more expensive. John Snyder liked "short-horn Durham" bulls and used them to grade up his Texas stock.

Chauncey Stoddard began with Shorthorn bulls in 1879 and then tried Galloways and Herefords. "The best rustler," he noted, "is a cross from a Texas cow with Durham, Galloway, Scottish (Angus) and Hereford. Scotch Galloway may be the coming cattle of this section."

Tom Peters of Cheyenne favored the Polled Angus, adding, "The way to get a fine, hardy, as well as a profitable, breed of range beef is to mix the blood."

Worden Nobel and Captain Deane Monohan held out for Shorthorns on the first cross, although the Captain indicated he would use Herefords for his second cross breeding.

Up on Powder River, Fred Hesse injected a new note. He and his principal, Moreton Frewen of the '76 ranch, had imported a small group of deep red Sussex cattle in 1884.

Closely knit and hardy, these cattle were highly prized for their reported beef producing qualities.

But other cattlemen were equally vocal in backing their own preferences. Robert Hall at Rawlins held out for Aberdeen Angus, while William Clark of Buffalo announced his belief in the Galloway and Polled Angus stock.

Alex Swan and his partners not only believed in the Hereford but undertook to put their beliefs into action. They founded the Wyoming Hereford Association in 1883 and imported a fine herd of bulls from Iowa, Illinois, and later directly from England. The effects of this importation can still be seen in the Hereford Herd Book. The Wyoming Hereford Ranch which succeeded the original company has made its Herefords and their WHR brand known around the world.

The consensus in 1885, therefore, was that the Hereford was the best adapted to Wyoming and a very large percentage of cattlemen were acting upon this belief. The "white face" had come to stay even though the argument continued to excite the growers whenever they got together.

### *Winter Feeding:*

A problem parallel to those already outlined was that of winter feeding. Here again, the cattlemen were in a large measure victims of their own propaganda. For years they had advertised and sold ranches and tens of thousands of cattle to easterners and foreigners on the statement that the mature, nutritious grasses of the plains were sufficient and the mild winters made the huge barns and feedlots of Europe and midwestern America unnecessary. They had told this story so often that they even believed it themselves. As late as 1885 Colonel Babbitt, Alex Swan, and Tom Hard were saying that winter losses were less than 3% per year. Teschmacher felt that his ranges were as rich in grasses as the day he first threw a herd on them. But the majority knew better and said so in their private statements in 1885. The ranges were overstocked, the grass was neither as luxuriant nor as nutritious as before, and as a result of a dry season, some areas were becoming almost denuded. Frewen felt this on Powder River and tried to move out.

Old John Hunton reported the "loss in old ranges in is increasing yearly; they need rest so as to replenish the ground cover."

Tom Sturgis, hard-working secretary of the stockgrowers association and a good cattleman himself, announced that he thought winter losses were nearer 25% than 3% and promptly drew the ire of Thomas Benton Hard. Hard said, "Tom Sturgis lied when he said winter losses were 25%—they are not more than 3%. Sturgis did the country a great harm when he wrote his report on the loss of cattle in this section." One wonders what real estate promotion Hard was up to at that moment. The record shows a clear recognition of winter losses by a substantial number of cattlemen. The answer was simple enough—winter feeding. And winter feeding meant enclosures which also meant better breeding, and, of course, the end of the traditional range industry.

Such cattle-raisers as James Tuttle, A. C. Snyder, Elias N. Snider, Barton T. Ryan, Horace Ray, Captain Deane Monohan, Eugene Mather, John Hunton, and two score others recorded their belief in the "future necessity" for winter feeding. Unfortunately only a few were actually practicing it. By 1885 no fewer than one third of the reporting cattlemen favored the development of irrigation so as to provide hay fields for raising winter feed. A hundred miles of such ditches were either already built or in the construction stage with more planned. But even here progress had been very slow and at least one small cowman doubted the motives of the larger companies who planned ditches. He felt that it was but a ruse to take advantage of the more liberal provisions of the Desert Land Act.

### *Summary:*

These conclusions can be summarized: first, the majority of cattlemen believed in the future of the cattle industry, but not as a range business. Their belief in the future of

fenced enclosures, winter feeding, irrigation, selective breeding and grading up of herds, is ample evidence of their recognition of the future of a ranch industry rather than a range one. Secondly, most of them knew that their battle with the farmers was a losing one—as it had been throughout history—and the more forward-looking were already seeking new ranges on more remote and less settled frontiers. Lastly, their own statements show conclusively that they were aware that the business was changing rapidly and that it was very delicately balanced insofar as its land-grass basis was concerned.

It is apparent, therefore, that the majority of the Wyoming stockmen in 1885 were aware of and appreciated the seriousness of the problems facing their industry; without too great a concern for its imminence they understood and feared the threat of nature's retribution for the overstocked and overgrazed ranges; they were fully cognizant of the steps that should be taken to correct and improve the situation; but, unfortunately, many of them failed to take the steps necessary to avoid the threatened catastrophe. Those who did take positive action found their losses after the dry autumn and harsh winter of 1886-1887 materially less than their neighbors. While taking account of the fact that the cattleman was at the mercy of Nature, and was gifted with no more than normal foresight, it must be left to posterity to decide whether the industry as a whole was not negligent, and even responsible in large measure for the disaster which overtook it.

When an interviewer in 1885 asked a well known Laramie jurist about the immediate future of the range cattle business he commented: "If I were giving advice to a young man today who was without capital, I should suggest that he buy a horse and a running iron and start in the cattle business." This just about sums up the optimism and the energetic drive of the cow country. No one really doubted its future. Change, yes, but oblivion, no. And it is perhaps just as well to observe that shortsightedness is a widespread human failing which has not been confined solely to the range industry.



## *Westerners' Bookshelf*

QUEEN OF COWTOWNS, DODGE CITY, by Stanley Vestal. Harper Brothers, New York. 285 pp. \$3.50.

Where the Chisholm Trail met the Santa Fe railroad, in southwestern Kansas, stood Dodge, between 1872 and 1886 the wickedest little city in America. Bullwhackers and mule skinnners, gamblers, outlaws, buffalo hunters, soldiers, trail drivers, merchants, sod busters and soiled doves composed the colorful fabric of this cowtown. These elements, however, were common to all cowtowns. Dodge was distinguished by the heroic efforts made there to establish law and order. The fighting marshals—Wyatt Earp, Billy Tilghman, the Masterson brothers, Bat, Ed and James—were finest examples of the frontier peace officer.

The story of Dodge City has been written before. But it has never been done with the broad scope, vigorous color, depth of understanding, and devotion to detail attained in this book. The chapters on hide hunters, for instance, rank as a documentary on the shooting and skinning of buffalo, the curing and marketing of their hides. One reads with great interest that "more than 100 frost-bitten buffalo hunters perished along the Arkansas in 1872-73," and that some 200 men lost hands or feet, or parts of them, near Dodge. There's a new angle on the Adobe Walls fight: the buffalo hunters were not warned of impending Indian attack for fear they would head back to Dodge.

On the other side of the track, and on Front Street too, fancy women made their play for the hard-earned wages of free-spending cowboys. They were attracted in great numbers to this Hollywood of the Plains with its fine hotels, crowded theaters, famous gunfighters, and continuous round of music and dancing.

The earthy flavor of Queen of Cowtowns sometimes blossoms into anecdote: A tenderfoot rode into Rath City to see the elephant. In the town's restaurant the waitress, using the lingo of her regular customers, asked, "Well, mister, what'll it be—nuts, guts or brains?" The tenderfoot hurried outside. He had, he declared, seen the elephant.

The longhorn trail was pushed farther west by the homesteaders, the buffalo was destroyed, the town was tamed. There came a time when Bat Masterson filed complaints against saloonkeepers and closed their doors—and a woman was actually fined \$5 and costs for appearing on the street in trousers.

—Dabney Otis Collins, Westerner

MOUNTAINS AND MOLEHILLS, by Frank Marryat. A facsimile reproduction of the original (first published in 1855) by Stanford University Press. Introduction and notes by Margaret Eyer Wilbur. \$5.00.

California gold rush addicts who have read Joseph Henry Jackson's California Gold Rush Album (or other similar editions) will immediately recognize "Mountains and Molehills" as the source of many of the pictures and anecdotes used by other chroniclers of the era. Frank Marryat, from a well-to-do English family, came to California by sailing ship, steamer, canoe and muleback; across the Isthmus of Panama in 1850, at the age of twenty-two. Like another Englishman, "Ruxton Of The Rockies," he was not primarily after gold, but hunted wildlife from fleas to grizzly bears (both man-eating), and tried his hand at everything from homesteading to acting in one of San Francisco's first theaters.

Sacramento, Sonora, Murderer's Bar, Volcano and Tuttle-Town—many of the names so dear to the gold rush fan are in there, with vivid descriptions of the raw life and fast-moving events of each. Typical vignettes: Woman-starved miners paying a dollar each to look at a woman's sunbonnet and high-topped shoes; group of miners, burying a pal, kneel at grave, find dirt full of gold, stake claims on grave and bury pal elsewhere at a more convenient date. First arriving in San Francisco during one of her many disastrous fires, his entire career seemed affected by them, for his complete notes and sketches on





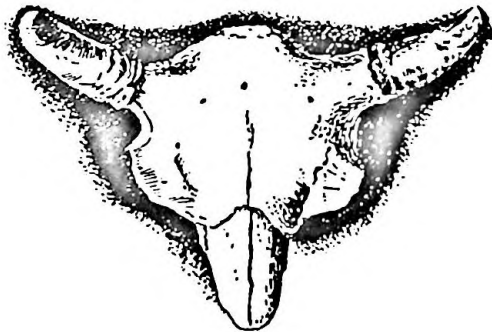
# *The* BRAND BOOK

OFFICIAL ORGAN

THE WESTERNERS

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## WESTERNER-OF-THE-MONTH

John T. Caine III

*Manager, National Western Stock Show*



### *Corral Dust*

Few of our number qualify more broadly — by birth, occupation, inclination and near-universal acquaintanceship — for the title Westerner than does John T. Caine III, “mugged” above. Born in Utah some time back, John T. Three arrived at his present

status as a senior mentor of the cattle industry in 1943 by way of Washington and the Chicago International Livestock show. His “McCoy” on the original McCoy appears as one of this month’s book reviews . . . Before you eagle-eyes write too many letters of protest, be advised that ex-Sheriff Doc Collins is well aware that it was the Western trail, not the Chisholm as stated in his book review last month, which passed through Dodge City. Correction did not arrive until Brand Book was on the press. Doc, incidentally, is the designer, author, and “engineer” of the new 54-page Colorado vacation book in full color, first of its kind, featuring twelve illustrated auto tours covering all parts of the state . . .

PM Ed Bemis has laid his mitts on the original Alfred Packer parole papers . . . L. R. Hafen attended the annual meeting of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association at Chicago in April. His articles on Elbridge Gerry, Colorado pioneer, appears in the April issue of the Colorado magazine . . . PM Arthur L. Campa has received a Guggenheim Foundation Fellowship to make a year’s study and collection of Spanish legends (focusing in Mexico, New Mexico, West Texas) starting in June. Eventually, a book . . .

Mark a change on your calendars, gentlemen: date of the Westerners’ automobile tour of the Tom Horn country as guests of Robert H. Burns, head of the wool department of the University of Wyoming, and a number of Wyoming pioneers, has been changed to July 20. Tour leaves courthouse square in Laramie at 8 a.m. sharp, returns there at 6 p.m.

PM Fred Mazzulla enjoyed excellent camera-hunting in the Taos-Santa Fe Penitente country last Holy Week. Returned with 20 large kodachromes, 230 black-and-white negatives, six hours of tape recording all procured with full permission of the participants, “no sneak stuff” . . .

Attention corresponding members: our Sheriff urgently requests that those who have neglected to send in annual dues do so immediately so that your monthly Brand Book sequence will not be interrupted. Ye Ed and his more expert cohorts are trying to make and keep the Brand Book the most enjoyable three-dollar bargain any western enthusiast could buy. Comments and contributions, short or long, are welcomed from all corresponding members.

# LARAMIE'S BILL NYE

By T. A. LARSON

Following are excerpts from a comprehensive study of one of the most noted Western humorists. The author, a member of the University of Wyoming faculty, has conducted exhaustive—and pleasurable—research into the life and writings of Bill Nye and recently presented to The Westerners much new and previously unassembled material which will be published in full in the 1952 annual Brand Book.—Ed.

In May 1876 a young man of 25 came to Laramie, Wyoming, and took a job as assistant editor of the Laramie *Sentinel*. He was Edgar Wilson Nye. His name in the shorter form "Bill Nye" would soon become familiar all over the land, but there was little promise of fame in his record up to 1876. Born in Maine, Nye had been brought up on a Wisconsin farm. He had received the equivalent of a high-school education, had worked for a while in a mill, had read law but had failed to pass the bar in two attempts, and had taught school. He had done a little writing also, as a small town correspondent.

Nye left home in 1876 to seek newspaper employment in St. Paul and Minneapolis. Finding none he struck out for Cheyenne where he knew the recently appointed U. S. Attorney. He had clerked for him in Wisconsin. The Attorney knew a judge, also from Wisconsin, who knew the editor of the Laramie *Sentinel*. Editor J. H. Hayford was persuaded to put young Nye to work at \$12 a week, most of which he paid to his employer for board and room.

Conditions in Laramie (population 2,500) proved to be just right for the flowering of a budding paragrapher. Six weeks after he arrived in Laramie he learned about frontier justice. Out on the Little Laramie 20 miles from town a popular young sheepman was shot and killed by "a sort of hermit" who worked for a cattle company. The murderer was soon surrounded by mayhem-minded neighbors. Several "gentlemen" from town, when they learned that the murderer was surrounded, hurried out to take part in the capture. When they arrived, they found that the man was dead. He had died, the *Sentinel* reported, from "a dose of powdered opium" which he had swallowed.

According to the account which Nye published the following day these "gentlemen" from town did not contemplate with pleasure the prospect of taking the body to town, which the ranchers expected of them since they were going that way; so one of the "gentlemen" divulged the untruth that there was a reward of \$750. Thereupon, wrote Nye, a bystander snatched the body and started for town at break-neck speed with the jolly townsmen noisily in pursuit. Nye's story said: "It is probably the fastest time ever made by a funeral procession, and the most disgusted man west of the Mississippi went home sadly in the early dawn of that beautiful Sabbath morning, with his one-horse wagon, but no \$750."

A few years after he left Laramie Nye repeated this story with modifications, and called it "Early Day Justice" (published in his *Remarks*). He said he saw the body next day, and "I thought there were signs of ropium, as there was a purple streak around the neck of the deceased, together with other external phenomena not peculiar to opium."

Nye was soon able to pick up a few dollars as correspondent for the Cheyenne *Sun* and the Denver *Tribune*. The *Tribune* paid him \$7 apiece for his first articles. James Barton Adams who knew Nye in Laramie and Denver recalled that Nye would go to Denver once a month to collect his pay and would "distribute it around over the various moist-refreshment altars of the city" in company with Denver newspaper men. This sounds as if Nye might have had a weakness for the bottle, but his record in Laramie does not reveal it. It sounds very much as if he were taking the pledge. Nye's employer was a militant crusader against the liquor traffic, and one can easily imagine him encouraging Nye to say a few words at these meetings.

It is apparent that before he had been in Laramie a year Nye found time for many things besides helping Hayford. In that first year he had passed the bar, something he

had not been able to do in Wisconsin, had hung out his shingle, had been elected justice of the peace and had taken a wife.

Nye remained with the *Sentinel* for another six months, while he tried to make headway as a lawyer, which wasn't easy since he had ten competitors in that profession. Then he quit the paper, and tried unsuccessfully to get elected to the Territorial legislature. His various jobs, as lawyer, justice of the peace, correspondent for out-of-town papers, and later U. S. commissioner brought him a meager living. He may well have been telling the truth when he later recalled that "while I was called Judge Nye, and frequently mentioned in the papers with great consideration, I was out of coal about half the time, and once could not mail my letters for three weeks because I did not have the necessary postage."

Hayford gave up trying to publish his daily January 1, 1879, but continued with his weekly. Republican stalwarts decided that if Hayford, who was also a Republican, would not publish a daily, to compete with the Democratic daily *Times*, they would start one themselves. They raised \$3,000, hired Nye as editor, and the *Boomerang* was born on March 11, 1881.

The new editorial job, paying \$150 per month, provided a welcome boost for the security of the Nye family, which now included two daughters. Nye published both a daily (peak circulation, 300) and a weekly *Boomerang*, the weekly containing the collected humorous paragraphs of the previous week.

It was the heyday of personal journalism when editors roasted their rivals unmercifully. On one occasion Nye, who was described as mild and gentle by almost all who knew him, wrote as follows:

"We have nothing more to say of the editor of the Sweetwater Gazette. Aside from the fact that he is a squint-eyed, consumptive liar, with a breath like a buzzard and a record like a convict, we don't know anything against him. He means well enough, and if he can evade the penitentiary and the vigilance committee for a few more years, there is a chance for him to end his life in a natural way. If he don't tell the truth a little more plentifully, however, the Green River people will rise as one man and churn him up till there won't be anything left of him but a pair of suspenders and a wart."

Hayford of the *Sentinel* lost not only the county printing but also the postoffice to Nye. Hayford had been postmaster for six years, and probably needed the extra income to support his wife and seven children. Nye frequently criticized the service at the postoffice as long as Hayford had it. Hayford wounded Nye repeatedly with suggestions that he was merely a buffoon, with no talents as a serious editor and with little interest in Wyoming. He called Nye "this gaseous comet, with its blazing tail [shooting] athwart the journalistic horizon of Laramie."

Nye was able to irritate others besides his competitors. On at least two occasions his comments about local people forced him to go into hiding. Once he spent a few days at a ranch on the Big Laramie while a man he had called a liar was cooling off. Again, he was in danger when in describing a social affair he noted that "Nancy Sherrod was there painted up like a Shutler wagon." Mr. Sherrod took offense at this description of his wife. A few incidents of this kind throw light on the origin of Nye's observation:

"I always like to tell anything that has the general effect of turning the laugh on me, because then I know there will be no hard feelings. It is very difficult to select any one who will stand publicity when that publicity is more amusing to the average reader than to the chief actor. Every little while I run out of men who enjoy being written about in my chaste and cheerful vein. Then I have to come forward and take this position myself."

Nye included in his "Suggestions for a School of Journalism" (published in *Bill Nye and Boomerang*) a recommendation for a three-year course in physical training. He explained: "I have found in my journalistic history more cause for regret over my neglect

of this branch than any other. I am a pretty good runner, but aside from that I regret to say that as an athlete I am not a dazzling success." Nye included also in his journalism curriculum a medical course in which the budding journalist would learn "how to bind up contusions, apply arnica, court plaster or bandages, plug up bullet holes and prospect through the human system for buck shot." In a later essay entitled "The Man Who Licks the Editor," (in *Forty Liars and Other Lies*) Nye indicated that, contrary to the evidence which has been given, the life of an editor in Laramie was really quite safe:

"When we were young we used to go down town filled with a horrid fear that we would get killed and thrown into an alley before night; but now we are older and homelier, but we know more. We find that insurance companies are still willing to take risks on us; and the man who has been advertising for three years to lick us, has failed to perform the smallest portion of the programme."

Except for Nye's humorous paragraphs the *Boomerang* was a pretty ordinary western small-town paper. Often the national and international news, much condensed, were copied from Cheyenne papers, although for a time the *Boomerang* was paying \$100 a month for wire service. The *Boomerang* was first published over a boot shop and later over a livery stable. Eugene V. Debs, who was a great admirer of Nye, visited Laramie in the early 1890s, after Nye was gone, and was shown the door bearing the famous inscription attributed to Nye: "Twist the mule's tail and take the elevator."

In November 1882 Nye became terribly ill with spinal meningitis. In the following February, although still very weak, he went to Greeley, Colorado, where a brother of Mrs. Nye lived. The Cheyenne *Leader* reported that Nye arrived in Greeley greatly in need of a stimulant, but none could be found in that dry town. Fortunately, said the *Leader*, a friend found half a pint of whisky eight miles from town and saved Nye's life.

Doctors advised Nye that he would have to live at a lower altitude than Laramie's 7,200 feet. In Greeley he improved enough to make two trips back to Laramie in the summer and fall of 1883 to close out his tangled affairs. Nye later praised Dr. Law, his Greeley physician, and repeatedly abused his Laramie doctor, whom he called by name in humorous articles, and variously described as a horse doctor, a "promoter of lingering death," and one who used his position as doctor to advance his business as coroner.

Before Nye went East his Denver cronies gave a farewell dinner for him, with Eugene Field, O. H. Rothaker and Will Visscher in charge. Bill Barlow described how Nye, when called upon for what was expected to be a really funny talk, responded by reading "a lot of dry-farmer and mineral-mad statistics . . . and like immigration sucker-junk" from a printed page. It was serious promotional literature about Wyoming. Various symoathetic accounts of the party relate that Nye's performance was thought to be uproariously funny.

Nye left Laramie at the age of 33. Perhaps he reflected on the familiar fate of the prophet in his own home town. In Laramie he had both friends and foes, while in the rest of the country he had only friends. The national reputation that he had forged in Laramie was so good that many doors were open to him. Before long he was writing a weekly column for the *New York World* and had arranged a syndicate distribution to 60 other papers. His columns, books and lecturing made him the best known and best paid humorist of his day. In his later years he was making \$30,000 a year, two-thirds of it from lecturing, if reciting his pieces may be called lecturing.

Nye's post-Laramie prosperity was in remarkable contrast with his poverty in Laramie, but affluence did not sharpen his wit. On the contrary, except for occasional flashes of the old-time form, there is marked deterioration in his later writings.

Two of Nye's outstanding books were published before he left Laramie—*Bill Nye and Boomerang*, 1881, and *Forty Liars and Other Lies*, 1882. A third excellent volume, *Baled Hay*, 1884, had been written in Laramie. All three are collections of paragraphs originally appearing in the *Sentinel* and *Boomerang*, with some modifications. These three volumes represent Nye's best writing. Each sold over 100,000 copies, and each went

through ten editions. A fourth volume, *Remarks*, 1887, also contains much first-class humor. It has only a few paragraphs that were written in Laramie, but many parts of the book are based on recollections of life in the West. *Remarks* appeared in seven editions. A fifth volume, *Chestnuts*, 1887 (with seven later editions) is a potpourri, well spliced with western themes, with some of the paragraphs borrowed from his earlier volumes. A sixth title, *Bill Nye's Red Book*, is made up entirely of selections from his earlier *Remarks*, containing 71 of the 191 essays appearing in *Remarks*.

All told, Nye's works appeared in 14 volumes under 20 different titles. The less said about some of them the better, judging them by the humor they contain.

In his early publications we find Nye reacting with youthful eubérance to the panorama of Western life, and reflecting popular attitudes. A few examples will indicate some of his sources of inspiration and his humorous devices. Some Wyoming pioneers in the 1870s were advertising the Territory as a health resort. A Territorial booklet in 1874 alleged that "The climate is mild, even and pleasant; the air is pure and bracing. The winters are short, with but very little severe weather." The *Sentinel*, when Nye was working on it, regularly carried a statement bearing the obvious stamp of Hayford, and including the following:

"No other Rocky mountain town presents as much attraction in the way of climate as Laramie City . . . Laramie City, too, is the only one of all the towns in this region which is almost entirely exempt from hard winds.\*.\* The blustering storms and howling winds spend their fury harmlessly in the mountains around us and above, while perpetual calm and sunshine bless the inhabitants below."

As long as he worked on the *Sentinel* Nye was not very critical about Wyoming weather, but when he was editing the *Boomerang* he gleefully undermined the Hayford propaganda, and probably had most of the townspeople with him when he wrote paragraphs like this one:

"Sometimes I wish that Wyoming had more vegetation and less catarrh, more bloom and summer and fragrance and less Christmas and New Year's through the summer. I like the clear, bracing air of 7,500 feet above the civilized world, but I get weary of putting on and taking off my buffalo overcoat for meals all through dog days. I yearn for a land where a man can take off his ulster and overshoes while he delivers a Fourth of July oration, without flying in the face of Providence and dying of pneumonia."

Nye read the Declaration of Independence at Laramie's 4th of July celebration in 1877. This experience evidently inspired his essay on "Drawbacks of Public Life," which is published in *Bill Nye and Boomerang*. It may be assumed that fact and fancy are mixed:

"Last year I consented to read the Declaration of Independence, as my share of the programme, partially out of gallantry toward the Goddess of Liberty, and partly to get a ride with the chaplain and orator of the day, through the principal streets behind the band. It was a very proud moment for me. I felt as though I was holding up one corner of the national fabric myself, and I naturally experienced a pardonable pride about it. I sat in the carriage with the compiled laws of Wyoming under my arm, and looked like Daniel Webster wrapped in a large bale of holy calm. At the grounds I found that most everybody was on the speakers' stand, and the audience was represented by a helpless and unhappy minority.

"At a Fourth of July celebration it is wonderful how many great men there are, and how they swarm on the speakers' platform. Then there are generally about thirteen venerable gentlemen who do not pretend to be great, but they cannot hear very well, so they get on the speakers' stand to hear the same blood-curdling statements that they have heard for a thousand years. While I was reading the

little burst of humor known as the Declaration, the staging gave way under the accumulated weight of the Fourth Infantry band and several hundred great men who had invited themselves to sit on the platform. The Chaplain fell on top of me, and the orator of the day on top of him. A pitcher of ice water tipped over on me, and the water ran down my back. A piece of scantling and an alto horn took me across the cerebellum, and as often as I tried to get up and throw off the Chaplain, the orator of the day and Fourth Infantry band, the greased pig which had been shut up under the stand temporarily, would run between my legs and throw me down again. I never knew the reading of the Declaration of Independence to have such a telling effect. \*\*\* As I walked home by an un-frequented way, I thought of the growth and grandeur of the republic, and how I could get rid of the lard that had been wiped on my clothes by the oleaginous pig.\*\*\*"

Two months after Nye came to Laramie occurred the Custer Massacre. Difficulties with Indians, real or imaginary, anywhere in the West were published in all western newspapers. Nye himself seems to have been discouraged by the Utes from working a mining claim in North Park. Colorow came in for more abuse than any other Indian. In *Bill Nye and Boomerang* one paragraph runs as follows:

\*\*\*\*We of the West are too apt to be violent and radical in our treatment of the Indian. When he kills our family, all the family we have got, perhaps, too, and leaves us a lonely widower with the graves of our mangled household to remember him by, we are too prone to be bitter, and say mean, hateful things about him, and run him down and destroy his boom. We do not stop to consider that this is all the fun he has. We should learn to control ourselves, and look upon the Indian as a diamond in the rough. That's the way I do. I look upon Colorow as a regular Kohinoor, if he were only polished. I would be willing to polish him, too, if I had time and felt strong enough. I would hold his nose against an emery wheel, or something of that kind, very cheerfully, if my time were not all taken up.\*\*\*"

In *Forty Liars and Other Lies* appears what purports to be a circular from Colorow: "Office of Chief Mutilator, May 1, 1881.

To all to whom these presents may come, greeting:

It is my desire and aim, this summer, to make the Ute picnic season for 1881 the most successful ever known in history. \*\*\*Some new styles of torture for prisoners taken on the trip, will also be introduced this season, which will not only prolong the exercises, but give a much higher grade of entertainment to everyone than heretofore. The victims will be picked up on various ranches of Colorado . . ."

William H. Colorow.  
Chief Mutilator.

Nye found the Mormons quite as distasteful as the Indians, and some of his most savage attacks were upon them.

As a final example of Nye's Laramie humor, his essay "Fine-Cut as a Means of Grace" from *Bill Nye and Boomerang* is offered:

"The amateur tobacco chewer many times through lack of consideration allows himself to be forced into very awkward and unpleasant positions. As a fair sample of the perils to which the young and inexperienced masticator of the weed is subjected, the following may be given:

"A few Sabbaths ago a young man who was attending divine worship up on Piety Avenue, concluded, as the sermon was about one-half done and didn't seem to get very exciting, that he would take a chew of tobacco. He wasn't a handsome chewer, and while he was sliding the weed out of his pocket and getting it behind



his handkerchief and working it into his mouth, he looked as though he might be robbing a blind woman of her last copper. Then when he got it into his mouth and tried to look pious and anxious about the welfare of his never dying soul, the chew in his mouth felt as big as a Magnolia ham. Being new in the business, the salivary glands were so surprised that they began to secrete at a remarkable rate. The young man got alarmed. He wanted to spit. His eyes began to hang out on his cheek, and still the salivary glands continued to give down. He thought about spitting in his handkerchief or his hat, but neither seemed to answer the purpose. He was getting wild. He thought of swallowing it, but he knew that his stomach wasn't large enough.

"In his madness he resolved that he would let drive down the aisle when the pastor looked the other way. He waited till the divine threw his eyes toward heaven and then he shut his eyes and turned loose. An old gentleman about three pews down the aisle yawned at that moment and threw his open hand out into the aisle in such a manner as to catch the contribution without any loss to speak of. He did not put his hand out for that purpose and did not seem to want it, but he got it all right.

"He seemed to feel hurt about something. He looked like a man who has suddenly lost faith in humanity and become soured, as it were. Some who sat near him said he swore. Anyway, he lost the thread of the discourse. That part of the sermon he now says is a blank to him. It is several blanks. He called upon blank to everlastingly blank such a blankety blank blank, idiotic blank fool as the young man was.

"Meantime the young man has quit the use of tobacco. He did not know at first whether to swear off or kill himself.\*\*\*\*"

Nye came at the end of the line of this "old school of American comic writers," and was able to capitalize on the popular taste which had been sedulously cultivated by his predecessors. Early in the 20th century Nye's humor became "dated," and much that must have been funny when written lost its punch. Perhaps one half of what Nye wrote was funny when published. Now only one tenth has much appeal, but that one tenth is still choice in the opinion of many Wyoming folks.

Although Nye had no use for his Laramie doctor, and had failed to collect what he thought was his due from his *Boomerang* associates, he bore no ill will toward the town; and the town in turn followed his activities with considerable interest and pride. Some of his later columns appeared in Laramie newspapers. On two occasions, in 1890 and 1894, he returned briefly to Laramie, where he was welcomed cordially by his many friends. He sent three gold medals to three honor graduates of the University of Wyoming, at Laramie, in 1895.

The American Press Humorists association thought enough of Nye in 1907 to want to erect a statue in his memory. The Press Humorists raised \$1,500 with the idea of placing a "modest statue of humorous design" in Laramie, but the townspeople showed little interest. The *Boomerang* editor tried to stir up some enthusiasm, citing Nye as the town's "most noted citizen, he who put the town before the world," but nothing came of the project. There are two monuments and a stained glass window in memory of Nye in Fletcher, North Carolina, but no monument in Laramie. In recent years, however, steps have been taken to make up for past neglect. The Kiwanis Club has arranged a memorial display of his works, the University Librarian has published some of his letters. The *Republican-Boomerang*, lineal descendent of Nye's old *Boomerang*, in 1950 celebrated the centennial of his birth with a special edition, and the same paper and the *Wyoming Eagle* (Cheyenne) carried weekly reprints of Nye paragraphs throughout the year 1950. Many Wyoming people have rediscovered the great humorist, have found that he is still good for laughs, and have by their interest made sure that the name of Bill Nye will live for a long time in Wyoming.

## *Westerner's Bookshelf*

HISTORIC SKETCHES OF THE CATTLE TRADE of the West and Southwest, by Joseph G. McCoy; original publication by Ramsey, Millett, and Hudson, Kansas City, Mo., 1875; facsimile reprint by Long's College Book Co., Columbus, Ohio, 1951; 427 pp., illustrated, \$8.50.

"This is the real McCoy" on the early cattle trade written by the pioneer cattle dealer who originated that expression. McCoy, whose parents were Southerners, was born in Sangamon County, Illinois, in 1837. Raised on a livestock farm, he soon became interested and was a keen student of the industry in all its ramifications.

The author was one of the founders of Abilene, named after the Tetrarchy of Abilene mentioned in the Bible. (One would almost believe Sodom would have been a more accurate name for this celebrated cow town, where McCoy fought to build the stockyards.)

Detailed information is found on cattle raising, trail driving, feeding, marketing, and packing as practiced in the 1850s and '60s.

Short, pithy biographies of many of the famous stockmen are numerous in this volume. In one of these sketches McCoy tells of a brilliant young Castilian of New Mexico who was thriving on business with Colorado folks. "In an evil hour he perished. Charity for the living and pity for the dead alike forbid us to mention the cause of his untimely death." We are left in suspense, with "who done it" still a mystery. McCoy has no more to say.

A keen observer, the author has penned many a pointed paragraph. Texans he describes as "thoroughly drilled in the customs of frontier life, more clannish than the Scotch, more suspicious than need be . . . A man's poverty was estimated by the number of cattle he possessed."

The book is biased, filled with vindictive (and perhaps merited) castigation of railroad officials who affronted and double-crossed McCoy; blasting remarks about others who lit his anger or received his contempt; and equally emphatic approval of the stalwarts among the cattlemen of his day that measured up by frontier standards.

With this approach, the text is rich in one man's appraisal of the people of his era. Where other volumes deal with personalities in an abstract manner, McCoy takes off the gloves and wades in, no holds barred, to give the grubby or glorious facts about his fellow citizens.

McCoy was most generous in his descriptions of Colorado and promised a great future for the livestock industry of the region. Of the Arkansas Valley he writes, "Nature seems to have exhausted herself in favorable combinations in its make-up. In this district are located many of Colorado's grandest livestock enterprises, including both cattle and sheep."

He writes of Joseph Bailey who in 1865 established the first livestock market in Colorado Territory at Denver, called The Bull's Head and situated where the Union Station now stands.

This work should be a text for public relation floks if the Railroads, Stockyards, Banks, and maybe city governments. For livestock people this is a worth-while adventure in the study of historical livestock production with all its trials, tribulations, adventure and romance.

Students of Western history will find the story of settlement, transportation, politics, marketing, etc., of pioneer country frankly and honestly reported.

—John T. Caine III, *Westerner*

POEMS OF THE OLD WEST, edited by Levette J. Davidson, University of Denver Press, \$3.50.

Continuing his prospecting of the authentic, little-known literary ore of the West. Posseman Levette J. Davidson finds good paydirt in his *Poems of the Old West*, recently published by the University of Denver Press. The volume is a companion piece, and a worthy one, to his two previous western samplings, *Literature of the Rocky Mountain West* (Caxton, 1939; Prudence Bostwick, co-editor) and *Rocky Mountain Tales* (University of Oklahoma Press, 1947; Forrester Blake, co-editor).

This anthology is the result of a decade of search through the Denver Public Library, the Colorado State Historical Society, second-hand bookstores, and dusty newspaper files. From these sources, including at least 200 printed volumes, Dr. Davidson chose selections from sixty-five poets—some famous, some familiar only to the initiates, some previously unknown. Posseman Tom Ferril is represented by a vividly penetrating portrayal of the "Old Men on the Blue" in the town of Breckenridge. Cy Warman, Eugene Field, Helen Hunt Jackson, James Barton Adams, Joseph Mills Hanson and many another old-timer are here, as well as such latter-day voices as Gene Lindberg and Jamie Sexton Holme.

Among several minor "discoveries" Dr. Davidson notes particularly the work of Alfred King, who turned to versifying after he was blinded in a mine accident, and that of a gentleman known only as "Sunset Joe" whose work appeared in the Ouray Herald.

Many of the selections are so loose at the seams that they hardly can be called poetry, their authors having little truck with pretentious cadences and coming off badly when they do. But at worst these jingles recreate some bit of authentic flavor or salty humor that the editor—and this reviewer—think worth preserving.

*Poems of the Old West* becomes a distinctly satisfying book not by attaining any lofty poetic standards but by enlivening the reader with square-dance rhythms, the metronomic jangle of spurs and the creak of wagon-wheels. Especially in its sometimes excellent ballads, it is a welcome reminder that the men who were tough enough to tackle the frontier were also men of lively song. —E. L. Howe, Westerner

FOUR YEARS IN THE ROCKIES, or THE ADVENTURES OF ISAAC P. ROSE, by James B. Marsh, 1884. Reprint, 1,000 copies, Long's College Book Company, Columbus 1, Ohio, 252 pp., \$5.00.

This rare book is the story of a Pennsylvania farm lad who went west to St. Louis, Missouri, in 1834 in search of adventure. There he joined one of Nathaniel Wyeth's expeditions to the beaver streams of the Rocky Mountains, and later, threw in his lot with the American Fur Company. Under the training of "Booshtway" Jim Bridger, he became an accepted member of the famous band of Mountain Men.

At the time the book was written (1884), Rose was teaching school in Lawrence County, Pennsylvania. Written by his friend, James B. Marsh, as actually told by Rose, and from notes made by Rose in the field, the book is a source of authentic and intimate information, too little of which is to be found in the writings of latter day authors. The locale is familiar ground—the beaver country of Wyoming, Montana, Utah and Idaho. The reader also meets old friends—the Sublett Brothers, Jim Bridger, Kit Carson, Dripps, "Caleb" the grizzly bear, the Blackfeet and the Crows, Marcus and Narcissa Whitman—all in a way that can be told only by one who personally knew them and was with them. The book adds the flavor of reality to characters, places and events of the fur trade era and will be a unique addition to any library of Western American history.

—Harold P. Fabian, Corresponding Member

"COLLECTOR'S" ITEM BARGAIN: This does not aspire to be a review—it's information coming to the Review Committee via our Corresponding Member Dolores C. Renze. And looks like a chance for those who are keen on picking up good old west material to add a volume worth having.

The book is "Colorado Volunteers in the Civil War," sub-title, "The New Mexico Campaign of 1862," by William Clarke Whitford, D.D., President of Milton College, published by The State Historical and Natural History Society of Colorado, in 1906. The book is 7x9½ inches, paper back, 159 pp., heavy book stock, illustrated profusely.

Westerners will remember former posseman Bill Barker's fine book on this subject. The Whitford book is another version. Old photographs of principals have been reproduced in excellent fashion. Diagrams and maps are included. Pictures of the Glorieta battlefield as it was a half century ago and a list of casualties are other features.

Dr. Whitford had the opportunity to have eyewitnesses with him on his visits to the battlefield and drew additional information from others wholly familiar with action that took place there. With the publication being one of the Colorado "Historical Series" it has a position of being authentic in the highest sense.

Those who are familiar with the "New Mexico Campaign in 1862" know that one of the most significant series of actions between forces of the North and South took place in that state. The Confederate troops were hitting toward California, to tie in that state and her gold with the southern cause. If that had happened, credit of the Confederacy in Europe might have been so strengthened subsequent events might have been different. So this book is the account of a lesser-known but highly important part of the struggle between the states.

And here is the news for Westerners: they may buy the book for \$1, so long as a limited supply lasts, addressing Mrs. Agnes W. Spring, care of State Historical Museum, Denver, Colorado.

—Committee on Book Reviews

BOOK NOTES AMONG OUR MEMBERS: PM Alan Swallow has finished proof-reading *The Rinehart Book of Verse*, due for summer publication in the Rinehart (popular) Editions at 75 cents. He is now doing an anthology of short stories . . . PM Forbes Parkhill has begun work on the colorful story of David May, who began his career in Leadville and later built the May Company department store chain . . . CM Carl P. Russell will interrupt his work as superintendent of Yosemite National Park to devote a year (under a Simon Guggenheim Foundation grant) to the writing of a four-volume history of the fur trade, materials for which have been assembled steadily for two decades.

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### WIFE WANTED

Corresponding Member Earl D. Emery of La Grange, Ill., submits the following item from the Portland, Maine, *Transcript* dated May 24, 1851:

One of the pious saints of Beaver Island, a Mormon settlement, advertises for a wife in the following manner:

"A WIFE WANTED. Ladies, I am in want of a good *kind* and *affectionate* companion. One that has got sagacity enough to learn to play a shrewd games of Checkers or Cards. Who knows enough to wait on herself, and too much to wait on me—One that will avoid above all things in God's world, speaking often to other men; for although naturally good natured, I am liable to be thrown into a *perfect tempest of rage*, by such unbecoming and outrageous conduct. I shall, however, allow her the privilege of occasionally conversing with such ones as I may name, but she must be very careful to tell me (if not present) every *word* that is said by both parties, else it will bring down my displeasure."

Of course the ladies will be anxious to secure so amiable and saint-like a companion!

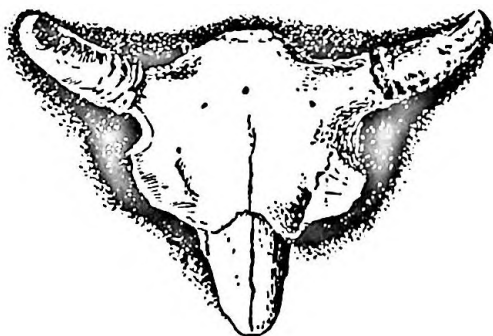
# *The* BRAND BOOK

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THE WESTERNERS

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NO. 5



## WESTERNER-OF-THE-MONTH

Carl Mathews

*Identification expert, ghost-town specialist*

### *Corral Dust*

Faithfulness of the three Colorado Springs members of the Denver Posse, who travel regularly to meetings through worse perils on the Ribbon of Death than the Comanches ever posed along the Goodnight-Loving trail, for many months has put to shame that of

many of our Denver members. Carl Mathews is one of these. Born on a dry-land farm in Elbert county, Carl has been superintendent of the Colorado Springs police department's identification bureau for 32 years. Has an extensive western library and an excellent collection of photographs and stereo views of the early mining camps and railroads. He's a charter member of the Ghost-town club who has not missed a meeting in eight years. . . .

A record-breaking attendance of 58 greeted Father Francis Stanley of New Mexico and Texas at the May meeting. His paper on the spectacular Clay Allison was unfortunately too long for full reading but will make good reading in the 1952 Brand Book if we can get certain points past the beetle-brows of Charley Roth and others. Our worthy Sheriff was left as open-mouthed as were some of Allison's contemporaries—he closed the session with a "Thank you, Father Allison". . .

More on the July 20 trip through the Tom Horn country: Bring family if you wish and come to Laramie on Saturday afternoon, July 19, if you desire a conducted tour of the city, the university and/or the libraries. Get in touch with Robert H. Burns. Tour leaves courthouse square at 8 a.m. sharp, returns there at 6 p.m. We will obtain and carry our own lunches. . . .

Among our members: On a light-plane flight to Casper, PM Paul Harrison detoured to follow the Oregon Trail, a wagon-track depression still easily and continuously visible after 100 years. . . . PM Fred Mazzulla is back from a trip to Cuba and Honduras. . . . PM Walter Gann will be nosing about the El Paso-Juarez district for a couple of weeks this month.

### JUNE MEETING

CM Charles Ryland: *Adolph Coors and the Coors Industries*. Posse gathers at Coors plant in Golden, 5:30 p.m., THURSDAY, June 26. Dinner and meeting at Holland House.

# JOHN EVANS, American Educator

By DR. R. GORDON HOXIE

Coincident with preparations for an anticipated University of Denver development campaign, much attention is being directed toward the career of the university's founder, Governor John Evans, whose breadth and stature as the "senior citizen" of early Colorado can be profitably examined in yet more discerning modern studies. This summary of Governor Evans' career was contained in a paper presented to the April meeting of The Westerners by Dr. R. Gordon Hoxie of the University of Denver.—Ed.

John Harvard is memorialized as the founder of a university which bears his name, as are Eli Yale and Leland Stanford.<sup>1</sup> Yet only one American founded two great institutions of higher learning, neither of which bears his name. It is true that Evanston, Illinois, was so named against the protests of that city's chief founder. It is also true that the majestic mountain which rises directly westward of the campus of the other university he established is named Mount Evans. It is an inspiring commentary upon one of Colorado's principal frontier institutional builders that his sense of modesty kept his name from being associated more directly with the many institutions which are today a part of this region and also of the older Middle West.

John Evans, eldest of eleven children of David and Rachel Burnet Evans, was born on a pioneer farm near Waynesville, Ohio. From his Quaker parentage and particularly from his mother he acquired the Quaker concept of service, and in his twenty-first year, when he had determined to become a physician, he wrote his father, "In this way I could do more good to the human family than in any other way, and the object of our creation was that we should do good to one another."<sup>2</sup>

John Evans' own education, beginning with the log school house on the corner of his father's farm, was typical of the best the frontier could afford. As one student has observed, "His training was much the same as that of the Andrew Jacksons, Abraham Lincolns, and Andrew Johnsons, and, like them, he later exhibited a form of practical wisdom in the field of government and constitutional rights that no backwoodsmen ever got from a textbook."<sup>3</sup>

Yet his formal education was far more than that of Lincoln, Johnson, and most of his frontier contemporaries. He attended an academy at Richmond, Indiana, a Quaker boarding school and also Clermont Academy in the Quaker city of Philadelphia. He received his medical degree in 1838 from Lynn Medical College in Cincinnati, whence he set out upon his career with a pony, a saddle, and ten dollars.

Dr. Evans located first in the small community of Attica on the banks of the Wabash in west-central Indiana. In 1841 he attend a meeting in an unfinished mill house where Matthew Simpson, the thirty-year-old first president of Indiana Asbury University (now DePauw University) spoke. It was a fateful meeting which gave direction to Dr. Evans' career as an educator and also began a life-long friendship between the two.

Under the influence of the dynamically persuasive Simpson, the young doctor joined the Methodist Church in the next year, but a few years elapsed before he began his own university building. In the interim, further inspired by the nation-wide crusade of Dorothea Lynde Dix regarding the treatment of the insane, Dr. Evans became a leader in modern and humane treatment for the maltreated mentally ill. He fought for his cause and raised the necessary funds—this time through the Indiana state legisla-

<sup>1</sup>The official title of the latter institution is, of course, Leland Stanford Junior University since Stanford named it for his son.

<sup>2</sup>Quoted in Edgar C. McMechen, *Life of Governor Evans* (Denver, 1924), 19.

<sup>3</sup>Robert Rhode, *John Evans, American Educator* (unpublished Master of Arts thesis, University of Denver, 1932), 7.

ture—in order to build at Indianapolis the first modern hospital in the West for the insane. Accepting the superintendency of that hospital, Dr. Evans moved to Indianapolis.

New medical honors came rapidly. In 1845 he was named a member of the faculty of the newly-founded Rush Medical College in Chicago. Deeply interested in furthering both medical education and the treatment and care of the mentally ill, for three years he regularly made the strenuous round-trip journey of nearly four hundred miles on horseback between Indianapolis and Chicago.

Finally, in 1848, the year of the California gold discovery, Evans determined to move to Chicago, then a vigorous young city of twenty-eight thousand. The next fourteen years were extremely fruitful, establishing active associations which he continued in the area throughout his life.

As a leading member of the Rush Medical faculty, Dr. Evans did much to establish that institution's pre-eminence among western schools of medicine. He was one of the founders and the editor until 1852 of that school's *Northwestern Medical and Surgical Journal*,<sup>4</sup> and a founder and benefactor of Mercy Hospital. In 1850 he helped organize the Chicago and Illinois Medical Societies and the American Medical Society. He was the inventor of a number of surgical instruments, especially those used in obstetrical cases, and his researches in cholera were a milestone of medical history.

His demanding interest in other fields caused Dr. Evans, after eleven years of distinguished service, to resign his medical professorship and shortly thereafter to discontinue his medical practice. Nonetheless, his contributions had been profound and had their later continuation in his subsequent authorship and support of the National Quarantine Law and other medical enactments, as well as the championship of medical schools in the two universities he founded.

While he was planning and building railroads (including the Chicago and Fort Wayne, now a part of the Pennsylvania system) and developing Chicago real estate enterprises, it is clearly evident that Dr. Evans held ever in mind Simpson's message of the supreme importance of education and particularly the importance of establishing institutions of higher education as the foundation for a new region's strength and growth. He envisioned a university for the Northwest and invited his friend Simpson as early as 1849 to head that university—"before it had a dollar or a charter." Evans interested others, chief of whom was Orrington Lunt, and in 1851 drafted and pushed a tax-free charter for Northwestern University through the Illinois legislature. He also acquired properties which were to become some of the most valuable endowments for the University, at the corner of LaSalle and Jackson Streets, the hub of the present financial district.

During Northwestern's earliest years the University was chiefly sustained by the faith and monetary assistance of John Evans—often when he could ill afford to give. Three years after the founding of Northwestern, Evans and three others founded the Garrett Biblical Institute and provided a building fund and endowment.

During those years Dr. Evans was also doing much to lay the foundation for a sound public school system in Chicago. When he came to the windy city there were more pupils in private than public schools. As alderman on the city council and as chairman of the committee on public schools, Evans wrote a monumental report declaring that education is "the only sure ground of hope for the improvement of our social and political condition; the only guarantee of the perpetuity of our free institutions."

Moreover, as in the case of Northwestern, he established sound fiscal policies, particularly as regards the retention of school lands. He also secured the appointment of the first Chicago superintendent of schools and the establishment of the first

<sup>4</sup>Dr. Evans started editing the journal while in residence in Indianapolis.



Chicago high school as well as additional grade schools throughout the city. Several years after he had gone West the *Chicago Republic* observed:

"Coming into the City Council while the school lands were being recklessly squandered, and being made chairman of the school committee, he succeeded in arresting the city fathers in their 'mad career' and prevailed upon them by the report of this committee to lease rather than sell their school land, saying, 'Gentlemen, stop selling until Chicago stops growing.' From that day we believe there has been no school property sold; but if the selling had never begun, the Chicago funds would now be worth more like twelve million than a million and a half in value."<sup>5</sup>

In 1862 Dr. Evans could look back upon twenty years of successful accomplishment in the Illinois-Indiana region. He had a splendid home in Evanston which was the center of social life in the community. He could see the University nearby growing daily, and he could see his personal fortune rising with Chicago's own growth. He was in a position, in brief, where he could sit back and "clip his coupons." But the year 1862 was one of crisis in a nation torn by Civil War, and Dr. Evans' friend Abraham Lincoln, whom he had supported in the presidential campaign of 1860, asked him to go into one of the critical areas. The call of duty was clear; furthermore, Evans could see on this new frontier new opportunities for both industry and education.

He had already evidenced much interest in the region west of the Missouri, and he had followed with keen attention the Pike's Peak Gold Rush of '59 and the westward trek of the argonauts. In 1859 he had gone into Nebraska Territory with the hope of building a town and university near the junction of the Platte and Missouri Rivers, which he thought would be a strategic location in the western movement. Witness the enthusiasm with which he wrote Mrs. Evans the summer of 1859:

". . . I am enjoying better health than I have had for years—this riding on the prairies—this active outdoor exercise—this general excitement of building up great and good institutions of learning seems to have a fine effect upon my health, and I may say also upon my spirits for I have no blues at all. . . . We had a seminary meeting yesterday to let a contract for its erection. . . . It will be a very fine building in appearance though it will not be very expensive. Perhaps it will cost 20 thousand dollars."<sup>6</sup>

Travelers to the Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain regions, however, by-passed the town and university site. Evans' enthusiasm for the West was undiminished when he returned that fall to Chicago, and the following February, 1860, he proposed to the Chicago Board of Trade an express line from Chicago to the Pike's Peak region.

When the call came in the Spring of 1862 to become the Second Territorial Governor of Colorado, his response was immediate. In May he entered upon the long journey, the last six days of which, after the end of the rail line, were by the overland stage. He soon sent for his family.

In his first message to the territorial legislature, delivered July 18, 1862, the Governor stressed the importance of education and of the establishment of a soundly supported public school system, and he secured legislation for the reservation of mineral lands for school support. Although lack of sympathy of the mining population virtually nullified the effect of this legislation, the Governor persevered in stressing the need for what he in 1864 termed "a broad and liberal system of public instruction."

At the same time that the Governor was building a public school system, he was also constantly working towards his cherished hope of an institution of higher education. This time of the condition of schools he combined his proposal for a collegiate school with that for a preparatory school, the "Colorado Seminary." He moved immediately for the formation of a board of trustees and the inauguration of a fund raising drive. As in the case of Northwestern he worked through both the Methodist Church and the business community. Evans was named President of the Board of

<sup>5</sup> *Chicago Republic*, September 14, 1866, quoted in Walter Dill Scott, *John Evans, an Appreciation*, 39.

<sup>6</sup> Letter from Evans to Mrs. Evans, dated "Oreapolis, June 12, 1859," *Evans Papers*.

Trustees, and he found an invaluable and ready ally in the Board's Secretary, William N. Byers, editor of Colorado's first newspaper, the *Rocky Mountain News*.

Again, as in the case of Northwestern, Evans himself drafted the essential features of the charter of the new institution, including the provision that "no test of religious shall ever be applied as a condition of admission and the provision that the institution would be tax free. And again, as in the case of Northwestern, Evans saw to the successful legislative approval of the charter. Thus Colorado Seminary, the precursor of the University of Denver, came into being in 1864, and classes were begun in the new building erected near the Evans residence at Fourteenth and Arapahoe at a cost nearing \$15,000.

The new institution encountered financial difficulties from the outset that were but a reflection of the difficulties which Denver and the Territory were experiencing. Mining was in a depressed state, awaiting discovery of a process to remove gold and silver from refractory ores. When the trans-continental railroad by-passed Denver and took a more northern route through Wyoming, the prophets of gloom predicted Denver's demise. The population of Denver in 1866 was one thousand less than that of 1860. Evans had been ousted as governor in 1865. Under these circumstances the Seminary did not open its doors in the Fall of 1868.

John Evans' personal fortune was not large, but he had a fighting heart. He aroused the people of Denver and Arapahoe County to build the Denver-Pacific northward to tap the Union Pacific at Cheyenne. At the same time he exerted every effort to have another westward building line come to Denver. His faith was doubly rewarded in 1870 when he drove the spike in June of that year symbolizing the completion of the Denver-Pacific, and when two months later the Kansas-Pacific building west from Kansas City reached Denver.

There followed for Denver twenty years of phenomenal growth. Indeed, in the two decades from 1870-1890 Denver was percentage-wise the fastest growing city in the United States.

For John Evans this new prosperity meant the fruition of a dream both for a privately supported University of Denver and a sound publicly-supported school system. Although busily engaged in numerous enterprises, including the new Colorado and South Park Railroad, and with Northwestern University's continued development, he never relaxed his effort towards the establishment of a University of Denver. His old friend Bishop Simpson, visiting in 1879, gave him much courage in this regard. The rich Leadville silver strike which brought much added wealth to Denver further made the time propitious for launching the university.

Thus turning over the old Colorado Seminary property to a new board of trustees which he headed, Evans made an intensive effort resulting in the refurnishing and enlargement of the old property and building and the opening of the University of Denver in 1880.<sup>7</sup> Even then, however, with the boom-times of Denver and the region, the institution remained poor. It could only operate when Evans for a prolonged period matched the endowment gifts given by others, and as Chancellor Moore declared, "Governor Evans never made a pledge that he did not fulfill."

The Governor could scarcely afford his continued gifts both to Northwestern and the University of Denver, for he had launched his last and greatest railroad enterprise and was weathering stormy seas. At age seventy he set out to build a railroad to the Gulf and make Galveston a deep water port. Large eastern interests fought him on every side and he saw his resources being drained.

The days of the 1880's were for John Evans both sad and triumphant ones. More than any other loss he felt that of his friend Bishop Simpson, who died in 1884 on the same day that the first student graduated from the University of Denver. Despite

<sup>7</sup>The old corporate title, Colorado Seminary, and the charter were retained.

financial difficulties the University grew through the decade. Among the professional schools added during the decade Dr. Evans was perhaps most interested in the first, the Medical College founded in 1881.

In the interim, he continued to guide Northwestern's development. That institution, too, was having financial difficulties and in 1880 was faced with a two hundred thousand dollar debt which he led in retiring and in securing, by 1881, the first full payment of Northwestern faculty salaries since 1876.

The time was rapidly coming, John Evans believed, when the University of Denver, like Northwestern, should have a suburban campus. Working closely with his son-in-law Judge Samuel H. Elbert (who had been chiefly responsible for the founding of the School of Law), with Bishop Henry W. Warren, and others of the Trustees, he saw the move accomplished in 1890.

The day of the laying of the cornerstone of Old Main was a memorable one for the Governor who, now seventy-six and with a flowing white beard, looked very much the patriarch. As he stood on the platform that warm spring day, April third, 1890, with the blue sky above and the snow-capped mountains ever beckoning, he declared, "I am sure there is no one in this presence but what can look around and come to the conclusion that for the purpose of the site of a great university the Almighty in the creation of the world has not made a more appropriate spot than the one on which we stand."

The last seven years were difficult ones. The world-wide financial depression of 1893-96 was particularly severe in the silver west with its center at Denver. John Evans was among the hardest hit, yet he maintained his faith in the region and in the University until the end. He saw the completion of Denver's railroad to the Gulf, he was honored in his eightieth year at Galveston when the deep water port there was accomplished, and when the end came in 1897 he was still building and creating—projecting new rail lines, planning a park system for Denver such as he had for Chicago a half-century before, but above all concerned for the future of the two universities he had founded. He continued as the active President of the Northwestern Board of Trustees until his eightieth year in 1894 and as President of the University of Denver Trustees until the end three years later.

## **JACK LANGRISHE -- WAS HIS NAME FORD?**

What was the real name of Jack Langrishe, noted actor and theatrical producer of the pioneer West, whose troupe played for many years in Denver and toured the famous "gold circuit" of Colorado mining camps?

According to one historian, it was known that "Langrishe" was not his real name. Another wrote that virtually nothing was known of his career before he came to Colorado.

A newspaper article that recently came to light purports to shed light on the identity of this colorful *entrepreneur*, and may prove to be the clue needed by researchers in running down the early history of a most interesting character.

Under the heading, LANGRISHE IN LEADVILLE, the article, published in the Leadville Herald-Democrat, December 22, 1895, page 28, column 2, recalling that his troupe appeared at the opening of Leadville's Tabor Opera House November 20, 1879, contains the following paragraph:

Judge Rollins was in Wisconsin in the early fifties and recalls the session of the legislature in which Mr. Langrishe parted with the name of Ford, and by law was allowed to assume the one by which he was known so well. Mr. Rollins asserts that in those days he was billed as John Ford Langrishe. Mrs. Langrishe was Jeanette Allen, a granddaughter of General Ethan Allen, the Green Mountain hero of the Revolutionary war. A sister married John Dillon, another veteran actor of the West.

—Forbes Parkhill, Westerner.

## BIGFOOT WALLACE DRAWS A WHITE BEAN

BY SCOTT BROOME

The 1830s were stirring, trying, turbulent times in Texas. Trouble long brewing between the colonists and Mexico flared into violent conflict in 1836. Texas declared her independence of Mexico that year. The Goliad massacre, the fall of the Alamo, and the battle of San Jacinto all occurred a short time later. Spirited, daring men, young and old, flocked to Texas, many of them "to fight for their rights." Bigfoot Wallace, a twenty-year-old Virginian, arrived at Galveston in 1837 with the avowed intention of avenging the murder of his brother and a cousin, who had died at Goliad among the 331 men shot by the Mexicans after their surrender. Wallace, therefore, was a Texan by choice, not by birth, and he remained one for over sixty years until his death.

The frontispiece of Vestal's biography of him shows an old man, his clothes draped in a long, lanky figure, his questing eyes direct, his mouth firm, his hands holding a long rifle with easy grace and fondness. He had learned and lived one motto: "Never give in." Like Texas Ranger Captain Bill McDonald, he could say: "No man in the wrong can stand up against a fellow that's in the right and keeps on a-comin'." On the long, grueling march to the City of Mexico after the Drawing of the Beans, a Mexican guard asked the Texan prisoners if there were any musicians among them. Bigfoot replied: "We are *all* musicians in Texas."

"Upon what instrument do you perform?" the Mexican asked.

"Upon the rifle," Bigfoot replied.

During his career in Texas, Bigfoot as a hunter, Indian fighter, scout, Ranger, soldier, aided in its beginnings—both the Republic and the State—and helped to add half a continent, including Colorado, to our national domain. He is probably the best loved character in Texas history. His nature was salty, his wit unailing, and he was the hero of many tall and frisky tales. He was a giant in built, and his nickname, according to his own acciunt as recorded by Duval, became attached to him after the Black Bean episode, when the surviving prisoners in Mexico City won the compassion of some of the foreign residents. The latter, noting the almost shoeless condition of the prisoners after their lengthy march, made up a contribution to purchase shoes. Mexicans are generally small in comparison with Americans, and Bigfoot searched in vain for his No. 12 size. Finally a "zapatero" was commanded to make a pair, and the astonished Mexicans bestowed upon him the name which, he said, stuck to him throughout his life like Texas mud.

Bigfoot participated in almost every fight and foray with Mexicans and Indians occurring in Texas after he landed there in 1837. He seemed to have the gift of being always in hand and eager for action when an episode in Texas history was in the making. Had he arrived eighteen months earlier, it is safe to assume that there would have been one more member of the brave little band that defended the Alamo.

Of all his exploits, Bigfoot's part in the Mier Expedition was the most unbelievable, harassing, and fantastic. In 1842, six years after San Jacinto, the Mexican General Woll invaded Texas and captured San Antonio. The authorities of Texas organized an expedition in retaliation. It was composed of a motley group, refugees from justice, adventurers, soldiers of fortune, numbering about twelve hundred at its start from San Antonio. Before any good was accomplished, the expedition was abandoned by its officers, and the men released. A willful body composed of about two hundred sixty-one men decided to continue the expedition, elected its own officers, and attacked Mier, a small settlement on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande. Thus the name, the Mier Expedition, was born. Ten of the Texans were killed, twenty-three wounded, and two hundred and twenty-six through deception were inveigled into surrender. It is recorded that Wallace, much ashamed and humiliated, was the last man to capitulate. The prisoners were held at Mier

a few days, and on December 28, 1842 were started on foot, under guard, for the City of Mexico, some fifteen hundred miles distant.

The account of the march is appalling. At night the men were held in any available enclosure—cowpens, sheep corrals, etc.—and as a result became heavily infested with vermin. Bigfoot complained bitterly over the loss of his only weapon, a little, horn, fine-toothed comb. Barely enough food for subsistence was doled out to the prisoners. At Salado, on February 11, 1843, after being on the march forty-five days, the Texans attacked their guards barehanded, overpowered them, confiscated their weapons and mounts and headed for Texas making fifty-three miles the first day. The next six days were ones of incredible hardship. Leaving the main road for fear of seizure, they wandered through a region devoid of food and water, and became hopelessly lost. They killed their horses and drank their blood, then ate their flesh. When they finally found water, it was at the expense of recapture, as the Mexicans had placed guards at all the water-holes and merely waited for the appearance of the escapees.

The return trip to Salado was a repetition of their former experience, aggravated by their weakened condition. Bigfoot was a scarecrow. He had started with a good outfit of clothing; now he was in rags. On one foot was a shoe full of holes, on the other a rawhide sandal. At Salado the prisoners were informed that Santa Anna, in the name of the Supreme Government of Mexico, had declared the Texans brigands, and invoking an old law, decreed the execution of every tenth man.

The Colonel in charge explained that seventeen men would be shot, and these would be chosen by lot. A jar was placed in front of him, and into it he poured 159 white beans, on top of these, 17 black ones. The officers, who drew first, had noticed that the black beans were on top, and dipped deep into the jar. When they had made their choice, the men's names were called alphabetically from the muster-roll. In every instance, the Texans accepted their lot, black or white, with courage and spirit.

Bigfoot Wallace, since his name began with "W", was one of the last to draw. He thought he had observed that the black beans were slightly larger than the white. There were about a dozen beans left in the jar, and having kept count, he knew that only two of these were black, so the choice of his drawing a white against a black was six to one. He could scarcely withdraw his large hand from the jar, but when he did so, his token was white. The fortitude of the seventeen ill-fated men, as described by survivors, is epic in our history. They were seated on a log facing a wall, all blindfolded against their will and over their protests. Each was shot in the back, the execution being clumsily performed, as it took from ten to twelve minutes. One prisoner was shot fifteen times, cursing his executioners to the last. Another, who was shot in the shoulder, feigned death, and after dark escaped. For ten days he wandered, naked and starving, with festering wound, until he was recaptured and also put to death.

After Salado, the march continued to the City of Mexico, where the prisoners were held for some months, then transferred to the Castle of Perote, then being used as a prison. Their hardships, abuse at the hands of their guards, attempts to escape, etc. are another tragic story. At last, in August, 1844, Wallace and some companions were liberated. They travelled to Vera Cruz on foot and shipped to New Orleans. Bigfoot proceeded to Galveston, thence to San Antonio, arriving there in December after an absence of a little more than two years. He joined Jack Hays' Ranging Company, which engaged in many encounters with Indians, took part in the Mexican War and the storming of Monterey, commanded a Ranging Company, and was placed in charge of carrying the mail from San Antonio to El Paso, which also involved many Indian fights. He never married.

This stout Virginian, who spent three quarters of his life defending the home he had chosen, died in 1899 and was buried in the State Cemetery at Austin.

## *Westerners' Bookshelf*

THE CASE OF ALFRED PACKER, THE MAN-EATER—By Paul H. Gantt, 157 pp., illustrated, 30 pp. bibliography and notes. University of Denver Press, \$3.00.

This title sounds as though it dealt with a side-show attraction of P. T. Barnum's circus, but it is the actual history of a man who has been officially branded a man-eater.

As the author of an article on this same subject for the *Westerners' Brand Book* some time ago this reviewer finds the book by Paul H. Gantt a remarkable, interesting, accurate and dispassionate job. The book does not go overboard either in heatedly condemning the heinous murders of five men or attempting to defend the action on the ground that Alfred Packer was starving at the time of the killing. Mr. Gantt sticks to the facts and furnishes us with the actual confessions at the two trials and the Judge's opinions, and lets the reader draw his own conclusions. He engages the reader's interest from the start and furnishes us a factual story as hair-raising as any current murder story.

Commencing with the dramatic trek of the 21 original men who started out from Provo, Utah, and were caught in a blizzard at Ouray, Colorado, he tells how six men left the party and forged ahead toward Lake City under their guide, Alfred Packer. When Packer came to the los Pinos Indian Agency alone and explained that the rest of the party had died of starvation, his possession of so much money and the personal possessions of the other men excited the suspicion of General Charles Adams, in charge of the Agency, who ordered Packer arrested.

He relates how Packer escaped from the Saguache jail and for nine years roamed at will until he was finally captured again in Laramie, Wyoming, and taken to Cheyenne for trial.

Upon Packer's conviction the Judge, M. B. Gerry, uttered those famous words that the defendant "Be hung by the neck until you are dead, dead, and may God have mercy on your soul."

The book then carries through the story of Packer's pardon and ultimate natural death at Littleton, Colorado, a town character who often told his story as an admitted man-eater to the children.

—Edward V. Dunklee, Westerner

QUEST OF THE SNOWY CROSS by Clarence Jackson and Lawrence W. Marshall. 135 pp., 24 illustrations from photographs, almost all being William H. Jackson pictures. University of Denver Press, Denver, 1952. \$2.50.

This is a good little book. The mount of the Holy Cross, the senior Jackson's search for it and his final success, with its yet unequalled pictorial reward, are dramatic in themselves, and the fact that the senior author is the son of William H. Jackson assures a sympathetic treatment as well as many personal touches which effectively bring the dean of western picture makers to life.

So far as this reviewer is concerned, the book would have been even better if the authors had resisted the urge, or perhaps the urging of others, to "popularize" it so much. The introduction of a good deal of dialogue, in to many cases between minor characters, in my opinion neither carries the story of the quest along nor adds to the essential dignity of the theme.

The quality of the illustrations is somewhat uneven, as must be expected when reproducing photographs of varying degrees of excellence. Fortunately, the outstanding picture of them all, Jackson's first and greatest photograph of the Holy Mountain itself, also comes out the best of all. The little sketches by Herndon Davis make appropriate chapter headings, and the verse of some old song which accompanies each sketch is, in most cases, well chosen.

"Quest of the Snowy Cross" has a definite place in any library of Western Americana, and especially so for collectors of Colorado items. And chalk up another credit for the Denver Posse, since both authors are corresponding members.

—Raymond Colwell, Westerner

BOOK NOTES AMONG OUR MEMBERS: Father Francis Stanley, May meeting speaker, is the author of *The Grant That Maxwell Bought*, containing the bloody story of the Maxwell land grant, due for publication in August. While engaged in research and teaching at Price College in Amarillo, he is also working on a Fort Union history.

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The Denver Posse of The Westerners extends a cordial welcome to the following recent additions to its corresponding membership:

Von C. Baker  
Denver

Robert B. Rhode  
Denver

Russell Langford  
North Platte, Nebraska

Mr. George Al Ek  
Greeley, Colorado

H. M. Sender  
Kansas City, Missouri

James Haggart  
Denver

Marvin Hunter, Sr.  
Bandera, Texas

Casey E. Barthelmess  
Miles City, Montana

Abe L. Hoffman  
Denver

Todd New  
Lakewood, Colorado

A. D. Myers  
Denver

Joe Mittenthal  
Sherman Oaks, California

John H. Case  
Harrisburg, Penna.

Robert D. Hanesworth, Sec.  
Wyoming Stockgrowers Assn.  
Cheyenne, Wyoming

Elizabeth W. Caldwell  
Cheyenne, Wyoming

Paul S. Pustmueller  
Denver

Wm. F. Kelleher  
Cliffside Park, N. J.

C. W. Brock  
Casper, Wyoming

J. C. Dykes  
College Park Md.,

Mrs. Alice Mustain  
Yuma, Colorado

Robert H. Burns  
Laramie, Wyoming

John H. Case  
Harrisburg, Penn.

Arthur W. Duncan  
Columbus, Ohio

Jack Foster  
Denver

F. P. Gribben  
Los Angeles

Gordon Hoxie  
Denver

Johnny Johnson  
Lincoln, Nebraska

William Kostka  
Littleton, Colorado

Morse Manly  
Denver

Bruce Newkirk  
Worland, Wyoming

Jerrold Nedwick  
Chicago, Illinois

Roxy Ross  
Denver

Albert E. Sherlock  
Denver

Mrs. Beatrice Shirk  
Denver

Harry G. Twiford  
Denver



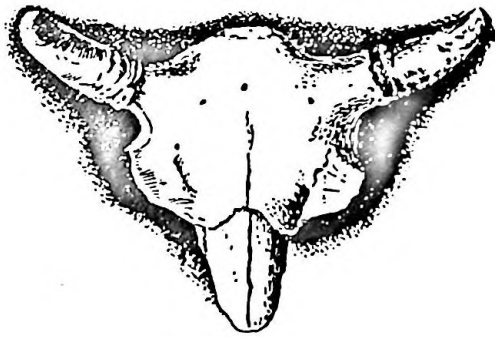
# *The* BRAND BOOK

OFFICIAL ORGAN

THE WESTERNERS

306 STATE MUSEUM BLDG.

DENVER 2, COLORADO



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◀ WESTERNER-OF-THE-MONTH

Albert N. Williams, Sr.

*Banker*

## *Corral Dust*

A third-generation Coloradan (his grandfather was B. N. Sanford, an 1861 arrival who fought with the First Colorado at Glorieta; his mother was born at Fort Weld), former railroader who started at the Burnham shops and succeeded to the presi-

dency of half a dozen railroads, former boss of Western Union and Westinghouse Air Brake, holder of the Medal of Merit (highest civilian World War II award), present president of the United States National Bank: that's Al Williams, our Westerner-of-the-Month.

PM William S. Jackson became a grandfather for the fifth time on June 26 . . . PM Nolie Mumey, having shed some poundage in his energetic chasing about Europe, is back and tying the final strings on the 1951 Brand Book. Our info is that it will be a particularly commendable volume in all respects . . . The traveling Scott Broomes made a recent jaunt to Swede county—Twin Cities to be exact . . . Ex-Sheriff Doc Collins explores the fascinating northwestern Colorado county in the current Colorado Wonderland magazine.

CM W. H. Hutchinson of Chico, California, is the author of two western railroading articles in the July and August issues of Trains and Travel magazine . . . PM Fred Mazzulla and CM Paul Gantt sleuthed for three days around Laramie and Rawlins on the trail of Big-Nose George.

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### JULY MEETING

Kenyon Riddle of Raton, N. M., speaks on "Some Aspects of the Santa Fe Trail". (Chuck wagon dinner Wednesday, July 23, at PM Charles Roth's Cameo Ranch near Arvada.)

# 4TH OF JULY—CRIPPLE CREEK STYLE

By RAYMOND GARDNER COLWELL

As a midsummer relaxation from strenuous research, we present the following enjoyable dip into reminiscence, yearning not a little for the day when rugged(!) individualists celebrated Independence Day in their own muscular and uninhibited fashion.—Ed.

This story must be written in the past tense, and it should be read with the aid of the rose-colored glasses of retrospection which add glamour to the days of our childhood.

It also must indulge in superlatives. The men and women—yes, and the children too, worked and played in the Cripple Creek District of Colorado, two miles above the commonplace domain of “sea level” certainly did just that. We hailed “The District” as “The Greatest Gold Camp on Earth” and for many years made it live up to its self-proclaimed championship. We boasted of Altman, one of the smaller towns, as “The Highest Incorporated Town in the World.” While the town lasted, some score of years, its altitude of 10,786 feet above the ocean gave it just claim to that title. We, along with the hundreds of world-travellers who visited us, knew the Cripple Creek Short Line, one of the three railroads which connected us with the prosaic plains at the base of Pikes Peak, as “The Trip That Bankrupts the English Language.”

It was a young place, and the men and women who were drawn there by the lure of gold were young too, in spirit at least.

“My hair may be white, but my blood’s still red!” shouted one old miner as he danced vigorously with his breathless partner.

With all this background of unrestraint, and spurred on by the crystal clear, ozone-laden air and the even headier wine of the millions of dollars in gold which poured in an ever increasing stream from our mines, it is no wonder that our celebrations of the great national holiday took on a largeness of plan and an enthusiasm of execution which an older, staid community could never have equalled.

Those plans called for room, in time as well as space. One day certainly couldn’t hold them all, and what was the use of being niggardly about it! So the 3rd, 4th and 5th of July were invariably given up to the laudable purpose of celebrating this country’s birthday. Some few cynics remarked that the 4th itself was really the celebration, the other days being only for preparation and recuperation. That I deny! There was drinking, of course, but I venture the considered opinion that there was less liquor consumed in those three days in the allegedly rough mining camp of fifty years ago than would be called for now by an equal number of participants. Of one thing I’m sure—it was carried better. If some “wild man from the mountains” did make a nuisance of himself, some other individual who objected to being annoyed would work him over with whatever was handiest, and peace and harmony would once more prevail. It wasn’t customary to put up with annoyance until some outside authority could arrive and take over the situation. We “buried our own dead,” figuratively at least.

A “safe and sane Fourth” was unheard of. To a population which depended for its livelihood upon the rock-rending power of dynamite, it would have been unthinkable. Worse yet, it would have been laughable, and our holiday was not to be laughed at. My family had, hanging on the wall of our substantial log house, a brass tray with a hand painted floral design upon it, in the mode of the day. When I spend a peaceful Fourth in a city now, I sometimes wish I could hear that brass tray clanging against the log wall in tune with the vibrations from a fifty-pound box of dynamite exploding on the hill back of us, instead of squealing brakes, honking of horns and blaring radios.

It was the same way with our juvenile efforts at noise. No flipping a pasteboard box six inches in air with a few “lady finger” crackers for us! No, sir! All I was allowed to do, being young and tender, was to hoist an inverted water bucket over the coal house

roof, using one, or at the most two, three-inchers. The big kids, 16 or so, disdained such baby ways. Their favorite ammunition was dynamite caps, or barring those, cannon crackers whose six and eight inch red cylinders were more potent than a brace of Missouri mules. One of those would throw a five-gallon coal oil can practically to the moon, and what it would do to an empty barrel was catastrophic.

While the components of the celebration were pretty well standardized, their arrangement varied from year to year. Sometimes the rock-drilling contests were the high spots of the first day; sometimes they were reserved for the final windup. When they were held first, the Wild West show came on the last day, and vice versa. Always, though, the big parade was on the natal day itself. Of course, there were parades on all three days, but the one on the Fourth always eclipsed the others, which were held more to lead the way to the rock-drilling or the Wild West show, as the case might be.

The drilling contest requires a word of explanation. As the burling of the North Woods and the cornhusking of the prairie are indigenous to their own locality, so the rock drilling contest was peculiar to the mining camps of the West. It harked back to the time when a miner's professional ability was measured by the power and frequency of the hammer blows he could deliver on the head of a three-quarter inch steel drill, sharpened to a chisel point at the business end. Naturally, the harder and faster the burly miner hammered the drill, the faster it penetrated the hard rock, and the depth of hole drilled in a given time was therefore the determining factor in a drilling contest. There were two grand divisions: the "single jack" and "double jack" entries. In the former, the contests were individual; each man held and turned his drill with his left hand while his right swung a "single jack," which was a short handled double faced hammer weighing from 3 to 4 pounds. That, by the way, is good exercise.

In the "double-jack" division the men worked in pairs, one striking and the other man turning. The striker used a "double jack" of the same general pattern as the singlejack but weighing six or seven pounds and with a 3-foot handle, requiring of course the use of both hands. The drill-tender squatted on his heels, intent on turning the steel rod a quarter revolution between each blow, without allowing it to deviate a hair from the vertical position, lest the heavy hammer hit it at an angle and tear it from his iron grip. Not the least of his responsibility was to "change steel" when the point of the drill dulled, as it did in a very few minutes. Momentarily using only one hand to hold the drill, with the other he would pick up a sharp piece of steel from the carefully arranged pile at his side and, *between blows*, snap the dull rod from the hole with a quick jerk of his wrist, and ram the sharp one into place. This, remember, as sudden death in the form of a heavy hammer missed the tip of his nose every second or so.

The dull drill had lethal potentialities, too, for when the drill-tender jerked it over his shoulder he was through with it, and the spectators had to watch out for their own heads.

To assure equal conditions for all contestants, all the holes were drilled in the same rock, a huge, roughly squared block of granite weighing tons. Since the depth of hole drilled in a certain time, usually fifteen minutes, determined the winners, only one man or a team competed at a time, so that the show usually took up the whole day.

Interest was keen, for the purses were very substantial, frequently totalling \$1000 or more for each division; \$500 for first place, \$300 for second place and \$200 for third place was the usual split. But the purse was the least part of it. It was a chance to prove who was the best man, and there were entries from all over. Swenson and Johnson; Ryan and Haggerty; Trevarthen and Cowenhoven—Swedes, Irishmen and Cousin-Jacks gathered to uphold the supremacy of their clans. Much money changed hands and a good many fights resulted among the spectators, but it added a flavor to mining camp life that the newer days lack.

The Wild West shows were the forerunner of the present day rodeos, but with a difference. Instead of showmen with gaudy shirts, creamy white batwing "chaps" and

silver mounted saddles, the riders were working cowpunchers, who swung faded denims and shabby boots across scuffed and weatherbeaten saddles. But they could ride, mister, and don't you forget it—those boys from the ranches of South Park.

Once tragedy took the stage and spoiled my budding enthusiasm for horsemanship for a long time. Boylike, I was in the front rank of spectators when a lad from the J Bar B, by some mischance, was dragged to death by a frantic broncho. It took me a long time to forget that battered body as it was jerked along the ground almost at my feet. That ended the afternoon's performance. It was intended as a celebration, not a spectacle, and there was none of the "show must go on" tradition. By common consent the crowd melted away and returned to town. I don't suppose it spoiled the rest of the day for most of the people, but it certainly did for me.

To my unsophisticated eyes, the big parade on the Fourth was the high spot. Looking back, I can't for the life of me see why it should have meant so much to a small boy. But the long lines of marching men, led by the mounted marshal of the day and his aides (most of them uneasy on their restless horses), punctuated by at least half a dozen bands, and brought to a conclusion by the usual collection of kids and dogs, satisfied my very soul. Perhaps it was the national colors carried by every group; perhaps it was the martial music, heavy on the brass and the bass drum; it may have been a dimly perceived sense of the real meaning of the occasion. These men were doing more than taking part in a holiday celebration—they were marching to show their realization and appreciation of America.

We were all Americans in Cripple Creek.

## HOW TO BEHAVE WHEN FATALLY INJURED

By J. J. LIPSEY

Beginning with a highly technical paper prepared by Dr. W. H. Swan, former physician to General William Jackson Palmer, Posseman Lipsey inquired further and rounded out this stimulating record of the manner in which the dynamic founder of Colorado Springs spent his twenty-eight lively months of life after his ultimately fatal accident.—Ed.

Last year Mrs. Dorothy Swan Sumner, daughter of the former Colorado Springs tuberculosis specialist, Dr. W. H. Swan, gave me a copy of a paper which her father and two other physicians had written about the injury to, and final illness of, General William Jackson Palmer. This exceedingly technical contribution, read before the American Neurological Association in 1910 and published in the *Medical Record* of April 15, 1911, has interest to a layman well equipped with dictionaries because it shows how a great man almost totally disabled in his advanced years lived bravely, cheerfully and usefully for twenty-eight and a half months thereafter.

Much of the following narrative comes also from Glen Eyrie Martin, who was directly familiar with the General's activities during this period.

The paper begins:

"The subject of this report was a man, aged 70, who had always been remarkably active physically and mentally. He had been for years harassed by a gouty eczema and had been treated for arteriosclerosis some years before. About noon, Oct. 27, 1906, while he was riding, his horse stumbled. He was thrown, evidently striking on his forehead. There was immediate and complete motor and sensory paralysis below the neck, without loss of consciousness . . . A passing automobile carried him to his home, a mile distant, he giving directions as to how he should be moved."

(Glen Martin says: "The general was riding along through Chambers Ranch in the valley and came up to a gate to open it. The horse caught one foot on a rock and threw the general off onto his head.")

"He was seen by the writer about an hour after the accident, when the following conditions were noted:

"Patient pale, pupils widely dilated, anxious expression, extremities cool, entirely conscious, complaining of tingling of all extremities, pulse imperceptible at the wrists, complete loss of voluntary motion, except of head, which was painful. All sensation abolished below the level of the third rib in front. There was a bruised excoriated area over the bridge of the nose and forehead . . . Breathing not embarrassed, regular but superficial. The pulse was not felt at the wrists till after four hours of free stimulation.

"The patient was seen in consultation by Dr. C. F. Gardiner of Colorado Springs and, later, by Drs. Howell T. Pershing and Charles A. Powers of Denver."

Dr. Powers was a surgeon, Dr. Pershing a neurologist. Somebody did a good job of summoning and transporting these two gentlemen, for they go to Glen Eyrie, the general's mountain home at 7:30 p. m., on the day of the accident. They found that up to the time they got there the patient had not suffered much pain, had not vomited, that his temperature had been normal, and that his pulse, which *had* been practically imperceptible was then normal. (Powers.)

Whether or not to operate was thoroughly and carefully discussed by all the doctors. It was definitely and unanimously decided not to perform any operation. The patient was advanced in years, and it seemed unlikely that operating would do any good. Fixation of the neck was also decided against.

A few hours after the accident, General Palmer was placed on a water-bed, on Dr. Swan's order. This seems to have been something like the familiar air-mattress, with air replaced by water. He was to use this for most of the rest of his life. Once he refused longer to lie on the water-bed. In a few days the skin of his hips began to redden. He was glad enough to get back onto the mushy thing, and promptly the redness disappeared.

"A resident physician, Dr. H. C. Watt, whose efficient zeal was untiring, was installed in the house." He saw to it that the patient was handled and treated under aseptic conditions. Gloves and gowns were worn. Dr. Watt "personally inspected all portions of the patient's skin daily. A daily journal was kept."

Dr. Watt later married the general's daughter, Marjorie, and we may assume that the romance developed during his term as resident physician at Glen Eyrie. Strangely, John S. Fisher, in his book about General Palmer ("A Builder of the West"), says that Marjorie became engaged to "an Englishman" in 1908, and while she and the general were in England on the general's last and ill-fated trip, the engagement was broken. Fisher makes no mention of Dr. Watt, who may have been a rapid operator. Dr. Watt must have been in England with the Palmers, but there were only four months between the Palmers' return and the general's death.

Dr. Swan wrote that there were a number of periods of great physical weakness and mental dullness, but that these responded to medicines. "At the end of nine weeks the patient was up daily, taken out in a wheel chair, and very soon was lifted into his automobile and was taking long rides. During the following year he often drove for five or six hours a day, with no apparent fatigue, was taken to a number of social functions in his own and adjoining towns, and took keen, active interest in all affairs of life. Mentally, he was extremely active, at times giving close application to business affairs for six or seven hours a day. He frequently remarked that he had never been able to turn off so much work or to give so much time to the enjoyment of his friends."

At the time of the general's accident, Glen Eyrie Martin (who had been born in Colorado Springs and named for the Palmer estate) was a boy in his late teens, but he was already a competent chauffeur and automobile mechanic. At an even earlier age, he had worked on the first automobile that came to Colorado Springs. This was a Locomobile steamer. In 1907 he was employed by Strang's garage.

Until the general was hurt, Glen Martin said he would not own an automobile or ride in one. He hated the noise and stench. His decision to buy a car and use it must have

been a shock to his family and staff. Strang's garage was commanded to supply an electric car and a driver. At least the electric was relatively free from noise and odor. Glen Martin, now a prominent Colorado Springs business man, said:

"Mr. Strang told me there was nobody out there at Glen Eyrie that could drive at all, and he said, 'You'll have to go out there and drive the thing.' I went out to Glen Eyrie that night and the doctor told me, 'If you jolt him, you'll kill him.' I told Mr. Strang I did not want any part of that, but he said I'd have to drive. I didn't want to, but I did. We put up a charger for the battery. The charge, with the load we put on the car, was capable of driving that machine for only 20 or 25 miles. At first the general couldn't go out except for an hour or an hour and a half in the evening. We'd go out and the general would always pick the hills, and of course the car couldn't make the distance he wanted to go. He could not understand why the car would not do it. But we were loaded. Sometimes there would be two nurses on the side, and the doctor. The charge would run out and there we'd be, stopped out on the prairie or up in some canon. We'd have to send somebody back to get horses to pull us in. That happened every evening. Finally, Miss Marjorie Palmer, the general's daughter, conceived the idea of having a motorcycle follow the car to run back and get the horses when the charge played out, and we did that. The general did not like the motorcycle's noise and smell and dust. He made its rider stay a long way off.

"General Palmer wanted to see everything. Wherever he wanted to go, we went right there.

"We kept on using this electric, but about every two weeks the motor would not operate, or the gears would get mixed up, and we'd have to tear it apart. We kept extra gears handy, for General Palmer would not be denied that evening trip. One time we came out of the Glen with this electric and General Palmer wanted to go up onto one of the bridle paths. I said, 'You can't go up through there,' and he said, 'Why?' I said the gates weren't wide enough. He said, 'How do you know?' I said, 'The car won't go through them.' He said, 'Let's go up there,' and we did. We scraped off the fenders, but he was satisfied. But this car did not prove satisfactory at any time.

"About this time there was an automobile show in Chicago, and they were showing a White Steamer. It was built for show purposes only, painted a peculiar white. It was a gaudy thing with bright red seats, and larger than any automobile on the streets today. The general thought this would be a fine thing, so he bought it. Since it was built for show purposes, it had a lot of bugs in it when it got here. When the new car came, there were four men in the state who could operate a White Steamer: Clarence Sly, Frank Stockdale, a man from Denver and myself. I was working for Strang's, not General Palmer. Strang said to me: 'There is nobody else I can get. You will have to drive it.' So I did. They built a garage and fixed it up nicely, and we kept the car in it part of the time.

"Machines were not very satisfactory in those days. This one was an experiment. It had a flash boiler made with a coil of steel, and the firebox was as big as the coach top and you sat on top of the whole thing. It had the same track-gauge as our present automobiles. This machine ran on 750 pounds of steam. In addition, the coil was heated red hot. The water in the condenser was practically steam and heated this coil. But it could not blow up; at least it never did.

"We had gotten this car so that we could go anywhere and do anything. The housemen would carry the general from the house to the wheel-chair in a blanket with straps, wheel him to the car, lift him into the car and fit him into a case made for the car. This case was a sort of seat, just like a spoon case, made out of hair and feathers, and it just fitted the general.

"We started out on extended cruises. The general wanted to go to Austin Bluffs, which he had given to the city, and which is now called Palmer Park. There was no

road to Grand View Point, just a bridle path. I thought we'd go out to the spring in Willow Lane at the foot of the bluffs and turn around, because that was the end of the road. General Palmer said, 'Let's go up there to Grand View Point!' I said, 'How?' He said, 'Up the bridle path.' I told him that wasn't a road, and he said, 'Couldn't this Steamer go over that thing?' I said, 'Yes, it has the power to get up there, but it probably would tear all the tires to pieces.' The tires cost \$95 apiece. If you had tire trouble, there were six lugs on each tire and you had to labor to get them off. And those immense tires had to be pumped up by hand. He said, 'I want to go up there.' So we did, but the tires were never any good afterward. We finally got to Grand View Point. There is a very beautiful view of Pikes Peak and the Rampart Range from the point, and he sat there quite a while, thinking and talking.

"When we had come down from there and were entering the lodge gate at Glen Eyrie, Perley Nichols ( who was in charge of the general's roads) was there. The general called him out of the Lodge House and said, 'How many men would it take to build a road up to Grand View Point?' Perley said, 'I would need enough for 10 or 15 teams and scrapers, and they would have to have a chief and a cook.' The general said, 'Have you got that many men around?' Perley said he did. The general asked, 'How many wagons have you got?' Perley answered, 'Only six, but I'll get those together in the morning and start out there.' The general told him: 'Get those teams and men and go out there and make camp tonight.' And he did. He built the road to Grand View Point and another to the north of it and the general gave them to the city's park system. Perley did a very good piece of road-building without any engineers or a'l. He just built wherever he went. And the roads still follow his grades.

"A short time after this the general had as his guest a Mr. Kendrick of Denver, who was interested in the propagation of pheasants and bob-white quail in Colorado. The general had had some quail sent down here, and he wanted to show Mr. Kendrick Blair Athol, the second canon north of Glen Eyrie, probably as a site for a refuge for the game. There was a sort of road up Blair Athol, and at the end of the canon it just quit. It was very precipitous, almost straight up and down, but this great big car went up this little horse-and-wagon road just because the general wanted to go. I wanted to know how to get out of there, and General Palmer said, 'Well, we'll just back out. We can turn around on a dime when we find a place.' I got to be very proficient in backing. Kendrick and the girls who were with us walked down!

"When he got back to the Glen that night, his daughters raised so much fuss that he had a conuption fit. Miss Elsie ( the younger daughter who married Capt. L. H. Myers and lives in England now) had taken over the running of the house. She scolded me very much and said, 'Don't you ever drive to Blair Athol with the general again.'

"The very next evening we started out, and I said, 'Where to?' And he said, 'Blair Athol.' Every time after that for three or four weeks we couldn't come to town unless we drove up Blair Athol too. By that time I had worn a fairly good automobile road up there.

"The general had never been through the Cave of the Winds, and he thought he'd like to see it. He thought he could make it in the car, although no automobile had even been driven up there. We took a doctor, two nurses, the valet, and two or three helpers and started for the Cave of the Winds, by way of Williams Canon. At the Narrows there was just room enough to allow a carriage to go through. The top of the car was down and bulged out. I looked around and both sides were touching. I said, 'What will we do?' The general said, 'Tear the top off,' and we went right ahead. The bows of the top just stayed right there."

In his form-fitting case, he was lugged through the Cave, and got stuck in a place called "Fat Man's Misery." The Misery is wider now than it originally was, because the general ordered a saw and had the ledge cut off for his release.

Monument Valley Park (his gift to the city of Colorado Springs) was being landscaped, and he demanded to be driven its two-mile length. At one point a pedestrian bridge crossed the stream. The bridge was too narrow for the car, Glen told the general. But the general said go ahead and Glen went. The car plowed through like a middle-buster and the railings spread themselves almost flat. The general advanced. Automobiles are now banished from this park.

Here is another story Glen told:

"Ringling Brothers circus was in town one day, camped on the south side of Colorado avenue, near the viaduct. General Palmer had over here from England some relations, two little girls. He called them his nieces, but they were his grandnieces. In fact, all the family lived on the general. They came over here to stay. They and their mother did not like this country and nobody liked them, but they liked their bread and butter, so they stayed. They saw the tents going up and they said, 'We want to go to the circus!' General Palmer wanted to go, too.

"We stopped, and General Palmer sent me to see what we could do about tickets. I went to the ticket office and the ticket-seller was very curt, and told me he couldn't do anything for me. I found the manager and I said, 'Now we have got to go to this show and we have to bring the car inside, because the general cannot be taken out and put in a seat.' The manager said, 'Well, buy a section of seats and we will tear them out, but you'll have to buy them for both afternoon and evening shows.' I went and told the general and he said that sounded pretty good, and for me to go and get the tickets. I had to go get the money from the general's man, Mr. Fisher, because the general never carried any money in his pockets, before or after he was hurt. We bought the tickets for both performances and we drove the car in under the tent and the general had a wonderful time.

"After we started for home, he said: 'The seats are there and the room is there, and I think all the people out at the Glen ought to go to the show tonight.' So he ordered me to take all those tickets and give them to the people in the Glen, but many out there had seen the show in the afternoon. I gave 10 or 12 tickets out at the Glen and gave all the rest to kids down town. I think that section of seats cost \$368 or \$378.

General Palmer had developed Manitou Park (beyond Woodland Park) as a summer resort. He wanted to see the lovely place again, so an expedition was organized. On the day before the general left, a spring wagon with two horses took up supplies. On the big day, the general was tucked into the White Steamer and the party set out. The White was followed by a Haynes, a smaller car with a gasoline engine. Near Woodland Park a cloudburst met them, covered the road with water, and stalled the Steamer. With the help of the Haynes and some horses and a lot of labor, they finally got the Steamer to Manitou Park. During this voyage the general stoutly refused to be taken from his craft. All that night, all the next day and into the next night Glen worked on the Steamer, making repairs; and on the following day he took the general back home, according to schedule. The general thought there was nothing unusual about this journey.

The most remarkable convention ever held in Colorado Springs was conceived, financed and carried out entirely by General Palmer. I shall try to combine Glen Martin's account of this with that of General Palmer's official biographer, John S. Fisher. (See his "Builder of the West.")

General Palmer "had always followed with interest and affection the fortunes of his old comrades in the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry; he had been the mainstay of the Regimental Association, and whenever possible had attended the annual reunion in Philadelphia. Now that he was unable to go to the reunion, he resolved that it should come to him. Invitations were sent to all surviving members of the regiment to meet as his guests at Glen Eyrie, and almost without exception the entire number, 280, accepted. Every expense from the moment they left home till their return a fortnight later was paid for by General Palmer himself.



"On August 17, 1907, the party of a hundred men started from Philadelphia in a special train of Pullmans and dining-cars, which picked up more guests on the way, while others came from California and from all the West, until finally the number reached 280 and more. . . . The entire Antlers Hotel had been reserved for them, and additional beds had been put up in the dormitories of Colorado College. . . . The train arrived in Colorado Springs on the afternoon of August 20. The old men marched through the streets of a city which had been undreamed of when they were young and their country was at war.

"That day there was an official welcome by the mayor, and a dinner in the great ballroom of the hotel; next morning the visitors were shown the sights of the town, and that afternoon there was a short parade, at the request of the citizens. General Palmer himself was there, undaunted by the torrents of rain, driving in his White steam car at the head of the slowly marching column, while the townspeople cheered and threw flowers. Back at the hotel, his only thought was to see that hot coffee and dry clothes were provided for the drenched but cheerful old men. In the evening the entire 280 dined in the great hall of Glen Eyrie; next day there was more sight-seeing . . . and in the evening a concert in the Perkins Hall of Colorado College. When General Palmer was wheeled onto the platform the whole house rose in a roar of cheering." There was singing of the old war songs.

The old men were still stout fellows, for there were two more days of sight-seeing before them; trips up Pikes Peak, or up the Short Line railroad to Cripple Creek, where the gold camp's citizens spread a banquet, which was doubtless not dry. On Sunday there was a last reception at Glen Eyrie when the regiment bade its commander farewell. There still exist copies of an immense photograph made on that day. It shows the general sitting in his wheel chair with a tremendous dog at his feet. He is flanked by the ladies of his household. Behind him are his officers with the regiment's crumbling standards. Stretching out on each side of the ladies are ranks of the veterans, grey-haired or balding, no longer in uniform but in their Sunday clothes. Behind them all is one wall of Queen's Canon. Unafraid and happy they face the photographer and whatever their brief future may hold for them.

Here is Glen Eyrie Martin's recollection of the big party (which he called a big ball) in the great hall of Glen Eyrie:

"In a room off the great hall the caterers had champagne and liquor stacked clear up to the ceiling. The caterers had a sort of confederate, a houseboy whose name was Stephen. With all this champagne and no check-up, they thought it was a good idea to slip Stephen now and then a nice big bottle of champagne. I was up there looking around, and I saw them slip a bottle to him, and another, until five bottles were gone. When I saw this, I thought there was enough champagne for me, too. So I got three bottles. These had been off the ice for some time and I had them in my room and they had gotten pretty warm. Now I was very anxious to try champagne, so I opened up a bottle. It foamed out all over everything, and when it was through foaming there was left about half of the wine in the bottle. It tasted to me like nice stuff, and as that was just the remainder of the bottle, I drank another whole bottle and went to bed.

"About two o'clock the phone rang and a voice said, 'Come up to the house with the Steamer right away.' Some of the fellows were getting tight and they were all over the place and some of them were sick. They were parked all along the road from the coach-barn to the house. When I got up to answer this phone something hit me like a ton of brick. I thought I was having a dizzy spell. I thought I might get that Steamer out, and finally I did get it out. I was a little bit angry at being called up to take care of drunks at two o'clock. I came out of the coach-barn and I opened the throttle up and I went right around in front of the door. To this day I don't know how I did it, for at the same time, horse-drawn vehicles were also coming up the lane. I was just to take care of the inebriated ones, and I hauled two or three loads to town and I went back and put the car in and I went to bed. I never heard any more about it."

*(To Be Continued)*

# *Westerner's Bookshelf*

MOUNT RUSHMORE, by Gilbert C. Fite, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman. 272 pp. \$3.75.

It might seem that a book about a single piece of sculpture necessarily carries art appreciation too far. For any such confusion about itself, the title of this book may be to blame, because it hides the livelier half of its own subject, namely the sculptor himself. Not even a project of his own could take the center of any stage away from Gutzon Borglum. Alive or dead, it can not take a book away from him either. Thus this book describes both what he did upon the summit of Mount Rushmore, and what he was like while doing it. The double story makes very good reading.

The bulk of the book is a blow by blow account, both pneumatic and editorial, of the fourteen construction years of the Mount Rushmore Memorial. Virtually all the pneumatic blows were delivered by Mr. Borglum's staff, but the noisier share of the editorial blows he delivered himself. The struggle to finance the undertaking was as critical as the struggle to carve the granite of the mountain top, and the sculptor took a volcanic interest in both problems. His pen was as virile as, and even less restrained than, his artistic ideas. Time passed, plans changed, help came first from one quarter and then from another. With detachment, good-humored but alert, the book follows the story, now shoddy and now sublime, until the exhaustion of the last Federal funds available brought work to halt in October 1941. Gutzon Borglum was already dead. War was about to break. No choice remained but to leave unfinished the only heroic sculpture attempted in the western world since the height of the Roman Empire.

The book supplements its story with a series of photographs, especially fine being those which show vividly the slow emergence of the sixty-foot faces. Another supplement is a brief account of the Stone Mountain Memorial near Atlanta, Georgia. Source material is repeatedly quoted, is tabulated in several ways, and is indexed. The book contains some maps.

N. E. Rutt, Corresponding Member

HISTORICAL PRINTS OF AMERICAN CITIES. With Comments by Larry Freeman. Watkins Glen, N. Y.: Century House (1952). Cloth, 4to, 100 pages with index. \$3.85.

The compiler and commentator, Mr. Freeman, in his introduction wrote a good, brief review of this work:

"So many cities are holding centennials—or have recently held them—that a portfolio of their early views should have value and interest. What we have done is to bring together from widely scattered sources a representative sampling of the cradle-places of U. S. history and commerce, as they appeared around 1850 (with some leeway in either direction). We have also given something of the history of the print and of the subject at the time depicted."

Mr. Freeman complains of the scarcity of Western city prints during the period examined, but out of 77 half-tone reproductions of old prints, 27 depict cities west of the Mississippi. In order to do this, he had to go far outside the intended date-range. But the result is happy. It is delightful to see what artists saw in and thought about Denver in 1865, Salt Lake City in 1870, Virginia City (Nev.) in 1861, Helena in 1865, Boise in 1850; Tucson in 1853; Santa Fe in 1850, Fort Smith in 1853, and many California and Northwestern cities at various dates. A print labeled "Laramie 1842" is actually Fort Laramie—an entirely different settlement. Youngest print in the collection shows Oklahoma City, a sprawling infant at the tender age of ten months. The comments, intelligent and in general accurate, add to the beholder's pleasure.

This collection, made with care and skill, is commended to all who are interested in United States history and one of America's graphic arts.

—JOHN J. LIPSEY, *Westerner*

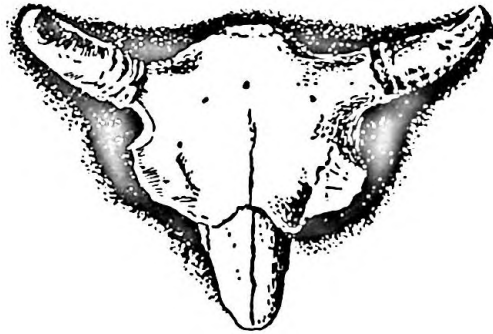
# *The* BRAND BOOK

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## WESTERNER-OF-THE-MONTH

Nolie Mumey

Surgeon, Collector, Author

### *Corral Dust*

First thing you know, when detailing the facts about the fireball of Western energy that goes by the name of Nolie Mumey, you've filled a page or two and hardly started. Not having that much space, we'll

merely remind you of the broad medical reputation of our Westerner of the Month; his half-dozen outstanding collections of Bibles, coins, firearms, santos, and so on; his 2,000 hours as an airplane pilot; and his ten western books, all collector's items, not to mention his numerous other publications on medical and other topics. His 1951 Brand Book, due from the presses very soon, boasts novel typography, the very best stock, and profuse illustration which bid fair to make it a top Westerners' achievement, likely to be over-subscribed before publication.

Much activity this month, mostly out-of-doors where Westerners should be. Tour of the Tom Horn country July 20 encountered perfect weather and perfect Wyoming hospitality. . . . CM Velma Linford gets a large vote of thanks as the hostess to a delightful Saturday evening gathering in Laramie which brought open-handed gestures of friendship to the Westerners from President George D. Humphrey and other leaders of the University of Wyoming faculty. . . . Conflicting and therefore informative versions of the Tom Horn story from "Bud" Gillespie of the Albany County Historical Society and from CM Mary Lou Pence of Laramie occupied the picnic lunch hour at the famous Jordan ranch. . . . After that, the forty-car caravan learned that low-slung modern automobiles make cowponies seem all the more desirable for negotiating hills on the open range land. But even Scott Broome, whose Packard lost an encounter with a notably solid rock, pronounced the tour a great success and a tonic for city fellers. . . .

And again PM Charley Roth comes up for the Posse's special gratitude. . . . The chuck-wagon dinner, complete with Taos lightning and PM Art Zeuch heaving steaks expertly over both shoulders, was one of the pleasantest on record. . . . Special guests included Dr. Robert Schuyler, recently retired from Columbia university and a past president of the American Historical Association; Arthur Woodward, curator of the Los Angeles county museum, top authority on fur-trade goods, and Los Angeles posseman; and Wilmot G. Gordon of the Oxford University Press. . . .

# SPREAD of the SPANISH HORSE to the INDIANS

By LAMAR MOORE

CM Lamar Moore of Winslow, Arizona, noted as an authority on cattle brands, entered a ten-year study of the history of the horse in the West when he began to discover that many commonly accepted theories on the topic did not seem to ring true. Although energetically protesting that his investigation was not that of a "historian, student, or writer, but solely to satisfy a personal curiosity," he has turned up weighty evidence that the Western Indians acquired the arts of horsemanship much later and more slowly than is usually supposed. From a great amount of Mr. Moore's detailed correspondence on the subject with authorities in the United States and Spain, we have obtained his permission to publish the following excerpt-summary of his conclusions.—Ed.

As the Spanish frontier advanced northward from Mexico City miners went first, that is the prospectors, and later the miners were followed closely by the stockmen to furnish food and beasts of burden to work the mines. These stockmen at times even went on beyond the mines to find better ranges for their stock.

The first northward advance was by Ibarra and his partner, Rivera, to Zacatecas and then on northward; then Durango to the west. Getting into this country they were in hostile Indian country as the tribes there were not prone to accept Spanish rule and servitude, neither would they accept the missions and their teachings. It wasn't long before they saw the great advantage of the horse to their style of life and warfare and since they could not get them in trade they began to steal from the Spanish estancias and herds, raids on caravans, etc. In this way the Indians in the mountain country of Durango, Chihuahua and Sonora were soon mounted and all had some horses. But these tribes had no trade or intercourse with those on northward in our own southwest, such as New Mexico, Arizona and Texas, and had no hand in the spread of the horse.

Likewise the horse spread to the tribes in Coahuila, Nuevo Leon and Nuevo Santander to the east, as result of Spanish mines and settlements reaching their country on the eastward route from Zacatecas to Texas, Francisco de Urdinola being the principal colonizer along that route. But like their brothers farther west, the Coahuilan Indians had little or nothing to do with the northward spread.

In my opinion, and there is some record to substantiate it, the Jumanos, that tribe which lived along the Rio Grande, both sides in the El Paso country, were instrumental in taking the horse to east Texas or to the Caddoan tribes. The Juamos living along the route from Mexico to New Mexico via the Florida and Paso del Norte, had long been in contact with the Spaniards, or since the time of Onate's settlement of New Mexico. Also were near the missions in the Paso del Norte country, and not far from the estancias around Santa Barbara and the San Bartolome Valley. They early acquired horses and used them, and since they had a limited trade with the Caddoan tribes all the way across Texas, and used horses in reaching that country to trade, they naturally traded a few of these animals to the Caddoans. This resulted in those tribes having a few horses at the time LaSalle arrived there in 1682. But you will recall all of LaSalle's efforts only afforded him five horses, which he had great difficulty getting from the Indians, and there is little mention of many other horses among these tribes. Not being in contact with the Spaniards they no doubt at that time had no knowledge of the great advantage the horse was in warfare. Some writers have indicated that these horses were obtained from the Comanches—but you will remember this was long before the Comanches were even known to the New Mexico Spaniards.

You will no doubt say, "What of the many horses found among these Texas Indians by LaSalle?"—to put it briefly, I would say that is pure bunk. Was LaSalle not only able to secure but five horses to carry his luggage? True, most of the records of his journeys tell of the Indians having many horses, but remember these records were

all edited by fiction writers before being published in France, and much of them was pure fiction when published. Did not Joutel, a member of LaSalle's party and one of his most trusted men, renounce Tonti and the others for their remarks about the abundance of horses found among the Indians, and further say there were very few found among them?

The fact is the Indians of east Texas had a very limited number of horses in LaSalle's time, and had very few when the Spaniards arrived in that country ten years later. The further fact is that these Caddoan tribes at no time during the next 100 years ever had very many horses, for the French were never able to obtain horses from them in trade, but had to get them from the Wichitas and tribes farther west who were in more or less direct contact with the Spanish settlements in New Mexico and around San Antonio, or the tribes adjacent to those settlements.

I do think that after the Spanish settlements were located at San Antonio (Texas) and in east Texas that many horses passed northward to the tribes along the Missouri, possibly as far north as the Mandans, thru the Caddo, to the Osage and Missouri, Kansas and Arikara, also possibly to the Pawnees, but more than likely the latter got theirs from the Wichitas and Lipan Apaches.

I believe the Lipan Apaches had a great deal to do with the spread of the horse northward, possibly more than any other tribe except the Utes. Here I might say, I feel there was some confusion between the Comanches and the Lipan by later writers in the use of the word Padoucas. Padouca was a name used by the early French to indicate the Apaches, and not the Comanches as it was later used by somebody.

The Lipans, you will recall, were in touch with the Spanish settlements in New Mexico, as they first ranged in the Panhandle country when New Mexico was settled by Oñate and later, being driven southward by the Comanches. They were also in contact with the Spanish settlements around San Antonio and along the river from the beginning, and more so later as the Comanches forced them southward, even into Coahuila. Their raids extended them from far into Coahuila, to San Antonio, into east Texas and also around Santa Fe, so they had ample opportunity to carry the horse ever northward to the Plains tribes with whom they might have had contact. But also remember the Apaches were never the friends of any other tribe, and while there was no doubt some trade, doubtless the preponderance of the movement of horses thru this tribe resulted from other tribes, particularly the Comanches, Kiowas, and Wichitas setting from their old enemies the Lipans. As these tribes would steal from the Lipans, they would turn to the Spanish settlements to replenish their supply as the weakly defended settlements were much easier to steal from than their aggressive and numerous Indian enemies.

There is no doubt but that the Cheyennes, Kiowas, Arapahoes and other Plains tribes north of the Arkansas and north of the Comanches and Wichitas, secured horses from these tribes thru theft and trade, mostly the former.

I doubt very much if the Pawnees ever secured very many horses from the Spaniards, possibly none, but got them from the Lipans. The Wichitas had considerable contact with the east Texas missions, and no doubt got some horses there, but not many as their herds were never large.

But from New Mexico, I believe, came the original source of the northward spread:

The Utes first came in contact with the Spanish just before the Rebellion, or in 1679. Then during the Revolt. not being on friendly terms with most of the Pueblos, they took advantage of the trouble to steal the horses from the Pueblos, and being much stronger and more warlike got away with many of them.

There is this to remember, and that is the Indians had no knowledge of horses or horsemanship until the Spaniards came on the scene, and at first were loath to have

anything to do with the horse. Then the Mission Fathers taught the Pueblos horsemanship, thru need of help to take care of the mission herds. But also remember that only those Indians actively engaged in looking after the stock were permitted to ride a horse. Consequently at the time of the Revolt there could not have been to many Indians who were accomplished or even amateur horsemen. Thus the others had to learn from the few who did know how to handle the animal. This, of course, for the more hardy individuals was no chore, and as fast as he could get hold of a horse the Indian learned to ride. Practically everything in Indian horsemanship came from the Spanish. The trick of hanging on the side of his horse when attacking to shield himself was an old Spanish trick, taught by the Austrian School of Horsemanship long before the conquest.

There is one Indian custom that we have never been able to trace to any other source, and that is their habit of mounting their horse from the right side. One author or student, a Canadian, wrote that this also came from the Spanish, but this seemed doubtful inasmuch as all the country west of the Missouri, or the cow country, learned its horsemanship from the Spaniards, and all mounted from the left, except a few trappers and the Indians. No cowman ever mounts from the right, and many cow horses will try to kill a man if he attempts to get on from that side. To clarify this I wrote a friend in Portugal, an ardent student of the Spanish horse, its origin and everything connected with it, and he tells me that it was never a Spanish practice to mount from the right, or in other words, from any except the left side. So it looks like this habit of mounting from the right side is one developed by the American Indian.

To get back to the Utes:—After de Vargas reconquered New Mexico the Utes again became friendly and continued friends with the Spaniards all down thru the years, except occasionally for a short time. Practically all Spanish governors were aware that it was very beneficial to keep the Utes, a strong warlike nation, on their side to assist them against the Comanches and Apaches. They even went so far as to punish Spaniards who stole from the Utes, and the Ute Chiefs did likewise with their braves—except it was never possible to eliminate their depredations on the Spanish horse herds entirely, and as the Spaniards realized this they were prone to overlook such thefts as much as they hurt. But the damage was far more than offset in their aid against the enemy tribes.

The Ute nation occupied practically all of Colorado in the early days of the Spanish settlements, on both sides of the Continental Divide and the entire length and breadth of the state. They lived mostly on the western or warm side of the mountains, but made trips into the Plains country to hunt the buffalo and raid their enemies, and this practice they continued long after the advent of the white man.

The Utes and Comanches both being of Shoshonean stock were blood kin of course, and for years were friends. Sometime about 1740 they fell out (the Spaniards never seemed to learn why) and became bitter enemies. This hostile attitude towards each other never relaxed except once for about a year. About 1703 the Utes brought the Comanches to Santa Fe with them to trade and the Comanches remained in that territory thereafter, crowding the Apache tribes out of the Plains country to the east of Santa Fe, until they occupied all of it. They had no horses at first, only dogs; in time they accumulated a few horses, then thru other raids their herds, increased until by the latter part of the century they had enormous herds, but their tribe also increased rapidly, and many horses were needed.

The Utes were also on friendly terms with their other blood kin the Snakes or Shoshones, and the Bannocks. Both these tribes secured their horses from the Utes, and living just to the north in southern Idaho and Wyoming were the next adjacent peoples to the Ute country. The Shoshones ranged northward up into Canada along the mountains, and got out on to the Plains when raiding. According to LaVerandrye, the Snakes—and regardless of the many arguments to the contrary, am convinced the

Snakes were the Shoshones, as they have always been so known—had horses in 1740 when he was visiting the Mandan villages in the Black Hills country and along the Cheyenne River where the Cheyennes lived, and these tribes lived in dread fear of the Snakes and their horses.

Then, too, according to an old Chief of the Blackfeet in Canada, with whom David Thompson spent a winter or so along about 1780, the first his people, the Blackfeet, knew of the horse was about 1730 when he was a young man and the Snakes came raiding into the Blackfeet country of southern Alberta and Saskatchewan south of that river. It was after that sometime before the Blackfeet secured horses but not very many years. The Assiniboins secured horses about the same time either from the Snakes or possibly from the Mandans.

The Sioux, of course, at this time lived between the Mississippi and the Missouri and east of the Missouri, and no doubt their first horses came either from the Mandans, Assiniboins or perhaps from the Arikaras or Pawnee, possibly all four. About the time they crossed the Missouri River to the buffalo country, and became horse Indians, instead of a forest or canoe tribe.

For anyone to mention dates as to the times horses reached certain regions would be merely a guess, but to me, am convinced very few if any horses ever got farther than the southern Utes, or at least the Ute tribes of western Colorado before the beginning of the 18th Century.

I have seen several articles telling of the Snakes, Cheyennes and even Blackfeet raiding the Spanish settlements, where they obtained horses, saddles and other Spanish articles. At the time these raids into New Mexico were supposed to have taken place, the Snakes lived no farther south than southern Wyoming, the Blackfeet in southern Canada, the Cheyennes in the Black Hills country. It would have been quite a chore to have made a raid into the Spanish settlements in New Mexico; thru many enemy tribes and have returned successfully with horses. Do you believe it possible? I don't. True, they had horses with Spanish brands but they followed the route of the cow country horse thieves, or what modern day writers have termed the "Owl Hoot Trail," and were passed from one tribe to another along this route, either willingly by trade or unwillingly by theft. Possibly a Spanish party exploring far to the north of New Mexico was met up with and attacked, but these were bootlegger parties and far from home.

Did you ever see a record of a raid into the Spanish settlements in New Mexico by such tribes as the Snakes, Blackfeet, Cheyennes, Kiowas, etc.? I never did.

As to my statement about the "Owl Hoot Trail." I know positively that there was such a route for stolen horses. We lived on it, you might say. Dad owned a ranch in western Colorado, where he raised hundreds of horses. We have had positive evidence that many of our neighbors stole horses from us and also harbored thieves who did likewise, when passing thru the country. We have had reports of our horses having been seen as far south as the Navajo Reservation and in the White Mountains of Arizona, and that is south of here (Winslow), also north in Wyoming, and far out into Utah. Occasionally some of these were recovered and returned to us, but more often not.



## How to Behave When Fatally Injured — II.

In the June Brand Book Posseman Lipsey described the riding accident which paralyzed Gen. William Jackson Palmer, founder of Colorado Springs, at the age of 70 and told of the numerous local travels and activities he undertook while bound to a board and transported in his White Steamer. The narrative continues as follows:

The general had had heart trouble before his accident. Now, Dr. Swan wrote, "The heart at times showed a systolic murmur of the apex, but from the time of the injury was entirely competent. Probably the enforced physical rest gave the heart an opportunity to acquire compensations and in this way, the writer suspects, the injury prolonged the patient's life . . . ,

"He became able to write short notes, writing by the whole arm movement, and could with effort feed himself by means of a spoon or by taking food in his right hand; was often taken to the dining table, and about his house and grounds in his wheel chair. He could move his legs to a considerable degree (the right leg and arm much more than the left) but he could never stand or sit alone, nor was he ever materially to change position in bed without help . . .

"At the end of eighteen months he had become more sleepless and depressed. He then went to England, making the trip very comfortably. During the six months' stay there he had an attack of bronchitis and lost ground in all ways, coming home in November 1908, considerably weaker physically and less active mentally than when he left." (Swan.)

Glen Martin's account of this last journey is longer and livelier than (if not as carefully scientific) Dr. Swan's. A new White Steamer was bought and shipped ahead to Liverpool. It was arranged that the general's private car should be hooked onto a certain Rock Island train. And the train waited until the general was good and ready to get on. At that, the train left only 40 minutes late, for Glen drove his distinguished passenger from Glen Eyrie to the Rock Island station in only seven minutes, Glen said.

Glen took a later train, but sailed from New York ahead of the general in order to assemble the car at Liverpool and have it ready to haul the general and part of his entourage to his country seat, "The Moat". This entourage included two doctors, two nurses, two governesses, and two grandnieces. There were, in addition, 14 employees, including a secretary and a caterer! Even the capacious White Steamer could not contain this mob.

"The Moat" proved to be like its name, damp and gloomy. The general decided to cross the channel and to drive across France and into Switzerland.

"On the continent," Glen said, "we had an additional car and a guide. This guide sat up in front with me. He could talk all the languages, and I couldn't understand a thing he said. I didn't know the names of the towns and cities through which we passed. I did not know where we were. We'd be driving for hours before we'd get somewhere, and then we'd stay there maybe an hour . . . I really didn't get to see much of the country, but the roads and people in Switzerland were very nice.

"On the ship coming back from England, I think General Palmer received the injury that finally killed him. They handled him, as I said, in this blanket. Coming up the gangway, one of the loops or handles on the blanket broke, and he rolled over on one side and hit a brass rail. His head flopped over. They were carrying him to an upper deck at the time. He *had* to go up there. He wanted to be on the top deck and they didn't have an elevator, so they had to carry him up the stairway."

Dr. Swan and Glen Martin agree that he was worse after the European jaunt.

But, Dr. Swan says, "During the winter he drove in his automobile almost daily, up to two days before his death, when he became uremic, and died March 13, 1909, twenty-eight and a half months after his injury."

With permission of the family an autopsy was performed. Most of the spine and almost all the contents of the chest and abdominal cavities were removed, carefully examined and described. The findings generally agreed with the diagnosis and justified the treatment. Three photographs of the upper spine are presented in the pamphlet to show

the serious injury which the patient ignored in order to live. The spine itself was shown to the neurological society. I wonder where the general's spine is now. We could use his fine qualities, including backbone, in our affairs today.

What was cremated and now lies buried within that quiet quadrangle of cedars in Colorado Springs' Evergreen Cemetery may be only a major portion of the great man's body. Even after death he continued to be a benefactor. This time his beneficiary was the medical profession, whose practitioners he had confounded by living two and a third years after he had received a fatal injury.

—John J. Lipsey, Westerner

## **New York Posse**

News of the formation of a New York posse of The Westerners came back to the parent organizations with a speed somewhat slower than stagecoach mail. Rejoicing over the formation of this potentially very important posse, however, is only the more enhanced by the fact that New York is the heart of the area in which the "true Western gospel" most needs furtherance. The Denver Posse extends its heartiest congratulations and best wishes to its New York colleagues. The following statement by Henry M. Kapenstein, Roundup Foreman, brings us up to date on the activities and membership of the group:

The Westerners, New York Posse, is an informal group of men and women having headquarters in the New York metropolitan area. The association was formed at the invitation of Homer Croy, Jim Horan, S. Vigilante, Mari Sandoz, and others, in April 1952. The Westerners are interested in Western history folklore and biography. It was felt that an opportunity for discussion and writing should be available to the many interested writers, editors, etc., in the New York area. The formation of the Posse has come to be the answer to this need for opportunity.

In addition to the original meeting the group has met twice. On May 5, 1952 a business organization meeting was held at Jim Horan's Corral in Weehawken, New Jersey, across the river from Manhattan. Officers were elected, unanimously, general plans were set, and formal and informal discussion held.

Amongst the ideas settled at the first meeting were the points of the admission to membership of men and women, establishment of a general rule of informality, postponement of publishing plans, and maintenance of open membership for the time being. There were 18 members present at the meeting and all paid the dues which were set at \$2 to the end of the calendar year. Plans for a Constitution and By-Laws were set aside temporarily. All the members in the Posse were introduced to each other and after the meeting small groups got together for talk and debate.

The second meeting of The Westerners, New York Posse met on June 9, 1952 at Jim Horan's Corral in Weehawken. Attending were 24 members with several others reporting by mail. Amongst the business conducted was the appointing of Barron Beshoar and Peter Decker as a committee to write the Constitution and report at the next meeting in late September of 1952.

The highlight of the evening of June 9 was the talk given by Martin S. Garretson. Uncle Martin, a young man at 85, stirred up his memories of boyhood in the Southwest. He told of his meetings with the famous and the infamous, and about his lifetime of activities to aid in the preservation of the American Bison. Uncle Martin also showed his fine drawings and art work of Western activities which he made over 35 years ago. His remarks were taken down by wire recorder and will be held and transcribed.

The meeting was followed by what has become a characteristic: informal talk and refreshments. A special vote of thanks was accorded Melvin J. Nichols who introduced Uncle Martin to the group.

Correspondence, suggestions for membership (limited to the New York area), and any ideas other interested Westerners may have to offer is invited. Write to the Roundup Foreman or one of the Officers.

A list of the Officers and *partial list* of the members follows below.

Sylvester Vigilante, Sheriff

% New York Public Library, 475 Fifth Ave., New York 18, N. Y.

(Sheriff Vigilante is an historian and librarian. He is widely known for his interest in the gunmen and sheriffs of the West.)

Jim Horan, Deputy Sheriff

2302 Palisade Avenue, Weehawken, New Jersey

(Mr. Horan is an editor of the *New York Journal-American*. Two of his books have been widely acclaimed recently; they are *Desperate Men*, and a new volume called *Desperate Women*.)

Ben Botkin, Registrar of Marks and Brands

45 Lexington Drive, Croton-on-Hudson, New York

(Mr. Botkin has great and deep knowledge of the folklore of America. His *Treasury of Western Folklore* is the newest of a standard reference series about American folklore. He is an editor of the magazine *New York Folklore*.)

Melvin J. Nichols, Tally Man

65 Edgewood Road, Summit, New Jersey

Henry M. Kapenstein, Roundup Foreman

1818 Avenue U, Brooklyn 29, New York; or

% New York Public Library, 476 Fifth Ave., New York 18, N. Y.

Mrs. Barbara Boothe, Chuck Wrangler

68-12 Yellowstone Blvd., Forest Hills 85, New York

Ivor Avellino

Barron B. Beshoar

Henry (Chip) Chafetz

Homer Croy

Peter Decker

Harry Sinclair Drago

Martin S. Garretson

Alfred Jancovic

William F. Kelleher

Oscar O. Krause

George Milburn

Robert and Katharine Pinkerton

Clark Pitter

Harold Preece

Mari Sandoz

Paul Sann

Robert F. Scott

Don Ward

Gerhard Zeller

Samuel Zeller

Edward A. Zneimer

—Henry M. Kapenstein  
Roundup Foreman

## Westerner's Bookshelf

PISTOL PETE: *Veteran of the Old West*, by Frank Eaton (Little, Brown and Company, 278 pp. \$4.00.

So far as your reviewer is concerned books like this one are a distinct menace to Western history. All they do is perpetuate a mythology about the Old West that has been flourishing ever since that imaginative tenderfoot writer calling himself Ned Buntline turned his literary wolf loose. PISTOL PETE is in the best Buntline tradition. Name any bromide about the Old West. You'll find it going strong in PISTOL PETE. He's included them all—the two-gun man (that's Pistol Pete Eaton himself), the impossible feat of putting two bullets at rapid fire from a heavy 45 into a knothole, killing running deer with a six-shooter, and, oh, yes, the lightning draw!

Frank Eaton, born in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1860, goes west to Osage County, Kansas, when he was seven. It was a time of border unrest, violence, and outlawry. When nine the boy saw his father slain by night riders, whom he identifies as ruffian neighbors, the Campseys and the Ferbers. A kindly neighbor gives the boy a Colt's Navy six-shooter, makes him vow he will practice until he is adequate to revenge his father's murder. The boy vows. The boy practices. Soon he is shooting sparrows on the wing. Soon he has perfected his celebrated "underhand draw" and is the fastest gun slinger in the territory. He also vows never to touch wiskey till he is forty. Although still an adolescent, he sets sail—for vengeance.

He gets it. Always he gives his father's murderers, when he tracks them down, fair warning. "Fill your hand!" he says. "I'm Frank Eaton. I am here to kill you for murdering my father!" Whereupon, with the ease of shooting fish, he does just that. What difference is he is outnumbered two, six, ten to one; what difference if they are hardened thugs and killers, he a punk of a boy? He's the original All-American boy, a juvenile Lone Ranger, and right and truth and justice ever prevail. Now and then he's winged, but it's nothing. The time he is closest to death his life is saved by—guess what? A steel crucifix, fastened around his neck by a half-breed girl, "the sweetest, most beautiful woman God ever made." In time he gets even with 'em all and, although barely turned twenty, has his first drink of whiskey.

If Frank Eaton would confine himself, as he does in part of the book, to life in frontier Kansas and Indian Territory, he would have written something well worth while. But most of the time he is a one-man army, killing either for vengeance or as a cattle detective. In that role he's hardly believable, at least to this reviewer, who is of the opinion that Pistol Pete saw so many Western movies and listened to so many radio programs it colored his entire literary career.

—Charles B. Roth, Westerner

UP THE MISSOURI WITH AUDUBON, by Edward Harris, edited and annotated by John Francis McDermott, 222 pp., appendices, 5; illustrated; indexed; University of Oklahoma Press, \$3.75.

Audubon's trip up the Missouri in 1843 was after his more famous excursions into wilderness areas and his work had won fame in this nation and abroad. The book is principally the journal of Edward Harris, a well-to-do-farmer, born at Moorestown, New Jersey, 1799.

Harris was a highly qualified hobby-naturalist and a great admirer of the by-then-great Audubon. The book tells of his eagerness to accompany Audubon on this later trip into the west. Some of the more interesting passages in the book are vivid descriptions of the trials and tribulations of river travel to St. Louis from where they took passage

on the steamboat Omega, to eventually reach Fort Union, the farthest up-stream point during their sojourn west.

Much of Harris' journal is filled with the recording of what he encountered along the way in plants, birds and animals. For the student there is a wealth of data on what was found as they traveled up the Missouri and around Fort Union. Harris gives considerable wordage to jubilant reporting of the finding of any theretofore unreported bird, beast or plant. His lists of birds noted will please the ornithologist.

A considerable portion of the text is dull reading for those who may be seeking some entertainment as well as bald fact. But by wading through the less engaging passages, one comes upon unexpected sections where Harris turns narrator, deserts in some degree the methodical recording of a scientist and delivers vivid pictures of incidents and action.

Clashes with Indians, buffalo and wolf hunts, struggles to get the steamboat off sandbars, liven the book in spots. For the historian, there are references running all through the book, to the status of the forts along the Missouri, the trading posts of rival fur companies of the period and to the personnel, some well-known figures being mentioned, that lived or worked out from these posts.

There are many footnotes, such as the one listing the people Harris met in St. Louis; or an excerpt from the log of the Omega, giving in detail the troubles of Captain Sire on May 23rd, when his ship was stuck on sandbars more than it was afloat.

Copious cross-references are made to Audubon's journal of the trip and to other source material and these are of considerable value to anyone who is interested in the area traversed on this journey and the time the journey was accomplished.

Not "light" reading but full of fragments of highly valuable information for anyone interested in this period. A first-rating source book, particularly as it parallels Audubon's account, for those primarily interested in natural history.

—Art Carhart, Westerner

BOOK NOTES AMONG OUR MEMBERS: PM Tom Ferril's *New and Selected Poems* (200 pp., with foreword by H. L. Davis; Harper & Bros., \$3.00), published July 15, offers the extensive tribe of Ferril followers not only his recent work but a generous sampling of his best from the three previous Ferril volumes which are now, regrettably, out of print.

Our State Historical Society contingent has been very active. PM LeRoy Hafen's well-illustrated *Indians of Colorado* is the answer to a long-standing demand. . . . Ditto *The Tabor Story* by PM Ed McMechen. Both booklets out in July at 50 cents. Watch for reviews in a later Brand Book.

\* \* \* \*

Our state archivist and hard-working Westerners' enthusiast, Dolores C. Renze, is back at her desk after six weeks attendance at an archivists' institute held by the American University in Washington, D.C. Spent her personal research time on western army posts, specifically a century's records dealing with Vancouver Barracks in the state of Washington. . . . She expresses astonishment at the wealth of primary research material on Colorado and Rocky Mountain regional topics available and still undistilled in the national archives.

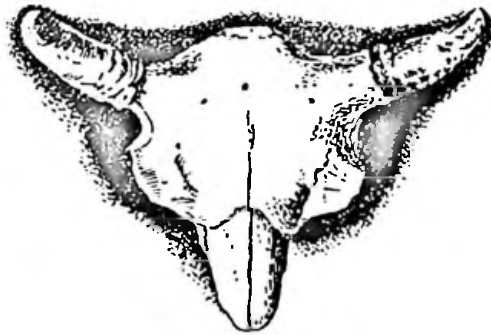
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## WESTERNER-OF-THE-MONTH

LeRoy Hafen  
Historian

### *Corral Dust*

By now, the career of Colorado's state historian spans a fair-sized chunk of the state's history in itself: twenty-eight years, to be exact. Nevada-born, Dr. Hafen came to Denver as curator of history shortly after receiving his doctorate in history from the University of California in 1924. By 1925 he was editing the Colorado Magazine. The rest of those years have been distinguished by his writing or editing of thirteen books, his Scotland tour as visiting professor at the University of Glasgow, and so on and on. He's a charter posseman, too.

Several Westerners gathered at an August luncheon to visit with Dr. Howard S. Driggs of New York and other luminaries of the Pioneer Trails Association . . . Former Posseman Herb Brayer reports the arrival of a new son . . . PM John J. Lipsey is demonstrating highly commendable loyalty: every one of the subjects treated thus far in his "Writers of the Rockies" series for the Colorado Springs Free Press is a Westerner . . . The indefatigable Nolie Mumey, who has five publishing products in the mill simultaneously, is off to Santa Fe and Taos on further research almost every weekend.



### SEPTEMBER MEETING

Arthur H. Carhart, "Bad Man's Last Hangout" (with eighty color slides of one of Colorado's remotest and most fascinating areas). Press Club, Wednesday evening, Sept. 24.

# Ranger Reading

By J. C. Dykes

The author, who is deputy chief of the U. S. Soil Conservation service and a corresponding Westerner, presented this paper to the August meeting—Ed.

Forty years ago last month, I read my first Texas Ranger book. My mother gave me *The Boy Captive of the Texas Mier Expedition* (San Antonio, 1909), by Fanny Chambers Gooch-Iglehart, on my twelfth birthday. It is still a treasured part of my collection although somewhat battered and worn from frequent readings. Big Foot Wallace was a fellow prisoner of the young hero and he spun many a tale of his frontier experiences to help the boy through the dreary days of captivity. Big Foot was one of the most famous of the early Texas Rangers and, so far as I can remember, I have turned down only one Wallace item offered to me in the last forty years—recently I successfully resisted the opportunity of buying a copy of the first edition of A. J. Sowell's *Life of Big Foot Wallace* (San Antonio, 1899) for \$500.00. I didn't have the \$500 and I did have a good reprint, issued at Bandera, Texas, by J. Marvin Hunter in 1927.

Of course, I am not claiming that I have been a Ranger collector for 40 years. Actually, even after being introduced to the Texas Rangers by *The Boy Captive*, I accumulated the usual miscellaneous juveniles of the period, including many by Alger, Henty, Burt L. Standish (Gil Patten), etc. It was nearly a quarter of a century later—on April 21, 1937, to be exact—after many years of "accumulating" books, that I decided to seriously try to build a Texas Ranger collection. I know the exact date because beginning that day I kept a diary of my experiences with books, dealers and writers, for six years.

In my entry that day, the 101st anniversary of the battle of San Jacinto, I credited the stories told me by Capt. Jim Gillett for the decision to collect Ranger books. Thinking back over what actually happened, I know now that my friend and collecting associate of many years, Louis P. Merrill of Ft. Worth, Texas, was really responsible for my change from "accumulator" to "collector." Merrill had already begun the building of his now famous collection on the range livestock industry and in addition to talking up the pleasures of collecting, he provided some literature on the subject. After reading Winterich's *A Primer of Book Collecting* and Herbert Faulkner West's *Modern Book Collecting for the Impecunious Amateur*, I decided to limit my collection to Texas Ranger items.

My purpose is to tell you about the Ranger books I have found the most entertaining to read. The books I will mention will not be the rarest items in this field, though some can be properly classed as rare; nor will they necessarily be the best books from a literary viewpoint, though some have achieved some reknown as American literature. I have restricted those to be named here to the most readable books in my own collection and this selection, while strictly one man's opinion, is guaranteed to provide entertaining reading as well as much information on the many Rangers in our history.

I have already mentioned the thrilling tales I've heard Capt. Gillett tell—some to large audiences and some in his own book-lined den at his home in Marfa. Fortunately, he also wrote many of them down and they are available to you in *Six Years with the Texas Rangers* (Austin, Texas, 1921). This entertaining personal narrative, in case you are not the possessor of the scarce first edition, has been reprinted three times—by the Yale University Press in 1925; by the World Book Co. in 1927 (with the title *The Texas Rangers*); and at Christmas, 1943, it became a Lakeside Press Classic.



Much has been written about Big Foot Wallace but to me John C. Duval's *The Adventures of Big-Foot Wallace* (Philadelphia, 1871) is by far the most entertaining. I know that many collectors (and quite a few dealers) are still hoping to secure a copy of the Macon (Ga.), 1870 edition but my own advice is to "quit struggling." There is an edition so dated but it is far from the "first." The mystery of the "Macon, 1870" edition was cleared up in J. Frank Dobie's fine tribute to *John C. Duval, First Texas Man of Letters* (Dallas, 1939). This is also a fine Ranger book as Duval served with Wallace in Capt. Jack Hays' company in 1845. "Texas John" or Jack Duval's book on Wallace is usually available in one of the numerous later issues but the "Philadelphia, 1871," or first edition, is definitely rare.

Numerous dime novels were written about Big Foot. I like best *Big Foot Wallace, the King of the Lariat; or, Wild Wolf, the Waco* by Buckskin Sam (Samuel Stone Hall) issued as Beadle's N. Y. Dime Library No. 204 on Sept. 20, 1882. Hall served in the Texas Rangers prior to the War Between the States and his own "biography," with particular emphasis on his Ranger experiences, appeared as *Plaza and Plain; or, Wild Adventures of "Buckskin Sam,"* (Major Sam S. Hall), *the Noted Texas Ranger, Scout, Guide, Ranchoero, and Indian Fighter of the South-west Border* on April 4, 1882, as Beadle's Boy Library No. 17. It was written by Col. Prentiss Ingraham. Hall appeared in many other dime novels written by Ingraham and Hall did almost as well in keeping Wallace's "adventures" before the boys of the 1880's in his fifty odd novels published by Beadle.

Dime novels about the Texas Rangers had been appearing regularly for some years when the two mentioned above were issued. I believe the first of these by a highly respected teacher and newspaperman, C. Dunning Clark, who used the pen name "William J. Hamilton" for his subliterary fiction. It appeared as Beadle's Dime Novels No. 232 with the title, *The Prairie Queen; or, Tom Western, the Texas Ranger* (New York, 1871). This "thriller" about the troubles the Rangers had with horse thieves and marauding Comanches was "in print" for at least fifteen years in the various Beadle series, sometimes with a somewhat changed title.

So far as I know, the first book about the Texas Rangers was Samuel C. Reid's *The Scouting Expeditions of McCulloch's Texas Rangers* (Philadelphia, 1847). It was primarily concerned with the events of the Mexican War but it also contains short biographies of McCulloch, Hays, and Walker, three of the famous Rangers leaders of that period.

Many years ago, an entertaining biography of McCulloch appeared. It was written by another old Ranger, Victor M. Rose, with the title, *The Life and Services of General Ben McCulloch* (Philadelphia, 1888).

It is interesting to note that we have had to wait until this year for a full length biography of Col. Jack Hays, close associate and friend of McCulloch. It was written by the well-known Texas historian, James K. Greer, and is simply titled—*Colonel Jack Hays* (New York, 1952). I completed the reading of this highly entertaining account just a few weeks ago and it will almost certainly be one of the best 10 Western books of 1952 when the Westerners complete their balloting next January. After serving together in the Texas Rangers, Hays and McCulloch both went to California and to me, it is quite interesting to note that at the same time that Hays served San Francisco as its first Sheriff that McCulloch served Sacramento in the same capacity.

Additional material on Samuel Walker was hard for me to find. I finally heard of a pamphlet issued by the Wyoming Historical Society about Walker. Suffice to say that after much correspondence with Cheyenne and Laramie, and with many dealers all over the country, I discovered that the correct "Wyoming" was the Wyoming Valley in Pennsylvania. Publication No. 3, *Proceedings of the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society* (Wilkes Barre, Pa., 1883), contains Edmund L. Dana's *Incidents in the Life of Capt. Samuel H. Walker, Texas Ranger*. There is also much on Walker in

the books about the Colt revolvers since he helped the inventor design the "Walker" (or "Texas") Colt for the hard usage it was to have on the frontier. Of these, I think you will enjoy the excellently printed *Sam Colt's Own Record* (Hartford, Conn., 1949), compiled by John E. Parsons and issued by The Connecticut Historical Society in an edition of 1000 copies.

Another interesting little item that it took me months to secure was George E. Hyde's *Rangers and Regulars* (Denver, 1933). Our fellow Westerner, the late John Van Male, was the publisher and did all he could to help me find a copy. Finally he sent me a list of all the purchasers and I began the tedious task of contacting each of them. I received courteous replies from nearly all of them saying, "Sorry, I'm not interested in selling my copy." I did not receive a reply from one purchaser in Omaha, Nebraska, and I decided to follow up on that copy. My fellow collector, G. E. Connely of Omaha, finally found the owner of the missing copy in a hospital there. He was old and nearly blind and willing to part with his copy for a "consideration." Through Mr. Connely I bought the copy and was mighty happy I did as John wrote me that the printer actually delivered only 43 copies of the book to him. This little book was reprinted, with additions, by Long's College Book Store, Columbus, Ohio, 1952.

A goodly number of the old Rangers, in addition to Capt. Gillert, wrote their own stories. The personal narratives that I found highly readable include N. A. Jennings' *A Texas Ranger* (N. Y., 1899, and with an introduction by J. Frank Dobie, Dallas, 1930); Sergeant W. J. L. Sullivan's *Twelve Years in the Saddle* (Austin, 1909). J. B. (Red) Dunn's *Perilous Trails of Texas* (Dallas, 1932); Capt. Dan W. Roberts' *Rangers and Sovereignty* (San Antonio, 1914); and Ira Aten's *Six and One-Half Years in the Ranger Service* (Bandera, Texas, 1945).

Worthwhile Texas Ranger biographies are quite numerous. J. Evetts Haley's *Charles Goodnight* (Boston, 1936) is the greatest biography of a cowman produced to date and it is properly classed as a Ranger item because Goodnight served as scout and guide for the Texas Rangers during the War Between the States. James K. Greer's "Bucky Barry," *Texas Ranger* (Dallas, 1932) is fine reading as is Haley's *Jeff Milton, a Good Man with a Gun* (Norman, Okla., 1948). Dora Neill Raymond's *Captain Lee Hall of Texas* (Norman, Okla., 1940) and Albert Bigelow Paine's *Captain Bill McDonald, Texas Ranger* (N. Y., 1909) rank high. Incidentally, Paine's book was sold by subscription in three bindings—plain blue cloth; red cloth with a photo of Captain Bill mounted on the front cover; and full leather. The text does not differ in the three issues and it is almost certain that each is the true first edition but differently bound to suit the pocketbooks of the various subscribers.

Many entertaining histories have been issued about Texas counties and many of them contain Ranger material not otherwise available. I have selected two examples of local history that I can recommend for their readability: Cliff D. Cates' *Pioneer History of Wise County* (Decatur, Texas, 1907) and O. Clark Fisher's *It Occurred in Kimble* (Houston, 1937).

There has been no single outstanding novel about the Texas Rangers. Two old timers, Hon. Jeremiah Clemens' *Mustang Gray* (Philadelphia, 1858), and Charles W. Webber's *Old Hicks the Guide; or, Adventures in the Comanche Country in Search of a Gold Mine* (New York, 1848) are probably the best of the long list. A good many collectors have refused to class *Old Hicks* as fiction and there seems to be little doubt that it describes some incidents in the adventurous career of the author, who served as a Texas Ranger on the frontier. But it is fiction and right entertaining. Clemens fought in the Mexican War and later served his state, Alabama, in the U. S. Congress. His hero "Mabry Gray" was probably Mabery B. Gray, a fellow soldier and noted frontiersman. Clemens collected the material for his novel during the Mexican War and he used some of the "Mustang" Gray's experiences in the book but it is still fiction. Our fellow Westerner, William MacLeod Raine, is the author of *A Texas Ranger*

(N. Y., 1911) but nearly ten years ago he told me that he could not recommend it as it was just two short stories rather loosely tied together. Of course, my copy which he so kindly inscribed for me, has an honored place in my collection but for my money his *The Danyank* (Boston, 1942), in which Captain Lee Hall is an important character, is a much better Texas Ranger novel.

The short stories about the Texas Rangers are legend and many are very good indeed. Wm. S. Porter's (O. Henry) *Heart of the West* (N. Y., 1907) contains several "corkers." H. S. Canfield's *A Maid of the Frontier* (Chicago and New York, 1898) is well worth reading. There is a dandy Ranger yarn in William S. Hart's *The Law on Horseback* (Los Angeles, 1935) and Stewart Edward White, in *Arizona Nights* (New York, 1908), tells how a few old Texas Rangers founded the city of Yuma.

Some years ago I talked to a group in Philadelphia on the services of our numerous Ranger companies to our country. After I completed my remarks, a gentleman from New Hampshire approached me and said, "You left out the most important Ranger of all." After listening to my feeble excuses, he identified this important omission as The Lone Ranger and stated, "My brother-in-law writes him." In case there are relatives of his creator, of The Lone Ranger, or of Tonto present tonight, I'll mention the book that "reveals all." Fran Striker's *The Lone Ranger Rides* (New York, 1941) is a good Western and from it we learn that The Lone Ranger is really a Texas Ranger—the last of a company wiped out by the Indians. He was wounded nearly "unto death" but nursed back to health by Tonto. So far as I know, he never did report back to Ranger headquarters but carries on his good work to this day while AWOL.

So far as I know, we still lack a collection of verse about the Texas Rangers. However, many books of Western ballads include one or more about them. Francis D. Allan's *Lone Star Ballads* (Galveston, 1874) includes several about the Ranger leaders and companies from Texas in the War Between the States. B. Metchim's *Wild West Poems* (London, 1871) also includes two or three in a somewhat more humorous vein. John Lomax has included several Ranger ballads in his various collections.

I am sure that many of you know that Pat Garrett, after killing Billy the Kid, was a Captain in the Texas Rangers. I hope you appreciate the restraint I have exercised in not including a number of Billy the Kid books in my recommendations. Actually, the Lincoln County War was one of the most violent of our numerous Western range wars and some real good writers have had their say about it. The Fulton-Garrett version, *The Authentic Life of Billy the Kid* (New York, 1927), is the best single book about that war and the killing of the Kid. Colonel Maurice G. Fulton's serious research and historical footnotes added to Pat's (and Ash Upson's) original version makes this book the foundation on which to start your reading or collecting on this subject.

And, speaking of choosing a single book, if I had to limit my Texas Ranger reading to just one book, I'd take Dr. Walter Prescott Webb's *The Texas Rangers—A Century of Frontier Defense* (Boston, New York, 1935). Here is history, backed by intelligent research and by an understanding of the genius of the force (they could ride like Mexicans; trail like Indians; shoot like Tennesseans; and fight like the devil!), and the psychology of the men by actual contact with them, presented with vigor and clarity that makes it better reading than most fiction.

In my diary entry for May 12, 1937, I find the following: "I finished reading Dr. Webb's *The Texas Rangers* tonight. More entertaining than fiction." I have read all of it more than once since and parts of it many times and the 1937 decision stands. Incidentally, according to my diary entry for Aug. 5, 1937, the limited edition (205 signed copies) of Dr. Webb's book was my first catalogue order. My copy, No. 184, came from Wright Howes' Catalogue No. 49, and I still stick with my diary statement on receipt of the book—"I think I am going to agree with Herbert Faulkner West

that catalogue shopping is one of the finer experiences of collecting," although there is nothing that can really replace the close personal relationship between the collector and certain of his dealer friends.

### California Rangers

Perhaps another diary entry serves to explain how so many other Rangers invaded my Texas Ranger collection: "October 28, 1937—At Home: Received from the Eastern Book Co., of N. Y. City, Major Horace Bell's *Reminiscences of a Ranger*" (Santa Barbara, 1927). I am quite disappointed as Major Bell was a California Ranger instead of a Texas Ranger, a fact not disclosed in the catalogue description. However, it is quite entertaining, and I shall keep it." Yes, the California Rangers moved in just that easily and I had a new reading interest. The first edition of this ranger item was the first cloth-bound book to be entirely produced in Los Angeles. It was published in 1881 by the firm of Yarnell, Caystile and Mathes.

The California Rangers were created by the California legislature for the specific purpose of ending the career of Joaquin Murieta, the outlaw scourge of the miners. Harry Love, late of Texas, was the Captain with several old Texas Rangers as members and they did the job assigned. The most entertaining item it has been my privilege to read is the Grabhorn Press' American Reprint No. 1, *Joaquin Murieta* (San Francisco, 1932). This is a reprint from the old "California Police Gazette" version of 1859 that seems to have been "pirated" from John R. Ridge, the original "biographer" of the outlaw. That "Yellow Bird's" (Ridge's) biography was mostly fiction is clearly set forth in Joseph Henry Jackson's *Bad Company* (New York, 1949) and well worth reading. *Roy Bean, Law West of the Pecos* (New York, 1943) by C. L. Sonnichsen is the best of a number of biographies about the "Judge," one time member of the California Rangers. General Patrick Edward Connor was another California Ranger who made history in the West and Major Fred B. Rogers' *Soldiers of the Overland* (San Francisco, 1938) tells his story very well indeed.

One of the interesting by-products of the Rangers-versus-Murieta contest involved a young poet, Cincinnatus Hiner Miller. So intrigued was young Miller, a visitor to California shortly after the killing of Murieta, with the gowing legend, that his second book, *Joaquin Et Al* (Portland, 1868 or 1869), was devoted to the outlaw. In a footnote to the poem "Joaquin Murieta" in *The Complete Poetical Works of Joaquin Miller* (San Francisco, 1897), the poet states that this is a much "revised and cut down" version of the original poem from the book and that it was from the book and the poem that he was, in derision, called "Joaquin." The name stuck and few today recall that the name of the "Poet of the Sierras" was really Cincinnatus Hiner.

George W. Perrie wrote his own story (edited by C. G. Rosenberg), *Buckskin Mose* (New York, 1873), and in doing so presented a highly colorful account of the Buckskin or Susanville (California) Rangers, organized to fight the Indians in 1859-60. It has been said that Perrie could have written a very interesting book by sticking to the simple truth but that "he stretched the blanket to the splitting point."

### Arizona Rangers

The Arizona Rangers had a short but worthwhile life in the early years of this century. The best general history of this state police force appears in *Our Sheriff and Police Journal*, Volume 31, Number 6, June, 1936. It is by Winsor Mulford with the title *The Arizona Rangers*. Since the definitive history of the Arizona Rangers is still to be written (I've urged friend Raine to do it), it is fortunate that their story has been told by some of their famous leaders. *Gun Notches* (New York, 1931) is the autobiography of Capt. Thomas H. Rynning as told to Al Cohn and Joe Chisholm. *Cap Mossman* (New York, 1951) told his story to Frazier Hunt. Both are thrilling

accounts. *Cap's* biography was one of the best ten Western books of 1951 as selected by the Chicago Westerners. I also recommend fellow Westerner Raine's *Bucky O'Connor* (New York, 1910), a fine tale of the Arizona Rangers. Some years ago our friend told me that while he was not a member of the Arizona Rangers that he had the permission of the Governor "to ride" with them and that, on occasion, he did so. He has told some of his experiences while riding with them in fictional form, but I still think he is the logical man to write their history.

### *Colorado Rangers*

About the only information that I have been able to find about the short-lived Colorado Rangers is in Bruce Smith's *The State Police* (New York, 1925). This isn't a thrilling book but since it is the only one except your own BRAND BOOK for 1946 (Edwin A. Bemis' article "Early Journalism in Colorado"), mentioning the Rangers of your state, it is a "must."

### *Rogers Rangers*

Frederic Remington's *Crooked Trails* (New York and London, 1898) includes a fine chapter on the Texas Rangers, "How the Law Got into the Chaparral," and I bought it many years ago for that reason. It also includes "Joshua Goodenough's Old Letter" that introduced me to Rogers Rangers. It also introduced me to the spirited art of the author-artist and led me into additional collecting fields. About the time that I bought *Crooked Trails* there appeared a great novel, *Northwest Passage* (Garden City, N. Y., 1937), about Rogers Rangers by Kenneth Roberts. These two books did a very thorough job of convincing me that there was thrilling "Ranger Reading" to be had about the companies that operated east of the 100th Meridian: i.e., the "Smith and Weston" line, and finally the decision was made to encompass all the Rangers in my collection.

Major Robert Rogers, organizer and commander of the Rangers, who fought for the English in the French and Indian War, was an intriguing rascal but a great fighter and leader. He wrote his story, *Journals of Major Robert Rogers* (London, 1865, and it is, so far as I know, the first Ranger book as well as prime source material for the novelist or historian. Generals Israel Putnam and John Stark of Revolutionary War fame served their apprenticeships with Rogers Rangers. The first attempt at biography in America was Colonel David Humphrey's *Essay on the Life of the Honorable Major-General Israel Putnam* (Hartford, Conn., 1788). It is not a great biography by present-day standards but it is our first and might good on "Old Put." A number of biographies of Gen. John Stark are available, but I like best the brief account, by Edward Everett, in *The Library of American Biography—Vol. I* (Boston, London, 1834).

One of my most prized items is Remington's *A Rogers Ranger in the French and Indian War* (reprinted from Harper's Magazine, November, 1897). When I examined it shortly after buying it, the text seemed familiar and, sure enough, it was "Joshua Goodenough's Old Letter" as I had read it in *Crooked Trails*. I recognized that it was the first "separate" of a fine story and that it preceded the appearance in *Crooked Trails* by some months. But the statement that assured it of a place of honor on my shelves appeared under the description of the item in the catalogue of Rains Galleries' Auction Sale No. 553 and is from a note found among Merle Johnson's papers. The note reads, "This pamphlet is probably the rarest of all Remington books." While I do not agree with Johnson on this point, I do agree that it is rare enough to husband.

The best buy in the Rogers Rangers field is Kenneth Roberts's *Northwest Passage* as issued in two volumes in a limited printing of 1050 numbered and signed sets. Volume I is the novel—one of our best of the historical type and based on much research. Volume II reprints the primary source material on which the essentials of the novel are based.

## *Rangers in the Revolution*

Rogers remained true to the Crown in the Revolutionary War and helped organize the Queen's Rangers to aid the British in putting down the rebellion. The real leader of the Queen's Rangers, and later Governor-General of Canada, was *John Graves Simcoe* (Toronto, 1910) whose biography was written by Duncan Campbell Scott.

Another company that fought for the British in those days, notorious in fiction and in some historical writings for its cruelty during the raids on the Wyoming and Cherry Valleys, was known as Butler's or The Tory Rangers. Howard Swiggett in his excellently done historical book *War Out of Niagara—Walter Butler and the Tory Rangers* (New York, 1933) has done much to correct the false legends that have been handed down about Butler and his company.

The colonists also had some Rangers on their side in that war. One company is almost forgotten yet one of its members is known to every school-boy. Colonel Thomas Knowlton organized a company of rangers to be the eyes and ears of Washington's army before New York. This company was known as Knowlton's or the Connecticut Rangers. Ashbel Woodward's *Memoir of Col. Thomas Knowlton* (Boston, 1861) is good on this old ranger, who in addition to his services in the Revolution is credited with saving the life of "Old Put" in the French and Indian War.

It was Col. Knowlton, later killed in the battle of Harlem Heights, who sent one of his rangers (he volunteered) into New York City to seek information for Washington. The young school teacher, turned soldier and ranger in the best tradition of our citizen-soldiers, was captured and executed as a spy. By now I am sure that you have guessed that the young ranger was the immortal Nathan Hale. Of the very great number of books about the young martyr, I have selected a fairly recent book, Henry Phelps Johnston's *Nathan Hale* (New York, 1901) because, in addition to providing all the essential facts about Hale's career, it includes much new material—Hale's army diary, ten Hale letters, descriptions of the Hale memorials, and much of interest not in the older Hale biographies.

## *U. S. Rangers*

Rangers in the Army of the United States seemed to have been especially recruited in time of war, rather than forming a permanent part of it. Ranger companies were active on the Western frontier during the War of 1812 but the only written records I have of their services are the bills (and the reports on them), some of them introduced in Congress as late as 1820, praying for the pay promised them. So far as I know, they were never paid.

Nathan Boone, son of Daniel Boone, commanded a company in Missouri but since they were not mentioned in the bills, it is likely arrangements for the pay of the several ranger companies varied by location.

The mounted rangers authorized by Congress during the Black Hawk War in 1832 were much more fortunate. Probably no other rangers did so little, and were written about so much. One of the really rare items in my collection is the *Rules and Regulations for the Government of the Mounted Rangers* (Washington, D. C., 1832) issued by Major General Alex Macomb, Commanding the Army. From it I learned that the U. S. Ranger of 1832 received \$1 a day for services, and for use of his arms, horse, and equipment. The uniform was "The Hunting Dress of the West" and furnished by the ranger. The Government agreed to furnish each ranger "a pair of pistols and a sword" but he had to furnish his own rifle. My great-great-great uncle, Jesse Bean, organized a company in Arkansas and since the situation in Illinois was under control by the time the company was mustered into service, it was ordered to Fort Gibson, Indian Territory. Washington Irving, in *A Tour of the Prairies* (Philadelphia, 1835) and Chas. Joseph Latrobe in *The Rambler in North America* (New York, 1835), told

the story of the tour they made with the rangers in the winter of 1832. Many others have followed suit and of these I will mention only that most worthwhile book by Grant Foreman, *Pioneer Days in the Early Southwest* (Cleveland, 1926).

The Mounted Rangers of 1832 were in service for less than a year. They were reorganized into the First Dragoons as a part of the regular army in March, 1833, and quickly made up for their rather indolent life at Fort Gibson by fighting Indians throughout the West. Captain Nathan Boone, already mentioned, was one of the U. S. Rangers of 1832 to serve long and well with the dragoons. His journal was printed the first time in Louis Pelzer's *Marches of the Dragoons in the Mississippi Valley* (Iowa City, 1917), which also covers the transition of the Ranger to Dragoons in fine fashion.

### *Rangers in the War Between the States*

I have already mentioned the services of the Texas Rangers to the U. S. Army in the Mexican War. And there were ranger companies on both sides in the War Between the States. Fighting for the South was that spectacular, hard riding and almost legendary force organized by the great cavalry leader, Colonel John S. Mosby. Much has been written about the sensational rides and raids of Mosby's Rangers. J. Marshall Crawford's *Mosby and His Men* (New York, 1867) was the first, and Virgil C. Jones' *Ranger Mosby* (Chapel Hill, 1944) was the last book written about these famous Virginians. They are among the best but I recommend any or all of the books about Mosby and his rangers.

Not all Virginians favored dissolution of the Union and among the number were many neighbors and relatives of Mosby's men. The story of these men, reinforced by a number of recruits from Maryland, is told by Briscoe Goodhart in the *History of the Independent Loudoun Virginia Rangers* (Washington, D. C., 1896). The Loudoun Rangers were in frequent conflict with Mosby's Rangers and it was often truly brother against brother. While their overall value to the North was not as great as that of Mosby's men to the South, they seemed to have held their own in the skirmishes between the two—honors were about even when Ranger met Ranger.

It is interesting to note that George W. Arrington, the Captain of the Texas Rangers responsible for driving the thieves and outlaws out of the Texas Panhandle, served with Mosby. Dr. Webb in *The Texas Rangers* credits Mosby with developing Arrington into a strict disciplinarian and with teaching him the tactics that enabled him to deal with the outlaw bands in Texas while earning him the honorary title of the "Iron-Handed Man of the Panhandle." It seems that Arrington was not the name used by the Ranger Captain when he served with Mosby, but in those days it was not considered polite to inquire closely into such a private matter.

Since we are again on the subject of Texas Rangers, I want to mention a recently issued separate from the PAPERS of the Bibliographical Society of America with the enchanting title, *Texans in Leopard Skin Pants* (np, 1950). It is by Robert B. Brown and is primarily the story of a rare book on the services of a company of Texas Rangers in the War Between the States . . . W. W. Heartsill's *Fourteen Hundred and Ninety-One Days in the Confederate Army, or Camp Life; Day by Day of the W. P. Lane Rangers* (Marshall, Texas, 1876?). Despite the fact that I am the good friend and college classmate of Heartsill I have, as far, failed to secure a copy of his diary. Brown locates nine copies and I think I can match his nine—but I'm not telling where until one copy rests in the library of the little house on Guilford Road.

### *Our Newest Rangers*

In World War II the U. S. Army again found use for the special talents of groups of tough fighting men. Volunteers from among the troops were given special training—reputed to have been the toughest course of "sprouts" ever given soldiers. Those

who passed were formed into ranger companies and served hard and well. The books about these rangers are now beginning to appear and I recommend one, Lieutenant James J. Altieri's *Darby's Rangers* (Durham, N. C., 1945).

### Border Rangers

So far the rangers mentioned have been members of military, semi-military, or state police companies. The term was appropriately used, however, for another group of fighting men. In the early days of Western Pennsylvania, Kentucky, West Virginia, and Ohio the settlements employed individual rangers "to range the frontier to prevent surprise attacks by the Indians." Among the best known of these border Rangers were Simon Kenton, Lewis Wetzel and Samuel Brady. I have selected one interesting book about each of these famous old frontier scouts: John McDonald's *Biographical Sketches of General Nathaniel Massie, General Duncan McArthur, Capt. William Wells and General Simon Kenton* (Cincinnati, 1838); Cecil B. Hartley's *Life and Adventures of Lewis Wetzel, the Virginia Ranger* (Philadelphia, 1859); and *Sketches of the Life and Indian Adventures of Capt. Samuel Brady* (Lancaster, Pa., 1891). I also recommended one book that contains material about all three—John Frost's *Border Wars of the West* (Sandusky City, Ohio, 1853).

### Bushrangers

My boyhood readings introduced me to another type of ranger. One of my favorite heroes in those days was Jack Harkaway, the English schoolboy who "adventured" over just about the entire globe. In Australia, Jack was involved with the "Bushrangers," the name applied to the escaped convicts of that continent. When I decided to expand my collection to include all the rangers I naturally sought out some of the books about the bushrangers. I found most of them vastly entertaining as well as informative about the early history of Australia. Strangely enough, I nominate a novel as the book to read about the bushrangers—Henry Kingsley's *The Recollections of Geoffry Hamlyn* (Cambridge, 1859), one of the famous old "three-deckers" of England which has been described as the "Bible of Australian Faith." Marcus Clarke, according to George Mackaness in "The Amateur Book Collector," April, 1952, described *Geoffry Hamlyn* as "The best Australian novel that has been and probably will be written."

### Forest and Park Rangers

Books about the Forest Rangers of the U. S. Forest Service and the Park Rangers of the U. S. Park Service form an important part of my ranger collection. Major John D. Guthrie, author of *The Forest Ranger* (Boston, 1919), now retired from the Forest Service, helped me greatly in developing a Forest Ranger want list and in securing many of the scarce early items. One of the best of these is a book ordinarily rated as a novel but the old-timers in the Forest Service tell me that it is only too true—Hunter Stephen Moles' *Ranger District Number Five* (Boston, 1923). Another novel, based on facts, that I'm sure you would enjoy is Stewart Edward White's *The Rules of the Game* (New York, 1910).

Space does not permit me to mention readable books about numerous other ranger outfits, including the New Hampshire, Albany, Pennsylvania, Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, DeKalb (St. Louis), Little Fork, Backwoods, Partisan, Connaught, Sherwood and York Rangers. Many of them are highly entertaining and of great historical value. Ranger material has supplied most of my reading for the past sixteen years and a considerable part of it for forty. For thrilling true stories of little known and all but forgotten incidents in the history of our country, for truth stranger than fiction, and for much above average historical fiction, I recommend that you get your book dealer, or your library, to supply you some Ranger Reading!



## OCTOBER HEADLINER: J. FRANK DOBIE

Of red-letter interest to all Westerners is the approaching visit of one of the most famous of western students and writers, J. Frank Dobie. Among several Colorado appearances during the week of October 6th, Mr. Dobie will meet and talk twice with members of the Denver Westerners. *Mark the following dates on your calendar, then be sure to come and bring your friends:*

Tuesday, October 7: Noon Possemen's luncheon for Mr. Dobie at the University Club. Possemen and special personal guests. Telephone reservation to Dr. LeRoy Hafen at Colorado State Museum.

Saturday, October 11, 8:00 P.M. Evening address by Mr. Dobie at downtown University of Denver auditorium. Open to public under joint sponsorship of the Denver Westerners and the University of Denver. Admission \$1.00.

## *Westerner's Bookshelf*

RECORDS AND MAPS OF THE OLD SANTA FE TRIAL, by Kenyon Riddle, published by The Raton Daily Range, copyright 1949. 104 pages, five end-pocket maps.

Tom Ferril's meditative "Nocturne at Noon" is likely theme song for the Old Santa Fe Trail, with its "Walk quietly, Coyote, the practical people are coming now." Explorers, soldiers, priests, traders found and followed the paths first selected by their animal and Indian predecessors. Of the many traces thus pursued, the Santa Fe was one of the oldest, certainly the most intriguing, connecting two different civilizations, the Anglo-Saxon that had reached Missouri and the Spanish-Indian of New Mexico. The commerce of the prairies became a reality, and the practical people were on the move.

Roughly, the Santa Fe Trail started at Independence, Missouri, and branched off some distance west of Dodge City, Kansas, into two routes, the partly mountainous Bent's Cut-off leading through Colorado and south via Raton, the other the more dangerous but shorter Cimarron Cut-off. Weather, water, terrain prescribed and often altered actual travel, and as the years have passed, the old marks, ruts, and guides have gradually been disappearing.

Kenyon Riddle, an engineer and surveyor, grew up in the trail country, and became interested in the precise location of the Old Santa Fe. Over many years he and his wife collected data, and made long and detailed ground checks of their evidence. In his book he has brought together their findings. The text and maps settle several controversial questions and pinpoint the actual location of the Trail in disputed areas. It is a serious effort to place on the record an accurate survey of the true historic route, and a factual contribution to the knowledge of this famous passage.

—Scott Broome, Westerner

BOOK NOTES AMONG OUR MEMBERS: Much interest this month in the arrival of PM John J. Lipsey's facsimile reprint of the super-rare Life of Pat F. Garrett by John Milton Scanland. Watch for review . . . PM Nolie Mumey will bring out about Oct. 1 the Charles Preuss maps of the Fremont expedition, first published by U. S. Senate order in 1846, in seven sections covering the route from Westport Landing to Walla Walla. Edition is limited to 150 copies.

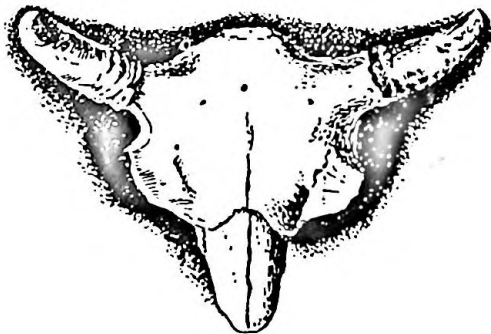
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## WESTERNER-OF-THE-MONTH

Dr. Arthur Campa  
Folklorist

### *Corral Dust*

Mark down among the fortunates who have successfully made a fascinating hobby into a profession Dr. Arthur Campa of the University of Denver, our Westerner-of-the-Month. His current search for treasure tales

in Old and New Mexico, on a Guggenheim fellowship, climaxes many years of study and teaching of the folklore of the Southwest. Born in Guaymas, brought up on a ranch near El Paso, he took B. A. and M. A. from University of New Mexico, Ph. D. from Columbia where he later taught folklore for a year. Came to D. U. six years ago after a number of years of teaching folklore, French and Spanish literature at N.M.U. and has conducted much previous exploration under Cutting and Rockefeller fellowships.

An exceptional turnout this month to hear ex-Sheriff Art Carhart stimulate a lasting interest in the wonders of northwestern Colorado's wilderness . . . Good to see the one and only Wild Bill Raine back hale and hearty from a trip to the Auld Coun-tree . . . A large group of welcome guests at the meeting, too, including Horace Albright, president of American Potash; Bruce MacLeod of Greystone, Brown's Hole country; Col. Vincent S. Burton, U.S.A. Ret., Colorado Springs; Dr. Colin B. Goodykoontz of Boulder; Walter Morrison of Durango and Austin, Texas; and Joe Leonard, who's writing a book at Ouray that is *not* a sequel to the Lost Horizon James Hilton wrote there . . .

We note also with gratitude the unprecedented generosity of the University of Denver Press and PM Alan Swallow in offering, subject to trustees' approval, the entire remaining stock of the 1950 annual Brand Book for disposal by the Westerners to the benefit of their treasury . . . Officers and entire membership evince only profoundest regret, however, at the discontinuance of the Press, which has accomplished so many notable achievements in perpetuating the genuine West, and hope that it may be revived very soon . . .

A good cause that needs your help: On suggestion of PM T. Hornsby Ferrill, all Westerners are urged to send or bring books you can spare to October meeting for delivery to patients bedridden for months on end at National Jewish hospital. (See also the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club's good Western cause, mentioned in this issue's book notes.)

# BAD-MAN'S LAST HANG-OUT

By Arthur H. Carhart

I should like to take you on an arm-chair exploration of that part of Colorado where the Green and Yampa rivers join, and where I had a hunch there were rich veins of Western lore to be prospected. As I began to dig, lead after lead opened up, each fat with material—each so rich that any one of them could be developed into a full-scale discussion on a single particular subject.

The panorama of engaging vistas continually widened, each beckoning to have it explored systematically and thoroughly. To concentrate on any one part of the whole scene would result in neglecting other parts of the picture equally engaging, equally rich in those features and facts in which we Westerners find high interest. The futility of trying to give you detailed reports on any one portion of what this country holds hit me with solid impact. Posseman Ed McMechen has at his fingertips such a wealth of fascinating stories connected with somewhat-lawless residents of the area, that each of them could justify earnest, hour-consuming research. In some degree I have had the feeling that even in this group, where one would suppose all of us would have interest in every phase of the West, we have given somewhat disproportionate attention to the gun-slinger and the cowboy. To have concentrated on the bad-men and their ilk who followed sneaky trails through Brown's Park, around the shoulders of Cold Spring Mountain, through the canyons of the Yampa and Green rivers, would have been more emphasis on the gun-smoke phase of the West—the fiction-touted West that is the whole of it for many. Outlaw stories are abundant in this wild section of northwestern Colorado.

The two major rivers of the area, the Green and the Yampa, and their deep-cut canyons, are the physical trunks around which the branches of prehistoric, frontier and present day interest center. And in a broad, general way, this glimpse of what that country holds will center around the Green between the Wyoming line and where U.S. 40 crosses that river, and the Yampa which joins the Green above that highway within the stupendous geological spectacle of the Dinosaur National Mounment.

My first introduction to this area occurred back in the 1920's and on the campus for the University of Utah where a landscape firm of which I was a member was making a plan for future campus expansion.

Within a hulking sort of shed I heard hammering. I stepped inside and met Earl Douglas, the man who had most to do with calling attention to the fabulous fossils that led to the setting aside of the first little Dinosaur National Monument. That area was only 80 acres in extent, covering the quarry where the dinosaur bones were found.

Douglas was completing the assembly of the skelton that had belonged to a Stegosaurus. The animal when alive had been about 25 feet long, had thigh bones long as the height of an average man, sported a row of plates that stood erect above his backbone, had a tail armed with bony spines the size of pick handles and a "brain" in the hips that was larger than the egg-sized brain in the cranium. Around us were other skeltons, some of larger dinosaurs, some still almost totally encased with rock that Douglas would patiently chip away to free the old bones from the stone.

As Douglas told me of how he had assisted with the removal of these and other dinosaur skeltons which went to the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh, to the U. S. National Museum, to be American Museum of Natural history, I asked him how it might be that all those bones were gathered into the one spot.

"Nobody knows, of course," he said. "Perhaps a sudden flood came down the prehistoric river and drowned them. They were carried into an eddy and covered with mud. The mud turned to stone—and there they stayed."

I remember one specimen that particularly pleased him. It was a five-part plate, symmetrical design, that had been part of the armor of old Stegosaurus. It was an interesting bit of petrified beast, and significant because it was the first of that sort of armor plate that had been found.

One need not be a paleontologist or ologist of any sort to react to the dinosaur story. There were no flowering plants in that era. The vegetable world was made up of primitive species—the conifers, ferns, horsetails and club mosses, cycads and ginkoes. The climate of northwestern Colorado at that time had to be more humid and warmer than now to have supported this vegetation.

There were not only the great beasts of which we think when someone mentions dinosaurs, but little dinosaurs, the size of a rabbit or chicken. Five sub-groups of the egg-laying reptiles dominated the earth at the time, and within these sub-groups there were species weighing 5 pounds, others of the same group weighing 50 tons.

Mammals had put in their appearance, but they were not much larger than a rat. Only fragmentary remains of this warm-blooded type of life are found in the Morrison formation, which is the geological stage in which the dinosaur fossils are found.

That part of the lore of this section of the West reaches back from about 115,000,000 to 60,000,000 years ago. What may have caused the living things we call dinosaurs to disappear from the scene is not yet fully defined and may never be. They had no heat control in their bodies, being reptiles, and their temperature fluctuated with that of the surrounding climate. The climate may have changed, cooling to a point where they could not survive.

Or the carnivorous dinosaurs may have preyed on the others until they wiped out that food supply. Or, basically, the climate change may have killed the plants that were the food supply of the herbivorous dinosaurs, and they died out, and with them went the food of the ferocious predatory dinosaurs. That this complex of living things existed in northwestern Colorado and the stone-encased records remain to give us a glimpse of that past, is one of the fascinating parts of the story of the Brown's Hole and Dinosaur National Monument area of today.

But the record of the rocks goes farther back than the age of the reptiles. It was Earl Douglas, who gave me a hint of the stupendous spread of geological history in that section—perhaps the greatest range of exposed layers of earth crust on the continent. He casually remarked that if the successive layers of earth crust that could be seen in the Uinta Mountains were placed in sequence of their formation, one above the preceding layer, a gigantic cliff thus stacked up would be 44,000 feet high.

This geological sequence cannot be all viewed in one spot, but within the Dinosaur National Monument, between the rimrocks of the high plateaus that have an elevation of over 8000 feet, and the bottom of the Green and Yampa canyons, where the elevation is near 5000 feet above sea level, at least 15,000 feet of earth crust is exposed—and perhaps, when fully examined, a far greater depth will be identified.

Containing as it does, the exposed faces of so much of the layers which make the crust of the earth, the Dinosaur National Monument is unique as a unit of the national park system. The Grand Canyon may present as great a variety of geological history but the Dinosaur Monument formations are potentially more readily accessible.

The detail of the geological display in the Dinosaur is lost in the magnitude of the vistas one encounters. The great earth bulge through which the Yampa and Green rivers flow is an extension of the uplift that formed the Uinta Mountains. As the topography now exists, it would have been easier for both the Yampa and the Green to have by-passed the bulge of the earth, but as the arch of the mountains rose, the stubborn streams cut and chiseled. The Yampa, for example, flowing westward from Deer Park, would have had to excavate a bee-line canyon only some 26 miles in length to join the Green as it does at Steamboat Rock in Pat's Hole. But in its battle

to find a way through the rising barrier, it meandered, and it cut 45 miles of channel, twisting and looping, to reach the Green.

The fabulous labors of the rivers that cut through a mountain range rather than go around smacks one with awesome force as the spectacle is viewed from the high rims. It numbs you as you traverse the looping canyons with walls lifting nearly a half mile from the edge of the river. And in all directions there is color—the rocks red, buff, white, glowing purple, the green of the cedars, Douglas firs and lodgepole pines, the blue of the sky and the cottony white of the clouds. Without any thought of the detail, even of the natural forces which formed this great, smashing bit of Western panorama, the scene from any point within the park unit taxes description.

Preliminary reports in the hands of anthropologists and archeologists point toward a record of man's existence in the Green and Yampa canyon country some 500 years before the famous cliff dwellings of Mesa Verde were built. A pre-Indian race used the caves along the canyons of the Green and Yampa, as places of storage. Whether or not they also utilized these as shelters and living quarters is not too definitely established. Pottery shards have been found in the area; some with black designs on a white background typical of the Cliff Dweller pottery, others with brown on white backgrounds which relate to the areas of the southwest but not closely identified with the pottery of Mesa Verde. These, of course, may have been later in time than the period of residence by the people who stored their food in the caves. The pots could have been brought in through barter by nomad tribes of later date.

These early dwellers in the canyons left picture stories on the rocks. Near the Mantle Ranch in the Yampa canyon, are petroglyphs of men, bighorn sheep, elk, turkeys and other animals and birds. There also are geometric figures which Posseman Don Bloch observed were a type found throughout the southwest, and suspected of having a religious meaning.

The artists of those days must have had a certain amount of ambition, for on the cliffs beside the road by which one reaches Island Park there are gigantic designs, one of a man, for example, that is several times natural scale. Probably the fellow who chipped that picture on the rock stood back and said: "Let some of these piddling rock-scratchers try to beat that one!"

There is enough evidence of the ancient people who lived in these canyons to suggest that if there were opportunity for thorough and systematic study, another chapter of pre-European inhabitants of this continent might be unfolded.

Against all that background of far-away and relatively recent yesterdays, there is a tumultuous history of white man activities stretching back most of a century and a half. Not so long since, within the memory of many still living, the wild and lonesome land on either side of Green and Yampa rivers was a place for the lawless to hide out from retribution and the law. It is a place where men on the dodge could lose themselves and escape bullet or knotted hemp. For those who find primary interest in the doings of outlaws, sheriffs, rustlers and embattled people of rectitude, this area is a Treasure House.

It is impossible to give more than a quick sketch of people and events that paraded through this country from the first "discoveries" of the region. But chronologically, giving no more than a hint of what further probing might gather, the record runs something like this:

Escalante, traveling northwestward in September of 1776, crossed the Colorado river which he called Rio San Rafael, pushed on across the White river, naming it the San Clemente, and reached the Green not far south of the present national monument. To the Green river he gave the name of El Rio de San Buenaventura. That was the first record of any early explorer getting anywhere near this later hang-out of bad-men and outlaws.

The earliest thrusts of the fur brigades must have brought men into this general area. The first organized party was that of General William H. Ashley. the U. S. Geological Survey states that Ashley attempted the traverse of the Green river downstream from the present Wyoming line in 1823 and tells of the boats by which the running of the Ladore Canyon was attempted being wrecked and some of the trappers losing their lives.

Posseman LeRoy Hafen, in his biography of Thomas Fitzpatrick, titled "Broken Hand," tells in much more detail of the Ashley entrance into Brown's Park, the attempt to run the canyons of the Green, giving the time as the summer of 1824.

There was an erroneous belief at that time that the Green, then known as the Spanish river, emptied into the Gulf of Mexico. It is intimated that Ashley may have had the idea of finding a way back to tidewater more direct than the crossing of the plains. Or the lure of fur that might be found caused him to follow down the river.

It was Ashley, who had cashed his trade goods at the mouth of Henry's Fork, who initiated the great summer trade fairs or rendezvous that were held for some 16 years, and made the area the center of trapper activities for the region.

Noteworthy characters were in the groups that gathered in Brown's Hole for this first rendezvous. Such names as Fitzpatrick, Sublette, Jackson, Provot, Bridger, Jedediah Smith and Clyman were on the rosters of the group. Also, Jim Beckwourth was there. Kilroy came by much later.

The full record of the days of the mountain men's activities in this area would run into some heavy volumes. Let me skim over those years leaving the telling of events and those involved to far more qualified Westerners than I am. The curtain seems to have been rung down on this period by passing notice given by Explorer Fremont of old Fort Davey Crockett, called Fort Misery by trappers. The fort had been built some time near 1839 by Craig, Thompson and Sinclair. F. A. Wizlizneus, the German traveler, wrote about the fort in his book, "A Trip to the Rocky Mountains," 1839. But as Fremont traveled back from the Great Salt Lake in 1844, he found the fort in ruins.

Incidentally, because it has a bit of interest in later portions of my sketching, Fremont had as part of his equipment an inflated rubber boat, with which he tried to navigate the Weber river. It was an unsuccessful venture because the river was too shallow. Then Fremont tried out his rubber boat on Salt Lake. It collapsed, and dumped the occupants into the brine.

There is indication that some others tried to navigate the wild canyon of the Green river and didn't make it. Incidentally, the Green is not so named because of its color as generally believed. It actually is a tawny stream. Ashley was the one to give it its name, for one of the men in his party.

There is no authentic record of anyone successfully traversing the Ladore canyon, and those along the Green below it, until in 1848 William L. Manley and six companions did make the run, shooting the rapids, coming out to tell about it.

Major John Westley Powell, exploring the Colorado river, came into this section in 1869, and he not only managed to get through the canyons by riding the river, but gave many names to places and features. The names probably have persisted because Powell's maps for many years were the only ones of that area.

It was Powell that named Ladore Canyon and Ashley Falls at Red Canyon. There Powell found Ashley's name painted on a rock, high above the river, with the date "1825" after it. Ashley may not have been a bona fide tourist, but painting his name on the rock was acting like one.

Powell tagged names on many other features of the canyons. He named Triplet Falls, Hell's Half Mile, Rippling Brook, Alcove Brook, Whirlpool Canyon, Echo Island and Rainbow Parks. Brown's Hole had been named before Powell arrived.

Brown's Hole or Park was not named for Bible-Back Brown, a character that came on the scene at a later date. It was named after one Baptiste Brown, who settled in there during the fur brigade days, about 1830.

As the last of the fur brigades left the scene, the period of livestock operations began. It also was the span of years in which rustlers, outlaws, horse thieves and other lawbreakers found this section a place to hole-up; a place also for a base of operations. In a general way, this period stretches from the time of the war between the states to relatively recent years.

Here is one of the wildest chapters in any part of Colorado's history. There is perhaps no tally of those who died by violence here that will equal in number the casualties of some of the famous range wars in other localities but there is a continuous parade of shooting affrays and conflicts that in the aggregate stack up with the lurid history of any other area.

Tough, hard-bitten people moved into Brown's Park and hung on there. A few of them hung, period. Only such characters could face up to the life one had to lead. The wealth of outlaw history centering here is something for those interested in this phase of the West to dig into. But I should give you the warning that posseman Ed MecMechen voiced. There are living descendants of some of the people involved in the clash and conflict, were in some degree a part of the cast in events of violence, and anyone who publishes the facts, invites a red-hot, thorough-going libel suit.

Still the very fact that those who know the details of brawls and battles are still living gives some Westerner the opportunity for gathering the truth or reasonable facsimile of it, concerning the stories of actors in frontier drama centering in this part of Colorado. I offer this area to those who are interested in the bad-man story as an area full of pay dirt.

Bible-Back Brown came into the Brown's Park area soon after the Civil War. One source states that Bible-Back was so named because he walked with a perpetual stoop. But Ed MecMechen declares the man walked with a peculiar stiff-back erectness that brought him that name. This Brown figured in some of the clashes of his time.

The Bassetts settled on their ranch in Bull Canyon near where Vermilion Creek comes into the Green within a few years of the time Bible-Back arrived and this ranch figures as a center of many of the happenings involving violence of one sort or another in years to follow. The story of the ranch and the people who lived or stopped there is a saga still to be fully recorded. It is one of the stories that cannot yet be fully set down.

Mrs. Bassett didn't like the name of Brown's Hole. She insisted it should be Brown's Park; and the name was changed. Zenobia Park and Zenobia Peak are named for this lady.

Those who took up land were opposed by the larger cattle outfits already in the country and there were clashes between the two factions. As so often is the case in Western history, this more or less set the stage for the crooks to move in. And with that development outlawry increased.

For a time, about 1896, George LeRoy Parker, who had been reared down near the LaSalle mountains, headquartered at Powder Springs, just north of Brown's Park. Mr. Parker is much better known by the name of Butch Cassidy.

Wyoming cattle and horses gathered without regard for ownership were trailed directly through the center of the present-day national monument. Leckenby gives this part of the trail as beginning on Douglas Mountain, southwest of Echo Park. From there it followed down abrupt cliffs to a gigantic table rock. A right-angle turn was taken here to follow down a shelf trail where many horses lost footing tumbled to the bottom. The trail reached the Green river about a half mile above junction with the



Yampa. Some twenty-five years ago cattlemen dynamited the key to this trail, the table rock, to block it from further use.

Another of the earlier residents was Isam Dart, who had come from the frontier country in Texas to work for the Union Pacific as a cook before the joining of the rails at Promontory Point. Dart moved into the cattle business, and with the aid of a rope at first, was able to slap his brand on a satisfactory number of cattle. The story is told that Dart was so expert with the rope that his rustler friends made a rule that he shouldn't be allowed to use a lariat. Thereafter he grabbed the critters by the tail and threw them for branding.

About that time a drifting rider came into the Haley ranch, gave his name as John Hicks, hung around for a couple of weeks and then faded out of sight. It was shortly after this that Isam Dart was killed.

Two of the Bassett boys had stopped at Dart's cabin on Cold Springs mountain. It was a rustler nest. George Bassett and his brother had suspected the real identity of the man who went by the name of John Hicks and had ridden up to warn Dart. They stayed overnight, and the following morning someone had to go to the spring to get water.

As young Bassett and Dart stood at the door, the Negro looked and looked at the surrounding area, trying to make sure nobody was outside waiting with a cocked rifle.

"What's the matter, Isam?" Bassett asked. "You afraid?"

That was enough to start Dart on the trail to the water supply. Bassett was ahead. There was an angle in the path, and Bassett passed the turn safely. Dart didn't. As he rounded the corner a rifle blazed and Dart dropped with a bullet in his heart.

Matt Rask also came to the end of his career at that time. There were no witnesses to what happened. But the fact that there were two steaks on the table, Rask was sitting in a chair as if he were about to start a meal, and was shot in the back, suggests what did happen. Whoever was to have eaten the second steak was someone that Rask knew. It was guessed that the fellow who pulled the trigger on Rask was the man known as John Hicks.

It is even more certain that those living in Brown's Park had recognized in Hicks a rather famous gunman by the name of Tom Horn.

I'll mention only a couple of other matters pertaining to this period that indicate the sort of activities that went on in this section as late as the turn of the century. Two Utah convicts named Harry Tracy and David Lant made their get-away from the penitentiary in the fall of 1897 and headed for the Brown's Park section. They found companionship with their kind.

In February of the following year, Sheriff Charles W. Neiman of Routt County, received a warrant from a justice of the peace in Brown's Park for the arrest of two cattle rustlers named Johnstone and Bennett. Picking up his undersheriff, Ethan Allen Farnham, Neiman hit for the Bassett ranch, stopping over night at the Boyd Vaughn place near Cross Mountain. Vaughn went on with two law men the next morning.

On the way they sighted three riders, which they later learned were Tracy, Lant and Johnstone, but the horsemen avoided the law men. At the Bassett place Neiman learned of Willie Strang having been murdered by Bennett in the Powder Springs area, and that a posse was in Brown's Park searching for the murderer.

The next morning Neiman, with six men added to his posse, one of them Valentine Hoy, took to the trail. They came upon a camp so hastily abandoned by the outlaws that horses, bedding, camp utensils and most of the food had been left behind. They now had the men they were chasing cornered and were in a position to starve and freeze them out.

The outlaws made a try at escaping into Utah, but they were blocked as they worked down Ladore Canyon by a stretch of water that had not frozen because of the swiftness of the current. The three fugitives turned back. They decided to fight it out.

Five of the Sheriff's posse picked up the return trail and followed the gunmen. The group crowding the outlaws was made up of Neiman, his deputy Farnham, Jim McKnight, William Pidgeon and Valentine Hoy.

The outlaws made their stand back of a point where the trail up a narrow canyon passed through a split rock. The gunmen had camped below the rock and had tried to concoct some food out of flour they had with them. Neiman stopped to inspect the camp. Hoy walked ahead. Two rifles blazed. Hoy died in his tracks.

Neiman decided to let hunger and cold whip the fugitives. Meanwhile Boyd Vaughn and Ed Bassett had seen a lone rider on the trail, had suspected he might be Bennett, and after Bennett had fired rifle signals, probably intended for Lant and Tracy, and had received no answer, Vaughn and Bassett managed to meet Bennett. Pretending they were merely range riding, the two men worked Bennett into going along to the Bassett ranch for the night. Vaughn, giving an excuse of having to go in another direction circled, found Neiman, and told him Bennett was on the way, riding a tired horse, to stay at Bassett's place.

By swinging around, hurrying, the Sheriff reached the ranch ahead of Ed Bassett and Bennett. They trapped Bennett, shackled him, and put him under guard in the ranch house.

Farnham was left to guard the prisoner next morning while the others returned to the hunt for Tracy, Lant and Johnstone. Bennett was lying on a bunk and the undersheriff was reading a book when the door opened, masked men entered, covered Farnham, put a gunny sack over Bennett's head, took him out to the pole ranch gate and strung the outlaw up.

"Where's Bennett?" Neiman demanded.

"I buried him," Farnham answered. "You didn't want to see him, did you?"

The hunt for Lant, Tracy and Johnstone began on February 28. On March 5th, a part of Neiman's force, which included Isam Dart, caught up with the fugitives on a hillside some seven miles south of Powder Springs. Johnstone surrendered immediately; the other two did some shooting before they gave up.

Neiman took his prisoners to Hahn's Peak, then the county seat. They broke out. They were taken to the jail at Aspen, but broke out again. Johnstone was tried in Wyoming for the killing of Willie Strang but was acquitted. Tried later in Routt County, for the murder of Valentine Hoy, Johnstone was sent up for ten to fifteen years.

No sketch of this portion of the state would be complete without mention of the Hermit of Pat's Hole. There is considerable legend, some mystery about old Pat Lynch—whether that was his real name or he actually was James Patrick Cooper.

Pat, according to photographer Ellsworth Kolb who talked to the hermit in 1911, was in that area when Powell's party came through in 1869. So the old man had been living in the canyons of the Green and Yampa during the hectic days of the outlaws. Pat, by all accounts, was not one of them, but he undoubtedly knew them and they knew him as a man who tended to his own business.

(To be continued in our October Brand Book Bulletin.)

## Westerner's Bookshelf

BOOK NOTES AMONG OUR MEMBERS: PM Art Carhart's *Son of the Forest* is a current release . . . We can't help but note a great deal of book-writing and book-preparation among the entire membership, indicating a highly productive year for 1953 . . . The Rocky Mountain Railroad Club's current sale of four pamphlets representing the best and only histories of as many Colorado railroads (Midland Terminal; Colorado Eastern; Denver, Longmont and Northwestern; and Denver Steam Tramways) deserves special notice. Price is 50c singly, \$1.50 for the four. All proceeds (and any further support they hope interested Westerners will proffer) go to the purchase and preservation of the historic Engine No. 20 from the Rio Grande Southern, which went to a junk dealer in 1952 leaving a vacancy in many a Western heart.

THE INDIANS OF COLORADO, by LeRoy R. Hafen, 52 pages, illustrated, State Historical Society of Colorado, 50c.

This monograph is a well-organized resume of most of the various scholarly theories and scientifically established facts concerning both the ancient peoples and the aboriginal population of the Colorado scene.

The opening section, devoted to prehistoric peoples, treats of Folsom Man, whose existence presumably some 20,000 years ago is evidenced by archaeological discoveries on the Lindenmeier ranch north of Fort Collins. Follows then a consideration of the age-old Yuma culture as represented by numerous surface finds of a distinct type of specially shaped, finely worked weapon points recovered mostly in the vicinity of the type station in eastern Colorado. Subsequently there occurred a great hiatus supposedly due to a southward invasion of the glaciers during the ice age.

Eventually there reappeared in southwestern Colorado on a comparatively large scale, the "Basketmakers" and in due time the more highly civilized Cliff Dwellers. The author devotes considerable space to the agricultural traits of the two peoples. Much interesting information regarding the life and habits of the Pueblos is presented.

Hafen believes with others that man arrived in this vicinity from Asia by way of Bering Strait during or shortly after one of the several glacial eras on the North American continent. He further theorizes that later on, another migration to this area by a somewhat different racial group of Orientals occurred. It is assumed that a mingling of these newcomers with the descendants of the early settlers produced the various anthropological and ethnological groups of the latter-day American Indians.

The second and most extensive section of Hafen's manuscript, beginning with the discovery of the New World is devoted to Modern Indians. The inevitable dislocation of the various native population and the redistribution of the various tribes, together with the resulting changes in their way of life, all are set forth in interesting detail. The many various tribes eventually became identified with one or the other of the two groups, the Mountains or the Plains Indians.

An extensive analysis of tribal customs, family habits, dwellings, dress, form of government, religion, weapons and popular pastimes is presented.

Although the Indians now are practically gone in Colorado, Hafen observes that these "first Americans" left a distinct impression upon the state. Among the things which he concludes constitute "our heritage from the Indians" are, much of the fascinating geographical nomenclature of the region, certain popular foods, typical frontier crafts and customs, a wealth of mythology, legends and traditions, as well as definite patterns and influence in art, music, drama, the dance and even present-day literature. The author here concludes that "the Indian has not yet received his just due."

This little volume is exceptionally well illustrated. It contains an abundance of representations of artifacts, weapon points and handicraft specimens from prehistoric times. Likewise there is a considerable assortment of photographs of latter-day Indian leaders, chiefs, tribal officials, native rites, costumes, ceremonial pieces, weapons and utensils.

—Paul D. Harrison, Westerner

GUIDE TO THE COLORADO MOUNTAINS, edited by Robert M. Ormes, pocket size, 239 pages, pictures of excellent quality in black and white and color, maps, index; Sage Books, Denver, \$3.50.

Compact, concise, inclusive and accurate, this little book is crammed with facts about Colorado's mountains. No one person could have written it. The copyright is by the Colorado Mountain Club and the more-than-a-dozen who took part in putting the book together certainly were backed by the accumulated experience and knowledge of the entire group.

Primarily, as would be expected, the book is for those who find high living in working their way through and to the tops of our mountains. But it is more than a diagrammatic guide on how to get to the tops of the peaks.

In the first part of the book there are chapters for those who would know more about our Rockies without hoisting out of an easy chair; the section titled "The Mountains by Armchair" takes care of that. The mountains by book, by car, by rail, by foot finally, chart out how one may come to know the big hills by each method of approach.

In these sections there are many bits of high-grade information, rich veins of fact, which anyone, mountaineer or not, will relish. The physical complex of mountains is discussed; the geology, the plant and animal life zones—what will be around you as you move from the Lower Sonoran environment where the yucca and cactus live, to the arctic tundra where the cony and ptarmigan live.

One valuable section supplies a bibliography which lists source books that contain material relating to our mountains. It is particularly gratifying to find that Colorado authors are recognized in the listings. For example posseman Tom Ferrill's book of poetry "Westering," that carries the "feel" of place, of the mountains; "The Golden Fury," corresponding member Marian Castle's novel of Leadville, Aspen and Cripple Creek. And in fact books, such as Bancroft and Hafen; books by the people who know their homeland. And to that, a portion of the list which gives older works, historical, that a Westerner would find of interest.

When the book gets right down to "how-to-do" in scaling the high points, it is meticulous in its detail. The maps show the line of approach, diagrams show the way up challenging cliffs, the text gives almost step-by-step the routes to follow.

But even here there are bits of interesting fact; for example, that one of the trails on the approach to Pikes Peak originally was a bridle path laid out by Gen. Palmer.

Congratulations to The Colorado Mountain Club, editor Ormes, publisher-possesman Alan Swallow of Sage Books for putting so vast a subject into so neat and complete a book.

—Art Carhart, Westerner

Registrar of Marks and Brands, Doc Mumey, suggests both Posse and Corresponding Members get their order for the 1951 Brand Book in pronto. 432 copies of the limited edition of 550 have already been sold. member the old saw, "A word to the wise——"

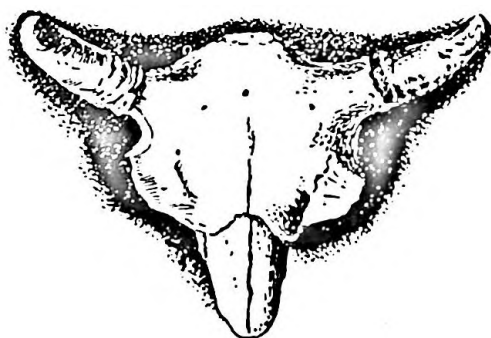
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## WESTERNER-OF-THE-MONTH

Maurice Frink

Professor of Journalism

### *Corral Dust*

One of the most recent additions to the Denver Posse, Maurice Frink already has shown himself a loyal and scholarly Westerner and lifelong student of Indian lore . . .

He came west to live in 1951 after an outstanding career as newspaper editor in Elkhart, Ind., and is now instructing in journalism at the University of Colorado . . . Maurice is due to present the November paper, entitled "Ambrose Bierce, Westerner" . . .

Thanks largely to the strenuous effort of Sheriff Rosenstock and the University of Denver contingent, October goes into Westerners' annals as a month of unusually successful activity, highlighted by the visit of J. Frank Dobie . . . An attendance of fifty at the informal University Club luncheon, and of nearly two hundred at the Saturday night address in University of Denver auditorium gave great impetus to Westerners' ambitions to sponsor similar events with frequency in the future.

This fellow Homer Britzman does things brown: prevented by illness for coming from Los Angeles to deliver his long-awaited paper on Charley Russell, he sent dozens of rare Russell items for examination—and presented each member with a beautiful color portrait and poem lithographed especially for the meeting . . . In return, PM Fred Mazzulla tape-recorded the entire proceedings, with Fletcher Birney doing the honors as substitute speaker, and sent the recording to the ranking Los Angeles Westerner with the hopes of the entire posse for his early recovery . . .

A few months ago PM Ed Bemis began printing a monthly leaflet, *The Editarian*, for the guidance of Rotary Club newsletter editors. It now has a worldwide clientele . . . PM John Caine's patrols of the cattle country took him to Kemmerer, Wyo., and Kansas City, Mo., in September . . . Possemen Doc Collins, Fletcher Birney, Carl Mathews, Leroy Hafen, and Charles Roth spent a bright fall day searching out the grave of one Fagan of Captain March's party in the Newlin Gulch district near Franktown, formerly a "haunted spot" on the trail to the Russellville gold diggings of 1858.

October meeting visitors included Dean L. W. Duriell of the school of arts and sciences and Professor of History J. C. McKinnon of Colorado A. & M. . . . Of special note were Roe Emery's recollections of his first meeting with Charley Russell, who he saw sprawled over a canvas spread on the ground on the Shaver ranch in the Judith basin of Montana, mixing his paints on the bottom of a pie-tin.

. . . Apologies to the membership from Ye Editor, whose prolonged absences from Colorado on business have made the Brand Book late to press these past two issues.

## MODERN EXPLORATIONS ALONG THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL

By Kenyon Riddle

Author of a work of major historical value in the book *Records and Maps of the Old Santa Fe Trail*, Kenyon Riddle gave an interesting informal talk at the annual chuck-wagon dinner meeting of the Denver Westerners at Charles B. Roth's Gameco ranch in August of this year. Here he notes some of the sidelights of more than a quarter-century of studying and exploring the route of the great trail. Mr. Riddle, a civil engineer, lives at Raton, N. M.

For many, many thousands of years people and animals have been beating trails across country in their conquest for food and in their general migrations, and in most cases man followed the trails made by animals, and also in many cases continues to follow the same routes by railroads and highways.

Animals discovered the routes that provided water, food, shelter, easiest terrain as regards nature of soil, grades, clearings, etc. These same travelled routes came in use by man because his demands were the same as that of the animal and because he existed upon the animals. This transition from the simple and natural instinct and knowledge of man to his highly technical and scholastic mind of today reminds me of two experiences. In 1932, with my family, I spent considerable time among the Black-foot Indians where we camped on Lower St. Mary Lake in Montana, and in the camp were Lone Wolf and Bear Head.

Bear Head was 80 years old and could not speak English but Lone Wolf acted as interpreter. At one time Bear Head was directing us on how to find an old "Buffalo Fall," where the buffalo were in the olden days driven over a cliff and then clubbed by the Indians and I was making a sketch and writing down his directions. Finally he said, "The trouble with people today is that they cannot carry directions in their heads," and he went on to explain how in the days when he was a young man an older Indian told him and several other young Indians how to locate the Crow Indians for a horse-stealing raid. The trip covered several hundred miles. The directions were entirely by land marks and sun-time and all by memory, but the exact location of the Crow camp was reached with accuracy.

The other experience was with the Seminole Indians in Florida who in their early days possessed the same natural instinct and knowledge as other Indians. It was told that they could predict hurricanes by a condition of the saw-grass bloom. In modern times and during the hurricane season an inquisitive tourist figured the Seminoles had made their yearly observation of the saw-grass bloom so he asked a Seminole brave whether a hurricane was predicted, the Indian replied, "I don't know, my radio is out of commission."

Probably of most historical interest among trails is the Old Santa Fe Trail, which had as its eastern point Franklin (Boonville, later Independence), Mo., and its western point Santa Fe, N. M. Wagon travel began in 1821 and ended in the '80's when the railroads were completed through.

The Santa Fe Trail played a most important part in the exploration, winning, holding and colonization of the West. Thousands of tons of trade goods, military supplies, goods for Mexico, trans-continental freighting and the general requirements of the early settler came over the trail.

As the railroads were built westerly, much of the trail was abandoned in the early '70's. By early 1900 so much of the trail through the fertile bottom lands was obliterated by cultivation and by soil erosion. A few people began to realize that it should be mapped and marked. Much was accomplished by the state historical societies of Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico and by D.A.R., Women's Clubs, the Topographical Branch of the U. S. Geological Survey and other government departments.

Because in later trail days numerous alternate routes, stage coach routes and even more modern freight roads had been established there was considerable confusion, with numerous slipshod, careless and inaccurate maps and a correspondingly large number of misplaced markers. At this point all seemed to rest with an occasional question being raised and corrections being made along very small and limited sections of the trail.

My twin brother and I spent our boyhood in Marion and Herington, Kansas, close to the Old Santa Fe Trail, and since several members of the family had come to this country in trail days, we heard interesting tales of the trail. We spent many happy days roaming through the country hunting Indian relics and finding old historical spots such as Council Grove, Diamond Spring and Lost Spring.

In 1911, after a civil engineering course in the University of Kansas, the two of us engaged in survey and engineering business in central and western Kansas and in eastern Colorado. The survey work called for examination of old records, such as were made during the Congressional surveys in the '50's and '60's where we came upon many notes and references to the Old Santa Fe Trail. Ties were made to the old trail just as surveyors of today tie to highways and railroads. This made it possible to locate the trail accurately, as well as many interesting points along its route.

In 1925 we decided to plot what we had learned on a map. The most accurate maps available were the topographic sheets of the U. S. Geological Survey, begun in the late '80's. These sheets showed old roads, some of which were the old trail and in use at that time. Other portions were abandoned but easily located by referring to the topographic sheets.

During our vacations and other spare time from 1925 to 1950, Mrs. Riddle drove the automobile and I studied the maps, viewed the site of the trail and took notes on the speedometer distances to access roads. Also over this period of years from all the authentic information I could find, I had kept notes on the trail, and from these references contacts were made with the different government departments, who in all cases were extremely cooperative, and copies of all the old original maps, manuscripts, military reports, diaries and journals available were obtained. In addition to these maps, aerial survey maps were obtained of the entire route from present Kansas City to Santa Fe.

Over the period of twenty-five years, we inspected and actually viewed practically every mile of the trail, with all its branches and alternates. Finally large scale maps were made consisting of five different sections upon which all the trail information; rivers and important land marks, with their old as well as modern names; old connecting trade and freight roads; trails; forts and government forage stations; stage stations, and modern roads and highways were plotted. Also there were placed on the maps encircled numbers at historical points along the trail which marks correspond to paragraphs of the same numbers, in an accompanying book, called *Records and Maps of the Old Santa Fe Trail*, where a brief account and book references are given to relate the history in connection with such points on the maps.

The actual viewing and inspection of the grounds afforded much pleasure but also many tiresome and tedious hours of difficult driving and considerable walking. It also brought us in contact with interesting and congenial people as well as grouches and "wise guys."

Old diaries, journals and military reports described such familiar places as Council Grove, Diamond Spring, Lost Spring, Cottonwood Creek crossing and Pawnee Rock. They located the branching of the trail at the crossing of the Arkansas River west of present Dodge City, as well as the crossing at Bent's Old Fort. There were interesting references to the numerous trading posts; forts and stockades bearing Bent's name and Fort Lyon new, old, first and second; as well as Hole in the Rock, numerous Points of



Rock, Hole in the Prairie, Raton Pass, Santa Fe Fork, Wagon Mound, the junction of the Cimarron Cut-Off and Bent's Fort routes at Mora and Sapello Creeks, Barclay's Fort, Fort Union, stage and forage stations and numerous other important places. Alternate routes, later-day stage and freight routes included in the notes and old maps had to be analyzed and rated as to importance, giving principal consideration and preference to the original Santa Fe Trail.

In many places the old ruts and traces, remains of stage and forage stations, old creek and river fords, springs and water holes and numerous camp sites, were still in evidence.

Many objects were picked up dating from the events of old trail days. (The first, found fifty years ago when my twin brother and I lived near Council Grove, were a "six-shooter" and the metal parts of a saddle and bridle uncovered while digging a cattle pond in a pasture.) Now with the use of the detailed maps, as drawn to accurate scale, and with the access roads shown, one can locate himself easily, finding the site of a battlefield, stage or forage station or camp site. At these places we have found parts of ox chains, an ox yoke, chinaware and numerous things of the past. About three miles south of present Taylor Springs, New Mexico, where the Cimarron cut-off of the trail crossed the Canadian River (El Vado de los Piedras), at an old stage station. Mrs. Riddle in 1948 picked up a dime dated 1843, lying on an area made bare by wind erosion.

Bent's Log Houses and Bent's New Fort, the fort being located one mile east and built in 1853, were sold to the United States government in 1859 and re-named Ft. Lyon (not to be confused with New Fort Lyon, near present Las Animas, Colorado, which was established by the government in 1867). There were buildings added one mile west and named Fort Wise in 1860, but re-named Ft. Lyon in 1861. This place is well marked by a monument erected by the Historical Society of Colorado and by the Lamar Chamber of Commerce in 1942. A prominent and much used Indian trail ran north and south through this same vicinity and it was within the Big Timbers section, a noted camp ground for Indians and Whites.

The first establishment, Bent's Log Houses, built in 1852, was shown on the north side of the river. After much examination we found the mound of adobe and fragments of logs marking the site, but the river had cut into the bank considerably and all traces were being obliterated. At this place we saw the usual "signs" of occupation, such as broken dishes, hand wrought nails, drift and dowel pins, bones and other refuse from the kitchen, horseshoes and among other things an odd-shaped bottle with the customary bluish-lavender color which develops in clear glass that has been exposed to the sun many years. (A bottle identical to this is shown in the Smithsonian Institute as a part of an army surgeon's equipment.) Also found were usual remains of whiskey and wine bottles and to further show the more frivolous side of the early occupants was, as is often found, a part of a mouth or jew's-harp. We examined this same site last year, and during the twenty years of further erosion by the river all traces of the old fort had disappeared. It should be mentioned here that many of the old so-called forts such as this one or Barclay's Fort and numerous others were really trading posts.

Present Watrous, New Mexico, is another vicinity which contains many historic places such as Fort Union; Sapello Stage Station; Barclay's Fort; Ponds-in-the-Prairie (Los Pasos); Mora Creek Settlement (noted by Lt. Emory of Kearney's expedition in 1846 as the "first settlement have seen in 775 miles"; and the junction of Bent's Fort with the Cimarron Cut-Off branches of the Santa Fe Trail.

In the early records there was reference made to Moro<sup>1</sup> Creek Settlement, on the Old Santa Fe Trail, and to the people who lived there. Mrs. Riddle and I undertook

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<sup>1</sup>The early records give this spelling (Moro) instead of "Mora" as in modern times. The word means mulberry and Mora is the correct spelling.

to investigate, and as usual came upon confusion and lack of definite information.

Moro Creek Settlement on some of the oldest maps was called Puerto Del Canyon, and in this vicinity were several "Anglos" one of whom was mentioned several times. His name was James Boney.<sup>2</sup> He came from the British Isles in 1840, settling in the valley of the Mora. The house was a dug-out with no windows so as to be protected from Indians and enemies of all kinds. It was built about one-half mile south of the old original Santa Fe Trail crossing of the Mora River, on the first rise of ground. James Boney is referred to in several old records.

Lt. Col. W. H. Emory of Kearney's expedition said on August 12, 1846, they marched 20 miles and halted in a beautiful valley of fine grass and pool of clear water. (This place was known as Ponds-in-the-Prairie.) On August 13 they broke camp at noon and "marched 6 miles to the Mora river, which brought us to the first settlement in 775 miles. The first object I saw was a pretty Mexican woman with clean white stockings, who very cordially shook hands with us and asked for tobacco. In the next house lived Mr. Boney, an American, who has been some time in this country, and is the owner of a large number of horses and cattle, which he manages to keep in defiance of wolves, Indians and Mexicans. He is a perfect specimen of a generous open-hearted adventurer, and in appearance, what I have pictured to myself, Daniel Boone of Kentucky must have been in his day. He drove a herd of cattle into camp and picked out the largest and fattest, which he presented to the army."

The report of J. W. Abert, who was taken out of West Point to be a member of Col. J. J. Abert's party of topographical engineers, and who accompanied Kearney's army, states that on September 23—"We had scarcely left our camp six miles north of the Mora river when signs of civilization broke upon us; in moving along the valleys, we saw flocks of sheep, droves of horses, and large herds of cattle. These are guarded night and day by lads who, in the language of the country are termed "pastores"; they were miserably clad in tattered blankets, and armed with bows and arrows; these and their big shepherd dogs constitute their sole defense although they are subject to be attacked by the Indians, and their flocks and herds by both Indians and wolves. After a march of 5 miles, we reached the "Rio Moro" and passing several "corales," or enclosures, we at last came in sight of some adobe houses. (Moro Creek Settlement.) The proprietor of one of those houses was an American named Boney, who has since been murdered by his peons. He invited us to alight and enter his house, where he treated us to milk, cool from the cellar. In his house were a dozen fire-locks of different kinds, escopettes, fusils, rifles and muskets. The residents of the other houses were New Mexicans."

From a diary kept by Jacob Robinson of Kearney's expedition there is recorded, "On the 12th and 14th (August, 1846) we had heavy rains. Nevertheless we travelled 20 miles on the 13th and 15 miles the next day, over high plains, and encamped on Moro river, finding good grass but little wood. On the 15th we passed a settlement on the Moro where an Irishman (James Boney) has settled alone, and has nearly 1000 head of cattle and mules, but cultivates no ground."

Mrs. Riddle and I decided to find out more about James Boney. In the vicinity of where he lived on the old trail was an adobe house so we stopped to inquire if they knew anything about where James Boney lived. We were met by Mrs. J. R. Hill, who at one time owned the large home, built by Mr. Tipton when the town of Tiptonville was laid out soon after Ft. Union was established in 1851. The Hills had the original map of Tiptonville made by W. R. Shoemaker, Chief of Ordnance and Supplies at Ft. Union. Even though the house occupied by the Hills dated back to trail days, it was well preserved and contained much of the old, elaborate furniture of the Tipton

<sup>2</sup>Boney is sometimes spelled Bone.

family, to which Mrs. Hill is related. She told us that at the house about one-half mile north were people of Mexican descent who were old timers.

There we found two men threshing beans by tramping and beating the vines. We asked if they could tell us anything about a James Boney who lived nearby more than 100 years ago. The one who came up to answer our inquiry had blue eyes and sandish grey hair. He said, "My name is Boney." After a few minutes of conversation he became very friendly and took us to his house, which was built of adobe and quite old. He introduced us to his sister, Vincentita. They were about seventy years old, neither having been married and both were born in the house they now occupy. The man's first name was Leon, grandson of James Boney, whom he called his "big daddy" and whose house, as spoken of in the old records, had been one-quarter mile north.

He proceeded to show us a book that was sent to them years ago from Washington, "Notes of a Military Reconnaissance" by Lt. Col. W. H. Emory, which refers to James Boney. He stated that his "big daddy" came to America in 1840 and settled on the Old Santa Fe Trail about one-half mile south of the Mora Creek crossing. He married a Mexican woman within a short time and because of Indian trouble he built a home in Moro Town, present Mora, about twenty miles up the river. Here were born three daughters and a son. He continued to spend much of his time at the original place on the old trail, where he was met by early travelers as above noted.

Because of the great number of cattle, sheep, horses and mules he raised and sold to the early traders and military forces he came into possession of considerable sums of money, which he carried to his home in Mora or upon his person when he went over the country buying and selling livestock.

In about 1847 he had set out to do some trading a number of miles down the Mora river near its junction with the Canadian. Soon afterwards his body was found with all his valuables missing. Inasmuch as the Indians were molesting the settlers, both American and Mexican, the blame was first attached to them, and several Indians were about to be hanged when a messenger came in to say that the horses carrying Mr. Boney's brand, an S in a circle, had been found in the hands of others, so the Indians were released. Lt. J. W. Abert's report of September, 1846, that the murderers were Boney's "peons" was not confirmed by Leon Boney, the grandson, who said the matter was never satisfactory or definitely cleared up. About one-half of the original Boney house remains, which Leon and Vincentita continue to use as their home.

This is only one example of the interesting by-ways that are open and ready for anyone to explore along the old Santa Fe Trail. We have done our best to interest many other persons in taking up these modern-day explorations not only as a hobby which the whole family can enjoy, but also for the further establishment of the true facts about the trail and their perpetuation for the generations to come.

Some monuments, markers, and directional signs have been placed along present highway, calling attention to points of historical interest along the trail nearby. But much more needs to be done in tracing down facts and perpetuating the story of the great trail as a part of the American heritage.

## **BAD-MAN'S LAST HANG-OUT**

By Arthur H. Carhart

Following is the conclusion of E-Sheriff Art Carhart's article on Brown's Hole begun in the September issue. Here he discusses the modern controversy that envelopes the area.—Ed.

Pat was born in Ireland, went to sea in the British Navy at 14, was shipwrecked on the coast of Africa, lived four years with a native tribe, according to Pat's own

story, and then was rescued by an English vessel and taken to India. He ducked out on the British navy, came to the United States, enlisted in the U. S. Navy, and was injured by a bomb in an engagement. Later he succeeded in enlisting in the Union Army as James Cooper. After the Civil War he drifted until he came to roost in the canyon country of Dinosaur National Monument.

He lived there in an open cave on Pool Creek for some 19 years, then moved to Echo Park after the Chews, a Mormon family, took up their homestead on the creek. For years afterward Pat lived in a shelter made of four poles set in the ground with walls of willow brush. The cowboys are said to have built the cabin in which he lived in later days.

There are many tales of Pat Lynch; one of his having a pet mountain lion that would answer his call. Another is his own story that he had killed a man and was in hiding. A variation of that was a bloody yarn of having killed his own mother.

For a time Pat drew pensions under both the names he had used, one from the Navy, one from the Army. His brand was the Ox-Shoe, and another tale is that he came into the country riding a fine roan stallion—and that a lot of horses in the area were sired by this animal.

For a time, as his health failed Pat lived at the White Bear ranch in Lily Park and he is buried there. The ranch was an old Wells, Fargo station. Pat's grave is marked by an official U. S. Navy headstone. Anyone who wants to gather the fact and fancy about Pat Lynch still can do so by talking to the many people who knew him. He died at Elk Springs, February, 1917, at the home of Fay Baker.

No sketch of this country would be complete without mention of the Great Diamond Hoax. In 1872 two individuals by the names of Arnold and Slack showed up in New York and San Francisco, exhibiting diamonds and rubies they declared had been found in a lonesome part of northeastern Arizona. The papers broke the news, the San Francisco & New York Mining and Commercial Company was formed to exploit the find and stock was sold in the venture.

In an old issue of the Rocky Mountain News of that time there appear advertisements of outfitters prepared to take adventurers into the diamond fields. Supposedly the prospectors would be taken to the northeastern Arizona spot where there were abundant bits of colored quartz and other gem-like stones that were worthless.

Selected investors of the exploration company were taken to the place where Arnold and Slack had salted certain spots and allowed to dig up some of the rough rubies from Brazil, diamonds from Africa, that these two rascals had planted. These, taken back to the cities, were declared diamonds and rubies by experts. The boom to get in on the bonanza boiled across the nation.

The fact is, that the two enterprising gents who started this business, had cached their imported stones near Diamond Mountain near Brown's Park and leagues from Arizona. The suckers who carried back the gems to verify the promotor's story were taken in, under pledge of secrecy, by buckboard, from the Union Pacific to the north.

Before the stock swindle could be put in full swing, probably with innocent men carrying the ball for the crooks, Clarence King, a government geologist, recognized the planted rubies and diamonds as having been brought in from Brazil and Africa, and the whole business blew to pieces.

There's a full scale story of early West that's little known. Now, for a little while, I should like to tell of a conflict that boils around this country which is as immediate as this moment. I shall try to be factual but admit that I am partisan. You may arrive at your own judgment as to the just solution of this national controversy—I shall try not to overly color what I will give you.

The current battle lies between those who support the proposal of the Bureau of Reclamation to build two dams within the Dinosaur National Monument and make

the canyons there water storage tanks, and those who oppose these projects. Not all of the factors and facets can be given but here are some of the more fundamntal points at issue.

To understand the issue, it is necessary to lay a foundation of what has preceded the present struggle.

The Dinosaur National Monument was established in 1915 by President Woodrow Wilson under the Antiquities Act of June 8, 1906. It then included only some 80 acres, covering the quarry where the dinosaur fossils are located. Little was known of the canyons of the Green and Yampa, but establishment of this first little reservation called attention to them as extraordinary expressions of Western scenic splendor.

On July 14th, 1938, President Franklin D. Roosevelt enlarged the monument, under authority of that same Antiquities act, to contain some 200,000 acres which would, by this act, make this a major unit of the national park system. The boundaries of the enlarged monument enclose most of the area which holds the scenic, geological, botanical, archeological, historical and wildlife values of lands in and adjacent to the deep canyons of the Green and Yampa rivers. Supposedly, the proclamation thus enlarging the monument would give it the protection against commercialization that the national park act and the policies long established confer on such a public reservation.

Back in 1904, October 17th, a withdrawal had been made for a dam site, to create what was termed the Brown's Park Reservoir. The location of this site is near the upper end of the Ladore canyon, a matter of a few miles within the monument boundary as now located.

Because this site had priority in withdrawal, and was mentioned in the proclamation enlarging the monument, the Bureau of Reclamation moved in in the early 1940's, and began to survey for dam locations. Two were decided on. One is just below Echo Park, which is deep within the body of the monument, the other at Split Mountain, at the lower side of the park unit. The Echo Park dam, which is the center of controversy, would be 525 feet high, would back water up the Yampa and Green to near or beyond the boundaries of the park unit; the other would flood the remainder of the canyon spectacle below the Echo Park site.

I shall now read that part of the proclamation which the Bureau of Reclamation represents as allowing them to move into the national park unit and set up projects deep within the monument.

"Except," the procalamtion reads, "that this reservation shall not affect the operation of the Federal Water Power Act of June 10, 1920, (41 stat. 1063), as amended, and the administration of the monument shall be subject to the Reclamation Withdrawal of October 17, 1904, for the Brown's Park Reservoir Site in connection with the Green River project."

That would seem to be specific. It says that the dam site withdrawal as of October 17, 1904, shall be the one and only site where a dam may be constructed within the enlarged national monument. That could easily be excluded from the park unit without loss of major values.

Reclamation takes the attitude that this permits the bureau to invade the national park unit in any section, build a dam or dams at any point. Opponents to the dam projects consider this a considerable presumption.

Those who oppose the dams in the national park unit insist that the building of the Echo Park and Split Mountain dams would be a fundamental breach of national park law and policy. They believe that should these dams be allowed the door will be wide open to invasion of other national parks and monuments for this type or any type of commercial exploitation of materials and values now supposedly protected against such acts.

Parenthetically, let me point out that there are other invasions of the park system which the Bureau of Reclamation, the Army Engineers and certain groups would like to see come about. There are proposals for power and irrigation dams in King's Canyon National Park of California. A proposal, not dead by any means, would chop off a large section of the Olympic National Park in Washington state, so that private timber operators may keep their mills running a few more years by cutting timber that would be placed outside of park boundaries. The Army Engineers have a project that would flood a considerable part of Glacier National Park under the guise of flood control. Another Army project would back water into the Mammoth Cave which was purchased by citizens and given to the nation. And not long ago there was a proposal, that very well might come to life again, to dam Yellowstone Lake, tunnel the Continental Divide within the national park, drain the lake into the headwaters of the Snake River, and channel that water down to grow more Idaho potatoes.

The excuse of those supporting the building of the dams in Dinosaur is, that—well, they have many excuses. But they say, "just this one—it's an exception." Those fearful that it is the opening of a gate for exploitation and damage in many parts of the national park system hold that it is no more of an exception than any other proposal that would break park law and policy.

This is, perhaps, the most fundamental issue around the dams in Dinosaur—the breaching of the barrier that has protected our parks for their particular use, value and service.

The proponents of the dams characterize the reservoirs above them as "Utah's last water-hole." The fact is, that Echo Park dam, the reservoir it would form, is not in Utah but within Colorado—as is most of the monument.

Propaganda has led Utah people to believe that water impounded by the dams would irrigate some 200,000 acres of Utah land. That is a misrepresentation. I have read, and can cite, records supplied by the Bureau of Reclamation and the Secretary of the Interior which declare flatly that not one drop of water will go to Utah land from either of these dams. Nor would any of the water irrigate any part of Colorado. The projects are wholly storage dams and power installations. The storage factor is to supply reserve water which will meet the stipulations in the 1922 Colorado River Compact which requires upper basin states to deliver annually 7,500,000 acre-feet to lower basin states, at Lee's Ferry, Arizona. This is not an irrigation project for Utah—not its last waterhole.

Reclamation's plans show that irrigation water for Utah will be stored and delivered from Flaming Gorge reservoir, miles above the Dinosaur National Monument.

The local service from the dams would be electric power. Let's examine that for a moment.

The main centers of demand for power would be east of the Rockies, west of the Wasatch mountains—and necessitate power lines of giant size and cost if delivered at those centers. The unit cost per kilowatt capacity of recently built or estimated federal hydro-electric power projects has generally been over \$400. Steam plants, built at from one-fourth to one-third the capital cost, with equal capacity, have been completed in recent months by private capital at less than \$200 per kilowatt capacity.

At an earlier point in the controversy it was declared that these dams were needed immediately for defense. If there is need for immediate production of such power as they would supply, steam plants can be built at load centers, without long transmission lines, for the fraction of cost, in at least one-fifth of the time it will require to produce power at the Dinosaur dams. If there is urgency the steam plants would seem to be the answer.

Furthermore, the steam plant furnishes firm power. The hydro plant delivers at full capacity through the high-water period of spring and early summer, then as the

load rises, capacity for producing power by hydro installations declines as water flow lessens. And there have to be steam plants anyway to supply any demand that has built up to the high-water capacity of the hydro installations.

And still furthermore, in this particular case, if the oil shale reduction plant contemplated, is built at Rifle, on an existing trunk power line, there will be gasses produced as waste unless utilized, that will deliver almost as much power as the dam schemes. The cost of the dams is estimated at \$206,400,000. The plant that could utilize the waste gasses from oil shale reduction would cost but \$45,000,000 and would produce 300,000,000 kwh as against the dams producing 320,000,000 kwh.

In fact, if this alternative at the oil shale plant were utilized, giving firm power all year, that power might aid materially in justifying the installation of a large shale plant.

There are some other rather interesting arguments advanced by the dam proponents. One of them is, that the construction of the dams would necessarily bring the construction of roads, and thus give more ready access to the area. The opponents of the dams take the position that a road can be built without the building of a dam being a prerequisite.

Proponents declare a reservoir would be a great recreational asset, attracting visitors from far places. Opponents point out that thousands of lakes and reservoirs, plus the oceans, are more readily available to the bulk of tourists and that they would not be interested in visiting merely another reservoir with fluctuating water levels.

The most telling argument of those opposed to these dams is supplied by General U. S. Grant III, formerly a top-level engineer in the Bureau of Reclamation, and now the president of the American Civic and Planning Association.

Taking Reclamation's own estimates, General Grant has shown that there are alternative sites outside the Dinosaur National Monument which, if used, would store more water, produce more power, at a saving of an estimated \$59,000,000—Reclamation's own figures again.

The dam promoters counter with a statement that the alternative sites would lose 300,000 acre-feet of water per year through evaporation. General Grant blasts that claim with the statement that the 300,000 acre-feet evaporation from the alternatives is a gross figure. That if the evaporation which would occur should reservoirs be formed in the Dinosaur monument is subtracted from the 300,000 figure, the difference would represent only an approximate 89,000 acre-feet loss—which is vastly different than 300,000.

Grant's several suggestions as to alternative sites contained this one as an example. At a savings of \$59,400,000 in estimated cost, three specified alternative sites would provide 1,130,000 acre-feet more water storage and 1,567,000,000 more kilowatt-hours of power per annum.

The proponents of the dams in the Dinosaur National Monument have tried to rush Secretary of the Interior Chapman into approving the Echo Park dam for submission to Congress. At first, lacking full information, Chapman said he would approve. Senator Watkins and Congresswoman Bosone of Utah then introduced bills which would have authorized invasion of the monument and building of Echo Park dam. The bills died in the ending of the 82nd Congress. The bills certainly will be reintroduced next session.

Let me speak now as wholly a partisan.

I am seriously concerned over the potential breaking down of the policy which has governed the management of the national parks which would happen if Echo Park dam were authorized.

I see local interests at Vernal, Utah, trying to stampede the proposal through Congress with personal gain and self-profit in view as against the loss to Colorado of a potential major national park and a loss to the nation of that park area.

There are by all counts, many alternative programs for securing the water storage and the power which these dams would supply, at less cost. There might be 89,000 more acre-feet net loss in evaporation on the alternative sites than if the Dinosaur canyons were flooded. But there would be more storage capacity, more power at the alternative sites to compensate for the lost 89,000 acre-feet. There would be even the greater compensation of preserving the Dinosaur National Monument itself and perpetuating the policy of no national parks surrendered to commercial exploitation and the ruination of the values within the parks for which they were set aside. Once the Dinosaur canyons were flooded there would be no possible chance of recapturing their present values.

All too little attention has been given to the entire problem faced in the proposal to put dams in this national park unit. It seems to me that Colorado is being pressured to sacrifice a national park property of first rank to satisfy the demands of a fraction of Western residents and the schemes of a government bureau. As party to this, I would point out, is our so-called Colorado Water Conservancy Board—in actual operation an arm of and adjunct to the Bureau of Reclamation. This board has approved the invasion of the national park unit.

If you would believe that we can afford to protect the scenic, geological, historical, recreational and other values that now exist in the Dinosaur National Monument, insist that national park policy shall govern in how it is managed, I hope I may have given you the foundation for doing some thinking, taking some action, in at least demanding there shall be a fuller, more comprehensive consideration of the dam proposals in that area.

There was conflict in the Brown's Park and Dinosaur monument in the old days. If I wanted to draw a parallel, I might hint that there are bad-men active today to grab for themselves something that belongs to all of us and put it to their particular uses. However you look at it, this is a wild country, redolent with old conflict and now the scene of another battle that is hot, serious and probably will be fought to a last show-down.



**FINAL WARNING**—Doc Mumey reports only 32 copies of the 1951 Brand Book remain unsold—so those of you who have not placed your order for this volume had better hurry to do so. This volume is headed in the direction of—Collectors Item. The last form is due in the bindery within a week and distribution should begin by mid-December.



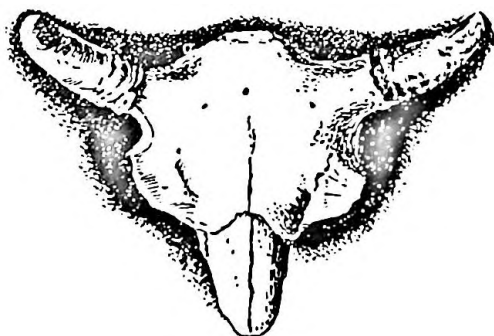
# *The* BRAND BOOK

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THE WESTERNERS

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## WESTERNER-OF-THE-MONTH

Forbes Parkhill

Author

### *Corral Dust*

Quickest way to characterize the career of our Denver-born ex-Sheriff, Forbes Parkhill, is to say that he certainly never has been bored himself, and never yet has been guilty of boring anyone else . . . Cut his

journalistic teeth on the News and Post during Denver's once-vigorous and exciting newspaper era . . . Became a regular by-line in Sat. Eve. Post and other national periodicals in 1925 . . . Has authored several stories for Hollywood movies, as well as two outstanding books, *Troopers West* and *Wildest of the West*, before this year's activity on the story of David May . . . Much political experience in and out of Washington that helped Ike this fall . . . But above all a passionate and factual bird-dog on all aspects of Western history . . .

Remember that new New York Posse? Word from PM William F. Kelleher details a magnificent feast, compliments of the Ruppert brewery, with a fine two-hour talk by a 90-year-old former frontier marshal who served under Bill Tilghman and "knew them all"—but neglects to mention the speaker's name. Don't tell us, we'll take three guesses . . . Our sheriff Fred Rosenstock, rounding out one of the Westerners' biggest and most progressive years, reminds one and all that the next three months will bring outstanding talks by Nolie Mumey, J. Elmer Brock, and Fred Mazzulla . . .

PM Arthur Campa and PM Levette Davidson will attend an American Folklore conference in El Paso during December . . . Guests present to hear PM Maurice Frink's excellent delineation of Ambrose Bierce at November meeting included Herbert P. White, Henry Folmer, Frank Kemp Jr., Merlynn Cook, Natt Burbank, and Bruce MacLeod.

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#### IMPORTANT NOTICE

The New Brand Book Vol. VII will soon be ready—the few remaining copies will not be sold at a discount after January 1, 1953.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF CHARLES M. RUSSELL

By H. E. Britzman

This paper will probably prove a futile attempt to interpret a man and his inner philosophy. After some thirty years of research and study I feel that I understand what an old friend of his meant in writing Nancy Russell: "Who can give his impression of Charlie Russell—he was such a rare soul... no one can describe him or cares to attempt it... it seems as if the brush painters have had as hard a task to do him justice as the word painters."

What manner of man was he who left such an impression on those who knew him? Charles M. Russell was born into a fine home in St. Louis in 1864. The blood of the Bent brothers flowed in his veins. He was offered every educational advantage that more than modest wealth could tender. His father and mother were very well educated and talented beyond any ordinary standards. But young Charles was early regarded as the black sheep of the family. He frequently ran away from home, played truant and was often in dutch with school authorities, public and private, for inattention to lessons and for his incessant pranks.

Thus early in his sixteenth year, already a man in physical appearance, he was sent out West to Montana Territory with a friend of the family. A western life had always been his goal. His parents confidently expected that this trip would cure the lad's wayward tendencies. The senior Russell was never more mistaken, for Charlie never afterward wanted to set his face to the East, except for brief visits—and the briefer the better!

Now to examine the time and place of this hegira. In 1880 Montana was raw frontier, with only a scattering of mining and cow towns, trading posts and forts. No railroads. No Y.M.C.A. There were few schools or churches and fewer places where a young man might look for companionship and recreation. Except for a few squatters and farmers, the territory was largely open range. The big cattle spreads, with thousands of head of stock, might own as little as 160 acres. Grass was free and they wanted the range to stay that way.

Montana was a land of promise where thirty bucks a month was the going wage of a cowhand, and the prospects good that he'd be laid off during the winter months to ride the grub-line or hole-up in a shack in town. There were few white women, and perhaps the working majority of these were girls of the tenderloin. Many restless tribes and bands of Indians roamed the country—it was only four years after the Battle of the Big Horn and twelve years before the Battle of Wounded Knee. The white male population was largely made up of miners, trappers, freighters, cowhands, gamblers, saloon-keepers, merchants and more than a few drifters. Of the cowhands a likely number had come up the trail with the herds, many of them on the dodge from the law. It was a rugged land where rugged individualists strode its boardwalk, false-front towns.

Charlie loved this conglomerate country from the first, and it wasn't long before he was a part of it. It has been my good fortune to meet a few Montana pioneers—one of them a lady now in her nineties. She recalls Charlie as a young man in his very early twenties in her home town of Helena, a two-fisted drinker, not overly concerned with neatness of appearance and definitely not the kind of young swain her parents approved of. No one thought he'd amount to much, and his family back in St. Louis, Missouri, had almost despaired of him. Money sent to him to come home was usually dissipated with his drinking friends—for Charlie was always a liberal spender, when he had the money. In Helena in 1888 he went on a protracted spree that ended in Canada with two friends, one of whom landed a job with an English-owned spread. The lucky member of the trio saw to it that his idle pals had a cabin and grub.

After staying awhile at this ranch in the High River country of Alberta, Canada.

Charlie drifted over to the Blood Indians, blood brothers of the Blackfeet and Piegans. Here, I have it on the best of authority, Charlie became a squaw man for a brief interlude. It was, in fact, with the Bloods that he acquired his Indian name, Antelope, not because he was fleet of foot but rather because his foxed pants (viewed from the rear) made him look like that end of an antelope! There is ample evidence that he long debated the prospect of staying with the Indians, for there again he was, as always, extremely well liked. One of his fine small sculptures is said to have been the beautiful daughter of Medicine Whip, a Blood chief. She was more than a model—a sleeping dictionary.

Among my treasured Russell items are a few crudely done works Charlie painted during his Canadian sojourn. The man from whom they were obtained wrote: "I always felt that I had paid for them. Charlie and Long John left one night and the next morning one of my horses was missing."

A year prior to his expedition to Canada the young cowboy had witnessed one of the most terrible and dramatic events of Northwest history. The winter of 1886-1887 all men will remember as one of the most severe and tragic of the century. Cattle by the scores of thousands froze or starved to death, and it was said a man might walk miles on the carcasses of the dumb brutes that perished in that awesome winter. Riding the grub-line, for he had no job, Charlie was caught in the rangeland when the storm broke. He was holed up at the O.H. ranch in the Judith Basin when the absentee owners in Helena inquired by mail of the condition of their herd of 5,000 head. They learned the stark truth when a stage coach brought the answer in the form of a bit of cardboard. On it, the cowboy had sketched the awful scene of a lone, starved, frost-bit Bar R steer awaiting merciful death with the none-too-patient wolves ready for the meager feast.

The little sketch was later sold for \$100.00. It brought nothing to the man who had created it, except that in a strange way, it was the turning point of his art career. The sketch became famous, and its creator gradually recognized as the genius who painted what words could not have so dramatically portrayed.

Until 1892 Charlie Russell stayed on as a nightherder with the cow outfits, who were gradually forced by settlers to drift their herds toward the Canadian border to find grass for their beef. Winters mostly meant "shacking-up" in towns such as Shelby, Chinook, Great Falls or Cascade. His pals were other cowboys, gamblers, prize-fighters and just-plain-broke citizenry. Charlie never lacked friends—he had them when he had nothing else. When he daubed a little canvas or paper and peddled the results for five or ten bucks the money went into the kitty for grub and cheer for the boys. During this period some of his famous or notorious pictures of life as she was were painted for the back room walls of the saloons. These were classics, according to those who have seen them. I have one of these subjects, on which some timid soul tried to rub out the offending portion. Later his widow commissioned a friend to buy up the suggestive pictures and destroy them. Today there are not many of these priceless bits remaining, for as a man becomes world-renowned, some people destroy the evidence of a less opulent and proper era of his career. It is too bad we don't appreciate, understand and admit life as it is, but must gloss over the rugged and stark spots.

Came 1896 and Charlie really found the turning point in his life. He married Nancy Cooper, a girl yet in her teens, when he was 32 years of age. How reluctant he was to pop the question, and how clumsy the proposal! From the lips of the other principal I heard the story of this touching and, in a way, humorous incident. They were walking across a foot bridge over the Missouri River at Cascade, Montana. Nancy was at that time the hired girl in the home of Ben Roberts, who was a saddle-maker friend of Russell. Charlie had wintered in a cabin across the tracks and had fallen in love with this beautiful girl. Knowing that his reputation might be a handicap, he blurted out, "Nancy, I know I'm not a Sunday-school boy, but I think I can take as good care of you as any man. What about you and me throwing in together?" When he had explained that his proposal was in reality an honorable one he was accepted.

It wasn't an easy life he had invited the girl to share with him, for he wasn't too good a provider. Money from home shored up his meager earnings as an artist, and before long his girl-bride developed into a first-rate business manager. This accounts for the financial stability of the combination in the later years of their marriage. I would contend, with little fear of contradiction, that Mame, as he called her, had nothing to do with his greatness as an artist; but it must be admitted that she saw to it that his work brought 4- and 5-figure prices before he died in 1926. Nancy didn't share Charlie's disdain for money. This situation was not always conducive to harmony, but he kept his word that while he did the painting she would have charge of the business end, even to the extent that he consistently refused to quote a price on his own work. But the volume and quality of his work attests as to how well he kept his end of the bargain.

I am reminded of an incident just prior to his marriage. Charlie wore a Zortman gold signet ring, a gift from a girl in the red light district. Inside the band was a tell-tale inscription. This inscription troubled him and he confided in a cowboy friend. Feeling that it would be the better part of valor, he gave the ring to his friend. (The girl was in truth in love with Charlie, but he knew he couldn't keep her in her accustomed style, so he had ducked the issue.) Some time later, the girl was taken to Canada by a railroad contractor who had promised to marry her. Later he deserted her and she went into a house in Lethbridge to ply the only trade she knew. Here, by chance, drifted the luckless cowboy wearing his friend's ring. During the encounter, the girl recognized the ring. She burst into copious tears and there remained nothing for the poor cowboy to do but beat a hasty exit.

From 1880 to 1907 Charlie drank along with the best of them. Many were the quarrels he endured at home because he succumbed to that old plea: "Just one more drink, boys." Finally came the showdown. Urged on by the family doctor following an operation on Charlie, he agreed to give up the cup that cheers. And with a finality that bewildered his friends. Drink had not become a vicious evil with him, but it had reached the home-breaking point, and Nancy won.

Winning this round was only the beginning. She set out to break many of the ties of Charlie's earlier life. He hadn't felt too badly about giving up his drinks, but he did resist the breaking off of his old friendships. Perhaps Nancy feared a relapse. Or perhaps it was time to move into a different stratum of society. Many of his former pals were not too warmly greeted at the Russell home. Could be they interfered with his work. Could be. However, Charlie clung to his friends even if he had to put his foot on the old brass rail and bog himself with lithia water!

As the years mellowed the man, his work absorbed more and more of his time. It became an escape. Due to his rugged and careless youth he, without doubt, burned out physically long before his time. He turned to his easel more assiduously than before, though he had always been a prolific painter. His work of the ten-year period from 1897 or 1898 on will prove this contention. There is a certain quality of his effort dating before the turn of the century that runs true until the pressures and subtle influences of certain commercial contacts entered into his work. This, in my humble opinion, was the richest period of his career in the visual sense of his work.

But in the later years (1908—1926) will be found an even richer contribution. For though he painted, drew and sculptured many wonderful works of art during the last two decades of his life, these were not perhaps the finest product of this many-sided genius. I refer not to his powerful paintings and historical art, but rather of his writings to his friends, his innermost thoughts as expressed in both his writing and the spoken word, and to his depth of philosophy in both prose and poetry.

For he was a man! A rare human being. Truly a genius born. Moving through a life of rugged grandeur, creating immortal works of art and then topping such rare accomplishment with a depth of humility and philosophy that is striking to behold.

He often said: "To have talent is no credit to its owner, for what a man can't help, he should get neither credit nor blame—it's not his fault."

When a friend upbraided him in a letter for not finishing gratis drawings for a book, he answered: "I'm not mad—I'm just sorry. If you hadn't been up against a string of hard luck I might get sore at you. I'm sorry, not sore." When Charles Schatzlein complained that Charlie's contract with Brown and Bigelow would cause him (Schatzlein) to lose on a like venture, the humble artist wrote: "Now I'm not the kind of man that would saw off the bad end to a pardner . . . business is a game I ought to keep out of, an' you can bet your stack I'll buy no more chips." As Con Price said, "Charlie was like a dog in his affections for his friends."

He was invariably kind to animals and loved his horses. On a hunting trip he lowered his companion's aimed gun, saying: "I can't let you kill that deer. We've enough meat in camp." When he read of the killing of wild horses for their meat his tone was ringing: "Even now he (the horse) builds roads for the automobile that has made him nearly useless, and I'm here to tell these machine-lovers that it will take a million years for the gas wagon to catch up with the hoss in what he's done for man . . . I couldn't eat a friend. There's men I'd rather eat than some hosses I know. If they killed men off as soon as they were useless, Montana wouldn't be so crowded."

It is my contention that Charlie Russell was a poet—not in the ordinary sense of the word, though he wrote some very effective and beautiful lines: "His Heart Sleeps"; "I Drink Not to Kings"; and "Christmas at the Line Camp." And where, speaking of the 'heathen' Indian, would be found more eloquent defense than in Russell's poem which ends:

"He loves his mother country  
Where all her creatures trod,  
Yet he is called a heathen  
Who always lived with God."

And among my treasured scraps of paper are many pencilled bits such as:

"Tis not from tomb of Ramasees  
No priceless jeweled thing  
Nor was it ever treasured  
By some ancient mummied king.  
With clay, wire and paint  
I done the best I could.  
My fingers give in sentiment  
More than diamonds would."

The titles he gave his own work are powerfully descriptive:

"When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eye of a Man"  
"Tracks Tell Tales That Rivers Make Secrets"  
"Where Tracks Spell Meat or War"  
"When Guns Talk, Death Settles Disputes"  
"Where Fools Build Fires"  
"When Wagon Trails Were Dim"  
"The Road Was Long When the Creak of the Yoke Ticked the Time"  
"Where the Best of Riders Quit"  
and  
"To Noses That Read—a Smell That Spells Man."

As a humorist he was at his best in telling stories with his closest friends around the camp fire or cabin fireplace. Many of these were hilariously funny, some were raucous and many were not for mixed company. Seeing an incubator hen pecking at a little chick, he kicked at the offending fowl and swore: "Get away, you devil—your mother was a lamp." His humor was that of a man who never took himself too seriously. In answer to a query

he wrote: "You asked for the best story in my book. I asked a man once which was the best hotel in Medicine Hat. He said if I'd asked him which was the worst he might have told me, but he'd be damned if there was any best. I think it's the same with Rawhide Rawlins Stories." Two of America's top humorists, Will Rogers and Irvin Cobb, loved him and acknowledged him their master.

But to belabor my thesis—that Charles M. Russell should never be narrowly classed as "The Cowboy Artist." He was much more than that. Though he shunned formal schooling, he became eloquent in his ability to express a profound knowledge acquired in living a rich, full life. Admit that he became one of the rugged, hard-living pioneers in the fullest sense of blending into its rough and strenuous life. He was honest and frank to a refreshing degree. He was never ashamed of life as he had found it and lived it. He never apologized for his own foibles or those of his friends. "I've always been called what is challed a good mixer," he wrote. "I've had friends when I had nothing else. My friends wasn't always within the law; but I ain't saying how law-abiding I was myself."

Irvin Cobb was right when he wrote of him: "Success in his later years had not spoiled him; the adversities of earlier days had served merely to mellow his philosophy. My guess is that there will never again be anybody to equal him. He was the salt of the earth—with a heap of its sweetness in the mixture."

So if one cares to find the real Russell they should look not only at his great art but also his life and his letters. Any part I may have had in fixing more firmly the trite title of Cowboy Artist on him, I deeply regret. Who will eventually come to do him justice? The material is at hand.

Facing the sentence of death which he knew was soon to be his lot, he calmly discussed his last wishes with his old friend Sid Willis, long time saloon-keeper of his home town. He wanted but three things: to be carried to the burial grounds behind horses—not in the hated "skunk-wagon"; to have as his gravestone a natural, native granite boulder, preferably with depressions or water holes where the birds might come to drink; and to have sagebrush planted over his grave. The former requests were carried out, but the sagebrush remains unplanted, because it might spread like a blanket over the entire cemetery. Perhaps it would, but Charlie would have liked that, for what is the sagebrush if not the brush that paints the great West he loved so well?

## THE MYTH OF THE QUICK DRAW

By Charles B. Roth

My friend is a staid and successful citizen who never puts buttons in parking meters, but when I burst into his basement room he was engaged in a practice recommended for no staid and successful citizen. There he stood, revolver strapped about his expanding middle, jerking it from its holster, levelling it, pulling the trigger (gun was empty) at an imaginary enemy, replacing the weapon, pulling it again, and so on, and so on.

"Are you playing opposite Jane Russell in her next Western?" I inquired.

He wasn't at all abashed, but explained, between puffs—because juggling a two-and-a-half-pound gun is hard work for an insurance agent—that he was trying to perfect the quick draw.

To my friend this was serious business. And a surprising number of otherwise sane men not only practice this secret sin, but believe the bunk that has been peddled in this country about the quick draw.

As the stories have it, those old time gunmen practiced until they could pull their guns with diabolical quickness. Wherefore they were always victorious, while the poor boobs who didn't know how to draw in a shred of a second were hauled off to ignominious

graves. In the movies, hero and villain glower at each other. Suddenly the villain starts for his gun. But does he get it out of the holster? Quicker than the eye can follow, the hero is out with his trusty six. There's a flash. A tremendous report. And the villain, his wrist neatly pierced, writhes in pain. Another victory for the quick draw.

I suppose it is futile to level facts against any tradition so firmly entrenched as this. But the movie directors didn't start this myth of the quick draw. Ned Buntline did. Buntline was a Brooklyn newspaper man who went West, met Buffalo Bill, and spent the rest of his life embellishing lies Cody and other frontiersmen had told him, and making up not a few of his own.

He didn't know a gun from a whisk broom, so he had absolutely no inhibitions in the use of one. He just turned on his imagination through two million words, and his heroes cut cards and hit train robbers squarely in the right orbit at a hundred paces.

This beautiful tradition of the quick draw actually belongs in the category of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and in other fairy tales.

The plain truth is that all the accomplished killers I know of pulled slowly. They aimed surely. They hit what they shot at. In nearly every shooting that took place on the frontier or that takes place in Chicago or New York City today, one shot decides the matter. And to make that shot count is the gunman's one concern.

During the late '80's in Silver City, New Mexico, then a roaring frontier town today completely taken over by chain stores and service clubs, bad blood existed between a ructious law-breaking *hombre* and the judge who had sentenced him to the thing he abhorred most, hard labor. Upon leaving the pen the crook avowed he'd shoot the judge on sight.

One night the judge, dressed in Prince Albert coat and wearing (you must take my word for this) grey spats, entered a saloon for his pre-prandial nip. The villain, a quick draw artist, was playing cards in the back of the room. He flashed out his gun, and bang, bang, bang, the bullets whistled past the judge.

The judge pulled his revolver from the inside of his vest, raised it, rested it over his left arm, and took deliberate aim at his enemy. A wrought-up friend tried to shove the judge out of harm's way.

"Warch out—you're spoiling my aim!" the judge exclaimed, and proceeded thus methodically to let loose one shot. The villain toppled over, the judge drank his drink, went home, and cleaned his revolver.

Billy Breakenridge, deputy marshal of Tombstone, Arizona, when that was the most dangerous job in the world, actually made it a point to withhold his fire till the other fellow had shot at him! He refused to shoot first. The quick draw artists were quickly killed off, while Breakenridge lived peacefully and died in Tucson just a few years ago at the age of eighty-five.

Jeff Milton also was wont to let the other guy get off the hurried shot while he got off the killing one. John Slaughter, perhaps the greatest killer of them all, made it a rule not to let himself get euchred into a position where fast shooting was necessary. He would patiently stalk his man till he got him set up just right for a deliberate shot with a rifle, which he aimed as carefully as if he were shooting at a target. John Slaughter knew that the only way to hit with any kind of firearm was to aim it.

In Denver, twenty or twenty-five years ago, lived the greatest conglomeration of revolver men who ever inhabited one spot on earth—McCutchen, Hardy, Bitterly, Thomas. They were all champions, all close enough to the frontier and its lore to want to prove its case. Three times a week for ten years they foregathered in a clay pit at the edge of town and conducted the most exhaustive, and the most convincing, series of handgun experiments ever made anywhere on earth.

It was natural that they should investigate the quick draw. They found that the time required for an experienced man with swift reactions to pull and fire is unbelievably fast—two-fifths of a second average.



The big point is that even the best of them fumbled half their attempts, and could hit a five-gallon can at five steps only twice in six tries. Odds like that, when your life is at stake, just won't do.

Next they tried a little bit more deliberation. Shooting at a man-sized target at distances of five to fifteen yards, they discovered that to hit with any degree of regularity requires seven times as long as merely to draw, point, fire. The average time for these telling shots was one and a half seconds.

Then nine of the best shots in turn walked a diamond-shaped path, firing at an eight-inch bullseye at ten yards. They fired twenty shots apiece, 180 in all. They found that it took 1.6 seconds to pull a gun, aim, fire and hit what you are shooting at, four times in seven.

About the same time a doctor in Montana rigged up what he called a "concussionograph" which would tell exactly how long it took to pull and fire a gun—the human element excluded. The figures he developed correspond very closely to those of the Denver experiment. The really fast boys, he learned, need from .76 of a second to .96 of a second to pull and fire, but the average is 1.03 seconds. This, however, has nothing to do with hitting what you shoot at.

One other phase of the quick draw fairy tale concerns shooting from the hip, as it's done in the movies. Hip-shooting, at distances of more than a few feet, is about as uncertain as firing a gun straight up and expecting the bullet to fall back into the barrel. It can't be done. One of my pals, a revolver expert if I ever knew one, decided to master this hip-shooting and spent \$200 for ammunition learning how to hit a twelve-inch circle at ten feet. Anything beyond that, said he, is as uncertain as lassoing gophers.

How about the two-gun badman? He never existed, outside a Buntline novel or a John Ford movie. Reason: no man ever lived who could use two revolvers effectively at one time.

There was, alas, a functional two-gun man, the gambler. He customarily wore the orthodox heavy gun (four pounds) but when trouble came, depended on a little two-barrelled derringer with three-inch pipes, concealed in the left sleeve, the crown of the big beaver hat, or the top of the boot. Let the alcohol-befuddled cowboy reach for his six-shooter in approved quick-draw fashion, and before the dope could get his four-pounder out of the holster, the gambler had plugged him. That's the way it was in three-fourths of the killings.

The men who did the killing on the frontier, and the men who do the killings in the big cities this year, followed the rule: draw, aim sure, and fire once—to kill.

Except for a few lucky shots now and then, nobody ever got anything out of quick draw practice except a modicum of muscular development of the right arm.

## *Westerner's Bookshelf*

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CALIFORNIA EMIGRANT LETTERS. Edited by Walker D. Wyman; illustrated by Helen Bryant Wyman. Bookman Associates, New York. \$3.00.

"The Forty-niners Write Home" is the descriptive sub-title of this collection of letters by emigrants taking part in the California gold rush of 1849-50, compiled largely from newspaper files by a member of the faculty of Wisconsin State College, who also is a corresponding member of the Denver Posse of The Westerners.

Doctor Wyman notes that his collection is not a history of the gold rush, but is rather a selected record of that movement as written by the participants. Various chapters deal with: reports from California before the departure of the emigrants; descriptions of the Missouri River outfitting towns; letters written on the overland

trail; advice to those at home; appraisal of California after the emigration; gold mining methods; life in the mines; life in the coastal cities; law, order and religion.

An on-the-spot record written by fortune seekers who were often encountered disillusionment and misfortune, containing factual information of value to researchers, as well as numerous "human interest" touches of absorbing interest to the general reader. A worthwhile contribution to the Americana of the West.

Forbes Parkhill, Westerner.

COTTRELL, R. H. *Beet Sugar Economics*. Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, 1952. 379 pp. \$5.00.

If being a specialist means knowing more and more about less and less, your reviewer is fast entering that category.

*Beet Sugar Economics* is a comprehensive and scholarly treatise of the economic factors involved in the production, distribution and marketing of beet sugar. The descriptions are vivid, the explanations are lucid and the treatment is extensive.

One cannot help feeling that the volume has some of the attributes of propaganda. In fact the author admits that the material was originally prepared for presentation to employees' classes in sugar economics. It may be presumed that the chief use of the book in the future will be as a text in similar classes. For such purposes it is ideal.

One weakness of the book is the very casual and incidental treatment given to the problem of beet field labor. There are those who feel that field labor, its recruitment and management, constitutes one of the major economic and social problems of the beet sugar industry. It was disappointing to notice that so little attention had been given it in this book.

*Beet Sugar Economics* is too detailed and technical to serve the needs of the general reader. For one whose vocational interests or scholarly proclivities demand a comprehensive treatment of the subject this volume should be of considerable worth.

—James A. Hall, Corresponding Member.

STUBBORN FOOL, by Estelle Aubrey Brown. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho. Photographically illustrated. \$4.50.

The author prefaces her book with the statement that all characters of the book are real, but many do not wear their right names and a few are nameless. She then recounts her experiences over a long period as a teacher and clerk on Western reservations.

It is an interesting and candid recitation of the white man's attempt to educate the reservation children into a culture completely foreign to them. At times it is very critical of the type of education attempted by the Indian Service and points out that it perpetuated their ignorance and poverty.

The title STUBBORN FOOL refers to the author. When she qualified as a teacher and announced her intention to leave her New York home to go to a Sioux Indian School in South Dakota, her father called her "stubborn fool" and the name stuck. The book contains much information on Indian education and is very readable.

—Luther E. Bean, Corresponding Member

TRAIL DRIVING DAYS—The Golden Days of the Old Trail Driving Cattlemen; by Dee Brown and Martin F. Schmitt. Scribner, \$7.50. A gorgeous picture-panorama of the Western cattle trade from the middle 19th Century. The accompanying text provides a valuable running narrative of the cattle epic, and, at the end, is an exhaustive bibliography on the subject. Many of the old pictures are positive gems. A must for any Western history collection.

**BILLY THE KID—THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF A LEGEND**, by J. C. Dykes, published by The University of New Mexico Press, copyright 1952. 182 pages including index. One illustration.

This is a detailed list of publications on the one subject. As the author states, he has tried to list everything in covers or in pamphlet form that refers to Billy the Kid. They range from detailed monographs to vague nameless references. Books, pamphlets, plays, cinemas, magazine stories, "comic" books, "dime libraries," phonograph records, and one radio broadcast. Understandably he has not tried to list the multitude of newspaper stories articles. There are four hundred thirty-seven items. Items that are all concerned with "the incredible story of a youth who died in New Mexico in 1881" and promptly became a legend.

Each item is carefully identified. Each is briefed and its contribution to the whole tale is outlined. Frequently its relationship to other items is carefully traced. Its character, whether factual, questionable, fictional, or partisan, has been investigated and noted. There is no evidence that the author has been influenced by the still existing partisan-ships. The items are arranged in the order of the dates of publication. Whether or not each item is still in print and its relative rarity are always indicated.

Even a diletantte becomes critical of all new efforts within his interests as his studies become more detailed. It is hard to find fault with this work. Perhaps the serious historian or the factual critic would carp at the inclusion of many of the items listed in this work. Perhaps they would not belong in a serious catalogue. However, for the collector this list is priceless. It alone, without any supporting texts, clearly shows how the legend developed.

—Dr. Chesmore Eastlake, Corresponding Member

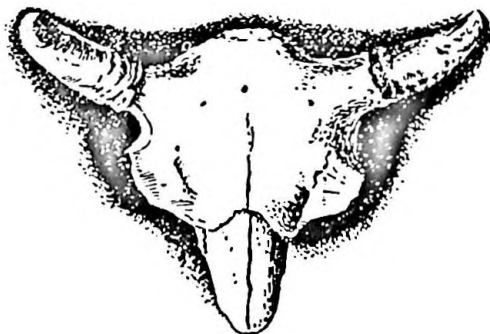
**BOOK NOTES AMONG OUR MEMBERS**—Out in December: Father F. Stanley's long-awaited "Fort Union," World Press, \$5; PM LeRoy Hafen is on the home stretch with his new history of Colorado for use in the schools of the state. Sheriff Fred's Old West Publishing Company will bring it out about February; in Chicago, Herb Brayer is completing work on the life and letters of Alexander Barclay (Fort Barclay, New Mexico).

# *The* BRAND BOOK

OFFICIAL ORGAN  
THE WESTERNERS

306 STATE MUSEUM BLDG.

DENVER 2, COLORADO



*"Ambrose Bierce" by Maurice Frink.*

*"Mexican Jennie" by Abe L. Hoffman.*

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NO. 12



WESTERNER-OF-THE-MONTH

J. Nevin Carson  
Businessman

*Corral Dust*

For the time being, J. Nevin Carson modestly classifies his principal function in the Westerners as that of a "good listener," and observes correctly that any organization needs a few members of that category. His

interest in western history is not specialized, but regarded rather as a hobby of broad and consuming interest to be pursued as rapidly as the pressure of running a sizeable store can be relieved . . . He has a running head start over many another Westerner in this department, however, being a native son of Denver, educated at D. U. and Dartmouth, whose father came to the city in 1885 and established the present business sixty-five years ago . . .

Since it would be manifestly impossible to list the many guests who had the press club walls bulging at the annual meeting in December (a smartly dressed and well-spoken group of wives they were, too!) we'll simply say that Don Bloch's dramatic portrayal of the mysteries of cave-exploration was an appropriate finish to one of the Westerners' most progressive and promising years . . . Continued progress was assured with the election of the outstanding panel of officers for 1953 listed below . . .

A further note is necessary on the part of the editor who, with this issue, turns over the production of the monthly Brand Book to a distinguished successor . . . Not the least of many achievements under Sheriff Fred Rosenstock's diligent administration was the very high quality of written papers obtained and presented to the membership at regular meetings . . . These freshly opened veins of high-grade lore—plus a loyalty, cooperation, and friendship from the posse that this editor will never forget—made the job an easy one and a continuing pleasure.—Elvon L. Howe.

**OFFICERS FOR 1953**

Dr. Philip L. Whiteley.....	Sheriff
W. Scott Broome.....	Deputy Sheriff
Francis Rizzari.....	Roundup Foreman
Maurice Frink.....	Registrar of Marks and Brands
Ralph B. Mayo.....	Tally Man
Arthur Zeuch.....	Chuck Wrangler
Fletcher Birney Jr.....	Program Chairman
Charles B. Roth.....	Membership Chairman
Elvon L. Howe.....	Publications Chairman
Raymond Gardner Colwell.....	Book Review Chairman

## AMBROSE BIERCE ON THE ROAD OF THE WHITE-TOPPED WAGONS

By Maurice Frink

(Condensation of paper read at November meeting.)

This attempt to blow new flame from the unfound ashes of Ambrose Bierce will center upon two interludes in his strange life which have been lightly passed over by his numerous biographers.

Bierce belonged, of course, to California, and what he once referred to as the "western slope of our American Parnassus," but he went to California on horseback, in 1866, traveling the Overland trail in the days when the Sioux were on the prowl; and he spent a stormy four months on a gold mining adventure in the Black Hills of South Dakota in 1880.

He was associated for twenty years with William Randolph Hearst's San Francisco *Examiner*, where he sat in journalistic judgment on "rogues of all degrees," himself of course deciding who was and who was not a rogue. Because of his assumption of omniscience, one of his many enemies, playing on his initials, which were A. G., labeled him "Almighty God" Bierce.

Ambrose was the tenth of eleven children born to the Marcus Aurelius Bierces, a farm family whose ancestry went back to the Calvinists and Puritans (the children were Abigail, Amelia, Ann, Addison, Aurelius, Augustus, Almeda, Andrew, Albert, Ambrose and Arthur. Incidentally, Augustus got gold fever in 1859, and came to Pike's Peak, where he busted.

In 1846 the parents moved from Ohio, where Ambrose had been born on June 24, 1842, to northern Indiana, and at the age of fifteen Ambrose worked as devil in the weekly newspaper shop at Warsaw—otherwise known to fame as the boyhood home of Theodore Dreiser.

In 1861, the Bierces were living in Elkhart, Indiana, and Ambrose, then 19, became the second recruit from Elkhart county to enlist in the Civil War. He signed up April 19, 1861, was assigned to Company C, 9th Indiana Infantry, and a few weeks later was under fire at Philippi. He was wounded June 23, 1864, at Kenesaw Mountain, and was mustered out on January 15, 1865, later being brevetted major, although the highest rank he attained on active service was lieutenant. He was "mentioned in dispatches" fifteen times.

Early in 1862, Bierce's regiment came under command of a hardboiled regular army officer, a West Pointer from Ohio, Gen. William B. Hazen. Bierce, then a lieutenant, was assigned to Hazen's staff as topographical engineer. This was the beginning of a beautiful friendship. Hazen and Bierce were cast from the same mold: Each was outspoken, militant and cantankerous. Hazen wrote of Bierce as "that brave and gallant fellow," and Bierce called Hazen "a born fighter, an educated soldier, the best hated man I ever knew."

After the war, Hazen was appointed acting inspector general, and in 1866 he was assigned to make a tour of some of the new army posts in the Department of the Platte. Hazen picked Bierce to go with him.

Bierce joined the Hazen expedition as engineering attache with the rank of captain. Hazen was a brevet major general. Hazen was then 36 years old; Bierce was 24.

Others in the party were a cook, a teamster, and a small detachment of cavalry. The expedition set out in July, 1866, from Omaha City, Nebraska Territory, then a frontier

town where the Union Pacific railroad ended, though it was laying steel westward to meet the Central Pacific coming eastward from California.

Hazen's little group followed what some maps of the time show as the "Great Route to California and Oregon via South Pass," also known as the Platte Trail, the Central Route, the Emigrant Road—and to the Indians known as the Great Medicine Road, and the Road of the White-Topped Wagons.

As did countless thousands of others in that era, the Bierce group followed the Platte river to Fort Stephen W. Kearny, Nebraska, rode on past Scotts Bluff and Fort Laramie to Forts Reno and Phil Kearny in what is now Wyoming but then was Dakota Territory; to Fort C. F. Smith and Camp Cook, and old Fort Benton, in Montana Territory; then came south along the Missouri and the Sun rivers through Utah and Nevada Territories, by way of Donner Pass to Sacramento.

On October 16, 1866, Gen. Hazen paused at Camp Douglas, Utah, and wrote a report of his findings. This report covers six printed pages in government records (Exec. Doc. 45, 39th Cong., 2nd Sess.), and was subsequently supplemented by several more detailed reports.

Hazen's statement of his findings gives a revealing picture of a military mind, unilluminated by vision or imagination, to say nothing of human compassion.

Bierce's account of the adventure, while fragmentary, is more human and imaginative than Hazen's. They traveled, says Bierce in "Across the Plains," along

a dusty wagonroad bordered with bones—not always those of animals—with an occasional mound, sometimes dignified with a warped and rotting headboard.

Bierce had first seen mountains while serving in the South during the Civil War, after a boyhood in the Middle Western flatlands, and in his "Bits of Autobiography" he records the fact that a mountain region was to him "a perpetual miracle," adding that: "In power upon the emotions nothing, I think, is comparable to a first sight of mountains." Now on the Plains he was again impressed by some of the landmarks:

One of the most imposing of these is Court House Rock, near the North Platte. Surely no object of such dignity ever had a more belittling name—given it in good faith no doubt by some untraveled wight whose county court house was the most 'reverend pile' of which he had any conception. It should have been called Titan's Castle. What a gracious memory I have of the pomp and splendor of its aspect, with the crimson glories of the setting sun fringing its outlines, illuminating its western walls like the glow of Mammon's fires for the witches' revel in the Hartz, and flung like banners from its crest.

To me, tipsy with youth, full-fed on Mayne Reid's romances, and now first entering the enchanted region that he so charmingly lied about, it was a revelation and a dream. I wish anything in the heavens, on the earth, or in the waters under the earth, would give me now such an emotion as I experienced in the shadow of that 'great rock in a weary land.'

Other travelers beside Bierce have been impressed by Court House Rock and its resemblance to an Old World ruin. The landmark is near the Platte river, about five miles south of the present town of Bridgeport, in Morrill County, Nebraska. Scotts Bluff is fifty miles farther west.

Bierce's allusions to his experiences with the Hazen expedition are otherwise in his usual vein.

For the detailed information I have on the next phase of his life that interests us as Westerners, I am indebted to Professor Paul Fatout, of the English department, Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind. I became acquainted with Fatout in 1945, when he came to Elkhart, Ind., my home town, to do some research among newspaper files and other records, in connection with a biography of Bierce that he was then writing.

Incidentally, Professor Fatout intended to call his book "Mildest Manner'd Man," after a quotation from Byron's *Don Juan*—

He was the mildest manner'd man  
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat—

but his publisher induced him to change his title to "Ambrose Bierce: The Devil's Lexicographer," and as such it was published in 1951 by the University of Oklahoma Press.

About a year ago, Leland Case, one of the founders of the Chicago Corral of Westerners, former editor of *The Rotarian Magazine*, now its field editor and residing in Arizona, wrote Professor Fatout, saying that he knew where there were some Bierce letters that had never been published. He told Fatout where they were, and Fatout went there and found some letterbooks of Bierce's. These were carbon copies of letters Bierce had written while he was running a gold mine in the Black Hills in 1880. Fatout was allowed to make use of the letters and from them, aided by a trip to South Dakota, and other research, Fatout has written another book, temporarily called "Ambrose Bierce in the Black Hills," which is now in the hands of publishers.

For the benefit of the Denver Posse of Westerners, Professor Fatout has supplied the following abstract of his book:

When the Black Hills were opened to unrestricted immigration on Feb. 28, 1877, Ambrose Bierce was about to become associate editor of a new weekly, the San Francisco *Argonaut*, which began its long career on March 25. Bierce conducted a column, called "Prattle," and edited the literary offerings of contributors, some of whom he came to look upon as "pupils." In his column he followed his practice of sharp comment on matters political and social, never sparing the rod or softening the satirical personality. He always named names and was never hesitant to say precisely what he thought. Favorite targets were crooks of all kinds, bores, fools, social climbers, amateur poets, and in general the wowers of the human race. His plain speaking brought him many scurrilous letters, which pleased him, and once involved him in a slugfest with the irate husband of an actress.

He showed that he had an eye on the Black Hills in several comments he made on news from Dakota. The title of his story "The Night Doings at Deadman's" (Dec. 29, 1877) probably came from Deadman's Gulch, near Deadwood, a place much in the news at that time. In another story, "The Famous Gilson Bequest," (Oct. 26, 1878) are sluice boxes, pans, and a Territory, which could have been Dakota Territory. So he was aware of events in gold and silver mining regions, and may have been turning over in his mind the notion of giving up his newspaper career for a fling at mining. He had skill in topography and some knowledge of engineering mathematics, as well as the quick kind of mind that makes learning easy. To fill gaps in his own information, he could call on his father-in-law, Captain H. H. Day, who was a famous mine superintendent. Bierce admired the Captain, but he heartily disliked his overpowering mother-in-law, and this may have helped motivate his escape to the Hills. Nevertheless, he carried on for some two years as if dedicated to journalism. His column appeared regularly, and he continued nursing the literary aspirations of his pupils, especially those who were young and feminine.

About the middle of May, 1879, however, his column disappeared from the paper, and subsequent evidence shows that he had gone into the mining business. Letters to Bierce from O. C. Miller in July and August of that year mention the Carrie Steele mine, probably in California or Nevada, purchase of a stamp mill, a placer mine at Brandy City, and so forth. The fragmentary details fail to tell a coherent story but they do imply that Bierce was in the mining game.

In the spring of 1880 he began to appear in the affairs of the Black Hills Placer Mining Company, which was operating in the Rockerville basin near Rapid City.

This company had been incorporated in New York in late 1879 with a capital stock



of \$10,000,000, of which sum, however, only \$250,000 was ever paid up. The company had an imposing list of stockholders and directors, among them being William Dowd, president of the Bank of North America, George R. Blanchard of the Erie railroad, and Cornelius Vanderbilt. The company's New York attorney was S. B. Eaton, who was probably responsible for bringing Bierce into the organization, these two having been good friends while on the staff of General Hazen during the Atlanta campaign of 1864. At any rate, by June 1, 1880, Bierce was in Rapid City under the impression that he was to take charge of the company's affairs at Rockerville.

The company's elaborate and expensive project there was to construct a bedrock dam across Spring Creek near Sheridan, and from that point to build a huge wooden flume tunneling through hills and winding across and around the gulches eighteen miles to the rich, but dry, diggings at Rockerville.

Up to the time of Bierce's arrival, the work had been in charge of a contractor named Capt. Ichabone M. West. The implications are clear that he had diverted a great deal of the company's money to his own uses, and that in collusion with him was the company's president, Gen. Alexander Shaler. When Bierce arrived, the company treasurer had sent Capt. West well over half the contract price for the whole job, but the work was only about a third finished. Furthermore, wages were in arrears, and on the books of creditors there was an unknown total of likewise overdue debts for materials and services.

Thus it will be seen that Bierce took charge of the operations under a great handicap. He was further hampered by disharmony among company officers, and by continual interference from the president, the secretary, and anybody else who took a notion. The story is one of utter confusion, fumbling, thwarting, and chaos. The Black Hills Company must have been one of the most disorganized mining firms on record.

In spite of all the handicaps, Bierce succeeded in bringing the flume down to Rockerville, and starting it in operation on the gravel bars there. During his four months on the job he showed himself an excellent man of affairs and a faithful servant of a company that did not merit such loyalty. He had but a skeleton staff, and no adequate financial support. He had to appease creditors, as well as workmen incensed by lack of pay, and he did not at any time receive one cent of salary for his efforts.

Bierce whirled dizzily in all this, and a rough ride it was for him. Just about the time he got the flume working, he became the victim of unjust charges by the company treasurer, and Bierce summarily resigned on Sept. 24, although at Eaton's request he did stay on for three more weeks. Then he went to New York for about three months, and early in 1881 Bierce returned to San Francisco. In March of that year he became editor of the weekly *San Francisco Wasp*. Some readers think they can see more acid in his post-Black Hills journalism than in that which preceded his mining venture. This is understandable if it is true, for all he got out of those four months was bitter experience, in a dose sufficient to sour a man on the human race.

As to the Black Hills Company, thanks to the chicanery of Capt. West and probably others, indebtedness soon overwhelmed the corporation. The flume was operated, however, by various managements for some fifteen years, and Rockerville flourished until about the middle 'nineties. Then the structure began to fall apart, the water ceased to flow, and the town disintegrated.

After his Black Hills experience, Bierce displayed no further interest in mining. From then on, he was a newspaper man. He did not talk or write about it except once, when he included a brief episode about a Black Hills bandit hunter, Boone May, in a sketch entitled "A Sole Survivor." Even that did not appear until fifteen years later, when perhaps time had made Bierce's memories less painful.

The literary success and fame that came to Bierce in subsequent years did little to soften his bitterness. His writings were published in a dozen books, topped off with

twelve volumes of "Collected Works" in 1909. By 1912, he was played out and discouraged.

"I shall go to Mexico," he said in a letter to a friend, "with a pretty definite purpose in mind, not now disclosable." To a niece he wrote:

"If you hear of my being stood up against a Mexican stone wall and shot to rags, please know that I think that a pretty good way to depart this life. It beats old age, disease, and falling down the cellar stairs."

He revisited some old friends in various parts of the country, as well as the scenes of his youth on Civil War battlefields. He is known to have been in New Orleans Oct. 24, 1913, and to have gone from there into Mexico, where the Villa and Carranza armies were in combat. He is said by some to have become an observer with Villa's army marching on Chihuahua in November. He mailed a letter in Chihuahua, on Dec. 26, 1913, to his niece. Nobody knows—though at various times various persons have claimed to know—what happened to him after that.

My own interest in Bierce began in 1913, when, as a reporter in Elkhart, Ind., I was assigned to dig up the "local angle" in the stories of his disappearance in Mexico. Local interest lay in the fact that the Bierce family had lived in Elkhart for several years prior to the Civil War and for several years afterward. I interviewed a number of old men who had known Bierce, both as a boy and in the war. I also interviewed his one surviving brother, Andrew, a retired farmer then living at Warsaw, Ind. Andrew was then 85; he died a year later. When I talked to him, he knew little and cared less about his famous brother. He had not seen or heard from him since the time he "came home from the war, with his head bandaged because of his bullet wound."

Some of the old men who had known Ambrose, as a bearer of brick in an Elkhart brickyard and as choreboy in a saloon, told me that the only thing that had distinguished him from other boys was an ability to draw.

His drawing ability had found an outlet during the war, when he served for a time as a topographical engineer. He also apparently drew some Western maps.

In the Bibliography of Carey McWilliams' biography of Bierce is listed a "Map of the Black Hills Region, Showing the Gold Mining District and the Seat of the Indian War, drawn by A. G. Bierce, From Surveys ordered by the War Department, San Francisco, A. L. Bancroft & Co., 1877."

I had never seen this map reproduced, and, thinking it would be of interest in connection with this paper, I made a search to locate a copy of it. The map was unknown in any of the places where it might be expected to be of record—the Huntington Library at San Marino, Calif., even questioned its existence—but I finally located it when I inquired at the point where I should have begun my search: The Library of Congress.

There I was informed that the Library had a copy of the map, but that it was marked "Not to be reproduced except by permission of Thomas W. Streeter." Mr. Streeter turned out to be a resident of Morristown, New Jersey—and a corresponding member of the Denver Westerners. He generously gave permission to have the Library of Congress provide me with a copy of the map to show you tonight.

As to how Bierce's life and career were affected by his youthful trip across the Great Plains and his later disappointment in the Black Hills, one man's guess is as good as another's.

My own belief is that his fragmentary writings on his journey across the Plains reflect an inner sensitiveness which, later on, he largely concealed, and that what happened to him in the Black Hills was another of life's embittering disappointments.

## THE PURSUIT OF MEXICAN JENNIE

By Abe L. Hoffman

The authors of comic opera who tell us that a policeman's lot is not a happy one have spoken very true words in jest. One of the finest pieces of detective work in the annals of the gold camps brought nothing but controversy to the able sheriff who performed it.

But Henry Von Phul, Sheriff of Teller County, Colorado, the great Cripple Creek gold camp, had a philosophical outlook on life. As a law enforcer he preferred quiet and efficient methods to the violent and haphazard, but he did not miss much in the way of adventure for all of that. The case in point is the pursuit of Mexican Jennie.

In 1913 Poverty Gulch was a noisy community just outside the limits of Cripple Creek by no means poor in high-grade ore and low-grade vice. What it lacked in law and order, it made up in gaiety of the gin mill variety. The Christmas season of that year was particularly hilarious, even for Poverty Gulch. Ragtime music and vaudeville with distilled, fermented and frivolous spirits attracted the eminent citizens of Cripple Creek and the most lowly as well.

Somewhere in between was Philip Roberts, Jr., who partook of the celebrations, as was his custom at all times. He was a blacksmith for the El Paso Mine. When he failed to report for work after the holiday, his friends concluded he was "sleeping it off." But when his absence continued for five days, they grew alarmed and called for the night marshal, Bill Fabry. Bill made a search of Poverty Gulch, saloon by saloon, cabin by cabin, and crib by crib. At last Roberts was found, dead and frozen stiff, on December 30, 1913, in a small cabin in a segment of the Gulch inhabited by Mexicans.

The sheriff theorized that it must have been a revenge shooting by a woman. Joe volunteered the information that Roberts had frequently visited the cabin of Jennie Wenner, one of the numerous crib-girls in the area. The sheriff found her cabin to have been hurriedly vacated. It was reported that she and Roberts had quarreled frequently and loudly.

The next day Von Phul learned that Jennie Wenner had come to Cripple Creek from Walsenberg, Colorado, where her family lived. Her maiden name was Benton; her father was a German and her mother from Mexico. She took work as a barmaid and dancing girl in Poverty Gulch, had married one of her more persistent patrons, Ed Keif, and for some time went by the name of Juanita Keif. Still later, with or without divorce, she had married Ray Wenner and adopted his name, although he soon walked out of her life. Of late Philip Roberts had been living regularly at her cabin.

Sheriff Von Phul left quietly for Walsenberg on January 3, 1914. At Pueblo, Colorado, the station agent remembered seeing a woman of Jennie's description more than a week before. She had asked for a ticket to Juarez, Mexico, and was dismayed to learn that all train service to Juarez had been discontinued because of the civil war between the forces of General Francisco Villa and those of President Huerta.

The woman had thereupon bought a coach ticket to El Paso, Texas, and signed it "Juanita Keif." Sheriff Von Phul abandoned his trip to Walsenberg and likewise purchased transportation to El Paso on the next train.

Jennie had a week's head start over him; she was headed for Mexico; Mexico was at war. His chances of ever finding her were poor indeed.

She had arrived in El Paso on December 29th. The city was crowded with refugees and tense with apprehension. Just across the shallow Rio Grande, the barefoot soldiers of the revolutionary, Villa, were raiding and brawling. Since heavy guards were posted at the International Bridge, Jennie swam the river into Mexico, joining the several thousand camp-followers who provided liquor, gambling and entertainment for the rebel troops. She drifted southward to Chihuahua City, which Villa had made his headquarters, with the army and multitude of non-combatant stragglers that moved by foot, by burro and

by such railroad transportation as they could clamber aboard. After a week of such travel, Jennie finally reached the teeming encampment. She employed herself at once among the red lights of the town at the Capital Hotel, after having witnessed a bull fight. She believed she was safely beyond all pursuit from Cripple Creek.

El Paso officers refused to go into Mexico to help Sheriff Von Phul; it was too dangerous. The local sheriff, chief of police and at last the mayor, all refused to accept the responsibility of assigning a man to go south of the border. The Federal District Attorney listened sympathetically, but asserted that extradition was impossible, even if Jennie could be located.

Von Phul decided to venture into Mexico himself. U. S. Army officers cautioned him against capture as a hostage for a Mexican federalist general, Inez Salazar, who had been taken prisoner by the Americans and for whose blood Villa thirsted at any price and risk.

Nevertheless the sheriff, carefully armed and his purse full of gold pieces, crossed the bridge into Mexico the next morning. Having formerly worked in Mexico as a mining engineer and assayer he knew the Spanish language as it was spoken by the peon and laborer and had no difficulty getting around among them.

A tour of the dance halls of Juarez produced nothing. The rougher element of the city was on the move to the south, following the ragged rebel army which had just won a notable victory at the battle of Ojinaga. Exciting news of tremendous fiestas at Chihuahua City stirred every vagabond interested in pleasure or larceny.

Sheriff Von Phul returned empty-handed to El Paso. Food, drink, revolvers, ammunition, a few clean shirts and sox packed into a carpet bag, he was off again for the interior. For a gold piece, the sheriff was able to buy standing room on a train jammed with soldiers, women, children, dogs and fighting cocks. The women were loaded with bedding and household utensils, the men with all makes and description of rifles, shot-guns, pistols, revolvers, swords and clubs. A clash of colors added to the bewilderment, bright blankets and ponchos on the soldiers and brilliant shawls on the wives. As if this were not enough, an occasional burro, solidly packed with supplies, stood complacently blocking the passageways. All ages and sexes hung from the windows of the coaches, from the bars of the box cars and sat and lay on the tops of every type of carriage, including the locomotive. Two days of such chaotic travel brought the sheriff to Chihuahua, a distance of two hundred fifty miles.

Good sense dictated that the sheriff search in the pleasure resorts of the crowded town. Many were at hand, from booths made up of blankets to busy hotels which were places of luxury in peaceful times. Von Phul decided to start searching better establishments first, where his well-kept appearance would arouse less suspicion and prejudice. On his second day of search he went into the busy restaurant and bar-room of the Capital Hotel.

One of the bar-maids did not seem to him to be so completely at ease in the place as the others. He watched her and noticed that she occasionally spoke a word or two of English. The crowded room was dark, and the risk of an American insulting even a waitress might prove costly, but he determined to take a chance.

He knew that Mexican Jennie had definite markings on her teeth which would reveal her identity. On the chance that the waitress would open her mouth, he took a kerosene lamp from a table, walked over to her, took her by the shoulder and flashed the light in her face.

She looked at him and said in English, "How do you do, Sheriff Von Phul?"

It was Mexican Jennie.

Now his problem of getting her out of Mexico and then back to Cripple Creek was likely to prove more troublesome than locating her in the first place. At the nearby military quarters an officer consented to arrest her on the grounds that she was wanted for a crime in the United States and took Mexican Jennie to the lockup.

Von Phul then made a request to confer with General Francisco Villa himself and soon was ushered into Villa's headquarters. The General agreed to keep Jennie under arrest, and stated that he was willing to surrender her to the Americans if they would deliver the federalist Salazar into his hands for execution. With much difficulty Von Phul explained that this could not be done because Salazar was a political prisoner in the hands of military authorities at Fort Bliss, while a sheriff was a local civilian officer and had no power to dictate to the United States Army. Finally Villa announced that he would surrender her anyway as an undesirable alien.

Three more days of conferences took place with the general who was particularly interested in the attitude of the United States toward his domination of northern Mexico.

When the next train left for Juarez to bring back more troops, Jennie was placed aboard it with Von Phul and two rebel military aides. This train, composed of twenty-seven freight cars, two first class passenger coaches and a baggage car, all empty except for the crew and the sheriff's little party, crawled along makeshift track for thirty-six hours on what was normally a nine-hour trip. Mile after mile of the railroad had been torn up, ties had been burned and the rails heated and twisted out of shape. The country had been laid waste, wooden houses and cabins ripped apart for fire wood, and adobe hovels hammered down in sheer mischief.

At the Juarez city jail a Mexican magistrate took charge of Jennie and issued a formal judicial pronouncement that she was an undesirable alien and would have to be deported, but advised Von Phul that he would have to study how she could be delivered over the border with full regard for legal propriety. Jennie's expressed willingness to walk across did not concern him; he remanded her to the jail in the meantime.

In his private room, the Magistrate explained that the law could not be put into motion without a nickel-plated revolver. That afternoon the sheriff crossed the international bridge into El Paso and purchased at a pawnshop a handsome nickel-plated double action revolver.

The next morning he presented it to the judge, who stormed in explosive Spanish that such a fine pistol certainly deserved also a leather belt and a holster and cartridges. Von Phul went back to El Paso and bought belt, holster, and cartridges. The judge received them and released Jennie to be taken across the bridge by the sheriff without other escort.

If she had chosen to resist, Jennie might have presented a real difficulty. But Von Phul had spotted another refugee from Cripple Creek driving a taxicab in Juarez. His name was Billy Dingman and he had been the Clerk of the District Court until he had absconded with its funds. Billy agreed to assist the sheriff transport Jennie across the bridge on the promise that the warrant for his arrest would be marked "not found." That is how it was done.

The moment Jennie was urged out of the cab onto the American part of the bridge, an El Paso officer placed her under arrest. She professed innocence and agreed to return to Cripple Creek and stand trial.

Mexican Jennie Wenner went to trial on March 26, 1914. She pleaded self-defense, and related a sordid story of her life with Philip Roberts. She had lived with him for four years; he had beaten her regularly when she failed to bring him enough money to satisfy his thirst for booze. On the previous Christmas night she related he knocked her down beside a trunk in which she kept the revolver. She had seized the gun, shot him, and fled.

The jury found her guilty of murder in the first degree and she was sentenced to spend the rest of her life in the penitentiary. Six years later she was granted a parole because of poor health; she returned to Mexico where she died of tuberculosis in 1924.

Sheriff Von Phul had a bitter struggle to obtain reimbursement for his expenses in bringing her to justice. The frugal commissioners of Teller County insisted that he had had no authority to follow her into Mexico and should have waited until they had made an appropriation for the purpose at their annual meeting. Finally they allowed his

expenses under the guise of payment for posse committatus. But later a grand jury was impanelled to investigate this extravagance of the sheriff. Although it failed to indict him, it returned a scathing report on his conduct and character, the like of which none of the fictional, two-gun, hair-trigger sheriffs of Western romance ever had to suffer.

## Westerner's Bookshelf

THE BLACK HILLS—Edited by Roderick Peattie. Contributors: Leland D. Case, Badger Clark, Elmo Scott Watson, Paul Friggens, R. V. Hunkins, Clarence S. Paine. 320 pp., 35 photographic illustrations. New York, Vanguard Press, \$5.

"So one cold morning in the Moon of the Popping Trees (December 21, 1866) . . . the Tetons and the Cheyennes made one great attempt to kill all the bluecoats in Fort Phil Kearney and then burn it . . . And just as Crazy Horse had been named head of the decoy party at Platte Bridge, so was he selected for the skillful but dangerous task of leading the bluecoats into a trap when they had been lured out of the fort to help the wood choppers . . .

"A foolhardy officer named Fetterman who had once boasted that with fifty men he could 'ride through the whole Sioux nation' . . . disobeyed his chief's orders and followed the yelping braves beyond the Lodge Pole ridge . . . Then 'Hoka hey!', the charge, and a fierce hand-to-hand struggle . . . When it ended, in that 'Winter of a Hundred Killed' all of the bluecoats lay dead."

So for many powerful pages the late Elmo Scott Watson proceeds to capture the strength and tragedy of "Crazy Horse, The Greatest Among Them," in a memorable chapter of Roderick Peattie's important contribution to his story, past and present, of Paha Sapa, the Black Hills.

This is satisfying reading, especially in the several chapters in which Badger Clark, the poet of Paha Sapa, takes the reader on strolls through his home province that are replete with affectionate and discerning conversation, and a plea "from one who has no hope that it will be heeded in an age of speed and gadgets . . . though the experience of fifty years has taught me that the flavor, the bouquet, of the Black Hills requires that they be sipped rather than gulped."

CM Paul Friggens of Boulder, recalling a boyhood near Belle Fourche, does well by the cow business of the western Dakotas. A chapter on Wild Bill and Calamity Jane vigorously attacks the accuracy of most of the common accounts of the lives of these two notables without ever getting around to telling us what the truth is. Pure geology, in the literate hands of R. V. Hunkins, assumes surprising fascination in a story of the gold of the Black Hills that begins a billion years ago. Badger Clark returns to tell knowingly not only the facts, but the philosophy, of Mount Rushmore.

It's a good book which belongs in the library of any modern Westerner.

—E. L. Howe, Westerner

THUNDER IN THE SOUTHWEST, by Oren Arnold, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman. 237 pp. \$3.75

Again the head of Joaquin Murrieta grins at us from its pickle jar. Bullets fly once more at the O. K. Corral, but Wyatt Earp fights through unscathed. Judge Roy Bean, the law west of the Pecos, continues to dispense with justice at the Jersey Lilly Saloon at Langtry, Texas. The great Hash-knife War is re-fought, and the blood of the Grahams and the gore of the Tewksburys irrigate Pleasant Valley. Uncle Sam's camels again tramp the western deserts, throwing consternation into horses and sudden sobriety into tipsy cowpunchers.

This book consists of a light and readable retelling of a number of legends of Southwestern history. It is made up of reprints from various magazine articles, done without too much research or too much concern with factual accuracy. The stories are always interesting in themselves, regardless of how often they may be retold. Oren Arnold's accounts are on a par with those of his competitors.

One story in particular arouses great curiosity. It is a condensation of his book about a captive Apache boy who was sold to a white photographer and educated at the University of Illinois and Chicago Medical College. The young Indian, Dr. Carlos Montezuma, became an outstanding physician in the Middle West, but returned at last to his native desert to die in solitude. This biography has been given fuller treatment in Mr. Arnold's *Savage Son*, which was published in 1951. It is a western story in reverse of the Indian who ministered to the health of civilized white man.

The facile sketches in this book might readily have been reprinted by a regular trade publisher. It would seem more fitting that a great university press should devote its endowments to the publication or reprinting of texts of serious interest which cannot be brought forth through commercial channels.

—Abe L. Hoffman, Corresponding Member

**THE COMANCHES: Lords of the South Plains**, by Ernest Wallace and E. Adamson Hoebel; 381 pages, illustrated; University of Oklahoma Press, \$5.

This is a detailed, documented study of the Indian tribe that once roamed in horse-back freedom from the Brazos to the Platte and now lives in quiet desperation in Oklahoma.

So complete a report on this tribe has never been made before. The authors have drawn on such printed sources as exist, amplifying this with the results of their own study and research. Much of their information has come directly from such surviving old-timers as Face Wrinkling Like Getting Old. It has the stamp of authenticity.

The book is crammed with information on the Comanche methods of conducting warfare, of buffalo hunting, of making weapons, and of living in general in the days when Indians were Indians. The approach is sympathetic, in some instances defensive, and always interesting. Scholarly but entertaining and informative, the book belongs on the shelves of anyone with a real interest in the Plains Indians. Except for occasional lapses into such technical phraseology as "anticipatory levirate," and for such typographical errors as Hidasta for Hidatsa, the book is good reading, as well as good reference.

The name Comanche, incidentally, was (according to this book) bestowed on the tribe by the Spaniards, but the Spaniards got it from the Utes, whose word was Komantacia, meaning "enemy."  
—Maurice Frink.

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JANUARY MEETING—Philip W. Whiteley on "Frontier Traders and Tokens"; Press Club, 6:30 p.m., Jan. 28.

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