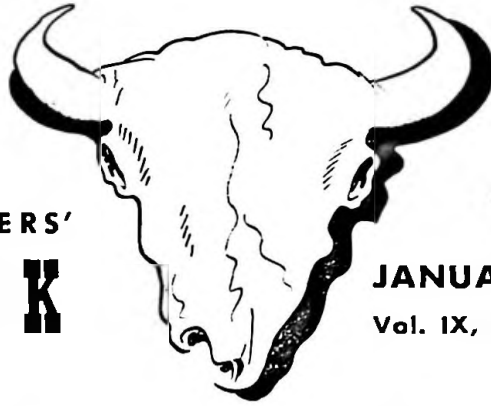
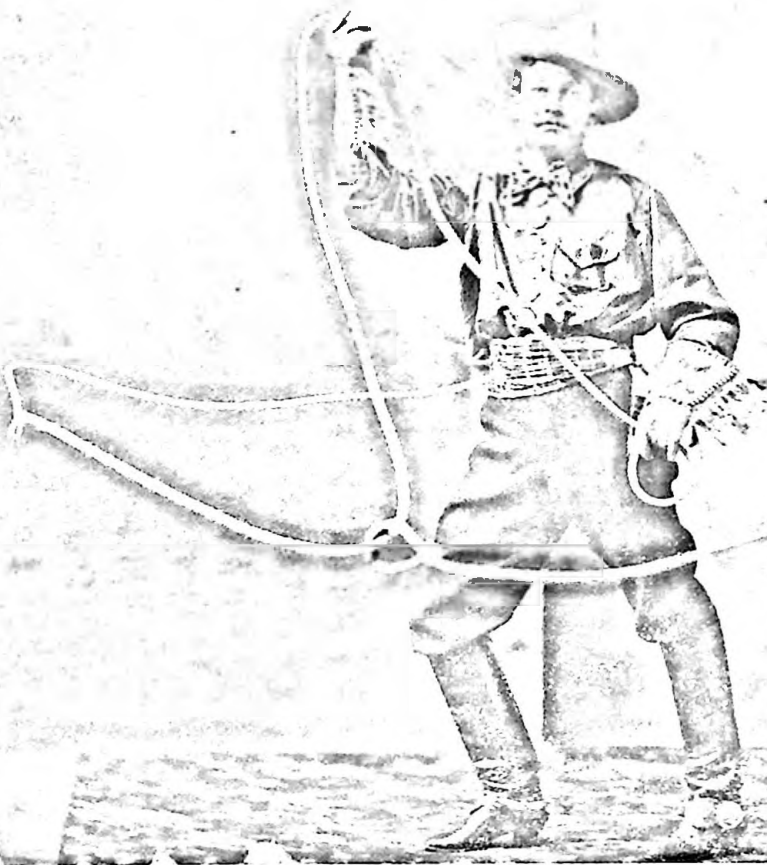


The DENVER WESTERNERS'
BRAND BOOK



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The rope twirler is Cy Compton, arena director, Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, photographed in London in the '90s (wires held the rope in place). Photo loaned and identified by Goldie Cameron, Nederland, Colo.

In this issue: **Caves of Colorado**



FREDERIC H. DOUGLAS
Westerner of the Month

The Denver Westerners are proud to have as a Posse member one of the nation's most eminent anthropologists.

Eric Douglas, as he is known from coast to coast, was born at Evergreen, Colo., and graduated from the University of Colorado in 1921. He was curator of Indian art, Denver Art Museum, from 1930 to 1947, when he became curator of native arts, his present title.

He has been an assistant professor at the University of Denver since 1934, and a lecturer at the University of Colorado since 1947. He was director of education at the Indian Exhibit, San Francisco world fair, 1938-39; has been a member of the Federal Indian Arts and Crafts Board since 1946; and was president of the Southwest division of the American Association of Anthropologists 1947-48.

His major interest is the ethnology of North America and Oceania. As an expert on museum display techniques, art styles, textiles and technology of the tribes north of Mexico, he is frequently

(Continued on page 7)

TRAIL DUST

The Brand Book's new format was provided by PM Dabney Otis Collins. A typographical expert friend of his designed it . . . The drawings are a contribution by CM Fred (Life's Like That) Neher of Boulder, Colo.

Honorary Life Member is the title unanimously conferred by the Posse, Jan. 28, 1953, on one of its charter members, the dean of western writers, William McLeod Raine.

CM Dr. James A. Hall has resigned as director of instruction, Denver public schools, and will go to Port Washington, Long Island, N. Y., as school superintendent. A native of Colorado and a faithful Westerner, Jim will be missed at our Roundups.

CM Colin B. Goodykoontz, who resigned as chairman of the history department at the University of Colorado because of illness, is recovering satisfactorily at his home, 2338 Tenth, Boulder, and hopes to resume his academic duties in September.

PM Arthur L. Campa has returned to the University of Denver after six months leave, during which he traveled in the southwest and Mexico, collecting legends under a Guggenheim Foundation grant.

PM Don Bloch, home for good (he hopes) after 11 months of self-exile in Salt Lake City, is now sole owner and proprietor of Collectors' Center, Rare and Out-of-Print Books, Records and Ephemera Americana.

Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York, have just published "The Sportsman's Outdoor Guide," a new book by PM Charles B. Roth, with introduction by Arthur H. Carhart.

The Scott Broomes have returned from a ten-day flying trip to Texas, with a side jaunt to New Orleans.

Posse membership will be increased to 50 as the result of action taken at the January Roundup. PM C. B. Roth, membership committee chairman, invites written suggestions as to candidates; his address, 1748 High St., Denver 6.

New Directions for Discovery: The Caves of Colorado

BY DR. WILLIAM R. HALLIDAY

(Editor's note: PM Don Bloch, who thrilled the ladies' night audience at our annual meeting Dec. 20, 1952, with his talk on cave exploration, has made the following article available for publication here. It is a drastic condensation of a paper scheduled for publication in full in the 1952 annual Brand Book. Dr. Halliday is chairman of the Utah Grotto (chapter) of the National Speleological Society, and a past chairman of the Colorado, California and Washington Grottoes. Formerly of Denver, he is now resident interne at the Latter Day Saints Hospital, Salt Lake City.)

There are signs of an approaching renaissance of speleology in Colorado. A flurry of activity some years ago followed the fantastic reports of a solitary explorer who claimed to have found the enchained remnants of a skeleton in the nethermost depths of Spanish Cave. Mention of caves began to appear in newspapers. A preliminary listing, in an early *Bulletin* of the National Speleological Society,* of four Colorado caves mentioned in national publications, stimulated additions to the list. Several departments at the University of Colorado became interested in the contents of caves, and in caving in general.

Now, with the systematic research program being conducted by the national society revealing the limits of the formerly known caves, interest in the subject has reached the point where it is not at all uncommon for quite unrelated groups to meet deep in the bowels of some cave that had previously known but the light scurry of a pack rat or the occasional flutter of a bat.

What is a cave? The two basic essentials are simply that it must be big enough to get into, and some part must be in total darkness; otherwise it is considered merely a grotto. Caves may appear in piles of broken rock; as fissures in any kind of bedrock; as weather-worn shelters; as lava tubes; or as limestone caverns, produced by the power of solution of ground water. While important archeological and biological discoveries are often found in talus caves, simple fissures and shelters, the interest of the true speleologist and spelunker is centered in the limestone cavern (with an occasional look at a lava tube for variety) for these are the "true" caves. It is the limestone cavern exclusively that boasts the magnificent draperies, the great stalactites and stalagmites, the delicate crystals, the subterranean rivers, and all the other trappings of underground beauty which attract the explorer.

What good is a cave? Eliminating the esthetic and recreational value, and the closely-connected multi-million-dollar commercial cave industry, the answer lies in the many scientific mysteries that have been and are being found and cleared up in caves all over the world. In a cave in Palestine recently was found the earliest known Biblical manuscript, preserved intact for more than 1,800 years. In Gypsum Cave, Nevada, for the first time in America man could be dated back into the Pleistocene days. A multitude of shelter caves in the Southwest have given insight to the primitive way of life of our predecessors. Subterranean water courses have given rise to the science of cave hydrology. There are challenges in caves to such fields as geology, zoology, botany, mineralogy and meteorology. America's major contribution in the field of cave meteorology probably lies in the study of ice caves, where ice forms

*Organized in Washington, D. C., in 1939, for the organized, systematic exploration of U. S. caves.

and persists all summer, or nearly all of it. Colorado has several caves which approximate this condition, including those at Palmer Lake, near Hayden, on Cow Mountain near the old town of Gillette, and at Rifle Canyon; however, none of these is quite a true ice cave.

Some 72 Caves in Colorado

The Colorado Grotto of the National Speleological Society has a history which parallels that of the national organization on a proportional scale. Prior to the summer of 1951, there had been several NSS members in the state, and a little caving had been done, but attempts at organization had never been successful. During that summer, however, the former chairmen of two other grottoes and a European caver coincidentally reached Denver at the time of release from the Air Force of the most active native caver in the state, and these joined with a relatively inactive founder-member of the NSS to form the Colorado Grotto. A little investigation revealed good year-round caving, and this attracted so many new spelunkers that within a year the membership reached 27.

A survey of all the caves of the state was planned for the first year; but, in its course, cave after cave was reported in what was thought to be a nearly caveless state, so that the survey had to be extended indefinitely. As this is written, the number and extent of Colorado's caves remains unknown,* and may never be definitely established. Many undoubtedly even yet await discovery. Enough are known, however, to give an accurate general idea of the status of speleology in Colorado.

As limestones are limited to the mountainous western parts of the state, it is not surprising that the only cave in eastern Colorado is a small fissure cave near Julesburg, known as Italian's Cave, in which a hermit is said to have lived out his days. As a means of passing his time, apparently, he or someone else enlarged the fissure so much that it is impossible today to determine the original size or nature of the cave, which was of little enough speleological interest to begin with.

There are three small caves in the Ingleside limestone of the northern Front Range, northwest of Fort Collins, as well as a larger one a few miles north of the Wyoming border. Two are of interest primarily to biologists, for insects, spiders, crickets, bats and salamanders have been collected here under direction of the University of Colorado. The third was discovered in 1951, deep in the side of a hill through which an aqueduct tunnel was being drilled. While it was even tinier than the other two caves, spelunkers who visited it before it was sealed in the process of additional tunnelling operations found the difficult tight crawling amply repaid by the delicate white soda-straw stalactites, hanging like icicles against the brilliant color of the underlying redbeds in the gleam of the carbide light. These delicate formations were indeed worthy of the name "soda straw," for whenever one was accidentally broken in the low crawls, it was seen to be hollow, thin walled and perfectly even.

Famous Cave of the Winds

Dominating the caves of the southern Eastern Slope is, of course, Cave of the Winds. To the tourist, it is a bewilderingly fabulous series of vast rooms and tiny alcoves, great columns and delicate crystals. To the spelunker, it is the entrance of yet unknown passages, far back in difficult parts of the cave. To the speleologist, it is a joint-controlled solution cavern, with remarkable deposits of aragonitic helictites and anthodites, whose origin offers a challenging problem. In the cliffs nearby are many small caves, but those large enough to be of interest, and thus dangerous to the inexperienced, have been sealed by the owners to prevent recurrence of a near-tragedy of some years ago.

*The number currently given is 72, but this is tentative.

Nearly all of the hundreds of thousands who have visited this magnificent cave in Williams Canyon at Manitou Springs, and, in addition, those who have only read of its wonders, have heard the oft-repeated story of its discovery by the young Pickett brothers. A rare, paper-bound book in the Western Collection of the Denver Public Library, however, tells a vastly different story. Entitled "How I Found and How I Lost the Cave of the Winds and the Manitou Grand Caverns," this rambling and sometimes self-contradictory 88-page book by George W. Snider, published by Carson-Harper of Denver in 1916, still is a fascinating document, relating much of the early history of the cave.

Beyond Pikes Peak is another cave area. North of Canon City on the old and nearly extinct Shelf Road are no less than three important caverns in the same limestone that is the bed rock for Cave of the Winds. At those to the north and south, however, it is level, while at Fly Cave, in the middle, it is steeply tilted. Marble Cave, the southernmost and the best known, was discovered during quarrying operations in the last half of the 19th century, and has long been a favorite picnic area for residents of Canon City. It is a simple cave without decoration, consisting of two parallel, long, high, narrow passages connected near their southern end. The length and height of the rooms, nevertheless, make the cave unusually impressive. A short distance to the northeast is Fly Cave, so named for the large number of insects which hibernate in its dry upper end. This cave, too, lacks decoration, but presents an interesting series of sloping rooms and cross passages, climbs and tight squeezes. Anyone who has visited every room of this cave, which is not large, can proclaim himself a true cave man.

The third cave, several miles to the north on the Wilson Ranch, is not completely known, and, as many promising side passages are clogged with dirt, may never be completely explored. Wilson Cave is a confusing network on three interconnecting levels, capped by a lowest level reached through a ten-inch slot dropping 8 feet, then requiring a measured crawl of over 200 feet to . . . well, the far end of the cave, not the far side of the mountain as was locally rumored.

Porcupine Quills in a Cave

North of Salida, much the same kind of cave is Porcupine Cave, but here are found small crystals of gypsum which give the cave its erroneous alternate name of "Ice Cave." Porcupine quills amid the cave debris give evidence that these animals have found their way into the cave since it was opened into by an old adit, a fact apparently well known to whoever named the cave.

A few miles to the northwest lies the little-known Cave Creek Cavern. Far from completely explored, it is reliably said to consist primarily of one huge, beautifully decorated room. Only its inaccessibility and the presence of a stream in the entrance passage have prevented its commercialization, which is still planned by its owner. This is another of Colorado's many caves without a natural entrance, for the "Discovery Passage" was intersected by an adit some years ago.

Not far to the south, overlooking the Wet Mountain Valley, lies the sleeping giant of Colorado cave areas—the Sangre de Cristo Range. Accessible for only a month or two during late summer, here lurk the fabulous Spanish Cave on Marble Mountain, the celebrated Caverna del Oro, as well as many another cave, whose total number and extent are just beginning to be known. So little known is this area, and so rugged, that even today it is not completely certain that Spanish Cave is actually the cave discovered 65 years ago by J. H. Yeoman and known for some time by his name. The two rooms thus described in the *Central City Register-Call* for March 5, 1888, and the *History of the Arkansas Valley* are unknown today, but the pit in which a 275-foot rope failed to reach bottom sounds familiar enough.

The legend of the cave of gold has been widely current in the Southwest for

uncounted years; its location varies from state to state. Because of the presence of supposed Spanish ruins near this cave, it has long been said that this is the cave from which the early Spanish conquistadores reaped, at the expense of countless Indian lives, incredible fortunes of gold-bearing sand, made up of tiny nuggets. Eventually, so the story goes, the Indians, maddened by the inhuman tortures inflicted upon their helpless brothers among the slaves, rose up and slaughtered the Spaniards to a man, so that the location of the cave was lost. Arrowheads are found in such profusion within a half mile of the cave that some desperate struggle must have occurred here in the dim past.

About 25 years ago, Colorado newspapers were suddenly full of the story of a cave explorer, who, daring incredible dangers single-handed, fought his way down a pit after treacherous pit to a point where he could see, in the deepest, dankest part of this dungeon of the devil, a rotting skeleton, locked in ancient chains.

This evidence of man's cruelty to man, plus the proximity of the ruined "fort" and a mysterious Maltese cross at the partly blasted entrance to the cave, raised speculation at that time that here at last might be the long-sought *Caverna del Oro*.

No Bones, No Gold

The account of the trials and tribulations of the climber-explorer, however, raised the interest of a more level-headed group. Not long thereafter, a group of expert climbers from the Colorado Mountain Club descended into the cave, searched each pit, and returned to the surface with some difficulty and the pronouncement that there just was no skeleton there, and worse, no gold.

There the matter rested until the summer of 1952, when the Colorado Grotto measured its rope, counted its ladders, flexed its muscles, and felt itself ready for the challenge of this 500-foot hellhole. The first attempt resulted in a typical caving snafu. Five caves were located, but none was Spanish Cave. The second expedition was more successful, and preliminary exploration and studies were performed. The cave was, for example, found to "breathe"—that is, it expired and inspired several times a day. Fatigue and bitter cold postponed the attempt on the Great Pit until the third trip. The longest vertical drop in this greatly-feared abyss proved about 80 feet in depth, about as expected; but the cramped quarters, broken rock and icy chill indeed made the precautions for a safe descent a great difficulty, even for these experienced cave men. Nevertheless, the party reached the bottom, nearly 500 feet down in the cave. Here they found a complex series of passages, some with fine stalactites, others with small waterfalls, others yet unexplored, which still may lead on to greater and greater treasures—but only those which the spelunker values. The final chapter of the story of Spanish Cave has not been written, but it will be the caver, not the treasure hunter, who writes it.

Perhaps the greatest concentration of caves in the state is to be found at Glenwood Springs. While none is large, all are interesting, and most are of great beauty. Fairy Cave, atop Iron Mountain behind the resort hotel, was formerly commercialized, with a well constructed pathway, electric lights, concession buildings, and even a tunnel blasted out of solid rock to connect the main cave to a small grotto emerging on the face of the cliff, affording a magnificent view up Glenwood Canyon. The largest part of the cave, however, is reached through a tiny hole off one of the rooms in the ex-commercial section. Here large passages display a bewildering choice of routes, far from completely mapped or even explored. Curious honeycomb iron deposits indicate the reason for the name of the mountain, and here, too, delicate formations have escaped the vandalism inflicted by neurotic idiots on the remainder of the cave and others nearby, in defiance of a heavy fine and imprisonment justly theirs under state law. Cave of the Chimes, reached by a delicate traverse of the midportion of the cliff

below, is a little gem of a cave, inaccessible enough to be well preserved. This is unfortunately not the case of Cave of the Clouds, a mile east. This remnant, while consisting mostly of two large rooms, contains the largest stalagmites and draperies known in the state, now dreadfully chipped, smashed and defiled by vandalism. Many other caves are known within a few miles. Hubbard's Cave, atop the south rim of the canyon near the power plant, six miles up the Colorado, is perhaps the best known, though its partly explored series of large rooms is little visited today.

Where Does It Go?

To the north and west, several small caves are known in Rifle Canyon, while near Buford is one of the state's largest caves—Spring Cave. The first few hundred feet of this outstanding cave are dry and somewhat uninteresting despite a fairly complex pattern, but then a roar begins to be heard in the distance, and a sheet of water is seen, moving swiftly from one inner part of the mountain to another. For quite a distance it may be straddled, but as it runs faster and faster down an ever increasing slope, the ceiling lowers and the ledges disappear, so that its ultimate fate, together with that of anyone who should slip, is unknown.

South of Eagle, Fulford Cave has long been known, and, like most fair-sized caves has grown in the imagination of the populace with each succeeding year. The total length of the cave's three levels, when mapped in 1950, was found to be 1,350 feet, and one whole level gave evidence of being almost unknown. No formations were broken, and only one penciled set of names was found, in remarkable contrast to the rest of the cave. Only two ways of reaching this level exist. One is at the midpoint of a 70-foot pit on a side passage of the short upper level. The other is an unlikely chimney on a difficult squeezeway near the stream passage. In this last area, a beautiful little stream appears from under a rock wall, flows silently for a distance, cascades down a series of slopes, plays hide and seek beneath boulders in the main passage, then is lost at a corner of a small room.

Wherever limestone exists in quantity, caves are to be found. In many places, they are tiny and insignificant, as in cavities found in the mines at Garfield and Leadville, above U.S. 50 east of Salida, and many another spot. In others, such as Bell's Quarry, north of Durango, and perhaps at Curecanti, they are large and extensive and yet poorly known. Time will not permit a complete listing of all the known limestone caves of Colorado. This is the function of the files of the National Speleological Society. A listing here of every cave of other types is even more impractical, however important it might seem to an archeologist, dreaming of other shelter caves like Mesa Verde, or the meteorologist, seeking another Cow Mountain Ice Cave. The geologist will cover additional sandstone solution-corrosion caves like Cafe of the Seven Ladders in Red Rocks Park, or the water-worn granite passages of The Grottoes.

ERIC DOUGLAS, WESTERNER OF THE MONTH

(Concluded from page 2)

called to eastern museums for consultation.

Douglas wrote the 116 leaflets on Indian subjects published by the Denver Art Museum (four new issues are in preparation). He is co-author with Rene d'Harnoncourt of "Indian Art in the Americas," and is writing leaflets on the history and technique of Indian bead-

work, to be published this year by the University of Chicago Press.

An American Indian style show which he originated five years ago has been shown 75 times, in all parts of the U. S.

Less known is the fact that he has written three volumes of verse ("The Inner Light") which have been privately printed for distribution among his friends.

Mrs. Douglas is the former Freda Gillespie of Philadelphia. She and Eric have twin daughters and a son.



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1953 Officers:

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Deputy sheriff, W. S. Broome.

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Membership chairman, Charles B. Roth.

Publications chairman, Elvon L. Howe.

Working the Range

Fred Rosenstock, Doc Mumeys and yours truly were trading windies the other afternoon in Fred's famous back room, surrounded by first editions and Russell originals, when in came a young stranger a-ridin' alone. Cowboy hat, yaller boots and all. Hour or so later he walked out again, a stranger no more. He's young Jerry Rosenthal, 218 W. Santa Clara St., San Jose, Calif., dealer in western attire, in Denver for the Rodeo, and, since 2 o'clock that afternoon, a corresponding member of the Denver Westerners.

—W—

Everybody interested in Western Americana is invited to become a corresponding member of our Posse. Annual dues are \$3. An application blank will be sent on request. Address The Westerners, Room 306, State Museum Building, 14th and Sherman, Denver 2, Colo. One application blank is inserted in this issue of The Brand Book. Please use it—sign up

a friend. Corresponding members receive the monthly Brand Book, and are privileged to buy the annual Brand Book at pre-publication price. The Posse meets for 6:30 dinner (stag) at the Denver Press Club the fourth Wednesday of each month. Corresponding members are invited; they need but make reservations ahead of time with the chuck wrangler, Art Zeuch, Artcraft Press, 1863 Arapahoe, phone AComa 3886, or with Room 306 State Museum, phone KEystone 1171, Extn. 406. Feminine corresponding mem-

bers are cordially welcomed at the annual dinner meeting each December.

—W—

Mistakes are sure to creep into any such work as the 1951 Brand Book. Its editor, Dr. Nolie Mumey, plans to list these in due time and publish them in the monthly Brand Book as Errata to enhance the value of the volume. Meanwhile, you may want to make this note on Page 402, in the third paragraph of Roscoe Fleming's fine piece on Warren A. Ferris; the first line should read, "He spent five years in the mountains—from 1830 to 1835" (not 1835 to 1840).

—W—

Wyoming historians are skeptical of newspaper reports that the Felix James Bridger who died Nov. 24, 1952, at Evanston, Wyo., aged 100, was the son of the scout and trapper Jim Bridger. Lola Hornsher, head of the Wyoming State Historical Department at Cheyenne, says there is evidence that a Felix Bridger was born about 1846 and died in 1876. She says no proof has been shown that the man who died in November was Jim Bridger's son, and that J. Cecil Alter, who wrote the definitive work on Bridger, doubts this claim.

—W—

CM Casey Barthelmess, 609 S. Sewell, Miles City, Mont., rancher and one-time bronco buster, was in Denver for the Stock Show. He had with him some of the photographs taken by his father, Christian Barthelmess, in the West in the 1870s and '80s. (See Elmo Scott Watson's "Shadow-Catchers of the Red Man," 1950 Brand Book, Page 26.) Casey, who was born at old Fort Keogh and named after the Lieut. E. W. Casey killed by Plenty Horses at Pine Ridge in 1890, is credited by F. H. (Neckyoke Jones) Sinclair, in the Montana Farmer-Stockman, with "one of the greatest rides ever made," when he stayed with Skyrocket at Miles City in 1919.

—W—

More than 50 per cent of the Santa Fe Trail is still visible on the ground, according to estimates by U.S. Geological Survey engineers who are mapping an area along the Arkansas River. This is

historic ground, as some of the first whites to enter Colorado, and later the Santa Fe Trail, followed the Arkansas. Survey engineers have located many parts of the Trail, through aerial photos and actual location on the spot, with the assistance of R. J. McGrath of Lamar, head of the SE Colorado Historical Society, and of Charles W. Hurd, a Santa Fe Trail authority. The new maps, when published, will show remains of the Trail and will be accurate to a horizontal position of 40 feet. Ground scars of Bent's New Fort near Prowers, with the outline of the adjacent old Fort Lyons, are still visible. The engineers have also located parts of the old railroad grade from Kit Carson to Lamar, the first piece of railroad abandoned in Colorado (about 1877).

—W—

CM J. Frank Dobie gave a good review recently in the New York Times to CM J. Evetts Haley's "Fort Concho and the Texas Frontier," published by the Standard-Times at San Angelo, Tex. (\$6). Said Dobie: "Not even Lawrence of Arabia knew the sun-blasted land that gave him fame more intimately than Evetts Haley knows the Staked Plains and the territory fringing them; nor did Lawrence put more geography into 'The Seven Pillars of Wisdom' than Haley has put into 'Fort Concho and the Texas Frontier'."

—W—

CM Ramon F. Adams has a new book out: "Come an' Get It: The Story of the Old Cowboy Cook" (University of Oklahoma Press, \$3.75). Reviewers say it's up to the Adams standard, which all Westerners know is high.

—W—

L. C. Bishop, new corresponding member from Cheyenne, Wyo. (2112 Maxwell Ave.), was born near old Fort Fetterman, Wyoming Territory, within a mile and a half of the Emigrant Road now known as the Oregon Trail. He was a practicing surveyor in Converse country for 32 years before going to Cheyenne as state engineer, in 1939. For many years, Bishop has studied and mapped the Oregon Trail across Wyo-

ming, and he will soon have a report ready to submit to the Historical Land Mark Commission. He is author of a booklet on LaBonte the mountain man.

—W—

The Tom Horn story keeps rolling along.

Dean F. Krakel, University of Wyoming archivist, at Laramie, has given it a new push, with his search for the gallows on which Horn was hanged in 1903 at Cheyenne.

This gallows, like Horn, was unusual. Its design is attributed to James P. Julian, who planned it to conform to the notion that a man legally condemned to death may be compelled to execute himself. The Julian gallows was a Rube Goldberg contraption which made use of the weight of water, released when the hangee stepped on the platform, to spring the trap that killed him.

Horn was hanged on this gallows for the murder of Willie Nickell. The story of the murder, and of Horn's career, has been often told and is still controversial. All that is pertinent here is the search for the Julian gallows. Having read something about it in newspapers, we wrote to Mr. Krakel (formerly of Denver) and asked the straight of it.

This is Krakel's reply, written for the Brand Book:

"On Nov. 19, 1952, our department (Archives and Western History Library) turned over to the University News Service a story that had been given to us by A. Ross, of Pierce, Colo. Ross was the only eye-witness to the murder of Fred Powell in September, 1895, a murder that has always been linked with Horn's career. Ross described the gory deed in detail. To augment the article, I added brief data about Horn and the Nickells killing, and further stated:

"Horn was finally arrested in 1902, and, after spending approximately a year and a half in jail, was hanged Nov. 20, 1903, in Cheyenne. He was the last man hanged in Laramie county. The gallows on which he died is now at the State Penitentiary in Rawlins."

"This last statement was taken from an A.P. story in the Laramie Boomerang

Nov. 19, 1927. Its reprinting stirred immediate controversy. Two former penitentiary wardens (A. S. Roach and Frank Keefer) doubted that the gallows was ever taken to Rawlins, and Warden Babe Miller upheld them. Mail that poured into our office from old timers divided about 50-50 on the issue.

"We turned to J. C. Thompson's article in the Denver Westerners annual Brand Book of 1945, and found that Thompson supported the statement that the gallows was stored in the state pen at Rawlins.

"W. A. James, clerk of Laramie county court, also upheld us, but the final word came from colorful T. Joe Cahill of Cheyenne. T. Joe is the only living witness to Horn's execution. Horn's last words were spoken to T. Joe.

"T. Joe told us, in a recorded interview, 'I know the gallows was dismantled and moved to the penitentiary.' He added that the next man hanged from the gallows was a Union Pacific brakeman who had killed a man 'out in the country.' This brakeman, Cahill said, was hanged at Rawlins.

"That settled this particular controversy, so far as we are concerned. It is easy to see how the confusion arose. Apparently only the mechanism was sent to Rawlins, the beams and scaffolding being dismantled separately and used in construction of the Laramie county court house. Many thought this lumber was the gallows in toto; actually it was the Julian water-operated trap-springing mechanism that was the more important part. This mechanism we are convinced was shipped as a unit to Rawlins. We have not yet found it there; possibly it has long since been discarded.

"As a result of this discussion and our realization that so much that has been written about Tom Horn is in serious error, we are still doing extensive research on all the cases linked with Horn. Results have been startling. Time has given the needed perspective, and in the future we can make available most of the facts necessary for a balanced presentation. The study of Tom Horn and his era is fascin-

(Continued on page 12)



Westerner's Bookshelf



"Fort Union (New Mexico)" by F. Stanley. Published by the author, Box 786, Canadian, Texas, 1953. Cloth, 8vo, 305 pp., illustrated with old photographs. \$5.

Our good friend and Corresponding Member, Father Stanley, has done more to publicize the fascinating and turbulent history of New Mexico than any other individual in the last few years. In his latest book, "Fort Union (New Mexico)," he has brought together in one volume apparently everything that bears on his current subject. The result is an astounding mass of data concerning an historical landmark of the Southwest.

Fort Union is mentioned many times in the military history of the West and Southwest but, aside from the fact that it was the supply center for a vast territory and the prize for which the Confederates were reaching when they were stopped at Apache Canyon, I question whether many of us had any understanding of its importance or its history.

Fort Union was established in the summer of 1851 by Col. E. V. Sumner, U.S.A., primarily to remove the troops from their headquarters at Santa Fe, which he characterized as "that sink of vice and extravagance." In 1850 a small post had been established at Rayado, near Las Vegas, but that wasn't far enough from the bright lights, and the colonel decided that a site on the Valdez & Romero Grant would be ideal, ignoring, or not knowing, that this was not even on government land.

From the moralistic standpoint the new site was ideal, but that was almost its only advantage. Poorly watered, miles from the nearest timber and hay lands, and on a barren plain within easy range of cliffs from which the Indians could watch every move of the troops and govern their own actions accordingly, its poor location was early recognized. The history of the fort is full of attempts to relocate it.

Its one advantage was its location on the Santa Fe Trail, and Fort Union's primary purpose was that of supply point. Immense stocks of quartermaster and ordnance supplies were kept there, and distributed to all the isolated posts within a radius of 500 miles. It will be remembered, for instance, that Marcy was returning from Fort Union to Fort Laramie with supplies when he was caught in a blizzard on the Black Forest divide, east of Palmer Lake, in May, 1858.

The first buildings were put up in the fall of 1851. Nine sets of officers' quarters were of log, stone and adobe, and two large barracks and minor buildings were adobe. Maintenance was a continual problem, and by the seventies, when military need for the post had diminished, the buildings were in poor repair and growing steadily worse. Finally, in 1891, the last of the troops were moved out, and in 1894 the property was relinquished to the owners of the land.

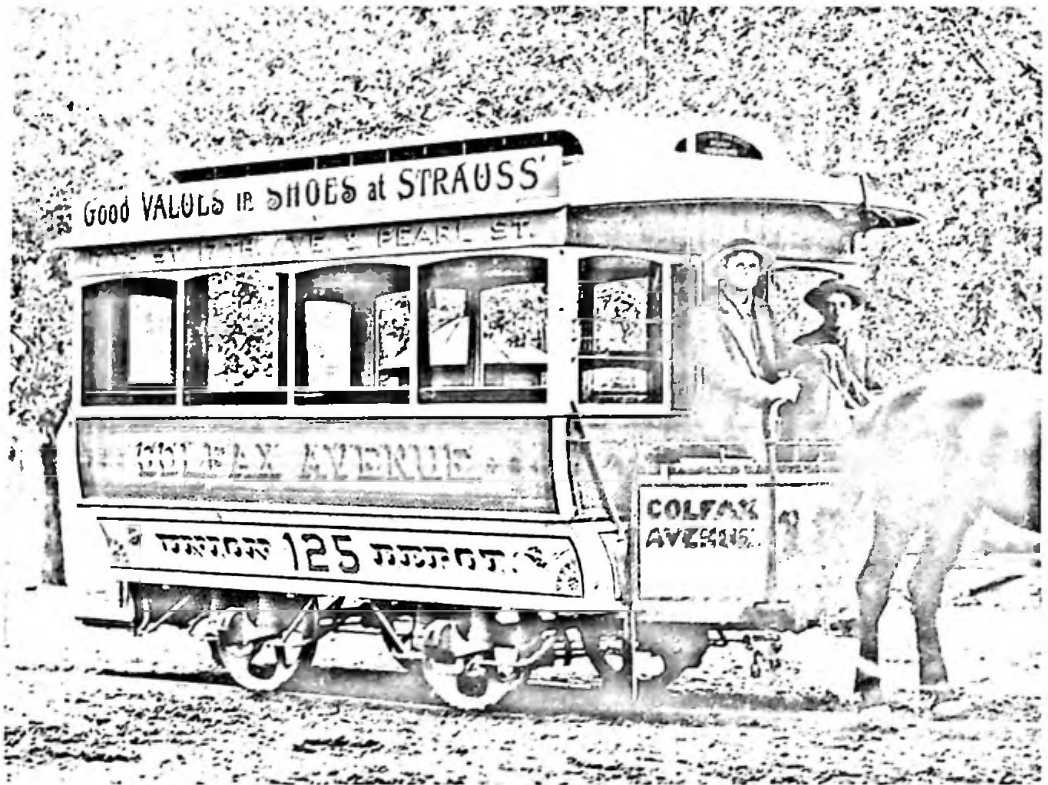
One of Father Stanley's primary objectives, by the way, is to secure National Monument status for the site and what is left in the way of ruins, which is something that Westerners might well endorse.

Until 1881, most of the soldiers were Negroes; after that the garrison was largely white. The band was the main feature in later years, being in great demand throughout that part of New Mexico. The chief recreation of the troops seems to have consisted of a Dramatic Society, which appears incongruous with our usual conception of the Regular Army in those days.

Father Stanley has done another service to devotees of western history, and we look forward to the other works that he has in the mill.

—R. G. Colwell, Westerner.

(PM Colwell, 468 Independence Bldg., Colorado Springs, invites suggestions concerning books you would like reviewed.)



Who remembers the Colfax Avenue horse car, in Denver, pictured above? Exact date of this photo, from the collection of Fred Mazzulla, is unknown. However, according to Howard Robertson, president, Denver Tramway Co., horse cars were operated in Denver in the early 1870s. Cable cars came in about 1885, Robertson told Mazzulla, "speaking from memory and without checking the record," and electrification dates from 1889. The Cherrelyn horse car ran as late as 1903.

WORKING THE RANGE NEXT ROUNDUP

(Concluded from page 10)

ating and tragic. It definitely ended an epoch in the Wyoming story."

—W—

Committees for this year, appointed by Sheriff Whiteley, are:

Program: Fletcher W. Birney, Jr., Fred M. Mazzulla and J. Nevin Carson.

Membership: Charles B. Roth, Alonzo E. Ellsworth and Carl F. Matthews.

Publications: Elvon L. Howe, Nolie Mumey, M.D., Harold H. Dunham, Don Bloch and Maurice Frink.

Book reviews: Raymond G. Colwell, Glen L. Daly and Forbes Parkhill.

The executive committee consists of Sheriff Whiteley, Fletcher W. Birney, Jr., Charles B. Roth, Elvon L. Howe and Past

Sheriffs Fred A. Rosenstock, Walter Gann and Levette J. Davidson.

—W—

Robert G. Athearn, assistant professor of history, University of Colorado, who contributed "An Army Officer in the West: 1860-1890," to the 1950 Brand Book (Vol. VI), is author of "Westward the Briton," due in September from Scribner. Parts of the book have appeared in the Colorado Quarterly ("Little England Beyond the Missouri"), Western Humanities Review and Pacific Historical Review.

—W—

NEXT ROUNDUP

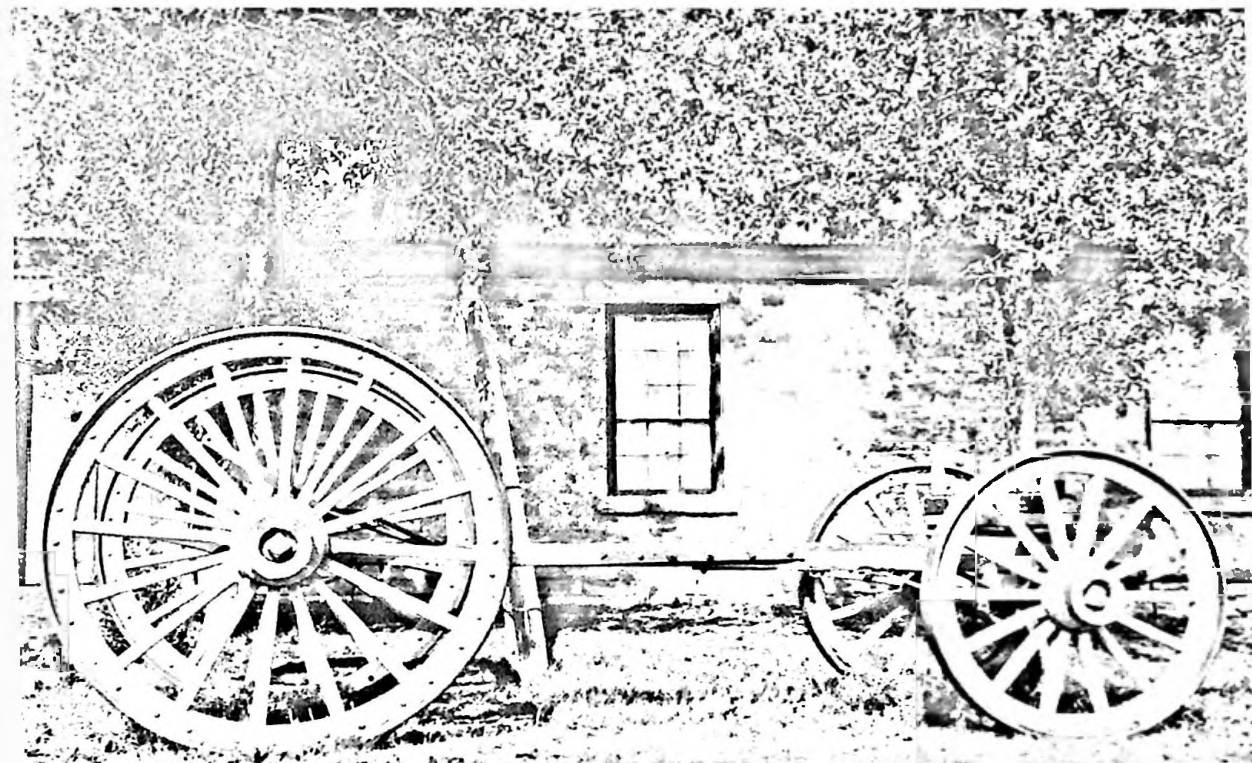
Wednesday, Feb. 25, Denver Press Club, 6:30 p.m. Speaker, J. Elmer Brock of Kaycee, Wyo., on "The Killing of George Wellman."



The DENVER WESTERNERS'
BRAND BOOK

**FEBRUARY
1953**

Vol. IX, No. 2



Running-gear of a freight wagon used to haul goods between Fort Bridger, on Black's fork of the Green River, Wyoming, and other western points a hundred years ago. Background, Judge W. A. Carter's trading post at Fort Bridger. Carter was the first trader at this fort. Photo from the collection of Dr. Philip W. Whiteley.

In this issue: Frontier Traders and Their Tokens, by Philip W. Whiteley



THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL
Westerner of the Month

Thomas Hornsby Ferril, one of the original members of the Denver Posse of The Westerners, was born in Denver.

His father, Will C. Ferril, was an early Denver newspaper man, historian and naturalist whose forebears had reached the Missouri River in 1809 and branched out on the Santa Fe and California trails. His mother (Alice M.) lives with Tom and his wife, Helen, in the house where they have lived 53 years on Downing Street.

On the death of Will C. Ferril in 1939, Tom and his wife took over the *Rocky Mountain Herald*, Denver weekly founded in 1860, which Will had run since 1912. Tom writes a weekly column under the pseudonym Childe Herald. Helen also writes a column and, with her daughter, Anne, wrote the *Indoor Bird Watchers' Manuals*, which have sold more than 60,000 copies.

Tom graduated from Colorado College where he and Elmo Scott Watson, one of the founders of The Westerners, edited the *Tiger*. He was an officer in the Air Service and, since 1926, has held a full-

(Continued on Page 10)

TRAIL DUST

"Shakespeare in the Rockies," by PM Levette J. Davidson (acting chancellor, University of Denver), in the January '53 *Shakespeare Quarterly*, discusses the reading of Shakespeare by Jim Bridger and other trappers, and early Shakespearean play performances in Salt Lake, Denver and other frontier communities.

CM Clarence Jackson, William H. Jackson's son, has been asked by Scribner to prepare 2nd volume *Picture Maker of the Old West*. Clarence asks anyone having Jackson pictures to contact him at Hopwood Studio, 1515 Tremont, Denver.

On appointment by United Nations, of which he is Colorado president, PM Edward V. Dunklee is touring Cuba, Jamaica, Puerto Rico, Haiti, Dominican Republic and Nassau.

PM Eric Douglas has been appointed anthropology lecturer at Harvard for spring of '54. Eric lately presented his Indian fashion show in three New Jersey towns.

Ten days in Arizona and New Mexico netted PM Fred Mazzulla 30 photos taken in '81 by A. W. Lohn, now 86; also some Pancho Villa pix.

PM Elvon Howe, home between Midwest business trips, was welcome figure at February roundup.

Frank Dawson, an active CM, talked on Colorado place names Feb. 25 at Denver Kiwanis club.

PM Ray Colwell heads committee to set up organization for Pike Sesquicentennial, Colorado Springs, in 1956.

His townsman, PM Carl Matthews, is preparing a piece on Rio Grande county to be read at Colorado Springs Ghost Town club.

CM Morrison Shafroth's 11th grandchild arrived February 15.

From Scarsdale, N. Y., where he lives in James Fenimore Cooper's old home, Barron Beshoar greets the Posse via Don Bloch.



The BRAND BOOK

Publishd Monthly by

THE WESTERNERS

Denver Passe

Vol. IX

February, 1953

No. 2

Room 306, State Museum Building 14th and Sherman Streets

Denver 2, Co'o.

Founded January 26, 1945

1953 Officers:

Sheriff, Dr. Philip W. Whiteley.
Deputy sheriff, W. S. Broome.
Roundup foreman (secretary), Francis B. Rizzari.
Tally man (treasurer), Ralph B. Mayo, Sr.
Chuck wrangler, Arthur Zeuch.
Registrar of marks and brands (editor Brand Book), Maurice Frink.
Assistant registrar, Francis B. Rizzari.
Book review chairman, Ray G. Colwell.
Program chairman, Fletcher W. Birney, Jr.
Membership chairman, Charles B. Roth.
Publications chairman, Elvon L. Howe.

Working the Range

New Corresponding Members: Space prevents listing all, but here are a few: Robert L. Stearns, president University of Colorado; Frank A. Kemp, vice-president Great Western Sugar Co.; Raymond Tex Roberts, editor *Colorado Wonderland*; Clara Duggan, Huntsville, Ala. (our first member from the Yellowhammer state); M. C. Poor, author "Denver & South Park RR"; Otis F. Ryan, president Muehlbach Brewery, Kansas City, Mo.; Ann Stanton Burchard, daughter of Robert B. Stanton of Colorado River fame; David Raffelock, president National Writers Club; Paul Sann, executive editor *New York Post*; Maurice Leckenby, editor the *Steamboat Pilot*, Steamboat Springs; Clark Johnston, archeologist; Breck Moran, chief, Resource Development div., Natural Resources Board of Wyoming; James Nourse, San Carlos, Calif., publisher; Richard R. Neill, Prentice-Hall publishing Company, New York . . . there are many more. To all we give Howdy, glad you threw in with us, see you at the Wagon.

members new, old and yet-to-be are invited to write the editor of The Brand Book, telling your interests and activities along Western lines. What are you writing? What have you written? What do you seek? What do you have? What would you like to tell or to ask the nearly 500 other Westerners who get the Brand Book monthly? Drop us a line. And corresponding members are of course welcome at our monthly Roundups at the Press Club.

—W—

—W—

Register Your Brand: Corresponding

Next Roundup: Wednesday, March

25, at 6:30 P.M.; Fred L. Mazzulla on certain aspects of early Leadville days. Special note: Date of the APRIL Round-up is shifted to Thursday, April 23; Herbert O. Brayer, "Death on a Drumhead" (filibustering days in the early West).

—W—

Those Indexes: Dolores C. Renze, state archivist, prepared the two Brand Book indexes recently distributed—another of the innumerable services rendered The Westerners by the State Historical Society of Colorado and its staff. We'd never get across the river without them.

—W—

Los Angeles Corral: Loring Campbell, 232 S. 6th St., Burbank, Calif., sends the following list of 1953 officers of the Los Angeles Westerners: Sheriff, Arthur H. Clark, Jr.; deputy sheriffs, Henry H. Clifford and Homer H. Boelter; roundup foreman, Don Meadows; representative, Loring Campbell; registrar of marks and brands, James F. Gardiner; assistant registrar, A. R. Van Noy; wranglers, Hugh W. Shick, George Fullerton, Holling C. Holling; daguerreotype wrangler, Lonnie Hull.

—W—

Correction: In your "Index by Author," bottom Page 6, make it read "Necessity Coinage," etc., not "carriage."

—W—

Historians Unite: From CM Merrill J. Mattes, historian, National Park Service, Region 2, Omaha, comes the following report:

Omaha Historians Council has been formed by those of that profession here, consisting of the three NPS historians, the three historians of the Strategic Air Command based here, and sundry professors and teachers at Omaha University, Creighton University and some free-lance artists. So far they have resisted the idea of turning into an Omaha chapter of The West-

erners; (Editor's note: Why resist? Obey that impulse!)

—W—

Rehabilitation of the historic structures at Fort Laramie National Monument, Wyoming, under direction of Superintendent David Hieb (a corresponding member), is entering its third successful year. Dave has done a beautiful job of restoring the old Sutler's Store, dating 1849-1852-1885; the Bakery (1876), and the Commissary Warehouse (1884). Next in line is restoration of the veranda of the Cavalry Barracks, now used in part as office, workshop and residences. Future headquarters probably will be across Laramie Fork.

Westerners are urged to visit the old fort. (See Hafen's book *Fort Laramie*, also Mattes' booklet *Fort Laramie and the Forty-Niners*.)

—W—

Which Friday?: The "Chief Friday" whose wrinkled visage adorns the frontispiece of the 1951 annual Brand Book was 118 years old, a notation on the picture says. The original of this picture is in the Fort Collins museum, where nothing authentic is on record about it. The only Chief Friday known to historians with whom we have checked was a Northern Arapaho (see Hafen's *Broken Hand*) who died at the age of 59. What's the story on the 118-year-old Chief Friday—who knows?

—W—

Echo Park Debate: PM Arthur Carhart's paper on "Bad-Man's Last Hang-Out," printed in the September and October 1952 Brand Books, has drawn return fire from CM L. C. Bishop of Cheyenne, Wyo.

Mr. Bishop is the Wyoming state engineer. His statement of the matter from the viewpoint of Wyoming, which has substantial areas in both the Colorado and Missouri River Basins, is too long to print here in full; it has been placed in Westerner files at the Archives office, State Museum, Denver, where anyone interested may consult it.

His arguments in support of the dams which the Bureau of Reclamation seeks

to build in the Dinosaur National Monument area in northwest Colorado Mr. Bishop summarizes thus:

"1. The Echo Park and Split Mountain reservoirs are integral units of a master plan which is the most economical from the standpoint of cost as well as saving of water, and is, therefore, in the best interest of all the people of the Colorado River Basin.

"2. Creation of the lakes will make more accessible to the public the scenic sections of the Green and Yampa River Canyons.

"3. The project in no manner interferes with operation and maintenance of Dinosaur National Monument as none of the known fossils are located in the area to be inundated.

"4. Recreational benefits will be materially increased. Thousands will visit the area where very few have visited it in the past.

"5. Very little valuable ranch land will be inundated by these reservoirs as in the case of most large reservoirs."

The main reason Wyoming is concerned over this key project unit, says Mr. Bishop, is "the fact that (1) we will eventually stand 14% of the loss of from 100,000 to 300,000 acre feet of water, being the evaporation saving from operation of Echo Park Reservoir less than the alternate sites (this would be a minimum annual loss to Wyoming of 14,000 acre feet of water) and (2) added cost to the taxpayers of our country that would be caused by construction of the alternate reservoirs, and (3) the added revenues that can be made available from power generated at this and other strategic locations to supplement irrigation construction funds."

Mr. Bishop has been Wyoming's representative on all matters pertaining to interstate streams since 1937, and is now the Wyoming commissioner on the Upper Colorado River Compact Commission. H. T. Person, dean of the engineering school of the University of Wyoming, is his engineer adviser.

He Likes Old Pix: From Ed Bartholomew, a lifetime resident of Houston, Tex., the Brand Book has an interesting two-page single-spaced letter (also deposited in Westerner files at Archives) which tells the background to one of Mr. Bartholomew's varied enterprises, Frontier Pix, 114 Santa Fe Drive, Houston.

Nucleus of his 2,500 negatives is the collection made over a 65-year period by Noah H. Rose, who lived in San Antonio at the time of his death in 1951. Some of these pictures date back to the Reconstruction period, and many were taken in the '80s. Mr. Bartholomew says that Mr. Rose restored many old and faded photos, and that he had a wide acquaintance among persons of the early Southwest.

"He was the man," writes Mr. Bartholomew, "to learn that William Bonney was not left-handed but that the tintype of him was printed backward. The picture you see today with six-shooter on the right hip was the detective work of Mr. Rose, who often said that a picture was the only true way of recording history."

Mr. Bartholomew has been a free-lance writer, test pilot and flight instructor and inspector. He operates an aero parts supply business at the Houston municipal airport, and also the Frontier Bookshop at 8102 Lockheed St. Books from his pen are "The Houston Story," and "Wild Bill Longley, a Texas Hard-Case," which is just now coming from the bindery.

He is working on a large picture book "with a lot of text," about Western outlaws and peace officers. "My files," he writes, "bulge with letters from frontier characters, Americana authors, etc. My hobby is digging into these old files, segregating, deleting, digesting this information. I also like to look at old pix."

His 64-page catalogue of the N. H. Rose Collection is itself a fascinating item.

—W—

Guiding Light: "Accuracy applied to people and events, with speculation carefully acknowledged as speculation": This was the late Elmo Scott Watson's concept of Western history, and should be ours.



Frontier Traders and Their Tokens

BY DR. PHILIP W. WHITELEY

(Condensation of paper read at January Roundup.)

After early colonization, trade in America extended southward down the Ohio Valley and across the old "Northwest" frontier, and then westward until the Missouri and the Platte Valley became the routes of travel to a new boundary and the lines of communication with the states.

Agriculture provided income, and the export of lumber yielded credits toward old debts and new purchases in England; but furs and skins furnished another immensely profitable group of articles for commerce. As the forests were cleared and the settlers pushed inland, the fur business passed from the individual and was concentrated in the hands of merchants.

Blankets, beads, and trade goods were carried upstream to the traders; downstream came the packs of furs from the rendezvous and river posts. Along the rivers of the West traveled the pioneers. Some sought the placer gold; others trapped and traded; many fetched good will and pledged peace, only to have those who followed plunder and crowd ever westward. Some would come back; others would lucklessly follow jackasses all their lives; many would lose their skins; a few of each group would settle in new homes.

What Will We Use for Money?

The Santa Fe traders, the fur gatherers, the Mormons, the Forty-Niners, the "Pikes Peak or bust" suckers: humanity good and bad imposed difficult problems in the new country which could not be solved by the widespread system of barter. Pioneer mints sprang into existence in the territories of California, Oregon, Utah and Colorado. In this way, the argonauts and settlers partly met the need for a circulating medium . . .

From 1789 to 1844 and extending through the Civil War era, small copper and brass pieces played an important part in exchange. About 1836, "tradesmen and merchants employed this durable form of card to advertise their goods, increase their custom, and spread their name throughout the land."¹

During the presidency of Andrew Jackson in 1837, hard times tokens appeared in two principal classes, one political, and the other a merchant's card. These were made of copper and brass and were the size of a large copper cent.

Again in 1863, the dearth of small coins gave rise to an enormous issue of small tokens, modeled after the current bronze cent.²

These pieces were known as Civil War tokens and tradesmen's cards, the former bearing types of a political character, and the latter, as in 1837, having the names of

¹ Bushnell, Charles I., *Bushnell's American Tokens*, N. Y., 1858, page 8.

² Footnote—Early in 1862 all metallic currency was gradually withdrawn from circulation. Citizens, anticipating the possible increase in value of all metals, commenced hoarding gold, silver, and even copper to such an extent that in a short time there were no metallic coins of any denomination in circulation. Tradesmen were thus forced to issue a medium that would supply the place of small coins. These little coins filled the wants of these tradespeople, and were accepted as a means of exchange for the value, which usually was for one cent. (Hettrich-Gutttag, *Civil War Tokens and Tradesmen's Cards*, N. Y., 1924, page 5.)

business firms and advertisements. Merchants' advertising checks, restaurant checks, and kindred pieces continued to be issued from 1789 up to 1900.³

What 'H.B.C.' Meant to the Half-Breed

In 1820, the North West Company issued a brass beaver token, very few of which are in existence today. The oldest business corporation in the world, the Hudson's Bay Company, in 1854, issued its M. B. (made beaver) tokens in four denominations. Later several other varieties were utilized, and even today the company still uses Fox Skin and fractional tokens, made of aluminum, in its Eskimo trade. A half-breed loungee at a small station on the Canadian Pacific Railway was asked what H. B. C. meant. "That's the Company," returned the native grimly, "here before Christ." The "Company" men called the North Westers the "Pedlars."

Ivory discs made from walrus tusks were used at the James Bay and Mackenzie River stations and represented "one beaver." These were used long before the brass tokens.

Recently, I acquired some hide tokens which are made of lead. These were used by Edouard Marchand, Tanneur, KCROY, dated 1823. They were utilized by this Frenchman in payment for hides and were issued in at least three denominations, 12 sous, 100 sous, and 110 sous. These are very rare pieces.

From the foregoing arose a most interesting series of frontier tokens which served a dire need in the trade of the West.

Post sutler tokens were issued and in use prior to 1866. Edward Frossard in *Numisma*, July, 1880, stated that during the Civil War sutler tokens were mostly confined to the armies operating in the West. While serving with the Army of the Potomac, he did not see any sutler tokens in use there, so he concluded that all those bearing the names of eastern military organizations were issued while the regiments were attached to the armies of the West.⁴

Important Man: The Sutler

The sutlers issued tokens ranging from five cents to one dollar, and script from two cents to two dollars. Issued during the Civil War, these were known as the "War of the Rebellion Tokens."

Post sutlers were appointed by the War Department to each of the frontier military posts to supply certain necessities and luxuries to the soldiers stationed at or to emigrants and travelers visiting the posts.⁵ The sutlers served at the Western army posts prior to 1866, when Congress abolished their appointments. Ten years later, Congress reinstated the civilian concessionaires as post traders for operation of post exchanges; but this was terminated in 1893, and the canteen form of post exchange commenced. (Editor's note: Webster says the word sutler comes from the Dutch *zoetelaar*, a small trader, esp. one who follows an army.)

Every military post in the United States was entitled to have one trader who was appointed by the Secretary of War, or upon the recommendation of the council of administration, approved by the commanding officer. The post trader could not farm out, sublet, transfer, sell, or assign the business to others. When displaced from his post he could remove or dispose of his buildings, but could not lease or sell to another trader without permission of military authorities. Traders were given the exclusive right of trade upon the military reserve to which they were appointed. Every six months their books were subject to examination by the council of administration . . .

³ Adams, Edgar H., *U. S. Store Cards*, N. Y., 1920, title page.

⁴ Frossard, Edward, *Numisma*, July, 1880.

⁵ Curto, J. J., *Numismatist*, Vol. 64, No. 9, page 938.

Earliest Army Post in Colorado

In 1852, Col. John M. Francisco was sutler at Fort Massachusetts, on Ute creek near the base of Mount Blanca, the earliest military post on Colorado soil. In 1853, this famous old fort was visited by three expeditions, under Gunnison, Fremont and Beale.

In 1861, Francisco and Henry Daigre settled on an old Mexican grant where LaVeta, Colo., now stands. Here Col. Francisco built a large adobe plaza, which later became the terminal for the Denver & Rio Grande Western railroad; the building was at various times depot, trading post, fort, and stopping place for trappers, scouts and prospectors. Kit Carson, a warm friend of Col. Francisco, often visited the plaza . . .

Fort Garland, which replaced Fort Massachusetts, was built in 1858 by Company E, U. S. Mounted Riflemen, and Company A, 3rd U. S. Infantry . . . Here, as at many other posts, the sutler also functioned as postmaster. F. W. Posthoff was appointed sutler at Fort Garland in 1864. The Colorado State Historical Society possesses his account books . . . At Fort Garland, in the ashes of the fireplace, Edgar McMechen, curator, Colorado State Historical Society museums, found a United States subsistence Department token, good for one ration. These were issued to the Indians by the U. S. government . . .

Coinage on the Oregon Trail

Judge W. A. Carter was the first post trader at Fort Bridger, D.T. . . . Marion A. Speer of Huntington Beach, Calif., writes in a private communication that in 1926 he did some excavating and took a number of pictures around old Fort Bridger and that there he found 25- and 50-cent tokens. He adds that the Carter tokens, which he believes were made in 1857, were accepted as coins along the Oregon Trail . . .

The Indian traders did not like the medicine men because they bought sparingly and used their influence against credit, debt, and changes in the standard of living.

Joseph Schmedding had some unique trading experiences and very ably relates his experiences in *Cowboy and Indian Trader*⁶ and quotes Dane and Mary Roberts Coolidge,⁷ who in their book, the *Navajo Indians*, state: "The most important person on the Navajo Reservation aside from the government authorities and Indian headman is the trader. Licensed by the Indian Bureau and strictly regulated in his dealings with the Indians of this district, he is a unique and influential man."

The trading post serves the purpose of a local newspaper. Birth, marriage, divorce, the selling of livestock, the gossip of the white settlements, are matters of as much interest to the Indian as to the trader. Often the trader is called upon to bury some dead person, whose superstitious family are afraid to touch the body. They call on him to bandage their wounds, and get from him their colic cure, liniment and eye water, whatever simple drugs they use. He becomes their adviser, patching up family quarrels, persuading them to go to the hospital or to invest their surplus in more sheep.

Sometimes They Paid in 'Seco'

Normally, his principal business is to sell groceries and merchandise, everything from candy to tools and dry goods; but, as there is no money circulating among the Indians, he must take his pay in sheep, wool, and pelts, blankets and pinon nuts; and he must be prepared to take in pawn on long time, thousands of dollars worth of jewelry, turquoise, silver and saddlery without interest. He does a heavy credit business. Since he buys sheep and wool only during two months of the fall and two in the

⁶Schmedding, Joseph, *Cowboy and Indian Trader*, Caldwell, 1951, page 330.

⁷Coolidge, Dane and Mary Roberts, *The Navajo Indians*, Boston and New York, 1930, pages 67-69.

spring, the Indians expect the trader to give them the necessities, groceries, flour, shoes, and dry goods on credit for the six-month intervals.

Sale of alcoholic beverages was strictly forbidden. Some traders used "seco" money, which were brass or aluminum trade tokens, stamped with the name of the trading post, and saying: "Good for 5 cents, 10 cents, 25 cents, 50 cents, \$1.00." The trader usually gave more "seco" money for trade than silver dollars. The Indians did not like paper money. (Editor's note: *Seco* is Spanish for "dry.")

Mrs. Richard Wetherill writes in a personal communication that she came to live among the Navajos in 1888, and that she never saw any tokens used in trading. In the early days of their trading post in Chaco Canyon, the Wetherills used only American silver and Mexican silver dollars (peso). At that time, the Navajos would not use paper money or accept a check. They would take Mexican dollars (pesos) only and preferred those that had the "M" stamped almost through the dollar. These made better jewelry than the American dollar, since they had less alloy and the "M" on the dollar showed that it had more silver. The Indians did not know that the "M" was a stamp



Tokens from the Whiteley Collection

that was put on the coins by the banks in China, who looked for counterfeit money in their Mexican trade.

H. Bouchey, trader at the Spotted Tail agency, used a trade token "Trade for one hide." There are only two of these in existence.

Rubber Cards and Brass Chips

Rubber cards were used by some of the post traders. S. Bryson and I. A. Hutchison, Camp Dennison, are listed among a large list of merchants who utilized these cards.

The mercantile companies in many western states put out mercantile tokens which were used in everyday transactions in the communities where issued. These were acceptable in pool halls and saloons as well as being redeemable in merchandise . . .

Mr. Schmedding recalls that "The White Elephant," Albuquerque, New Mexico, used brass chips around 1900 to 1920. Two of these were given in exchange for one quarter at the bar when the customer proffered the quarter in payment for a drink of whiskey. Instead of paying fifteen cents for the slug of "snake poison," he got two drinks for his quarter. . . .

Two or more of the enterprising madams in the red-light houses of Albuquerque had "seco" stamped, bearing the words, "Good For One" on one side, and the name of the establishment on the other, such as Lucy's, or Juanita's. (Editor's note: Upton Sinclair's "The Brass Check," published in 1920, uses a token of this type as a symbol of journalistic prostitution.)

Mr. Schmedding says that although he personally used no seco, now and again he would be persuaded to accept seco issued by other traders when tendered by certain customers. That seco would be taken to the trader who originally issued it in trade and

exchanged for whatever items he needed in his posts. The traders who habitually used *seco* adhered to an unwritten law or gentlemen's agreement, which made it obligatory upon them to redeem their *seco* coinage not for real cash, but for trade goods which were priced to the trader who had taken in the *seco* from other posts at a discount.

The mercantile companies in Gallup, New Mexico, many of which had trading posts scattered about the Navajo reservation, used "*seco*" money extensively, as did the individual traders. Mrs. Ruth Kirk (now living in Denver) says that her husband, John Kirk, came to Gallup about 1910. He worked for C. N. Cotton for a short time, then bought out McAdams. M. E. Kirk, or Mike Kirk, John's brother, carried on his trading at Manuelito. The present firm of Kirk Brothers of Gallup are John's sons.

'Broncs' From the 101 Ranch

To Zack T. Miller, Jr., I am indebted for two "broncs" from the 101-Ranch store. They were used during the mid-twenties at the store. At this time, several hundred people were employed on the ranch, farm and wild-west show. The employees drew these coins in advance on their pay. Other large ranches used tokens as also did the haciendas of Mexico. The latter were called "hacienda" tokens.

At Nuremburg, Germany, the manufacture of *reckenfennige* (reckoning pennies) became one of the major trades; and for three hundred years, Nuremburg was one of the leading sources of such pieces. Those with the inscription "*spielmarke*" (game counter) or "*spielmunze*" (play money) were coined at the mint of Ludwig Charles Lauer, last of the Nuremburg counter makers.

As their inscriptions indicate, they were, in more recent years, no longer used to any extent in accounting, but for the most part as card-players' chips. These counters are rich in historical references. The *spielmarken* were distributed in this country by "importers of toys and fancy goods" and some pieces bear the names of such businesses.

Westerner of the Month

(Concluded from Page 2)

time position with the Great Western Sugar Company, in agricultural educational work.

His main drive is and always has been poetry. He chose an industrial life in the West to the literary life in New York which was offered when, as a poet, he first gained national recognition. He has published four books of poetry, "*High Passage*" and "*Westering*," Yale Press, and "*Trial by Time*" and "*New and Selected Poems*," Harper & Brothers, also one book of collected essays, "*I Hate Thursday*," Harper & Brothers.

Tom has won the Yale Competition for Younger Poets, the *Nation's* prize, the Oscar Blumenthal prize of *Poetry Magazine*, a Doubleday-Doran prize, a *Forum* award, and prizes offered by the Academy of American Poets and, in January, 1953, the Ridgely Torrence award

by the Poetry Society of America for his "*New and Selected Poems*," also Top-Hand awards by the Colorado Authors' League. He holds honorary degrees from Colorado College. One of his new poems, "Words for Time," was set to music by Cecil Effinger and performed by the Denver Symphony with a chorus of 100 voices from Colorado University. He has recorded many of his poems in Washington at the invitation of the Library of Congress.

Using the meaning of water to the West as central theme, he wrote the poems which appear in the rotunda of the Colorado State Capitol building and suggested the subject matter for the murals to the painter, Allen True.

His poems, in which Western symbols predominate, range from intimate lyrics to poems of broad American implication. Fundamental are his philosophies of time and continuity of the human spirit outwearing the erosions of hardship, folly and betrayal.



Westerner's Bookshelf



Pioneer Epic: Life history of Sarah Ann (Milner) Smith (1844-1939) as related by her to her son, Eugene . . . and as recorded by her in numerous stories . . . and sketches now in her son's possession. 106 pp. Johnson Publishing Co., Boulder, Colo., 1951. \$2.50.

Mrs. Smith's story should interest anyone surfeited with spectacular (and usually more or less phony) works devoted to the gunman, the gambler, and the prostitute or with dreary "earth novels." The only killings in this book are a few "off-stage" ones by Indians. On the other hand, in spite of hard work and hard luck, the pioneers depicted managed to get considerable fun out of life.

The latter part is the story, typical of hundreds of others in early Colorado, of a woman left to bring up a family of small children by the death or incapacity of her husband (often from tuberculosis). The book confirms the statements of other pioneers that many of the really early settlers were persons of considerable education and lively intellectual interests. Even the rough diamonds seem usually to have been kindly and, according to their sometimes surprising *mores*, good-mannered. Most of the ruffraff came later.

The story opens with the descent of the Milner family from riches, if not to rags, at least to extremely reduced circumstances. Next comes a trip from Rockford, Ill., to Central City by ox team and prairie schooner, during which occurs first of the half-dozen "Indian scares" in the book. After a short sojourn in the mining camps, the family moves to Burlington (just south of Longmont) to farm and keep a stage station. Then come experiences as a school teacher in Loveland, marriage, and several years in the Pueblo-La Junta area with her husband during various ventures in farming and business, all unsuccessful, though they almost made their fortunes in a railroad boom at La Junta. (Histories of pioneer families

are studded with these almost-made fortunes.) This section contains an interesting account of life among the early ranchers from Texas. It is followed by return to Loveland, the death of her husband, and her struggles to care for her family by running a boarding house, working as a seamstress, school-teaching from time to time, and the establishment of a farm on the Buckhorn which is still operated by her descendants.

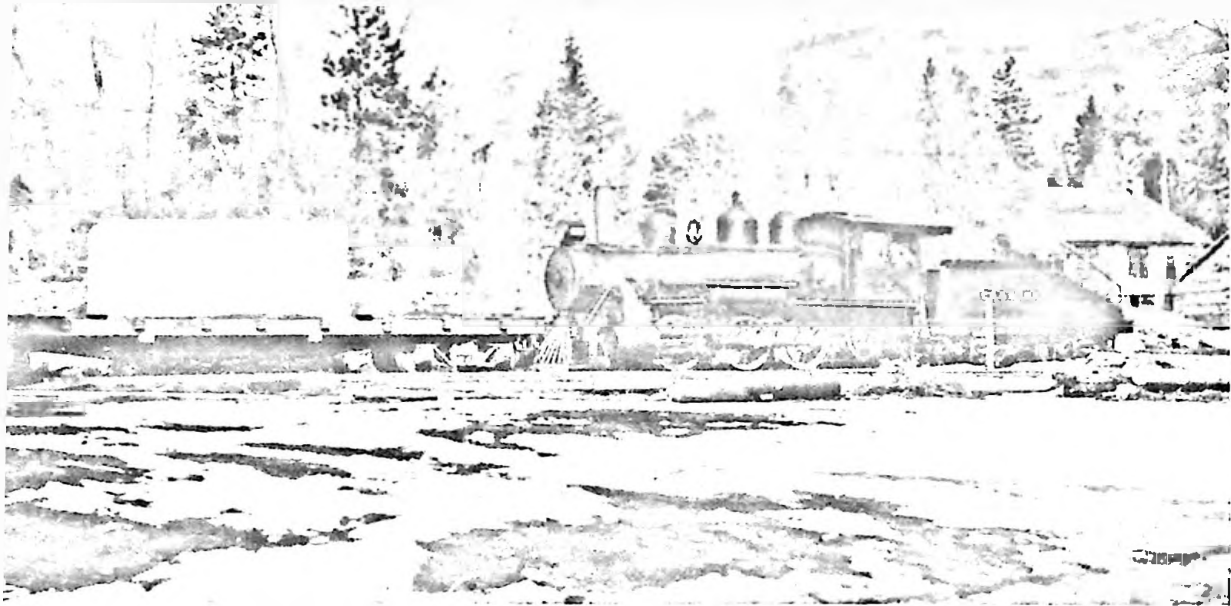
The chronology of the story is sketchy, and events of special interest to Mrs. Smith may be treated at greater length than their interest to the reader seems to warrant, but the book is full of pictures of the age "in its habit as it lived." We learn of troubles with varmints ranging from rattlesnakes to "lions," with droughts, floods, grasshoppers, blizzards, debt, and bad neighbors. But there were good neighbors, too, and high days and holidays. We learn of schools, Sunday schools, and "Lyceums"—of the development of farming—of prices, wages, and sources of credit—of the ways of stage passengers, school boards, and pole-haulers. A book of this sort is as near as we can come now to conversation with a real old-timer.

—J. D. A. OGILVY,
Boulder, Colorado.,
Corresponding Member

—W—

The Melodrama of Wolhurst, by Caroline Bancroft. 36 pages. Illustrated. Golden Press, Denver, \$1.

Caroline Bancroft's booklets were designed primarily for tourists. Photographs play an outstanding part in her portrayal of the Western story. In *The Melodrama of Wolhurst*, priceless help came from Harry Rhoads, who dug out his old glass plates and made up a set of fine prints. In 1906 Harry had been employed by Thomas F. Walsh (who made his millions in the Camp Bird mine at Ouray) to



"Largest single block of marble ever quarried" being shipped out of Marble, Colo., via Crystal River & San Juan R.R., about 1919. This 65-ton marble block became the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington. Photo print from the Fred M. Mazzulla collection.

photograph Wolhurst inside and out. After Harry had completed his photographic assignment and submitted the finished pictures to Walsh, a case of vintage champagne was sent to Harry by Walsh. Harry didn't do so well on the last set of pictures that he sold. He received a bottle of bourbon.

Old-timers in high society dug up favorite pictures of the celebrities who lived and partied at Wolhurst. Some of these pictures were good, some were faded, and some were snapshots to start with. Considerable art work was done. The printing job on the pictures might have been better.

This booklet has preserved the Wolhurst story for those interested in that period in Colorado history that produced giants. The melodrama of the place is there, from parties for presidents and titled folks to gamblers being taken at a \$100,000 holdup and a million dollar fire thrown in.

—FRED M. MAZZULLA,
Westerner.

The Medicine Whip, by Margaret and John Harris. 250 pages. William Morrow & Co., \$3.

Once again two strong men, rough and fast on the draw, compete for the favor of the Girl, who is, of course, beautiful, blond, and frequently confused. A lightly-plotted love story played out against the vigorous background of Wyoming following the Civil War.

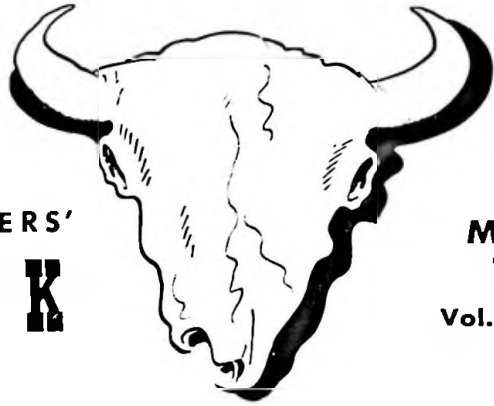
Hostile Indians still roamed the plains, and the chain of army outposts meant life or death to frontier men and women. Civilian-operated ox trains carried munitions and supplies, and survival of isolated posts depended on the tough, shaggy-haired bullwhackers getting through.

Caste lines were tightly drawn. Literally drawn. A white line is painted across the parade ground at Fort Laramie, and a similar line separates the bars at the sutler's store, setting up drinking barriers between military and civilian.

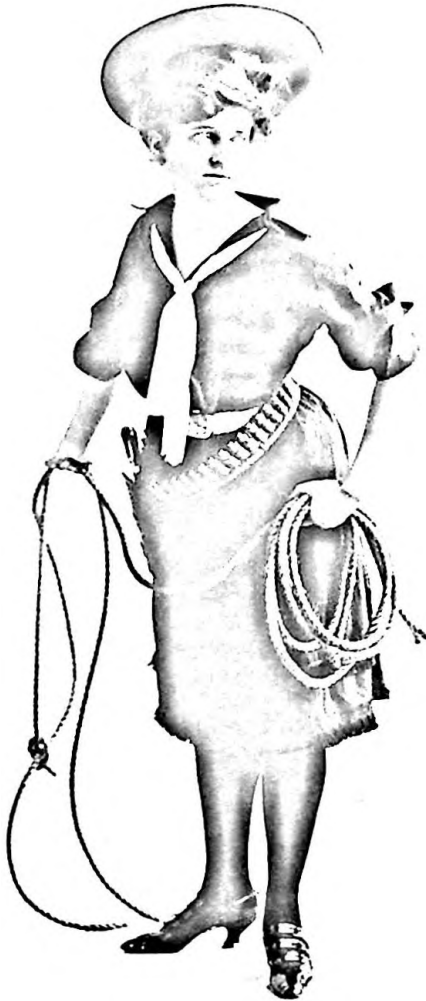
Reluctantly, both factions find themselves fighting side by side to preserve Whip Braden's bull-whip, which the Indians believe "big medicine."

—MRS. BERNICE MARTIN,
Monte Vista, Colo.,
Corresponding Member.

The DENVER WESTERNERS'
BRAND BOOK



**MARCH
1953**
Vol. IX, No. 3



**She too was a
Westerner:
She came from the
west side
of the Chicago Loop.
But she WAS
a
pioneer.
For her story,
see Page 3.**

***In this issue:* The Murder of George Wellman, as told by J. Elmer Brock**

TRAIL DUST



FRED M. MAZZULLA
Westerner of the Month

How better present this month's Westerner than in the words Don Bloch used in introducing him at the March Roundup, viz.—

Fred Milo Mazzulla was born in Trinidad, Colorado, in 1903—but he grew up hither and yon. In the first 12 years of his schooling, Fred went to 12 different schools in the state. He ended this haphazardness, however, in his high school days, at Salida. This would have been about 1921.

The next year, in that town, Fred began a spate of 15 years as a postal clerk. For three years he worked at it in Salida, then transferred to the Denver office, at the same time entering Denver University for pre-legal courses.

Always big and husky, he took on a sideline—quite curricular, however—at this time: wrestling. He made a go of it—in fact, in 1925 and '26 he wrestled as a 158-pound middleweight on the university team that both years took the state championships.

In 1927 Fred went pro. He wrestled with the best of the middleweights who moved east and west with the stables of

(Continued on Page 10)

CM Charles E. Ryland, director of sales, porcelain department, Coors, at Golden, was elected a Posse member at the March Roundup.

Kate Gregg, author of *Road to Santa Fe* (University of New Mexico Press), is in Denver doing research on the life of Joe Walker, mountain man and fur trader.

PM John T. Caine III recently gave the Founders day address at Utah State Agriculture College, Logan. It was the 65th anniversary for the school, where John T. both graduated and taught.

PM Arthur Carhart gave the principal address at the annual convention of Ohio Outdoor Writers, Columbus, Ohio. He also appeared on TV "Columbus Town Meeting," and addressed Dayton (Ohio) Rotary club as well as meetings in Iowa, enroute home. Art has a piece on Dinosaur National Monument in the March *Sports Afield*, and a fishing article in the April *Outdoor Life*.

PM Don Bloch and Marie Bloch will operate the Central City Book Store this summer, combining business, experience and a vacation.

The G. S. Barnes family moved to Colorado Springs from Wisconsin in 1873—and members of the family have lived in that city ever since. Present Colorado Springs representatives of the family are Mrs. H. H. Seldomridge, a daughter of G. S. Barnes, and her daughter, Mrs. Elmo Scott Watson.

The Posse executive committee, meeting in Sheriff Whiteley's book- and Indian-relic-lined room March 13, approved PM Elvon Howe's plans for the 1952 annual *Brand Book*; voted to copyright material in the monthly *Brand Book* at the contributor's request; and voted to extend leaflet reprint privileges to all contributors to the yearly *Brand Book*.

—W—

Next Roundup: Date of the April Roundup will be Thursday, April 23, at the Press Club as usual; Corresponding Members welcome. Speaker, Herbert O. Brayer, "Death on a Drumhead."



The BRAND BOOK

Published Monthly by

THE WESTERNERS

Denver Posse

Vol. IX

March, 1953

No. 3

Room 306, State Museum Building 14th and Sherman Streets

Denver 2, Colo.

Founded January 26, 1945

1953 Officers:

Sheriff, Dr. Philip W. Whiteley.

Deputy sheriff, W. S. Broome.

Roundup foreman (secretary), Francis B. Rizzari.

Tally man (treasurer), Ralph B. Mayo, Sr.

Chuck wrangler, Arthur Zeuch.

Assistant registrar, Francis B. Rizzari.

Book review chairman, Ray G. Colwell.

Program chairman, Fletcher W. Birney, Jr.

Membership chairman, Charles B. Rath.

Publications chairman, Elvon L. Howe.

Registrar of marks and brands (editor Brand Book), Maurice Frink.

Working the Range

Our Cover Girl: The lissome lassie with the lasso belongs. She too was a pioneer—one of the first of the calendar glamor girls. As such she came into being just 50 years ago, at the hands of Clarence S. Jackson, son of William H. Jackson, *Picture Maker of the Old West*.

Clarence S. Jackson, now a resident of Denver and a Corresponding Member of The Westerners, was official photographer for the Chicago & Alton RR, 1901-04. (We are happy to report his recovery from a recent severe heart attack.)

The C&A decided, in 1902, to abandon the plain black and white calendars it had distributed for 40 years and take the radical step of putting out a calendar adorned with the figure of a pretty girl. Jackson took the pictures. He went across the street from his studio, to a theater, and hired one of the ladies of the chorus to pose for him in cowboy garb.

Her name is long forgotten, but her picture in 1903 went into more than 80,000 offices and homes. Twenty thousand calendars were distributed to shippers and customers; 60,000 were sold at 25 cents apiece. For the first time, the railroad made a profit from one of its own promotional stunts. The pretty girl calendar has since become a national institution.

Many men sought the cowboy girl's

name; they wanted to marry her. Hundreds asked to buy colored prints of her picture, and to meet this demand Jackson organized himself into the Art Specialty Co. and sold the prints for \$3 apiece. Most of his orders came from west of the Mississippi.

The glass plates from which the photos were made are now in possession of the Colorado State Historical Society in Denver.

—W—

Small World Dept.: PM Arthur Zeuch says the Rev. Charles E. Deuel

mentioned by Elmer Brock in his story of the killing of George Wellman was, some time after the Johnson county affair in 1892, rector at the Church of the Atonement in Chicago. Zeuch was a member of the choir, and an acolyte for Fr. Deuel, who at that time (1905-1910) endeavored to influence Arthur to study for the ministry.

—W—

Wyoming Westerners: From Dean F. Krakel, Archivist, University of Wyoming, at Laramie, comes word that in a meeting May 2 in the Noble hotel at Lander a Wyoming Westerners group will be organized. A delegation from the Denver Posse may attend.

Two preliminary meetings have been held, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Ludwig. Committees have been appointed. The group will dedicate itself to collection, preservation and presentation of Wyoming's colorful past. The group will be open to those who have displayed a keen and unusual interest in Wyoming history. Meetings will be held throughout the state periodically by a system of rotation. The University Archives and Western History Library has been designated as depository for Westerner materials. This division of the Library will conduct correspondence, assist in research and publication, much as the Colorado State Archives does for the Denver Posse.

Those who have indicated enthusiasm are: L. C. Bishop, Richard Rossiter, Russell Thorp and Robert D. Hanesworth of Cheyenne; Dr. William Hinrichs, Douglas; Robert David, Casper; J. Elmer Brock, Kaycee; Fred Hesse, Buffalo; J. C. Reynolds, F. H. Sinclair, Sheridan; Struthers Burr, Moran; Milward Simpson, Cody; H. D. Del Monte, Lander; Al Pence, Dr. W. B. Ludwig, Dr. A. T. Larson, Dr. R. H. Burns and Dean F. Krakel, Laramie.

—W—

Mark July 19: Denver Westerners are invited to attend the Annual Old Time Ranch Tour which Dr. Robert H. Burns,

head of the wool department, College of Agriculture, University of Wyoming, will conduct on Sunday, July 19, for the Albany County Historical Society. The tour will retrace the route of the Swan Company roundup wagon when beef shipments were entrained at Rock Creek Station. A schedule is being prepared and will be published in the *Brand Book*. Other details later. Denver Westerners who made a similar tour last summer will testify that this is an event well worth attending.

—W—

New Corresponding Members: Since the last list was published, the following have thrown in with us: Ed Black, editor, Preston Times, Preston, Ia.; Mrs. Pauline E. Gray, 421 Lincoln, Pueblo, Colo.; Richard H. Loudon, Branson, Colo.; Robert Collier, 200 S. Washington, Denver; William E. Hutton, 836 E. 17th Ave., Denver; Miss Lee Stohlbrost, 1020 14th, Boulder, Colo.; Tom Propst, Mule Shoe Ranch, Atwood, Colo.; Mrs. Myra Cooley, Pinedale, Wyo.; Dr. Charles F. Moon, 1611 Medical Arts Building, Omaha, Nebr.; and Don N. Roddy, 654 Ivanhoe, Denver.

—W—

It is our purpose to make the Denver Westerners' monthly Brand Book:

1. A source of information on the activities of both Posse and corresponding members;
2. A clearing house for Western information of all kinds; and
3. A guide to Western literature, including books, magazine and newspaper articles of authentic value.

Tips, suggestions, ideas and correspondence invited from all. Address The Editor, Denver Westerners' Brand Book, Room 306, State Museum, Denver 2, Colo.

—W—

A two-volume work of important historical value is "Before Lewis and Clark: Documents Illustrating the History of the Missouri, 1785-1804," edited with an introductory narrative by A. P. Nasatir, and published late in 1952 by the St. Louis Historical Documents Foundation (\$15 for the two volumes).



The Murder of George Wellman

BY J. ELMER BROCK

(Paper read at March Roundup by Mr. Brock, a
Corresponding Member, from Kaycee, Wyo.)

May of 1892 found Johnson County and all northern Wyoming in a state of unrest and strife. Cattle Kate (Ella Watson) and her paramour, Jim Averill, had been hanged by a mob down on the Sweetwater. Tom Waggoner had been taken from his home and family by men representing themselves as officers. He was later found hanging from a cottonwood limb. This was near Newcastle, Wyo. Orley (Ranger) Jones, a boy of 23, was shot in the back, and killed, 15 miles south of Buffalo by assassins concealed under a bridge. Eight miles south of Buffalo, three days later, John Tisdale was shot in the back by assassins and found lying among the Christmas toys and supplies he was taking home to his family. His wagon had been driven to a place of concealment and the horses shot.

The Johnson County Invasion

Johnson county had been invaded in April by an armed force, a mob of about 50 armed men composed of leaders or owners of the big cattle outfits, supplemented by an equal number of hired fighting men recruited from other states, mostly from Texas. This invading party surrounded John Nolan's house at Kaycee, Wyo., and killed Nate Champion and Nick Ray after an all-day fight, losing one man of their own party. They then headed for Buffalo, but were met ten miles out by friends and turned back, to seek refuge at the TA Ranch, where they withstood a three-day siege by irate citizens. Col. Van Horn, commander of Fort McKinney, near Buffalo, took the invaders as military prisoners and moved them to Cheyenne, under orders from President Harrison, to await trial in the civil courts.

This gives one some idea of the tense situation in Johnson county at the time of Wellman's murder. Later, I will amplify this further and in detail by quoting from the letters of C. H. Burritt, then mayor of Buffalo, county seat of Johnson County.

George Wellman was foreman for the Hoe outfit, located on Powder River below the mouth of Nine Mile, 50 miles south of Buffalo. This ranch was owned by Henry Blair of Chicago. Wellman had just assumed his duties of foreman, replacing Frank Laberteaux, who had departed to more peaceable territory under advice and counsel of the rustler element of this area.

Wellman was a young man, well liked by both factions. He had just been married at Martha, Wis., April 21, previous to his death May 9. In addition to his duties as foreman for the Hoe outfit he was also carrying a commission as deputy U. S. marshal.

Tragic as this incident was, it was but one of many peculiar to the times and area. More important than the killing is the series of events and conditions which precipitated a divided population, neighbor against neighbor, father against son and brother against brother. Lodges and churches developed a distinct cleavage. Even the children fought in the schools. The area involved covered several states. Influence of individuals was limited to small localities and local events.

When the buffalo were cleaned out, under military encouragement and direction, as a war measure against the Indians, this left a great open range free to those who had the fortitude or capital to appropriate it. Great herds from the South were moved in as the military pushed the Indians north and onto reservations. Capital from overseas and the

East came to finance big cattle companies. The "shortgrass" country of this new land is that limited area where grass makes beef without a supplement of feed concentrates. These new cattle companies, Scotch, English, French, Irish and eastern United States, prospered for a time. Many were owned and managed by those bearing old country titles.

Converging on these cattle trails to a new land came a flood of land-hungry people looking for homes. They fenced the water the cattlemen wanted and they used other means of irritation. We shall not dwell on these here. Suffice it to say that the arrogance of foreigners and the dictatorial attitude of wealth, real or imaginary, were fuel to the flames of hate.

I would say that basically the trouble was economic. Added to this was a new land changing from the law of the six-shooter to civil courts. Such changes are usually accompanied by growing pains.

Causes of Conflict

Most of those in the two factions were good, law-abiding men. Each, because of a hatred of the other, accepted an element not of their liking. A common enemy makes strange and often unholy alliances. The big outfits fought a losing battle. After they folded up or cleared out, the remaining population had the job of reforming, prosecuting or running out of the country many of their former allies. There is no disputing the oppression of new settlers by the big cattle owners. That the latter were being stolen blind is evidenced by the following:

"In about three hundred indictments recorded against cattle thieves, Judge Soufly, of the Johnson County Court, said: 'Each of these four men who have been tried is guilty of the crime charged, and it has been as clearly proven as in any case that has ever come within my knowledge; and yet the jury has in each case set the prisoner free. I consequently refuse to go on with these cases. It might be just as well understood that there is no protection for property in Johnson County.'"

After the invaders came they were identified as the "Whitecaps," while the local citizens were called "Rustlers." There were other names, not printable.

As previously stated, Wellman had just returned from his wedding and was advanced after ten years as a cowboy to foreman to take charge of the Hoe outfit. He rode to the ranch from Gillette, stayed all night, paid off all the ranch employees, and the next day started to Buffalo with a former employee by the name of Thos. J. Hathaway.

I quote you Hathaway's story to the coroner of the killing which took place about twelve miles from the Hoe ranch:

"Well, I and Mr. Wellman was riding along side by side on the road he was leading the horse that had my bed packed on it and we was riding along talking and the first thing I knew I heard a couple of shots just very quick right together like; made my horse jump so did Mr. Wellmans; my horse I was riding, I had a flighty horse and as I pulled him up I turned right around and faced Wellman; he was on my left then, whether he was there when the shots was fired I could not say, I don't remember but I am under the impression that he was on my left at the time and as I pulled up my horse I faced him and he threw up one hand and hollo'd; he did not hollo like he was hurt, he hollo'd like he was trying to hale somebody or simply as a man would hollo 'hey' at somebody and at that time there was two more shots fired right after that so close that I could not tell, and I started my horse on the run and got away from there and he made two or three jumps like as if he was going to start and run and then commenced kicking and threw me off but I held to him and got back on him and rode down over the hill but while I was standing there the two horses that Wellman had the one he was riding and the one that he was leading run by me and the pack was turned on the pack horse and I got off my horse as quick as I could I noticed that Mr. Wellman was laying on the ground I got on my horse and started down over the hill I could not tell where this shooting was from exactly but took it to be back and to the left of us and I run right off to the right down over the hill

I supposed the quickest place I could get out of sight of there and as his horses went up the hill I could not see just how far; and then I run up onto them and stopped them. The pack horse was pulling back and could not get away; tied fast to the saddle and I jumped off and unpacked this horse pulled the rope and the pack just dropped down and I slipped the rope down behind him and I unsaddled the other horse I did not know what to do I did not want him to run with the saddle; I was satisfied that Mr. Wellman was killed as he did not make a move I noticed that much, and then I got on my horse after I turned the others loose and then started; I run my horse around and come into the road I don't know how far but I think it must have been as much as a quarter of a mile and I looked back and seen him laying there on the ground; I rode fast for the first mile and a half, and then I seen I was out of danger myself and pulled up my horse and just rode pretty fast to Mr. Harris' place where I expected to change horses and I rode up until I come in sight of the stage road and I saw two men on horseback; I was starting to leave the road I was striking across and going to come in below and then when I seen these men I thought I had better to go to them and they were riding quietly along the road and we rode along I don't know how far together, probably four and maybe five miles, and they livened up their gait a little and rode faster; I told them what had happened and then I told them that I was going on to Harris' and change horses and go to Buffalo and they said they were coming to Buffalo and they would go to John R. Smith's and change horses and come to Buffalo."

Sheriff 'Slow in Starting'

I quote from a letter by C. H. Burritt, Mayor of Buffalo, to Willis Van Devanter (at that time attorney for the Wyoming Stock Growers Assn. and later a justice of the United States Supreme Court):

"Buffalo, Wyo., May 15, 1892

"Hon. Willis Van Devanter,
Cheyenne, Wyoming

"My Dear Sir: Rankin and Carr (deputy U. S. marshals) will bring you very full reports of the death of George A. Wellman and they will reach Cheyenne one day at least before this letter can reach you; I have not had time before this morning to write you full particulars.

"I can add in my account of the affair some things that possibly Rankin and Carr may not know or remember.

"Hathaway came into Buffalo with the news of the death of George Wellman a little before 4 o'clock in the afternoon on last Tuesday; Sheriff Angus was among the very first to learn of the matter; he was very slow in getting ready to start to the scene of the homicide; I saw him two hours after the news came to him and others say that it was two and a half hours before he left town; Wellman was said to have been murdered about 12 to 15 miles south of George Harris ranch and Angus said he would not go through Tuesday night but would stop at George Harris ranch on Crazy Woman Creek until Wednesday morning and that is what he did. Hathaway told the story when he came in that I wired to Stoll on Tuesday night; Marshal Mitchell and I kept cases on Hathaway during the evening and caught him telling the story in a different way to different persons; we then went to Conrad's store (Mitchell did)—(I was already there) and after consulting we concluded to put Hathaway in jail; on going out to find him he had disappeared; a little enquiry developed the fact that he had gone to the house of the Widow Bunn, upon being informed of this Mitchell followed him out and arrested him and put him in jail and he is there yet.

"About 9 or 10 Tuesday evening a rumor was circulated through town that Wellman was not murdered; that he was a U. S. Deputy Marshal and that it was all a trap to draw Angus out into the country and kill him; the story found some support and a reenforcement for Angus consisting of several of his friends left town to help him.

"We had no doubt in our minds after hearing Craig's account of the route to be

followed by Wellman and the business he was to attend to that Wellman had been followed from Gillette by Taylor's Gang (the 'Red Sashes') and that they had killed him; having no confidence in Angus and his efforts to discover evidence against the men who did the work we sent out other men and it is fortunate that we did, otherwise the story Angus and his mates told on their return could not have been disproved..."

The following is another quotation from a letter written by C. H. Burritt to Henry Blair:

"... George Wellman was much beloved and esteemed here by all of us. We may have made more expense than you can approve—if so we will cheerfully make it up here. I can scarce restrain my indignation to write you an impartial account of his murder and the cowardly actions of the thief loving officials, who as I firmly believe have done and are doing all in their power to shield vile murderers and prevent their discovery, capture and punishment. Wellman was murdered by the organized band of cattle thieves of Johnson County. Charles Taylor's gang who distinguish themselves by wearing red sashes are the guilty men. They followed him from Gillette—through Thomas Hathaway they learned that he would go to Buffalo on Tuesday morning—the place for the assassination was selected with care and three of Taylor's men lay in wait. Hathaway upon the ground that his horse was resting got Wellman to lead the pack horse carrying Hathaway's bedding to town; just before the fatal and appointed place was reached Hathaway, by his own statement, who had been riding on Wellman's right side, changed to the left side. A 44 calibre bullet, discharged, as the evidence shows, from a short Winchester saddle gun, took Wellman's life—the spinal cord was severed and his death was instant and painless. That Wellman was an officer was known to the murderous gang. That is my theory of the affair—it is right. Wellman was a victim of the cattle thieves. It matters not what lying tales the Rustlers may invent—and they have even gone so far as to set in motion an idle rumor that the cattlemen had Wellman killed to create sympathy for them—the fact remains that Geo. A. Wellman was murdered by the 'Red Sashes,' as a commencement of Taylor's threat that for every man killed among his friends a life should be taken on the other side and Wellman is the first; that there will be others I have no doubt and no one knows who will be the next; there are many of us marked and many of our best men are on the list..."

'I Have the Evidence'

The following is another quotation from a letter written by C. H. Burritt to Henry Blair:

"I went to the Coroner and asked him to employ my stenographer to take the evidence; he informed that he would write out the testimony himself. I then went to the County Attorney and talked with him about it and finally secured the testimony to be taken down in shorthand provided it should not cost the County anything. In order to secure a straight version and a full and complete copy of the testimony I had to submit to this humiliating condition. The Coroner then decided that the inquest should be secret and I had to show my telegram from you and demand the right to attend the inquest as counsel for the family of the murdered man. That right could not be denied and I have attended. I have the evidence exact and in duplicate. Bennett, the County Attorney, commenced the examination of the witnesses and was evidently endeavoring to throw as little light on it as he could and finally it was taken out of his hands practically. I subjected all the witnesses to a close cross-examination and especially Hathaway and misleading the Coroner, the Sheriff, and the Jury I managed to secure a large amount of circumstantial evidence to establish what we are all satisfied is the correct theory, by 'we' I mean our friends—not Bennett, Angus and the Coroner. They are all in sympathy with the Rustlers. At 5 p. m. I demanded that the men from the ranch and the discharged employees be subpoenaed and this time the Coroner could not refuse and the inquest was adjourned until Monday."

In later years I came into possession of numerous facts, documentary and otherwise,

about the murder of Wellman. We have already quoted a few of these. Having grown up in this country, I was in constant contact with participants in this conflict from both sides. I have it direct from some of the leaders of the Rustler gang that Wellman was murdered because he had been told to leave the country and returned carrying a deputy U. S. Marshal commission. This led to the belief that he expected to go to Buffalo and post a declaration of martial law. This was the one thing most feared by the Rustler element. Another theory was that he was killed in retaliation for murders by the cattlemen, but we doubt this and are inclined to think the murder was a means to prevent martial law.

I was a "rep" with the Keeline wagon, working on Powder River, ten years after Wellman was murdered. Another rep with this wagon was one Austin Reed, who, together with his brother, Lora Reed, was named among the suspects in the inquest. Austin Reed was a cowboy of the old school; one of the type who always liked to daddy some kid around and teach him the fine art of cowpunching. Reed took me under his wing in this capacity and I accepted his tutelage. We were camped at the site of the old Hoe ranch, which Wellman left the morning he was murdered. One day when we were together on day herd, Reed started reminiscing about the Wellman killing. He preceded the details by giving me a lot of advice about what not to do as I went through life. Reed said he was present and drew lots to determine who was to kill Wellman. He said he wasn't worried about being drawn, for it had been framed for Ed Starr to draw that ticket. Reed was worried for fear he would be drawn to accompany Wellman on the fatal ride. Hathaway drew this ticket, and as a result spent a long time in the jail at Buffalo. Incidentally, Reed told me he had been drawn previously to accompany a man to kill Hard Winter Davis, a prominent rancher and later a member of the invading party, but when they went to perform their mission they found Davis had left the country. Reed said Starr was a killer and would as soon shoot a man as a coyote. He said he had often heard Starr imitate Wellman's cry when he saw he was going to be killed. There is no doubt but what Ed Starr fired the fatal shot.

The final demise of Starr would make another interesting story. He later met an ignominious death by methods equally as treacherous as those suffered by Wellman. In fact, he died trying to defend himself with a gun that had been secretly loaded with blank cartridges.

In 1937 I talked about the Wellman murder with T. F. Carr, now residing in Buffalo, Wyo. At the time of the Wellman killing, Carr was carrying the mail from the old Powder River crossing to the Riverside postoffice now known as the Barnum country. Carr spent the night previous to the tragedy at the Kid Donnelly ranch at the "Crossing." He said about 2 a. m. on the day of the Wellman killing he heard three men get up and leave the ranch. They were Ed Starr, Long Henry Smith and another man about whom he was not sure, but he thought his name was Demerig or Deming.

The Hidden Six-Shooter

Billy Hill (Black Billy), one of the three prominent Rustlers of the cattle war days, visited here in 1937. He asked Mart Tisdale, son of the Tisdale who was murdered, to take him out over some of the country he knew in his youth. When crossing the divide just north of Kaycee, Hill pointed to a high sandstone cliff and said that Ed Starr had once taken him over there and showed him a fine six-shooter which he had concealed there. Starr told him it was the one he had taken off Wellman when he killed him. Starr told Hill about the entire episode at that time and Hill said Wellman was killed by Ed Starr and was accompanied by Wild Charlie Taylor and Black Henry Smith, identified at that time as members of the Red Sash gang. When Tisdale told me of Hill's trip and the story, I knew immediately who had this six-shooter. The gun was found about 7 or 8 years after Wellman was killed, by Jim Potts, while herding sheep. The gun now belongs to his son, J. W. Potts, and this is the gun. (Exhibits gun.)

I had both T. F. Carr and the old stock detective, Joe Lefors, look at the gun. Both

said it was Wellman's, as they had seen him wear it many times. At the time the gun was identified, Lora Reed, younger brother of Austin Reed, who was also named as a suspect in the inquest, was running a pool hall in Buffalo. I showed the gun to him and he said he definitely knew it was Wellman's. At the time of the tragedy he was at the ranch and, being a kid, was fascinated with such a fine gun.

The Red Sash gang and their followers announced that they would not permit Wellman to have a Masonic or church funeral and he would have to be buried in Potter's Field. There was a Masonic funeral, and the little band of irate Master Masons marched in formation to the Episcopal church where the services were conducted by the Rev. C. E. Deuel. We are told that each member of the lodge wore at least one six-shooter somewhere on his person. At the church, the tiler stood at the outer door, his sword supplemented by a brace of guns to enforce both his ritualistic and realistic duties. We are also told that the Rev. Mr. Deuel wore a brace of guns under his vestments.

The Red Sashes and their followers were so impressed by the open determination of members of the Masonic lodge not to be intimidated or permit the violation of the sanctity of the church that they made no demonstration. The Rev. Mr. Deuel was so impressed by the attitude of the Masonic lodge that he later became a Mason. He passed away at Santa Barbara, Calif., about 1933.

There were other funerals, other incidents, equally tense as those described here, but all in keeping with the times.

Following the break-up of the big cattle outfits, the new settlers took over, established courts and a respect for law and order. Agriculture supplemented or took over larger livestock operations. Time, inter-marriage and a changed economy has healed most of the old enmities, and Johnson County is now one of the most peaceable and law-abiding counties in Wyoming, regardless of its colorful record of the cattle war days.

(Mr. Brock digressed at one point in reading his paper to tell how the Red Sash gang got its name: The men wore strips of red flannel fastened to their cartridge belts to prevent the grease on the cartridges from staining their clothing.)

Westerner of the Month

(Continued from Page 2)

the time, in Denver, Estes Park, and elsewhere in the state, and as far east as Hayes, Kansas.

In 1929 Fred requested transfer to the Boston office of the Post Office. There he entered Harvard College, and repeated the pre-legal work begun in Colorado. He continued in the wrestling ring professionally as a sideline there until 1933.

That year he came back to Denver—still with the Post Office for a regular job, and now four years married to a girl from Boston. Fred entered Westminster Law School and, after four night-years of it, graduated in 1937.

Resignation from his Post Office job and hanging out his legal shingle were simultaneous. Fred is now in his 16th year of law practice. He's had photographs of

every sort carrying the "Mazzfoto" credit-line in leading magazines from the Satevepost down. He has given scores of talks locally and in the Southwest, to civic groups, schools, and pioneer societies, illustrated from his rare collections of personally made kodachrome slides. He memorializes—with a single or group shot—practically every visit to his home, and later presents the pictures to his guests.

Fred's collection of taped voices of the old West, his archives of movies and photographs of its people, places, and things, his library of fine books on the West, his paintings on the West by well-known artists—and I cannot omit his tremendous collection of early recorded jazz music—all are housed in a home whose walls and even ceilings reflect his deep interest in the history and folklore of the West—its famous characters.

I present to you —Fred Milo Mazzulla.



Westerner's Bookshelf



Wagon Roads West: a Study of Federal Road Surveys and Construction in the Trans-Mississippi West, 1846-49. By W. Turrentine Jackson. Berkeley; University of California Press, 1952. 422 pp. Bibliography and Index. (\$5.00).

Most students of Western history are unaware of the important role played by the federal government in the early survey and improvement of wagon roads in the pre-railroad era. True, the actual road building was meager; government agencies were primarily concerned with selecting of routes and making passable some of the more difficult stretches. The government work was done by the War and Interior departments.

This book is an excellent reference source upon western trails and roads. The field is large, but the research has been thoroughgoing, as the extensive annotations testify. The road story for one section of the country is almost duplicated in other sections; so one gets the impression of considerable duplication, although such does not actually exist.

Dr. Jackson has given us an important book, a worthy contribution to Western history. It is primarily a reference work, not an engaging narrative of adventure; a factual study, not a dramatic presentation.

For a study of this type, maps are essential to enable the reader to follow developments. The long series of good maps provided in the volume answer the need. The master map used as end papers shows well the vast network of roads that spreads like a great spider web over the entire Trans-Mississippi West.

L. R. Hafen, *Westerner*
(Colorado State Historian)

—W—

The Katy Railroad and the Last Frontier, by V. V. Masterson; University of Oklahoma Press, 1952; 312 pp., 33 illus., 14 maps, \$4.

"We have struck the Territory line and

are going like hell." Thus General Manager Bob Stevens of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway Company wired the waiting world on June 6, 1870, as the rails of the "Katy" were laid across the border between Kansas and the Indian Territory. To commemorate this occasion, Reporter Patterson wrote in part:

Rivet the last Neosho rail,
With an iron hammer and an iron nail;

For over the hill and over the vale
The iron horse is coming!

The author classifies his book as an informal history, in which he makes free use of direct narrative to produce an interesting, readable account of the origin, construction, expansion and contraction of a railroad system now comprising some 3,250 miles of main line and branches far-flung throughout the four southwestern states of Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas.

Masterson's book is a fully documented account of the history of the Katy from its inception in September, 1865, to the present, an account replete with detailed biographical sketches of determined, able men with vision. He depicts the problems of starting and completing the project, construction difficulties, the battle for townsite spoils, the rise, growth, and development of towns and cities, the struggles between rival railroads and their Eastern financial backers.

The men who conceived and developed this enterprise—some honest, some fraudulent, all bold, none lazy—are shown in their true light. Their faults as well as their virtues are set down. Some of these men, such as John Scullin, "the great American track-layer," and General Manager Colonel Bob Stevens, in the magnitude of their driving power and activity can be considered modern counterparts of Paul Bunyan. The imprint of some of them on the origin and development of the Katy is vividly and permanently fixed

on our geography by such place names as Parsons, Kans., and Denison, Tex.

In preparation of this book, the author, a resident of St. Louis, born in Scotland, an avid student of railroad history for more than three decades, spent five years on research. He has turned up a prodigious amount of essential detail, and his book is written with literary skill and good taste.

I was born on the Katy, and from earliest remembrance, "the Katy Flier," one of the road's crack trains, was to me the very acme of glamour. To me, the engineer on that train was no ordinary mortal, but one set apart, especially qualified, and blessed. The Katy will always have a special niche in my heart.

Mr. Masterson has done a great service to the railroad industry in recording the history of one of our country's essential and better known transportation systems. This book is a definite contribution to Western Americana, and it deserves a place in any collection on that subject.

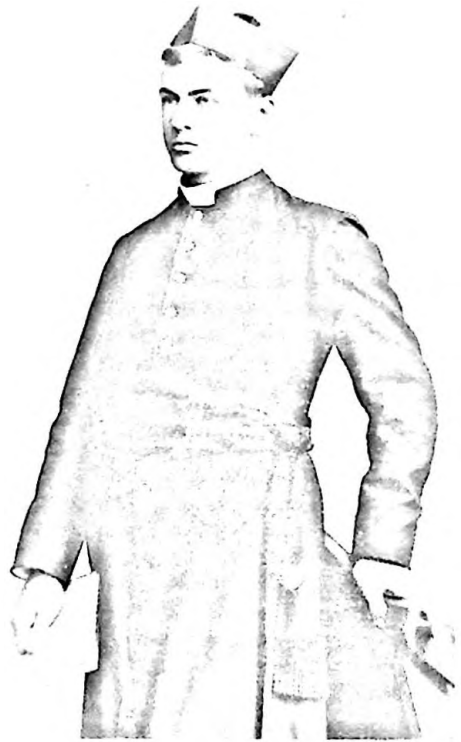
Scott Broome, *Westerner*

—W—

The Cowman's Southwest, by Oliver Nelson, edited by Angie Debo. Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, Calif., 1953. Cloth, 343 pp., illustrated with old photographs and maps; \$10.

Although the circular offering this book declares that it presents "frontier history with photographic accuracy, salty humor, and a shrewd judgment," to your reviewer the book is remarkable in another way. It is an example of a perennial experiment that has been going on for ages, the tail attempting to wag the dog. The editor of the volume, Angie Debo, who according to the title page is associated with Oklahoma A. and M. College, does the wagging. Her device is this: Whenever she has something to say, she puts it in *italics*; when the author can get in a few words, they go in regular Roman type. Thus you know who's talking all the time.

This, I suppose, is well and good, except that the editor has far too much to say and, in some parts of the book, crowds



The Rev. Charles E. Deuel, rector of St. Luke's Episcopal church, Buffalo, Wyo., in the early nineties, later of Santa Barbara, Calif. With six-shooters under his vestments, Fr. Deuel conducted the George Wellman funeral at Buffalo in May, 1892. See "The Murder of George Wellman" in this issue.

the author off the page. Fact is, there are exactly 103 of her interpolations, interpretations or just downright unnecessary comments in the 343 pages!

Oliver Nelson had the usual life of freighter, camp cook, part time cowboy and homesteader. He sees a few exciting things, like a man or two killed, but for the most part he seems to have led the usual dull frontier existence. The people around him led the same kind of existence, so they are uninteresting together.

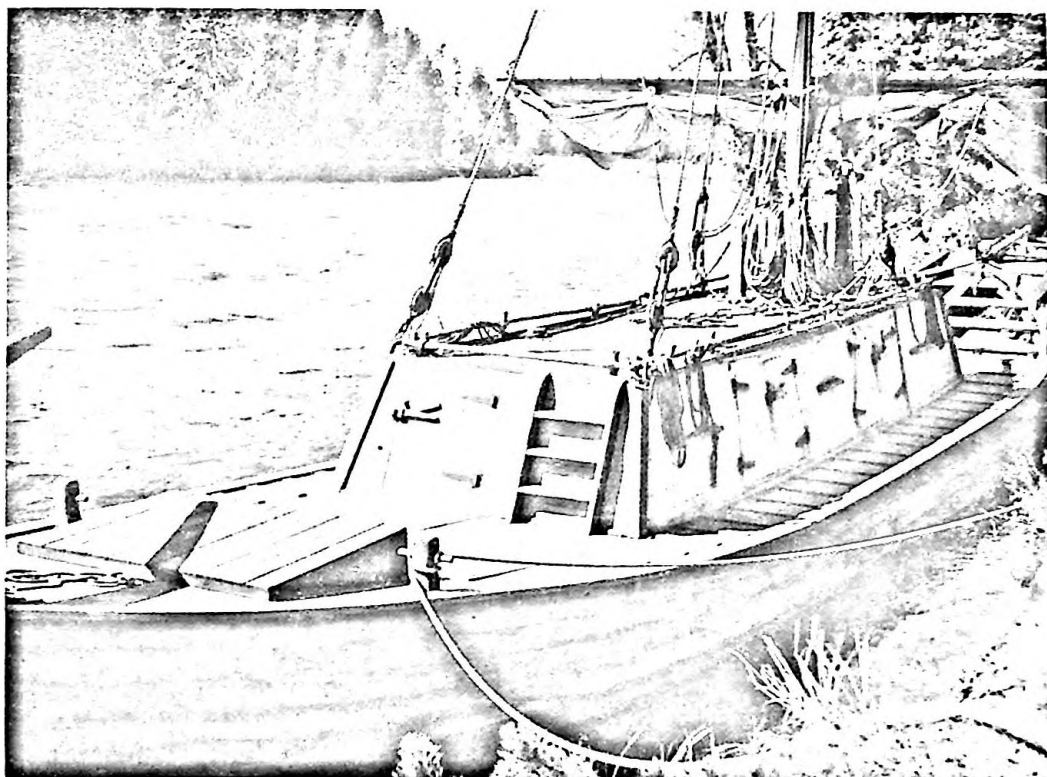
Now and then the author says some interesting things, makes some shrewd comments, presents some significant facts. But for the most part the book is about as exciting as some of the warmed-over coffee the author served in roundup camps for which he cooked.

Charles B. Roth, *Westerner*



The DENVER WESTERNERS'
BRAND BOOK

**APRIL
1953**
Vol. IX, No. 4



Keelboat used in filming "The Big Sky," photographed in the Snake river by Dabney Otis Collins. The boat is an exact copy of keelboats that used to ply the Missouri and the Ohio. The movie boat, however, cost \$20,000 to build, which is ten times what the originals cost. This boat was given by RKO to the Montana Historical Society and is now housed in a separate building in Helena.

In This Issue:

- J. Frank Dobie on Andy Adams and "Log of a Cowboy."**
"Tragedy at Woodstock," by Francis Rizzari.
"They Too Helped Win the West," by Fred A. Mazzulla.
"If They Build Those Dams," by Arthur Carhart.
"Money Mountain," reviewed by Ray Colwell.



DR. ALAN SWALLOW
Westerner of the Month

Alan Swallow is one of those who, as Robert Frost put it, know how to get some color and music out of life. Fortunately for others, he also knows how to share this wisdom. He shares it by imparting it, first as a teacher (and he thinks teaching the finest of the professions), second as a writer, and third as a publisher. His multiple activities follow an integrated pattern that has established him at 38 as an affirmative force in the literary world.

A Westerner born and bred—he grew up on a farm at Powell, Wyo.—Alan married a Wyoming girl. Their daughter, Karen, aged ten, has her own place in literature, through a poem about her that her father wrote at the time of her birth, a poem that has been extensively anthologized.

Alan took his B.A. at the University of Wyoming and his Ph.D. at Louisiana State. He was instructor in English, University of New Mexico, 1940-42; associate professor of English, Western College of Colorado, 1942-43; and (army experience intervening) has been at the

TRAIL DUST

PMs Charles Roth, LeRoy Hafen, Doc Collins, Fletcher Birney and Scott Broome recently spent an interesting and educational Saturday exploring the sites of five forts built along the Platte in the 1834-38 period, close to the present Denver-Greeley highway. A log of their trip reads: Visit to the mouth of Clear creek and original site of Fort Convenience, no traces of which remain; site of Fort Lupton and the section of adobe wall extant in the Ewing Ranch barn; site of Fort Jackson, no ruins left; site of reconstructed Fort Vasquez; site of Fort St. Vrain, no traces remaining. Conclusion agreed upon by all: It's a privilege to live in Colorado and be a Westerner.

CM Clarence S. Jackson is better after illness, hopes to attend the next Roundup.

Nice piece by Dabney Collins in Colorado Wonderland on "The Prospectors Trail."

Lorn Wallace, who can carve a piece of wood into a horse with all the authenticity and action of a Charley Russell painting, was welcomed at the April Roundup.

CM W. H. Hutchinson of Cohasset Stage, Chico, Calif., would welcome a lot of Westerners at the National Appaloosa Horse Show (of which he is secretary and announcer), Quincy, Calif., Aug. 13-14, during Plumas county fair.

University of Denver since 1946, first as assistant and now as associate professor of English.

His own writing has been chiefly poetry, literary criticism and a little fiction, his work appearing in many of the literary magazines. His own books include *The Remembered Land*, *XI Poems*, *The War Poems*, *The Practice of Poetry* and (due next spring) *The Nameless Sight: Selected Poems*.

He is a member of the editorial board of *Poetry Book Magazine* and of *Western Humanities Review*; was editor of *Author & Journalist*, 1950-51; editor and pub-

(Continued on page 4)



The BRAND BOOK

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14th and Sherman Streets

Denver 2, Colo.

Founded January 26, 1945

1953 Officers:

Sheriff, Dr. Philip W. Whiteley.

Deputy sheriff, W. S. Broome.

Roundup foreman (secretary), Francis B. Rizzari.

Tally man (treasurer), Ralph B. Maya, Sr.

Chuck wrangler, Arthur Zeuch.

Assistant registrar, Francis B. Rizzari.

Book review chairman, Ray G. Colwell.

Program chairman, Fletcher W. Birney, Jr.

Membership chairman, Charles B. Roth.

Publications chairman, Elvan L. Howe.

Registrar of marks and brands (editor Brand Book), Maurice Frink.

Working the Range

50,000 Years Old: Thanks to CM L. C. Bishop of Cheyenne, Wyoming state engineer, the Denver Westerners now possess a prehistoric specimen of their emblem, the bison skull. This particular trophy was found many years ago along Four Mile creek in Colorado, in a cut bank some forty feet below the ground level. According to one scientist, it dates from the Pleistocene age and probably is from 50,000 to 75,000 years old. It measures 34 inches from tip to tip of horn cores. Sheriff Whiteley placed the skull for safekeeping in the hands of PM Ed Bemis, who is to devise some plan for its permanent display.

—W—

Next Roundup: J. Joseph Leonard of Ouray, Colo., will address the May Roundup on "The Solid Muldoon." This deals with a unique pioneer newspaper in Ouray. Mr. Leonard, a former English teacher at Washington University, is writing a book on the paper and its editor, Dave Day.

—W—

Knows His Tokens: CM Philip A. Bailey, 3348 Dumas st., San Diego, Calif., writes: "In Philip W. Whiteley's paper about trader tokens in the February Brand

Book, he quotes Joseph Schmedding as saying that the White Elephant in Albuquerque issued brass chips at 2 for 25 cents. I lived in Aq. from 1906 to 1911 and have been in the White Elephant many times. My recollection of the chips is that they were for 2½ as well as 12½ and were used as change. A drink was a 'bit.' If you gave the bartender a two-bit piece you got change back in 2½-cent chips. There were no pennies in circulation and not many nickels. Two chips passed for a nickel among friends and in some stores. The principal big money was gold. . . . If Whiteley finds anything more about Aq. slugs, please print it in The Brand Book." (Editor's note: The

1953 Annual Brand Book will contain much more by Whiteley on tokens.)

—W—

Railroad Relic: PM Francis Rizzari has acquired a TPA silver pass, issued jointly in 1890 by the Colorado Midland, D & RG and Union Pacific railroads. This was in honor of the Travelers Protective Association convention. Out of 1,500 issued, this is the eighth one currently accounted for.

—W—

Estrays: Tom Ferril reading his poems at various Colorado colleges... John T. Caine addressing Idaho cattlemen at Pocatello... Eric Douglas at Phoenix with his Indian style show.

—W—

Custer Stuff: Fred Dustin, 709 S. Fayette St., Saginaw, Mich., author of *The Custer Tragedy* (1939), has just published a 22-page pamphlet with five sketch maps, entitled *Echoes From the Little Bighorn: Major Reno's Positions in the Valley* (\$1.50). Dustin says, "I have never been satisfied with my version of Reno's positions, for there seemed to be something lacking, and the puzzle was not solved until Colonel W. A. Graham's complete record of the Reno Court of Inquiry came into my possession." In this report the missing links were found, and Dustin now "frankly concedes his mistakes," explains them, and gives "a clear conception of what really happened." . . . An item that every Custer fan or foe needs is *Guide to the Custer Battlefield Museum*, by Harry B. Robinson, a reprint from the *Montana Magazine of History* (July 1952 issue). In 48 pages, the Guide describes and illustrates the dioramas and other displays in the battlefield museum near Crow Agency, Mont., which was dedicated last June 25. . . . Then there is Everett E. McVey's 32-page pamphlet *The Crow Scout Who Killed Custer*. Published at Billings (McVey's address is Joliet, Mont.), this expounds the theory that Mitch Bouyer slew Custer during the battle.

Westerner of the Month

(Concluded from page 1)

lisher Modern Verse, 1941; poetry editor of *Experiment*, 1947. Books he has edited include *Anchor in the Sea*, an *Anthology of Psychological Fiction*; *New Signatures*; *Anthology for Basic Communication*; the *Rinehart Book of Verse*, and three volumes in the *American Writing* series.

Alan was director of the University of Denver Press from 1947 until its recent closing. Since then his Sage Books imprint, which was activated as a separate firm in Denver in 1947 but now is a subsidiary imprint of Alan Swallow, Publisher, has taken over some of the Western titles of the University of Denver Press. Among these are *A Guide to American Folklore* by PM Levette J. Davidson; *The Case of Alfred Packer* by CM Paul Gantr; and *Rocky Mountain Naturalists* by Joseph Ewan. Scheduled for June publication is *A Manual of the Flora of Colorado*, a monumental book developed at Colorado A. & M. by H. D. Harrington and associates.

When he started publishing, 13 years ago, on a small hand press, Alan concentrated on poetry, and that has been a central interest ever since.

Sage Books has pioneered in some phases of regional publishing—regional in the sense attached to the word by J. Frank Dobie when he said: "Good writing about any region is good only to the extent that it has universal appeal." The Westerners organization itself is an indication of the increasing audience for solid books of this kind.

During 1953 Alan will publish half a dozen books by poets from New York to California, plus some literary criticism and biography. At DU he directs the *Workshop for Writers*, which will be held this year July 13-24, and also directs a literary agency, whose recent sales include both book and motion picture rights to Dee Linford's *Man Without a Star*. As if all this were not enough, Alan is starting a new literary magazine entitled PS (*Poems and Stories*) which will make its advent this spring.



They Too Helped Win the West

BY FRED A. MAZZULLA

(Abstract of paper read at March Roundup.)

Copyright Fred A. Mazzulla, Denver, Colorado.

Tonight, as a member of the second oldest profession, I will attempt to relate some first-hand, as well as some second-hand, remarks on the oldest of the professions. The remarks will be limited generally to the West and particularly to Colorado . . .

I like to believe that the cycle that built the West ran something like this: First came the explorer, then the mountain man, the trader, the prospector, the prostitute, the soldier, the cattle man, the nester, the farmer, and finally the community. There are, of course, others, and some overlap. The prospectors and the prostitutes came about the same time . . .

Gold was discovered in Central City May 6, 1859, and it snowed the next fourteen days. On May 20, William A. Byers arrived at the new gold camp, and by the end of May the population at Central had increased by 1,000 men, seven women of ill repute and one respectable woman. Libeus Barney in a letter to the Bennington, Vt., Banner dated July 12, 1859, written from Denver City, Kansas, observed, "There are but a few ladies here, yet there are many females of questionable morality about town, some in bloomer costume and some in gentleman's attire throughout, while squaws are more than plenty . . ."

Some years later, so the story goes, another Vermont lad wrote home: "My girl took me home with her the other night and introduced me to all her sisters. There must have been twenty of them, and she was so polite to her mother. In fact she addressed her mother as 'madam' all the time." . . .

The line was a fixture in the Colorado mining camps. Some of the better known lines or rows or boarding houses were at Blackhawk, Central City, Denver, Breckenridge, Leadville, Salida, Florence, Durango, Alma, Glenwood Springs, Creede, Aspen, Boulder and Georgetown . . .

Directories or books were printed and distributed for the sale of human merchandise. Perhaps the first one, "The Denver Blue Book," was printed and circulated in 1892. It was "A Reliable Directory of the Pleasure Resorts of Denver." Jennie Holmes of 2050 Market street in a full page ad boasted "23 rooms, 3 parlors, two ballrooms, pool room, fifteen boarders," and emphasized, "Everything correct." Blanche Brown in another full page ad advertised "Corner 20th and Market, lots of boarders, all the comforts of home." Minnie Hall of 1950 Market street boasted "30 rooms, first-class in every respect, 5 parlors and Mikado parlor, 20 boarders, a cordial welcome to strangers." The most famous of the books, and perhaps the most widely distributed, was the New Orleans Blue Book. The first edition appeared about 1895 and was called the Green Book. The 1903 edition was called the Red Book. These were followed by several editions of the Blue Book; the 13th or last edition appeared in 1915 . . .

My home town, Salida, Colo., had a line until about two years ago. As a youngster I delivered laundry to the girls on the line . . . I was paid five cents to deliver a load of laundry, consisting of three or four parcels, on a Red Flier wagon and in the winter on a Flexible Flyer sled. The girls were always good for at least a ten-cent tip. Sometimes I had to wait. I made about three dollars a week and it all went to help my

mother buy groceries for a family of nine. Dad was earning \$54 a month on the railroad as section foreman. On Saturdays I would take a gunny sack and go down to the railroad yards and pick up coal on the railroad right-of-way. A sackful would bring 15 cents from the crib girls . . .

Some time ago, my very good friend, the late Justice Hilliard, included this paragraph in one of his great dissenting opinions (114 Colo. 207, or 158 Pac. 2nd at 447):

"Finally, considering that in the genesis of the offense charged, the unhappy young woman involved no doubt was weak and thoughtless, but nevertheless and necessarily was 'aided and abetted' by a bold, unscrupulous and irresponsible male biped; that she was tried in a court over which a man presided; that her prosecutor was a man; that twelve men determined her fate at trial, and that on review only men are participating, I am impelled to give pause. I confess that the urge to make contribution to the clatter of stones being cast is not a little moving, but, recalling a celebrated challenge that caused the multitude of men, proceeding 'one by one,' to desist therein, I am constrained to withhold the rock which I hold in my hand."

—W—

If They Build Those Dams

BY ARTHUR CARHART

The arguments for authorizing Reclamation's Echo Park and Split Mountain dams in the Dinosaur National Monument advanced by CM L. C. Bishop, Wyoming's state engineer, as a result of my paper "Bad-Man's Last Hang-Out" which pointed out the vast scenic and recreational values that would be destroyed, are typical of those voiced by the supporters of this dam project.

The outlook of the dam proponents is narrow, biased, and lacks competence in judging values lost as against gains.

Taking CM Bishop's points as printed in the February Brand Book, here are comments germane to them.

1. The claim that the Dinosaur dams are "integral units of a master plan" ignores the fact that there are alternative impoundment sites, costing \$60 million less, that will store more water and produce more power. Any planning that stubbornly refuses to consider such alternatives is questionable and further study before authorization is imperative.

2. Do we have to build dams costing over \$300 million to make a recreation unit "accessible"? Roads, costing one half of one percent of that figure, would go far to secure accessibility.

3. That the dams would "in no manner interfere with operation and maintenance" of the monument, because none of the fossils would be flooded out, is colossal flim-flam. Of course, the fossils would not be flooded. But scenic canyons, archeological and geological features of exceptional value would be drowned out.

4. "Recreation benefits will be materially increased," he states. That's pure rot. As a trained and experienced landscape designer with years of background in this field, I declare with all emphasis that no fluctuating reservoir can compensate in the smallest measure for the loss of the existing potential national park values.

5. Says Mr. Bishop, "Very little valuable ranch land will be inundated . . ." Is ranch land the only valuable to consider as something lost by flooding? Should such a factor govern in decisions to flood Yellowstone canyon, the Grand Canyon, Yosemite, Mammoth Cave, Glacier, or any other national park unit—including Dinosaur?

Finally, two questions for Mr. Bishop.

Why, almost coincident with the appearance of The Brand Book, did he so flatly

oppose a water-impounding scheme in Wyoming because of losses it would cause while blithely insisting the people of this nation must lose a major park unit in Dinosaur to make it a storage tank? There's the old adage: It depends on whose bull is gored.

Would he agree to the latent scheme to throw a dam across the outlet of Yellowstone lake to make it a fluctuating reservoir so stored waters could be tunneled toward Idaho to grow more potatoes? The basic issue would be the same: The degradation of an existing major park property belonging to all the people as a matter of expediency and for the benefit of the few.

By such arguments as CM Bishop advances, proponents of dams in the Dinosaur National Monument skirt and garble the issue. The West and the nation will lose a top-grade national park unit if those dams are built. Above all, national park policy will be shattered and, on the same sort of representations, every national park will be threatened with commercial exploitation. These are the threats inherent in Echo Park and Split Mountain dams proposed for the Dinosaur National Monument.

—W—

Tragedy at Woodstock

BY FRANCIS RIZZARI

(See picture on Page 12)

Woodstock never was much of a town. It was in Gunnison county, near Pitkin. You won't find it listed in the business directories for the years of its existence between 1881 and 1884. No postal guides in either the Library or State Historical Society mention it.

Its birth occurred some time during the construction of the Denver, South Park & Pacific Railroad to its eventual terminus at Gunnison. The roadbed had been graded to the city limits by November, 1880. However, the track laying had to be delayed until the necessary materials could be transported through the Alpine Tunnel. It was late spring, 1882, before trains began carrying supplies for the completion of the track through the backbone of the continent.

Perhaps Woodstock had been born during the days that men pecked away at the sheer cliff of the Palisades, in order to gain a foothold for those tiny rails. However, the few rotting cabins in the trees about a half mile from Woodstock, toward the tunnel, belie this theory. Burchard, in his *Production of Gold and Silver of the States and Territories* for 1881, mentions the name only once, and then as a reference for a mine a half a mile south of the town.

Here at Woodstock, the rails of the railroad made (approximately) a 180-degree curve, so as to follow the course of middle Quartz creek. (Until 1903, this was known as Woodstock Loop. At that time a small mining boom took place just south of Woodstock, in Brittle Silver Basin.* A small camp called Sherrod was built, and the name of Woodstock Loop was changed to Sherrod Curve. See "Full Stop for Bowerman" 1949 Brand Book.) Then they crept on to the town of Gunnison. Regular service became routine, and life for the few people at Woodstock must have been monotonous at times. A telegraph office, a combination boarding and section house, and a small saloon comprised the business district. Its most important asset was probably the water tank where the engines were refilled for the three-mile pull to the tunnel.

Thus we come to the evening of March 4, 1884. The members of this community

*From "Colorado: A Guide to the Highest State," Hastings House, 1941: "In 1882 Colorado's first 'native' opera, 'Brittle Silver,' had its premiere at the Tabor Opera House in Denver. The score was composed by W. F. Hunt of Leadville, and the libretto by Stanley Wood, a newspaper man of Colorado Springs; with the nefarious practice of 'jumping' mining claims as its theme, the operetta struck a responsive chord."

were settling down for the evening. In the telegraph office, Jasper Caswell, agent and telegraph operator for the railroad, was listening to the chatter of his key as he put his records for the day in order. Mrs. Doyle, a widow who operated the section house, was just finishing the supper dishes with the help of her daughter, Kate. In the living room were the rest of her children. Also present was Miss Celia Dillon of Golden, who was engaged to Mrs. Doyle's oldest son, Martin.

The saloon keeper, one Mullholland, was probably polishing his bar and rearranging a few bottles for the little business the section hands gave him. It was a typical night in a small town. The weather that day had been brisk, but held a suggestion of spring.

In the cirque at the head of the ravine, that went straight up the mountain from the town, the winter snows had begun to shift with the slight thaw that had occurred that day.

A few minutes before 6 o'clock, Joe Revergue, an Italian section hand, left the boarding house to get a pail of water from the water tank. He was hatless and in his shirtsleeves.

He had barely reached the tank, when the snow on the mountain above began to move. Suddenly, with a mighty roar, and with devastating power, the avalanche loosed its full fury upon the hapless village below. The buildings were knocked apart as if made of matchwood, and in a few seconds, everything was covered with tightly packed snow.

Down the track, a mile closer to Pitkin, a few prospectors had holed up for the winter. Hearing the roar and realizing what it meant, they immediately sent one of their number to Pitkin for help while the others started for the scene of the disaster.

Arriving at Woodstock, they were appalled at the destruction. The slide had almost buried the houses, and the force of its rush had been stopped only after it crossed the valley and piled up against the mountainside opposite.

Hearing a faint cry, they started digging through the ruins. Mrs. Doyle was finally rescued, although severely injured, after being buried for two hours. Another hour and a half of heroic work was successful in the rescue of Miss Dillon. Although badly frightened, and suffering from shock, she was otherwise uninjured. A man named Smith was also rescued.

Of the seventeen persons caught in the slide, these three were the only ones who survived. Mrs. Doyle lost her entire family consisting of Martin, aged 23; Andrew, 19; Kate, 18; Marcelles, 14; Maggie, 12; and Christopher, 10.

When Katie's body was recovered, she was still holding a tea towel and an unbroken glass in her hand.

Others who met their death in the snowslide were: James Tracy, Jasper M. Caswell, George Alexander, Horace Alexander, Michael Shea, Joseph Cerazo, Mullholland and Joseph Revergue. Most of the bodies were recovered within a few days, but some remained locked in the snow until summer. The body of Mullholland, the saloon keeper, was not found until about the middle of June.

On July 4, Joseph Revergue's body was recovered in the remains of the water tank. Hearing the roar, he had taken shelter under the tank, but had been crushed by the large timbers.

No attempt was made to rebuild the town, but the railroad did build another track about half a mile down the track toward Pitkin.

When visiting the scene in the fall of 1950, we located the foundation stones of the old water tank. There was a section of the old water line sticking out of the ground, through which water was still running. A few log squares marked the sites of some of the other ill-fated buildings.

J. Frank Dobie on Andy Adams

BY MAURICE FRINK

The classic cowboy story of them all—*The Log of a Cowboy*, by Andy Adams—was published fifty years ago, in May, 1903. Through the generosity of PM Fred Rosenstock, *The Brand Book* is able to observe this anniversary by printing some hitherto unpublished commentaries—including one by J. Frank Dobie—on the cowboy classic, and a letter from Adams himself. The original letters, in Fred's possession, were loaned to *The Brand Book* for this purpose.

Andy Adams died in Colorado Springs Sept. 26, 1935, aged 76. He was born in Indiana, never went to school beyond the sixth grade, and ran away from home when fifteen. He came to Texas, where he became a cowboy and went up the trail with the Longhorns. After he was forty he wrote his first book, *Log of a Cowboy*, whose reputation as authentic rangeland literature has increased through the years.

Adams also wrote *The Texas Matchmaker* and other books, but his royalties were never large and he died a poor man, disappointed and embittered by the financial success and the acclaim attained by later-day "Western" writers who never herded cattle, as he had done, but whose romantic books and movies made fortunes for their authors.

In 1934 the late Clem Yore of Estes Park, Colo., who was on the advisory council of the University of Colorado's Writers Conference in the Rocky Mountains, wrote Adams, inviting him to give a talk at the conference.

Adams' reply to Yore's invitation is neatly typed on a printed letterhead reading:

ANDY ADAMS

author:

The Log of a Cowboy
Reed Anthony, Cowman
The Ranch on the Beaver
Etc., etc.

Dated Colorado Springs, Colo., May, 3rd,

(sic) 1934, and mailed in an Alamo Hotel envelope, the letter says:

Dear Don Clemente,

Your hail from Boulder, Colorado, reached me on schedule. To respond to curtain call, to appear in Boulder, has features of a questionable nature. If some one would challenge this one of the three Adams boys, to come to Estes Park in a foot-roping contest of wild horses, he would come with blood in his eye. To accept an encore to again appear before the literary genius of Colorado even with freight and feed bills paid, is asking too much of one who loves the peaceful walks of life. Age has not withered, but to stand before an audience—well, the perspiration is simply ponderous. This one of the Adams boys will give any man the first shot, at ten steps, and accept the consequences. But to face an audience and lose dishonest sweat, discussing a subject of which he knows nothing, comes under the caption of cruelty to dumb animals. Hence, acknowledging my friendship for you and Mr. Campbell (director of the Writers' Conference), yours truly begs to be excused.

Give my kindest regards to the lady who answers roll call to the name of Mrs. Yore.

Most sincerely,

ANDY ADAMS

Previously in the same year, Yore apparently had solicited from J. Frank Dobie a comment on Andy Adams, to be read at a meeting of the Colorado Authors' League. From Lampasas, Tex., on Feb. 2, 1934, Dobie sent such a comment to Yore. Dobie's letter accompanying the statement bears a penciled notation signed "C.M." saying "I read Dobie's remarks on A. Adams at Colo. Authors' League Feb. 5, 1934." In this covering letter, Dobie wrote as a postscript: "Andy Adams is 75 years old. He is still writing

—but not selling his stuff. He does not wish to be taken as a has-been. I teach his 'Log' in the biggest English class in the University of Texas."

This is Dobie's comment on Adams:

"Texas, Feb. 2, 1934.

"Thirty-one years ago—in 1903—*The Log of a Cowboy* by Andy Adams made its appearance. In 1886, seventeen years before that, another trail hand from Texas named Charlie Siringo had, in the rollickiest, freest, most natural autobiography of the range ever written, told how he came to be 'stove up' from living on 'the hurricane deck of a Texas cowpony.' Preceding this autobiography by twelve years was Joseph G. McCoy's history of the Chisholm trail. In 1902 appeared Owen Wister's *The Virginian*, a cowboy novel without any cows in it.

'*The Log of a Cowboy* was absolutely the first book in America to blend the personality of the cowboy type, the technique of his occupation, the economic aspects of the cattle industry, the genius of the trail and range all into a chronicle longer than any single biography or history and expressed in the language of the cowboy himself.

"Since this book appeared, histories, autobiographies, biographies, essays, romances, theses, poems and other forms of writing dealing with cowboy life have appeared by the hundreds. Andy Adams himself has added a half-dozen books to his own initial classic. But nobody has supplanted him. He is the lead steer of the herd; he is the bell mare of the remuda; he is the pilot whose log has charted all voyagers over the vast lands of cows and horses he saw so clearly and defined so definitely. He made the 'log' not of one cowboy; he logged the cowboy world. As we read now the diary of Samuel Pepys to see what English life was like during the last part of the 17th century or the *Spectator Papers* to see what it was like during the opening years of the 18th century, people hundreds of years hence will read Andy Adams to see what the life of cowboy and cowman on ranges from the Rio Grande to the Cana-

dian line was like during the roaring trail days of the '70s and '80s.

"This is fame—even if it does not bring in the coin of a Zane Grey picture show. We honor ourselves by trying to do justice to this man of truth, understanding, and amplitude. For tens of thousands of people in Texas who belong to the range and the range tradition I speak when I say, 'God bless you, Andy Adams, and thank you for having remained away from Zane Grey felicity in order to report us aright.'

J. FRANK DOBIE"

H. H. Knibbs, another well-known writer, also made a commentary on Adams, apparently for the same occasion, and Fred Rosenstock has a copy of his letter, which reads as follows:

"Tell them, Clem, how much the writing clan cherish his name and love his output. Tell them, but, confound it, a choke comes into my mental voice, a mist makes my eyes dim, I'm blubbering a bit, silently, for I can't get across to you what I feel. Andy Adams imprisoned the heart of the Old West within the covers of a book, and the throes and the throbs are coming to me now down Memory's lane. Tell them that wherever good cowboys go, a-riding back to the catch pastures of home and the bunkhouse where the Old Man treats you right, for always, Andy Adams will have a good spot next to the stove and the spitting box, and we'll be huddled around him three deep, listening to him yarn. Yep, tell 'em that! Andy is more than a name, just as Pike's Peak is more than a mountain."

—W—

New Corresponding Members: Francis H. Fingado, 611 Seventeenth st., Denver; Vincent McMorrow, 210 East Tenth, Leadville; V. L. Mattson, 1198 Pikeview, Lakewood, Colo., (director, Colorado School of Mines Research Foundation); Albert G. Sims, Douglas, Wyo.; Basil M. Zeigler, Denver; O. J. Miller, Colorado Springs; Richard Goff, Denver.



Westerner's Bookshelf



Money Mountain—The Story of Cripple Creek Gold, by Marshall Sprague. Little, Brown and Co., Boston, 1953. Cloth, 8vo, 342 pages including appendices, notes, bibliography and index. Illustrated with old photographs. \$5.

Your reviewer, who thinks he knows something about Cripple Creek and the actors in its drama, has been looking forward for months to this book. So, I imagine, have been many of the Westerners who heard Sprague read some of it to us in November, 1951.

Now that I have read *Money Mountain*. I am happy to report that it is everything I expected, and more. My only feeling of frustration is purely personal—that any young man from the East could come in "cold turkey" and, in a couple of years, find out so many things about my old stamping grounds that I did not know myself after several decades.

Money Mountain is a fascinating book about a most interesting subject, but it defies ready classification. It isn't fiction, because all of the skeleton, and most of the flesh, is factually correct. Neither is it a history, and Marsh Sprague would be the first to disavow such a claim. He has certainly had to fill in details and conversation for which documentation must be lacking. A capsule description might be "A book length feature story, with the expected overtones of gun smoke and gay ladies."

In structure, it is the biographies of three men whose lives, as they overlapped and inter-acted, tell the story of Cripple Creek, Colorado, "The Greatest Gold Camp on Earth":

The Prospector, Bob Womack, who discovered gold in a cow pasture;
The Miner, W. S. Stratton, who was primarily responsible for the development of the boom to its climax;
The Entrepreneur, A. E. (Bert) Carlton, whose keen business sense welded together a business empire

that carried on after the boom days were over.

Historically, the story of Cripple Creek is the story of the last of the great gold-rushes of America. It is probably safe to say that no area of equal size anywhere has produced so much gold in so short a time. And, more important to the story, it was the last of the great mining camps in which a man could make, and spend, his own money, without accounting to anybody else, be it a \$30 grubstake or a million dollars.

Sprague tells us in *Money Mountain* how they made it—and even more of how they spent it. In doing so, he has managed a well written and coherent account of a complicated series of events. When the reader has finished it, he will have a better picture of an era that has vanished forever than he can get any place else I know of. The appendices, a complete bibliography and index, and notes add greatly to the book's value for reference.

The making of *Money Mountain* required an unusual combination. Take one young Princeton graduate, have him work his way to China, then work for two years as a reporter on the *North China Star*, a Tien-tsin daily, then to France and the *Paris Herald*, then to New York and the *Times*. Send him to Colorado Springs to "chase the cure," with time to think, observe and write. For best results, he should know nothing of the Rocky Mountain West or its history, so that he will have a fresh outlook and no inhibitions.

Then show him a great gold mining district which has been well ripened by adversity and whose heyday is sufficiently remote to have removed much of the acid of growth. It must, however, retain the flavor of romance and lusty adventure. Also, there should be available a sufficient number of the original participants to make possible an earthy re-construction of events and men.

With this set-up, success is practically assured. So far as your reviewer is con-



Digging Woodstock, Colo., out of the snowslide, March 4, 1884.

cerned, *Money Mountain* is a Westerner's dream come true. (I am not arguing with Sprague about a few little points wherein we differ; I'd probably lose.)

—R. G. COLWELL,
Westerner.

—W—

Come an' Get It: The Story of the Old Cowboy Cook, by Ramon F. Adams. 170 pages. With drawings by Nick Eggenhofer. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, \$3.75.

CM Ramon Adams' book is a worthy memorial to an unsung, but not uncussed, hero of the trail-driving days on the open range, the old range cook. "Cookie," "coosie," "Soggy," "bean master," "sourdough," "belly cheater," or whatever he was called, and few of his names were complimentary, was a man to be reckoned with. He, perhaps more than anyone else in the trail crew, could keep the crew happy during the long, hard days on the trail, for good food and plenty of it did more to keep the "boys" contented than anything else—good pay, a fair trail boss, or whatever.

Ramon Adams gives us here a complete picture of the cowboy cook—his character, better termed his "cussedness," his tools and equipment for keeping the trail crew fed and happy, his raw materials and the dishes he made of them, and his way of life, on the trail and at the winter ranch.

Come an' Get It is a cookbook of no mean proportions, too, for the author tells us just how "coosie" concocted such cowboy delights as "spotted pup," "son-of-a-bitch stew," "fluff-duffs," and "sour-dough biscuits."

As usual, Adams' work is long on the linguistic side. The author of *Cowboy Lingo* and *Western Words* knows the language of the cowman's West and uses it well. Perhaps nothing else brings us closer to what life on the trail in the cattle driving days was like than just this in which the author excels—the accurate use of the brand of American English that characterized the speech of the cowboy.

—RALPH W. SORVIG, CM,
Denver.

The DENVER WESTERNERS'
BRAND BOOK



MAY
1953
Vol. IX, No. 5



"Mining town, name unknown," is the only data on the back of this old photo, which belongs to CM A. A. (Gov) Paddock, editor and publisher the Daily Camera, at Boulder, Colo Gov doesn't know the source or the identity of the photo. Do You?

In This Issue:

"Colorado as a Proving Ground," by Raymond G. Colwell.

"Denver's Cemetery Express," by Dolores C. Renze.

**Western book reviews by Arthur L. Campa, Glenn L. Daly,
Arthur Carhart, Paul D. Harrison, Carl F. Mathews.**



RAYMOND G. COLWELL
Westerner of the Month

Regional vice-president of the Colorado State Historical Society, secretary-treasurer and past president of the Historical Society of the Pike's Peak Region, charter member and secretary of the Colorado Springs Ghost Town Club, chairman of a temporary committee setting up plans for the 1956 Sesquicentennial celebration of Pike's discovery of the Peak, and book review chairman for the Denver Westerners—

That's Ray Colwell.

Born at Appleton, Wis., Aug. 22, 1890, Ray was left without a mother when he was eight, and the next year came West with his father. His three older brothers had previously come to Cripple Creek, Colo., and Ray and his father joined them there. In 1906 the two moved to Colorado Springs.

There, after graduating from high school, Ray got his first job, in the Antlers Hotel laundry, working 11 hours a day at a dollar a day. He tired of that, and got a job hopping bells at the old National Hotel in Cripple Creek. Then he was chainman with mining engineers,

Concluded on page 4

TRAIL DUST

CM Henry Hough reports: "I recently searched Galveston Island (Texas) in vain for any street name, memorial or other honor to Cabeza de Vaca, Estevanico and companions, who were the first Europeans to visit Texas."

This from PM Elvon Howe: "Made a two-day camping expedition into the Fisher Valley and Castleton Valley country in Utah. This is former hideout of Butch Cassidy south of Robbers Roost (they swam the river and climbed through an 8-foot detile to hide out in a stone cabin that still stands in Fisher Valley). This wonderfully colored country is now distinguished by a number of decaying movie sets ('She Wore a Yellow Ribbon,' etc.) made of wallboard and plaster. Didn't run into Butch Cassidy but did meet a gap-mouthed tourist who swore he had just talked to the Cisco Kid.'

PM Walter Gann recently visited Los Angeles, where his son Dan, a member of the Los Angeles Westerners, gave a party at which a guest was Mrs. Smith White, formerly Ruby Hill, for whose father Walter punched cows in Montana 44 years ago.

PM B. Z. Woods gave a series of three commencement addresses during May, at Peltz, Byers and Genoa.

CM Clarence S. Jackson is still in St. Luke's hospital, due for a long continued rest.

PM Edgar C. McMechen underwent a serious operation June 6 at St. Joseph's Hospital.

CM Ed Hilliard, 2530 S. Clarkson, Denver, writes: "As a relative newcomer to Colorado, and with an interest in 'exploring' by jeep (four-wheel station wagon), my best immediate contribution to the Westerners is this: An offer to chauffeur to 'inaccessible' historical points those older members who otherwise might not be able to get to such places."

PM Don Bloch, back in harness after an absence of five years from editorship of the National Speleological Society Bul-

Concluded on page 8



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1953 Officers:

Sheriff, Dr. Philip W. Whiteley.

Deputy sheriff, W. S. Broome.

Roundup foreman (secretary), Francis B. Rizzari.

Tally man (treasurer), Ralph B. Mayo, Sr.

Chuck wrangler, Arthur Zeuch.

Assistant registrar, Francis B. Rizzari.

Book review chairman, Ray G. Colwell.

Program chairman, Fletcher W. Birney, Jr.

Membership chairman, Charles B. Roth.

Publications chairman, Elvon L. Howe.

Registrar of marks and brands (editor Brand Book), Maurice Frink.

Working the Range

Next Roundup: At the regular meeting Wednesday, June 24, Denver Press Club, PM Elvon Howe will give a paper on the unique career of the late Lord Ogilvy, Denver newspaper man and father of CM Jack Ogilvy of the University of Colorado. Elvon worked with Ogilvy on the Denver Post . . . Don't forget the trip to Wyoming July 19. Westerners are invited on that date to join the Albany County (Wyoming) Historical Society on a tour of Swan Cattle company roundup areas of old cowdays. For schedule and details, write Dr. Robert H. Burns, College of Agriculture, University of Wyoming, Laramie, Wyo.

—W—

Why the Rodeo Quit: CM Jerry Rosenthal writes from San Jose, Calif.: "Swell article by Fred Mazzulla in the April Brand Book. Reminds me of one they tell out here. Seems one of the first of the big time rodeos was called the California Roundup, and it was held at San Jose. Tim Sullivan says the last time it was held was 1916. Prize money was paid off in cash after each day's show, and

the boys would always take off for the line, which was then on Almaden street in downtown San Jose, as soon as they got their money. Some of the citizens objected to having these cowboys tear the town apart once a year. At 10 o'clock on this Saturday night the police department and the Ministerial Association raided the red light area. Next day, a big crowd gathered for the rodeo, but all the cowboys were in jail. The crowd yelled for its money back, and what with refunding of the gate and the entry fees, the Rodeo Association went broke. The cowboys refused to come back the next year, and that was the end of the California Roundup at San Jose."

—W—

In New York: S. L. Vigilante, Hawkes

Ave., Ossining, N. Y., is sheriff of the New York Posse of the Westerners for 1953. Other officers: Deputy sheriff, Jim Horan; roundup foreman, Peter Decker; tally man, Melvin J. Nichols; registrar of marks and brands, Ben Botkin, 45 Lexington drive, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.; and chuck wrangler, Barbara Boothe. The New Yorkers are trail blazers: First Posse to admit women members.

—W—

Cody and His Horses: Agnes Wright Spring's new 24-page booklet "Buffalo Bill and His Horses" is a must for Cody collectors.

—W—

Brands & Cow Hunts: From Winslow, Ariz., CM Lamar Moore writes, commenting on how well he liked the 1951 *Brand Book*, and adding this to Agnes Wright Spring's article therein on "Heraldry of the Range":

"I have read a number of times that the brand of Hernan Cortes was three Christian crosses, but could never find anything to substantiate it. However, I did find, in the documents of the Estate of Hernan Cortes, in the Archives Mexico City, that in listing the estancias, and numbers of horses and cattle on each, the brand was always referred to as an ASPA. An Aspa, in Spanish, is the diagonal cross or Cross of San Andreas; furthermore, the *Lienzo de Tlaxcala* shows a picture of Cortes on a horse bearing this brand on the right hip.

"Mrs. Spring also describes the roundup as originating in the eastern states, mentioning Georgia. However, I feel that the work there was nothing but what was commonly known in the early days of Texas, and even as late as the 1880s in New Mexico, as cow hunts.

"The original Ordenanzas de la Mesta for New Spain (1537) provided that each livestock owner (or member, and everyone owning 20 cattle was compelled to be a member) would bring all his stock to the council meetings twice each year to have them counted and strays cut

out to be delivered to their rightful owners.

"Then the Ordenanzas de la Mesta of 1574 provided in much more forceful manner for such handling, only that they provided that each estancia owner must round up (rodeo) his stock once each week to cut out strays, and that other owners living adjacent to his range would be present or send representatives to get their own animals from the roundup of his neighbor."

—W—

RAYMOND G. COLWELL

Continued from page 2

backing it in a cabin. He studied forestry at Colorado College, worked for the Forest Service in Wyoming, the Fremont Experiment Station on Mount Manitou, did field work at the Idlewild Ranger Station near what is now West Portal, Colo., then worked a winter in the woods marking timber. He bached at the ranger station and ate with the Swede lumberjacks and millmen, and still remembers the good grub they put out.

Back to Colorado Springs, then, and to business college, and to jobs in a lawyer's office and with the phone company. In Colorado Springs there was a girl, who in 1915 became Mrs. Colwell. Ray became chief clerk for the San Isabel National Forest at Westcliffe, Colo. He served various stints with various concerns, as salesman, purchasing agent and office manager, and in 1933 went back to his first love, the Forest Service, in the office of the Rio Grande National Forest at Monte Vista on a "temporary" job that lasted nine years.

He has been at Colorado Springs since 1942. He is now retired from the Forest Service, and keeps busy writing and editing technical reports for an engineering firm. It is easy to see, from this background, how Ray acquired the Western savvy that gives authenticity to his work as the Posse's book review chairman and to such writing as his piece in this *Brand Book on Colorado as a Proving Ground*.



Colorado As a Proving Ground

BY RAY G. COLWELL, PM

In our preoccupation with the past, we tend to overlook the present, and sometimes fail to realize that the current events of yesterday and today are the history of tomorrow. Too, the grass is always greener over the hill, so that happenings in our immediate locality frequently do not register with us.

With these philosophical observations out of the way, I would like to mention a few of the instances in which the mountainous parts of Colorado, and particularly the Pike's Peak region (simply because I am more familiar with it) have been the locale of scientific observations and experiments of far reaching importance.

This is written from memory and with little checking as to exact names, dates and places. The intent is only to show that Colorado's unique position as the highest state in the Union, together with its general accessibility, has led to its use as a proving ground for many of the scientific and technological developments which affect our present life.

The Signal Corps Was First

We will disregard (only because it did not depend upon altitude) the work of Prof. Nathan P. Hill, in 1868, in developing methods of treating the refractory ores of Gilpin and Clear Creek counties, which assured the future of mining in Colorado.

Perhaps the first organization to take advantage of the combination of high altitude and accessibility (relatively, at least) available in Colorado was the United States Army, whose Signal Corps was the predecessor of the Weather Bureau. A weather station was built on the summit of Pike's Peak in 1873 and from then until late in 1889, enlisted men of the Signal Corps were stationed there the year around. The plain facts concerning their trials and tribulations make exciting reading, even in the cold text of official reports. Above and beyond the call of duty, one of their personnel, Sgt. John T. O'Keefe, was a prolific source of, or more likely a willing stooge for, some fantastic stories that are among the classics of tall-tale literature. The scientific results of the observations are still consulted by meteorologists, engineers and others, and are still perhaps the soundest basis for engineering conclusions under similar conditions. The original stone building was torn down in the first year or two and rebuilt a couple of hundred feet from its original location, and still forms part of the present Cog Road Summit House.

The next scientific work which comes to mind is that done by Nikola Tesla in 1899 at Colorado Springs. That brilliant, and largely forgotten, electrical genius spent some \$30,000 or more in building a large laboratory at the eastern edge of the city, where he worked on the development of his "death ray" and perhaps on his X-ray for which he had already received a million dollars from Westinghouse. Little is known locally about the results; newspaper items and other information lead to the belief that he possibly was working on the transmission of power without wires, and there is some indication that developments were startling, although unpublished to the world. Altitude and atmospheric conditions were major factors in his choice of location.

For 20 Years They Studied Trees

In 1907, the Fremont Experiment Station, the first forest experiment station of the United States Forest Service in the Rocky Mountain Region, was established by Carlos G. Bates. It was located a mile and a quarter west of the upper station of the Mt. Manitou Incline Railway. Bates' decision on the location was based on the altitudinal range available of some 8,000 feet from Manitou Springs to the summit of Pike's Peak, and all within a very few miles of the station; other factors of slope, exposure, timber types and soil types also entered in. Accessibility was a secondary consideration. The Incline railway ran only during the summer, and the rest of the year travel could be by horseback or afoot only, since there was no wagon road to the station. In spite of the inconvenient location, a number of good, substantial buildings were built, all material being hauled from the top of the Incline on a two-wheeled cart over a narrow trail, or packed on horses or burros.

Scientific studies of evaporation and tree growth were made for more than twenty years and much valuable data secured. As research assumed an increasing part in scientific forestry, the program was broadened, headquarters established at Fort Collins, Colo., and the Fremont Station was abandoned in the thirties.

During World War I, the government again made use of the advantages afforded by Pike's Peak. Prof. Edwin C. Schneider, head of the biology department at Colorado College and an internationally known educator, conducted the basic and first research into the effects of high altitude on human physiology. With several students, Schneider spent weeks on the summit of Pike's Peak, accumulating information on the way bodily mechanisms operated under those conditions. The information obtained was fundamental to the development of the then new military aviation.

Little Zeb Never Made It

In April, 1919, after the end of the first war, considerable newspaper space was devoted locally to a new weapon, the "military tank," which was being given a workout on the Pike's Peak Highway. One of these "behemoths," as it was called then, was shipped from an eastern factory, accompanied by a crew of mechanics who labored manfully to get the new machine, nicknamed "Little Zeb," up the Peak. High altitude and a rough, steep road presented many problems which the designers had not foreseen in the drafting room. Ostensibly sent out as publicity for a Liberty Loan drive, it is obvious that the army gained much information about its new equipment at the same time. "Little Zeb," like his illustrious predecessor, never did reach the top, definitely breaking down a mile below Glen Cove.

From 1928 to 1943, Dr. Frederick C. Clements, famous botanist from the University of Nebraska, working under a grant from the Carnegie Foundation for Ecological Research, established an "Alpine Laboratory" near Meinhaha, a station on the Cog Road about half way to the summit. Here he and his wife labored faithfully on pure research in the field of plant development and genetics under alpine and sub-alpine conditions.

At the time of World War II, and thereafter, army and General Electric engineers did much work, again on Pike's Peak, on the development of jet engines for aircraft—work which is just now reaching public notice. During the war, also, the famous pack artillery battalion then stationed at Camp Carson conducted mountain training in the area west of Colorado Springs, and climaxed their training by a full scale trek to the top of the Peak, up the old trail first used by the Signal Corps in 1873.

Pike's Peak has also been the choice of many other parties of scientists engaged in securing high altitude data on radio waves, light waves and numerous other physical

phenomena. They have received little or no publicity, and their findings are buried in scientific publications or are still in manuscript form.

Other Peaks, Other Projects

Mt. Evans has been the locale of extended and important cosmic ray studies, and the Climax astronomical laboratory of Harvard University is a continuing institution famous in its field.

Nor should we overlook Camp Hale, across the divide west from Leadville, where thousands and thousands of troops have been, and are being, trained in battle tactics, skiing and survival under winter conditions.

Undoubtedly there have been many other projects which do not come to mind at the moment. This is a sketchy account of some of the work that has been done in our time in Colorado, because of an unusual combination of conditions.

Some day, I suppose, one of a later generation of Westerners will write a paper for his posse on "Colorado Science a Century Ago." My point is that "history" is being made here and now.

—W—

Denver's 'Cemetery Express'

BY DOLORES C. RENZE, CM

(Picture on Page 12.)

This tale is intended not to discredit the navigation duties of Charon across the river Styx, but rather to recall the journeys of a quaint steam train that solved the transportation problem to Fairmount Cemetery in Denver, at East Alameda and Quebec, which in the 1890s was far beyond the reach of the cable and horse cars of the era.

The Fairmount Railroad, or "Cemetery Express" as it must certainly have been known, was a bona fide steam railroad and was duly incorporated¹ on May 23, 1893. It became a defunct corporation on September 3, 1913. The capital stock was \$10,000 issued in 1000 shares at \$10 each. The board of directors consisted of Willard Teller, William H. Bush and Frank C. Young. The president was Harper M. Orahood, one of the founders of the Fairmount Association and a Gilpin County pioneer who, remarkably enough, was doctor, lawyer, and successful businessman. William D. Pierce (former clerk of Colorado Supreme Court) was general manager.

The West Still Lingered

The railroad was built at a cost of more than \$7,500 and operated for several years. The first official trip was on Decoration Day, 1893. The corporation papers stated that the railroad would operate

"From some convenient place within the grounds of Fairmount Cemetery, northerly to Hyde Park Avenue, thence northerly to intersection with Center Street in the town of Mountclair."²

There were approximately one and one-quarter miles of track. For present-day orientation, it connected with the end of the line of the Colfax Electric Company (8th Avenue and Quebec) went south on Quebec to East Alameda, where it turned west along the cemetery. There was a switchback at the cemetery.

¹Incorporation Records, State of Colorado, Book 34, p. 552. State Archives.

²Ibid.

Since Denver's transportation system ended abruptly in the middle of the prairie, some distance from Fairmount, the little railroad provided the only means of public transportation to the cemetery grounds. Passengers recall that there was a total lack of real estate development along the route. Some also recall that the spirit of the frontier lingered in the imagination of Eastern visitors and the local small fry. It was not uncommon to overhear speculation, even expectation, of the train's progress being interrupted by whooping war parties of redskins or to see a mirage of roaming buffalo on the horizon.

The equipment was purchased by the Fairmount Railroad from the Swen Construction Company. The engine was a five-ton steam engine formerly used by the Park Railway Company. The latter was established in 1888 and ran from the southwest corner of City Park (17th and York) to an eastern extension of Alhambra Avenue. The engine house was also purchased and set up near Fairmount. The total purchase price was \$7,775. Originally, \$4,200 was paid by the Parkhill Railway for the engine. The two passenger cars were purchased, nearly new, from the Denver Tramway for \$1,600 each.

Service Every Hour

There was hourly service (connecting with the Colfax Electric Railway schedules) and every trip carried passengers. On Sundays and holidays, 500-800 passengers were carried. The job of engineer-fireman-conductor was alternately worked by Jack Andrews and Barney Hanson, with perhaps others not recorded.

After the railroad had served its purpose in May, 1896, the equipment was transferred to the Colfax Electric Company from May 30, 1897, to January 8, 1898. Later the Denver Consolidated Tramway Company assumed control of the line, and shortly after 1900 application was made to abandon it. Thereafter intermittent bus service was furnished by the Tramway Company. Although I have attempted to find out what became of the little railroad,³ I have not been able to do so. Perhaps diligent newspaper research or the kindness of a reader will reveal its destiny.



TRAIL DUST

Continued from page 2

letin, is again editor of the *News* of the Colorado Grotto of the society, and will edit the *National Bulletin* once more in 1954. Don also reports recent discovery of the four-volume diary (there were five volumes, but one was burned) of a Nebraskan who trekked West in 1878 and in three years covered South Dakota, Wyoming, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico. "He met everybody and describes them accurately and excitingly—a very literate diary," says Don.



Gateway to Wyoming: CM David

Hieb, superintendent at Fort Laramie National Monument, recently wrote Dabney Collins: "Appreciated the writeup in the February Brand Book and hope to see more Westerners up this way. We hope to wind up restoration work on the Sutler's Store building early this summer, but refurbishing it will be another long job. A similar job on the Commissary-Storehouse will also soon be done and a part of that building will be used for the temporary display of most of the old furniture and large relics we are accumulating. We have on order all the materials to restore the porches on the Cavalry Barracks and hope to complete that job by early fall."

³Tramway Company records and interviews with Mr. Shay, longtime employee of the Fairmount Company, and various Tramway Company officials.



Westerner's Bookshelf



Shanghai Pierce, *A Fair Likeness*, by Chris Emmett; University of Oklahoma Press, 1953; 299 pp. Appendix: *Bos Indicus*, Bibliography and Index, 14 illus., 3 maps, \$5.

A tall, bearded man stepped up to the desk of the St. James Hotel in Kansas City, after delivering a trainload of "sea lions" to the stockyards. He wore a large white hat, pointed up at the crown, a weather-stained jacket, and soiled levis, saturated with the acrid smell of cattle.

"Any mail for me?" he asked, in a loud, booming voice.

Cynically, the new clerk countered, "And who are you?"

The man, fully six feet four, drew himself up to his full height. A nasal snort preceded the announcement, in a voice full of dignity, that carried to every corner of the crowded lobby, "I am Shanghai Pierce, Webster on Cattle, by God, Sir."

The date? June 17, 1879. He was then 45, a Texas cattle baron, by right of conquest and wit. Born Abel Head Pierce, he early acquired his nickname. Driven by ambition, he rebelled at the parsimony of his father and left the Rhode Island farm, announcing that he would not return until he had a million dollars.

With seventy-five cents in his pocket, he got a job in Texas, splitting rails. He was soon promoted and quickly became a top cowhand. But slapping his boss' brand on unbranded cattle was not as profitable as slapping his own on them. With a big crew wielding countless irons, he soon was able to boast that he had "nearly all the cattle in Christendom."

Mavericks grew scarce, running irons plentiful. Mavericking became dangerous, as Charlie Siringo found, especially on Pierce time. "Regulators" were formed. The Lunn boys, caught in the act, were strung up, but not until the youngest disdained clemency with the remark, "Hang my brothers, if you dare, Shanghai Pierce,

you old s-o-b, you were the first man to teach me to steal a cow."

Shanghai was meticulous about money matters. On one occasion he reminded his bookkeeper that he had failed to charge a cowboy two bits for a pair of socks. He was cunning. Green army buyers, in the market for a thousand head, refused to admit they could not count as fast as Shang, only to find later they were 118 short. Salty and profane, hated and loved, his colorful life spanned the era of the trail herd and the epochal development of the cattle industry of the old West.

The author has compiled a truly remarkable account of the financial dealings whence six bits grew into \$1,319,494.93. It is to be regretted that a little more of Shanghai's personal life was not revealed. The reader does not really feel that he knows the man until the closing pages, when, like the huge statue Pierce erected to himself, it may be conceded that undoubtedly it is a fair likeness.

—GLENN L. DALY, *Westerner*.

—W—

The Hopis: Portrait of a Desert People, by Walter Collins O'Kane. 267 pages, 24 full-color illustrations; University of Oklahoma Press, 1953, \$5.

This is a simple, straightforward account of some personal observations and experiences of the author while living in the Hopi country of north central Arizona. The resulting volume is a worthwhile collection of excellent and colorful descriptions of the people and their daily life in this ancient and out-of-the-way corner of the world. It is a graphic presentation of many of the little-known, as well as some of the more or less familiar, characteristics, attitudes, customs, beliefs and homespun philosophy of these aloof, distinctive desert people, who constitute one of the most fascinating native cultural groups on the North American horizon. In his writings, the author has captured a

liberal measure of the rare flavor and stout spirit of the Hopi domestic and communal scene.

As O'Kane describes these unusual people, one is vividly impressed with the substantial gulf between the society of the Hopi and that of the white man. This cultural difference is striking in some of the outstanding chapters such as "The Ancient Pattern," "Hopi Doctor," "Man and Mystic," "The Desert Provides" and "Missionary."

The Hopi trait of consistently maintaining his personal independence is examined and reflected upon. Each individual looks out for himself, expecting little help from relatives, and virtually none from his friends. Even the aged and infirm endeavor to do for themselves, depending as little as possible upon the aid of others. This native spirit of self-reliance is compared with the vast and complicated society of the whites, in which the individuals are but cogs of an intricate, gigantic machine, relying greatly upon one another.

An area of conflict wherein the white man continually endeavors to institute change and the Hopi instinctively resists offers an interesting chapter on human nature.

Some excellent features of this volume are the frequent detailed character studies and the specialized treatment of certain phases of the native culture, such as "Words and Phrases," and "Glimpses," the latter a roundup of native beliefs, traditions, customs, superstitions and spiritual attitudes. "Transition" describes the Hopis' success in adjusting themselves to the changing times and conditions.

One of the finest things about this book is its generous collection of full-color photographic studies of a number of the interesting individuals on the Hopi reservation. The author gives detailed explanations of the technique employed to obtain the remarkable color portraits which add so much to the volume. The type of film used, lighting effects, lens data, shutter speed and flash synchronization detail—all these intricacies are fully revealed

under the final heading—"Photographic Data."

In addition to providing interesting and entertaining reading, the volume constitutes a storehouse of reference material both for the layman and the professional researcher. A valuable contribution to the general knowledge of the Hopi people has been made by O'Kane in this splendid job of accumulating and documenting a wealth of fast-disappearing native traditions, ancient legends, ceremonial rites, historical background and other ethnological data.

—PAUL D. HARRISON, Westerner.

—W—

Seventy Years on the Frontier, Alexander Majors' Memoirs of a Lifetime on the Border (1823-1893). Published by Long's College Bookshop, Columbus, Ohio, 1950. Cloth, 12mo, 325 pp., illustrations. Issued in a special limited edition of 1000 copies. Price \$6.

This is a reprint of the 1893 edition, now scarce, and one of the series of rare books which the Long firm is reprinting and making available to the general reader.

The author operated throughout the West and Southwest at a time that tried men's souls to the fullest extent, and at a time when daring deeds and thrilling adventures were of every-day occurrence in the Far West and Rocky Mountain region. In charge of thousands of wild and desperate men, he was himself a Christian gentleman, universally liked and respected.

Born in Kentucky in 1814, he was taken to Missouri when a child of five at a time when the state was practically a wilderness. In 1827 his father and 24 other men on an unsuccessful trip to the Rocky Mountains in search of a reputedly rich silver mine, were set upon by Indians who took their horses. The tales told by these men upon their return fired the soul of the author and undoubtedly contributed to his later years of activity.

After handling stock for a number of years, during which time he married, Majors found he needed to make more

money. He entered the freighting business between Independence, Mo., and Santa Fe, in 1848, with six wagons and teams. From this small beginning developed an enterprise which employed 4,000 men, and used 40,000 oxen and 3,500 wagons in fulfilling a contract with the government in 1858 to transport 16,000,000 pounds of supplies to Utah.

The rules set down by Majors for his men's behavior included their signing an agreement whereby they were not to use profane language, not to get drunk or gamble, not to treat animals cruelly, and to act like gentlemen. He paid good wages and required no work on Sunday. Few violated the cast-iron rules.

In 1855 Majors went into partnership with two neighbors, Messrs. Russell and Waddell of Lexington, Mo., first as Majors and Russell, later, in 1858, as Russell, Majors and Waddell at the time of the government contract mentioned above. In 1855-56, the firm made a profit of some \$300,000, with 300 wagons and teams.

In the fall of 1858, Majors, W. H. Russell, John S. Jones and others were in Washington when, excited by the prospects of gold in the Pike's Peak region, Russell and Jones proposed a coach and stage line from the Missouri river to Denver, which Majors did not favor, but was put into operation over his protests. The firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell lost hundreds of thousands of dollars in this venture.

Again, in 1859, Russell was in Washington, and, after conferences with government officials, committed himself to formation of the "Pony Express," again opposed by Majors. Russell protested he had gone too far to back out, so Majors financed the set-up and the first riders set out from St. Joseph, Mo., April 3, 1860. However, as Majors predicted, the venture was not successful. He spent a large part of his personal fortune to keep the firm from bankruptcy.

As an authentic narrative of life on the plains nearly a hundred years ago, this book is outstanding.

—CARL F. MATHEWS, *Westerner*

The Sportsman's Outdoor Guide, by Charles B. Roth; Prentice Hall, New York; 170 pages, line-drawing illus.; index. \$3.95.

Everyone who has got campfire smoke in his eyes seems impelled to write an "outdoor book." Charlie Roth, charter member, Denver Posse, is one of those who wrote such a book and a good publisher produced it. But Charlie's book is different; it stands out; it isn't "mill-run."

In a general way, most outdoor books contain factual and informative material. Most of them incline toward being dullish. They are like lean meat, a bit tough, nourishing, but lacking piquancy.

This book has the facts; not the hackneyed ones, but off-trail lore, in itself pungent and different. Beyond that, there is the flavor added to this "guide" that makes one first taste, then devour in entirety.

Charlie has spiced the text with anecdote, with the opinions and sage observations of other able outdoorsmen, and added his own comment that often has a touch of Rothian whimsy. That makes good reading, in information conveyed and in downright entertainment.

The lore on the pages should not be overshadowed by the easy, pleasant reading quality. Tips on camping, on grub lists, emergency rations, rifles, hand-guns, walking, tracking, horsemanship in the high country, how to handle an axe—these subjects get a treatment that certainly will add a bit of wilderness knowledge to that of any seasoned back-country traveler. With all my own background in experience and research in outdoor fields, in reading this book I continually picked up gems of know-how in all phases of outdoor craft.

Even if you never expect to rough it, hunt, fish, hike, you'll find "The Sportsman's Outdoor Guide" a book you'll be glad to have read.

ARTHUR CARHART, *Westerner*.



The Fairmount railroad train, "Cemetery Express" of Denver's yesterday.
Story elsewhere in this issue.

The Road to Santa Fe, edited by Kate L. Gregg, (Albuquerque, New Mexico, the University of New Mexico Press, 1952, Pp. 280, \$4.50).

The Santa Fe Trail is known to most readers as a romantic and adventurous road which opened up a new era in commerce and sped westward the march of American civilization. Travelers, traders, and some historians have covered that long stretch of rolling hills, prairies and mountains with their colorful accounts, yes, covered it at times with so many layers of fiction and legend that the trail itself is hardly visible.

Dr. Kate L. Gregg has done a great favor to those who wish to learn the facts about that trail. The first thing that *The Road to Santa Fe* discloses is that it ceased being a mere trail after 1827; it became a regular road, surveyed and marked through a federal project costing over \$30,000.00, and under the joint agreement of the United States government and the Mexican government.

The original proposal called for a road through the part that was then the United States, where the 100th parallel west crosses the Arkansas, but it finally developed into a road-mapping project all the way from west Missouri at Fort Osage to the city of Santa Fee, as Sibley called it, 726 miles to the west. An account of a road marking expedition can be a very prosaic report, and this would be too, except for the interesting material that Dr.

Gregg has put together in such scholarly fashion without omitting those details which give an insight into the human relationships connected with the project.

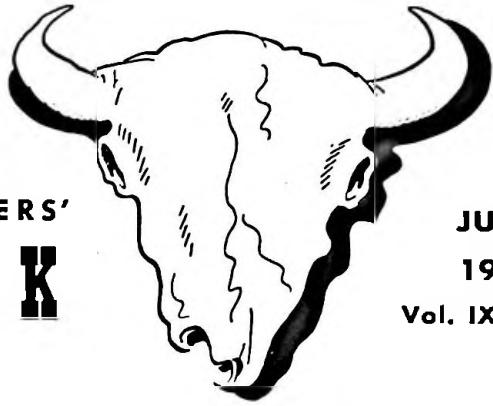
Desert flies which plagued them on the first part of the journey were succeeded by heat or by cold depending upon the season, but the thing that taxed the patience of George Champlin Sibley, that erstwhile Indian trader and agent, was the inefficiency evinced by both the American and Mexican governments. They ran out of supplies, they were running out of funds, some ran out of patience, others just ran out, but Sibley was determined to finish the project. He had a very personal reason for sticking to the end, long though it might be.

Dr. Gregg does more than merely edit the Diaries and Journal of Sibley and others who took part in the road marking project. She tells the whole story.

The Road to Santa Fe is a thorough and interesting study of a project that is not generally known to most readers. We owe Dr. Gregg a debt of gratitude for having dispelled the many misapprehensions which have existed about the Santa Fe Trail and set the record straight with her valuable study. This is a book which everyone interested in a factual account of one phase of the expansion of the West should read.

—ARTHUR L. CAMPA,
University of Denver, Westerner.

The DENVER WESTERNERS'
BRAND BOOK



JUNE
1953
Vol. IX, No. 6



Montana round-up scene, 1904. See Page 4 of this Brand Book.

In This Issue:

Dave Day and the Solid Muldoon, by J. Joseph Leonard.



EDGAR CARLISLE McMECHEN
Westerner of the Month

His retirement as curator of state museums, State Historical Society of Colorado, directs attention to a distinguished Westerner.

A native of New York, E. C. McMechen has been newspaper man, magazine writer, author, editor; publicity director City of Denver; secretary Denver Art Museum; curator Department of Archeology and Ethnology, State Historical Society; and, 1945-53, its curator of state museums.

His published works include: *Life of Governor Evans* (1924); *Robert W. Speer, City Builder* (1919); *The Moffat Tunnel* (2 vols.); sections on Indians, history of art, music, drama, in Hafen's *Colorado and Its People*; many articles in the *Colorado Magazine* and many pamphlets for the Historical Society, including *The Tabor Story* (1951).

**A TRIBUTE TO
EDGAR C. McMECHEN**

By John Evans

As president of the Colorado State His-

Concluded on page 12

TRAIL DUST

Off for Spain: Dr. Arthur L. Campa, Posse member (Denver University). Arthur is to speak at the 700th anniversary of the founding of the University of Salamanca, and remain for a six-month lecture tour.

Newly elected secretary of the Zebulon Pike Sesquicentennial committee at Colorado Springs is PM Carl Mathews.

PM Eric Douglas had a comparatively small but deeply interested audience recently in Los Angeles for the 80th presentation of his Indian Style Show. There were 350 there to see the show, in the Coliseum—which seats 105,000.

Sharing time with Doug and Willie, PM Don Bloch made his TV debut June 22, talking about his hobby, speleology.

PM Elvon Howe plans a Yampa river trip August 5-9 through Dinosaur Monument National Park.

Henry Swan, who has long been interested in western history and The Westerners, retires July 1 from active service at the U. S. National bank. He stays on as a director.

The Colorado Story, by PM LeRoy Hafen and Ann Hafen, will be published July 20. In preparation two years, this will replace a textbook, also written by the Hafens, which has been used in Colorado schools the past ten years. The new book is illustrated by Herndon Davis and Paul Busch, and issued by the Old West Publishing Co. (Fred Rosenstock), which is also publishing, in September, *Our Colorado*, a textbook for lower grades, by Maude Frandsen of Aurora.

Charles Nines, a long-time member of the Chicago Westerners, was a guest at the Denver meeting June 24.

—W—

High-Water Mark: The membership committee (Roth, Ellsworth, Mathews) has us up to 524 members—42 Posse, 3 Reserve, 479 Corresponding.



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Denver Posse

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Room 306, State Museum Building 14th and Sherman Streets

Denver 2, Colo.

Founded January 26, 1945

1953 Officers:

Sheriff, Dr. Philip W. Whiteley.

Deputy sheriff, W. S. Broome.

Roundup foreman (secretary), Francis B. Rizzari.

Tally man (treasurer), Ralph B. Mayo, Sr.

Chuck wrangler, Arthur Zeuch.

Assistant registrar, Francis B. Rizzari.

Book review chairman, Ray G. Colwell.

Program chairman, Fletcher W. Birney, Jr.

Membership chairman, Charles B. Roth.

Publications chairman, Elvon L. Howe.

Registrar of marks and brands (editor Brand Book), Maurice Frink.

Working the Range

Cover Picture: PM Walter Gann provided the print from which this month's cover photo was made. The print is marked "No. 176 The Round-up Breaking Camp, Negative, print and copyright by L. A. Huffman, Miles C., Mont. 04."

Trail Driving Days (Scribner, 1952) prints this picture with a caption which implies it is in Wyoming.

Walter Gann says: "This picture is the remuda of saddle horses and camp of the Powder River Pool, taken about twenty miles east of Miles City, Mont., near the Hill ranch. The print was given to me by Mrs. Smith White, formerly Miss Ruby Hill. Her father, the late W. P. Hill, was a member of the Pool and I represented him on the round-up in 1909."

—W—

Roundups: The June meeting, in the Press Club, was highlighted by the presence of Bernard DeVoto, guest of Tom Ferril. Elvon Howe's paper on Lord Ogilvy was deferred to the July meeting, the 22nd, at Charlie Roth's ranch. (Go west on 72, turn left at second stop light in Arvada; take Coal Creek road 7 miles;

turn right just before underpass. This meeting, Posse and their guests only.)

—W—

Other Events: Sunday, July 19, historical tour on route of Swan Land and Cattle Company roundups of the '80s. Sponsored by Albany County Historical Society, U. of Wyoming Summer School and Laramie Kiwanis Club. Starts from Laramie courthouse square at 9 a.m.

Thursday and Friday, July 16-17, at University of Denver, Western Folk Festival, Levette J. Davidson, director. Programs at 8 p.m. Thursday, 2:30 and 8 p.m. Friday, with chuck wagon supper.

THE SOLID MULDOON.

VOLUME N.

OURAY, COLORADO, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1888.

NO. 10.

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Ouray, Colorado, 1888.

On the Trail of the Legendary Dave Day

BY J. JOSEPH LEONARD

(Talk given May 27, 1953, at Westerners' Roundup, Denver Press Club.)

Mr. Leonard, who tells here some of his experiences running down information for his forthcoming book on a Colorado newspaper and its editor, came to Colorado in 1933 from his native Connecticut. With an A.B. from Western State and an M.A. from the University of Iowa, he has taught at East High in Denver, at South Dakota A. & M., Colorado A. & M., University of Tennessee and Washington University of St. Louis. He was four years a newscaster with the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Dave Day, the "candid and impetuous" editor of *The Solid Muldoon*, a weekly newspaper published in Ouray, Colo., from September, 1879, to February, 1892, was born near Cincinnati, O., March 7, 1847. When but 14 and practically illiterate, he joined the Union army and fought in nearly every major engagement of the Western campaign. For gallantry at Vicksburg he received the Congressional Medal of Honor. He was captured and escaped three times—including a stay in and escape from the notorious Andersonville prison. In his own words, he "played back-stop" to four doses of Confederate lead. And he was one of Sherman's picked "bummers" in the swath-to-the-sea operation. He was a Chief of Scouts at seventeen. After—as he termed it—a "rustle" of three years, seven months and twenty-six days, he was mustered out of the army, still only 18. However, he had acquired something more than experience and scars. General A. V. Rice had had the young scout taught to write.

After the war, Day drifted to Missouri on the advice of his former commander, General Francis P. Blair, prime-mover in the Democratic party in Missouri, and a member of what Carl Sandburg has described as "the most political family in the country." Dave Day settled down in Marshall, a sleepy town in western Missouri, surrounded before the Civil War by giant plantations dotted with lovely pillared homes built by slave labor. The town was—and still is—essentially Southern, even down to its blatant signs commanding segregation in matters pertaining to kidney and bowel.

Ten miles east of Marshall, on the then banks of the Missouri, was the town of Arrow Rock, with its famous hostelry—which still stands—the Arrow Rock Tavern, with its fish-shaped weather vane, slave block, tap room and ballroom. Today on a bronze plaque fastened to the building can be read the following:

This old tavern, erected in 1830, marks the first trail from east to west.

Standing as a sentinel on guard, its ivy'd walls contain the secret dreams of those who built the western empire and helped mold the motto of this great state.*

It was built by one Judge Huston and played host to such travelers as Washington Irving and Kit Carson. It was the first stop on the Santa Fe Trail west of the Missouri river. The famous painter George Caleb Bingham lived not a hundred yards from the tavern and some of the people and buildings in Arrow Rock appear in Bingham's paintings. It was in Arrow Rock Tavern that Dave Day and Victoria Sophia Folck, a transplanted Southern belle, celebrated their wedding. And it was in this same Arrow Rock Tavern one night in February, 1952, that a tremendous and ornate bed caved in on my wife and myself. Antiques, I feel, have more aesthetic than functional value.

A few miles west of Arrow Rock, in a sea of fertility, stands a blood-red brick mansion with two-storied white columns and a glassed-in cupalo. It was the home of Dr. Sappington, the man who introduced quinine into the Mississippi basin in the fight against malaria. It was raining the day I drove out there over rutted country roads, only to discover the mansion was being renovated by a doctor from Marshall, after it had virtually fallen into complete disrepair. Somehow I was depressed by the countryside, beautiful and feminine though it was. The Missouri had moved away from the town and the tavern; people had moved from former plantations into the now drowsy and drab town of Marshall.

On the way into Marshall I passed a pink granite Santa Fe Trail marker that carried this inscription:

SANTA FE TRAIL
1821-1872
Marked by the
Daughters of the
American Revolution
and the
STATE OF MISSOURI

In Marshall I inquired at the office of the *Marshall Progress* if there were any old timers who might possibly remember Dave Day in his Missouri period, from 1867 to 1878. The city editor confessed never having heard of Day or his paper—which was understandable, in view of what I was to run into in Ouray, where Day fulminated and edited for over a dozen years. Oddly, however, in the office of this same editor in Marshall, Mo., hung a calendar on which was a mountain scene—and that mountain scene was shot looking south over the town of Ouray at the looming and patriarchal Mt. Abrams! The editor finally managed to arrange an audience for me with the two daughters and son of a Marshall merchant who had given Day a job in his general store. Their home was a tremendous brick affair on a tree-lined avenue. The three tried desperately to remember for me—but could only succeed in depressing me with the news that Day sent their father the *Muldoon* year after year, but the papers had all been gathered up in one grand spring cleaning and burned. This was a pattern to be repeated with heart-breaking regularity.

The same city editor called one of the Marshall banks whose president is an amateur historian and told him of my interest in Dave Day. It was after-hours but I was told to go over and rap on the window and I'd be admitted. I did, and I was. The banker checked his history of Saline county—but there was no reference to Dave Day.

Meanwhile the city editor was prowling through the court house records. He came

*Missouri's motto is "The welfare of the people shall be the supreme law."

up with the record of Day's marriage—and an item concerning Day's having been caught gambling and having been fined one dollar. Years later Day was to make reference to this "gamboling on the green" as he called it. I was given access to old newspaper files which were piled helter-skelter in the hot basement of the building but discovered to my dismay there were the files of *two* papers, the *Progress* and the *Marshall Democrat*, that the files were incomplete, that Day free-lanced on both papers at first, and that, of course, there were no by-lines. However, I did at last start running across specific references to this wraith-like character about whom so many in the town knew so little. I did unearth the farewell penned by the editor of the *Progress*. It must be remembered that latterly Day worked exclusively for the *Democrat*. The rival editor said the relations of the two papers had been kept friendly by Day—which I am sure now is the strangest tribute ever paid to Day and the strangest role he ever played. His *Solid Muldoon* and *Durango Democrat* were journalistic juggernauts before whose presses many a rival editor fell or fled. And the editor of the *Progress* went on to say they would miss Day's "queer, quaint sayings." After reading perhaps ten million words written by Dave Day, I still would not describe his sayings as "queer" or "quaint." I prefer Day's own description of himself: "candid and impetuous."

Two and a half years after Day left Marshall in a horse-drawn wagon and headed into Kansas, this item appeared in *The Solid Muldoon*:

Saline County, Missouri, one of the grandest and most fertile bodies of agricultural land upon the continent, is blessed, or more properly speaking, cursed with her quota of rich but damnably close-fisted and penurious old fogys, venerable wrecks who did little but traffic in Negroes before the war and aught but loan money at exorbitant rates since. Marshall, the county seat, a beautiful village of some four thousand souls, found it necessary to indulge in two hotly contested elections before a majority sufficient to erect a school house could be gained. After the school house was secured and erected, the Sandidge brothers, editors and proprietors of the *Saline Progress*, and their friends, began the herculean task of securing for the constituency a court house in keeping with their taxable wealth and prosperity. The very name or mention of a court house (and the county had none) set the old "coon" hunters aglow with indignation. They swore the poor white and Negroes would pauperize the county—(taxable wealth over twenty million, appropriation asked for, \$60,000). Argument and reason failed to convince and the battle became one of enterprise vs. fogyism. Twice were the enterprise forces pinned to the wall, but the Sandidge boys carried the war into Africa and the third pull resulted in an appropriation of \$51,800. We congratulate the Sandidge brothers upon their success and hope they will get even with their late enemies by asking a healthy appropriation for the purpose of erecting a foundling hospital for the care and comfort of "colored waifs."

Ever after that hateful trip across Kansas, Day never missed an opportunity to blast the state and its inhabitants, whom he called "garlic blossoms." This is but a sample of how he treated the Sunflower state. When a religious fanatic from Kansas claimed the child born unto her was the second Christ, Day snapped back:

Kansas would be the last place on earth one with supernatural powers would think of selecting for a birthplace, but when it comes to the crucifixion, Kansas can furnish thieves for all the Messiahs the world can produce.

Day's first stop-over in Colorado was at Silver Cliff and Rosita, where he pros-

pected and chopped cordwood for a living. From there he moved over the Divide, down the Gunnison valley, up the Uncompahgre Valley and into the front ramparts of the incomparable San Juans.

I think I know the awe and wonder Dave Day felt when he entered the Ouray country. To the east was Uncompahgre Peak, Sawtooth Range, Court House Rock, Coxcomb Peak; straight south, shouldering the sky, was Mt. Abrams; to the west was White House, and Mt. Sneffels dominating the jagged front range. Within town were: Cascade Falls, hot water springs, Box Canyon, the incredible Amphitheatre starting at Main Street and rising to 12,500 feet, the striated red cliffs to the north of town. It is no wonder he referred to it as "Blessed Ouray" and trumpeted its glories half way around the globe. There were moonrises and rainbows to chronicle, and trips up the unbelievable and what is now Camp Bird road to the town of Sneffels at 10,500 feet. There were stories on ore coming down from the Virginus mine, at 12,500 feet, with its first electric plant in the entire San Juan. It was while crossing a snow swale on the way to the now abandoned Virginus buildings one August afternoon that my wife slipped and slid down the snow patch. Arriving at the bottom she discovered she had managed to collect several small pieces of broken Virginus boarding house crockery—in her slacks. It was the Virginus mine that contributed so many lives lost in snow-slides—and so many lives lost to pneumonia. In the Sept. 14, 1888, issue of the *Muldoon* appeared this sober and searching observation by Dave Day, illustrative of a side of the man many have forgotten:

Men who delve in the bowels of the earth at an altitude exceeding 10,000 feet for any length of time are in no condition to stand the ravages of pneumonia, and the majority of those who come down from the elevated mines in search of medical aid are very generally in a condition that baffles medical skill. The very complexion of the miners on the Virginus, who came down to attend the funeral of their dead foreman, tells too plainly the condition of their lungs and liver. A lower altitude, taken in time, is the correct prescription and the only one.

So moved was I by this paragraph, by my memories of my trips to the inhumanly located Virginus, and by a recent visit to the local cemetery, that I wrote the following:

MINERS DOWN FROM THE VIRGINUS
FOR A FUNERAL
(September, 1888)

Up where hawk and parmagian live,
These men live—
Where snows stay on though flowers come,
And brazen monoliths rake the sky for clouds.
But they have left the mazed mountain
And measure not this day
By drill-bit's bite
Or pungent odor of the shift-end blast.
For what they bear between them
Through this Fall afternoon,
Time has had a stop—eternity's begun,
While they in the valley sun
Stand stooped,
Wearing the pallor
Of men who have
Matched their few days against a mountain of time
—and lost.

In the summer of '52 my wife and I tackled Horse Thief Trail afoot. This trail takes off opposite the municipal swimming pool, climbs sharply across shale slides, through the Blow-Out, which is an ugly and many-colored gully of water-worn rock, up through forests, past abandoned mines that were worked during the "Gold-Belt" era, when Dave Day made his strike at the Dexter No. 2, El Mahdi, and Mugwump, across the Bridge of Heaven, a knife-edge outcropping of rock with thousand-foot drop-offs on either side, and thence up onto American Flats, those vast, tundra-like expanses that roll away to the east behind the Amphitheatre. Up here, in a cirque near the very top of Engineer Mountain, at approximately 13,000 feet, sat the now ghostliest of ghost towns—Engineer City. Dave Day passed that way afoot as he and Jerrold Letcher hiked the 26 miles from Ouray to Lake City in the summer of 1879 to buy the old *San Juan Crescent* presses from John H. Maugham.

From American Flats we looked across at Mt. Sneffels and beyond into the blue La Sal mountains of Utah. And then it started to rain and hail. We scampered across the Bridge of Heaven and looked back just in time to see a nearly 360-degree rainbow resting on the Bridge. Night caught us on the upper side of the Blow-Out, with only a fractional moon shining occasionally through fast-moving and tattered clouds. Frankly, I was afraid of the Blow-Out crossing. Half of the Blow-Out was in darkness, half in moonlight, we found upon reaching it. With my wife hanging on to my shirt-tail, literally, we crossed the gully.

Soon after, we were met by a rescue party from town. We had been gone nine hours, but the sights we saw were more than worth the pain the bleeding blisters had given us.

As we rode up the Camp Bird road, Christmas Day, 1952, in the open bed of a jeep, I thought of those Christmases in the 1880s at the now ghost town of Sneffels, two miles by road above the present Camp Bird site. Then, of course, there was no Camp Bird. In the town of Sneffels lived many Englishmen and Welshmen, who celebrated Christmas with plum duff, brandy, held open-house, and sang songs from sheets printed on *Muldoon* presses. Presiding over it all was the genial and talented Geo. R. Porter, postmaster, photographer, harmonica-player, artist, and as Day called him, "The Good Shepherd of Mt. Sneffels."

As we rode back down the Camp Bird road by brilliant moonlight—full of liquid cheer—I thought of the dozens of funeral corteges that had wound down the same road, under overhanging cliffs and with the constant threat of slides, and I thought of the stories in the *Muldoon* of miners who, with their skins full of "liquid barbed wire," staggered off cliffs into space and were reduced to pulp, or sagged into a drift and were not found until spring. And I thought of those who spent a wicked night in the open—and as a consequence suffered the loss of fingers, hands, arms, toes or legs.

And there was the quick trip up to Mt. Sneffels town early one Sunday when, upon advice from Denver, I learned that file upon file of old records at the Revenue mine were to be destroyed by new owners. Days later, a match fired tens of thousands of pieces of paper tracing the history of the Virginus, the Terrible, the Revenue—of a whole era in the history of mining in that portion of San Juan. Happily, I can report I salvaged a few thousand pieces of the record—unless the pack rats decided to winter on my records. In passing, the records show a man working on the burro trail to the Virginus—according to the work slips printed by The Muldoon Printing & Publishing Company—made \$1.50 a day. Yet minstrels and theatricals playing down in Ouray charged 50c to \$1.50 a ticket. A meal in town cost 50c—or one-third of a day's wage.

To the north of Ouray are two small lakes, Black Lake and Lake Lenore. I don't know of another lake in America that has had as many names as has Black Lake. Dave Day, who at one time owned the lake, would re-christen it to honor anyone of his choosing. Sometimes he would name it after a Democratic governor, representative, or

senator. Always, of course, the individual had to be a Democrat. Or sometimes he named it after—himself. It was on the edge of Black Lake that a D&RG train struck and killed Day's dog Flash. Day opined that he couldn't make up his mind whether to "soap the tracks" in reprisal—or just go out and steal another dog. Incidentally, when this same Flash was expecting a litter of pups, Day described the litter as being in a state of "Innocuous entombment." Almost due east of Black Lake, across highway 550, is Lake Lenore, which once was a busy spot for picnickers, boaters, dancers, and sight-seers. Last fall as I stood on the shore of Lake Lenore I heard blasting above at the Bachellor workings—then the metallic crack as the sound echoed off the surface of the water. It was of this very spot that Day observed one could hear the sound of blasting and the click of the harvester at the same time.

Day's Chipeta ranch home was not far from here. The buildings are gone now, the trees blighted, and Victoria's dance pavilion, though still standing, now houses grain and an occasional cow.

At times it would appear as though the Furies have been intent on obliterating all traces of Dave Day and his *Solid Muldoon*. Though I have lived 15 months in the town of Ouray, to date the only copy of a *Solid Muldoon* I have seen, in the town in which the paper was published for 12 years, hangs on the east wall of my bedroom.

Let me list quickly some of the strange places I have been in and things I have seen while tracking down the self-styled "Muldoon philosopher," who waged war with Queen Victoria, the Pope, presidents, and the local milk man, and who was quoted in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, the *N. Y. World*, the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, and on the London Mining Exchange. There was the day I found myself addressing the Ouray Women's Club on the subject of Dave Day's political and economic philosophy—in the room in which *The Solid Muldoon* was printed. There was the cache of old newspapers under a rug in a house we bought—but no *Muldoon*. There were several *Idea-O-Graphs*, put out by the Arps Brothers hardware store—but no *Muldoon*. There is a burro shoe nailed over the front door of our house. I picked it up on the trail to the Virginius the same day I picked up a half pint whisky bottle that lay purpling on the trail near the now slide-scattered Virginius boarding house. I have been in a fire-trap of a building that houses stacks of dust-covered old Ouray *Plaindealers*—which are now used to start fires. In another building I saw soot-covered and forgotten rows of box files which contain—who knows? I have seen a doctor's black satchel, covered with decades of dust, in which lie rusting his once expensive set of surgical instruments. In a small traveling case covered with stickers advertising a steamship line and many famous German spas, I found by purest chance a pair of oval-shaped, gold-rimmed glasses that once belonged to one of Dave Day's favorite enemies. In a cigar box I found a doctor's medical school career, down to his record in the dissecting room and up to his very medical school diploma. And in that same box I found a handwritten biographical sketch of his father, who was also a doctor, but who led a strictly Hollywood career in Turkey and Asia Minor, becoming involved in international intrigue leading to his eventual expulsion and consequent coming to America.

I have had unrolled for me the original curtain in the Wright Opera House, painted by the same artist who did the curtain for H. A. W. Tabor's Denver Opera House. I have stood on the stage where 30 live sheep were employed in a scene in the play "The Long Lane," and I have been where but few have been in the last third of a century—in a variety theatre long forgotten, where once a dark miner with a springy step used to mix with the crowd and occasionally flatten an obstreperous drunk. He was to become known as Jack Dempsey.

On Jan. 5, 1953, I was called to the San Juan Miners hospital in Ouray. My daughter had fallen and broken her arm. As I sat in the room with her, waiting for the one doctor in town to get to her, I thought of the fabulous history of the building

—and Dave Day's part in it. One issue of *The Solid Muldoon* read in England by an Englishman had literally started the very hospital in which my daughter was receiving medical treatment nearly 70 years later! It was Dave Day who pushed the project and was the largest subscriber to it, a feat which he duplicated in the building of the Beaumont hotel.

When the last Iron Pony pulled into Ouray in a blizzard one Saturday afternoon this past March, I was there to greet it with camera and head full of stories about the first train to enter some 65 years previous. Sadly my pictures of the last train into Ouray show all too clearly—I was the only person, literally, down to see the last train in. Yet on that bitter cold day in December, 1887, when the first train came in, there was a tremendous turnout. And when the first passenger train pulled out of Ouray, with the Ouray Board of Trade riding back in the coach, at the throttle was none other than—Dave Day. There was more than chagrin on the faces of the members of the Board of Trade when they discovered their enemy, the Muldoon Philosopher, was at the helm.

During a meal in the dining room of the Beaumont I would think of the magnificent masquerades that were held there in the late 'Eighties, with "replenishments" at midnight and dancing until dawn, with Dave Day looking down from the small balcony on the intricate dances and reporting to his readers that "they were all sizes, from a ginger-snap up." And at the foot of the stairway in the lobby I visualized Day seizing the fugitive Negro Dixon who had just killed a serving girl named Ellar Day—and how the affair ended, with Vigilantes, matches, and "death by suffocation," as the coroner's jury later reported.

No doubt all of you in your research have run into experiences such as the following: "The Beaumont hotel took six years to build. It was wired by Thomas Edison. The chandeliers cost \$50,000 apiece but wealthy Denver and Colorado Springs people have carted them off. Everything was brought in by oxen team." So the unwary is informed—or misinformed—by the present management. In fact, the Beaumont was started in 1886 and completed in '87, a novelty man from Denver wired it, the total cost was not more than \$45,000, and the bricks were baked in Ouray where the present fish pond is. The original slate roof was quarried within the city limits. I do not say all this to disparage the Beaumont and its history. Rather, I am so in love with the truth about the building that I fear the reaction of people when they discover they have been duped by gilded stories. The truth is fabulous enough for me.

In a vein of carelessness, stupidity, or innocence, I have been told: "Yes, I taught at the Revere tunnel when it employed 5,000 men. My school was at better than 14,000 feet." Over drinks I have been told in all seriousness that Ouray once had a population of 35,000. My remonstrating and quoting U. S. Census figures, the newspapers, and offering to show pictures of the town at its boom height avail me nothing.

Even Mrs. Day's biographical sketch of Dave Day and her own autobiographical sketch had to be checked closely. For example, Mrs. Day tells of meeting Chief Ouray. Actually, Ouray died in 1880, and Mrs. Day didn't come to Colorado until September of 1881.

I was told just a few weeks ago that the bell in the fire tower in Telluride has been hanging there for "better than a hundred years." If this were true, then of necessity I must believe in sky-hooks.

While on this project it occurred to me that an interesting experiment might well be performed: to write two books, one based on the written records, the other based on what one dredges up from so-called "personal interviews." It is quite conceivable there would be very little factual connection between the two works.

Concluded in July Issue



Westerner's Bookshelf



BOOKLETS BY BANCROFT

PHOTO STORY OF THE MATCH-LESS MINE, by Caroline Bancroft. 16 pp. The Golden Press, Inc., 1953. 75c.

As the title indicates, this booklet consists largely of old photos (about 35), dealing with the Tabors and the Matchless. Captions and an occasional page of text give a thumbnail sketch of the oftentold story.

These same pictures, and presumably captions and text, have also been incorporated in an "illustrated edition" of the more complete *Silver Queen*, which sells for \$1.50 as compared to the "regular edition" price of \$1.00.

The *Photo Story* will make a good supplement for many persons who bought the original *Silver Queen*. Miss Bancroft and her Colorado booklets need no introduction to the Westerners, of which she is a corresponding member.

MILE HIGH DENVER, by Caroline Bancroft. 48 pp., illustrated with old and new photos. The Golden Press, Inc., and the American News Co. 85c.

This belated notice is offered apologetically, because it should have appeared last fall, when *Mile High Denver* first came on the stands. The booklet, however, is one of continuing interest, to visitors especially, and it is to the latter and to the rapidly increasing number of Colorado residents who are displaying an interest in the history of our state that it is directed.

With a practically even division between "Way Station" and "Tourist Town" it presents adequately, in picture and text, the story of both the frontier settlement and the modern city. While there is, perhaps, little if anything new in the historical presentation, the arrangement and production are good, and the latter section, particularly, brings together in one place much information about Den-

ver's progress toward becoming a modern city.

Recommended for Westerners to recommend to visitors and friends who want a bird's-eye view of old and new Denver.

—R. G. COLWELL, *Westerner*.

—W—

BAD HOMBRES AND A DAME

TOUGHEST OF THEM ALL, by Glenn Shirley. University of New Mexico Press, \$3.50.

They didn't make the headlines as often as the James boys or Wild Bill Hickok, but the characters in this book were just as tough; maybe tougher. Good men as well as bad, with a nail-hard female for feminine interest, all were tough enough to tangle with a rattlesnake and give him first bite.

Shooting their way through the 141 pages are such bad men as Cherokee Bill, Indian Territory renegade, and the pal of Billy the Kid, "Pistol Pete" Frank Eaton, with eleven notches on his forty-five. The bad woman is Kate Bender, who murdered for fun and profit. Tough but not bad was gun-toting Temple Houston, lawyer son of the Texas Liberator, who won a murder case by shooting the jury out of the box.

Graduate of the La Salle School of Law and of the IAS School of Criminology, the author has taught police courses in Oklahoma's state universities and is captain of the Bureau of Identification of the Stillwater, Okla., police department. He has compiled an informative and interesting record of a dozen or more rawhide-tough denizens of the frontier.

—FORBES PARKHILL, *Westerner*.

—W—

FROM THE WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

HELL ON HORSES AND WOMEN, by Alice Marriott. University of

Oklahoma Press, 1953. 290 pages, illustrated. \$4.50.

"The cow business is a damn fine business for men and mules, but it's hell on horses and women." This famous dictum is credited to an anonymous cowboy, not to one of the women concerned. Alice Marriott set out to learn whether the women who live on cattle ranches nowadays hold this opinion. She talked with women who lived on cattle ranches in many regions. None of them said their lives were unhappy, and most of them said they thought life on a ranch was the best of all possible lives. The results of her interviews she wrote in this book,

NOTE FOR MEN ONLY:

My advice to you fellows is "Don't pass this one up with the idea that because it is written by one woman and reviewed by another, it is exclusively for feminine readers." I picked it up last night and found it hard to lay down. Alice Marriott knows her ranch men as well as she does her ranch women. Their place in her scheme of things may not always agree with all we try to put across to our wives, but she treats both sides fairly. The result is good reading about some of the more difficult aspects of the distaff side of the cow business.

—R. G. C.

not in the form of a sociological treatise, but in twenty short stories about various phases of woman's life on ranches in western states from Wyoming to Texas and from Utah to Nebraska. Any one of them would stand alone as an interesting short story.

There is one particularly appealing story about an Indian girl who is refused service at a restaurant in South Dakota but who is soon afterward chosen to be queen of the town's rodeo.

Others deal with the courage a woman needs in an isolated home where a bad winter may keep the roads closed for weeks. The nearest thing to hell about their lives, most of the women thought, was the necessity of deciding every year about the children's education—whether

they should be taught at home, or sent away to school, or if the mother should live with them in town during some of their schooling. The nearest the author ever comes to any controversial matters is a mention of the ranchman's quarrels with the U. S. Forest Service about the erosion caused by cattle trails and the best methods of fire control.

Alice Marriott is an ethnologist living near Santa Fe, and is the author of *Maria: The Potter of San Ildefonso*, and other books on Indians and on ranch life. She says people tell her this book paints too rosy a picture, but she says the women who told their stories must be blamed for that; she only wrote what they told her.

—Julia Lipsey

—W—

EDGAR CARLISLE McMECHEN

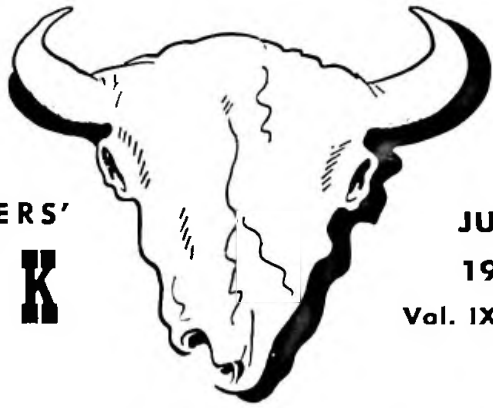
Concluded from page 2

torical Society from 1941 to 1949, it was my privilege to be closely associated with a great, yet modest, public servant,—Edgar C. McMechen.

Mr. McMechen recently has been prompted by his health to resign his arduous duties as curator of the central and branch museums of the Historical Society.

The signal advance in the value of the public service rendered by the Society during that entire period was in large measure due to him. Within a background of profound knowledge of the history of his state, his ability and vision and unswerving loyalty to the interests of the state and of the Society were of the highest order. His accomplishments at the central museum, at the branch museums at Ft. Garland and Leadville, as well as the work now under way at Montrose and Pike Stockade, are the more notable considering the very restricted budgets appropriated by the state legislature for the support of the Society under which he has had to operate.

It is my earnest hope that when his health has been sufficiently regained he can again assume his public service to the state and to the Society, at least in a part-time or advisory capacity.



The DENVER WESTERNERS'
BRAND BOOK

JULY
1953
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The Custer Battlefield museum, shown above, is crowded by hundreds of visitors daily. The battlefield, a National Monument, Major E. S. Luce, superintendent, is near Crow Agency, Mont. This Roehen photo shows the National Cemetery in background. Foreground, hill where Custer and his officers died, June 25, 1876. Markers indicate where bodies lay.

In This Issue:

My Kingdom for a Horse in the House, by Elvon L. Howe.



ELVON L. HOWE
Westerner of the Month

In introducing the speaker at the Posse meeting July 22, at Charlie Roth's Cameo Ranch, Arvada, PM John J. Lipsey said:

Mr. Sheriff and Fellow-Westerners:

When Elvon Howe learned I was to present him to you tonight, he asked that I make the introduction *insulting*. I find it impossible to comply with his request, for two reasons: First, because no one has yet found a way to insult *any* modern newspaper man; second, because in the West, between friends, insults are only expressions of high regard, and I do not know any epithets vile enough to express my esteem for Elvon Howe.

He is a native, not a naturalized, Westerner. Born in South Dakota and reared in Alaska and Kansas, he was educated in Kansas, Pennsylvania and Missouri, and was a city editor in Nebraska. He chose Colorado as his home and working-place. He has been a ranch-hand in Gunnison County and a job-printer, compositor, stereotyper, advertising man, reporter, and editor elsewhere in Colorado. He learned a lot when he worked for our

own Ed Bemis, director of the Colorado Press Association. He was pretty proud when, in 1942, he got a job as reporter on the Denver Post. He need not have been, for the Post then needed *any* kind of help. Soon he was filling in as vacation relief for the Sunday editor. He wrote some pieces for the Post which were re-published as a book called "Air World: The Geography of Global War and Peace." A licensed pilot, he tried to get into combat flying service, but the Navy commissioned him in naval air intelligence, put him aboard the carrier Belleau Wood which served at Iwo Jima and Okinawa. Later he was on the staff of a classified intelligence periodical in Washington.

In 1946 he became a civilian again and Palmer Hoyt, editor of the Denver Post, sent him as an observer on the cruiser Denver to Bikini to watch the atom-bomb test; to White Sands to report the first public demonstration of our V-2 rocket, and for an air tour of Alaska. In 1946, too, he was assigned the task of starting the Post's new Rocky Mountain Magazine (now called Empire). He set the pattern for an intensely local and regional magazine which has discovered and developed new Western material and writers.

In 1949 he was promoted from magazine editor to Sunday editor. He had charge of preparing the brochure, "So the People May Know," when the Post moved to its new building.

In 1950 Doubleday & Company published a collection of feature stories from the Post's magazine, calling it "Rocky Mountain Empire." Howe edited that, too. At present he is one of Posseman Charles Roth's valued associates. Elvon was editor of the 1952 monthly Brand Book of the Denver Westerners. He is editor of the annual Brand Book to be issued late this year. He has been and is one of the most useful members this Posse has ever had.

Fellow-Westerners: *Lord* Howe. Lord, help us!



The BRAND BOOK

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Denver 2, Colo.

Founded January 26, 1945

1953 Officers:

Sheriff, Dr. Philip W. Whiteley.

Deputy sheriff, W. S. Broome.

Roundup foreman (secretary), Francis B. Rizzari.

Tally man (treasurer), Ralph B. Mayo, Sr.

Chuck wrangler, Arthur Zeuch.

Assistant registrar, Francis B. Rizzari.

Book review chairman, Ray G. Colwell.

Program chairman, Fletcher W. Birney, Jr.

Membership chairman, Charles B. Roth.

Publications chairman, Elvan L. Howe.

Registrar of marks and brands (editor Brand Book), Maurice Frink.

TRAIL DUST

Our sense of editorial niceties dies a painful death every time mechanical limitations make it necessary to run a paper like Joe Leonard's in two instalments, or condense one as we did Elvon Howe's to get it in one issue. Only consolation is, you do get it whole, plus pictures, in the Annual Brand Book.

Lively evening at the June roundup, in the Press Club, with Tom Ferril's guest Bernard DeVoto shooting from the hip, and Westerners fanning their shots right back at him. The original topic was writing history (DeVoto said it isn't history unless it's also literature) but a lot of other topics were covered, including: Was the Civil War an anachronism and if so how?

Nine members who went to Wyoming July 19 for the field trip in old Swan Land & Cattle Company country reported that historical values plus wonderful Wyoming hospitality made the hot and dusty trip worth while.

Richard E. Leach, La Verne, Calif., writes that he believes the May Brand Book's unidentified cover picture was a photo of "Sterling, Mosquito mining district, Colorado, when my father was

postmaster and recruiting officer there for USA 1862-67."

The August roundup, for Posse members and their invited guests (including wives), will be held on the 26th, at the L. D. Bax Tri-B ranch. Phil Whiteley says take the Denver-Marshall road, turn south on Bear creek school road west of the Federal Correction Institution (watch for water tower), to the Beers Sisters road, turn right to the ranch.

Book review chairman Ray Colwell renews his request to Possemen to advise him (at 306 State Museum, Denver) if they are interested in doing book reviews, and what their special interest are.

My Kingdom for a Horse in the House

BY ELVON L. HOWE

(Abstract of a 12,500-word paper read by Posse Member Howe at annual chuck-wagon dinner meeting July 22, 1953. Copyright Elvon L. Howe.)

This is the story of that tall man Lyluph Gilchrist Stanley Ogilvy—an Elizabethan three centuries transplanted, a Prince Hal of the Windsor Hotel Bar, a Rob Roy of the purple glens under Long's Peak, a Bobbie Burns in the prohibitionist Union Colony, a Queen's captain in cowboy pants, a lordly democrat of blazing beard and blazing spirit, a horseman, a soldier, a farmer, a thorough gentleman, and a lot of man for a' that . . .

(He was the second son of David Graham Ogilvy, eighth earl of the noble Scottish house of Airlie, and the countess Henrietta Blanche Ogilvy whose lineage went back to William the Conqueror. Lyluph's older brother, David Graham, was killed in the Boer war. Lyluph was born June 25, 1861.)

Lyluph dropped out of Eton at the end of the fifth form to cram for a lieutenancy in the Lanark militia and do a passel of fox-hunting. Sent to Germany to train for a diplomatic career, he and his undiplomatic companions studied principally how to wreck beer halls.

Already his tastes ran to pedigreed horses and non-pedigreed people . . . His best human friend (at Eton) was a blacksmith-farrier who kept a few goats at the foot of Notting Hill. On the estates in Scotland he hunted, and mixed with the farmers and cotters, learning a lifelong passion for making things grow . . . He had a mind scornful of trivia but capable of a leaping comprehension that later kept his most alert friends jumping to keep up with it. He knew a fair quota of Latin, spoke French and German and superb English. But the words "caution" and "safety" to him were obscure terms from the Sanskrit, one of the languages he did not know . . .

His father the earl had purchased some western cattle lands in 1880. By the following year it was time for him to make a personal inspection of those properties. We can presume that the responsible villagers of Forfarshire breathed a bit easier when they learned that the earl would take along his daughter Maude and his second son Lyluph on the American tour.

On Crow Creek, northeast of Greeley, the earl possessed some of the finest grassland in Colorado, the Half-Diamond L ranch (now the LSW). Protected by a seven-mile drift fence, this place was ideal for wintering Texas cattle and getting their ticks off before shipping them east to market the following season. He packed off to look at some more land in New Mexico, but became ill and hurried back to the Windsor in a high fever later diagnosed as typhoid. He died September 11.

As soon as the earl was properly laid to rest in Scotland, Lyluph Ogilvy raced back to Colorado. He had instantly, permanently and completely adopted the frontier country as his own because, he said, "I was getting tired of waiting for a groom to come and saddle my horse!"

Here were broncs to ride and jack-rabbits to course. Here were geese to shoot (he used a Mauser rifle and always aimed at the head "for a clean kill or a clean miss") and gray wolves to hunt with dogs (even after several breeding experiments, the wolves always won). Here was polite society of a rather cosmopolitan brilliance to be dipped into whenever the mood demanded. Here was a landscape stirring and capricious—mountains that would kill a good man and stuff golden riches into the hands of his shiftless companion, woods and plains pregnant with daily adventure to

keep a man's blood moving. Here also were some of the highest-hearted drinking companions a man was likely to find anywhere.

"When you live in a country, live *with* it!" was Lyulph Ogilvy's declared motto. From the first, he would have no part of the colony of homesick nobility which had taken up large tracts of land and much of the social limelight in Colorado during the eighties. William MacLeod Raine recalls that Ogilvy would not play in, or even attend, the cricket games Denver's foreign contingent found so gay around the turn of the century. Lyulph Gilchrist Stanley Ogilvy had found his natural home. (So, incidentally, had his lively sister Maude, who returned to marry Theodore Whyte, a former manager of Lord Dunraven's estates in the Estes Park district.)

Yarns about Ogilvy's lyrical hell-raising have been plentiful, but beyond these, little about him has been set down. The depths and breadths of one of the truly commanding figures of our West have been lightly passed over.

For much of this scarcity of information the man himself is responsible. Fine conversationalist that he was, Captain the Honorable Lyulph Ogilvy in his reflective years was astonishingly rigid in applying the rule against talking about himself. In twenty-five years of cautious inquiry, for example, his closest working companion on the Denver Post, James B. Hale, was unable to pry from this Scot the incident that had brought him the Distinguished Service Order, Britain's second highest military decoration. Nor were his son Jack David Angus Ogilvy (of the University of Colorado) and all the rest of the family, at least those this side of Scotland, able to learn that information. In the Captain's code nothing mattered except for a man to act like a man, and individual notoriety was to be tolerated only for dogs and horses.

He was a horseman.

For riding purposes, a well-broken, obedient animal could rouse no interest in him whatsoever, even as early as his teen-age in Scotland. Let a bronc whistle a pair of heels past his ears in the corral of a morning, however, and Ogilvy had chosen his mount for the day. He rode nothing but buckers, and most of those with a flat English saddle, thus making conventional cowhands doubly sure that the wild young Scotsman had rocks in his head.

Of literally hundreds of broncs he broke, he remembered best a mustang called Rawhide. Big and utterly tireless, Rawhide would settle Ogilvy's breakfast for him with a dozen sharp pitches, work through the longest summer day with the cattle, and likely as not buck just as hard at sunset. Riding "the long circle" one day after he had enjoyed this routine for several months, Ogilvy swapped horses with Marty Betham.

"Until then," says his son, "observing the proceedings only from Rawhide's back, he had regarded this horse as a playful rather than a dangerous bucker. But that day he watched Rawhide put on such a rodeo exhibition in tossing Betham around the prairie that he changed his mind and soon after sold the horse. That is the only example of reasonable caution in his dealings with horses that has ever come to my attention . . ."

By the nineties, Ogilvy's fame in horsemanship was far more extensive than that of "that flat-saddle damned fool." Many a northern Colorado rancher remarked his uncanny eye for a good horse of any type, and his ability to choose the right mount for any occasion. This judgment seemed equally sound with respect to racing thoroughbreds, road horses, and draft animals as well as riding stock . . .

When Lyulph Ogilvy took up the reins in a driving rig, Colorado was Scotland all over again. Passengers, pedestrians, dogs, cats, chickens, prairie dogs, and the team

itself were strictly on their own. Here was the prototype of later airplane jockeys and hot-rod champions who know only two throttle-settings: wide-open and off . . .

He was past seventy and had bought the little ranch called Three Waters near the mouth of the Big Thompson canyon when he was bucked off a horse for the last time.

"This is a pretty good horse," he wrote to a friend.

He was a hell-raiser.

At a time and place where hell-raising was a practiced public art, before the tide of dull respectability had lapped quite over the higher elevations of this continent, no one else in these parts created quite the fuss and chatter that surrounded Colorado's most eligible and durable young bachelor.

John Petrikin, president of the First National Bank at Greeley since the Year One and a lifelong Ogilvy friend and admirer, sums up the years 1881 to 1902 with the statement that "Lyluph Ogilvy could drink more whiskey and stand on his feet a gentleman than any other man in Colorado. You can imagine that some of our strict prohibitionists of the Union Colony here at Greeley often called him 'undependable.' But that was not so. No one I ever met was better known or better liked—if damage was done, he paid for it generously on the spot, and he was never known to be abusive or offensive to any man or woman."

On one of Lyluph Ogilvy's first Independence days in Colorado, the gang was amusing itself by trooping horses through the four rooms of Ogilvy's tiny house in Greeley, making them jump strings tied across the doorways until they broke through the flooring. Another powerfully-built Scotsman who had come from the Orkney Islands, Alexander D. Moody, joined the bottle-belters. The two tall countrymen had scarcely met before the celebrants were taunting them into a fist-fight. The 19-year-old Ogilvy allowed as how he could probably whip Moody, who was ten years older, with one hand, and Moody promptly plowed the yard with him.

"By Jove, you're a dandy!" yelled Ogilvy, getting to his feet and wrapping an arm around Moody's shoulders. "Give me ten years to get into my prime and I'll whip you yet."

From that day forward Moody was one of his closest friends and party companions . . .

The birthday of the poet Bobbie Burns was a state occasion each January 25th at the Half-Diamond L. For this, a caravan of three or more carriages arrived from Denver bearing Ogilvy and his guests in full evening dress as well as pipers skirling away like mad on the Scotch ballads. Greeley's society came too, including one belle named Kare Norcross (later Mrs. John Petrikin) who sang and danced in Scotch cap and plaid skirt to the great delight of all.

Ogilvy's passion for good horseflesh had a way of intruding itself into these celebrations. There were many races and bucking contests at his ranch, with prizes offered to the cowboys who would consent to sit down on those absurd little English saddles and stay on. On a notable number of instances when this affection was carried to its full alcoholic extreme, the horses came into the house.

One of these occasions was too much for Alec Moody, who came home from the Ogilvy ranch one evening to tell his sister, Mrs. Agnes Nussbaum, the following story:

"Here we are, having a fine time all afternoon, racing those blooded horses of Lyluph's against everything the boys can bring in. This one big sorrel shows his heels to all the others and, Lyluph is just about in tears, he is so proud of that horse. He wraps his bottle arm around the sorrel's neck, calls the boys around to show them what a fine horse it is, and just goes on. Now, when they bring that horse into the kitchen to make

over him some more, that isn't so bad. But when they start trying to take the horse upstairs and put him to bed for his rest, and the horse kicks the plaster off the stairway, I came back to town. Those fellows are crazy!"

This chapter of his life came to an abrupt close with his marriage in 1902. Thereafter, although he bought hundreds of rounds of drinks to keep parties merry, he himself drank only coffee with the remark, "I've had my share, gentlemen." But the glint of remote humor was as bright as ever in his blue eyes when I first saw them after he had turned fourscore.

He was a fighter.

Friends at the Post once managed to coax from him the sequel to his introductory fist-fight with Alec Moody. After years of warm companionship the question, "Who's the better man?" still buzzed beneath the surface in each man's mind. Deciding one day to seek relief from this plaguing puzzle, they disappeared into a dugout on the Ogilvy ranch with a supply of food and liquor. They fought until the whole place was blood-spattered and neither had a stitch of clothes left on. Then they lay down, ate a sandwich, took a few cuts at the corn-juice, got up and fought some more. Exhausted, they lay down again, fought again, slept and ate, fought again, drank, and slugged away at each other yet again. Upwards of seventy-two hours later these mighty friends staggered from the dugout together, neither looking fit to rejoin polite society for three weeks.

"That Alec," Ogilvy mused to his son in later years, rubbing his jaw. "I was never in his class as a fist-fighter." . . .

Came the Spanish-American war and Ogilvy went so far as to take out first American citizenship papers in order to join the party. At Camp West he was chiefly noted for breaking the ice in the outdoor trough every morning to take his daily bath.

This foray ended, however, in a pitched battle with mosquitoes, dysentery, and quartermasters in a Florida camp. As a corporal with Torrey's Rough Riders, he was subject to a frustration which could not be assuaged even by his unit's frequent slugging-matches with Southern troops quartered nearby. But salve for his soldier's soul was already brewing in South Africa. Soon the Boer war broke out . . .

News of the first shot sent Lyulph Ogilvy packing out of Denver again for New Orleans, where he boarded ship.

As a lieutenant, Ogilvy joined Brabant's Irregular Horse, a salty crew of mounted colonials and British Afrikaner riflemen who could open fire with some accuracy at an impressive 1,500 yards. One troop was near mutiny because of poor leadership and soon L. Ogilvy was given its command, subsequently being made a captain.

When the 1914 fuss broke out in Europe, Lyulph Ogilvy lit out for England and spent two more army years training recruits. Neuralgia and rheumatism in the damp Northumbrian winters invalidated him out and home once more. But in December of 1941 a U. S. army recruiting sergeant in the old customhouse in Denver looked up to study quizzically a long, straight figure, too proud to be pathetic, standing in front of his desk. That would be Captain the Honorable Lyulph Ogilvy, past eighty, wondering once more if there wasn't something he could do.

He was a farmer.

The Crow Creek ranch was no dude layout but an operating ranch, notable particularly for the continuation of his father's experiments with Angus cattle and for the prize horseflesh that made it a year-round "horse fair" for farmers and ranchers from all over the region.

His son Jack has put into writing the highly significant Ogilvy role in pioneer-

ing irrigation in Colorado. At intervals during the eighties and nineties he was in the contracting business with Ab Baker, building sections of various ditches that now represent some of the oldest water rights in the state. Among these were the first section of the Travelers, first big ditch in the San Luis Valley, and the Platte, Beaver, and Fort Morgan ditches.

Underground springs he encountered during work on the latter ditch called for mechanical aid to his horses. He came to Denver, bought a huge steam engine, went out with the boys, and at a late hour set sail for Weld county with a collection of his drinking companions hanging onto the steam engine and making a joyful noise. This was the "steam roller" Gene Fowler tells about in his *Timberline* references to the Ogilvy exploits. It was quite true that the engine sprang the timbers of every bridge between Denver and Fort Morgan, but as The Laird said, "those bridges needed rebuilding anyway."

Secretive in the extreme about all his personal affairs, Ogilvy was even more so on money matters. But it seems a safe guess that the financial disaster he met on the Fort Morgan ditch contract led to his sale of the Crow Creek ranch and purchase of a smaller spread four miles north of Greeley. During the panic of 1893 he was for a time a rider on one of the Greeley ditches, much envied for his lavish wage of \$3 a day, paid in cash. He operated this new ranch with an expert hand until his departure for the wars, during which he notified Tom Wilson (later the senior citizen of Eaton), John Pettrikin and C. H. Ray to sell it for him.

On his return from Africa he settled one mile south of LaSalle and tried something new: raising sheep. In 1902 he married Edith Gertrude Boothroyd, of an English family that had settled near the mouth of the Big Thompson in 1872, and brought her to the LaSalle place. Here his son Jack was born in 1903 and his daughter Blanche Edith Maude two years later. (She died in Denver in 1915.)

When his wife's failing health brought the sale of this ranch and his removal to Denver in 1908, Captain Ogilvy built a tiny cottage on a patch of gravel on South Bannock street near the present site of the Gates Rubber Company plant. By appropriating quantities of black dirt from his neighbors ("these absentee landlords don't appreciate good earth anyway") he quickly transformed Hardscrabble, as he called the cottage, into a garden. He even conducted a few inconclusive efforts in breeding chickens.

When affairs once again permitted him to purchase the Three Waters ranch from the Boothroyds eight miles west of Loveland, his incessant experimentation with growing things became again the dominant interest of the latter twenty-five years of his life.

He was a gentleman.

Considerably pinched in the pocketbook when he brought the family to Denver, he found it not beneath his dignity to take a job as night-watchman in the railroad yards and set about to tend two small children and a sick wife as best he could without money from Scotland.

In the railroad yards one night Harry Tammen recognized one of his favorite patrons from his own bartending days at the Windsor and hired him on the spot to write farm news for *The Great Divide*. Within a year or two Tammen brought him to The Post at \$25 a week, clapped on his by-line the "Lord Ogilvy" title only an oversight of the fates had denied him at birth, and launched him on the last of his several careers. Technical inaccuracy of the "Lord" designation bothered neither Tammen nor anyone else except Captain Ogilvy; Harry figured he knew a lord when he saw one.

Mrs. Ogilvy's death in 1908 threw down the tall captain harder than any outlaw

pony had ever managed to do. He took his son on a visit to Scotland and returned to wander alone for some months about North America. But he came back to The Post and soon was off again to Airlie Castle to attend coming-of-age ceremonies for his nephew, the tenth earl. Outbreak of World War I put his mind back into more familiar soldiering channels, and on his return he was his old self once more.

Old-timers on the Post drew their universal respect and affection for the aging captain from many personal considerations. His handwriting was impossible even for the cryptographers who populated the copy desk, but his cordial hatred for that infernal machine, the typewriter, never permitted him to master more than a two-fingered assault on the lower-case alphabet. Capital letters and punctuation were nonexistent in his copy. Word-spacing was only occasional. But at the same time no lowly copy-reader dared ask the almost-heir of Airlie what the hell it all meant. This impasse, as Forbes Park-hill remarks, contributed mightily to the profit of Garrity's bar next door until a Texan named James B. Hale arrived on the copy desk in 1920. Thereafter for twenty-five years the precious Ogilvy meditations upon the state of western agriculture were handed every morning to Jim Hale, who punctuated what he could understand, guessed at the rest, and shoved the result to the composing room.

On a day after I arrived at the Post, Jim Hale was not present to handle the Ogilvy story. The tough copy-reader who inherited the deciphering job gazed at the paper with a face getting redder by the second. Finally he shoved the paper at me, exploding, "What the goddam hell is *this*?"

He pointed to a sentence which ran, "whilst the colorado beetle doryphora decemlineata ismakinguul inroads..." The doryphora decemlineata business checked out with the dictionary. But that "uul" stopped all of us. Having been most on visiting terms with the grizzled Captain among the younger crew, I acquired the task of official emissary. Rashly I approached the tiny desk near the telephone switchboard—a desk which, like the Ogilvy chair, had been specially engineered to his height by six-inch extensions on its legs—and asked him what the sentence meant.

The captain turned a pair of glacial blue eyes on me and froze me down to three-foot height. He took the paper and studied it for a full sixty seconds. Then he looked me down to a foot and a half.

"Unusual," he said, frosting me away another six inches with the broad implication that the whole newspaper business had been abandoned to complete fools who couldn't figure out a simple three-letter word like "uul."

Post friends knew, however, the unfailing geniality that existed under the old man's forbidding exterior. . . .

To these friends there was never any doubt that the former hell-raising Prince Hal of Larimer street had become a King Henry of Champa Street and Three Waters ranch—a friendly, productive, generous, alert, and above all a wise man who adhered to a personal code few men would lay upon themselves. They remembered that when he no longer had money to squander, he lived on his wages and shunned no old friend. They noted how he could appear at one of the most memorable social events on Capitol Hill in a rented full-dress suit, four-inch collar, and Ogilvy-plaid sash, and quickly establish himself as the most striking and sought-after figure present—then go home contentedly to his books, chickens and flowers at Hardscrabble cottage. When a man can live modestly with even more grace than he once lived lavishly, he has passed all the tests. . . .

The years after 1930 became vastly more lonely. And why not? Every system of life and philosophy he represented was going into the discard, leaving him an unretreating cast-off.

Even his profession was sinking from under him. Journalism, a last commercial

refuge of a proud and stubborn individualist, everywhere was being overrun with stamp-mill college boys, Earnest Young Men with a Mission, eager to doctor any other man's business and tell him exactly what his "duties" were in whatever brave new world they happened to be building at the moment. But if anyone required a reminder that nothing on this planet can be quite so boring as an Earnest Young Man, he needed only to stand once under the cold, lofty stare of Captain the Honorable Lyulph Gilchrist Stanley Ogilvy. I know. I stood there. . . .

In 1942 he had finally given up his rugged week ends at Three Waters and gone to live with his son and daughter-in-law at Boulder. In 1945 he retired from the Post. On April 4, 1947, pneumonia had its third swipe at him and took him off. The services were held at the Episcopal church in Boulder. His body was cremated and placed beside those of his wife and daughter in Fairmount cemetery in Denver. . . .

A personality as resolute as his always raises the disturbing possibility that it was not he, but perhaps a whole nondescript generation, that was out of cadence on this march. Certainly as a man he suffers not at all by comparison with the efficiency boys, the committee chairmen, and the publicity seekers who passed by the Honorable Elizabethan Lyulph like a museum-piece who had lived too long. I prefer to think that he lived, perhaps, not quite long enough—that possibly again soon the lives of male Americans will be judged by his older standard:

What *does* matter, after all, except for a man to stand up and act like a man?

—W—

On the Trail of the Legendary Dave Day

BY J. JOSEPH LEONARD

Concluded from July Issue

(Conclusion of paper read at Denver Posse meeting May 27, 1953, describing Mr. Leonard's experience in gathering the material for his forthcoming book on Dave Day, "candid and impetuous editor" of *The Solid Muldoon*, a weekly newspaper published at Ouray, Colo., from 1879 to 1892. The first part of the paper was printed in the June Brand Book; this last part is condensed.)

But perhaps the strangest experience I have had in tracking down the legendary Dave Day occurred here in Denver, on a Sunday afternoon in May, 1952. I drove with my wife and daughter through the drab and odoriferous stockyard section of Denver to Riverside cemetery. In the gloomy office I asked the man behind the counter if he would locate for me just where David Frakes Day was buried. He thumbed through his Doomsday Book, seized a map of the cemetery, and jotted down an X.

"There," he said, much as one might locate a seat in a stadium.

We left the building and, following the map, came upon the area where Dave Day had been buried 48 years earlier. But, it was only after a diligent hunt—in which my wife, my daughter, and myself fanned out in search of the tell-tale headstone, that my wife called to me and pointed to a small stone tilted by the roots of a nearby tree. It was a headstone marking the burial place of Stanley Day, Dave Day's brother. There were other stones on the plot, but none bearing the name David F. Day, the editor of a weekly paper that traded on equal terms with eastern dailies, a paper that was sold on the newsstands in Ogden, Salt Lake City, Denver, Chicago, St. Louis, New York, London; a paper published in the mountain-pocket town of Ouray but which had more subscribers in Denver, a paper quoted by the *Brooklyn Eagle*, *N. Y. World*, *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, a paper that was so powerful that when a woman in Denver became

incensed at the ways of the Denver tramway operators, she wrote Dave Day in a town 300 miles away and asked him to do something about it in his *Muldoon!* The man to whom Eugene Field sent his poem "When Willie Wet the Bed" and Day printed it in the *Muldoon*, the first time it ever appeared in print. This was the man to whom John Arkins would send bawdy stories for Day to print. No headstone for the man to whom a doctor in Pennsylvania sent a hitherto unpublished letter written by George Washington—and Day printed it, carnal references and all. On that day in the summer of 1914 when this man was buried, Otto Mears, at his own request, delivered the graveside oration over the body of Dave Day. Yet the grave of the daring Federal scout who received the Congressional Medal of Honor for valor at Vicksburg when but 16 is unmarked to this day. Oddly, sadly, poignantly, there is a decoration of a sort near where Day is buried. It is a large and ugly concrete urn—and answers the description of one which Day penciled a third of a century before he died and which appeared in the columns of the *Muldoon*. However, Day's point in describing the monstrosity was: never, never, defile his grave with such a loathsome eyesore. It can only have been a malicious Fate that left Dave Day's grave unmarked—but decorated with that very thing which he admittedly adhorred.

It is my fervent wish that my dual biography—of Dave Day and his *Solid Muldoon*—will be something of a monument to the man and his paper.

—W—



Westerner's Bookshelf



POPPY ON ICE PALACE

THE LEADVILLE ICE PALACE, by Marian P. (Poppy) Smith; publ. by author, 1953. 18 pp., paper, illustrated with old photos. Introduction by Marian Castle. \$1.

This is an addition to the considerable number of Colorado historical brochures on the market for tourist consumption. Fortunately, this and most of the others are authentic and give a good picture of specialized phases of the Colorado story. A resident of Leadville since 1905 and now resident curator of the Healy House, the Leadville branch of the State Historical Museum, "Poppy" Smith has answered countless queries about the famous Ice Palace built there in the winter of 1895-96. She has now told the story in well-written text and old photographs.

—R. G. C.

—W—

LIFE OF GEN. JOCELYN

MOSTLY ALKALI, by Stephen Perry Jocelyn II; Caxton Printers,

Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho. Pp. 454, 8vo, 219 black and white illustrations.

This is an outstanding account of Army life during the 1860s and years immediately following the War Between the States. It pictures soldiering life during the Civil war and the Indian campaigns in the midwest and western parts of the country. It is biography well done, telling the life of Gen. Stephen Perry Jocelyn. Although it is by his son, it is written in a matter-of-fact, unprejudiced manner.

The book depicts the General's early life in his native Vermont and later as a young man, full of hopes and aspirations, attempting to join the army during the war. After he is finally accepted, it portrays his experiences in several campaigns. Later he continued in service, and engaged in numerous battles and skirmishes with Indians in Oklahoma, Colorado and the Northwest. He was breveted for "conspicuous gallantry in action" against the Nez Percés.

Undoubtedly the book is made up in great measure of Gen. Jocelyn's diaries and annals, as the personal knowledge revealed could have been gleaned only from

such records. There are valuable and interesting sketches, maps and army data, and a wealth of anecdote. This biography of a true soldier teems with reference material of value to any lover of Western Americana.

—RALPH R. BREMERS, CM,
Attorney, Omaha, Nebr.

—W—

THE DOBIE TOUCH

THE MUSTANGS, by J. Frank Dobie; Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 376 pages, illustrated; index. \$6.

The Dobie thoroughness in treatment of subject is all through this book. You'd expect that from J. Frank; you get it in *The Mustangs*. And with it always, the genial, often soft-chuckling Dobie style.

This is a prime book for horse lovers. It's more than that; for along with the story of the "wild horses" of the West, their origin, the spread of the species after introduction, there is the constant running account of what was happening in the West in earlier days. For an opening frontier such as our West was would not have developed as it did without the mustangs. It was horse country.

Opening with the record of whence they came, the book follows the trail of the horses that voyaged to the New World with the Spaniards. Then there is the telling of how they spread throughout the West; how the Indians shifted from creeping footmen to the horsemen of the plains that rode to battle like whirlwinds racing.

The record of the horses that became wild, the data concerning them, is in the book. But there is myth and legend, the color, the feel, the breath of the West in this book, and you travel the far trails with those who rode saddles and hunted the wild horses in the vastness of early western ranges.

A basic book for Westerners; a book for any reader who wishes to view the West against a back-drop shot through with color, and part of that color *The Mustangs*.

—ARTHUR CARHART, Westerner.

AN HISTORIC TRAGEDY

INDIAN REMOVAL, by Grant Foreman. University of Oklahoma Press, 386 pages with maps and illustrations. \$6.

This is an account of the forced migration of the Five Civilized Indian tribes, the Chickasaws, Cherokees, Choctaws, Creeks and Seminoles, from their native lands in the Southeastern states to newly allotted territory west of the Mississippi. It is not one man's opinion, but an able presentation of an interesting, though shameful, epoch in American history gathered from official records and documents. It brings to light one of the most woeful wrongs ever perpetrated upon a helpless and innocent people, one that might well be classed among the great tragedies of the nation.

It was a herculean undertaking extending over a period of years. Controversies between the government, the states and some of the Indian leaders all added to the troubles of an already confused and discouraged people. The conflict reached to Washington and involved the Congress and such illustrious figures as President Jackson and Chief Justice Marshall, whose allegiance to the Constitution prohibited their interference regardless of personal convictions.

It is a story of inhuman hardships suffered by those unfortunate victims of circumstance as they trudged through wilderness of forest and swamp; of poorly dressed and barefooted men and women and half naked children enduring the rigors of winter without shelter and wading through rain, mud and snow during that fateful journey.

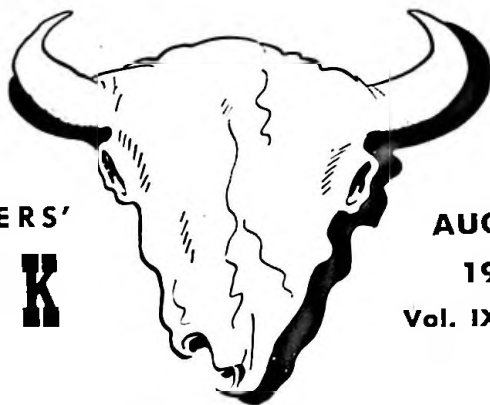
If there is any criticism of the production, it might be on the ground of what seems to be repetition. The movements of each individual tribe are described in detail while the circumstances relating to them all are virtually the same.

—WALTER GANN, Westerner.

—W—

Denver Westerners mourn the death of their good friend and loyal member, Edgar C. McMechen, on July 17.

The DENVER WESTERNERS'
BRAND BOOK



AUGUST
1953
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This photo, from the Francis Rizzari collection, shows a wreck in 1883 or '84 on the Greeley, Salt Lake & Pacific Railroad, a subsidiary of the Union Pacific. The GSL & P was organized in 1881 and was known as the Sunset Line. It ran from Greeley to Sunset. The wreck pictured above occurred in Four-Mile Canyon west of Boulder.

In This Issue:

Archaeology of Colorado, by Herbert W. Dick



WILLIAM MacLEOD RAINE

Westerner of the Month

Last August, PM John J. Lipsey of Colorado Springs reviewed Bill Raine's current book, *Justice Comes to Tomahawk*, for the Colorado Springs *Free Press*. What John on that occasion wrote about Bill—who is a charter and honorary life member of the Westerners—was so good that we just lift much of it (with permission) for this column:

My friend William MacLeod Raine of Denver (wrote John Lipsey), is the most successful and prolific living writer of stories about the American West. He is the best known of these, and most authorities believe he is the best. He has written more western books than any other person who ever lived, and more copies of his books have been sold than any other living writer. Twenty of his stories have been made into movies.

He is now 81 (that makes him 82 in 1953), and he has published more than 81 titles. Many millions of his books (more than 5,000,000 in pocket books

alone) have been sold all over the world. His work is as popular in Great Britain as in America. So is he. Early this spring he left for a visit in England. At this moment he is somewhere in continental Europe, on a tour which has already taken him into six countries, in each of which he has a publisher.

Raine was born June 22, 1871, in London, of cultured Scottish parents. In 1881 he and his parents moved to Arkansas, where his father went into the cattle business . . . He went to school at Searcy, Ark., and to college at Oberlin, O., where he got a B.A. degree in 1894.

Then he headed west again and became a high school principal at Seattle, Wash. . . . quit and went to work as a reporter for the *Seattle Times*. When the Spanish war came, he joined the Washington Volunteers but they kicked him out when it was found he had tuberculosis.

So in 1898, TB sent him to Colorado. Now and then, while he was getting well, he wrote for Denver newspapers. Since he could write in bed, he tried his hand at fiction, not western, but "costume" stories of England under Elizabeth. These he sold to McClure's, Munsey's and Harper's . . .

He began to write western articles and stories. As his skill and reputation grew, his publishers sent him to various spots in odd corners of Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Wyoming and Montana. He met and interviewed officers and outlaws, and talked with survivors of earlier battles of cattle range and mining camp . . . He was a friend to historians . . . He saw the color and smelled the odors of the West.

Raine's first book *A Daughter of Rascay* (not a western) was published in 1908 . . . Since 1908 he has written and published one, two or three books a year. A partial list of his books in *Who's Who* takes up four inches of fine print . . .

Raine's reputation and chief income have come from his novels. But western historians value most highly his non-fiction works. Among these are *Guns of the Frontier*, *Famous Sheriffs and Western Outlaws*, and (with Will C. Barnes) *Cattle*.



The BRAND BOOK

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Denver Posse

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Denver 2, Colo.

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TRAIL DUST

Westerners never met in a more Western setting than that in which the Denver Posse members held their August Roundup. This was in a cave, on the Tri B ranch near Morrison, Colo. Corresponding Member D. L. Bax opened the gates of the ranch for this event, which was attended by more than a hundred persons. The guests included a number of Westerners from Wyoming. The Tri B ranch (its brand is a triangle and a B) is the site of a ghost town, Piedmont, and was formerly known as Rodeo Rancho. It is one of Colorado's oldest working ranches, yet it lies but eighteen miles from the State Capitol, in the Red Rock formations of the Rockies. The cave in which the Roundup was held is reputed to have been used as a camping ground by the Utes, including Colorow.

— W —

The Wyoming Posse of the Westerners is now officially organized and a progress report, dated August, 1953, lists the officers and by-laws and invites corresponding members "limited in number according to the judgment of the executive committee." Corresponding membership fee is \$3 a year. Active members, who are limited to thirty, pay \$6 yearly dues.

Officers: Sheriff, Dr. W. B. Ludwig, 224 Ivinson, Laramie; first deputy, J. Elmer Brock, Kaycee; second deputy, H. D. Del Monte, Noble Hotel, Lander; third deputy, L. C. Bishop, state engineer, Cheyenne; roundup foreman, Dean Krakel, archivist, University of Wyoming; tally man, Dr. R. H. Burns, head, wool department, University of Wyoming; registrar of marks and brands, Dr. T. A. Larson, history department, University of Wyoming; wranglers, Dr. William A. Hinrichs, Douglas, and Fred Hesse II, Buffalo. Corresponding headquarters of the Posse are the Archives and Western History Library of the University of Wyoming at Laramie.

A Brief Survey of Prehistoric Climate and Archaeology in Colorado

BY HERBERT W. DICK

(Paper read at Summer Roundup of Denver Westerners, August 26, 1953, at Tri B Ranch. Mr. Dick, for the past four years an archaeologist at the University of Colorado Museum, has just moved to Trinidad, Colo., where he is archaeologist and museum director for the Colorado State Junior College.)

For the purpose of archaeological studies, Colorado can be conveniently divided into five major physiographic regions: I—Western Mesa and Canyon; II—Central Mountain; III—San Luis Valley and Upper Rio Grande; IV—Eastern Plains and Foothills; and V—Southeastern Canyon.

It has been known for some time that culture patterns may be either loosely or rigidly related to definite physiographic regions. The overlapping of major culture patterns from one region to another does occur in Colorado but only to a limited extent.

Seventy-seven years have elapsed since the publication of the first report dealing with a phase of archaeology in Colorado. J. S. Newbury, sponsored by the United States Government, explored in southwestern Colorado in 1859. The report encompassed what is now demarcated by Montezuma and La Plata Counties and was published in 1876.

Newbury's early survey was followed by the Hayden Geological and Geographical Survey in 1875 and 1876. Holmes and Jackson were commissioned to report on ruins in the area. Their report was published in 1878.

Archaeological development in the state can be outlined into four major phases. These are not synchronous from region to region but do indicate a historical development of research.

Phase I—*Exploratory reports.* Characterized by superficial and isolated detailed reconnaissance with no excavation.

Phase II—*Exploratory and simple excavation reports.* Characterized by detailed exploration and some excavation of a simple nature based on curiosity collecting.

Phase III—*Extensive but simple excavation reports.* Characterized by loosely planned excavations to solve general problems.

Phase IV—*Reports on excavation to solve isolated specific problems and chronology.* This phase is characterized by well-formulated and planned excavations to fill missing gaps in chronology and culture growth.

The Central Mountain and Eastern Plains and Foothills regions have not progressed beyond Phase II, that of exploratory and simple excavation. This is also true for many areas in the other two regions.

Outside the Western Mesa and Canyon region, the chronological and areal distribution of cultures remains unsolved. At present we can only tentatively postulate culture sequences in Colorado from research done in our neighboring states. Until this situation is corrected by planned, detailed excavation, Colorado will for the most part remain a large blank area in the mapping of aboriginal culture development of the Southwest.

Between the years 1876 and 1925 almost all of the publications were concerned with the southwestern counties of Colorado. The total reports for Montezuma, La Plata

and Archuleta counties from the years 1876 to 1953 comprise 88 percent of the western mesa and canyon region publication and almost 70 percent of all publications on archaeology in Colorado.

The total pages of archaeological literature from 1876 to 1953 tabulated for four regions are as follows:

I—Western Mesa and Canyon	3895	85.11%
II—Central Mountain	28	.07%
III—San Luis Valley and Upper Rio Grande	75	1.63%
IV—Eastern Plains and Foothills	488	10.62%
Colorado general	112	2.57%

The reports for the Southeastern Canyon region have been tabulated under the heading of Eastern Plains and Foothills.

The lack of concentrated archaeological research in areas outside of the Southwestern corner of Colorado is not difficult to explain. The first surveys, begun in 1859, more than 93 years ago, discovered the multitude of ruins which attracted the efforts of many archaeologists and great quantities of money, to the neglect of the rest of Colorado. The report on Mesa Verde by Nordenskiöld in 1893 brought the area to the attention of the world. For many years people were unaware that Colorado contained archaeology other than that found in the southwestern portion of the State.

Many sites in the Eastern Plains and Foothills region in the ensuing years were plowed under by the westward advance of agriculture. Other sites were blown apart by wind or eroded by arroyos, natural processes which often were accelerated by soil disturbance in farming. To make a bad situation worse, numerous collectors have gathered almost all surface indications and have kept few records of the exact locale. Also, many favorable sites, which had not been destroyed by natural forces, have been wantonly excavated. Unless action for the study of a few remaining sites is undertaken in the near future, a large chapter of the history of Colorado will be destroyed. On the other hand, most of our best Indian sites have been brought to our attention by competent amateurs who were genuinely interested in preserving our early history.

Effects of Climate Are Important

An important consideration in evaluating the history of movements of early peoples in Colorado is climate. The geologists have defined four general climate changes which have occurred in the time interval from 10,000 B. C. to present. These climate changes are widespread and have been shown to occur more or less simultaneously over the southwestern United States and perhaps the entire United States.

Moisture conditions in the southwest are a reflection of temperature changes. Abundance or lack of moisture in turn affected the distribution of animals and plants to some extent, which in turn changed the availability of food supply of the Indians.

During the interval from ca. 10,000 B. C. or earlier to 7000 B. C., there was an extensive period of cooler temperatures and relatively much moisture, making the Southwest a prominent locale for many large food animals as the mammoth, giant bison, camel, horse and others now all extinct except those forms which were reintroduced. This period is known as Pluvial or Late Pleistocene.

The period from ca. 7000 B. C. to the present is called the Neothermal period. It is divided into three major temperature ages and plays a very important role in prehistoric culture.

The first phase is the Anathermal Age, extending from 7000 B. C. to 5000 B. C. The temperature at first is as that of today but grows progressively warmer with a

consequent decrease of moisture. It is during this period we have the disappearance of many of the mammals found in the Pluvial Period.

The next phase is the Altithermal Age, extending from ca. 5000 to 2000 B. C. This age is distinctly warmer than present and the Southwest become quite arid. During this time there is the disappearance of lakes throughout the Southwest and the disappearance of glaciers in the high mountains. The lack of moisture was undoubtedly important in the redistribution of animals including humans. This period is marked by extensive erosion.

The period from 2000 B. C. to the present is a return to relatively cooler temperatures and relatively more moisture than the preceding age and is called the Medithermal Age. It is during this age that we have a great growth and expansion of Indian culture throughout the Southwest.

The Medithermal Age because of its nearness to us in history can be easily subdivided by several small regional climate changes which had serious effect upon local Indian groups. A notable example is to be found in the Mesa Verde region in Southwestern Colorado, where there was a complete abandonment of the area by the Pueblo Peoples during the short but catastrophic drought from the year 1276 to 1299 A. D.

With the above brief synopsis of the climatic phases in Colorado, we proceed to the Indian cultures of the region.

As far as we can determine, the earliest inhabitants of Colorado were the makers of fluted points or Folsom people. The time of their arrival into the Southwest, from the north, is not known. Geologists guess that they lived here no later than 10,000 years ago and no earlier than 25,000 years ago.

These people were probably nomadic hunters who followed the animals seasonally. Many of these animals are now extinct. The material remains of these early hunters have been found in abundance in the Lindenmeier Site in Northern Colorado. Sporadic finds of their points have been made throughout Colorado.

The fluted point people were followed by the makers of Parallel flaked Points and range in date from ca. 8000 years ago to 6000 years ago. There is much evidence that by this date fluted points were no longer being made.

By 5000 B. C. the impact of the Altithermal age was being felt by the Paleo-hunters. We find during this age a partial abandonment of this region and a change or breakdown in the human economy causing much regional variation in the Indian groups. This is shown or reflected by the varied projectile point styles which are relatively more varied in shape and size than in the previous periods.

Some time around 2000 B. C., after the return of more moisture and the influx of large groups of people, the stage was being set for the great climax of prehistoric development in the State.

Culture development is somewhat of a regional interpretation. In some areas, culture remained static or lagged behind neighboring areas. The term progress or development is difficult to define. For most of Colorado we use the Classic or Great Pueblos manifestations found in Mesa Verde as our measuring stick. It is felt that the culmination or culture climax for the Southwest is represented there. This is perhaps not a true evaluation for we are only able to measure progress by our own experiences and studies of the material evidence left by the people.

From evidence found in states bordering Colorado, we can postulate agriculture was present several hundred years B. C. in Southwestern Colorado but not until much later in other areas of the state.

The introduction of agriculture gave rise to a new distribution and concentration

of people. It allowed a more permanent mode of existence with time to develop arts and crafts and more elaborate religious practices.

With the preceding statements in mind, let us examine in more detail the rise and decline of culture in Southwestern Colorado.

In 1927 the leading archaeologists of the Southwest gathered at Pecos, New Mexico, and worked out a system of terminology for the various culture stages of the Plateau region of the Southwest which are now included under the broad term Anasazi Culture.

The Anasazi Culture is divided into two major periods of development, the Basketmaker and the Pueblo.

The Basketmaker period is further divided into three stages of development, Basketmaker I, II and III. The Pueblo Period is divided into five stages, Pueblo I, II, III, IV and V.

Basketmaker I is a hypothetical stage formulated to encompass an early stage in Anasazi development where the people had a nomadic life with no knowledge of agriculture. No direct evidence to substantiate this stage has been found.

Basketmaker II, for which the earliest tree ring date carries the stage back to 49 A. D., is found extensively in the Four Corners region. In this stage we find semi-permanent houses, extensive cave storage, maize and squash agriculture, fine basket and sandal weaving and the use of the atlatl or throwing spear but no bow and arrow.

Basketmaker III (475 A.D. to 700 A.D.), often called Modified Basketmaker, is characterized by slab-lined house pits grouped in villages in the open; manufacture of rude but serviceable pottery; occasional ceremonial rooms and use of the bow and arrow. Many items, especially weaving, are continued from the previous stage. Beans were introduced some time during this stage.

Pueblo I and II (700 to 900 A.D.) stages are often grouped into the term Developmental Pueblo. It is characterized by the development of contiguous roomed villages built above ground. The rooms are rectangular for the most part and are built of coarsed masonry. The villages often contain underground ceremonial chambers called kivas, which in many cases were developed from the earlier Basketmaker III houses.

Changes Revealed in Pottery

A clear development of house types can be traced during this period. Pottery is no longer the drab ware found in the early modified Basketmaker stage, but is heavily decorated with various designs and colored slips. By the end of Pueblo II corrugated ware is extensively used. This ware is characterized by the incomplete smoothing of the coils of clay used to make the jar; they are pressed flat to form "corrugations."

Pueblo III (975-1300) is sometimes referred to as the Great Pueblo or Classic Pueblo Period. It is best known by the great cave structures in Mesa Verde. Fine examples are Cliff Palace and Spruce Tree House. Many arts and crafts begun earlier reached their greatest development. A principal difference of this stage from the preceding ones is the grandiose scale in which everything was carried on.

The large, multi-storied communal houses with many underground ceremonial buildings, finely made and elaborately decorated pottery, and the large agricultural system, are but a few of the traits of this stage.

By 1300 A.D., Southwestern Colorado was almost completely abandoned as the people migrated to the South and East because of lack of moisture on their dry farmed crops and of drinking water in their springs, caused by the disastrous 23-year drought between 1276 and 1299 A.D.

The immense Western Mesa and Canyon region to the north of the Basketmaker

and Pueblo center felt only the ripples of high culture. The situation can be likened to a stone dropped in the center of a pool of water and the ripples becoming progressively weaker at the outer edges.

The area is regarded as peripheral to the region of greater culture development, where early elements may survive for a long time. This phenomenon is often referred to as "cultural lag." Traits which are chronologically distinct in the main area may not spread or may be rejected by the people of the peripheral area. In general, there is a progressive fading of the basic pattern as one goes away from the nucleus.

It has been demonstrated by excavation in Yampa Canyon in Northwestern Colorado that at least three cultural stages are present. The first is the Early Hunting and Gathering stage beginning about 1500 B.C. The Late Hunting and Gathering stage culminated sometime between 1 A.D. and 400 A.D. The third stage began with the introduction of maize and squash agriculture which has resulted in the designation of this stage as Fremont Basketmakers. By 150 A.D., the Fremont People manufactured a rude sort of pottery. Exact beginning date of the Fremont Group as an entity is not known. Termination date is perhaps as late as 100 A.D. Culturally they never progressed beyond the late Basketmaker III stage found in Southwestern Colorado.

Moving eastward to the Eastern Plains and Foothills region, we find culture configurations much different than in the Anasazi area.

Study of the Plains Indian tribes had, until recently, largely been confined to the living Indians.

Predecessors of the Plains Indians

For a proper understanding of the prehistory of the Plains, two basic facts should be kept in mind. The first of these is that the Plains Indian, the symbol of superlative horsemanship, hunting and hit-and-run warfare, was following a way of life which had developed after 1700 A.D. Previously the Plains were inhabited and dominated for centuries by tribes who built more or less permanent villages and, practicing agriculture, depended for food upon domesticated farm plants as much as upon wild game.

An example of quick transition of many of the Plains groups is the Cheyenne, who began as peaceful farmers in Minnesota, moving to the Dakotas, and required only about 50 years for transition into a complex horse-using culture.

Three important archaeological culture units can be recognized on the Plains of Colorado after the period of Paleo-Indians and their transition during the Alithermal Age. These are the Woodland Culture (1000-1300 A.D.), the Upper Republican Culture (1300-1500 A.D.) and the Dismal River Culture (ca. 1670-1750 A.D.). Tentatively the Dismal River People are regarded as the forerunners of either the Comanche or Apache. The Spanish term for them is thought to have been Padonca. Their relationship to the Apache appears to be closer than to the Comanche.

The Woodland pattern is characterized by nomadic living and a heavy reliance on wild food. The pottery is frequently regarded as evidence of horticulture but this is purely inferential. The pottery is heavily cord-marked and is generally spheroid in shape with the bottom of the vessel pointed.

The Upper Republican peoples were, by Woodland standards, quite well to do. Numerous domesticated food plants were now cultivated in garden patches. Communities were located on bluffs or terraces along small streams. A new practice for the plains was the building of permanent dwellings, usually Pit House in character. The pottery of these people was cord-marked globular vessels with thickened decorated rims.

The Dismal River people had fewer tools and less comforts than did the people of the Upper Republican Culture. The small villages were made of impermanent surface

type dwellings and shallow pit houses. The pottery was for the most part smoothed by scraping and only occasionally cord-marked. Much additional information is needed.

Much work has yet to be accomplished in the Mountain region, in the San Luis-Upper Rio Grande region and in the Southeastern Canyon region. We do not know as yet what specific culture patterns these areas contain.

We do not have time at this meeting to cover the culture manifestations and distribution of the historic Indians who played an important role in development of the state. The archaeologist relies heavily upon the historian to seek out the information on these later Indians.

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—W—



Westerner's Bookshelf



MONUMENTAL'S THE WORLD

THE BONANZA TRAIL: Ghost Towns and Mining Camps of the West, by Muriel Sibelle Wolle; Indiana University Press, 1953; 509 pp., including Glossary, Bibliography and Index; 107 ills., 14 sketch maps; \$8.50.

"Monumental" is an overworked word in book reviews. There are times, however, when it fits, and that, I think, is true of Mrs. Wolle's latest accomplishment in a field which she pioneered for publication—history of old mining towns of the West.

Bonanza Trail is a monument to her enthusiasm and energy as well as to her ability as an artist. It is even more of a monument to the industry and patience, not to speak of the indestructible optimism, of the men who penetrated every gulch and climbed every peak of the min-

ing areas of the West in their search for ore.

The search covered the twelve western states from Canada to Mexico, and *Bonanza Trail* offers a representative sample of old-time activities in each of them. Since a volume as large as this could be written about each state (witness the author's *Stampede to Timberline*, devoted exclusively to Colorado), no one can seriously object to her omission of a number of camps that students of mining history are familiar with.

After all, the pattern was the same—search, discovery, and success or frustration, as the Fates in each individual case decreed. Stories of accidental discoveries occur again and again, only names and places differing, and perhaps a hunter chasing a deer, instead of an old prospector rounding up his wandering burro. Fires wipe out flimsy wooden buildings,

water floods mines, ore is lost through some quirk of geological forces, or its value is destroyed by worldwide crises.

This leads to a certain monotony if one reads too much of *Bonanza Trail* at one sitting, so it should be approached as twelve books within one cover. Taken in doses of that size, it will be a potent stimulant to the rapidly increasing interest in the drama of the boom days and the locale in which the drama was played. After all, in spite of the later development of a more permanent society by a different breed of men, it was the prospector and miner who opened up the West.

The distinguishing feature of Mrs. Wolle's book is, of course, her on-the-spot sketches of what is left of once-busy camps. There is more text in *Bonanza Trail* in proportion to illustrations than in her previous books, and properly so; the achievements of the past are the story, and the pitiful remnants that we see today are important only because of the memories they can evoke—or the research they can engender.

Bonanza Trail should be in the hands of every person in the Rocky Mountain West who has a spark of interest in the boom days of its youth.

R. G. COLWELL, Westerner.

—W—

THE WEST IN BRITISH EYES

WESTWARD THE BRITON, by Robert G. Athearn; Scribner's 1953; xiv plus 181 pages; 17 photographic illustrations; notes, bibliography, index; \$4.50.

Robert G. Athearn, assistant professor of history at the University of Colorado, former corresponding member of the Denver Westerners, in this book proves himself a careful and competent writer of history as it should be told. This is no surprise to anyone who has read his contributions to periodicals and his *An Army Officer in the West: 1869-1890*, in the 1950 Brand Book.

Dr. Athearn presents and analyzes facts,

figures and observations in simple, straight-forward sentences. He did an immense amount of research for this volume; it is thoroughly documented and will long serve as a source on the theme it covers.

This theme is the American West as it revealed itself to early-day travelers from England. Dr. Athearn says he examined the works of nearly three hundred such pilgrims in making his study. He found in these works "an objective criticism the American pioneer was unable to achieve." Interestingly enough, he also found, in the recorded observations of those who stayed a while, "a pride in the West which was as fierce as that of any Westerner," but it was a pride "untinged by the coloration of manifest destiny," and lacking "the defensive self-consciousness of the native brand."

The Briton who came westward was lured here by romantic frontier legends, but once here he was "more impressed by the vast distances he had crossed, the great potential that the land possessed, and the remarkable advances that its people had made in their short stay, than he was by the histrionics of a few drifters who had tried to establish themselves as characters by acting tough."

Dr. Athearn's scholarly but highly readable book will work both ways in improving understanding between us and our English cousins. This probably is a by-product, but it is a valuable one. In itself an important contribution to Western history, *Westward the Briton* assures an eager audience for the future writing that may be expected from this astute student of our American frontier.

MAURICE FRINK, Westerner

—W—

BAY-FACED MAN-KILLER

BILLY THE KID, by Edwin Corle; Duell, Sloane & Pearce, New York (1953); Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$3.75.

". . . I'm telling you the truth right now. I never killed a man in my life just

because I felt like killing somebody. I always do it for a reason."

From the bloody trail blazed with smoking six guns through New Mexico Territory and down into Old Mexico, Billy the Kid found many reasons. This adolescent gunman was born William H. Bonney in New York in 1859. His destiny was determined by an ill-fated star.

In this swiftly paced novel, Edwin Corle reveals for the first time the details of Billy's first crime . . . a passion killing of a Chinese when Billy was twelve and a half. His flight from the scene and his subsequent development into one of the West's most feared gunmen are portrayed by Corle in gripping narration, with sympathy and objective understanding of the forces that molded the desperado.

His baby face masked a split personality. He was far from the callow youth he appeared to be, for behind the calm smiling exterior lay a merciless nature, fox-like cunning and nerve of steel. A natural leader, Billy drew to him men like himself . . . the hunted, the cruel, the desperate. Yet he had another self, a shy, gay, winsomeness. With disarming smile, polite manner and appealing charm, Billy won those whom he chose to win . . . and tricked those whom he despised—those who failed to see past his smile to the unflinching glance of his cold hard eyes.

When the only man Billy ever trusted and admired was brutally slain by a band of cut-throats hired by an opposing political faction, the Kid's unswerving determination to avenge his friend's murder become a maniacal drive. Billy's one-man war soon flamed into the bloodiest power struggle of that era, the Lincoln County War.

With warm, sympathetic strokes, the author paints the poignant tale of Billy's only love. This love could have been the force to deter the ruthless young killer from his murderous career, but habit was too strong and Billy refused amnesty from Governor Lew Wallace. Life held too much danger . . . too many enemies . . . to face without a six gun.

The readable Corle style . . . his sense

of high adventure . . . make *Billy the Kid* one of the outstanding books of the season. With Corle's compelling characterization of Billy the Kid, you gain new insight to one of the strangest characters ever to trace his name in gun smoke on the blood-spattered annals of the West.

LEE STOHLBROST, C.M.

—W—

IN THE PECOS COUNTRY

BEATTY'S CABIN: Adventuring in the Pecos High Country, by Elliott Barker. Pp. x plus 220, illus. University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, \$4.50.

Here is a volume, dealing with the out-of-doors of our romantic upper Pecos River section of New Mexico, that would be hard to beat. Any person versed in natural history will be impressed with Barker's keen sense of observation. Throughout the volume Barker intrigues one with outdoor lore at its best.

From the impressionable age of ten years, through the trials and tribulations of stock rancher, forest ranger, guide and finally as New Mexico's able State Conservation Director, Elliott Barker puts into print an unforgettable picture of the headwaters of the Pecos river. It is well that this rich piece of southwestern Americana has been preserved for posterity.

Having spent more than 35 years in the field of natural history and conservation, this reviewer knows a bit about the hardships connected with camp life and he marvels at Elliott Barker's stamina. Horses, snows, and pack outfits, the early days of becoming a forest ranger when the "powers that be" gave you a badge and a hatchet and told you to go range (after you passed the horse packing and saddle tests), getting lost, the appetite resulting from a whiff of paned cut-throat trout, Dutch oven biscuits, especially of the sour dough variety, all the foregoing, and more too, is in Beatty's Cabin. Conservation is greatly indebted to Elliott Barker for bringing to light the wilderness area of

the upper Pecos river, rendezvous of such renowned earlier-day naturalists as the late L. L. Dyche, E. W. Nelson, and Henry W. Henshaw, home of the vanished New Mexican grizzly and the Rocky Mountain or Nelson's elk.

—STANLEY P. YOUNG, CM,
Biologist, U. S. Fish & Wild
Life Service, Washington, D. C.

—W—

IN OLD WYOMING

MAN WITHOUT A STAR, by Dee Linford, 312 pp. William Morrow & Co. New York, 1952. \$3.50.

Dee Linford, who will be remembered as the author of the controversial chapter "Cheyenne" in *Rocky Mountain Cities*, has turned out his first novel. *Man Without a Star* is a straight "western," a not impressive but readable piece of fiction, written entirely from the "nester" viewpoint.

Mr. Linford's physical description of his setting is well done but sometimes his expression seems somewhat modern in tone for his subject matter. Too, the western reader might question some of his material, for instance, the rather far-fetched incident in which starving antelope are driven along with the cattle into a corral and there clubbed to death; or that of a horse, having left its rider, appearing months later, sleek and fat, and still carrying part of the saddle.

The "Man Without a Star," Jeff Jimson, young, tough and confused by a lonely and bitter childhood, drops off the rods of a freight train at Quadrille, Wyoming. The biggest building is the Cheyenne-Black Hills Stage Line office; the biggest citizen Wate Garrett, cattleman extraordinary. Jeff goes to work for Garrett and slowly and painfully comes to know of the latter's power and his unscrupulous scheming in holding vast sections of government land. Through political power and with his large band of hired hands who spread terror and death, Garrett has kept all homesteaders off his illegally held land.

Garrett over-reaches himself when he makes a dummy deed of land to Jeff, only to find his once docile hand, sickened by greed and double dealing, intending to hold the land and defy him. With that opening wedge, and helped by eager homesteaders and an uncoerced "citizen's jury," Jeff cracks Garrett's power and wins for the "little man" the right to settle on the land, and for himself, of course, Garrett's beautiful daughter.

—Mrs. Elizabeth W. Caldwell, C.M.

—W—

A TOWN CALLED TIN CUP

TIN CUP, COLORADO, by Conrad F. Schader. Lynn Publications. Denver. \$1.60.

Colorado's mining camps are finally being given the attention they deserve in the publishing field. Such a wealth of history lurks in the story of each one that it is a delight to record that they are now, one by one, appearing in print.

Tin Cup is the latest. Tin Cup had its great boom in 1880, although placer miners had been there as early as 1860. It was a wild, rowdy camp, and old-timers, to this day, link Leadville, Creede, and Tin Cup in their admiration for the shenanigans that took place.

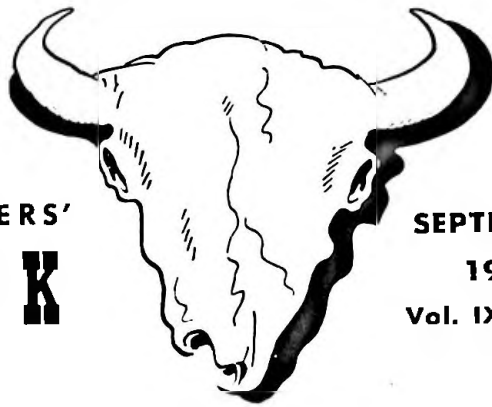
The present pamphlet, although giving factual findings of the past, slants its interest more toward the present. The author includes many contemporary photographs, and a number of maps. It is a labor of love even to a hand-executed, silk-screen process cover—gay and eye-catching. Only a thousand copies have been issued.

—Caroline Bancroft

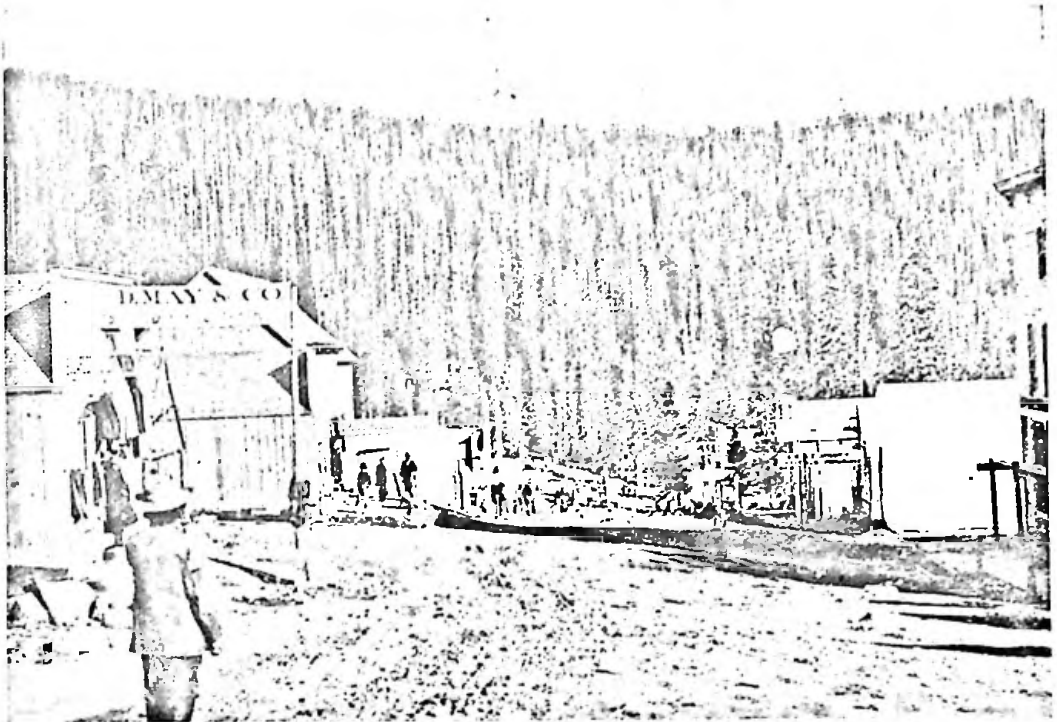
—W—

Next Roundup of the Denver Posse, at the Press Club Sept. 23, is to be addressed by Robert A. LeMessema on the part railroad advertising played in the opening of the West... New Posse members, admitted at the August Roundup: Jack Foster and Henry Hough (the latter a reinstatement after a period of inactivity).

The DENVER WESTERNERS'
BRAND BOOK



SEPTEMBER
1953
Vol. IX, No. 9



—Fred M. Mazzulla

David May founded his merchandising empire in a tent at Leadville, Colo., in 1877, under the name of the Great Western Auction House and Clothing Store. Later the name was changed to May & Shoenberg. In 1880 he established the first store operated under his own name, D. May & Co., at the mining town of Irwin, Colo., near Gunnison. Passeman Fred M. Mazzulla recently discovered this photograph of May's establishment at Irwin, called the "Square Dealing Clothing Room." The enterprise founded by David May, now known as the May Department Stores Co., is America's greatest department store chain, numbering twenty-five stores.

In This Issue:

Colorado—How It Got That Way, by Robert A. LeMassena



The BRAND BOOK

Published Monthly by

THE WESTERNERS

Denver Posse

Application pending for entry as Second Class Matter. \$3 per year.

Vol. IX

SEPTEMBER, 1953

No. 9

Room 306, State Museum Building

14th and Sherman Streets

Denver 2, Colo.

Founded January 26, 1945

1953 Officers:

Sheriff, Dr. Philip W. Whiteley.

Deputy sheriff, W. S. Broome.

Roundup foreman (secretary), Francis B. Rizzari.

Tally man (treasurer), Ralph B. Mayo, Sr.

Chuck wrangler, Arthur Zeuch.

Assistant registrar, Francis B. Rizzari.

Book review chairman, Ray G. Colwell.

Program chairman, Fletcher W. Birney, Jr.

Membership chairman, Charles B. Roth.

Publications chairman, Elvon L. Howe.

Registrar of marks and brands (editor Brand Book), Maurice Frink.

WORKING THE RANGE

You should find, inserted in this issue, an announcement and order card for the 1952 Brand Book. This annual publication of the Denver Westerners is in the hands of Elvon Howe, which is a guarantee of a high standard of excellence. What we mean is this will be one hell of a good Brand Book. Elvon says he would deeply appreciate it if all Posse and Corresponding members would get their orders in NOW. Furthermore, to bring the mailing list up to date, he'd like to have PMs, CMs or others send in the name of anyone who is presumably interested in purchasing a 1952 Brand Book or at least in receiving announcement of same. The book will be out about the middle of December, just in time for Christmas.

—W—

Forbes Parkhill will address the October Roundup on "The Decline and Fall of the Tabor Empire." Usual date, usual place—Denver Press Club.

—W—

Because of the Holidays, the November and December Roundups will be held one week earlier than the usual dates. The November Roundup will be on Wednesday, the 18th; the December Roundup, Wednesday, the 16th.

—W—

J. Evetts Haley, distinguished Western author and corresponding member of the Denver Posse, is in the hospital at Fort Smith, Ark., with a broken and crushed knee, result of an accident while roping a cow at his ranch near Fort Smith. Write him: care of Earl Cobb, Fort Smith, Ark.

books—one on Lieutenant Gunnison, one on Jim Beckwourth and one on Tin Cup, Colo.

—W—

—W—

Dr. Nolie Mumey is at work on three

Harold Dunham recently visited Taos,

Santa Fe, Las Vegas (Old Town) and Raton, in search of information on early New Mexico. He and his family took in the Santa Fe Fiesta, and met Justice Jackson there.

—W—

Charles Ryland and Francis Rizzari report that Alpine Tunnel is still open, though damp, and the old boarding house still stands. Ryland and Rizzari recently hiked over Alpine and Williams Passes.

—W—

Paul Gantt is ill in a Washington, D. C. hospital, Fred Mazzulla reports.

What goes here? Is Roy Hafen breaking in or breaking out? Ask Doc Collins, he took the picture.



Francis Rizzari reports that "Aspen on the Roaring Fork" is now out of print.

—W—

"Down from the hills," says Don Bloch, "after a summer operating the Teller House Book Shop at Central City, I'm again on the sawdust circuit, making talks on speleology." His latest appearance was before the Capital City Kiwanis Club.

—W—

Maurice Frink says he hopes his "Cow Country Cavalcade, the Story of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association," will be out next May. It's a commission job for the Association, sequel to Agnes Wright Spring's "70 Years Cow Country."

—W—

Ed Dunklee, as good will ambassador for the United Nations, will shortly report to Geneva, Switzerland, for a trip to the Mediterranean and probably Egypt and India, to promote the technical assistance program.

—W—

On his news memo sheet, at the last Roundup, B. Z. Woods wrote: "I value my association with the Westerners most highly. You are a great group. My work as a college representative will keep me away from October to April. I will miss you but I'll keep in touch with you."

—W—

"May I recommend the trip from Breckenridge to Boreas Pass over the old D.S.P. & P. railroad grade, an excellent dirt road," says E. H. Ellis. Yes, sir, you may.

—W—

"Next to the stimulation received from reading the monthly Brand Book," writes Will G. Metz of the T Up T Down Ranch, Buffalo, Wyo., "The most fun I get out of my membership in the Westerners in finding persons interested in Western history who aren't members and

Continued on Page 9.

COLORADO—How It Got That Way

BY ROBERT A. LeMASSENA

Chief Engineer, Instrument Division, Heiland Research Corp.

Easterners, meaning those who live on the other side of the Mississippi River, have had some very definite opinions concerning Colorado. Over a span of ten decades, these opinions have not always been the same, but, in general, they have had one common feature—Colorado, as it was in their composite opinion, and Colorado, as it actually was, were vastly different. The primary reason for this is that the information which they received, either in printed form or by word of mouth, was usually amplified to some degree for their particular benefit. If variety and volume of printed material alone is any criterion, one could say that the railroads of Colorado were solely responsible for the Easterner's fantastic concepts of the state. To a lesser degree, the blame also rests upon German artists and American wood-cut engravers, almost all of whom never saw more than a photograph upon which to base their work. Today, we would view their innocent misrepresentations with little more than raised eyebrows, while 50 years ago, one firmly believed all he saw in black and white.

How the Way Was Prepared

In the 1850s, when the various "Surveys for the Pacific Railroad" were made and the details published, the difficulties of both weather and terrain were beyond belief. Stories of blinding, wind-driven snows, or "poudries," of men beating the snow with their hands to make a path for the pack animals, of Indian attacks and raids, of incredibly high mountains and bottomless canons, of waterless days on a semi-desert beneath the burning sun, of rationing a scant food supply and of devouring pack animals, all presented a picture of the West that was not to be erased for a century. Later, in the 1860s and '70s, when Hayden's "Survey of the Territories" was published, Easterners were understandably astounded at what the expedition had found in Colorado, as well as in other territories. Making observations with lightning striking near the station, capture of members of the party by Indians, exploring escapeless canons, witnessing Indian mescal "parties," traveling long distances with the thermometer over 100, climbing numberless peaks over 13,000 feet in altitude, enduring torrential rains with little shelter, making but five miles per day over *roches moutonnées* and fallen timber were experiences which a staid city-dweller or conservative farmer did not dismiss lightly. Also, during these 30 years, professional travelers, such as Bayard Taylor and Samuel Bowles, had recounted their experiences in book form. A few popular periodicals boosted public interest and their own circulation by not too accurate accounts and illustrations pertaining to Colorado, supplemented with their own vivid imaginations. So, with the coming of the railroads to Colorado in the 1870s, the Eastern mind was well prepared to accept practically anything as the truth, and railroad advertising men made the most of that opportunity.

Between 1870 and 1879, there were primarily two railroad factions in Colorado. The more influential was the Union Pacific, which had the honor of first entering the present state boundaries. Before the decade was over it effectively controlled all of its competitors but one. Its dynasty included the Colorado Central, Denver South Park & Pacific, Denver Pacific, and Kansas Pacific. The only opposition was that of the Santa Fe, which had swallowed the infant Denver & Rio Grande soon after its birth. The advertising of these two railroad empires stressed mining, settlement, buffalo

hunting, and the restoration of health, with a final admonition that their services were most convenient and enjoyable for the prospective customer.

First Railroad Advertising in Colorado

Railroad advertising in form was apparently confined to blatant broadsides, strategically located in railroad stations, type-set advertisements in contemporary books and periodicals, and quaint notices in their own public timetables. The Santa Fe public timetable of '76 and the Union Pacific public timetable of '78 contained maps of questionable accuracy, some information concerning train schedules, and a considerable quantity of advertising material on the attractions of Colorado. Also in '76, the Santa Fe published "San Juan Mines and the Iron Belt" the earliest item of pure railroad advertising on Colorado, to the author's knowledge. This was followed in 1879 by a Kansas Pacific booklet, "The Colorado Tourist via the Golden Belt Route." The "Gold" in this title, however, referred to the gold of boundless fields of grain in Kansas, and not to the gold in the numberless mines of Colorado.

The 1880s saw a tremendous surge in passenger traffic to Colorado, which terminated, temporarily at least, in Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo. From these points the traveler could by rail reach almost any point in the mountain area of the state, except the northwest corner. At this time, the Union Pacific still controlled the destinies of the Colorado Central, and the Denver South Park & Pacific. The Denver & Rio Grande had broken away from the Santa Fe, which had all but wrecked it, and had expanded like an octopus, while the latter road contented itself with a spur to Denver and headed southwestward toward California. And a competitor for the ubiquitous Denver & Rio Grande showed up in the form of the Colorado Midland. Railroad-published advertising material and literature now appeared in great quantities, the public timetable no longer being considered a satisfactory medium for influencing travelers. Mining and settlement were no longer the prime attraction. Instead, scenery of a more spectacular type predominated, while health resorts and the state of one's health were also exploited. Railroad advertising men, apparently with the desire to acquaint their customers with a general background of knowledge of the state and travel in it, produced a host of flowery, thumb-nail descriptions of almost everything. Indians, whose presence had been previously soft-pedaled because of their general antipathy for railroads, were now represented as objects worthy of a trans-continental trip. Besides publishing their own booklets and periodicals, the railroads sponsored guide books written by commissioned authors. The domineering Union Pacific found itself, in the matter of advertising, completely outdistanced by the lowly Denver & Rio Grande, which had for its general passenger agent one Shradrack Kemp Hooper, who took second place to no one in this field. This resourceful, be-whiskered gentleman was responsible for all that the Denver & Rio Grande published for more than 20 years, and this was a tremendous amount of material. In the '80s he started "Around the Circle," and the "Red Book," the first of which was published in quantities of 25,000 per year, and the latter in quantities of approximately 25,000 per month.

Jackson Photos Reproduced in Germany

By the end of the '80s, W. H. Jackson's incomparable photographs were being made available to the general public, and enterprising German printers were commissioned to reproduce them by lithography in souvenir booklets which were distributed by news agents on the trains. Although the German artists had the photographs from which to make the printing stones, they were inclined toward exaggeration in their representation. When these booklets were taken back East, all of a traveler's magnified impressions were substantiated by irrefutable paper and ink. Outstanding

though it was, Colorado was not all that the spoken word and printed text made it appear, and the overwhelming volume of advertising which was to appear later only served to verify the previous exaggerations.

The use of half-tone illustrations, which began about 1890, gave a tremendous impetus to the graphical representation of Colorado's wonders. Admittedly, pen and ink artists and wood-block engravers had taken certain liberties with both the scenery and the photographs thereof which served as their models. In all fairness, though, it could not be said that the awesomeness of what they executed was any greater than that experienced by an eastern tourist viewing the same scene. Half-tone illustrations, made directly from actual photographs, and therefore truly presenting things as they were, were equally awe-inspiring. Although the work of the artists was inaccurately spectacular, the half-tone reproductions verified the superlatives on which Colorado's reputation had been founded. The scenes chosen for illustrations were of a most impressive kind, and often were taken from spots which no tourist would ever visit. The impressionable tourist, unaware of this stratagem, conjured in his mind a fantastic picture of the state.

In the gay '90s, a new group of railroads arose among the old faithfuls which were the Denver & Rio Grande and its Utah companion, the Rio Grande Western, the Colorado Midland, the Denver Leadville & Gunnison, which had succeeded the Denver South Park & Pacific, and the Union Pacific Denver and Gulf, which had succeeded the Colorado Central. All of the new lines but one, the Manitou and Pike's Peak, were built for the hauling of ore from mining districts. Although their principal business was freight, their mountainous locations provided occasional passengers with scenery, which eclipsed all that on railroads which had preceded them. These roads were the Florence and Cripple Creek, Colorado & Northwestern, Rio Grande Southern, Silverton, Silverton Northern, and Silverton, Gladstone & Northerly. Illustrations of the deep cuts, high wooden trestles, hairpin curves, towering peaks, and incredible grades, plus the imaginative, verbal descriptions of them, certainly gave the impression that Colorado, west of Denver, was a mountainous territory, whose principal dimension was vertical. Railroad passenger agents took advantage of this new opportunity to impress outsiders with sufficient reasons for patronizing their lines to and in the state. S. K. Hooper outdid his previous efforts by producing roughly one new publication each year in addition to those which he had initiated previously. As was true with the other railroads, spectacular scenery headed the list of attractions, while spas, business opportunities, natural resources, mining and general information were also included. The Union Pacific Denver & Gulf and Denver Leadville & Gunnison, both still under Union Pacific control, competed either directly or otherwise with Mr. Hooper. Jointly they produced in the last four years of the late 1890s no less than 18 booklets covering mining districts, scenery, climate, resorts, gold and fishing. This effort on their part was, however, a vain one, because at the end of 1898 the Union Pacific divested itself of them, and they merged to form the present Colorado & Southern.

Picture Postcards Enter the Picture

In this decade also the picture postcards, often in color, came into being. These were printed by the millions and flowed like water out from Colorado to all parts of the Union. Since most of the photographs which were used as subjects had been taken on or near the railroads, it was natural that railroad scenes predominated. The trite city views and pictures of public buildings were yet to come, and those who received these cards feared for the safety of Uncle George and Aunt Lizzy who were vacationing in one of the wildest places on earth. In the author's collection of 1,400 such cards, embracing 18 different railroads in the state, 131 showed the Royal Gorge, 72 the top

of Pike's Peak, 52 the Georgetown Loop, and 22 St. Peter's Dome. The Seven Castles accounted for 19, Yankee Doodle Lake for 15, and Animas Canyon 12. This large proportion of exceptional scenery must certainly have had its effect upon what the Easterner thought of Colorado.

The first multi-color cards were printed in Germany, as the Germans were ahead of us in the art of printing, but later on their processes were used in this country. This situation produced another source of exaggeration. The German artists who had never seen Colorado worked from scant photographs and sketches, and added a few special touches of their own in accordance with their local mountain scenery. In their opinions, the Cripple Creek District resembled the Bavarian Alps, with tracks clinging to insignificant ledges, and the trains running well above the clouds. Their color rendition was surprisingly accurate, however, and inconceivable though it may have appeared to the uninitiated, Colorado was quite like their representations. Those picture post-cards, which were so precise in their coloring, were so unbelievable that those which were grossly exaggerated were no more unbelievable, and all were accepted at face value. Consequently, Colorado acquired a reputation somewhat in excess of actuality, and quite commensurate with the impressions of the tourist. But the best was yet to come.

Railroad Advertising's Golden Age

The Golden Age for railroad advertising occurred in the first ten years of the 20th century. The Denver & Rio Grande, now consolidated with the Rio Grande Western, and for all practical purposes with the Rio Grande Southern and the Florence & Cripple Creek, still dominated the local publishing scene. The Colorado Midland and its affiliate, the Midland Terminal, contributed a significant number of scenic booklets. The Colorado & Southern continued publication of almost all that its parent roads had compiled. Three more new railroads came into being—the Colorado Springs & Cripple Creek District, the Denver North Western & Pacific, and the Argentine Central. While these could not surpass the Rio Grande Southern in scenery, they were much more heavily traveled. The Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek District was noted for its succession of curves, tunnels and trestles. The Denver North Western & Pacific could boast of 48 tunnels, snow-sheds and a high point of 11,660 feet. The Argentine Central thrilled its patrons with $7\frac{1}{2}\%$ grades, seven switchbacks, and an incomparable vista of Gray's and Torrey's peaks from the end of its track at 13,007 feet. What advertising copy these made!

While scenery of the most frightful type was still the cornerstone of advertising, railroad men now realized that there was also considerable revenue in carrying whole families to and from resorts in the mountains. The mineral wealth of the state was in a sort of decline, as were agriculture and business opportunities, having been surpassed in importance by climate, fishing, soda springs and trolley tours. The Santa Fe began publication of its annual "A Colorado Summer" to the extent of 25,000 per year. The Colorado Springs & Cripple Creek District issued 8,500 of its "Blue Book" each month. Mr. Hooper countered with 50,000 per year of "Sights, Places, Resorts," and 25,000 per year of "Tourist's Handbook." All in addition to his previous efforts.

In this era there appeared two new menaces to the tourists' sanity. These took the form of large booklets containing specially selected scenes from the most terrifying portions of the state, particularly adjacent to the railroad over which they had traveled. The other item was a small folder composed of postcard size scenes joined in a manner similar to an accordion, but wholly unrefoldable. These were sold both in the railroad stations and on the trains by news agents, or butches, as they were commonly known. It was in this era too, that S. K. Hooper coined the ever-lasting phrase, "See America First," in an effort to lure travelers to the state of Colorado away from European expedi-

tions, and into the passenger cars of the Denver & Rio Grande. Exciting and original though it may have been, this magic phrase proved to be a swan-song.

On the Down Grade Since 1914

The mileage of Colorado's railroads reached its peak in 1914, and it was one from which there has been no reversal of the downward trend. The zenith of railroad advertising, however, was reached in the previous decade. S. K. Hooper's master touch was missing, and the Denver & Rio Grande's "Redbook" became an exponent of agriculture, irrigation and natural resources. With perhaps a few minor exceptions, the Rio Grande's emissions ceased, probably because of their precarious financial condition brought about by their financing the Western Pacific Railway. The Colorado Midland's prolific pamphlets likewise stopped. The Colorado Springs & Cripple Creek District was content with a paltry folder, and the Colorado & Southern published only annual issues of "One-Day Mountain Trips," "Picturesque Colorado," and the "Far-Famed Georgetown Loop." The Denver Boulder & Western, successor to the bankrupt Colorado & Northwestern, continued to publish the beautiful flower and scenic booklet, "A Trip to Cloud-land." The Santa Fe persisted with "A Colorado Summer," and the Denver & Rio Grande published special booklets for special trips, such as the "31st Bundesturnfest" in 1913. It inaugurated at this time a most uninteresting item called a "descriptive time-table," printed in type so fine that no one could possibly read it as the cars clattered along. The accent had now changed from scenery to the great outdoors and vacationing in the wilderness. For the first time the railroads advertised the use of their facilities in conjunction with a steamer trip to the Far East. The West, and Colorado, too, never before had been by-passed. This was the beginning of the end. From this time on, the decline in advertising material was precipitous.

In the rich and roaring '20s, Colorado railroad advertising had almost vanished, and the joint efforts of the Denver & Rio Grande (succeeded in 1925 by the Denver & Rio Grande Western), the Colorado & Southern, the Manitou & Pike's Peak, Union Pacific, and Midland Terminal resulted in a feeble attempt to exploit railroad service, scenic wonders, industrial opportunity and the lure of the fabulous Orient. The Midland Terminal's final effort was a pictorial folder on the Cripple Creek District. Even the "Redbook" succumbed. One might well ask at this point why the railroads suddenly ceased to advertise. There were three possible explanations. One of these was the belief among higher railroad officials that they had a monopoly on passenger transportation, and that the automobile represented no serious threat to the capacity of their many trains. History has proved that they were wrong. Another reason was that many of the shorter lines went out of business because of declining freight traffic, and they, therefore, could not exist on what passenger traffic was left. A third reason was that the breed of tourist had changed from an adventuresome soul, who would travel almost anywhere under almost any conditions, and who enjoyed the scenery en route to his destination. In his place there came one who wanted speed and comfort, and to whom the destination was of greater importance than the attractions on the way. At the depth of the great depression in the early '30s, railroad advertising for the benefit of Colorado and all that it offered had disappeared. Only a few pages in the public time-tables were devoted to advertising, and these were primarily concerned with trans-Pacific travel. In recent times there has been a slight come-back. The Denver & Rio Grande Western in 1941 issued a comprehensive guide to its entire system. The Union Pacific included a booklet on Colorado in a series of six, each devoted to a particular part of their territory. The lines to the east, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, and Chicago Rock Island & Pacific, and the Missouri Pacific and the Santa Fe, have issued spasmodic circulars on the beauties of the state and the City of Denver. The general tone of these publications was that of interesting scenery, business opportunity and

recreation. Colorado was no longer a place to go through. Instead, certain chosen spots in it were worthy of a visit. The present day traveler knows nothing of Rifle Sight Notch Loop on the Moffat, of the 88-degree curves of the Uintah, of the switchbacks on the Argentine Central, of the Georgetown Loop on the Colorado & Southern, of the Hagerman Tunnel on the Colorado Midland, of the Short Line's convolutions, of Phantom Canyon on the Florence & Cripple Creek, of Black Canyon on the Denver & Rio Grande Western, and the incredible trestles and scenery on the Rio Grande Southern. All of these to him are gone forever, and with them a great part of Colorado's fabulous reputation.

The Picture They Painted

Over a period of three decades, railroad advertising men through the magic of their many illustrative booklets transformed Colorado from a region of desert and mountains, inhabited by hostile Indians and ferocious beasts, and a place of Siberian winters and African summers, into a bounteous agricultural plain, adjacent to a mountainous area which did not recognize Switzerland as its peer. It was transformed from a place where cattle bones littered the landscape to one where even those with ailing hearts and lungs could restore their health and live in comfort. It was no longer a land where one existed in constant terror of marauding Indians, and eked out his living by panning gold and shooting rabbits. Instead there were great mines, mountain farms, and security away from the teeming cities of the East. This was the picture which these men had painted and it became indelibly etched in the minds of the eastern citizenry because of their repetition and thoroughness. Much like a picture on which the artist had ceased to paint, Colorado remains to great many people just as it was 35 years ago. And all of the efforts since then have done little to alter that picture. Perhaps it is best that it is thus, since the picture which was painted will never be surpassed.

(Bibliography in next month's issue.)

—W—

Continued from Page 3.

getting them to join." With his letter came Corresponding Membership applications for Paul B. Holmes, Encampment, Wyo., and Courtenay S. Davis, Cheyenne Come right in, boys.

—W—

Ed Hilliard reports: Spent last week end at Durango. Rode the narrow-gauge to Silverton. There's a possible movement afoot by a private corporation-to-be to buy and preserve this Silverton branch. Let's hope it succeeds.

—W—

Sheriff Philip Whiteley spoke on "Indian Trade Beads" at the Colorado State Archeological Society's annual meeting, Sept. 19.

—W—

Recent articles by Levette J. Davidson: "Barriers That Became Goals," in sum-

mer issue of Colorado Quarterly; "Colorado Place Name Studies," in July issue of Western Folklore.

—W—

John T. Caine, III, has been visiting fairs and rodeos, including the great ranch country around Encampment, Wyo.

—W—

Elvon Howe sighted one human habitation in four days, on a recent boat trip through Arthur Carhart's Yampa river country.

—W—

Fred Mazzulla was the Rotary club speaker Sept. 22 at Littleton. Showed pictures of early-day Colorado residents and visitors.

—W—

Carl Mathews, with seven other Ghost Town Club members, made a trip to Summitville, Platoro, Jasper and Stunner, all old camps.

Trail of a Westerner

Edgar C. McMechen, who died July 17, was a member of the Denver Westerners. He was at the time of his death curator of the State Museum and House Museums. Following is a synopsis of his career:

Ten years as feature writer and reporter, St. Louis Republic, St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Rocky Mountain News, Denver Republican, San Francisco Chronicle, Chicago Herald Examiner, Denver Times.

Nine years as director of publicity and editor of Municipal Facts, City and County of Denver, under Mayors Speer, Mills, Bailey and Stapleton.

Four years as executive secretary, assistant director and director, Denver Art Museum. Instituted the First Indian Art collection in the United States set up primarily to preserve Indian design; instituted the Museum's Southwestern Spanish Art Collection.

Three years as director of publicity for the Colorado Association, a statewide tourist and publicity association.

Author of:

The Moffat Tunnel of Colorado (official publication authorized by the Tunnel Commission) 2 vols.

Life of Gov. Evans.

Life of Robert W. Speer.

Life of Walter Scott Cheesman.

The Awakening, 2-act operetta in verse presented at the Municipal Auditorium, Music Week, 1922.

The Shining Mountains, written for Denver Public Library for use at American Library Convention, Denver, 1935.

Literature and the Arts, Chapter XXIV, History of Colorado, 1927.

The Denver Planning Primer. Vol. 6, Denver Planning Commission Series, published by City and County and used as school text book.

The Little Charter, Analytical Digest, charter of the City and County of Denver, published by the city for schools and students as ready reference work.

Radio: Thirteen historical dramas written for Public Service Company's "Light on the West" series.

Author of approximately 200 magazine articles, including contributions to American magazine, Scientific American, Travel, World's Work, Literary Digest, Nature magazine, Popular Science and Popular Mechanics, Western Story, Argosy, Outdoor Life, American School Board Journal, etc.

Editorial:—Municipal Facts, official Highways; editorial consultant for three years of Engineers' Bulletin (Colorado Society of Engineers); also contributed to Reclamation Era and Mines Magazine (Colorado School of Mines Alumni Ass'n).

Member, Denver Planning Commission, ten years; chairman, publications committee of same and member, Civic Art committee of same; chairman, publicity committee, Civic Center Extension committee when site was bought and bonds voted for Municipal Building; honorary life member, Oregon Trails Memorial Association. Experienced historical research worker and technical consultant in museum preparateur work.

Was requested by state historian, Dr. Leroy Hafen, to supervise the W.P.A. Historical Project at its inception and had an average of forty artists, sculptors, handicraft workers, research workers, etc., under him for six years; fifty-two life models were built during this period.

Associated with the State Historical Society since 1934. Curator, State Museum and four house museums for eleven years, i.e., Fort Garland, Pike's Stockade, Healy House and Dexter Cabin at Leadville, and Ouray Memorial Park near Montrose.



Westerner's Bookshelf



DAYS OF THE 'REGULATORS'

THE VIGILANTES OF MONTANA, by Thomas J. Dimsdale. University of Oklahoma Press, 286 pages; \$2.

After the vigilantes left the last of Henry Plummer's gang swinging on the end of a rope, some of them tallied over one hundred murders which were committed by this gang. This record, plus the robberies, may well make Plummer the greatest of all the outlaw leaders of the West. Be that as it may, one thing is certain—none provided a more colorful record than this gambler-outlaw chief who skyrocketed to notoriety in one year, and no group of vigilantes left behind them a more thrilling story or a finer record of public service than this group in the Montana gold-fields in 1863-1864.

Thomas J. Dimsdale's book has long been recognized as excellent source material. Unfortunately, Dimsdale's account—although written while memories were fresh, and accurate from the standpoint of what the bystander saw and knew—is woefully lacking in details about the vigilantes themselves, details which Dimsdale must have known but which were probably suppressed by the vigilantes. For this part of the story a reader must turn to Langford's *Vigilante Days and Ways* and Birney's *Vigilantes*, both excellent books but now out of print.

Those who expect in this reprint a well prepared item like, e.g., the Ruxton books edited by Dr. Hafen, will be disappointed. A good introduction, or careful editing, could have rounded out Dimsdale's account and immeasurably increased the value of this edition. As it is, Mr. DeGolyer's short introduction adds nothing which is not in the book except for a few facts about Dimsdale which are common knowledge. If it was the publisher's intent to do merely a reprint, the reprint might

have been at least a facsimile reproduction of the rare first edition.

This edition is recommended to all students who desire an inexpensive "reading copy" and to all lovers of the Old West who have never made the acquaintance of Henry Plummer's "Innocents" and the stout-hearted men who ran down, tried, and hung twenty-five of them in one short, cold, winter month. Dimsdale had the material for a fascinating book of adventure and violent death—and he did not fumble that which he set down or, perhaps one should say, that part which he was "permitted" to set down.

—MARK H. BROWN, CM,
Bellevue, Nebraska.

—W—

STILL MORE ABOUT CUSTER

You may want to make room on your Custer shelf for these:

The Custer Myth, a Source Book of Custeriana, by Col. W. A. Graham, USA Ret. There are 450 pages, illustrated and indexed, \$10.

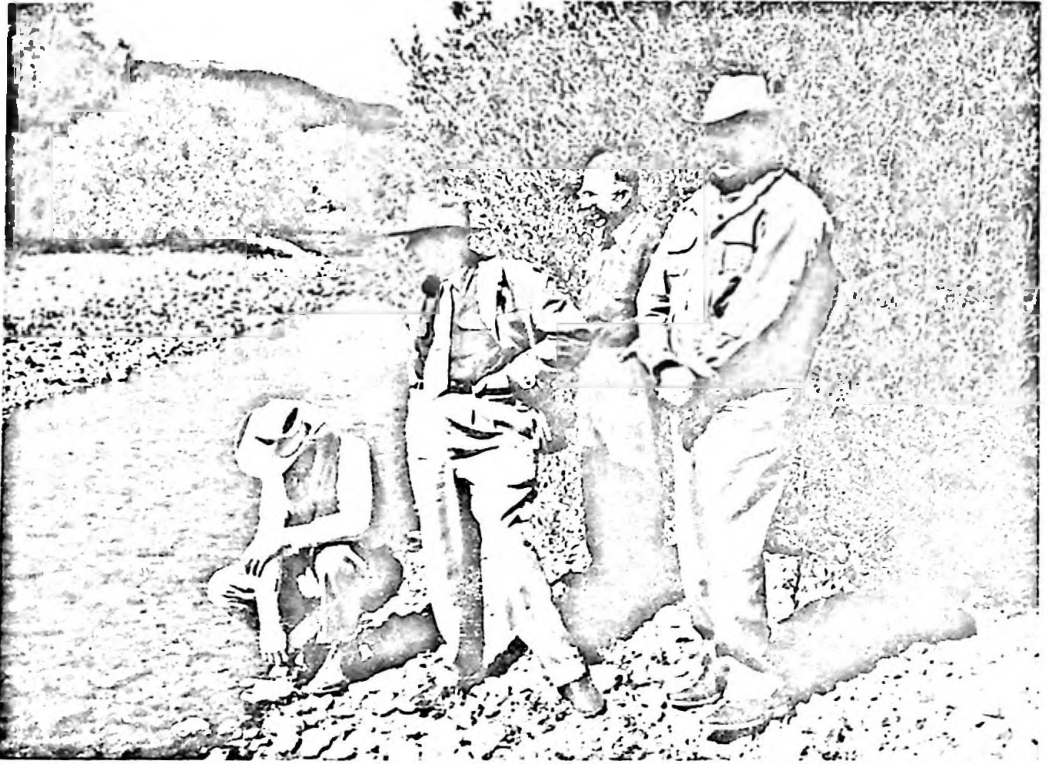
Firearms in the Custer Battle, by John E. Parsons and John S. du Mont. This is a monograph with a colored cover showing the Last Stand, and with many illustrations. It goes into detail on the weapons used on the Little Bighorn, including the ejectors that didn't work; \$2.75.

Both the foregoing are published by the Stackpole Co., Harrisburg, Pa.

—W—

THE OREGON TRAIL IN 1951

LANDMARKS ON THE OREGON TRAIL, by Paul C. Henderson, published by Peter Decker, 51 E. 42nd st., New York 17, N. Y., for the New York Posse of The Westerners, 1953. Page size 9x11; 61 pages; 32 color



Posse members prospectin': Fletcher Birney, Levette Davidson, Roy Hafen and Charles Roth on the bank of Tarryall Creek (no color there, but gold aplenty on the autumn hill). Photo by Dabney Otis Collins.

photos, eight maps and (in pocket) folding map of Oregon Trail. Edition limited to 300 numbered copies. Price \$25.

This is "Special Publication No. 1" of those Westerners doomed to live out their days in that line camp on the Hudson river, far from the Powder and the Platte.

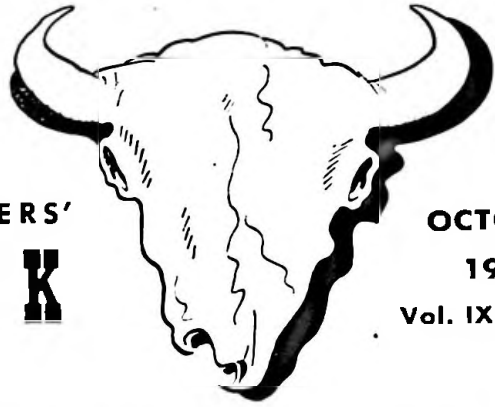
Actually, it's a collaboration between a group of Easterners and Westerners in re-exploring and mapping the most interesting sector of the most celebrated of the overland trails. It is a report of a trip by jeep, truck and afoot over the Trail from Chimney Rock in Nebraska to Pacific Springs, Wyoming, in July, 1951. It injects more than a touch of modernity

into the romance and adventure that cling to the ruts of the old road still visible in many parts of Wyoming. The text is interestingly written, though by its nature it hits the high spots and omits much of historic value and interest. It does serve, however, as a valuable link between the present and the past.

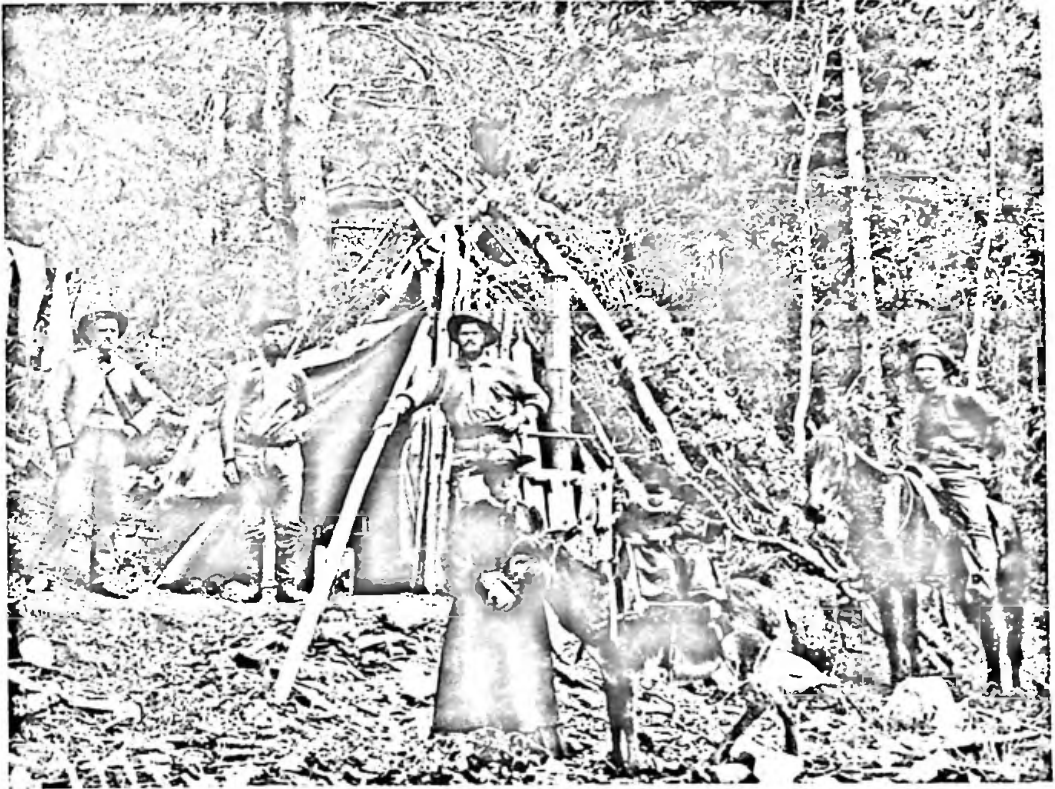
The colored photos of such places as the Three Crossings, Split Rock and South Pass are the kind everybody who ever photographed the Trail wishes he had been able to get. The detail maps of Sweetwater Station, Platte Bridge and Fort John (later Fort Laramie) are of much historical interest.

MAURICE FRINK

The DENVER WESTERNERS'
BRAND BOOK



OCTOBER
1953
Vol. IX, No. 10



—Fred M. Mazzulla

This photo of the bunk house at the Loba mine, near Creed, Colo., in the 1890s, is one of a collection which Fred Mazzulla recently bought from the estate of Dr. H. D. Newton, a dentist of Salida, Colo., who died in 1928. Dr. Newton took hundreds of photographs in the West between 1895 and 1910.

In This Issue:

How Tabor Lost His Millions, by Forbes Parkhill



The BRAND BOOK

Published Monthly by

THE WESTERNERS

Denver Posse

Application pending for entry as Second Class Matter. \$3 per year.

Vol. IX

OCTOBER, 1953

No. 10

Room 306, State Museum Building

14th and Sherman Streets

Denver 2, Colo.

Founded January 26, 1945

1953 Officers:

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Deputy sheriff, W. S. Broome.

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WORKING THE RANGE

ORDER YOUR ANNUAL BRAND BOOK NOW: Growing rapidly in recognition year by year, the Denver Westerners' Annual Brand Book presents in the 1952 Volume VIII fifteen important new contributions by a group including some of the West's outstanding writers. The book is to be off the press just before Christmas. Posse Members will receive their copies at the annual meeting December 16.

As Elvon Howe, the editor, puts it, "The eighth Annual Brand Book reaches beyond the documentary toward the interpretive, recaptures a way of life too vital and significant to die." Table of contents includes articles by J. Frank Dobie. T. W. Larson, John J. Lipsey, William MacLeod Raine, Dolores C. Renze, Jack Ellis Haynes, Martin Wenger, Levette J. Davidson, Elvon L. Howe, Ramon F. Adams, Raymond G. Colwell, Maurice Frink, Lewis A. Nordyke, Edwin A. Bemis and Herbert O. Brayer.

All work of editing and other preparation of the Brand Book is done by unpaid volunteers (members of the Posse, with some noble assists from some of their wives to whom our Stetsons are doffed). Purchasers are therefore required to send payment in advance of delivery, to avoid additional bookkeeping expense. The price: \$8.50 net prepaid;

special pre-publication price to Westerners until Dec. 1, 1953: \$7.00.

—W—

Posse Members, asked at the October roundup to indicate "wants" in connection with their particular Western interests, responded as follows:

William S. Jackson, 935 Washington St., Denver 3, wants a copy of *Pioneers of the San Juan Basin*, Vol. I, Mrs. Crum, editor; will pay reasonable price.

Harold Dunham, 1463 S. University Blvd., Denver 10, is interested in books

on the Santa Fe Trail and on New Mexico, 1840-1870.

Charles Ryland, 809 19th St., Golden, Colo., wants railroad material of the 1880s, particularly guidebooks.

Carl F. Matthews, 609 North Institute, Colorado Springs, wants old stereo views of Colorado mining camps and narrow gauge railroads.

C. S. Jackson, 1302 California, Denver 2, is interested in locating photographs made during the Chinese riots in Denver, 1880 to 1883.

Fred M. Mazzulla, 514 Symes Bldg., Denver 2, will buy or trade pictures or negatives of Western subjects.

John J. Lipsey, 1920 Pinegrove, Broadmoor, Colorado Springs, will swap Western books for Western books.

Gerrit S. Barnes, 1464 Marion St., Denver 6, wants railroad pictures and stories.

Lester L. William, 202 Burns Bldg., Colorado Springs, is interested in pictures of old fire apparatus or fire departments in Colorado.

Fletcher W. Birney, Jr., 235 Kearney, Denver, collects old-time barbed wire.

Francis Rizzari, Route 4, Box 167, Golden, Colo., wants Colorado railroad pictures and passes.

Ed Bemis, 290 Santa Fe, Littleton, who collects subscriptions to some country weekly whose name escapes us at the mo-



Pre-view of one of the fifty illustrations in the 1952 Annual Brand Book, "Prince Hal of the Rockies" (center one of the three) in his heyday. Lord Ogilvy is the subject of Elvon Howe's piece in the Annual Brand Book, a condensed version of which appeared in the Monthly Brand Book for July.

ment, was one of fifteen Denverites recently guests of the U.S. Navy (i.e., us taxpayers) on a Gulf cruise aboard an aircraft carrier.

Colorado: How It Got That Way: Bibliography

Editor's Note: Space limitations prevented printing the bibliography of Robert A. LeMassena's paper "Colorado: How It Got That Way," with the paper in the September Brand Book. The bibliography, listing publications on Colorado distributed by United States railroads, follows:

1860-1869

- 1869 The Great Trans-continental RR Guide (Crafutt)—UP.
1870* Overland Tourist & Pacific Coast Guide (Crafutt)—UP.
1875* Public Timetable—D & RG.
1875 Colorado Central Ry. Through Clear Creek Canon—CC.
1876 San Juan Mines & The Iron Belt—AT & SF.
1876* Public Timetable—AT & SF.

1870-1879

- 1870* Public Timetable—UP, CC, DSP & P.
1879 The Colorado Tourist Via the Golden Belt Route—KP.

1880-1889

- 1880* Tourist's Handbook—D & RG.
1880* Public Timetable—DSP & P.
1880 Across the Continent by the Scenic Route—D & RG.
1881 Health, Wealth & Places—D & RG.
1881 Colorado Grip-Sack Guide (Crafutt)—All RR's.
1881* Tourist's Handbook—D & RG.
1885* The Red Book—D & RG.
1885 Crest of the Continent (Ingersoll)—D & RG.
1886* Public Timetable—UP, CC, DSP & P.
1887* Thumbnail Sketches & Timetable—UP, CC, DSP & P.
1887 Rocky Mountain Scenery—D & RG.
1887 Resources & Attractions of Colorado—UP.
1889* Around the Circle—D & RG.
1889* Public Timetable—D & RGW.

1890-1899

- 1890 Colorado Cities & Places—CRI & P.
1890 Heart of the Rockies—RGW (Reverse of CM item).

1890 Heart of the Rockies—CM (Reverse of RGW item).
 1891* Midwest Pilot (Public timetable)—UPD & G, DL & G.
 1891 Sights and Scenes—CM.
 1892* Rocky Mountain Railroad Guide—All RR's.
 1894* Panoramic Views—D & RG.
 1894* Over the Range (Wood)—D & RG.
 1895* Public Timetable—D & RG.
 1895 Crossing the Rockies—RGW.
 1895* Public Timetable—RGW.
 1895 Colorado Resorts—UPD & G, DL & G.
 1895 Points of Interest—CM.
 1895* Pikes Peak by Rail—M & PP.
 1895 Scenic Colorado—CM.
 1896 South Park & Alpine Pass—DL & G.
 1896 Gunnison Gold Belt (Tonge)—DL & G.
 1896 Colorado Gold—UPD & G, DL & G.
 1896 Public Timetable—F & CC.
 1896 Slopes of the Sangre De Cristo—D & RG.
 1897 Geography of Colorado—D & RG.
 1897* Public Timetable—D & RG.
 1898* Natural Resources of Colorado—D & RG.
 1898* Sights, Places, & Resorts—D & RG.
 1898 The Switzerland Trail—C & N.
 1898 A Day in the Canons of the Rockies—UPD & G.
 1898 Boreas, Breckenridge & the Blue—DL & G.
 1898 Manitou—UPD & G.
 1898 Colorado Resorts—UPD & G.
 1898 Idaho Springs—UPD & G.
 1898 Troutling in Colorado Waters—UPD & G.
 1898 Colorado's Climate—UPD & G, DL & G.
 1898 Prospector's Hints—UPD & G, DL & G.
 1898 LaBelle & Trinidad Mining District—UPD & G.
 1898 Pine Creek Mining District—UPD & G.
 1898 Ward Mining District—UPD & G.
 1898 Breckenridge Mining District—UPD & G.
 1898 Swandyke Mining District—UPD & G.
 1898 Horseshoe Mining District—UPD & G.
 1899* Public Timetable—C & N.

1900-1909

1900 Colorado Mineral Wealth—C & S.
 1900 Colorado's Agricultural & Horticultural Resources—C & S.
 1900 Fishing on the Platte—C & S.
 1900 Colorado Climate—C & S.
 1900 Serpentine Trail—C & S.
 1900* Public Timetable—C & N.
 1900* A Colorado Summer—AT & SF.
 1901* White Book—C & N.
 1901 Trip to the Gold District—F & CC.
 1901* Public Timetable—C & N.
 1901 Official Directory—D & RG.
 1901* Blue Book—CS & CCD.
 1902* Public Timetable—CM.
 1902 About the DNW & P (Tonge)—DNW & P.
 1902* Public Timetable—C & S.
 1902 O'er Canon & Crag—CS & CCD.
 1903 Colorado Scenery—C & NW.
 1904 Chain of Gold Cities—CM.
 1904 The DNW & P Ry.—DNW & P.
 1905‡ Glenwood Springs—MP.
 1905‡ Pueblo—MP.
 1905‡ Colorado Springs, Manitou, Denver & Cripple Creek—MP.
 1905* Cripple Creek Road Guide—MT.
 1905 Chain of Gold Cities—MT.
 1905* Public Timetable—MT.
 1905 Marvelous Scenery—F & CC.
 1905‡ Scenes Along the Short Line—CS & CCD.
 1905* Under Turquoise Skies—CRI & P.
 1905 Trip to Cloudland—C & N.
 1905‡ Bullseye of the Rockies—CM.
 1905 Hills of Colorado—CM.
 1905‡ Through Hell Gate—CM.
 1905‡ Through the Rockies—CM.
 1905 Colorado Recreation—CM.
 1905 Bits of Scenery—CM.
 1905 Rocky Mountains to the Golden Gate (Gutteridge)—D & RG.
 1905 Opportunities—CM.
 1905‡ One Day Mountain Excursions—C & S.
 1905 Mineral & Agricultural Resources—CM.
 1905 Colorado Beauty Spots—C & S.

1905* Public Timetable—C & S.
 1906 The Argentine Central—AC.
 1906 Colorado, Playground of the Republic—CM.
 1906* Far-Famed Georgetown Loop—C & S.
 1906* Picturesque Colorado—C & S.
 1906 Colorado & Utah Handbook—CB & Q.
 1906 Swing Around Pike's Peak—CS & CCD.
 1906 Seeing the Foothills—D & IM.
 1906 General Information (Weston)—DNW & P.
 1906* Public Timetable—D & RG.
 1907 Above the Clouds—AC.
 1908 Gray's Peak Route—AC.
 1909 Scenic Colorado—CB & Q.
 1909 Public Timetable—CM.
 1909* Hotels & Resorts—C & S.
 1909* Public Timetable—C & S.
 1909 From Plain to Pinnacle—AC.

1910-1919

1910 Stairway to the Stars—AC.
 1910 Pactolus Road—G & CC.
 1910 Colorado Scenes—DL & NW.
 1911 The Cripple Creek Short Line—CS & CCD.
 1912 The DNW & P Ry.—DNW & P.
 1913 31st Bundesturnfest—D & RG.
 1913 As Seen From the Train—D & RG.
 1913* Public Timetable—D & RG.
 1914 To Mt. McClellan's Snow Banks—A & GP.
 1915* Descriptive Timetable—D & RG.
 1915 Switzerland Trail—DB & W.
 1915 Trip to Cloudland—DB & W.
 1915 The Cripple Creek Trip—CS & CCD.

1920-1929

1920* Public Timetable—D & RG.
 1925 Cripple Creek Trip—MT.
 1928* Public Timetable—UP.

1930-1939

1932* Public Timetable—D & RGW.

1940-1949

1941 Guide—D & RGW.
 1941 Freight Guide & Directory—D & RGW.
 1941* Public Timetable—D & RGW.
 1949 Colorado—UP.
 1949 Along the Union Pacific—UP.

REFERENCE MARKS AND ABBREVIATIONS

*Periodical. Excepting Public Timetables, date shown is for the first publication.
 †Exact date of publication not given.
 AC—Argentine Central.
 A & GP—Argentine & Gray's Peak.
 AT & SF—Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe.
 CC & CC—Canon City & Cripple Creek.
 CB & Q—Chicago, Burlington & Quincy.
 C & NW—Chicago & North-Western.
 CRI & P—Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific.
 CC—Colorado Central.
 CM—Colorado Midland.
 C & N—Colorado & Northwestern.
 C & S—Colorado & Southern.
 CS & CCD—Colorado Springs & Cripple Creek District.
 CC & CS—Cripple Creek & Colorado Springs.
 CR & SJ—Crystal River & San Juan.
 DB & W—Denver, Boulder & Western.
 D & IM—Denver & Intermountain.
 DL & G—Denver, Leadville & Gunnison.
 DL & NW—Denver, Laramie & Northwestern.
 DNW & P—Denver, Northwestern & Pacific.
 D & RG—Denver & Rio Grande.
 D & RGW—Denver & Rio Grande Western.
 D & SL—Denver & Salt Lake.
 D & SLW—Denver & Salt Lake Western.
 DSP & P—Denver, South Park & Pacific.
 DUT—Denver Union Terminal.
 F & CC—Florence & Cripple Creek.
 G & CC—Gilpin & Clear Creek.
 GC—Golden Circle.
 KP—Kansas Pacific.
 M & PP—Manitou & Pike's Peak.
 MT—Midland Terminal.
 MP—Missouri Pacific.
 NWT—Northwestern Terminal.

RG5—Rio Grande Southern.
 RGW—Rio Grande Western.
 S—Silverton.
 SG & N—Silverton, Gladstone & Northerly.
 SN—Silverton Northern.
 U—Uintah.
 UP—Union Pacific.
 UPD & G—Union Pacific, Denver & Gull.

D & W RR (includes C & N RR, C & N Ry.)..... 33
 AC Ry. (includes A & GP)..... 27
 F & CC RR (includes CC & CC, GC)..... 26
 DUT Ry. (includes NWT)..... 26
 MT Ry. 18
 RGS RR 12
 S Ry. (includes S RR)..... 10
 SG & N RR
 SN RR
 CR & SJ RR..... 1
 D & IM RR..... 1
 U Ry. 1

PICTURE POSTCARD DATA

D & RGW RR (includes D & RG Ry., D & RG RR, RGW, D & RG Ry.).....479
 Royal Gorge131
 Animas Canon 12
 D & SL Ry. (includes DNW & P, D & SL RR, D & SLW).....239
 Yankee Doodle Lake..... 15
 M & PP Ry.....163
 Summit of Pikes Peak..... 72
 C & S Ry. (includes CC, UPD & G, DSP & P, DL & G).....157
 Georgetown Loop 52
 CS & CCD Ry. (includes CC & CS).....139
 St. Peter's Dome..... 22
 CM RR (includes CM Ry.)..... 65
 Seven Castles 19

POST CARD PUBLISHERS

Albertype; American News (all printed in Germany); Adolph Selige Publishing; Art Souvenir Syndicate; Carson-Harper; Color Picture; Curt Teich (some printed in Germany); Dexter Press; Detroit Publishing; E. C. Krapp; E. H. Mitchell; E. Van Bardeleben; F. S. Thayer; Great Western Postcard & Novelty; H. C. Leighton; H. H. Tammen; H. R. Schmidt (many printed in Germany); International Postcard & Novelty; Mike Roberts; Stauter Bros.; Smith-Brooks; Souvenir Postcard & Merchandise; Tom Jones; Valentine & Sons; W. H. Kistler.

HOW TABOR LOST HIS MILLIONS

BY FORBES PARKHILL

Volumes have been written about H. A. W. Tabor, the bonanza king, and how he wrested one of the West's greatest fortunes from the mines of Leadville. But none has detailed just how, almost as swiftly as he gained it, he lost his fortune of perhaps ten or twelve millions.

In general, the collapse of the Tabor fortune is ascribed to the decline in the price of silver in the late eighties, followed by the panic of '93, which found his investments vastly overextended.

So far as it goes, this is true, but an examination of some three-score lawsuits filed in Denver courts against the bonanza king discloses specifically how a great part of his huge fortune slipped through his fingers.

Discovered in 1878, the Little Pittsburgh mine at once began pouring riches into his coffers. The Chrysolite and finally the Matchless continued to produce millions for the bonanza king. At the time his first wife, Augusta, divorced him in 1882, she estimated his assets at more than nine millions, and in the next few years his fortune increased materially.

But by 1887 newspapers were hinting that Tabor was "broke." He wasn't broke—yet. But '87 was the year when his huge fortune began to melt away, and to melt away with amazing speed.

By July of '03, when twelve Denver banks closed their doors, he was flat broke and forced to pawn the family jewels for a mere \$14,280. They included the famous Isabella diamond from the \$75,000 necklace he had given his second wife, Baby Doe, as a wedding gift, and even jewelry she had owned before her marriage to him.

How much he lost—or made—speculating on the Chicago grain market, is not a matter of record. Nor are his gambling losses—or winnings. He was a fair to middling hand at poker, but no match for the big-time players who gathered at Clifton Bell's private gambling rooms in the Tabor Opera House, Denver.

Paid High for Thirty Days in U. S. Senate

Most of Tabor's mining properties were involved in prolonged, expensive litigation. His ventures into politics cost him a small fortune. He is said to have provided most of the \$200,000 Republican campaign fund during the senatorial fight of '83,

from which he emerged with the thirty-day vacancy term in the U. S. Senate. He was a heavy contributor to subsequent campaigns during his later fruitless quest of political honors.

Prior to his divorce from his first wife he had given her \$100,000 in government bonds, and the divorce settlement cost him \$250,000. Unverified rumor had it that he settled \$150,000 on the Peter McCourts, parents of his second wife. He is said to have given his son, Maxcy, a \$50,000 business state.

Extravagant living expenses cut into his income. Already he was feeling the financial pinch when in '86 he bought his second wife the mansion at Thirteenth Avenue and Sherman Street, Denver, for \$54,000. Even after he was compelled to mortgage the home for \$30,000 in 1892, he and Baby Doe continued to "put up a front" of extravagant living.

By 1885 high-grade ores in the Leadville mines were beginning to play out, except for Tabor's Matchless, the only major mine the bonanza king owned in its entirety. Rich new strikes in the Matchless were reported as late as '87, but there is reason to suspect that some of these reports may have been inspired to support Tabor's shaky credit.

Foreign Holdings Less Than Reputed To Be

Supposedly he owned vast holdings of mahogany timber lands on the Patuca River in Honduras. Actually he owned only a 4/10 interest in the Republic of Honduras-Campbell Reduction Co. He was believed to own a huge and valuable tract of land in the Chicago dock and stockyards district, but in reality held only a 1/25 interest in the Calumer & Chicago Canal & Dock Co.

His first wife had listed only his assets, not his liabilities or his net worth.

He owned a 19/32 interest in the Tam O'Shanter group of mines, a 3/8 interest in the Henriette, and was one of four owners of the Maid of Erin. He sold his interest in the Bank of Leadville some time prior to its collapse in 1883, and later disposed of this ninety-seven shares in the First National Bank of Denver.

Contrary to general belief, he did not own 160,000 acres of copper land in Texas, but joined with a group of New York capitalists who were speculating on the possibility that the Denver & New Orleans railroad would soon build through this territory—which was barren of copper.

He was president of the Leadville Illuminating Gas Co. in 1881 when he undertook to sell \$100,000 worth of the concern's bonds. Failing to find a buyer, he bought them himself at 88c on the dollar, but claimed the company owed him \$75,000 of the proceeds for sums he had advanced earlier.

In 1885 the company brought suit against him, but the case resulted in a non-suit. This was the first of a long series of lawsuits that were to harrass the bonanza king over succeeding years.

Sued to Correct a 'Mistake'

In 1883 he bought a one-third interest in one-tenth of the stock of the Denver Circle Railroad, a real estate development, but never received his stock certificates—an indication of his careless business methods.

Later the company assigned his shares, with others, to an eastern insurance concern "by mistake." In 1886 Tabor filed suit against Rufus Clark, Charles B. Kountze, W. A. H. Loveland and others to restrain the sale of his shares. The "mistake" was corrected, a temporary injunction was dissolved, and Tabor dismissed his claim.

The Tabor Fire Insurance Co. was incorporated in 1881. Two years later the Universal Fire Insurance Co. of Pennsylvania obtained a \$568 judgment against it. In

1892, when Tabor was in desperate straits, the Universal company forced his insurance concern into a receivership.

Tabor was a founder and the first president of the Bank of Leadville, but sold his interest to George R. Fischer prior to 1883, when the bank closed its doors. However, his Matchless mine had \$9,199.20 on deposit when the bank went into a receivership and suspended payment. Meanwhile he had acquired the interest held by Fischer and the bank in the Long and Derry mines.

Five years later the receiver was discharged. Tabor bought up the claims of several other depositors and immediately brought suit against the bank and the receiver, George W. Trimble, for \$54,412, representing the total of their claims along with that of the Matchless.

Tabor had a judgment and shortly before his death assigned it to A. V. Hunter and Conrad Hanson. Receiver Trimble, co-defendant, acquired the assignment from Hunter and claimed to be released from liability. In 1901 Tabor's widow denied that her deceased husband ever made the assignment, but the court upheld Trimble's claim.

In 1883 Tabor was co-signer of a \$1,000 note at the Merchants and Mechanics Bank, Leadville. Five years later the bank's receiver sued him for \$650 in unpaid principal and interest. This was the first of a large number of Tabor notes resulting in lawsuits against the bonanza king.

In 1885 Tabor and Lafayette Seaman, owners of a one-third interest in the Seaman & Morrison and San Juan placer claims in San Miguel County, were dickering to sell their interest to J. B. Alley. In 1889 Alley brought suit, claiming they had refused to go through with the deal. In 1892 he was awarded a \$12,091.65 judgment. Tabor and Seaman appealed the case, but the appeal was dismissed.

Prior to 1886 Tabor had borrowed a large sum from the New England Mutual Life Insurance Co. Unable to meet the interest payments, in August of that year he gave his note for \$10,500, covering "interest to date on principal Note No. 1 for \$350,000." In 1890 the bank sued him on the smaller note. A few months later the suit was dismissed.

In 1890 Tabor bought the Denver Theater at Fifteenth Street and Cleveland Place from John J. Reithmann for \$85,000, paying \$10,000 cash and giving his note for \$75,000. Reithmann assigned the note to the Merchants National Bank of Chicago, which in turn assigned it to Harriet B. Borland.

Meanwhile the theater building was destroyed by fire. In 1895 the assignee advertised the property for sale and Tabor brought suit to restrain the sale, claiming that he was about to borrow \$1,000,000 on the property. A month after the suit was filed it was dismissed at Tabor's costs.

Backed Out of 16th Street Viaduct Pledge

In 1891 the Denver City Railway Co. sued for \$2,500 which it claimed Tabor pledged in 1889 toward construction of the Sixteenth Street viaduct. Tabor maintained that the viaduct failed to come up to specifications. The suit was dismissed.

In April of '91 the bonanza king was trying to sell the Tabor Block for \$400,000, according to a suit brought by real estate agents who claimed they had found a buyer in Horace W. Bennett and Julius A. Myers. Charging that Tabor had backed out of the deal, they sued for a \$10,062.50 commission, but the court ruled in Tabor's favor.

If he did back out, the reason may be found in the fact that on July 1, 1891, he mortgaged the Tabor Opera House and the Tabor Block to the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co. for \$400,000.

At that time he was a depositor and customer of the First National Bank, but

no longer a stockholder. A few days later he borrowed \$130,000 on a second mortgage from Sam Wood, cashier.

Early in 1892 Tabor transferred the opera house and other Denver real estate holdings to the recently-incorporated Tabor Amusement Co. and Tabor Real Estate Co.

In an injunction suit brought in 1894 by these two companies against Bennett, Myers, Trustee Mitchell Benedict and others, it is stated that R. W. Woodbury, organizer of the Union National Bank, promised Tabor that if he would switch his business from the First National to the Union National, the latter bank would lend him enough to "carry him through the embarrassment for lack of ready money, would hold his notes and not let them go to others."

Tabor said that in return for a \$250,000 loan he gave the Union bank a quit claim deed to his real estate and amusement companies, to the Tabor Grand opera house at Leadville, together with leases and contracts with opera houses at Pueblo, Aspen, Salt Lake and Ogden—the so-called Silver Circuit. Tabor, his second wife and her brother, Peter McCourt, gave Woodbury and his bank notes totalling \$175,000.

The suit charged that abruptly thereafter Bennett and Myers advised him that they had acquired all the Tabor indebtedness to the bank and must be paid at once or they would sell the property. It charged that they demanded a \$25,000 bonus to extend the loans for one year, and that because of the financial stringency Tabor was forced to agree, delivering to them notes for \$275,000 at 12 per cent interest, and a six-month note for \$25,000 at 24 per cent interest.

The suit further charged that during the panic the property was advertised for sale with insufficient notice and without stating that it was subject to the \$400,000 Northwestern mortgage, so Bennett and Myers could bid it in for less than its value "with intent to ruin the plaintiff financially."

The suit asked the court to restrain the sale and to appoint an impartial trustee in place of Benedict, said to be the attorney for Bennett and Myers. The court issued a temporary injunction.

Denying intimidation, Bennett and Myers answered that \$19,000 of the interest on the Northwestern loan remained unpaid; that taxes, interest and insurance had not been paid, and that they had been forced to pay the interest under threat of foreclosure by the insurance company.

At this point Laura D. Swickhimer acquired the notes held by Bennett and Myers and was substituted as defendant.

By stipulation a final judgment was entered on May 21, 1894, showing to be valid: the original \$250,000 loan, the trust deed to the trustee and the claims of Bennett and Myers for interest, taxes and insurance. The temporary injunction was dissolved and Benedict was ruled to be the proper trustee.

Borrowed From Peter To Pay Off Paul

Five months later the same two Tabor companies brought suit for an accounting against Laura Swickhimer, and Benedict and Joseph H. Smith, trustees. During the hearing Laura Swickhimer married, becoming Laura D. Smith.

The Tabor companies claimed ownership of the opera house and the Tabor Block "together worth \$1,600,000." They said that Mrs. Swickhimer-Smith owned \$101,000 worth of City National Bank stock and that, aware of the financial situation of the plaintiffs, she offered to buy the Bennett and Myers claims for \$345,000, and that the plaintiffs were forced to put up \$41,900 so she would have enough to meet the Bennett and Myers price. They claimed to have given her a note for \$74,000.

In her answer she claimed to have given Bennett and Myers her bank stock, for which she had paid \$190 a share, and \$126,000 in cash. After the Tabor companies gave her the \$74,000 note, she advanced them \$32,000 in cash, she said. She noted

that since the commencement of the suit she had made an assignment for benefit of creditors to F. E. Edbrooke and Peter McCourt.

Early in 1897 the suit was dismissed at the cost of the plaintiffs.

On December 14, 1894, the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co. brought suit to foreclose its \$400,000 mortgage, naming as defendants Tabor, his amusement company, and all tenants. Early in 1896 the court awarded the insurance company a judgment for \$473,990.56, and five months later the property was sold to the insurance company for \$488,143.59 at a sheriff's sale.

Beginning in 1891, Tabor was borrowing money right and left, giving his personal note or endorsing the notes of one of the Tabor companies. Space does not permit giving the details of all the lawsuits brought on these notes. They are listed here in skeletonized form.

In 1891 Tabor, with others, signed notes for \$5,000 and \$2,200 payable to Nathan H. Baker. He brought suit in 1897 and obtained a default judgment. The judgment was satisfied in 1900, after Tabor's death.

Also in '91 Tabor and others signed an \$8,345.75 note, later assigned to the Danville National Bank, which sued and obtained a \$10,432.18 judgment in 1895.

On February 1, 1892, Tabor and other officers signed a \$3,000 note of the Tabor Investment Co. Six months later the holder, the First National Bank of Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, prayed for a writ of attachment, which was issued by the court.

The Union National Bank, attached as garnishee, said the note, with others, had been deposited as collateral for a \$171,625.00 loan secured by a \$108,875.00 second mortgage and an \$89,000.00 third mortgage on the opera house and the Tabor Block. The case was transferred to the United States District Court.

One Lawsuit Drags On for Twenty Years

The next day, February 2, Tabor, together with officers of the investment company, borrowed \$3,000 at the Commercial National Bank. The Illinois National Bank, assignee, prayed for and gained a writ of attachment served on Tabor as president of the Tabor Investment Co., Tabor Real Estate Co., Tabor Amusement Co., Tabor Mines & Mills Co., Matchless Mining Co., Anaconda Extension Gold Mining Co., Tabor Investment Co. of St. Louis, and of the Gold and Silver Extraction Mining & Milling Co.

The sheriff was ordered to seize all shares in these companies owned by Tabor or held in trust for him by his wife, as well as shares owned by other officers in certain Tabor companies.

When Tabor refused to divulge his holdings the plaintiffs asked that he be held in contempt, but the contempt order was dissolved. The case was transferred to Federal court, but later the transfer order was vacated. The suit dragged along for twenty years and finally was dismissed in 1912, long after Tabor's death.

On the same day, February 2, 1892, Tabor and the investment company officers borrowed another \$3,000 at the Commercial National Bank. Their note was assigned to Gysbert Van Steen Wyk of New York, who brought suit. Nine years later, two years after Tabor's death, satisfaction of judgment was filed at La Crosse, Wis.

On February 29, 1892, Tabor and his wife mortgaged their \$54,000 home for \$30,000. In June, 1893, George Tritch, Jr., as trustee, asked for an injunction restraining them from tearing down the wall in front of the mansion. He claimed the Tabors were insolvent. The injunction was granted. The mortgage was foreclosed in 1896.

On March 7, 1892, Tabor and other investment company officers signed a \$6,000.00 note at the Commercial National Bank. It was assigned to the First National Bank of Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, which sued for and received a writ of attachment on business property at Fifteenth and Champa streets.

On March 8, 1892, Tabor executed a \$6,000 promissory note to the Tabor Invest-

ment Co., and it was assigned to the First National Bank of Madison, Wisconsin. The bank brought a suit which was dismissed twenty years later.

On March 27, 1892, Tabor and three others borrowed \$2,500 on a note later assigned to the Citizens State Bank of Wisconsin. The bank's suit was dismissed years later.

On June 3, 1892, Tabor with N. A. Baker, William G. Smith and William C. Miller, endorsed the 12 per cent \$22,365.20 note of the Denver Apex and Western Railway Co. According to a suit later filed by Baker, he paid off the entire note six months later. He asked judgment against the three remaining endorsers for three-fourths of the total. The judgment was satisfied in 1900, after Tabor's death.

On August 22, 1892, Tabor borrowed \$5,000 on a note later assigned to Edwin and William C. Heaton, who brought suit the following year. The case was stricken from the court calendar in 1895.

No Property on Which To Levy

On August 25, 1892, Tabor and others borrowed \$6,000 at the City National Bank. Theodore Holland, holder of the note, sued for \$8,652 in 1893 and obtained a judgment, but the sheriff could find no property of the defendants upon which to levy. The judgment was satisfied in 1901, after Tabor's death.

In September, 1892, Tabor and his real estate company acquired four lots, valued at \$150,000, at Fifteenth and Champa streets. Tabor paid A. B. Sullivan with a series of notes totaling \$35,000.

The Tabor Real Estate Co. then sued Tabor, Sullivan, the Denver Savings Bank and others, claiming that these notes were Tabor's personal obligation, and that in executing them he had exceeded his authority, since the articles of incorporation provided that no officer of the company could incur indebtedness without approval of the board of directors.

The suit asked an injunction restraining the sale of the property by the savings bank, which had acquired the notes from Sullivan. The suit was dismissed shortly after it was filed.

At about the same time, Tabor and his real estate company filed an injunction suit against Sullivan, the bank and the sheriff, to restrain the sheriff from selling the Champa Street property.

The plaintiffs claimed to own \$1,000,000 worth of Denver real estate, but claimed to be "subject to the stringency caused by the panic and because of the repeal of the silver purchase clause of the Sherman Act, which caused so many silver mines to close down." A temporary injunction was issued and the case was dismissed in 1895 at the plaintiffs' cost.

On October 21, 1892, Tabor borrowed \$7,500 at 12 per cent interest from the Denver Trust & Safe Deposit Co., posting as collateral 127½ shares of stock in the Denver City Steam Heating Co. The bank sold the stock for \$4,660 and sued Tabor for the balance, \$2,840, principal and interest.

In his answer Tabor claimed that the stock was worth \$12,750, and asked \$5,000 damages. The plaintiff obtained a judgment, which was appealed. Court files fail to show the disposition of the appeal.

On February 20, 1893, Alfred H. Miles was awarded a \$2,195.50 judgment against Tabor and others, and Tabor appealed. The higher court affirmed the judgment. In March, 1895, a writ of execution was issued, but the sheriff reported that he could find no property on which to levy. The files do not record the final disposition of the case.

(Concluded Next Month.)



Westerner's Bookshelf



ANTOINE ROBIDOUX'S STORY

ANTOINE ROBIDOUX, 1794-1860: A Biography of a Western Venturer. By William Swilling Wallace. 12 mo., 59 pp. including notes. Colored frontispiece "Cochetopa Pass, c. 1853." Glen Dawson, Los Angeles, 1953. \$5. 450 copies printed.

Antoine Robidoux is a perfect example of the men of business who set up the first outposts of commerce in the era of the mountain men. The trappers ranged far and wide in the vast area between the crest of the Rockies and the Coast Range, more for the way of life than for commercial gain. The trader was the outlet for their furs and the source of supply for their few purchases, and also the one who profited.

Antoine Robidoux was the first of these to establish a fixed trading post in the intermontane corridor when he built Robidoux's Fort about 1828, near the junction of the Gunnison and Uncompahgre Rivers, about four miles downstream from present Delta, Colorado. In the early 1830s he pushed still farther north and west and built Fort Uintah, about thirty miles west of present-day Vernal, Utah. Both were in existence until 1844.

Into the too few pages of this little book, Mr. Wallace has compressed much of frontier life and frontier business, touched with high adventure, especially for the reader who will provide the mental pictures to complement the printed words. The story begins in Quebec before 1667, shifts to St. Louis in 1770 with Robidoux's great-grandfather, Joseph Robidoux I, mentions founding of St. Joseph by Joseph III, his father, and moves with Antoine to Santa Fe in 1824. From then on, it is Antoine's alone, and a most interesting and carefully documented story it is.

R. G. COLWELL, PM

MADE IN THE WEST BY WESTERNERS

THE COLORADO STORY: A History of Your State and Mine, by LeRoy R. Hafen and Ann Hafen. The Old West Publishing Co., Denver, Colo. (1953); 498 pages, illustrated, maps, charts and bibliography. \$4.50.

This is a new history by the authors of Colorado, A Story of the State and Its People, and a definite improvement over that widely used textbook. It is suitable for junior high school students, who should find it interesting and readable under the guidance of a capable teacher.

The fact that it is drawn from the store of Colorado knowledge possessed by the state historian and his wife Ann is sufficient in itself to assure a sound work of history.

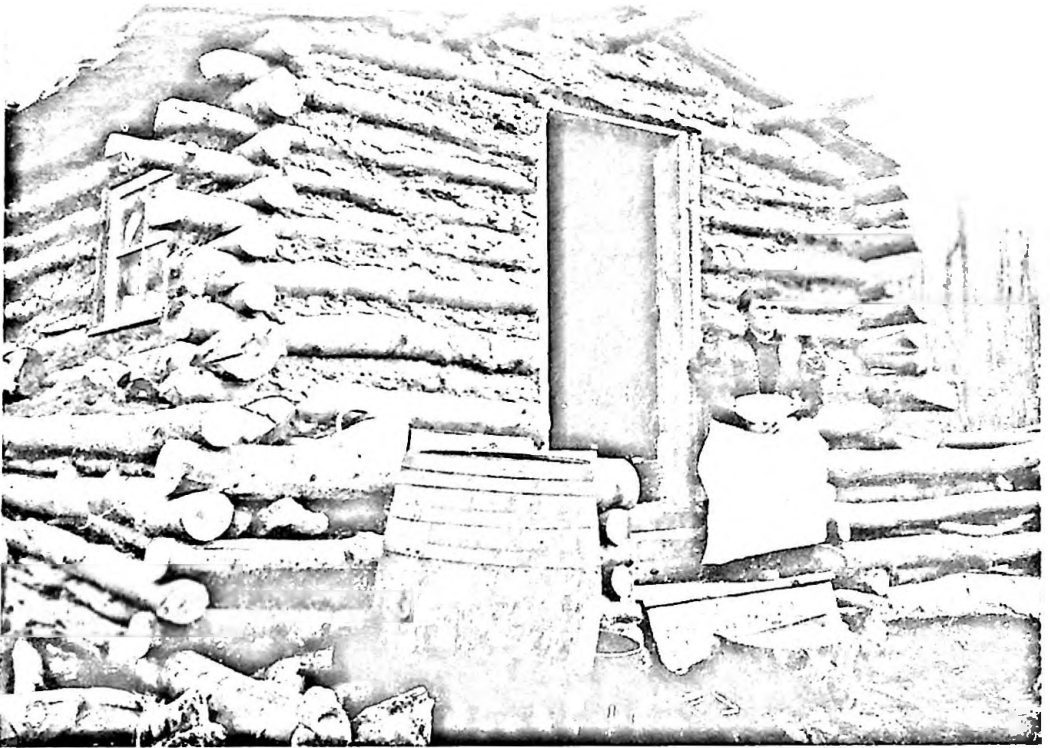
Adults, too, will find the book good reading. The fact that it is simply and clearly written enhances its value as a brief but complete history of Colorado.

Not the least interesting feature of the book to us is that it is a Denver Westerner production from the start to finish. Our own Hafens, of course, rate the biggest hand, but most of us recognize the Old West Publishing Company as Posse member Fred Rosenstock's publishing imprint.

The *montage* in color of all of the Colorado state emblems, the seal, the flag, the flower and the bird, is the creation of Reserve Posse Member Herndon Davis, as are most of the unit and chapter head illustrations. Corresponding Member Paul Busch did the cover design, as well as the end papers and most of the graphic charts and illustrations.

All in all, the Denver Posse of the Westerners can truly say "well done" to our fellow members responsible for The Colorado Story.

L. E. ELLINWOOD, CM



Frontier cabin and the mistress of the mansion, somewhere in Colorado in the 1890s; from the Fred Mazzulla collection of Dr. H. D. Newton photographs (see front cover).

THE GIVING SLOPE

TO FOLLOW A FLAG: by Will Henry. Random House, 1953, \$2.75.

In all fairness to Mr. Henry and his publisher, this reviewer did not read the jacket "blurb" until the book was finished. However, it was apparent after the first twenty pages or so that the manipulations of characters into the Hollywood film formula revealed the unit (or package) price.

"To Follow a Flag" is a horse opera on paper. But concessions to historical interests include an authentic enough end-paper map as well as some honestly written passages describing a blundering Army command and the familiar exploitations of regional tribal settlers in the Northwest in 1868.

Other readers are advised to lay in their supply of cracker-jack and/or pop-

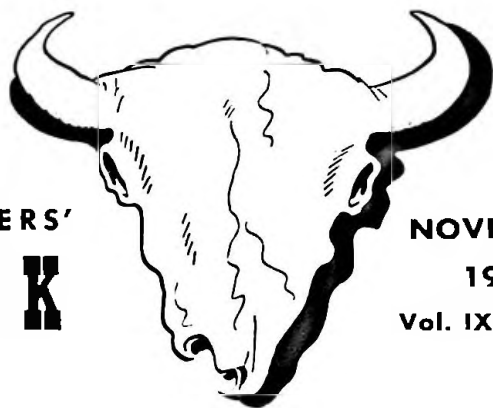
corn before the film begins. There are a couple of dandy love scenes. One occurs on page 121; to quote:

"Moving to meet her, arms spread, his nostrils were all at once full of the heated fresh smell of her. And then she was in his arms. Their locked bodies surged back, the force of him throwing her against the giving slope of the tent wall. Her yielding body answered the demand of his cording arms, the arching movement thrusting the eager breasts upward across his bending chest . . . Bell, his slitted eyes widening, drove his close-cropped head forward and down, crushing his flushed face into the satin coolness."

In conclusion the comment of the drama critic, Percy Hammond, is apropos. His advice on a third-rate piece of creative work was, "Don't miss it if you can."

JULIA S. WATSON

The DENVER WESTERNERS'
BRAND BOOK



NOVEMBER
1953
Vol. IX, No. 11



—Fred M. Mazzulla

Photo taken August 3, 1895, by Dr. Howell DeWitt Newton, shows "Willow Creek Canyon and Jim Town from Bachelor Mountain," as the caption on the negative reads. Dr. Newton was a Salida, Colo., dentist and photographer, some of whose negatives posse man Fred Mazzulla recently bought from his daughter, Neva Newton Hammerer.

In This Issue:

Stephen Forsdick on the Overland Trail in 1853: by Fletcher Birney, Jr.



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Assistant registrar, Francis B. Rizzari.

Deputy sheriff, W. S. Broome.

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Publications chairman, Elvon L. Howe.

Registrar of marks and brands (editor Brand Book), Maurice Frink.

WORKING THE RANGE

CHRISTMAS-LADIES' NIGHT ROUNDUP: The Denver Posse's holiday party, open to the members' ladies and all other guests, will be held Wednesday evening, December 16, at the Town House Supper Club, 12100 East Colfax, Denver. Reservations are to be made with Arthur Zeuch, 1863 Arapahoe, Denver, by December 11.

Dr. Nolie Mumey of Denver will address the group on "Saints of the Southwest and Their Attributes." Part of Dr. Mumey's collection of santos will be on display.

Frank Wright of Grand Lake, Colo., proprietor of the Phantom Valley Trading Post, writer and composer, will sing.

There is room for all comers. This should be the highlight of the Westerner year.

Marking Colorado's Historic Spots

The State Historical Society of Colorado and CM Mrs. Agnes Wright Spring, executive assistant to the president, are to be congratulated on the steps they have taken toward compiling a master list of all markers of historical interest in Colorado. The need for such a list has been recognized for a long time and various attempts have been made to compile one. The present "tentative list" is the most complete to date, and has been multilithed in two sections, one covering the City of Denver and the other the rest of the state. It covers about 75 markers, statutes, and so on in Denver and about 260 elsewhere in the State.

All markers known to the Society have been listed, even if the information on them is meagre. Copies have been distributed to the various regional vice-presidents

of the State Historical Society and others, with the hope that missing information will be supplied the Society and that markers not previously reported will be described in detail.

Westerners, both Posse and Corresponding Members, who are constantly on the move around the state, can render a real service to Colorado history and our state group by securing a copy of the "tentative list" from the Society offices in the State Museum Building, carrying it with them, and making it a point to be on the lookout for monuments and markers which have been overlooked or on which some part of the information is lacking.

Some of the inscriptions listed in the pamphlets, for example, were compiled from incomplete records, and do not agree exactly with the final inscription as it appears on the marker. Care should be taken that any information submitted to the Historical Society is complete, definite and, of course, completely accurate.

The State Historical Society is also always on the lookout for historical sites, at present unmarked, which would justify marking with a suitable plaque from funds available for that purpose. I know, for instance, that the site of the first oil well in the state has been recommended for identification. Nor many people realize that this well was also the first one west of the Alleghanies, and reputedly the second one drilled in the United States. Undoubtedly there are other events of equal importance which have been overlooked but should be commemorated by a suitable marker.

It appears to the writer that this is one way in which Westerners can personally add something of real value to the written records of our history.

R. G. COLWELL, PM.

HOW TABOR LOST HIS MILLIONS

BY FORBES PARKHILL

(Following is the last instalment of the paper read at the October Roundup, the first part of which was printed in the October Brand Book.)

On June 12, 1893, a month before the panic closed so many Denver banks, the Tabor Mines & Mills Co. borrowed \$10,000 from Fred G. Bulkley on a 15 per cent note payable to Jacob Sands. The loan was secured by a deed of trust to the company's $\frac{5}{8}$ interest in the Tam O'Shanter, Borealis, Montezuma, Halcyon, Last Chance, Green Lake and Ivanhoe mines in Pitkin County, near Ashcroft. The deed named Frank Bulkley as trustee.

At that time, Sands and others held a lease on the claims and were working them under an agreement to pay $\frac{5}{8}$ of all royalties to Fred Bulkley.

\$200,000 Investment Worth \$10,000

According to the complaint, in October of '81 Tabor had paid \$100,000 for his interest in the group and had spent another \$100,000 in development work, but because of the depression the lodes had not been worked for two years.

The suit claimed that the property would bring only \$10,000 at a forced sale; that Bulkley had advertised it for sale, and that the plaintiffs feared he would be the only bidder. They asked an injunction restraining the sale until they could pay off the note.

In their answer the defendants, the two Bulkleys and the sheriff, stated that the

plaintiffs fraudulently had concealed the fact that in Pitkin County some months earlier they had agreed to a sheriff's sale within thirty days.

The plaintiffs then stated that the district judge in Pitkin County, then wintering in Denver, had asked them to file their suit in Denver "because it was too cold for him to go back to Pitkin County to hear the case."

A temporary injunction was dissolved January 1, 1896. The suit itself was dismissed in 1908, nine years after Tabor's death.

Shortly after the foregoing suit was filed, the Bulkleys sued Tabor, the Tabor Mines Co. and others, for an injunction. They claimed that he had deeded his interest in the Tam O'Shanter group to his mines company in 1892. They asked that the court restrain him from transferring the stock of the mines company, or from any action preventing sale of the property.

The injunction was issued and the \$400,000 group of mines was sold in 1896 to satisfy a \$10,000 judgment. Tabor lost his interest in the Tam O'Shanter group just one week after he lost the Tabor Opera House and Tabor Block by foreclosure.

An Oil Painting and Some Brass Spittoons

He not only lost the opera house, but he lost its furnishings on a \$40,000 chattel mortgage held by L. D. Smith. The furnishings included a valuable oil painting *Riche-lieu and Julie*, and also the brass spittoons with which each box was equipped.

In answer the Tabor Amusement Co. stated that it had made an assignment for benefit of creditors to Peter McCourt and F. E. Edbrooke. The court directed the sheriff to turn the furnishings over to the assignees.

From 1892 to 1895 the Tabor Mines & Mills Co. became indebted to Attorneys Mason B. Carpenter and William N. McBird on an overdue book account of \$4,125.30, according to their attachment suit filed in 1895.

In answer the Tabor company claimed that it had owned an 11/12 interest in the Great Mogul Lode Mining claim in the Cripple Creek district, but that the two lawyers, employed to file an adverse against the adjoining Prince Albert Lode Mining Co. which claimed a conflicting patent, had failed to act, thereby causing the defendants to lose the Great Mogul, damaging them to the extent of \$560,000.

Judgment was against the defendants, and a writ of attachment was issued against the Matchless and Big Chief claims in the Leadville district. Four months later the attachment against the Matchless was vacated, and the Big Chief attachment was vacated in 1901, after Tabor's death.

Subsequently W. S. Stratton, Cripple Creek mining tycoon, advanced \$15,000 so the widowed Baby Doe might pay off the mortgage on the Matchless, but the foregoing judgment constituted a prior lien, and she returned the money.

Later her sister Claudia gained title to the Matchless for a time. Ultimately the Mullen estate acquired it and permitted the Tabor widow to live on the property until her death in 1935.

At the time the panic of '93 wrecked so many Denver banks, Tabor was desperate. As shown by the foregoing lawsuits filed against him in Denver, he had borrowed nearly a million dollars, largely in small loans. How much more he had borrowed from friends like Stratton, who never brought suit, will never be known. Doubtless other creditors, knowing him to be insolvent, realized that a court judgment against him would not be worth the cost of litigation, and consequently never pressed their claims in court.

Tabor had one more recourse—to pawn the family jewels.

It will be remembered that his wedding gift to his second wife, Baby Doe, on the

occasion of their much-publicized marriage at Washington, D. C., March 1, 1883, was a \$75,000 diamond necklace, including the famous Isabella diamond pendant.

The Gold Serpentine Girdle

Contrary to general belief, Baby Doe was far from destitute when she divorced her first husband, Harvey Doe, in 1880. Subsequent court action disclosed that at approximately the time of the divorce she had secreted \$15,000 worth of jewels in a bank vault at her girlhood home, Oshkosh, Wisconsin. These jewels included a gold serpentine girdle with diamond eyes, ruby tongue and emerald tail.

Shortly after the bank crash, Tabor took the family jewels, including the Isabella diamond and Baby Doe's serpentine girdle, down to Larimer Street and hocked them with Herman Powell, pledging them as collateral for two loans, one for \$10,500 at 36 per cent a year interest, and one for \$3,780.

Ultimately the smaller loan was paid off. In an effort to save the family jewels, the Tabors paid \$2,809.01 in interest prior to his death in 1899. The widowed Baby Doe was unable to keep up the payments, and in 1901 Powell brought a foreclosure suit, claiming \$24,691.31 as principal and unpaid interest on the \$10,500 note. The court ordered the jewels sold at a sheriff's sale to satisfy the judgment.

By 1896 the poverty-stricken Tabor pawned a \$240 iron safe for \$140. After his death his widow brought suit, proved that the safe was her property and not his, and the court restored the safe to her.

Following Tabor's death she filed suits for an accounting against some of his former business associates, including David H. Moffat, John F. Campion and A. V. Hunter, but they were never pressed and were dismissed at her costs.

Such is the story, as revealed by court records, of the decline and fall of the Tabor empire. So fleet the works of men, back to earth again . . .

Excerpts From

THE MEMOIRS OF STEPHEN FORSDICK

BY FLETCHER BIRNEY, JR.

Three years before his death in 1924 at the age of 89, Stephen Forsdick dictated his memoirs to his daughter, Mrs. Georgia Freytag. For reference, he used a journal of his life, which he had kept for many years. Fletcher Birney, Jr., was given sole and exclusive right to print the document in the Denver Westerners' Brand Book, after reading it at the November Roundup.

I was born on the eighth day of October, 1835, at Long Spring Lodge, in the Parish of Watford, Hertfordshire, England.

When my father was about twenty years old, he entered the employ of the Earl of Essex. The home of the Earl of Essex was known as the Cassiobury Estate, which was seven miles in circumference. My father's occupation was that of Game Keeper and his work consisted of breeding and raising game birds; that is, partridges, pheasants and hares, and to watch the woods to prevent such game being killed by poachers. My father always claimed my grandfather spelled his name with an "r," while my uncle insisted the name was "Fosdick."

The spring before I was fourteen I left school and entered the employ of a Mr.

Shute, who owned and operated three silk mills. He wanted a boy in his counting house and came to our school to get an apprentice. I was selected and began making my own living. I worked in the silk mill from the spring of 1849 until the fall of 1852, when I quit to go to America.

He Longed for Salt Lake City

In the year 1848 a new sect made their appearance in the town and began to hold meetings. They called themselves The Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints, and preached that there was no salvation except by becoming one of their members. After attending meetings for some time and becoming thoroughly infatuated with their preaching, I was baptized by Immersion in the River Colne, when I was a little past fourteen years old. Like a good Mormon, I prayed for the time to come when I could leave my native land and go to Salt Lake City, for to be with Brigham Young was closer to Heaven.

Arrangements had been made to take us from Liverpool to Salt Lake City, with 100 pounds of baggage, and to furnish us with provisions all the way, for 10 pounds per head. There was a very large immigration that year, of about five boat loads, or nearly two thousand Mormons. Ships were secured very cheaply, as they would have returned empty, since return cargoes to New Orleans were very scarce. The ships chartered were mostly American ships in the cotton trade between New Orleans and Liverpool. Our route was to be by sail ship over the ocean, up the Mississippi River by steamboat to Keokuk, Iowa, and then overland by ox team to Salt Lake City, a distance of almost eight thousand miles.

In February, 1853, I received word that the ship "International" was sailing, and to be in Liverpool. The next few days were spent in getting our berths on board the ship, getting our luggage on board, paying our fare and getting all necessary tinware, mattresses, etc., to use on shipboard.

Our party was composed of an old man, three young ladies, and myself. When it came time to pay for the passage, none had enough money, and all borrowed from me. I loaned them, altogether, about thirty dollars, and five dollars was all that I ever saw again. As a consequence, when I arrived at my journey's end, I was dead broke, and had holes in the toes of my shoes.

Most of us were in the steerage, which proved to be better ventilated and more comfortable than the second cabin, for which there was an extra charge. We drew our rations, consisting of hardtack, rice, tea, sugar, salt beef or pork, once a week. We were given four quarts of water each day, which we got early in the morning. Two young men did the cooking in a little house on deck called the Galley. In the morning they would have two big boilers of hot water and those who wished tea would take some of their cold water and exchange it for hot water. The meat was all boiled together and each person tied a wooden or tin tag with his name or the number of his berth, on to his piece of meat. Rice was tied up in a bag and cooked the same way. If a person wanted anything fried or cooked in any other way, they would have to wait their turn. Most of the passengers took fresh meat, fresh bread, butter, and many other things with them, so that we did not suffer for anything to eat. During the first week or two, the cooks had an easy time. Very few passengers had much appetite and the deck was not crowded. I used to crawl up on deck and get my arms through the ratline and try to throw up my boots.

Wagon Covers Made During Voyage

The womenfolk went to work making tents and wagon covers with ducking. Several men did the cutting and the rest did the sewing, and about twenty-five tents

and wagon covers were made. Some of the sailors wanted to be baptized and the Captain had a large tank brought on deck for the purpose. The tank was later used for a bath tub, so that anyone could take a bath in sea water. The Captain was the first man to be baptized and by the time we reached New Orleans, the second mate and entire crew, with one exception, belonged to the Mormon Church.

After two months at sea, we saw breakers a short distance off on each side of the ship and we arrived at the mouth of the Mississippi River, where a tug took hold of our sail boat and towed us over the bar. With another vessel on the other side of the tug, all three boats proceeded up the river, and tied up at the levee in New Orleans. The bulk of us were assigned to the steamboat "Liah Tuna." About three hundred miles from New Orleans, the boat stopped to unload some railroad iron for the Mobile Railroad at a clearing. There was a log shanty near the shore, and on the walls were nailed some big snakes. These were the first snakes that any of us had ever seen. We arrived in St. Louis and the "Jeannie Deans," an upper Mississippi river boat, was alongside, and landed us at Keokuk, Iowa, the next night.

The business section of Keokuk was confined to one street, which ran west from the landing. The Mormon camp consisted of a long street with wagons one each side. We were shown our camp, which consisted of about twenty empty wagons, equipped with only bows. As we belonged to the ten pound company, we were told to divide ourselves into groups of ten, and each ten to take possession of a wagon.

During the voyage I had become acquainted with a man from Newport Pugnall, by the name of John Bignell. He was every inch a man, and had a wife and little boy, named Sammy. He proposed that we go together and pick up another family to make our ten. We picked up Mr. Butler, his wife and six or seven children. Many times on the trip we wished that we had some other family. Butler was a shoemaker and was fit for nothing else, while his wife was entirely out of her element on the plains. They had two good-sized boys, but one of them was too lazy to eat. I remember that it was very muddy. We had lots of rain, so that our first acquaintance with camp life was not invigorating.

Long Overland Trek Gets Under Way

Some of the camps moved off and we became anxious to be on the move. We were told that our cattle had not come, and men were down in Missouri, buying cattle, and we were delayed. A few days later the cattle came, and then the fun began. Mr. Bignell had been a teamster in England, so he and I picked out two yoke of oxen which we chained together and called "our team." We then picked out two more yoke of cows and began to break them. It took two or three men to each team and why there were not more accidents, is something that I could never understand. After driving the cattle around for a few days, the men got used to their teams. About the first of June, we broke camp and started on our long overland journey. We drove out a short distance where the grass was good, and there a meeting was called for organization.

Jacob Gates was appointed President and he chose two men to be the "Captain of Fifty." Every three wagons were under a "Captain of Ten," and it was his business to see that all of his wagons came into camp each night. A Captain of the Guards was appointed and all men and boys of fourteen or over were enrolled for guard duty. We were divided into two sections. Section One was composed of all the able-bodied men and was called the "Night Watch." The "night watch" was divided into two divisions. The first section were on duty at 8:00 o'clock in the evening to midnight, and the second division from midnight until 4:00 in the morning. The old men and boys constituted the "Day Watch." It was the duty of the "Day Watch" to herd the cattle from

the time we camped at night, until 8:00 o'clock at night, and from 4:00 in the morning until we were hitched up, ready to start.

The first few days we made short drives and got the cattle used to the work, as the wagons were very heavily loaded. We were promised in England that we could each take a hundred pounds across the plains. Before we left Keokuk, he had to throw away our trunks, boxes, and some of our books, and make bags for our clothing, so that we probably averaged sixty pounds each.

The year of 1853 was a very wet year in Iowa and we soon found lots of mud holes. As we got farther west, many of the creeks had no bridges and we had to wallow through the best we could. Several trains were ahead of us, and the roads were badly cut up. Sometimes in crossing a creek, the banks were very steep on both sides. At these places, those who were not driving would put their shoulders to the wheel and push the wagon out of the creek. Going down, one man would stand on the upper bank and lock the wheels, and another man would stand in the creek. As the front wheels struck bottom, the man in the creek would unlock the hind wheels without stopping the wagons. The lock was a chain in two parts, fastened to the wagon box, and by slipping a ring, the wagon was unlocked.

As we neared Council Bluffs, the oxen and teamsters were better acquainted, and we made better time. About all there was to Council Bluffs was up in the hollow and did not amount to much. When the town was founded in 1847 by the Mormons, it was called "Kanesville."

Their Faith Failing Them, Some Stay Behind

At this town, we found some of our shipmates who had left Keokuk before us. This party concluded to go no farther, since their faith had failed them. Later, some of the people who crossed Iowa with us, also decided to stop; among them was John Doggett, who had been my berth mate on the ship. He was an old man and quite lame, and was compelled to walk nearly all the way, as we all had done.

The ferry boat at Council Bluffs crossed the Missouri River, and was called the "Lone Tree Ferry" because of the one tree that stood on the Nebraska side. Volunteers were called to man the oars and towline. I volunteered and was assigned to the boat in the main river. It took us ten days to ferry the thirty-three wagons and cattle across the Missouri. Ferrying was hard work, the river was high, the current strong, and there were lots of snags on the Iowa side.

As we crossed Iowa our guard duties were very light, and we only had to keep the cattle from straying. As we were now in Indian territory, stricter rules and greater vigilance was necessary. Some trains always corraled their cattle at night, but we never did. Sometimes the cattle were kept close, and sometimes quite a distance from the camp, and were herded where the feed was the best. As soon as we camped at night, the cattle were driven to water and then turned out to graze. When some of them began to lie down, we bunched the cattle up and stationed ourselves around the herd. Generally, the cattle would lie still until 2:00 or 3:00 o'clock in the morning, then they would get up and begin feeding. If the night was stormy, the wolves too thick, or a herd of buffalo near, the cattle would get restless and often we would have to call for help. As a general rule, it was not much trouble to get out the second watch, but the shirkers had to take their turn. Our Captain Gates would not travel on Sunday, unless we camped Saturday night where the feed was poor. He said that our cattle were our salvation, and never failed to hunt the best camping grounds, where feed and water were plentiful.

Sunday, we laid still, if the feed was good. The seventh day we usually washed, shod the cattle, did the blacksmithing, or greased the wagons. We usually had two or

three meetings on Sunday and the rest of the day was spent in hunting, fishing, or anything we cared to do, but the main objective was to rest the cattle. Captain Gates was a man of good sense and judgment, always let the cattle fill up in the morning before starting, and made the noon long or short, according to the amount of feed available. Our train of 300 people consisted of thirty-three wagons, drawn by two yoke of oxen to each wagon. We probably had a hundred cows and calves with us. Part of the time, the cows were hitched up, but as a rule they were driven behind the train.

Bread Baked Over a Cow Chip Fire

Almost every night after supper, bread was baked, and on a stormy night, this task was anything but pleasant. Our bread was baked in cast iron kettles with coals underneath the kettles and some coals on top of the lid. When the wood was wet or poor, or when we had to use wet cow chips, baking was a hard job. We had no yeast-foam, but saved a piece of dough from one baking to the next. The bread was mixed in the morning and by night it was ready to bake. It was not always good, but had to do.

After we crossed the Missouri we left civilization and found the road good, except where we had to ford a creek. Feed was plentiful and we usually got all the wood we wanted from the Platte River. Our Captain had been over the route before, and had been to Salt Lake and back. We had a guide book compiled by William Clayton who crossed the plains with the Pioneers in 1847. This book gave the distance from point to point. Every creek was noted and whenever we saw "R.R. & T.," we knew it was a good place to camp, as the letters stood for River, Road and Timber. The distance was measured in 1847 by a roadometer and was correct. When there was a strip of sandy or rocky road, or dangerous places in the mountains, they were noted in the guide book.

Near Wood River, the first one of our party died. His name was Horsfall, who came from London, and was about forty-five years old. Poor old fellow, he walked as long as he could, then day after day laid in a hot wagon, jolted along with only creek water to drink, until he died. We dug his grave on the bank of a small creek which they called Rattlesnake Creek. We sewed him up in a sheet and laid him in his grave. It was hard to bury our friends in the ground on the bleak prairies and leave them to be dug up by the wolves.

A corral was formed by dividing the wagons into two parts. Going into camp, the Captain selected the spot and the lead team drove to a certain place and stopped. The next wagon drove up so that the end of the tongue was close to the hind wheel of the wagon ahead. The other wagons followed, until the seventeenth wagon made half of the circle. The eighteenth wagon pulled haw and came up opposite number one, and left a space of twenty or thirty feet between the two front wagons. The other wagons then closed up the other side, thus two half-circles were made, with an opening at each end. When the cattle were driven in the corral, the wagon tongues were lifted and fastened with a chain to the wheel ahead, which made a fence.

Why They Camped Outside the Corral

Another kind of a corral was made by closing the front end with the wagons stopped close together, which left only one end open. Still another kind was made by driving the wagons close together with the tongues on the inside. The last corral was only used when a train was attacked when on the move. We always corralled like the first description and never were attacked. When we stopped at noon, the cattle were not unyoked, but were unhitched and allowed to graze. We never corralled at noon, but stopped with the wagons strung out.

The tents were always pitched and the fires built outside the circle of wagons. This was done so that, in case of an attack by Indians, we could get behind the wagons and the firelight would show us the attacking party.

West of the present town of Grand Island, wood began to be scarce, and finally failed altogether, and for over two hundred miles we had to rely entirely on buffalo chips for fuel.

We had a visit from a band of Pawnee Indians about a week after we left the river and as we got farther west, scattered bands came to our camp. I remember that Mr. Bignell traded a pint of sugar to an Indian for a good buffalo robe. Some of the others traded for moccasins.

After we were west of the forks of the Platte River, the roads became more sandy, the grass shorter, and in due time we came in sight of Chimney Rock. This rock was on the south side of the North Platte River and was visible for about fifty miles. It looked very much like the chimney of a large factory.

Another day or two brought us to Scotts Bluff, which is also on the south side of the river, and a few days later we arrived at Fort Laramie. From here, we got our first glimpse of Laramie Peak and the Rocky Mountains.

Fort Laramie, 'Halfway to Zion'

At Ft. Laramie, we crossed the Platte River. The water came up to the hind axle. The river was clear, with a sandy bottom and the current very swift. We reached the Fort on the 22nd day of August and were about half way to Zion on our overland trip. We stopped a day or two and then started on the last stretch of our long journey. We followed the "Oregon Trail" as far as Ft. Bridger on the south side of the Platte.

The Old Oregon Trail started at Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, and went in a north-westerly direction to Ft. Kearney, Nebraska. From there, the trail followed the Platte River to the forks and went along the South Platte to about the present boundary of Colorado. It turned then to the northwest through Ash Hollow to the North Platte River. The Oregon Trail did not cross the North Platte, but followed along the south bank to Ft. Laramie. From there it went almost west for a hundred miles and again turned north to the Sweetwater River, past Independence Rock, over South Pass to Ft. Bridger. From Ft. Bridger the trail went northwest to Oregon.

The Old Mormon Trail, or as it was sometimes called, The California Trail, started from the present town of Florence, Nebraska, which was called Winter Quarters by the Mormons. It followed the Platte and the North Platte rivers across Nebraska, and kept to the north side of both rivers. From Ft. Laramie to Ft. Bridger, it followed the Oregon Trail. Whereas the Oregon Trail continued to the northwest from Ft. Bridger, the Mormon Trail branched to the southwest.

From Ft. Laramie we left the Platte and did not see it again for nearly a hundred miles. This part of the trail was the most enjoyable of our entire trip. The roads were good, water, wood and feed were plentiful. There was a good deal of gravel, which made it necessary to shoe many of the cattle. In about a week, we came to the Platte again and one Saturday night, camped near the mouth of Deer Creek. There was a fine vein of coal up the creek a short distance and the blacksmith and others filled several sacks. We camped there for several days, shoeing cattle, washing and cleaning up, generally.

Our cattle, thanks to the good judgment of our Captain, were in good condition. We had several teams that had been stuck so often they had become balky and caused a lot of trouble. The Captain of Ten, to whom the balky teams belonged, became discouraged, gave up the office, and I was appointed to take his place. For a while I was late into camp almost every night. I finally decided to keep all the teams belonging to

the Ten back, and when these cattle balked, double teams, and simply pull them through. With this procedure, we managed to keep pretty close to the main party.

Hardest Part of the Journey

After leaving Deer Creek, we crossed over to the north side of the Platte and left the river entirely. We struck across country, through sand, sagebrush and alkali, to the Sweetwater River. This part was the hardest of our journey. Feed and good water were very scarce and were only found in a few places. We were compelled to make several long drives to find a good place to camp. Alkali water was very plentiful and extra vigilance was required to keep our cattle from getting poisoned, as a very little of the water would kill them. We saw lots of dead cattle that the trains ahead of us had lost. We only had one horse in the train, and although we saw buffalo by the thousands, we only killed two or three.

We came to Independence Rock on the Sweetwater River, which was named because General Fremont had camped there on the Fourth of July, some years before. It is a rock nearly half a mile long and from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high. It was covered with names. Some painted, some chiseled, and some written with pencil. Most of us wrote our names on the rock in some form. Some of the boys climbed to the top of Independence Rock, and said it was shaped like a basin, and contained water.

The next day we crossed the Sweetwater River, which ran through perpendicular cliffs about three hundred feet high, which was called "The Devil's Gate." In the middle of the gap, by the side of the road, was a grave with a big boulder for a headstone, with a name chiseled in the rock.

The roads now became very rough and rocky, and required careful driving in order not to break the wagons. We drove along the river for several days, our progress was very slow, and one day we crossed the Sweetwater River three times. Each time we were getting nearer the summit of the Rocky Mountains. We crossed the Sweetwater for the last time and found ourselves on a fine plateau. The road was smooth and hard as a floor, with mountains on the north and south of us. Here was South Pass. We traveled for eight or ten miles and came to a small stream where the water was flowing to the west, which meant we had crossed the Continental Divide. The decline became more pronounced and we made the descent rapidly, and camped at Pacific Springs.

The country from South Pass to Green River was very barren, and there was nothing but sand and sagebrush. The stream to the north was called Sandy Creek, and emptied into Green River. At this place we had to leave the road and go to the river to camp. We shot some sage hens and found them very good eating.

A Grave They'd Never See Again

There was illness in camp. A man named Squires, from London, had two sick children. He called myself and some others to administer the ordinance of anointing with oil and the laying on of hands. The practice was for two people to lay their hands on the head of the afflicted person and the third did the praying. I felt that the one for whom I prayed would get well, and I said, "By virtue and authority of the Holy Priesthood invested in me and in the name of Jesus Christ, I rebuke the disease and say unto you, that you shall be restored to health." The party praying over the other child did not have faith that it would recover. In a few days the child died, while the one over which I had prayed got well. Now I offer no explanation and simply record the facts. They took a chest and placed the child in it. It almost broke the hearts of the Squires to bury their child on the bleak prairies, where they could never again even see the grave.

In a few days a young man from Lincolnshire died. He was alone and we buried him near Green River. We filled the grave partly full and rolled big rocks in, so that the wolves could not scratch the body up. He was a nice fellow, we all liked him, and with sad hearts we left him there alone.

After burying Frank, we came to the crossing of Green River, which was quite a large stream with a rocky bottom. The current was very swift and the water came up to the wagon box. We decided to double teams, so that the women could ride across. This was rather slow work, as the teamster would have to return the cattle through the river, to take the next wagon across.

We left Green River and drove nearly west, and camped on Ham's Fork on Saturday night, quite early. We cut willows and made charcoal as there was lots of blacksmithing to be done. Every train crossing the plains carried a complete blacksmith outfit, so that repairs could be made as they went along. We had begun to get short of meat. Our supply of bacon was almost gone, and we began to kill some of the cows. Our loads had become so lightened by eating the bacon, flour and other provisions, that the oxen could easily draw the wagons.

Did Jim Bridger Pay Off?

In a few nights we camped at Ft. Bridger, which was named after a trapper and hunter, who built the fort and traded with the Indians. When the Mormon Pioneers passed his place in 1847, and said they were going to settle in the Salt Lake Valley, he told them they would starve to death. He also said he would give them a thousand dollars for the first ear of corn they raised there. I do not know whether he kept his word, but I do know that Mormons raised corn in the valley.

We left Ft. Bridger and in two days we came to Bear River, where another one of our party died. His name was Janius Crossland. He had a wife and two or three small children. It was pitiful to hear the wife's lamentations when we took him out of the wagon, sewed up in a sheet, to bury him. We dug quite a deep grave and after partly filling the grave with dirt, we cut logs and rolled them into the grave and filled it with dirt. This made four of our party we had buried since leaving the Missouri River.

At the mouth of Echo Canyon we crossed the Weber River and commenced to climb the mountains. The second day we ascended Big Mountain. For four miles the road was a gradual incline, but near the top it was very steep and we had to double teams. Once on the top, we felt like the Israelites of old, when they arrived in sight of the Promised Land, "For Lo! Through a Cleft in the Mountains, We Caught a Glimpse of the Valley." The descent was very steep, and part of the way down we had to rough lock the wagons.

The next day we entered Salt Lake Valley, through Emigration Canyon, and encamped that night on the Public Square in Salt Lake City, which was the Mormon's Zion, for which goal we had traveled almost eight thousand miles. In four months I had traveled a distance of fourteen hundred miles, and I had walked almost every mile. In a few days, the camp on the Public Square was deserted. The wagons, tents and cattle were driven up to the Tithing Office and sold.

At the Public Square, I met Steve Woods, an old chum of mine, who invited me to go home with him. I gathered up my belongings and bade adieu to my fellow travelers. My long, hard journey was ended. And that winter I hauled wood for a man named Hennifer. It took two entire days to make the trip to West Mountain. The first day I got up the mountain, cut a load, and returned the second day to camp. One day I hauled alone and night came on while I was on the mountain. My wood was not all cut and I stayed on the mountain all night. I turned the oxen loose to graze, with their yokes on. I built a big fire and it was very late before I went to sleep.

Toward morning I was awakened by the oxen coming to the wagon on the run. I heard some animal crashing through the brush after the cattle. I sprang up and stirred the fire and soon had a good blaze. The animal stopped, and I heard the brush crack as the animal went farther away. I did not sleep any more that night, but kept the fire bright, and was glad when morning came. I have no doubt that this animal was either a grizzly bear or a mountain lion, and I had only an ax with which to protect myself. When I reached the city, I told Hennifer that I would haul no more wood, and worked for my board by doing chores that winter.

Bad Blood Between Mormons and Soldiers

In 1854, President Pierce appointed Colonel Stephen J. Steptoe, of the Regular Army, to be Governor of Utah Territory, and gave him a command of three companies of Infantry. The army arrived in Salt Lake in the fall of the same year, but Brigham Young refused to surrender the office of governor. Colonel Steptoe found his force too small to cope with the Nauvoo Legion. The Colonel refused to assume the office and sent his resignation to Washington, where it was accepted and he was ordered to California in the spring. The soldiers were quartered for the winter in barracks, about three blocks southeast of the Temple Square. It was customary among the Mormons to serenade the heads of the Church with a brass band on Christmas Day. While the band was playing in front of J. M. Grant's house, some of the soldiers in the crowd made some remark that did not suit the Mormons. Ephraim Hanks, a Mormon, knocked one of the soldiers down and started a fight. A big crowd soon gathered and the soldiers came running from the barracks. About that time Brigham Young, Jr., and some of Kimball's boys came riding up. They rode their horses among the soldiers and with the butts of their whips knocked down soldiers as fast as you could count. Other soldiers came up and a few shots were fired. The officers arrived and ordered the soldiers to their barracks and the fight was stopped. The Mayor, J. M. Grant, ordered the Captain to keep his soldiers off the streets. The Nauvoo Legion was called out and in a very short time martial law was in force. It was a bitter pill for the soldiers to swallow, but they had to take it. The Mormons only wanted some good excuse to clean out the soldiers.

That spring the grasshoppers came early and ate almost everything. I saw Mr. Nebeker, who was going to plant some corn and potatoes, since the wheat had all been eaten. He said if I would let him use my ox, he would give me some ground for corn and potatoes. When I returned in the fall, the first thing that Nebeker's folks asked me was, "had I come to dig my potatoes?" I found that there were about twenty bushel of good potatoes and some corn fodder, part of which I sold. With the money I bought a new coat and some other things which I needed.

Williams took John Bignell, his family, and myself, in, and we all wintered together, since there was not much work. We probably would have starved without my potatoes. Here is a story to show how hungry we became. A lot of cattle broke through the ice on Bear River and when word reached town, nearly all the men went down to get the drowned cattle out of the river to eat. Bignell and I each got a quarter and we thought it was the best beef we had ever eaten, but we were so hungry that anything would have tasted good.

'All Trails Lead to the Same Waterhole'

As a whole, I consider the Mormon people a kind-hearted and generous class of people. They were sincere in their belief, which is shown by the sufferings they endured in crossing the plains and settling up of the valley. It is quite possible, had I remained in England, I might still believe that the Mormon Church was the only

church. However, I have come to believe that no particular denomination has a monopoly on Heaven. All are striving for the same Heaven. There is good to be found in all churches, and good and bad people in all of them. I have many times been asked the question, "Why did I leave the Mormon Church?" I have usually replied, "The practice of Polygamy."

I was in the city over Sunday, and went to the Tabernacle. Kimball preached and denounced those who were going to leave, as many were preparing to do when the grass started to green. The next morning I returned to Brigham City and we began to make preparations to leave. John Bignell took his wife and little girl. James Palin had his wife and two children. I had very little of anything, but Bignell and Palin wanted me to go with them, since they had a yoke of oxen and a wagon. My clothes were nearly worn out but I had a little wheat that I had saved for seed. I took the seed to the mill and had it ground into flour, which was not enough to take us half way back. The next morning we started back. We only had one yoke of oxen, but our load was light. We had all been in Zion long enough to wear out about everything we had with us. Bignell had a little tea and a few other things, but altogether, we were in a very poor plight to start on that long overland journey. Personally, I did not care.

Near the top of the mountain it was very steep. It was all we could do to get the empty wagons up. We had to carry all the baggage and equipment on our backs a little way up the road, go back and push the wagon, then carry a little farther and push the wagon again, until we reached the top. While we were struggling along, a four-horse team came along and stopped to let their horses rest. Judge Kinney said, "Boys, where are you going?" I answered, "Back to God's country, if we can get there." He said, "Why don't you get some of these other fellows to double with you?" and I told him, "Because they were Saints and would not travel with us." He said, "Well, boys, here are the last of the United States officers leaving Utah. The Mormons have run us out at last. Goodbye, and I hope you get through safely." I know that he doubted if we would get through.

She Was the Only Girl in the Train—

A few days later it began to snow and as the Sandy River was near the road, we turned off toward the river bottom. We ran into the Davenport camp, since they had rested for a day or two where the feed was good. It was there that I first saw my future wife. The Davenport train had a young girl about seventeen years old, named "Malissa," with them. She was a younger sister of John S. Davenport, who was the captain. She was the only girl in the train and I was the only boy. We soon became acquainted and in a very short time were the best of friends. On the plains, day after day, and especially where there was danger on all sides, we soon knew each other well. Her father took a strong dislike to me from the very first and tried in every way to keep us from speaking. Youth was much the same then as now, and the harder they tried to keep us apart, the more we were together. We traveled with the Davenport train at different times until we got to Ft. Laramie.

While looking around Fort Laramie, I passed the sutler's store and a man asked me if I wanted a job as cook for the sutlers. I told him that I did not know enough about cooking to undertake the job. He said that he would stay a few days and teach me enough to get along. He wanted to go to Cincinnati, but they would not let him go until he found someone to take his place. I finally said that I would stay. After all that I had gone through in the last three years, I thought twenty-five dollars a month, with board and lodging, was mighty good pay. For the first time in over a year I now had the pleasure of sleeping in a bed.

Just before the Davenport camp moved on, I went to bid Malissa goodbye, who said her folks were going to Florence, Nebraska. I promised that I would write to her;

and when I went back to the States, I would see her. The next morning the Davenport party started east.

Coming of the Handcarts

Fort Laramie was built in 1847 and was on the northwest bank of the Laramie River, about a mile above where the Laramie empties into the Platte. In the summer of 1856, the Fort was garrisoned by four companies of the Sixth Infantry. Colonel Hoffman was the Commander of the Fort. Tutt and Dougherty were the sutlers. The store was built outside the Fort, so that you need not pass the guard to get in or out. The store was an adobe building, about seventy feet long and sixteen feet wide. The store room was in the south end, the kitchen in the north, and the sutler's living rooms in the center. It took me some time to become accustomed to the noise the Indians made. There was always a lot of them camped near the Fort and they would keep up their dances and noise most of the night. I had to milk two cows, and many times I would have to drive the wolves out of the cow yard.

In September, the Mormon Emigrants began to pass the Fort. That year they had adopted a new scheme, which was to use handcarts, and the people walked and pulled or pushed what little baggage they had. They were called "The Handcart Trains." Some people I knew in England, were in one of the trains, and in a bad way. One young fellow had worn his shoes entirely out, and as I knew they would get caught in the snow before they reached their destination, I pulled off my shoes and gave them to him. Another fellow begged for some sugar and a little tea and he got both. I asked one of the leaders if they had not started too late and if he did not think they would suffer before they reached their destination. He replied, "No, the Lord will take care of his Saints," but many of them died on the Sweetwater. A bad storm came up and a good many of the train froze to death. There was nothing except rocks where they died, so they piled the bodies in a heap, cut willows which they laid over the bodies, and piled rocks on top of all. The driver of the mail from Salt Lake told me that when he passed the place, the wolves had torn away the rocks, eaten the bodies, and the bones were scattered around.

About the middle of September, a company of Mormon Elders came into the Fort. Among this number was William H. Kimball, the eldest son of Heber C. Kimball. His first wife was a sister of the girl with whom I had crossed the plains. He got drunk at the Fort and Mr. Tutt asked him to dinner. He talked so much at the table that the others excused themselves and left him to finish his dinner alone. He did not know me, and I began to ask him questions about the Devenports. He told me that John S. was down on the Missouri bottom and Malissa was on her way back to Salt Lake and in the Woodward train.

Malissa Meets Him Outside the Firelight

I kept posted where the different trains were. One day I learned that the Woodward train had crossed the Platte lower down and would be passing the Fort in the evening. After dinner, Sam and I went down to the bridge where the emigrant road crossed the Laramie River. When she arrived we shook hands and talked about the old camp. I asked her to let the crowd pass, as I wanted to talk with her. I proposed that she leave the Mormon train and go to the Fort with me and if she could not find a place to suit her, I would marry her at once. She consented to these conditions. I told her we would be in her camp after supper, and to tie up her things in a bundle, which she could throw outside the line of firelight. Sam was to take her to the Fort and I was to stay in camp and visit with some people until she reached the Fort. Everything worked out exactly as we planned. She threw her bundle out as far as she could, Sam gave a kick and sent the bundle outside the line of firelight. She came out where we

were and talked with us for a while. Then she sauntered outside the firelight, met Sam, and went to the Fort with him. I managed to get inside the Fort and ran across to the house where Sam lived. He said that everything was all right. Taps sounded as I crossed the parade grounds and went to bed in the kitchen. The next day we were married by the Rev. William Vaux, chaplain of the Fort.

My wife was a tall, slender girl, with hazel brown eyes and brown curly hair, and was just a few months past seventeen, and I lacked six days of being twenty-one. She was from a family of eleven children.

After I had been at Ft. Laramie for six months, we left in November with several officers, one of which was Dr. Page. My wife continued to be employed by Mrs. Page.

Our outfit consisted of four wagons, with a six-mule team to each wagon. We followed along the south side of the North Platte River, through Ash Hollow, and there crossed to the South Platte, a little east of the present town of Julesburg, Colorado. We met the Salt Lake Mail at O'Fallon's Bluffs, and from them we learned that James Buchanan had been elected President.

One night we camped about fifty miles from Ft. Kearney. The next morning a blizzard was raging. What little wood we had was saved to heat the wagon occupied by Mrs. Page, which had a stove. One of the wagons was buried in the snow, so Lieutenant Kelton ordered the cover taken off and the bows broken up for fuel. The wagon and harness for six mules were left in the snow. Some of the mules were pretty badly used up, and nearly all the soldiers and teamsters were more or less frost-bitten. Lieutenant Kelton rode ahead and with a long lance tested the snow and by night we had traveled three miles from where we had started in the morning.

Mrs. Page Misses a Good Dinner

We reached Ft. Kearney several days late, after a narrow escape. There was some talk of staying there all winter, but it was determined to push on the best we could. A man from South Carolina had his feet badly frozen. We came to a large Indian camp and we left the man with them so they could cure him.

We now had settlements all the way and on Christmas Day, we camped early near a large farm house. The owner of the house invited the officers and Dr. and Mrs. Page to eat supper with them. Mrs. Page, however, belonged to the F.F.F.'s (First Families of Virginia) and could not think of condescending to eat with a common farmer. The Lieutenant went to the farm house, and when he came back, he told her what a fine supper she had missed, of wild turkey and other fine things.

Twenty-three days after we left Ft. Laramie, we arrived at Ft. Leavenworth. Here we settled up with Dr. Page for our services and bade them all goodbye.

Sixty-eight years after I had been to Ft. Laramie, my daughter took me to see the ruins. We traveled in a Dodge Roadster, at the rate of thirty-five to forty miles per hour over the ground where many years before I had walked and driven two yoke of oxen hitched to a covered wagon.

The Same Yet Not the Same

We came to the present town of Ft. Laramie, which is about two miles from the old Fort. We left the highway and crossed a bridge to go to the old Fort. This bridge was some distance below our old fording place and a different road led from the bridge, past the old cemetery to the Fort. However, I recognized the old Fort at first glance and soon found myself standing and gazing on the same landscape which I had not seen for nearly seventy years, and where one of the most important events of my

life transpired. I cannot find words to express my feelings and, as in a panorama, I thought of the intervening years and the changes they had brought to me.

The old Fort was private property and a sign, "No Admittance," posted on the gate. I found that Mr. John Hunton lived at the Fort, and came there at the close of the Civil War, ten years after I left. He had worked for a man named Ward, whom I had known as an Indian Trader, and who later bought the old sutler's store. The old 'dobe sutler's store building was standing, but the outside kitchen door in the north end had been closed. On the inside of the building, the partitions, the openings, the same old counters with their iron railings, over which Mr. Tutt and Mr. Dougherty sold their goods, are all in the same places. An addition to the store had been built, blocking the back door to the kitchen. I saw the room which had been my home for four months, turned into a stable.

The old corral where I went to milk is now a grove of tall trees, which Mr. Hunton told me he set out over fifty years ago, and which changed the looks of the whole place, just as the trees all down the valley had changed it.

The bridge over the Laramie River, where I met my sweetheart, and asked her to leave the Mormon Camp and come with me, is gone, but I could locate the place where it once had stood.



Westerner's Bookshelf



FIGHTING MEN ON HORSEBACK

THE STORY OF THE U. S. CAVALRY, by Major General John K. Herr and Edward S. Wallace. Little Brown. \$6.00.

The cavalry's days of glory spanned a period of American history from the Revolution to Bataan, but the fighting men on horseback really came into their own during the decades of Indian warfare in the frontier West. The cavalry played a leading part in the winning of the West and, assert the authors of this authoritative story of the mounted arm of our armed services, "every cavalryman was at heart a Westerner."

Authors of this worthwhile work are Major General John K. Herr, last chief of the service, and Edward S. Wallace, historian. They paint a fascinating picture of the United States cavalry—fighting the British, policing the frontier, assuming a major role on both sides in the Civil War, breaking the resistance of the Indians, taking part in foreign wars and

finally giving way to tanks and armored vehicles. The foreword is by General Jonathan Wainwright, who sent the horse cavalry into battle for the last time during the Bataan retreat.

More than one hundred illustrations present a pictorial history of our mounted warriors beginning with the dragoons and mounted riflemen. The authors detail the careers of noted cavalry leaders such as Robert E. Lee, "Jeb" Stuart, Sheridan, Custer, Crook, "Teddy" Roosevelt, Pershing and Patton.

In Korea the enemy demonstrated, to our sorrow, that horse cavalry can operate over terrain too rough and rugged for anything on wheels or treads, say the authors, who contend that the Achilles heel of our army today is its lack of this branch of the service.

Unfortunately, this fact-packed book lacks an index.

FORBES PARKHILL, *Westerner*.

WILD DAYS IN COLORADO

STAGE ROAD TO DENVER, by Allan Vaughan Elston. (Phila., J. B. Lippincott, 1953, 223 pp. \$2.50).

In this, his latest work, Allan Vaughan Elston has accomplished just what he set out to do—to put a six-gun, hard riding fast shooting western into a grippingly life-like background. Not only does the author place the story in early Denver, but he pins it to the Denver of 1876—the year of Colorado's Statehood.

Through extensive and careful research, especially in the files of the *Rocky Mountain News*, the author weaves in a background of actual hotels, streets, stores, events and real people, all of which enliven the reader's interest and give him the feeling of historical accuracy.

This cowpoke chronicle displays a mastery of good plotting and detective analytics as the author moves his characters in and out of complications resulting from the shenanigans of the scheming villain, Milo Patterson.

Although the title is suggestive of a story of transportation, the stage road merely serves as a thread for the shifting of scenery.

Stage Road to Denver primarily is a man's story with guns roaring, fists smashing, knees buckling and men shooting it out, instead of letting the law take its course. And yet, there is sufficient "woman interest" to attract women readers, who like their westerns salty with plenty of gunsmoke.

One of the best bits of writing in the entire book is in Chapter XVI, when Victoria Tomlinson, an English woman, prevents some gunplay by serving tea to the hero and the villain.

For the most part, the historical background falls neatly into place, though it does not seem quite plausible that Arch Tomlinson, ranchman, and his sister, Victoria, knew so little about the growing of alfalfa in the Denver area in 1876, when, as a matter of fact, ranchmen on Clear Creek, Bear Creek, Cherry Creek and the Platte had been growing it suc-

cessfully for at least eight or ten years, and the Union Colony at Greeley had been reporting successful stands of lucerne from 1872 on . . . The third crop of alfalfa to beat the grasshopper plague, however gives an original story twist.

If you're looking for a bit of reading to keep you awake and to make you feel that you're really pounding the dusty streets of old Denver, or dodging her horse-drawn tram cars—try *Stage Road to Denver*. It will hold your interest to the last period.

AGNES WRIGHT SPRING, CM

—W—

SHY RANCH BOY

OUR WILL ROGERS, by Homer Croy. Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York; Little, Brown and Company, Boston; cloth, 377 pp. \$3.75.

This is an entertaining book, based on much research, that will certainly broaden the careful reader's knowledge of our Will. In a few spots it is a little tedious but if you are like this reviewer, you'll stick to it, word for word, for fear you'll miss some bit of information. For example, this sentence appears on page 109, "He even played for a while with Buffalo Bill." The author did not include "Buffalo Bill" in his index and it took a careful page by page scanning to relocate the reference. Of course, such a reference is maddening—was Will with the Wild West Show?—in a stage play with Cody—when?—where?

The author debunks some of the many Rogers legends that have grown with the years and there emerges a word picture of a human, lovable, great American. His failures, his persistence, his generosity, his wisdom leavened with a penetrating wit and his successes are all set forth. But Homer Croy has emphasized another facet of this humble but complex man—his capacity for friendship and his understanding of people. Will Rogers had his blind

spots but they were few and his was the common touch.

This reviewer knows a few Westerners who are going to look in vain for some mention of the friendship between Will and Charley Russell, the great cowboy artist. Some years back, Amon Carter took a small group to the Fort Worth Club to see some of his famous Russell paintings. Hanging in a place of honor with them was an inscribed photograph of Will Rogers. Carter told us, with honest tears in his eyes, how much he missed "the sweet old guy" and of the friendship between Will and Charley. Russell's bronze of Will Rogers on his horse is a much sought art subject these days. And there seems to be too little of the relationship between Will and Cobb—and Will and Bill Hart—although both are mentioned in the book (you'll have to watch closely for Hart, and here again the index will not help). These are minor defects, if they can be called defects, and while the style is somewhat anecdotic, the country boy from Missouri has done a fine job on the shy ranch boy from "the Territory."

J. C. DYKES

—W—

EVERYBODY WAS ON THE GO

WILDERNESS PASSAGE. by Forrester Blake. Random House. 309 pages. \$3.50.

Forrester Blake's second novel about free-roving trapper Johnny Christmas is aptly named, presenting, as it does, a group of highly peripatetic people. Nobody stays in one spot longer than it takes to put forward a foot or a horse and move again. Mormons move against U.S. troops in a strike for independence; troops move against Mormons. Trappers follow their

trap lines. Johnny and Tom pursue the healing sun. Carey looks for a normal life. Immigrants seek Utopia. Indians come and go. The reader is grateful to Stephen Voorhies for his excellent map charting these perigrinations through the Western Wilderness of 1857-58.

The book is concerned mainly with two grueling journeys, both starting near present Provo. Both are ventured against the savagery of nature: blizzard, sub-zero cold, the struggles for food and fire. Both are ventured against the savagery of white man and red. (There is a horrifying account of the infamous Mountain Meadows Massacre.)

Johnny and his aged, ailing partner, Tom Gitt, are forced, as captives, to ride with insurgent Mormons against U.S. soldiers near Ft. Bridger. Although Tom is wounded, he and Johnny escape into the freezing fastnesses of the Uintah Mountains where Tom dies in an ancient kiva.

Johnny finds Carey whose life is in danger from her ruthless Mormon husband because she refuses to accept polygamy. Then begins their long, lonely flight into Idaho where they decide to join with settlers in building a community. They are defeated, however, by the disparity of their desires: Carey wants to send down roots within sight and voice of others; Johnny, he of the restless soul, yearns to rove once again in the vast reaches of the wilderness.

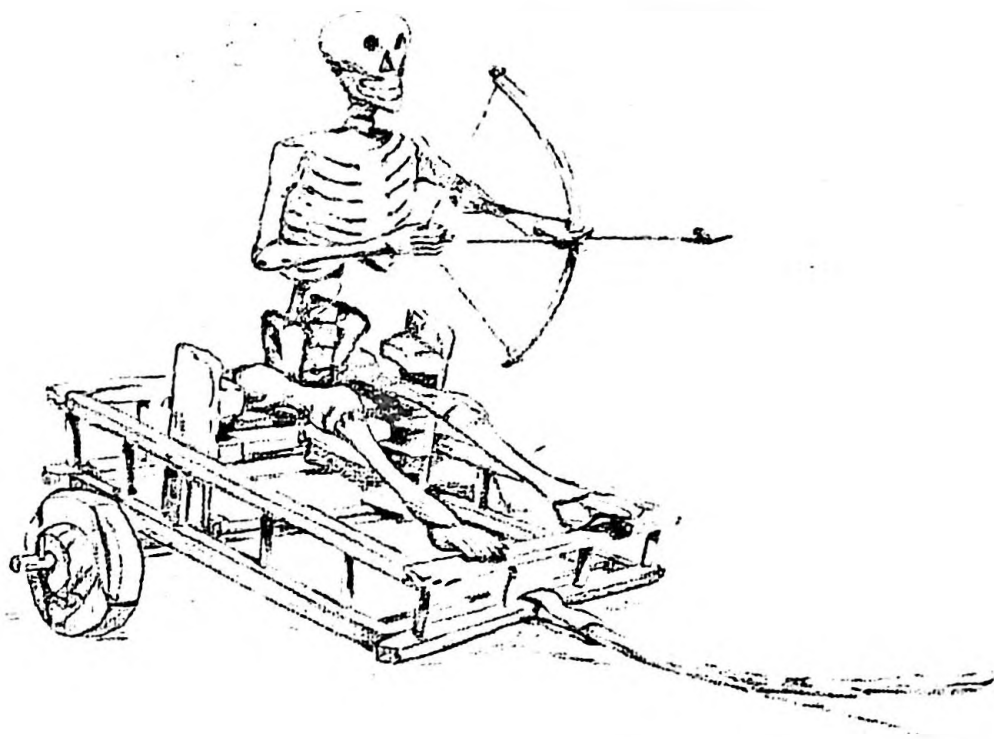
This novel is about people who will not be found on the pages of formal history, but who none-the-less made history. Blake writes vivid and compelling pictures of their hates and fears and visions; of the land in which they lived and moved; of how they met the challenge of their times.

—DOROTHY HENDEE, CM,
Denver.

The DENVER WESTERNERS'
BRAND BOOK



DECEMBER
1953
Vol. IX, No. 12



Carreta de la Muerte (Cart of Death). Used by the Brotherhood of the Penitentes. Original cart in collection of Nolie Mumey.

In This Issue:
Saints of the Southwest and Their Attributes, by Nolie Mumey



The BRAND BOOK

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DECEMBER, 1953

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Denver 2, Colo.

Founded January 26, 1945

— — —
1953 Officers:

Sheriff, Dr. Philip W. Whiteley.

Deputy sheriff, W. S. Broome.

Roundup foreman (secretary), Francis B. Rizzari.

Tally man (treasurer), Ralph B. Mayo, Sr.

Chuck wrangler, Arthur Zeuch.

Assistant registrar, Francis B. Rizzari.

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Membership chairman, Charles B. Roth.

Publications chairman, Elvon L. Howe.

Registrar of marks and brands (editor Brand Book), Maurice Frink.

WORKING THE RANGE

With the new year, the Denver Westerners' destiny was safe in the hands of a new set of officers, headed by LeRoy R. Hafen, state historian, as sheriff. Other officers for 1954 are: Deputy sheriff, Fletcher Birney, Jr.; roundup foreman (secretary), J. Nevin Carson; tally man (treasurer), Ralph B. Mayo, Sr.; chuck wrangler, Arthur Zeuch; book review chairman, Fred Mazzulla; program chairman, Henry Hough; membership chairman, Levette Davidson; publications chairman, Elvon L. Howe; registrar of marks and brands, Erl H. Ellis; assistant registrar Alan Swallow.

Dr. Philip Whiteley's year as sheriff saw the Posse membership increased to 45. Corresponding membership for the first time passed 500.

The December Roundup, ladies' night, at the Town House supper club, was a grand success. Dr. Nolie Mumey's talk on santos was the main feature of an evening made memorable also by musical entertainment by Frank Wright, cowboy-naturalist-composer from Grand Lake; by distribution of the 1952 annual Brand Book, Elvon L. Howe, editor; and by the arrival of a Santa Claus who looked and sounded much like our own Ed Bemis. Whoever it was, he had a lot of fun giving

away boxes of jewelry to the ladies, who in return showered him and Dr. Mumey with kisses. When your reporter departed for home at a late hour, people were still standing around, looking at Dr. Mumey's unique santos display, and talking about what a swell Brand Book Elvon had put out, and what a grand climax the evening had been to another successful year for the Denver Posse.

—W—

At Los Angeles, the 1954 sheriff of the Westerners Corral is Robert J. Wood; deputy sheriff, Loring Campbell; deputy sheriff in charge of branding, Homer H. Boelter; roundup foreman, Don Meadows; representative, Phil Rasch; registrar, James F. Gardiner; assistant registrar, Glen Dawson; keeper of the chips, Bert Olson.

Saints of the Southwest and Their Attributes

By Nolie Mumey*

My address this evening will not be a religious one, but it does have a Christian background, and deals with a period indigenous to the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, centered around part of the section of our country we know as the Southwest. The geographical area with which we are concerned is northern New Mexico and a part of southern Colorado.

The development of native art during the Colonial period of the Southwest has left many examples of the handicraft of early settlers; the most unique and interesting are the crudely carved images of religious objects, which are still found in the old mission churches, moradas, homes, museums, and in the possession of private collectors.

When the Christian religion was introduced to the Indians of the Southwest by the Spanish clergy, a change took place in religious art and design, primitive in its character, but displaying esthetic merit. In order to understand the subject better it is necessary briefly to review the history of that region. After the occupation by the Spanish in 1540, New Mexico became the advance line of the Mexican Vice-Royalty and the Catholic Church. By 1616, there were 14,000 Indian converts in New Mexico; eleven churches had been erected, with sixteen priests to guide their spiritual lives.¹ Despite these efforts some of the Indians continued to hold their pagan form of worship.

In 1631, the number of priests increased to sixty-six; eight years later, in 1639, this number had been reduced to forty. This occurred as a result of conflict between the ecclesiastical authorities and the civil government. The quarrel between the Spaniards and Indians brought on a revolt in 1680, in which many people were killed and others fled from the country. The reconquest of New Mexico, led by General de Vargas, took place in 1692.

The cities of gold that had caused the Spanish to invade the country became myths, and these conquerors, with the aid of the clergy, then attempted to convert the Indians to Christianity and to develop agricultural colonies, encouraging Spanish farmers and stockmen by giving them large grants of land. As a result of this feudal arrangement, New Mexico and a part of Colorado acquired some of the old-world charm.

Religious and governmental headquarters were established in Santa Fe. There were developed along the Rio Grande, several farming communities, dominated largely by the Church, whose influence spread among the inhabitants of the region. The clergy, isolated from large centers by a long, hard trail, had to depend upon native talent to make furniture and other religious objects, a task which was performed by the priests or others handy with tools. This resulted in the creation of many varieties of saintly objects and images.

The art, which began with the simple structures designed for religious purposes, came from Spain and Mexico. The different carvings show originality within the scope and ability of the maker, who through divine inspiration created some distinct pieces entirely different from others. Throughout the course of development and occupation, a cultural art was developed indigenous to the people of the region, with a background of Catholicism. The Spaniards increased in population, and by 1794 there were twice as many Spanish inhabitants as Indians; Spanish became the official language. There was a mixture of crafts as old-world culture was combined with the native arts.

Industry began to be introduced into the country, and in 1846 the people of that

* Address delivered to the Denver Posse of The Westerners at their annual Ladies Night meeting, December 15, 1953, Denver, Colorado.

¹Hewett, Edgar L., and Fisher, Reginald G., *Mission Monuments of New Mexico*, University of New Mexico Press, 1943, pages 81-82.

region became part of our great commonwealth. Their art, though primitive in nature, became an individual culture, developed through imagination and environment.

After 1846, many Americans came into the country bringing manufactured goods, which lessened the handicrafts of the villagers. However, the natives were self-reliant in many ways, and their spiritual welfare was not neglected. Churches and missions were built and adorned with sacred paintings; colored robes with silver and gold service were used to impress and convince the Indians of the great power and force of religion.

The people learned to rely on their own initiative; they cooperated to build their own churches and carved their own religious objects, using native materials in their production. Religion gave them an opportunity of expression and creation, which resulted in an original art which has existed for many years. Some of the carvings were copied from pictures or from illustrated books.

These creations represent various saints and holy persons known in religious literature, and are referred to as *santos*, coming from the Spanish word meaning "saint." They vary in size, shape and style, for they were executed by artisans of different periods who projected their personalities into the likeness of the images they created.

The subsidiary classifications are: *retablo* for the painted boards, and *bulto* for the wooden images. Some were painted on tanned skins of various animals. There are not many of these, as oils and paints were too expensive for their use; however, a few are extant. Some were embroidered in the form of *colchas*.

These crude examples of wooden sculpture and paintings became a part of the country, showing the skill of the period, each with a lively likeness that inspires respect and creates reverence. The men who made these works of art become known as *santeros*. They seemed to have grasped the idea of the medieval artist, and tried to express an idea through native craftsmanship, placing emphasis on the expression of the saint rather than the physical features.

Many of the makers of the early *santos* are unidentified. Some say they are the creations of the Penitentes; others believe they were made by early Indian converts.² They are closely associated with the Penitente brotherhood, which was introduced into New Mexico by Juan de Oñate in 1598. An account of this ceremony is given by Gaspar Perez de Villagra who was a member of the expedition.³ Oñate ordered a large chapel built, and in the center he placed a representation of the Holy Sepulcher, where all came and begged forgiveness of their sins. The night was one of penance and prayer; the friars came barefooted with girdles of thorns, chanting hymns. Don Juan de Oñate scourged himself, mixing his tears with the blood from his wounds. This continued throughout the entire camp on Holy Day, March 20, 1598.

The simple creative expression in the *santos* is symbolic; the appeal in the many forms is intense. The crude appearance of many of the images creates an interest in their history and legends. The element of craft follows simple lines, which are highly emotional.⁴ It was an act of worship to make them, and the infusion of personal faith that preserved the images. Special power has been attributed to each saint; every village and church still has its patron saint which shares in the joys and sorrows of the people; fiestas are still held in many of the villages and chapels to honor them. Each household has its favorite saint, which is treated as a member of the family, sharing in all the trials and tribulations, in all the joys and happiness. The saint is also appealed to in time of trouble, is rewarded for favors, and often punished for not granting them. The statue or picture of the saint hangs on the wall or in a small niche; at times it is on a

²Cheney, Sheldon and Candler, Martha, "Santos, An Enigma of American Native Art," *Parnassus*, May, 1935, pages 22-24.

³Villagra, Gaspar Perez de, *History of New Mexico*, Alcalá, 1610. (Translated by Gilberto Espinosa, Published by the Quivira Society, 1933, pages 109-110.)

⁴Wilder, Mitchell A., "Santos and Bultos in New Mexico," *Design*, April, 1942, Vol. 43, No. 8, page 16.

small altar. Sometimes, to protect them from rain and dirt, the saints are housed in small cases some of which are made of wood, decorated with *yesso* and tempera, while others are made of tin and glass.

The exact date of the *santos* that are intact today is not accurately known. In 1680, the Indians destroyed all the traces of Christianity they could find during the Pueblo Rebellion, although a few buried objects have survived.⁵ Therefore, we must assume that it was a quarter to a half century later before religious objects were made again. The *santeros* began their work about 1750, and continued actively until about 1850, an era sometimes referred to as the "greater *santero* period."⁶ Very little authentic history is known of the *santeros*, for many original church records of New Mexico were destroyed. We can safely extend the *santero* period down to 1900, for many carpenters and other craftsmen were still engaged in making them. A few are still being made at the present time. In 1851, Archbishop John B. Lamy arrived in New Mexico and soon decreed that these "barbaric" saints be destroyed, and be replaced by conventional images of plaster of Paris.⁷ The wooden *santos* began to be collected about 1905, and found their way into the hands of private collectors and museums.

These saints all vary in size, and were made by persons engaged in other work, who carved and painted them. A durable finish was put on by covering the wood with *yesso* or native gypsum mixed with glue made from the hoofs of oxen. They are primitive expressions of art, and their colors run the range of native minerals and herbs that were at the command of the people.⁸ Paints used were made from indigo, clay, cactus juice, and dye from different leaves and bark. The pigments were obtained from natural resources: black was from charcoal, while various clays yielded the colors from cream to yellow. Different dyes were available, such as blue and green, although the latter faded. These pigments were mixed with water or oil. The painting was covered with a kind of varnish made of spirit and gum.

The *retablos*, or boards, were made from pine or cottonwood trees. The back was hewed with an adze; the front was finished smooth with a plane to give a surface, which was covered with a coat of sizing. This was obtained from gypsum rock which was heated and dissolved in water. Animal glue or flour was added to make a paste. The sizing dried quickly and left a hard, smooth surface which took paint. The board was rendered smooth by rubbing down with sand. Several coats of sizing gave the artist a good surface for painting. The paint was a tempera color on which was added as a final treatment the white of an egg mixed with water, which gave a medium with adhesive qualities to receive the paint.

The artist made his brushes from yucca fiber, although he sometimes used a feather. The colors were used with little blending. The art was one of necessity, therefore the various *bultos* and *retablos* do not follow a certain school. They vary in form and shape, showing a great deal of originality in each piece. Various pieces can be identified as having been made by the same *santero*, who became more proficient than others.

The carved figurines or *bultos* are very realistic in their many aspects, and definitely portray the divine appearance of the saint they represent. Primitive in their aspect and their design, many show their importance in dignity and attitude. Anatomy was confined to bringing out the emotional structure of the *santos*. Many are tall, with a regal appearance; some are round, while others are of the flat type. Attention was given to the face of the saint rather than to his body; however, the entire figures are well

⁵MacMillan, James, *Fifteen New Mexico Santos*, *Libros Escogidos*, Santa Fe, New Mexico, 1941, page 3.

⁶Hougland, Willard, *Santos, A Primitive American Art*, (With a foreword by Donald Bear) Collection of Jan Kleijkamp and Ellis Monroe, New York, 1946, page 8.

⁷"Desert Saints," *Time Magazine*, April 7, 1947, page 19.

⁸Barker, Virgil, "Santos and Signs: Likenesses and Contrasts," *Magazine of Art*, April, 1943, Vol. 36, No. 4, pages 128-131.

balanced. Every saint, which seems possessed with a personality of its own, has a function, a special use and attributed power. Crucifixes showing the face of Christ are realistic and express great works of art.

There are reputed to be over one hundred different kinds of saints carved during the *santero* period.⁹ Some of the most frequent *santos* found in the region are of interest and are worthy of description, along with the myths and legends concerning them. The various *santos* indigenous to New Mexico and southern Colorado that have been seen by various individuals could be classified as follows:

CHILD SAINTS

- (1) *Santo Niño de Atocha* (Holy Child of Atocha).
- (2) *Santo Niño Perdido* (The Holy Child Lost).
- (3) *Santo Niño de la Caridad* (The Holy Child of Charity).

SHEPHERDS

- (1) *La Divina Pastora*.
- (2) *Santa Inez*.
- (3) *San Pascual* (Saint Pascal Baylon)—Blessing the sheep to feed the people.

FIGURES OF CHRIST

- (1) *Crucifijo* (Crucifix).
- (2) *Crucifixion (Sangre de Cristo)*.
- (3) *Nuestro Padre Jesus de Nazarino*—A large, standing figure of Christ, which represents the head of the Penitente church.
- (4) *Nuestro Salvador* (Our Savior).
- (5) *Nuestro Señor de las Columnas* (Christ at the Column).
- (6) *Nuestro Señor de Esquipula* (Christ on the Cross, with a crown of thorns). Mary and Saint John are at the base.
- (7) *Santo Entierro* (Christ in the Tomb).
- (8) *Jesús Prisionario* (Jesus, the prisoner, carrying a cross).

THE FAMILIES

- (1) *La Santa Familia* (The Holy Family). Mary and Joseph, with the Christ Child between them.
- (2) Flight into Egypt.
- (3) *Navidad* (Nativity).
- (4) *La Santísima Trinidad* (The Most Holy Trinity).

HORSEMEN

- (1) *Santiago* (St. James.)
- (2) *San Jorge* (St. George)—On a rearing horse, spearing a dragon.
- (3) St. Martin de Tours. On a horse, giving a beggar part of his cloak.
- (4) *San Hipolito* (Saint Hippolytus)—Dragged to death by a horse.

⁹Interview with Elmer Shupe of Taos, New Mexico. Mr. Shupe, who has lived in New Mexico all his life, is a dealer in *santos*.

ARCHANGELS

- (1) *San Miguel* (St. Michael).
- (2) *San Gabriel* (St. Gabriel).
- (3) *San Rafael* (St. Raphael.)

BLESSED VIRGIN

There are seven versions of the Blessed Virgin:¹⁰

- (1) *Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe* (Our Lady of Guadalupe).
- (2) *Nuestra Señora de Soledad* (Our Lady of Solitude).
- (3) *Nuestra Señora de los Dolores* (Our Lady of Sorrows).
- (4) *Nuestra Señora del Rosario* (Our Lady of the Holy Rosary).
- (5) *Nuestra Señora del Refugio* (Our Lady of Refuge).
- (6) *Nuestra Señora de la Luz* (Our Lady of Light).
- (7) *Nuestra Señora del Carmen* (Our Lady of Mt. Carmel).

The following could be added to the list:

- (1) *Nuestra Señora del Refugio de los Pecadores* (Our Lady of Refuge of Sinners).
- (2) The Mother of James—a cousin of Mary, the Mother of Jesus (Hands folded on chest; third one in this group).
- (3) *Veronica* (Saint Veronica)—Who wiped the face of Jesus with a cloth.
- (4) *Nuestra Señora de los Remedios* (Our Lady of the Remedies).
- (5) *Nuestra Señora del Camino* (Our Lady of the Road).

She closely resembles Our Lady of the Remedies, wearing a crown, wide skirt, with her hands fixed in prayer. She protects travelers.

- (6) *Nuestra Señora de Pronto Socorro* (Our Lady of Immediate Help).
- (7) *Nuestra Señora de la Candelaria* (Our Lady of the Candles).

She holds a candle in one hand, or candles are burning on each side of her.

- (8) *Santa Anna* (Mother of the Virgin Mary)—A woman leading a little girl by the hand.

In addition, there are several Male Saints:

- (1) *San Francisco de Asis* (St. Francis of Assisi).
- (2) *San Francisco de Xavier*—was a Jesuit.
- (3) *San Francisco Solano*—came from South America to Santa Fe.
- (4) *San Jose* (Saint Joseph). He has a beard, and holds a child in his arms.
- (5) *San Juan Bautista* (Saint John the Baptist).
- (6) *San Juan Nepomuceno* (Saint John Nepomuk). He has a beard, and is shown with a crucifix and palm.
- (7) *San Pedro* (Saint Peter). He has a key and book, and sometimes a rooster. He is the patron saint of the fishermen.

The function of each *santo* presents an interesting study, which combines religion with mythology.

¹⁰Boyd, E., *Saints and Saint Makers of New Mexico*, Laboratory of Anthropology, Santa Fe, 1946, page 122.

El Santo Niño de Atocha
(The Holy Child of Atocha)

The image of *El Santo Niño de Atocha*, originally Spanish, is a much loved *santo* in New Mexico. The Moorish conquerors of Spain imprisoned many Christians, and all priests and relatives were forbidden from seeing any of them. No one was allowed to enter the prison except little children. The wives and mothers, knowing the prisoners lacked food and water, prayed daily for their safety, and asked Divine guidance for their comfort.

One day a child, dressed like a pilgrim, came to the prison with a basket in one hand, and a staff with a gourd full of water in the other hand. To the great astonishment of the Moors, the basket and gourd were not empty after all the captives had been served food and water. According to legend, Christ had returned in the form of a child in answer to the prayers of the women of Atocha. Since then, the image of the pilgrim child carrying food and water has been known as *El Santo Niño de Atocha*.

Seated in a chair, he wears a brimmed hat, rescues persons from danger, receives prayers and candles for absent people, and performs many miracles. He is a popular saint in New Mexico; many testimonials have been offered in proof of his power, and a shrine has been erected in Platera, New Mexico, in honor of him.

Job

Many persons who were not canonized appear in the form of *bultos*; Job is one example. Job is the symbol of faithful reliance in God, and has been depicted in art throughout the ages. He was among the first of devotional images to be represented—a symbol of Christian patience.

The *bulto* shows Job seated in accordance with the scriptures, his nude, mattered body covered with boils. Engaged in meditation, he supports his head with his right hand; his left arm is in a strained position.

He is a patriarch of the Old Testament, has an important place among the Christian saints, and is a patron saint against syphilis or any skin lesion.

San Ysidro Labrador

(Saint Isidore, the Farmer).

San Ysidro was born in Madrid, Spain, in the early part of the 12th century, of poor parentage. Uneducated—he never learned to read—he worked in the fields all of his life. He was employed on the farm of a rich neighbor, and rising early each morning, he prayed before starting his day's work. He married, and his wife gave birth to a child who died. After this, they agreed to live apart.

San Ysidro prayed all the time he was working, conversing with God while holding the plow. He was told that if he did not quit working on Sundays he would be punished by having an unfriendly neighbor. His religion was practical and sincere; he gave a good part of his earnings to the poor. Upon his death in 1130, he was buried near his home. He was canonized in 1622.

The *bulto* of *San Ysidro* is popular in New Mexico. It shows him with a plow pulled by a yoke of oxen; an angel is guiding the plow, leaving him free to converse with God. He is the patron saint of the farmer, and intercession is sought from him for rain and for protection against drought and crop failures.

Other persons depicted in the religious art and lives of the people of the Southwest are the Holy Family, and the Flight into Egypt.

La Santa Familia

(The Holy Family).

The Holy Family is represented by St. Joseph, Mary and the Christ Child. St. Joseph, the foster father of our Lord, was a favorite subject in the Italian Renaissance.

Devotion to him as a saint began in the early age in the East, and in the 14th century in the West. Pope Pius IX constituted him as a patron of the universal Church.

This representation began in the 15th century and was a favorite subject of artists of that period. The uniting of two saintly families is not based on Scriptures but on the meditation of Franciscan Friars.

Flight into Egypt.

The *bulto* representing the Flight into Egypt shows Mary on a donkey carrying the Child, with Joseph walking.

Santiago (St. James).

Santiago, a greatly cherished saint in Spain, is shown riding a horse in a militant manner. According to legend, Don Ramiro, in 834, recognized him on a white horse as he was charging against the Moors who were trying to conquer Spain. It was due to the miraculous intervention of *Santiago* that the Spanish forces won the battle. His remains were later removed to Compostella, where a shrine was built to receive them.

He is of use to horsemen and horses. At fiestas, this *santo* is carried out to the horses so the mares may be blessed to bear young.

Archangels.

The Archangels are those who have assumed individual form and character in the presence of God.¹¹ Many references are made in religious literature to the seven Archangels. In southwestern religious art, I have encountered *San Miguel* and *San Rafael*.

(1) *San Miguel* (St. Michael), whose name means "Like unto God," is the general captain of Celestial Hosts. He was liked by St. Francis who had a special devotion for him. He holds, in one hand, scales with which to weigh souls; in the other hand he has a sword to slay the dragon and drive Lucifer out of Heaven. Legend has it that Lucifer, an angel, was led astray by pride and placed himself at the head of the revolting angels. He was overcome by *San Miguel* and thrown out of Heaven. As he fell, his features changed from angelic to devilish ones. Thus, *San Miguel* is shown with his foot upon the devil and with raised sword, in a Roman gesture of victory.

San Miguel is sometimes shown killing a dragon. The care of souls is his perpetual function, and he has power against magic and evil spirits.

(2) *San Rafael* (St. Raphael), means "Healer through God." He conducted young Tobias on his quest for the ten talents of silver that his father, Tobit, had given to Goball in Media. *Rafael* is a favorite saint in New Mexico. He is portrayed in various forms of dress and carvings, always carrying a fish.

It was this saint who, disguised as a mortal, protected young Tobias on a long journey to find the miraculous fish needed to heal the blindness of his father. He told the boy to fish a stream where no fish had ever been caught, and he pulled out one of gold. *Rafael* is considered the protector of the traveler, especially the young traveler.

There are five other Archangels, but I have never seen them portrayed in the *santos* of the Southwest:

- (1) Chamuel—"Who seeth God."
- (2) Jophiel—"The beauty of God." He drove Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden.
- (3) Uriel—"The light of God."
- (4) Zadkiel—"Righteousness of God."
- (5) San Gabriel—"God is my Strength."

¹¹Jameson, Anna, *Sacred and Legendary Art*, Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, 1896, page 83.

San Antonio de Padua (St. Anthony).

San Antonio de Padua, whose original name was Fernando, was born in Lisbon, Portugal, in 1195. He became a member of the Augustinian canons in 1210, and ten years later, while a young priest, he changed his name to Antonio and joined the Order of St. Francis. He died in Padua, Italy, in 1231.

San Antonio, a greatly loved saint in New Mexico, helps to find lost things. He was so good and pure he was allowed to carry the Christ Child upon his arm. He is patron to the poor, and protects against fire. Many women pray to him to become fertile. Saint's Day is June 13th.¹²

San Jose (St. Joseph).

Very little is known of St. Joseph except he was of Jewish ancestry, lived in Nazareth, and was a carpenter by trade. He holds the Christ Child in his arms, symbolizing the ideal husband, and is popular with young girls, who pray to him for husbands.¹³

This saint is good for any kind of trouble. He, and St. Francis and *San Antonio*, are the three which give needed aid. *San Jose* carries as his attribute a staff decorated with flowers, a symbol of virginity. He was the spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and foster father of Jesus. His Saint's Day is March 19th.

His popularity in New Mexico appears to be based on the fact that St. Joseph, who died a happy death in the presence of Christ and the Virgin, can secure for the faithful an easy transition from this world to the next. He is the saint who helps man in his hours of agony.

St. Joseph is the patron saint of the pueblo of Acoma in New Mexico, and is supposed to possess miraculous powers. He was appealed to when there was an attack by the Apache Indians, during a drought, an epidemic when children were ill, or when the tribe started on their annual hunt.

A famous lawsuit took place between the pueblos of Acoma and Laguna over a picture of St. Joseph. A priest had permitted the Acoma Indians to loan it to the Laguna Pueblo for a short time. They began to prosper and believed this was due to the presence of St. Joseph. They became afraid to return it, and placed a guard over it day and night. A lawsuit ensued, and they were ordered to return the picture to Acoma. A delegation went to Laguna to get the saint and found the picture resting against a tree. The Acoma Indians believed the saint was in such a hurry to get back home that he had started out alone on his journey.¹⁴

San Pedro.

San Pedro, or St. Peter, a great apostle and the first Bishop of Rome, was crucified with his head hanging down. He wears the Papal tiara and robes, and holds the key with which to unlock the golden gate to Heaven. The key was adopted as an attribute in the 8th century. St. Peter's Day is June 29th.

San Ramon Nonato.

San Ramon, the saint of happy childbirth, was born by Caesarean Section. He holds a cross and the crown, which represent his birth, his life and death.

San Acacio (Saint Acacius).

San Acacio, frequently seen in New Mexico, is shown wearing a uniform of the Spanish army of the 18th century, with soldiers and a drummer at the foot of the Cross. One representation in the author's collection shows a soldier and drum at the base of a cross.

¹²*El Palacio*, Santa Fe, New Mexico, December 8, 1928, Vol. XXV, No. 23, pages 374-375.

¹³*Ibid.*, March 2, 1929, Vol. XXVI, No. 9, page 200.

¹⁴Prince, Bradford L., *Spanish Mission Churches of New Mexico*, Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 1915, pages 210-213.

According to legend, *San Acacio* was the leader of 10,000 Christian soldiers during the reign of Emperor Hadrian. The Lord gave the ten thousand martyrs, at the time of their death, the power of bestowing heath and earthly material on all who cherished their memory. *San Acacio* was included in the group of Fourteen Helpers in Need. He is very popular in New Mexico.

Santa Barbara.

Santa Barbara, represented by the figure of a woman with a tower by her side, is the patroness of builders, and has power over storms and other things which wreck buildings. Prayers are said to her to quiet lightning and thunder, and to ask protection against storms.

According to legend, she was given these extraordinary powers because of an event which followed her martyrdom. She is reputed to have been the daughter of a wealthy heathen in Roman times, by the name of Dioscorus, who kept her in a tower. One day, before leaving on a long journey, he arranged to have a bath chamber built for her which was to have two windows put into the room. When he returned he discovered that his daughter had changed the number of windows from two to three. Her father was angry and asked why three windows were put in instead of two. *Barbara* answered, "Know my father, that through three windows does the soul receive light—the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost."

Dioscorus was enraged to think his daughter had embraced Christianity. He brought her before the Prefect, who condemned her to death. Her father carried out the death penalty, but *Santa Barbara* had hardly given up her soul when her father was struck down by lightning.

During the Middle Ages, *Santa Barbara* was chosen as a patroness by members of occupations which either caused or suffered from explosion—such as artillery men and miners.

In New Mexican art, the attributes of *Santa Barbara* vary, especially in the *bultos*. There are examples where the symbolism of three windows has been changed. Instead of a tower with three windows, the saint is depicted as wearing a three-tiered skirt of different colors. This form of Trinity also appears in some *retablos*.

Santa Librada.

Santa Librada is the only woman who was crucified. According to legend, this was done by her father because she refused to marry the King of Sicily. People pray to her to be relieved from hardships or from any form of trouble.

There are really two legends of *Santa Librada*, which down through the centuries merged into one.¹⁵ *Santa Librada* was venerated in Spain as early as the 12th century. She had been beheaded in Aquitania at the order of her own father.

Some time during the 12th century there appeared in religious art a crucifix known as the *Volto Santo* at Lucca, which showed Jesus on the Cross dressed in a long tunic. People were accustomed to seeing crucifixes on which Jesus was dressed only in a loin cloth and wearing a short beard.

As copies of this crucifix spread across Europe, its origin became lost and confused. About 1400, in North Holland, people whose prayers had been answered thought the crucified person represented a woman saint. A new legend was formulated, which told of a king's daughter who had refused to marry the man her father had chosen for her because she had secretly chosen Christ. In her anguish she prayed to Christ for help, and He caused a beard to grow upon her face. As a result, she looked so repulsive her suitor withdrew, and her father in extreme anger had her crucified.

¹⁵Wilder, Mitchell A., and Breitenbach, Edgar. *Santos: The Religious Folk Art of New Mexico*, The Taylor Museum, Colorado Springs, 1943, Plate Seven.

She was referred to in Holland as St. Ontkommer—the one who takes away cumber and grief.

This legend soon spread to Germany and Northern France; representations of her from the 15th to the 19th century are very numerous. Scholars soon saw the similarity between the saint of Spain and the saint of North Holland. Molanus, a Flemish scholar, decided to latinize the Dutch name to *Santa Liberata*. The people of Spain and Portugal immediately declared the two saints were identical, and should be known as *Santa Librada*.

The crucifix of *Santa Librada* with a beard is very rare; but the crucifix became permanently a part of the Spanish legend, and since the 17th century she has been represented in this manner. Her cult was brought to the New World, and the Republic of Columbia includes her among the patron saints today. . . .

These saints, crude in their appearance and artistic in their representation, portray the skill of the early settlers of the Southwest and their religious attitudes and beliefs. The strong religious faith and belief in the everlasting life caused these figures to be made, for they were a part of everyday living in the home and in the church. There was a need for spiritual forces and for the images of the saints to help relieve sufferings and to allay fears.

The images serve a useful purpose today, for they are a part of the religious life of the people in every community, each having his own particular saint. The Spanish-Indians of New Mexico and southern Colorado still kneel before them by candlelight and ask the blessings of the day.

The study of these saints offers a challenge to scholars and collectors, and creates an interest in the people who live in the Southwest. Their heritage, civilization, culture and religious beliefs have a definite influence on our lives.



Westerner's Bookshelf



OFF-TRAIL WILDLIFE DATA

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN WILDLIFE, by Stanley Paul Young. 139 pages, numerous ill. from photos, original publisher, Monumental Press, Baltimore, now Caxton, Caldwell, Idaho. \$3.00.

Stan Young, no transplanted westerner, is the son of a pioneer salmon packer, Astoria, Ore. Entering the old Biological Survey 1917 as predator trapper, Arizona, progressed through west-country and jobs in Survey to staff executive, Washington, D. C. With a wealth of earthy association with the wildlings, monumental reference material, Stan writes of odd, amusing, unusual animals.

This little book is a bit of off-trail wildlife data and anecdote. He tells of luring wildcats to traps with catnip. His story of Peter, a prairie-dog that lived in the Young household, fascinates—it is a yarn for kids, and grown-ups. Another

chapter gives the evidence over the long-disputed question of whether or not the puma (cougar, panther, mountain lion) screams. Wolves, musk oxen, coyotes, the black-footed ferret are other subjects.

Along with the easy, story-telling style of the writing, there are facts concerning the animals, many of them little known. It is good that one who knows these facts has recorded them for they are little threads of the western tapestry likely to be lost, overlooked as man more nearly appropriates and "manages" all that which is the outdoors.

In his other books, Stan projects much more of his thorough scientific knowledge; in this, it's a lore book more than a technical volume, pleasant reading, for all ages. Stanley Young is a CM of the Denver Posse, has been for years; you'll like this little book he's written.

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