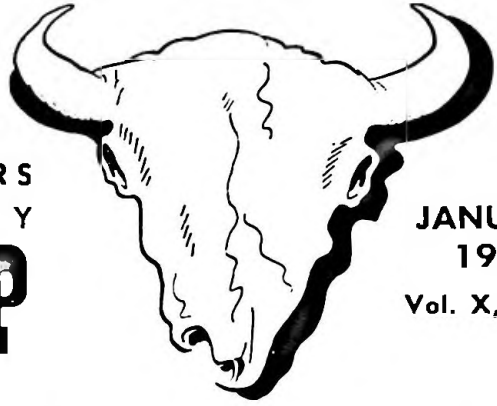
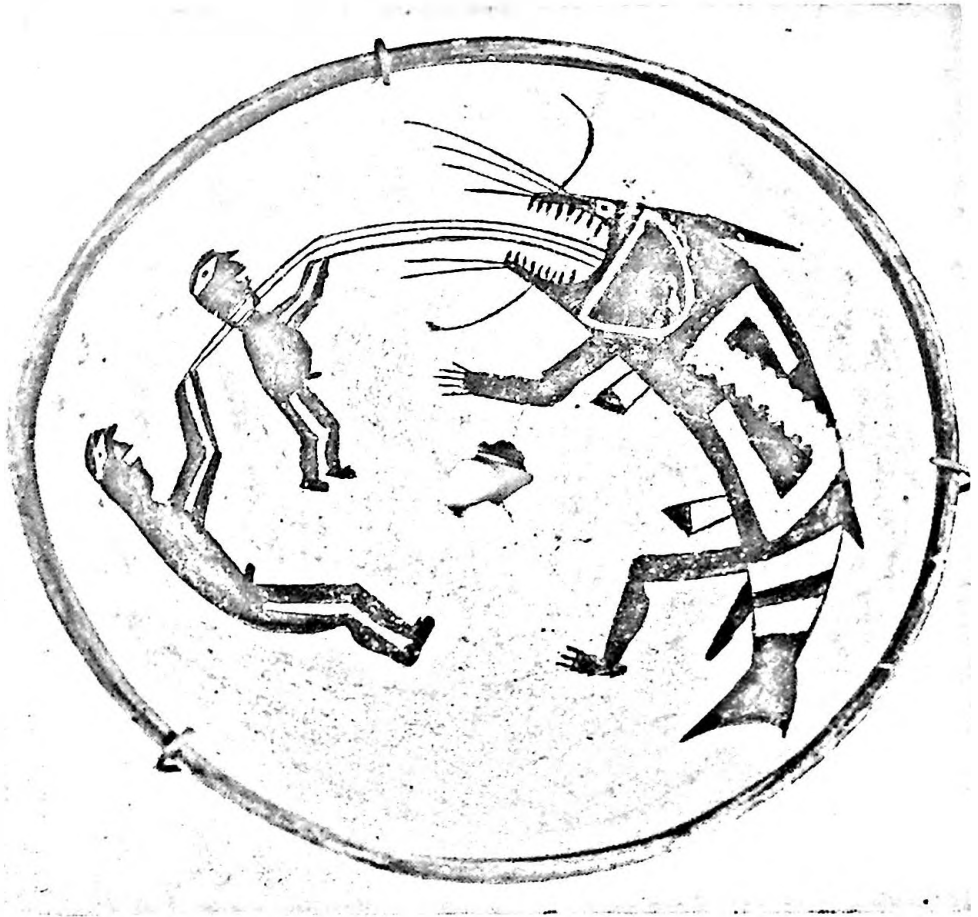


The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



JANUARY
1954
Vol. X, No. 1



Picture of a Mimbres bowl, A Fish Story

In This Issue

Daily Life in the Prehistoric Mimbres, by Hugo G. Rodeck

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



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Vol. X

January, 1954

No. 1

Room 306, State Museum Building

Denver 2, Colorado

Denver Posse Founded January 26, 1945

1954 Officers

Sheriff, LeRoy R. Hafen.
Deputy Sheriff, Fletcher W. Birney, Jr.
Roundup Foreman (Sec.) J. Nevin Carson.
Tally Man (Treasurer) Ralph B. Mayo, Sr.
Chuck Wrangler, Arthur Zeuch.

Assistant Registrar, Alan Swallow.
Book Review Chairman, Fred M. Mazzulla.
Program Chairman, Henry W. Haugh.
Membership Chairman, Levette J. Davidson.
Publications Chairman, Elvon L. Howe.

Registrar of Marks and Brands (Editor of Roundup) Erl H. Ellis

Working the Range

January 27th Roundup. Highlights of the proceedings of the first meeting of 1954 were: Roy Hafen presided at his first meeting as Sheriff—the new officers were introduced—Elvon Howe reported for the Publications Committee—Ralph Mayo spoke of assets and liabilities—formal, unanimous, and vociferous vote of thanks to Dolores C. Renze, Ina Aulls, and Martin A. Wenger for major assistance, as usual, to all Westerners—and the most intriguing pictures of Mimbres pottery with the accompanying interesting remarks and explanations by Dr. Hugo G. Rodeck.

—W—

Straying From the Home Range:

John J. Lipsey's address till May 1 will be 8315 Byron Ave., Miami Beach 41, Florida. — Scott Broome has just returned from a hurried visit to the steels mills at Birmingham, Alabama. — A. L. Campa is back from a lecture trip in Spain. — John Boyd has just completed one trip and contemplates another to the Southwest gathering data. — Basil M. Zeigler spent the holidays with his brother in St. Louis. — Dr. Hafen attended the

December 28-30 meeting of the American Historical Association in Chicago. — Don M. Lapham had to hurry back from New York to thaw out. — Fred Rosenstock threatens to travel in February, ostensibly to look at some old libraries, actually to dodge the "same old grind" of dispensing packaged literature.

—W—

Dr. John Evans, An Assessment.

The Journal of the Colorado-Wyoming Academy of Science for December, 1953, contains the abstracts of papers presented at its 23rd annual meeting. In the Social Science Section the only paper having a Western flavor seems to be that prepared by R. Gordon Hoxie, University of Denver, evaluating the career of Dr. John Evans.

Ghost Towners Complete Ten Years. On the evening of January 22, 1954, the Ghost Town Club of Colorado Springs celebrated the completion of their first ten years of probing for the materialities once the attribute of present ghost towns. A fine dinner was served the members and their lucky guests at the El Paso Club and then the group gathered at the home of Mrs. Edward L. Kernochan for the showing of slides to see who could guess which ghost was about. Here the guests were not so lucky, for the scenes were from trips the Club members had taken and which were in the main well remembered by them.

At the dinner, most intriguing place cards, designed and painted white-on-black by Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Englert, the artists of the group, showed two ghosts haunting a ghost town.

Westerner Raymond G. Colwell, perpetual Secretary of the Club, sketched the history of the "organization," if it may be so classified, though it has no constitution, and only about four by-laws, if they can be located. The most important law seems to be one saying meetings must be held once a month (they have missed but two in ten years), and at the home of Mrs. Kernochan. There was the annual election of officers, which resulted in the same officers being selected, via the slate method, who have acted all through the years of the Club's activities: Mrs. Kernochan as gracious President, Miss Ethel Torrance as Treasurer (no dues but a kitty for light refreshments at meetings), and friend Colwell to record the activities at least in a general way.

The members are committed to really work on subjects assigned to them, to prepare, read, and defend during vigorous argument their reports on the various mining settlements, and to participate in a field trip or two in the summer.

The organization meeting was held February 26, 1914, and the five originators were Mrs. Kernochan, Carl F. Mathews, George M. White, Ray Colwell, and Otis Dozier, the last mentioned having since left Colorado Springs. John J. Lipsey was the first addition and members presently active include Miss Ethel Torrance, Miss Margaretta Boas, Francis Rizzari (voted in while at Camp Carson), LeRoy Ellinwood, Mrs. Margaret Reid, and Mrs. Lorene Englert. In cases of married couples, either the man or the woman may be elected, but both attend the meetings; so a membership of 12 may mean an attendance of 20, to say nothing of a few associate members who are not sworn to work.

The first year naturally was devoted to El Paso County ghosts, but Park, Summit, Custer, Gunnison, Pitkin, Boulder, Rio Grande, Conejos, and Saguache Counties have all received attention. A great many fine papers have been written and await a plan for submission to the world.

---W---

Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region. The Ghost Town Club of Colorado Springs is not the only group holding monthly historical meetings there. The Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region was organized in 1950 and is the largest and most active local historical group in the Rocky Mountain area having more than 250 members. In 1953 Westerner Carl F. Mathews was First Vice President and therefore Program Chairman, and the subjects for the twelve meetings certainly indicate that he did an outstanding job in arranging for speakers. Mathews is President for 1954, and Ray Colwell has been successively First Vice-President, President, and Secretary-Treasurer, the office he now holds.

That Letter. Your Editor sent a letter to every Member, Posse and Corresponding (with exception of a few very new members) in January, and pleaded for help. Many fine answers were promptly received and more are coming along. If you are one who has not answered, consider yourself further urged. If you have replied, please realize that the utilization of your suggestions may not appear in this first issue of the Monthly Roundup, but they will bear some fruit eventually.

—W—

Membership. The Posse membership is limited to 50, and there are 3 or 4 vacancies. The Corresponding membership started at 295 in 1952, rose to 395 at the end of that year, and at the end of 1954 had reached 513. Another 30 or so have been added at the beginning of this year from the Roth Christmas-Present drive. The present officers feel that in no event should the total membership exceed 600 and that perhaps an effort should be made to limit corresponding members to a total of 500 and maybe build up a waiting list. There are of course some cancellations during any year.

This large increase has brought a number of unforeseen problems. To avoid an operating loss (\$282.13 for 1953) on the Monthly Roundup the dues for corresponding members have been raised from \$3.00 to \$3.50. Those who have been rendering so much free service to the organization are carrying an amount of work impossible to longer handle on that basis. So as the organization enters its tenth year, it finds a number of difficult business problems facing it. The Sheriff and his committees are at work on them and you will hear more about them.

Owen Wister. N. Orwin Rush, CM, Director of the Library of the University of Wyoming, wants leads on any letters written by Owen Wister which may be in private hands. You may have seen Rush's little pamphlet entitled "My Father Owen Wister" published in 1952. It consists of a biography of Wister written by his daughter, Mrs. Frances K. W. Stokes, and a reprint of ten letters written by Wister while on a ranch in Wyoming in 1885. Further, Mr. Rush is scheduled to address the Chicago Westerners on February 1; his subject will be "Owen Wister and his Western Notebooks." Can any of our members help on Wister material?

—W—

Colorado Toponyms. Either by reading Willie Columbine's column in the *Rocky Mountain News* for January 14, or by pleasant talks with CM J. Frank Dawson at meetings, you are aware of his interest in "Colorado Place Names." He is seriously considering publishing a book so entitled. If it rivals "California Place Names" by Erwin G. Gudde, 1949, we shall have a most desirable accomplishment for this state. If you have special data on local names send it on to comrade Dawson so that his book may be as complete as possible. And your Editor would like to know of any locally compiled lists of place-names-for-a-particular-county, and of such efforts as trying to list all the ghost towns of a county.

—W—

What's the Tally? Tally Man Mayo reports that at the end of their ninth year the Westerners have a net worth of \$1,580.68. This was an increase during 1953 of \$277.66, as we had a net book-publishing profit of \$559.79 and a net operating loss of \$282.13.

A Challenge to Our Brave Sheriff.

PM Forbes Parkhill has suggested a very interesting idea: "The Westerners have been doing an excellent job . . . but it seems to me we might go a step further by choosing a subject that is in need of research, and then assigning some specialist, member or non-member, to handle the subject . . . the functions of the program chairman and the Brand Book editor would become more selective. . . . We could decide in advance which gaps in western history need to be filled, and then proceed to fill these gaps. I'm sure Roy Hafen could suggest half a dozen subjects that have not been adequately researched."

Then Forbes suggests that the truth about George W. Pullman's Colorado experience and its actual influence—if any—on the Pullman car needs determination. And he also wants to know if "Go West, young man, go West" ever really came from the mouth or pen of Horace Greeley. Do you suppose Forbes is a debunker at heart?

Then along came a letter from CM J. J. Leonard, of the Ouray Public Schools, and notes a number of articles or books that he thinks should be written. His list includes: "What Is Western Journalism?", "Dempsey's Doings in Colorado," "Out to Lynch: Will be Back in an Hour," a really definitive book on the Utes, Colorado's Millionaires, "Legends of Lost Lodes in Colorado," "Strange Election Bets," "Early Toll Roads in Colorado, or On Whom the Belles Rolled," etc., etc.

Next a suggestion from CM Frank Kemp for the monthly Roundup: "How about setting in motion a series of short articles on the fast-disappearing group of business and professional men who were prominent in the real development of Denver?" (This is perhaps more of a challenge to the Editor than to the Sheriff!).

You can see that some of our members are expressing their thoughts about the general trends of our organization, so none of you should be backward about writing as to your ideas.

—W—

Clear Creek County History. For over two years Joseph Emerson Smith has had historical reports in each week's issue of *The Clear Creek Mining Journal*, published at Idaho Springs. He has used the recollections of Mrs. Lillian Hanson, an old timer of the county who now lives in Denver, as a point of departure and has added data from his remarkable fund of the local historical events and, as is his ability, he has made an interesting story out of each recounting of the more dramatic incidents. Velma Michener, recently appointed Editor of the *Georgetown Courier*, has started an interesting series of "Know Your Neighbor" biographies of the present residents of the county. (Ye Editor would like to hear about similar newspaper contributions to history in other counties).

—W—

More Railroad History. Elmer O. Davis, former CM, is continuing his collecting and publication of items of railroad development and we may some day expect a sequel to his "The First Five Years of the Railroad Era in Colorado." His extractions from the early newspapers and from the Eicholtz diary appear as a regular feature of "The Engineers' Bulletin" published for the Colorado Society of Engineers. Davis' column "75 Years Ago" has been running many years in that publication.

—W—

Westerner's Pin. If you have a longing to wear the neat little gold pin marking you as a Westerner, and also have \$2.70, just announce the former and send the latter to Mrs. Renze at 306 State Museum and she will handle your order.

Fifth Brand Book of Los Angeles Westerners: This 1951 book is most attractive and interesting. Our good Sheriff, LeRoy R. Hafen, has a leading article therein, "Mountain Men who Came to California," in which are mentioned six trappers who settled down for their last days in California. Clarence Ellsworth has contributed much to the art work in the book, and it is mentioned that he lived a number of years in Denver and was associated with the *Denver Post* and *Rocky Mountain News*; but since 1919 his home has been in Los Angeles. Frank Allen Hubbell, born in Denver, contributed an interesting paper on "The Development of Music in the West." W. W. Robinson was born in Trinidad, Colorado, but is another who, like Hubbell, moved to California very early in life. Robinson is responsible for the opening contribution in the book, "Paisanos are Rare Birds." The article on "Sequoyah—The Tree and the Man" brings into the Brand Book a bit of natural history along with an interesting story of a half-breed so named. The Contents show a list of seventeen chapters followed by a little description of each contributor, a bibliography, an index, and acknowledgments; also there are about 50 illustrations in addition to the pen and ink drawings by Ellsworth.

---W---

Fur Trade Stuff. CM Carl P. Russell, of Berkeley, California, wants to see more articles on the fur trade in our Brand Book. He is working on "Firearms of the Fur Brigade" and we might hear of this later.

---W---

Denver's Hundredth Birthday. CM Edward W. Milligan suggests that the Westerners should be thinking about their part in the celebration in 1958. Perhaps a permanent committee should be chosen to make plans for our contribution.

The New York Chapter of the Westerners: By very special and secret arrangement we are in position to bring you a private report on the December meeting of the New York Chapter. It was held at "P. Hogan's Corral" in Weehawken, New Jersey, which turned out to be a most attractive pine-panelled game room with a hospitable bar available. The paper read was by Burton Rascoe on "Early Days in Oklahoma." The Cherokees were prominent in the recital. Mrs. Hogan, as hostess of Hogan's hogan, naturally served hot dogs to the 32 men and 3 ladies present. The chapter definitely plans a monthly publication under the selected name of "Hoof Beats," though "Buffalo Chips" was not without supporters.

---W---

Billy the Kid in Arizona. Edwin Corle, author of several volumes treating of the West including one entitled "Billy the Kid," has an article in the February, 1954, issue of "Arizona Highways," in which he tells of the three episodes in the brief life of Billy the Kid which transpired in Arizona. When William Bonney, alias Billy the Kid, was in Arizona killing Indians in cold blood and shooting a soldier, perhaps in self defense, he was a 13-14 year old boy. Corle weaves in a considerable background of the literature that grew up after the death of this notorious character. The sketch is well worth reading and is illustrated by drawings by Ross Santee.

---W---

Emily Griffith's Contributions to Education. One of our CMs is most seriously interested in gathering material on Emily Griffith and her contribution to adult education in Denver, and in valid description and analysis of what made the Opportunity School noteworthy in her lifetime. If you have any suggestions to our fellow-worker, please address Griffith Research, Box 1563, Denver, Colorado.

Daily Life in the Prehistoric Mimbres

By Hugo G. Rodeck

(Note: The following is a rough summary of the running comments given by Dr. Rodeck when he showed his slides of Mimbres pottery at the January Roundup. Dr. Rodeck has not reviewed these statements. Some data also comes from the introduction of the speaker by Maurice Frink.)

In southwestern New Mexico there is a stream named by the Spanish "Rio Mimbres" (Willow Creek) and this name Mimbres has been used to designate an Indian culture that flourished about the period from 800 to 1200 A.D. with a center in the area east of Silver City, but extending over toward the Mogollon mountains, east across the Rio Grande, and even into Arizona and Chihuahua. These peoples are assigned to the Mogollon culture and were similar to but not identical with the Pueblo Indians to the north. They were agriculturists and hunters. They built stone houses on the river terraces, using an adobe mortar, but the homes were single and not of the pueblo type. Peculiarly, there are no pictures of houses found on the pottery.

Dr. Hugo G. Rodeck, a native of New Jersey, reared in New York, holding degrees from the Universities of Colorado and Minnesota, is trained as a biologist, zoologist, and entomologist. He succeeded Dr. Junius Henderson (1865-1937) in 1933 as curator, now director, of the Museum of the University of Colorado. In 1932 Dr. Rodeck wrote an article based upon his study as an entomologist of the pictures of insects appearing upon the pottery of the Mimbres people. This led him to a general interest in these Indians and two years ago he received a grant from the Wenner-Gren Foundation for anthropological research. He and his wife have visited 88 different collections of Mimbres utensils and have around 2000 slides of the decorated pottery left by the Mimbres.

The chief purpose of the Rodeck study will be to produce as clear a story as possible of the life and customs of this race, to "pierce the time-curtain," and to show some of the belongings of these Indians which have not so far been discovered by excavations because not of permanent enough material to survive a thousand years of exposure to the weather. But there has been left a great series of painted pottery which is unique in the Southwest because of the artistic skill of the Mimbres and their interest in depicting their everyday life and the animals with which they had contact, instead of sticking to geometrical designs. These pictures are the source material for Dr. Rodeck and he must compile his final report from interpretations of these drawings, instead of reading old letters, diaries, and newspapers. The Mimbres communicate with us only by a picture-language, as we have no records of any written Indian language north of the Aztecs around Mexico City. It is like trying to write the history of early United States from a few unlabeled pictures left from those times. You might not be sure whether you had a picture of an every-day scene, or an illustration for a current story, or a painting of some object used in religious rites.

Not all of the Mimbres pottery is decorated but perhaps one piece out of four has some picture on it. The chief reason we have found so much of this pottery is that these Indians evidently thought the dead person would need in future life the utensils he had used while alive, so his bows, arrows, dishes, and other personal articles were buried with him. But as the Indian was dead, so

his utensils should die before burial, by being "killed" by breaking, or in the case of pottery by having a hole punched through the rather soft-baked ware. The dead were interred, but often in a sitting position to save space; for if grandma was to be buried in the corner of the room, the smallest possible excavation was desirable to make the least interference with the ordinary use of the room.

The decorated pottery starts as an earthen ware, was not baked very hard though some pieces have a little ring to them, and then a wash of white clay and water was spread over the inside of the bowl and allowed to dry. The black picture was made with a paint-powder ground from one of the iron minerals and mixed with some oil or grease. Very occasionally there was used an ochre color. The bowls run from six to fourteen inches in diameter, but most of them are around nine to ten inches. Usually the bowls have just inside the rim a border decoration of fine circles, concentric and never touching, maybe 18 fine lines to only three-quarters of an inch in width, a precision almost unbelievable without a wheel of any sort and not the least remarkable feature of these bowls.

The "stories" that Dr. Rodeck "read" from a small collection of typical slides are suggested in the following paragraphs. He stressed that these people were first rate naturalists and zoologists. While they had to exaggerate sizes or features of animals or birds or fish or insects to bring out the details desired, they almost always produced an identifiable creature; and they have through their drawings communicated their dress, utensils, and even many of their joys and sorrows.

The life course: Pictures of birth are numerous and as frank as the modern TV. Marriage seems to be modestly shown by two figures, male and female, standing behind a screen or blanket. One bowl shows a mother with a sick child being treated by the medicine man who is shaking a rattle and trying to use his medicine pouch; the cajoling of the child to take kindly to the cure has an early origin. Old age is suggested by the bent figures using canes and with hands on aching backs. Death is suggested by closed eyes and often by the ribs showing. Perhaps all deaths were not natural, for one scene clearly shows a woman shot in the back by an arrow and the man of the house standing by with another arrow ready in his bow if needed; all that is lacking is a title about the biscuits being burned once too often.

Dress: The fashions of the day seem to have decreed a sash around the waist for both man and woman. The women wore a fringe hanging down from the sash *behind* and reaching half way to the ground, while the men knotted the sash in front and the ends hung down loosely. There were evidently some other attires for special occasions, for the Katchina-like paintings suggest the masks and costumes for the ceremonial plays. Painted bodies of clowns (Koshares) are also shown. The hair often was coiled about little spools on each side of the head. The ladies were not averse to some form of feather ornament in the hair, some painting of faces, and the wearing of necklaces, and arm and leg bands. Moccasins of some sort were used.

Weapons: The man's work was hunting and he carried his arrows in a quiver, or sometimes stuck them behind his back in his sash. He also had some sort of a throwing-stick to skim along at rabbits and a crooked stick (looking like a short cane) to dig into holes after rabbits and other animals.

Carrying basket: Of course the woman had to lug the game home, bring in the firewood, and carry any other heavy things needed. She used a large carrying basket, of which the bottom half was cylindrical but with a flaring conical upper half. When loaded, this was carried high on the neck and shoulders with a

tumpline. With a heavy load there was no sitting down to rest, but the woman carried a staff to lean on when pausing.

Animals: The scenes show the actual hunting of animals or the carrying in of the slain game. Deer, antelope, mountain sheep, and bear are the most common wild animals in the paintings. One picture shows three hunters after a deer whose trail is indicated as doubling back on his pursuers. The cloven hoofs are often clearly indicated. The details of animals are sometimes astonishing. One sketch shows a mountain sheep with teeth only in the lower jaw. Are we all aware that mountain sheep do not have upper teeth? Of course there are life-like scenes of attacks upon a mother bear and her cubs. The dog is very often a part of both hunting and domestic scenes. Peculiarly and for an unknown reason the toes of the dogs are shown as separated from the feet. There seem to be two kinds of dogs, one larger and wooly, one smaller and smooth-coated. In some of the pictures the joy of the woman, the excitement of the children and dogs, and the pride of the hunter as he downs his animal are all vividly shown.

Birds: Parrots were tamed it would seem for they appear on the heads and shoulders of the women like today's popular parakeets. Cockatoos were probably imported from Mexico for the feathers. Many wild birds are recognizable. One picture shows that the hunter has lain down his bow and arrow and bird already shot and is climbing a tree to rob a woodpecker's nest, with the little birds hiding in a hollow in the tree and the mother bird raising the dickens from a nearby branch.

Roast grasshoppers? One complicated painting shows people picking some sort of bird or insect from bushes. A good guess is that they are gathering grasshoppers, placing them on the spits shown, and are planning to roast them and eat them like popcorn.

Fish: There are no scenes showing the Mimbres eating any fish. It is quite possible that the use of fish as food was taboo and that all fish pictures are stories of the big fish elsewhere that they have heard about, or are clan symbols. There is one drawing of a man with a long pole over his shoulders from which is hung at one end a fish and at the other end an animal of some sort, which suggests two different totems. Another picture shows a fish with human arms and legs and so there may have been a myth about some creature that could assume the human or fish shape at will. (See picture on cover)

Gambling: There are several pictures of what seems to be a game played on the sand or on a board. In each of the four corners are counters and in the middle three oblong objects or dice, one black, one white, and one a mixture. The stakes are shown on the side, arrows or firewood usually. One vivid scene shows the men with heads up and mouths open, probably accusing each other of unfair play, while in the corner the women are weeping, perhaps because of the loss of the family store of firewood gathered by them with much hard labor.

Human sacrifice? Only one bowl (and an almost exact copy of it) have been found showing a priest holding up the severed head of a human victim with the gore still in evidence. Dr. Rodeck is of the opinion that this is just a story-picture of what they had heard or seen in Mexico, for he feels that if the Mimbres practiced human sacrifice there would be a more common suggestion of it on their pottery.

Deep freeze? Some pictures show underground tunnels with lots of live turkeys or birds in them and an Indian either sealing up this underground space or entering it to get a bird. This may have been the ordinary way of keeping game birds available for later use, an underground pen.



Westerner's Bookshelf



AS THE CHEYENNES SAW IT

CHEYENNE AUTUMN, by Mari Sandoz; McGraw Hill, \$4.50.

Cheyenne Autumn re-creates in almost poetical language the hard and heroic trek of the Northern Cheyennes to their Montana home from the inhospitable Indian Territory. They had been placed on reservation there against their wishes and the promises of the government. Barren country and inadequate rations had made their lot one of misery, sickness, and starvation. Finally, in 1878, Little Wolf and Dull Knife led 278 of them north across Kansas, Nebraska and South Dakota, fighting troops, settlers, scanty food supplies and severe winter enroute. In Nebraska, Dull Knife's band separated from the others and was soon captured. Later most of them were shot down when they sought to escape after refusing to return to Oklahoma. Little Wolf's band managed to reach Montana, where they were permitted to stay.

The author combines deep insight with skillful prose to relate this tragedy in a fashion that leaves the reader feeling he has taken part in the flight. He cannot help having sympathy and admiration for these displaced people who are seeking, against the inexorable doom of destiny, some last refuge in the autumn time of their nation. Miss Sandoz calls the event an epic of American history, and her story is so well told that it should become an epic in the literature of the American West.

Of special interest to many Westerners will be the mention of Yellow Swallow, son of Monahsetah by Long Hair who died June 25, 1876, at the Little Big Horn. The author cites several references on Custer's Cheyenne son, but does not elaborate upon

them. Indeed, one wishes that Mari Sandoz had not been so sparse with her notes since she has obviously given much time and study to make this work authentic history. Actually these notes are only bibliographical references. The book itself is of beautiful design, in Indian motif, illustrated with photographs and one annotated map. Except for the reproductions of Little Finger Nail's Picture History, a better selection of pictures might have been made.

The book is a history as some articulate Cheyenne might have told it expressing keenly the feelings of his people in their remarkable demonstration of the human spirit struggling against overwhelming odds. It lacks some of the objectivity of more conventional history, but its contribution lies in picturing some of the white man's West as the Indian saw and knew it. Only an accomplished writer such as Mari Sandoz could capture the tribulations of these people so vividly and accurately. Western history needs more writers with the talents of Mari Sandoz, of the New York Corral of Westerners.

MARTIN WENGER, CM

—W—

WHY BE AN AUTHOR?

CALAMITY JANE OF THE WESTERN TRAILS, by J. Leonard Jenne-
wein. Huron, South Dakota: Dakota Books, (1953). Octavo, printed wrappers, 47 pages, with illustrations and bibliography, \$1.00.

Anybody who hones to get into a good old Western fight has only to write and publish a book or booklet about Jesse James, Billy the Kid or Calamity Jane. For as soon as the thing appears, Western experts will begin sniping at the author from every direction. These experts may

not be capable of writing a book, pamphlet, or even an article, but they certainly can fire smoking letters. Writers and publishers of Western material are not the only targets; those who only sell such books receive showers of shot from hot lead pencils and automatic typewriters. Last summer I advertised a new book about Billy the Kid, and sold about 80 copies. Hardly had the books been unwrapped (it seemed to me) when experts in Texas, Ohio, and California began to set off attacks (of two to four pages) on me. It was a good book, but I should not have been blamed for that. No two of the attackers agreed on what was wrong with the book, but each was sure he knew the story best. Heaven knows what bar- rages of abuse the author and the publishers endured.

One of the latest brave fellows to set himself up as a target is J. Leonard Jennewein of Huron, South Dakota, a collector, bookseller, writer, and a founder of the new Black Hills posse of The Westerners. Brother Jennewein is well-fortified behind citations from previously issued print, and (astonishingly) from persons known to him who had seen Jane in action. He seems not to be afraid of battle, for he fires a few provocative rounds at other experts on Calamity.

I hope I shall not draw any fire by saying that this is a carefully-documented, well-written, well-printed, easily-read work. If you have any buffalo-bullets or Minie-balls to discharge, send them off to Jennewein—together with a dollar for one of the best bargains of the book-season. Illustrations and bibliography are worth more than that price.

—JOHN J. LIPSEY, Westerner.

—W—

OUR TOWN'S NAMED FOR HIM
DENVER, THE MAN, by George C. Barns, Wilmington, Ohio; Shenandoah Publishing House, Inc., Stras-

burg, Va., (Copyright 1950). Cloth, 8vo, XII, 372 pages with index. 9 illustrations. \$5.00.

James William Denver, son of an Irish father and a Scotch mother, born October 23, 1817, at Winchester, Va., is an outstanding example of the rugged individualism of the early nineteenth century.

Graduating from the law school of the Cincinnati, Ohio, College, on March 5, 1844, he was in turn lawyer, newspaper editor, a Captain in the Mexican war and school teacher. Going to California in 1850, he was appointed Secretary of State and in 1854 was elected United States Representative. Before taking his seat in Congress in 1855, he was instrumental in framing a law giving women the right to control their separate estates and business, being the first of its kind in the U. S.

Taking his seat in Congress in December, 1855, he was placed on the Committee on Military Affairs on Feb. 13th, 1856, and Feb. 21st, introduced a bill to provide for the establishment of a railroad and telegraphic communication between the Atlantic States and the Pacific Ocean. This, the forerunner of the Union Pacific Railroad, was referred to a committee of 13, of which Denver was chairman, but due to political controversy, particularly with Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, construction was delayed until after the close of the Civil War.

In April, 1857, he was named Commissioner of Indian Affairs; and in December of the same year was made Acting Governor of the Territory of Kansas, and in May, 1858, became Governor, resigning in October, 1858. In March, 1859, he also resigned as Commissioner of Indian affairs. In 1861 he was appointed Brigadier General of Volunteers by President Lincoln and later in the year was put in charge of troops in Kansas, then under political pressure was transferred

to Wheeling, Virginia, and in 1862 was assigned to the Fifth Division under General Sherman, taking part in several battles.

Your reviewer is disappointed in the scarcity of material relating to our own state. In fact, outside of Chapter 14 (The Naming of Denver, The City), there is nothing. In that chapter two accounts of the naming of the city are given, one by Ely Moore, appearing in the "Post" of June 23, 1901, the other by Denver in 1890, in which he states the town was laid out and named in July, 1858 (although his appointed officers did not arrive until Nov. 16, 1858, staking the town-site on the following day). Denver himself did not see the town bearing his name until August 7, 1874, at which time he felt hurt by the lack of courtesy shown him; again in 1883, he, Mrs. Denver, their eldest daughter and eldest son, visited the city but considered their reception cool.

—PM CARL F. MATHEWS.

—W—

A BIG COW RANCH

The X I T Ranch of Texas and the Early Days of the Llano Estacado, by J. Evetts Haley: University of Oklahoma Press, 1953 new edition, (Copyright Capitol Reservation Lands, Chicago, 1929) Appendix: Bibliography and Index, illustrated with old photographs and maps. \$4.00

The capitol building at Austin, Texas, was erected in exchange for 3,050,000 acres of land along the western border of the state, extending from the panhandle south into the skillet over two hundred miles. This

vast range became the famous X I T ranch, "the most extensive Western range ever placed under one barbed-wire fence."

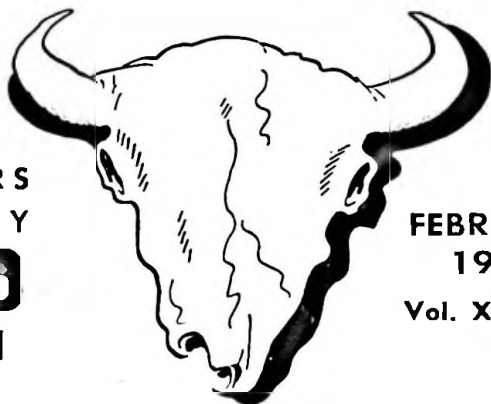
Financed by an English company formed for that purpose, but operated by Americans, it grazed as many as 150,000 cattle during a season, handled by 150 cowboys with remudas of more than 1,000 cow ponies. Organized in 1885, it continued in operation until 1912.

Confronted by the difficulties inherent in the operation of such a huge outfit, the terrible lack of water, depredations of rustlers and infiltration of outlaws who overawed where they did not collude with company bosses to defraud the company, extensive prairie fires that often destroyed thousands of acres of grass, lack of any adequate means of communication or supply, the odds must have seemed at times to be overwhelmingly against the success of the venture.

This is the story of how those difficulties were overcome, a factual and carefully documented account of the largest single operation in the cow country of the Old West. It is a real and needed contribution to the history of that period, the romantic story of man's conquest of obdurate Texas ranges, of a begrudging desert empire turned into productivity. The author, a cattleman himself, as well as a folklorist and historian, who has written several western books, frankly admits that the story of that great struggle is still not half told.

GLENN L. DALY, Westerner.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



FEBRUARY
1954

Vol. X, No. 2



**MOLLIE
E. (Dorsey)
SANFORD**

**HER
JOURNAL
OUTLINED**

Picture

1910

WESTERNER OF THE MONTH



FLETCHER W. BIRNEY, JR.

PM Fletcher W. Birney, Jr. served the Westerners last year as Chairman of the Program Committee and this year is our Deputy Sheriff, so you should know a bit about him. He is strictly a "home product," having been born in Denver and educated at East Denver High School and at the University of Colorado, having been graduated from the University in 1932. While at Boulder he played four years of football and participated all four years in track activities. Member of Beta Theta Pi fraternity.

Mr. Birney is now a partner in the real estate firm of Birney & Co., offices in First National Bank Bldg., Denver.

Some of his accumulation of memberships in Denver are: Mason, Boy Scout Counsel, City Club (past President), Denver Board of Realtors, Denver Athletic Club, Colorado Mountain Club (Past Denver Chairman), and of course the Westerners.

Besides doing a bit of business and attending to club activities, Fletcher has found time to climb 40 of the 52 peaks in Colorado of over 14,000 foot altitude, to take an active interest in the early history of Colorado, to do a lot of skiing and photography, and to collect barbed wire.

NOTICE OF THE MARCH MEETING

Time: Tuesday Evening, 8:00, March 23, 1954. **Place:** Chamber of Commerce Building, 1301 Welton. **Speaker:** Professor Richard C. Overton, of Northwestern University. **Subject:** How to write a History of a Railroad.

You will recall his books on the Burlington, Denver & Fort Worth, etc. No reservations necessary.

This is a PUBLIC MEETING. See additional notice, last page.

Special Notes About Making Reservations: We have a real problem in connection with our meetings and the giving of advance notice of them in the ROUNDUP. We are forced to request our corresponding members who decide to come to a particular meeting to be sure to write or telephone to the Chuck Wrangler, Arthur Zeuch, a few days in advance. His address is 1863 Arapahoe St., and telephone is AComa 3886. Your "welcome" is dependent upon there being room as governed by prior reservations and upon your thoughtfulness in advising in advance of your plans to attend. Posse members are all schooled to this necessity, it is assumed.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



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Vol. X

February, 1954

No. 2

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Printing Office
839 Pearl St., Boulder.

Denver Posse Founded January 26, 1945

1954 Officers

Sheriff, LeRoy R. Hafen.
Deputy Sheriff, Fletcher W. Birney, Jr.
Roundup Foreman (Sec.) J. Nevin Carson.
Tolly Man (Treasurer) Ralph B. Mayo, Sr.
Chuck Wrangler, Arthur Zeuch.

Assistant Registrar, Alan Swallow.
Book Review Chairman, Fred M. Mazzulla.
Program Chairman, Henry W. Hough.
Membership Chairman, Levette J. Davidson.
Publications Chairman, Elvon L. Howe.

Registrar of Marks and Brands (Editor of Roundup) Erl H. Ellis

Working the Range

February 24th Roundup. Our Sheriff, Roy Hafen presided rather illegally, as he was without gavel or star . . . Comments about reservations made in advance for 28, over 50 attended . . . The Program Committee, headed by Henry W. Hough, will also have as members Fred Rosenstock and Don Bloch . . . New application blanks for corresponding members are now available, "designed" by Fred Mazzulla . . . Our Membership Chairman, Levette J. Davidson, suggests that the filling of the few vacancies in Posse membership await nominations . . . Mr. George R. Wilson, a welcome guest, spoke briefly of his one-man campaign to interest school children in Colorado history . . . Our speaker, PM Albert N. Williams, gave us a real treat, a confidential peek into his grandparents' early lives.

—W—

The Black Hills. CM Troy L. Parker, of the Palmer Gulch Lodge at Hill City, South Dakota, has a large col-

lection of books on the Hills, and is especially jubilant over a recent acquisition, a French book entitled "La Breche aux Bullles." One Grancy wrote this story of his adventures near Buffalo Gap and it deals with an 1885 experiment of bringing Percheron stock from France and running a breeding ranch in South Dakota.

—W—

The Medicine Man. CM L. L. Foreman wishes to *immediately* contact members possessing any knowledge of old Western medicine shows and medicine men, 1850-1890. Also he suggests another "planned" series of articles, covering the detailed medical methods and practices of the Old West, methods and instruments, and perhaps dentistry could be included.

—W—

Are We High-Flying? Another suggestion from CM J. J. Leonard of Ouray is that we charter a couple of planes, fly to Montrose, then by bus to Ouray, stay at the Beaumont, and take side trips to Sneffles, Camp Bird

mine, Idarado mine, by jeep to top of Engineer Mountain and other real and ghost points of interest. Let Henry Hough know if you have any such ambitions.

—W—

Fred M. Mazzulla. Fred is a much sought after exhibitor of Western History slides. He graciously accepts invitations to show his pictures and selects a group suitable to each audience from his immense collection. In January he had a program for the West Denver-Auraria Historical Society. He was on Pete Smythe's Tincup program on January 30, Channel 4.

—W—

First Ski Clubs. In the "Lincoln-Mercury Times" for Jan.-Feb., 1954, Bill Berry writes as though he knows, and claims for the Lost Sierras, and the town of La Porte, northeast of San Francisco, that the first organized ski club of the world (Alturas Club) was there born in December, 1866. In our local "Empire" magazine for January 17, 1954, Agnes Barrett suggests that the winter of 1913-1914 saw Colorado's first ski club organized at Silver Plume. Anyone have a different story?

—W—

A Word from Las Vegas. CM Milton W. Callon took time off from his service station and cabinet shop at Las Vegas to tell of his hope to some day write the history of the Montezuma Hotel, the Hot Springs, and the Gallinas Canon. Las Vegas, he says, is a "dual community consisting of a Town and a City. This area is steeped in the history of Eastern New Mexico both economically and governmental-ly. At one time the 'city most likely to succeed', its program slowly ground to a stop. In the 1890's the Santa Fe Railroad built the ice dams on the Gallinas River and also built the Montezuma Hotel. At the turn of the century Montezuma was the 'End of the Santa Fe' and the show place of

the West. The hot lithia springs were the Spa of the West and many celebrities and nobility visited there. Today the Montezuma Hotel is still there in all it's Old World beauty and is being used as a seminary for Mexican priests." (As such letters are published, maybe some of our members would like to drop a few words of encouragement to those confessing a desire to do special jobs, such as the one just mentioned!)

—W—

Los Angeles Publications. The Westerners at Los Angeles are currently issuing a quarterly *Branding Iron* and occasionally a "Keepsake item"; and all are numbered as "publications." Publication 17 was a facsimile reproduction of the May 5, 1869, issue of "The Daily Gazette" of Denver, Colorado. The December, 1953, issue of the *Branding Iron*, Publication 22, contains a short biography of Homer E. Britzman (died October 13, 1953). He is credited with having organized the Los Angeles Corral in 1946.

—W—

Your Light Shines. CM E. H. Hilliard writes that his interests in western history, in order of keenness, are railroads, wagon roads and general mining development; plus attending the monthly meetings and "marveling at the knowledge acquired by others."

—W—

Rush on Wister. CM N. Orwin Rush, Director of the Library of the University of Wyoming, was the speaker at the February 1 meeting of the Chicago Westerners. The group met in Ireland's Oyster House on North Clark Street and chuck was disposed of before the talk. Rush's subject was: "My Brand is W W W W, or, When Wister Went to Wyoming." Judging by the thirty minutes of lively questions and comments after the paper had been read, the meeting can be labelled a real success.

Rocky Mountain Railroad Club.

An organization that certainly deserves constant notice from the Westerners is the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club, for its members are dedicated to the same sort of general purpose as the Westerners, though in a more specialized field. This non-profit organization was incorporated in 1938 to promote public interest in railroading and to preserve the history of Colorado Narrow Gauge Railroading. Its present roster shows about 350 members, with 95 from 20 States outside of Colorado and 5 foreign subscribers. It promotes railroad excursions. It is most interested in serious publication of railroad history; the most notable among its books and pamphlets being M. C. Poor's "Denver, South Park and Pacific." A book by Mrs. Josie Crum on the Rio Grande Southern is expected to appear this year. In time, this Club expects to build a railroad museum, and it already owns for such a project a Denver and Interurban car, a business car of the Rio Grande Southern, a caboose from the D&RGW, and Engine 20 of the Rio Grande Southern (now at Alamosa). It is also reported that some of the Club's members residing about New York City hold occasional meetings under the branch name of "Down East and Yearning."

—W—

Mattes writes. CM Merrill J. Mattes, Regional Historian, Region Two, National Park Service, sends from Omaha the items that follow in the next four paragraphs.

Omaha's Hundredth Birthday.

Omaha is celebrating its 100th birthday, and in token thereof beards and side-whiskers are sprouting all over the place. The Joslyn Art Museum is putting on a series of special western exhibits; right now there is a Charley Russell show, courtesy of the Montana Historical Society, which is really packing them in. Parades, pageants,

etc., are in the offing. This is also the Centennial of Nebraska Territory.

—W—

New Dope on Forts. A series of reports on the historical and archeology research of the National Park Service and the Smithsonian Institution, at historic sites in Missouri River reservoir areas, will be published soon by the Bureau of American Ethnology. New light has been shed on such places as Fort Kiowa, famed in the annals of Jedediah Smith and Hugh Glass; Fort Recovery, the base of the Leavenworth expedition of 1823 against the Aricaras; Fort Randall, where Sitting Bull was detained after his surrender at Fort Buford; Whetstone Agency, where Spotted Tail's Sioux holed up after the treaty of Fort Laramie; and Fort Berthold, stronghold of the Mandan and Gros Ventres.

Fort Laramie Again. Speaking of Fort Laramie, CM David L. Hieb is doing a notable job of supervising a program for the rehabilitation of the 20 odd historic structures which survive. Work has been substantially completed on the Sutler's Store, the Commissary Warehouse, and the Cavalry Barracks; Officer's Quarters and standing ruins are scheduled for early treatment. Archeologist Paul Beaubien is planning to resume archeological research at Fort Laramie in the spring.

Watch for these. The Summer 1954 issue of *American Heritage*, devoted to the Plains, will feature stories by Major E. S. Luce on Custer Battlefield, and by Mattes on Fort Laramie, and the Missouri River "ghost forts." An early issue of *National Geographic* will dwell on the scenic splendors of Dinosaur National Monument, B. D. (Before Dams)

Note: This is the article in the March, 1954, *National Geographic* entitled "Shooting Rapids in Dinosaur Country."

New York Posse's First Brand Book. Greetings and Salutations! It has arrived, Vol. 1, No. 1 of THE WESTERNERS BRAND BOOK, NEW YORK POSSE, dated "Winter 1954," and promised for "regular appearance." This is an 8 x 11, 16 page, "volume" on excellent paper. Your budget-minded Editor wonders how this ambitious publication can be supported by the 39 posse members and the ten corresponding members listed. But his answer apparently is to subscribe as a corresponding member, at \$3.00 per year, plus agreement to buy the annual Brand Book, and find out. You are all similarly invited, it would seem.

The contents of this maiden issue may be suggested by mentioning the following articles: "How Camels were brought to the West"; "F. W. Lafrentz's Experiences in Wyoming in the 1880's"; and "Chimney Rock in History."

There are current comments upon books and activities under the title "Hitching Post." Mari Sandoz contributes "Some Notes on Wild Bill Hickok." There are reviews of six books. The list of members is more than a roster, for it has a few biographical lines about each person named.

Do not breathe this around Colorado, but it appears that at least four ladies are posse members.

Perhaps the most interesting one item is the editorial paragraph suggesting "cooperation between the different posses . . . exchange of ideas . . . keep one another advised of their activities and views . . . and annual meeting of representatives of all posses for the purpose of improving reciprocal relations." Your Editor started this year with at least a part of this sort of belief and has solicited news from other posses and has been publishing some items. We like this "editorial" approach. New York, Good Luck!

Publisher Swallow. We have known our fellow posse member, Alan Swallow, as a supposed fixture at the University of Denver, where he has been associate professor of English and in charge of the creative writing program. As you recall, he directed the University of Denver Press and had it well on its way to success when financial stringencies at the University caused the Press to be dropped. Alan has wanted to carry on the work there started and to continue his own publication efforts, and to do more writing, so he has now resigned from the University, effective August 31, 1954.

Alan's publishing falls into two categories. One is purely literary in interests—poetry, literary criticism, biography, belles lettres, etc. The other, of more direct interest to Westerners, is the field of regional books, for which he uses his subsidiary imprint "Sage Books." The newest title on the latter list is the result of a ten-year study sponsored by the Colorado State Board of Agriculture with the cooperation of the Colorado A & M College. This MANUAL OF THE PLANTS OF COLORADO supplies a long-felt want for botanists, and is an immense and most valuable volume. Sage Books will publish this spring a bibliography of the works about and from Colorado, compiled by Virginia Lee Wilcox, a librarian at the Colorado School of Mines. This should be a wonderful working tool for many Westerners. Also to appear about the same time is a large collection of the Western songs and ballads of S. Omar Barker.

—W—

Bookseller Bloch. PM Don Bloch has just "signed the papers" which commit him to a new endeavor. He will hereafter be the proprietor of COLLECTORS' CENTER at 1018 Fifteenth St., Denver, with a branch of his bookstore at Central City in the summers. We should all look in on Don and see what he has to offer.

Raine and the Movies. In answer to a request, Bill Raine writes from San Diego, where he went without knowing of the plan to have summer all winter in Colorado: "My experience with the films started when companies first began to put jerky little one-reeler stories on the market. The standard price for a story was \$25 a reel. These had to be written in scenario form so that they could be used without much editing. I sold 30 or 40 of these to Essanay, Selig, Biograph, Vitagraph, Pathe, Kalem, and other firms.

"As production methods developed, motion picture outfits bought novels to use. The price paid authors at first was very little, but rapidly increased. Though I have sold about 30 of my books to film producers I never got the fabulous prices the newspapers tell about.

"Tom Mix appeared in several of mine. At one time, 30 years or so ago, the Fox Company offered me \$300 a week to do stunt stories for Tom. I decided not to accept. This was before writers were swarming to Hollywood and were being paid large salaries to sit around and do nothing until their contracts expired. Those days are gone forever, I judge, since the making of pictures has become a great industry instead of an adventure.

"Hollywood is still an incredible state of mind. It can bring forth pictures beautiful beyond belief, that touch the heart deeply, and it can spawn trivialities, distortions of truth, and phases of American life that are no part of our national existence.

"In Hollywood's estimation, the writer ranks just below the office boy. Take *Shane* as an example, a fine book from which an excellent picture was made. The *Saturday Evening Post* ran an article praising the film extravagantly and dismissing the book in two words, as an ordinary Western."

Membership in Los Angeles Corral. A glance at the January, 1954, list of Members of the Westerners Los Angeles Corral discloses: 45 Resident Members, 7 Honorary Members, 158 Corresponding Members, 13 Honorary Corresponding Members, and 21 "Institutions" (e.g. Denver Public Library). Corresponding members residing in Denver are: Paul W. Bennett, Dabney Otis Collins, LeRoy Hafen, Erle Kistler, Fred A. Rosentock, Dr. Henry Swan, and Basil M. Ziegler. Other Colorado members: J. J. Lipsey, Colorado Springs; Dr. T. M. Rogers, Sterling; Dr. William R. Ross, Greeley, Richard Spencer III, Colorado Springs; and Erl H. Ellis, Idaho Springs.

—W—

A Special View of Western History. Mr. H. L. Davis (author of "Honey in the Horn," a Pulitzer prize winner) has an intriguing article in the Book Review section of the *New York Times* for February 7, 1954. He suggests, it would appear, that our writers of Western history have concentrated upon the colorful early days, and have failed to connect them with what has happened afterward. He feels that the past must be re-searched to find the missing link that will explain the 1890s and early 1900s in terms of the "early days." Do you recall the suggestion from CM Frank Kemp mentioned in the January ROUNDUP? (The *Times* also published at the same time a list of 20 titles of 1953 Western fiction and non-fiction as an illustration and selection of the "flood" of this sort of material).

—W—

Timberline Padre. CM Helen Rich, of Breckenridge, has an appealing story about John Lewis Dyer in the Empire Magazine of the *Denver Post* for February 21, 1954. A stained glass picture of this intinerant Methodist preacher is in our State Capitol Building.

Editor Frink. PM Maurice Frink will get his COW COUNTRY CAV-ALCADE a 'rolling by May 1, he hopes; is reading page-proof and indexing now. This history of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association will bear the imprint of the "Old West Publishing Co." alias Fred Rosenstock; another PM bookseller we hear.

—W—

Speaker Jackson. CM Clarence S. Jackson has been invited to give an illustrated talk to the Library Associates of the University of Wyoming with the Wyoming Westerners in attendance; this on April 7. His subject will be his father's activities in Wyoming in the period 1870-1872.

—W—

Editors Hafen. Our good Sheriff, and his better half, LeRoy R. and Ann W. Hafen, as usual via the Arthur H. Clark Co. of Glendale, California, announce that their new series of 15 volumes is about to start from the presses, a volume at a time. The set will be known as THE FAR WEST AND THE ROCKIES 1820-1875. Subscriptions for the entire series at \$145.00 can be made now if you insist, but you can pay piecemeal as the volumes arrive. Vol. I will be the first complete history of the Old Spanish Trail, Santa Fe to Los Angeles. The prospectus on all the volumes looks most interesting.

—W—

Swan Company Roundup Sites. The 1953 Wyoming trip, you will recall, was a visit to the roundup campsites of the Swan Land & Cattle Company, and was sponsored by the University of Wyoming, the Albany County Historical Society, and the Kiwanis Club of Laramie. PM Dabney Collins has "written up" the story of this trip and his report has been published in the RECORD STOCKMAN ANNUAL.

Gantt to Howe. CM Paul H. Gantt 3526 Edmunds St. N.W., Washington 7, D. C., wrote PM Elvon L. Howe a congratulatory letter on the 1952 Brand Book and used the following language: "On the *Western Fields of Honor* the 1952 Brand Book will be known as having been written by a *Plainsman from Parnassus*. Even in the days when the *Wagonmaster* was *Trail Driving a Hundred Years Ago* this book written in days *Not So Rugged at All*, the Brand Book can compete *With Our Rocking-Chair Historians* and come out on top like the celebration of a *Fourth of July in Cripple Creek*. And so let the *Tornado-With a Broken Neck* come out of *Badman's Last Hang-Out* for the *Yellowstone Stage Holdups* like the *Flying V of the Matador*, but when the *Range Country Troubles* will be over, one can truly say that *Prince Hal Rides the Rockies*. This Brand Book contains the best of the *Letters of William N. Byers* and could have been written by the pen of *Laramie's Bill Nye*."

—W—

Republican River First Exploration. Probably Captain L. C. Easton made the first trip over the full length of the Republican River when he went from Fort Laramie to Fort Leavenworth in 1849. At least that appears probable from the reprint of his Report in *The Kansas Historical Quarterly*, for May, 1953, page 392. This copy of Easton's official tale is ably edited by CM Merrill J. Mattes. A map and references by the editor to modern geographic locations make the article most interesting.

—W—

Now You Can Afford It. PM Forbes Parkhill is, as you must recall, the author of a historical novel called TROOPERS WEST. This will be soon reprinted in a "pocket book" paper-covered edition by Popular Library publishers. Better get it for re-reading.

DIARY OF MOLLIE E. SANFORD

(Extracts from the address of the February meeting by Albert N. Williams, Chairman of the Board of the United States National Bank of Denver. This diary is that of his maternal grandmother)

This is the story of a young couple, Pioneers, who started their married life with nothing as measured by material goods, but who had health, courage, and an abiding faith in God.

My Grandfather, Byron N. Sanford, was born in Western New York in the Finger Lake country and learned the blacksmith trade. He started for the New West in the 50's and finally landed in Nebraska City where he enters this story.

My Grandmother, Mollie E. Dorsey, was the oldest child of eleven of a carpenter and builder who was living in Indianapolis in 1857. She was born in southern Indiana. Owing to the high cost of raising a family in a large city, the father decided to emigrate to the West and to homestead.

Theirs was the generation who had the utmost confidence in their own ability to tame a wilderness and who faced unknown hardships and vicissitudes with the same courage as their predecessors who started with the Pilgrims and gradually settled and developed this great country of ours.

On March 23, 1857, at Indianapolis, Mollie, at the age of 18, began her diary with the following words: "Before starting for the 'far west' upon the journey we have been so long preparing for, I have decided to commence a diary or daily Journal to note passing events and to have a confidant or bosom friend now that I am to leave so many so near and dear. I go among strangers in a strange land and it may be a long time before I find one to whom I can confide my joys and sorrows. . . . I go with my dear parents to share their burdens and their lot, what so ere it may be."

Indianapolis to Nebraska City, March 27 - April 9, 1857

The trip from Indianapolis to St. Louis was on the Vandalia Road, on March 26-27, 1857. Crossing the Mississippi River was by ferry. They boarded the stern-wheeler boat "Silver Heels" on the evening of March 29 and went up the Missouri River to Nebraska City, arriving there on the evening of April 9. Actually they stopped at the settlement of Kearney City, then three years old, and adjacent to Nebraska City proper.

At Nebraska City, April 9 - May 28, 1857

The family remained in Kearney City from April 9 until they left for the new home the father had built upon the homestead he had located about 30 miles southwest of Nebraska City on the Little Nemaha. Immigration being very heavy, no real house could be found, but a "stable" was reconditioned, much to the disgust of some of the children. Their beds were on the floor "the family piled promiscuously into them."

At Hazel Dell and Nebraska City Till May, 1860

After moving out to the homestead at the end of May, 1857, Mollie had a happy summer on the Little Nemaha and she named the new home "Hazel Dell." But thereafter she felt she should help out and for over two years she spent a lot of time in Nebraska City, doing sewing, trying her hand at school teaching, and getting to know a lot of the Nebraska City folk.

Efforts were made to establish a townsite near the farm and it was to be the City of Helena, but it seems not to have prospered. The most exciting event on the farm in this period was the rattlesnake bite suffered by one of the younger

boys; but he recovered without medical attention and despite numerous home-devised remedies.

By and Mollie were married at Hazel Dell on February 14, 1860. The wedding was somewhat off schedule, having been planned for 2:00 P.M. But By had left the day before to hunt up the County Clerk at Tecumseh to obtain the license. The Clerk was off to get blanks and much delayed in his return. It was late in the evening when By arrived at the farm to settle the fears that he had "escaped." But the knot was duly tied on that Valentine Day of 1860.

To Denver by Ox-Team, May-June, 1860

The bride and groom had no definite plans for their life, but they happened to be living in the Gold Rush period. On March 19, 1860, Mr. George West, "Editor of a paper in the small town of Golden, near Denver" stopped at the Dorsey farm and told the young couple: "Don't think of going any where else but to Denver; there are openings there for young beginners." By was away finishing a ditch contract, but Mollie immediately wrote him to come home and told him Mr. West had said he could make \$8 or \$10 a day at his trade in Denver.

By April 1, Mollie was in Nebraska City and talking to Mrs. Clark, whose husband was freighting to Denver and Mrs. Clark was planning to go along. "She has made me more anxious than ever, and Mr. Clark wants to make arrangements for us both to go with them." Sam Harris, who had met the next sister, Dora, at Mollie's wedding, and had married her two weeks later, was also planning to go; and the Harris' actually arrived in Denver ahead of the Sanfords. By April 8: "The 'die is cast' and we go to Denver in company with the Clarks; whether it be for weal or woe, we do not know." They expected the trip to take about 7 weeks, with oxen pulling the large wagon. Mrs. Clark had a span of ponies and a light wagon in which the ladies were to ride.

After some Indian "scares" they reached Denver on June 26, 1860, and found sister Dora.

Gold Hill, July 1860 to May 1861

By did not find it so easy to make a living in Denver. Finally, with the assistance of a Mr. Holly, they located at Gold Hill. Part of the time By worked in the Holly & Holt mill, and part of the time he tried to make his fortune with an "Eraster Wheel" for which he had traded his last horse. For a while Mollie tried to cook for 20 men over an open fire, but it was too much for her. They located a little cabin to live in.

In Denver, 1861 - 1864

The diary covers the exciting times in Denver from 1861 to January 15, 1866, when this first volume is concluded. Only hints can be given here of the events mentioned: On Aug. 20, 1861, the Sanford's first child, a boy, was born and died. The fever of Civil War. By becomes a Second Lieutenant in Company H, Colorado Volunteers. They live in the barracks at Camp Weld. In January, 1862, Mollie goes to Fort Wise or Fort Lyon with her husband. But in March the troops go to New Mexico and Mollie is back at Fort Weld. By is in the Pigeons Ranch fight. Soon By returns to Camp Weld and becomes Post Quartermaster. On Sept. 22, 1862, Mollie gives birth to "Bertie." By April, 1863, By has charge of hay corral the Government built nearer to Denver. Vivid description of watching the flood of May 19, 1864, and of By getting some of the hewn logs from the *News* building and using them on his Littleton homestead, where they had settled in the spring of 1865, only to lose their first crop to grasshoppers and were forced to move back into Denver. Dora Bell Sanford, mother of Mr. A. N. Williams, was born December 22, 1864.



Westerner's Bookshelf



A MERE COLT

THE STORY OF COLT'S REVOLVER. William B. Edwards. The Stackpole Company: Philadelphia. 1953. Illus., 4to, clo., pp. 383, Appendix. With bibliography and index. \$10.00.

From endpapers, showing the ground Plan of Colt's Armory, through its 50 data-packed, illustrated chapters taking eccentric Sam Colt from cradle to gout-wracked death, William B. Edwards' double-columned entry on the celebrated author of the "Peacemaker" is never a tome to let one down for pace and picture.

Edwards has labored long and lovingly with his subject. Whole segments of Colt's hectic saga are here pieced together (the phrase is used advisedly, for it is difficult reading, with the "flashback" technique often knocking chronology into a cocked hat) for the first time.

Colt — the unpredictable, from laughing-gas lecturer days to irresponsible, spendthrift lobbyist in Washington and London; Colt—the liar, user-of-persons, the unreliable, the non-payer of debts; Colt—the mechanical genius (if one can untangle *his* ideas, patents, and improvements from those of half-a-dozen of his "employes") — the many-sided adapter of earlier "mass-production" methods to firearm manufacture in the United States . . . this is his incredible story in full, with all stops out. If Edwards sets up Colt as his hero, he likewise hangs him life-size like a football dummy for all members of the team to tackle—but the figure never stays down.

The tale moves rapidly, with the central figure never out of focus nor

at rest, from 1829 when Sam was fifteen and blew up his famous raft on Ware Pond, to January 10, 1862 when "his great soul passed away to the untold mysteries of the spirit land," (page 379).

The faults in the book are many, yet they are to be found with an eye less to author, perhaps, than to editors. It is true that in a welter of significant and insignificant data, Edwards is inclined to bog down, but there are misspellings and errors in punctuation, and there are also errors of fact. It is, for example, not a typographical fancy, but an error that some illustration pages go unnumbered while others are numbered. Further, the scores of illustrations (not always well reproduced) are neither numbered on the pages nor noted as a part of the Contents.

In spite of these and other faults and errors (and your reviewer retains some pages of notes, with exact page numbers indicated, should anyone inquire), all firearms fans—especially collectors of Colt-ana in any form—*must* have THE STORY OF COLT'S REVOLVER. It is an omnium gatherum, the be-all and end-all of books on Colt and Colt firearms productions. No book before has, and it is unlikely that any subsequent book will, cover the sources so thoroughly. Mr. Edwards' bibliography is unquestionably thorough; his (unnumbered!) 82 pages of Appendix data on documents relating to "Colt and his works" is now available in one spot "for the amusement and guidance of the collector." Ten dollars spent on this volume is a gilt-edged investment.

—DON BLOCH, PM

ARIZONA BECKONS

DRY BONES IN THE VALLEY, by William MacLeod Raine. 243 pages, The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass. \$2.50.

Reufe Rogers, a Texas cowboy, was framed for a bank holdup, and without waiting to clear himself he headed for Arizona as rapidly as possible. However, bad news travels fast and by the time he had applied to Fendrick Yont for a job as a cowpuncher Yont had knowledge of a \$500 reward for the arrest of the supposed bandit. Taking advantage of his knowledge Yont ordered Rogers to file a homestead claim on the property of Crawford, Yont's neighbor. But after Rogers met lovely June Crawford he knew he could not go through with an illegal filing. The United States Marshall was not long in showing up at the ranch and took Reufe into custody, taking him back to Texas, where he was cleared of the bank robbery charges. This, however, did not end the fracas that was going on between Rogers and Yont, for Yont knew more dirty tricks and skullduggery than any ordinary man is capable of. The cowboy finally won out and the book closes with his marrying June Crawford. Mr. Raine, the Author, has spent many years in Arizona and has the ability to describe Arizona sunrises and sunsets, cactus and mesquite, which makes this book very well worth reading.

HERBERT JOHNSON.

MORE EARLY FUR TRADE

JEDEDIAH SMITH AND THE OPENING OF THE WEST, by Dale L. Morgan. Indianapolis, Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1953. 458 pp. Illustrations. \$1.50.

Although we have had two previous biographies of Jedediah Smith, this is the most complete and satisfactory. It is much more than a story of Smith's life; the biographical part is merely a chain on which to hang the history of the fur trade of the central West during the 1820s.

The pioneering work of Jed Smith, though accomplished in but nine short years, ranks him as the outstanding explorer of the far West. Personally, too, he was exceptional if we consider the field of his activity and the typical companions of his day. His religious spirit, sense of duty, courage, fortitude, industry, business acumen, and fine sense of historical perspective are an array of talents rarely found in one individual.

Mr. Morgan's scholarship is of a high order. He also writes well: but in this volume his concern for facts and for fugitive bits of information is given precedence over literary considerations.

His material is well organized and fully documented. All Smith's known letters are reproduced in the appendix, and on the end papers maps of his western travels are traced.

LeROY R. HAFEN, PM

NOTICE OF EXTRA SPECIAL MEETING. A REAL TREAT.

There will NOT be a meeting of the Westerners on the regular date of Wednesday, March 24. All members, families, and friends are urged to attend the talk to be given by Professor Richard C. Overton at the Chamber of Commerce Building, 1301 Welton St., Denver, at 8:00 P.M. on Tuesday, March 23. He will give inside and back-stage glimpses into researching for railroad histories. Bring your copies of his books for autographing. This address is under the joint auspices of The Rocky Mountain Railroad Club and the Westerners.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



MARCH
1954
Vol. X, No. 3



RICHARD C. OVERTON

WESTERNER OF THE MONTH



DON BLOCH

Hoosier-born (Evansville, Ind., 1904), Don Bloch, Posseman since 1946, accumulated his college degrees at such diverse institutions as Bradley, George Washington, and Northwestern Universities between 1922 and 1928. Between 1928 and

1933 he taught in the English departments of Northwestern, Alabama Polytechnic Institute, and the University of Tennessee, and functioned as the head of the journalism schools at the latter two.

From 1933 to 1944 Don was in Washington, D.C., first on the staffs of the Sunday magazines of the *Washington Post* and *Washington Star*, then later as a special writer for various federal conservation agencies. To serve the U. S. Forest Service in the last mentioned capacity he moved to Denver in 1944.

In 1953, after more than 25 years working for the other fellow, he decided to go it himself, and from a book-collector turned bookseller. He is proprietor of Collectors' Center, at 1018 Fifteenth Street, Denver, and operates a summer branch at Central City.

Don has contributed two papers to the *Westerners*, and we are looking forward to another this coming November. He was program chairman for the Denver Posse in 1948 and Register of Marks and Brands in 1949. He is best applauded among the *Westerners* as capable Editor of our Fifth Brand Book, for 1949.

NOTICE OF THE APRIL MEETING

TIME: The regular meeting date for April, Wednesday Evening, April 28. Chow at 6:30, posse rendezvous at 8:00. **PLACE:** Denver Press Club, 1330 Glenarm, second floor hideout. **SPEAKER:** CM Stanley W. Zamonski, of Denver, student of history, writer, and maker of a living as an engineer for the Colorado State Highway Department. **SUBJECT:** The Durango-Farmington Cattlemen's Feud. He will tell of one of the great cattle wars that has been largely overlooked.

—W—

SCHEDULED FOR MAY

PM Henry W. Hough plans his previously-announced talk about the documentary photographs and paintings of the Crow Indians by Richard Throssel.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



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Vol. X

March, 1954

No. 3

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Denver Posse Founded January 26, 1945

1954 Officers

Sheriff, LeRoy R. Hafen.
Deputy Sheriff, Fletcher W. Birney, Jr.
Roundup Foreman (Sec.) J. Nevin Corson.
Tally Man (Treasurer) Ralph B. Mayo, Sr.
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Book Review Chairman, Fred M. Mazzulla.
Program Chairman, Henry W. Hough.
Membership Chairman, Levette J. Davidson.
Publications Chairman, Elvon L. Howe.

Registrar of Marks and Brands (Editor of Roundup) Erl H. Ellis

Working the Range

New Members. Mr. Burl Yarberry is a very recent addition as a CM. He lives at Ouray, Colorado. He thinks that some one, some day, will write quite a story covering the life of Nathan C. Meeker, and Mr. Yarberry admits he has done a considerable amount of digging for material for such a tale himself. Because his grandfather was around Colorado City, Fairplay, and Alma in the early days, he is also interested in the stories of those places. Welcome, Mr. Yarberry.

Mr. George Vest Day, son of the Dave Day of *Solid Muldoon* fame, is another new CM, from Durango, Colorado. This gentleman has seen 73 birthdays, and recalls some early days in Denver when as a child he lived at 2939 and 2814 Champa. He started school at about age six at Gilpin, and a Mrs. Howan was the principal. Recalls the Adairs, Myers, and Anfengers as neighbors. Also, Welcome, Mr. Day.

Modest Mrs. Martin: CM Mrs. Bernice Martin of Monte Vista, a fairly regular contributor of historical articles, is naturally interested in the San Luis Valley. She may someday have a paper on the Darley family, or especially on George Darley, grandfather of the new President of the University of Colorado. She says she has been hesitant about answering the general letter to Corresponding Members in which we asked for their interests and suggestions for she thinks the Westerners all seem to be "such experts." Well, we doubt that in this historical game there is such a thing. Certainly no one should hesitate to let us know of any sort of thoughts about our efforts. Mrs. Martin suggests that because of the real development in the restoration of Fort Garland we might stress its history in the ROUNDUP or in the BRAND BOOK. Thus a hunch to our Program Chairman.

Cheyenne Captives: One of the incidents of the general Indian uprisings in 1864 was the capture on the Little Blue River (in Kansas not far from the Dorsey farm) of Mrs. Lucinda Eubanks (Ewbanks), her two children, her nephew of 6, and a Miss Roper, aged 14. Mrs. Eubanks was separated from all but her babe in arms. The other children, including little Belle Eubanks, three years old, were taken by the Cheyennes, badly mistreated, but ultimately surrendered at Denver in the hope of a reward. From the Mollie Sanford Diary, read at the February meeting, it appears that Mrs. Sanford had these returned captives at her house for a while. She thought of adopting Belle Eubanks, but Mollie found she could not stand the child's ravings about the butchering of her father, which she had witnessed. So, says Mollie, a Dr. Burdsall adopted the child, that she might have medical care.

Sheriff Hafen showed us a picture taken of the children upon their release, and recalled that in about 1930 he had located and visited William Eubanks at Pierce, Colorado. William was the infant son who had spent the most of an Indian captivity in his mother's arms.

Mrs. Eubanks was finally freed in May, 1865, only to learn that her daughter and nephew had already died in Denver from the horrors of the treatment they received from the Indians. Mrs. Eubanks gave her testimony in June, 1865, as a part of the investigation that followed the Sand Creek affair, and her story is related in Volume I of Hall's *History of Colorado*, page 337. She learned that a Mr. Davenport had her daughter when Belle had died the previous February, and that a Dr. Smith had had the child before that.

Ten Best Westerns. Chicago Posse's monthly Issue No. 10, for December, 1953, carries a mention of the deaths of Homer E. Britzman and of Edward C. McMechen, refers to the September issue of the Denver Brand Book, and outlines what appears to be an annual "contest." Any member may nominate his list of the ten best Western books of 1953. The Publication Committee makes its own selection. The contributed list which comes closest to the "official" list wins a prize. Are we above copying this intriguing idea?

—W—

Chicago's Brand Book for January. Back on December 29, 1953, the Chicago Posse held its annual Ladies Night meeting. Mrs. Murial Strange was the speaker and she told the story of her great-grandmother's trip to California in a covered wagon in 1855. A diary of this trip, by Lydia Milner Waters, has been published in part by the Society of California Pioneers, but Mrs. Strange also had access to the written recollections of another member of the family who was on the trip. The summary of her talk is at considerable length in the Brand Book and makes most interesting reading. Also in this issue is a mention of the Denver Annual Brand Book, Volume VIII, with a list of the titles of the various chapters. And then a mention of the article in the *Western Horseman* for November last, by PM Maurice Frink, called "When Goldie Rode."

—W—

Westerners Lapel Pins. Please note *change* in handling orders for these pins. Remittance and order should be sent direct to Spies Brothers, Inc., 27 East Monroe St., Chicago 3, Illinois. Solid Gold at \$2.75 per emblem, and gold filled at \$2.10. Takes about three weeks to fill your order.

A Historical Museum at Loveland? We are deeply indebted to Mr. Hatfield Chilson, able attorney of Loveland, Colorado, for the following information which centers about the will of Otto A. Timpke, which was very recently admitted to probate:

There have been a number of persons in and about Loveland who have had considerable interest not only in our local history but also in the background and history of this area. Mr. Otto A. Timpke and his wife, Cora Osborn Timpke, who died in 1939, were among those so interested. Mrs. Timpke was a daughter of William B. Osborn, one of the early settlers in the Big Thompson Valley, and presumably this was the basis of much of her interest.

Mr. Timpke came to this country about 1901, with the company which constructed the first sugar beet factory in northeastern Colorado at Loveland. After the construction of the factory, he worked at the Loveland factory for the Great Western Sugar Company until his retirement several years ago.

Harold Dunning, a resident of Loveland, was for many years interested in local history, and built up a fairly sizable unofficial museum. Several years ago this museum was taken over as an official museum of the City of Loveland, and Mr. Timpke served on the museum board for a number of years.

Mr. R. R. Dietrich, of Loveland, is another who has been very interested in the local history and the establishment of a museum.

Loveland has a very fine small museum which is rather inadequately housed.

The history back of the provision in the Timpke will is that Mr. and Mrs. Timpke owned a quarter of a block on one of the main corners in Loveland, upon which was located their home and a small business

building. Mr. and Mrs. Timpke, having no children, wanted this particular quarter block to be made into a public park, and desired that their estate be used for the establishing of housing and furnishings for a museum. Upon Mrs. Timpke's death, Mr. Timpke prepared his will accordingly, in which he left his quarter block of real estate to the City to be used as a public park, the sum of \$5,000 for the equipment and furnishing of the park, and the balance of his estate, up to \$150,000, to provide for the construction and furnishing of a museum.

The Loveland City Council has not yet determined its exact plans. It may be that they will put some money with the Timpke money and build a combination museum and library, or a museum building in connection with some other municipal building. In any event, it is certain that a very fine and adequate museum building will be built and adequately furnished, and it will probably be built on this quarter block which Mr. Timpke owned.

—W—

Gap Filling Again. CM Myra Cooley, of Pinedale, Wyoming, applauds Forbes Parkhill's suggestion about giving specific direction to our research activities and to our papers. She feels that it would not be amiss to mention now and then in the ROUNDUP what is the object of our organization, and define our ultimate aims; maybe even define what data we feel we especially would like. Perhaps a quotation from our Constitution as to objects and purposes should appear every so often as a general reminder: "To investigate, discuss, and publish the facts and color relative to the historical, social, political, economic, and religious background of the West."

Ride 'Em Cowboy — Wyoming Posse. Our only excuse for a delayed comment on THE BRAND BOOK of the Wyoming Westerners is that our copies of the first two numbers of Volume 1 were slow in arriving, though one is dated for November last and the other for February of this year. This time we'll try to tie down (or into) the No. 1 issue only. We were tempted to head these words, written after we got our breath back after exposure to the breezy BB of WW, with the once-used slogan of Denver U. "Welcome Wonderful Wyoming," but I guess we're good enough neighboring hands that those bronc riders know we're glad to stand up and holler for anything they try. Luck, pardner.

Of course this here Wyoming outfit is different and aims to be thataway. They have a State-wide posse. Their brand book is mimeographed on yaller paper, with printed cardboard covers. They aim to make up in substance, if anyone may call the lack of slick paper a fault.

Their officers serve from July to July, and we find CM Dean F. Krakel, of Laramie, with a real job as Roundup Foreman, Registrar of Marks and Brands, and Editor of the Quarterly. Dr. W. B. Ludwig, of Laramie, is Sheriff, with Deputies at Kaycee, Lander, and Cheyenne. Honorary Life Memberships are bestowed upon Mr. William Carlisle, "The Lone Bandit," and upon Mr. Herman St. Clair, Chief of the Shoshone-Arapahoe Indian Tribes.

Then there's the Boastin' Page, where the Editor holds forth under the title of "Baled Hay." "Historically we are on top of the heap, for there is only one Hole-in-the-Wall, one Hell's Half Acre . . ." etc. "We are where everyone eventually goes to see and study Western history." Actually it got us worried, so we

phoned Lookout Mountain to see if Buffalo Bill were still there ghostin' up the TV pictures sent out from atop his last earthly domain. He's on the job.

Next we find the FEATURE, in which Dr. Ellsworth Mason, a New Englander by birth and a third degree Yalee by education, shows the spirit of his adoption of Wyoming by putting on his spurs and ridin' roughshod over the WOMEN. He doesn't have time to attack Women's Rights in general, but he does lay 'em low for assuming the right to re-write history. What they did to that Sacajawea, who just went along with Lewis and Clark for the trip! A heroine, with statues all over the country, they made her! "Because of the emotional confusion out of which Sacajawea originally sprung, we still have to re-write 40 years of her history."

"Wyoming's Only Historical Quarterly" will biographically feature some Posse Member in each issue under the title of "The Top Hand." Current news notes come under "Range Talk." A course in brandology will seemingly run awhile. Poetry will be published to a considerable extent, with Western flavor. Book reviews will appear. An actual photograph, free of extra cost, will be attached to each issue. Apparently the sheep-and-cattle war will be vigorously re-fought in these pages.

Well, there's no use resistin' this fresh breath from the north of us, so send \$3.00 for corresponding membership to Dr. R. H. Burns, Tally Man, at University of Wyoming, Laramie, Wyoming.

—W—

Otto Mears. CM Arthur A. Wright, teaching at Mancos, Colorado, is working on a thesis for his M.A. degree and his subject is "The Pathfinder of the San Juan." Great possibilities are there.

San Juan History: The D.A.R. Chapter at Durango has done such an outstanding job of collecting and publishing the regional history that it seems proper to bring to the attention of the Westerners in some detail the accomplishments of these ladies. In the April issue of the **ROUNDUP** you will find an introductory statement by Mrs. Mary C. Ayres about the three volumes of "Pioneers of the San Juan." Then in the next following issues will appear reviews or notes concerning the contents of each of the volumes in more detail.

—W—

A Real Custerphile. E. J. Stackpole is a very new CM. He is President of the Stackpole Company, Harrisburg, Penn., that company specializing in publishing "The Finest in Sporting Books." But as Westerners we are more interested in a series of books published on Custer and other Western Americana titles, a few examples being *The Custer Myth, Legend Into History*, and *The Story of the Little Big Horn*. The last mentioned was by Colonel W. A. Graham and was originally published by the Century Company in 1926, but republished by Stackpole in 1943. Colonel Graham has ready for publication this spring another book entitled *Abstract of the Reno Court of Inquiry* which will be added to Western titles of The Stackpole Company. You will recall the mention of many Custer items in the April and September Brand books of last year. Now we have the real Custer publisher asking a welcome into our ranks.

—W—

Wyoming State Historical Society: For many years there has been a Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department, but only last year was a State Historical Society organized in our sister state to the

north. Out-of-State persons may join the State organization without affiliating with any county group. The dues are \$3.50 per year and if you join before July 1, 1954, you will be listed among the Charter Members. The doings of the Society will be published as a letter, probably bi-monthly, and the *Annals of Wyoming*, published biannually by the above-mentioned Department, will also be received by the members of the Society. There are already over 300 members enrolled. Miss Lola M. Homsher, CM, is the person to write to if you are interested, State Office Building, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

—W—

Silver Heels. During the February meeting, after PM A. N. Williams' reading of his Grandmother's Diary, PM Tom Ferril commented upon the name of the boat that took her up the Missouri to Nebraska City in 1857, the "Silver Heels." Tom asked for any information that anyone comes across about any use of this name. He expected the South Park uses, the mountain, the little town, and the story of the fallen lady who turned Ministering Angel. What other references have you on this term?

—W—

Prehistory of the Plains. More and more attention is being paid to the prehistoric and protohistoric periods as far as the eastern section of Colorado is concerned. CH Arnold M. Withers, of the Anthropology Department of the University of Denver, is carrying out a continuing project to gather all possible information regarding the peoples of that area, and their development and relationships, from the time of Folsom Man to the time of the American colonization; just a trivial period of about 10,000 years. Good luck, Arnold, but it looks like a job for several life-times to us.

RAILROAD HISTORY

Richard C. Overton

Professor Richard C. Overton, author of the recent "Gulf to Rockies," University of Texas Press, spoke in Denver on March 23, 1954, to a goodly gathering, arranged by the Colorado and Southern Railway Company, and sponsored jointly by the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club and the Denver Posse of the Westerners. Mr. Everett Rohrer first introduced some of the railroad men present, including Robert Rice, retired Vice-President of the C&S, and PM W. Scott Broome, Chief Engineer of that road. Mr. Rohrer then asked our Sheriff, LeRoy R. Hafen, to introduce Professor Overton as a fellow historian. Our speaker is a professor of business history at Northwestern and President of the National Records Management Council of New York. Dr. Hafen also spoke of the part played by the professor about ten years ago, when he proposed and organized a group of historians especially interested in railroad history to function as a special section of the Mississippi Valley Historical Society; and the group, under Professor Overton as Secretary, has continued to present important papers on its chosen subject to the annual meetings of that Society. The speaker is well known, not only as a scholar, but as an able popularizer of history, for he writes the kind of a volume we all like to read.

While Professor Overton wished to speak, he said, in a rambling manner, without much of a planned outline, his address may be conveniently divided into three main parts for reporting purposes. He commented upon some features of writing history in general and of his own work in particular, he classified the causes that have accounted for the building of railroads, and he characterized and briefly outlined the main features of his "Gulf to Rockies." These comments in the ROUNDUP have *not* been reviewed by the speaker.

On the Writing of Railroad History

I would encourage everyone to write a book on railroad history. You will of course think you are never going to finish it. You first must plow through tons of letters and documents. Think of the Burlington System about which I am trying to write under a sort of joint employment from the Burlington and Northwestern University. That System is about 105 years old. It has had over a million employees. Suppose about 1% of these people wrote decision-making letters at the rate of 3 a day, there are then around two million of such key letters; to say nothing of the letters from general managers, road foremen, and chief clerks where the real low-down can be found. I have done about 700 pages of manuscript on a Burlington System book and am maybe one-third through.

The biggest problem I face, or you would face, is deciding what to leave out. You just can't write the history to suit all your friends, and I know mine are all disappointed in my "Gulf to Rockies." Some want more pictures, but you have to give in to your publishers and they allowed me 16 pages for pictures. Many have demanded more maps. The railroad fans want a great deal more operating and technical detail. Then some want tables and tables of statistics; but they would have meant nothing, for there were too many reorganizations and too many different ideas of how to keep records.

After I first finished, as I thought, this book, I gave it to some of the railroad officials to read, and they gave it to their wives for criticism and I learned more about writing history; "never underestimate the power of the women." The ladies wanted more human interest, more color, more stories.

So I had to dig around in the papers for several more months and I really did learn a lot more and found many interesting side-lights that no doubt have improved the book.

But, fundamentally, I was interested in the major decisions that shaped the course of the roads, in the reasons back of various moves, and my main objective has been to write a dual biography about two great, but very different, men who built the Colorado & Southern and the Fort Worth & Denver.

Basic Causes for Railroad Construction

You know Frederick Jackson Turner developed quite a reputation because he built up a theory from the rather plain and simple fact that the people of this country moved and migrated from east to west. I do not wish to start a "theory," but it is interesting to find out why people built railroads. I wish to stress that they built them for much different reasons in the east than they did out here in the west.

The first railroads were near the east coast and were just to extend the metropolitan markets. They were little tentacles reaching out to enlarge a city's traffic area.

Then later came the second type, longer roads that the seaboard cities built to tap the so-called "West," lines built by one city in competition with some other city to gather trade. Maybe New York was blasé about railroads at first because it was on the Hudson River and relied on the Erie canal. But the Boston and Albany was started in 1841 to tap the trade carried by the Erie canal. Baltimore had no canal so early turned to railroads to get a share of the western trade. Charleston had a river and Savannah didn't, so Savannah built a railroad to tap the river trade.

A third type or category was the "cut-off" rail line. The Camden and Amboy is an example. Maybe for 200 years New York and Philadelphia had exchanged goods by vessel; then a short rail line was built between the two cities. Another example is the Michigan Central built to short cut a Great Lakes route.

These three types were all, in a sense, alternate or competitive routes. But when civilization reached out to Indiana and Illinois the fourth big reason for railroads became apparent, the need to open up land-locked areas. Here in the unsettled plains were immense lands with no way of getting goods in and out. You either had to have a railroad or you wouldn't have anything. Of course Colorado would be about the best example of a place doomed to be forever lonely if never served by a railroad. So out here the people have a different attitude toward and knowledge of the railroads. They have been vital to the people and they have grown up together. In the east the man on the street doesn't know what lines serve his city and certainly has no conception of where they go. Here you are most all expert railroad historians.

Basic Story in "Gulf to Rockies"

This book is the story (1861-1898) of two railroads that became a through north-south line connecting Texas and Colorado and cutting across the great main railroad arteries of the Union Pacific, the Burlington, and the Santa Fe. And the story of two great men, who worked together toward a common goal, but who were greatly different in their personalities, abilities, and accomplishments.

John Evans was an up-and-coming doctor in Indiana where he organized that state's first mental hospital. This brought him a chair in the Rush Medical College in Chicago, and the stint of commuting by stage coach from his Indiana home. It was early in his life that he decided that civilization

needed educational and railroad facilities, and almost every activity throughout his life was tied to one or the other of these beliefs. Needless to say, Evans was a strong character, a statesman, very visionary, greatly courageous in carrying out his ideas against overwhelming opposition, completely devoted to Colorado, but not in reality a practical railroad man.

Grenville M. Dodge, also a fine individual, had a greater business understanding of the transportation problem and was the essence of practicality. I want to put the record straight on Dodge. He has been too completely identified with the Union Pacific. He was Chief Engineer of that road from 1866 to 1870 and built all of the main line (except the first forty odd miles) to Ogden, and wrote a book about it. He was a Director of the U.P. from 1871 to 1894. But he also built the Denver and Fort Worth from Fort Worth to Pueblo, was connected with the Gulf to Rockies for 32 years, and his Directorship in the Colorado and Southern was the last thing he relinquished, long after he had voluntarily severed all ties with the Union Pacific. It was the Fort Worth line that was known as the "Dodge Road" in Texas.

Both of these men believed that an independent north and south line would not only help the areas it served but would actually bring to the lines it crossed more business than it drained away from them. It was when these two men found it possible to work together that their railroads, as parts of a complete link, could be built and could prosper.

First we see these men in some conflict when the Union Pacific was building to the west. Evans was doing everything he could from 1862 to 1866 to sell the idea that the main line should and could come through Denver and find its way west over the mountains. Evans had sent Captain Berthoud to discover and survey the Pass to which his name is now attached. Evans probably to his dying day believed that a main line could cross your mountains. But Dodge did a lot of surveying on his own and decided that it was much more logical to build through Cheyenne and up over Sherman Hill; thus the practical decision against Evans.

Evans lost no time with regrets but immediately organized and helped build the Denver Pacific Railroad to take Denver to the Union Pacific when the U.P. refused to come to Denver. While the big line promised much aid for this connecting branch, the actual help was pretty slim. But the line was completed and Denver had a railroad.

During the 70's Evans was pretty well relaxed about the railroad situation in Colorado. Denver had access toward both coasts with the line to Cheyenne; it had a direct line to Kansas City over the Kansas Pacific; the D&RG continued building and reached El Moro near Trinidad; and the Santa Fe reached Pueblo in 1876. Thus Denver was pretty well supplied with railroads, but it didn't take long for a new pattern to develop. The Union Pacific captured all the entrances from the north, and acquired in time the Kansas Pacific, and the Santa Fe became able to control the southern entrances; all of which left the D&RG hemmed in between and in the grip of the two main lines.

Naturally the all-rail rates from the east coast were considerably higher to Denver than to Chicago or Missouri River points. So long as this was true Denver could not compete with the middle west for the east's business; it was just that simple. So Evans decided to fix this and get to the east with cheaper rates by going south and using the steamships at the Gulf ports. Unless Evans had been a little bit crazy, and quite ready to rush in where angels might fear to tread, there never would have been a Colorado and

Southern. It must be remembered that the U.P. and Santa Fe were powerful lines and to buck them was seemingly the height of folly. It looked as though no one trying to make money would propose a road that would be a "leak" in the lines of those roads. But Evans didn't care. He organized his road in 1881 and said he was going to build it. Even said it would be done in two years with all-Denver capital.

About this time Evans found out that the Fort Worth road had been chartered in 1872 to build to Denver; the basic idea being about the same. When this idea was born at Fort Worth, that town had about 2,000 people and no railroad, the nearest one being in Dallas. The plan was to build into and develop the Panhandle area and ultimately go on to Colorado. By this time Dodge was building lines in Texas and had interested himself in the Fort Worth plan.

Evans first tried to get help from the big roads for his road into Texas. He naively approached the Union Pacific for help and if there was any response it was to ask if that man Evans was crazy. The Burlington, then building on the Republican River, was next approached with the proposition that Evans would build east from Colorado Springs to meet the existing road in consideration of some help to the south. His letters were probably simply ignored. Communications to the Santa Fe showed that road was elaborately disinterested in aiding Evans. So he had no friends at all among the existing roads. But it was a little different when he turned to Dodge, for the shrewd Dodge did not ignore Evans; instead he made a contract to the effect that if Evans would build south to the Canadian River, Dodge would build north and meet there. This was no promise of help on the north end of the proposed through line.

But this contract with Evans was a help to Dodge. He had organized a construction company to build the line north from Fort Worth and when he disclosed the plan for a through, intersectional line and produced the undertaking of Evans to build the northern link the directors of the Fort Worth line were sold on the idea of going ahead. By 1882 the first division, to Wichita Falls, was in operation. Dodge was most unusual for his time. He stopped building when he thought he had gotten to the edge of settlements and sat back to wait for the people to locate beyond him. His line made money from the start. He went further only when he saw the traffic available. Once he had to fight the directors of both the railroad and the construction company. He saw that the railhead to the north was surrounded by settlers with fenced lands. He realized that when his road brought the fall shipments of cattle by rail from the south to that railhead, there would be no place for the cattle to go, and that the construction of another 30 miles or so was necessary to allow these herds to get going on the long drive to Colorado. So he told his crews to get to work and build the extension and he would get somebody to pay them. They were paid, but it took a lot of convincing.

On the other hand Evans' efforts to start south ran into nothing but trouble. He was denied any right-of-way out of Denver and had to donate his own lands. He had to dodge suits and start some construction work on Sunday to evade the service of an injunction on him. When his line was built to Pueblo, he was faced with rate wars. The newspapers of the state took sides and fought each other vigorously. Evans had nothing but trouble and expense. He thought that Dodge should come to his rescue and wrote him long letters that Dodge simply ignored.

Finally, in 1887, Dodge had gotten pretty well into the Panhandle with his line and decided the time had come for him to take a hand in the mud-

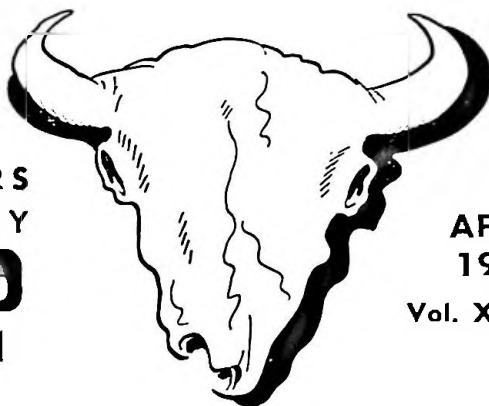
dled affairs of Evans. He saw that the Union Pacific was negotiating with the Northwestern for a through line into Chicago and had leased the Oregon Short Line. Now it might be possible to talk sense to the U.P. so Dodge went to C. F. Adams, then head of the U.P., and said let's talk transportation economics and not just spite. Adams was a scholar and a very objective man and Dodge was able to convince Adams that the through line into Colorado from the Gulf would feed more business to the U.P. than it would take away from it. The extensions of the U.P. made the difference in the traffic outlook and Dodge was entirely sincere in this presentation. Evans had tried such an approach when conditions made the argument impossible of acceptance. So the U.P. opposition to Evans was called off. The Santa Fe was now building toward California and the same sort of logic now appealed to it. Dodge first got all this straightened out and then went to Evans and said now we are ready to meet you at the Canadian.

But Evans was by this time quite completely broke and unable to build another mile beyond Pueblo. But Dodge was strong enough to do what had to be done to realize upon the jointly held conception of a through line, and finally Dodge had to build the line from the south all the way into Pueblo to meet the Evans road. The through line was completed and for a while was prosperous. It established joint rates with the steamship lines and thus met the all-rail rates to points much nearer to the east coast. For a couple of years it took a lot of business from the other lines.

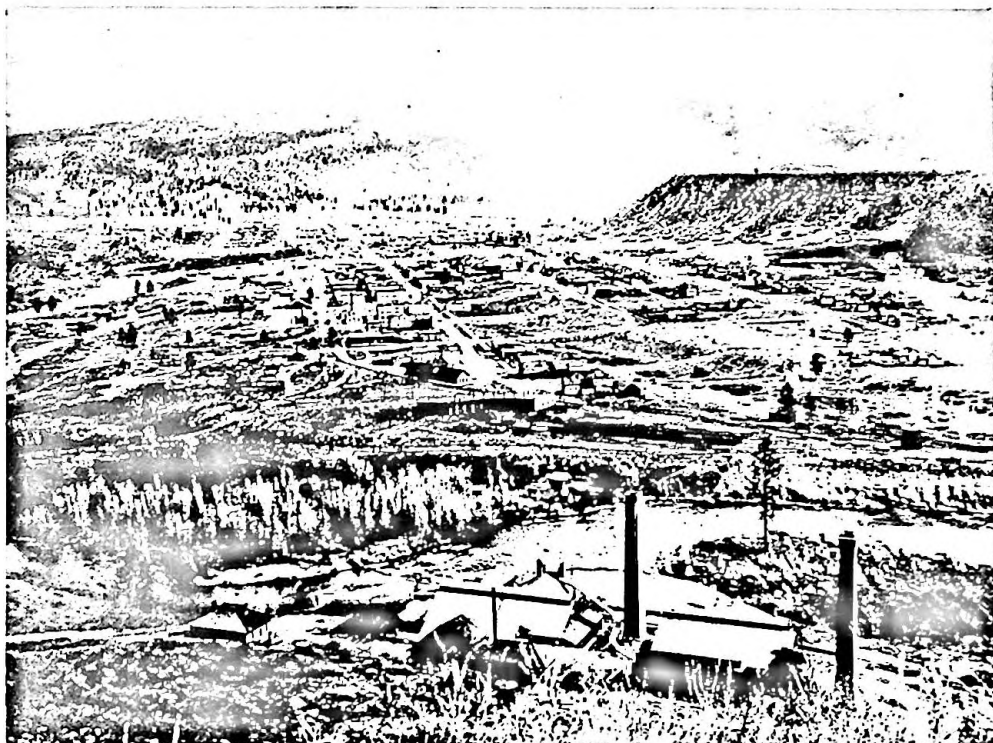
But about 1890 a character named J. Gould came into the picture of the Union Pacific and with able assistance from others reached the conclusion that Dodge and Adams knew nothing about what was best for the U.P. Out went Adams and the U.P. soon had control of the Gulf to Rockies line. It was understood that the Fort Worth line would be run "in its own interests" but this seemed to turn out to mean a complete starving of that line. Dodge finally realized what was happening and objected strenuously. In 1893 Evans commenced his famous law suit. About a week later the Union Pacific System was in bankruptcy. This allowed Evans to come in with a plea that there should be a separate Receiver appointed for the Gulf to Rockies road. Dodge, still a Director of the U.P. and a lover of that line, but with a clear understanding of what was best for it, joined with Evans and between them they won the argument for a separate Receiver. The independent Receiver appointed was Frank Trumbell who operated for some time and finally the Colorado & Southern took over the reorganized railroad as a completely independent line. One most important factor in this accomplishment was the fact that the Receiver had the Julesburg Branch that the Union Pacific had to have as it came out from under its receivership. To get that branch, concessions were made that permitted the Gulf to Rockies to emerge in the form originally conceived by Evans and Dodge.

So the central theme of my book is the dual business biography of these two great men and the hell and high water they went through to get this independent line. Time and time again the whole project should have gone broke. They had nature against them, and, much worse, J. Gould. They had to fight the Union Pacific, the Burlington, and the Santa Fe. But in a real sense the soundness of their fundamental idea, their tenacity, and their refusal to be discouraged in face of any odds brought about a victory which meant a through line between Colorado and Texas that was uncontrolled by any other line at the end of the period covered by my book. The second volume is in the making.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



APRIL
1954
Vol. X, No. 4



DURANGO IN 1881

From State Historical Society's Collection

WESTERNER OF THE MONTH



WILLIAM SCOTT BROOME

The story goes that the name Broome arose from the Planta Genista worn in the cap of Geoffrey of Anjou, founder of the Crusading Plantagenets; also, that a Delaware surveyor, Jacob Broome, signed the U.S. Constitution. However, we know on good authority that our Westerner member of the Clan long ago settled for a Bluebonnet, and goes to Texas at least once a month to fight for his rights.

William Scott Broome was born August 26, 1893 at Saint Jo, Texas, not far from the Red River Crossing of the famous Chisholm Trail. He spent his boyhood in northern Texas and Oklahoma, attended high school at Memphis in the Panhandle, and was graduated from Texas A & M College with a B.S. in Civil Engineering in 1914, later obtaining a C.E. degree from that school. With the exception of one war year at the U.S. Forest Products Laboratory in Madison, Wisconsin, working on special airplane parts design research for the Army and Navy, he has been engaged for the last forty years in railroad location, construction, and maintenance, most of it with the Burlington System on its north-south lines from Wendover, Wyoming to Galveston. He is presently in charge of the Engineering Department of the Colorado & Southern Railway and its subsidiary, the Fort Worth & Denver. He has one son, an aeronautical engineer at Grand Prairie, Texas, and one grandson.

Scott is a loyal and ardent Westerner, with an intense interest in things of the West, primarily those connected with the early cattle trade, secondarily, the "badmen." His collection of Americana is a modest one, but much used and greatly prized. He sincerely feels that if the Mayflower had landed at San Francisco instead of Plymouth, everything east of the Mississippi River would still be an unexplored wilderness.

NOTICE OF THE MAY MEETING

TIME: The regular meeting date, fourth Wednesday, May 26. Chow at 6:30; Posse meets at 8:00. **PLACE:** Denver Press Club, on second floor. **SPEAKER:** PM Henry W. Hough, our Program Chairman, who will set an example of how a speaker should perform. **SUBJECT:** Richard Throssel, his life with the Crow Indians, with photographs and paintings. This should be a very interesting meeting. Make your reservations with the Chuck Wrangler.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



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Vol. X

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No. 4

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Denver Posse Founded January 26, 1945

1954 Officers

Sheriff, LeRoy R. Hafen.
Deputy Sheriff, Fletcher W. Birney, Jr.
Roundup Foreman (Sec.) J. Nevin Carson.
Tally Man (Treasurer) Ralph B. Mayo, Sr.
Chuck Wrangler, Arthur Zeuch.

Assistant Registrar, Alan Swallow.
Book Review Chairman, Fred M. Mazzulla.
Program Chairman, Henry W. Hough.
Membership Chairman, Levette J. Davidson.
Publications Chairman, Elvon L. Howe.

Official Tintyper, Fred M. Mazzulla.

Registrar of Marks and Brands (Editor of Roundup) Erl H. Ellis

Working the Range

The April Meeting. Sheriff Hafen on his call for introductions found several visitors at the regular April 28 meeting "from afar." Among them were: CM Jeff G. Dykes from College Park, Maryland; F. G. Renner, of Washington, D.C., member of Los Angeles Posse, Collector of C. M. Russellana; and B. W. Allred, Washington, D.C., member of Chicago Posse and collector of Western Americana. Gilbert N. Hunter, with Colorado Game and Fish Dept., interested in northwest Colorado, Echo Park Dam, Ashley and Powell, etc., was also a guest.

Business affairs included approval of plan for Inter-Posse meeting on July 31, appointment of Fred Mazzulla as official picture taker, alias "Tintyper," and the quarterly financial report from Tally Man Mayo. We seem to be still solvent and in fact have some money for temporary deposit in a savings ac-

count. Our CMs still run 30-40 over the desired limit of 500, but this will gradually adjust itself.

PM Arthur Campa reported that he has been to Spain. He really hails from Albuquerque, N. M., so at a big meeting in Albuquerque, Spain, one Campa of that Albuquerque introduced our Campa from the New Mexican city.

There was a regular barrage of reports about Jesse James as alive, or of his descendants being about. Too fast for us to catch them all.

CM Stanley W. Zamonski was introduced by Program Chairman Hough and read a fine paper he has prepared from an extensive study of articles in newspapers of the time and of other writings; his subject being the Colorado-New Mexico stockmen's war in the San Juan in 1880-1881, or the varying public reactions to Ike Stockton. Lively questioning followed.

Rendezvous July 31. The summer meeting of the Denver Posse will be held on the evening of Saturday, July 31, 1954, and not on the preceding Wednesday. The place will be the same as for the August Roundup of last summer, THE CAVE on the Tri B Ranch, near Morrison, Colorado, to which delightful spot CM Drew L. Bax has graciously invited us to return. Members and families will be asked later to make reservations with the proper committee. But hold this date for a Westerners' Rendezvous.

It is planned to ask a few delegates from each of the other Posses to be present. If this works out, our officers will have a Saturday noon luncheon with representatives from the other Corrals and a business meeting for the exchange of ideas and the drafting of any general Range Rules that seem necessary.

At present the thought is that no regular paper will be presented that evening, but short talks will be solicited from delegates of each Posse represented.

A more definite invitation will reach the other Posses from our Sheriff, but this warning should precipitate plans by each other group to make sure that some one or more delegates are in Colorado at the end of this July.

This meeting can mark the passing of ten years from the first suggestion that there be a Denver Posse.

What Is Our Birthday? Your present Editor inherited the line that appears in our masthead: "Denver Posse Founded January 26, 1945." It seemed all right; but now comes the March, 1954, issue of the BRANDING IRON of the Los Angeles Corral (Publication 24) with "A Westerners Directory"; and mighty interesting it is. It states that the first and original Corral was founded in March, 1944, at Chicago, and then the Denver Cor-

ral was formed in July of 1944. This seems to call for some comment. True, there was a meeting in July, 1944, at which visitors from Chicago urged the formation of a Denver Posse; but the plan was not adopted. It was in January, 1945, that the suggestion was revived in a little different form and the organization was accomplished. It seems fitting that our Tenth Annual BRAND BOOK should have a Chapter devoted to our own history and to a review of our activities. The Editor will welcome suggestions as to who should author this item.

1952 Brand Book Dedication. Miss Elizabeth McMechen, sister of our departed PM Edgar McMechen, has written from Los Angeles to the Westerners her thanks, to be added to those of Mrs. Marie McMechen, for the dedication of the last-issued Brand Book. She says: "You cannot imagine how happy it makes me to know that the Westerners, a group of which he was proud to be a member, has dedicated this annual edition to my brother, Edgar McMechen, who gave his life to bring honor to the State he so dearly loved."

All American Indian Days. Are you planning a Wyoming vacation early in August? F. H. Sinclair, alias "Neckyoke Jones" writes from Sheridan that there will be at that point on August 7-8, a "Presentation of Authentic Ceremonies and Contests in Dances, Crafts, Talents and Sports by more than Twenty-Five Indian Tribes." He says this is not the ordinary commercialized pow wow, and that many of the ceremonies to be there revived have not been practiced in half a century. Sounds like the real thing. Drop Neckyoke a line if you want to know more or would like reservations; he may be reached at Box 731, Sheridan, Wyoming.

Wyoming Posse, Brand Book 2.

Last month we tried to give a greeting to the first publication of the Wyoming Westerners, called by them "a bit bowlegged and slightly sun-burned in appearance" on the outside, but striving to be "sharp, witty and enlightening" on the inside. Their second issue, for the Winter Quarter, features a very interesting and illustrated article on "The Elk Tuskers' Cabin." The Elk Tuskers were the slaughtering humans who killed the magnificent bull elk for the animal's two ivory teeth in the upper jaw to embellish the members of the B.P.O.E.

Dr. William A. Hinrichs of Douglas is written up as the Top Hand of the Quarter. There are five pages of current notes about activities of their CMs and of historical activities around. Two pages are devoted to the reading of brands. Five pages of poetry, a book review and a real photograph as a memento completes this "Larger and Better" issue. Again, more and more good luck in this new series of Brand Books.

New York Posse Met April 3. Our special and very secret reporter sends this concerning the April 3rd meeting of the New York Posse: "We were invited to New Haven to see the Coe Collection at the Yale University Library, which was closed to the public, since the University was on vacation. There were forty members in the party. We were greeted by Mr. Babb, the Head Librarian, and for two hours had a 'private showing' of this collection of Western Americana. It is housed in a special gallery with all the advantages that plenty of money and knowledge can bring. Later we went into the Rare Book Room for refreshments, where some of the wives of the Yale people in the group joined us. Then we went

to dine at Mory's, the famous old place where no women may enter during the school terms. We had a delicious dinner and to conclude the unique and most enjoyable experience heard one of the historians present give a talk on the Lewis and Clark Expedition. Mr. Babb is a 'Westerner', a South Dakotan, and an authority on the Shoshone Indians."

Chicago Completes Tenth Year.

The February, 1954, issue from Chicago of THE WESTERNERS BRAND BOOK is No. 12 of Vol. X. A most interesting review of the decade of this Brand Book is given. It appears that Elmo Scott Watson "rolled off a mimeographed report of the first scheduled meeting of The Westerners in March, 1944." In the Chicago Posse the Editor of the Brand Book seems to have a steady job, for Don Russell has been responsible for the Brand Book for over seven years. This contrasts with the Denver system of a new editor every year.

In this February book is found a full report of the address by CM N. Orwin Rush on Owen Wister. As usual, the Chicago Brand Book contains lots of references to historical notes in magazines and newspapers; and then there are reviews of seventeen books that are within the field of Western Americana.

Huffman Photographs. CM Mark H. Brown, formerly of Bellevue, Neb., now farming near Alta, Iowa, writes that after four years of work in getting the Huffman photographs into order for publication he now has the first of two volumes ready for publication and hopes to find ways and means of getting same on the market. He has tried to make something more than an album of pictures by adding considerable text describing the locations and people shown.

Incidentally, Mr. Brown is most anxious to know of anyone who has an identified copy of Huffman's photograph of Little Wolf. The larger collections seem to have no such picture. Anyone help?

A Very Special Announcement.

A book edited by Elmo Scott Watson, appearing posthumously, will interest a number of the Westerners. Mr. Watson found hitherto unknown material in bound volumes of "The Alumni Journal" of Illinois Wesleyan University during his research in the University's archives for an article he wrote to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of that institution. It developed that members of the faculty and some students had been selected by Major John Wesley Powell to accompany him in the years 1867 and 1868 to Colorado. While none of them went on the dramatic trip down the Grand Canyon in 1869, quite a number were with Major Powell during his activities in 1870, 1871 and 1872. The Booker Press is about to publish a limited edition at \$2.50 per copy of "Illinois Wesleyan University and Major John Wesley Powell's Western Explorations, 1868-1872." Advance prepaid orders from individuals may be sent to Richard Booker, 1307 Chicago Ave., Evanston, Illinois. Publication date will be around June 1, 1954.

Brief Booklist--Colorful Colorado.

A small committee of members of the Denver Posse have prepared a little Booklist, 25,000 copies of which have been printed for free distribution from the Hospitality Center at Denver. 17 books and 14 booklets or pamphlets are mentioned, together with 5 works of fiction and 3 of poetry. This should prove a very helpful list for tourists who might like to acquire a little reading material about Colorado.

Fremont's Christmas Camp. At Del Norte, in the San Luis Valley, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Conour, C.M., spends some time practicing law with her husband, Richard E., but their real pleasure is getting off on their horses to tour the mountains. Mrs. Conour recently wrote:

"I am extremely interested in getting as much factual data as possible about Fremont's Fourth Expedition into Colorado. While it is well known that he came through the San Luis Valley, we find that there is a wealth of misconception about the exact route and we mean to try to prove some way or other that Fremont did not go *up* Embargo (or Myers) Creek, but to the contrary went up a creek further north and west and came down Embargo.

"There is a man in California who is writing a book on the Fourth Expedition and he and Mark Ratliff, a Forest Ranger here, took a trip up to a place and made a marker at what they feel sure is the 1848 Christmas Camp. At that spot there is a fire pit, and a ring of ancient tree trunks all cut with an ax about six or seven feet from the ground. Also there is the ruin of a sled, only the runners and a few cross pieces lying on the ground. We dug in the fire pit and found Indian beads which would fit into what the various diaries tell us about the members of the party removing their boots and using portions of their jackets for feet coverings. Also, finding the sled fits in perfectly with McGee's report, in which he said the party "built a sledge" but abandoned it when it would not work.

"The only method we have of trying to trace the exact route is by recourse to the Kern diaries which have drawings in them which we believe would let us know what the country looked like enough to get us on the right track. However,

these diaries are at the Huntington Library and are being used by someone else, so we can't have them for the time being.

"In the meantime the sled is rotting away, the trees are falling down, and very shortly we shall have nothing to truly mark the spot but the pictures we have taken.

"It might interest Westerners to know that when we took our initial trip up to the Christmas Camp last summer, we had with us a direct descendant of Captain Cathcart, one of the members of the Fourth Expedition. She was Mrs. Alva B. Hibbs of Del Norte, who is a Cathcart. Cathcart was the Englishman who assisted the Fremonts later on in Paris when they got cross-ways with a mob.

"Incidentally the view from the Christmas Camp is out of this world, being nearly on the top of the La Garita Mountains and commanding a view of the San Luis Valley, the Sand Dunes, the East Range, the south side of the mountains around Gunnison and the Creede and Silverton country. None of this could probably be seen clearly by the members of the Fourth Expedition as they were in blinding snow storms most of the time."

We have allowed a hundred years to pass without really serious work upon or commemoration of the Fremont Expeditions as they crossed Colorado. But it is not too late, and it sounds as though the Del Norte folk are in earnest about the Fateful Fourth of the trips.

Hough the Editor. It is a bit hard to keep up to date with the many activities of PM Henry W. Hough. His standard editorial work for some time has been the "Rocky Mountain Oil Reporter." But about to appear is a new monthly publication "Uranium" to keep us posted on that magic mineral and

the modernizing of the Four-Corners area. Then it may be mentioned that in the first issue of "Rocky Mountain Arts," friend Henry fearlessly attacks one Mr. Bach, Director of Denver's Art Museum, for being a bit too wedded to abstractions. Well, we sort of lean toward the common garden variety of pictures ourselves.

Dawson's Toponyms. For One Dollar you can now obtain a pamphlet called "Place Names in Colorado" by CM J. Frank Dawson. About 670 names are listed in this booklet, with some explanation as to the origin of each name. The author invites letters of additions and criticism. He hopes to work toward a real authoritative volume. This is a much-needed start on this subject for Colorado.

The Good Ship Silver Heels. If you have memorized the story of Mollie E. Sanford, as outlined in the February ROUNDUP, you will recall that she travelled on the boat "Silver Heels" from St. Louis to Nebraska City from March 29 to April 9, 1857. Tom Ferril was led to say he wanted to know all about any uses of this name. Miss Sarah Guitar, of the State Historical Society of Missouri, has been so kind as to dig up a few references to this vessel.

"1853-'57. SILVER HEELS. Captain. Barrows. A beautiful side-wheel boat in the lower river, but she was an unfortunate investment for her owners." From *A History of the Missouri River*, by Philip E. Chappell. (Yes, we know, we called her a stern-wheeler!)

"As late as 1857 the record time from St. Louis to Omaha (678 miles) was five days and fifteen hours, established by the *Silver Heels* (267 tons, 1857)." From *Steamboats on the Western Rivers*, by Louis C. Hunter.

"QUICK TRIP FROM ST. JOSEPH TO COUNCIL BLUFFS. We learn from the second clerk of the Steamer Silver Heels, Mr. G. T. Tillery, that this excellent boat left St. Joseph on Monday, the 18th inst., at three in the evening, discharging fifty tons of way freight; landing passengers at various points on the river, losing three hours on Sonora Bar, and arriving at Council Bluffs on Tuesday, the 19th inst., at four o'clock. This is the quickest time ever made. Time out of St. Joseph to Council Bluffs, thirty-seven hours." From the *Lexington Expositor* for May, 1857.

San Xavier Mission. You may not read the beautiful magazine "Arizona Highways" for its historical value, but it seems worth while to note a serious study of Mission San Xavier Del Bac in the April, 1954, issue. Nancy Newhall, the author, has made a real study of the story back of this mission and her story

is most readable. Needless to say, the illustrations are excellent.

Cow Country Cavalcade. This 80-year history of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association, by PM Maurice Frink, is just out. Sale price is \$4.50. The book is published by The Old West Publishing Company, which means PM Fred Rosenstock. This objective, impartial, and authoritative history is the fine result of a year's hard work by Maurice.

Trapper Jim Waters. Publication 23 of the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners, a "Keepsake," is a 16-page pamphlet by Arthur Woodward on the life of Jim Waters. Maybe a half of this story has the area around Pueblo, Colorado, as its setting. This biography is one of the many results coming from studies of the "Cragin Papers," which are held by the Colorado Springs Pioneer Museum.

BIG MIKE SNOW SLIDE ON THE SOUTH PARK R. R.

By R. C. Soll

It was on March 27, 1927, on the Ten Mile, between Dickey and Climax, that we were approaching milepost No. 124 on the Como and Leadville local. We expected one of the largest slides at this point about this time of the year, so we always kept a lookout for the slide known as "Big Mike" to come down. On this date I was working on the local with six cars and the caboose. We were east bound, with Engine No. 72. The crew consisted of Walter Parlins, engineer, Chas. Thomas, fireman, M. R. Ward and Fred Simpson, brakemen, and I was the conductor.

About 11:30 A.M. Engineer Parlins glanced up the mountain and saw Big Mike starting to run, caused by the vibration of the train. It was too late to stop the train as it would have stood in the path of the slide. Therefore Parlins worked quick and fast, gave us a warning signal with the whistle, poured on all the steam he had, and, as we were descending a three per cent grade, we all had a very fast ride. But we outran the slide, and outside of a few more gray hairs we were unharmed.

It took a rotary crew, thirty-five section men, and God only knows how many boxes of powder six days to clear the track. On my next trip west on the local I took a snapshot of the cut through the slide and it appeared that old Mike had brought half the mountain down with him.

Engineer Parlins' quick action and keen eye saved the entire crew and train from being buried beneath forty feet of snow.

ROUGHER THAN HELL! A True Story

Stanley W. Zamonski, C.M.

(Extracts from paper read at the Westerners' meeting of April 28, 1954)

The western novels and western movie thrillers of today, as exaggerated as they may seem, are tame in comparison to the wild and hard-fisted days in the old San Juan country bordering on the New Mexico-Colorado line. In the early 1880's, when the San Juan area was opened for settlement, gun law held the upper hand.

Farmington, New Mexico, served as the trading center for most of the homesteaders and stockmen, the latter ruled by the gun-slinging Coe clan, and in particular by Frank and George Coe, formerly with Billy the Kid's gang. Their neighbors in the vicinity of Bloomfield were the equally notorious Eskridge boys, Harg and Dyson. The latter, a lad of twenty, imagined himself another Kid. Passing as ranchers, the brothers operated a small time rustling ring.

Port and Ike Stockton were reared in the cattle country around Cleborne, Texas, and moved to Fort Worth where they joined the great cattle drives north. During these drives, Port developed his reputation as a gun-fighter. Later, at the invitation of Clay Allison, he joined the outlaw's roost at Cimarron, New Mexico. Within a few short months he added two more killings to his fast growing list. Rescued from a lynching mob by his brother Ike, he went to the San Juan country and joined the Eskridge crew and succeeded in taking over control of the cattle thieves.

With two forces in operation, it was inevitable that Port Stockton's band and the Coes should soon be accusing each other of rustling. Out-numbered, Port was forced to flee and landed across the Colorado line at Animas City. The town was in need of a marshal quick on the draw and Port was their man. But he was not the kind of man who could be trusted with a gun for long and the citizens soon began to realize they had more to fear from him than from anyone else. He was stripped of his badge, placed under arrest, but, strangely enough, allowed to retain his gun. That evening he escaped jail, and was on the move, added a few more shootings that brought his list to eighteen, and then settled near Aztec, New Mexico, and soon had his old rustling gang in operation.

At this time Ike Stockton was working for the Thompson and Lacy Cattle Company, Lacy being a distant relative of the Stocktons. At Port's urging, Ike went to look at the Farmington area and lived for a spell with the Coes, who welcomed him as an old friend despite their difficulties with Port. Ike decided to settle near Animas City, and toward the end of November, 1880, went to Texas for a herd of his cattle.

Once more Port Stockton's crew met opposition from the Coes, and the Coe gang lynched a cowboy suspected of working for Port. Then the Coes began to make raids on cattle belonging to Colorado ranchers, claimed they had no right to winter in New Mexico. Their frightening intimidations and swaggering over the Farmington area resulted in the entire section being branded in the public press as "Blacker than Hell." Citizens who talked of ordering out the troops were threatened with burnings. Ranchers, business men, and Justices of the Peace had to join the Coes or get out of the country to avoid being killed.

Port Stockton and the Eskridges and their crew moved into Durango, a raw-hide community that mushroomed over night when it became the railroad supply center for the entire San Juan country. With Durango as their headquarters, the Stockton gang continued their raids, growing so

brazen as to sell stolen cattle in open defiance of the law. They were even in association with the butchers at nearby Fort Lewis, supplying the soldiers with beef. Harg Eskridge's saloon served as a base of operations. Picking a likely victim from among the patrons, they would trail him outside, knock him senseless and rob him at their leisure. Occasionally they cracked a soft skull; but there being no witnesses, the body was hauled away to be buried at city expense.

On December 28, 1880, the widowed Mrs. Caroline W. Romney, editor and publisher of the "Durango Record," inflamed the Stockton crew when she published a highly erroneous report of "An Unprovoked Murder." She wrote of a shooting at the residence of F. M. Hamblet, near Farmington, at a Christmas Day party. Her story was that three uninvited ruffians, Dyson Eskridge, Oscar Pruett, and James Garrett had conducted themselves indecently, had been requested to leave, and that they went outside and began to shoot. The crowd in the house returned the fire and George Brown, a spectator, was killed. A posse took after the men and a reward of a thousand dollars, dead or alive, was offered.

The truth was that the incident was the outcome of a trial concerning two Farmington rustlers, so George Brown and others had sworn vengeance upon the Eskridges the next time they met. The so-called ruffians were at the party at the invitation of one of the younger Hamblets. They were well behaved until the Farmington crew ganged up on them, and then a loud and abusive argument followed. Eskridge and Garrett started to leave, and then George Brown in the lead of the Farmington mob came running around the building with drawn guns and yelling to get the so-and-sos.

Seeing themselves about to be attacked, Eskridge opened fire and killed Brown in the first exchange. Young Oscar Pruett, who never drew his gun, ran up to his host, Lee Hamblet, and begged for protection as he had never been a member of the Stockton gang. Hamblet told him he had nothing to fear and to run for it. Pruett took off but was shot in the back by the Farmington mob. Carried to a near-by home, Pruett died, his gun still in its holster.

With their search for Dyson Eskridge and Garrett on in earnest, the Farmington crew got word that Port Stockton was hiding them out at his place near Aztec. A group of seven rode out and while five of them secretly surrounded Port's place under Frank Coe's direction, the two remaining riders, Alf Graves and Aaron Barker, approached the house through the main gate. They were greeted by Port, cleaning his pipe and unarmed. As he and the two visitors were occupied with talk, the men under Coe closed in and killed Stockton instantly. Mrs. Stockton came running to the door with a Winchester, but they shot her down before she ever knew what was happening. A quick search failed to reveal any fugitives, so the gang rode off. Mrs. Stockton recovered but her left arm was permanently paralyzed.

These shootings brought Ike Stockton back to Durango and he vowed vengeance against the Coes. Many who knew Ike's temperament, including George Coe, fled the country. Ike took over his brother's crew, added a few fast-shooting cowboys, including stage robber Charley Allison, M. C. Cook, and young Burt Wilkinson. The Farmington mob forbade any of the Stockton crew to return to their New Mexico ranches. At least forty refugees from the Farmington area moved into the vicinity of Durango. It became clear that in addition to the established war between the two gangs, the Farmington cattlemen had decided to drive out all the homesteaders who were fencing the country.

There were no law officers in Farmington to enforce the rights of any individual. In the fall of 1880 a justice and constable had been elected, but as they would not join the Coes, the books of records were detained by the local postmaster who was in sympathy with the mob rule. One of the Coes was assistant postmaster and tampered with the mails to prevent any letters of complaint reaching the authorities at Santa Fe.

Early in March, 1881, in spite of warnings to keep out, Ike Stockton led nine of his followers into New Mexico to gather their herds. They camped near the site of James Garrett's cabin which had been burnt to the ground by the Farmington posse soon after the Christmas shooting. That afternoon, while some of the men were asleep, two Farmington cowboys accidentally stumbled into Stockton's camp. Aaron Barker, one of the men who had killed Port, was in the lead, with Tom Nance not far behind. As they approached, Ike, sitting by the fire, rose with his rifle in hand. Barker recognized him and was the first to shoot, hitting one of the Durango men in the leg. Stockton plugged Barker off his horse; he was dead before his body hit the ground with a clean shot through the head. Nance, though pursued, managed to escape.

Fearing ambush, the Stockton crew returned to Durango. Doubling their force, they started out once more. They had barely reached their former camp near Garrett's place when a rider brought word that a Farmington gang of about thirty were headed for Durango with intent of burning the town. So back to Durango, but the arsonists did not show up. Also a company of troops came into town from Fort Lewis.

Also at this point the wealthy and respected J. W. Lacy took up residence in Stockton's Durango house. The Coe gang saw in this a threat to their plans, so they planned to undermine the relationship between Stockton and Lacy. Men from various parts of New Mexico were detailed to write letters to Lacy with lies about Stockton killing off Lacy's cattle, stealing his horses and generally robbing him. So many of these tales were received that Lacy finally sent "Big Dan" Howland to spy on Stockton. But Lacy didn't know that Howland was a plant of the Coe gang. Lacy finally caught Howland in slips and got rid of him and decided that Stockton was all right. Then the Farmington gang tried writing letters to Mrs. Lacy, warning against Stockton. Lacy went to Farmington to try to settle matters, but ended up on Farmington's list of "wanted" men.

On April 11, 1881, the Coe gang, twenty strong, rode into Durango to "arrest" Stockton and his crew. As it happened, Durango's first lynching was in progress, as a gambler was being hanged for shooting a cowboy. With three hundred armed local vigilantes around, the New Mexico visitors feared to start anything and rode on to Animas City. The next morning they rode back toward Durango and were met just east of town by the Durango cowboys. There was a half-hour pitched gun battle. Two spectators were hit. "Big Dan" Howland, with the Farmington gang, had his horse shot from under him. The Farmington gang had to head home to escape. On the way to Farmington, Howland killed a defenseless Mexican sheep herder.

But the Durango RECORD in its next issue carried an editorial accusing the Stockton gang of starting things and demanded a mass meeting to plan to get rid of them. The vigilantes reconvened and adopted a resolution that the Stockton gang had to leave Durango. Also Governor Wallace of New Mexico had issued an indictment against them and rewards of a total of \$2,250 were offered for the capture of Stockton and seven of his men.

Newspapers took sides. The Santa Fe NEW MEXICAN branded the Coe Brothers organizers of a mob for murder and plunder and listed sixteen murders for which they were responsible. The Durango paper which had at first demanded that the Stockton gang be run out of town, later took up their defense, saying they would surrender to authorities but not to their mortal enemies in New Mexico. In the midst of the newspaper war, the Stockton party moved to Amargo, New Mexico. Here, a gambler, Kit White, down on his luck, hired out as a killer to the Coe gang, made the mistake of drawing his gun on Harg Eskridge. Before White died, he admitted before reliable witnesses that Eskridge shot back in self-defense. Then the gang turned up at Rico, where Stockton, Eskridge, and young Burt Wilkinson were at times operating a silver mine. Two weeks later the whole group joined in pursuit of a large band of Indians who had killed three ranchers, burned homes, stolen cattle, and harassed the whole country along the Colorado-Utah line. The final battle with the Indians meant the loss of ten whites and nearly a hundred Indians. Harg Eskridge, in spite of severe wounds, accounted for nine of the dead redskins, and the heroic services of Stockton and the other men redeemed them in the eyes of all the Colorado citizens.

While the Stockton party was engaged in the Indian hunt, the Coe gang seized the opportunity in late May, 1881, to strike against Lacy. While Lacy was on business at Fort Lewis, "Big Dan" Howland visited him, got into an argument about pretended back pay, and Howland shot Lacy in the back three times, killing him.

The Stockton party finally arrived at Durango around the middle of June; they were given a hero's welcome. The Santa Fe papers published slurring editorials against Governor Pitkin for failure to do something about the "Colorado Desperadoes"? The Durango RECORD came out in strong defense of the Stockton group.

Unfortunately, right after this, Dyson Eskridge, Burt Wilkinson and a Texan known as the "Black Kid" went on a wild drinking spree that started at Durango and ended with the shooting of the town marshal at Silverton, Colorado. Eskridge and Wilkinson escaped, but the "Black Kid" was jailed and soon lynched.

Because of the popularity of Ogsbury, the slain marshal, rewards snowballed to five thousand dollars for the apprehension of Wilkinson and Eskridge. Ike Stockton was among the swarms of men trying to find the fugitives though it was Ike who actually helped mold the two into the killers they were.

Ike realized that Harg Eskridge would kill him if he turned in his brother Dyson and also knew that Dyson would not desert Wilkinson. So Stockton proposed to Harg a scheme to get Dyson out of the way and then turn Wilkinson over to the authorities, collect the reward, and then ride in with a gang and free Wilkinson. Stockton had himself and a friend, M. C. Cook, appointed as deputies and soon found the fugitives. Stockton explained that it was his plan to help them escape and the four headed south. Late in the evening, while resting on La Plata mesa near Durango, Stockton instructed Dyson Eskridge to call at a friend's house some miles off to get fresh horses and to meet at a rendezvous and continue into Old Mexico.

Only then did Stockton reveal to Wilkinson the plan to turn him in, get the reward, and then help him escape. Wilkinson finally agreed to the scheme and they rode into Animas City and the capture was reported and negotiations were started with the Silverton authorities for the reward.

Wilkinson was about twenty but had three killings to his credit. When the Silverton authorities paid off the reward, and started back to Silverton with Wilkinson, one of the largest police forces ever organized to watch a single man stood by to prevent any attempt at rescue. If Stockton tried to get to Silverton, he was too late, for Wilkinson was promptly lynched. But every man now turned against Stockton as a Judas.

Sheriff Jim Sullivan, up to now sympathetic with Stockton, knowing of Texas crimes, sent for warrants. Marian C. Cook was actually a murderer whose real name was Gilbreath. He had killed a sheriff in Bosquite Co., Texas, and a reward of \$1,700 was still in effect.

Sullivan, obtaining his warrants, waited for the two to come to town. Cook was arrested but Stockton drew his gun and started to run. He was shot down by Sullivan and his deputy, who were taking no chances. Stockton died that night. Cook went to Texas for trial. The Stockton gang was well scattered, and the Coe crew disbanded and peace reigned again in the San Juan.

PIONEERS OF THE SAN JUAN COUNTRY

Mary C. Ayres

One of the last and most interesting frontiers of the West tells the story of its growth and development in the three volumes of *The Pioneers of the San Juan Country*. These books had their inception a generation ago in the activities of the Sarah Platt Decker Chapter of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Durango, Colorado.

This chapter had been organized in 1917 with Mrs. Karl Gagg as regent. It followed the customary patriotic programs until 1925. Up to that time though many of their members were interested in the local history of the San Juan country only a few programs along that line had been given. That year during the regency of Mrs. A. E. Knapp it was decided to take up the historical development of the San Juan Basin. These programs required a great deal in the way of interviews with the surviving pioneers and collecting facts of the earlier days from pioneer descendants. As Hall's *History of Colorado* states, La Plata County (which at one time embraced eight counties of Southwestern Colorado) had the most romantic history of any county of Colorado and the members of the chapter found it most interesting. As they collected these programs they realized that a booklet on this subject would be of interest not only to the people of this section but to the state and country. Determining that the events which took place in "The Silver San Juan" should be recorded before they were forgotten and gone from the minds of men, they worked on and enlisted the assistance of others not in the chapter to furnish manuscripts. In 1942 Volume I was copyrighted by the chapter, printed by the Outwest Publishing Company of Colorado Springs and sold for \$1.25. The writers never dreamed that within a decade it would be a collector's item.

The editors chosen for Volume I were Mesdames W. N. Searcy, J. H. Crum and A. P. Camp. Three better members for this committee could not have been picked.

Mrs. Helen Boston Searcy, wife of District Judge W. N. Searcy, had spent a number of years in interviewing and recording the recollections of early pioneers. She contributed ten articles to Volume I. Her interest in Otto Mears dated back to her residence in Silverton from 1907 to 1917 where she was the close friend of his daughter, Mrs. Cora Mears Pitcher. She left no source untouched to get a true and accurate picture of his career.

Mrs. Josie Moore Crum, wife of J. H. Crum who had spent many years of service on the D&RG railroad, was in a unique position to gain from him accurate information on railroad activities of which there was no published account. She collected a series of original articles on narrow-gauge railroads which she has since elaborated and had published in separate volumes which are much prized by railroad fans. Six other articles on pioneer subjects were also her work.

Mrs. A. P. Camp, wife of the pioneer banker of Del Norte and Durango, in 1883 came to Durango as a bride. With her marvelous memory and fund of information she added greatly to the accuracy of the work. Two other articles were her contribution.

By the end of 1944, 895 books had been sold and a second volume, printed by the same company, was financed. This was released in 1946 with Mesdames Searcy, Camp, A. L. Burnett, Richard Turner and Graden Weinland on the editorial staff. As many advance orders had been solicited this edition at \$1.50 went much faster. Realizing that it would shortly be exhausted, the final numbers were reserved for purchase by chapter members. This edition was depleted last fall.

Volume 3 was copyrighted in 1952 and was to be printed by the *Durango News* in May, but when that paper was sold and combined with the *Durango Herald* the publication was delayed until September. Mrs. A. E. Knapp was the editor-in-chief, assisted by the chapter regent, Mrs. Philip Hawley, and Mesdames Turner and Weinland. The two latter were in charge of publication, publicity and orders.

Mrs. Knapp had a most legitimate claim to the editorship. Some years earlier when she had been employed by the *Durango Herald*, Mrs. Knapp had rescued, from the dusty bin where they had been tossed when printed, the early newspapers of the *Durango Record* and *Herald*, and had sorted and filed them for the use of the staff. It is to her that we are indebted for the file of the early papers from their first publication in 1881. Her interest in local history had continued through the years and it was due to her interest that after the deaths of Mesdames Searcy and Camp the material for Volume 3 was collected and edited.

This third book had so many advance orders that at \$2.00 a copy the entire cost of production was paid in the first nine months. With comparatively few books remaining for sale, Mesdames Turner and Weinland turned the future sales over to a committee composed of Mesdames Lloyd Locke, Ralph Bennett and A. W. Ayres, in May, 1953.

In spite of the fact that many other writers have done work along this line, it has never been a question of assembling material for these volumes but merely of selecting, condensing and editing it.

REMINDER

The only notice of Meetings which regularly reaches Corresponding Members is the one in the ROUNDUP; like the one on Page 2. If a C.M. wishes to attend a meeting, he should telephone Art Zeuch, at AComa 3886, and ask if a reservation is available. Space limitations might make refusals necessary on the later requests.

Corresponding Members pay \$3.50 a year, of which \$3.00 is the subscription price of the ROUNDUP.



Westerner's Bookshelf



GOOD GOULASH

The Custer Myth: A Source Book of Custeriana, by Col. W. A. Graham, USA, Ret. Pp. xxii plus 413. More than 80 illustrations including many maps. Stackpole Company, Harrisburg, Pa., 1953; \$10.

This is Colonel Graham's third major contribution toward penetration of the Custer "myth"—that is, the great mass of speculative, controversial and imaginative writing that has been built up on the relatively few known facts about the Battle of the Little Bighorn. His first was "The Story of the Little Bighorn" (1926); his second was a publication in 1951 of the Official Record of the Reno Court of Inquiry of 1879.

In his third, he has gathered as many as possible of the source materials not covered in the Reno Inquiry. He has made infinitely easier the task of those who write on the Custer affair in the future. He has done their research for them and gathered its results in one handy volume. The future writer need only decide which of these many, varied and frequently contradictory "sources" are true and which false.

That, of course, is where the rub comes. Graham does some evaluating and appraising, but for the most part he has just poured into the big pages of this big book all the information it will hold, which is a great deal indeed. I have heard the volume called "a Custer goulash," but it is a tasty and nourishing goulash that will stick to the ribs.

Graham, incidentally, repeats in his preface one of the minor myths on this subject, by printing the statement that more has been writ-

ten on the Custer battle than on Gettysburg. In 1947 I checked this often-heard remark with the Library of Congress, where I was told that, at least within the Library's walls, there was more than four times as much historical matter on Gettysburg as on the Little Bighorn.

—MAURICE FRINK, P.M.

WYOMING WAR

The Banditti of the Plains, Asa S. Mercer, University of Oklahoma Press. \$2.00.

"Banditti of the Plains" is the classical account of Wyoming's Johnson County War of 1892. It is a well told but very partisan history of some events which continue to stir up controversy and emotion over sixty years later. The first edition of Asa Mercer's book appeared in 1894 and was immediately impounded by court order. Before the edition could be destroyed a good number of copies were smuggled from a basement where they were stored and hence the work was saved from oblivion. Needless to say, the few extant copies have come to bring almost fabulous prices. Only recently Dean Krakel ran across such a copy standing on the open shelves of a library in a small midwestern town. After pinching himself to make certain he wasn't dreaming, Dean told the librarians of its value and of course they promptly locked it up. Such is the fate of rare books.

The reason for the court injunction was that Mercer's book cast the blame for the Johnson County troubles upon the Invaders who happened to be sponsored by the big cattlemen who had taken extra legal methods in an attempt to

stamp out rustling of their herds. It had proven impossible to get a conviction for rustling in Johnson County and it was decided to send a train-load of men and munitions to the Powder River to clean out the rustlers, courts or no courts. Mercer told of the crimes which were then committed in the name of property rights. But more damaging than the book itself was the all-out effort made to suppress the book; not only were the plates destroyed but copies disappeared from the Library of Congress. Yet no successful libel suit was ever presented against the author.

Mercer's book recounted the events of the invasion and did so in a forthright manner pulling no punches and even impugning the motives of U. S. Senators and state officials. He named names, made accusations, and minced no words in his defense of the Rustlers. Now the term Rustler as used by Mercer referred to all the homesteaders of Johnson County who sought to drive off the invading, gun-toting Regulators. And to this day the argument goes on as to just how many of the Johnson County citizens were really cattle thieves and how many were poor settlers whose rustling had been confined to using the same kind of means to increase their herds as had the big cattle companies. It is now pretty generally agreed, however, that the "war" was a struggle between the big companies and the little newcomer: a phase of the economic clash which has always been a part of the pattern of the western movement in American history.

The second edition of the book appeared in 1923 when Asa Mercer Boots, a nephew of the author, published it under the title of "Powder

River Invasion." This edition has never received much attention and few know of its existence.

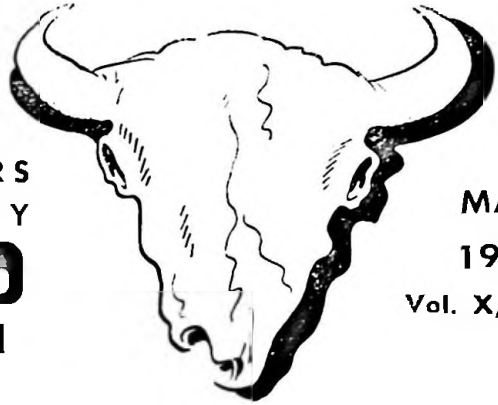
Grabhorn Press of San Francisco brought out a nice edition in 1935. It was illustrated with woodcuts by Arvilla Parker and had a discerning foreword by James Mitchel Clarke, a son of one of the cattlemen who served with the Invaders. Mr. Clarke did not deny the facts of the book. This edition was also a limited one and today commands a premium when it can be found for sale.

The University of Oklahoma Press therefore is to be congratulated in making available "The Banditti of the Plains" to the general public at the low price of two dollars. The editors did a real service to students of Western history when they selected it as Volume Two of their Western Frontier Library series. The book follows the established format for the set and is illustrated with the same sketches which appeared in the first edition. No one, whatever his sentiments, is adequately prepared to discuss this controversial episode intelligently if he has not read the book that became a part of the history it describes.

William H. Kittrell, of Dallas, Texas, writes a masterly introduction which skillfully combines orientation with interpretation. Much study and thought has gone into this essay and it greatly assists the reader to appraise both the book and the events. Mr. Kittrell is to be commended for his excellent contribution—and if there be readers who differ with him let them come forth with their own essays because such discussions enliven history and give it meaning.

—MARTIN WENGER, C.M.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



MAY
1954
Vol. X, No. 5



RICHARD THROSSEL
His Material on the Crows Awaits Publication

The DENVER WESTERNERS
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1954 Officers

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Deputy Sheriff, Fletcher W. Birney, Jr.
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NOTICE OF THE JUNE MEETING

TIME: The regular meeting date, fourth Wednesday, June 23. Chow at 6:30 P.M. Posse meets at 8:00. **PLACE:** Denver Press Club, on second floor. **SPEAKER:** CM Edward W. Milligan. **SUBJECT:** "Flags Over Colorado." A reappraisal of a subject that has not always been accurately treated.

Working the Range

The May Meeting. Sheriff Hafen called for introductions. We were greatly honored by the presence of and a few words from two distinguished visitors. Leland D. Case, of the Tucson Posse and originator ten years ago of the concept of a Westerners organization, spoke modestly on the theme that the idea is not as important as the carrying out of such an idea. Arthur Woodward from the Los Angeles Corral, archeologist and student of the Custer affair, contributed several helps to the discussions of the evening, proving himself an expert on many phases of Western Lore.

PM Ralph B. Mayo gave an interesting report of a call he and his wife made last June upon Dorothy Palmer in London. They met not only the daughter of General Palmer, but also Cecile Jacobite, who served the General as a secretary. The Mayo's managed not to get thrown out by Miss Dorothy, but she was hard pressed to understand how reasonably nice people could turn down hard liquor and admit to being Republicans.

Many reports were given of books in the making.

Henry Hough's most entertaining talk about Throssel was well received and an informal pawing

over of the Throssel photographs and paintings was much enjoyed. Our official tinker gave his new Leica a real workout.

Black Hawk War. The Brand Book of April from the Chicago Westerners has as its main article a very interesting account by Editor Don Russell of the first Western Indian War, the one in which Black Hawk appeared as the first leader of Indians on horseback. This conflict with the Sacs and Foxes made it clear that future western fighting against the Indians would call for cavalry troops. (By coincidence, "The Banditti of the Plains" was reviewed in the April Brand Book from Chicago and in our own April ROUNDUP).

Wyoming's No. 3. The Spring Quarter Brand Book of the Posse from the Wilds of Wyoming has arrived. Feature article is about Beaver Dick Leigh, worded entertainingly by Mrs. Edith M. Thompson of Midwest, Wyoming, no novice at the writing game. Top Hand for the quarter is Fred W. Hesse of Buffalo. This issue runs the pages of Vol. I from 38 to 61. The keepsake photograph is from the Jackson collection and shows a part of the Hayden party of 1870 in high country of Wyoming. The talk of Clarence S. Jackson at the April 7th meeting is given high praise. Instructional drawings of a western cow horse and a western stock saddle are reprinted from *The Cowboy and His Horse*, by Sindy E. Fletcher, with all of the technical names for the parts of each.

For still another review of *The Banditti of the Plains*, and one with a somewhat different slant, you will enjoy reading the words of Robert B. David, the 1932 publisher of "Malcolm Campbell, Sheriff."

The following is important enough to be QUOTED:

"An official invitation has been extended the Denver Westerners by Sheriff W. B. Ludwig to attend a get-together of the active members of the Denver and Wyoming Poses at his Virginia Dale Ranch. The rendezvous will be held in the afternoon and evening starting at 2 p.m. on Saturday, July 17th. . . . Choice grub, liquids, displays (that you won't forget!), entertainment, a tour, and talks on the historic Virginia Dale area are all on the Westerner's agenda. . . . The big shindig at the Sheriff's is in conjunction with the annual ranch tour sponsored jointly by the Albany County Historical Society, University of Wyoming Summer School, Laramie Kiwanis Club, and Wyoming Westerners. The tour will be held the following day, July 18th. Tour departure time is planned at eight in the morning; the convoy will shove-off from the Albany County Court House block."

PARTNER, WE'RE A'COMIN!

Arkansas Valley History. We have been slow to acknowledge the historical efforts of the publishers of the ARKANSAS VALLEY JOURNAL, a real rival for the ROUNDUP perhaps. In the issue of May 20, 1954 can be found: (1) A picture of the 1916 dedication by the La Junta Chapter of D.A.R. of the Fort Bent Marker, made timely by the recent transfer of this site from the D.A.R. to the State Historical Society; (2) a sketch of the Bent-Prowers Cattle and Horse Association, by C. W. Hurd, which association probably has, the author says, the most complete records of any of the old live stock groups in Colorado; and (3) the first installment of the History of Irrigation Canals in the Arkansas Valley, by James E. Lewis, an experienced engineer.

Gunnison's Grave. Posseman Dr. Nolie Mumey has completed his manuscript on Captain John Gunnison, and the book has gone to press.

In his research, Dr. Mumey discovered that a marker had never been erected over the grave of Gunnison's remains, although he had given his life, in 1853, in service to his government. Dr. Mumey decided to remedy this oversight. A beautiful bronze plaque was made, and placed upon a piece of gray granite, which was originally quarried in New England, used in the Tabor Opera House in Denver, and donated for this worthy cause by the Erickson Memorial Company of Denver.

This impressive marker was dedicated to the memory of Captain John Gunnison on Memorial Day, 1954, at Fillmore, Utah. The Millard Chapters of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, and the American Legion of Fillmore participated in the dedication. Dr. Mumey gave a short biographical sketch of the great explorer. Miss Genevieve O'Neill, a granddaughter of Captain Gunnison, who lives in Pasadena, California, was an honorary guest.

Quarter Horsing Around. If you happened to glance at the April ROUNDUP you may have seen that CM Stanley W. Zamonski spoke at the April meeting about a cattlemen's war in and about Durango. Then if you by chance were reading the May, 1954, issue of the QUARTER HORSE JOURNAL, you probably discovered an article by Mr. Zamonski entitled: "A \$95,000 Nugget at Stake in one Wild Hoss Race." This is a bit of intriguing horse-racing lore from Denver in 1861 and involved three heats of a mile each. No quarters asked or given.

Sesquicentennial. On May 14, 1804, Lewis and Clark began their famous trek to the Pacific coast. So May 14, 1954 was selected by our Wyoming friends for a special meeting, in which the Wyoming Library Associates joined the Wyoming Posse. PM Nolie Mumey was the speaker of the evening and his subject was SAGA OF EARLY WESTERN WRITERS. In an all-too-brief sketch of the lives and writings of a large number of authors, the Doctor led up to the unveiling of his carefully designed exhibition of early books, which the audience was invited to look over. The collection was not only interesting but somewhat over-awing when viewed from the investment angle. As quite customary when Dr. Mumey gives such a talk, there was a keepsake for each person attending, a beautifully printed poem by the speaker written in memory of Lewis and Clark.

The Astors. History may appear in strange places. In the March, 1954, issue of TRUSTS AND ESTATES, there is the start of a series of articles on "Famous Fortunes, Where They Came From and Where They Went." This first contribution deals with the Astors and sketches the history of this family down to the present time, with a most usable "family tree" that helps one to keep straight the relationships of the various members of this family.

Newest and Biggest Ghost Town. After all mining activities closed in 1953, Jerome, Arizona, began making serious efforts to capture the fancy of and a few pennies from the tourists. A most interesting museum shows much mining machinery. The remaining citizens of this hillside town are doing their best to convince the traveller that here is the real thing in ghost-towns.

All American Indian Days. In the April ROUNDUP appeared a brief notice of the big celebration scheduled for Sheridan, Wyoming, August 7-8, F. H. Sinclair, Box 731 Sheridan, being promoter-in-chief. The April Brand Book from Chicago carried a much longer article about this occasion, quoting extensively from Neckyoke Jones' publicity. Well worth keeping in mind if you are driving Wyoming-ward in August.

Pony Express Saga. Raymond W. Settle and Mary Lund Settle, authors of "Empire on Wheels," are hard at work upon a history of the Pony Express, gathering material and doing research. This endeavor undoubtedly will result in another fine book from these Monte Vista writers.

Nothing Definite on San Francisco Posse. M. C. Nathan, a public accountant of San Francisco, has been in contact with members of the Los Angeles Corral, and hopes to organize some group in Northern California before the end of the year, but makes no definite promises.

No Houston Posse. On the authority of Ed Bartholomew, author and bookseller, of Houston, we state that the informal meeting of five friends who gather for a Saturday luncheon every so often is not in any sense a planned start for any Westerner's group, and that they are uninterested in any such idea.

Palmer's Last Days. PM John J. Lipsey has written a most interesting article about General William Jackson Palmer and his last two years, when he lived bravely, cheerfully, and usefully despite being almost totally disabled. This was published in the March 14 and 21

issues of *The Free Press*, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

A Sagebrush Lawyer. Such is the title of a recent book by John F. MacLane. It is a combination of the author's personal recollections and the biography of James H. Hawley. Much is told of Boise, Idaho, and of the surrounding territory. The high-light of the book is the report of the trial of the Western Federation leaders. Our book review section should have a good outline of this interesting book soon.

This book about lawyer and Governor Hawley, and the recent death in prison of Harry Orchard, remind one of a 1907 book published by the McClure Co., entitled: "The Confessions and Autobiography of Harry Orchard." Memories of the blowing up of the depot at Independence and the shooting of one Gregory in Denver are revived.

Cavalcade To Hell. The historical magazine "American Heritage" does not often have western items, but the Spring, 1954, issue is an exception. There is found the story of an early trip (1870) of exploration into the Yellowstone Park area by a small group under the leadership of General Henry D. Washburn, then Surveyor General of Montana Territory. Worth your reading.

Last of the Narrow-Gages. Such is the title under which P. A. Ance tells the story of the Durango-Silverton line in the June, 1954, issue of RAILROAD MAGAZINE. This is a happy combination of history and advertising for the D&RG; and in return for the latter there were some fine pictures loaned. Worth your reading through for a few nostalgic moments if you used to travel the non-standard lines of the State.

Breckenridge and the 1899 Snow.

The first months of 1899 saw the Colorado mountains blanketed with an unprecedented amount of snow. Slides, blockades of highways and railroads, and isolation of mining communities were common. Breckenridge was outstanding because of the long delay in resuming rail service to it and also on account of the tunnels across the main street under the snow piled up as high as the second stories of the buildings. The sidewalks were kept clear, but the streets were unused for a long time.

The Breckenridge story is best told in the dispatches from there that were printed in the Denver papers. Ed O. Auge wrote a vivid story about the 80-day absence of trains from Breckenridge in an article in the March 29, 1935, issue of the *Summit County Journal*. CM Helen Rich mentioned this storm as the "grandad" of all snow storms in a short article she wrote for the *Empire Magazine*, in 1953. Interesting recollections of the storm situation have recently appeared in the *Summit County Journal* in a series of articles by E. C. Peabody, who was 14 at the time. Your Editor has a vivid (age 11) memory of seeing the tunnels on the main street, when taken there after the railroad was open.

It started to snow in November of 1898. By the end of January the reports showed a real snow blockade, with trains very irregular. On the D&RG road from Dillon to Leadville there were fourteen slides and on the C&S from Breckenridge to Leadville there were nine. Teamsters, despite hard work, failed to keep the road over Boreas Pass to Como open. On February 2 some relief came to Breckenridge, for the rotary plow, pushed by two engines, reached there, followed by a freight train and then by a passenger train. This passenger train got back to

Denver and Conductor Jim Early was welcomed as he had been away about a month trying to make a round trip to Breckenridge.

On February 6 the Breckenridge citizens were temporarily cheered by a posted notice that trains would now be run tri-weekly. But it was not until late in April that they again saw a train.

There were town meetings at which the railroad request for help in opening the tracks was discussed and finally adopted, but it soon appeared a hopeless project. Then the Breckenridge people turned to opening up a sleigh road to Como, to augment the travel on webs and snowshoes (skis). Over a hundred men worked for about ten days and the sleigh road was opened for regular travel on March 8. One man was lost in the snowshoe travelling, L. W. Waldo, on February 11.

The neighboring town of Kokomo came much nearer starvation and had to open a sleigh road to Pando much earlier for self-preservation.

Despite the terrific snows and the many slides, Summit County escaped with almost no loss of life. The slides at Silver Plume took perhaps the greatest toll of humans that winter.

Official Inquiry into Custer's Last Fight. CM E. J. Stackpole sends word that THE RENO COURT OF INQUIRY will be published in June. Now you will be able to read the sworn testimony of the participants in the Battle of the Little Big Horn. It is to be hoped that some member will arrange with our Book Review Chairman for an early report on this publication of what was until 1950 a "restricted" document.

RICHARD THROSSEL — PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE CROWS

By Henry W. Hough

(Editor's note: The story of Richard Throssel was related to the Denver Posse of the Westerners at the May 26, 1954, meeting, and appears in main below. The area occupied by the Crow Agency in south-central Montana is cut by the road from Sheridan, Wyoming, to Billings, Montana. This road leaves the Tongue River in Wyoming, crosses the state line and picks up the Little Big Horn, passes the Custer Battlefield near Crow Agency and then reaches the Big Horn River at Hardin. Thence it turns west fifty miles to Billings. The Crow Indian Reservation is chiefly around the headwaters of the Big Horn Rivers.)

Dick Throssel was 21 when he arrived at Crow Agency, Montana, in 1902 to take a clerical job in the office. Dick's brother, Harry, had been there a year or more and had urged Dick to get a job at the Indian Agency since there was no particular reason for him to stay at home in the state of Washington. The Throssels were of French-Canadian and Cree Indian stock. Although Richard Throssel's Indian blood was somewhere back of his grandparents, it was enough to satisfy the Crow Indians, who later adopted him into their tribe as a blood brother, to share the tribe's wealth and woes.

Dick was playing in luck from the day he joined the Crows. Major S. G. Reynolds was the Agent at that time and his interest in the cultural life of the Indians had attracted a distinguished young painter, J. H. Sharp, to the area. Finding that Dick Throssel had a talent for drawing and was always trying to depict the Indians, Sharp gave him lessons in design and color and taught him to paint. Before Sharp left Montana to continue his career elsewhere, young Throssel had determined to be an artist and to make a record of the Crows and their "old life" customs and costumes before reservation life had destroyed their distinctive character and individuality.

It was a large order the young issue clerk had taken on, but he had found inspiration aplenty. The school marm, Florence Pifer, had taught at two or three other Indian reservations before taking the job at Crow Agency. When Dick arrived, she was attracted at once to the tall young clerk and helped him to learn the language of the Absaroka or Crow. They were married in 1904, two years after Throssel arrived at Crow Agency.

Painting the Indians was fascinating but it had been obvious to Dick from the moment he saw them that here was a job for a photographer. He bought some camera equipment and undertook to learn photography by correspondence school courses. Sharp's pointers on composition and design helped him to make pictures of artistic merit. Another of Throssel's strokes of good fortune came in 1905 when a fine photographer, E. S. Curtis, came to take pictures of the Crows. Curtis was working on his monumental Wanamaker book, "The Vanishing Race" and another entitled "North American Indians."

Curtis not only coached Throssel in photographic technique, but took him on a trip to Seattle and Portland. They went to art exhibits, where Curtis pointed out good and bad elements of design. Throssel's eyes bugged when he saw Curtis' fine darkroom in Seattle.

When he returned to Crow Agency, Dick was convinced that photography was his best medium. Much as he loved to paint, he recognized the practical advantages of the camera. He worked like a fiend to master the art of photography, and in 1909 his work attracted the attention of the

Commissioner for Indian Affairs, R. G. Valentine, who gave Throssel an appointment as a photographer in the field service.

At that time the Indian Service was engaged in a campaign to reduce tuberculosis among the tribes, and Throssel was put to work making documentary pictures showing good and bad practices in the daily home life of the Indians. The pictures were shown to the Indians as object lessons in what to do and what not to do. That work came to an end when Throssel found it too difficult to get along with the doctor with whom he was assigned to work. By that time Dick was interested in preparing an illustrated history of the Crow Indians, for which he visualized commercial possibilities.

In 1910, Mr. and Mrs. Throssel and their two daughters, Vera and Alberta, moved from Crow Agency to Billings. Both of the girls had been born on the reservation and had inherited from their father full membership in the tribe. To this day they have their share of allotted land and have the right to participate in tribal councils, although they have never lived as Indians. Alberta is now Mrs. John Hawkins and her two teen-age boys have understandable difficulty convincing their friends that their grandfather was "a real Indian." Vera, an executive with a construction company who flies in the firm's airplane all over the western states, keeps an eye on the Throssel collection of photographs and paintings, hundreds of glass plates and many rolls of motion picture film, and assorted manuscripts and pictures, all assembled in Mrs. Richard Throssel's home in Billings.

Dick Throssel died in 1933 at Helena, Montana, while serving in the State Legislature as a representative from Yellowstone County. He had been leading a successful fight to get the state to adopt a law to ban peyote, the drug that had done many western tribes more harm than anything since the white men's diseases had all but wiped out the once-populous tribes. Throssel's legislative work had the prayerful backing of old Chief Plenty Coos, great leader of all the Crows, who always treated Dick Throssel almost like his own son.

The twenty years or so after Throssel left the reservation to live in Billings were filled with high hopes and frustrations. He had made his great documentary pictures during his eight years as one of the Crows. Now he had to make a living for his family, while trying to find some way to let the world see the Crows as Dick Throssel saw them. In a measure he succeeded. His pictures were popular with tourists and the Indians themselves always used Throssel pictures when called upon to present their story in exhibits and displays. Throssel prints were published with some frequency while he was alive. Since his death in 1933, the Throssel collection has been "out of sight and out of mind"—waiting to be rediscovered. Some collector of Americana will acquire it someday, perhaps, although the Throssel family is in no mood to dispose of it at the present time, knowing that it will increase in value as the years pass.

Richard Throssel had tried a bit of everything in his efforts to present the story of the Crows to the American public. He set up shop in Billings as a commercial photographer, and made a fairly good living at it, while endeavoring to attract attention to his pictures of the Crows. He made postcards and prints of all sizes, coloring many of the prints. He arranged lectures with slides and made a series of motion pictures on the reservation whenever there seemed a good occasion for the Indians to dress up in their old-time regalia.

In the Throssel collection is an interesting series of manuscripts, evidently work-in-progress toward the history of the Crows that never was

completed. It had turned into an easy-to-read collection of folk tales of the Absaroka people, as the Crows called themselves.

A well-edited but short-lived little magazine called "The Teepee Book" published at Sheridan, Wyoming, put out one or more issues which featured Throssel's pictures and his stories about the Crows. One number, dated March 1916, used as its frontispiece Throssel's dramatic silhouetted Indian, "The Sentinel." The same issue, opposite the Throssel picture, presented Arthur Chapman's poem, "The White Man's Road," reprinted from the *Denver Republican*. In an essay, "Throssel and the Throssel Prints," by Herbert Terry, the tragedy of the Indian Problem was discussed.

Fortunately for anyone who has a yen for research, Throssel knew the importance of a caption for a good picture. He left many notes and comments on the subjects of his various pictures, including a carefully-prepared talk used with a set of lantern slides featuring the best of his pictures. These remarks and the pictures with them could readily make a colorful picture-book that some modern publisher ought to snap up, particularly as an item to appeal to the juvenile market.

During his eight years with the Crows, Richard Throssel made more than 800 plates. Many of his best pictures are on film. The Northern Cheyenne Indian Agency at Lame Deer, about 40 miles east of Crow Agency, was the location for many of Throssel's noteworthy pictures, which accounts for the large number of Cheyenne personalities in the collection of a man noted for his work with the Crows.

Among the few paintings by Richard Throssel there are some that are very interesting and possibly quite good. Whether Sharp would be proud of his art student is questionable, although Dick once was able to buy his wife a fur coat with a \$100 prize awarded him for his painting of Plenty Coos, the Crow Chief. His photographs have won numerous awards and prizes, but the high point of his career in his own estimation was when Frank B. Linderman took Dick out to the Reservation from Billings to make a special portrait of Plenty Coos for use as the frontispiece of Linderman's book, "American."

"The Crow country is good country," said Chief Arapooish. But lucky is the Indian country or tribe that produces or attracts a great poet, story teller, or artist, who can immortalize the people in their own surroundings in their moments of triumph or sadness or devilment. A poem or a picture may outlast the subject, as Homer's epic tales have survived Helen and Achilles. A few of the American Indian tribes happily were painted and photographed by masters of those arts, and among those we certainly may include Richard Throssel who accomplished his purpose after all in telling the world about his good friends, the Crows.

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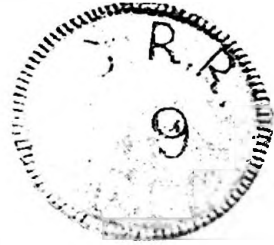
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TOKENS FROM WHITELY



PM Philip W. Whitely, M.D., our Sheriff of 1953, is a great collector of peculiar tokens used for various purposes. These are not easy to reproduce, but perhaps the above cut will convey some idea as to these crude "monies."

Ore-Haulers Mine and Mill Tokens: These tokens or chips were used to keep a check of the number of wagon-loads of ore concentrates hauled from a mine to a mill or from mill to railroad. The independent ore-haulers and contractors would pick up a load at the mill or mine and receive a token at the start or destination of the haul. Tokens were later cashed in at the office in line with the number of trips and distances involved. Ore was usually measured rather than weighed; a "cord" in Gilpin County varied according to the character of the ore, running from seven to ten tons a cord.

Wood-Haulers Tokens: Farmers and woodsmen hauled cord wood to a point near the railroad tracks and received tokens for the amount of wood supplied. Tokens covered a full cord, or a fraction like a half or quarter and possibly an eighth. Initials designated the railroad of shipment.

Grand Donkey Derby Token: The Cripple Creek Two Mile High Club staged the first Grand Donkey Derby over a seven mile course along the Range View road between the historic mining towns of Victor and Cripple Creek in August, 1931. The starting point was the Gold Bowl in Victor, thence to Winfield, and then down Tenderfoot Hill to the finish line in Cripple Creek. Charley Lehew is given credit for the arrangements.

Tokens were issued as advertising for the affair and dropped from an aeroplane. Merchants at Cripple Creek redeemed the tokens (\$2.50 in gold) when presented at their stores.

PIONEERS OF THE SAN JUAN COUNTRY — Vol. I

In the April ROUNDUP Mrs. Mary C. Ayres, of Durango, told of the background of the publishing of the three volumes that have so far appeared about the Pioneers of the southwestern corner of Colorado, and of the activities of the D.A.R. Chapter at Durango in this historical field. It is now planned to carry in successive issues of the ROUNDUP some short review of the contents of each volume as a reminder of what is there available to researchers.

In Volume I there are 37 titled articles in the 192 pages of this 5¼x7½ paper-bound booklet, published in 1942 by the Out West Printing and Stationery Company of Colorado Springs. Mrs. Ayres stated that this originally sold for \$1.25, but today, if you are lucky enough to find a copy for sale, you will probably pay from 10 to 13 times that price. Twelve pictures are set in. Fourteen of the articles may be classed as reminiscences, eleven as more formal historical articles, and finally twelve as miscellany.

The recitals by old-timers include the stories from Robert E. Scott, freighter and snow-shoe mail carrier, who arrived in Silverton in 1877; from Mrs. Martha A. Roberts, who lived, from 1875 to 1880, on the farm where the station of Hermosa was later located, and who recalls most of the early settlers in that area; from Dick Gaines, who was one of the ten members of the Gaines family to locate in the Animas Valley in 1875; from William Valiant, a prospector who was around Parrott City from 1875 on; from Victoria Sophia Folck Day, a Southern girl who married a Northerner, David Frakes Day, in 1870, and who followed her husband to Ouray in 1880; from the John Rudy's, he having been a waterman in the early eighties when water delivery to parts of Durango was a necessity; from Harry Jackson, who founded the Jackson Hardware Company at Durango in about 1884; from banker John L. McNeil, president of the First National at Durango from 1889 to 1925; from George Cory Franklin, who experienced as a boy ranch life in many parts of the southwest part of Colorado and who became an assayer and engineer and later a writer; from Mrs. John Haggart, who arrived in Durango in 1881, but who attended the University of Denver most of the time in 1882-84; from Alfred P. Camp, who acted for McNeil in establishing the First National Bank at Durango; from C. E. Hampton whose adventures as a cattleman began in 1875 on the Florida River; from Mrs. Fitzhugh, who as Daisy Opdycke was a young girl in Pagosa Springs from 1879 to 1881, when she went away to school; and from Josie Moore Crum, who tells the story of her own family as well as that of the Kincaids. In each of these recollections are nuggets of factual interest, which together help to give a picture of early Durango and vicinity.

The more studied efforts toward organized articles on particular subjects are introduced by a brief history of the San Juan Country. A fairly comprehensive study of Otto Mears is included, along with one on his passes. One on Col. Dave Day is interesting. Brief ones appear on "Treasure Mountain" and upon the military operations in that area. These articles conclude with little histories of railroads, the D&RG, the Rio Grande Southern, the Animas Forks Railroad, other auxiliary roads in the San Juan Basin, and then one about the never-built Arizona and Colorado.

Among some miscellaneous items, those certainly worthy of mention are the list of early marriages recorded in La Plata County and a list of place names in that general area.

WHEN A COUNTY DIVIDES

If you look at a Colorado map dated just prior to 1874, you will find that Douglas County was five townships or 30 miles wide and ran from the South Platte River to the eastern border of the State. The Kansas Pacific running through Agate, River Bend and Hugo about cut it into two equal parts. Douglas County had El Paso County along the western two-fifths of its southern boundary and Greenwood County on the other three-fifths of that boundary. By the Act of February 2, 1874, Elbert County was created out of parts of Douglas and Greenwood Counties. Douglas County retained only about a seventh of its previous territory, that part west of a N-S line running maybe 5 miles east of present Franktown. Elbert County received all the rest of the former Douglas County area plus the north 18 miles of former Greenwood County. Later Lincoln and Kit Carson Counties took over the easterly two-thirds or so of the original Elbert County.

The practical problems resulting from the 1874 creation of Elbert County may be visualized from the records of the first meetings of the County Commissioners of that County. Territorial Governor Samuel H. Elbert, for whom the new county was named, in office from April 17, 1873, to July 24, 1874, son-in-law of John Evans, appointed Henry Wendling, Joseph F. Grogan and George Aux as the new County Commissioners. They had their first official meeting *out* of their county, for they met March 2, 1874, with the Douglas County Commissioners at Franktown, the County Seat of Douglas County at that time. The six Commissioners and the two County Attorneys jointly met "for the purpose of settling matters of revenue and dividing property belonging to the two counties."

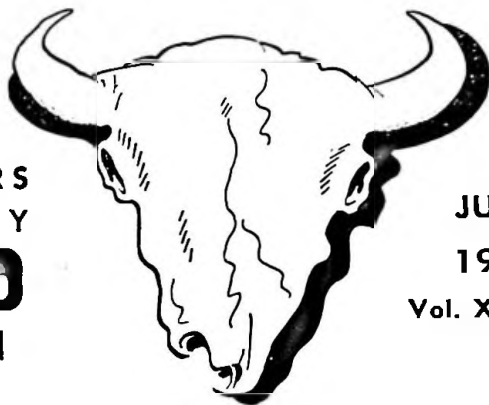
Apparently the first "property" to be divided was a prisoner. We may assume his offense had been committed in what became Elbert County for he was turned over to August Ehrler, Deputy Sheriff of Elbert County, with instructions to jail him in Arapahoe County, for presumably Middle Kiowa, the new County Seat, did not yet have a jail. Later the Sheriff of Douglas County presented his bill for boarding his prisoner for 54 days, a total charge of \$101.00. Elbert County agreed to pay for 31 days, presumably from February 2 to the date the prisoner was turned over to the Elbert Court Deputy; but the new county only paid board at the rate of \$1.00 per day.

There being eighteen chairs, two heating stoves, and some benches, these were equally divided. Evidently two pairs of handcuffs were worth one pair of shackles, so Douglas received three pairs of handcuffs against Elbert's one pair of handcuffs and one of shackles. There being only one safe, bids were asked; Douglas won by offering \$400 against \$300 bid by Elbert. Two tables and an office case constituted the office fixtures, and Douglas got them for \$13.00. County-owned books brought another \$102.66.

Outstanding county bills were to be paid from county funds in the hands of Douglas County, and the balance remaining was to be divided between the two counties in proportion to the assessments for 1873 as distributed according to the new county boundaries. Unpaid tax bills were also divided as land locations dictated. The cash on hand was \$4,511.93, which was swollen to \$5,027.59 by the big deals on office fixtures and furniture and books. The debts were \$847.56, so there was \$4,180.03 in money to be divided.

Then the new county had to stand the expenses of copying the tax lists, copying all the Douglas County records that pertained to real estate in Douglas County, and of acquiring books and stationery with which to start off its business.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



JUNE
1954
Vol. X, No. 6



SITE OF PIKE'S STOCKADE—SAN LUIS VALLEY

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Entered as Second Class Matter at Boulder,
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839 Pearl St., Boulder.

Business Office
Room 306, State Museum Building, Denver.

Denver Posse Founded January 26, 1945

1954 Officers

Sheriff, LeRoy R. Hafen.
Deputy Sheriff, Fletcher W. Birney, Jr.
Roundup Foreman (Sec.) J. Nevin Carson.
Tally Man (Treasurer) Ralph B. Mayo, Sr.
Chuck Wrangler, Arthur Zeuch.

Assistant Registrar, Alan Swallow.
Book Review Chairman, Fred M. Mazzulla.
Program Chairman, Henry W. Haugh.
Membership Chairman, Levette J. Davidson.
Publications Chairman, Elvon L. Howe.

Official Tintyper, Fred M. Mazzulla.
Registrar of Marks and Brands (Editor of Roundup) Erl H. Ellis

NEXT MEETING — THE RENDEZVOUS

Time: 6:00 P. M. or earlier, on Saturday, July 31, 1954. Chuck will be ready, starting not later than 6:30 P.M. Denver Posse Members please note, there will be no regular Posse meeting in July.

Place: The Cave on the ranch of CM L. D. Bax, southwesterly from Denver about 18 miles. For route to ranch see the map on the last page of this issue. A wonderful setting for any group of Westerners.

Who Invited: All Possemen and all Corresponding Members of the Denver Posse with their ladies; and all Possemen of other Possees with their ladies. It is sincerely hoped that every Posse will have a few representatives at this Inter-Posse Rendezvous.

Reservations: It will be greatly appreciated if all who intend coming to the gathering will give as much advance notice as is possible. We are forced to issue admission tickets so as to control the number attending on account of the limitations upon the size of the crowd we can handle. Reservations will be accepted and tickets issued strictly in the order of receipt of your wishes. If our limit is reached before the end of Tuesday, July 27, those sending the latest requests will be regretfully informed that we do not have the room. No reservations accepted after said Tuesday. Tickets will be mailed out on or before that Tuesday. Your reservations are to be addressed to Arthur Zeuch, 930 Downing Street, Denver 18, Colorado. Please do not disappoint us and yourself by delaying in sending in your reservation. But, out-of-state Possemen should call our Chuck Wrangler at CHerry 4-7185 if they arrive in Denver on the 31st, without reservations through sudden change of plan.

Cost: \$1.25 per person, payable with your reservation.

What Happens: No set program. Food, beer, informal remarks, some tall tales, stunts, music. Mostly just informal campfire procedure.

A Few Hunches: Western costumes suggested, but not obligatory; but rough clothes most desirable. If you need more lightning than beer affords, bring your own. Not a bad idea to bring along a blanket to help out on the boards. Come early, look around, and enjoy this unique area.

This is your only Notice: Do not expect any formal invitation or form for reservations. Write your own note and check to Art Zeuch. Write Henry Hough, program chairman, if you have suggestions about program, can volunteer on stunts, music, etc. His address is 1151 Humbolt Street, Denver 18, Colorado.

Special Luncheon: For Officers and Delegates from Possees only. A business meeting to discuss Inter-Posse possibilities. At the Denver Dry Goods Company Tea Room, Fifth Floor, at 12:15 on Saturday, July 31. All Possemen not from Colorado or Wyoming are invited and urged to attend. Only officers from the Denver and Wyoming groups are expected. Again, please let Art Zeuch know of your plan to attend in ample time to allow him to handle with the Denver Dry.

Final Emphasis: We sure want a few folks from *every* Posse, so try to make it fit into your travelling plans for the summer. We need your advice in planning for any broader organization.

Working the Range

June Meeting: Regular meeting held June 23 at Press Club, after a day in Denver of 102°—Fletch. Birney presided as Deputy Sheriff, Roy Hafen being at B.Y.U. for a lecture course—Fred Rosenstock home from hospital and soon to be around per usual—CM J. Joseph Leonard told of his problems with the Oxford University Press, which wants a book on Dave Day without quotations from the *Solid Muldoon*; how solid muldoonish can a publisher get?—CM Thomas J. Kerwin, of River Forest, Illinois, is taking the Colorado Bar Exams, so dropped in for a little relaxation on a hot evening—Fine paper by CM E. W. Milligan on the Seven Flags that have flown over Colorado; the speaker explained that he criticized some claims about other flags because, for instance, States that claimed jurisdiction over parts of Colorado had no flags at such times; Mr. Milligan spoke of actual flags, not of all jurisdictional claims (a broader subject covered by Roy Hafen in Colorado Magazine articles).—Edward H. Hilliard, Jr., 2530 So. Clarkson St., was elected to Posse membership; congratulations.

All American Indian Days. Our Deputy Sheriff asks that you be once more reminded of the very fine Indian celebration to be held at Sheridan, Wyoming, on August 7-8. If you are interested in going, better write direct to F. H. Sinclair, Box 731, Sheridan, for information, reservations, etc. This occasion is no doubt developing into one of the really important Indian festivities of the West.

Insult upon Injury. Tis told that the original camp of Breckinridge was named for Vice President John Cabell Breckinridge. Then came information that Breckinridge had Southern leanings, so the town name was changed to Breckenridge. Now the Los Angeles papers, and others, are full of the story that one John Cabell Breckinridge, great-grandson of the former Vice President, will change his sex through operations to be performed in Denmark, and will plan to marry a real man. We would not think this proper of comment if the Breckenridge paper itself had not carried quite a story about this wealthy play-boy who claims feminine instincts.

SILVERHEELS. (Contribution from CM Paul M. Gantt) In Forbes Parkhill's "Wildest of the West" there appears on page 234 the following reference: "Silverheels" was the nickname of a noted Eastern runner who later became a justice of the United States Supreme Court. According to one report, Colorado's Mount Silverheels was named in his honor by a group of his admirers". Forbes was good enough to give me the source for this reference: Tom Ferril. So the next time at the Westerners I approached Mr. Ferril and asked him who that "Justice" was? Ferril answered "John Marshall, of course". I was kind of humiliated for two reasons: (1) because I did not know, and (2) because I thought Colorado's greatest poet had then and there gone loco.

A couple of years later, having escaped the lures of Packer, the Man-Eater, Silverheels, the charmer, and Big Nose George, the Bad-Man, I decided to do some research on the four weeks which Mr. Chief Justice John Marshall spent as a law student at my alma mater, William and Mary.

And here with apologies to all concerned follows the documented story of another use of "Silverheels".

It was in the hard months after Valley Forge, when Washington wrote: "No history extant can furnish an instance of an army's suffering such uncommon hardships . . . and bearing them with the same patience and fortitude." And among the men singled out almost in every report was twenty-three year old Captain-Lieutenant John Marshall of the Virginia line, recently appointed "Deputy Judge Advocate in the Army of the United States." But finally came the spring of 1778. Of this Beveridge in his "The Life of John Marshall", Vol. I, p. 132 writes:

"The spirits of the men rose with the budding of the trees. Games and

sports alternated with drill and policing of the camp. The officers made matches for quoits, running, and jumping. Captain-Lieutenant Marshall was the best athlete in his regiment. He could vault over a pole laid on the heads of two men as high as himself. A supply from home had reached him at last, it appears, and in it were socks. So sometimes Marshall ran races in his stocking feet. In knitting this foot apparel, his mother had made the heels of white yarn, which showed as he ran. Thus came his soldier nickname "Silver Heels".

Appaloosas at Deer Lodge. CM W. H. Hutchinson, of Chico, Calif., writes that the 7th National Appaloosa Horse Show will be held at Deer Lodge, Montana, from August 20 to 22. Hutch figures that this meeting should interest everybody who knows the role played by the spotted horses in the Nez Perces fighting flight in 1877. The famous Big Hole fight against Gibbon took place southwest of Deer Lodge which is one reason the Appaloosas will gather there this year. Becoming an almost lost breed after Chief Joseph's surrender, the Appaloosa, which the Nez Perces called *Maumin*, has come back through the efforts of a group of Oregon stockmen who founded the Appaloosa Horse Club Inc. in 1938. The Club now has members in 34 states; Ben Johnson, Fruita, Colorado, is Vice-President of the organization. Hutch will announce the show, which explains his interest in the matter.

The Gallant Old Windsor. Our versatile and active writer CM Helen Rich of Breckenridge, had a fine story about "The Gallant Old Hotel of Larimer Street" in the EMPIRE MAGAZINE for May 30, 1954. If you yearn to sleep in the Tabor bridal suite, you must furnish your own Baby Doe.

Dupuy's Hotel de Paris. You are probably all aware of the current re-opening of the famous old Hotel de Paris at Georgetown under the new ownership and sponsorship of the Colonial Dames. But be sure to obtain a copy of "A Fragment of Old France", a delightful little pamphlet of sixteen pages of pictures and text, just issued by the State Historical Society of Colorado. There is no note of authorship, but you can hardly miss the style and expressions of one James Grafton Rogers, President of the mentioned Society. His rhapsodies over Georgetown and Clear Creek County as setting for the "jewel" now open to public view are typical and deserved. His choice of a home has always been considered at least second-best among the "cities" of the county.

Black Hills Posse. Through the kindness of Bob Lee, Sunday Editor of The Rapid City Daily Journal, one of the Deputies of the Black Hills Posse, the following information is made available. The Black Hills Posse of Westerners was organized in October, 1953, with Freeman Steele, Sr., of Sturgis, as Sheriff, and Joe Koller of Belle Fourche and Bob Lee as Deputies. Meetings are scheduled for the second Sunday of each month, and the place of meeting usually rotates around amongst the various Black Hill towns. Usually there is a dinner and the meeting is open to members and their guests.

Thirty active members now make up this Posse. No publications are yet attempted, so no corresponding members have been added.

Talks to date include the following subjects: The Custer fight, Sacajawea of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, the Messiah Craze of 1890-91, and the early Dakota Fur Trading Posts. In addition there have been a number of early-day pioneers as guest speakers, including two former scouts for the U. S. Cavalry.

New York's No. 2. Number two of Volume One of "The Westerners Brand Book—New York Posse" is at hand, 23 pages (8¼x11, slick paper) of most interesting material plus a 24th page about Father Knickerbocker's famous statement that "Beer drinkers everywhere tell me it's the best they ever tasted". (This ought to rate the Denver Posse one free keg).

Sheriff Horan has an intriguing story about the last years of Butch Cassidy in South America. There is a fine biography of James Tinkham Babb, Yale Librarian, and custodian of the Coe collection (much augmented) of Western Americana. Then a careful analysis of the character of Kit Carson. Also a life story of Ira Aten, a Texas enforcer of the law (about whom at least one book has been written). A California touch about Isaacs Lyons and the ghost town of Agua Frio. And finally an expansion of the question: "Did Jesse James and Billy the Kid meet?"

In addition to such historical contributions, there is a short identification of each of 105 new corresponding members of the Posse. To say nothing of eight book reviews; including one on Cow Country Cavalcade, by our PM Maurice Frink.

This posse publishes quarterly and has four members on its Editorial Committee, who apparently will take turns per issue. We had the pleasure of meeting the Editor in Chief, A. H. Greenly at a meeting of the Officers of the Denver Posse the other day.

Straight Creek Tunnel. CM Stanley W. Zamonski has an article published in the May, 1954, issue of BETTER ROADS, under the title of "Colorado Highway Tunnel Will Pierce Continental Divide." It appears that he assumes that his boss is going to build this tunnel just because the Legislature so directed. Stan touches on a bit of the history of the passes in this neck of the woods.

FLAGS OVER COLORADO

(The following is extracted from a paper read by Mr. E. W. Milligan at the June, 1954, meeting of the Westerners. Mr. Milligan was one of the twenty-one charter members of the Denver Posse, but in later years has been content to be listed as a Corresponding Member.)

Introduction to the Period 1454-1954

The modern history of Colorado may be said to have begun in 1454. At that time Portugal was the leading maritime nation of the known world, with an almost exclusive commerce along the African and southern European coasts. But Spanish merchants and sailors began to offer strong competition. In order to protect the interest of Portugal, King John II induced Pope Alexander VI to draw a north-south line upon an imaginary map of the world, giving Portugal that portion lying to the east, and allowing Spain all that unknown region to the west.

This line of demarcation was drawn 100 leagues west of the Azores. After Columbus had reported his discovery of unknown lands blocking his passage to the East Indies, the Portuguese induced the Pope to move the dividing line 200 leagues further west, hoping to prevent any further Spanish efforts in that direction.

A treaty was signed in 1494 ratifying the decree of the Pope. This brought into the fold of Portugal the "hump" of Brazil, while Spain was left in possession of the rest of the American continent. Colorado was on its way, though the Spaniards did not know about this wonderful region, nor did their wildest imaginations give them any picture of our future wealth and grandeur.

By the time Colorado became a state in 1876, we had been under four foreign flags and had gone through more political and boundary changes than any state in the Union. Lands in Colorado belonged in turn to each of the following, according to one published list: The Indians, Pope Alexander VI, Spain, New Spain, France, Louisiana District, Louisiana, No Man's Land, Missouri, The Indian Country, the Unorganized Territory, Mexico, New Mexico, Upper California, Utah, The Arapahoe and Cheyenne Tribes, Nebraska, Kansas, Jefferson Territory, Colorado; twenty-one designations in all. (Note: A recent historical sketch published by The Title Guaranty Company of Denver states that at least 17 flags flew over Colorado. Included in that list is the State of Desert, predecessor of Utah.)

The flavor of the Spanish and Mexican cultures is quite evident in Colorado. The southern and southwestern portions of the state have many Spanish-Americans, and counties, towns, lakes, rivers, and mountains bear Spanish names, as does the State itself. The French influence is not so apparent in place names, but we can feel indebted to that nation for that most valuable asset, the Louisiana country. As for the Texans, they have had a great influence in the development of Colorado by means of the longhorns and all that went with the cattle industry. Now their oil-happy millionaires are investing heavily in our real estate and business.

SPANISH EXPLORATIONS AND CLAIMS

For nearly eighteen years Columbus had been pleading for help to put his idea into execution, but the good Queen Isabella could not give him any practical help until after the Moors had been driven out of Spain early in 1492. Finally, after delays which would have caused most men to abandon the project, three tiny vessels sailed west from Palos, and the great discovery of a new world was made. After many weary days and anxious nights, the now famous fleet landed on the shore of an island Columbus named San Salvador; he threw him-

self upon his knees, kissed the earth, and with tears of joy returned thanks to God. His example was followed by all. Then rising, Columbus drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and took solemn possession in the name of the Castillian sovereigns.

The standard of Spain, a quartered flag of red, gold, and silver, bearing the coats of arms of Aragon and Castile, is generally accepted as having been the first European banner flown over American soil. This flag bore two lions on its two red fields and two castles on two yellow fields, with a silver background for the red portion.

Columbus had a special banner for his fleet, consisting of a green cross on a white field, with a crown on each arm of the cross, one over an F for Fernando, and the other over a Y for Ysabel. This design was also painted on the mainsail.

In 1519 when Cortez with his small army landed near the present Vera Cruz, proceeded with his nefarious destruction of the Aztecs, and set up in 1521 the Spanish government in the New World, called New Spain, he carried the banner of Spain, and in addition the Cortez standard. Around the edge of this banner appears in Spanish: "This standard was that carried by Hernando Cortez in the conquest of Mexico." It now hangs in the National Museum in the City of Mexico.

According to Prescott, the standard of Cortez was "of black velvet, embroidered with gold, and emblazoned with a red cross surrounded with flowers of blue and white." A motto in Latin reads: "Friends, let us follow the cross, and under this sign if we have faith we shall conquer."

During the next 100 years one of the best known of the explorations to the north was that of Coronado, 1540-1542, and it is possible that on his return he crossed the southeast corner of Colorado. I am unable to locate any record of the flags they carried, but there was, of course, the standard of Spain, probably a banner carrying the coat of arms of the Emperor Charles V., the church banner for the padres, and the personal standard of Coronado. If the Coronado expedition had been a success, he might have been the greatest man in the New World, and King of Spanish North America.

Of all the exploring expeditions sent out from Mexico, the one having the most influence on the future of Colorado was the colonization venture of Onate, which he undertook at his own expense. Spain was quite partial to those explorers who paid their own way. Villagra, the poet-historian of New Mexico, who was a member of Onate's group, reported the trials of the colonists and Onate's proclamation taking possession of "New" Mexico. From his report: "The entire army, with the colonists, was drawn up in formation and in the presence of the multitude, the governor solemnly took possession of the newly discovered land Be it known, therefore, that in the name of the most Christian king, Don Philip, our lord, the defender and protector of the Holy Church, and its true son, and in the name of the crown of Castile and of the kings that from its glorious progeny may reign therein, and for my said government, I take possession once, twice, and thrice, and all the times I can and must, of the actual jurisdiction, civil as well as criminal, of the lands of the said Rio del Norte, without exception whatsoever, with all its meadows and pasture grounds and passes And immediately he fixed and set in place with his own hands the royal standard, and the coat of arms of the most Christian king, Don Philip, our lord, on one side, and the imperial arms on the other."

In 1609 the Villa of Santa Fe was built pursuant to royal decrees, and made the permanent capital of the "kingdom", an empire claimed by right of discovery and occupation, including most of Colorado. There is only one Santa Fe. We can build many cities such as Denver, but we can never build another

"Royal City of the Holy Faith of St. Francis of Assisi".

When De Vargas recaptured Santa Fe in 1693, he carried the same royal banner that Onate had used in his expedition of 1598.

FRENCH CLAIMS

France won control of Canada and the Great Lakes, but so little was known of the interior of what is now the United States that, when the Indians told the French of a great river flowing through the continent, they jumped to the conclusion that the stream flowed east and west, and so would furnish a western passage to China. This false inference was the inspiration of that great epic of colonial travel, the story of Robert Cavalier de la Salle, the Don Quixote of pioneer chronicles.

In the year 1682, La Salle, standing on the desolate bank of the Mississippi, in the name of the king of France, claimed possession of the river and of its country, north, south, east, and west, to the extreme limit of verbal comprehension. He christened the river St. Louis, for Louis XIV, and the country he called Louisiana. For the next 100 years, the Louisiana District became more or less of a political pawn between the two nations, Spain and France.

Following the close of the American Revolution when the American "barbarians" (as the French called them) began to immigrate into the Mississippi Valley and the Province of Louisiana, the tension rose and a French decree was issued forbidding the granting of any land to a citizen of the United States. Also a proclamation forbid the use of the lower part of the river by the American settlers. The western people saw themselves deprived of an outlet without which they could not exist. President Jefferson was fully aware of the situation and saw the need for drastic action. Through diplomatic channels he sent this message to Napoleon: "Louisiana is the only place on the continent, the possessor of which is the national enemy of the United States."

Napoleon seems to have taken this as an ultimatum to sell. The result: For \$15,000,000 we bought France's claim to more than 1,000,000 square miles of territory in the heart of the continent. This divided Colorado, leaving to Spain that portion lying west of the mountains, and giving to the United States that portion east of the mountains from which all or parts of a dozen states have been carved.

In the old Cabildo in New Orleans there is a mural painting depicting the lowering of the French Tri Color and the raising of the American Flag on December 20, 1803. When they came together midway they paused a moment, a cannon shot was fired, and every gun in the city, from fort, battery, and ship, answered in salute. Bands played, the Americans shouted. The rest of the large crowd looked on, silent. When the reverberations had died away, the Stars and Stripes were waving from the top of the staff. The transfer from France to America was not kindly received by the natives, but Governor Caliborne secured a Fourth of July celebration in 1806. In 1812, its probation being ended, the Territory of Orleans was admitted to the Union as the State of Louisiana.

AMERICAN EXPLORATIONS

After the Lewis and Clark expedition up the Missouri and on to the Pacific Coast, and Pike's trip on the upper Mississippi, came Pike's 1806 well known exploring venture to ascertain the headwaters of the Red River, which the United States then claimed as the southern boundary of the Purchase.

Pike carried the United States flag with 15 stars and raised it over a stockade he built on the site of Pueblo. Early in 1807, after crossing the mountains in the winter and suffering many hardships, he erected a stockade (see front page) near the present town of Conejos, but was there arrested by the Spanish forces and compelled to lower the flag he had raised. He was in recognized Spanish territory, about 200 miles away from his supposed destination.

MEXICAN INDEPENDENCE

The flame of revolution grew hot in New Spain and rebellion flared against the King of Spain and the Pope. On September 10, 1810, the first actual blow for independence was struck in the little town of Dolores, in Guanajuato. The parish curate, Hidalgo, at the head of 600 hundred patriots, set out to win Mexican independence. As he passed the little town of Atotonilco, he took from the chapel a banner of the Virgin of Guadalupe and attached it to his lance. The war for liberty became a holy war and the sacred picture of our Lady of Guadalupe the banner of freedom. The war dragged along for eleven years, and on August 24, 1821, a treaty was signed with Spain and the first Mexican congress was convened in February, 1802. This carried into the fold of Mexico that part of Colorado lying west of the mountains, which for 300 years had been under the banner of Spain.

Legend had it that migrating Aztecs in 1325 came to the shores of a lake, and there, as had been foretold by their oracle, they beheld on the stem of a prickly pear which grew from the crevices of a rock that was washed by the waves, a royal eagle of extraordinary size and beauty, with a serpent in its talons, and his broad wings open to the sun. This determined the location of Tenochtitlan, now the City of Mexico. And from this legend was devised the coat of arms which appears in the center of the Mexican flag, as adopted when Mexico became independent in 1821.

The Mexican flag consisted of three vertical bars, green, white, and red, with the national coat of arms on the white bar; and with slight changes it is still used.

In 1825 a certain Dr. Willard came west on a trading trip, and stopped at the Indian village of Don Fernando de Taos. Fourth of July came, and the doctor made an American flag with an eagle on it, and with others paraded around the town. The Indians and Mexicans enjoyed this event, even though it was in Mexican territory.

TEXAS

In 1634 one Captain Alonso Baca surveyed or examined the country east from Santa Fe and probably reached the Mississippi, and thus gave New Mexico her claim to the territory now embraced by western and northern Texas, and which Spain and then Mexico recognized as a part of New Mexico. In 1836 Texas seceded and established a government independent of Mexico and the United States, which existed for nine years. The Texans, never too modest, proceeded to reach out far to the north, to the southeast corner of the Oregon country, and through Colorado claimed that part of the Arkansas River lying between the Spanish line on the crest of the mountains and the Louisiana territory line east of the mountains.

The third congress of this embryo nation adopted the "Lone Star" flag, which has not been altered. It consists of a blue perpendicular bar next to the staff, with a five point white star in the center. The other two thirds is made up of two horizontal bars of equal width, the one on top white, the one below red.

Governor Sam Houston worked out a grandiose scheme for enlarging the Texas Republic, if annexation to the United States should fail. If that conception had materialized, Colorado would have been about equally divided between Texas and the United States. At the time Texas came into the Union in 1845, it demanded, and still maintains, the right to be divided into four states, with the approval of the national government.

OTHER FLAGS

When Fremont crossed Colorado in the 1840's, he carried a special flag. The army did not fly the national colors until the period of the Mexican war.

Fremont's mission was one of peace and his army flag showed in the upper left corner a representation of the national coat of arms in the place of the field of stars. The arrows held by the eagle in the coat of arms suggested war to the Indians, so, to ease their suspicions, Fremont (or someone in authority) inserted the pipe of peace among the arrows and much trouble was averted.

The first flag with stars and stripes to fly over the present site of Denver was made by Mrs. Cathrine Murat. It was pieced together from a red shirt, a white silk petticoat, and a flannel dress which made the background. The completed flag was mounted on a 50-foot pole and unfurled May 7, 1859 for the "El Dorado Hotel" on Ferry Street, now West Tenth. Mrs. Murat was the third white woman to locate in the Cherry Creek settlements, November 2, 1858.

The stars and bars flag of the Southern Confederacy was used from March, 1861, to May, 1863. In the upper left corner of this banner were seven white stars on a blue field. The balance of the flag consisted of two red bars at top and bottom, with a white center bar extending from the edge of the blue field to the outer edge.

The gold rush of 1859-60 brought many southerners to this region and among them were a number of rebel sympathizers, who expounded their views on slavery and the Southern Confederacy, and as well their opposition to Lincoln and the North. On April 24, 1861, a few days after the bombardment of Fort Sumter, the southerners raised the "Stars and Bars" over the store of Willingford and Murphy, a log building which stood on the north side of Larimer, a short distance west of Sixteenth Street. A turbulent crowd soon gathered in front of the store and among them were a number of union men who demanded that the flag should stay, and a general melee seemed imminent. Shortly a young man in the crowd, Samuel M. Logan, later Captain in the First Colorado Volunteers, climbed the roof of the store and pulled down the flag without opposition.

In a grove of cottonwood trees at the foot of Sixteenth Street on the Fourth of July, 1860, there was a national flag presentation. The flag, of elegant silk, was made by the ladies and presented to the city, with instructions that it be turned over to the state when organized. There were thirty-seven stars in the field of this flag. In 1876 Colorado became represented by the thirty-eighth star.

STATE FLAGS

Rather tardily the various states began the creation of individual state flags, and only twelve had been legally adopted before 1912.

Louisiana probably has the oldest state flag, which was unofficially in use as early as 1812, but was not legally adopted until 1912. The original design, was not changed, so the measure making it the flag of the state was simply a matter of ratification. This flag consists of a solid blue field with the coat of arms of the state, a pelican feeding its young, and a white ribbon beneath, containing in blue the motto of the state, "Union, Justice, Confidence."

The present Colorado state flag came into being at a meeting of the Denver Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, November 14, 1910, at the suggestion of Mrs. Jules La Barthe. A committee of three was appointed by the then regent, Mrs. Gerald L. Schuyler, to look into the matter. The committee consisted of Mrs. W. W. Kirby, Chairman, Mrs. W. R. Hoch, and Mrs. W. C. Ferril.

Upon investigation they found that Senate Bill No. 150, "An Act to Create a State Banner for the State of Colorado," had been approved April 10, 1907. This bill specified the design as follows: "Said banner shall consist of the state coat of arms upon a dark blue ground." One flag seems to have been made of this design but did not meet with the approval of the legislature.

The idea lay dormant until revived in 1910. New designs were requested, and Senate Bill No. 118 was introduced in April, 1911, by Senator W. H. Sharpley, repealing the Act of 1907, and authorizing a new design made by Mr. A. C. Carson, President of the Ohio Society. "This consists of two horizontal stripes of Yale blue with one white stripe (all of equal width) between, with a large red "C" with gold center at the end near the pole." The bill adopting this design passed both houses of the legislature early in May, 1911, and the new Colorado state flag waved first over the G.A.R. parade in Denver, May 30, 1911. On Colorado Day, August 1, 1911, the national and state flags were displayed on the flagpole in City Park.

Denver City Flag

City flags are not new. The idea of a municipal flag for Denver came to the writer in March, 1925, when attending a Chamber of Commerce luncheon in New Orleans, where their city flag was displayed with the national and Louisiana emblems. Upon my return home I suggested the idea to the Colorado Society, Sons of the American Revolution (of which I am a member) and shortly thereafter made the proposal to the members of the City Council, receiving their hearty endorsement.

In order to stimulate interest in a suitable flag, we offered a cash prize of \$100.00 for the best design submitted. To this fund the City Council, the Denver Chamber of Commerce, A. D. Lewis and Son Dry Goods Company, and the Sons of the American Revolution each gave \$25.00.

One hundred and fifty designs were submitted by professional and amateur artists, as well as by laymen. After public display, they were turned over to the Denver Art Commission to make the final selection. The winning design was submitted by Miss Margaret Overbeck, an art student at North Denver High School. The formal presentation and acceptance of the Municipal Flag was at a regular meeting of the City Council on January 12, 1926, when Mayor Stapleton signed the ordinance of adoption.

The flag consists of an upper blue area in which is a yellow circle, and a lower red area, the two areas being separated by a zigzag stripe of white. The red field symbolizes the red earth which gave Colorado its name, the blue field Colorado's sky, the yellow spot symbolizes the gold in the hills, and Denver's central location in the state. The chain of mountains is in white, representing the wealth of silver, and is suggestive of the Indian part in the state history. This flag of Denver was first flown on February 12, 1926, from the top of the First National Bank Building.

RUN AWAY TRAIN OFF KENOSHA

By R. C. SOLL

Thought by chance some of the So. Park boys may take the Roundup and would like to have some of the incidents brought back to memory that happened on the Denver, So. Park, and Pacific Railway in days gone by, and it may interest some of your other readers. I can only go back to 1911, just after the closing of the Alpine Tunnel. That was the commencing of thirty five years of a tough and rugged life which I enjoyed. There were lots of happy as well as unhappy days. Same applies to the trips; trips when I sat on top of the train in the summer looking over the snow-capped mountains, and in winter it was a different story. But, we were all a happy bunch, and loyal to one another. That is one of the things that made it a good job, and our bosses were the best in the world. Poor Mitch, E. B. Mitchell, our superintendent was just like a daddy. Poor fellow passed away in Cheyenne a couple of weeks ago. He just had to go where the So. Park and some of the boys had gone, and there he will take charge and have things booming when the rest of us follow.

Were any of you readers ever in a runaway down a four percent grade? That is what I experienced on one of my trips down Kenosha on the east side. I cannot recall just the exact date, but that makes very little difference as long as it really happened, and the So. Park boys can remember it. If you ever were in a runaway, what did you think about while running away. You don't know, neither do I. I had just two things in my mind, stopping the train, and a very, very bad curve with a 300 foot drop just ahead of us at mile post 71. There are no words that can express your feelings.

The train crew, Harry Jones, Conductor—John F. Farthing, Engineer—Hostetter, Fireman—M. R. Ward, and myself, Brakemen, with Engine 67 with a helper engine to help to Kenosha. Called out of Como for 9:30 P. M., Sept. 22, 1924, with 12 cars of ore for Denver. We picked up four cars of props at Kenosha, making a train of 16 cars down from Kenosha. We got the train together, examined all the cars for braking power, and made our air test. It was about 11:00 P. M. and everything seemed 100 per cent perfect, so we left Kenosha. The train held good as far as Hoosier, about two miles and a half down the grade. Then Engineer Farthing commenced to lose his air and could not get the cars recharged so he called for brakes. Ward and I got busy. I set one brake, but the train had picked up momentum so much it was a job to get over to the next brake, and ore cars ride awfully rough—lunging and throwing you from side to side, but I made it O.K. and met Ward from the front end of the train. Then we commenced doubling on the brakes. After doubling on three or four brakes, we felt the train slack up and kept getting slower until we came to a stop, with the engine nosing just around that awful bad curve. We were all out of breath, so we took a few minutes off and Engineer Farthing said we had lost the fireman. He had jumped about a mile back and broke his leg. We met Harry Jones coming along the train and he was all in a daze. We could hardly make him understand we had run away. In the caboose, Jones had grabbed a "Denver Post" that I had been reading coming up Kenosha and it was torn all in little bits and scattered over the caboose floor. I had also placed the coffee pot on the stove, so we could have a cup of coffee at Grant, and we have never found that coffee pot to this day. I forgot to put the credit where it belongs. Engineer Farthing said that when he lost his air he just threw it in full release, and while we were running away he let it pump up to 70 pounds and then threw it in emergency. It tore brakebeams and damaged brakes on six cars so that they were useless. We went back and found Hostetter along the track, carried him to the caboose. We fixed the brakes as good as we could, good enough to handle the train very slow and careful to Grant, making about eight miles per hour. There we set out bad orders, six in all. Brakeman Ward went on the engine as fireman and I did all the braking on into Denver.

Hostetter's leg was amputated. Harry Jones has passed on. Farthing works at the Denver Round House. M. R. Ward is in train service on the north end of the Colorado and Southern, and me, I am still enjoying the snow-capped mountains—retired.

To Corresponding Members: This note is to stress two "welcomes" to Corresponding Members. First, the males of that group are always welcome at the monthly (fourth-Wednesday-except-sometimes) meetings, with the sole proviso that a check be made with your Chuck Wrangler in advance simply to allow us to know how many are coming and to make sure that our capacity has not been exceeded by previous reservations. This sort of statement has been made several times over the last two years, but we still hear from an occasional CM that he thinks he has to have a *special* invitation to come to a meeting..

Then, your Editor wishes to also insist that suggestions and contributions and news from *all* the members are most acceptable at any time. If you have looked at the first six issues of the ROUNDUP for 1954, you cannot help from discovering that much has been said by and about Corresponding Members and their activities. But not nearly enough. However, *letters* from CM's are about our only source of material. So please recall the long letter sent you early this year and answer it now or give a further response if you did write once. We want to know about you, and your activities, and we need your suggestions.



Westerner's Bookshelf



Cow Country Cavalcade by Maurice Frink. Denver: The Old West Publishing Company, 1954. \$4.50.

The Wyoming Stock Growers Association could not have done better than to secure PM Maurice Frink to write a comprehensive account of the eighty-year history of the Association. Maurice brought to the task extensive knowledge, earnestness and integrity, and the rare ability to make a good book of such materials. And he has written a good book, an interesting and sound book.

More than all these qualities, Maurice has had the outstanding ability of knowing when to let the cattlemen speak for themselves. It is the only wise choice when one must write honestly of the glorious—but also of the inglorious and sometimes vain-glorious—work of the Association. The author has tempered all with a fine reasonableness.

For a number of years the Wyoming Stock Growers Association has been fighting a rear-guard action, as other groups of tremendous influence—farming, labor, oil, and minerals—have taken significant roles in the state's history. And the problem of absentee ownership of many good ranches, or ownership by persons of wealth gained outside the stock growing industry, has only added to the Association's air of beating a dead horse.

Very fortunately, in Maurice's book may be traced the beginning of a new feeling upon the part of the Association, perhaps paralleled by stock growers in other states. President of the Association for 1953 was Clifford P. Hansen, of Jackson, with whom I had the pleasure, when we were undergraduates together at the University of Wyoming, of sharing many a speaking platform. Intelligent, able, well trained, Hansen has provided Maurice with an excellent statement of the attitudes of a new element in the Association. With such guidance and direction, it is possible that the next marking of the history of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association will record some new glories to add to the distinguished ones of the past.

—PM Alan Swallow

Six-Guns and Saddle Leather; A Bibliography of Books and Pamphlets on Western Outlaws and Gunmen. Compiled by Ramon F. Adams. (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1954, xiii 426 pp. Illus. Index. \$12.50)

Ramon F. Adams, businessman and bibliophile of Dallas, Texas, has here assembled in book form, for the first time, a colossal bibliography of books and pamphlets on a subject of widespread interest and extensive writ-

ing—that of Western outlaws. This compilation will prove helpful to librarians, writers and historians, as well as to book collectors and followers of “the western tradition in history, letters, and the arts.”

According to Mr. Adams, “Of all the figures of the American frontier, the bad man with a single-action Colt’s revolver in his hand has surest claim upon the attention of the American readers.”

There has been no guess work on the part of Mr. Adams. In his usual professional and thorough manner he has collected hundreds of books on outlaws, including many rare and curious volumes, for his private library. He has read all of them. He has searched “far and wide to see and examine certain rare items,” which he did not possess.

Personal acquaintance with the various books enabled the compiler to screen fact from fiction. His luminous and lively comments about many of the “penny dreadfuls” are delightful. He carefully stresses the persisting legends pertaining to some of the West’s outstanding badmen.

Basing his conclusions upon the fact that “very little that is trustworthy has been printed about the old outlaws, aside from the court records and the accounts in the honest, but scattered newspapers of their day,” Mr. Adams says that “To know when to honor a legend is a fine act of judgment which will always be in dispute.” But, he says, “not even the most heedless characteristic of the collector can escape in time the attraction of recognizable facts.”

Several controversial subjects predominate in his comparison of books, such as the McCandles—Wild Bill Hickok, “fight,” the Johnson County War, the Lincoln County War, the stories of Billy the Kid, Joaquin Murietta, Belle Starr, Calamity Jane, Wild Bill Hickok, and the James boys.

To the 1,132 titles in first editions examined by Mr. Adams, he has added many subsequent reprintings. All books included are listed alphabetically by author, followed by a complete index of title and subject.

In pointing out many false and inaccurate statements made by various writers, the compiler has a sureness of knowledge. He pulls no punches.

“Never would I have believed,” he says, “before my investigations began, that so much false, inaccurate, and garbled history could have found its way into print.” The story of “Billy LeRoy, the Colorado bandit,” he calls “a piece of worthless trash.”

On the other hand, when a book is worthy, he does not spare praise.

Identification of so many volumes with their various editions is entertaining and informative. “Six-Guns and Saddle Leather” pertains to stories of good men, as well as the bad men, on the Western frontier.

A Rockefeller Foundation grant, procured through the Texas State Historical Association, and a grant-in-aid from the Henry E. Huntington Library, enabled the author, after years of work “on his own”, to bring the book to publication.

“To say that my informal bibliographical effort has been a labor of love,” writes Mr. Adams, “is tempting but untrue. In the words of the cow-hand grown old, having just roped a Brahma bull, ‘it sweated hell out of me.’”

—CM Agnes Wright Spring

Nothing but Prairie and Sky: (Life on the Dakota Range in the Early Days) Walker D. Lyman from original notes of Bruce Siberts. University of Oklahoma Press, 217 Pages, \$3.75.

Bruce Siberts asked Walker Lyman to help him write the story of his experiences as a rancher in South Da-

kota. Siberts eventually wrote over 900 pages, which were practically rewritten by Lyman, sentence by sentence, just as Siberts might have written it had his experiences been those of writing, rather than of ranching. The result is a book which should be in the library of everyone who is even remotely interested in the West.

The story is that of a man who decided to go into the cattle business in South Dakota in the 1890's. After losing his cattle in the winter of 1896, he took up horse ranching. He was fairly successful at this until 1905, when a May blizzard killed about 300 horses out of his herd of 800, and from 50 to 90% of the herds of his neighbor ranchers. Then he decided to "get the hell out of South Dakota", which he did, ending up ultimately in Oklahoma.

The book gives an insight into the troubles of a lone man who wants to become a Rancher, the dream of every cowboy. It is full of enlightening and humorous small details which seem to be overlooked in most books of the Cattle Country, such as "It's a grave social error to ride a mare to a round-up".

The book may even disillusion some of us who have secretly longed for the life of a cowboy who seemingly does nothing but ride a white horse and sell his cattle to a government buyer, and sing songs under a full moon.

Sibert's story is down to earth, refreshingly simple, yet tangy and spicy. He sums up a round-up in these words, "It isn't very romantic—just a lot of dust and hard work."

—PM Francis Rizzari

Bent's Fort on the Arkansas: Edited by James T. Forrest, and LeRoy R. Hafen, State Historical Society of Colorado. Illustrated by Harry G. Miller, Jr. About 60 pages, imprinted on one side only.

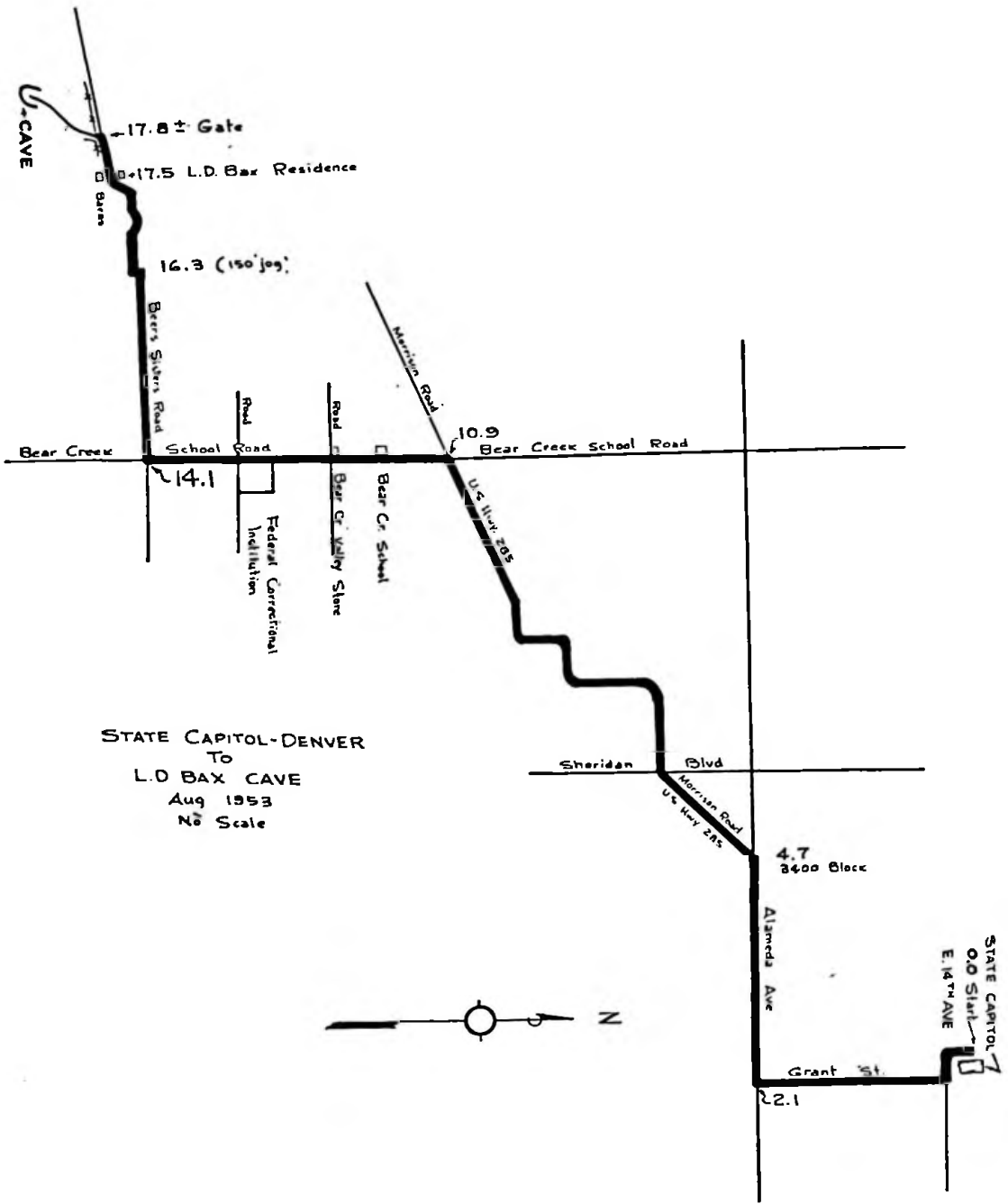
This is the first publication of James T. Forrest as the Curator of our State Historical Society. It is a new approach to western history, and can best be described in one word—masterpiece. Try as you will you cannot come up with a single suggestion as to improvement. There are 2½ illustrations per printed page and they are all excellent. If you will back light them you will see the illustrations in third dimension. The text is interesting and to the point, and will appeal to youngsters and oldsters alike. The blank pages invite and encourage notes on the part of the reader. The map in the front of the book will suggest further study on the part of the readers.

—PM Fred M. Mazzulla

Arizona In The '50's: by James H. Tevis. Illustrations by Horace T. Pierce. Albuquerque, The University of New Mexico Press 1954. 234 pages and appendix.

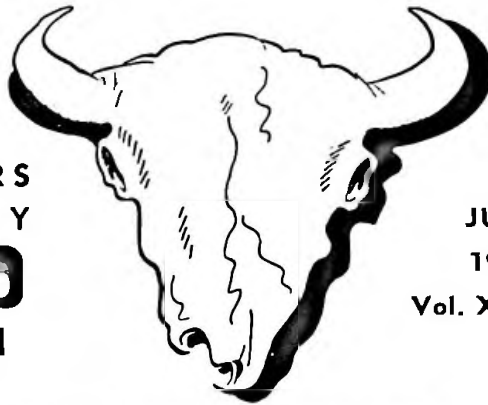
An extremely interesting story of the life and experiences of Captain James Tevis on the Arizona frontier, as seen and lived by a courageous man and told to his son in later years. It is a factual account of life on the Arizona frontier among the Indians of the southwest. They are revealed as they really were minus any fictionalized glamour.

—Merle Cook



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The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



JULY
1954
Vol. X, No. 7



LEROY R. HAFEN
Sheriff for 1954 of the Denver Posse

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
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Denver Posse Founded January 26, 1945

1954 Officers

Sheriff, LeRoy R. Hafen.
Deputy Sheriff, Fletcher W. Birney, Jr.
Roundup Foreman (Sec.) J. Nevin Carson.
Tally Man (Treasurer) Ralph B. Mayo, Sr.
Chuck Wrangler, Authur Zeuch.

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Official Tintyper, Fred M. Mazzulla.
Registrar of Marks and Brands (Editor of Roundup) Erl H. Ellis

Working the Range

State Historical Society Reorganized. This issue of the ROUNDUP is logically dedicated to LeRoy R. Hafen, not only because he is our Sheriff this year, but also on account of his retirement on June 30, 1954, as State Historian after so many years of service. Roy now has the title of Historian Emeritus. He will teach at B. Y. U. and continue his historical writing and editing work.

CM Agnes Wright Spring, who has been Executive Assistant to the President of the Society, was appointed State Historian on July 1.

PM Maurice Frink on this July 1 became Executive Director of the State Historical Society, with supervisory authority over its three divisions: History, headed by Mrs. Spring; Archives, headed by Mrs. Dolores C. Renze; and Museums, headed by James T. Forrest.

On June 7, Frink also became director of the Western Range Cattle Industry Study, under a Rockefeller grant administered by the State His-

torical Society of Colorado. This project was begun in 1944 by CM Herbert O. Brayer, who is no longer associated with it. Frink has eighteen months to bring it to completion. He resigned from the faculty of the College of Journalism, University of Colorado, and moved his family to Denver, to accept these two appointments with the Historical Society. And, incidentally, he is working on the 1953 Brand Book of which he is the Editor, and in the not too far future we shall have an announcement about the ninth annual volume of the Denver Posse.

Old Spanish Trail: Roy, you have outdone yourself! That is our reaction to the first volume of the new set of Western History Books by the Arthur H. Clark Company, "Far West and Rockies Series". Our good Sheriff, LeRoy R. Hafen, and wife, Ann W. Hafen, have done an excellent job of organizing the results of their research and in writing a most

readable volume, just out. But we must not infringe further upon the official review to appear soon. This is one more concrete bit of evidence of what we are missing in having the Hafens depart our midst for the next school year.

Jesse James: J. Frank Dobie, CM, ever welcome and who added to our rendezvous festivities by his Russell stories, has a review in the New York Times on "The Complete and Authentic Life of Jesse James" written by CM Carl W. Brehman, of St. Louis. Understand that at Adair, Iowa, on June 21, there was a reenactment of Jesse's first train holdup and the unveiling of a monument to him. Well, at Idaho Springs we have a monument to Steve Canyon!

Our Greatest Loss. William MacLeod Raine entered this life on June 22, 1871, and departed July 25, 1954. We all grieve. Some tribute to Bill will be carried in the August ROUNDUP.

Powell's Western Explorations: A note from CM Julie Watson tells us that the planned book "Illinois Wesleyan University and Major John Wesley Powell's Western Explorations" has been somewhat delayed in its appearance, due to change in publishers. Advance orders can be sent to the Illinois Wesleyan Alumni Office, Bloomington, Illinois. September is now the month in which we may expect to see this volume.

Better Late Than Never. We confess our apparent misdeed of publishing the fine map on page 16 of the June ROUNDUP without any credit to anyone for the production thereof. It was arranged by our thoughtful PM, W. Scott Broome. All Westerners appreciate the guiding hand, whether they actually went to the Rendezvous or not, and hereby we tender our apologies for the oversight.

Wyatt Earp Rides Again. On October 26, 1953, William D. McVey, of Cleveland, Ohio, addressed the Chicago Posse of Westerners, and told of his strong conviction that Wyatt Earp had arrested Ben Thompson at Ellsworth, Kansas, on August 18, 1873, being deputized by the Mayor a few minutes before. This marshalling of the evidence that appealed to Mr. McVey as proof of this fact was published in the November, 1953, issue of the Chicago Brand Book. Much reliance was placed by McVey on a book by Stuart N. Lake, entitled "Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshall".

It seems that Herbert O. Brayer, one of the associate editors for the Chicago Brand Book, asked our PM William MacLeod Raine for his views about Earp. Bill Raine's statement was published in the same Brand Book. His comments dealt mostly with the Arizona career of Wyatt Earp, a subject that is touched upon in Bill's "Famous Sheriffs and Western Outlaws" (in the Chapter "Helldorado"), but Raine did say: "I can't possibly lay that false and absurd ghost of Wyatt Earp's greatness and heroism. Stuart Lake brought it to life in an interesting and wholly fallacious book . . ."

Now in the May, 1954, Brand Book from Chicago we have McVey's reply, which is chiefly a reiteration that Lake's book is founded upon Earp's own statements and is a true story of Earp's life. He is seconded by Jack Burrows of Palo Alto, who has done some work on the Arizona history of Earp, especially the O. K. Corral Battle. It seems to be a case of the experts differing a bit.

Breck Moran Passes Away. On June 21, 1954, CM Breck Moran died. He had been Chief of the Resource Development Department of the Natural Resource Board of the State of Wyoming. CM J. Elmer Brock, of Kaycee, Wyoming, is President of this important State Board.

Help Wanted. (From Bob LeMesaena, 1795 So. Sheridan, Denver 14, Colo.) For some years I have tried to obtain copies of the following booklets, but have had absolutely no success. Can any Westerner suggest where I might locate one? Perhaps you know of one for sale. "Cripple Creek & Victor" and "Cripple Creek & Colorado Springs"; these are about 8x10, almost identical, and published in several editions, 1895-1898. "The Midwest Pilot," about 4x8; and probably published monthly from 1894 to 1898.

Town of Kit Carson. CM Stanley Zamonsky has an article in the August, 1954, issue of the "RAILROAD MAGAZINE" entitled "City of Train Robbers" in which he tells entertainingly of the time, back in 1877, when there was at old Kit Carson an organized gang who robbed the freight cars of the Kansas Pacific. He relates the sleuthing efforts of Alexander McLean which broke up this activity quite effectively.

Denver's Street Names. PM Levette J. Davidson is the author of a short article, most interesting, entitled "Street-Name Patterns in Denver", and published in Volume II, No. 1, the March 1954 issue, of NAMES.

Colorado and its Flags. You will recall an editorial note in the fine paper of CM E. W. Milligan published in the June ROUNDUP in which was mentioned that The Title Guaranty Company of Denver claims that at least 17 flags flew over Colorado, which advertising Mr. Milligan cannot accept literally. Recently The Grand County Abstract Company issued a small pamphlet in which a short historical article about Colorado appears under the title "Colorado has Lived under Three Flags". This may go too far on the modest side.

Another Lost Mine Search. It is probably old fashioned in these frenzied days of penny uranium stocks to even think about old gold mines, but evidently CM Harold Weight and wife Lucile are sticking to historical research and as an incident want to try to find a once-reported placer mine. You will recall the Weights as the publishers for a while of the CALICO PRINT. They decided that took too much time from real research. One Harry Lawton has written quite a story about the Weights and it appeared recently in the "Riverside Enterprise". The Weights live at Twenty-nine Palms.

Colorado Bibliography. Sage Books (PM Alan Swallow) has now on the market the excellent little selected bibliography of the Colorado Literature for the period 1858-1952, by Virginia Lee Wilcox, Assistant Librarian at the Colorado School of Mines. This is a "must" for any Westerner's library in our humble opinion. We look forward to an expert's review of this "first extensive bibliography of the literature about Colorado".

Wyoming's No. Four. The Wyoming Westerners have their Summer Quarter or July Brand Book out. It is hard to mention this with the proper appreciation without giving a complete index, but a few items will be mentioned just to lure you on if you are not subscribing to this Posse's publications. The FEATURE is an article written by Harold Del Monte, of Lander, Second Deputy Sheriff. He entitles his contribution as "Comments" on the Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition as edited by Bernard DeVoto. Among the book reviews is one of Maurice Frink's "Cow Country Cavalcade" written by Dr. R. H. Burns. The photographic contribution from the Ludwig Photo Enterprises is a picture of Charley Russell and Will Rogers.

DETECTIVE HISTORIAN

(A Wife's View of a Husband)

In a world of amateur and would-be historians, LeRoy Hafen stands out as one of the nation's few professional historians. His thirty years' service to the State of Colorado has produced a five-foot shelf of historical volumes edited or authored under the Hafen signature.

Like lawyers and medical men Hafen spent years and money training for his life work. For seven years he specialized in western history, while acquiring his Bachelor's, Master's, and Doctor's degrees. On graduation he signed no Hippocratic oath, but he was imbued with the ethics of his profession. History must be something more than the pulp of an orange from which the juice has been squeezed. The Historian must be an honest detective, building history on fact, not on fossilized fiction.

An accident in Colorado had caused a vacancy in the State Historical Society staff. When the Harding presidential party visited the state in 1923 an automobile, plunging from one of the canyon roads, had killed Thomas F. Dawson, ex-newspaper man serving as Colorado's State Historian. To fill his place why not get a young man, educated for the job, a trained historian who would lend prestige to the position?

When the Historical Board sent a scout from Colorado to the University of California to find such a man, Dr. Hafen was the choice. He was young—only thirty—vigorous and industrious. He was born and reared in the West, married to a western woman, and had two children. Furthermore, he had demonstrated that he could write readable history. *The Overland Mail*, his Doctor's thesis, was soon to be published by a reputable press.

On July 1, 1924, in his model T Ford loaded with family, trappings, and buoyant hopes, the new Historian drove into the auto camp ground of Denver's Overland Park. Within a week he had made a down payment on a brick bungalow in south Denver, exchanged the old Ford on a new "glassed-in model," and turned with enthusiasm to his new job and its challenge.

Gratefully and graciously he settled into his official chair at the State Museum on Capitol Hill. To him the magnificent four-story building of white marble, cut from Colorado's own quarries, was as stimulating as any college campus could be.

Immediately he was given editorial charge of the new *Colorado Magazine* which was being launched. Through thirty years he was to direct the publication policy of this compact historical magazine, which contained no advertising, poetry, or fiction. Through periods of legislative drouth or generosity the magazine quietly continued, carrying the historical contributions of many writers and the fruits of Dr. Hafen's own research. With its new book-length index the magazine today is proving to be an invaluable storehouse of specific history for educators and research workers over the state and nation. Scholar that he is, Dr. Hafen never resorted to ballyhoo in the pages of this slick-paper magazine.

When the terrible depression shocked the world, Dr. Hafen turned the tragedy into a blessing for the Society. He was the first in the nation to launch historical projects financed by the national government. Highly trained artists created unequalled dioramas for the permanent exhibits in the museum. Research workers over the state interviewed pioneers and gathered other historical information to enrich the Society's reference library.

Since 1935 *Who's Who in America* has preserved a record of the cumulative achievements of the indefatigable historian. Among his eighteen books are two comprehensive histories of the state, a college text in Western History, and a high

school text in state history. His books conform to the canons of scholarship. Depending on contemporary first-hand records, suspecting and checking old-man recollections and re-told tales, he works with care, nailing down the facts with footnote citations to substantiate his conclusions.

He wrote and directed the kodachrome movie with historical narration, the "Story of Colorado." This film, sent to schools throughout the state, as well as over the nation, won the 1947 national Award of the American Association for State and Local History.

A painstaking job has been the writing of terse and authentic inscriptions for bronze plaques which mark historical shrines. Public dedication of these markers has required the preparation of many speeches, arrangement of programs, and travel to the corners of the state.

Interviewing pioneers and historical characters before their voices are stilled has been a heart-warming experience. He remembers Baby Doe Tabor in her shack at the Matchless Mine. "She had the bluest eye and the dirtiest hand I ever saw on a woman." Buckskin Charlie at his Southern Ute reservation explaining the death of Chief Ouray, while his impenetrable eyes looked beyond today's horizons. Mary Butler Brown, "Miss Colorado" when the Centennial State was admitted to the Union, telling of her ride on the float that glorious day in 1876.

Under the Hafen guidance through thirty years, the Historical Society has gone quietly on accumulating newspapers, books, and manuscripts for the use of future historians; and the museum has persisted in gathering pioneer relics for its exhibits and enlarging its distinctive Indian and archaeological collections.

For ten years, besides serving as State Historian, Dr. Hafen carried the multitudinous duties of Executive Director of the expanding institution. Always he had a sympathetic ear for the good of the workers, and a characteristic cordial greeting for his daily visitors. Many a curious caller at his office has exclaimed: "Well, I expected to find a staid old man with white hair; not a pink-faced youth." This appraisal always brings forth the ready laughter which is a characteristic of the Historian.

Like all great scholars, Dr. Hafen is modest of his achievements. "It's all in the day's work. Nobody expects to get words of commendation while he's living. Praise can be saved for obituaries."

Yet Dr. Hafen has had many high honors along the way. In 1935 the University of Colorado conferred its coveted Doctor of Letters degree; Hafen was the youngest recipient ever so honored. In 1947-48 he was invited to serve as Professor of American History at the University of Glasgow, in Scotland, the first such professorship at that historic institution of learning which opened before Columbus discovered America. In 1950 he was given a Foundation Grant for a year's research at the Huntington Library in California, out of which came two sound volumes.

A distinctive quality of LeRoy Hafen is his innate delight in historical research, which to many people is "dry as dust."

He has never been exclusively an arm-chair historian. With true detective zeal he follows clues to far pastures while solving the challenging riddles of history. Volumes would be required to record the questions answered by his careful researches through the years. In this short treatment, space will permit but two examples:

When Dr. Hafen first arrived in Colorado he was especially attracted by the mud ruins of an old fort beside the highway along the Platte River north of Denver. Already the founder of the post was a sort of mythical character around whom legends were forming. One published story said that Lupton was a

Spaniard who had fought a duel with a Frenchman over a beautiful Indian princess, and to protect the girl had built the adobe-walled fortress known as Fort Lupton.

But that name—Madero Gonzales Lupton—impressed the Historian as a bit incongruous and over-romantic. He traced this version to a story of 1890 published in a Denver newspaper, wherein the reporter credited a pioneer with giving him the information. Dr. Hafen found that the old pioneer was still living. When confronted with the story the old-timer swore a bit, and said he never told the fantastic tale. Who, then, was the real Lupton?

Dr. Hafen decided he must seek contemporary accounts of travelers who came west to the Rockies in the fur trade period of the 1830s and '40s. Various reports were found, including this one by Captain Fremont on July 6, 1843:

"Reached Fort Lancaster, the trading establishment of Mr. Lupton." It was common practice for a fur trade post to be given the first name of its founder. Lancaster—could this be the Christian name of Mr. Lupton?

A government journal revealed that with Colonel Dodge and his dragoons, in a peace-promoting expedition to the Rocky Mountains in 1835, a Lieutenant Lupton was in charge of one of the companies. Eagerly the Historian turned to army records. He read: "Lancaster P. Lupton, West Point graduate. Resigned from the army in 1836. Became a fur trader on the South Platte River." A later edition of the Register said Lupton moved to California in 1849, and died at Arcata in 1885.

The Historian dispatched a letter to the postmaster of Arcata, California, enquiring about descendants of Lieutenant Lupton. The obliging postmaster published the letter in a California newspaper, and a Lupton grand-daughter responded. Eager for an interview, the Historian routed his vacation trip to the north California coast. Imagine his delight when the grand-daughter presented him with a yellowed package of Lieutenant Lupton's papers. It contained a diary, accounts kept at his trading post, letters, names of his children, and his photograph. Here was proof conclusive. Lupton had indeed married a Cheyenne girl. Several children were born to them at the fort. In '49 he went west with the California gold rush, and later settled on a ranch with his admirable family near Arcata.

The Historian embodied this new-found information in a bronze legend, and placed it on a historic marker by the roadside.

Our second example of the Historian's detective work pertains to his exciting search of the *Caverno del Oro*, the Cave of Gold.

Stories had come to Denver about a strange cave in the tops of the jagged Sangre de Christo Mountains of the Colorado Rockies. Reports said a skeleton was chained by the neck to a rocky cliff in the shadowy depths of the mountain cavern. Newspapers took up the story and added their own conjectures. Perhaps the mysterious skeleton was an Indian slave whom the Spaniards forced to work in the long-lost gold mines. Probably thereabouts was treasure hidden in the bowels of the mountain.

Excited, men came to the Historian with questions. Had he read of lost mines in the Sangre de Christos? Did Spanish records in the archives have maps traced by the gold-seeking *conquistadores* of the region?

No, the Historian had never seen original records to point to a mine thereabouts, but residents of the Wet Mountain Valley had reported existence of a mysterious cave marked by a Maltese cross which coincided with the mountaineers' reports.

The Historian was skeptical. Still, disproving a baseless story is important; it is part of the search for truth.

An expedition to ferret out the facts was organized. News-reporters, mountain climbers, treasure seekers, and the Historian made up the party—twelve men in all.

Equipped with five hundred feet of good rope, carbide lights, candles, flashlights, gasoline, and warm sweaters, they traveled in cars to the base of the mountain. Here at a ranch house, they left the cars and loaded pack horses with supplies for the exploration.

A few saddle horses eased the long steep climb as the men rode and walked turn about. At this high altitude the air was chill, and the climbers puffed and panted in the rare atmosphere. Far up the mountain trail, through pine and spruce and aspen they toiled; and near the jagged timberline evergreens, they halted.

Here on the brow of a hill that commanded the approach from the timbered valley below was an ancient breastwork of stone. Rows of rocks, now tumbled and twisted from place by the growth of trees and shrubs, still showed a line of defense; and along the edge of the hill, slight depressions suggested pits for shielding defenders of the cave. A feeling of wonder at these remains prompted hope for auspicious discoveries in the cave above.

A quarter of a mile further up, in the solid stone, was a queer opening into the mountain—a rounded tunnel-like hole about two feet in diameter. Beside the entrance was the Maltese cross of a faded red color. What hand had painted this—was it Indian or white? A cold damp wind breathed out from the dark entrance to the cave. Some of the newspaper men were content to wait outside rather than venture in, but most of the party were eager for the new experience. For safety, one end of a rope was fastened outside to a huge boulder. Then the leader, head of the Mountain Club, took this guide rope and crawled on hands and knees into Caverno del Oro. At intervals he set lighted candles to guide his followers. After crawling some twenty-five feet horizontally the explorers found the floor of the passage-way descending. The small opening gradually enlarged till the men could stand upright. Eerie lights were flashed about to reveal the chambers of the cave—white and glistening and moist.

That others had been in the cavern before was certain. Poles had been rotting there for years, and string and pieces of rope were scattered about. Too modern to be the yucca rope of the ancients. But what could have been the purpose of the early visitors? Could they have been a band of robbers or desperadoes that had hideouts in the mountains?

Icy water dripping from the roof of the cave chilled the air. Narrow fissures worn by the trickling streams led off in every direction. Which of these might lead to the fabled hidden treasure? With flashlights gleaming, the eager seekers followed each side branch to its end, only to find it terminated in a solid wall of glistening limestone.

After following the guide rope and feeling their way down two or three successive inclines, the party stopped at the brink of a pit, "the jumping off place" as they called it. They were face to face now with the unknown.

Investigation showed that a crude framework platform once projected over the edge of the precipice. What could have been its use in the mysterious past? Lowering men for work? Or letting down treasure to a safe hiding place? Somewhere down there in the darkness too was the supposed skeleton chained by its neck to the chasm walls. Breathless the men stood above the gulf of blackness. Flashlights were too feeble to light the heavy darkness: so a cloth was soaked in gasoline, lighted and thrown as a flaming torch over the edge of the cliff into the abyss. It went down with a roar and a flare of light, but no skeleton was re-

vealed to the eyes of the wondering men. Only shining naked walls. The lower reaches were still a mystery, for the light died before touching the depths.

Some one must descend the pit if its secrets were to be learned. The longest rope, one hundred feet in length, would, they thought, reach to the bottom of the pit. Accordingly it was tied to a strong pole which was braced between two great rocks. Then the rope was uncoiled and was lowered into the blackness. Another rope was arranged to be used as a safety for the descent.

All was ready for the exploration, but no one volunteered to be the first to go down. After a moment of breathless silence when only the cold trickling of water could be heard, the Historian spoke: "I'd like to go down."

Though fearless and naturally strong, he was not conditioned by recent outdoor activity for the strain ahead. He had forgotten this. Besides, the high altitude and the fatiguing climb up the mountain shortened the breath.

The safety rope was tied about his waist; and one end was held by two men to draw him out in case of emergency. Putting the other rope over his shoulder and wrapping it once around his left leg, he backed over the ledge of the rock and cautiously let himself down. By playing the rope, or tightening it about his leg, he could govern his rate of descent. A flashlight tied to his belt and directed downwards sent a thin stream of light upon the walls. They were of limestone, clear and shiny and glazed with dampness.

Slowly he slid down the rope, farther and farther into the blackness. Fainter and fainter grew the voices of the men above until he could no longer hear them. Intently his eyes followed the white gleam of his flashlight, hoping to sight the bottom of the pit. Alarmed, he wondered if the hundred-foot rope would fail to reach the bottom. He *must* get to a solid place to rest before he could climb back, for he was getting weak and faint.

The rope bearing his weight cut his leg. Once again he loosened the coil and descended. Down, down. There at the far end of the stream of light dangled the rope-end in mid-air. No sign of the bottom of the pit. He decided to make one more descent hoping to find a resting place on a projecting ledge. When he reached the far end of the rope, he was gratified to see, twelve feet below, the security of solid earth.

He called to the men above to tighten the safety rope. The uprushing wind of the cavern carried his voice. When they had taken his weight he let go of the dangling rope and jerkily descended to the bottom. Safe on the floor at last. Sharp rocks and glassy limestone walls were all that could be seen. No chained skeleton. No evidence of miner's work with pick or sledge hammer. Apparently the whole cavern had been eaten out from the limestone by trickling water working its way for centuries in the heart of the mountain. A fissure leading off to the side, however, held a possibility for further search, but it could not safely be followed alone without a rope. At least not until he had rested and eaten.

One of the ropes was drawn up. His lunch was fastened to the end and lowered to him. Wearily the Historian sat on a rock alone in the blackness and ate his sandwiches. Thoughts of the strenuous climb upward were disquieting.

One of the men from above decided to come down and bring ropes to help explore the side fissure. After his safe descent, together the two men searched the byways. They pursued the fissure until it became but a slit in the mountains, but nowhere was there evidence of man's handiwork. Disappointed, the men prepared for ascent, the Historian first.

He tied the rope around his waist and gave the men at the top the signal to pull. They drew him up until he reached the rope by which he had descended and while they were holding him he drew the rope over his shoulder and wrap-

ped it around his leg. By this device he could hold himself for rest periods. As he would give the signal the men pulled on the safety rope while he pulled, hand over hand, on the other rope. By this method he gradually ascended.

The safety rope cut his ribs. He was all but to the top, when he looked up to discover that the rope had slipped from the lip of the cliff, and was lodged in a crevice too narrow for his passage through. Shouting directions to the men to loose the rope, he braced his feet against the cliff, stood for a moment horizontally on the dizzy wall, pulled the rope from the crevice and up onto the projection. Thankfully he was pulled over the edge and onto the level ground.

The unaccustomed exertion and the nervous strain left him weak and trembling, almost incoherent. He was unaware then of cracked ribs, and bruises all over his body. Once outside the cave, he found the sunlight, though dazzling, never more welcome.

To the party the venture was disappointing. No treasure found. No headlines for the newspapers. No relic of the ancient conquistadores. But to the detective Historian it was just another clue pursued, another myth exploded, another triumph for the scholar's code—to build history on fact, not on fossilized fiction.

SATURDAY SAFARI

By Dabney Otis Collins

"We are now leaving Kansas Territory and entering St. Vrain County, Nebraska Territory," said Roy Hafen as we came into Brighton. Or, to put it in the proper mood, we crossed the 40th parallel.

It was a Saturday morning last March. Five of us Westerners—Dr. LeRoy Hafen, Charles Roth, Fletcher Birney, Scott Broome and I—had set out to explore the sites of trading posts along the route of the Trappers Trail northward from Denver. Larks fluted over the awakening prairie. Sand lilies were in bud. From the faraway mountains came the little red gods' blood-tingling call to adventure. . . .

Leaving Denver on the North Washington road, we turned east about half a mile from Welby, plodded across a plowed field, and came to the junction of Platte River and Clear Creek, in those days called Vasquez Fork. North of the confluence once stood Fort Convenience, later known as Fort Vasquez. It was built in 1834, a quarter-century before the gleam to create the Denver Town Company stole into the eyes of General William Larimer. Naturally, in all these years, the Platte and Clear Creek have shifted courses many times. The site of Fort Convenience might be a corn field, a patch of tumbleweeds, or the bottom of the Burlington Ditch.

But here we were, only six or seven miles from city limits, already on historic ground. This was the Trappers Trail, trade route between Taos and Fort Laramie that, for some fifty years, bore untold fortunes in furs. From Taos, the bales of beaver pelts and buffalo robes were freighted over the Santa Fe Trail past Bent's Fort to Independence, Missouri. From Fort Laramie the furs moved east over the Overland Trail to St. Louis, fur capital of the world. Imprint of moccasins, scratch of travois, gouge of ox-drawn wagons once marked the earth on which we stood.

"Next stop, Fort Lupton," announced Charlie Roth, pilot of the expedition. Charlie is a nationally known writer of books on salesmanship. He has an enviable collection of Old West firearms and stag party stories. Knows all about Western horses, too. "Roy, what can you tell us about Fort Lupton?" We were now on 85, headed north.

Roy Hafen is the distinguished author of several books on the fur trade, as well as text books of Colorado history. Besides being a walking encyclopedia of Western history, he is the gentlest and most unassuming of men. "Well, Lancaster P. Lupton was a New Yorker and a graduate of West Point. He came west—1835, I believe it was—with Col. Henry Dodge's Dragoons. The next year, he resigned from the army—"

"I read somewhere he was cashiered out, for drinking." This was Scott Broome, chief engineer of the Colorado & Southern Railroad. In the systematically arranged files of his civil engineer's mind he had tucked away this bit of information.

Roy said he had read that, too; but most folks drank pretty heavily in those days, raw liquor, at that. "No. Lieutenant Lupton had been down on the Arkansas. I rather think he got the notion to try his hand at fur trading from seeing the big business being done in furs at Bent's Fort. Anyway, he built Fort Platte, at the junction of the Laramie and North Platte Rivers. Shortly afterward, probably because he couldn't meet the competition at nearby Fort Laramie, he followed the Trappers Trail southward to the South Platte and built his trading post.

The rectangular enclosure, he explained, was built of large adobes, with a loop-holed bastion at one corner. Living quarters, storage rooms, fur press, etc., were built against the enclosing fort wall, whose only opening was a heavy gate.

About a mile north of the town of Fort Lupton, there is a highway marker. On the bronze tablet we read: "Due west 1/4 mile is the site of FORT LUPTON. A rendezvous of the early fur trade. Visited by Fremont and Kit Carson in 1843. Farming begun here in the early forties. Overland stage station and refuge from Indians in the sixties."

As we turned west, Fletcher Birney called a halt, to examine a barbed wire fence. Like all members of the Westerners, Fletcher, a realtor, has a consuming interest in a particular phase of Western history. Some of us collect coins, maps, books, narrow gauge railroadiana, Indian artifacts, santos or guns. Fletcher collects specimens of barbed wire. On a trip like this he is never without his wire cutters—but using them only to cut straggling ends of wire. He came back empty-handed. The wire was a Haish Improved S Barb, a very early type; but he already had a specimen of it.

Fort Lupton, we soon discovered, is more than a mere site. A portion of the original adobe wall and some of the hewn timbers have been incorporated in a barn on the Ewing ranch. The century-old ruins are in good state of preservation.

H. H. Ewing, of the third generation of his family to own this ranch, came out to meet us. We sat in the Spring sunshine against the front of the barn and listened to Roy Hafen. As he made the story of the fur trade in Colorado come alive, we seemed to see a bearded, buckskin-clad trapper riding in on the Trappers Trail, leading a packhorse loaded with beaver pelts. . . . A Cheyenne warrior, hawk feather in scalp lock, a cluster of Arapaho buffalo skin lodges in the bend of the river . . . the fort's display of vermilion, glass beads and hand mirrors, bells, tobacco, whiskey and powder and lead held under the steady gaze of eyes dark and bold and untamed. . . .

"Within three years after he built his trading post, Lupton had keen competition for fur trade with the Indians of the South Platte region. Three posts—Fort Jackson, Fort Vasquez and Fort St. Vrain—were built within fifteen miles of here. After about ten years—that would be 1845—the fur trade era was almost

over. So Lupton tried to supplement his fur trading by farming and raising cattle."

"Do you happen to know about what prices he got?" asked Ewing.

"Well, this will give you an idea." Roy pulled from his pocket a copy of The Colorado Magazine, edited by him, published by the State Historical Society of Colorado. He read:

Fort Lancaster, Jany. 28th, 1844

Rich O. Wilson Bot of S. Turley pr C. Ortubiz	
147 lbs flour at \$12 a faneaga	\$14.70
One Sack corn pr Stiles	14.00
16 galls. whiskey at 4.00 per gall.	64.00
	\$92.70

Received of L. P. Lupton 5 cows at 12.00	60.00
2 steers at \$10.00	20.00
3 calves at \$4.00	12.00

In all amounting to ninety two dollars in payment of the above.

his
CHARLES X ORTUBIZ
mark

In 1845 Lupton gave up his fort and tried to reenter the military service. Failing in this, he farmed near Pueblo, joining the California gold rush in '49. He never struck it. The abandoned fort became a camp corral for emigrant trains during the Pikes Peak gold stampede, a stage station for mail and express coaches, a refuge for pioneer settlers during the Indian troubles of 1864.

South of Ione, at the head of Platte Valley, once stood Fort Jackson. Roy knew just were to look. When he became Colorado State Historian in 1924, he had visited the site and found several adobe bricks in a mound. But the five of us could find not the slightest evidence that, a century and a quarter ago, a fur trading post reared its walls here beside the Platte.

The fort, possibly named in honor of President Andrew Jackson was founded in 1835 by the noted mountain men, Henry Fraeb and Peter Sarpy, for Pratte, Choteau and Co., St. Louis. The post shipped furs valued at \$10,000 in one season. Fraeb, shortly after returning from California on a horse-buying trip (horses \$2, mules \$12) with Joe Walker, was killed in an Indian fight near Battle Mountain, in Wyoming. It is recorded that Jim Baker, who was also in the fight, said that Fraeb, propped against a stump, was the ugliest corpse he ever saw.

In 1838, Fort Jackson was sold to Bent & St. Vrain. Here is the inventory listed in the sale:

4 doz. paper cover looking glasses	.66 doz.
2 gross finger rings	.90 gross
5 battle axes	1.92½ each
25 squaw axes	.85
7 powder horns	.82½ each
50 lbs. powder, lb	.33
90 lbs. tobacco, lb.	.11½
35 lbs. coffee, lb.	.16½
60 lbs. sugar, lb.	.13½
12 lbs. vermilion, lb.	1.32
15 gal, alcohol, gal.	1.10

A short bow shot to the right of the highway, just south of Platteville, stands the Fort Vasquez restoration. Built of adobe bricks of the same sod as used in the original, the bastioned quadrangle appears so much a part of the past that it is easy for us to imagine it was on, not Highway 85, but the Trappers Trail. We drove through the gate and the illusion vanished.

The weed-grown enclosure was littered with old newspapers, Kleenex, bread wrappers, cans and bottles. Tumbleweeds were piled waist-high against the loop-holed walls. A look into one of the corner watch towers disclosed a mess of beer cans, whiskey bottles and other evidences of civilization.

We built a fire and sat around to enjoy the lunch Charley had brought. It was no mountain man's feast of roasted stuffed buffalo boudins and sizzling hump ribs and antelope steak washed down with 'Taos Lightnin'. We had only a couple of martinis around, friend chicken, hot-house tomatoes, Parker House rolls, hard-boiled eggs, potato salad and coffee. But the tales that were told! Shades of Kit Carson, La Bonte and Jim Bridger!

Scott, the engineer, likes facts mixed with his stories. "Roy, who was Vasquez?"

"Louis Vasquez. Oh, he was a French-Canadian trapper who formed a partnership with Andrew Sublette and built this fort here, as agents of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. Later, he became a partner of Jim Bridger and helped build Fort Bridger." Sublette, of a distinguished fur trading family, was famed as a bear hunter. He died of wounds received in a terrible knife fight against a grizzly in California. Sublette's bear dog, they say, kept lonely vigil over his master's grave, refusing food and drink, dying there.

At the time the fort was built, 1836, it stood on the bank of the South Platte, but the river's course is now five miles to the west. Six years later, Indians captured and looted the fort. Partly rebuilt, it was used as a base by troops during the Indian wars.

Our next, and last, stop was Fort St. Vrain. From Gilcrest we turned left through greening fields and in about three miles came to the DAR marker on the site of the fort established in 1838 by William Bent and Marcelline St. Vrain, agents of the American Fur Company, to compete with Fort Lupton and Fort Vasquez. This trading post, first called Fort Lookout, was the third largest in the Rocky Mountain West. The two-foot thick, 14-foot high adobe walls enclosed a space 125 feet long and 100 feet wide. It was abandoned in 1844.

Nothing is left of Fort St. Vrain. In the words of Historian Hafen, the marker is a reminder of the picturesque fur trade days when buckskin-clad trappers and traders were invading the domain of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, dangling before the eyes of prairie warriors and squaws a tempting assortment of goods that drew from them their beaver pelts, wolf pelts and buffalo robes.

We headed back, into the sunset.

PIONEERS OF THE SAN JUAN COUNTRY — Vol. II

In the April ROUNDUP Mrs. Mary C. Ayers, of Durango, gave us the background for the three volumes that have been published by the D. A. R. Chapter at Durango, and in the May ROUNDUP was an outline of the material in Vol. I. Vol. II contains 34 articles, almost all of which may be classed as reminiscences from or about certain individuals or families.

The first main exception to the last statement above is the article about Durango's first newspaper, of which Mrs. C. W. Romney was the attractive and vivacious owner, publisher, and editor. She started "The Durango Record" from a tent on Dec. 29, 1880, when times were far from peaceful and with a rival

paper in the field almost immediately. This article contains several quotations from the first ten months or so of the paper; many of them reminiscent of the Cattlemen's War which was CM Zamonski's subject last April.

Tying right into the quotations from the "Record" and Zamonski's paper is another article dealing with "La Plata County's Only Legal Hanging" on June 23, 1882.

Another most interesting item is the sketch-map of Animas City of the 1876-80 period, with identification of 58 buildings.

Many of the reminiscences are about early Durango days, and introduce: Robert Dwyer as a pioneer sheriff and as the first marshal of Durango in 1880—Edna Newman Sheets who tells her father's history along with her own recollections of early Durango, and in this is found the story of the Big Snow of 1884, which is also treated in a separate article—The partners, Thomas C. Graden and Robert E. Sloan, who were in the mercantile and lumber businesses for many years at Durango—The Ambold family, who recall a market and grocery business as early as 1882—The Weinigs of the Vienna Restaurant—Peter J. Keegan, a railroad contractor—James J. Heffleman, map-maker—Charles W. Griffith, the second doctor to locate in Durango—P. F. Bellinger, another early doctor—Dr. P. F. Bellinger, an early surgeon—August Fast, who gives a series of colorful recollections of events in and about Durango—and Cyrus A. Lemmon, Justice of the Peace.

Cattle business in that area may be checked in the stories about the Mead family and about Sen. Geo. E. West, "The Oldest Range Man."

Some of the other reminiscences tell more of other towns. The story of William Thomas Ashley centers at Saguache. There is a pretty extended article on the Lake City and Hinsdale County pioneers and the story about Enos T. Hotchkiss adds thereto. Sketches of the McGalliard and Arrington families contain more about Farmington, N. M. "The Pinkertons of Pinkerton Springs" is a completely suggestive title. Mrs. Augusta Skoog tells of Ojo Caliente and Chama in N. M. and something of later Durango. The Hight family introduces the town of Hermosa. While many of the early Durango people tell something of Animas City, the story of the Will family is the most elaborate as to the latter town. F. W. Kroeger tells a bit about Mancos.

It is possible in a review of this sort of a volume to do no more than hint at the extensive source material available on most any area in the southwest by a careful check through the stories. A complete index would be almost as extensive as the book itself.

FIRST INTER-POSSE RENDEZVOUS

The Denver Posse, seeing that ten years of experimentation with the idea that was born back around Chicago had passed, ventured to call a meeting in Denver of representatives of the several posses, corrals, or groups of Westerners. Much to our delight, and we hope with at least some pleasure on the part of those who came from afar, a meeting was held on July 31, 1954, the first attempt to have inter-posse relations and discussions. We feel it worked out fine for a beginning. We trust that the other groups will feel some satisfaction with the steps taken.

From the East Coast came Peter Decker as official representative of the New York Posse. It also happened that B. W. Allred of Washington, D. C. was in Denver and he consented to attend as the somewhat official delegate of all corresponding members.

From the West Coast the great State of California honored us with five delegates: Homer H. Boelter of Los Angeles, Arthur H. Clark, Jr., of Glendale, the one-and-only Art Woodward, in full regalia, from Altadena, and Michael Harrison and Edgar A. Sayre, Jr., from Sacramento.

Joe Koller was present from Belle Fourche, South Dakota, and Leland D. Case represented Tucson, Arizona, though he was also a sort of delegate from the Black Hills along with Joe Koller, and an old-time member from Chicago. J. Frank Dobie from Austin, Texas, convinced us that he is seriously searching for anything new on Charles M. Russell.

Last, but not least, from near-by Laramie, Wyoming, came W. B. Ludwig and Dean Krakel.

At the noon luncheon the Denver Posse was represented by most of our present officers and by some ex-sheriffs. The only "official" action taken was the adoption of a resolution that there should be created a Westerners' inter-group posse or committee, made up of the Sheriff, or his appointee, from each posse or corral, with the Denver representative acting as temporary and organizing chairman. Our Sheriff, Roy Hafsen, not planning on being about Denver much the next few months has appointed Erl H. Ellis of the Denver Posse as his special representative for this national committee, and Ellis will be writing the other Sheriffs.

Of course, no action by this inter-group committee will be more than suggestive to the various posses and the thought is that very careful and deliberate action will be taken even in the way of recommendations. It was apparent that the main conception was that some effort should be made to protect the original name and purposes of the Westerners against infringement or radical change.

There was also a lot of palaver about the possibility of a national monthly brand-book. Ideas ran all the way from a large magazine with a paid staff and supported by advertising, to a small medium of exchange of common ideas with a volunteer editor. No one could see clearly any solution for the growing problem of everybody wanting to see all that every group publishes, yet not being able to afford unlimited expense as time goes on. It was certainly felt that some general committee should first be organized and that such representatives could consider the smaller problems and perhaps in time test out sentiment for some answer to our publication complications, if such they are to be considered.

In the evening, about 150 people gathered at the delightful and colorful spot on the ranch of our most gracious host, CM L. D. Bax, near Morrison, called the Colorow Cave. In the next ROUNDUP we shall try to tell you a little about this cave and the history of that area. For the present it may be recorded that drinks, food, and entertainment were had, plus a lot of side discussions in small groups and general forming or increasing of friendships.

If it should be the wish of the Westerners to make this cave the fixed place for the annual rendezvous, we in Denver will be charmed. But we are ready to do our share in attending at other points if that is the wish of other groups.

THE WYOMING-COLORADO GET-TOGETHER

It is the delightful custom of the Wyoming Posse to hold a summer meeting and to invite members of the Denver Posse and their ladies. This means that the Wyoming group, especially those around Laramie, step a few feet into Colorado, and at Dr. W. B. Ludwig's ranch near the old Virginia Dale stage station participate in the unlimited hospitality of the Ludwig family, and allow those wise Denverites who accepted the invitation to join in a fine afternoon and evening. Seeing the handiwork of Dr. Ludwig in his home on the ranch on

July 17 was a treat in itself, but there was the added attraction of the opportunity to see the wonderful collection of Indian artifacts made by the entire Ludwig family from the general area about the ranch. We are promised an actual expedition for the studying of the Indian signs in that area and the chance to convince ourselves that anyone can dig up arrowheads galore.

Dean Krakel was around to tell the history of the area, and of especial interest was his lecture about the Virginia Dale stage station, where we all went for a view of the only remaining station on the old Overland trail. Dean was autographing copies of his new book, "The Saga of Tom Horn" (Powder River Publishers). We hope to have an expert review of this report of the Horn trial by an eminent authority on criminal procedure in the August ROUNDUP.

Another autographer, and autobiographer, was present, Bill Carlisle, and his book "Bill Carlisle—Lone Bandit" is, of course, a prize. It is a real treat to read this recounting by the "Last of the Old Wyoming Outlaws". Bill contributed greatly to the festivities by reading a Cowboy's Prayer in the twilight of the rocks around the ranch. Bill, sorry you didn't make the July 31 rendezvous.

It is not possible to be too lavish in expressing appreciation of this two-*posse* event of the Ludwigs.



Westerner's Bookshelf



The Complete and Authentic Life of Jesse James—by Carl W. Breihan. Introduction by Homer Croy. Illustrated 287 pp. with index. New York, Frederick Fell, \$4.50.

In Chapter XI, Breihan mentions Victor and Creede, and Ford's saloon in Pueblo, rather than Walsenburg. Breihan in a letter explains:

"Dr. Frank O'Kelley informed me that Ford ran a honky-tonk in Pueblo in 1889 and got into the fight with his brother, Ed O'Kelley, at another establishment in that same city shortly after O'Kelley had been suspended from the Pueblo police force, and that seemed sufficient evidence as the good doctor stated he visited his brother there and also saw Ford's place. Yes, Ford also ran a place in Walsenburg, Colorado, but I did not use that

inasmuch as I was chiefly trying to show the links in the chain of the Ford-O'Kelley affair. Apparently the Victor of your letter was not the one I speak of. I find that Creede was broken up into various small camps and had different names within itself. I do not know if they were official or not, but O'Kelley was marshal of Jimtown which camp adjoined that of Victor (all within the limits of Creede, Colo.). Perhaps they were just "slashes-in-the-pan" camps and the names did not carry on long, but Dr. O'Kelley was a frequent visitor in that locale and informed me definitely that this was correct. However, he is still alive and if you wish I will contact him further about it."

Fred M. Mazzulla

NEXT MEETING: August 25, Press Club, per usual. Speaker: Mr. Albert E. Seep, President of the Mine and Smelter Supply Company, on the subject of the First Century of Mining in the West. This promises to be a most interesting meeting.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



AUGUST
1954
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WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE, 1871-1954

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1954 Officers

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Deputy Sheriff, Fletcher W. Birney, Jr.
Roundup Foreman (Sec.) J. Nevin Carson.
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Official Tintyper, Fred M. Mazzulla.
Registrar of Marks and Brands (Editor of Roundup) Erl H. Ellis

NEXT MEETING — MARI SANDOZ

Time: 6:30 P.M. on Wednesday, September 22, 1954.

Place: The American Legion Hall, 1370 Broadway.

Who Invited: *All* members of the Denver Posse. This includes all the corresponding members, gentlemen *and ladies*. It does not include wives of members, unless they are corresponding members.

The Speaker: Mari Sandoz, a charter member of the New York Posse. An author of note, her most recent book being "Cheyenne Autumn," unless there is a later one not brought to our attention.

The Subject: SOME ODDITIES ABOUT THE PLAINS INDIANS.

Reservations: We hope that we can take care of all corresponding members who wish to attend future meetings, for there will be more room at the Press Club hereafter. This does not mean that there is any less reason to make your reservations in advance. It is up to each corresponding member who wishes to come to the September meeting to drop a note or card to Arthur Zeuch, 930 Downing, Denver 18, or telephone him at CHerry 4-7185. Posse members will make reservations in the usual way. At the last moment we find we can't go to the Press Club for the September meeting.

HOW TO BECOME A CORRESPONDING MEMBER

No secret. If anyone has a reasonable interest in our Western History, and is possessed of \$3.50 per year, a welcome awaits. If you wish to propose a member, or if someone wishes to propose himself or herself, write to the office of the Westerners, 306 State Museum Bldg., Denver. It's that simple.

BILL RAINE, WESTERNER

by William J. Barker

Despite the fact that William MacLeod Raine had a vast and easy way with the language, there was one word—the simplest of pronouns—at which he normally balked.

Bill Raine just wasn't an "I" user, either in his conversation or his writing. He spoke with warm interest the names of hundreds of people he knew in anecdotes that were exciting or amusing or dramatically moving, and if any of these stories was incomplete, it was only because Bill mentally penciled himself out of his narratives.

Although I'd been well acquainted with him for nearly 10 years when the Denver Post asked me to do a piece about him, I had to conduct the interview exactly as if we were complete strangers, so little had he said about his life since I'd known him. He was frustratingly adroit at switching the topic to somebody or something else.

Ask Bill about his post-graduate days (he was Class of '94 at Oberlin College, Ohio), and he'd reply, "My brother Edgar headed for the Alaskan Gold Rush shortly after our days at school, and James, the eldest of us, became a minister and eventually a professor at Berea on the edge of the Kentucky feuding country . . ."

Only through a persistent cub-reporter's questioning, which must have been very boring for longtime Reporter Raine, did I manage to get a skeletal biography down on paper. Even then, I nearly lost what I had in a duel with his embarrassment at being "written up." I left Bill the finished manuscript, asking him to doublecheck the facts, dates, and so on. Next day he returned it—with virtually every precious direct statement about *him* deleted.

"You make me sound like I'm blowing my horn," he protested.

I restored everything he'd cut and, to his horror, the story ran full-length in Empire Magazine. (It was reprinted later in a Doubleday anthology titled "Rocky Mountain Empire.")

Most of you who will read this are familiar with his life, or as familiar with it as he'd let us be. But for the record, and just for ourselves, let's synopsisize it here.

Born June 22, 1871, in London, the son of a Scottish merchant, Bill Raine might never have seen a mustang or a lariat had it not been for the death of his young mother and the publication of a poster offering land in the United States.

Bill's father, William Sr., fled grief by selling his business and sailing for America with his four small sons. Back-country Arkansas became their new home.

There the little ex-Londoners quickly went native, abandoning their bowlers and "dude duds" for the local costume: jeans and bare feet.

Their father had bought a fruit farm; later extended his interests to the raising of cattle. The brothers grew up with an intimate knowledge of trail dust and moving herds, although Bill, never robust, was forced to stand and observe while the others saddled and rode.

You and I know that his eyes were keen and his interest strong. He's told us vivid stories of the old Arkansas-Oklahoma-Texas border country, where his early memories began. There the Raines became acquainted with many a quiet man who protected his honor in the pistol tradition of the

time and place, and the boy Bill was to remember the cadence and movement of such violence.

As a shy, rail-thin adolescent, Bill attended Oberlin, where he got the itch to be a sports reporter. His understanding of football (a newfangled game there) made him valuable to the local paper, and soon he was selling bits of reportage to the Chicago Tribune and the Cincinnati Inquirer as well. These efforts helped defray his tuition, and Bill liked the work even though writing sports was the poor next-best-thing to participating in them—which his frail health prohibited.

As the Raine undergraduates were completing their education, the home place in Arkansas was beset with trouble. Investments soured and the Texas Fever cut down the herd. Another blow, by far the most cruel, hit the family hard. Forrester, youngest of the brothers, suddenly died.

As he'd done before, Father Raine moved the family far west from the scene of heartbreak. He took another fruit farm, this one near Bellevue, Washington.

Bill came out of Oberlin into the hard depression of '94. He became a South Seattle teacher, then school principal. Because he also functioned as jaintor, he was paid \$70 monthly.

Life was drab. Bill longed for action despite his recurrent physical weakness which forced him to miss work frequently.

He got a reporter's job on the Seattle Times and suddenly tasted excitement. Then, in 1898, the Spanish-American War burst across the headlines to ignite his adventurous spirit.

The army doctor was gentle with the slight young newspaperman when the latter volunteered. "Colorado is the place for you," Bill was told, "not the service. You've got T.B."

So that brought Bill Raine to the high country. He arrived in Denver broke, and for a long time it looked as if he'd stay that way. Off and on for years he was employed by the local papers. Each job was lost because his lungs would permit no real action, no deadline expenditure of energy.

He worked for every daily journal the city had at one time or another. And finally, when it looked as if he were through, he sat on the porch of a boarding house where his credit still was good, and started to fight the dragging, sickly hours by attempting to create some fiction.

His first story, "The Luck of Eustace Blount," featured a debonaire swordsman who swaggered against a background of England's War of the Roses. The plumed gallant sold for \$25 to the then-popular Munsey's Magazine. This stimulated more tales about the dashing Eustace—scented ancestor of a long line of hoof-hard fictioned cowpunchers yet to be conceived.

The money came slowly. "Writing isn't easy," Bill used to say in his friendly, encouraging way to the fledgling authors who consulted him during his many successful years. "You've got to have a toughness to stick at it. My first year of free-lancing—1899—I sold stories to half-a-dozen good magazines and only made \$275. You just have to keep trying."

1901 was the year the sun broke through for Bill. His lungs had mended and he was able to take an assignment to trail with the Arizona Rangers as correspondent for American Magazine. He rode with them, slept by the campfires under the stars and realized a dream he'd all but abandoned. He traveled the plains West on other writing chores to satisfy a growing national readership; covered the Montana copper war, the Tonto Basin feud; met and got to know the famous—and infamous—gun-quicks of the day.

Pat Garrett, Burt Mossman, Jeff Milton, Bat Masterson, Bill Tilghman, Billy Breckenridge . . . these are among the fighting men who confided their rugged biographies in person to Bill Raine.

The first Raine novel was a costume historical, "A Daughter of Raasay," published in 1901. But the most significant book was his first western, "Wyoming," which appeared in 1906; not that it was necessarily his best, though it brought him reprint royalties for over 40 years. It is important because it forecast a great writing future.

From that point on, Bill produced a novel every six months until the very recent years when he slowed down to do "just one every 12 months.

Hardest thing to believe about Bill Raine is the fact that he was never positive about how many books he had written. "It's around 82," he told me when I interviewed him for Time Magazine early last July. "Of course some of them aren't worth counting."

He was always as uncharitable in speaking of his own works as he was generous in speaking of the writings of others. Certainly his books sold themselves as magazine serials, to domestic and foreign publishers in every civilized language, as motion pictures and as perennial reprints.

They *had* to sell themselves, because their parent was too modest to say anything which might sound like praise for his own literary offspring. He was always surprised when a publisher ecstatically reported a Raine sell-out.

To generalize about his books, we can say that they are accurate in idiom and background (Bill was a stickler for authenticity in the word-pictures of his familiar West). We know that they have the drama of swift movement, a trigger-action simplicity (because Bill was impatient with static, flowery passages or excessive "scene-painting.") It can be said that they are, as was their author, without pretense.

Bill was many good things. He loved laughter and told a joke well. He was a gentleman in the fine old definition of the term. He was compassionate and benevolent, the more so because he had lived with illness and a flat purse for long, hopeless periods. A conversationalist, Bill had endless stories, but he was also a flattering listener who had the magic grace to make you (no matter who you were) feel that you were an intensely interesting fellow.

At 83, he could pass for an alert 65. He quoted the classics to make a point, and on occasion would jot down an impromptu little poem of his own creation—usually to tease (and delight) his beloved wife "Clairy."

He was at home anywhere, respected and welcomed everywhere.

His three non-fiction books—"Cattle," "Guns of the Frontier," and "Famous Sheriffs and Western Outlaws"—became and continue to be indispensable references for all who would write accurately of plains-and-peaks America in its beautiful, brawling, slap-leather youth.

In fact, to many of us Bill Raine *was* the West, its quiet, modest symbol, its honest voice. He seemed literally without age; there was little grey in his head of hair, and his figure was always lean. His face, deep-lined, came to a ready smile which italicized the warm intelligence of his fine eyes. These physical characteristics we'll always recall because he is timeless in our thoughts.

And his work is timeless, too. Each generation to come will discover his long bookshelf and hear the guns talk again as his pages turn once more.

William MacLeod Raine, Westerner, died July 25, 1954.

For him, there's a new frontier.

I can't help feeling that his wonderful yarns will make eternity pass quickly for the angels who'll gather to listen.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF MINING

Albert E. Seep

"Making little ones out of big ones," may be what a group of hard-labor convicts do to a rock pile, but just the opposite thing has been happening in the mining world the past century or so. Making big companies out of little ones, through mergers and consolidation of holdings, has been a characteristic of the era. You have seen it happen in the cattle business and in many other enterprises here in the West during the same period.

Stories of the colorful characters of gold rush days have been told and retold, so I won't undertake to repeat them here. Rather, let me sketch for you in rather bold outlines some of the trends and developments that took place following the various gold rush periods, and let me acquaint you with some personalities worth knowing but overlooked so far by popularizers of Western lore.

I'll avoid giving you my appraisal of individuals still on the scene of action. This is partly because the judgment of our contemporaries takes the wisdom of Solomon, which I don't possess, and partly because the current generation of bonanza kings—the Charles Steens and Vernon Picks of uranium fame—are being well covered by tabloid newspapers and other accounts familiar to everyone.

Having given myself a limitation in time to be spanned in this brief account, let me also confine this report to Colorado. However, permit me this word about the rest of the Rocky Mountain area where many of the world's most colorful and important mining enterprises have been developed—Bingham's incredible open-pit copper mine, not to mention those in Arizona and New Mexico and the vast underground workings at Butte.

Butte, incidentally, deserves a special word here in Colorado where one mining camp and another prates that it is "the richest square mile on earth." If this designation belongs to any spot in America, that spot is Butte, Montana. Leadville mines produced half a billion dollars, and an equally enormous amount of wealth came from the mines at Cripple Creek. The Central City mining district produced something like \$300,000,000 and the mines of the San Juan area in southwestern Colorado likewise produced between a quarter-billion and half-billion dollars worth of ore. But Butte passed the THREE BILLION dollar mark during World War II and is still going strong, most of it done the hard way on copper at around 12c a pound. Perhaps these figures will come to your mind hereafter when you hear some Colorado patriot sounding off about "the richest square mile on earth."

The Colorado gold rush of 1859 almost came to an abrupt halt within a few short, hectic years. Most of the mining camps in Colorado Territory passed out of the picture after the miners had removed the limited quantities of placer gold and "blossom rock" in decomposed quartz that could be readily worked with pick, shovel and crude grinding and separation methods. How to treat the refractory gold ores presented a baffling problem.

The man who saved the day for Colorado was Prof. Nathaniel P. Hill, a metallurgist from Brown University by way of Iowa. He erected a smelter at Blackhawk in 1868 and his process for treating refractory ores was improved during the next few years. Hill's smelter was moved to Denver in 1878, principally to be closer to a supply of coal.

Across the mountains in California Gulch where Leadville is now, "Uncle Billy" Stevens and A. B. Wood, a trained metallurgist, were working an old property known as the Oro Mining, Ditch and Fluming Company.

They kept having trouble with a substance clogging the sluice boxes and making further washing of sand for gold almost impossible. Other properties in the area had been bothered by the substance, which was hard and brittle, like dull ground glass, very often black. Wood sent a sample of this troublesome stuff to the smelter of Edwin Harrison in St. Louis, Mo., to be assayed. Back came the amazing report that the material causing the trouble was silver-bearing lead carbonate assaying as much as \$400.00 per ton. One of the Stevens-Wood claims later yielded \$20,000,000 in silver alone! The good news came just as Colorado was being admitted to the Union as The Centennial State (1776), and Oro was rechristened Leadville with H. A. W. Tabor as Mayor. One of the West's greatest mining booms was launched.

While the advances in metallurgy and construction of smelters were giving the Colorado mining industry a sound base at last, some significant advances in mining tools and machinery were making Denver a world center for such equipment, which is still very true today. In some of these processes and developments, the Colorado School of Mines has played a significant role and its graduate mining engineers and geologists have scattered throughout the world bringing new renown to Colorado.

While Prof. Hill was developing plans for his first smelter in Black Hawk, the Hendrie & Bolthoff Manufacturing and Supply Company appeared on the scene in Gilpin County. It had been started in Iowa and was moved to Central City as the Eureka Foundry and Machine Shop. A Branch was opened in Denver in 1876, which grew into one of the West's major machinery suppliers.

Peter McFarlane had opened a foundry at Central City in 1869, producing crushing, hoisting, milling and smelting machinery. Today it is known as the McFarlane-Eggers Machinery Company of Denver.

J. George Leyner was born in the mining town of Georgetown, and while working as a miner in the Burleigh Tunnel at Silver Plume he invented the Burleigh drill. This crude steam-operated drill replaced the laborious hand drilling operation, one of the greatest advances ever made in mining. Compressed air replaced steam as the driving power, Leyner invented a hammer drill operated by compressed air, actuated by the hammer striking the end of the drill steel as it rotated in the hole. Later, to cut down the dangerous amount of dust produced by drilling, he invented a drill with a hole through the axis that carried a stream of water. Large shops were built by Leyner at Littleton to manufacture his drilling equipment, now manufactured and sold by Ingersoll-Rand throughout the world.

The air hammer rock drill improved by Daniel Waugh of Hendeby and Meyer, pioneer machine shop and foundry operators in Denver, was the basis for organization of the Denver Rock Drill Mfg. Company, now the Gardner-Denver Company.

Large machine shops were built in Leadville in 1885 by Thomas B. Stearns & Company, followed by large shops at Pueblo and at Denver. This was one of the five Denver manufacturers who established the General Iron Works Company in 1921, known as the largest cooperative shops in the United States. The other companies, each continuing its own business and sales departments, are Colorado Iron Works Company and the Mine and Smelter Supply Company. Of the five original companies, only three are in existence today: Stearns Roger, Vulcan Iron Works and Colorado Iron Works but the ownership of General Iron Works has changed through the years with only Stearns Roger, Dorr Company (of Stanford, Conn.) and The Mine and Smelter Supply Company as the three sole owners.

Eben Smith, partner of David Moffat and one of Colorado's leading mining and railroad men, formed The Mine and Smelter Supply Company with a group of associates in 1895. Smith was the first man to bring a stamp mill across the plains, in 1859. Mine and Smelter took over the Wilfley patents in 1905 and manufactured the well-known concentrating table used throughout the world in metal mining operations. In 1915, Frank Marcy, manager of Mine and Smelter's Salt Lake City Branch, patented his ball mill and later the rod mill known by his name, which since have been manufactured by Mine and Smelter for worldwide use.

These and other organizations of engineers and manufacturers have given Denver a unique role as the center of mining and metallurgical "know how," which is acknowledged throughout the world.

In all of the mining camps that have lived beyond the first flush of activity, the problem of financing large-scale operations underground and on the surface has led to consolidations and mergers. This trend began at Central City within a few weeks after Gregory's gold discovery in 1859 had brought hordes of poorly-equipped people to the scene. The trend continued in such major mining centers as Leadville after demonitization of silver in 1893 brought operations almost to a standstill. Only the larger operations, backed by ample capital and commanding the best engineering talent available, could survive. It happened at Cripple Creek, following the boom period, and it happened in the San Juan Triangle as the only possible means to keep Ouray, Telluride and Silverton mines from utter abandonment.

Books have been written about these famous mining camps and their ups and downs. Still, a look at them from this distance might be interesting, in a chronicle of the more significant trends.

Leadville has been overshadowed in recent years by the dramatic development of the "Molly-be-damned" mines of Climax Molybdenum Company only eleven miles away. Still, take one look at Leadville and you know this was one of the world's great mining centers. Originally a placer gold camp in California Gulch, Leadville zoomed to dizzy heights when the silver carbonate kings were riding high. These included H. A. W. Tabor, David H. Moffat, Jerome B. Chaffee, George Fryer, Meyer Guggenheim, Samuel Newhouse, Alva Adams, John L. Routt, Charles Boettcher and others whose first "real money" came from the Leadville mines.

In the year 1893, Congress established the gold dollar as the standard of value and brought the minting of silver dollars to a stop. This blow killed many a silver mining town and nearly ruined Leadville, not to mention Tabor and many other wealthy men whose fortunes were based on the production of silver.

Late in the '90s Leadville felt a revival when the Little Johnny and other old mines were found to contain rich gold ore. John F. Campion bought the Little Johnny and consolidated it with other properties as the Ibex Mining Company, which proved very profitable. During the first World War mining experienced a stimulus and Leadville continued to be an important producer of various metals. Since then, more consolidations have been made and the government has spent millions building de-watering tunnels to remove water from flooded old mines. Many people expect Leadville's mines to operate again some day, if and when metal prices increase and foreign supplies of metals are curtailed.

When Leadville was reeling from the panic of 1893, Cripple Creek was having its fabulous gold boom. Mining men had written off the Cripple

Creek area as geologically impossible for gold production. Bob Womack, called a crazy cowboy, found gold there in 1890 with a resulting stampede that resulted in cumulative production of half a billion dollars worth of gold. After the early-day mines had been worked out, supposedly, A. E. and L. G. Carlton joined with Spencer Penrose of Colorado Springs and Charles Boettcher of Denver and bought up most of the still-promising properties in the Cripple Creek-Victor area, adding the Golden Cycle Mill, the Midland Terminal Railway and various other properties. A rich strike in the Cresson mine in 1916 amply repaid them for their investment. In recent years, extensive development work has been done by the Carlton interests and the Golden Cycle Mill has been moved to Cripple Creek from Colorado Springs. While many of the Cripple Creek miners have gone west to work in the uranium mines on the Colorado Plateau, Cripple Creek is far from finished.

In the towering San Juan mountains in southwestern Colorado is one of the world's greatest mineralized belts with some of the largest fissure veins known. Ouray, Telluride and Silverton were the supply points for dozens of rich silver mines which flourished from about 1875 until the collapse of the silver market in 1893.

For about three years, the mining camps of the San Juan dozed as did most of those in Colorado except for booming Cripple Creek. Then Tom Walsh discovered the Camp Bird, probably the greatest gold mine Colorado has ever known. Walsh was an untutored Irishman who came to Colorado in 1872, prospected and worked on railroads around Golden and Central City, then took off for the Black Hills gold rush. He almost became one of the owners of the Homestake mine there, which later turned out to be the only mine in the United States that produced more gold than his Camp Bird. But Walsh left the Black Hills with \$100,000 in 1876 and went to Leadville, where he opened a hotel and dabbled in mining properties. A little later he sold out and moved to Denver, where he went broke in real estate speculations. He went to Alabama but returned to Colorado in 1892 and revived his fortunes in mining at Cripple Creek. He opened a smelter at Kokomo and another at Silverton.

One day Tom Walsh visited Ouray, looking for low-grade silicious ore in the dumps of old mines to use as a flux in reducing the high-grade ores in his smelters. Like Leadville, Creede and other silver camps, Ouray had been prostrated by the silver panic fourteen years before.

On the dump piles of Imogene Gulch, Tom Walsh and his man, Andy Richardson, noticed a slide of reddish porphyry. Walsh was taken ill with jaundice, but instructed Richardson to sample the ore, which assayed gold value of around \$2.00 per ton. He had Richardson drive a tunnel, believing it would enter porphyry. One day the diggers encountered an eighteen-inch streak of showy ore containing zinc, lead and copper pyrites. Below it was a three-foot vein of modest-looking quartz, which caught Walsh's seasoned eye. He had the quartz assayed and it ran as high as \$3,000 per ton, while the showy ore ran about \$8.00 per ton. Walsh bought up all the claims in Imogene Gulch, many by merely paying back taxes, and opened the Camp Bird mine. In the late '90s this was one of the greatest producers in the Rockies and Walsh sold out at an enormous profit to an English syndicate which still operates the incredible Camp Bird.

To the south of the Camp Bird, on the Million Dollar Highway at Red Mountain Pass, is the Idarado Mining Company which today is perhaps the second largest mine in Colorado. According to the latest figures of the Colo-

rado Bureau of Mines, it, together with Telluride (now wholly owned), was the largest gold and silver producer, ranked first in lead and second in zinc, and is the only substantial copper producer in the State.

The Idarado Mine is in an area which also has had colorful, although checkered mining history. Placer miners who followed the auriferous gravels up the San Miguel River in 1875 soon afterward found lode deposits in the elevated amphitheatres at its headwaters.

A town called Columbia was established, but the post office was named Telluride, because gold was found in the combination with tellurium.

Other placer miners had worked up the Uncompahgre River on the opposite side of the mountains, and made important mineral discoveries in the vicinity of Ouray. Both districts experienced tempestuous booms typical of their day.

Many mines were developed, among them the Smuggler Union, Reve-nue, Tom Boy, Barstow, and Black Bear. All started out as gold and silver mines, but as they were deepened encountered sulphides of zinc, lead, and copper.

The ore was hard to treat, resulting in poor recoveries. The operating costs were high, because most of the mines were located high upon precipiti-ous peaks and were virtually inaccessible by roads. Aerial trams had to be erected to move supplies in and ores out. At this high elevation winter snows accumulated to depths of 30 feet and more, and snow slides were the rule rather than the exception.

Despite the drawbacks mining prospered there for many years. Then came the depressed metal prices with the resulting long period of idleness because they could not operate profitably under all of these difficult condi-tions.

The present Idarado is a coalition of various important mines in the district. It was formed in 1939, upon the acquisition of the Treasury Tun-nel, and the first work undertaken was to extend it 6300 feet farther into the mountain so as to get under the Black Bear ore body. It was also neces-sary to drive a raise of 1100 feet to the lowest Black Bear workings. The Black Bear ore, which was formerly treated on the Western Slope now comes to the Ouray side for treatment in a modern milling plant located at the tunnel portal where it is free from hazardous snow slides. A couple of years ago the Idarado Mining Company purchased the stock of the Telluride Mining Company, and now are planning proposed changes to the Telluride Mill which will allow for more capacity and better metallurgical work so as to permit the possible starting of this operation around the first of the year 1955. This event will be a great boon to the town of Telluride, because their entire economy is built around this mining operation.

With the culmination of all of the underground work in the Treasury and Meldrum Tunnels, there will be inter-connections so that the ores of both companies can be mined and handled underground, thus overcoming the difficulty that the early operators had fighting the rugged terrain, the mountain storms, and the high cost of maintaining aerial transportation.

Idarado is an outstanding example of what can be done in rehabilitating some of the older mines when backed up with talent and a good financial structure.

Idarado has been able to operate under the low lead and zinc prices because it has developed a metallurgical treatment of its ore so that a four mineral separation is the result. Lead, Zinc, Copper, and Gold, are recov-ered very efficiently.

Radium was the objective of the first search for radioactive ores in Colorado, and in the Central City area as well as in the vicinity of Uravan and Rifle you will find old timers who tell you that Madam Curie was there, personally, looking for radium in the early 1900's. It isn't true, but it makes a good story. However, several shipments of radioactive ore were made to Madame Curie and her husband, from Gilpin County and from mines in western Colorado and eastern Utah.

During World War II, America needed vanadium to harden steel and again the radioactive ores were in demand. Large-scale mills were built and many small mines were opened up on the Colorado Plateau by the U.S. Vanadium Company, Vanadium Corporation of America, and other operators.

With the discovery of the atom bomb and ways to release the terrific concentration of energy in uranium, the radioactive ores again came into the spotlight. Today's search for uranium ores in various parts of the Colorado Plateau, in the Front Range of the Rockies West of Denver, in various parts of Wyoming and many other locations is one that rivals the hectic gold rush eras of yesteryear. But the uranium story is something outside my sphere tonight, and it will bear coverage at some later date by a different speaker.

Working the Range

August Meeting: The meeting of August 25 was held at the American Legion Hall because the Denver Press Club Quarters are undergoing a remodeling. Deputy Sheriff Fletcher Birney presided. Our most special THANKS to GM L. D. Bax, of the Tri B Ranch, for the use of the CAVE for the Inter-Posse Rendezvous, were emphatically expressed. Fred Rosenstock again spoke briefly (?) of his world-famous Operation. PM Maurice Frink told of his attendance at the Indian Days at Sheridan, Wyo., and announced that the 1953 Brand Book is well on its way; will have 18 articles and only 7 of these will have been seen in abbreviated form in our monthly publication; a fine artist will prepare the chapter headings. PM Ed Bemis spoke of the "Little Britches Rodeo" at Littleton, where a certain newspaper is published. PM Ralph Mayo gave the half-year financial report; looks as though we are solvent for the time being. Ralph is making some

room for new corresponding members (500 is about our limit) by ruthlessly dropping those who ignore two notices of unpaid dues. PM Henry Toll asked if the next meeting, to which lady corresponding members, but not wives, are invited, should be called a co-respondents meeting? Considerable discussion about the McMechen plaque and the problem of placing it. John Ballentine from Glendale, California, was a welcome guest.

Los Angeles Publishes: Publication of the Los Angeles Corral under date of June, 1954, looks more like a monthly magazine of regular posse make-up than is usual with the more special issues from that corral. In this issue one can read about the Rancho El Encino which was once the first stage station out of Los Angeles on the old Santa Barbara road; about el jaranom the granddaddy of western headgear; about the Gilliland family, and news notes of various sorts. A real treat.

Mining Camps Reborn: Our August meeting speaker, Al Seep, as you will see from his article that appears herein (in his talk he expanded greatly and interestingly) stressed that the ups and downs of the mining camps were brought about by many economic factors, including the discovery of new uses for some metals. As a coincidence, CM Caroline Bancroft recently spoke on the Fireside series of KOA on the subject "Mining Camps Reborn," and used something of the same theme. Caroline is the first woman to speak on that particular program.

An Haggada: An hilarious tourist, yet an habitue of Colorado, writes an hysterical note, probably with an hedonic feeling, about an horrendous highway marker reading: "Visit Hotel de Paris, An Historical Museum, Georgetown, Colorado." Is it an heretical question to ask if there is here an unconscious bow to Ann Hafen?

Frisco: A little booklet is available at Frisco which combines an appeal to and guide for the tourist with some solid historical facts of the neighborhood.

Sheep Drive: Col. Edward N. Wentworth, CM, posse member at Chicago, has published and annotated the Journal of Gorham Gates Kimball. This appeared in the April, 1954, issue of "Agricultural History." The journal was kept while sheep were trailed from California to Idaho in 1865. Col. Wentworth has kindly supplied several reprints for distribution to our posse. Many thanks.

The Tabor Jewels: PM Forbes Parkhill had an article recently in the EMPIRE magazine of the Denver Post entitled "Secret of the Tabor Jewels." He has had some fan letters praising his new material on what is becoming a rather old subject in the main.

Hough's Uranium Magazine: A nice article in the monthly magazine of the Denver Chamber of Commerce gives PM Henry W. Hough a real plug for the success of his magazine called "Uranium."

Who Was Buchanan? Can anyone supply information or lead as to the naming of Buchanan Pass, westerly of Ward, Colorado? So far, no inquiries have brought forth anything definite.



Westerner's Bookshelf



Two Captains West—An historical tour of the Lewis and Clark Trail by Albert & Jane Salisbury. 235 pages with Index, numerous photos, maps and charts. Drawings by Carter Lucas. Superior Publishing Co., Seattle. Regular Edition \$7.50; Limited Edition. \$15.00.

Most of the accounts of the Lewis and Clark expedition published heretofore have centered on Sacajawea, whereas the present volume builds its entire story around Capt. Lewis and Clark. This is a book based on the journals kept by both the Cap-

tains and three other members of the party. Its beginning is at St. Louis where the two Captains and 37 men, also Lewis's dog, Scannon, who it was reported was the best behaved of the lot, started up the Missouri river. They spent the first winter at the Mandan Indian village in the Dakotas where they picked up a Frenchman by the name of Charbonneau and his wife Sacajawea, who was at that time sixteen years old. She was a Shoshone who had been stolen from the tribe by the Mandans when she was still a child. The party started

West again the following Spring and were able, after suffering untold hardships and even some hunger, to reach the mouth of the Columbia river during the late Fall. They had a great deal of difficulty in getting over Lolo Pass, which was on the Divide between the Pacific Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico. There they did not see any white men but found numerous circumstances to know full well they had been there. Their return trip from the Pacific Ocean to St. Louis was accomplished in less time than the Westward journey, but it also brought hardships; even forcing them to buy dogs from the Indians to use for food. They were gone two years and most of the people in St. Louis had given them up for dead.

With each chapter is a travelogue and directions how to get there now. That rounds out the Volume very nicely.

Herbert Johnson

Walkara, Hawk of the Mountains, by Paul Bailey. 172 pages. Westernlore Press. Los Angeles. \$4.00.

Walkara was Lord and Master of the great Southwest from Shoshoni Territory to Southern California and Mexico; and from the Colorado river to the Pacific ocean, where his deeds struck terror into the hearts of the white men and Indians alike. The Desert News, sparing no ink nor paper in viewing him with the greatest alarm, said, "His cunning and treachery, his thieving and murderous propensities have outweighed the constantly open and extended hand of utmost kindness, and on a mere pretext, which he could have arranged satisfactorily in a moment had he possessed a spark of good feeling, he has declared open war." Paul Bailey has carefully assembled the known facts on this Indian character and given immensely readable, full length biography of the great Walkara. The whole story is tied in very closely with

the great immigration from the East to the arid lands of Utah, by the Mormon pioneers. The book goes into great detail of the efforts put forth by Brigham Young to keep Walkara and his hard riding young Indians from driving the white man from their homeland and stopping the nefarious practice of raiding the other Indian villages and selling their women and children into slavery to the Mexicans and to other Indian tribes. Walkara's great disappointment was that Brigham Young would neither let him marry a white woman nor furnish him with one for his entertainment.

Herbert Johnson

On the Oregon Trail, Robert Stuart's Journey of Discovery (1812-1813). Edited by Kenneth A. Spaulding, 8vo, 192 pp., illus. and map, bibliography and index. University of Oklahoma Press, 1953. \$3.75.

One of the recent volumes in the "American Exploration and Travel Series," this upholds the fine work of the University Press, of Norman, Okla.

Material for the book came from the "Travelling Memoranda," of Stuart, a worn ledger book which reposed in possession of the descendants of Washington Irving for almost a hundred years, appearing for sale in 1930 at a New York auction. There it was purchased by William R. Coe and was among the famed Americana collection bequeathed by him to Yale University in 1948.

Stuart, Scotch by birth, came to Canada in 1807, at which time he was twenty-two years of age, and was employed by the North-West Company of fur traders as a clerk. Three years later he allied himself with John Jacob Astor's Pacific Fur Company and shortly became a partner in the enterprise. For almost a quarter-century, he re-

mained in the fur business, moving to Detroit in 1834, where he became a land speculator and financier.

Beginning June 29, 1812, Stuart undertook to travel from Astoria to St. Louis with dispatches to be delivered to Astor in New York City, reaching his destination about May 1st, 1813, and laying the route for thousands of emigrants who later struggled to reach the "El Dorado" of the north-west.

His day by day account is a living episode of dogged determination to push through mud and sand, through miles of sagebrush and alkali, holding off hostile Indians, some of whom were experts in the art of thievery (to his disgust). With some deviations, his route was to become the famed "Oregon Trail," much of which can be traveled today by auto in comfort.

At times the party was plagued

by hunger and during the early part of the journey, one John Day (for whom the Oregon river was probably named) became insane and had to be returned to the starting point. From the end of December, 1812, until March, 1813, the party was compelled to remain in camp at a site near present-day Torrington, Wyoming, during which time canoes were made by hollowing out logs. The river was so low that these were soon abandoned and the party pushed forward on foot to a point near the junction of the Platte and Missouri rivers, there again taking to the water in canoes and so on to St. Louis.

Spaulding is to be congratulated upon the human touch he has imparted to what might have been a routine journey had not Stuart been the methodical Scot who set down his impressions of each day's travel.

Carl F. Mathews, PM

THE COLOROW CAVE AND BRADFORD CITY

(Here is a *start* towards a history of the area where the July 31, 1954, Inter-Posse Rendezvous was held. Everyone is asked to contribute further items. This area includes the Cave, the old Bradford House or Stage Station, and several noted ranches.)

WHAT THE AREA LOOKS LIKE

Maybe a bit on the physical side first. West of Denver the "plains" suddenly cease with an almost vertical "hogback" of limestone, the edge of the uptilting of the sedimentary rocks when the mountains "pushed up." West of this hogback is an area of softer rocks, so, a valley exists between the hogback and the real mountains of igneous rocks. Many gaps are cut by streams in the hogback, so from a distance, looking from Morrison to Platte Canon, there is a real "spine" appearance. In this inner N-S valley are the various "red-rock" formations.

To visualize the Cave, think that you are sitting at a table, facing west. You have an ordinary red clay brick. You tilt it up, high end to the west, and fill dirt around it so that only the upper edge toward you is exposed, but most of the far end is up in the air. Then think of the weather rounding off all sharp edges. Also imagine that down the center of your brick there starts a cutting trickle of water that gradually almost bisects the brick. This cutting is narrow on the top face but widens to each side in the center of the brick. In time you have a cavern, with an entrance from the east edge, with only a fairly narrow top that is open to the weather. You have a level floor in the cavern. Now think of your brick turned into red sandstone and enlarged so much that you can drive a four-horse team and wagon into the

cavern and easily turn the whole outfit around inside. Or think of several hundred people easily seated inside. Perhaps this will give you a faint concept of the Cave.

HOW TO GET INTO THE MOUNTAINS

Not long after the earliest discoveries of gold in the Clear Creeks, prospectors were finding promising signs in South Park and on the headwaters of the Blue River. Soon there was a demand for a wagon road into those areas. So a little geography is required to understand the background of the early routes used.

About due west of Denver, Clear Creek emerges from the mountains, and present Golden lies at the foot of the real mountains, in this case back of basalt table-mountains that have covered the hogback. A less stream next south is Mt. Vernon, but it was unable to cut a gap in the hogback, so it flows along the inner valley to Bear Creek, next south; and that stream makes a big gap in the hogback at the present Morrison. Next south is Turkey Creek. Now Clear Creek and Bear Creek cut through from the high mountains to the plains on an almost directly easterly course, but this Turkey Creek is different. If you start up Turkey Creek at its place of emergence from the mountains, you go west about two miles air line. Then you turn almost due south for about five airline miles before you again turn west for over three more miles, and you have ascended to Conifer Junction. Of course the stream course is considerably longer than the mileage just indicated. This Turkey Creek was therefore of great interest as a means of getting southwest and approaching the upper reaches of the Platte River, whose lower canon has never yet invited the building of a wagon road. Via the upper Platte, one can cross into South Park, and then into the Blue.

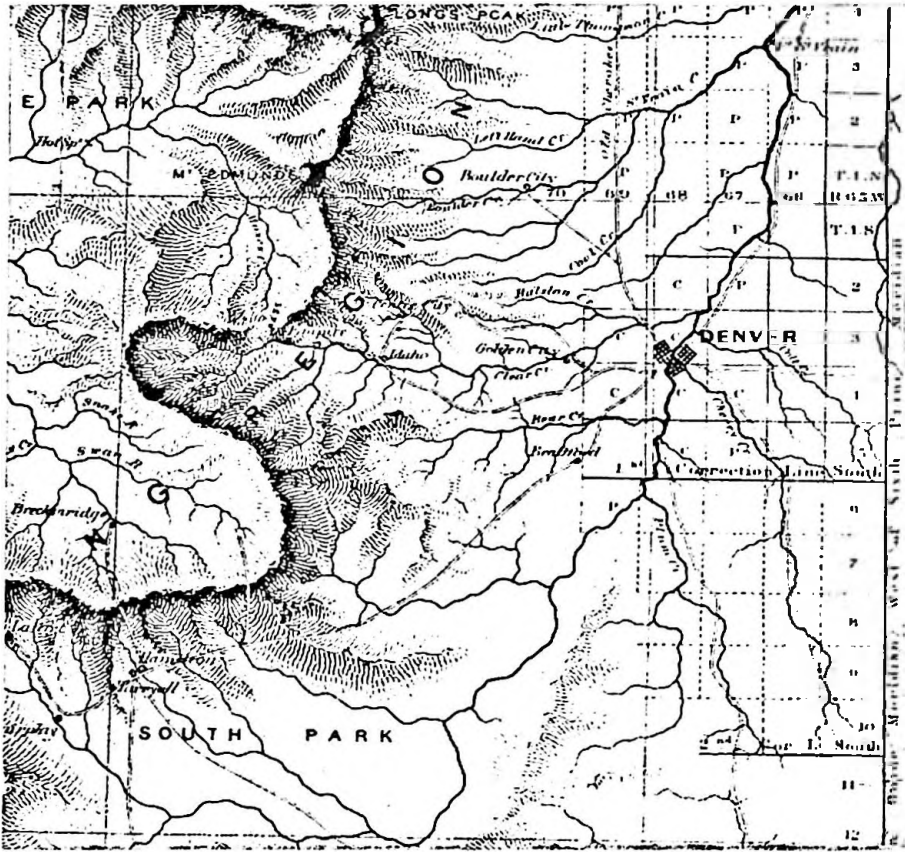
But all of these streams had bad narrows as they approached the plains, so the early road builders sought means of getting into the upper valleys without traversing the lower canons. This meant climbing the front range of hills and then dropping down into the upper valleys. The early road climbed right up a gulch southwest of Golden, a very steep road. Another road utilized the small Mt. Vernon canon, by going south of Golden to the little town then established at the mouth of this small stream and named Mount Vernon. These roads were convenient for reaching the upper Clear Creeks, but required a meandering around in the mountains to get over to Conifer Junction. So it was logical that a road should utilize Turkey Creek and save mileage to Conifer and South Park.

The next gap south of Turkey Creek in the hogback was made by a very small creek known as Weaver Gulch. In the inner valley, between Weaver Gulch and Turkey Creek, there was a fine spring that became known as Willow Springs. This inner valley raised to the south and went past our Cave and some two or three miles south of Weaver Gulch there was a possibility of climbing the mountains and then dropping down into upper Turkey Creek. This was the opportunity that Robert B. Bradford saw, so he founded Bradford City within this inner N-S valley, and then put a road up over the Bradford Hill and dropped into Turkey Creek and reached Conifer Junction; whence all the roads had a common route into South Park and over present Hoosier Pass into the Blue River country and Breckenridge.

But even further to the south, about three miles from the Platte River exit from the mountains, was Deer Creek. Again in the inner valley there was a hamlet called Piedmont and hopes for a road up Deer Creek were held. The Bradford road was the shortest, but with the worst grade up the mountain, as compared with Mt. Vernon or Deer Creek. It was the popular

road for five or more years, until a road was finally constructed up the lower Turkey Creek canon, the forerunner of our present main auto road to South Park.

(This Bradford article to be concluded in the September ROUNDUP)



Copied from map by Francis Case, Colorado Territory, 1862, original of which is in the Denver Public Library Western Collection.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



SEPTEMBER
1954
Vol. X, No. 9



THE BRADFORD STAGE STATION IN 1954

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



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Denver Posse Founded January 26, 1945

1954 Officers

Sheriff, LeRoy R. Hafen.
Deputy Sheriff, Fletcher W. Birney, Jr.
Roundup Foreman (Sec.) J. Nevin Carson.
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NEXT MEETING — H. LESLIE PARKER

Time: 6:30 P. M. on Wednesday, October 27, 1954.

Place: The remodelled Denver Press Club, 1330 Glenarm Place.

Who Invited: Posse Members are expected, male corresponding members are welcome.

The Speaker: Mr. H. Leslie Parker, of Denver. President of the Denver Petroleum Club. Old-timer in the oil industry in Colorado. A specialist in the lore of the early days of the oil industry. He made his stake at Salt Creek in the boom days. He can present an interesting recounting of his subject. You will enjoy him.

The Subject: PIONEERS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN OIL INDUSTRY.

Reservations: We believe that at the remodelled rooms of the Denver Press Club we can take care of all corresponding members (men) who will wish to come and who will make reservations in advance. Please be sure to get in touch with the Chuck Wrangler, Art. Zeuch, by dropping him a letter or postal card to 930 Downing St., Denver 18; or you may telephone him at CHerry 4-7185.

NEW CORRESPONDING MEMBERS

They are admitted to the Denver Posse upon application. Anyone with some fair interest in Western History may write to the Office of the Westerners, 306 State Museum Bldg., Denver 2, Colo. and propose his or her own name for membership or the name of some other person. Each corresponding member pays \$3.50 per year, of which \$3.00 is the subscription to the ROUNDUP.

SOME ODDITIES OF THE PLAINS INDIANS

Impressions gained from an informal talk by MARI SANDOZ

(Note: Miss Sandoz did not prepare a paper for her address to the September meeting, nor has she had the opportunity of reviewing the following disconnected statements concocted by the Editor.)

The Army, those in the know, realized that there were only two kinds of valuable scouts for use in dealing with the various problems of the Indians, whether in peace or in war. Either an Indian or a white man who had long lived with the Indians. Some of the "Famous Scouts" really did not so qualify.

A misunderstood habit of the Indians was to come up and look in the white man's window. This was a gesture of politeness, showing a neighborly interest in whether all was well at the home. The Indian felt it a cause of complaint that the white neighbor never came to the Indian lodge, lifted the lodge flap and chatted about how the Indian family was getting along.

The custom of the women carrying the burdens and goods while moving or away from the lodge originated when the Indians were armed only with bows and arrows. The men must have their hands and bodies free to make the quick shot at flushed game or to meet the sudden attack of the enemy.

In every lodge where there were one or more young girls, who were approaching the age of causing interest among the young men, there was always an old woman in that lodge whose sleeping place was right next to the flap. There was no secret ingress or egress. The old woman was not unlike some of today, as she well knew what was going on and had her nose in everyone's business.

The young people had opportunities to meet each other during the daily routine of camp life. Along the water path was a favorite place for the more formal meetings. When courtship was in a more serious stage, the young man, wrapped in his best blanket, would stand in front of the lodge of the young girl, especially if she were pretty and of a good family, and await her pleasure. She might come out for a few minutes and talk with him, rather privately within his blanket. Or she might not come out, so he would depart among the hoots of others; only to try again, there or elsewhere.

Running away to be married sometimes happened but it was not considered good form. The formal marriage was the usual plan, with a feast and then the couple were carried under blankets to the new lodge, deposited there, and they were thereupon a newly married couple.

There were matrilinear aspects of the marriage. The man was considered as having abandoned his tribe and family and as having become a member of the woman's family. This might not always apply to chiefs, though sometimes it did.

If a young man was to be considered as a prospective addition to the family, the many people in the girl's lodge were naturally interested in his standing and in what he might contribute to the common good. He should bring ability, as by being known as a good hunter. Or he should add to the common family herd of horses. Or, better, he should contribute both. This was not regarded as in any sense buying his bride. He was just moving over

to a new group and should make a fair contribution to the common holdings of the family. The girl's family were adopting him as a brother, were about to start treating him as a brother, and he should establish that he was worthy of being so regarded. Of course, if he left the lodge later, some part of any such contribution was properly to be taken with him.

Life within one's own family was to be lived under the strictest form of good behavior. The lodges were crowded and there was no place for quarrelling. The less said, the better. If you asked no question you received no answer. The men did not address directly any of the young girls in the family. Each young man or woman had, however, a second mother and father, friends adopted for the purpose. The young man might go to the lodge of his second mother and carry on in a less restrained way, engage in the loud talk and horseplay that was not allowed at home.

This situation of having two fathers and two mothers led to complications. The blood father could not talk to the adopted mother, for she was now his sister. If the white man tried to ask about relationships, he became most confused because of these two sets of parents and the multitude of relationships thus established in a compact society.

The mother-in-law problem was solved, presumably through long experience, in a simple way. The man coming into his bride's family must never thereafter look directly into the face of her mother nor speak directly to her. The same with the mother. Whoever saw the other first, the face must be turned away. So no bickering could occur.

The formal offer of marriage was not made direct from man to girl. It was made through a friend. In some tribes there were men-women, men who wore dresses and did chores about the camp. They were the great match-makers and arrangers and proposers of marriages.

There was mentioned an example of an Indian man who was very fond of the neighboring family, and spent much time there in conversation. Finally he married one of the girls, but thereupon he became discontented and finally divorced her. His explanation of his returned good spirits was that now he could talk freely with the girl's mother again. He had no real complaint about his wife, other than that the marriage interrupted his pleasant talks with her mother.

If the man wanted to get rid of his wife, he took little sticks, placed marks thereon, and in a dance threw them to some other young man. If the sticks were caught, voluntarily or otherwise, the catcher had a new wife. For the woman the separation was simpler, she just threw out of the lodge all of the man's belongings, and he had to accept this gentle hint that he was no longer welcome inside.

Treatment of lawlessness was a real problem for the Indians. They lived under crowded conditions, and had no such thing as jails. The old men could give advice to the young man who was causing any friction about camp, could warn him, maybe try to "adjust" him with suggestions, but finally the only real punishment for continued or serious misdeeds was banishment from the tribe. This was serious, for it might mean death if the ostracised man were found alone by enemies. He might find his way to his folks tribe, if that was different from his wife's, or he might join in with a band of men experiencing the same sort of punishment. For murder, the ostracism lasted four years, and then only gradually could the culprit work his way back into the good graces of the tribe. But this matter of punishment for killing, whether the act was murder, an accident, or in self defense, depended a lot upon the position of the tribe. If they belonged to a majority

people, where the loss of one man was not so important to the tribe, the loss of life might be adjusted between the two families concerned. But if a minority people were involved, where the death counted as a loss to a tribe already "too few", then banishment followed as a necessary penalty and warning to others.

The problem of chieftanship was one that caused much misunderstanding with the whites. The white man assumed that there was one leading and superior chief in a tribe, but this was incorrect. There were various chiefs but their jurisdiction was not too general. When Washington insisted that some chief act as though he did have authority over the whole tribe, lots of trouble resulted.

On death, there was no inheritance of goods as we think of it. The name, the reputation, the designs for beading, the intangible things, might belong to the family. But anything "made less by division" would not be kept by the family. There was a big "give away" of the deceased's belongings, to friends and to the needy. This kept things evened up more in the tribe. There might be give-aways on other special occasions.

One of the ideas that caused trouble with the whites was that the Indians had no concept of a complete sale of land. When the government thought that it was arranging a land purchase, through treaty, the Indians understood that they were simply allowing the white man to use certain lands or hunting grounds so long as the yearly payments continued, and that all rights ceased when the payments stopped.



NINTH REGIMENT U. S. CAVALRY

The Ninth Regiment U. S. Cavalry came into existence by an act of Congress approved by the President, July, 1886, and was organized as a regiment of colored cavalry at New Orleans, Louisiana. The first man enlisted was George Washington.

The Ninth saw extensive Indian campaign service, served in Cuba, in the Spanish-American war, subsequently went to the Philippines, and returned to Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming, June 14, 1909.

These tokens of the Ninth Cavalry were used in the enlisted men's club, and the Post Exchange.

FORT WASHAKIE

Camp Augur, a sub-post of Fort Bridger was established June 28, 1869. On March 28, 1870 it became Camp Brown. On December 30, 1878, the post was designated Fort Washakie. It was abandoned March 30, 1909, as a military post.

These tokens were probably issued around 1900. They appear to be made from a die which distinguishes them from the stamped variety that were made in profusion at a later date.

(The above notes are taken from Dr. Philip W. Whiteley, PM, whose well-known hobby is the collection of tokens)

THE COLOROW CAVE AND BRADFORD CITY

(In the August ROUNDUP there was an introduction to the above subject. Below you will find the concluding data that has come readily to hand. Repeating: Everyone is asked to contribute further information about the cave, the stage station, the Bradford Road, and the several ranches in that area.)

ROBERT B. BRADFORD

Mr. George Pyle has collected some material for Mr. L. D. Bax, CM, present owner of the Cave. He says that Robert B. Bradford was born January 1, 1813, near Nashville, Tennessee, arrived in Denver from Lexington, Mo., September 22, 1859, and died on December 30, 1876. Little seems to have been written about him. His connection with the partners of Russell, Majors, and Waddell are covered to some extent in that interesting 1949 book from the pens of Raymond W. Settle and Mary Lund Settle, who now reside at Monte Vista, Colo.; their book being "Empire on Wheels." In Chapter VII it is told that William H. Russell, Alexander Majors, and William Bradford Waddell, who were already partners in many freighting and merchandising activities, on August 3, 1859, formed a new partnership with Bradford for a Denver store, to be stocked by the wagon trains of the main firm. At the outset Bradford used a log shanty that had first housed the new Express Company, also a project of the other partners, but soon there was erected at Blake and G streets a building of considerable size. See page 20 of "Pioneer Denver" by Nolie Mumey. The Settles then hint of the many activities of Bradford. He bought shares in the Town of St. Vrain and also 40 shares in the Town of Breckenridge (may have been president of that company for a while) had an interest in the Town of Bradford, and helped to organize the toll road that later obtained a charter from the first Territorial Legislature under the name of "Denver, Bradford and Blue River Road Company."

Certainly Bradford was a prominent and active man in the early Denver days, and was Brigadier General on the staff of Governor Steele, when Jefferson Territory was functioning. His history deserves development.

1859 NOTES

Albert B. Sanford in "Mountain Staging in Colorado," *Colorado Magazine*, 9-66, says that it was in the fall months of 1859 that the Bradford Road Company surveyed a toll road from Denver, up the Platte, to a point one mile north of the present Littleton, and there crossed at Brown's Bridge. Thence to Bradford, and into South Park. The road was completed that winter and opened in the spring to stage and freight travel.

Smiley's "History of Colorado" says (I-269) that "Bradford City" arose near the end of 1859.

On Dec. 12, 1859, one J. H. Cochran wrote from Piedmont that there would be a good road through Piedmont in the spring, entering the mountains at Piedmont and connecting with the Jackson and Bergen Park Road. See NEWS for 12-21-1859. Was it then built as predicted?

1860 NOTES

The NEWS for Jan. 18, 1860, mentions the new road to the mountains via Bradford.

The Feb. 22, 1860, issue of the NEWS has a most interesting story. The Editor (Byers) went on one of his many trips. He visited Brown's Bridge,

named after S. W. Brown, a near-by ranchman owning a large tract of land along the river at this point. This bridge had been built by The Bradford Road Company. He continued to Bradford Hill, south of Turkey Creek. Byers stayed at Bradford over night. *Residents there gave him a reception in a natural theatre in the red rocks, the scene being lighted by pitch pine torches.* This is probably the first important social event of white men held in the Cave. Byers fails to tell us how many houses had been erected in Bradford. He found four houses finished at Mount Vernon and 20 under construction.

The NEWS for April 25, 1860, said: The entrance to the mountains may be made either by way of Golden City, Mount Vernon, or Bradford. All the roads have been improved, and they converge into one a few miles in the mountains." Evidently the Deer Creek road via Piedmont did not offer much competition, if it was built at that time.

The NEWS for May 16, 1860, describes the Mt. Vernon road. It was 10 miles from Denver to Morrison's ranch on the Golden City road, then by taking the left hand road, Mount Vernon was reached in four more miles. Bergens Ranch was 9 miles from Mount Vernon, and then it was 8 miles more to the junction with the Bradford road.

In the May 23, 1860, NEWS it is said that it is 8 miles from Denver to the Toll Bridge (presumably the Brown bridge near Littleton) and then 7 miles to Bradford. So it was probably after this that a diagonal and shorter road was built from Denver to the Weaver Gap near Bradford.

In the April 25, 1860, NEWS, Enos T. Hotchkiss advertised that at Bradford he was prepared to keep all kinds of stock, and claimed the best grass in the country, fine non-alkali water, a good corral, and experienced herdsmen.

The report of a trip made over the Bradford Road in July, 1860, is to be found in the "Journal of a trip from Denver to Oro City in 1860," written by Webster D. Anthony, and published in the *Colorado Magazine*, 11-228. He went via a crossing of Bear Creek. Mentions about 30 vacant houses as constituting "Bradford City." He gives a fairly vivid picture of the ascent of the Bradford Hill. Evidently the shorter route was then in use. See Map in our last ROUNDUP, for August.

In *Colorado Magazine* (13-204) is the report of a later tracing of the old road by Noah LeGault that tells many details of the route. Another story of the descent of the Bradford Hill appears later in the same magazine (15-28, 29).

THE TAYLOR HOMESTEAD

R. W. Taylor seems to have taken up the land about Willow Springs in very early days. Mr. Paul V. Pattridge started to work for Arthur Ponsford, well-known Denver attorney, in 1919, and by that time Ponsford had acquired the Willow Springs Ranch on which the Cave existed. Ponsford was interested in the local history, Taylor was still alive, so Pattridge remembers many long discussions with Taylor. Taylor claimed that a band of Utes, under Chief Colorow, would customarily arrive at the Cave in October and spend the winter in that vicinity. They had a well-used trail over to Willow Springs. Colorow was in general friendly with the whites, if properly treated, and would join them in hunting down bandits. Taylor thought that the little cemetery near Willow Springs was an Indian burial spot, but other stories indicate that free-slaves who worked at Bradford came to their last rest in that burial spot.

LATER YEARS

This area did not lose its interest for the historian with the passing of the pioneer period. The whole story of the Ken Caryl ranch remains to be written. It is at the north limits of this ranch that the old Bradford House still stands, about to become a ruin. John C. Shaffer, of earlier connection with the NEWS, once owned Ken Caryl. Not only did he erect a magnificent home or "castle" there, and maybe 16 guest houses, but he put a hardwood floor in the second story of the old Bradford House for his guests to use as a dance room. Also, he erected a Chalet on top of the mountain, up the old Bradford Hill, and turned it into a sort of museum as well as a goal for horseback riders from the Castle. This Chalet later burned.

Owners of the ranches in that area can be traced through the abstract company if some one will take the time. Probably a number of people can be located who have worked around there. James Adam Perley moved from Blackhawk to the Bradford area in about 1890. His son, James Henry Perley lived in the old Bradford House, and three of his children, all living, were born in that house.

Mr. Albert Pike of Morrison recalls working for Taylor at Willow Springs as a small boy.

UTILITARIAN USES OF THE CAVE

The Cave was often used for lambing. A thousand ewes could easily be handled.

In the big storm of 1913 W. W. Cornell saved his herd of 200 cattle by getting them into the cave.

It is told that a Movie was shot at the Cave in 1915-1916.

CONCLUSION

Has enough been said to whet your interest in this most attractive area? Who wants to do a real job of writing about it?

Working the Range

The September Meeting: Characterized by lady-corresponding-members being invited, and of that group in attendance, were Lola M. Homsher of Cheyenne, Mary Lou Pence of Laramie, Dolores Renze, Mrs. John R. Barry, June Carothers, and Caroline Bancroft, all of Denver. Deputy Sheriff Fletcher Birney presided. Those in attendance not only announced their names but their business: Tom Ferril proving that he is worth his salt as publicity man for Great Western Sugar. R. B. MacLeod, 1395 Lee St. Denver, CM, told of the possibilities of binding the

monthly ROUNDUP (previously Brand Book) preferably in three years together. Caroline Bancroft introduced the speaker by briefly commenting upon the seven books written by Mari Sandoz. Then Miss Sandoz captivated all her hearers with her comments upon the mores of the Indians of the Plains country. We envy the New York Posse in having such an accomplished member. An unusual number of questions brought forth almost another speech by our patient guest. Our effort to set forth some of the substance of what Miss Sandoz told gives no reflection of her charming delivery.

Buchanan Pass: We are asking for help in locating anything about the naming and use of Buchanan Pass, as mentioned last month. Searches indicate the name did not appear on maps until after 1900. But we have found in the 1895 Session Laws of Colorado, page 125, that the Legislature then appropriated \$10,000 to build a road commencing on the County road in Grand County that leads from Hot Sulphur Springs to Grand Lake where the South Fork of the Grand river unites with the Grand River (near dam of present Granby Reservoir) thence up and along the South Fork of the Grand river to the mouth of Arapahoe Creek (where Monarch Lake was constructed later) and thence by the most practicable route to Buchanan pass, and thence by Beaver Park and the most practicable route to the town of Ward in Boulder County. In 1899 there was an additional appropriation of \$7500 payable upon completion of the construction of the road.

Annals of Wyoming: The second and concluding number of Vol. 26 of the official publication of the Wyoming State Historical Society is at hand. We have room for a mention of only a few of the good things found therein. The story of the ghost town of Bordeaux, Wyoming, makes interesting reading. Part III of the series of articles entitled "Washakie and the Shoshoni" is the major historical article. These articles are a selection of documents from the records of the Utah Superintendency of Indian Affairs, and are edited by Dale L. Morgan. Among the book reviews are included "Cow Country Cavalcade," by PM Maurice Frink, and "Cheyenne Autumn," the next-to-the-last book published by our recent guest speaker from the New York Posse, Mari Sandoz.

New Posse Member: Dr. Lester L. Williams, 202 Burns Building, Colorado Springs, was elected to posse membership at the August meeting of the Denver Westerners. Dr. Williams is a physician and surgeon and specializes in urology. He was flight surgeon in the U. S. Air Force during World War II. An ardent student of Colorado's history, his especial interests are old mining camps, railroads old and new, and volunteer and paid fire departments. He is a member of the State Historical Society of Colorado, the Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region, the Ghost Town Club of Colorado Springs, the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club, and has been for some years a corresponding member of the Denver Westerners. Dr. Williams recently completed a history of the volunteer fire-fighting companies of Colorado Springs. A portion of this was read to the Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region.

Denver City in 1860: The Land-on Abstract Company of Denver has issued a sketch of the buildings in the block between Wazee and Blake Sts. and between 15th St. and Cherry Creek, and on a separate sheet has listed the business conducted in the pictured stores. The famous Elephant Corral was in this block. This nice souvenir is a copy of a part of a model of Early Denver that is on exhibition in the Colorado Historical Museum.

Chicago's July Brand Book: At the June meeting of the Chicago Posse a recent addition to that corral, John T. Amber, gave a very fine paper telling the story of the weapons used by frontiersmen "from Lewis and Clark to Buffalo Bill." His paper is reprinted apparently in full and makes real reading. Any of you who are interested in gun lore should certainly have this issue No. 5 of Vol. XI from Chicago.

Brief But Important: From the News Notes in the "Antiquarian Bookman" for August 14, 1954: "The United States Quarterly Book Review, published for the Library of Congress since Dec. 1947 by Rutgers University Press, will be published by The Swallow Press of Denver, Colo., with the Sept., 1954 issue."

Ghost Town Talk: PM Francis Rizzari gave a talk recently at the Lakewood Country Club on the Ghost Towns of Colorado. A most recent addition to Francis' collection is Vol. I of the WHITE PINE CONF., a newspaper published at White Pine, Colo., in 1883-1884.



Westerner's Bookshelf



The Saga of Tom Horn: The Story of a Cattlemen's War. By Dean F. Krakel. With personal narratives, newspaper accounts, and official documents and testimonies. Illustrated. Laramie, Wyoming, Powder River Publishers. \$4.50.

The editor asked me to review *The Saga of Tom Horn* from the viewpoint of one with some experience in criminal law. I told him that I was fairly well acquainted with Horn's activities because of considerable research I had made some years ago in connection with litigation over what was supposed to be his own story of his life. A reading of this book has simply intensified the dislike formed for him then.

Horn was a deliberate child-killer, finding it easier to shoot from ambush, and he met the just fate of hanging. The sole thing to his credit was his failure to blame his parents and home environment as a child for his downfall. But this was before the day of the sociologist, which may explain the failure.

Tom Horn, as anyone who reads this must know, was the hired watchdog—the "stock detective"—of a cattlemen's Association in the 1900's. The small ranchers whom the cattle kings had attempted to drive from their kingdoms had waged an undercover rebellion against the usurpation of their rights and their cattle by the overlords. They stole back (if stealing it can be called) their cattle, and in the process probably took some that were not theirs.

Tom Horn caused them to be haled before the established bar of justice, and the juries promptly freed them. Horn then set up his own court, in which he was accuser, prosecutor, jury, judge and executioner, rolled into one—a court which neither needed nor could have used a fixed situs, but moved in the person of Horn to wherever "justice" was needed. The rights of the accused were viewed and were expunged along the sights of a 30-30 Winchester—an excellent long-range exterminator. The judgment was always the sentence of death, and that sentence was executed in split-second coincidence with the judgment.

Tom Horn's downfall began when he interested himself in the affairs of Kel P. Nickell, a cattle rancher who made himself a pariah by importing sheep into the sanctity of the cow country. The orthodox view has been that Horn intended to kill Nickell, and such appears to be the thought of Dean Krakel, author of the *Saga* under review. My own idea has always been (and it seems as sound as the other) that Horn believed he could create more

terror in the recalcitrant small-time cattlemen by striking through their children, and accordingly lay in wait for and killed Nickell's fourteen-year-old son, Willie.

Horn was immediately under suspicion, but nothing was done until he bragged in a drunken moment. Recognizing him as a braggart, Joe Le Fors, a deputy United States marshal, who cunningly did some bragging of his own to Horn as to persons he had killed and struck a responsive chord, trapped him into a confession, duly recorded by a court reporter, and Horn's days were numbered.

To me, as a lawyer, the hero of *The Saga of Tom Horn* was Walter R. Stoll, the prosecuting attorney who put the brand of guilt indelibly on the accused. His cross-examination of Horn happily is reported verbatim in fifty-two pages of the book, and is of the patient, searching and thorough style nearly always successful when intelligently done. Stoll's work is outstanding in that field. Before some of today's judges he would have been hampered—judges who are volubly impatient of the repetition and back-tracking so frequently essential to successful cross-examination. Fortunately for justice, Stoll was allowed free, though legitimate, rein.

One reading the Saga should round it out with the opinion of Wyoming Supreme Court Justice Potter, one of the great American judges, in affirming the conviction. It will be found in 12 Wyoming Reports, page 80, or 73 Pacific Reporter, page 705.

Dean Krakel, it is evident, did much research for his work, and has put it up in well-written, reasonably compact form. His book makes interesting reading.

Max D. Melville

The Last War Trail: The Utes and The Settlement of Colorado. By Robert Emmitt. Drawings by Bettina Steinke. Maps, bibliography, index. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. \$4.50.

In the nomad culture of the American Indian the male was the warrior and provider, the woman the homemaker and worker. When the white man sought to destroy this age-old culture almost overnight, to suppress the red man's religious beliefs and ancient customs, to substitute an agrarian culture by transforming the warriors into a plowman, his well-meant, blundering efforts could result only in bloodshed and failure.

Personification of the white man's failure was fanatical, benevolent, incompetent Nathan C. Meeker, Indian agent for the White River Utes, whose efforts to civilize his charges in a single season precipitated the bloody Meeker massacre and Thornburgh battle. Three-quarters of a century has elapsed since the slaughter of Meeker and his aides, and still the efforts of the white man to induce the Indian to adopt his way of life have met with indifferent success.

Seldom has the clash between the cultures of white man and red been more competently presented than in *The Last War Trail*, fortieth volume of *The American Indian* series. The case for the white man is presented objectively, largely by means of official documents. Between the lines may be discerned the political considerations for ejecting the Utes from their huge reservation in Western Colorado in the hope that rich mineral lands might be exploited and taxes thereby reduced. Colorado newspapers, politicians and the public regarded the Ute as a bloodthirsty savage and blamed him, usually groundlessly, for every horse theft and forest fire. Significantly, a

poll of residents of Wyoming, where no political considerations were involved, reported the Ute to be peaceful and inoffensive.

The case of the red man is presented subjectively in dramatized narrative, but with no apparent sacrifice of historical accuracy. He is portrayed as ignorant and bewildered but essentially peaceable, wishing only to live his own life in his own way, but bitterly resentful of the white man's effort to destroy his ancient culture. The Ute chief, Ouray, emerges, not as sometimes described, a quisling who betrayed his own people, but as a leader who earnestly believed that a policy of continued appeasement offered his tribe their only hope.

The map of the Ute country would be more helpful if it showed the 1879 boundaries of the reservation. The printer's lapse in dropping several linotype slugs is irritating to the reader.

The Last Trail fills a need for a detailed account of the Ute uprising and those portions dealing with tribal life offer entertaining reading.

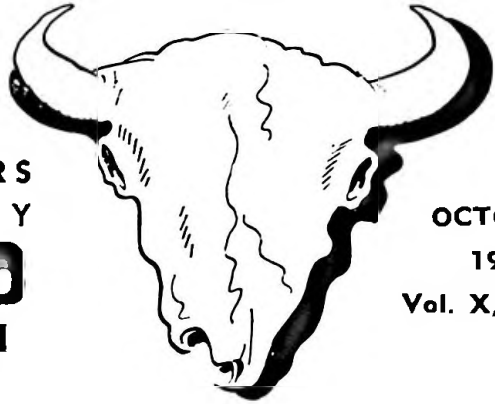
Forbes Parkhill, P. M.



OLD EUREKA

(Courtesy of the Colorado Historical Society)

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



OCTOBER
1954
Vol. X, No. 10



WILLIAM H. JACKSON

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



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Denver Posse Founded January 26, 1945

1954 Officers

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Deputy Sheriff, Fletcher W. Birney, Jr.
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Working The Range

ARTIST FOR THE 1953 BRAND BOOK

As inserted page of this ROUNDUP is a picture of the artist who has drawn sixteen pictures for the chapter headings in the 1953 Brand Book, and a few extra sketches. His name is Nick Eggenhofer, as you learned from the advance notice for the Brand Book telling you you had to have your order in before December 1 to gain the advantage of the \$7.00 pre-publication price (and probably the only way you can get a copy from the Westerners anyway). You should know something about the artist who has this year illustrated your book.

Nick Eggenhofer was born in Gauting, Bavaria, in 1897. During his school days he became fascinated with western Indian lore and tales. His family moved to the U.S. in 1913. He worked at all sorts of

jobs here; shoe store, embroidery factory, hardware store, wrapping frankfurters into 5-lb. packages, feeding a machine for the National Biscuit Co., and finally becoming an apprentice in a lithographing house.

He took art lessons as he had time and opportunity, and kept drawing all the time. Finally sold some of the drawings to an old firm in New York and was assigned to the then newly published "Western Story Magazine." He did all the "inside" art work for this publication for ten years. After the early twenties he was able to get west at frequent intervals.

He recently joined the New York Posse and attended his first meeting this fall.

By many he is regarded as the best of the present illustrators of western stories. Sounds like Mau-

rice is offering us a book that will make emulation in the future pretty difficult.

The October Meeting: After a couple of months of absence, we happily returned to our familiar quarters at the Press Club for our monthly roundup. Found the remodeling had not altered the meeting room beyond recognition, but it is a lot more usable; we could handle 100 there if some speaker has that amount of drawing power—It was suggested that our Tally Man should occasionally read to us the list of corresponding members about to be dropped for non-payment of dues, so that their sponsors could be thus advised—The Christmas meeting will be advanced, as usual. Will be in the area of December 15th to 18th. Ladies to be invited; details later—Elvon Howe has urged our Sheriff to appoint a Research Committee whose function will be to foster and direct real historical research among our members, especially draw out the interest and abilities of our corresponding members, and thus indirectly aid our Program Chairmen and Editors. This sounds like a good step to make certain we abide by our stated purposes — Maurice Frink said that the 1953 BRAND BOOK would be ready by the December meeting and that it would be really *good*; and of this we have no doubt.—Henry Toll, as acting Vice Tally Man, read extracts from our last financial report.—A letter of appreciation from Mrs. McMechen was received concerning the McMechen tablet. A vote of thanks from the Westerners went to posse members Hafen, Birney, Gann, and Mazzula for getting this job well done.—A formal expression of condolence to the Raine family was suggested.—Our speaker, Mr. H. Leslie Parker, convinced us that he knew the history of the oil fields of

Colorado, not all of which he felt it safe to divulge. Mr. Parker was entertaining. If we show any slight lack of editorial enthusiasm, it is because there was no prepared manuscript.

Grand Lake Enlarged: We refer not to a reclamation project but to the fact that Mary Lyons Cairns will have a new book out in December, entitled "THE OLDEN DAYS." We understand it will give more of the history and happenings in the early days of Grand Lake. You will recall her earlier small volume "Grand Lake: The Pioneers" published in 1946 by the World Press of Denver, which press will also handle the new volume. The first Grand Lake volume was most readable and full of fine pictures.

Warning to L.A.: PM Walter Gann has left for Los Angeles to finish his book on Outstanding Western Individuals. Wants any members of the Denver Posse travelling that way to look him up and to go to a meeting of the Los Angeles Posse with him.

Pikes Peak: The Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region seems to have been busy lately. At their Sept. and Oct. meetings they heard parts of PM John J. Lipsey's planned book on James John Hagerman and the Colorado Midland Railroad. Some of this will be the subject of our own Christmas meeting. John introduced at our last meeting CM Kenneth E. Englert, V.P. and Program Chairman of the above mentioned Society. PM Carl F. Mathews is President.

Jeremiah Lee: The Jeremiah Lee family of Central City and their Lee House there could be the background of a good story, says CM Roy Erickson. He is having a monument made for that family for their family plot at Riverside cemetery.

Editorian: PM Ed Bemis, of Littleton, and publisher of an unnamed famous newspaper, has another interesting publication to his credit which has gained more than nation-wide attention. It is the "Editorian," issued monthly, and containing information specially designed for aid and assistance to and consumption by Rotary Club bulletin editors. This little publication was started in June of 1952 as Ed's personal service to the bulletin editors in the area he served as District Governor in 1943-44, including Colorado, Wyoming, and parts of Nebraska and New Mexico. Soon after it was launched he received calls from other parts of the country for the service, so he was forced to announce a subscription price in order to control the situation. Subscribers now cover the United States and some are located in Canada, China, and South Africa.

McMechen Memorial: Edgar C. McMechen, for many years one of the mainstays of the State Historical Society of Colorado, wished that his ashes might be laid to rest in the mountains he loved so well. So a bronze plaque was provided by the Westerners and recently it was affixed to a huge granite boulder near Echo Lake and the ashes were there buried. These "last services" were attended by representatives of the family and friends of the deceased, including several of our Posse members.

Los Angeles Corral: Publication 26 of the Branding Iron, the quarterly publication of the Los Angeles Corral, bears date of September, 1954. Homer H. Boelter has therein a most appreciative report of the July rendezvous in Denver, and we are most appreciative. "Timbuctoo—In California" tells of an early California mining camp. Other articles are also most worthy of your reading.

Chicago Brand Book: As usual, Don Russell's August issue of the monthly Brand Book from the Chicago Corral is most worth while. The main article this time is entitled "Death on a Drum Head," a story of the life and death of Philip Nolan, an associate of Gen. Wilkinson. A tribute to Bill Raine is in this issue.

New York Brand Book: The third quarterly Brand Book from the New York Posse has arrived, this time under the editorship of A. H. Greenly, Chief of the staff of editors. Twenty-four pages, 8½ x 11, on slick paper, we note enviously; and an article on the Hawken Rifle and the Green River Knife with *colored* illustrations! Various Deadwood Dicks are accounted for, the last Indian Removal is chronicled, and many other interesting stories appear. A long list of new corresponding members is given with brief biographies of each. Book reviews include the last book from the Hafens on the Old Spanish Trail. Our amazement caused by thinking of the cost of such a brand book forces us to stop our comments.

A First from Tucson: Three mimeographed sheets, in the nature of a letter-report, have reached us from the Tucson Corral, under the title "Hoofsprints in the Corral" and are proudly numbered Vol. 1, No. 1. Welcome, most welcome. We are told of the most informal activities of this group, and their list of speakers sounds great. Finally there is a list of the seven other groups of Westerners and an officer's name and address is given for each with the idea that readers who are traveling might like to find out about meetings in other places. There is no definite announcement as to publication plans, but maybe this can turn into at least a quarterly report from our friends in Tucson.



He brings the Old West back to life: Nick Eggenhofner, who has illustrated the 1953 Denver Brand Book, is shown at his easel in his studio at West Milford, New Jersey. (Photo by Robert Goebel)

Our Pennies: For 1954 we budgeted an income of \$2,270 and a spending of \$1,870, leaving a possible profit or leeway of \$400. We have in the first nine months collected 81% of our planned income and have spent around 72% of our "allowance." So we are behaving pretty well money-wise.

Book Show: Keep your eyes open for an announcement of a showing of books and bindings by CM R. Bruce MacLeod. The scheduled time is December sixth to twelfth, but the place has not been definitely selected as we go to press.

Bits of Travel: PM B. Z. Woods drove from Colby, Kansas, just to attend our last meeting. — PM Henry Hough looked over Virginia City, Nevada, and found it not too different from Central City. — CM John Boyd has been to Alaska. — PM Maurice Frink recently addressed the General Council of Utes in behalf of the Ute Indian Museum which the Colorado Historical Society plans to build at Montrose, Colo. — PM Fletcher Birney led PM Elvon Howe on a chase around old Russellville, Fagan's grave, etc.

NEXT MEETING — DON BLOCH

Time: 6:30 P.M. on Wednesday, November 24, 1954. This is Thanksgiving Eve.

Place: The Denver Press Club, 1330 Glenarm. We find the meeting room, upstairs, in its changed condition, quite to our liking; roomier, allowing a better placing of tables.

Who Invited: The males of the species, Posse Members more or less compulsory, and corresponding members entirely welcome.

The Speaker: Our good book-master, Don Bloch, long-time member of the Denver Posse. We are returning for our next few meetings to the more normal procedure of relying upon our own members to produce interesting programs for us. Don has always "come through" in great shape, so expect something really enjoyable.

The Subject: HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A WANDERING SWEDE IN THE WEST—1876-1878.

Reservations: Regular reservation blanks are sent to Posse members, so they are pretty careful about advising our Chuck Wrangler of their plans. But we rely upon the initiative of the Corresponding Member to make a reservation if he wishes to attend. Art Zeuch wants your note or postal address to 930 Downing St., Denver 18; or you may catch him by telephone at CHerry 4-7185.

NEW CORRESPONDING MEMBERS

We are in a very happy situation as our corresponding members number right at 500, the magic figure we have selected as about the right balance for us. More than 500 makes our clerical activities too onerous, while fewer would mean curtailment in the publication budget. But there are lots of changes and a steady flow of a few new members each month is desired. We would like to feel that our membership is sifting down to those who really enjoy our ROUNDUP. No one should feel hesitant about applying for enrollment as a corresponding member. Send requests or suggestions to the Westerners, 306 State Museum, Denver 2, Colorado. Each corresponding member remits \$3.50 per year, of which \$3.00 is the subscription to the ROUNDUP, this monthly publication.

SECOND OIL WELL OF USA WAS IN COLORADO

Henry W. Hough

Colorado and the Rocky Mountain West hold an honored place in the early history of the petroleum industry, which dates its progress from the year 1859.

In that particular year, when the Pike's Peak gold rush was getting under way and the Rocky Mountain area turned into a desirable objective rather than a formidable barrier on the way to California and Oregon, some businessmen in western Pennsylvania joined hands and fortunes to try out a bright idea.

That idea was to take a leaf from the book of the salt well drillers and to drill wells deep in the ground to extract "rock oil." The oil had its uses for lamps, particularly in inland areas far removed from a source of whale oil for fuel. Chemists were beginning to find other uses for rock oil, but it was a slow and messy job to recover it by skimming the oily film that collected on water at various "tar springs" and other seeps.

Success of the drilling venture in Pennsylvania wasn't exactly sensational but it made a deep impression on those who were familiar with what had been accomplished and how it was done. One of these men was named A. N. Cassady, who shortly took off for the gold fields of California but was on his way back east within a couple of years when he heard about the oil seeps in Colorado.

Cassady saw the shiny black oil oozing out of the fractured shale just above water level, where we can see it today on Oil Creek, six miles north of Canon City, Colorado.

His wells were drilled in a little bluff just east of the creek, and sure enough, he found clean green oil at depths of six to 30 feet in the several wells drilled there. Legal description of this spot is Section 27, Township 17 South, Range 70 West, Fremont County, Colo. These wells still can be seen, with pipes of varying sizes sticking out of the ground. Remnants of an old skimming plant adjoin the site of the first oil wells west of Pennsylvania.

The oil sold in Denver during the Civil War for as much as \$5.00 per gallon. Contemporary records indicate that more than a few wagons carrying barrels of oil made the long haul of something like 150 miles from Canon City to Denver.

Colorado too long has neglected to mark the spot where the nation's second oldest oil field was discovered in 1862. Only a month ago, steps were taken to remedy this shortcoming. Soon it will have its marker. Some day it should be a state park. A group of more than 100 geologists visited the Oil Creek drilling site recently, as part of a well-organized field trip conducted by the Rocky Mountain Association of Geologists.

Dr. Cy Dobbin, senior geologist of the U. S. Geological Survey at Denver, prepared the notes which were delivered at the historic spot where Cassady produced petroleum.

Other noted geologists, engineers and oil company executives spent two days visiting the Canon City-Florence area, studying its many significant geological features and confirming its notable history.

The oil pool on Oil Creek didn't amount to much, but a few years later Cassady joined with Isaac Canfield to drill for oil farther out in the Arkansas river valley a few miles, on what looked to Cassady like a "trend" such as modern geologists might follow. Again he was right, and the important Florence oil pool was discovered.

Dr. Charles Lavington of the U. S. Geological Survey gave the geologists some figures that bear repeating here, showing the often belittled Florence-Canon City oil area was nothing to be taken lightly. Here are some of those figures:

Production to date—14,100,000 barrels of petroleum.

Number of wells drilled in Florence-Canon City area—1,300.

First discovery at Canon City's Oil Creek pool—1862.

Discovery of Florence pool—1876.

Peak of production—1892, when the field produced 824,000 bbls.

Production per acre (Florence field)—2,300 barrels.

Depth of producing horizons—1,039 to 3,577 feet.

Area of Florence field—14 square miles.

Deepest well in geological strata—to Carlile shale in Florence field. to Morrison sandstone in South Florence pool.

Greatest single well—No. 42 in Florence pool, completed in 1889, has produced more than one million barrels of oil and today is producing its usual quota, about six barrels per day. This may be the oldest producing well in the world, according to H. H. Hinson, vice president of Continental Oil Co., who addressed the field conference group at Florence on Oct. 15.

There are some colorful later chapters in the story of the oil and gas industry in the Rocky Mountain area, but none more significant than these events in Fremont County at the same time other parts of the region were making history of another sort.

Those interested in additional information about Colorado's first oil field will find a good map and additional data in the "RMAG 1954 Field Conference Guide Book, Denver to Canon City and Return," available for \$3.00 from Petroleum Information, Continental Oil Bldg., Denver.

By December 1, 1954, the whole story of the oil industry in Colorado can be obtained in authentic form in a new book to be issued on that date. This is "OIL AND GAS FIELDS OF COLORADO," by the Rocky Mountain Association of Geologists, a monumental array of facts on geology, production, and other aspects of the industry. As soon as it is available for sale, this book can be obtained through the monthly oil journal, Rocky Mountain Oil Reporter, 601 Ogden Street, Denver, Colo.

WILLIAM H. JACKSON'S ORIGINAL WATER COLOR SCENES OF THE WEST AT LARAMIE, WYOMING

If you should find your way to the Archives Department in the Library of the University of Wyoming, where Dean Krakel presides, you may learn that they have there a sizeable collection of original Jackson negatives, mostly of the Yellowstone region. But also you may see displayed a number of original water colors by Jackson. The following list of the paintings they have, kindly furnished by Dean, may interest you:

Pioneer Trails and Scenes of the Central Rocky Mountain Region. Pictorial map of the Rocky Mountain region, Indian settlements, trails, and forts. (1933)

Emigrants and Indians crossing the South Platte River near the present Julesburg, Colorado, 1866. *REPRINT*

The Mail Must Go Through. A pony express rider in a snow storm at the headwaters of the Sweetwater River. (1934)

An Indian party waiting in the rocks are getting ready to shoot a pony express rider coming along the road. (Somewhere in Nevada)

Pony Express relay somewhere in Nevada. The station men are warding off Indians to permit Pony Express rider to reach the station and obtain a fresh horse which cannot be overtaken by the fagged ponies of the Red Men. (1934)

The returning Astorians going through South Pass Wyoming, November 1812. These are the names of the people, (1934) :

Robert McClelland, of Hagerstown, Maryland

Joseph Miller, Baltimore

Robert Stuart, Detroit

Benjamin Jones, Missouri

Francois Le Claire

Andre Vallee, a Canadian voyager

Ramsay Crooks.

Pony Express rider changing the mochila with its box pockets from the tired and jagged horse to one restless and ready to go. In the distance may be seen a covered wagon train. (1933)

Laramie Peak—August 12, 1866.

Platte Bridge Station—Lt. Caspar Collin's fight with the Indians.

Stage coach and rider leaving cabins on the open plains and a crew of men putting up telegraph wire. (1933) Modes of communication.

PIONEERS OF THE SAN JUAN COUNTRY — VOL. III

In previous *ROUNDUPS* we have printed Mrs. Mary C. Ayers' story of the efforts of the Sarah Platt Decker Chapter of the D. A. R., at Durango, to gather and print the history of that region called the San Juan country, and we have reviewed Volumes I and II of the booklets. See the April, May and July *ROUNDUPS* for 1954.

The latest is Vol. III, of 1952, published by the Durango Printing Company. We look forward to more of this very valuable saving of source material.

In this third volume there are again found a few pictures, several articles on specific subjects, a large number of family reminiscences, and a bit of miscellany. An appreciative introduction is written by David Lavender. He has a nice phrase: "capturing from oblivion this human side of the past."

Perhaps the feature of the non-biographical articles is the one on the Surveying of the San Juan Railroads. Part I is written by W. H. Wigglesworth about his father, Thomas H. Wigglesworth (portrait) so well known for his long surveying work in this area and as the "pathfinder" for the early railroads. The D&RG used him in 1880-1881 to locate the Durango-Silverton branch, now the last operating narrow-gauge passenger line and really responsible, we guess, for the dividend-paying ability of the D&RGW. Next was a never-used survey to Rico via Hermosa Creek. Then another survey for a line never built, a short cut from Durango to Alamosa via the Pine River. In 1883 he surveyed from Silverton to Red Mountain, and this route was closely followed when Otto Mears built his railroad in 1889. Much other work is mentioned including the 1901 survey for optimistic Durango businessmen from Durango to Clifton, Ariz., (map). Part II is the story by a young member of the survey crew of 1901 (picture of crew), George Vest Day, who is also remembered as the son of Dave Day of newspaper fame at Ouray and Durango.

Next may be mentioned "Shady Ladies of the Eighties," with a sketch of a location of their houses; but this map is of no value as a present day directory, we hasten to add. Another article gives the history of Durango saloons.

"Telluride in 1900" gives a detailed look into a booming mining town and is very well written. "Lady Luck Guided the Miners" is suggestive of the successes of *some* prospectors and miners. Rico's history is also treated, to round out the mining picture.

A story of the Street Car Company of Durango has an interesting list of famous stockholders of the corporation, with a picture of a couple of the cars. Then comes the 1899 opening of the Ute Strip to settlers, with a picture of a waiting group anxious to get going at the appointed hour.

"The Lynching of Bert Wilkinson" contains reprints from the DOLORES NEWS. Most interesting is the 1881 letter from I. T. Stockton and J. H. Eskridge to the Governor of New Mexico protesting his "requisition" for the writers and defending themselves and their actions. This whole article recalls many of the details of Stanley W. Zamonski's paper read at the April meeting.

There is also an article on the history of the Utes in this general southwest region.

Coming to the biographical articles, we have room to do no more than to suggest the family names and the general activity covered. Timothy McCluer came to the Las Animas valley in 1875 and found there one cabin occupied by Robert Dwyer. Tim is pictured as a great diplomat in dealing with the Indians, probably through necessity—"Billy Adams, Colorado's Cowboy Governor" is a title that clearly indicates the story—Ellfreda Greenfield came to Durango in 1881 and recalls her childhood days—Emmet Wirt was in the Chama and Lumberton areas in the early days—John C. Sullivan first settled near Pinkerton Springs, moved to Durango, was on the "Durango Record," ran a stationery store, and was an early postmaster—F. R. Graham was an early hardware merchant at Durango—The story of John A. Porter, early promoter of coal mining in the Durango region, is one of the more interesting articles in this group—John F. Knous drove wagon teams, stages, and always loved horses; also mined; was joined by brothers, and the Knous family is generally sketched—Tom Rockwood's connection with the first hotels at Silverton and Durango is told—Major Daniel L. Sheets got into Las Animas City with wagons in 1876 and built early in Durango—Walter S. Weightman reached Animas City in 1879, engaged in the grocery business, and later built the first house in North Durango—The biography of Mary Bassett Franklin is written by her son, the well-known author of children's books, George Cory Franklin—Jack Turner, member of the celebrated Baker Party, served under Col. Chivington, was an early sheriff of Colfax Co., N. M., tangled with Clay Allison, was a personal friend of Lew Wallace, and later homesteaded near Trimble Springs; this is a very colorful chronicle, with a nice sketch of the old homestead—"Helen Allen-Webster-Stoiber-Rood-Ellis" sketches the life of the imperious Mrs. Stoiber, builder of "Waldheim" at the famous Silver Lake Mine (pictures) and of other mansions and spite fences—John W. Wingate, carpenter, sawmill operator, prospector, and partner of Alva Adams in a hardware store in Del Norte—The Pargin family, fourth to locate on the Piedra—Hans Aspaas snubbed wagons into Howardsville in 1874, partook of the early life at Silverton, homesteaded in the Animas valley in the spring of 1875, and his was the only family around

Parrott City in the fall of '75—The Ent family was also around Parrott City a bit later—And finally Adair Wilson, pal of Mark Twain, arrived at Del Norte in 1873, and was the first editor of the "Del Norte Prospector."

Among the miscellaneous matters may be mentioned a long list of "Eminent People" who have lived at times in the San Juan country, and a list of the La Plata County Veterans of the Civil War. We must mention in conclusion a picture of the Silverton Ball Club of 1902 as we write this at the conclusion of a complete rout of the Indians in the World Series.

SOME QUESTIONS OF COPYRIGHT LAW AND OF GOOD TASTE

The recent publication by "The Branding Iron Press" (Evanston, Illinois) of "Land of Enchantment—Memoirs of Marian Russell Along the Santa Fe Trail—As dictated to Mrs. Hal Russell" and the copyrighting of that volume by that Press causes us some reflection upon publishing problems.

This material was first published, without benefit of copyright, in 1943-1944 in seven consecutive issues in volumes XX and XXI of THE COLORADO MAGAZINE, a bi-monthly publication of The State Historical Society of Colorado. There the title was simply: "Memoirs of Marian Russell—Mrs. Hal Russell." A footnote stated (XX-81): "This manuscript is the joint production of Marian Russell and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Hal Russell of Weston, Colorado. Several years before Marian Russell's death, which occurred at the age of 91, she began relating the story of her life to Mrs. Hal Russell, who wrote and submitted each page to her mother-in-law for criticism and revision."

In the introductory remarks (page ix) of the new book there is the mention of the long dictation by Marian Russell; "Faithfully, and almost tirelessly, her schoolteacher daughter-in-law wrote, read back, and corrected the account. It is published here as it was dictated."

So the first question which arises is as to which publication does give the "as dictated" language of Marian Russell?

The two accounts are not identical. They follow, in the main, paragraph for paragraph and sentence for sentence; but there has been much rewriting for the new book. It is most difficult to fairly give in a few words a correct idea about the amount of the rewriting that has taken place. Usually a sentence is rephrased; for example: "Leaving the beautiful grasslands to the north, we struck in a southerly direction across the Great American Desert" (XX-94) reads in the book, "We left the beautiful grassland behind us and struck in a southwesterly direction for the Arkansas River" (p. 25). At other places there is greater re-arrangement of sentences within a series of paragraphs and often some additional details; a corner stand table acquires a "big conch shell and a vase of flowers" in this rewriting (p. 2).

The next question of interest arises from the adoption of the editorial notes of the first publication into the text of this new book. Some twenty or more footnotes appeared in the Colorado Magazine and at the beginning of each of the seven sections of the story appeared the statement that the editorial notes were by Edgar C. McMechen; who was then with the State Historical Society. About fifteen of these are reflected in some way in this "re-dictation" as it appears in the book. Two examples will illustrate:

Speaking of Albuquerque: "The town was very old even in 1852. It had been founded by the Spanish in 1706 and had been named in honor of the Duke of Alburquerque." The footnote (XX-143) read: "Don Francisco Fernandez, Duke of Alburquerque, was the 34th Viceroy of New Spain. Twitchell, *Leading Facts Of New Mexico History*, I, 421, 422. The first r has been dropped in modern spelling." On page 32 of the book we find: "Albuquerque was old even in 1852. It had been founded by the Spanish in 1706 and was named in honor of the Duke of Albuquerque. Don Francisco Fernandez, Duke of Albuquerque, was the 34th Viceroy of New Spain."

In the magazine, XX-147, this paragraph was written: "The house that is today pointed out to tourists as the oldest house in Santa Fe was in the year of 1854 occupied by the family of one Dometrico Perez. Perez was an educated Spaniard, the son of a former Territorial Governor of New Mexico." The McMechen footnote stated that the father Perez was: "Col. Albino Perez, who preceeded Governor Armijo. He was killed and beheaded by the Pueblo Indians in their revolt of 1837." In the book at page 39 this paragraph becomes: "The house that today is pointed out as the oldest house in Santa Fé was occupied in that year of 1854 by the family of an educated Spaniard whose name was Dometrico Pérez. Pérez was the son of a former territorial governor of New Mexico, Colonel Albino Pérez who preceeded Governor Armijo. Armijo was killed and beheaded by the Pueblo Indians in 1837." This misunderstanding of McMechen's footnote by the "author" called for a footnote by the editor of the book: "The author is confused: it was Governor Peréz who was decapitated in August 1837 in the so-called Chimayo Rebellion. Governor Manuel Armijo succeeded him," (p. 146).

A main interrogatory that we propound to our readers is whether or not the author and publisher are justified in presenting this book without any intimation of any sort that the Memoirs of Marian Russell have been previously published in a non-copyrighted form? In the field of history publications is this good taste and entirely fair to the public and to book collectors? Does the publication of such a book and the copyrighting thereof carry the suggestion that it is new material?

Then the whole problem of copyrighting this book intrigues us. Turning to a law book, 18 C.J.S., under "Copyrights" we read in sec. 13 that after publication of material without copyright any use may be made thereof, subject to the rule that the author of the work in its original form must be held out as the responsible author of it in its altered form. So is it fair to ask, who is the author of the altered form of this literary production? Not Marian Russell, who died before her dictated memoirs made their first appearance in published form. It must be assumed that Mrs. Hal Russell did the rewriting and is responsible for the rephrasing of sentences and the wholehearted adoption of the first set of editorial notes. But does the book "hold her out" as the responsible author when it calls her "an able amanuensis" and states without qualification: "It is published here as it was dictated"; and the title page refers to the Memoirs "as dictated to Mrs. Hal Russell"?

In the same law book, sec. 25, we learn that a publisher cannot copyright previously published material; that piracy is not the subject of a valid copyright; and that where a general publication has been made of a work without copyright, a subsequently attempted formal copyright has been held void. In fact the Copyright Act itself says in section 8: "No copyright shall subsist in the original text of any work which is in the public domain."

But Section 7 of the Copyright act deals more directly with the present situation: "Compilations or abridgments, adaptations, arrangements, dramatizations, translations, or other versions of works in the public domain . . . or works republished with new matter, shall be regarded as new works subject to copyright . . ." Under this the law discussion says the question is whether the revision is substantial and sufficient, is it a distinguishable variation? Also it appears that the copyright is valid as to new matters only and such new matters must be clearly separable from the old. Have we made it clear what parts of this book are now copyrighted?

These "Memoirs" are a wonderful story and the publication thereof in the Colorado Magazine in its seven issues was a laudable exception to the general rule of the Society that it will not publish long manuscripts which cannot be contained in one issue. If since that publication about ten years ago Mrs. Hal Russell has worked over her manuscript and tried by some re-phrasings to make what appealed to her as a little "better literature," no one can complain too seriously. To have this delightful story available in book form, with some new editorial notes and an index is certainly not objectionable. But still, as a matter of ethics and honesty, should not the publisher have been a bit more frank about this manuscript, and have told of its previous publication and of its having been "dolled up" a bit?

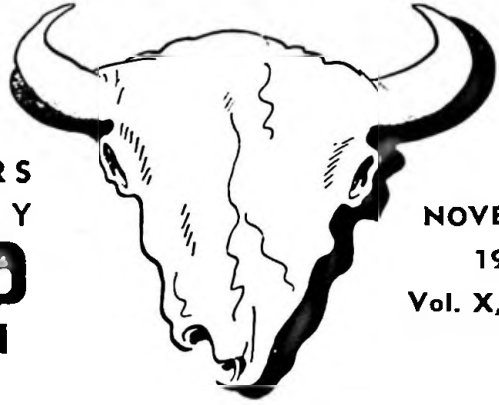
CHRISTMAS MEETING

The December meeting will be at 6:30 p.m., Friday, December 17, 1954, at the University Club, 17th and Sherman, Denver.

Wives of members and all corresponding members are invited.

Cost \$2.75 per plate, which includes tax and tips.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



NOVEMBER
1954
Vol. X, No. 11



ROLF JOHNSON

On March 31, 1880. Aged 24 years, 5 days.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



Entered as Second Class Matter at Boulder,
Colorado. Printed Monthly. \$3.00 per year.

Vol. X

November, 1954

No. 11

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Room 306, State Museum Building, Denver.

Denver Posse Founded January 26, 1945

1954 Officers

Sheriff, LeRoy R. Hafen.
Deputy Sheriff, Fletcher W. Birney, Jr.
Roundup Foreman (Sec.) J. Nevin Corson.
Tally Man (Treasurer) Ralph B. Mayo, Sr.
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Publications Chairman, Elvon L. Howe.

Official Tintyper, Fred M. Mazzulla.
Registrar of Marks and Brands (Editor of Roundup) Erl H. Ellis

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Working The Range

The November Meeting: Fletcher Birney, as Deputy Sheriff, presided. Henry Hough announced the December meeting, John Lipsey's paper on the Midland and Hagerman, Fred Mazzulla's pictures, a few words from Velma Linford, of Laramie, newly elected State Director of the Wyoming Department of Education, election of officers, background music, etc., etc. — Maurice Frink says the 1953 Brand Book is about ready for delivery (at the Christmas party) but only a few copies still available — Fred Mazzulla read a letter from the Mechen family, printed herein elsewhere — Introductions, which included a new corresponding member from Boulder, Raymond B. Johnson, printer of this year's ROUNDUP and of the 1953 BRAND BOOK — Reading of letter from the Chicago

Corral to Dr. Philip Whiteley telling him he had won Third Prize in the contest, Ten Best Books on Western History — Another letter from the Chicago Posse read concerning the dedication of the Wentworth home, and John T. Caine, III, was asked to convey the best of good wishes from the Denver Posse to the Colonel — John Lipsey urged that the ROUNDUP be copyrighted and said he thought the Colorado Magazine of the State Historical Society should be; Fred Mazzulla contributed suggestions on copyright law and procedure — Announcement that the McClain Bookbinding exhibit would be the first one in the Mile High Center Lobby, December 6-18; about 75 volumes, mostly works of the southwest, will be on exhibition — Quite a lusty number of "Boos"

from virulent males greeted Henry Hough's offhand comment that perhaps females might one day become Denver Possemen — Henry Hough introduced our speaker, Don Bloch; See March, 1954, ROUNDUP, under Westerner of the Month for much of the data given — AND Don Bloch's fine paper on Rolf Johnson, with too few readings from the most detailed diary of everyday life and observations of the Footloose Swede.

The McMechen Plaque: A letter of November 13, 1954, from Elizabeth McMechen, Virginia McMechen, and H. G. McMechen, from Los Angeles, addressed to Dear Possemen and Friends, reads:

"Your act in placing a plaque to mark the final resting place of our beloved brother, Edgar C. McMechen, has touched us deeply. His association with the Denver posse was one of his keen pleasures, united with you, as he must have been, by a common love of all things beautiful and true. How close was the tie that bound you is evident in your understanding of his need to come to rest in a place of quiet beauty in the great out-of-doors that he loved so well, and to which his brave spirit returned so often for renewal. It seems fitting that this lasting loving tribute should have been undertaken by the WESTERNERS. We send to each of you our love and warm appreciation."

Sister of William Denver McGaa: Did you all see the wonderful picture of Mrs. Jessie McGaa Craven in the *Rocky Mountain News* for November 24, 1954? Mrs. Craven was born in Denver in 1865, her older brother, William Denver, having been the reputed first white child born in Denver. She was seeking a picture of her father, William McGaa, at the State Museum, but so far the search has been in vain.

When In Indiana: Colonel Edward N. Wentworth, Distinguished PM of the Chicago Posse, valued CM of our own Posse, recently retired from Armour's Livestock Bureau, now resides at Red Oak Ridge about 13 miles west of the Civic Center at Gary, Indiana, on U. S. Highway 12. You find the only place where the trees meet in an arch over this highway, you see two large square gateposts, one with the name of Edward N. Wentworth, the other showing Red Oak Ridge, you look south up a hill through what some call a "perfect jungle" and others name a "scenic masterpiece", you accept the Colonel's invitation, and there you are, enjoying his western library and his collection of etchings, oils and watercolors, about 35 originals, and you might even be flexing an elbow. The new studio in this delightful setting was dedicated December 4th, 1954, with considerable aid and activities on the part of a special committee from the Chicago Posse. The Colonel keeps busy on researches for a new book.

Washington Item: Our CM Leland D. Case is hard to keep track of, though his home residence in Tucson seems fairly stable. He had hardly returned there from his summer activities in the Black Hills when off he whisked to Washington D. C., to act for about three months as Clerk to Committee on the District of Columbia of the U. S. Senate. His brother, the Hon. Francis Case, the Senator from South Dakota, is chairman of that committee. Leland has some thought of stirring up a little more interest in a Washington Posse of the Westerners. If you know of someone there who might wish to become active in the Westerners, through a new Posse there, drop a note to Mr. Case. The Senate Building will reach him.

World Tour: Dr. Nolie Mumey, PM, is away on a tour of the world by air, as one of a group of surgeons from various parts of the United States. These surgeons will lecture in many foreign cities and will be away about eight weeks. This is under the auspices of the American Chapter of the International Chapter of Surgeons. Incidentally, there seems to have been a lot of delay in Dr. Mumey's book on the Life and Adventures of Captain John Williams Gunnison; perhaps the inevitable delay in trying to handle such a volume through local printers not too well prepared for such a job on top of regular weekly local printing. But it is entirely fitting that this book appear with an imprint from Gunnison, Colorado. Better get your order in through your favorite bookseller, for this will be an edition limited to 500 copies.

Superstitious? According to the Denver Post for Nov. 12, 1954, Prof. Levette J. Davidson, our Membership Chairman, can furnish you with a superstition out of his folklore knowledge that will fit any special circumstance you might mention. Try him out.

Buchanan Pass: Looks as though your 1954 Editor is doomed to finish his year without learning anything of the origin of the naming and use of Buchanan Pass, between Grand and Boulder counties. But this is a final plea for any leads anyone can give.

Another World Tour: Did you notice in your Denver paper the other evening a completely smiling picture of PM Henry Hough? His Uranium Magazine seems to be zooming to great heights along with the prices on uranium stocks. This publication is sponsoring an air tour of the world for a study of uranium mining and milling practices. Cost is listed at \$3,000 for 40 days. All you need is the time, money, and inclination.

Aliases: In about 1937, the Sheriff at Telluride, Colorado, issued his "Dry List" and forbid the selling of intoxicants to the following, among others: "L. S. Landers (Fat Belly), Josephine Herlevi (The Cow), John Kuivila (Christmas Tree John), Marie Pierson (Swede Marie), George Crage (Tossemup), and Dave Bales (Puke)."

North Platte: If motoring via North Platte, don't forget that at Campbell Court there you can contact CM Russ Langford and see some of his collections. Maybe 40,000 specimens from the Stone Age, or maybe many Texas Longhorns, or maybe the bead and quill work of the Plains Indians, or maybe Navajo weaving might give you some interesting moments.

Be An Accountant: The Sunday Denver Post for Nov. 14, 1954, carried quite a history of our Tally Man, Ralph B. Mayo, Sr. Ralph richly deserves the successes hinted at in this "Empire Profile."

PHIL WHITELEY'S PRIZE WINNING LIST

(Note: Our Ex-Sheriff, Dr. Whitely, won third prize in the contest sponsored by the Chicago Posse. Full report of the results of the contest will appear later in the monthly Brand Book of that corral. It is with approval from Chicago that Phil's submitted entry is here printed in full.)

TEN MOST OUTSTANDING BOOKS ON THE WEST

1. Chittenden, H. M. *The American Fur Trade of the Far West*. New York, 1935 (1902)

This treatise is the outstanding account of the fur trade of the West, widely quoted by all succeeding historians. Previously unknown source material, added in the 1935 edition, make this two-volume set the authority on the early fur companies, and the pioneer trading posts of the Missouri Valley and Rocky Mountains. Included also is the overland commerce with Santa Fe. Will never be superceded.

2. Parkman, Francis. *The Oregon Trail*. Illustrated by Frederick Remington. Boston, 1902

The early tale of the Prairie and Rocky Mountain life, first printed in 1872, this book traces the changes or metamorphosis of the West. Has been read since time immemorial and will be continuously reprinted for many years.

3. Bandelier, Adolph. *The Delight Makers*, New York, 1890

An outstanding story which is the result of eight years spent in ethnological and archaeological study among the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico. Composed of romantic, sober facts by a serious student and indisputable authority. Has never been excelled in its field.

4. Sprague, Marshall. *Money Mountain*. Boston, 1953

Money Mountain is the story of Cripple Creek gold. More than that, it is the best book ever written about Colorado or any other mining camp. Characters and anecdotes galore. Bankrupts all others. Little known, you say, but will become the world's best work of its kind. Remember please, that Cripple Creek Gold saved the nation.

5. Webb, Walter Prescott. *The Great Plains*. Boston, etc., 1931

Depicts westward progress of American civilization as it spread over the great American plains. A creative study from the evolution of the plainsman's six-shooter to a broad inquiry of plains life. Even has an esthetic touch.

6. Ferris, W. A. *Life in the Rocky Mountains*. Denver, 1940

A diary on the wanderings on the sources of the Missouri, Columbia and Colorado rivers from 1830 to 1835. Fur trade history accompanied by a replica of the original Ferris Map of the Northwest Fur Country. A story of romantic adventure, still the authentic history of the early fur trade in the Northwest country. Vividly written.

7. The Journals of Lewis and Clark

Who would dare deny that the Journals of Lewis and Clark should be placed among the "best books of the West?" The All-American classic and the most interesting narrative of North American exploration.

8. Ruxton, George Frederick. *Life in the Far West*. Norman, 1951

Classic of Western Americana, which recounts the story of Killbuck and LaBonte. Their antics with their mountain men associates, their Indian experiences, their resourcefulness, and their travels are adventure extraordinary. Mae Red and Clyde Porter have rendered a mighty contribution to the early history of the West.

9. Dobie, J. Frank. *The Voice of the Coyote*. Boston, 1949

I know you will be skeptical but consider carefully that Dobie is a peerless philosopher whose characters are humorous and American. Whether legend, folklore or factual, all are magnificently portrayed. Charles Roth predicts and I concur that this and other works of Dobie will endure on bookshelves when those of others have long been forgotten.

10. Alter, Cecil James. *Bridger, Trapper, Scout and Guide*. Salt Lake City, 1925.

The supreme resident of the West at large. (I am not overlooking Fitzpatrick, Baker, Carson, and a host of others.) The "solid" truthful story of the West's foremost frontiersman.

Bridger performed indispensable service to emigrants, pioneers, and to his fellow fur traders and to the U. S. Army. His advice to these people meant salvation. Bridger early obtained and long maintained a primary position in his country's history.

THE SAGA OF A FOOTLOOSE SWEDE

DON BLOCH

One pleasant day, some two years ago, my phone rang. A lady's voice asked, "Do you buy old books?" Every good bookstore proprietor knows the reply to that one: "Yes, ma'am; we do not have the space nor facilities to print our own stock here." But, I said I did buy old books—and subsequently went to see them—a small, but fine lot of Western Americana. Briefly, I bought many of them—from Mrs. J. W. Vande Grift, of Denver, daughter of Rolf Johnson, the subject of this paper. It was from her, after some length of time, that I obtained the diaries upon which is based this Saga of a Footloose Swede.

In 1856, Chicago was a "roaring frontier city." Along its miles of unpaved "broad, filthy streets lined with shade trees" were "stone and brick houses, standing shoulder to shoulder with dingy huts and squalid shanties" in which lived "more than 84,000 people".

One hundred and four trains arrived at or departed from its stations each day. It boasted "fifty-seven hotels, eight of them first-class"; it boasted, "In grain and lumber we surpass any city in the world". It had formed a Historical Society.

But it had, within its vast environs, "The Sands", that malodorous vice-area north of the river where the sailors and farm boys—and the local citizenry—learned sin first-hand, the hard way. Here "Cheap lodging-houses, rattle-trap parlors of assignation and prostitution, low saloons, gambling dens, clustered on land nobody owned." Shrieked the TRIBUNE: "Crime is rampant, idle men walk the streets, or come and go riding the railroad bumpers. Wages for those lucky enough to find work are fifty cents a day. Immigrants, finding legal difficulties in getting homesteads, turn back into the city, adding to the congestion. Burglaries, street hold-ups, safe-blowing, are almost a nightly matter. Many old and prominent commercial houses are smashed. Distraction is in the air. The police are denounced viciously. The city is at the mercy of the criminal classes." (Quotes are from "Chicago—The History of Its Reputation", Lewis and Smith, 1929.)

Thus, Chicago, in 1856—the year when, on March 3, in a house on Clybourn avenue, in the southeastern part of the city, was born Rolf Johnson, the principal of this paper. It will chronicle salients of a five-year segment in the saga of this young Swede who, footloose and barely a man, took to the western highroad of adventure in the late '70's and was gone from home for "a season".

Rolf Johnson was no explorer, yet he discovered afresh what had been found before; he was no mountain man, no trapper, or trader, yet he went on a buffalo hunt that was real enough. He was no Indian fighter, no fron-

tier gunman, not even a cowtown sheriff, yet he met and knew men famous in the west in all three categories. Rolf was not, decidedly, a pulp-fiction hero; yet he made pioneer history, by living it—and, what is most fortunate, he left a vivid and accurate written record of what he did, saw, and heard.

Let me sketch, briefly, the background on Rolf Johnson and his family.

Proud of their lineage, descendants now living provided me with a rather complete genealogy of the family back to 1670—eight generations of well-to-do landowners. This, together with the many pages of fascinating details on old-world manor and home-life, foods, folksongs and games for festival celebration. Although now written down by a daughter of Justus Johnson, Rolf's uncle, these matters were until recently simply "stories told in the family," in the manner of the old sagas.

Always an immigrant people, enjoying adventure, the beckoning door of opportunity, the leaving of old things for new, the Swedes had begun early coming to America. Their history here begins with New Sweden, on the Delaware, in 1638. Political, religious, and economic factors were behind both this first and the later wave of Swedish emigration to this country in the years between 1840 and 1865.

More than a million emigres of this sturdy race came here in a few years after 1850, mostly settling in the score of Swedish communities on the Illinois prairies which had become established between about 1846 and 1860. These communities were located in a belt running west and southwest from Chicago to the Mississippi—St. Charles, Geneva, Batavia, De Kalb, Victoria, Knoxville, Princeton, Galesburg, Rockford, Moline, Rock Island; others, smaller, in the counties, principally, of Knox, Ottawa, Cook, and Mercer.

Following some and preceding other brothers and sisters of the same two families, John Johnson and Karin (e) Svenson, Rolf's parents, came to America midway in the later crest of Swedish emigration. For specific reasons unknown, they left a comfortable manor home—Nebbeboda, in Blekinge—on May 11, 1854, just one month after their marriage. For 16 weeks, according to available records, they were on the ocean in a sailing vessel. When they reached America, they went directly to Chicago. There, at once, John bought property and built a house on Clybourn avenue. He first worked in the Pullman car shops; and, during the Civil War, he was a cook at Camp Douglas, at Springfield, Ill. While there, say the family records, he saw "Abraham Lincoln lying in state in his coffin."

During August of 1854, their first year of residence in Chicago, the city's last sweeping epidemic of cholera broke out. Wonder-eyed, John and Karin stood at the door of their home "and watched (I quote from family record) while big drays and patrol wagons loaded in the dead people from the neighboring houses. They were not allowed to have funerals. They dug deep trenches and buried hundreds at a time. It was Grandmother Karin who used to tell of the very terrible experience. She herself was not well at the time, and the doctor treated her for cholera."

Rolf was 11 when the family moved to Altona, Ill., and 14 when they moved once more to Henderson Grove. From the front porch of this home "they could see the light in the sky from the Chicago fire in '71, and they went outside every night for a week or two and watched the red sky."

There was one more move—to North Prairie, Ill., about 1874—before the final one; at least for the family.

It was on Sunday, March 5, 1876—the day before Rolf's 20th birthday,

and three months after the first entry in the diaries proper, that the family, now five boys and two girls, with Rolf the eldest, left for Kearney, Nebraska, to take up a homestead in Phelps county.

"When they reached the land they built a sod house, which was the first one on the divide north of where Holdredge now stands." And this was the last home place: John Johnson died there on December 29, 1919; Karin, his wife, on October 2, four years later.

Now to the diaries, and Rolf.

For the period from December 31, 1875, through November 26, 1880, we have a virtual daily-entry record. On 626 meticulously written pages of four, small, marbled-board ledgers, Rolf kept close tab of what went on around him. Every page carries a well-phrased running subject head; every other page notes the annual date; each new entry notes specific location as well as day of week and month.

Grammatically considered, Johnson was well-nigh perfect; rhetorically, he speaks very well for himself, noting always those details of back- and foreground as mark a dedicated diarist.

Only four complete volumes of the diary are extant. A fifth, it is known, was burned. This one carried Johnson up to sometime in 1882. Another volume, written when Johnson was finally settled at Gothenberg, Nebraska, in Dawson county, chronicles about 200 intermittent days of 1888. Still another fragment is preserved: 10 closely written small pages of pure autobiography, apparently composed at some later date as preliminary to the main diary. This latter hits a few remembered highlights of Rolf's first fourteen years, carrying him to the Thanksgiving of 1870, soon after the family had moved from Altona to Henderson Grove.

In this short autobiography one may read excerpts to foreshadow something of the pattern which is revealed on a broader canvas just a decade later in his life. Under such top-of-the-page running subject heads as: "School Scrape—Fight with Boy Robbers—Belligerent Boys—A Battle with Irish Boys—Ran Away to Camp Fry—A Fight, the Boy Rivals—A Duel with Knives—Boyhood Loves—Fight with Allen—Chased by a Bull—A Serious Scrape—Chastising a Bully" are samples to show the flavor of his writing.

The first entry of the principal volumes of the diary takes up on a Friday, last day of the year of 1875, and is datelined "North Prairie, Mercer county, Ill." It tells of a wedding on the day previous, of friend Hokan (Hawkin) Johnson, "in the town of Alexis, formerly called 'Bobtown.' After the wedding and after a splendid supper, we then adjourned to the residence of Mrs. Chosta Olson . . . where we had a big time, plenty of music, cake and apples, and a keg of beer, and danced and enjoyed ourselves until 2 o'clock this morning. The guests being in excess of the sleeping accommodations, we naturally were a little crowded; and Swain Anderson, Charlie Strinquist, Sam Ericson, and I got into one bed. This proved too much for the bed, the bottom dropping out and letting us down on the floor."

Following this—the note that Mrs. Olson was "a wealthy widow, with five good-looking daughters" and "the house is consequently a rendezvous for the young bloods of the vicinity . . ."—and we have some clues to the character of the Rolf of the diaries. He missed no chance for fun and adventure, liked gay affairs, took potluck when occasion demanded, was always in the center of happenings—and had a weather eye out for the girls.

(Ed. Note: Don read at some length from scattered points in the diary. It is not feasible to give fair examples in the space allowed in the ROUNDUP. A few impressions: At Kearney, mountains of buffalo bones for shipment east — His family was part of a long caravan of emigrants planning the settlement of Phelps county — The houses were often built into the sides of the creek, like swallow nests — Grasshopper plague destroyed all crops, yet settlers happy and persevered — Witnessed an Eastern dude, newly arrived on a stage, shoot a friendly Indian without cause, the murderer rushed away, the Indians later killing the ranch owner and station keeper — Participated with three friends in quite an extended buffalo hunt — Wolf packs around camp — Wrote down old ballad of a buffalo hunt — Some of own poetry — Another ballad by Chris Rafferty on the eve of his being hung, advice to "Leave off your night walking" — As county clerk he had access to court records and tells at length of a famous criminal trial of one Richards, which includes a gory confession of the axe slaying of a mother and three children while they slept — His trip west into the Dakotas and Colorado — His meeting with and description of Calamity Jane and Bronco Moll — Seeing performances in early Denver theaters — Had his picture taken in Bates Photo Gallery in Denver, March 31, 1880, at age of 24 years and five days — Working on railroad gangs all over Colorado and New Mexico. Don also commented that Rolf Johnson knew five languages and was quite a reader. A hundred good titles are mentioned in his diaries as having been read. Don's paper resumes:)

The abrupt ending of the fourth volume leaves a question about the fifth. It was deliberately burned. So far as known, only its author and two members of his family ever read it. The only details I am able to disclose about it are that it covered the years of 1881 and 1882, during which time Rolf continued to work in some capacity as a member of the road crews laying down the rails of the Santa Fe line, going west.

"These were pretty rough times," says my informant about this period of Rolf's continued adventuring. "He was in hard company, and working hard. Because of the fact that he wouldn't drink with the other workmen, he actually had to fight for life very often, and he always wrote up what happened to him."

It is unfortunate that the diary of this period—written as Johnson always wrote, at the time and at the place—was destroyed. However, it apparently showed a consistent Rolf Johnson—one who never avoided a "scrape" if he believed himself right.

At the end of this year, 1882, Rolf's long "season" away from home was over. He came back to Phelps county, near Holdrege, Neb. At first he held some minor political job, foreshadowing a pattern in his later life.

On September 1, 1884, he married Ellen Brunsberg, a fairly recent emigree from Sweden to Phelps county. Two years later they moved to Gothenburg. There, on Feb. 16, 1888, Rolf became bookkeeper for E. G. West, proprietor of the Gothenburg Elevator, and dealer in lumber, coal and hogs. He held this job for many years; but, during these years and after, was holder of several political offices. For a time he was postmaster of Gothenburg; in turn he was county assessor, village trustee, clerk of the election, justice of the peace; and he was sometimes on the People's and sometimes on the Republican ticket.

The 1888 and last diary is written in a slower tempo. It exhibits a rather domestic Johnson, but one who still reads avidly, who still very definitely

has an eye and an ear cocked for current events, and who still takes his fun where he finds it.

In 1893, perhaps because he was always very much beloved—by his family and his neighbors—was considered completely honest and to be trusted; or perhaps because he wanted one last sling at a new frontier, Johnson was made agent for a Texas land company seeking to colonize a new territory.

Broadsides were printed up to announce the project: TEXAS! Mid-winter excursion to south Texas. Our next low rate rate (sic) excursion leaves Gothenburg for El Campo, Texas, on the morning of January 3, 1893. El Campo is a new R. R. town 40 miles from the Gulf of Mexico . . . It is surrounded by beautiful prairies with plenty of timber and good water. This will be the greatest Swedish settlement in Texas. Over 30,000 acres of land sold in the last three months, around El Campo. Come and see for yourself and you will never regret it. Rolf Johnson, Gothenburg, Neb."

Just the thing for Rolf to promote, just the thing for the Swedes. The rumblings of the panic were beginning to be heard. Johnson organized and conducted at least one trip to El Campo; but the idea was a failure. He must have read the papers on September 16 that year, and wished himself in the van of the Cherokee Strip run.

So, in one position or another, until 1920. In poor health for a number of his last years, Johnson finally acceded to the wishes of a daughter who lived in Denver to come and be near her. He came, but died two years later, on January 27, 1922.

Rolf Johnson's diaries are more than an ordinary record of weather and family affairs. There is much of sound thought, comment, and anecdote in them; there is a wealth of material to footnote the helter-skelter history of the times. Although he was strictly a spot chronicler, as family knowledge and internal evidence of the diaries themselves prove, the entries often seem reminiscent, and in fair perspective.

The running subject heads, lively as they are, do not as adequately disclose the full scope of the material as does a complete reading of the diary. Although his rhetoric frequently reflects the florid formalism of the '70's, there is little in his record of the fustian style of those diarists who wrote with an eye to posterity and publication; terseness, concentration, and an honest journalistic hand composed the entries. He wrote as he spoke, too, as those who remember him, know; he assumed no "company manners" for the occasion.

It is true, the earliest phases of exploration and the first entry of settlers were past by Johnson's time; the transformation from desert and wilderness into a habited country was in full swing. Still, his diaries present many intimate glimpses of sodhouse frontier conditions and the initial surgings of this coming of civilization to the west. They give us, finally, faithful, virile sketches of often lost or overlooked facets of America's rapidly westward-moving populations three-quarters of a century ago, in the words of one who developed under and lived as a part of it. They do much to recreate scenes of a long-gone, lusty era.

He must have been a likeable fellow, withal, this Rolf Johnson. He had an earthy capacity for meeting all kinds of people; and in his diaries he will name you a thousand of them, as and when they lived and had their day. Many are known to you, from the pages of printed history; hundreds you never heard of—but they were there, shaping a continent.



Westerner's Bookshelf



Colorado: A Selected Bibliography of Its Literature 1858-1952 by Virginia Lee Wilcox. Denver: Sage Books (Alan Swallow, Publisher). \$5.00.

About bibliographies, westerners will always echo John Keats's phrase, "a joy forever"; and to the scholar, at least, bibliographies are perpetual aids to new exploration and study. Particularly is this true of bibliographies which are "firsts" in their field.

Virginia Lee Wilcox, the author, is assistant librarian at Colorado School of Mines, and Alan Swallow, publisher of this gem, through his regional Sage Books imprint, have supplied us with the first extensive bibliography of materials bearing on the history of Colorado. It is without a doubt a very worthwhile contribution.

Miss Wilcox has called her bibliography a "selected" one because she has frankly not attempted to include everything about Colorado. First of all, she has chosen only materials dealing directly with Colorado history—not the fiction or poetry that has come from Colorado or, say, a list of the books by Colorado authors. Of the historical material, she has excluded newspaper materials plus certain types of ephemeral publications such as promotional pieces, certain legal documents and maps, and reports of associations and societies. Rather she has concentrated upon books, pamphlets, and similar materials which, in addition to newspapers and manuscripts, are the stock in trade of the historical researcher, whether professional, or amateur.

A first effort in bibliography has to be a bold one, since it is to be used so much and is to be picked

over so carefully. Undoubtedly some specialists in Colorado history will find one or more items that he, she, or it thinks should have been included that Miss Wilcox either overlooked or judged should be excluded. But this bibliography already is winning high praise, and in her work Miss Wilcox had the assistance of librarians without whom any study in Western history is very likely impossible. Any serious errors or omissions should be called to the attention of Miss Wilcox, as she specifically invites in her straightforward introduction to the bibliography. Such cooperation lies behind the success of any fine piece of scholarly study.

Dr. Swallow chose to publish this book by off-set reproduction of typewritten pages. (The type face, fortunately, is better than that of the usual typewriter.) Inasmuch as the book is announced in a limited edition of 500 copies, which surely will go quite rapidly, perhaps we may look forward in some later years to a revised, complete bibliography put up in letterpress printing. But that is a long way away, I'm sure, and to all students of Western history one can only say, "This you can't do without—you must get this must and the sooner the better!!!"

FRED M. MAZZULLA, PM

Yuma Crossing by Douglas D. Martin (The University of New Mexico Press. 245 pages, \$4.00)

The first white man to reach the Yuma Crossing came by water. He was Captain Hernando de Alarcon, chamberlain of Antonio de Mendoza, first viceroy of New Spain, as Mexico was called in the days of the Spanish conquerors. He arrived in

two small boats with twenty men in September, 1540, having sailed up the shore of the Pacific and the Gulf of California—then the sea of Cortez—until he reached a very mighty river, the Colorado.

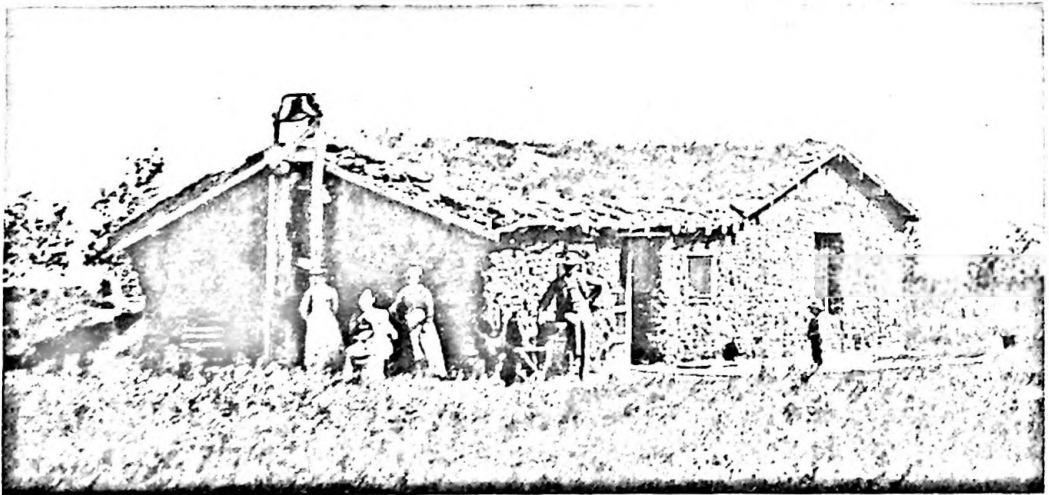
Alarcon's mission was unusual for he was bent neither on looting or conquering the country. His job was to carry supplies by water for Coronado, who had set out with an army to discover the seven cities of Cibola. All of the men expected to find riches like that which had been discovered in South America. In this they were to be disappointed. The Padre Kino was very well liked by the Indians and when he came to a Yuma town at the Colorado crossing he was greeted by a thousand Indians. Kino named the town San Dionisio in honor of the Saint whose Mass he said there.

From the beginning in 1540 many battles took place at the Crossing, as it was the only available crossing for hundreds of miles in either direction. Sometimes the native Indians were in command and other times a great number of different white men. The Mormon battalion used this crossing on their way to San Diego where they were mustered out; the War between the North and South having come to a close.

Two great events occurred in the year 1848 which would make the Yuma Crossing fireside words in many American homes. The first was the winning of the War with Mexico and the other was the discovery of Gold in California.

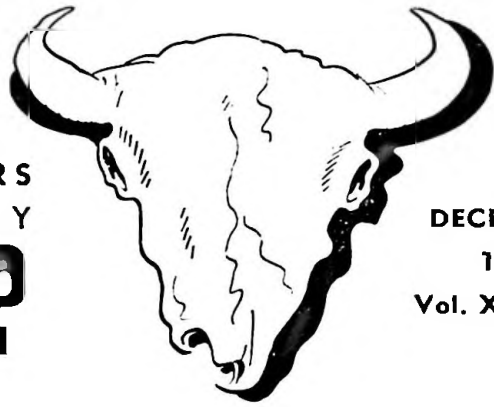
This volume should be a MUST for every Librarian in the State of Arizona.

HERBERT JOHNSON



Sodhouse built by John Johnson, Phelps Centre, Nebraska, and first occupied by his family on April 25, 1876. The sod was first cut by a breaking plow, drawn by oxen. Sod then cut into bricks 2' x 12" x 4". A cellar excavation had first been made, or "dug out". The walls were made of the sod bricks and were two feet thick. In the center of the house, which was 16' x 21', was a big "crotch" of wood. In this and on the end walls rested the ridge pole. Next came the rafters, about 1½ feet apart, which were just round poles of elm or ash with the bark left on. On the top of the rafters was placed a layer of sod, and then over all six inches of dirt. The cellar had a board floor, which was quite a luxury. On the west side of the house was a door and a half window, on the east a half window, and on the south a whole window.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



DECEMBER
1954
Vol. X, No. 12



JAMES JOHN HAGERMAN

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



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Vol. X

December, 1954

No. 12

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Denver Posse Founded January 26, 1945

1954 Officers

Sheriff, LeRoy R. Hafen.
Deputy Sheriff, Fletcher W. Birney, Jr.
Roundup Foreman (Sec.) J. Nevin Carson.
Tally Man (Treasurer) Ralph B. Mayo, Sr.
Chuck Wrangler, Authur Zeuch.

Assistant Registrar, Alan Swallow.
Book Review Chairman, Fred M. Mazzulla.
Program Chairman, Henry W. Hough.
Membership Chairman, Levette J. Davidson.
Publications Chairman, Elvon L. Howe.

Official Tintyper, Fred M. Mazzulla.
Registrar of Marks and Brands (Editor of Roundup) Erl H. Ellis

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NEXT MEETING — CHARLES A. DAVLIN, JR.

TIME: 6:30 P. M. on Wednesday, January 26, 1955.

PLACE: The Denver Press Club, second floor, 1330 Glenarm Place.

WHO INVITED: Posse Members and male Corresponding Members.

THE SPEAKER: One of our newer possemen, our 1955 Roundup Foreman, Charles A. Davlin, Jr. He knows his Rio Grande area.

THE SUBJECT: MAJOR WASON ON THE UPPER RIO GRANDE.

RESERVATIONS: The only string to the statement that our Corresponding Members are most welcome at all our meetings is the request that they make a reservation in advance with our Chuck Wrangler, Art. Zeuch. For a postal, address 930 Downing St., Denver 18, or for the telephone dial CH 4-7185.

ADIOS

It has been a great pleasure to me to serve the Denver Posse of the Westerners as Editor for 1954. This is the twelfth and last of my efforts to produce a readable monthly ROUNDUP. You have all been cooperative and kind to me. As I am graduated to the editorship of the Brand Book, I bespeak for Alan Swallow your support for 1955 for the ROUNDUP. My New Year wish for him is that each Speaker for 1955 will furnish a copy of his paper to Alan about one week in advance of the meeting at which the paper will be read; for that spells consideration for your Editor.

Erl H. Ellis

Working The Range

The December Meeting: About 175 members and guests gathered at the University Club on Friday evening, December 17, 1954, for our annual Christmas meeting when wives are "allowed" to attend. There was a brief private meeting of the members of the Posse at which the new officers were carefully selected, per slate. Chairman Roth of the nominations committee read his approved report to the general meeting. Our expiring Sheriff, LeRoy R. Hafen, who travelled from Provo, Utah, to lend his last presiding charm, graciously bowed out from his duties by modestly stating that all the work had been done by his able lieutenants. Hank Hough also made his last appearance as our program chairman, introducing the participants in the program, and sticking to his guns on the "women-member" suggestion.

Miss Thelma Linford introduced the liveliest five minutes into the meeting as special guest speaker representing our friends to the north, the Wyomingites. Our Tintyper Fred Mazzulla proved his right to be continued in office by showing a few pictures of meetings during the year, posed and not-posed, and also a few shots to introduce the Colorado Midland Railroad as the featured subject of the evening.

John J. Lipsey gave us some real history from the private papers of J. J. Hagerman, which reflected a bit of the difficulties in financing and building a railroad amidst the intense rivalries of the pre-ICC days. You will enjoy reading John's paper, the most of it being printed herein.

A thoughtful and friendly greeting was received from the New

York Posse, and read to the meeting. Another message indicated an effort to organize a Posse at Kansas City.

The concluding scene saw LeRoy Hafen hand the gavel (made of wood from old Fort Garland) and the star, the badges of the office of Sheriff, to Ralph B. Mayo, Sheriff-elect. Ralph made a brief statement to the effect that he was going to make a great Sheriff because he had such a fine group of officers to do all the work. Appropriately the meeting closed with Ralph reading a Christmas verse.

J. ELMER BROCK DIES: No longer shall we find on our roll of corresponding members the valued name of J. Elmer Brock of Kaycee, Wyoming. On December 6, 1954, Mr. Brock passed away at the age of 72. He was a leader among the Wyoming cattlemen, had once been president of the American National Livestock Association and also of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association, active as a Mason, as a Republican, and as a member of the Wyoming Westerners. Our 1953 Brand Book had not quite reached the public when the author of its second chapter died. Editor Frink had this to say in his table of "Contents" in telling of J. Elmer Brock's contribution entitled "Who Dry-Gulched the Hoc Ranch Foreman": "A chapter in the saga of the Johnson County War, by a Wyoming Corresponding Member, a rancher, public servant and preserver of history".

WASHINGTON CORRAL? Leland D. Case CM writes that it looks as though another Corral of Westerners is about to be born. "We had a preliminary meeting

last week with a dozen top-flight persons. The key man is Dr. Ronald Lee, Assistant Director, National Park Service, Department of the Interior". If now in order, our heartiest wishes for success to this new Posse.

CHICAGO PUBLICATIONS: Volume X of THE WESTERNERS BRAND BOOK, published by The Chicago Corral, has been delivered in bound form. This is composed of the twelve monthly issues attractively bound together, without any attempt at rewriting. Volume X ends with the February, 1954 issue. The last monthly issue to be received is for October, being No. 8 of Vol. XI. Its leading article was from a paper by Professor Oscar O. Winther of Indiana University on the subject of "The English and The Far West". It is an introduction to the part played by the English, as investors, travellers, and in other roles, in the "development and exploitation of the last great American West". There are reviews of nine recent books of Western subject matters; included in these is a review of Robert Emmitt's "The Last War Trail", and Don Russell decides that Emmitt has done a good job in catching the Indian point of view. In the September Brand Book appears a paper by Ernest E. East, Assistant with the Illinois State Archives; his subject being "Santa Anna's Wooden Leg". It seems that the artificial leg once used by the commander of the Mexican Army has quite a history and is still about.

OUR WORST BONER: At least we hope there are no others that approach the enormity of this one. Back at the September meeting EDWARD McLEAN attended and told us all about his bookbinding activities. We made a rough note and then looked through the signa-

tures of those attending the meeting and found no Edward McLean. There was in attendance and signing our CM R. B. MacLeod. We jumped to a conclusion and in the report of the September meeting told of the possibilities of binding the ROUNDUP as outlined by McLean, alias *MacLeod* in our report. No one caught us up, so in the October ROUNDUP we blithely asked you to keep your eyes open for a book show in December by MacLeod. Again no one complained. Still trying to be helpful, we noted in our report of the November meeting that the McClain Bookbinding exhibit would be at the Mile High Center, December 6-18. We were a bit closer to the fact. Now we would like to add a red-faced postscript to the effect that the exhibit was wonderful, and that the nationally noted bookbinder is named EDWARD McLEAN, and will continue that name, despite our efforts to rechristen him some one of several other ways. His address is 18 East Arkansas Avenue, in Denver. This December issue being our last, we feel safe in saying that the present Editor will take no more liberties with this McLEAN name. We do hope you read the fine article in the *Rocky Mountain News* for December 8 concerning his exhibit and properly calling it "a veritable feast of the beautiful in books".

BUCHANAN PASS. Fred Mazzulla PM has kindly furnished us with a copy of one of the maps in the 1897 guide for bicyclists, comment upon which pamphlet you may have noticed in the Denver Post for December 12, 1954. He was sure he was doing us a favor, for this fine map showed a road from Livermore, through Adams and Elkhorn, and dropping into the Cache la Poudre at Rustic, thence up the Poudre to Home and Cham-

bers, and thence across the Medicine Bow Range to Walden. This road appears to be in about the present location of the highway over Cameron Pass. BUT THE PASS IS LABELED BUCHANAN PASS on this 1897 bicycle tour. Which only confuses us, for Buchanan Pass on all other maps is further south.

Nell's map of 1895 shows the wagon road up the Poudre from Rustic to Home and Chambers, but not beyond. Nell's 1899 map shows no road over the pass from Chambers to Walden. Neither do the 1901 and 1903 maps; though they show a road south from Chambers toward or to Lulu pass. We just don't think there was a road beyond Chambers to the divide and certainly none down to Walden in 1897.

The earliest map seen that shows Buchanan Pass as west of Ward is the 1896 Nell's. This shows a trail from Ward across the mountains and down to the road from Selak (near later Granby) to Grand Lake. This trail crosses the Continental Divide at Buchanan Pass, elevation 11,700; and the pass is so labeled. Nell's 1899 map shows that Buchanan pass now has a wagon road over it; and so do the 1901 and 1903 maps.

IT'S SUPER, MAURICE! Only the most extravagant words can do justice to the excellent job that our Editor, Maurice Frink, and his helpers have done in bringing out **THE DENVER BRAND BOOK**, Volume IX: 1953. Everything about it is most attractive and the contents are solid and valuable. Congratulations are pouring in from all who have seen the book. Personally, only one little bit of a trifle of lack of enthusiasm comes when we think of next year's Editor trying to keep up the pace.

NEW CM FROM COLORADO SPRINGS: It is always worthy of noting when we register a new corresponding member from Colorado Springs, because of the real enthusiasm and support we have in that group. The latest addition is Leon H. Snyder, long known as a leading attorney at the Springs, and also serving now for some years as Republican National Committeeman for Colorado. He is reputed to have quite a large library dealing with Colorado history and to be greatly interested in efforts such as ours. He is most welcome and we hope to meet him soon with the usual monthly group driving from Colorado Springs for our meetings.

COL. WENTWORTH AT WORK: CM Edward N. Wentworth reports that the cattle book upon which he and his cousin, Charlie Towne, have been working, has been completed and is in the hands of the University of Oklahoma Press. But it may be late in the spring before it comes out because of the rush of publications undertaken by that Press. But on to the next book! Friend Wentworth is now teaming up with CM Robert H. Burns for work on a book that may take them two or three years to finish. It will involve a complete study of the livestock movement over the Lander Trail eastward from Washington, Oregon, and Northern California; a phase that has not been handled at all in our literature.

CARIBOU IDENTIFIED: If you will look back at the May, 1953, issue of the Monthly Brand Book you will find on the cover a picture of a mining town. The old photograph thus copied belonged to CM A. A. Paddock, more commonly known as "Gov", and he had no idea of the identity of the camp.

He now reports that someone has found the same picture in a published set of views and that it is stated to be Caribou, the old mining camp high above Nederland in Boulder County.

COLORADO STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY: An unusual feature of the annual meeting of the State Historical Society of Colorado was a program hand set from type cast over fifty years ago and embellished with a nice picture of the Ice Palace of Leadville fame in 1896. Also visitors were given a catalogue of the exhibits "found" in the attic and dusted off for inspection.

THE NEW DENVER CLUB BUILDING: As Denver erupts with sky-scrapers, it is fitting to remark upon one of the new buildings which is named for and occupied by the Denver Club. Appropriately PM Forbes Parkill has reviewed the story of the Club and of its past homes. His article appears in the "Empire" (*Denver Post* magazine) for December 26, 1954, and takes the reader from the old days of two rented rooms at the Windsor Hotel in 1880 to its four floors in the modern 23-story building that has replaced the old stone building of 1880, so long a landmark of Seventeenth Street.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WILD WEST

Without anticipating too much the expected review of this new volume, written by James D. Horan and Paul Sam of the New York Posse, and dedicated to the officers and members of the WESTERNERS "in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, Los Angeles, Tucson, San Francisco, Wyoming, Black Hills and Portland," we do wish to mention one article from among the 254 pages of pictures (some supplied by our Fred Mazzulla) and concise sketches of the several participants of the Wild West.

One group of stories center about Jesse James; and of these the last is entitled: "The Man Who Killed the Man Who Killed Jesse James." Here is told the Bob Ford story, the murderer of Jesse James—"The glory he had sought turned to ashes in his mouth." Then comes the report of the murder of Bob Ford by "Ed Kelly" at Creede, Colo.

Our special interest in this particular story stems from the fact that we are harboring a manuscript submitted by PM Edward V. Dunklee for possible inclusion in the 1954 BRAND BOOK. Ed's article deals at considerable length with the life of Bob Ford at Creede and contains colorful quotes from the Creede papers about Ford's local difficulties. Then comes the quotation from a Creede newspaper about the death of Bob Ford on June 8, 1892, his slayer being "Ed Kelley". In a later write-up in the *Kansas City Times* it is learned that "O'Kelley" served ten years in the penitentiary for doing to Ford what Ford had done to James.

Posseman Dunklee adds in his article a final touch by a copy of an article in the *Denver Republican* as to the death of "Edward O'Kelley," born in 1842. Ford killed James in 1882, O'Kelley killed Ford in 1892 and that year was sentenced for life; O'Kelley was pardoned in 1902 and met his death in 1904; he was shot in a desperate encounter with deputy sheriffs in Oklahoma City who were trying to arrest him. He had been in trouble most of the time following his pardon. Sorry; there is no further story as to which officer really killed O'Kelley and of that officer being later killed. But this "series of chain murders seems long enough to justify Ed Dunklee's quoting of: "He that liveth by the sword shall perish by the sword."

OFFICERS OF DENVER POSSE FOR 1955

Ralph B. Mayo	Sheriff
Maurice Frink	Deputy Sheriff
Charles A. Davlin, Jr.	Roundup Foreman (Secretary)
J. Nevin Carson	Tally Man (Treasurer)
Arthur Zeuch	Chuck Wrangler
Alan Swallow	Registrar of Marks and Brands (Editor of ROUNDUP)
Fred M. Mazzulla	Official Tintyper

The above were elected as the choice of the Nominating Committee, of which Charles B. Roth was chairman, and Levette J. Davidson and Francis B. Rizzari were the other members. In addition, Sheriff Mayo has announced the following appointments:

Don Bloch	Book Review Chairman
Nolie Mumey	Program Chairman
Fred M. Mazzulla	Membership Committee
Erl H. Ellis	Publications Chairman

COLORADO'S FIRST OIL WELL

You will recall the article in the October ROUNDUP by PM Henry Hough about the first Colorado oil well. Two comments have come in as a result.

First is a mention of an early story published in the 1879 "Southern Colorado" by Binkley & Hartwell. It reads in part: "Mr. James Murphy, having been in charge of the oil wells for fifteen years, has seen all the ups and downs of the different deep well boring schemes. He states from his observation that the oil comes in from the main deposit southward, and is forced up in the stream at the point on the rim of the basin, most likely by gases. He distills the oil on the grounds, producing a safer and better oil than is procured from the East. From Mr. A. M. Cassidy we learn the following concerning these oil springs. That they were purchased by him from Mr. Bowen, the discoverer, in 1862. During the years 1862, '63, '64, and '65, Mr. Cassidy manufactured and shipped to the different markets of Colorado about 300,000 gallons of oil. The oil is of a very superior quality, both for illuminating and lubricating purposes. From a thorough investigation, Mr. C. has become satisfied that the main body of oil would be found in the valley of the Arkansas river, and during the year 1878 commenced operations by sinking a well within less than one mile to the east of the town of Cañon. The well, at the present writing, has attained a depth of 780 feet."

The second observation is from CM Earle R. Forrest, of Washington, Pennsylvania, who says that as a matter of authentic history he will have to reluctantly dispute the claim that Colorado had the second oil well in the United States. There may have been oil found in Pennsylvania even before Col. Edwin L. Drake drilled his well on Oil Creek and struck oil on August 28, 1859. In a newspaper of July 4, 1861, published at Washington, Pennsylvania, it was reported that a group of local citizens, who had been boring for oil on Dunkard Creek, Greene County, struck quite a fine showing of oil one day the last week. It is not known definitely how long this probably-second well in Pennsylvania produced. Oil was hauled in barrels to the mouth of the creek, loaded onto a steamer, and taken down the river to Pittsburg. Mr. Forrest's whole letter is an interesting comment upon the early oil activities in his state.

Maybe we should amend and claim that Colorado was the second oil producing state of the Union.

HAGERMAN BUILDS THE MIDLAND

Copyright 1955 by John L. Lipsey

By JOHN J. LIPSEY

(Editor's Note: Competition, in its broadest reaches, is the background for the complex ramifications into which the historian is led in trying to unravel and portray the threads of the pattern that may one day be a complete volume on the building of the railroads of the State of Colorado. The Colorado Midland railroad was built by James John Hagerman despite the opposition of the other railroads interested in the Leadville-Aspen-Newcastle area. That story has not been completely told. A part of it is suggested by the most interesting paper read by PM John J. Lipsey to the Westerners gathered at their December, 1954, meeting. His title was "J. J. Hagerman and the Building of the Colorado Midland Railway". The opposition that Hagerman faced was suggested in 1943 when his son, Percy Hagerman, read to clubs in Colorado Springs recollections that his father had written down in about 1905. This paper was published as an appendix in the 1945 Brand Book. It told a bit of Hagerman's relations with W. S. Jackson, Receiver for a time of the D. & R. G. This led PM William S. Jackson, whose father had played a prominent role with the D. & R. G., to address the Westerners on the theme that the written record proved that Hagerman's recollections after about twenty years had passed were not entirely accurate. This paper became the fifth chapter of the 1945 Brand Book. Somewhat similar material was published by Justice Bill in the January, 1946, issue of "The Colorado Magazine" under the title of "Railroad Conflicts in Colorado in the Eighties".

(Now comes John's paper based upon personal letters written by Hagerman while the fight for his railroad was in progress and these throw new and interesting light upon the relations of the persons then participating in the contest for territory and traffic for the several transportation lines. Only a part of the material can be reprinted here in the ROUNDUP.

(One should have something of the details of the remarkable career of J. J. Hagerman in mind. In Vol. II, page 771, of Stone's History of Colorado is found what is labelled a biography of "Percy Hagerman" but it contains an outline of the life of his father. Chapter 7 of "The Fabulous Frontier" by William A. Keleher (1945) is a rather complete story about "James John Hagerman"; though in this New Mexico book there is naturally more detail on his Pecos Valley activities.)

James John Hagerman is Colorado's almost-forgotten tycoon. You won't find even a mention of his name in the latest school history of Colorado, or the name of the Colorado Midland, the 238-mile railroad he built, the first standard-gauge rail line to cross the Colorado Rockies. Most Coloradoans have never heard of him at all.

His achievements for Colorado's and New Mexico's benefit (as well as for his own) should be recorded. His origin, his motives, his methods, his thoughts, his aims, his triumphs and disasters—all can be examined with profit and entertainment. This paper is a portion of such an examination and record.

J. J. Hagerman came to Colorado Springs in October of 1884 with no plan except to spend the winter there. He had come on the advice of a doctor who said Hagerman could not survive if he remained in Milwaukee's climate, where he lived while making a fortune from interests in the Michi-

gan iron mines. Hagerman had tuberculosis of the lungs and had had it for some time.

His health improved and his strength began to return. One of his contemporaries, William S. Jackson of Colorado Springs, wrote of Hagerman at about this time as "a rich, ambitious, restless invalid." Mr. Jackson, who may have admired Hagerman but certainly did not love him, might have added "able".

Hagerman began to invest in what was then Colorado's leading industry, mining; in silver mines at Aspen and in coal lands near Aspen and Glenwood Springs. Perhaps these investments in mines and lands for which there were no means of shipping their products except animal transport encouraged him to lend an ear to the directors of the Colorado Midland Railway Company when they came to him and asked him to become the company's president.

There was, of course, no Colorado Midland *Railway*, only a *company* which had been incorporated Nov. 23, 1883, for the purpose of building a railroad from Colorado Springs to Aspen. Among the incorporators were Irving Hobert, Benjamin Crowell, H. T. Rogers, Orlando Metcalf and J. H. Humphrey. This company had made some preliminary surveys and collected information, and had made several unsuccessful attempts to raise money in the East.

Some years ago, my friend Percy Hagerman, son of James John Hagerman, handed me a file which contained letter-press copies of several hundred private letters his father had written during the time he was president of the Midland and the road was being built, letters also which he had written during the period when he was selling the road, and letters written just after the sale. Most of these were in J. J. Hagerman's own hand. Percy told me to keep the tissue sheets as long as I needed them, and to copy the letters for historical purposes if I liked. My wife and I spent a large part of a three-month Miami Beach vacation making typed copies.

The letters in this file do not, of course, include the hundreds of "official" letters Hagerman must have written during the periods mentioned. These are personal or private letters which Hagerman did not wish kept in company files. It is from these letters and from other Hagerman papers which Percy Hagerman gave me or allowed me to copy that the following narrative has been principally compiled. But the narrative is a mere sampling of the high-grade ore in this rich deposit.

Early in June of 1885, the Midland directors met in Colorado Springs and elected Hagerman, president; Jerome B. Wheeler, vice-president; Orlando Metcalf, second vice-president; and Charles A. Lansing, secretary. Wheeler was one of the principal owners of R. H. Macy & Company of New York City. He was heavily invested in Aspen and so was anxious to get a railroad there. He was to own a bank in Aspen and one in Manitou. Aspen's Jerome Hotel was named for him. Metcalf was a Pittsburgh steelman who, for reasons of health, spent most of his time at Manitou Park, Colo. Lansing was a ranch-owner and business man of Colorado Springs. Others interested in the company were Irving Howbert and J. H. Link of Colorado Springs; Charles A. Otis, Cleveland steelman; E. W. Edwards of Durango, Colo.; William D. Sloan, J. R. Buck, Samuel S. Sands and F. D. Tappen of New York City.

Almost at once a curious character named Carmichael showed up. He claimed to represent British capitalists in search of investments. It soon turned out that he *hoped* he could interest them in the Midland, and would try if furnished prepaid expenses and promised a commission. There

seemed to be no funds in the Midland treasury for these expenses, for the pay of Engineer Wigglesworth and his surveying crew. Hagerman wrote his fellow-directors on the Midland board and his former associates in the iron business and asked for subscriptions for these purposes and subscriptions to the stock and bonds of the company. If Hagerman and his friends could raise \$600,000 and Carmichael get \$5,400,000 abroad, then Hagerman thought Mr. Andrew Carnegie (whom Hagerman knew well) could be interested. He thought, also, that John Plankington, Philip D. Armour and E. P. Allis might be willing to come in. (None of these four came in.) Carmichael toured Great Britain and Germany at the Midland's expense, meeting bankers and sending hopeful cables. He never raised a shilling or a mark. Soon Hagerman knew Carmichael was a flop, and the president took over the task of raising the millions needed.

He sat down and wrote with his own hand to everybody he knew personally who had money or influence: to his associates in the Menominee Iron venture and in Milwaukee; to men to whom he had sold iron and iron ore in Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and New York; to bankers and speculators; and to personal friends. To Van Dyke, close friend and former partner in Milwaukee, he wrote: "If we get the money, we propose to show that at least one R. R. can be honestly built in Colorado." He cautioned Van Dyke not to let anything get into the newspapers about the matter. Hagerman seems never to have trusted newspapermen.

On July 29, 1885, he wrote Van Dyke that the road had been surveyed to Elk Creek (now Newcastle); that rails would cost \$45 a ton delivered; that the rock and earth work, including tunnels, had been figured at \$3 a day for labor, the prevailing wage in 1882, but that at that writing any number of men could be hired at \$1.50 a day; that it had been agreed that \$4,000,000 of stock should be issued at the outset, and that \$1,000,000 should remain in the treasury for fund raising if needed later; that \$2,000,000 of the stock should go to those "on the other side" who should take the bonds, and \$2,000,000 in stock should go to those "on this side" who take \$725,000 in bonds. This agreement, with the treasury stock, would assure control on this side.

In this same letter, Hagerman compared the dark record of the D. & R. G. with the bright prospects of the Colorado Midland:

"Of course railroads in Colorado at present have a black eye owing to the disaster of the Rio Grande road; but that *it* has not been successful is no reason why a road properly located and honestly built should not be successful. . . . The trouble with that company is that the greater part of the line was built not to make money for the stockholders, but to put money into the pockets of dishonest construction companies. . . .

Friends of the company should bind themselves (Hagerman wrote) to put their coal and coke from Elk Creek fields on the market at a price to compete with the Colorado Coal and Iron Company, and which would give the company plenty of freight. Coke at Leadville then cost \$13.50 a ton, of which \$8.50 was for freight. The Midland's friends should be able to deliver coke to Leadville smelters at \$8.00 a ton, thus mopping up the business.

"Our road," Hagerman wrote Van Dyke, "being the only line of standard-gauge crossing the mountains between the Union Pacific and the Atlantic and Pacific R. R. [later Santa Fe]—a distance of 600 miles—would get the lion's share of the business" from trunk lines reaching Denver from the East.

Hagerman continues: "There is a narrow-gauge road running from

Denver to Leadville called Denver & South Park R. R., and belonging to Union Pacific. It is called the "High Line". For quite a distance it runs on the north side of the mountains at an elevation of 12,000 feet above the sea, and of three or four months of the year it is snowed under and closed. This year [1885] they did not begin to run trains until the middle of June. It enters Leadville in such a way that it gets little of the ore to carry and none of the bullion from the smelters, and is hardly to be considered as a competitor."

On the other hand, Hagerman said, the Midland would get into Leadville by way of California Gulch on which all the smelters but one were located. He thought that within three years of completion, the Midland should not only pay its bond interest but at least 8% on its stock, and that "every year of its life will increase its value", and so some big road would want to buy the Midland.

"Our engineers find that we can get a line for our road with no greater grades than 3% (158 feet to the mile). There is no road running through the mountains with such a favorable grade as this. On the Denver & Rio Grande running to Leadville there are many long grades exceeding 158 feet to the mile, and one long one of 211 feet to the mile."

The only uncertain element in the cost of building the road, Hagerman said, was the expense of a long tunnel through the Mosquito Range, a tunnel which would bring the mainline to Horseshoe, a prosperous mining region high on the range. They were getting bids to see what this would cost.

This was one of many plans that had to be changed. The Horseshoe tunnel was found to be too expensive, the character of the rock too dangerous.

It is clear from this letter that at the beginning Hagerman expected to build a complete railroad from Colorado Springs to Aspen, via Leadville.

It was Carmichael's flop that persuaded Hagerman and his associates to project the building of the Western Division first. On Oct. 6, 1885, Hagerman wrote D. R. C. Brown of Aspen asking that he and Elmer T. Butler put up \$25,000 each for this Leadville-Aspen line's financing. Wheeler had already subscribed \$100,000; Hagerman \$50,000; Howbert \$25,000; Metcalf \$25,000; and Otis \$50,000. It was necessary that those in the West, who would be benefitted by the new road, should put up at least half a million dollars to show their good faith before they asked Eastern investors to put up four times as much.

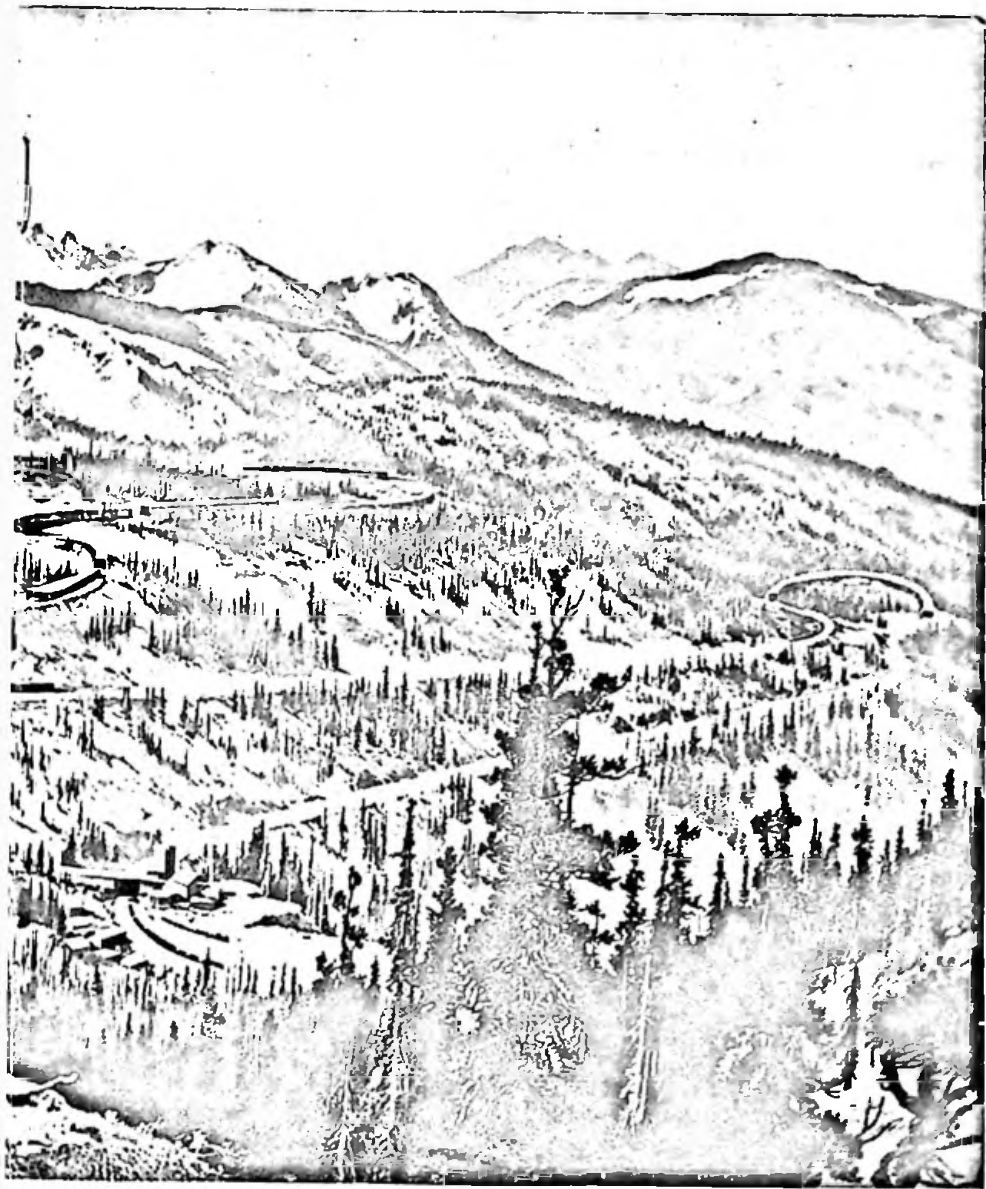
Hagerman, Wheeler, Metcalf and Fisher had been named a committee to go east and raise the money. But Brown and Butler must not let the new plan get into the papers. "Certain people," he wrote, "are anxious to prevent any road being built to Aspen until the D. & R. G. is reorganized and able to build."

On Nov. 15, 1885, he wrote Wheeler that in order to preserve their charter, engineering work in Ute Pass must be continued and continuous. This and other expenses would amount to \$3500 a month. Hagerman and Metcalf had agreed to furnish \$750 a month for three months, and Howbert \$500 a month. And would Wheeler kindly come through with \$1500 a month for the same period?

This was probably the low point in the building of the Midland, and in Hagerman's enthusiasm for it. Everything going out, nothing coming in. (He never drew a salary as president.) He even thought about selling his "Paper-Railroad" to Jay Gould and Russell Sage (who were pushing their Missouri Pacific "in this direction") for enough to compensate those who had already put money into the project, "say \$250,000". This, however, he



Hagerman



Pass-Colorado.

considered only as a last resort. Hagerman, who had done business with Russell Sage, wrote him, and sent ambassadors in the persons of Engineer Thomas Wigglesworth and General Manager H. D. Fisher. Sage replied: "It is a good deal of an undertaking, but we are rather favorably inclined to act upon it, and to make fair and equitable arrangements with you and your associates." Fair and equitable to Sage & Co., no doubt!

He was at this time physically unwell, and he may have been a little sick of his job—tired of begging for risk money. At any rate, in a letter to General Manager Fisher, he speaks of Wheeler's "vagary" and "notion", and tells Fisher he may if necessary tell the two railroad manipulators that "the control is not in Wheeler". But he told Fisher to handle Wheeler "with gloves."

Nothing came of the Gould-Sage negotiations, and Hagerman wrote Fisher on Jan. 7, 1886, that he was determined to unload every possible burden, for he *must*. Still, *something* had to be done. Sick and tired as he was, Hagerman himself went to New York late in January 1886. He went in style as a railway president should. Hagerman knew the effectiveness of "front". He went in a private car leased from the Pullman Company at \$35 a day, taking with him Lawyer Henry T. Rogers. Their wives went along for the ride, and to take care of their husbands. Hagerman was through with sending boys to the mill. Now he sent a man: himself.

Between Jan. 19 and March 22, 1886, there are no letters copied into Hagerman's private letter-book. He was talking, not writing. Having arrived in New York in the palatial private car, he went to work on his friends and *their* friends and in two days got subscriptions for \$1,300,000 of the \$1,500,000 he wanted. Some of who at this time promised money were Samuel S. Sands, New York capitalist; William D. Sloane, New York merchant; Theodore M. Davis, Newport capitalist; Dave P. Eells of New York; and Frederick Ayer, the Lowell (Mass.) patent medicine king. Others were Wheeler, Otis, and particularly J. R. Busk. Busk was to prove one of the most valuable "contacts" Hagerman ever had. He was brother-in-law to William Lidderdale, governor of the Bank of England, and he had Bank connections with English and Scottish investors and speculators. Later he was to become a director of the Midland while still serving on the board of the D. & R. G.

Hagerman had been back home in Colorado Springs only a few days when he wrote Sands (on March 20, 1886) that he hoped to let the contract for the Leadville-Aspen line soon; that he had gotten from the Leadville city council permission to cross and run along certain streets. He had done this without paying a dollar of "blackmail", he said, and in the face of opposition from Jackson, Wolcott and other Rio Grande people who had gone to Leadville to oppose him.

Again he wrote Sands (on March 27, 1886): "I had several conferences with Jackson about getting our rails and other stuff up to Leadville. He talks with moderation, but he will agree to nothing unless we will agree (1) not to build our Eastern Division, (2) to make no bargain, combination or alliance with any other railroad until the D. & R. G. is reorganized (provided it is within a year) and agree now on the details of our offensive and defensive alliance . . . and (3) to make a trade satisfactory to both of us on the division of traffic in Leadville and prices of each. In other words, if we will agree to cut our own throats, he will help us do it."

On March 28, 1886, Hagerman wrote Eells that subscribers to the million dollars of stock offered would get an option to buy a dollar and a

half's worth of bonds for every dollar they put into stock, and that the option on the bonds would be at 90.

On March 30, 1886, Hagerman wrote Sands that Higgins and Rogers had met U. P. managers at Omaha in an effort to get a 50% reduction of freight rates on Midland construction material, cars and engines. (It was planned to put standard-gauge cars on narrow-gauge trucks and to take the locomotives apart in order to get them from Denver to Leadville.) The U. P. didn't say yes, and it didn't say no. But President Charles Francis Adams and his officials, Calloway and Kimball, were coming to Denver next week, where Hagerman would meet them and the Rio Grande people in an effort to get satisfactory rates, and to get the other two roads to agree on a division of traffic the Midland would furnish to them at Leadville. Negotiations might be successful if the Midland agreed not to build its Eastern Division for a while. He wrote: "Our Colorado Springs people will probably kick, but I tell them we cannot consider the subject on any local patriotism basis. The good of the investment is the only thing we have a right to think of."

On April 5, 1886, Hagerman signed a contract with James B. Orman, William Crook, Lew Maloney (all of Pueblo), and S. P. Meyer (of Louisville, Ky.) for "graduation, tunnels, and masonry from Leadville to the mouth of Frying Pan Creek". The total was \$870,183.

The latest scheme Hagerman had heard of (he wrote Sands on April 6) was that the D. & R. G. was planning to build from Crested Butte to Aspen, over Maroon Pass, and that Ed Wolcott had gone to New York to raise money for this. "Wig says they could never operate it. Mr. Jackson has evidently made up his mind to oppose us all he can, and he talks like a boy. He said recently that we 'had no right to build any railroad in Colorado or Utah, as that is our territory'. Also, Jackson said, 'It is a mean thing for you men to go into the coal and coke trade which we have spent so much money to build up. We had a monopoly of it.' They say he is to be president of the re-organized company." (He was.)

On April 7, 1886, Hagerman was writing Theodore M. Davis about a matter which "must be kept very quiet". This proposal, if carried out, "would cut the heart right out of Mr. Jackson". Higgins had found out that every smelter in Leadville would enter into a contract to give the Midland all their business for a term of years if the Midland would furnish coke at \$8 a ton and carry bullion to Denver at \$8. This arrangement would make assured earnings so large that the Midland would have little trouble in selling at par the bonds for building the Eastern Division. Hagerman cautioned Davis: "Don't mention it to Mr. Wheeler yet. He talks too easily".

On April 15, 1886, Hagerman wrote Busk: "I returned from Denver last evening. On Tuesday evening . . . Mr. Calloway [U. P. general manager] spent two hours in my room talking over the whole situation. He is very much disheartened with the course things have taken, and disgusted at the way Adams knuckled to Jackson."

Hagerman goes on to explain: "There are three members of the 'Missouri River Pool', the U. P., Burlington and A. T. & S. Fe. When a special rate is wanted, the application must be made through the pool commissioner. The commissioner says the U. P. agreed to give us the same rate to Denver as they have given the D. & R. G., but both the Burlington and Santa Fe said they could give no answer until they knew in what interest the road was being built. The 'regular' rate [to Denver] is \$1 for 100 pounds. After Adams' interview with Jackson, Mr. Kimball of the U. P.

said the only rate they could give now was \$2 per 100 pounds to Leadville. So probably Adams countermanded any consent to reduction given by Calloway before he came West. . . . It seems folly to put any dependence in Jackson and Adams doing anything fair. They have made up their minds to drive us out of the country. They don't believe we can raise the money for the Eastern Division. It would have been folly for me to threaten at this stage of the game. Acts, not talk, is the only thing they will respect. Now we *must* raise the money for the Eastern Division.

Hagerman wrote to Sidney Dillon on April 17, 1886, about this same meeting: "I met Mr. Adams and Mr. Calloway in Denver this week. . . . They had an interview with the D. & R. G. people and it seems came to an agreement, as the only rate given us was one cent per pound on rails. . . . Mr. Adams assured me when I first saw him that they are anxious to work in the most friendly way with us, but after seeing Jackson above was the only result."

Concerning Kimball Hagerman wrote in 1904: "That venerable but mild-mannered and astute twister of people's necks, . . . gave me the above information with a straight face and in smooth words. . . . My reply was more lurid than I care to remember. . . . I am glad to know that the two railroad presidents did not take the advice sent them and emigrate to a climate which is too hot for comfort. . . ."

"I told them that they were practically ordering us out of the state; that if God Almighty had given them a quit-claim deed to the State of Colorado, I had not heard of it. . . . And that instead of quitting work west of Leadville, as they evidently expected us to do, we would build from Colorado Springs to Leadville and have our own broad-gauge connection with the Burlington and other roads to the East."

Despite these bold words, Hagerman was scared. He feared the Midland was ruined, and so did the directors when he talked to them in Colorado Springs shortly after the Denver meeting. They knew that money must be raised to build the Colorado Springs-Leadville line, or throw in the sponge. And they thought raising the money was almost impossible.

On April 18, 1886, Hagerman telegraphed President C. E. Perkins of the C. B. & Q. that he would be in Burlington, Iowa, with some Eastern friends to see him on Thursday next. He wired Busk that Busk and Davis must be there then. Busk and Sands came. At this conference in Burlington, Hagerman gained from the C. B. & Q. a rate of 60c a hundred pounds on rails from Omaha to Denver, 40c less than the pool had quoted. From Chicago to Omaha the rate would be 15c. (Later the D. & R. G. let their Denver-Leadville rate down from \$1.00 to 60c. This made the total freight on a ton or rails from Chicago to Leadville \$27 instead of \$40.)

But a bigger result of the conference was that Hagerman's eastern backers, indignant and frightened because they were about to be kicked out of Colorado, about to lose all they had put into the railroad and Aspen, made preliminary plans to raise \$7,000,000 to build the Eastern Division. Colorado Springs directors and friends also subscribed "more than they were really able to," Hagerman said. Two weeks later the easterners came to Colorado Springs, bringing with them William Lidderdale, Busk's brother-in-law, governor of the Bank of England. At a Sunday morning meeting at Hagerman's home, \$3,000,000 was firmly subscribed, and Lidderdale took an option on the balance of the bonds. "He soon cabled an acceptance, and the money for the Eastern Division was raised."

On the way back from Burlington (Hagerman wrote Wheeler on April 28) Hagerman had talked to Calloway and Charles Francis Adams at

Omaha. "They are very anxious that an agreement should be come to between themselves, D. & R. G. and us, they agreeing to keep out of our country for a term of years, provided we agree not to build east of Leadville for the same length of time. They say they proposed this to Mr. Jackson and he would not listen to it. Says he is going to build into Aspen, &c, &c." (He did, too.)

On May 10, 1886, Hagerman wrote Busk: ". . . . We put a lot of men to work on a narrow canon our line passes through bewtch here and Leadville [probably Eleven Mile Canon] as we feared the D. & R. G. would try to play some of their old tricks on us. We also have a corps of engineers in the Ute Pass. We are quietly getting options on right-of-way through Manitou."

Mr. Jackson of the D. & R. G. was not *all* bad. Hagerman had to admit. When a party of eastern investors in the Midland came to Colorado Springs, in the latter part of May, 1886, Jackson hauled them in a private car to Leadville, with a side-trip from Salida to the top of Marshall Pass. From Leadville the party came back over the Denver, South Park and Pacific. They liked the scenery but decided they had nothing to fear from the South Park's competition.

On June 5, 1886, Hagerman wrote T. M. Davis that "Wig" was back from examining the "Hill Top" route, that is via Trout Creek Pass, and that he could get a route of easy grades, not more than 15 miles longer than the Weston Pass route, costing \$150,000 more, but more valuable because of economy in operation. This line would, in the Arkansas Valley, be very near the D. & R. G. for 11 miles and would have to cross the D. & R. G., overhead, twice. "They might kick, but they cannot help themselves."

On the 7th of June, 1886, Hagerman wrote Davis: "Fisher and Cook are in Denver today, looking over side-tracks belonging to the New Orleans R. R. That old Evans is an old fox and a fool to boot. . . . He wants to force us into a perpetual contract and I'll see him in — — first."

To Davis on June 16, 1886, Hagerman reported that Orman, the chief contractor, had 1000 men at work on the Leadville-Aspen line; that Orman expected to complete his contract including the tunnel by the time fixed, Dec. 1, 1886. (He did not!) Orman was anxious to get the contract for the Eastern Division and would put 1000 more men to work there if he got it.

It had been found that when the Hagerman tunnel got in about 500 feet it would cut a large fissure vein. Some of the sub-contractors had laid claim to this discovery, but Cook (the Midland's agent) had taken possession on the surface. The claimants had threatened to shoot him, "but they tried it on the wrong man".

Hagerman seemed amused and pleased that the Midland's boldness had brought its president so many visitors of importance lately. Among these were Mr. Calloway of the U. P.; Dave Moffat, president of the D. & R. G. at the time, and a large stockholder in the Denver, Texas and Gulf; and C. W. Smith, General Manager of the Santa Fe. All wanted to talk about "matters relating to our mutual interest".

It is also evident from this letter that Sellar and Lidderdale had been given the opportunity to come in on the coal company owning lands in the Elk Creek and Rock Creek areas, which may have persuaded them that it would be profitable for them to put money into the Midland.

There had been armed conflict about these coal lands (as a letter to Davis on July 8 shows). Men employed by the Colorado Coal and Iron Company had invaded Jerome Park and Middle Thompson Creek. "They went in there with a big force of bullies, armed with guns, and drove our

men off, and now hold possession. . . . We propose to enforce our rights on this claim in any legal way," Hagerman wrote.

The same letter says: "Immediately after receiving word from London, we began getting right-of-way from Colorado Springs through Manitou. . . Through the whole corporation of Manitou the line was owned by the Colorado Springs Company, in which Jackson is a very large stockholder, and which he claims to control. The officers and other stockholders have no particular interest in the D. & R. G. now, so they made us a fair price on condition that we should close it up at once before Jackson knew anything about it."

On July 21, 1886, he wrote S. S. Sands in New York: "Contracts have been let to good men for about 60 miles of Eastern Division. . . . Men are now coming on the ground to work, and in a short time it will be covered by a very large force. . . . On the Western Division everything is progressing very rapidly."

In a letter dated July 20, 1886, written to T. M. Davis at Newport, Hagerman pays his disrespects to John Cleveland Osgood, who was later an organizer of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, and the founder of Redstone, Colo.: "The company called 'The Colorado Railway Company' is the one which is understood to be scheming in the interest of the Burlington. The moving spirit of this, I understand, is a Mr. Osgood of Chicago, who has charge of all the coal interests of the Burlington. I am told by those who know that the business of Mr. Osgood is to pick up coal properties at all good points on new lines of the C. B. & Q. in the interest of himself, Mr. Perkins, Mr. Forbes and other directors in Boston. If the mines turn out to be good, they invariably belong to a fuel company owned by those directors. If they do not happen to be very good, they are invariably needed by the railroad company. I know that this is true and has been roundly sworn about by Porter, General Manager of the C. B. & Q. . . . It is this same outfit which has been making explorations up Rock Creek [that is Crystal River] and other places in Garfield County. Osgood, Toll of Denver, and some obscure men are the incorporators of the 'Colorado Railway Company' ". Naturally Hagerman did not like these gentlemen who were out to get the coal Hagerman himself wanted. And there was *marble* up that gulch, as both Osgood and Hagerman knew.

Writing to Davis on Aug. 1, 1896, about his need for a good general manager, Hagerman expresses himself about his associates in the Midland enterprise: ". . . I tell you confidentially my advisors are not worth a continental. Metcalf shrinks every big question and wants to spend about half his time in Manitou Park. Howbert, treasurer, is as timid as a boy and lays down on me for everything. Our other two directors, Humphrey and Edwards, merely say 'yes' to all I say. Wheeler is no good at all. He flits from one question to another and considers none. Wigglesworth is a jewel in the rough. He is cranky about some things and must be handled with gloves. But he is industrious, very efficient, thoroughly in earnest and dreadfully anxious to have the cost of his work come within his estimates. . . . Rogers is a *good* man. His suits, so far, have been well-managed, and he has not yet been beaten anywhere. He works very hard. Fisher is a hard worker, but erratic, quick-tempered, easy to take offense and always on the lookout for his dignity. All the old men connected with the company overestimate the value of their services and seem to think more of the salary they get than anything else. When we get a good general manager, we will reorganize many things. . . . "

Later on, Hagerman would revise his estimates of some of these as-

sociates. In 1904, he wrote: "There never was a better party of men in any enterprise than those who associated themselves together to finance the Colorado Midland. They were honest, loyal, high-minded and rich. They were just the men to feel indignant and outraged by the presidents of the Colorado roads." But Wigglesworth lost his job and got some harsh words from *his* president.

"Mr. Jackson treated me very handsomely and seemed disposed to do what is right. . . . He realizes, and so do I, that . . . after our road is finished, the time will come when we must get together like reasonable men, and agree on how much of the business each shall have."

On Feb. 1, 1887, Hagerman wrote Davis a catalog of his troubles "since coming from New York": 1. There had been a big row between contractors and sub-contractors on the Hagerman Tunnel. (He calls it "the big tunnel".) The railroad company took a hand, settled the fight, and Hagerman hoped the tunnel would be finished by Spring. 2. The Midland people and Jackson had tangled about the right-of-way up the Arkansas River from Buena Vista to Leadville. The matter had been settled after a squabble but before a fight. 3. There had been a big row with the Colorado Coal and Iron Company about division of coal lands in Rock Creek and Elk Creek areas. A contract for settlement of this was about to be signed. This would prevent the shooting war which had threatened.

In a letter to Busk on Feb. 20, 1887, Hagerman told of a new dream, or of an extension of an old one. His surveyors had run a line from Elk Creek (now Newcastle) to the Utah line and had made profiles of the survey. They also had profiles of a line from the summit of the Uintah range in Utah, eastward for 60 miles. This was on the way to Salt Lake City. But there was left a long stretch where they had as yet no survey. "It is within the Indian reservation," he wrote, "and we can make no survey until we get the consent of the beggars." Wigglesworth and a Mr. Clark were on the way to Fort Uintah, via Price station on the D. & R. G., where a council of the chiefs had been called to consider the matter.

He wrote: "Last week a delegation of Mormon elders came here to see me. They say their people are *very anxious* for the Midland. They raise a large surplus of grain, potatoes, fruit, etc., and they say they can see the Midland would give them a chance to market these things in the mining regions of Colorado. They also say they want cheaper fuel for smelting, and a better chance to market ores. . . . They promise to give us all the help possible. Whatever you think of their religion, they are *good workers*."

On March 31, 1887, Hagerman wrote Busk that Jackson had called on him that morning and told him extra-confidentially that he had sent in his resignation and would cease to be president of the D. & R. G. at the next election, which was coming up soon. Jackson said the work was too hard for him; that he did not need the salary; had no interest in the property; and besides thought it was a good time to quit. Jackson thought Moffat or Coppel would succeed him.

By about December of 1886, three miles of 65-pound rail had been laid west of Colorado Springs, and the grading itself completed almost to the mouth of Eleven-Mile Canon, about 40 miles. By March 1887, according to Carl F. Graves in his booklet, "The Colorado Midland", all the bridges at the entrance of Ute Pass had been finished, and there were 25 miles of track laid. The grade had been completed to the top of Trout Creek Pass, 85 miles from Colorado Springs. By this time (March 1887) too, the grading work from Leadville West, temporarily interrupted, had

begun again. The boring of the Hagerman Tunnel had never stopped: already nearly half of its 2164 feet had been completed. The tunnel entered the mountain at about 11,530 feet elevation, about 547 feet below the top of the pass.

There were 300 men in the track-laying gang alone, pushing the end of track westward at the rate of about a mile a day. Six locomotives, three of them the big consolidation type, were kept busy dragging rails and other materials up to the front.

Early in 1887, the company ordered about 1,000 freight cars, 35 passenger-service cars, and 25 more locomotives, "the heaviest and most powerful ever constructed," says Graves, each engine equipped with Westinghouse airbrakes for tender and train, American steambrakes for the drivers, and LeChatelier water brakes for the cylinders. All the passenger cars were built by the Pullman Palace Car Company, with all the most recent appliances and improvements. The first order included not only day-coaches, baggage, mail, express, and suburban cars, but the Midland's own drawing-room and sleeping cars.

On June 13, 1887, train service (with some of this fine equipment) began between Colorado Springs and Buena Vista, and on Sept. 1, 1887, trains began to run regularly to Leadville, 135 miles from Colorado Springs.

At last, on Dec. 18, 1887, the Colorado Midland had trains running to Aspen and Glenwood Springs. I find no record in Hagerman's papers of a celebration. He was ill. He was trying to raise the last needed million to pay for the road. And, besides, the three-foot D. & R. G. had beaten the four-foot-eight-and-a-half-inch Midland to the booming silver-town on the Roaring Fork. In Nov. 1, 1887, the narrow-gauge had hauled a train-load of dignitaries and other free-riders from Denver to Aspen.

But he had reason to be proud. In about 21 months, starting from zero, the "rich, ambitious, restless invalid" had thrown across three mountain ranges a 238-mile, standard-gauge line that (though it exists now only in memory, in pictures and in records) is still one of the wonders of the West. He had reason to be happy, too. He was going to resign from the presidency and be free forever from the tyranny of railroad-building and operation. If he thought he was through with railroading, he was badly mistaken. He was to sell the Midland to the Santa Fe in 1890, with a profit for all who had, at his urging, put money into the "paper railroad". And a little later he was to build and sell the Pecos Valley Railway in Texas and New Mexico.

As his son, Percy, wrote of him after the father's death: "It was not in him to quit."



Westerner's Bookshelf



Famous Aspen by Caroline Bancroft. \$1.00. 56 pp.

The new *Famous Aspen* is indeed new, for a re-write of Miss Bancroft's 1951 booklet by the

same name. A simple comparison will show that Colorado's noted amateur historian has improved in both style and in technique in the last three years. The drama of the

new booklet is vivid—the “silver rush” days of Aspen come alive. more pleasing: the photos are representative, but, unfortunately, many of them are too dark.

Miss Bancroft's history is set in a frame spun of the gold and silver filigree of romance. Only the careful student can detect if it be fiction or fact. Perhaps this light touch is what is missing from many of the scholarly works adjudged dull and colorless by the average reader of history. *Famous Aspen* is by no means dull.

JAMES T. FORREST, CM

The Basket Weavers of Arizona

by Bert Robinson, 161 pages. The University of New Mexico Press—\$7.50

This small volume brings to the reader's attention by word and picture another of the arts developed by the Indian tribes of the Southwest. The author writes from an experience gained in a lifetime among these people and with deep appreciation of the beauty of their arts. The text is illustrated with 73 excellent black and white photographs, showing the materials used, details of the weaving, and the finished product. In addition there are 14 colored plates.

This monograph will be eagerly accepted by those who have been interested in the history and culture of these Southwest Indian tribes. To other readers it could serve as an introduction to the fascinating lore of that country, for the author has digressed many times from the main theme to fill in the historical background of the various tribes. The reader cannot help but want to know more.

The baskets, as shown in the photographs, are beautiful. We can hardly appreciate the time and care spent in their production, but we can understand the author's explanation why this art is slowly

dying away. A weaver may spend as much as three months on a basket and find that he, or she, is paid as well for a few days' work at some nearby town. The Indians are now making baskets for the white trade, but these differ considerably from the traditional designs, favoring the tastes of the new customers, and consequently suffering a loss in the purity of the final product.

This is a well conceived and executed work that adds to our knowledge and admiration of Indian art.

W. M. COVODE, M.D.

California Mining Town Newspapers, 1850-1880

by Helen S. Giffen. A Bibliography. San Fernando Valley, California. J. E. Reynolds. Printed at The Westernlore Press. 102 pp. Illustrated. Cloth. Limited to 350 copies. \$6.00.

Here is a bibliography long needed to fill a gap in the history of California during the exciting years of the Gold Rush and after. The mining town newspapers of the state, from 1850 to 1880, reflected the excitement, the grandeur, and the adventure of the period.

In this book are listed all of the newspapers printed in California mining towns during these years. The localities covered are the Mother Lode, north of Weaver-ville and Yreka, across the Sierra to the camps of Mono and Inyo Counties, and southward to the region of Fresno and Kern Counties.

The book lists not only the newspapers, place of publication and dates of publication, but also gives the editors and in most instances the purposes and policies of the paper, as well as other pertinent facts. The newspapers are listed first according to town and county of publication, followed by an alphabetical listing of the editors. There are eight photographic reproduc-

tions of the front pages of some of the early mining town newspapers.

Institutions and libraries will find the bibliography an invaluable aid to research, and all students and collectors of Californiana will be grateful for this long overdue guide to one of the most exciting eras of American journalism.

Helen S. Giffen, the author, is the Secretary of the Society of California Pioneers. She was the first librarian of the Munk Library of Arizoniana at the Southwest Museum, and has long been an ardent student and recorder of California history.

In her comments on the various newspapers listed, Mrs. Giffen gives the reader an insight into the personalities who organized the press of those lush times, and points up the rough and ready spirit reflected in their opinions, political or otherwise.

RAY NOLES, CM

The Professor Goes West: A Supplement to the Chapter identically entitled in **THE ILLINOIS WESLEYAN STORY: 1850-1950.** Compiled and Edited by Elmo Scott Watson before his death in May, 1951; final proofing by Julia S. Watson. Illinois Wesleyan University Press. \$2.50.

Any posthumous writing from the early leader of the Chicago Corral and the Great Encourager of the Denver Posse of the Westerners is an event. This small book of 138 pages (a relatively small print makes the real bulk of the book larger than the number of pages might indicate) brings added details about five of the western trips of Major John Wesley Powell.

The first chapter deals with a trip of the Professor with a few students to collect specimens in the Rocky Mountains. Its chief content

is the quotation of two letters from one of the students. The first was written from "Bergen's Park, Colo. July 26, 1867" and from it may be gathered that this was not our well-known Bergen's Park west of Denver, but some place similarly named further to the south; for the party was trying to short-cut across country from the north to Pikes Peak and avoid Colorado Springs. The second letter, from South Park, tells of this early ascent of Pikes Peak.

The second chapter tells of the larger 1868 Rocky Mountain Exploring Expedition consisting of 21 gentlemen and 2 ladies. Again there are interesting descriptions from the field of the life in camp.

The third chapter is perhaps of the greatest interest of any as it deals with the 1869 boat expedition through some 700 miles of the canons of the Green and Colorado rivers. A great part of the story appears in the Major's own dispatches. The untrue report of the loss of the expedition is well covered and the perpetrator of the hoax is revealed.

The fourth chapter deals with a wandering trip over Utah, Colorado, and other places, all well reported by a member of the expedition.

Similarly the scientific work in 1874 is covered by the last chapter. Then follows an appendix which is a description of Salt Lake City and its Environs, as seen in 1872.

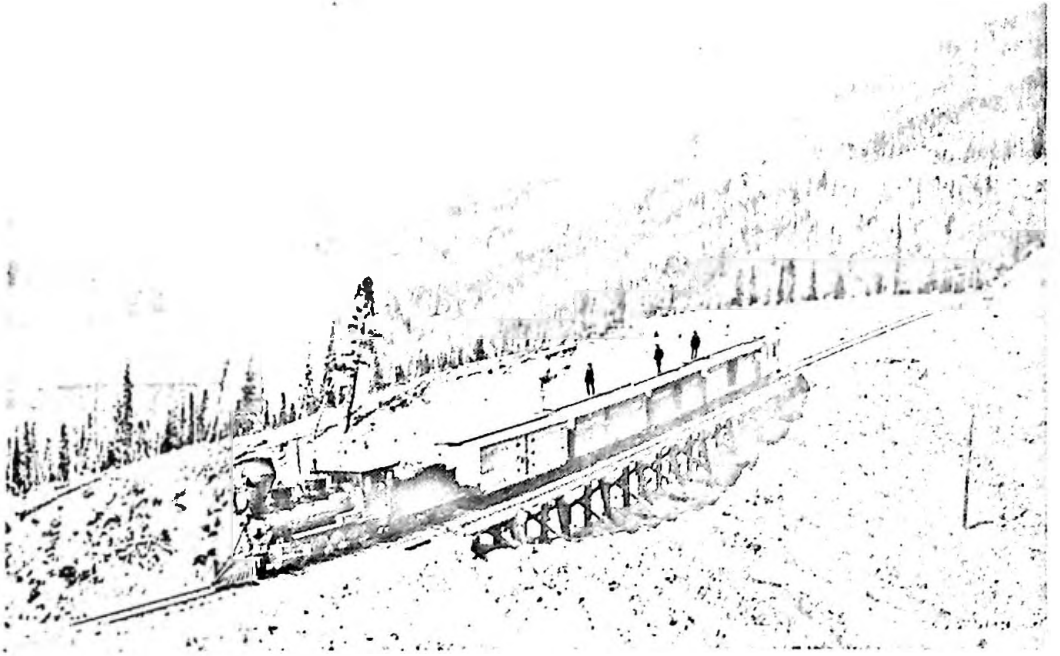
These first-hand stories from Illinois Wesleyan members of the various exploring and scientific trips throw interesting lights upon the condition of the various places visited. Real entertainment is in store for any reader of this little volume, even if all the previous books and articles on the Powell Expeditions have not been studied.

ERL H. ELLIS, PM



IRONTON, COLORADO

From the original Jackson negative
in the collection of the State Historical
Society of Colorado



OLD HIGH LINE NEAR LEADVILLE, COLORADO

From the original Jackson negative
in the collection of the State
Historical Society of Colorado