

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

JANUARY
1955
Vol. XI, No. 1



MAJOR WASON

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Entered as Second Class Matter at Boulder, Colorado. Printed Monthly. \$3.00 per year.

Vol. XI

January, 1955

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Printing Office
839 Pearl St., Boulder.

Business Office
Room 306, State Museum Building, Denver.

Denver Posse Founded January 26, 1945

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Your Officers, Denver Posse, for 1955

Ralph B. Mayo, Sheriff. The genial man who has done so much for the Denver Posse as Tally Man for so many years. See his greeting below.

Maurice Frink, Deputy Sheriff. The man who took our *Brand Book 1953* to new heights, recently moved from the University of Colorado's faculty in journalism to the state museum and historical society.

Charles A. Davlin, Jr., Roundup Foreman. His fine January program is covered in this issue; a true Westener now working for the Phipps Foundation.

J. Nevin Carson, Tally Man. Denver's most famous crockery man succeeds our new Sheriff in keeping us on the right financial path.

Arthur Zeuch, Chuck Wrangler. Art keeps right on serving us year after year in arranging our meetings and reservations; he's a printer by trade.

Nolie Mumey, Program Chairman. Doc has already done his fine job for an interesting new year for the Posse! See program outline below.

Alan Swallow, Registrar of Marks and Brands. The nominating committee said it wanted a "professional" for the editing job this year, but he does not feel professional at all in our fine group of students of Western history.

John J. Lipsey, Assistant Registrar of Marks and Brands. One of the three very competent booksellers in the Denver Posse, living in Colorado Springs. John is off for a winter period in California.

Don Bloch, Book Review Chairman. Another of our bookseller members, Don has already served his veteran-ship as Registrar of Marks and Brands and editor of the *Brand Book*.

Fred M. Mazzulla serves us both as Official Tintyper and as Membership Chairman. Fred is a lawyer but also our inveterate hunter of pictures of the historic West.

Erl H. Ellis, Publications Chairman. Attorney Erl it was who raised the *Roundup* to such unforgivable (to later editors!) heights last year; he has a very impressive *Brand Book 1954* shaping up for us!

Sheriff's Greeting for 1955

The new bosses of your Posse extend their most cordial greeting to all members of The Westerners. It is their genuine hope that the 1955 programs and publications will bring pleasure and stimulation to all who have a sincere interest in western lore.

The guiding purpose will be to discover and present the rich and colorful history of western people, places and events. The emphasis will be on thorough research and documented fact. The writings presented will mostly be the product of our own members, and all who feel the urge are encouraged to participate. This is one of the reasons that membership in The Westerners is so rewarding.

Your officers for the year 1955 recognize their responsibilities and are determined to advance the aims, hopes, and ideals of The Westerners, continuing the high standards of the past. Furthermore, they expect to have a good time doing it!

Cordially,

RALPH B. MAYO, SHERIFF

Riding the Range

The February Meeting

Time: 6:30 P.M., Wednesday, February 23, 1955.

Place: The Denver Press Club, second floor, 1330 Glenarm Place.

The Speaker: One of Denver's best-known attorneys, Morrison Shafroth.

The Subject: AARON BURR AND THE WESTERN CONSPIRACY.

Reservations: With our Chuck Wrangler, Arthur Zeuch, at 930 Downing St., Denver 18, or telephone CH 4-7185.

The 1955 Program

Program Chairman Nolie Mumey has announced the following topics for our meetings March 1955 to February 1956:

March 1955: PM Francis Rizzari, "Early Day Colorado Photographers."

April 1955: PM Fred M. Mazzulla, "The County Coroner."

May 1955: PM Arthur Carhart, "The Prologue of Texas Independence, 1839."

June 1955: Dean Krakel, archivist at the University of Wyoming, with further material on Tom Horn.

July 1955: Frank McDonough, Jr., attorney and initiator of the famed yulelog ceremony, "History of Palmer Lake, Colorado."

August 1955: Open for summer plans.

September 1955: Dan Stone, "Early Colorado Covers and Cancellations."

October 1955: George T. Mills and Richard Grove from the Taylor Museum of Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center, "Pueblo Indian Fetishes, Their Types and Uses."

November 1955: Jack P. Riddle, "The Indian Corn Dance."

December 1955: A surprise for our annual meeting of the gals and pokes.

January 1956: PM Charles B. Roth, "The Biggest Wind since Galveston."

February 1956: James T. Forrest, curator of the State Museum, "A Comparative Study of the Social Customs of the Midwest and the Rocky Mountains, 1860-1880."

Miscellaneous Notes

Denver Posse members will regret the news from the Chicago Posse of the death of their president emeritus, Mannel Hahn, on December 31, 1954. Mr. Hahn was one of the founders of the Westerners activities and highly regarded by all members.

The Wyoming Westerners have issued Number 1 of Volume II of their *Brand Book*, under the date November 1954. It contains 36 pages of fine reading. The first feature is reproduction of a picture by our Denver Tintyper, Fred M. Mazzulla, of the delegates to the Inter-Posse rendezvous held last July; this is supplemented by an editorial upon the meeting. A personal recounting by Leon Hetherington of his astounding capture of two armed and desperate bandits shows that 1952 is about as wild

and woolly in Wyoming as were the older days. The late J. Elmer Brock contributes a history of the Kaycee City Hall. Among other interesting materials in this edition is the reproduction of an invitation to the execution of George A. Black on February 26, 1890, at Laramie.

The Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners issued their Publication 27 in December. On the cover is a picture of Frederick Webb Hodge, just past his ninetieth birthday, and appropriately called the "Dean of All Westerners." The issue contains a fine story about the Harney Carriage, with a picture dating from 1859. The death of Colonel William A. Graham at the age of 79 is the occasion for a review of his life and activities. Publication 28 is a "keepsake" in two parts: one is a picture of the "Pico House" of Los Angeles in 1883-1884; the other is a mining map of Inyo County, California, of about 1883.

It was good to see PM Eric Douglas at the January meeting. Eric's absence from meetings of late was occasioned by much trotting about, and Eric says, "Become an anthropologist and see the world!" On invitation Eric installed a new Indian hall at the University of Pennsylvania museum, and then was invited to do a second hall at Harvard and to teach a semester there. The Indian Fashion Show of the Denver Art Museum has been given all over the country and will soon appear in Santa Fe, Miami Beach, and Los Angeles.

CM Stanley W. Zamonski had an article on the Air Force Academy in the January issue of *Flying* magazine. Two of Stanley's published magazine pieces have been selected by Eastern publishing firms for inclusion in anthologies of short fiction.

PM Don Bloch is going back on the Chataqua circuit again. First talk of the new year, on speleology, of course, is to the Colorado chapter of the Professional Engineering Society.

MAJOR WASON

CHARLES A. DAVLIN, JR.

Martin Van Buren Wason was a sturdily-built man possessing all those characteristics usually attributed to pioneers—he was adventurous, opportunistic, fearless, and rugged. "He drank whiskey whenever he was able to get it—and without restraint. He would fight to the last ditch any law that imposed limitations upon what he believed to be his rights. He was fanatical in his political reactions and had little respect for any opinions which differed from his."

But kindness to his family and hospitality to all were parts of his nature too. His role in the development of the upper Rio Grande area is interesting, whether or not we agree with his methods, for Wason and his family settled along the Rio Grande river years before there was a town of Creede and while the Ute Indians were still traveling through on their fall hunting trips. Various incidents in his life clearly show an arrogant and dominating nature; and it was undoubtedly this feature that gave rise to his name of "Major," for there is no record of any military derivation of the title. His family and very close friends simply called him Van.

From the time he left Vermont, where he was born, until he settled on his Colorado homestead, we find that he was a true soldier of fortune. He left a school teaching position to come west with his brother Milton, and it is reported that in Oregon they were captured by a band of Indians and held as hostages for several days. After they were released, they found they had been protected from a warring tribe in the same vicinity. Wason and his brother placer mined in California until Wason joined Mark Bidell.

These two went to South America, where they located an extremely rich gold mine which they operated profitably for several years—until a change of government forced them to flee. They got away with the shirts on their backs and nothing more. Mark Bidell was heard to remark years later, "We'd have been there still—and rich—if Wason hadn't been so bull-headed."

After their return to California, Bidell went to Colorado to join several friends in the English colony at the San Juan ranch, while Wason remained to engage in placer mining. Telling his grandchildren about concealing his gold while in California, Wason said that everywhere there were men who would try to rob the miners. Wason hid his gold in rubber boots, and when men would ask about his luck, he would reply "None." But his boots were so heavy that he could scarcely walk upright, and the straps dug into his shoulders.

The funds realized from his California placer mining enabled Wason to purchase some 200 head of horses and start for Colorado and the Rio Grande area, where Bidell had told him of the excellent horse and cattle raising opportunities. With Joe Campos and Joe Sierra as his chief riders, and many other Mexican helpers, Major Wason started the slow trip for Del Norte. Since Campos spoke no English, and Sierra's knowledge of the language was very limited, Sierra and Wason traded lessons in language, while Campos taught them both how to train and handle horses. Apparently both lessons were well learned by Wason, for he later became well known as a horseman, and he always used the Mexican language in his

daily contacts with the Mexican ranch hands. Wason and his company arrived in Saguache in June, 1871, and, having run out of money, decided to camp there.

When Wason went into town, he found a fiesta in progress—with games, dancing, and horse racing. He had planned to sell some of his horses and buy supplies, but now decided to enter his Mexican pony in the race and take his chances. Flour, blankets, burros, etc., were bet, and Wason's pony won. He stayed around Saguache longer than he had planned, living off his winnings. Finally he gathered his men and horses, and headed for Del Norte.

Del Norte was rapidly becoming a central point for the mining activity of southwestern Colorado because of the Summitville, Platoro, and La Garita strikes. In addition the Lake City and Silverton areas were being furnished with supplies shipped from Del Norte. Major Wason lost no time in getting into the freight business from Del Norte to both Lake City and Silverton. His ox teams were among the first to move heavy machinery into the San Juan basin, taking a route along the Rio Grande river and over Stoncy Pass. Every ten miles along this route there were "Chimneys"—tall, stone structures at which travelers could stop and make camp. Parts of these "Chimneys" remained along the Rio Grande until as recently as fifteen years ago.

On one of his many trips along this route, Wason fell and, having hurt his ankle, could go no farther. He told his men to leave him food and a blanket, and to go on to Silverton and pick him up when they returned. Several days later they came back and helped him into Del Norte, where Wason went to a doctor, since his ankle was no better and had turned slightly outward. The doctor found that it had been broken and suggested that they break it again and set it correctly. Wason refused, but always after that he walked with his unin-

jured foot turned out, so that it would match the broken one.

His familiarity with the San Juan mining area makes it logical to find him actively interested. Through Mark Bidell he acquired an interest in the Shenendoah No. 1 and No. 2; through Theo Benjovsky he acquired an interest in the Dives. Although he had other claims in the San Juan area, these two were by far the most profitable operations, and they remained active until sold to the English syndicate which combined their operations into the Shenendoah-Dives, did extensive pumping and exploration work, and extracted millions. His freight business and mining ventures, both having been profitable, furnished the funds that he used in the development of his W-Oxyoke ranch.

While engaged in the freight business, he had occasion to meet the Wilcox family. Their meeting was nothing short of spectacular: When the Concord Stage, with thirteen passengers aboard, arrived in Del Norte, it was greeted by the sight of an impromptu rodeo. Amid the shouting and excitement a corral gate broke open, and out came a bronco in all its glory and in true style; the rider, with his black beard parted and flowing, was giving an excellent ride. Mr. Bidell, who had met the stage, explained that the rider was Major Wason, their driver to the San Juan ranch. Despite the Wilcoxes' protests, early the next morning the entire family was put into a wagon, and Wason climbed into the driver's seat. Next, six mules were brought from the stable, each one blindfolded and handled by two men. Following excitement of getting all six mules hitched up, the blindfolds were removed, and Wason made the drive of approximately seventy miles by nightfall. His only remark upon arrival was that he thought the mules would make a pretty good team now that they were broke!

The Wilcox family returned shortly to live in Del Norte. Harriet Wilcox

was a small, good-looking woman with many remarkable qualities. Her family had moved from Kent, England, to Philadelphia, where she must have received an excellent education, for she was master of five languages and an accomplished pianist and writer. In addition she had served as a nurse during the Civil War, taken a medical course, and become a homeopathic doctor. She married an Episcopalian clergyman, H. H. Wilcox, and after the war she persuaded him to come west in search of better opportunities. But he apparently could not stand the rigors of pioneer life: he became an alcoholic and deserted her. In order to support her three children she found it necessary to give music lessons, translate letters, and write letters to a Philadelphia paper describing the west.

During these difficult times Major Wason was kind, helpful, and generous. Harriet divorced Henry Wilcox, and married the Major after Henry had gone to Texas. Major Wason legally adopted her three children, Edith, Frank, and Hal. They went up the Rio Grande and established a homestead site near Deep Creek overlooking the land that Wason had intended for a ranch. His second site was located across the river from Stage Coach Flats at the foot of Gargon Hill, where the valley is fairly wide and level. Wason was now ready to provide the home he wanted for his family—a large, one-story, log structure that is still standing today. His stock pens, barns, bunk houses, etc., were across the road. The base log of his home was laid by lantern light and by sighting on Polaris for a due north orientation. He later used the shadow of a porch post and his cane in order to teach the children to tell time.

Major Wason added acreage to his ranch as quickly as possible and as he could afford it, until he owned about 2,000 acres. His first water rights, established in 1879, were out of Willow Creek. In addition to his ranch

lands proper and adjoining leased lands, he utilized the mountain range extending from the head of Bellows Creek to the Lost Trail area at the head of the Rio Grande river—a distance of approximately seventy or eighty miles. Apparently government grazing regulations were not in existence at this time. Soon after establishing his ranch, he sent Rube Fullington and a group of riders to New Mexico with a herd of horses and instructions to trade for cattle. Rube did just that; he brought back one of the strangest mixtures of cattle Wason had ever seen. However, the Major was not discouraged and immediately began a program of trading in order to build up a herd of the Galloway strain. Later on he introduced Anguses into the herd and started a crossbreed of the two, in an attempt to combine the large size of the Angus with the longer hair and cold-resisting feature of the Galloway.

His continuous development of the ranch yielded herds that at one time numbered about 1,200 head of cattle and 1,000 head of horses. He never allowed his cattle to increase beyond the number he could winter. However, because of their extensive range, the horses were not controlled. At one time he was forced by the State Humane Society to ship several car loads of horses out of the area because of its charge that there was insufficient grass. In addition to overseeing these ranching activities, Major Wason was still operating his freight line to Silverton, as well as spending several days each month in the active operation of his Shenendoah and Dives mining interests.

The Wason home life on their ranch was busy, interesting, and varied. Major sent to Philadelphia for Harriet's square grand piano, which he brought carefully to the ranch in a wagon packed with hay and pulled by oxen. It arrived without a scratch. She would play almost every night, and all the ranch hands were welcome

to listen and join in the singing. The Major loved to sing and Hal was a fine tenor. Major always read the *Congressional Record* and had a rather extensive library. He taught the children their first lessons in reading and writing. Harriet was prolific in her writing of poems, and it is thought that Major paid for their publication. She made frequent trips to Denver to see the opera, shop, or visit with friends, but although Wason did not share her interest in culture and travel, he did not interfere. It is significant that in one corner of their parlor stood the grand piano, and in the opposite corner stood all his horse-shoeing equipment.

They all ate at one huge table in the kitchen. At one end sat the Major with his family, and at the other the cowboys with the Mexicans. No one was ever denied a meal or lodging at the ranch. One summer near the end of the Creede boom when ruined miners were walking out of town, the Wasons fed 400 people. Wason ruled all about him with an iron hand. He would address his grandson, "Boy, don't ever do that again"—and "Boy" didn't. His men knew better than to cross him and the Major would go to any length to prove that he was right.

Frank, who was a natural artist, died at 16, and Edith at 22. Mrs. Wason asked that a vault be built near a small group of pines at the mouth of Dry Gulch. She also wanted the casket tops to be of glass, for she wanted to visit the children and be able to see them. Major talked her out of the glass tops; but he did build the vault, and Harriet visited them often.

Hal, the one surviving child, was extremely good at mechanics. The Major utilized Hal's services both on the ranch and at the mine in Silverton. He later started him at the Colorado School of Mines, but Hal lasted for only one year, for it was here that he met Frances Rogers, married her, and brought her to the ranch. Major and Mrs. Wason were furious because of

this interruption in his schooling and would not accept her, since the Major's hopes had been for Hal to graduate and to go into the Yukon Territory. The young couple lived in a small log cabin down by the bridge and had two children, Norma and Loren. One day Frances was walking up the road to get their mail at the ranch house, when she noticed the Major racing directly toward her on a large, black stallion. He had decided to scare her and make her move out of his way, but she was equally determined to stand her ground. When they were face to face, the Major turned his stallion aside, and at that moment they became friends. She died at the age of 26, and Hal died in 1935 at 68.

The Wason townsite was established in 1891, when it became apparent that the mining boom in Creede was getting under way and that the formation of Mineral County was imminent. Major staked the site in the usual manner prescribed by law, and, in addition, built and equipped a court house for the county, for he readily saw the advantages to him of getting the county seat established in Wason. This effort on his part simply produced another argument between him and the citizens of Creede, for in his efforts to win he published in *The Wason Miner*, October 21, 1893, "The Toll Road Proposition." The essence of this proposition is "That in consideration of the town of Wason becoming the County seat and so long as said county seat remains in the town of Wason, there shall be no toll charged or collected, and in case said county seat remains at the town of Wason for a period of ten years, then the toll-road becomes the property of the county of Mineral." The argument was settled on the night the miners from Creede came down and stole the contents of the Wason court house. Strangely enough, the Major watched them do it and didn't raise a hand. When he was questioned

about this later, he stated that he wanted something to hold over them, although no evidence of later retribution has been seen. The peak population of the town of Wason has been estimated at about 400 people. It is of interest to note that taxes are still being paid on some of the city lots in this townsite, even though it has been in timothy hay for a number of years.

Creede's mining boom and the very rapid growth of the entire area added fuel to the fire in Wason's arguments with the natives of Willow Creek. Foremost in these arguments was the Toll Road question, since "Wason" and "Toll Road" were practically synonymous. Dr. Nolie Mumey gave an excellent report on this story from the inception of the road in 1891 until its purchase by the State in 1899, and I do not wish to repeat. There were a number of trials, for suits were being brought against the Major by practically every merchant in Creede, Bachelor, and Jimtown. He was successful in the defense of every suit until it was brought out that he had not requested a permit and established rate from the Mineral County commissioners. There appear to be two outstanding reasons for his starting the Toll Road in the first place. First, the "old opportunist" in him couldn't be held down; he just could not see such a grand opportunity missed. Second, I feel that this sudden influx of thousands on land he had so long considered his was more than he could stand. His selfish motives were probably well satisfied by the \$10,000 paid by the State.

The school land sections which the Major had leased since 1885 for use as pasture caused more arguments. It is obvious that he had not actually violated his lease in any serious manner, but his stubbornness in yielding to the natural population pressures of the time resulted in more lawsuits which finally ended in his being refunded the \$16 rental fee, and in the

establishment of the township of Jimtown, later South Creede.

Most of Major Wason's trips into Creede were made on his favorite horse, Brownie, which was trained to stand with dropped reins. When the Major stayed in the saloons for longer than Brownie thought he should, Brownie would give up and go home. One of the ranch hands or Hal would take care of the horse and then go into town to see what the trouble had been. On one of these trips Hal found the Major in jail and infuriated. The Major had been jailed for riding on the sidewalks and into saloons, but what angered the Major was the fact that they put him in what he considered his own jail—it was on his land without his permission. He told Hal to go back to the ranch and return with men and material to fence in the jail. The city finally had to buy back its own jail.

Major Wason died in his ranch home of pneumonia on December 27, 1903, and Harriet died in August of 1904. Both were buried in the family vault in Dry Gulch, the remains of which are still partially visible. At his service the clergyman said, "He was a strong man, and like all strong men, he made many enemies and many friends."

In Harriet Wason's poem "At The Plow" she seems to describe what the Major wanted out of life.

Man wants but little here below
Nor wants that little long,
I hardly think with me it's so,
But so 'tis in the song;
For I should like to find a ranch
Not quite so full of boulders,
They wrench the tugs and wrack the
plow,
And dislocate my shoulders.

I want the first right to a ditch,
As spur to urge my labors,
With all the water I could use
And no encroaching neighbors;

I want a score of miles of fence
To guard the precious waters,
To keep my cattle rolling fat
In royal winter quarters.

Of these I want ten thousand head,
All prime full-blooded cattle,
A range of pine to house them,
For shelter's half the battle;
And then I want a thousand horse
That neither balk nor flounder,
While I'm about it wish I had
Some harness that was sounder.
(Ties harness with rope.)

I want my men to do my will
As I would have them do it,
Not take an independent streak
And tell me how they view it;
My house must be twelve good feet
square,
A hard mud roof upon it,
A solid floor, a chimney wide
As an old-fashioned bonnet.

Of course I want a bank account
To back my reputation,
But wants keep looming, looming up
In endless fascination.

Book Reviews

Midas of the Rockies by Frank Waters. Denver: The Stratton Centennial Edition, Sage Books (Alan Swallow, Publisher), 1954. \$4.00.

As a native of Colorado, I am pleased to learn that Winfield Scott Stratton is more than just an individual in our history to whom the citizenry of Colorado Springs erected a statue.

Since this reviewer did not read the previous editions, the experience therefore is a most memorable one.

To reiterate what others have said of this effort of Mr. Waters would be like bearing gifts to one who already has everything. To find fault is for the experts; and I'm no expert on Stratton. Therefore, I say unto you—READ IT. Find out the problems, joys, and disappointments the early prospectors had. Rejoice with Stratton in his discovery of gold. Then experience the troubles of having something everyone wants—gold

This is a story of a man who helped make Colorado. And when our schools get around to concentrating more on local history—this book should be required reading

JACK P. RIDDLE, CM

The True Story of Packer the Cannibal by Stella M. Pavich. Dallas: The Story Book Press, 1954.

Your reviewer had gotten callouses from pattin' his own back that he had written the definitive and authentic story of Packer, the Man-Eater (to quote himself). He really got a rise when he heard by the grapevine that a Johnnie-come-lately had written the *true story* of Packer, the cannibal. To him and Doc Swallow, his publisher, that news was as welcome as a rattler in a dogtown. He wuz almost diggin' for his black-eyed susan when that little blue book (41 correctly numbered pages) of Mrs. Pavich blew in with the tumbleweeds. Then he learned it were only a true story for the tourist trade. As such it is priceless—to wit, the following quotation from the very end of the book (which is not a suggestion to read it backwards):

A monument was erected to the five men's remains
At the base of Slungullion Pass. To-day it reigns

Inscribed with all the dead men's
 names
 So people can visit the well-fenced
 graves.
 Thousands of tourists have come and
 gone
 To tell their friends of this Mecca
 they found—

This Paradise so cool . . . cool, ah!
 Lake City, The SHANG-RI-LAI

Poor Packer! He caint rest in peace
 in the Littleton bone-yard. He, who
 ate men, now being cannibalized him-
 self.

PAUL H. GANTT, CM

THE SOLID MULDOON.

VOLUME VI.

OURAY, COLORADO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1884.

NO. 1.

AVENGED!
 BY A REVEREFUL POPULACE
 THE MURDERERS
 OF MARY JANE HASTEN
 CONDEMNED BY A JURY OF
 VIGILANTES
 (Small illegible text follows)

OURAY'S GHASTLY CORPSE

The first woman lynched in Colorado

JUNE E. CAROTHERS

The year was 1884 and the month was January. On the Western Slope, at Ouray, a woman was taken screaming from her bed by silent determined men. Later she and her husband were found hanging and their bodies swayed stiffly in the bleak, cold winter night as a ghastly tribute to the power of vigilante justice.¹

At Ouray the people lived by the law of the vigilantes. True, they had a sheriff and minor offenses were entrusted to him; but when the crime was murder, inhuman cruelty, rape, or arson, the vigilantes took charge. The vigilantes in this area were a thoroughly organized group. David Day, the intrepid editor of the *Solid Muldoon*, declared that the vigilante committee was composed of those "who are rated as the best, most conservative, prudent and consistent men in the county." Anyone considered for membership was investigated before being asked to join and members were known only to themselves. At the head of the organization were a chairman and a charter committee consisting of twenty-four members. When a crime was committed the charter committee considered the evidence and decided if the person were guilty. If the verdict were death, the members were summoned with the understandable exception of the relatives or close friends of the accused.

¹The material for this article was taken from the *Solid Muldoon*, *Denver Tribune*, *Denver Republican*, *Denver Times*, and the *Rocky Mountain News* during the months of January, February, and March, 1884.

At the general meeting a scout detail, a jail detail, and ropemen were designated, and the vigilantes proceeded to do the job as quietly and quickly as possible. Justice was swift and effective when Judge Lynch presided at the trial, and the *Muldoon* declared that because of the Committee "there has never been a murder in what is now Ouray county until the recent affair—."

Margaret Cuddigan was the first woman to be lynched in Colorado. She was the wife of Michael Cuddigan, who had a ranch about ten miles from Ouray. The Cuddigans had a small two-year-old daughter and a recently adopted daughter, Mary Rose Matthews, who was ten or twelve years old. The family also consisted of John Carroll, Margaret's brother. There is evidence that Margaret was expecting another child when she was tried and convicted of inhuman cruelty to her adopted daughter.

The Cuddigans had adopted Rose from St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum in Denver. Although Rose's father was living, he was more often in jail than out and Rose had been entrusted to the care of the Asylum. When Mike Cuddigan expressed a desire to adopt Rose, the Catholic priest, Father Servant, who was in charge of the Ouray district, investigated the family. He found them acceptable, and in the latter part of July, 1883, he took Rose to live with her foster parents.

What Rose's life with the Cuddigans must have been can only be surmised. Margaret Cuddigan had the

vilest of tempers, and she was the only one who could boss her husband, who traveled on his reputation as a bad man. Whenever he displeased her, she would order him out of the house and force him to sleep in a hay stack. Mike later confessed that Rose had been turned out of the house at night, but, after all, he too had suffered a similar fate. He also admitted using a horse whip on the child but declared that anything he had done he had been urged to do by his wife, who made their home a Hell. Neighbors told how they had hauled Mike off when he had knocked Rose down and was kicking her, how they had observed her walking in the yard barefoot in December, and how they had noticed her bruised face. Margaret was apparently jealous of the little girl and refused her the common decencies of life. It was later discovered that her bed was no bed at all but only gunny sacks sewn together and thrown on a bare attic floor.

One dreary Saturday afternoon John Carroll went to Ouray and purchased a coffin. He stopped on his way into town and told the neighbors, the Middletons, that Rose was dead. As soon as they heard the news, Middleton's son-in-law and the school teacher, Mr. Morrison, went over to offer any help they could. Mike allowed them to see the body and they were shocked to notice a large bruise on the head. They suggested that perhaps a post mortem should be performed. At that Mike brusquely ushered them out, saying that John would make the arrangements in town.

The next day Rose was quickly buried, but the Middletons had already spread the news and their suspicions. The Coroner, who was oddly enough named Hazard, had the body exhumed and a jury empaneled. It did not take long for the jury to render a verdict following the doctor's examination and a view of the body. According to the *Denver Tribune*, "the

sight was enough to sicken the strongest man." The child had been the victim of horrible brutality. Both of her feet were frozen and "there was complete discoloration and peeling off of the outside skin from both legs and arms, with strong indication of their having been frozen." Her body bore evidence of rape and several knife cuts, and death was believed to have been caused by a severe blow to the head and a resulting blood clot. An order was issued immediately for the arrest of Mike and Margaret Cuddigan and John Carroll, and the sheriff left town at once to serve it.

The Cuddigans and Carroll were taken to the Delmonico Hotel and held prisoner there for several days. Public feeling against them grew rather than abated. When Margaret heard of the excitement, she pretended insanity. The *Denver Tribune* said "she raved and wanted flowers to surround her and desired to partake freely of pure water." Her condition aroused considerable pity but she was not made aware of her success. When she thought her plan was not working, she returned to her usual abusive ways.

Sheriff Rowles, hearing rumors of violence, put on extra guards, including Cuddigan's two brothers. All was calm until a little after midnight on the night of the 18th when a man, whom Sheriff Rowles believed to be David Day, entered the hotel appearing to be quite frightened. He told Rowles that he had been met by a mob of men who ordered him to warn the Sheriff and all the men except Cuddigan and Carroll to leave. Rowles told Day, "Go back to your mob and tell them to go to Hell!"

Within minutes fifty men appeared. Rowles and the hotel proprietor tried to hold the mob, but the crowd rushed in with rifles and six-shooters and quickly overpowered them as well as the other guards. The crowd was not rowdy but quiet and determined.

They entered the Cuddigan room and found Margaret clad only in her stockings, a night wrapper, and part of her underclothing. She fought tigerishly but was finally carried from the room by four men, each holding an arm or leg. Cuddigan offered no resistance. They were hurried down Third Street to the north of town. "The darkness was lit up here and there by the fire fly like glare of a lantern and the rising moon cast a weird light over the awful scene." Margaret appeared to lose all reason as she begged for mercy, prayed, and groveled at their feet, but the masked men seemed unmoved.

When Old Uncle Tommy Andrew's cabin was reached, the mob stopped and ropes appeared. One rope was swung over the ridge pole of the cabin and Cuddigan looked at the pole and said, "Fellows, that ain't high enough to hang a man on." When he was pulled up as high as possible his toes still touched the ground and he was able to take the pressure off his neck. Four men grabbed his legs and pulled down until he strangled. Meantime Margaret had fainted from terror, and while she was still unconscious she was hanged from a small tree across the road. Then the vigilantes quietly left.

In the meanwhile another group had taken Carroll out of town in a buggy. When he was jerked off his feet several times by a rope around his neck and he still protested his innocence, he was ordered to leave town. Sometime after midnight the postmaster in Portland, about four miles from Ouray, was awakened by someone running. He jumped out of bed and saw a man stumbling through the streets. Presumably this was the last that the Ouray area saw of John Carroll.

The Coroner's jury which was empaneled when the bodies were discovered found that the Cuddigans met their death by being hanged by parties unknown. The bodies were refused burial in the town cemetery and were

interred by the county on a ranch outside town. Father Servant refused to officiate and the relatives of the Cuddigans also refused to have anything to do with the funeral. However, it was assumed that they would care for the Cuddigans' orphaned daughter. For the time being that was the end of the matter.

However, Denver newspapers rose up in righteous wrath and spread the story over the front pages under such headlines as "Poor Little Rose Matthews," "The Ouray Lynching," "Western Wickedness," and "Ouray's Ghastly Corpse." In general the *Denver Republican*, the *Rocky Mountain News*, and the *Denver Times* deplored the situation. Evidence was introduced to the effect that the Cuddigans were well liked and respected citizens. The Catholic Bishop said that the United States Quartermaster at the Uncompahgre Cantonment first recommended the family. He declared that Mr. Cuddigan was a very kind-hearted man and his wife, an estimable lady. The Catholic Father in Ouray maintained that Rose had been well treated and that the Cuddigan hanging was cold-blooded murder. He said that Rose had received the blow on the head from a fall down the cellar steps of their home and that she had told him about it on his last visit. The Sisters of Charity declared that Rose's body had been covered with scars when she had come to them. A Ouray doctor was quoted as saying that Mrs. Cuddigan was insane and that her pregnancy had increased her unbalance. The *News* repeatedly called for the arrest of the lynchers and even claimed that the body had been mutilated after death to justify the lynching.

But by no means did all the newspaper accounts condemn the lynching. The *Tribune* pointed out that justice had been served and probably more effectively than if a trial had been held. It is doubtful that Margaret Cuddigan would have been pun-

ished since there was no precedent for hanging a woman in Colorado. The people of Ouray had had before them the prospect of a long and costly trial. In an editorial note, the paper went on to say, "The lynching of a woman is by no means new in the world—the sentimentality wasted over the murderess is simply weak-minded mawkishness. The woman deserved hanging but if she had been left to the ostensible and conventional law she would have escaped—the woman set a precedent by killing a female child. Ouray followed it up by killing a female murderess." The *Republican* stated that public sentiment at Ouray unanimously endorsed the lynching of Cuddigan and his wife.

Indeed the *Solid Muldoon* did everything in its power to vindicate the vigilantes. Stories of the neighbors attesting to the punishment inflicted on Rose were carried under the headline "Barbarous Cruelty." Father Servant was criticized for not saying a mass or a single prayer over the graves of the Cuddigans and then claiming their death was unjustified murder. Finally a telegram was sent to O. H. Rothacker of the *Tribune* stating that if the body of Rose Matthews could lie in state, the county

of Ouray would pay the expenses to have it sent to Denver. It was agreed that the body should be received at the McGovern undertaking establishment, and the body arrived on the D & RG in charge of W. H. Kelley of the *Solid Muldoon*.

On February 1 the body of poor little Rose Matthews lay in state clad in a "neat burial suit of thin white material." Between twelve and fifteen thousand people viewed the body. The *Tribune* stated that "Among the whole number who approached the corpse—not one was heard to condemn the vigilante committee of Ouray and not a single word was uttered in defense of the lynched people."

Public sentiment concerning the first lynching of a woman in Colorado might well be summarized by this editorial which appeared in the *Tribune* on February 2. "Judge Lynch is a lawless protest against the lawlessness of courts. If men were hung for murder—if evidence were worth as much as legal technicalities—there would be no lynching—all laws come from the people. If the people see that the laws they have made are not administered by the courts they have created they can swing back to primitive justice and administer the spirit of justice themselves."

A Personal Note from the New Editor to all Denver Westerners

I suppose it is traditional for a new editor to take some space in whatever publication he takes up to enunciate his policies for the time he will be running the affairs of the publication. I confess that I am less impressed with that tradition than I am with the tradition already set by my predecessors who have shepherded the publications of ten previous years.

The best one can hope to do is to carry on worthily—to the best of his ability, and to the best results possible from the cooperative spirit of the Denver Westerners themselves.

The tradition I inherit seems to me to suggest three matters for the monthly *Roundup*:

1. The *Roundup* has what I suppose the sociologist would call an "in-

group" function. It is to provide a means for our own members to know what is going on in our own group. And the magazine will do this to the best of my ability. Besides information about meetings and similar "regular" data, I hope much else will be available. Erl H. Ellis has been good enough to offer to keep us up-to-date upon the publications of the other posses and corrals of the Westerners, and I acknowledge with pleasure the source of such information used on page 4 of this issue.

But we need a great deal of information about our own members. I can only suggest that modesty be set aside and that bits of information about our own activities be sent to me; let the editor decide if the matter is of general interest!

2. The Westerners is an organization with a message—the message of the history of the West. This monthly publication can further this vast study by providing a meeting-place for discussing the work being done and the work to be done. The editor would very much appreciate knowing the interests of every member, possesman or corresponding member. And progress reports upon any study would be of interest to all. Who knows, maybe there's a good Westerner who can give a helping hand!

Further, we are interested in having source material work being done in all areas of the West—and particularly

in Colorado, since we are the Denver Posse. Shortly members will be receiving a list of all members, arranged according to geographical residence. (Let me pat good Henry Hough on the back for volunteering to take care of the duplication of this list!) It would seem that we should have a member in every county, at least, in the state. When you get that list, please take time to note the geographical locations, the members near you, and any possible areas not represented by membership; then if you know someone in such an area—county, city, town—who has an active interest in Western lore, please send the names and addresses to Fred M. Mazzulla, Membership Chairman, at 306 State Museum Building, Denver.

3. Although we look to our annual *Brand Book* for the large collection of historical research and record, the *Roundup* can publish much material, too. So much as space will permit, I shall endeavor to offer historical material in addition to an account or printing of the paper given at our monthly meetings. Particularly usable will be brief pieces, sometimes too short for a larger book, but nevertheless significant and interesting to all members. So hustle in those notes and papers!

Your editor's address is 2679 South York Street, Denver 10.

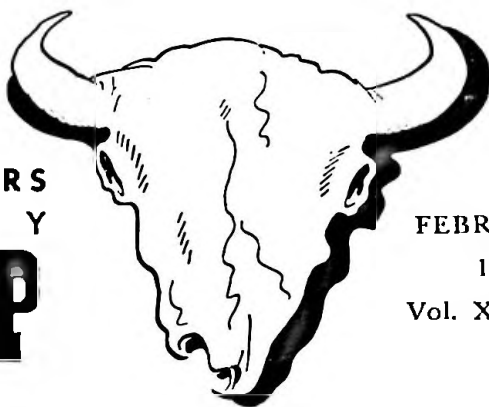
A.S.

New Member

As we go to press, our newest corresponding member is Paul Warp, of Minden, Nebraska. He is brother to Harold Warp, the man who established Warp's Pioneer Village in the town of Minden. This effort to reproduce so many aspects of pioneer life is well worth a long stop by any traveler on Highway 6. In the village are

actual buildings moved from other sites, or replicas of such buildings: a fort, a people's store, a government land office, a fire house, a Burlington depot which once stood at the end of the rail line, a one-room school, a sod house furnished in pioneer style, a china shop housing antique china, the first church erected in Minden, and an agricultural building.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



FEBRUARY
1955
Vol. XI, No. 2



BERT G. PHILLIPS
A life-size portrait by Worthington E. Hageman by courtesy of the painter.

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Entered as Second Class Matter
at Boulder, Colorado. Printed
Monthly. \$3.00 per year.

Vol. XI

February, 1955

No. 2

Printing Office
839 Pearl St., Boulder.

Business Office
Room 306, State Museum Building, Denver.

Denver Posse Founded January 26, 1945
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The March Meeting

Time: 6:30 P.M., Wednesday, March 23, 1955.

Place: The Denver Press Club, second floor, 1330 Glenarm Place.

The Speaker: PM Francis Rizzari.

The Subject: EARLY DAY COLORADO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Reservations: With our Chuck Wrangler, Arthur Zeuch, at 930 Downing St., Denver 18, or telephone CH 4-7185.

The 1955 Program

April 1955: PM Fred M. Mazzulla, "The County Coroner."

May 1955: PM Arthur Carhart, "The Prologue of Texas Independence, 1839."

June 1955: Dean Krakel, archivist at the University of Wyoming, with further material on Tom Horn.

July 1955: Frank McDonough, Jr., attorney and initiator of the famed

yulelog ceremony, "History of Palmer Lake, Colorado."

August 1955: Open for summer plans.

September 1955: Dan Stone, "Early Colorado Covers and Cancellations."

October 1955: George T. Mills and Richard Grove from the Taylor Museum of Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center, "Pueblo Indian Fetishes, Their Types and Uses."

November 1955: Jack P. Riddle, "The Indian Corn Dance."

December 1955: A surprise for our annual meeting of the gals and pokes.

January 1956: PM Charles B. Roth, "The Biggest Wind since Galveston."

February 1956: James T. Forrest, curator of the State Museum, "A Comparative Study of the Social Customs of the Midwest and the Rocky Mountains, 1860-1880."

Riding the Range

Your Registrar had the hospitality of CM Paul H. Gantt and Mrs. Gantt in their home in Washington the evening of February 16. Paul, author of *The Case of Alfred Packer, the Man-Eater*, has been one of the men most active in organizing the new Washington corral of the Westerners. Other moving spirits were Leland Case, Senator Clinton Anderson, Congressman Usher L. Burdick, Conrad Wirth of National Park Service, Herbert Kahler, Hillary Tolson, Ronald Lee, Roy Appleman, and people from the National Archives, Library of Congress, and Geological Survey.

First meeting of the new corral was held at the Cosmos Club in Washington the evening of February 28. General U. S. Grant III spoke on some aspects of his grandfather's life as related to the frontier.

Guest of honor and featured speaker for the second meeting was to have been CM Clarence S. Jackson, but at the last moment Clarence was not able to attend. CM Paul Gantt wishes the members of the Denver Posse to know that the Washington Corral always would like to know when one of our members is in Washington. He says, "We can arrange little meetings at the drop of a hat and always like members of the Posse as speakers. The red carpet is always out."

Members of the Denver Posse are pleased to hear of the new Washington group and wish them great success in our joint pursuits of Western lore.

The Chicago Westerners certainly hit pay-dirt when they invited all Westerners to submit their ideas as to the ten outstanding books on the West. You will want to read, re-read, and treasure the November, 1954, issue of the Chicago *Brand Book*. It

has eight pages filled with the ideas of various sorts and conditions of Westerners as to the books most likely to be finally classified as "outstanding." J. C. Dykes, of College Park, Md., gave his ideas of the ten leading books at the September meeting of the Chicago Corral, and the report of his address is as interesting as any of the announced results of the main contest. No attempt can be made here to give any lists. You will remember that in the November *Roundup* you were enabled to read the submission that won for Dr. Philip Whiteley, PM, the third out of the ten prizes awarded. The Chicago *Brand Book* ends up with listing 125 books that received one or more votes from the contestants who took time and pleasure in making up their lists. Maurice Frink's *Cow Country Cavalcade* and the Hafens' *Old Spanish Trail* are included in the 125, despite their recentness.

Sort of expected that the fourth issue, for Autumn of 1954, of the New York Posse's *Brand Book* would be edited by the "Editor," A. H. Greenly, as the first three issues had come, respectively, from the direction of the other three members of his committee. But no, he has found another rotating editor, this time Harry Sinclair Drago, and his book follows the high standard set by the previous three issues. There is a Charlie Russell biography by Norman A. Fox; Mari Sandoz tells of the Search for the Bones of Crazy Horse; Caroline Bancroft writes of her favorite Cousin Jacks and their Tommy-Knockers; Edmund Collier has a Note of Buffalo Bill; and Peter Decker describes Old Deadwood. Such is the main fare, but the news items in the Hitching Post, the book reviews, and the interesting mentions of new corresponding members are not the least

interesting portions. The New York Posse has certainly added by this first volume of its *Brand Book* a most interesting, readable, and attractive annual publication to the growing list of Brand Books of the Westerners. Congratulations, and may the future volumes continue to add to the pleasure of belonging to this Westerners group of organizations.

If you wish to write to PM John J. Lipsey during the next couple of months, use his temporary address: 145 Cedar Way, Apt. 3, Laguna Beach, Calif.

CM Edward W. Milligan writes to remind us that as Denver's centennial approaches, "we should do all we can to acquaint people with our background." In January Mr. Milligan gave his illustrated lecture "Early Denver" to the Faculty Club of Colorado A & M College and his program "Early Mining Camps of Colorado" to the members of the Dartmouth Club of Denver. He has presented his mining camp program to two other meetings during March.

On January 15th the United Press carried an interesting news items

about the death of "Bronco Charlie" Miller, called the last of the pony express riders. "Bronco Charlie" was born on a buffalo rug, according to the news account, 105 years ago. In his lifetime he joined the pony express at the age of eleven, drove a stage coach for Wells-Fargo, starred in England with Buffalo Bill, was chewed out by Teddy Roosevelt, and shot a man in self-defense.

Executive Secretary Dolores C. Renze has prepared a most interesting report on membership through the years in the Denver Posse:

<i>Membership</i>			
H. O. Brayer, Exec. Sec'y			
	<i>Posse</i>		<i>Corresp.</i>
	<i>Res.</i>	<i>Reg.</i>	
1945		28	17
1946		26	16
1947		29	20
1948		29	21
D. C. Renze, Exec. Sec'y			
1949	4	40	246
1950	5	37	290
1951	9	39	295
1952	8	39	354
1953	3	40	443
1954	1	47	543

Book Reviews

Buckskin and Satin, the True Drama of Texas Jack (J. B. Omohundro) of the Old West and His Celebrated Wife Mlle. Morlacchi premier danseuse originator of the Cancan in America, by Herschel C. Logan; with a foreword by Paul I. Wellman. Harrisburg, Pa.; The Stackpole Co., 1954. \$3.95.

"Little did Texas Jack realize (in 1877) that in slightly more than three years he too would be destined to occupy one of the silent graves of which he wrote. Now for the first time the

curtain is to be drawn aside, revealing to the world the remarkably colorful life of a modest young plainsman, Indian fighter and showman, and the life of a remarkable woman, his wife, who was the toast of the east."

And thus, in a very similar, cliché-ridden but amiably fascinating dime-novel style, begins and continues for 203 well-illustrated pages, this fact-packed history of John Burwell Omohundro, Jr., that part-French, part-Indian Virginia-born gentleman known to posterity as "Texas Jack." (continued on page 15)

BURR, PIKE, AND THE WESTERN CONSPIRACY*

MORRISON SHAFROTH

IN JULY, 1806, Zebulon Montgomery Pike at the earnest solicitation of General James Wilkinson, Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, set forth on an expedition to the West into the interior parts of what was then the Louisiana Territory, to the sources of the Arkansas River and among the Rocky Mountains of what is now Colorado. He had just returned from an expedition to the headwaters of the Mississippi, and in the preface to his memorable account of these expeditions he gives the following reasons for his undertaking:

The late dangers and hardships I had undergone, together with the idea of again leaving my family in a strange country, distant from their connections, made me hesitate; but the ambition of a soldier, and the spirit of enterprise which was inherent in my breast, induced me to agree to his proposition. The great objects in view by this expedition, as I conceived in addition to my instructions, were to attach the Indians to our government, and to acquire such geographical knowledge of the southwestern boundary of Louisiana as to enable our government to enter into a definitive arrangement for a

line of demarkation between that territory and North Mexico.

His principal lieutenant was Lt. James D. Wilkinson, the son of General James Wilkinson.

The thrilling story of Pike's travels and adventures is a story of its own. His trip through Kansas to the Arkansas Valley and on to what is now Pueblo, and with incredible hardships to Pike's Peak and the country in which Canon City and Alamosa are now located, his capture by Spanish troops in February, 1807, his trek to Santa Fe, Chihuahua, and release in July, 1807, form a fascinating story which is well known in Western literature.

No character of that period is more controversial than the general who sent him on this expedition. Wilkinson had a brilliant military career. At the age of twenty he was breveted a brigadier-general in the Northern Army of the Revolution, and in 1796 at the age of thirty-nine became commander-in-chief of the American Army. Re-entering the army during the War of 1812, he again became a major-general. In spite, however, of the confidence bestowed in him by Washington and Jefferson, his connection with the Aaron Burr conspiracy and trial has cast a cloud over his character and objectives, which an acquittal by two successive court-martials has never succeeded in removing. As the principal witness against Burr

*Much of this given in address by Morrison Shafroth to The Denver Posse of The Westerners, on Wednesday, February 23, 1955.

in Burr's trial for treason, he underwent the most violent attack by Burr's partisans. His relations with the Spanish government at the time the United States was on the verge of war with Spain just prior to the Burr conspiracy have never been satisfactorily explained.

The attempt, however, to involve Pike in any treasonable or unlawful activities of either Burr or Wilkinson have completely failed. At the time Pike tried to obtain additional compensation for the men who went with him on the Western Expedition, the question was raised in the House of Representatives as to his connection with the Burr conspiracy, and in self-defense he wrote on February 22, 1808, to the Secretary of War, as follows:

The Honorable John Rowan of the House of representatives from Kentucky; has this day made some observations before that Honorable body from which a tacit inference might be drawn that my late Tour to the Westward was founded on Views intirely unknown to the Government; and connected with the nefarious plans of Aaron Burr and his associates. Had those insinuations arisen in any other quarter I should have conceived that my early choice of the military life, the many arduous and confidential duties I have performed, with the perfect knowledge which the Government must have of my military and political Character; would have been a sufficient justification for me to have passed over them in silence; but coming from so respectable a source. I feel it a duty to myself; my family; and my profession; to request of you a testimonial which may shut the mouth of Calumny and strike dumb the voice of slander. I have therefore to request of you Sir] to

Honor me with a communication which may be calculated to present to the Speaker of the House of representatives; or a Committee of their Body, who have been appointed to inquire whether any, or what, extra Compensation should be made me & my Companions; for our late Voyages of Discovery, and exploration; and that I may have permission to give publicity to this letter which I have the Honor to address you, and your answer.

The Secretary of War immediately replied that while the expeditions were not ordered by the President prior to their undertaking, yet he was kept fully acquainted with their progress, and "it will be no more than what justice requires to say that your conduct in each of these expeditions met the approbation of the President; and that the information you obtained and communicated to the Executive in relation to the sources of the Mississippi and the natives in that quarter and the country generally as well on the upper Mississippi as that between the Arkansas and the Missouri, and on the borders of the latter extensive river to its source, and the adjacent countries, has been considered as highly interesting in a political, geographical and historical view." He further stated that Pike was held in high esteem by President Jefferson and that he, the Secretary of War, considered that Pike had rendered the public a great service.

The background of the great controversy into which Pike's name had thus been brought involved many of the great characters of the revolutionary period. Aaron Burr—brilliant, able and untrustworthy—had served under Washington, became a lieutenant colonel in the Revolutionary Army at twenty-one, and in the great break-up into political parties which developed during the administration of John Adams became the Vice-Presi-

dential candidate of the Republican Party, with Thomas Jefferson as its candidate for President. The Republican ticket with Jefferson and Burr carried the election of 1800. At that time, being prior to the adoption of the Twelfth Amendment to the Constitution, the Vice-President was not voted upon separately. Each elector cast two votes for President. The one receiving the highest vote was elected President and the person receiving the second highest vote was Vice-President. Through some miscue in the plans of the Republicans, the individual who was supposed to withhold his vote from Burr, so that Jefferson would be the highest and Burr the second highest, failed to do so. Under the Constitution this resulted in throwing the vote into the House of Representatives. Many of the Federalists, fearing and hating Jefferson more than they did Burr, attempted to procure in the vote in the House of Representatives the election of Burr as President and Jefferson as Vice-President. For thirty-six ballots Burr stood by and permitted his name to be used in that effort to defeat the will of the voters. It was finally through the efforts of Alexander Hamilton that the plan was frustrated and Jefferson was elected.

Like Aaron Burr, Alexander Hamilton was a brilliant soldier, a lieutenant colonel on Washington's staff at the age of twenty-one, the recognized author of Washington's military reports which gained world-wide recognition for ability and clarity. At the time of the battle over the adoption of the Constitution a series of eighty-five pamphlets were published, which subsequently became known as the Federalist Papers. Sixty-three of these were written by Alexander Hamilton and the balance by James Madison and John Jay. They were of tremendous effect in procuring the adoption of the Constitution and have generally been admitted to be masterly expositions of our system of government.

Upon the inauguration of President Washington, Alexander Hamilton, who was then thirty-two years of age, was appointed secretary of the treasury. Jefferson, who was fourteen years his senior, was appointed secretary of state, Edmund Randolph became attorney-general, and General James Knox became secretary of war.

The dissensions within the Cabinet between Hamilton and Jefferson, both devoted to the Constitution of the United States but each representing a different theory as to how that government should be administered, commenced the cleavage in the political parties which has carried through the entire history of the nation. During all of this period the bitterness between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton had grown more intense. It culminated in the closing year of Burr's administration as Vice-President. Hamilton had retired to private life and was practicing law in New York. Burr ran for governor and was defeated by Judge Morgan Lewis. During the campaign a letter was published by a Dr. Cooper opposing Burr. In it he said that Alexander Hamilton had declared that Burr was a dangerous man and ought not to be trusted with the reins of government. It was this comparatively innocuous publication, which neither Burr nor Hamilton saw during the campaign, that Burr seized on some months later as a ground for challenging Hamilton to the duel which ended the career of one of the great men of America. While dueling was a fairly common practice at the time, the outburst of horror and indignation at the death of Hamilton swept Burr into political oblivion. Under indictment for murder, he fled from New York and proceeded to Washington where he presided over the Senate as Vice-President at its closing session.

And so it was a ruined man who on March 4, 1805, plunged into the newly-acquired territory of Louisiana in hopes of recouping his shattered for-

tunes. He had already enlisted the English minister in Washington in his project. He thought that General James Wilkinson, the governor of Louisiana, was likewise ready to assist in his enterprise. The real controversy over Burr's activities in Louisiana involves the question as to whether he was actually guilty of the treasonable enterprise of trying to separate Louisiana from the United States and form an independent nation, or whether he was merely trying to raise an army to attack the Spanish territory west of Louisiana and establish his independent state there. The archives of the British Foreign Office uncovered by Henry Adams, the famous American historian, disclosed correspondence with the British emissary, Merry, in Washington, outlining Burr's plan that a British fleet should stand off the mouth of the Mississippi until notified by Burr's lieutenant that the western states had declared their independence. Said Merry:

It was accordingly there, New Orleans, that the revolution would commence at the end of April or the beginning of May provided His Majesty's Government should consent to render their assistance towards it and the answer together with the pecuniary aid which would be wanted arrived in time to enable him to set out the beginning of March.

It was a letter in cypher from Burr to General Wilkinson, then in command of the American forces in Louisiana, which definitely exposed the plot. Wilkinson immediately notified the President, the President proclaimed Burr a fugitive and ordered his arrest. A group of thirty or forty adherents had gathered at Blennerhassett's island for the purpose of joining forces with others in an alleged attempt to seize New Orleans. They were arrested by the local militia. Burr was not personally present

at Blennerhassett's island although the expedition had unquestionably been organized by him. He was captured, taken to Richmond, and became a defendant in the famous treason trial. Chief Justice John Marshall of the United States Supreme Court presided.

When Jefferson and the Republicans had come into power in the Government in 1801, the judiciary was the sole remaining bulwark of power of the Federalist party, the party which favored above all things a strong central government. The defense attempted and succeeded in making the treason trial appear to be a contest between Jefferson, on the one hand, representing Republican views, and Marshall, on the other, representing Federalist views. The political tirades by the prosecution and the defense, and the successful tactic of branding General Wilkinson as the real culprit in the whole matter, converted the proceeding into more of a political debate than a trial. Marshall directed the acquittal of Burr on the ground that he was not personally present in the gathering at Blennerhassett's island, that therefore he could not be convicted of levying war against the United States, and that proof of the fact that he planned the undertaking would be immaterial since the charge was treason and not conspiracy to commit treason. He was put under bond for another trial on a misdemeanor charge of conspiracy to commit treason but fled to England and disappeared from public life in America.

The partisanship of historians has continued throughout the generations since to carry on the controversy over Burr and Jefferson and Marshall but there are few, if any, who continue to express the belief that Zebulon Pike and his expeditions to the West had anything whatever to do with the alleged participation of General Wilkinson in the unlawful enterprises of Aaron Burr.

BERT G. PHILLIPS: PIONEER ARTIST OF TAOS*

LAURA M. BICKERSTAFF

BERT G. PHILLIPS was born in Hudson, New York, in 1868, the son of William J. and Elizabeth (Jessup) Phillips. His boyhood years followed much the same pattern as those of other boys with whom he attended school and grew up. Whenever they could manage it, he and his friends stole away into the fields with his father's old muzzle loader shotgun to shoot rabbits. For days after such an expedition he would have to hold an acutely aching shoulder as though it had never been kicked by the old gun so that his parents would not know what he had been doing. These fields were outside the town of Hudson, on the farm home of a boyhood friend. They contained limestone quarries which were the site of an old Mohican Indian battlefield.

One day while the boys were out shooting rabbits, Bert Phillips was deeply stirred by the finding of an Indian arrowhead. Many, many years later a Taos Indian friend who was posing for him assured him that the Mohican Indian in New York who made that arrowhead had sent him to the Taos Indians.

The heroes of his youth were the great scout and hunter, Kit Carson, and the American Indian. He read everything he could find on the life

and exploits of Kit Carson and on the lore of the Indian tribes. The James Fenimore Cooper tales fired his imagination. Although he did not dream it at the time, these childhood enthusiasms were the prelude which led him to Taos and the founding of a great art center.

Bert Phillips was drawing before he learned to write. His first recognition came at an early age when he won first prize at the county fair for a collection of his water colors. However, to aspire to be an artist in those days was considered highly improper for a young man and quite beyond the social pale. One of his father's close friends was a prominent architect of the time, and it was his father's ambition that his son should follow in this profession. But the boy felt a discouraging lack of beauty in the buildings which had made the architect so famous. So he compromised with his father by going to New York, at the age of sixteen, to study "beauty." The knowledge he gained there of what constitutes beauty and how it can be portrayed in pictures set him firmly along the path of the creative artist, and the study of architecture was forgotten.

He studied for five years in New York at the Art Student's League and at the National Academy of Design. In 1889 he graduated, winning from the latter school the coveted Bronze Medal in Life Class. Upon gradua-

*A selection from a book, *Pioneer Artists of Taos*, to be published in April by Sage Books, Denver. Copyright, 1955, by Laura M. Bickerstaff.

tion he set up his own studio and painted in New York for the next five years.

In 1894 he sailed for England. There he learned to know well people from many walks of life. Through his "white artist's umbrella" he met many of the members of England's aristocracy. One day while painting a street scene under this umbrella in Shere, Surrey, he was approached by two young gentlemen who enthusiastically admired his work and asked him to dine. They were Montgomery Beaumont and Lt. Jefferson, two of England's top-drawer aristocrats of the day. Through these young men he met the Duchess of Sutherland and many others of the British nobility. He was for several months a welcome guest in many of southern England's most elegant houses. In order to learn something, too, of the other side of life in the British Isles, he then left Shere and went to Clovelly in the county of Devonshire on the Bristol Channel. There he stayed in a fisherman's shack and painted the humble, industrious life of the fisherman, the sheep herder, and their picturesque thatched roofed cottages. From this sojourn in England came some delightful watercolors, a portrait of a shy little peasant girl and a romantic painting of the historic home of William Gladstone entitled "Hawarden, North Wales."

In all he spent seven months in England. He had made many admiring friends, both high and low. Opportunities were there in abundance for him to stay and paint his sure way to fame and fortune. But there were no American Indians in the British Isles.

He went on to Paris, the art hub of the world. There he studied at the Academie Julien with the artists Constant and Laurens. It was at the Academie that he met Ernest L. Blumenschein, who was to be co-founder with him of the Taos Society of Artists. Impressionism was at its height in

France during this period, but both young men were much more interested in the American Indian than in the French subjects which lent themselves so well to the Impressionist's brush.

Back in New York Phillips again met Blumenschein. Their friendship was strengthened by their continuing mutual interest in the Indian and in the west. They shared a studio and attempted to paint Indian pictures from Indian models and cowboys. The Indians were half-breed Sioux and the cowboys were genuine enough. They were men stranded from Buffalo Bill's Wild West show who were earning a living by posing for artists. But the atmosphere was all wrong. It was not authentic and left the two young artists actively dissatisfied with what they were doing. All that winter of 1897 they talked and thought of little else except the Rocky Mountains and the southwest.

One day their cowboy model, Jays, told them of a riding outfit that had been raffled off in a saloon on Second Avenue by one of Buffalo Bill's cowboys. He would get the whole outfit—saddle, chaps, spurs, bridle and lariat—for them for ten dollars if they would give him the lariat. They gave him the ten dollars and the same day he came into the studio with all the gear on his back. Jays happily received the lariat and the artists wondered what to do next.

However, the possession of the riding outfit did seem to give them the necessary impetus to take the first steps westward. Early the next spring Phillips bought a ticket to Denver. They agreed that Blumenschein was to join him there later. When Phillips told his father he was going west, his father said, "Don't you ever read the papers? Geronimo is on the war-path! You will lose your scalp!" Phillips later shook hands with Geronimo in 1901 when he was back in Buffalo to see an exhibition. Geronimo was in a show of Pawnee Bill in the east.

He found no Indians in Denver, but he did find the Rocky Mountains and knew that the Redskins were not far away. Not as far away as New York was, at any rate. A tenderfoot he was, but a determined and an excited one. He bought horses, harness, a wagon, tent, cooking utensils and food. He also purchased for two dollars a large Navy revolver. This, together with a shotgun, was to be their only weapon of defense in a country still wild and plagued by bandits and lawless characters of all descriptions.

Blumenschein joined him and they decided to set out. The night before they left, Phillips watched on one side of the horses he had bought while Blumenschein watched on the other side as the liveryman harnessed the team. Feeling confident that they had, in one lesson, mastered the technique of harnessing horses, they hooked up next morning and started south out of Denver. Full of high hope, adventure and the bright spring morning, they were off at last! It was the last of May, 1898. The dream of years was coming true. Little did they realize how close to disaster their lives as well as their dreams were to come before they reached their destination.

They were barely out of Denver when they met an angry farmer who stopped them, shouting, "Hey, you fellers want to have a runaway and kill somebody?" They did not, so they politely inquired what the trouble was. The farmer got down from his wagon and stomped up to their horses' heads. With furious gestures he crossed their reins at the horses' bits, stomped back to his wagon muttering, "Tenderfeet!" They had been sitting up there on the wagon seat, driving blissfully along with the reins in their hands but in reality having little control of the team.

They camped in Deer Creek Canyon among Denver's now famous Red Rocks all that summer. Most of the time they sketched and painted, learning to put on paper and canvas the

power and the grandeur of the western mountains. Mr. Phillips still has a beautiful watercolor that he made of the scene around them that summer which he has called "Our Camp in the Red Rocks." In it he has painted the towering rocks with the artists' dwarfed camp at the base. The many different red colors of the rocks and the singing rhythm of the several strata are all there in the picture. In the left foreground Mr. Blumenschein is posed on Jays, the saddle pony named after their New York cowboy model.

Their experiences were occasionally dangerous ones. One early morning a group of five heavily armed bandits rode into their camp. After looking the two young artists and their outfit over with cold, calculating eyes, they rode off, evidently deciding there was nothing there they wanted. The two artists, slightly shaken and very thankful, began wondering where their shotgun and revolver were. After a prolonged search they found them in the bottom of the wagon, completely covered by stacks of canvases and other painting equipment.

These and other troubles which beset the experienced westerner and the tenderfoot alike in those days, were with them all summer. They learned about flash floods when a part of their outfit was washed away in a violent one. One of their horses choked on a picket rope and died. One time their team ran away, with them in the wagon, but the maddened horses were fortunately stopped when the wagon spring broke. The bruised and dazed artists emerged from the wagon to find they had stopped just short of probable death. Not a hundred yards ahead of them yawned a deep arroyo.

By September the intrepid artist-adventurers were ready to continue south. Taos was not to be their goal but only the first stopping place on the road to old Mexico. Throughout his boyhood and student days Bert Phillips had heard much of Taos, however. Henry Sharp had been

there, sketched there. He had brought back to New York and Paris exciting tales and numerous sketches of the Indians, the life of the Pueblo, the beautiful Spanish señoritas in the town. Kit Carson had made his headquarters in Taos, had died and was buried there. There were romance and beauty in Taos.

Of the journey from Denver to Taos Mr. Phillips says, "The trip was filled with difficulties; it was before the days of automobiles; wagon roads were bad. Bridges in southern Colorado and northern New Mexico were made of loose poles laid across the log stringers, often over deep arroyos, and these poles rolled and sprung under the horses' feet. We expected every minute to see their legs break in their effort. Our sighs of relief were audible when we were safely across. We began to realize that a kind Providence was with us for, in spite of a smashed wheel that cost a three-day delay, repairs at every blacksmith shop we passed, our last dollar spent, we reached Taos."

While still north of Taos, in the San Luis valley, they learned belatedly how cheaply repairs on wagon and harness could be made in the west. Across the prairie they sighted a wagon. It was quite a distance away but they noticed that the wheels wobbled alarmingly and there was a gentle spring to the whole wagon. As it drew nearer they saw that it contained a large family of natives. Both parties stopped, exchanged greetings, and the two artists got down to inspect the other wagon. They were amazed to find that everything breakable about the contraption had been broken and mended with bailing wire. For possible future use, a large roll of the handy wire hung on the back of the wagon box. The happy Spanish family rattled off and Phillips and Blumenschein continued on toward Taos, regretting they had not learned about bailing wire before leaving all their money at the various blacksmith shops.

A few days later, while they were still in the San Luis valley, they saw a band of wild horses in the distance. Except for what they carried in their water jug there was no sign of water to be seen anywhere in the vicinity. Their faithful saddle pony had had no water all day and had, besides, developed a deep saddle sore. Reasoning that the wild horses were sure to find water, they turned the horse loose to follow them, loaded the saddle on to the wagon, and drove on.

They were a tired, dusty pair the day they arrived in Taos. Just outside the East Wall of the Indian Pueblo they found an ideal camping spot. "The clear water of the mountain trout stream that flows through their plaza [the Indian plaza] looked cool and inviting in the shade of the large cottonwood trees," Mr. Phillips remembers. But before they had unloaded much of their gear the Indian Governor, who had been watching them from the top of one of the communal houses, came down to them and informed them in the Indian language, but with unmistakable gestures, that they could not camp there. So they pitched their camp on the edge of town that first night in Taos.

Not many weeks had passed in Taos before Bert Phillips knew he would go no farther. Here he would stay and paint. The people and events of which he had read so eagerly as a boy had become history only fifty or so years before. It had been a mere thirty years since Kit Carson had walked these dusty streets. Phillips' first studio was next door to the old home of Governor Charles Bent. It was in this house that Bent was killed in the Taos rebellion and massacre of 1847. Governor Bent's daughter, Mrs. Scheurich, and a few others who had been children at the time of the massacre, were still living.

But above and beyond the thrilling contact with recent history there were the Indians. From a distant admiration of these simple yet strange people

Bert Phillips learned to respect them and to know them perhaps as well as any white man now living. Day after day all day long he sketched them and painted them. The Taos Indians posed for him inside their pueblos in front of a flickering fire; they posed on their mountain tops beside their sacred Blue Lake; they posed in ceremonial costume and simply wrapped in their blankets, against the bright gold of the fall aspen leaves. They were the first and only perfect models Phillips has ever known. An Indian could stand or sit absolutely motionless forever, it seemed. "An old Apache nearly ninety, who had been a scout under Kit Carson, could hold a pose longer than I could work at one time," Mr. Phillips said. "I had to make him rest to get myself rested." He says too that most Indians are born actors and that he has only "to hint of the meaning of a pose or show them my preliminary sketch to have them sense the idea of the picture." A favorite model is never happier than when Phillips starts out with camping equipment on horseback up the Hondo Canyon to paint among the aspen. The Indian not only poses all day long but makes camp at night and cooks their supper. He never complains of being tired.

"The Indians worship all things beautiful," Mr. Phillips said. It is not the passive appreciation that is the frequent reaction to beauty of many white people. It is an integral part of their being. Their religion revolves around the rhythm and life of nature. Their love of beauty is born of knowledge as well as of what we call superstition. Quoting Mr. Phillips: "Their knowledge of the flora and fauna of the surrounding country seems marvelous to those to whom it has been revealed. Climatically, their village stands in the Canadian Zone, as the altitude is seven thousand feet. Then the lands of the Taos Pueblo extend upward to the Alaskan Zone on the mountain side. Beyond this to the

peak of over twelve thousand feet is the Arctic Zone where they find the flora, and to a limited extent, the fauna of that region. Often, on my trips to the mountain tops, over thirteen thousand feet near Taos, I have had a ptarmigan (a beautiful snow white bird of the Arctic) fly up from almost under my feet. The Indians apparently know and have a name for every variety of both flora and fauna of this vast territory. Upon such knowledge plus something else, their power depends.

"Why not expect something unusual from an intelligent people who have had only one book for thousands of years, which they have studied and upon which they have depended for their physical, mental and spiritual life—the book of nature. To understand something of this is to understand something of the Indian people. Their whole life is keyed to the rhythm of nature as evidenced by their sense of design in their blankets, pottery, baskets and in their music. It is coming out in a new expression through the watercolor paintings and mural decorations by the young people of the present time." Mr. Phillips calls this highly developed sense of beauty of the Indian "extrasensatory perception."

Their kinship with the wild animals was once explained to him by an Indian friend. The Pueblos believe that in the beginning the animal people and the Pueblo people all rose together from a lake in the center of the earth. All spoke the same language. The Deer People told the Indians they "knew the Great Father gave us to you to use for food and all purposes." But the Indians must first go to their medicine man and get a charm that would make them invisible to the spirit that protects the deer. The Deer People would also teach them the Deer Dance and they must dance it every other year. Having observed these rituals, if an Indian gets

a shot at a deer the animal is his by every sacred right.

Knowing these things, Bert Phillips, who is a master raconteur, tells this story of an Indian who lost and found his deer. "We speak of the time I met him at the Pueblo where I had gone to see an early morning ceremony. I knew he had been out hunting so I asked, 'What luck?' He replied, 'We got two.' 'Are they in the house?' I asked. 'No, it was late last night when we got into camp, so we hung them in the trees.' 'My!' I exclaimed. 'You left them in the woods all night? Are you not afraid the wild animals will get them?' 'No. We hung them high and are going out again right after this ceremony,' he answered.

"It was a few days later when I saw him again. We met in the street and I asked him about the deer. He started to move away but I stopped him. He hesitated and then replied, 'You know there was a lot of snow and when we came near the place I saw the tracks of wild animals leading up to where the deer were hung.' He paused again. 'Well? What kind of animal?' I asked. 'There were tracks of two wildcat and a mountain lion.' Then I knew something was coming so I said, 'What about it?' But he was reluctant to make any statement other than to say, 'There were only the heads and strips of skin hanging.' 'Oh, that was tough luck,' I said, feeling genuinely sorry for him. He grinned and said, 'Oh, Mr. Phillips, we don't look upon it like that.' I was a bit puzzled and told him, 'I never pried into your affairs but I want to know why you can lose your deer and still make light of it.' He saw that he had to tell me out of friendship. I learned that he had gone into the woods about fifty yards and there he called loudly to the animals. He denounced their conduct in no uncertain terms, told them that they had stolen his meat, knowing that it was his meat, and demanding that they make good. 'What good did that

do you?' I asked. 'Well,' he replied. 'I went about fifty yards farther into the forest and there stood a big buck looking right at me. He did not move so I raised my rifle and shot him.' 'Were you satisfied?' I asked. 'Oh, yes,' he smiled. 'We had more meat than before.'"

It is perhaps his knowledge of the Indian and respect for their way of life as much as Mr. Phillips' artistic ability that has enabled him to put so much of this inner vital spirit of the Indian into his paintings of them. They in turn have a great respect and admiration for him. He was the first artist, before the turn of the century when he came to Taos, with whom they had had much contact. They regarded his work with awe. It was a magic that even the wisest of their own medicine men could not perform. But before they would accept him, he still had to prove himself as a man. This he did with dispatch. Their way of testing him was to match him against their best runners in a foot race. Fortunately he had learned to sprint as a youth and had soon beaten all of the speediest Indians in the Pueblo.

There is also good reason for their deep gratitude to him. For many years before Mr. Phillips came to Taos the Pueblos had been fighting a losing battle to keep inviolate the land that was nominally theirs. Nobody seemed able or even interested in doing anything about it. In 1901 Vernon Bailey, chief of the Bureau of Biology in Washington and a friend of Phillips, came out to Taos on business for the Field Division of the Bureau. He learned to like the Pueblo Indians and asked Phillips if there was not something he could do for them. Phillips explained to him the nature of the Indians' grievances: how the settlers were going through their village to get to the free land above, were carelessly destroying the timber, grazing sheep on Indian land, were settling on Pueblo creek and pollut-

ing their only source of water. The situation was creating a dangerous tension between the Indians and the settlers and Phillips told Bailey that the best thing that he could do would be to secure for the Indians the rights to all the water. This was right in the Bureau chief's line. Theodore Roosevelt was President and Gifford Pinchot was chief of the Division of Forestry (now the Forestry Service, U.S. Government). Bailey was on friendly terms with both of these great men. So Phillips and Bailey held a

"junta" with the Pueblo government and council. When all were agreed, Bailey went back to Washington to put the matter before his superiors.

Inspectors were sent out the following fall and, after due investigation, the Indians, in 1905, gained the perpetual rights to all the watershed above their Pueblo. The green forest area was made a national preserve, and, when approached with a request for an appropriate title, Bert Phillips promptly called it Kit Carson National Forest.

BOOK REVIEWS, *continued from page 4*

An impressive bibliography indicates the painstaking research that historian Logan has done on his hero, and the results do reveal a full-length figure who has too long, perhaps, lived only as the partner of the more florid Buffalo Bill Cody in dime-novelist Ned Buntline's play and paper melodramas. In his own right, Jack—born near Palyra, Va., 1846; died, Leadville, Colo., 1880—led a life fully as colorful and, let it be said, probably more useful, history-wise, than the better known Colonel Cody.

From ranch-hand in Texas in 1861, whither he came from the east, he went in '63 into the Civil War as "headquarter courier" under Confederate Maj.-Gen. John B. Floyd. Thence, in 1864—age eighteen—as a scout under General "Jeb" Stuart. Wounded that year, he was hospitalized, and returned to duty, with his last wartime scouting done near Appomattox just before the surrender.

There followed cattle-range years in Florida and Texas, and brushes there "with Indians, cattle thieves, and renegades." In 1869, at Fort Hays, Kans., he met Custer's "Chief of Scouts, 'California Joe' Milner," and Wild Bill Hickok. Finally, in 1870, chance took him to Cottonwood Springs, Neb.—and here he met Cody, and their friendship began which lasted until Jack's death a decade later.

In 1872 began Jack's theatrical career, lasting almost up to the moment of his death in '80, in partnership with Cody and Buntline, the latter as author and impressario for their famous play, "The Scouts of the Prairie." In the same show was the diminutive Italian-born dancer, Guiseppina Morlacchi, whom Jack won and wedded in 1873 in Rochester, N. Y., while the company was on tour.

Logan concludes that Texas Jack has a permanent place among the truly great of the Old West. For our money, he has proved his case in *Buckskin and Satin*.

DON BLOCH, PM

Timber in Your Life, Arthur H. Carhart. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$4.00.

With the writing of *Timber in Your Life*, PM Arthur Carhart completes the bible for conservation of our most crucial natural resources. This new volume, together with his previous work, *Water or Your Life* (Lippincott, 1951), embody the old and new testaments. "Such books," writes Bernard DeVoto in his 12-page introductory sendoff to Carhart's newest book, "may yet prevent American greed from murdering our future through bad land use."

The message and the matter of this book concern—and vitally—every man,

woman, and child in the nation. Nowhere before has so much data of downright use and value concerning our dwindling timber supplies been brought together in one source, nor so readably written.

A thousand questions asked are answered; names are named where needed to indicate when and where danger lies ahead in connection with our private- and publicly-owned forest lands: "Trails toward Tomorrow's Timber" is a chapter which blue-prints true conservation's road a long way ahead.

I would point out three faults—all of omission, and matters of opinion or suggestion—for future editions of a fine production:

1—The book, so replete with researched statistical and other data, deserves a good bibliography.

2—The otherwise excellent chapter on tree insect and disease losses, omits entirely the Dutch Elm Disease, a scourge which—over the past two decades—has spread from midwest to east and back again, causing millions of dollars of aesthetic loss to homeowners alone, not counting commercial loss.

3—As a suggestion . . . Let the next and all subsequent editions of the book carry in a back-cover pocket, copies of those excellent colored charts issued by the U. S. Forest Service showing the myriad uses of wood, and another showing the National Forests and all other public and private timber holdings in the U. S.

Every Congressman should have a copy of this book, and every school student in the country should read or be taught from it. I think it's that good!

DON BLOCH, PM*

*For more than 10 years, the reviewer was an information specialist with the U. S. Forest Service.

Long Lope to Lander by Allan Vaughan Elston. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.50.

A great many readers will agree that Allan Vaughan Elston was born with a western spoon in his mouth because again he has spun a good tale of the west. Elston is at home in his private world of the western, and the result is lively reading with a generous amount of authentic accoutrements—shooting, rustling, a deadshot halfbreed, revenge, lost treasure, high jacking, and a pretty girl as a reward.

The story deals with a personable young fellow, Randy Harper, fresh to Wyoming from the Enbar Ranch in Montana. He has been framed on a rustling charge as the story opens. While still under arrest he meets the other two members of his personal triangle: Stasia Warren, who has come west to find her grandfather, and Mike Thatcher, respected Box T rancher, whose "cattle roam a thousand hills."

After proving his innocence to the sheriff's satisfaction, Randy finds himself more interested in finding Stasia's grandfather than in getting a job. That's the heart of this particular tale—his dogged persistence to find old Tom Logan who disappeared under mysterious circumstances.

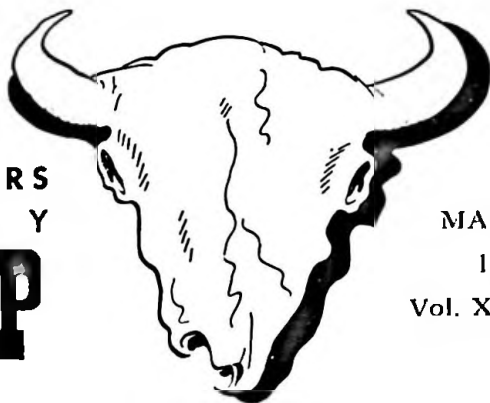
The author gives his theory of what happened to the notorious Butch Cassidy (thinly disguised in the book as Butch Clardy). He even works up a little sympathy for the outlaw when he has Butch say: "Damn this country! It stands on its head no matter which way you go."

Randy's friend, Windy Higgins, has this philosophy concerning outlaws: "A crook's likely to be nervous, jumpy, he don't trust anybody, not even himself. He has to look five ways at once: north, south, east, west and back down his own crooked past."

Guns go with westerns the way Santa Claus goes with December, and you'll find plenty of shooting throughout the book. But it's a tight plot which keeps the reader wondering how Randy is going to get out of each complication.

MARIAN HUXOLL TALMADGE, CM

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



MARCH
1955
Vol. XI, No. 3



JOSEPH COLLIER, SELF PORTRAIT
from the Robert Collier Sr. collection

The DENVER WESTERNERS
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Entered as Second Class Matter
at Boulder, Colorado. Printed
Monthly. \$3.00 per year.

Vol. XI

March, 1955

No. 3

Printing Office
839 Pearl St., Boulder.

Business Office
Room 306, State Museum Building, Denver.

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The April Meeting

*Time: 6:30 P.M., Wednesday, April
27, 1955.*

*Place: The Denver Press Club, second
floor, 1330 Glenarm Place.*

*The Speaker: PM Fred M. Mazzulla
The Subject: THE COUNTY COR-
ONER.*

*Reservations: With our Chuck Wran-
gler, Arthur Zeuch, at 930 Down-
ing St., Denver 18, or telephone
CH 4-7185.*

The 1955 Program

*May 1955: PM Arthur Carhart, "The
Prologue of Texas Independence,
1839."*

*June 1955: Dean Krakel, archivist at
the University of Wyoming, with
further material on Tom Horn.*

*July 1955: Frank McDonough, Jr.,
attorney and initiator of the famed*

*yulelog ceremony, "History of
Palmer Lake, Colorado."*

*August 1955: Open for summer plans.
September 1955: Dan Stone, "Early
Colorado Covers and Cancellations."*

*October 1955: George T. Mills and
Richard Grove from the Taylor
Museum of Colorado Springs Fine
Arts Center, "Pueblo Indian Fe-
tishes, Their Types and Uses."*

*November 1955: Jack P. Riddle, "The
Indian Corn Dance."*

*December 1955: A surprise for our
annual meeting of the gals and
pokes.*

*January 1956: PM Charles B. Roth,
"The Biggest Wind since Galves-
ton."*

*February 1956: James T. Forrest, cu-
rator of the State Museum, "A
Comparative Study of the Social
Customs of the Midwest and the
Rocky Mountains, 1860-1880."*

Riding the Range

Westerners of the Black Hills have selected Carl Locke, of Rapid City, as president for 1955. Joe Koller, secretary of the Belle Fourche Chamber of Commerce, will also find time to be secretary for the posse. Average attendance at the monthly meetings runs around 30 men and women. Plans for any publication by this group are still for future officers.

The Colorado Mountain Club does not often deign to run historical trivia, but in the March, 1955, issue of *Trail and Timberline* is a condensation of an article from *Scribner's* of September, 1872. It is a reminder that once in the latter part of the last century, the trip up Gray's Peak was THE tourist expedition of the country, a MUST. We meet some well-known Georgetown characters: Charley Utter, Commodore Decatur, and Bill Hamill. Hope Erl Ellis noted this sentence: "An hour of pleasant riding brings us to Bakerville, a promising town of two houses."

The Chicago Corral of Westerners is "governed" by a Posse, which seems to elect officers, its own members, and new members of the Corral. The 16 members of the Posse for 1955 include Herbert O. Brayer, President, Edward N. Wentworth, Vice President, Leigh Jerrard, Secretary, and Don Russell, who presumably will continue to publish the *Brand Book*.

PM Raymond G. Colwell presented a paper on "Colorado Mining Camps since 1859" to the Colorado Springs Mineralogical Society Friday evening, March 11.

CM Stanley W. Zamonski continues active publishing of western history, with feature articles in the February

issue of *Sun-Trails* and the March issue of *True West*.

Loring Campbell, sheriff for 1955 of the Los Angeles Corral, writes us that the Los Angeles group are enjoying two Denver possemen, John J. Lipsey and Walter Gann. Walter Gann was the feature speaker at the LA meeting for March.

In addition to Campbell, officers of the LA group for 1955 are James F. Gardiner, deputy sheriff; Dan Gann, registrar of marks and brands; Glen Dawson, assistant registrar; Don Meadows, roundup foreman; Charles N. Rudkin, assistant roundup foreman; Henry H. Clifford, representative; Homer H. Boelter, deputy sheriff in charge of branding; Bert H. Olson, keeper of the chips; Lonnie Hull, daguerreotype wrangler; Dan Bryant, Gordon Boelter, and Phil Loomis, wranglers.

Sheriff Campbell sent us, also, a clipping of a story from the *Valley Advertiser* of the Los Angeles area. The feature story described the corral and commented upon Campbell's collection of more than six thousand books and pamphlets of Western history. Featured also is the fact that Campbell was once a professional magician on the Chautauqua circuit.

Museum Graphic, publication of the St. Joseph, Mo., Museum and edited by Roy E. Coy, features a pictorial story, in its Winter, 1955, issue, upon the Fort Niobrara National Wildlife Refuge, with special emphasis upon the herd of buffalo kept there.

Third Annual All American Indian Days will be held at Sheridan, Wyoming, August 6 and 7. Described as an inter-racial project in human relations, the event will have authentic

Indian tribes from eighteen states. A special event will be the third annual Miss (Indian) America Contest.

The December, 1954, issue of the Chicago *Brand Book* carries as its chief article the fine paper by William B. Edwards, "Colt's Patent Arms for the Army of Texas." Next in interest is the report of the dedication of the library of Col. Edward N. Wentworth at Red Oak Ridge, Indiana; and with this is a picture of those attending, including a number of the Chicago Westerners. The December meeting, reported in the January, 1955, *Brand Book*, was Ladies Night, on which occasion Professor Kimball Young, a grandson of Brigham Young, spoke to the theme: "Polygamy in Utah, A Westerner's Reappraisal."

ANNALS OF WYOMING: This bi-annual official publication of the Wyoming State Historical Society under date line of April, 1955 (Vol. 27, No. 1) is at hand and is full of most interesting material. Here can be mentioned hardly more than a few of the titles to chapters: "Platte Bridge Station and Fort Caspar," by Olaf T. Hagen; "Dedication of Worland Townsite Marker," by Mary F. Bragg; "The Old Occidental" (at Buffalo) by Howard B. Lott; etc.

CM Clarence S. Jackson writes: "I would like to extend a cordial welcome to all Posse and Corresponding Members to visit my studio at their convenience to see what I am doing toward hand-colored photographic reproductions of my father's paintings of early western scenes and also some early colored photographs of Colorado mountain scenery. Just drop in any time, day or evening; no need to phone." Clarence's studio is at 1300 California St.

Former-Sheriff Walter Gann of the Denver Posse of The Westerners was the speaker at the March 17 meeting of the Los Angeles Corral. His subject was "A Boy Below the Caprock in the Nineties." This was an account of his own boyhood and young-manhood on a Texas cattle ranch, a careful, touching, well presented speech without manuscript. (But a recording was made.) His talk held the rapt attention of an audience of 30 Westerners and guests, and provoked many questions when he was through speaking.

Among those who heard Gann's talk was the distinguished and venerable Frederick W. Hodge, compiler of the great *Handbook of American Indians North of Mexico*. Another was Percy Bonebrake, picturesque oldtime peace-officer. One more was Lee Shippey, columnist on the Los Angeles *Times*. These three are honorary members of the corral. Sheriff Loring Campbell honored John J. Lipsey by asking him to introduce Gann. This Lipsey did with a few ill-chosen insults.

Ten days later, Lee Shippey filled his *Times* column with a piece about this Westerners' meeting. In this he said that he and Percy Bonebrake and Arthur Woodward came into the Hollywood restaurant (where the meeting was to be held) from a parking lot in the rear. Bonebrake was carrying a pistol he wanted to show somebody. Woodward was dressed in the Mountain-man costume he wore last summer when he shot up the Cave at the Denver posse's roundup; he still carried the long rifle. "Where's the cashier?" Woodward demanded of a startled waiter. (You have to buy tickets at \$3.50 before you eat at this joint.) "Up-pup-pup front," the waiter said, his tray trembling. Guests began to hide wallets and jewels. Bonebrake lost his grip on his gun and it sank into the thick carpet. The

(Continued Page 15)

NOTES ON A FEW EARLY DAY PHOTOGRAPHERS OF COLORADO

FRANCIS B. RIZZARI

ODDLY ENOUGH, we do not know the name of the first man to photograph the new camps and the scenery in the Pike's Peak region. The story is taken from an article in the *Denver Post* for July 28, 1918, by Arthur Frenzel, and is in one of the Dawson Scrapbooks. Several years previous to its appearance, J. C. Smiley, Curator of the State Historical and Natural History Society, had received a letter from a Mr. F. E. Youngs of Wilkensburg, Pennsylvania, asking if the society would be interested in purchasing some lantern slides of Denver and nearby towns, which were made from negatives in 1859. Mr. Youngs stated the pictures were taken by his grandfather, a professional photographer, while on a trip across the plains to Colorado and California during that summer. The lantern slides were made by an artist in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

The original photographs had been lost some years previous to Mr. Young's letter. He wrote the slides were highly treasured by his family, and that during the '60's, a good deal of money had been made by exhibiting them throughout the East. As Mr. Youngs was now in ill health, he was offering the slides to the Society for \$50.00 plus \$11.50 express charges.

The slides were shipped to Denver and after intensive investigation, Mr. Smiley was convinced of their authen-

ticity. Youngs, however, was never paid for them. He was last heard of in Bellaire, Michigan, and all efforts to trace him had failed. He evidently didn't say whether his maternal or paternal grandfather took the pictures, as there is no name mentioned in the article. The slides are now on display in the Colorado State Historical Society rooms.

One of the scenes shows General William Larimer standing in front of his cabin. Other views show some of the streets of Denver. Scenes of Golden, Blackhawk, Central, and some of the gulches are also in the collection; but probably the most rare is a view of the town of Golden Gate, which was two miles north of Golden and at the mouth of Golden Gate Canyon. The view is along the main street, toward the mountains.

WILLIAM G. CHAMBERLAIN

One of the earliest permanent photographers was William Gunnison Chamberlain. He was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, November 9, 1815. His father, Ichabod Chamberlain of Chelsea, Vermont, was a well known and successful engineer. After moving to Massachusetts, Ichabod married Caroline Gunnison, a local girl of Newburyport, Massachusetts. To this union were born five children, three boys and two girls. William G. was the eldest. When William was 9,

the family moved to Boston, where they resided until 1839. In that year, at the age of 24, an opportunity arose which enabled him to go to Peru, where he lived until 1844. He returned home on a short business trip, and on the way back to Peru was shipwrecked in the harbor of Colon.

In Peru, he was engaged in the silk business, having introduced the mulberry tree from the United States. He had obtained the silkworm eggs from France.

On July 28, 1846, he married Frances Allen, an English girl whose parents lived in Lima. At that time, Peru did not tolerate a protestant church, so there were no clergymen other than those of the Catholic faith. William solicited the aid of a Mr. Jewett, who was the U. S. Minister Plenipotentiary and by the power and authority vested in him by the United States, the young couple were married.

In 1847, two young men were making a tour of Chile with a daguerreotype outfit. Chamberlain had become very interested and they induced him to purchase their material and apparatus as a recreational hobby. Chamberlain's autobiography states he bought the outfit, some instructions and some practice, all for \$300.00, and "as a recreation, improved my leisure hours in the practice and became quite proficient in its manipulations."

In 1848, Chamberlain became associated with a mining venture in the Cerro de Pasco district in the Andes. He purchased a steam engine to operate the pumps in an abandoned Spanish mine. All machinery had to be packed by mule for 150 miles. His was the first to use steam to run the pumps in the mining industry. After a few months of hard work, and a large expenditure of money, the venture proved worthless.

Hearing of the gold discovery in the United States, he took his family to California in 1849. He remained

there about two years, and recouped some of his loss incurred in the Pasco venture. He then returned to Lima where he lived until 1852, when the family moved to the United States. At this time, he and his wife had three children—Helen, William J., and Fanny. (Fanny died in Denver in 1863.)

In 1855, he moved his family to Chicago. Having become quite proficient at making daguerreotypes, he decided to go into this business. However, the chemicals used in the business affected his health, and he was forced to give it up. He then became associated with a land colony in Iowa, but every spring they were flooded by the little Sioux River, and if it weren't the floods, prairie fires burned his fences and buildings.

In 1859, thinking to change his luck, he left his family in Iowa and headed for the gold fields of Pikes Peak. When he received discouraging reports, he continued on to California. When he returned to Iowa in 1860 to bring his family back to California with him, he found his wife's health too poor to stand the trip. The family moved to Denver, where they intended to spend a few months, then continue on to California. However, his wife's health improved so much, they decided to make Denver their permanent home.

As the ambrotype and tintype had increased in popularity and were the pictures of the day, Chamberlain reentered this business. The improvement of the photographic negative, however, soon opened the way for the reproduction of his views of mountain scenery, and he spent his summers traveling and taking pictures.

His work as a photographer for the next twenty years is mentioned in small articles in the papers, such as the following:

Rocky Mountain News, April 28, 1865

(p4 c2)

An article thanking Mr. Chamber-

lain for several of his Denver views and pictures of distinguished men, one of whom was Governor Gilpin. *Rocky Mountain News*, April 14, 1866 (p4 c2).

"We made a suggestion the other day for our people to subscribe to Mr. Mathews [A. E. Mathews, Pencil Sketches of Colorado] pictures to be sent east to show the improvement in the Territory. A letter from Pennsylvania states: 'Those pictures created quite an excitement here. Half the people in the country don't know there is such a place, and the other half just haven't any idea of its extent or importance. If the people of Colorado would send a few such pictures to this country and have them hung up in some of the principal hotels, it would do more for that country [Colorado] than anything else'."

The *News* goes on to urge all to buy some of Mathews' Lithographs and Chamberlain's photo views.

Rocky Mountain News, July 2, 1872 (p4 c2)

"W. G. Chamberlain has left on his annual tour to photograph the beauties of Colorado. Charles D. Kirland, a competent operator from the East, will sustain the good reputation of the gallery."

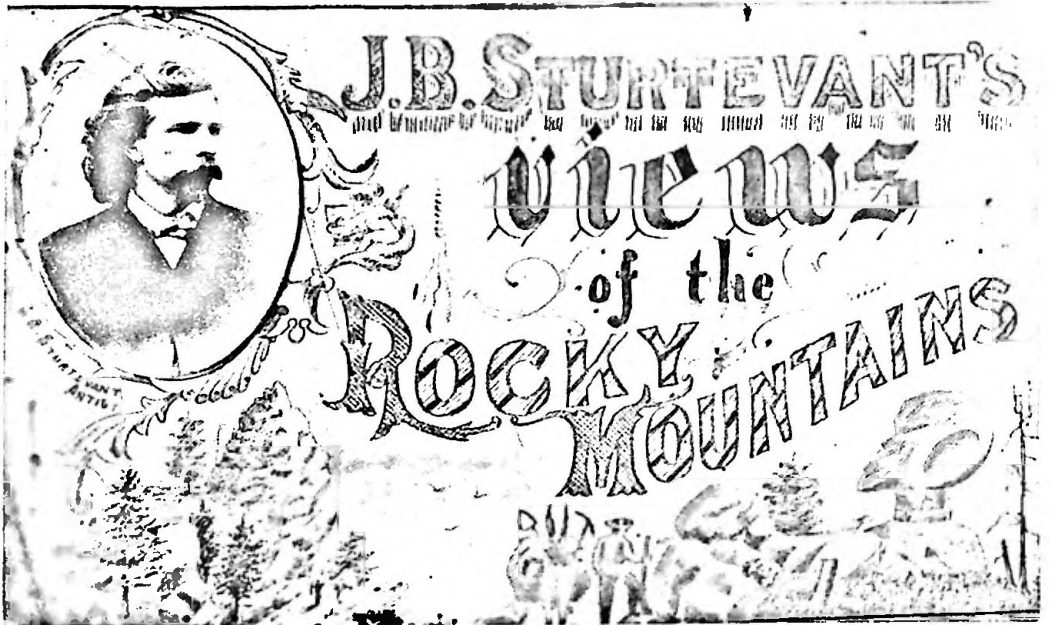
After these jaunts, which probably served as a vacation as well as source of new material for views, it must have been a tremendous job to print and sort out the pictures. One in my collection stumped even Chamberlain himself. It is a large pile of rocks, piled one on the other as if by a gigantic hand. Not remembering just where it was, W. G. mounted it on a card and wrote upon it, "Most anything." It is interesting to note the progress of this titling and description of the views, not only by Chamberlain, but also by most of the other photographers as well.

Probably lacking the capital to purchase the mounts already printed, they used a plain cardboard, sometimes of two different colors, a pastel purple or violet on one side and an orange red on the other. The description of the picture would then be written on the back, either in pencil or ink. Later, the words, "Colorado Scenery" or "Rocky Mountain Scenery" were placed at the ends of the cards bearing the views, the description still written on the back in the photographer's own handwriting or that of his assistant. These descriptions were eventually printed and then pasted onto the cards and by the late 1870's, the cards were ordered with the description of the subject upon them. This must have been expensive, as the card then could be used only for that particular picture. George Wakely had done this in the early 1860's, having placed the titles on the front side of his views.

Rocky Mountain News, September 25, 1872 (p2 c1)

"Mr. Chamberlain had been summoned for jury duty, but having failed to make an appearance, an attachment was issued and he was brought into court and fined \$10."

Chamberlain's first studio was located at 15th and Market Streets. Later he moved to 14th and Larimer, then to 15th and Larimer. As business improved, he made extensive improvements to his gallery at F (now 15th St.) and Larimer. (This building, built in 1860, is still standing.) A third story was added at a cost of \$2000. The reception room, with ladies dressing room adjoining, was on the second floor and "fitted up in a convenient and tasteful manner." The operating room of glass was 24 feet by 50 feet and was on the third floor. It was described as "admirably arranged and having a convenient system of sliding curtains." He had seven cameras but the pride of the gallery was one called the multiplying



box as it could take 72 pictures at one sitting. It had cost \$125.00.

Rocky Mountain News, September 24, 1871 (p1 c5). An article about the Sixth Annual State Fair states that W. G. Chamberlain was awarded a Special Premium Award for the best collection of Colorado scenery. D. Collier (not to be confused with Jos. Collier, FBR) Silver Medal for the best plain photograph. George Silsbury, also a Silver Medal for the best colored photographs. This coloring was an attempt to present the photographs in natural color. Chamberlain and Weistle both tried it on some of their stereos, but I found no record of their having won any prizes with them. Chamberlain also was experimenting with the possibility of evolving a process for reproducing photographs in newspapers and magazines. In the *News* for September 27, 1879 (p5 c2) we find this item:

"Fourth day at the Fair. J. Collier,

medal for best collection of photographic or stereo-views. B. E. Hawkins, special mention for large views. W. G. Chamberlain, special mention for artotype and C. Weistle, special mention for excellence."

The previous day, the *News* had described Chamberlain's process of artography, a word the paper claimed as having coined. "The views are made from ordinary negatives, mechanically printed in printer's ink on a hand press. The artotype is a photo-mechanical print, possessing the exact features of a photograph, together with the permanent qualities of ordinary printing."

In July of 1880, Chamberlain was working as the official photographer for the *News*. He was assigned the job of taking a picture of Cicero Simms, who was scheduled to be hanged at Fairplay. Back in January in the town of Alma, Simms and a friend John Jansen had played cards

most of the day. After supper, the two men had engaged in a sparring game of trying to knock off each other's hat. Simms had knocked off Jansen's hat twice when suddenly the latter sent Simms' hat spinning several feet through the air. This angered Simms and he ordered Jansen to pick it up. Jansen protested that when Simms had knocked off his hat, he had picked it up twice. When Jansen still refused to pick up Simms' hat, Simms pulled a revolver and shot him between the eyes. In the ensuing excitement, Simms made his escape and went to Denver. He registered at the Columbus House, 377 Wazee, but made the mistake of using his right name. He was arrested but could hardly stand as his legs had been frozen. His trial took place in Fairplay and after being sentenced, he had been returned to Denver for safekeeping.

Now in July 1880, Chamberlain took his picture and the *News* promised to print it the following Sunday, with a full account of the execution. On this they made good. The print resembles an engraving but undoubtedly is a good likeness. The story of the hanging filled one full page and several extra columns. The Denver and South Park Railroad held a train at Red Hill station for the *News* reporter to catch it and make his deadline. The reporter had ridden from Fairplay to Red Hill in 21 minutes. On July 25, 1880, an advertisement announced to the public that Chamberlain had pictures for sale of Cicero Simms, the murderer.

However, old age was beginning to slow down Chamberlain's activity. In March 1881, he announced he had sold his portrait and view business to F. D. Storm. Chamberlain was to stay on, but was to give his whole attention to his artotype reproductions. This evidently did not profit him materially, and sometime in 1881 he

retired permanently from the photographic business.

BEN E. HAWKINS

While it can be said that Chamberlain was the leading photographer in Denver, if not the entire Territory, during the 1860's and early 1870's, there must have been many others who entered the business. Some were itinerants who stayed a few weeks or perhaps a few months and then moved on. We find short items about their work but little is known of their personal life. In the *Daily Miner's Register* for August 12, 1866 (p. c1) we read:

"Views of the Snowy Range and adjacent mountains in those sections, showing a full and life like view of 60 miles of country thereabouts, taken by camera, from the most eligible point in Russell Gulch, may be seen at H. Garbanti's Photograph Rooms. This composes the only complete view of our great Cordillera ever taken. Mr. Garbahati has a few copies for sale."

In the 1870's there was quite an influx of photographers into the region. One of these was Ben E. Hawkins, who is described as being a fine looking man but very reticent. The latter probably accounts for the dearth of information about him. Vickers' *History of Denver*, 1880, states that Hawkins is so well known in Denver through his views of mountain and railroad scenery, that any more than a brief sketch would be superfluous. It reports there is scarcely a lake or river that his camera had not taken and that his pictures were known all over the world.

Hawkins was born in Steubenville, Ohio. How he came to be a photographer, I do not know. He came to Denver in 1873 and opened a studio at 377 Larimer St. When the Black Hills excitement broke out, he headed

for South Dakota but returned in a short while and reopened his studio. His one weakness was alcohol. He drank steadily for years and at times showed signs of delerium tremens. He is listed in the 1876 Directory under the firm name of Hawkins and Chew. I do not know how long this partnership lasted but probably his drinking hastened its dissolution. He is listed on page 203 of the 1880 Directory as B. E. Hawkins, PHOTOGRAPHER. A line states, "Pictures made every day. Railroad work and Colorado views a specialty."

Newspaper items are scarce. He didn't advertise as did the others. In the *News* for September 7, 1880, we find that he has a claim against the City for damages for personal injury. It seems he was passing in front of a new building under construction and caught his foot in some loose planking. There was no light to aid the citizen, as provided by city ordinances. In the *Denver Republican* for February 2, 1882, (p8 c1) there is the report of his death. He had drunk a pint of raw alcohol and it had proved too much for him. He was forty years of age. It was thought he had a grown son back east, but as there were no relatives in Denver, the Red Cross took charge of the funeral. On March 14, 1883, there was a notice of filing his estate for probate.

JOSEPH COLLIER

Joseph Collier was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, in July 1836. He was educated in the national schools and in 1859 learned the trade of a blacksmith. He followed this trade for five years but finally turned to photography as his life's work. Five years later he moved to Inverness, where his reputation as an artist became renowned and he numbered many of the nobility among his patrons.

In June 1871, he came to the

United States and the next year he located in Central City. The *News* for March 27, 1873, (p4 c2) has a small article on the excellence of his photographs, especially along the line of the Colorado Central Railroad. In 1878, he sold his business to Charles Weittle and moved to Denver. Whether he took his negatives to Denver and sold Weittle only the studio and goodwill, is not known. This writer is inclined to believe he kept them as there is no mention of them in Weittle's account. In 1880 or 1881, he bought the photographic business, including the negatives, of Alex Martin. A puzzling thing is found in the *Tribune Republican* for October 14, 1886 (p6 c1). The article deals with the photographic display at the Exposition, and notes the absence of Mr. Collier. Why did he not display his photos at the Exposition as he had done in previous years? That he was still in business is ascertained by consulting the State Business Directory for 1887. On page 197 of the Ivc's volume for that year, Collier has an advertisement covering two columns and one and one-half inches deep. It states he has a full line of Martin's Colorado Scenery always on hand. Stereoscopic, \$1.00 per dozen; Cabinet size, \$1.50; larger sizes in proportion. He is also listed in the 1898 Directory at 1635 Larimer. Martin's studio was at 1634, so this is probably in error. He retired about 1905.*

ALEX MARTIN

Like Joseph Collier, Alex Martin was born in Scotland. And as is the

*After the above was written, Fred Mazulla and I had the opportunity to visit with Robert Collier, son of Joseph Collier. He was at one time associated with his father and could be called one of the early day photographers. Mr. Collier stated his father exploded the spirit photography as a fake. He disagrees with my statement that his father purchased Alex Martin's business. I had also hoped to interview the granddaughter of Alex Martin but was unable to arrange a meeting.

case of many of the early photographers, information concerning his early life is very scarce. He came to Colorado about 1872 and probably located in Denver. He had a large collection of views of the city of that period. He photographed Capitol Hill when jack rabbits were its sole inhabitants—Curtis street when it was a muddy tree-lined country road—and Larimer Street and its horse cars. His collection of Denver pictures were reputed to be unequaled anywhere in completeness and historical interest. Where are they today? He was also located at various times in Central City, Boulder, Georgetown, and Golden. He evidently located at the latter place very early, as he lived in a tent on the banks of Clear Creek; but as business was dull, he made many trips into the mountains. He finally located himself at 1634 Larimer street.

Martin, however, was noted for a type of photography far different from that of his contemporaries. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle termed him the greatest spirit photographer in the world. Martin claimed his first manifestation occurred in Blackhawk in 1879, when a tintype he had taken of some babies, showed other children when it was developed. He claimed to have received other manifestations from time to time.

In 1880 or 1881, he sold his business to Joseph Collier. He is listed in the business directory for 1881 published by Blake but not in that of the Jackson Printing Co. He spent his later years taking pictures of the school children. He died in Denver January 18, 1929.

CHARLES WEITFLE

We come now to a photographer whose work won him many awards for excellence. Personally, I rate his work equal to that of W. H. Jackson

for clarity, brilliance, and composition. His name is Charles Weistle. He was born in Germany, February 15, 1836, and attended school until he was 13 years of age. He then came to America and was apprenticed to the harness trade, in Newark, New Jersey. In 1854 he became interested in photography and in 1856 went to Rio de Janeiro. He was the first artist to introduce the ambrotype in that country. He returned to America in 1860 and opened a gallery in Washington, D. C. He also had a branch gallery with the 6th Army Corps until the close of the Civil War. Returning to Newark and then later on to Dover, he followed his profession, and finally moved to Colorado in 1878 and opened a gallery at Central City. Almost immediately he purchased the business of Joseph Collier, that gentleman removing himself to Denver. The *Daily Evening Register*, February 7, 1878, has a notice that J. Collier has sold his photographic business to Charles Weistle of Denver. Early pictures of Central City show both names over the door to their studios. Weistle's stereos for that period also state they were published at Central City. Perhaps he spent his time between both towns. He also had a branch studio in Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Baskin's *History of Clear Creek and Boulder Valleys* states it was not Weistle's intention to engage in view taking, but finding a large demand and excellent scenery, he began to build up a large collection of negatives. It is on the back of one of his stereos that he has printed the price of 25c each or \$2.50 a dozen. In 1879 he was awarded the first medals by the Colorado Industrial Association for the best displays of photographic views.

Sometime in 1880 or 1881, he moved his main studio to Denver. In the *Rocky Mountain News* for November 1, 1883, this item appears

under the heading of
"PHOTOGRAPHS ON FIRE
"A DISASTROUS BLAZE in the
GALLERY OF
CHARLES WEITFLE & CO.

"The alarm of fire at 7 o'clock last evening was caused by the explosion of a kerosene lamp, which had been left burning in the chemical room of the photograph gallery of Charles Weittle, No. 448 Larimer Street. The flames burned furiously, destroying many negatives, many of which cannot be replaced. The stock of 1,000 or more negatives included those of Mr. Thurlow's collection of scenes of Manitou, for which Weittle had paid Mrs. Thurlow \$1,250. There were also about \$200 worth of negatives made by W. G. Chamberlain and the Indian and Scenic negatives made by Ben E. Hawkins. Almost all of Weittle's life work was destroyed."

Weittle did not feel that the insurance in the amount of \$3000 compensated him for his loss. It is also interesting to note there is no mention of any of the Joseph Collier negatives. The item does help, however, to trace the travelings and final end of some of the early day negatives. Chamberlain sold out to F. D. Storm in 1881. Ben Hawkins died in 1882. It seems logical to assume that Weittle bought out Storm and also the Hawkins estate. But Chamberlain must have had more than a mere \$200 worth of negatives. Where are the rest of them?

This disaster evidently took the heart out of Charles Weittle. He is not listed in any of the Directories after 1883. What became of him will have to be ferreted out later. I never found any mention of him having a wife and family.

WILLIAM HENRY JACKSON

This paper will not dwell long on this famous photographer. That he was a genius with a camera cannot be denied, and he probably took more

pictures in his lifetime than any other photographer. We also know more about him than any one other than, possibly, W. G. Chamberlain. However I will not attempt to add anything to that which has been written about him. His own autobiography, *Time Exposure*, is a complete record of his exceedingly eventful life. A well written condensed biography by Fritioff Fryxell was published in the *American Annual of Photography* for 1929.

Jackson was chosen as the photographer to accompany Professor Hayden on his Survey of the Territories in 1870. Although at that time he was an experienced photographer and had earned an excellent reputation, he undoubtedly gained much from being able to photograph the country on government time and money. The experience gained, especially in the processing of the large glass plates, was to be of benefit to him later. He gained such tremendous fame and publicity through his connection with Hayden, that when he started his own studio in Denver in 1879, it was only natural that he be chosen the official photographer for at least two railroads. Thus he was able to travel to the scenic spots with no worry as to expenses. Many of his scenes are on the 11 x 14 and 16 x 20 inch glass plates that he had perfected while on the Hayden surveys. They are unequalled, without a doubt, by the works of any photographer, anywhere.

He spent almost 20 years in Denver, both as railroad photographer and in his own studio. Then in 1896 and 1897, he took his historic trip around the world for *Harper's Weekly*, photographing scenes that had never been photographed before. Upon returning to the United States, he met an old friend who had just returned from Switzerland, where he had gone to study a new photolithographic process. He had purchased the American

rights to this process and the Photochrome Company had been organized to exploit it. He suggested that Jackson sell his negatives to the company, which Jackson did.

The company was then reorganized as the Detroit Publishing Company and began to produce color photographs. Jackson became a director of this company in 1902, and once again was given a private railroad car to tour the country. This time, he was selling the color photographs, instead of taking them*.

He retired in 1924 at the age of 81. However, this merely meant that he was freed from routine business matters and able to devote all the time he wished to painting, photography, writing, and traveling.

In 1935, at the age of 93, he was appointed to make paintings for the National Park Service. It was necessary for the Secretary of the Interior to waive the age limit for this appointment.

In June, 1937, when thirteen Union soldiers marched in a parade on Riverside Drive, New York, Jackson was not among them. He was on the side lines, busily taking pictures of his fellow veterans.

When the Detroit Publishing Company went out of business in the late 20's, his collection of negatives was carefully stored by the Ford Museum at Dearborn. The bulk of those dealing with the West are now in the possession of the Colorado Historical Society.

WILLIAM BEVINGTON

In 1951, a friend turned up a photograph of D & RG engine No. 700. It was the first engine built in the Burn-

*Clarence Jackson (CM of the Denver Posse), son of W. H. Jackson, took over his father's stereo negatives after the formation of the Detroit Publishing Co. However, the advent of the picture postcard affected this venture, as it did the other photographic businesses of that time.

ham shops in Denver. Turning it over to see who the photographer was, I found the name of William Bevington. A perusal of the telephone book showed a William Bevington still listed. Upon calling him, I learned that he was the son of the photographer. Again my hopes rose, and then came to the inevitable question, "Do you know what became of the negatives?" And once again the discouraging reply, "Yes, most of the negatives were sold to a green house. I myself," went on the voice, "helped to soak off the emulsion before delivering them."

A call on Mr. Bevington's sisters revealed that about 300 negatives were still left. However, these were mostly portrait photos. From the daughter, the following facts about her father were obtained.

William Bevington was born August 30, 1865, in Birkenhead, England. At an early age, he worked in the coal mines. He was the eldest of a family of three boys and one girl.

In 1887, he and one of his brothers emigrated to Canada. He married Ellen M. Hough December 25, 1888. There were eleven children born to this union of which six grew to manhood. The other five died in infancy or at a very early age. When in Toronto, Bevington opened a restaurant. For a pastime, he engaged in fencing. After a short visit to England in 1893, he returned to Toronto and decided to take up photography as a hobby.

In 1895, he and his brother John came to Denver. His wife and two daughters came later. He first lived at 2515 and 2828 California Street, where he had his photographic rooms. He specialized in outdoor photos, picnics, carnivals, and parades. For transportation, he rode a bicycle, and carried his camera and tripod across the handle-bars. He met G. W. McDonald and they formed a partnership and opened the Elite Studio over the

old Loop Grocery. McDonald handled the inside work while Bevington did the outside camera work, then took the negatives home for developing and finishing.

In 1897, he moved to 4384 Depew Street, then called 33rd and Jefferson Avenue. He had the first automobile in that area, a Queen. Later he had two Stanley Steamers and a Maxwell. The old timers remember him as the man with a plug hat, racing along Jefferson Avenue—now 44th Avenue—in his Stanley. He also enjoyed racing the trains along Santa Fe Drive when he was on his way to Fort Logan. He took some of the first pictures of the troops at the Fort.

The working in the chemicals and water aggravated his rheumatism, and in 1918 he retired from the photography business and went to work at Lakeside Park, where he worked until his death.

On June 6, 1938, while he was painting the ballroom, the ladder gave way and he broke a vertebra in his back. This indirectly caused his death six months later. He and his wife celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on December 25, 1938, and on January 1, 1939, William Bevington died. Besides his wife, he was survived by three daughters, two sons, seventeen grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

And so it goes. Where are the hundreds of pictures taken by these photographers? These men, who through the lens of a camera recorded the building of the west. If, as it has been said, one picture is equal to a thousand words, these men then were the true recorders of history. In my own hobby of studying Colorado's Ghost Towns, I find one picture of the town equal to volumes of words describing it.

And what of the dozens of other photographers—men never heard of

until a picture of theirs is brought to the light of day? Sometimes the picture will list other photos, such as a stereo view taken by Charles Goodman in 1881. Listed on the back are such titles of towns as, "Sedgewick, 1 mile below Bonanza." "Silver Creek or Shirley looking up." "Exchequer, 1 mile above Bonanza." Today it is hard to find the spot where these towns once stood, let alone to find one of these rare pictures. And what of Goodman himself? The stereo gives his address as Bonanza and Pueblo, yet he is not listed in the State Business Directories under either of those towns. What of T. C. Miller of Alma, who finished his pictures in a faint pink color? He is listed in the Directories for only a couple of years. What about D. D. Churchill of Breckenridge, listed in the Directories of the early 1880's? Clark and Dean of Gunnison, and George Mellen—Mellen, the man who photographed the horrible destruction of the Woodstock snowslide? Mellen, who published 11 x 14 inch pictures of the South Park line; yet the very negatives for those prints turned up in the William H. Jackson collection at the State Historical Society.

What of McLean of Golden, F. Kuykendall of Maysville, Charles Emory of Silver Cliff, T. E. Barnhouse of Lake City, D. B. Chase of Trinidad, of whom I had never heard until I found a picture taken by him of the town of South Arkansas in 1881?

Otto Westerman of Breckenridge, whose negatives were lost in a fire in 1906? And yet that fire was indirectly responsible for the finding forty years later, of over 250 glass plates taken in the 1890's by an amateur photographer, Dr. Scott of Como! What of Sturdevant, who fell or was pushed from a train and was ground to death under its wheels while he was returning to Boulder from Denver?

The search goes on. Sometimes a

box in an old shed will yield treasure. Sometimes the searcher will locate someone who may have some early day pictures—only to find they had been destroyed a few weeks or

even a few days before. Yet there is always hope of finding more of these early day photographs taken by these pioneer artists. We stand ever in great debt to them.

Book Review

We Fed Them Cactus by Fabiola Cabeza de Baca. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press. \$3.50.

Fabiola Cabeza de Baca says in her preface to *We Fed Them Cactus*: "This is the story of the struggle of New Mexican Hispanos for existence on the Llano, the Staked Plains." The word "struggle" is an understatement of the experiences presented to the men and women of four generations of de Bacas, their neighbor ricos (those who owned land), the sheepherders, buffalo hunters, migrant workers, "bad men," the padres, or "good men" and the story tellers and song singers. But, there is reward along with the struggle—bright blooms of flower are always potential in the center of the sharp, prickly cactus growing in profusion on the sixty thousand square miles touching parts of New Mexico and Texas.

The struggles and bright spots of the Llano story are related to us in anecdotal style—intimate and cozy as a folk song or spiritual. Five parts make simple divisions of the life described.

de Baca says of the great plateau described in Part One: "Here there is loneliness without despair." Part Two is centered around El Cuate, the

ranch cook, who to the author "seemed to have sprung from the earth. He was so much a part of the land that he might have just grown from the soil as the grass and the rocks and the hills." Along with Papa and El Cuate, we watch so many incidents.

In *Places and People*, we become acquainted with old Senor Mariano Urioste, the tollkeeper who exacts twenty-five cents from each vehicle in the endless caravan. In return he gives his repertoire of tales of Indian raids, cattle thieves and buffalo hunts while horses and mules rest before the hard climb.

At the end of the book, de Baca writes of her father and the country he loved: "The land which he loved had sucked the last bit of strength which so long had kept him enduring failures and sometimes successes but never of one tenor. Life so cruel and at times so sweet is a continuous struggle for existence—yet one so uncertain of what is beyond fights and fights for survival. He is gone, but the land which he loved is there. It has come back. The grass is growing again and those living on his land are wiser."

IRIS PAVEY GILMORE, *CM*

(Continued from Page 4)

waiter took advantage of this and called a cop. The manager explained it all to the officer, and then asked the two scouts to use the rear freight elevator after this.

This is my second meeting with the L. A. Corral. I hope also to be with them in April. And in May, *et seq.*, I hope to be with the Denver Posse.

JOHN J. LIPSEY

THE SHERIFF'S BEST FRIEND

S. OMAR BARKER*

Jim Gilliland and Oliver Lee were
arrested for killing a man—
I reckon they hadn't done no such,
but there's how the gossip ran.
'They wouldn't surrender to Garrett
for fear he would shoot them
down,
But they did give up to the district
judge in old Las Cruces town.
Judge Parker figured they'd never be
safe in the old Las Cruces jail,
So he ordered 'em sent to Socorro,
to be held without no bail.
The sheriff came down from Socorro
to escort the prisoners back—
A feller they called Doc Blackington,
with a grin like a wide ol' crack.
They had to change trains at El Paso,
with half a day's lay-over there,
And the sheriff, he wanted to see the
town, so he left his prisoner pair
To set and wait in the depot,
by their word of honor bound
To be right there when he got back
from a little junin' around.

Now Blackington liked his likker,
and his spirits got so gay
That Constable Clements arrested
him for makin' too much hey-hey.
'I'm the sheriff of Socorro County!"
was Blackington's hot protest.

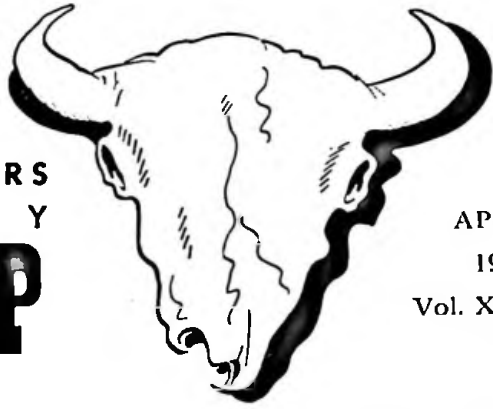
*S. Omar Barker, of Sapello, N. M., is a new corresponding member of the Denver Posse. One of the best-known writers of Western stories and the outstanding specialist in writing cowboy verse (author of *Buckaroo Ballads, Songs of the Saddlemen*, etc.). Barker served in the New Mexico legislature with Oliver Lee. He heard the true story told in this poem from several sources but here followed the account given in W. A. Keleher's *Fabulous Frontier*.

"You surely can see this star on me,
pinned right here on my vest!"
"I don't know you from Adam, and
that 'sheriff' talk's all bluff,"
Said Constable Manning Clements,
and he said it plenty tough.
The sheriff was in a pickle, then,
for Clements had took his gun,
And he had two prisoners waiting
for the next north train to run.
He threatened and begged and
pleaded, but the Constable said:
"No soap!"
Then Blackington got an idea that
might get him off the rope.
"You claim I ain't no sheriff, and
I reckon you don't know *me*,
But what if I got identified by a man
named Oliver Lee?"
The constable's blue eyes widened
wide. He said: "I ain't no goose!
If *Oliver Lee* says you're O.K.,
I'll damn sure turn you loose!"

So they went on up to the depot where
the sheriff's "prisoners" were,
And Oliver Lee, he had to grin at the
sheriff's ruffled fur;
And his grey eyes kinder twinkled,
but he played it fair and square.
"This man *is* Sheriff Blackington,"
he said. "I wouldn't care
If you throwed him in the hoosegow,
but if you did he'd fail
To do his legal duty—
which is takin' us to jail!"

So Clements turned the sheriff loose,
and watched them board the
train.
Oldtimers have to chuckle as they
tell the tale again!
Sometimes good men like Oliver Lee
got crossways with the law,
But when it come to playing fair,
they always came to taw!
The jury found Lee innocent.
He lived till '41—
A man as true with honor
as he was with rope and gun!

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



APRIL
1955
Vol. XI, No. 4



LeRoy Hafen at Fagin's grave on Trappers Trail. Fagin froze to death in a blizzard during Marcy's return trip from Santa Fe to Fort Massachusetts and Fort Bridger. *Photo by Dabney Otis Collins.*

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 XI

April, 1955

No. 4

Printing Office
839 Pearl St., Boulder.

Business Office
Room 306, State Museum Building, Denver.

Denver Posse Founded January 26, 1945
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OFFICERS

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Deputy Sheriff, Maurice Frink
Roundup Foreman, Charles A. Davlin, Jr.
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Publications Chairman, Erl H. Ellis

The May Meeting

Time: 6:30 P.M., Wednesday, May 25, 1955.

Place: The Denver Press Club, second floor, 1330 Glenarm Place.

The Speaker: PM Arthur Carhart.

The Subject: THE PROLOGUE OF TEXAS INDEPENDENCE, 1839.

Reservations: With our Chuck Wrangler, Arthur Zeuch, at 930 Downing St., Denver 18, or telephone CH 4-7185.

The 1955 Program

June 1955: Dean Krakel, archivist at the University of Wyoming, with further material on Tom Horn.

July 1955: Frank McDonough, Jr., attorney and initiator of the famed yulelog ceremony, "History of Palmer Lake, Colorado."

August 1955: Open for summer plans.
September 1955: Dan Stone, "Early Colorado Covers and Cancellations."

October 1955: George T. Mills and Richard Grove from the Taylor Museum of Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center, "Pueblo Indian Fetishes, Their Types and Uses."

November 1955: Jack P. Riddle, "The Indian Corn Dance."

December 1955: A surprise for our annual meeting of the gals and pokes.

January 1956: PM Charles B. Roth, "The Biggest Wind since Galveston."

February 1956: James T. Forrest, curator of the State Museum, "A Comparative Study of the Social Customs of the Midwest and the Rocky Mountains, 1860-1880."

Riding the Range

PM Ray Colwell reports that Colorado Springs people are commencing to develop plans for the Pike 150-year anniversary in 1956.

CM Jack Riddle is working on a new idea for historical cinematography. He promises to tell us more as the idea develops.

PM (and former sheriff) Fred A. Rosenstock recently spent a week in California visiting Americana specialists Magee and Howell in San Francisco and the Dawsons in Los Angeles. He spent time with Dale Morgan, Charles Camp, George Hammond (director of the Bancroft collection), and Irving Stone, who is working on a history of the Rocky Mountain country for Doubleday. He also spent an evening with Justin Turner, examining his outstanding autograph collection.

PM Carl F. Mathews gave a talk on ghost towns to the Izaak Walton League meeting in Colorado Springs on April 28.

CM J. C. Dykes of College Park, Maryland, reports an obscure but special Charles M. Russell item recently published in a private edition. It is *The Old Gravois Coal Diggings* by Mary Joan Boyer and may be ordered from the author, Rt. 2, Imperial, Mo., for \$3.50. The Russell plantation was the site of the first coal diggings in the St. Louis area, discovered by Charlie's grandfather. The account of the diggings contains much Russell family history, including considerable material about Charlie.

Josie Moore Crum, of Durango, Colorado, has recently published *The Rio Grande Southern Story* under the publishing imprint of Railroadiana,

Inc., P.O. Box 163, Durango, Colo. The price is \$12.50, but the special pre-publication price of \$10.25 applies until June 15, 1955. CM John B. Marshall of Alhambra, California, has been of great aid to Mrs. Crum in getting this book ready for the press.

Public Records and Archives: As Westerners, we are all subject to special temptations in "collecting" material, and, by the same token, we should be especially aware of the laws relating to public records and their disposition. Briefly, the theory of Colorado law is that a committee must pass on the disposition of each public record; and this committee is made up of the public officer having the record in his custody, the State Archivist, and the Attorney General. They, and only they, have the power, acting jointly, to decide what material goes into the State Archives and what may be disposed of otherwise.

The Chicago Brand Books for February, March, and April have piled up before us, showing publishing activity there or reviewing dereliction here. The first carries a fine paper by Richard Dunlap. He writes of the year 1855, but of course gives a glimpse of the pending events in the West and the background of the same.

In the March issue is found an enticing bit of "Eastern" history, for Robert West Howard tells of America's first commercial cattle drive. He tells of the founding of Springfield by William Pynchon, and then of a drive of cattle to the Boston markets by the son, John Pynchon, just 300 years ago. It is suggested that here was the birth of the professional American cowboy. We shall always have dispute, we presume, about the origin of cow practices, as to how much came from expanding activities from the eastern

coast and how much seeped up from Mexico.

In the April issue Frank Glenn tells of some lucky highlights in his search for collections of Western material, and he deals with transactions way beyond the scope of most of us amateurs. His story of special discoveries makes enjoyable reading, but our bookselling members may become a bit envious of such successes as are recounted.

Number One of Volume Two of the New York Brand Book sets a high standard for this 1955 series. Here is a fine account about Albert Bierstadt, Artist, so well known for some of his scenes local to this area. E. S. Wallace is the author of this readable sketch about Bierstadt. Next comes a story from Peter Decker telling about Marquis de Mores and his cattle and packing activities in western North Dakota. A. H. Greenly then takes us on a visit to Churchill on Hudson's Bay. But this is not all, for further there is a treatment under the name of "The Knife on the Frontier" from none other than the unequalled Arthur Woodward, all with colored illustrations, no less. The usual book reviews and lists of new members add value.

To be especially noted is the mention of a plan of the New Yorkers to award annually recognition to the writer of the best non-fiction work of the year. Their first official selection and recognition goes to David Lavender for his *Bent's Fort*, a worthy choice indeed.

In number 6 of Volume One of the mimeographed newest Westerners publication from Liverpool the editors acknowledge receipt of monthly publications from various groups in the United States, and say they are a bit envious. No sense to that. We all started somewhere and we all continue to envy some part of the other fellow's work.

This issue features an article by Alan Gregory on the McCartys' attempt

to rob a bank at Delta, Colorado, in 1893. There are numerous book reviews and notes. Are you a subscriber?

Publication 29 under date of March is at hand from Southern California. The main article is by Mrs. Gladys Carson Burns about "The Dominguez Family of Rancho San Pedro." Good friend Michael Harrison writes of the Indian's sense of humor. Comments and notes fill up this edition.

The April *American Heritage* has little of really Western history, but maintains the high standards of this newer form of the Magazine of History. The table of contents lists sixteen articles, all most valuable. The cotton gin of Eli Whitney, the hauling of cannon for Washington over wintry trails, and the possible discovery of America in 1424 may be mentioned as among the subjects treated.

Arizona Highways: The June, 1955, issue of this beautiful magazine from the Arizona Highway Commission contains one of that journal's occasional dips into pure history. This is a resume by John Myers Myers of his book *Doc Holliday*, recently published by Little, Brown & Co. A reading of this outline of this book and its linking of Holliday with the Earp brothers will probably make you determine upon a purchase of Myers' book. But you get a good idea of the story from the pages of *Arizona Highways*.

CM Caroline Bancroft has an article "Did Augusta Tabor Call on Baby Doe?" in the new issue of *Colorado Wonderland*. Two new booklets by Caroline are due out next month.

PM Fred M. Mazulla writes that it was fun to talk to the Westerners about things "necrocratic" (see article this issue). A few days after his talk, Fred received through the mail a "professional courty card" issued in his name by the Howard Mortuary of Denver, and Fred wonders if there is any connection.

THE COUNTY CORONER*

FRED M. MAZZULLA

Western stuff is where you find it. In May of 1953 in the County Court of the Eleventh Judicial District, Custer County, an information was filed by the people of the State of Colorado against Dominic because he did then and there unlawfully assault, beat, strike, bruise and wound the body of his wife Marie contrary to the form of the statute in said case made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of The People of the State of Colorado. The Judge of the County Court, the Honorable August N. Menzel, and, likewise, the Clerk of said Court, the Honorable August N. Menzel.

This was the occasion of my visit to Westcliffe, Custer County, in the Wet Mountain Valley just over the other side of the Sangre de Cristo range from the San Luis valley. A couple of generations ago, Custer County was stocked, stacked and planted with German immigrants. Help in securing homesteads was paid for with implied promises to vote Republican, and in 1876 the promises were kept, and Custer County along with Barney L. Ford did its bit to defeat Tilden and put Hays in the White House.

After I had taken care of Dominic, the good Judge asked me if I would

*Copyright 1955 by Fred M. Mazulla. Selected from the paper delivered to the Denver Post April 27, 1955.

like to look at his coroner's record. He thought it was quite interesting. I agreed with him, and I hope that you do too. My first thoughts were that the coroner's record would suggest something dead, something definitely final and finished; but for me it back-fired.

The record is a beautiful leather bound volume. The first entry was November 6, 1888, and the last one December 24, 1915, and in all there are twenty-two cases. The first case is set out in full as follows:

State of Colorado)
SS

County of Custer)
Record of an inquisition before G. E. Roberts, Coroner of said County, at W. Kellings, ranche, on the 6th day of November A. D. 1888 upon the view of the body of William Kelling then and there lying dead—

Minnie Kelling, being duly sworn according to law testified that on the morning of the 5th day of November 1888—that her Father came home about 4 o'clock in the morning and came into my room, and went to the cubbard and took a bottle of some kind of liquid and went out of the room—did not see him drink it—

Signed Minnie Kelling

Attest: G. E. Roberts;

Coroner

The second case tells us about the body of Samuel Totter lying then and there dead on the 6th day of April, 1889. Mont Evans, the Under Sheriff, had been sent out to arrest Totter at

Burks Ranche. The Under Sheriff told Totter that he had a warrant for him, and wanted him to surrender. Totter said: "You son of a bitch when ever you think you can arrest me, cut loose." Totter then drew his gun and warned the sheriff not to come any nearer or he would kill him. The sheriff then told him "the offense did not amount to much, but if he would surrender to me, I would see that he got a bond and I would go on it myself." A small war followed in an attempt to arrest Totter. J. R. Thomas, Constable, testified as follows: "I know nothing about the killing of Sam Totter." G. W. Munson testified: "I recognize, the body here lying as the body of Sam Totter. All I know about it, is that the two parties fired at about the same time. I was plowing in a field about 400 yards from the parties who done the firing." The verdict of the coroner's jury is omitted from the record.

Since the case next above omitted the verdict of the jury, we will just borrow one from another case later on in the book:

STATE OF COLORADO)
) SS
 COUNTY OF CUSTER)

An inquisition holden at West Cliffe in Custer Co. State of Colorado, on the 14th day of June A. D. 1903, before W. L. Bain M. D. Coroner of said county, upon the body of an infant child then lying dead by the jurors whose names are here-to subscribed; said jurors upon their oaths do say: That the said infant was born alive and its organs perfect at the home of C--- O--- in Wet Mountain Valley on or about March 4, 1903. The mother being M--- O---, and that it came to its death from causes unknown to the jury: And we further find that the child was of illegitimate origin, the paternity of which should be investigated by the proper authorities, since convincing evidence has been adduced to prove the commission of the crime of rape.

In testimony whereof the said jurors have hereunto set their hands the day and year aforesaid.

A. H. Lacy—Foreman
 A. D. Chitilab
 Henry Stewart
 Martin Theisen
 Gev. Wilkin
 William Dawson

Attest:

W. L. Bain
 Coroner of Custer County

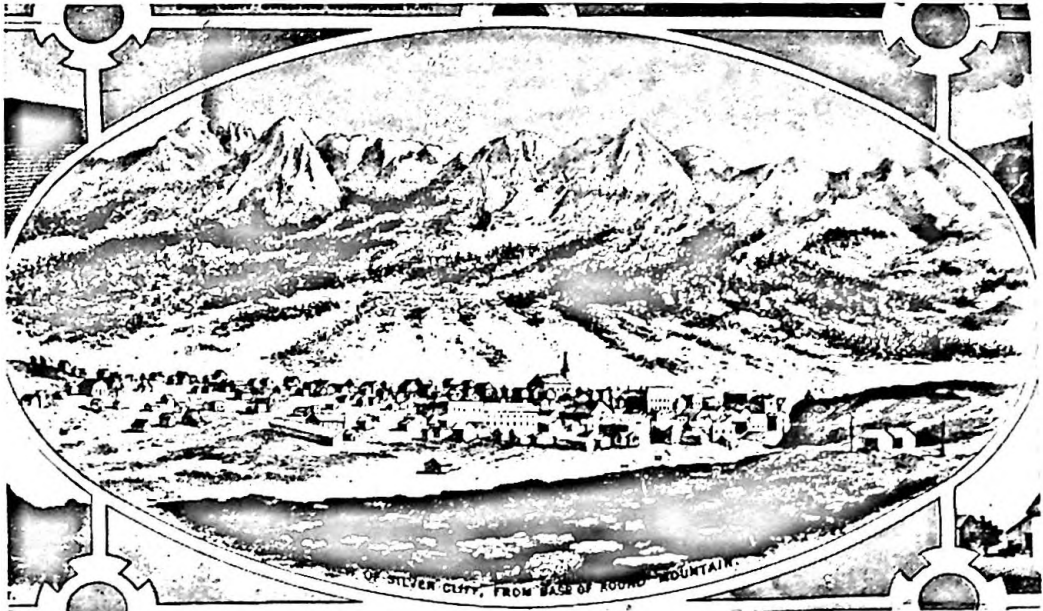
Sometime in 1907 E. H. Cutts was duly elected the coroner of Custer County. This gentleman was a medical doctor, partly an artist, partly an accountant, partly a poet, a born politician, philosopher, comedian, scholar, and perhaps a casanova. He was a true son of the West from the deep South. How could one man have so many parts? The answer is easy; he tipped the scales at 320 pounds.

In an inquisition held before the said E. H. Cutts, coroner, on the 3rd, 5th, 8th and 9th days of May, 1908, Cutts noted some cute and cutting comments, viz.: "all papers . . . were filed, according to law, with the Clerk of the District Court John H. Seary, who was also the County Judge."

As a matter of note, according to the Coroner's Record, in Custer County, up to this the present case, no jury has ever returned a verdict, in the few cases of killing that have occurred in the past, that such killing was feloniously done. Another peculiarity is that heretofore whatever verdict the Coroner's Jury has ever found has never been successfully disputed, and never been brought to trial in the district court. In fact, Isaac Taylor, who was named by the jury at this inquest, as the unlawful slayer of Joseph H. Taylor, is the first person in this county that has ever been held to await trial for murder before the district court.

The record of this inquisition has been written out very fully for the reason that it is probably the last one the present Coroner will ever write and thereby his successor will be enabled to get some idea of how he, at least, proceeded.

The office of Coroner is, to be sure, one of the most ancient relics of the past. But today, except as a means of disposing of the superfluous revenue accruing because of the love of a devoted people for



*A view of Silver Cliff,
Wet Mountain Valley*

From the Fred M. Mazzulla Collection

the paying of taxes, it is not out of place to ask why it should not be abolished. If however, in order to link the present with the past, this office is to exist for generations yet to come, it might not be an impious idea to provide that the fortunate holder of this exalted position should have a spelling acquaintance with the English language, equal, at least, to that exhibited by "Artemus Ward" and "Josh Billings."

In connection with this inquest, the portly coroner submitted his bill of costs in the amount of \$805.20 as follows:

Inquest Cost

Jurors	\$ 60.00	
Witnesses	84.25	
Coroner	115.75	
Postmortem	70.00	
Clerk	15.00	
		\$845.00
Cut down	48.00	
		\$297.00

Other Fees

Dist. Att. Socke	43.80
Sheriff—Approximate	65.15

Justice Fees

Blackett	10.55
----------------	-------

(Dist. Court)

Witnesses	82.15	\$116.50
Juror (est.)	160.05	
Dist. Attorney (est.)	60.00	
Sheriff (est.)	20.00	
Clerk of Court (est.)	60.00	
Feeding Jurors	6.50	

\$805.20

This sum is really less than the actual cost which must have been over \$900. But full data, Judges salary, etc. was not available to the Coroner.

The County Commissioners evidently autopsied this bill of costs, because we find this comment added by the coroner:

The above bill was cut by the County Commissioners to the extent of \$48, as follows: \$15 from each of the physician's bills and \$18 from the Coroner's bill. The cut in the physician's bill was a low, dirty and penurious trick. In regard to the Coroner's bill \$8 of the cut was the expense mileage and the other \$10 as the Coroner was about to move from the County he did not consider it worth while to speak about but it was clearly an arbitrary and illegal act. It is too bad that the penny pinching can be laid solely to the Democratic party. For as a result of it at the last election old Pringle, a regular prince at penny pinching, went down to defeat by nearly 30 majority and came very near dragging the whole county Democratic ticket with him, and that in a county that gave the State Democratic ticket about 90 majority. Economy is all right but mere miserly penny pinching is disgusting in private life and much more so in public.

The result of the trial in the district court was acquittal on the ground of self defense. This together with the attitude of the County Commissioners, whose economical souls lead them to discountenance investigation and practically places them in an attitude of accessory after the fact, means that there will be more murders in the County. In fact as soon as the state of affairs become known, all with homicidal desires and a small amount of capital can bring their victims from all parts of the state of Colorado for slaughter. In fact, it might be worth while for the D. & R.G. railroad to establish semi-weekly excursions to Custer County for practically no other reason. The Coroner prophesies more murders in the near future. And so ends probably the last case the present Coroner will ever conduct in Custer County.

E. H. Cutts, M.D., Coroner,
 July 29, A.D. 1908
 Silver Cliff, Custer Co., Colo.

Fortunately this was not the last one handled by the then present coroner. We quote from his next case:

RECORD OF AN INQUISITION
 UPON THE BODY OF
 MILTON ORTIBIZ)
 STATE OF COLORADO)
) SS
 COUNTY OF CUSTER)

The Coroner of Custer County, E. H. Cutts, was notified about thirty minutes past six in the afternoon of Sunday, May 6, A.D. 1908, that the body of a Mexican, one Milton Ortibiz, was lying dead in the corall back of the saloon of Fred Schlaepfi in Westcliffe. Thereupon the Coroner, E. H. Cutts, proceeded to the place where mentioned Milton Ortibiz was lying dead, in the corall at the back of the saloon of Fred Schlaepfi in Westcliffe and viewed the body. The Coroner did then order E. W. Eddy, an undertaker in Westcliffe, to take possession of the body and remove it to his undertaking rooms in Westcliffe. After which the Coroner did search the body and found upon it the following articles, to wit:—One seven jewel Elgin watch, \$5.75 in money, one pocket knife, and one pair sleeve buttons. As it was claimed that the deceased, Milton Ortibiz, came to his death by a gun shot wound at the hands of one Pedro Trugillo and as the manner of death was clearly suspicious of murder, there was no doubt in the mind of the Coroner, E. H. Cutts, but that an inquisition was absolutely necessary. The Coroner thereupon proceeded to summons a jury. . . .

In this investigation Deputy District Attorney Socke had Justice of the Peace Zach. Jordan on his left side and undertook to run a justice's court at the same time as the inquisition was in progress. This made the inquisition lopsided and a farce as the prisoner had no attorney and waived examination before the justice. The district attorney, therefore, was fearful that some witness or some statement be made beneficial to the prisoner. Also the acting district attorney had Antonio Popa on his right hand to see that only those witnesses that would tell the proper story testified and where they were forgetful of the proper story they were prompted either by one Antonio Popa or a certain Martinez from Huerfano County and in the Spanish language. The Mexicans without exception lied and lied in a most unreasonable manner. The only witnesses speaking the truth were Grant Gleyer and the two physicians. The Mexicans not only lied but to make the Coroner more certain that they lied, after the inquisition, because the Coroner's jury seemed over long in coming to a decision, Antonio Popa came to the

Coroner and stated that the direction of the bullet was easily enough explained. That the direction was downward because the prisoner and the deceased were engaged in a hand to hand struggle when the gun was discharged and wanted him to so state it to the jury.

Probably the facts of the case are as obtained by the sheriff from the prisoner, and are as follows, to-wit:

Milton Ortibiz a bully of the first water, came into the corral where one Thomas Espinosa lay drunk and kicked him (Espinosa). The prisoner, a boy of 18, remonstrated and the deceased, a man of 45, seeing only a boy, like the bully he was, started an attack. The boy, thereupon, pulled the gun, which he had probably taken from the scabbard of the drunk Thomas Espinosa, in order to protect it for him, as the other Mexicans were going through Espinosa's pockets. The deceased seized the gun and began beating the boy over the head with it. The boy in order to protect his head grabbed for the gun and possibly got hold of it but more probably hold of the deceased's hands. And it is more probable that the deceased's own finger or a button from his unbuttoned vest pulled the trigger that caused his death, than the boy, who was struggling to get away. The revolver has not yet been found but as it was dropped in the corral, it without doubt is in the hands of some of the lying Mexican witnesses.

The acting district attorney had the idea that because he at one time had shot a rabbit and the rabbit had run 300 yards after being shot that the deceased could do like wise. And he was too bull-headed or dense to ever allow himself to become cognizant of the fact that Milton Ortibiz was no rabbit.

And E. H. Cutts, Coroner, hereby certify that on or about the said body was found no money, papers, good or other valuable things, except as follows, to-wit: \$5.75 in money; 1 seven-jewel Elgin watch; 1 pocket knife; 1 pair sleeve buttons and this property was given to Doneleta Antobeas, widow of deceased, who gave a receipt in duplicate to the Coroner, E. H. Cutts. The original of the receipt was handed to the County Commissioners attached to the bill of costs for the inquisition.

E. H. Cutts, the many sided man, closed his services in and to the Wet Mountain Valley with this masterpiece:

The parsimonious tendencies, penny-pinching proclivities and general jack ass propensities of the democratic members of the Board of County Commissioners so completely disgusted the democratic voters of this, Custer County, that the democratic majority of some 52 votes for the democratic presidential candidate, William Jennings Bryan, was changed to a republican majority for most of the county officers, namely, to-wit:—

E. C. Baldwin, M.D., republican, was elected representative to the state legislature by 114 majority. Dorsey Garnier, republican, defeated S. A. Morrison, democrat, for county sheriff by 30 majority. Am sad to state aforesaid poor Morrison, like Horace Greeley, died of grief thereat a short time following said defeat.

I pulled a flower, when with horror I relate,
A prodigy so strange and full of fate,
The rooted fibers rose and from the wound,
Dark, bloody drops distilled upon the ground.

Charles Menzel republican, although scratched by his own party, defeated Fred W. Stewart, democrat, by 5 majority. And said Stewart became very wrath thereat and spat upon the ground and departed the land of his boyhood many miles to the east and the snow-covered Sangre de Christo and the smiling valley of the Wet Mountain know him, alas, no more. T. E. Putnam, republican, defeated P. F. Zastrow, democrat, for County Commissioner—2d District, by 50 majority. William Kettle, republican, defeated Jacob Etzel, democrat, for County Commissioner—3d District, by 71 majority. And O. E. Sperry, M.D., republican, defeated E. W. Eddy, democrat, for County Coroner, by 34 majority.

Fred Walters, democrat, was elected County Treasurer by 69 majority because he stood by a friend, who afterward became a relative, through thick or thin, right or wrong, and consequently received the reward which such conduct merits.

Quod Erat Demonstratum.

Book Reviews

Sam Houston: The Great Designer by Llerena B. Friend. Austin: University of Texas Press. \$6.00.

If ever there was a man who was launched upon a promising political career only to have it, during his middle thirties, seem to tumble about his ears, that man was Sam Houston. He had reached the position of governor of Tennessee when an unfortunate misunderstanding with his wife caused him to resign his position and leave his state under a cloud of rumors.

And yet Houston's career was merely interrupted, as Dr. Llerena B. Friend so ably demonstrates in her recent biography of that romantic and enigmatic figure. Starting afresh in Texas, Houston achieved front rank by winning the battle of San Jacinto. He then sought to stabilize and develop the struggling young republic, twice serving as its president. He may have been somewhat coy about annexation to the United States, but after that event occurred, he became a senator and took a national stand on the larger questions that rocked the country in the 1850's.

Frequently mentioned as a likely candidate for the presidency, Houston's last public office was that of governor of the state of Texas, but he resigned it when the state seceded. His death two years later (1863) prevented him from aiding the difficult post-war readjustment.

Irrespective of the current popularity of Davy Crockett, Houston stands as one of Texas' first heroes, and Dr. Friend has added greatly to our knowledge of him. Her research has been extensive and her writing ob-

jective. She has not sought to glamorize or popularize. Her approach is suggested by her comment on Houston's strategy at San Jacinto: "Houston's plan of attack—or whether or not he had a plan of attack—has forever remained a question of controversy." Other aspects of his life fall in the same category, raising a question as to the meaning of the book's subtitle. However, here is good, solid reading on a figure who belongs to the West, the South, and the Nation.

HAROLD H. DUNHAM, PM

Beyond the Cross Timbers: The Travels of Randolph B. Marcy by W. Eugene Hollon. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. \$4.00.

Beyond the Cross Timbers is a skillful welding of biography and history. Against the carefully woven fabric of historical background, through the factual details of army life, exploring, and map-making, Randolph B. Marcy stands forth as a full-bodied man—hating the routine, dead-end life of the army, loving it for its raw adventure and opportunities for advancement; exercising consummate skill in his profession; a slave owner who despised abolitionists and who was elated when Buchanan defeated Fremont for the presidency, but chief of staff under General George B. McClellan, commander of the Army of Potomac; ambitious to the point of tyranny for his daughter to place wealth and social position above love in choosing her husband.

With equal clarity the unfolding pages reveal Mary Marcy as the society-loving army officer's wife who complains bitterly of frequent moving

from one post to another, and of a woman's loneliness for her husband.

Marcy conducted five major expeditions into the West. He explored the vast unknown regions beyond the Cross Timbers, in present Oklahoma and Texas. On his reports and maps were based the building of forts and emigrant roads, one of which was followed by the Texas and Pacific Railway. He was first to trace the Red River, which Pike and Long had not even found. He located the first Indian reservation in the West. His dramatic March over 634 miles of snow-deep Rockies during the Mormon War to Fort Massachusetts, New Mexico, to obtain relief for isolated Fort Bridger stands as one of the most daring feats in our military history.

The book contains only one map. This, in my opinion, is insufficient to prevent most readers becoming lost on some of Marcy's trail-blazing explorations. Nor is mention made of an event of tremendous historical importance described in Marcy's *Army Life on the Border*, page 263: the discovery of gold in Cherry Creek near Denver in May 1858 by a teamster (George Simpson, according to David Lavender in *The Big Divide*). The teamster, discharged, went to St. Louis, whence rumors of his discovery led to a rush of gold seekers to this region.

DABNEY OTIS COLLINS, PM

Great Roundup: The Story of Texas and Southwestern Cowmen by Lewis Nordyke. New York: William Morrow & Company. Illustrated with photos and with drawings by Harold Bugbee, and a Charles M. Russell frontispiece and dustjacket. \$5.00.

Told at a high lope, staccato with anecdote, this is the history of the Texas and Southwestern Cattle Raisers Association, which was organized in 1877 by three men at Graham, Texas, and 77 years later could boast of

a membership of 10,000 spread through all the range states.

Mr. Nordyke, the author, comes from a Texas farm family. He has been a Texas newspaper man for twenty years. And he has had access to the Association records, and to the files of its monthly magazine, *The Cattleman*, which are packed with the writing of Dobie, Dale, and others with plenty of cow savvy.

With all this, Nordyke couldn't miss, and he didn't.

His occasional mixing of fiction and folklore with facts makes mighty easy reading. I have only praise for his book with the following exceptions:

1. I am sorry he writes on page 40 of "Joseph B. McCoy" and so lists him in the index. Joseph Geiting McCoy, the founder of Abilene, did so much for the Texas cattle industry that it is too bad to have even his middle initial incorrectly recorded in this book. Likewise, it was John B. and not John M. Kendrick who came up the trail from Texas to Wyoming and there became president in 1912 of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association. Teddy Roosevelt's ranch in the 1880's was in Dakota Territory, not as page 163 says, in Montana. And the Rosebud Indian Reservation, which page 142 of this book establishes "just one hundred miles south of the Canadian border," is actually 340 miles therefrom. These are minor errors, perhaps, but they make me hope the book is more accurate in other details.

2. I am sorry also that Mr. Nordyke so scorns the use of explanatory asides. He specifically mentions the fact that he has avoided footnotes in his text. I don't like an overdose of footnotes, but I do like a middle course, in which a few short, plainly worded notes season a narrative with details or references that can be taken or left as the reader wishes. If the idea in *Great Roundup* was that readers of this type book would resent

footnotes as pedantic, then I fear the old error of writing down to an audience has been repeated.

MAURICE FRINK, PM

The Landgrabbers by John S. Dainels. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$2.75.

Westerner Wayne Overholser of Boulder, Colorado, has a reputation for writing good Western stories. He writes another good one in *The Landgrabbers*. The setting for the story is the Uncompahgre Valley of western Colorado on the eve of the removal of the Utes in 1881. Lippincott Westerners by Overholser are published under the name of John S. Daniels.

It is not often that a popular western treats its historical setting with a bit of serious interpretation. Overholser manages to do very well, however, without "preaching" or allowing his attitudes to intrude upon his action-packed plot. He has good words for the Utes and carefully distinguishes between good Utes such as Sapovoneri and renegades such as Colorow. Here is what he says about Chief Ouray:

"As they trudged across the hard-packed earth to the big corral where most of the Indian men had gathered, the thought occurred to Moore that history might fail to record what Ouray had done. King Philip, Tecumseh, Osceola: the list could go on and on, chiefs who had written their record with white man's blood. They would never be forgotten but Ouray who had saved western Colorado from a blood bath because he understood the futility of war would be just another Indian whose burial place was not even known to the whites."

Later Agent Moore does some more musing:

"The Utes would never be moved again, he thought. They were being sent to a land so barren that no white man would ever want it. That, he

thought bitterly, was the way the government would finally solve the Indian problem."

MARTIN A. WENGER, PM

This Is Dinosaur: Echo Park Country and Its Magic Rivers, edited by Wallace Stenger. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. \$5.00.

This is a remarkable book. It is so because eight writers of note, during the height of controversy over the Echo Park dam, have presented a vivid, telling picture of the Dinosaur National Monument with only incidental mention that a dam threatens to degrade superlative values in this national park unit.

Proponents of Echo Park dam, many of whom have never visited Dinosaur, have been loud in claims this national monument is a dreary, uninviting wasteland lacking qualities that should be preserved. Such claims are shattered by this book. The illustrations, photographs, many in color, by seven top-flight photographers, would nail the absurdities that Dinosaur lacks national park stature if the intensely interesting text were lacking.

This book is the next thing to a personal visit to Dinosaur. Through its pages one grasps the richness of history centering in the national monument, the story of ancient tribes living in the canyon caves and the pictures they scribed on cliffs, the wide range of plant and animal life native to the canyons, and the story of how the earth crust formed from basic rocks to recent formations.

Though the authors have not pointedly stressed what the proposed dams will do to existing values, one cannot peruse the pages of this book without sensing the element of tragedy that lies in surrendering the great canyons to materialistic uses when alternatives that will serve as well are available.

The book is no tract. With logic and telling phrases documented by the almost breath-taking pictures, the book lays before the reader, the wealth that is in Dinosaur as God and His natural forces fashioned it. It tells of what the people will lose if Echo Park and Split Mountain dams are built within the park unit.

It should be compulsory reading for all those bent on damming Dinosaur's canyons; compulsory for all citizens in doubt as to what we sacrifice if the dams go in.

ARTHUR CARHART, PM

Fort Laramie: National Monument: Wyoming by David L. Hieb. Washington: National Park Service Historical Handbook Series No. 20. \$0.25.

David L. Hieb has done one of the best jobs yet in this booklet on Fort Laramie, in a uniformly excellent series from the National Park Service.

"On the level land near the junction of the Laramie and North Platte Rivers," writes Hieb, "stands Fort Laramie, long a landmark and symbol of the Old West. Situated at a strategic point on a natural route of travel, the site early attracted the attention of trail-blazing fur trappers, who established the first fort.

"In later years it offered protection and refreshment to the throngs who made the great western migrations over the Oregon Trail. It was a station for the Pony Express and the Overland Stage. It served as an important base in the conquest of the Plains Indians, and it witnessed the development of the open range cattle industry, the coming of the homesteaders, and the final settlement which marked the closing of the frontier. Perhaps no other single site is so intimately connected with the history of the Old West in all its phases."

Archives and private collections have been ransacked for rare paintings,

sketches, photographs, and maps to illustrate this booklet which carries the history of "Fort Laramie" (christened Fort John) from its building in 1841 to its current reconstructed status. This is a brief but solid piece of Americana.

DB

Destination, Danger by William Colt MacDonald. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$2.75.

This is number 49 among William Colt MacDonald's western novels, and another featuring that beer-swizzling, trigger-brained railroad dick of the Old West, Gregory Quist. If you haven't met Greg of the tawny hair and the topaze eyes, you should; and this is a swell look-in on how he functions.

A western with a murder mystery for springboard—you can have your cake and eat it, too. Quivira City is the scene, and Will Clayton the corpse which sets Greg going. Both Clayton's widow and her brother confess to the crime; no mourners come to the funeral; Greg gets shot at as a welcome on the scene. A railroad right of way, the finding of a hoard of lost gold, and a whole city gone trigger-happy furnish action a-plenty before the plot empties out.

A fine fast finish will satisfy both the western and the mystery addict.

DB

The Life and Adventure of Joaquin Muriea, The Celebrated California Bandit by Yellow Bird (John Rollin Ridge). Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. \$2.00.

Old and rare wine in a new bottle—volume 4 in the University of Oklahoma's fine Western Frontier Library—is this reprint of Cherokee Indian John Rollin Ridge's "myth" of the exploits of Joaquin Muriea. There is only one known copy of the first edition, that owned by Mr. Thomas W. Streeter, of Morristown, N. J.

Publication of this volume, uniform in format and editorial excellence with its predecessors, marks the hundredth anniversary of the launching of Ridge's fable of the bloody California bandit.

"Today," according to editor Joseph Henry Jackson, "this folk hero has been written into state histories, sensationalized in books, poems, and articles throughout America, Spain, France, Chile, and Mexico, and made the subject of a Hollywood film production."

Murieta's gory expeditions against gold-rush Californians, after his vow of revenge, his kidnappings, bank robberies, cattle thefts, murders—all of it is here, as writ by Georgia-born Yellow Bird "who only heard." But if you like your bad men bad, you'll love this fellow Joaquin!

DB

The Indian and the Horse by Frank Gilbert Roe. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. \$5.00.

This is a good book because it tells what its author knows and does not know with equal vigor and clarity. This quality is especially pertinent because the subject is one which has been clouded with guess and surmise for generations. Now the facts have been stood up to be counted and the non-facts equally so that the reader has the clearest idea of the subject ever presented.

Another quality I like about the book is its author's willingness to drive deep into controversial aspects, not shy off from them as is too common today when "controversial" is a dirty word and conformity the new gospel. If Mr. Roe does not like an idea, he tells you why in no uncertain terms with accompanying floods of documentation and evidence. Yet he is no mere fact machine, for he uses impressions—even guesses—sympathetically and with intelligence when no other data are available, or to supple-

ment data which are scanty. He is obviously interested in balancing destructive and constructive criticism, using the first to clear away old tales endlessly repeated without examination, and the second to build a new structure which will bear the weight of analysis.

The book is in two parts. The first is concerned with the acquisition of the horse by the Indians; the second treats of what this tremendous fact did to the tribes. Though Roe's statement about the "when" and "where" of the process of acquisition is not particularly new, it does clarify a number of points and gives different values to some basic evidence. As others have before, he disposes of the idea that the horse came from strays which escaped from De Soto and other early entradas for once and for all, one hopes. That the horses came from the Spanish settlements in the Southwest, after permanent settlement was established around 1600, he makes perfectly clear.

Then, after tracing the spread of horses in various parts of the Plains, he devotes a good deal of time to an aspect of the subject I have not seen so fully treated before, that of the coloring of the Plains horses. At considerable length he contrasts the horse coloring of North and South America—pinto and plain-colored respectively—and develops a long discussion about the reasons for the preferences—for such there were—and the reasons for this development of two kinds of coloring from one basic stock. In this discussion he introduces the idea of maternal impression and the possibilities of influencing color in this way. This section is esoteric—almost mystic—and a bit hard to follow, but so unusual in approach that it makes fascinating reading. An examination of the Great White Stallion myth concludes the first section.

The basic thesis of the second sec-

(Continued on Page 16)

SOME NOTES ON DACONO

LOUISE CATT LINN

The only town in the United States named Dacono is in Weld County, Colorado, a few miles due west of Ft. Lupton; it is one of the tri-cities, Dacono, Frederick, and Firestone, which form one community.

In 1905 C. L. Baum, from Omaha, Nebraska, bought land north of Denver and opened a coal mine, known as the Baum Mine. Then he promoted the town of Dacono, making up the name from the first two letters of the first names of his wife and two sisters, Daisy, Cora, and Nora.**

The Warwick Mine was opened in 1906 by the Whiles Brothers and was operated until 1912, when they sold it out, and William Whiles moved to Erie, where he is still operating the bank at that point.

In 1906 Frederick and Firestone were located. At one time there were about eight mines operating in that vicinity.

*On February 28, 1954, the *Denver Post* carried a brief news item from Windsor, Colorado, about the celebration of the ninety-first birthday of Mrs. Louise Catt Linn. Erl H. Ellis, then registrar of marks and brands of the *Roundup*, wrote to Mrs. Linn to ask for her memories of her early days in Colorado. This brief article is the result. Mrs. Linn's comments were submitted to Mr. William Whiles, now executive-vice president and cashier of The Erie Bank, for his observations.

**The *Colorado Magazine* has a brief note in 1940 about the naming of Dacono, which is said to have come from Mrs. Carson Smith, daughter of C. L. Baum, then living at 1439 Gilpin Street in Denver. In this report, Cora and Nora (Cora Van Voorhees and Nora Brooks) are not listed as sisters of Mr. Baum but as friends of Mrs. Baum. (E.H.E.)

My husband, who came to Denver in 1891, decided he wanted to go into business out of Denver. Knowing Mr. Baum, he contacted him, and Mr. Baum thought there was room for a general store, although there was one at Dacono. Mr. Linn located his store at Evans Addition, between Frederick and Firestone, and operated it until 1921, when he retired. In 1911 he bought the Dacono store; this store was operated by some of the Linn family until 1940, when it was sold to the present owners.

Dacono had its first school through the efforts of Mr. Baum. The first teacher was a Mr. Wilson, who was also the postmaster. The Dacono depot was closed during World War I, Mr. Baum giving his consent to this.

We organized the first Sunday School, and it was held in our house until the school house was built in Frederick and Firestone. In 1910 there was a serious strike of the miners. We continued selling groceries to the men who worked in the mines. The union boycotted us and broke the windows in our store; but the president of the mine was a real American: he continued buying groceries from us, though he always came at night. A German lady came in one night to get some things and saw him there. She asked him if he traded with us. He replied that he had never quit. Trade came back to us at once.

The Baum Mine is still producing coal.

Following are observations of Mr. Whiles:

I cannot add anything to the above. I am one of the Whiles Brothers mentioned by Mrs. Linn. We operated a coal mine at Frederick, right after the Baum Mine commenced operations. We had to haul our mining supplies and equipment from Ft. Lupton or from Erie. We commenced our mining operations in the spring of 1906 and continued until 1912, when we sold the mine to Mr. Sumway, president of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company. I returned to Erie and after a trip to Europe, spent chiefly in England, I purchased an interest in The Erie Bank, where I have remained to this time.

I had come to Erie at the age of eighteen from Warwickshire, England. That is the reason we named our mine the Warwick Mine. I had other coal mines in Erie and so have lived in this vicinity from 1889 to the present time, 65 years.

My wife and I celebrated our sixtieth wedding anniversary on December 23, 1953. She was one year old when she came with her parents from Central City. Her parents owned the Konamitz Meat Market in Erie for thirty years, after which they retired.

Many changes have taken place in this town. We have residents living here who are past ninety years of age and able to take care of themselves. I believe you have the early history of Erie. Mrs. Joseph Block, I believe, has a record of the early history, her family having settled on Boulder Creek just north of Erie, where they farmed for many years.

The town of Dacono is about the same as when the townsite was laid out, with many nice homes, a few business establishments, on Highway 52, two coal mines operating—The Graden Mine and the Boulder Valley No. 3—and with a good farming community surrounding the town, a beet dump, salting station, and grain elevator.

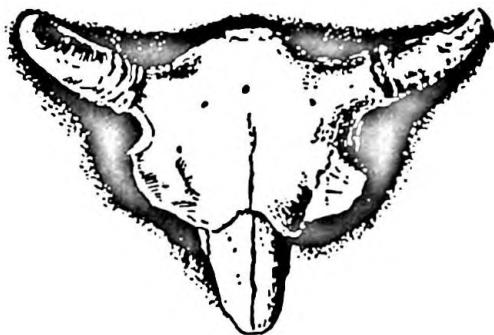
(Continued from Page 14)

tion is that the coming of the horse only accentuated trends already developed or developing in Plains life: and did not really introduce completely new aspects. Socio-economic, psychological, military and other sides of the question are presented in a number of closely-reasoned chapters. A conclusion at odds with one usually recited is that the coming of the horse made the tribes less destructive of the buffalo rather than more so. Mr. Roe's previously published study of the buffalo gives him a solidly based

foundation from which to launch discussion of the whole buffalo-Indian relationship. Here he attacks the wild "tall talk" tales of the pioneers with their fantastic exagerecations and replaces these fancies with sober realities.

The book is in the fine format associated with the Civilization of the American Indians series of the University of Oklahoma Press. It is indexed and documented to the hilt, and suitably illustrated. No student of the West can possibly be without it.

F. H. DOUGLAS, PM



The Westerners . . .

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Denver 2, Colorado

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Lipsey, J. J.
1920 Pinegrove—Broadmoor
Mathews, Carl
609 Institute
Williams, Lester L.
228 E. Fontanero

Denver

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5600 E. 6th Avenue
Birney, Jr., Fletcher W.
235 Kearney Street
Bloch, Don
654 Emerson Street
Broome, W. S.
760 Ivanhoe Street
Caine III, John T.
2316 Hudson Street
Carhart, Arthur
2591 Eudora Street
Carson, J. Nevin
1690 Quebec Street
Collins, Dabney Otis
5315 Montview Blvd.
Daly, Glenn L.
1491 So. Broadway
Davlin, Jr. C. A.
610 Denver Nat'l Bank Bldg.
Davidson, Levette J.
2262 So. University Blvd.
Douglas, Frederic H.
1300 Logan Street

Dunham, Harold
1463 So. University Blvd.
Dunklee, Edward V.
812 E. & C. Bldg.
Ellsworth, Alonzo
1318 So. Corona Street
Ferrill, Thomas Hornsby
2123 Downing Street
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Harrison, Paul D.
870 Madison Street
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1418 So. Race Street
Hough, Henry
1151 Humboldt Street
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935 Washington Street
Mumey, Nolle
1133 Republic Bldg.
Mayo, Ralph B.
1930 Sherman Street
Mazzulla, Fred M.
514 Symes Bldg.
Parkhill, Forbes
2246 Locust Street
Roth, Charles B.
1748 High Street
Swallow, Alan
2679 So. York
Toll, Henry (Reserve)
777 Vine Street
Webb, Charles W.
4636 Montview Blvd.

Woods, B. Z.
1800 Poplar Street
Whiteley, Philip W.
3336 Belcaro Drive
Zeuch, Arthur
930 Downing

Englewood

Hilliard, Jr., E. B.
3146 So. Vine Street

Golden

Rizzari, Francis B.
Rt. 4, Box 167
Ryland, Charles S.
809-19th Street

Idaho Springs

Ellis, Er. H.
1420 Wall Street

Littleton

Bemis, Edwin A.
290 Santa Fe Drive
Smythe, Peter O.
1300 So. Platte
Williams, Sr., Albert N.
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1212 East Ash Street

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Dolley, Frank S.
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Freed, J. M.
909 So. Atlantic Blvd.

Miller, Lou
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640 Terraine

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5760 Briarcliff Road

North Hollywood
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6842 Morella Avenue

Ojai
McClymonds, A. E.
Route 4, Box 47

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567 Erskine Drive
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Lee, Mabel Barbee

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Sacramento

Harrison, Michael
4216 T Street

San Diego

Bailey, P. A.
3348 Dumas Street

Blough, Clay
4604-32nd Street

San Francisco

Howell, Warren
434 Post Street

Metz, Allan
345 Grafton Avenue

San Gabriel

Johnson, Jr., Charles A.
7034 La Presa Drive

San Jose

Rosenthal, Jerry
218 West Santa Clara

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14669 Valley Vista

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16031 Sherman Way

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Alamosa

Anderson, Sidney
810 Main Street

Bean, Luther E.
RFD No. 1

Joyce, Elizabeth
P. O. Box 659

Arvada

Bell, A. Joe
7300 W. 62nd Street

Gorrell, Lloyd W.
5773 Wadsworth Avenue

Aspen

Burlingame, Robert

Atwood
Hamil, David

Ault

Thomas, Dan B.

Aurora

Forrest, James T.
1040 Xanadu Street

Blanca

Fosdick, Raymond

Boulder

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811-14th Street

Friggins, Paul
745 Highland

Fritz, Percy
1018 Pine

Goodykoontz, Colin
1064-10th Street

Irey, Eugene F.
3112-8th Street

Johnson, Raymond B.
1700 Sunset

Neher, Fred W.
P. O. Box 708

Ogilvy, Jack
1525-9th Street

Overholser, Wayne
P. O. Box 338

Paddock, A. A.
Boulder Camera

Riley, Laura Frances
735 Lincoln Place

Ross, Merle
300-19th

Stohlbrost, Lee J.
1020-14th St., Apt. 3

Wolle, Muriel S.
763-16th Street

Branson

Louden, Richard H.

Breckenridge

Rich, Helen

Canon City

Stinemeyer, Frank
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Castle Rock

Kirk, Charles E.

Central City

Daugherty, Frank M.
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Boas, Margaretta M.
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Clausen, Henry
13 So. Cascade

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5 E. Pikes Peak

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524 Three Eagles Street

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2406 No. Prospect

Draper, Mrs. Paul A.
320 W. Cheyenne Road

Englert, Kenneth
604 Lake

Gydesen, Carl S.
1530 Wood Ave.

Hoyt, Edwin P.
518 Three Eagles Street

Kernoehen, Mrs. Abby L.
1925 Wood Avenue

Lecompte, Mrs. Janet
Mesa Road

MacDonald, Harry D.
P. O. Box 43

McCormick, E. L.
1101 No. Meade

Mellen, Richard H.
402 Burns Building

Miller, O. J.
14 E. Fontanero Street

Shoup, Merrill E.
Golden Cycle Bldg.

Slothower, L. C.
17 Fifth Street—Broadmoor

Snyder, Leon H.
10 Polo Drive—Broadmoor

Sprague, Marshall
1523 Wood Avenue

Strickler, David
Mining Exchange Bldg.

Watson, Mrs. Elmo Scott (Life)
112 E. San Miguel Street

Woodard, Bruce
1636 N. Foote Avenue

Cripple Creek

Giddings, Margaret

Deer Trail

Jolly, David S.

Del Norte

Conour, Elizabeth A.
P. O. Box 156

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910 Republic Bldg.

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1120 So. Logan

Anderson, E. W.
575 So. Gaylord

Anderson, Keith
2911 So. Lafayette

Arps, Mrs. Louisa Ward
3422 Colfax Avenue "A"

Aulls, Miss Ina
836 E. 17th Avenue

Baer, Charles A.
Terminal Box 5168

Baker, Bille B.
1424 Penn. Street

Baker, Von C.
720 Pearl Street

Baldwin, Phillipa K.
501 E. 19th Avenue

Barnes, Gerrit S.
1464 Marion Street—Apt 29

Bancroft, Caroline
1081 Downing Street

Barrett, William
770 York

Barrows, John S.
627 First National Bank Bldg.

Barry, Mrs. John R.
2561 Ash Street

Bax, Drew L.
714 Lincoln Street

Belse, Charles J.
 230 Jasmine
 Beateo, Irwin S.
 Shirley Savoy Hotel
 Beckwith, Ruth A.
 905 Ogden Street—Apt. 14
 Bennett, Paul W.
 4846 Wyandot Street
 Berggren, Ann
 1321 Bannock Street
 Bernet, Milton E.
 99 So. Downing Street
 Berrick, John F.
 2999 So. Adams
 Berry, George W.
 P. O. Box 1798
 Blackmer, Myron K.
 1002 1st Nat'l Bank Bldg.
 Bouslog, John S.
 6210 E. 17th Avenue
 Boyd, Sr., John E.
 2042 So. Clayton Street
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 3705 E. Colfax
 Bowman, Newton
 2542 So. St. Paul Street
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 1766 Holly Street
 Brooks, G. Irving
 1329 Eudora Street
 Brusse, Mrs. Archie
 737 Glencoe
 Campbell, Horace E.
 730 Monaco Parkway
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 1676 St. Paul Street
 Collier, Robert
 200 So. Washington Street
 Cooley, Frank
 1020 1st Nat'l Bank Bldg.
 Copley, George I.
 3045 Mississippi Avenue
 Crow, William
 321 University Bldg.
 Curfman, George H.
 1820 Gilpin Street
 Cutler, Frank H.
 550 E. 3rd Avenue
 Dahlberg, Henry W.
 855 Hudson
 Damewood, Cedric
 3185 W. 53rd Avenue
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 628 Patterson Bldg.
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 730 Equitable Bldg.
 Evans, John
 Box 5590—Terminal Annex
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 865 Josephine Street
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 920 Speer Blvd.
 Filmer, George A.
 1060 So. Franklin Street
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 611-17th Street
 Fingado, Francis H.
 611-17th
 Folmer, Henry
 2240 Niagara Street
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 1300 Fillmore Street
 Garcia, F. A.
 2805 So. High Street
 Gehman, Lester
 2270 Holly Street
 Gleason, Ida Riner
 1003 Lincoln Street, Apt. 7
 Goff, Richard
 4150 E. 19th Avenue
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 1408 E. 47th Avenue
 Gray, Pauline E.
 3506 E. 25th Street
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 700 Pontiac Street
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 75 South Ammons
 Hartford, Mrs. Nancy Cattell
 1566 Kearney Street
 Hassick, Royal B.
 935 So. Jackson Street
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 4583 Bails Place
 Hendryson, Irvin E.
 766 Milwaukee Street
 Henry, S. Arthur
 1070 Humboldt Street
 Hillyard, Gerald R.
 3303 E. Kentucky Ave.
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 430 Majestic Bldg.
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 5999 E. 28th Avenue
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 The Denver Post
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 836 E. 17th Ave., Apt. 2F
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 5/2 Rocky Mountain News
 400 W. Colfax
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 2335 Krameria Street
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 1635 E. 7th Avenue
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 4022 Montview Blvd.
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 765 So. Vine Street
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 640 Metropolitan Bldg.
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 1657 So. Clayton Street
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 22 So. Ogden Street
 Kemp, Frank A.
 500 Sugar Bldg.
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 2244 Monaco Pkwy.
 King, William B.
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 3831 Perry Street
 Kistler, Earle O.
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 1795 So. Sheridan
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 1395 Lee
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 4703 W. Moncrieff Pl.
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 900 University Bldg.
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 160 Downing Street
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 1040 E. Ellsworth
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 754 Race Street
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 801 Cooper Bldg.
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 3109 E. Warren Street
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 7023 E. 17th Avenue
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 1205 So. Holly
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 461 Penn. Street
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 2090 So. Downing Street

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400 Humboldt Street
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765 Humboldt Street
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P. O. Box 25

No. Kansas City

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101 E. 9th Street

St. Joseph

Coy, Roy
St. Joseph Museum
Brelhan, Carl
4939 Mattis Road

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102 West Cleveland
Great Falls

Bertsche, Jr., Wm. H.
805-1st Avenue So.

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609 S. Sewell

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Rasmussen, R. D.
P. O. Box 664

Omaha

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3830 Charles Street
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7021 Bellvue Blvd.

Hubler, Harold
1724 So. 79th Street

Mattes, Merrill J.
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Moon, Chas. F.
1611 Medical Arts Bldg.

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P. O. Box 1110

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544 Westview Avenue

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Morristown

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65 Edgewood Road

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Schlamer, Homer J.
P. O. Box 481

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Philmont Scout Ranch

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21 Cedar Street

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P. O. Box 952
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Capello

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Arrott Ranch

Taos

Price, Doughbelly

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Love, Mrs. M. F.
Box 162

Nusbaum, Jesse L.
National Park Service

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30 Rockefeller Plaza
Baker, Milford
285 Madison Avenue

Decker, Peter
51 E. 42nd Street

Sann, Paul
New York Post

Steinway, Theodore
40 Sutton Place

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51 E. 42nd Street

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N. Y. State Teachers College

Port Washington

Hall, James A.

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McLeod, Mrs. Kenneth
413 High Street

Portland
Christ, John H.
1128 N.E. Knott Street

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Brendle, Thomas R.
418 Main Street

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Case, John H.
3530 Schoolhouse Lane

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Stackpole, E. J.
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1201 So. Center Ave.

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Morrison, Walter L.
1800 Bremen

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Breckenridge
Wood, Lester B.
Box 306

Canyon
Halcy, J. Evetts
Panhandle-Plains
Historical Museum

Coleman
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816 Cottonwood

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707 So. Ervay
Reich, J. M.
7019 Coronada

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Powell, O. W.

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1328 Cincinnati

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3702 - 27th

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Dobie, Dudley
301 W. San Antonio

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208 E. Oak Street

UTAH

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P. O. Box 37

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Swindle, Dan J.
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Wilson, N. Eugene
185 D Street

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Route 3

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Teakle, Thomas
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816 State Street

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227 So. Center

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2112 Maxwell
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804 E. 19th Street
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202 W. Pershing Blvd
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Sims, Albert G.
214 No. 5th Street

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1936 Main Street

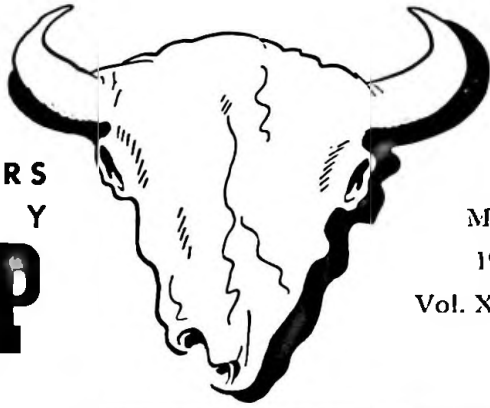
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This list prepared and presented to The Westerners with the compliments of Posse Member Henry W. Hough, publisher of Uranium Magazine and Rocky Mountain Oil Reporter, Box 1528, Denver.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



MAY
1955
Vol. XI, No. 5

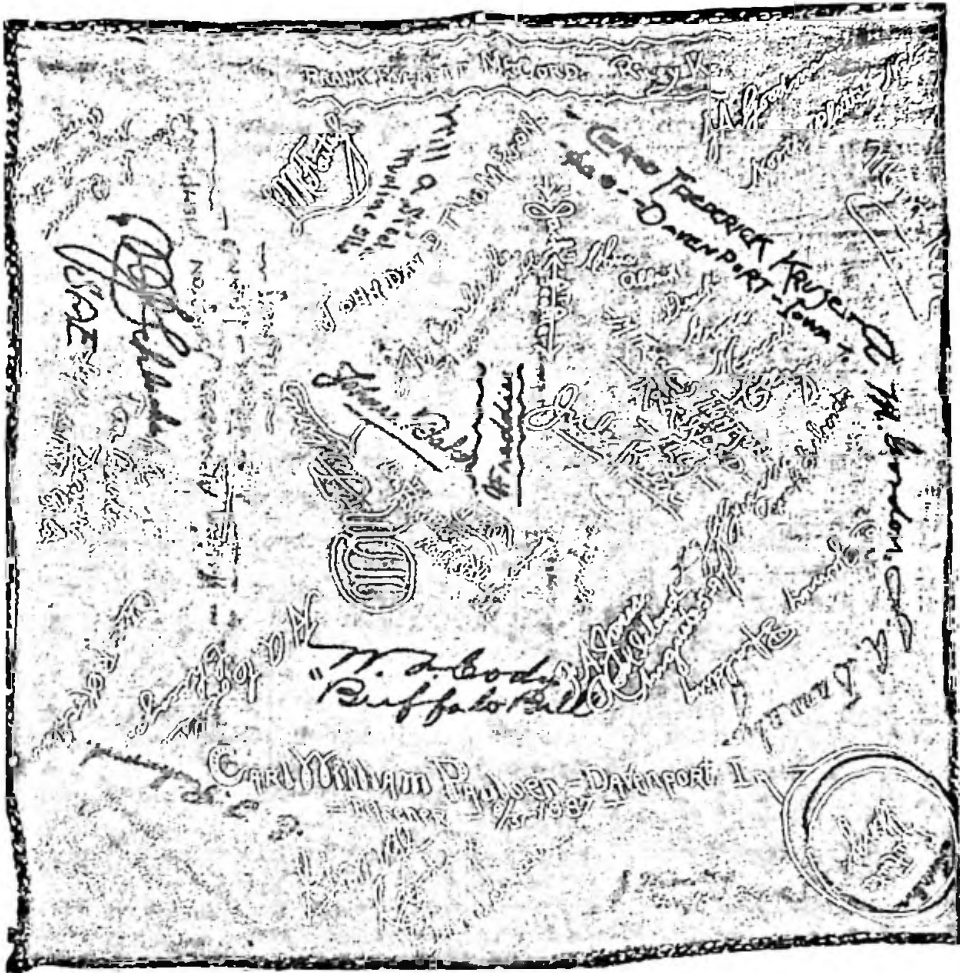


Photo of an autographed pillow top believed to have been embroidered by Annie Oakley. Known names include Buffalo Bill, Johnny Baker, and Jules Keen, treasurer of the Wild West Show. Photo contributed by Russ Langford of North Platte, Nebraska.

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. XI

May, 1955

No. 5

Printing Office
839 Pearl St., Boulder.

Business Office
Room 306, State Museum Building, Denver.

Denver Posse Founded January 26, 1945
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The June Meeting

Time: 6:30 P.M., Wednesday, June 22, 1955.

Place: The Denver Press Club, second floor, 1330 Glenarm Place.

The Speaker: Dean Krakel.

The Subject: NEW MATERIAL ON TOM HORN.

Reservations: With our Chuck Wrangler, Arthur Zeuch, at 930 Downing St., Denver 18, or telephone CH 4-7185.

The 1955 Program

July 1955: Frank McDonough, Jr., attorney and initiator of the famed yulelog ceremony, "History of Palmer Lake, Colorado."

August 1955: Open for summer plans.

September 1955: Dan Stone, "Early Colorado Covers and Cancellations."

October 1955: George T. Mills and Richard Grove from the Taylor Museum of Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center, "Pueblo Indian Fetishes, Their Types and Uses."

November 1955: Jack P. Riddle, "The Indian Corn Dance."

December 1955: A surprise for our annual meeting of the gals and pokes.

January 1956: PM Charles B. Roth, "The Biggest Wind since Galveston."

February 1956: James T. Forrest, curator of the State Museum, "A Comparative Study of the Social Customs of the Midwest and the Rocky Mountains, 1860-1880."

Riding the Range

Again the Denver Posse has decided to hold its annual roundup for all Westerners. The date is August 13, 1955. Sheriff Ralph B. Mayo has sent letters to the sheriffs of all other posses extending the cordial invitation of the Denver Posse for all Westerners to attend this nation-wide roundup. The program for August 13 will consist of two principal events: (1) A luncheon to be held at the Denver Dry Goods Tea Room, 16th and California in Denver, to which all Westerners from other corrals are invited; at this meeting visitors will meet the officers of the Denver Posse. Following the luncheon, rides will be arranged to points of interest, in accordance with the desires of the guests. (2) Beginning at 6 o'clock in the evening, a meeting at Chief Colorow's Cave, an impressive natural sandstone amphitheatre near the foothills on the ranch of Denver Posse member D. L. Bax. At the evening roundup a dinner before an open fire will be arranged for visitors and wives and all members of the Denver Posse and their wives. A special program has also been arranged.

The Denver Posse believes that this annual roundup will be beneficial for the exchange of ideas and of fellowship among Westerners everywhere.

As announced in the January *Roundup* a printed roll of the Denver Westerners membership was provided us through the generosity of posse member Henry Hough. Henry did a fine job, and the roster was mailed with the April *Roundup*.

It was most unfortunate that through a clerical error the name of a most distinguished member of the Denver Posse was omitted from the roster! That name is Fred A. Rosenstock—known nationally as bookseller extraordinary of Western Americana, and past sheriff of the Denver Posse.

We ask that all members take out their rosters and add under the Posse membership list the name of Fred A. Rosenstock, 406 15th Street, Denver 2, Colorado.

PM Henry Hough last month returned from a round-the-world trip, a part of his time on the trip devoted, of course, to his special concern as an editor of outstanding trade journals in the fields of oil and uranium development. However, he made some special studies of parallels and contrasts among our own Indians, the Australian "aborigines," and the "black boys" of South and Central Africa.

PM Harold H. Dunham attended a three-day historical conference in St. Louis recently. A portion of his continuing study of the Maxwell Land Grant appeared under the title "New Mexican Land Grants with Special Reference to the Title Papers of the Maxwell Grant" in the January, 1955, issue of *New Mexico Historical Review*.

PM Don Bloch opened his Collectors' Center No. 2 bookstore in new quarters on June 1 at No. 1 Gregory Street, Central City, Colorado. As in his Denver store, Don will feature new and out-of-print books on the West.

CM John Boyd has been putting together some material on pioneers of New Mexico.

PM Nolie Mumey calls our attention to an increasing interest in history in many towns and cities in Colorado. He tells us that at Fort Lupton the Rotary Club has undertaken a project of preserving the wall of Old Fort Lupton, the only part of any fort remaining in the state. Built by L. P.

Lupton in 1836, the fort is located one mile north of Fort Lupton on the Lester Ewing ranch, and the Rotary Club is to make a museum around the remaining wall. And at Loveland, a park is being created across from old Fort Namaqua, moving the fort, the home, and the graves of the Mariana Modena family to this park. The ground for the park was donated by the president of the First National Bank of Loveland. The fort was built in 1859 by Mariana Modena, the first white settler in that valley. It is located on the Big Thompson three miles west of Loveland.

R. N. Mullin, an executive of the Gulf Oil Corporation, 230 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, was one of the earlier corresponding members and has returned to the fold. He has a large collection of books about the West, especially upon his special study, that of outlaws and other badmen.

PM Kenneth Englert, president of the Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region, has notified contractors developing new sub-divisions that the board of this society will aid in the selection of street names typical of the great historical eras of Colorado. He suggests that similar steps might well be taken in other cities in the state.

Recently a small controversy reigned in Colorado Springs concerning the historical old engine No. 168 which has been in Antlers Park since it was given to the city of Colorado Springs 17 years ago. This locomotive pulled the first passenger train for the D. and R.G.W. from Denver to Ogden on May 21, 1883. The railroad had wished to repossess the engine because it felt the locomotive had not been properly maintained. However, the city council of Colorado Springs acted promptly and placed the city's park

department in charge of the caretaking work.

On Feb. 12, 1955, Col. Maurice Garland Fulton died at his home in Roswell, N. M. At the time of his death he was 77, and New Mexico's most distinguished contemporary historian. He was born at Oxford, Miss., where his father was chancellor of the University of Mississippi. In 1922, because he had learned to love the history of the West, he accepted, against the advice of friends, a professorship of English at the New Mexico Military Institute, Roswell. There he taught until 1948, when he retired in order to carry on the research into and writing of New Mexico's history which had engaged his free hours since he came to the Land of Enchantment.

He was author of countless articles published in learned journals and of several histories and many manuals for students. Perhaps he is best known as editor and interpreter of valuable historical works. Among these are the *Diary and Letters of Josiah Gregg* (2 vols.), Pat Garrett's *Authentic Life of Billy the Kid*, and John W. Poe's *Death of Billy the Kid*.

Colonel Fulton was the greatest authority on the history of Lincoln County Wars. (He always used the plural.) He despised the Kid as a dirty little killer, but he recognized the economic and political causes that made him what he was. Colonel Fulton, I think, carried in his head more New Mexico history than many collectors have in their libraries. A few years before his death he showed me the beginning of a History of the Lincoln County Wars which he was writing, and the original diary and letters of John H. Tunstall (an honest employer of Billy the Kid) which he was editing and annotating. Neither of these works was complete at the time of his death.

[Continued on Page 16]

THEY HAD NO ALAMO

ARTHUR H. CARHART

You must not leave San Antonio without visiting the old Spanish mission and outpost located between Houston and Crockett streets and across the small plaza from the stately, modern postoffice. The well-kept grounds inside the time-gnawed walls may be bright with the bloom of azaleas and camelias, but the old buildings seem to drowse and brood over the past. There was a day when strife swept this spot. It was here that the war-cry of Texas independence was forged in flame and fury—"Remember the Alamo!"

On February 23, 1835, Santa Anna entered San Antonio de Bejar with a force of 5000 men. On Sunday, March 6, he attacked Travis and his men embattled in the church and barracks of the Alamo. Only six members of those inside the Alamo escaped death that day. Travis fell at the northwest angle of the wall enclosing the mission, Crockett was struck down between the church and the barracks building, the injured Bowie, unable to rise from his cot, shot it out at the last and was bayoneted as he lay, while Bonham was killed as he worked one of the cannons.

As that day ended, 182 bodies of Texans were stacked in layers, with wood and brush between the corpses and the torch was applied. The Texans of today look on the Alamo as their shrine of independence, and it

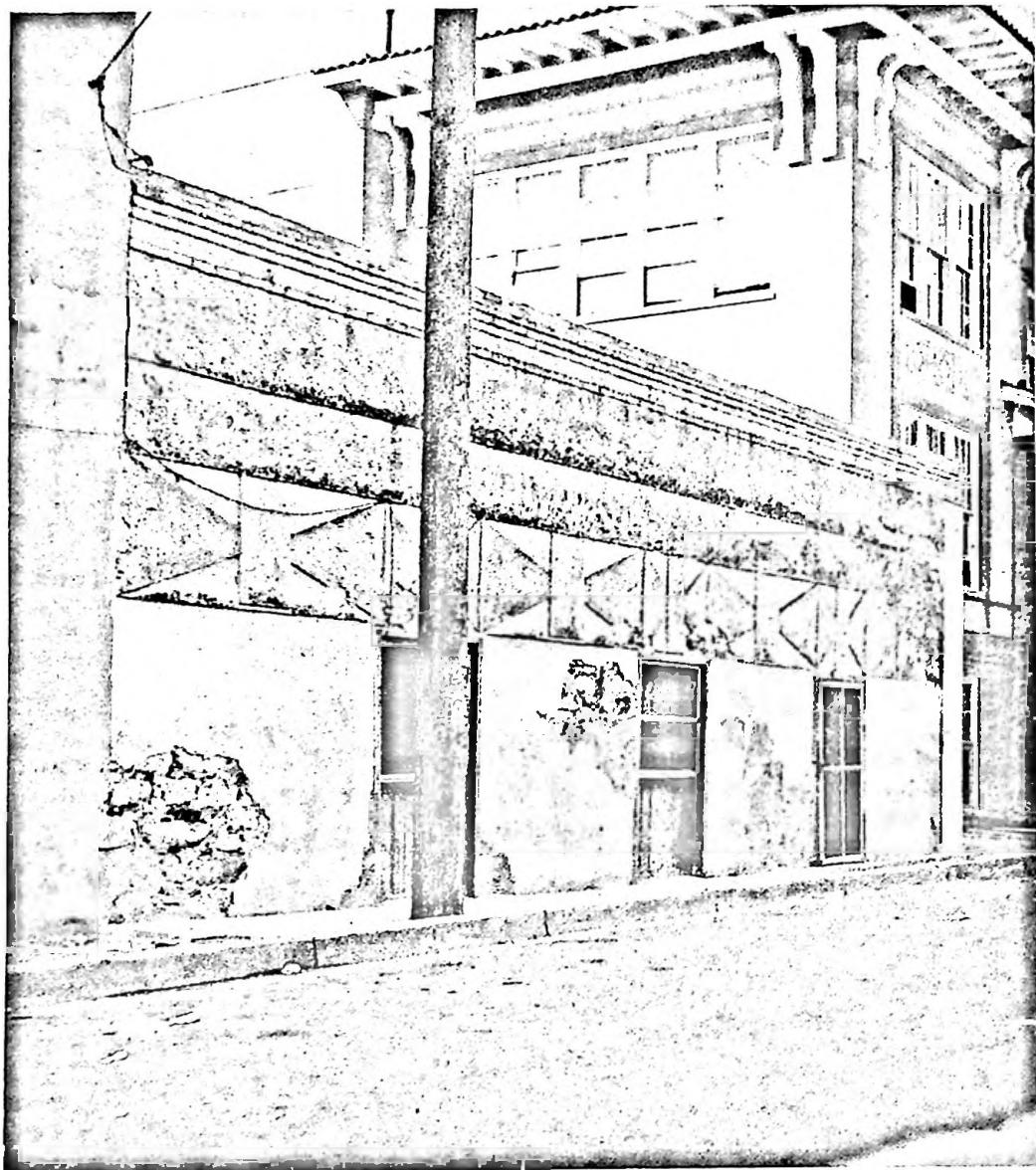
receives the considerate care of those now living in the Lone Star state.

There is another plaza in Texas, another group of old neglected buildings linked with men's struggle for liberty. Their scaling facades are decorated with fading colors. Only a line or two concerning this spot that once buzzed with plans and schemes for the establishment of a great nation may be found in tourist literature. You may pass within a few blocks of these structures wholly unaware of their historical significance. A chance remark by William J. Stiles, then secretary of the Chamber of Commerce at Laredo, started me down a side street of that town to visit what was, for a little while, the capital of the Republic of the Rio Grande.

"The Republic of the Rio Grande? I never heard of it." I looked at Bill Stiles and saw he was in earnest; there *had* been such an embryo nation.

"The whole west would have had a different look than it has today, and so would Mexico, if the men back of that revolution had put it over," said Bill. "Kinda interesting thinking of what might have happened—and didn't. But you can have a look at the first capital of that lost Republic."

The way to the "Old Plaza" in Laredo is just a little way off the main route followed by tens of thousands as they



"nest of an embryonic republic." On the Old Plaza at Laredo.
Photo from Arthur H. Carhart.

go to and return from Old Mexico. There is a short turn-off from modern San Bernardo street, which is the one you travel as you come into the border city from the north, and you are in the interesting old square that was the center of yesterday's Laredo. At the southeast corner there is a sad-looking, disintegrating building, now used for storage and living quarters. The upper part has no windows on the street side giving it top-heavy appearance. It is one of our least known structures connected with little known history.

Stop to read the monument in the plaza, then walk along the narrow way that passes out of the southeast corner of the square, and let your imagination have free rein.

As Bill Stiles remarked, if the plans and hopes of men who gathered in this place as the first executives and legislature of the Republic of the Rio Grande had succeeded, there would have been a vast difference in the map of our west. For when it was boiling, the ambitious scheme was to form a federation of northern Mexican states, Texas, and what now is New Mexico, Arizona, and California into a new Republic. The dowdy old building facing the Old Plaza in Laredo is practically the only remaining tangible relic of this scheme that failed, and failed miserably.

The "villa" of Laredo was founded in 1755 as one of six such communities established on the Rio Grande river. It was a key settlement in a plan to colonize the Mexican province of Nuevo Santander. This province has disappeared; parts of it now are in the Mexican state of Tamaulipas.

The Mexican constitution of 1824 set the southern boundary of Texas as the Nueces river, but the Texans laid claim to the land north of the Rio Grande as they struck out for independence, and after the humiliating defeat of Santa Anna at San

Jacinto, that claim was strengthened. Santa Anna entered a secret treaty with Houston, agreeing to Texas independence and the Rio Grande as her south boundary. It was months later that the treaty became official.

As an incidental note, the famed Texas Rangers were launched in this period. The new Texas republic's congress enacted a law on December 21, 1838, providing for a regiment of 840 men, rank and file, to serve three years and protect the borders; eight days later an additional 472 men were authorized and the famed body of law-men was on its way to typify the spirit of the independent west.

There was need for a law-enforcing body. Nowhere in North America has there been such a chain of revolutionary movements as in the southwest throughout the first half of the 19th century. The Nolan expedition, the schemes of Burr and Wilkinson, even the thrust of Zebulon Pike into the Rockies and the valley of the Rio Grande, had within them some glimmer of setting up new nations and there were many other plots and schemes of this nature. The culmination of revolutionary ferment that boiled over from the Alamo to secure independence for Texas, was a cresting of this unrest that also launched the Republic of the Rio Grande.

In some degree the movement to establish this Republic was a part of the Texas revolution, stemming from the same forces. It was a spot fire among many little blazes of its kind.

The background of both the Texas revolt and the Revolt of the Rio Grande lies in the political struggle within Mexico at that period. The Mexican constitution of 1824 provided for a federation of the states. A high degree of local self-government was contemplated. Revolution and counter-revolution whipped through various sections of that nation in years that followed. Each Mexican state geed and hawed and fought

within itself and with neighbors as politicians snatched at chances to gain power.

Santa Anna had been a dominant figure in politics of Mexico for some time, and he was an extreme Centralist. In the 1830's he became the leader of those determined to put his group in tight-gripped control of government over the entire nation. Under Santa Anna's leadership what amounted to a new constitution, the "Siete Leyes," was established. This was a successful move of the Centralists. With the army to enforce these laws, the Centralists began to impose their will on the people and the nation.

Protests in the shape of "Pronouncements" broke out. That one issued at Zacatecas and the one from Texas, both in 1836, were the first. They were followed in the several ensuing years by others from New Mexico, Sonora, Tamaulipas, Nueva Leon, and Coahuila. In the autumn of 1838, two leaders in the Tampico region, Antonio Majiá and José Urrea, came out against the Centralists and for a federation type of government. President Anastasio Bustamante, of Mexico, marched against these men and the latter fled to Tula, Tamaulipas. A detachment of Centralist troops under General Valencia closed in on that town, a fight broke out between the Centralists and Federalists, Majiá was captured and shot on May 5, 1838, but Urrea escaped to the north.

Soon the revolution was joined by two prominent men of northern Tamaulipas. They were Col. Antonio Zapata, an old Indian fighter and figure in the Texas revolution, and Eleuterio Méndez. By December, inhabitants of Reynosa, Mier, and Laredo had come out for a return to the 1824 constitution. About 400 organized under the command of Col. Méndez and the movement toward troops of the revolutionists had been

the formation of a new nation began to have body.

From this point on efforts were made to enlist Texas in the plans for the new nation. The argument for this was that if this new republic were formed, Texas, northernmost of the states that would be in it, would have the bulk of the new nation as a buffer between it and the Centralists of Old Mexico. On April 10, 1839, a man named Santangelo, living in New Orleans, had a letter published in the *Telegraph and Texas Register* of Houston to the effect that the northern Mexican states of Tamaulipas, San Luis Potosí, Zacatecas, Nuevo Leon, Coahuila, Durango, Sinaloa, and Chiapas, and the territories of California and New Mexico, had been ripe for revolution since 1836. All Texas had to do to head up a new nation was to throw in with these people. Santangelo argued that if this federation was formed, the Centralists would draw back. He argued also that the United States would benefit because of this buffer nation between it and Mexico.

But Texas wasn't going over-board for this plan. She was striving to secure recognition as an independent republic. Leaders of the Federalist revolution that visited Texas authorities, trying to enlist aid, were received kindly enough but they got no official commitments. There is evidence, however, that there was off-the-record assurance that if the revolution really became of substance, there would be support from north of the Rio Grande. Remember, that while Texas claimed the river as the boundary, and Santa Anna, caught in a situation where he would sell out in any direction to get free from the Texans, had promised this as the boundary, there had been no confirming treaty to assure it.

In the early part of 1839, Antonio Canales, a native of Monterey, emerged as the outstanding leader of

the Federalists. It was Canales who backed Juan Pablo Anaya to try to enlist Texas aid. Anaya made several trips to Texas, had some unofficial success, and it probably was partly due to his efforts that many Texans did join up with the Mexican Federalists. But it was Anaya who began to set the pattern for what was to happen to the Republic of the Rio Grande. He left Houston in December of 1839—and he hit out for Mexico City, going over to the Centralists.

In the autumn of 1839, Canales had 1300 troops gathered on the Nueces, which was inside the area Texas claimed as part of its territory. With Canales were some 80 Texans headed by Capt. Ross of the Texas Army. Among them were 30 or 40 of Cameron's Cow Boys. The strength of the Federalists was soon increased by other Texans, including Captains Menel, Price, Palmer, and Jordan. There also were 100 Carrizo Indians in the troops.

The troops moved first on Guerrero, where the Texans elected Ross as their leader. Guerrero was taken after a short fight; 80 Texans did that. Re-deployed, the troops moved on Mier, where Col. Francisco Pavón commanded 700 Centralist troops. He skipped out of town, leaving it to the Texans. Pavón stationed his troops 12 miles outside of Mier, the Texans moved in on him, and Pavón opened fire with his artillery. The Texans hid in a ravine and the shells went over them. Thinking he had done for most of the Texans, Pavón charged—and the Texans put the whole Centralist outfit to rout. The conversion of the troops to the Federalist cause was a rather significant indication of how loosely this whole organization of the budding republic was at this time. The "ceremony" was described by Col. Neal, one of the Texans. He wrote:

"A Federal Flag was planted in the center of the square [in Mier]; the

soldiers marched around it, kissing it as they passed; which was considered as an oath of allegiance to the new govt.—A great Ball was given at the house of Zapata, and all were welcome who chose to attend; many, however, were unable to go for want of suitable clothes; they were literally naked.—After the party each Soldier recd. \$2.00 in part pay for past services."

A try at taking Matamoros was soon abandoned. Canales then headed a thrust toward Monterrey where there occurred some fighting with the Centralists. Meanwhile Zapata, who had fallen into a trap near Morales, had been captured. His head was cut off and sent to his home town of Guerrero to prove the revolution was ended. Canales, not knowing Zapata's fate, was also caught in a jam at Monterrey, lost men by desertion and late in December drew back to the Rio Grande.

The Federal movement was at a low point. Some of the Texans went home. So did some of the Mexicans. But Canales was no quitter. It was January 18, 1840, that a convention of delegates gathered to form the republic of the Rio Grande. The President was Jesus Cárdenas and Canales was commander-in-chief of the Army. The capital city was Laredo.

Canales moved with his troops to Guerrero, remaining there to mid-February, then they moved to the old Presidio of Rio Grande. Here Jordan and 60 Texans quit the movement. But Canales decided to attack at Morales, and there he got a severe whipping by Centralists under Arista.

Back on the north side of the Rio Grande again, Canales recruited more troops. Jordan, with 110 volunteers, rejoined him, and 300 other Texans joined up along with Colonels Fisher and Seguin. Canales had a bit over 700 men in his command at this point; it had been 1700 earlier. But with a lot of Texans in the outfit, he

must have felt strength in his 700.

The two men who were to decide the final act of this muddled drama moved into the scene at this point. They were Colonels Lopez and Molano.

In late June, Canales sent Jordan, with 80 Texans, toward Matamoros to make plans for capturing this Centralist stronghold at a later date. The strong garrison at this point had been a continual menace on the flank of the Federalist forces. Before Jordan reached the vicinity of Matamoros, he was overtaken by Lopez and Molano with orders, real or forged, to go to China, Tamaulipas, to get horses. The other Americans in the command protested this, but Jordan agreed to it. They found no horses at China. Jordan then was told of supplies at Linares, and he swung in that direction and did get some supplies at that point.

The Americans wanted to get back to consolidate forces with Canales. Representing the men would get paid if they went to Victoria, Molano put pressure on to make that move. One Antonio Perez, a native of San Antonio, went to Jordan, stating his suspicion that Malano was a traitor, but Jordan didn't listen; he went on to Victoria.

On the surface, the move to Victoria was a success. The Centralist governor fled, Jordan and his men were received with acclaim, a new government was set up and three weeks went by.

Then Molano told Jordan of a large force of Centralists approaching and advised abandoning Victoria. Again Jordan took Molano's advice. After they were out of the town, camped 4 miles distant, Molano advised they should move on Saltillo. Again Jordan agreed. After 7 miles of travel they found they actually were being led by Molano on the road to San Luis Potosí. Molano claimed he didn't know the country;

he'd guessed wrong. They then turned back and went on toward Saltillo.

While still a long day's march from Saltillo, Molano told Jordan that the road ahead was fortified and advised that they circle off the road to avoid ambush. Jordan again fell for Molano's palaver; they circled.

Jordan stopped his command at a ranch six miles from Saltillo where he made final arrangements for a fight. He then marched toward Saltillo. At two miles along the way they saw Centralist troops on a ridge. Molano made the next move; he sent a note to the Centralists, then went over to "confer" with them. He stayed with his conspirators on that ridge until two in the afternoon. By that time Centralist reinforcements arrived. Lopez, who had been enjoying the company of the Centralists through the forenoon, raced back to Jordan, shouting that Molano had been captured and that the Texans either had to run or fight. Jordan decided to fight.

He moved his men into an old hacienda about 150 yards from the Centralist position. He directed his Mexican infantry to take a position on a flank, occupying an old stone house. The whole gang marched right on past the house and into the Centralist ranks. Lopez then was ordered to head a band of cavalry in a charge to divert the Centralist attack. Lopez galloped gallantly right to the Centralists, shouting, "Long Live the Republic of Mexico and death to the Americans!"

Jordan was in a desperate spot. The 150 mounted Mexicans, the 75 infantrymen, had left, and he had only 110 Texans to stand off over 1000 Centralist troops. What's more, Lopez had managed to take most of the ammunition with him as he deserted.

The Centralists opened fire from higher ground. Jordan's men hid

back of the stout walls of the old ranch. At 4 o'clock, the Mexicans charged.

Today there is almost no general remembrance of this fight. But no more furious encounter has occurred on North American soil, except perhaps the Alamo. The odds against the Texans in that ranch certainly were almost as great as those faced by the men under Travis.

Time and again the Mexicans drove in on the Texans. Not until they had started forward in that first assault, was a shot fired from the old rancho; and then the shooting was withering. In that first rush, the Texans waited until the enemy was within 30 yards. Then they rose from behind the walls and with a yell, slashed the attackers. Time after time, hoarding the ammunition they had on them, the Texans turned back the drive of the Mexicans.

The Mexicans finally broke. They ran for cover in Saltillo. A crowd of townsfolk who had come out to witness the spectacle of the Americanos being cut to pieces, joined the stampede.

The losses of the Mexicans was reported at 408 killed. They abandoned a quantity of small arms and ammunition. Jordan lost 7 men.

Where was Canales? Back on the Rio Grande doing nothing.

With prudence, Jordan and his men struck out for home. On the way they again were attacked, by 400 cavalymen, and they whipped them. But with no more losses, they arrived at the Rio Grande and moved on into Texas.

That was the last major fight in the confused, disjointed, treachery-laced campaign that centered around the attempt to form a new nation, the Republic of the Rio Grande, that would have so materially changed the face of the map of our southwest and would have had effects perhaps reaching well up into part of what now is Colorado.

So we have our monuments marking the places where declarations for men's freedom were written and signed, the halls where men met to fashion new nations, and the fields of battle with markers telling how one day past, men struggled there for the right to determine the type of government under which they will live. And one such shrine to which visitors flock is the Alamo.

In the sister city of Laredo, just off main traveled routes, is another structure in which men struck out for their independence and lost. They met there, and talked of their dreams, and made their inept plans. For a little while, the old, boxy adobe building just off the Old Plaza at Laredo, was the nest of an embryonic republic, but it never really hatched out. The blight of treachery finally smashed the plans made there.

So the past has buried the remains of the Republic of the Rio Grande and the brave fighting men who gave their lives in the hope that it might become a reality.

There is no particular significance in hauling the story of the Republic of the Rio Grande out to dust it off and scan the record of its brief existence. As it developed it was only a back-water of the flood of revolt toward more independence of the people, less dictatorship in government. But we can wonder what the pattern might have been if that old, practically forgotten capitol building in Laredo had become the first capitol of a major nation. We can wonder what the spirits of the men who saw bright visions would think if they prowl the streets of Laredo and waft through the chambers of the structure now serving lowly, every-day uses as it ages toward obliteration.

The Republic of the Rio Grande failed. It had no Travis, Crockett, or Bowie. It did have Jordan and his fighting men. Still it lacked something. It had no Alamo.

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I wish to particularly acknowledge the aid in preparing this paper that was made available through the loan to the Bibliographical Center of Denver by the Library of the University of Texas, of Dr. David M. Vigness' dissertation for a Master's degree, "Survey of the Lower Rio Grande." Dr. Vigness, a native of La Feria, Texas, now is on the faculty of the Schreiner Institute at Kerrville, Texas. This work is very complete, thoroughly documented, and contains an extensive list of primary sources.

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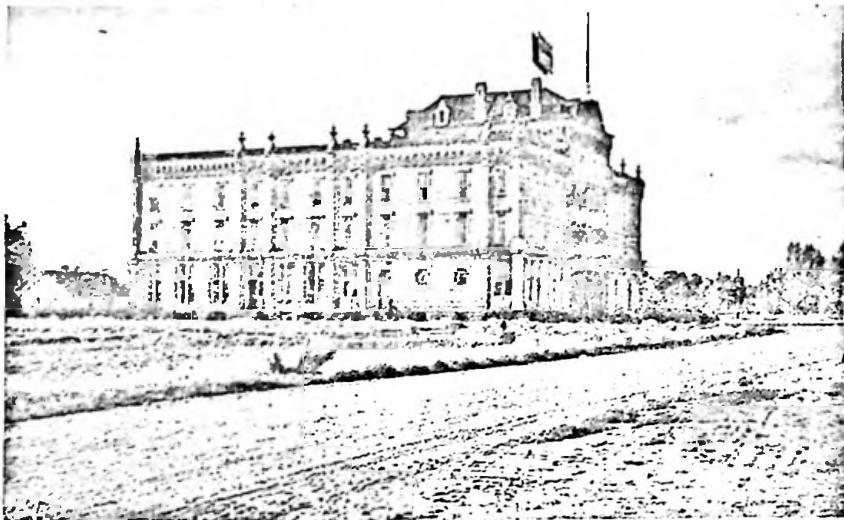
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A.H.C.



La Veta Hotel, Gunnison, Colorado.

ONCE A CHAMPION —

JOHN J. LIPSEY

While we were sitting in the club waiting for the poker gang to gather, my friend, the Hon. Jerome Napoleon Tincher of Hutchinson, Kansas, told me this story of how La Veta Hotel in Gunnison, Colo., changed the whole course of his life.

La Veta was built in the early eighties, when Gunnison had hope of moving the state capitol from Denver and wanted a hotel stout enough to contain the legislators. Mr. Tincher, affectionately called "Polie" because of his middle name, was in 1896 and 1897 night clerk at Le Veta. Actually his duties were more important than just standing behind the black-walnut counter and shouting "Front!" His principal duty was that of ejecting drunks from the bar and the hotel when they had spent so much money on drink as to become unpleasant. He was a man of massive and noble construction, far above the average in height and weight. He wore a size 9½ hat, and (to fit him) his clothes all had to proportionately outsize. In those days he had also tremendous strength and endurance, so that he had added a sort of side-line to his usual occupations. That is, he did some prize-fighting.

He was so successful in this side-line that he became heavyweight boxing champion of Gunnison and was challenged by the champion of Crested Butte, a rival metropolis some miles upstream. The Crested Butte champion was Mexican Pete (which

is not the name of an oil company, as you might think, but of a pugilistic bruiser then and there well-known). Polie, on his night off, fought under the name of "Dick Tincher, the Diamond Strong Boy." Polie said he did not know where the "Diamond" came from; all he knew was: he was *strong*.

Pete (who was no midget, either) challenged Polie to battle for their respective championships or anything else there was around: money, marbles or chalk. No guy with big fists ever lacks kind friends who will accept challenges for him. Pete's offer was accepted. They fought at Gunnison and Polie won. Pete was dissatisfied, so they fought at Crested Butte and Pete won. With the score at one-all, nobody was satisfied. So they fought again at Gunnison and Polie won, thus becoming champion of Gunnison and Crested Butte. This was in February of 1897.

In spite of having his time pretty well taken up with his varied activities, Polie—a very young man—began to think seriously about his future: Should he devote his life to twirling hotel registers and poking the wrong ends of pens at guests? Should he go through life wearing trunks, pounding and being pounded within a square called a ring? Or, should he embrace the less dangerous but also less lucrative profession of bouncing? While he was still regarding this trilemma, La Veta took a hand and practically decided the matter for him.



Jerome Napoleon Tincher
Photo from John J. Lipsey

One of the bouncing night clerk's duties was to prevent certain ladies of the evening (and early morning) from registering at, or from entering the hotel and there practicing their profession. The management of La Veta (strangely at variance with the customs of some hotels then and later) had a cast-iron rule about this: Nothing doing! Though Polie enforced this rule, he thought much about the matter, and came to the conclusion that La Veta was unfair to the fair sex. Male citizens, whether moral persons or persons of no morality whatever, were admitted, fed and housed at the hotel as long as they wished to be, unless they publicly violated rules of law or of good taste or otherwise made nuisances of themselves. But ladies-of-easy-virtue, though in public well-behaved, were condemned before they could offend

and were excluded before they could enter.

While he was thinking these things over, the Gunnison papers began a campaign of abuse and excoriation directed against local practitioners of the oldest profession, naming names and *calling* names, though not specifying dates and places when and where offenses had been committed, and not showing that the ladies thus execrated had been convicted of or even charged in court with offenses. And though the ladies were named in print, the names of their male co-criminals-presumptive were unmentioned.

These attacks so aroused Polie that he resigned his post of honor, trust and profit at the hotel, and publicly announced that he would appear in court and sue out a writ (or something) in behalf of the abused ladies,

requiring the newspapers to cease their attacks and the hotel to admit the ladies to the premises on the same basis on which other citizens were admitted. He would charge that the newspapers and La Veta were violating the principles of the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights with respect to the ladies, discriminating against them and thus depriving them of their means of livelihood.

Polie's bold and chivalrous action aroused enthusiasm among friends and admirers of the ladies, and even caused amused interest among their detractors. But when Polie attempted to go into court, it was easily discovered that he had never been admitted to the legal bar (never having studied law at all up to that time), and so the court declined flatly to hear his piteous plea. It was at that instant the decision was made which was to change the course of Polie's entire life! He determined to study law, to be admitted to the bar, to become a champion of the weak or helpless—and at the same time to make a living.

Polie did all of these things. He became a successful and prosperous lawyer, a congressman, a power in Kansas politics, and a friend of Presidents and Presidential candidates. He also became a regular summer-resident of the Pikes Peak Region, a non-resident member of the Colorado Springs' best-known men's club (oldest in the state), and by some was said to be champion of the poker table of that club.

Polie told me that so far as he knew, he was still heavyweight champion of Gunnison and Crested Butte. No one ever beat him for the double crown, and he certainly would not dream (he said) of resigning such honors.

As for resuming the championship of the abused Gunnison ladies, Polie said that by the time he was legally authorized to fight for them they were beyond all help.

My friend, the Hon. Jerome Napoleon Tichner, died on Nov. 6, 1951, still a champion of human rights, and still *the* champion of Gunnison and Crested Butte. Once a champion, always a champion!

Book Review

Alias Billy the Kid by C. L. Sonnichsen and William V. Morrison. Albuquerque: The University of New Mexico Press.

This is a highly controversial but extremely interesting book. Mr. Morrison has done a great deal of research, and many of the legal documents contained have not, to my knowledge, been published before.

The book is also unusual because of the fact that the authors have made a sincere effort to present impartially both sides of the question as to Brushy Bill Roberts having been in fact Billy

the Kid. Almost every argument, pro and con, on this subject is covered, and this creates a much more agreeable impression on the reader than would a more dogmatic attitude.

Certain remarkable facts and coincidences in favor of Roberts' claims stare the reader in the face. First, his small hands and feet together with his large wrists like those of Billy the Kid; his undoubted familiarity with the facts and circumstances of the Lincoln County War and the part played by the Kid therein and thereafter. Woven into the well known

highlights of his story as warp and wool thereof are many incidents bearing the stamp of truth, which could not have been learned from any book.

On the other hand, I have been unable to discover any facial resemblance in the photographs taken in early life of Brushy Bill to the features of Billy the Kid appearing in the only known authentic photograph of him. But the strongest point against the claims of Roberts is brought out in the book itself (if not by its title!), namely, that for someone other than Billy the Kid to have been killed and the body passed off as his, would necessarily have meant a conspiracy involving not only Pat Garrett and the Kid, too, but also every member of the community of Fort Sumner. The outlaw was well known to every man, woman, and child in the village; the dead body was viewed by many of them, including the Navajo woman, Deluvina Maxwell, who loved the Kid and who broke out into imprecations against Garret after seeing the dead body. It seems incredible that such a secret could have been kept over the

years. We may pass over the confusion shown by Roberts in the hearing before the governor as being natural to a man of his age under the circumstances, but it is hard to believe that ever after his escape from Lincoln jail until he decided to announce himself as the Kid he was really hiding out, as he claimed, when he joined Wild West shows and exhibited himself daily before thousands of people from every part of the country. That is hardly consistent with any desire to keep himself in the background, as would naturally be the first instinct of a man under sentence of death. Pat Garrett himself had many enemies, and any of them would have been glad to have knocked his fame into a cocked hat by disclosing the Kid in life.

So, despite the many interesting and striking facts and incidents related by Brushy Bill, we feel constrained to say that the preponderance of the evidence is against his claims. In the Billy-the-Kid saga, however, this book is definitely a "must" buy.

W. T. MOYERS, C.M.

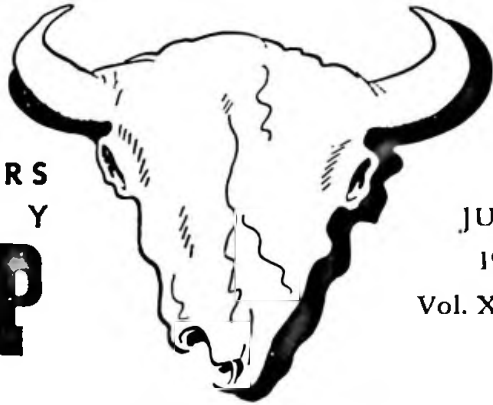
[Continued from Page 3]

Shortly after his retirement from teaching he was persuaded to become curator of the Old Lincoln County Museum at Lincoln, N. M. He told me that political and commercial interests had tried to interfere with his freedom as a historian. Unhappy, he gave up the job and returned to Roswell.

One reason why he was unable to complete more books was the constant flow of visitors to his home, visitors who wanted his advice and help in writing their own books. He never denied them. Often they carried him off to Lincoln and had him guide

them around the town and the county. You will find in almost every book about Lincoln County or Billy the Kid the author's acknowledgement of debt to Fulton. Correspondents pestered him for information, and he wrote them long letters. He helped others; himself he could not help. His later years were lived in extremely cramped circumstances. He, who should have been given the freedom of the greatest Western historical libraries and told to write at their expense, lived in a tiny, crowded house where he had no space to spread out his treasures and to write about the time and the land he knew and loved. *Contributed by PM John J. Lipsey.*

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



JUNE
1955
Vol. XI, No. 6

Riding the Range

The June meeting, at which the Denver Westerners heard the paper by Dean Krakel, was memorable also by reason of a number of visitors. Among these were T. Joe Cahill of Cheyenne, who was present at the hanging of Tom Horn, as indicated in Krakel's paper; "Cowboy" Ed Wright, at present trainer of thoroughbred racing horses; Red Fenwick, columnist on Western matters for the *Empire* magazine; and a number of other guests of prominence.

Following Krakel's paper, T. Joe Cahill answered the many questions of interested Westerners concerning Tom Horn and concerning Cahill's other associations in the making of Wyoming history.

PM Walter Gann returned to Denver in time for the June meeting. But Walter told the group that he was contemplating moving permanently to Southern California to be near his son.

PM Art Carhart had the lead article in the June issue of *Sports Afield*. Art has been busy with the proofs of

the revised edition of his excellent *Outdoorsman's Cookbook*, which will appear in its new form this fall.

PM Thomas Hornsby Ferril is well into his usual busy summer program. He is speaking this summer to the Workshop for Writers at the University of Denver and to a convocation of summer students at the University of Colorado; and he has a new poem appearing in *Harper's*. At the spring commencement at the University of Denver Tom received an honorary membership in Phi Beta Kappa. He is featured in the current issue of *People Today*, recently completed a color-sound movie *The G-W Story*, and was commissioned by the Carnegie Foundation to select books about the West to be sent to foreign libraries.

CM H. E. Campbell recently returned from Montreal, where he attended a conference on Medical Aspects of Traffic Accidents. He tells us that to solve our accident problem, we must at least learn to prevent injuries, if not the accidents themselves.

(Continued on Page 3)

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. XI

June, 1955

No. 6

Printing Office
839 Pearl St., Boulder.

Business Office
Room 306, State Museum Building, Denver.

Denver Posse Founded January 26, 1945

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The July Meeting

Time: 6:30 P.M., Wednesday, July 27, 1955.

The Speaker: Frank McDonough, Jr.

The Subject: HISTORY OF PALMER LAKE, COLORADO.

Reservations: With our Chuck Wrangler, Arthur Zeuch, at 930 Downing St., Denver 18, or telephone CH 4-7185.

The 1955 Program

August 1955: Open for summer plans.

September 1955: Dan Stone, "Early Colorado Covers and Cancellations."

October 1955: George T. Mills and Richard Grove from the Taylor Museum of Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center, "Pueblo Indian Fetishes, Their Types and Uses."

November 1955: Jack P. Riddle, "The Indian Corn Dance."

December 1955: A surprise for our annual meeting of the gals and pokes.

January 1956: PM Charles B. Roth, "The Biggest Wind since Galveston."

February 1956: James T. Forrest, curator of the State Museum, "A Comparative Study of the Social Customs of the Midwest and the Rocky Mountains, 1860-1880."

(Continued From Page 1)

The Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region, PM Kenneth Englert, president, will plan the 1956 sesquicentennial celebration of the discovery of Pikes Peak. The society will act as coordinating group for the celebration next year. Among the board members who will be responsible for the work are PM Carl F. Mathews, PM Raymond Colwell, and CM Mrs. Elmo Scott Watson.

PM Alan Swallow has included in his summer schedule speaking engagements at the University of Wyoming, Nebraska State Teachers College at Chadron, and the Workshop for Writers of the University of Denver. In early September he will also be guest poet at the annual roundup of the League of Utah Writers, meeting in Salt Lake City.

One of the newest corresponding

members of the Denver posse is Merrell Kitchen, librarian of the San Joaquin Pioneer Museum at Stockton, Calif. He has been for some years a regular member of the Los Angeles Westerners, and a contributor to the publications of the Los Angeles and Chicago branches. He was raised near Theodore Roosevelt's ranch and near the Badlands of the Dakotas. He graduated from the University of North Dakota, traveled around, looking the U. S. over. For a while he worked for Ken Crawford, the Western bookseller who is now settled at Burbank, Calif. He vagabonded around the world, part of the time as a sailor. During the Second World War he became a sailor again, spending 25 months (and doubtless all his pay) in the South Pacific. He collects books on all phases of Western history, especially those concerning cattle, outlaws, overland trails, ranching, and mountain men. A good guy to ride the river (or cross an ocean) with.

Book Reviews

Indian Sketches by John Treat Irving, Jr. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. \$5.00

In June 1835 John Treat Irving, Jr. pictured his Indian sketches from impressions gained during an expedition to the Pawnee tribes in 1833. This edition appeared in two volumes. In 1888 Irving republished a revised version in a single volume. This is listed in Wagner-Camp. In the present edition, Editor John Francis McDermott reprints the first American (there was also an English edition) edition with the data of 1888 included when pertinent.

Irving accompanied a government party under charge of Indian Treaty Commissioner Henry L. Ellsworth to the Otoe and Pawnee villages. Although Treat had no idea of becoming an historian, his sketches were true pictures of Indian life. In this respect Treat was a chip off the old block, Washington Irving, who was his uncle. His writings do not tell a personal story since he was only interested in Indians habits and customs.

The journey starts at Fort Leavenworth. Upon arrival in the Indian country, then called the Pawnee country, Treat delved into the humane

side of his adventure. This is prevalent from start to finish.

A small military escort of seven soldiers (a corporal's guard), two servants and a Negro cook escorted Ellsworth and Irving. Major Daugherty and Dr. May, a surgeon from Missouri, joined the party at Fort Leavenworth. Two ox wagons carried the equipment and supplies. The principals were mounted on horseback. Dire predictions were heaped on the party who, to believe their prophets, would never be seen again.

Heading north the expedition reached the Otoe Village about 180 miles from the fort. Here a treaty was signed with that tribe. Several weeks later the party journeyed along the Platte for 80 miles to the Grand Pawnee village. Another treaty was there made with the four Pawnee tribes on October 9 and 10. Subsequently Ellsworth made a peace treaty between the tribes of the West.

In addition to the excellent portraits of warriors, there is much of interest in Irving's sketches. His Indian lodge and village scenes, the squaws, the children, even the dogs, all seem to be alive.

Not to be underrated are the descriptions of the impressions of the White man by the Indians. The friendship between the two was not inhibited at this time.

The illustrations are taken from Catlin, Schoolcraft and other sources and are very appropriate. The author consulted a wealth of source material. The index is brief but adequate. The annotations by McDermott are very informative and are placed as footnotes.

This is number eighteen of the American Exploration and Travel series and is a very valuable addition to a noteworthy collection.

PHILIP W. WHITLEY, P.M.

Pioneer Artists of Taos by Laura M. Bickerstaff. Denver: Sage Books. \$3.00.

Every expressionist who knows the idyllic New Mexico town of Taos and the story of its world-famous art colony longs to tell the world all about it. It has been tackled by experts and by phonies, by painters and photographers, by hack writers and intelligent biographers.

Laura Bickerstaff is one of the latter, and her modest series of biographical sketches of the six leading men in the Taos art movement belongs with all good collections on art and on mountain states lore.

All of the biographies are ably done, particularly the revealing word-picture of Joseph Henry Sharp, instigator of the Taos art movement. In addition to his work in New Mexico, he ranged from Paris, France, to the tepee villages of the Mountain Crows in Montana, leaving an unforgettable imprint on the West.

The other Taos artists covered in the book are Oscar E. Berninghaus, Ernest L. Blumenschein, Eanger Irving Couse, W. Herbert Dunton and Bert G. Phillips. The report on each man's life and work is supplemented by a portrait of the artist and small black-and-white reproductions of some of his best-known works.

Perhaps the author and the publisher intended their work as a teaser, and that it certainly is. It makes anyone want to go out and find some of the paintings this book is all about, and to study them and enjoy them as the fruit of the Taos movement. No doubt it would have taken a huge bankroll and unlimited faith to bring out a big book on Taos and its art, with well-printed illustrations in full color. We shouldn't quibble. Rather we should pick up these crumbs and be thankful.

(Continued on Page 9)

THE EXECUTION OF TOM HORN

DEAN KRAKEL

Cheyenne Wyoming, October 24, '02. Tom Horn guilty! Jury brought in a verdict of guilty for the killing of fourteen year old Willie Nickell yesterday afternoon. The imposition of the death sentence and the fixing of the date upon which this sentence will be carried out will probably occur Monday, although Judge Scott may postpone the last step he will take in this great case until later. While court clerk Fisher was reading the verdict of the jury, carrying with it, as it does the ignominious death of hanging, Tom Horn the cattle detective, for the defendant for whose life the brightest attorneys in the State of Wyoming have been battling for two weeks, sat unmoved with his impassive face showing not the slightest indication of the emotion aroused by the verdict.

This was the verdict that old Cheyenne and all the west had long strained for. It was a period of mixed emotion. The lean, hard, and gummy Tom Horn was to die.

The interim period between verdict and death was a nightmare for Cheyenne. There was no escape. The condemned detective's employers and cowboy friends had dominated the street scene for months. Fear of incrimination was a silent but common denominator. Tom Horn's career was the subject. Speculation as to whether he would spill before his death was the core of conversations. The long

trial had not revealed who hired him to bump off plow-pushers William Lewis and Fred U. Powell. They had been suspected of bringing in other men's beef. Had the man in the death cell really killed ranchmen Matt Rash and Isam Dart? Horn wrote that he had been paid to do so. Yet Tom Horn was convicted for the killing of fourteen year old Willie Nickell. Conviction was based on circumstantial evidence proved beyond a reason of a doubt. He had confided in U. S. Marshall Joe LeFors that the killing of the kid was the longest shot and the dirtiest trick he had ever done. Many questions remained unanswered. What were the gory details? The Nickell killing and Iron Mountain community eruption had grown out of a dispute over land and sheep—not cattle rustling.

On November 20, 1903, Tom Horn helplessly slipped through the narrow opening of the gallows platform constructed by State order. The instrument that had jimmed the trap door was a sinister classic in Rube Goldbergism. Thousands had lined the streets that day and honky tonks did a four deep bar business. Bets were hot and heavy and the odds that Horn would not be cinched. On this day, even the cold November breeze did not dampen the existing atmosphere. The entire scene could have been likened to a 4th of July celebration. Peace officers and uniformed troops from nearby Fort D. A. Russell cooperated to

keep the mob in hand. Fancy rigs and gayly decorated horses careened mustachioed men to and from the governor's guarded mansion, the county jail and other official sites. A last ditch effort was being made to save Tom Horn. A high and crude board fence had been constructed adjacent to the cell block to form an arena of death around the gallows. Thus hundreds of gaping onlookers had taken to the trees and nearby buildings. A choice perch was well worth a dollar.

The condemned man arose early that November morning. He squared away his cell as usual, and ate a hearty breakfast. At nine o'clock Horn asked jailer Richard Proctor how much time he had left. He was told he had a little over one hour.

At ten o'clock Laramie County Sheriff Ed Smalley demonstrated the gallows to those invited to attend the execution. The screwy trap-springing mechanism was explained in detail. All transpired within a few feet of Tom Horn's cell. A blanket had been awkwardly hooked over Tom's cell window obstructing the condemned man's view. Horn asked, "What's going on?" Sheriff Smalley replied, "Nothing that would interest you." Whereupon Horn said, "Hell I'm the most interested guy in the world, take this damn curtain down." The request was complied with and so Tom Horn watched the demonstration of the instrument that was to take his life within a matter of minutes.

A little later Tom heard a former employer, rancher John C. Coble, talking to Sheriff Smalley. John Coble wanted to bid his friend goodbye for the last time. Permission was granted. The Irwin boys, Big Charley and little Frank, rodeo friends of Tom's, were with Coble.

"Goodbye, Tom," Coble said. "Tom, I can't stay . . . I came to say

goodbye. I'm sorry, Tom, but die like the man I know you to be. Tom, fate's against you. You must die. Goodbye, God bless you, goodbye . . . Tom."

At this point John Coble came near breaking down. His voice was choked with emotion and his eyes filled with tears.

"I want to thank you, John," said Horn. "You did all you could for me. I'll die all right, John. Don't worry about that. I am not afraid, John . . . John . . . I'm not afraid. Say goodbye to all the boys. You know I thank you for all you have done for me. Keep your nerve, John, for I'll keep mine. You know Tom Horn."

Then the jailer opened Horn's cell door. The two men stood in near embrace with heads bowed, perhaps sobbing a little. With a last goodbye John Coble turned and walked out of the jail. Tom Horn, as near breaking down as he had ever been during the long ordeal, whirled off-balance through his cell door, and caught hold of his bed, then stood there a few minutes with his face buried in his hands. Suddenly he was himself again. The worst was over. He began smoking his last cigar.

"It's tough," said Coble, when he came out of the jail. "I have stood by Tom. His alleged friends have deserted him. I have been abused and called all sorts of names, but I did all I could to save the law from hanging an innocent man. I now give up! I can do no more. Sometime the truth may be known."

At 10:30 execution preparations were readied. Sheriff Smalley had delayed the hanging while a last-minute appeal was being made to Governor Fenimore Chatterton. Newspapermen crowded against the edge of the gallows platform; visiting law men were in front. The executioners, Deputy "Dick" Proctor and special deputy

Tee Joe Cahill, were ready to receive Horn. The death cell was but a few feet from the gallows. Episcopal clergyman Dr. George C. Rafter, a man known to Tom Horn, stood on a gangway opposite the platform. His bible was in hand. Doctors George P. Johnston and John H. Conway stood close to the platform. Black stethoscopes dangled from their necks. Charles and Frank Irwin paced in front of the platform. All was set. Sheriff Smalley fumbled with his keys. He opened Tom's cell door. Horn removed the cigar from his mouth. He placed it on a window ledge—as if he intended to pick it up in a matter of minutes. The condemned man did not appear to be nervous. His shirt was open at the collar, exposing skin white from extended confinement.

"Are you ready, Tom?" asked Smalley. Horn stepped to the gallows platform. He nodded his head to the Irwins, and then coolly surveyed the peace officers below. "Ed," he said to Smalley, "that's the sickest looking lot of damned sheriffs I ever seen."

With a grief-choked voice Charley Irwin asked, "Would you like us to sing, Tom?"

"Yes, I'd like that," replied Horn. Cahill and Proctor placed the straps around Horn's arms, legs, and ankles while the Irwin brothers, with tears streaming down their faces, wailed a favorite range song to their dying friend.

Dr. Rafter began reading a prayer. Horn was still without emotion.

Sheriff Smalley asked if there was anything he would like to say. Horn closed his eyes, then quietly said, "No."

"Tom," asked Charley Irwin, "Did you confess to that there preacher?"

Again the reply was, "No."

A new rope was adjusted around Tom Horn's neck. It contained the conventional hangman's knot of a

specified number of 13 wraps. Proctor fitted the black hood over Horn's head. Sheriff Smalley moved to Horn's side; Tee Joe Cahill was at the other. They glanced at each other. They picked Tom Horn up by the arms and placed him on the trap door. Instantly the sound of water rushing through small pipes permeated the tense atmosphere as the instrument of death suddenly came alive. It became deathly cold in the arena. All the while Dr. Rafter continued the prayer. His voice was in a monotone. Young Sheriff Smalley began sobbing uncontrollably. His face was buried in his hands.

"What's the matter," spoke Horn through the black hood, "figger I might tip over?"

The device of death rattled and banged to complete its cycle of operation.

"Joe," said Horn to young Tee Joe Cahill, "they tell me you're married now. I hope you're doing well. Treat her right." Those were Tom Horn's last words. A split second later the trap door crashed open and Horn's body plummeted shoulder deep through the platform. The rope snapped up and down. Then grew taut. The body quivered into eternity. All was silent except for the sound of dripping water. Momentarily a dozen or so hardened men were too sick to move.

Tom Horn had been dropped approximately four and one-half feet. Executioner Proctor had reckoned because of Horn's weight a greater fall would in all probability have severed head from body.

It was later revealed that the huge hangman's knot had knocked Horn unconscious rather than killing him instantly. His neck was not broken. A mighty heart had throbbed on for seventeen minutes after the trap door. Death was by strangulation. Tom Horn died unconfessed!



A portrait of Buffalo Bill Cody as a young man. Contributed by CM Russ Langford of North Platte, Nebraska. Mr. Langford noted that the picture looked as if acid had fallen on it, considerably marring the surface. He suggests we might print this picture "on a question basis. Some interesting things might turn up." Do any of our members have any comments on placing this picture, or other pertinent information?

BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from Page 4)

But the fact remains that Taos and its story essentially constitute a picture-story, not a word-story. There is music, too, and movement and smells which supplement the terrific visual impact of the place. All these things, which attracted Sharp and legions of artists and other sensitive people, place upon mere words a burden almost too great to bear. It is a story for Walt Disney to do with every resource at his command including color and music, movement and words. Until then, we can enjoy this appealing and informative teaser, thanks to Laura Bickerstaff and Alan Swallow, who had the foresight to publish the book.

PM HENRY W. HOUGH

The Big Bend Country of Texas by Virginia Madison. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press. \$4.50.

The Big Bend Country of Texas is a multimillion-acre area cradled in a tremendous curve of El Rio Bravo y Grande del Norte. It is bounded on the north by the Southern Pacific Railway (or U. S. Highway 90) and on the east, south and north by Mexico. It includes most of two of the biggest counties in Texas: Presidio and Brewster. Its northern towns are Aragon, Marfa, Alpine and Marathon. In the southern portion there are Presidio, Redford and Terlingua. In between there are grassy prairies and eroded deserts, low flats and forbidding mountains, rattlesnakes, prairie dogs, armadillos, and some of the finest goats, sheep, horses and cattle man ever saw.

In loosely connected chapters of her book, Mrs. Madison unfolds the story of this land where men, women and children are few to the square mile, but where citizens love freedom and justice (as they see it) and hate alike

the tyranny of the law and of outlaws. Of this land where men do that which is right in their own eyes, and to hell with the rest; a land governed largely by nature's first law.

She shows it as a land of contradictions where, as elsewhere, men resent government controls and holler for government help; where in general Anglo-Americans rule, but where the population is overwhelmingly of Spanish blood; where many men have died for justice and where ten thousand gallons of blood have been shed in arguments over trifles. It is a tough land, and those who survive must be tough. It is a land that is beautiful or hideous, depending on who is looking.

And there are those who love it, among these, Mrs. Madison, who was raised there and so ought to know it. That she does know it is shown in every page of her book, *The Big Bend Country of Texas*. That she loves it is shown by the fact that—now a resident in the East—she nevertheless returns often to the scenes of her childhood; and that in this book she has written so lovingly, longingly of this wonderful, terrible country.

Hers is a book which should appeal to collectors of material on outlaws, cattle, wild animals, and Texas and Mexican history and folklore. Its faults, if any, we can forgive, just as we smile at the behavior of one who is deeply in love.

PM JOHN J. LIPSEY

A World School: The Colorado School of Mines by Jesse R. Morgan. Denver: Sage Books. \$5.00.

With twenty-three years of service at the Colorado School of Mines, Jesse R. Morgan, one-time head of the English department and dean, and now Dean Emeritus, has recorded his personal memories of this famous school for the purpose of extending "a friendly greeting to Miners and their

families." He succeeds in his purpose by reviewing the traditions of the school and the recording of many names of the men, and the women, too, who have attended or been associated with the school. This book will be treasured by all Mines students, past and present.

Most of Dean Morgan's greeting is included in Part I: "Human Engineering," which includes such memories as the yearly painting of the M-Blem (the school's M on Mount Zion) and a long list of parent graduates and their sons and daughters who may some day attend their fathers' Alma Mater. Father and son graduates, even to the third generation, are also included.

In Part II: "Historical Highlights," Dean Morgan has compiled in outline form the pertinent facts, chronologically arranged, of the school's history. This outline is supplemented by such brief historical sketches as the School of Mines during territorial days and after statehood, biographies of the school's presidents, the athletic program, the school's publications, its research foundation, the state legislative acts which concerned the school, and lists of personnel. A list of alumni proves Colorado's School of Mines to be a World School. Section II and the bibliography should prove most useful to anyone interested in Colorado history and the School of Mines.

Part III: "Pictures Old and New," includes fourteen pages of sketches and photographs which retell the growth of the school.

The book is appropriately and attractively bound in blue with the title and the seal of the School of Mines imprinted in silver.

CM DON GRISWOLD

The Southwest and West Coast in Literature, A Manual for Schools and Clubs by David James Harkness. The University of Tennessee News

Letter. Vol. XXXIII, No. 10. October, 1954.

In the "Declaration" to his 1948 edition of *Guide to Life and Literature of the Southwest*, J. Frank Dobie says:

"... here are the books. I list them not so much to give knowledge as to direct people with intellectual curiosity and with interest in their own land to the sources of knowledge . . . On some of the books I have made brief observations."

Under the several "chapter" headings of New Mexico, Arizona, Texas, Oklahoma, California, Oregon, and Washington, David James Harkness, extension librarian for the University of Tennessee, has compiled a similar guide to a wider canvas.

The comparison is a fair one. Hundreds of publications—fiction, history, poetry, drama for stage and screen—pertinent to the several state locales, are herein listed and, for "some of the books" followed by "brief observations." As Dobie categorizes by section, Harkness does it by paragraphs state by state, in long, running commentaries.

Librarian Harkness has done a bang-up job. His "observations" are well put, his representative publications well chosen. The booklet, withal, provides a fine supplement to Dobie's *Guide*. Since no price for the booklet is quoted, it may be assumed that a postcard to the Division of University Extension, University of Tennessee, Knoxville, will get you a copy.
D.B.

Montana, the Magazine of Western History. Spring, 1955. Published quarterly by the Historical Society of Montana. \$3 per year.

No indication of number is given in or on this issue of the magazine—but it is obviously not a first try. . . . It's too good!

From cover front—"The Herd Quitter," from an original oil by Charles M. Russell—to cover back—a color photograph of a Montana lake and mountain—*Montana* is a top-drawer production.

Featured in this Spring issue are—among other equally fine pieces—articles on Pierre Wibaux and his famous W Bar Ranch, by Donald H. Welsh; Robert G. Athern's "Frontier Critics of the Western Army"; "Bandmann's Greatest Triumph," by Albert J. Partoll; and Ella E. Clark's "Sesquicentennial Remembrances" of Lewis and Clark. Each entry is illustrated with rare photographs, Russell sketches and paintings.

If the quality of each issue is as good as this one, you can't go wrong: one year, \$3; two years, \$5.50; three, \$8. Back issues are available—as are reprinted articles (each bound as a separate booklet at 25 and 35 cents each) from earlier issues. These, called the Montana Heritage Series, now number from 1 to 6, the last being *The Northern Cheyenne*, by Verne Dusenberry.

D.B.

The Men and the Mountain by William Brandon. New York: William Morrow & Co. \$5.00.

Lieutenant Fremont surrounded himself with experienced mountain men when he made his fourth trip into the great West. Bill Williams, mountain man, guide and scout, was his chief adviser. "The mountain men were a variegated, highly individualistic breed, much more so than any vocational group in the confines of civilization. Their lonely, self-sufficient lives developed separatist tendencies, and they were apt at any moment to be subjected to unique experiences for which the group had provided no adjustment, thus inducing bizarre modifications in individuals—which is to say each man lived

in his own hide, hair side out and plenty of it." Before the trip was over, Fremont was very glad that he had chosen these mountain men, because no one else could have withstood the hardships that befell them.

In the forepart of the book the author lists all of the members of the party, and this would seem a bit unnecessary as in the latter part of the book he attempts to account for all of these men as they reached Taos or died on the way.

Chapter 10 is outstanding. It could be lifted out and published as an "Ode to a Mule." It is a masterful description of the mule and "its" in-born habits, traits and cussedness. This chapter rivals Robert Louis Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey." We were surprised and disappointed that, inasmuch as a good part of this book is borrowed liberally from James Stewart McGehee, he did not include the famous mule menu.

There comes to mind tobacco chewing, straight spitting Joe Thomas, and his most valuable twenty-six page paper "Fremont's Fourth Expedition. San Luis Valley." Joe will be remembered as Ralph Carr's former law partner, as a surveyor, as a self-educated man, as a down to earth historian, as a lawyer, and as a jurist. While sitting in Denver on the district bench, Joe threatened to jail those responsible for removing his cuspidor from the courtroom. Colorful Joe Thomas, the Sagebrush Sage of the San Luis Valley, included in his foreword the following:

The following pages contain (a) an account of the expedition by one McGehee, a member of the party, first published, I believe, in *Century* about 1870, in *Cosmopolitan* in 1891, and in *Outlook* in 1910, which I obtained from the Colorado Historical Society, the original being long out of print. (b) Is an account given by Breckenridge of the expedition south for aid, told by him after all of the other

members of the party were dead, and (c) the Diary of Richard H. Kern, the scientist who was with the expedition, and who was killed a few years later with Captain Gunnison by the Indians near Sevier Lake in Utah. These last two items were obtained by me in the form of photostats of old printed articles, from what book or magazine I have no idea. The story of Breckenridge is contained in an article entitled, "The Story of a Famous Expedition," and the Diary of Kern appears to be from an article entitled "When Old Trails Were New."

In one of these articles mention is made of Rabbit River (obviously the Conejos), and of the Ox-bow bend of the Rio Grande (evidently referring to the bend East of Alamosa where it turns south past Las Sauces).

Of the one hundred twenty-five mules which perished nothing but their iron shoes would remain. It has been ninety-nine years come December since they perished, and there should be some five hundred mule's shoes along the trail, most of them at the end of the trail, probably at the head of Embargo Creek.

I have assembled this matter because I don't believe it should be allowed to drift into oblivion as so many other interesting events have been allowed to do. Many people like to contemplate the doings of past generations, especially where they form a part of the history of our own immediate locality. I am not selling it, nor am I seeking profit from it. I am preserving it for the present and for future generations, and am making it available to interested persons with my compliments.

Yours truly,
Joseph H. Thomas

BILL OF FARE. CAMP DESOLATION.

December 25, 1848.

MENU

Mule

SOUP

Mule Tail

FISH

Baked White Mule
Boiled Gray Mule

MEATS

Mule Steak Fried Mule Mule Chops
Broiled Mule Stewed Mule Boiled Mule
Scrambled Mule Shirred Mule
French-fried Mule Minced Mule

DAMNED MULE

Mule on Toast (Without the Toast)
Short Ribs of Mule with Apple Sauce
(Without the Apple Sauce)

RELISHES

Black Mule Brown Mule Yellow Mule
Bay Mule Roan Mule
Tallow Candles

BEVERAGES

Snow SnowWater Water
It really made no difference how our meats were cooked, it was the same old mule.

PM FRED M. MAZZULLA
CM HERBERT JOHNSON

FIDDLE FOOTED*

MAT ENNIS JONES

Ranch Personnel

Very few of the owners of large outfits lived on their ranches. They lived in the larger towns or cities. If they lived not too far away, perhaps only a foreman was in charge. However, if the owner lived a long ways off or if the ranch was owned by a company, whether that company was locally owned or that ranch was owned by a company back East, a ranch manager was hired to live at ranch headquarters. It was his job to coordinate all ranch activities, buy equipment and supplies, hire and fire personnel, and be responsible for the condition of all personnel, equipment, and livestock. Under the orders of the manager, a foreman acted as wagon boss (or if the outfit was large enough to run two chuck wagons and roundups at the same time, a wagon boss for each roundup group was hired instead), and he was always responsible to the ranch manager.

The first thing the manager did each spring was to look at the almanac to see when the full moons fell. The date of the beginning of the roundup, which was primarily to gather a trail herd to sell, was set so that work would start when it was coming into a full moon period. That

*Copyright 1955 by Mat Ennis Jones. This work is a selection from a book-length manuscript being prepared by the author about his most interesting life as cowboy on the open range, from Texas to Montana, and his work as a peace officer. The section printed in *Roundup* is a general description of the life of the range cowboys late in the last century.

was so the boys could see better at night to hold the herd. As there were no small pastures to hold the cattle in, the boys had to do that job by standing guard night and day, both during range roundup and following the "trail."

A Season's Routine

The larger outfits in West Texas and New Mexico would operate their year's work on the average by the following routine. I will explain and describe the details later in this section; right now let us look at an average season's schedule. In April the riders would drift into ranch headquarters or general stores where roundup supplies were bought. There the riders were hired and told when and where to show up for the beginning of the season's work.

Most of the chuck wagon cooks were hired on the yearly basis, however, so that by this time they had the chuck wagons ready to go. Before the wagon did start out, the boss would designate what horse each rider would have for the day. This he did every time a change of horses was required until each rider's "string" was completed. Every outfit sooner or later ended up with a bunch of rough wild horses and they were called the "rough string" and a bronc fighter or "buster" would be hired to ride that string. By the time a trail herd was ready to go, that "rough string" was pretty well straightened out, with maybe a very few exceptions. Then those horses might be apportioned out to the other riders. The hands who had worked there at the ranch that winter would generally ride the

same horses they had ridden the year before. If any of the new hands came to the ranch riding his own horse, that horse would be left in the company horse pasture for the summer, because the ranch owner or "company" always furnished all of the horses to use for ranch work. Some outfits had a bunch of stock horses and would raise their own saddle horses, hire a bronc buster to ride them for a few "saddles" or times, and then portion them out to the other riders. Most outfits, however, would buy their horses.

If the first work was to be done near the headquarters, the first "circle" ride was probably made the first day. If activities were to begin on a portion of that outfit's range away from ranch headquarters, it was necessary to spend some time getting to the starting point. The boys rode horseback, the remuda formed about eight to ten horses for each man, and followed the chuck wagon which started its routine of setting up camp, preparing a meal, cleaning up afterwards and then moving on to the next camp or roundup grounds, from the moment it pulled away from the headquarters.

The ranch property or range probably would be covered in something like two or three weeks, depending upon the size of the outfit, naturally. The herd gathered and added to, day by day, also contained those cattle that belonged to the neighbors. This herd was then worked. Each representative from a ranch, cut out "his" cattle (the ones belonging to the outfit he was representing) and put them in his own "cut." When the roundup was finished, he started on his way back to the ranch he was representing, with his "cut." The herd was then ready for the "buyer" if he was coming to the ranch, or it was started on the "trail" to the railroad to be shipped to the buyer. After the cattle

had reached the railroad and the boys had returned to the ranch, the range was worked over again and reworked a third time, branding the new calves born since the time before. The fourth time the range was worked, the old bulls and dry cows were gathered to be shipped to market. The last branding necessary was done at that time also. Then the last trail herd of the season was sent up.

In those days the cattle were shipped a long ways from the home range so that the outfit's brand would not be scattered around all over the nearby country. No cattle were ever sold that would remain in the same state.

During the time between these four general roundups the cowboys would ride fence, that is, check to see that it was all right, and if it needed repairing the rider fixed it. And he built retaining walls in "draws" and gulleys, which were referred to as tanks. In New Mexico, earthen tanks were built and windmills were set up. Young horses or "brones" were broken (saddle and bridle trained) at those times too.

At the end of the season most of the outfits let off all but a very few of the best men and maybe the cook. The winter hands, as those left were now called, worked on bog holes, rode fence, repaired windmills and kept track of the condition of the stock. The boys who were laid off went to find any other job they could find, in town maybe. Or they might even go home.

The Daily Schedule

Now let us follow a typical daily schedule.

In the mornings after a boy first came out of bed, a boy paused on his way to breakfast, to take his turn at the tin wash pan with a cake of old-fashioned laundry soap. He would "give her a lick and a promise," most-

ly a promise, and then wipe some more off on an old flour sack which took the place of a towel. A community comb was kept in the "possible," and the boy might take a swipe or two at his hair. These personal attentions took little time and chances were, that was more than likely the last and only time until morning rolled around again.

Work was all important and time consuming from daylight until dark and if a boy had any pride of his work, he never wanted to be the last one to get going, or "suck on the hind tit" as the expression was. All this left little time for prettying up.

Breakfast was at 4:00 A.M. After breakfast each rider would rope his horse from the remuda that was in the rope corral. This rope corral was formed in the following manner with equipment otherwise stored in the chuck wagon. A two inch rope twenty to thirty feet long, with a fourteen to sixteen inch loop in one end of it, was looped around the front wheel hub of the chuck wagon, run through the spokes, around one of them and back out to the outside of the wheel. The other end of the rope was forked, which was made by splicing another yard or so piece of rope into the main length of rope back three or four feet from the end of it. After attaching the looped end to the wagon the wrangler would stretch the long rope out full length on the ground at a right angle to the wagon, put a peg through the little loop on the end of each of the forks, and drive the peg into the ground. Then a three foot forked branch cut from a mesquite tree was placed upright under the rope, raising it up off the ground. Then another rope (stretched and raised like the first one), was staked out from the hub of the rear wheel on the same side of the wagon. These two ropes, and the side of the wagon to which they were attached, formed

the rope corral the wrangler put up every time a change of horses was needed. By 5:00 A.M. each rider had his horse roped from the remuda, bridled, and saddled, all ready to start the morning's circle.

The cattle that were gathered together from this portion of the range, or circle, were thrown together or rounded up in a bunch close to the wagon, which had already moved to its noon camp direct from its morning campsite. After the circle had been made and the cattle thrown close to the wagon, the riders again went to the remuda (in the rope corral at the wagon) and exchanged tired horses for fresh ones. These horses they selected this time were their good "cutting horses" from their strings, so now the riders were ready to work the morning's roundup.

All cows and calves were separated or "cut out" from the roundup first and kept apart from the other roundup by designated riders. Next the two-year old steers were cut out and the first trail herd started to accumulate. If there were any men from the neighboring ranches representing those outfits, these men were called "reps" or "strays men." At this time the reps cut their bosses' cattle from the roundup and threw them with the first trail herd. To "throw" cattle means that cattle were taken from one group and put with another group. In case there were no reps those neighboring ranch cattle were left in the morning's roundup and turned back out on the range when the rest were. The ranches whose cattle did happen to be with the home ranch cattle might be notified, and then at the next roundup a rep would be there.

By now the morning's roundup only consisted of cows that had not calved yet, bulls, and yearlings (one year old calves), and so this bunch of cattle or roundup was turned back

onto that portion of the range that had been worked earlier that morning. After this the tired horses were turned back into the remuda, which was again in the rope corral.

Dinner at the chuck wagon was from 11:00 A.M. to 12:00. After dinner the boys again caught fresh horses and the guards were relieved at the herd of cows and calves and also at the trail herd. The branding fire was started next and the irons were set in the fire to heat them. Calves were roped from the bunch of cows and calves, branded, ear-marked, and castrated if it were a bull calf; then the calf was released to return to the herd. After branding was completed, the cows and calves were let alone to "mother up." During this spell the boys might have an hour or so to swap stories.

Before supper the wrangler again set up the rope corral and drove the horses into it. He might tie a rope across the open end or ride back and forth across the end to keep the horses from leaving as the men turned their horses in after the afternoon's work. Then if things were not too rushed he ate supper with the rest of the men, between 5:00 and 6:00 P.M. After supper two boys caught their night horses and went out to the herd to relieve the day herders (so they could come in to eat) and let the cattle graze around. They gradually drifted them closer together and onto the newly selected bedground. Meanwhile, after finishing supper, the other night guards caught their night horses, staked them out, then helped to hobble all the rest of the horses, while the wrangler caught his night horse. If the boys had not finished hobbling the horses, he would help finish that chore before he let down to the ground the ropes of the corral and started the horses off in the direction of the best grazing ground. The two boys out at the herd held the

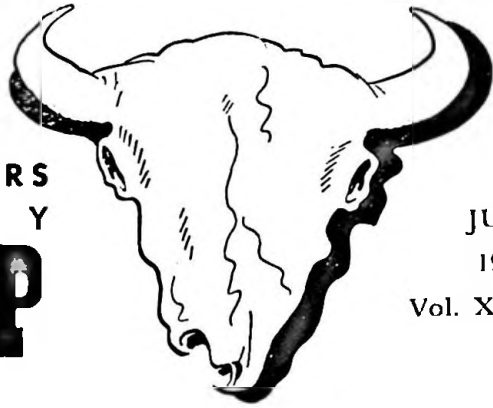
cattle on the bedground, staying with them until the first night guards showed up at 8:00 P.M. This process or short watch was called the "cock-tail." The boys took turn about at that chore, too. If there were more men on the roundup (such as the reps or an extra large crew with the roundup wagon) than were needed to stand the different two-hour guard shifts, then the night guard duty was rotated among the crew. Otherwise the same men stood the same watch or guard each night. By this time the boys at the camp had their beds unrolled and were ready to hit the hay.

The Cowboy and His Roundup Work

Some Texas outfits roped and branded the calves in corrals. The Long Brothers, owners of the O S cow and calf ranch, did not like to have anyone ever use a rope on their cattle. So, here and there over their ranch were located round permanent corrals, made of mesquite and cedar poles. After the boys working on that ranch had made a circle, the cows and calves that were cut out of the roundup would be thrown into the nearest corral.

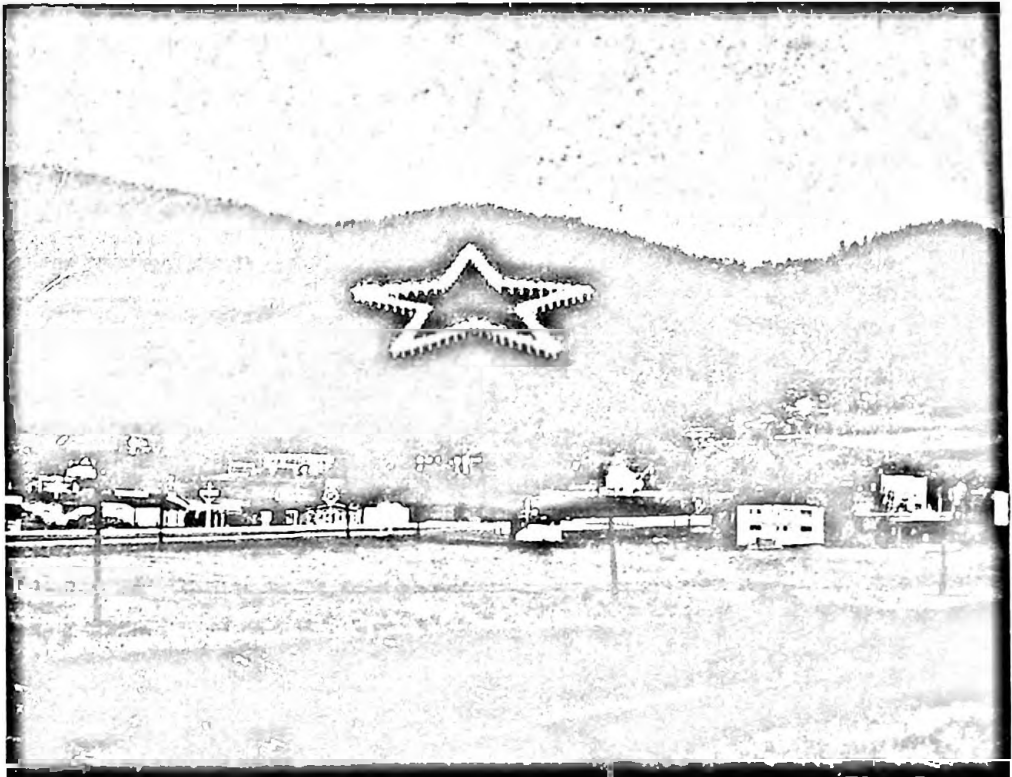
There the boys would have to catch the calves by hand. The calves were branded, ear-marked, and castrated in these range corrals, then turned back out. Cattle were not being dehorned or vaccinated at that time. The other three jobs amounted to enough hard work by themselves. Doing all this in a corral made it a dirty job, as the cattle milled around (they were gathered closer together in those pole corrals than they would be out on the range), stirred up the dust real bad. Occasionally the weather would be damp from drizzles of rain; then the dust was settled, but if we had one of those rare rains all this work was done in churned mud. If it really poured, then the boys waited awhile before continuing.

(To be continued next issue.)



The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

JULY
1955
Vol. XI, No. 7



*Star of Bethlehem
and Yule Log Lighting,
Palmer Lake, Colorado*

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. XI

July, 1955

No. 7

Printing Office
839 Pearl St., Boulder.

Business Office
Room 306, State Museum Building, Denver.

Denver Posse Founded January 26, 1945
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OFFICERS

Sheriff, Ralph B. Mayo
Deputy Sheriff, Maurice Frink
Roundup Foreman, Charles A. Davlin, Jr.
Tally Man, J. Nevin Carson
Chuck Wrangler, Arthur Zeuch
Program Chairman, Nolie Mumey

Registrar of Marks and Brands, Alan Swallow
Assistant Registrar of Marks and Brands, John J. Lipsey
Book Review Chairman, Don Bloch
Membership Chairman, Fred M. Mazzulla
Publications Chairman, Erl H. Ellis

The September Meeting

Time: 6:30 P.M., Wednesday, September 28, 1955.

The Speaker: Dan Stone

The Subject: EARLY COLORADO COVERS AND CANCELLATIONS.

Reservations: With our Chuck Wrangler, Arthur Zeuch, at 930 Downing St., Denver 18, or telephone CH 4-7185.

The 1955 Program

October 1955: George T. Mills and Richard Grove from the Taylor Museum of Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center, "Pueblo Indian Fetishes, Their Types and Uses."

November 1955: Jack P. Riddle, "The Indian Corn Dance."

December 1955: A surprise for our annual meeting of the gals and pokes.

January 1956: PM Charles B. Roth, "The Biggest Wind since Galveston."

February 1956: James T. Forrest, curator of the State Museum, "A Comparative Study of the Social Customs of the Midwest and the Rocky Mountains, 1860-1880."

Riding the Range

PM Francis Rizzari has just bought the last remaining vestiges of the rolling stock used in the attempt to tunnel under Tincup Pass in the early 1900's. These consisted of four wheels and two axles, 3' gage.

PM Carl F. Mathews of Colorado Springs celebrated his birthday with us at our July meeting.

PM Charles S. Ryland and CM R. A. Ronzio retraced, in June, the trip through the Green River canyon made by Powell.

CM Edward McLean, Denver book-binder, announces that those West-erners who desire their new *Brand Book* to be bound in skunk, algerian goat, denim, linen or any combination of these should notify him before September 15. He may be reached at 18 E. Arkansas Avenue, Denver, phone Spruce 7-0202.

The Chicago Corral of The West-erners were able to see, on June 27, a preview of the first episode in a new TV series featuring Wyatt Earp. Star of the show is Hugh O'Brien as Wyatt Earp. Sponsors of the series will be General Mills and Parker Pen, and the ABC will release the first episode on September 6.

Vincent Mercaldo of the Mercaldo Archive in Richmond Hill, New York, New York, writes as follows of the Buffalo Bill photo printed in our June issue: "The photo was made about 1883 to be used in the Buffalo Bill and Carver Show when the show first opened in Omaha, Nebr. The marks on the photo must have been made by a damp paper or card, stuck to the photo and forced off. Cody

was 36 years old when the photo was made. I have more than 200 photos of Cody in my collection, and a copy of this same photo is one of them." Mr. Mercaldo is a member of the New York Posse.

H. William Moore, of Travel-World Productions and ex-posse member of the Los Angeles corral, writes as follows from Box 388, Eureka Springs, Ark.:

"This summer I am embarking on actual filming of the documentary 26-minute color and sound 16mm film, *The Overland Mail*. To make this film financially possible, I am making available to communities from St. Louis to San Francisco a chamber of commerce type travelogue, 12½ minutes, color and sound, cleared for television and national non-theatrical release. It is my hope that within the next two years I will have 13 such films ready to release in series under the title, *Today's Cities along the Overland Mail*. There is evidence that two, or possibly three, of such films will be completed this year.

"If there are any among the Denver Posse membership who know of documents, relics, restoration proceedings, and/or material of factual importance pertaining to the Overland Mail, I would welcome such information—especially if it can be photographed and included in the film series or the documentary. Mail will reach me through forwarding from the Eureka Springs address."

July saw two conducted motor tours to historical spots in Wyoming. The annual Old Time Ranch Tour from Laramie, under guidance of Bob Burns of the Wyoming posse, this year emphasized historic timber and min-

ing activities and the journey was 116 miles on Sunday, July 17, from Laramie to Woods Landing, Fox Park, Keystone, Rambler, and Albany, back to Laramie. The Oregon Trail Trek No. 5, sponsored by the Wyoming Pioneer Association under the direction of Clark Bishop and Albert Sims, also was held July 17 and covered many historic sites along the Oregon Trail in Wyoming. Information upon future treks can be secured from L. C. Bishop, 2112 Maxwell Ave., Cheyenne, Wyo.

New officers of the Colorado Folklore Society include CM Caroline Bancroft, president; PM Levette J. Davidson, vice-president; and PM Maurice Frink, treasurer.

CM H. M. Dunning of Loveland, Colo., writes to correct certain errors in information supplied the "Riding the Range" column for our May issue. He states that the land used for the creation of a park across from old Fort Namaqua was not donated by the president of the First National Bank of Loveland but by two men: Charles E. Buckingham of the National State Bank of Boulder and John L. Harper of Loveland. Mr. Dunning also states that he believes that the wall of old Fort Lupton is not the only part of any fort remaining in the state, as the column asserted; the entire walls of Fort Namaqua west of Loveland are still standing and in good condition, Mr. Dunning tells us. Our informant about Fort Lupton tells us that he had not considered Fort Namaqua in giving us the information, since Fort Lupton was an early fort constructed in the way of the early forts, but that Fort Namaqua was considerably later, constructed, as Mr. Dunning tells us, of stone.

New Publications

Vol. 2, No. 2, of the New York Posse *Brand Book* (issued quarterly) is, as usual, most attractive and valuable. The lead article is by J. A. Leermakers, his subject being "The Battle of the Rosebud" which preceded Custer's Battle of Little Big Horn. This is a carefully prepared paper and is illustrated by four colored prints of the battlefield area. Also there is an important contribution by Cress Taylor about "Mis-stan-stur," otherwise known as Mrs. William W. Bent, her husband being one of the group of fur traders and "fort" operators. Ex-sheriff James D. Horan writes about "Tim O'Sullivan, Photographer of the West." And the usual reviews, news, and shorter articles complete the 24 large pages of this fine Westerners publication. Incidentally, Knickerbocker beer is not the only advertiser any more; various book shops have space, and one Fred A. Rosenstock is prominent among such in these ads.

Nos. 7 and 8 of Vol. 1 of *The English Westerners Brand Book* are at hand. In the May issue Frederick W. Nolan, editor for the English group, dips into the Lincoln County War and notes the events and reasons that culminated in the murder of John Tunstall. In the June issue, Colin Taylor writes with interesting detail about "The Plains Indian Warbonnet." Many book reviews appear in each issue.

Nos. 2 and 3 of Vol. 2 of the *Brand Book* of the Wyoming Westerners call for mention. The main article in the Winter 1955 issue is by Wendel Vaughn of Windsor, Colo., and in it he discusses the Custer Battle from the background of "The Reno Court of Inquiry" written by the late Col. William A. Graham. Then if you wish to know how Skull Creek up in

the Jackson Hole country received its name, you may read a short article by the Larences of Moran. In the Spring 1955 issue, N. Orwin Rush writes about "Wister Went West." Both issues have short comments under "Bunk House Meditation" and many book reviews.

A new place to find "history" is *Cervi's Journal*. Gene Cervi, the unpredictable Denver publisher, in his issue of July 7, 1955, has a man's size portrait-in-words entitled "Gerald Hughes, Empire Builder, Reaches 80." It is well written and carries a lot of interesting data about one of our most respected members of the bar, still active in our community affairs.

Perhaps you thought that *The Colorado Quarterly* published by The University of Colorado was to be all "literature." Well, the first three volumes might be so classed. But the first number of Vol. IV is a "Special Colorado Issue" and rates as "historical." Muriel Sibell Wolle, Ghost Townner Herself, writes of the missionaries and preachers who followed the prospectors into the mining camps, and her delightful sketches of the early churches are present. Louisa Ward Arps writes about Isabella Bird and quotes from her letters; you can get some new lights upon this early "tourist." Anne Matlack chooses as her subject "The Spirit of Anne Ellis," who, as you recall, wrote *The Life of an Ordinary Woman* and *Plain Anne Ellis*, mostly centered about Bonanza at the northern end of the San Luis Valley. Richard A. Bartlett describes details of "The Hayden Survey of Colorado," illustrated by a couple of W. H. Jackson pictures. Forest Crossen has sketched the tourist railroads of Colorado, again illustrated by old photographs. Also Caroline Bancroft contributes a "Fact or

Fancy" item about some popular stories that may not be too true. Through this mere indication of the contents of the Summer, 1955, *Quarterly*, you may be convinced that you should have a copy.

Along comes No. 9 of Vol. 1 of *The English Westerners Brand Book* with a series of "Notes on a Texas Landmark," to-wit "Horsehead Crossing" by Kenneth J. Bates. Because the Pecos River was treacherous, a good crossing was the guide-post for many trails and uses. This is a very fine contribution about a special small spot in the Big State. This July issue from Liverpool also tells that, come November, this Brand Book will appear in *printed* form.

Under date of June of 1955 comes "Publication 30" from the Los Angeles Corral. The feature story, by Edwin H. Carpenter, Jr., is about Idaho Meacham Strobridge, who ran at times the Artemisia Bindery of Los Angeles. Fine review of Doc. Mumey's Gunnison book appears.

Latest to arrive from other Westerners is a package from Chicago containing: A reprint of Peter Hurd's "Rodeo" which appears in the current *Home and Highway*; an Index to Volume XI of the Chicago Corral's Brand Book (March 1954 to February 1955); and Nos. 4 and 5 of Vol. XII. In the June issue William Edward Hayes, historian of the Rock Island, tells of some of the early struggles of Ambrose C. Fulton toward a railroad out of Chicago and across the Mississippi. In the July issue President Herbert O. Brayer tells of an epilogue of the Johnson County war, the killing of Marshal George Wellman. As usual, these issues contain many mentions of books and articles dealing with western history.

E.H.E.

Colorado's State Flower

ERL H. ELLIS

Frank McDonough, telling all about Palmer Lake at the July meeting, stated that it was known right where our beautiful columbine was "discovered." This may excuse some remarks for non-botanists about the naming of our state flower.

Flowers, like people, have two names, when flowers are being technically described in Latin nomenclature; but with flowers the "family" name comes first, like we list our names in a telephone directory.

Carl Linnaeus was born in Sweden in 1707 and became a botanist and physician. He developed a passion for classifying flowers and really "invented" our binominal method of naming flowers. It was he who selected the generic (family) name of *Aquilegia* for the old-world columbines. The "spurs" of these flowers suggested, it would seem, the talons of the eagle, and of course *aquila* was the Latin for eagle.

Ninety years after the birth of Linnaeus in Sweden, Edwin James was born in Vermont, and he was also destined to be a surgeon and botanist. Quoting from *Rocky Mountain Naturalists* by Joseph Ewan: "Edwin James was Colorado's first botanist. As a member of Major Long's Yellowstone Expedition of 1820, he was first to visit the state with intent to discover, record, and collect the native plants. It was James who was first to ascend any 14,000 foot peak in North America—first to describe the treeless tundra of any 14,000 foot peak in this country—first historian of Colorado's natural history!" Who could be more fitting to be first to find, as a botanist, and name, and describe, what was to be our state flower?

James of course wrote the story of the Long's Expedition and on page 15

of Volume II of the 1823 Philadelphia edition is found the following as a part of the July, 1823, diary:

"11th. From our encampment, we travelled nearly south, and, crossing a small ridge dividing the waters of the Platte from those of the Arkansas, halted to dine on a tributary of the latter. In an excursion from this place we collected a large species of columbine, somewhat resembling the common one of the gardens. It is heretofore unknown to the Flora of the United States, to which it forms a splendid acquisition. If it should appear not to have been described, it may receive the name *Aquilegia caerulea*."

So James, impressed with the sky-blue color of our native columbine, selected the specific name that identifies this flower from all other columbines, and his was the first botanical writing so to identify this species. So was the state flower "discovered."

The temptation is not resisted to say that Palmer Lake and El Paso County have not insisted that the peak that James climbed be known as "James Peak," but have allowed the name of a mere "viewer" of the peak to have his name immortalized, one Pike. But Clear Creek County, whose peaks are so numerous named for botanists, has given the name James Peak to the stalwart mountain that is its north-west corner, even though Edwin James did not explore the headwaters of Clear Creek.

In 1899 the Colorado State Legislature declared: "The white and lavender columbine is hereby made and declared to be the state flower of the state of Colorado." Thus, officially, our special *Aquilegia* lost its high-altitude cerulean hue and became the more garden-like lavender.

HISTORICAL NOTES ON THE PALMER LAKE REGION

FRANK McDONOUGH, JR.

Many prominent ghosts of the pioneering past walk the highways and byways of the Town of Palmer Lake. We see Countess Murat spending her last days in her mountainside home looking just over peaceful Monument Valley to the south; General William J. Palmer watching the first narrow gauge railway in the nation crawl slowly over the hump of the divide; Chancellor, afterwards Governor, Henry A. Buchtel preaching his sermons in the Chautauqua Auditorium; Judge Ben B. Lindsey telling of his visions of the future for the treatment of juveniles in the court of his dreams; other great Coloradans by the score who came to Palmer Lake to build, to educate, to spend a pleasant vacation, or merely to span out their lifetime in the peace and quiet of this beautiful place.

All of the Western wanderers traveling the old Santa Fe Trail did not turn southward at La Junta. Many turned north with the Cherry Creek settlements or Fort Russell as their objective. A former mayor of Palmer Lake, Robert W. Owens, boasted that he was a mule skinner hauling freight from Fort Russell to old Fort Union in New Mexico, and this northern branch of the Santa Fe Trail, as he called it, took him through Palmer Lake, which he so admired that he made it his home in his retirement after the railroad came.

There are few lakes in the world with more than one outlet, and fewer still which have an outlet to the north and another to the south. Palmer Lake perches at the top of the natural pass between Ben Lomond and Sundance mountains, a setting from which its waters drain to the north, eventually to join the Platte River, and to the south seep into Monument Creek and thence into the Arkansas—diverse wanderings of thousands of miles before these same waters join again in the Mississippi.

The history of Palmer Lake and the surrounding region varies little from the histories of other similar Western communities. The first wild rugged days when the ox carts and mule teams labored over the pass on their way to the Gregory diggings, watched over from the secrecy of Indian Cave on the south slopes of Ben Lomond by marauding bands of redskins, and many becoming easy prey to savage raids. Then the coming of the boom days with the advent of the railroad. Then came the changing era of the mid-Victorian hotels, the Rocklands, the Verano Lodge, and the old Cliff House. The quiet days when the town settled back to peaceful living with neither perceptible growth nor loss of population. And now the boom days again with the coming of the United States Air Academy, whose boundaries almost border the town.

On the map of the first Kansas Pacific survey of 1869 the lake is designated as Summit Lake. On the Rio Grande survey, which was completed in the late summer of 1871, it appears as Divide Lake. In 1883 it was renamed Loch Katrine, and shortly thereafter, when General Palmer's wife had expressed the desire that the lake be named for the general, it was formally christened as Lake Palmero. This formal christening took place at a large banquet celebrating the completion of the Rio Grande from Denver to Colorado Springs. But the new name did not seem to find favor, and shortly thereafter in the railroad timetable of 1884 it was called Palmer Lake.

The Rio Grande tracks were completed through the town in September, 1871, and later in the autumn when the railroad had reached Colorado Springs General Palmer had a special excursion train from Denver to Colorado Springs on which were many early day notables. The now famous little engine "Montezuma" did the honors and served for many years on this run. Regular service commenced on January 1, 1872.

At the time of the coming of the railroad there was no settlement of any consequence. A section house and shack on the railroad property, and a combined mill and barn on the Ben Lomond ranch constituted the town until 1879, when the railroad determined to make Palmer Lake an outstanding resort.

One of the early characters of the community was Camillus Weiss. Without formal appointment as station agent, he acted as telegrapher for fifteen years. He was a wizened, dried up little man who seemed satisfied to perform his duties for the railroad, made no friends, and was a thorough introvert. Messages and mail began to come to the little settlement and Weiss assumed this duty without for-

mal appointment also. The settlement being as yet nameless, Weiss gave it the name of Weissport, and until 1883 the postoffice was so named.

In 1887 the Santa Fe Railroad extended its lines from Pueblo to Denver, laying its tracks on the east side of the lake at the foot of Ben Lomond. A handsome station was built and the eating house for a time rivalled that of the Rio Grande. The Santa Fe however never became as close to the town people, probably for the reason that in 1879 General Palmer and his associates began to carry out the plan to make a resort at the lake. At the south end of the lake the hillside was parked and a large dance pavilion was constructed. In 1882 the Rio Grande had constructed and exhibited at the First National Mining Congress a model railroad depot which later was moved to the west shore of the lake. Opposite the depot and across the tracks an attractive covered boathouse and wharf were erected. The lake itself was enlarged by building a dam across the north end and dredging out the south end. It completed an attractive resort to which the Rio Grande ran weekend excursions for many years, until the advent of the automobile.

The first boom days were upon Palmer Lake, and indeed there were many attractive spots of interest in the vicinity which attracted visitors. Indian Cave, a deep indentation in the rim rock of Ben Lomond, was a hide out for Indian scouts who could look southward down the valley for many miles and see approaching immigrant trains. Elephant Rock is a perfect picture of the animal after which it is named. Chautauqua Crest, the mountain upon which Glen Park is situated, has a saddle back crest, and according to Indian tradition among many tribes, is the mountain upon which their version of Noah's Ark settled after the great flood. To

the west, from Jackson Creek to Ute Pass is a totally primitive area to this day, approximately fifty miles long and twenty-five miles in depth, with no auto roads, no ranches or settlements, and no travel. It is rich in game and was the hunting ground of the Ute and Arapahoe. Out of this primitive area comes Ice Cave Canon, the source of the purest water supply in the state. The creek runs underground for a mile or more, under piles of glacial boulders, and under one of the larger rocks is Ice Cave, where blocks of ice may be taken out in mid-August. The two reservoirs which constitute the town's water system are pine bounded alpine lakes of great beauty. The Peary Park area, the great field of balancing rocks to the west, the Saylor's Park country abounding in wild game, the Winding Stairs and other nearby places of interest have been magnets drawing summer tourists for three quarters of a century.

During the Eighties and until the so-called Panic of 1893 Palmer Lake became a boom town. The recorder's records in Colorado Springs disclose that it was a period of speculation, of overbuilding, of mortgaging property to the hilt, the very conditions which, when the bubble burst, caused the financial panic. History repeats itself over and over again; and humans continue to blow up the bubble of debt and wages and speculation, until that bubble in turn bursts.

Dr. W. Finley Thompson, a well-to-do dentist from Denver became enamored of the region. It was he who laid out the town, plotted subdivisions over the fields and the mountains, and incorporated an area nearly four miles long by two miles wide. He built the famed Estamere, with grounds fenced with iron spindles and containing typical mid-Victorian statuary of cast iron, deer and humans, and fountain pools. In the tower of

Estamere there still remains perhaps the first planetarium in the West, where the stars and planets, though dulled by time, still gleam for the rare visitor to. Thompson believed in the finest of horses with carriages to match, in the rarest of wines and the gayest of guests. He built well, with caretakers' houses, commodious stables, and in the Courts, a miniature Garden of the Gods some two miles away, he built guest houses, stables, and accommodations where far from the inquiring world week-end and, indeed, week-long parties were held, the splendor of which tradition, rumor and time have neither dimmed nor magnified.

Every early Colorado town had a Cliff House and that of Palmer Lake was of stone. The Rocklands Hotel, for many years in its last days managed by Mr. and Mrs. Hal D. Vangilder, just grew along the canon rim, a jumble of grown together dwellings and yet retaining an atmosphere of friendliness and companionship which centered either on its wide southern porch or in its well conducted dining room. Verano Lodge in the Glen was another well known hostelry, with cell-like rooms and an immense dining hall which compelled the guest to walk two hundred yards for their meals. This was an era of hotels and dining places, and the Rio Grande and Santa Fe eating houses, on opposite sides of the lake, competed in the excellence of their foods. The Palmer Lake Year Book of 1894 grew exaggeratedly effusive in its description of the Rio Grande eating house:

The coffee and tempting viands that have passed over this counter are remembered by epicures and tourists throughout Christendom as the palatables par excellence of pleasant journeys.

This was an era of growth. New homes dotted the mountainside. A two-story school house with bell and cupola was built. The town boasted three newspapers for several years. The annual year book, edited by E. Chapin Gard, was a forerunner of even the most optimistic Chamber of Commerce pamphlets.

Coming to Palmer Lake in 1887 was Countess Murat—Katrina Wolf Murat, reputed to be the woman who first pieced together the American flag in Colorado. Some careless historians have stated that the famous Count Murat built this home on Sundance Mountain and maintained it as a night club for many years. This is far from the truth, and it was merely the quiet home of a quiet retiring woman from the time of her arrival in Palmer Lake in 1887 until her death in March of 1910. The Countess discarded the title, and it is to be presumed that she had never any faith in its authenticity but merely thought it the assumption of Denver's champion barber and greatest booster. In her declining years her funds became exhausted, but she lived graciously nevertheless upon the charity of the Pioneer Society and good friends in the town who had learned to love her quiet wit and her simply told reminiscences.

Two years before the coming of the Countess, one summer morning in 1885 came another wonderful character. He was Rev. Howard H. Priestly, of Princeton, Illinois. Tall, gaunt, tubercular, brown bearded, with sunken eyes and dome like forehead, this man of great intellect and high educational and religious ideals was seeking a health-giving place. He came, not to die, but to live. Dr. Thompson was the owner of a plot of ground, heavily wooded with pine and scrub oak, lying between north and south Monument Creeks and forming a perfect glen nestling on the breast of the

Crest where a smaller hill known as Lookout juts out. This was the place of which he had dreamed, and he immediately visualized an alpine village on the mountain slopes and a great educational and religious institution at the base. Thus was The Rocky Mountain Chautauqua formed years before its sister institution at Boulder.

The Chautauqua became an integral part of the life of the town. Its activities and attractions and its thousands of summer visitors continued the life of the town through the perilous years of the late Nineties. It was part of the town, and yet not of it. A thing separate and apart, its history in itself is a study of the transition period from the horse and buggy days to the days of the automobile. It is the transition period from high buttoned shoes to patent leather pumps; from the digging out of knowledge from books and outdoor nature studies to acquiring such knowledge while sitting in the comfortable chair of a movie house; from the days of the alpenstock and long mountain climbs to the days when an automobile is the sole known way of getting to the store for a loaf of bread; from rugged individualistic hard work to the second-hand acquisition through wonderful inventions of the rapidly growing machine age; from physical hardness to physical softness; from mental struggle to mental laziness.

Soon a large Auditorium arose, and the Verano Lodge, the Dining Hall, a music hall, a hundred tent frames and private cottages dotted the mountainside rising in tiers along six graded roads. Priestly invented the tent cottage with its shingled roof and boarded floor with canvas sides which could be taken down during the winter and which were comfortable health-giving abodes. He also invented a sheet iron fireplace for tents and cottages which was in use for many years.

Informal meetings and outdoor ves-

pers were held during the summer of 1886, and in July, 1887, the Chautauqua was a full-fledged going concern. Full courses were offered in art, music, Del Sarte, geology, biology, and dramatics, each course covering a period of six weeks. Tuesday evenings were devoted to miscellaneous entertainments, Thursdays were set aside for musicals, and Saturday nights for dramatics or headline attractions. Sundays were full days with visiting ministers conducting church services, a well organized Sunday School and Vesper Services out of doors in the evening. The Chautauqua continued its activities from 1887 until 1910. Supplementing the Chautauqua was the Y.M.C.A. which held its summer sessions here for many years before moving to Estes Park. The Y.W.C.A. also took over after the Chautauqua season and for years flourished. This organization had its own buildings for housing and dining. There were many theological courses, the most interesting of which was "The First Hebrew Summer School" which offered beginning courses in Hebrew, advanced courses in the study of the old testament in Hebrew, and a course of eighteen lectures on technical theological subjects. This school was particularly recommended for those studying for the ministry.

The holding corporation was separate from the Chautauqua, and many names familiar to early Colorado history are found among the organizers. Judge R. H. Gilmore was the first president, and among the other officers and directors were Humphrey B. Chamberlain, Jerome B. Cory, Granville Malcom, and many others. The programs over the years bring out many other familiar and famous names. The first musical director was Wilberforce J. Whiteman, and his wife was the first soloist. It was on the stage of the Auditorium that Judge Ben B. Lindsey first disclosed

his plans for a juvenile court; Rev. Henry A. Buchtel, afterwards Governor, and Chancellor of the University of Denver, for many years was a regular occupant of the pulpit; Senator Nathaniel P. Hill gave lectures over many seasons. Other famous participants in the Chautauqua activities were J. Warner Mills, author of Mills Annotated Statutes, who annually conducted a "Lawyers Day"; the Rt. Rev. Dean H. Marvin Hart, Rev. Myron W. Reed, Dean A. C. Peck, "Parson" Thomas A. Uzzell, Rev. David A. Moore, and a host of others.

For more than two decades the Chautauqua flourished, but the transition period was upon it. The automobile and new improved roads took tourists far afield. The day of packing the trunks and moving the family to the mountains for the summer while the head of the house sweltered in city heat was a thing of the past. And the Chautauqua was also a thing of the past. The alpine village slumbered on, and the early families even unto the fourth and fifth generations continue to come and enjoy the quiet life.

It may be of more than passing interest to note here that at the height of the Chautauqua, in 1903, the Dining Hall served 21 meals for \$6.00. Board and a room at the Verano Lodge was \$8.50 per week. However, competition was strong because the Y.W.C.A. Rest Home offered board and room at \$3.50 per week, and Mrs. R. E. Morrow in her attractive little cottage offered the same accommodations at \$3.25 per week. And twenty single rides on the Rio Grande and Santa Fe, between Denver and Palmer Lake, could be purchased in book form for \$15.00!

With the Glen settling back to the peace of a quiet family summer resort, joining the main town in its stagnation, another portion of town now known as Pine Crest came into being. For many years a Swiss emigrant, P. P.

Blass, had owned the pine covered ridge east of Glen Park, which he named Columbine Park because of the profusion of columbines growing in the timber. Indeed there is authentic scientific authority which pronounces this place as being the site of the discovery of the columbine in this country. Blass built many Swiss type log cottages among the pines and made no effort to promote the place as a summer resort. In 1908 a young man named W. C. Pickens, with big ideas and limited pocketbook, purchased the site, changed the name to Pine Crest, built many new cottages, a swimming pool, bowling alley, dining hall, and hotel, and advertised heavily over the nation. Among his extravagances was a professional baseball team, which with his other wild expenditures soon brought him to the brink of bankruptcy. Dr. Fred R. Baker of Colorado Springs came to the rescue of Pickens financially, and for many years managed the Pine Crest Inn and the resort in a conservative and substantial manner. Upon his retirement, the entire plant was sold to Newton E. Medlock, who continued Baker's conservative operations.

Among the many new residents and cottage owners were Methodist leaders who formed the Pine Crest Epworth Association. In 1928 this association was incorporated as The Pine Crest Association, which purchased the land and all improvements from Mr. Medlock. Lots and cottages were sold to Methodist laymen and churches throughout the State. A large dining and headquarters building was erected and several dormitories. The Pine Crest Inn and adjoining ground was sold to the Salvation Army, which formed its Elephant Rock camp for underprivileged children.

Since the early days of the first Chautauqua in 1886 Palmer Lake has continued to possess the influence of educational and religious institutions.

For many years McPherson College, of McPherson, Kansas, maintained its summer school in the old Estamere. It was succeeded by the first of the national summer schools for underprivileged girls sponsored by the Gamma Phi Beta Sorority. The Salvation Army has improved its plant with new buildings and one of the finest outdoor swimming pools in the State. It maintains its camp not only as a recreation center for boys, but also conducts valuable courses in boy training. The Methodist institution and its holding corporation The Pine Crest Association has continued to grow and in 1951 had over 3400 registered in its various study groups. Among these groups is one for senior college students with representatives coming each summer from all of the larger colleges in eight Western states. For many years the Baptist Assembly, now removed to their own plant in the Black Forest, held its summer sessions in the Methodist Grounds. One particularly fine group which annually uses the Pine Crest facilities for three weeks is the young peoples' association of the original Latter Day Saints.

The latest of such institutions, and perhaps the one locally most influential, is the Little Log Church. Formed in August, 1925, it occupied a log home on Sundance mountain as the church, and an adjoining log cottage as a parsonage. Rev. H. Orville Bender was the first pastor and was succeeded in 1930 by Dr. Evalena Macy. Dr. Macy's work in the community has well earned for her the honor conferred by her alma mater, Friends University, as Doctor of the Humanities. Dr. Macy is the second woman in Colorado to be so honored, Dr. Florence Sabin being the first. Under Doctor Macy's guidance the church has enlarged and recently completed a \$25,000.00 enlargement program which is fully paid for.

The Yule Log Ceremony held in Palmer Lake annually on the Sunday before Christmas has become nationally famous. Such well known publications as *Good Housekeeping*, *Country Gentleman*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, and others have published feature articles about this continuation in the Rocky Mountains of the age-old ceremony. The kindling log traces its continuity from ancient days in old England. Careful research has permitted this ceremony to be an exact replica of the oldest Yule Log ceremony. The search is held each year on Sundance Mountain, with indoor ceremonies in the Town Hall. All townspeople and many visitors are garbed in hooded capes of green or red, and the colorful pageant attracts nearly two thousand visitors each year. Last year's registration disclosed visitors from four foreign countries and twenty-four states. Lending its beauty to the scene is the Star of Bethlehem on Sundance Mountain. This is the largest electric insignia in the world, reaching a distance of five hundred feet from any one point to any opposite point. The ceremony and the lighting of the star during the month of December have been con-

tinuous, except for the war years, since 1933.

Again the wheel of commercial fortune has turned toward Palmer Lake. The southern boundary of the town is but three and a half miles from the northern limits of the new United States Air Academy. With the influx of an estimated five thousand construction workers and their families, and limited housing accommodations in Colorado Springs, the housing outlet is being sought in the neighboring towns of Monument and Palmer Lake. New construction of housing and trailer court facilities is going on apace. The local school district has just completed enlarged school facilities in Palmer Lake, Monument, and the Black Forest, and the first wave of incoming population has already filled the new schools to their capacity. New dwellings and business structures are being rapidly constructed. Conservative investors mingle with speculators in creating another, and by far the largest, boom in the history of this historic little village. How long it will last, how far it will go, and what will be the aftermath some five or six years hence, are questions whose answer lies in the laps of the gods.

FIDDLE FOOTED*

MAT ENNIS JONES

(Continued from June issue)

Going by foot into a bunch of cows and calves was also a dangerous business. A Texas or New Mexico cow was wilder than a Montana cow and was a better mother for that reason, because she stayed close to her calf, to nurse, protect, and teach it how to survive. The cow would often take a notion to protect her calf by hooking you with her horns. In those close quarters in the corrals, the boys were more at a disadvantage trying to protect themselves. All the other outfits I have seen worked their cattle out on the ranges by horseback.

In Texas the calves would be roped around the neck, and dragged close to the fire where the branding irons were kept hot. Around this fire were the boys doing the "ground work" on foot. Some took care of the fire and branding irons. Others were ear-marking or standing guard over the "pairs" who received the calves from the ropers and stretched the calf out for the brander or ear-marker to work on. When a pair of these boys were finished with one calf and ready for the next, they would meet the roper with his calf. One of the two boys would grab the rope, work down the rope with his hands gradually getting down closer to the scared, bawling,

jumping calf, then put one hand on the rope down close to the calf's head, put his other hand over across the calf's back and catch hold of the skin on its flank. When the calf jumped the boy would give the calf a lift with his knee and throw the calf's side up. The calf hit the ground (proper side up) with the wind knocked out of him. This was called "flanking a calf." Most all brands were put on the calf's left side. The cowboys learned pretty early in life that it was better to figure out which side was supposed to land up. If a mistake was made and the calf had to be turned over, that calf usually kicked the stuffin' out of the boy, because by that time the calf would have his wind back.

As the calf fell proper side up, and while he was short winded, the other partner would quick grab the calf's top hind leg with both hands, sitting down at the same time. Also at the same moment he would lean on the calf's underneath leg with his own knee or foot and thrust a foot up against the calf's rear end. This stretched the calf out full length. Meanwhile the boy on the front end of the calf dropped down onto the calf's neck with one knee. The rope was taken off as soon as possible so the roper could go back to fetch another calf. As the boy threw off the rope, he grabbed the top front leg and doubled it down at the knee joint to help hold the calf still. When the calf was stretched out, one of the men at the fire grabbed up one of the hot irons and ran to the calf. Quickly he stamped or pressed the red hot branding iron against the calf's hip or side

*Copyright 1955 by Mat Ennis Jones. This work is a selection from a book-length manuscript being prepared by the author about his most interesting life as cowboy on the open range, from Texas to Montana, and his work as a peace officer. The section printed in *Roundup* is a general description of the life of the range cowboys late in the last century.

(which ever was the correct position) at the proper place and angle. The hair would be singed off, usually without a flame starting. If it did flame, a hat or glove was used to slap it out. Then the iron was left in place long enough to sear the hide so that the brand (a scar) was visible when the scab dropped off. Most all of the Texas and New Mexico outfits earmarked as well as branded. These ear-marks were notches cut a certain way in one or both of the ears and the "ear-mark" was registered along with the brand at the local county clerk's office. So at the time the calf was branded, a fourth man would be cutting the correct ear-mark. If the calf was a bull calf he was castrated at this time also.

Of course the season's calves had to be counted or "tallied," and in order not to make a separate job of it, this was done each time calves were branded. As each calf was branded, if it was a heifer calf one of the ear notches was put in a certain place by the ear marker, and if it was a bull calf, after it was castrated the tip end of the bag was tossed in another place. When the branding had been finished these separate piles were counted and the boss would write the separate tallies down in his tally book.

The calf, now a steer usually bawling, bucking and shaking its head, was allowed to find its own way back to the herd and its mammy. The calf's mammy always followed her calf right out of the herd when the roper started dragging it to the fire. Once in a while she would dodge the boys holding the herd who always tried to turn the cow back into the herd. If the cow did manage to follow her calf, she was a worried and onrey mother. She would bawl, paw the ground, shake her head, snort, and maybe charge the boys who were working on her baby. When a cow charged, the boys were suddenly very

busy trying to get out of her way or trying to head her off by flapping their hats and hooting at her. Meanwhile the calf might get away. And the next time that same calf was stretched out, his mammy would be pretty "ringy" (mad or on the fight), and an extra boy holding a hot iron or stick of wood from the fire would have to stand beside the boys and use these things to keep the cow away from them.

When the branding activities were first started, the cows wearing a stray brand (different from that of the outfit starting the branding) were spotted first. While the calf was at its mammy's side, the roper would rope it and sing out the brand of the cow. I have been put to branding at that time instead of my usual roping because I would be familiar with all the nearby brands and could draw them on with a "running iron." This ability marked a man as a "top" hand or real cowboy. Then after the stray calves were marked for their owners, the regular business of the day commenced. The regular ropers went to work and any calf could be roped and the boys at the fire knew that their own boss's brand was the only one left to be put on. With a herd of cows and calves, each bawling for the other, hooves pounding the ground—both cattle and horse hooves, with dust fogging up around this fracas—making man and animal alike sneeze and cough, all added up to quite a bit of "range music."

Branding irons were made for the owner by a town blacksmith, or maybe one of his own employees or ranch hands could fashion it for him. These irons, to use the Hat X, for an example, would consist of two irons, one a bar with a long handle connected to the center of the back of the bar, and another iron with a half circle with a long handle similarly attached. By heating both irons and stamping

them in the correct pattern, one after the other, the brand Hat X was formed. Some times, especially on the little outfits, a "running iron" was used. This was just a long rod, hooked on one end, which was heated and then the brand was drawn on the hide, using the rounded curve of the hook. A hot iron ring held by long brush sticks could be used also to draw on the brand.

Brands for the most part were letters or numerals but there were some that were character brands such as the Hat X, the Box, the Wine Glass, and so forth. These branding irons were heated in a fire built for that purpose. The running iron was so handy, that it soon was used by "shady" characters to brand another outfit's calves first, in order to build up their own herds faster. This practice soon made the use of the "running iron" against the law, even in the hands of an honest man. A fellow could carry a short "running iron" under his saddle skirts or down the scabbard of his rifle too easily. Outlawing of the "running iron" soon increased the need and use of stamp irons, and so the necessity of registering them became more a state than a county practice and was later required by law.

Some brand owners even registered their brand in more than one state, especially if their range should include a part of, or be very near, the border of the neighboring state. This was to keep some shady character from registering the same brand as an honest rancher used nearby in the next state, and then claiming the stock, from that first brand owner, under the cloak of the law. In later days there were so many brands in use that it was difficult to figure out a new brand if you wanted one, so the brand board in some states made a rule that every ten years, or what ever time limit was specified, the owner of a

brand must register it again. This way if a brand owner had discontinued using that brand he probably would not want to register it again. After so much time had lapsed after the time limit had expired, that brand would be what is called a "lapsed" brand and some one could then register it and legally use it on his own stock.

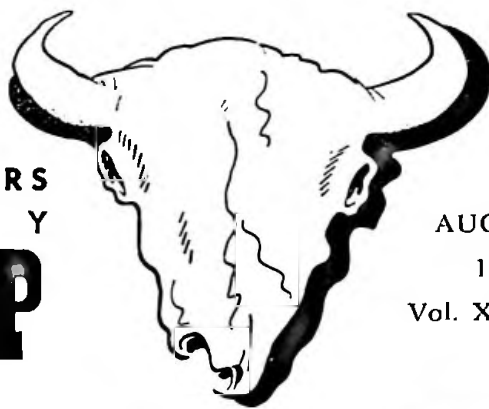
The "Trail" and the Trail Herd

The "trail," as any herd trail would be, was made up of several meandering paths that would spread out and cover a width of fifty to one hundred yards. As the "trail" had been travelled for years, there was no grass growing on that hard packed ground. This trail of course crossed the ranges of different ranches and the large outfits along the trail would have men set up in small camps located at different points on their range along the trail, during the trail season. These men were called "trail cutters." It was their job to ride along with the passing herd through their portion of the range and keep that outfit's cattle away from the trail herd. If any of the local ranch cattle did mingle with the passing herd, the trail cutters would cut them back out.

When on the trail the cattle would leave the bed ground at daybreak. So before that time the cook would have prepared breakfast. All the boys would have eaten, caught their horses, and be on their way out to relieve the last night guards. These night guards rode into camp and got their breakfast. After they had eaten, they caught fresh horses and rode on out to catch up with the trail herd. The cattle were being held along side of the trail headed in the right direction as long as possible, because when they did "hit the trail" the cattle quit grazing and began to travel.

(To be continued next issue.)

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



AUGUST
1955
Vol. XI, No. 8



*Ute Indian Dances at Chief Colorow's Cave,
August Meeting*

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M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



Entered as Second Class Matter
at Boulder, Colorado. Printed
Monthly. \$3.00 per year.

Vol. XI

August, 1955

No. 8

Printing Office
839 Pearl St., Boulder.

Business Office
Room 306, State Museum Building, Denver.

Denver Posse Founded January 26, 1945
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The October Meeting

Time: 6:30 P.M., Wednesday, October 26, 1955.

The Speaker: George T. Mills and Richard Grove from the Taylor Museum of Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center,

The Subject: PUEBLO INDIAN FETISHES, THEIR TYPES and USES.

Reservations: With our Chuck Wrangler, Arthur Zeuch, at 930 Downing St., Denver 18, or telephone CH 4-7185.

The 1955 Program

November 1955: Jack P. Riddle, "The Indian Corn Dance."

December 1955: A surprise for our annual meeting of the gals and pokes.

January 1956: PM Charles B. Roth, "The Biggest Wind since Galveston."

February 1956: James T. Forrest, curator of the State Museum, "A Comparative Study of the Social Customs of the Midwest and the Rocky Mountains, 1860-1880."

Riding the Range

A really rousing time was had by the many attending the Denver Posse's annual roundup meeting at Chief Colorow's Cave on August 13th. The cave was filled with guests from other pooses (including some from Canada), their wives, and the wives and members of the Denver Posse. The program of Dr. Lyman's paper, dances, and some pictures by Fred Mazzulla was excellent. All attending felt real thanks and admiration for Chuck Wrangler Art Zeuch for the food (and for the cooking he did over the fire) and expressed their appreciation for the chance, again, to meet in the fine cave, courtesy of PM D. L. Bax.

Oregrain Trail Trek No. 6, sponsored by the Wyoming Pioneer Association, was held September 11. Departure was from the crossing of the Sweetwater River on the highway between Rawlins and Lander. The treks are sponsored by Albert Sims and Clark Bishop.

The Colorado Springs *Free Press* for some months has been running a thrice-a-week column by our PM John J. Lipsey. Most of Lipsey's pieces have been sketches of historical incidents or characters of Colorado, but some others concern his boyhood memories, his adventures as a TB in Colorado in the early 1920's, his hatred of juke boxes, bad poetry, and sweet-and-low playing of the Star Spangled Banner. Perhaps the most talked about piece concerned a lady who dumped beer cans in his front yard. He also writes about bad grammar, poor pronunciation, and bores on radio and television. The column is entitled "Lipsey Dixit."

The big summer meeting of the Black Hills Westerners was held August 21 at Lockhaven, Sheriff Carl Loocke's cabin, at Keystone, South Dakota. Ben Black Elk spoke on rituals of the Sioux people, and talk was held about range life in the Old West.

PM Ed Bemis has another "first" to his credit. The first sheriff of the Denver Posse, Ed was elected, on August 30th, president of the newly-formed Littleton Area Historical Society. The society is incorporated and plans to set up an historical museum in Littleton.

The Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region, under the presidency of PM Kenny Englert, continues its many activities. The effort to get new streets named for historical places and persons has paid off. In the Academy Heights development north of Colorado Springs, the main thoroughfare is to be called Kit Carson Boulevard. Other streets are named for old mining and railroad towns, and include the following: Garo Circle, Ashcroft, Altman, Weston, Tomichi, Tincup, Leavick, Eureka, Romley, Irwin, Rosemont, Carnero, Turret, Alpine, and Winfield.

The society's fall and winter radio series opened this month over radio station KRDO in Colorado Springs. President Englert was the first guest to be interviewed—in this case about the accomplishments of the society, and about the society's efforts to set up a Pike Sesquicentennial celebration.

Book Reviews

Cock of the Walk: Legend of Pancho Villa by Haldeen Braddy. University of New Mexico Press, 1955. \$4.00.

In this volume the facts and fancies of Villa's life are blended in such a manner that all facts seem legend and all legends assume the directness of factual accounts. The author frankly admits his admiration of Villa as "mucho hombre" and admits that in his attempts to present an impartial picture of Villa his task has been difficult. Here, it would seem, the poet and the folklorist clash with the historian. In reading this book I have been impressed with Dr. Braddy's conflicts of approach. His portrayal of Pancho Villa as a Mexican Robin Hood, the burial of treasures legendary or otherwise, his idyllic amours, all seemingly reflect a desire to paint Pancho in the most favorable light. Perhaps he leans a bit heavily upon the home life of Villa as described by Luz Corral de Villa in her book *Pancho Villa en la Intimidad*, which according to Sr. Walton Francis Gibbs (who went into Mexico in 1899 and lived part of the time in the Villa household during the Revolution, and who now lives in Oaxaca) doesn't tell all of her experiences with Villa as his beloved: of the nights when he came home and told her cheerfully that *some* night he would come in and kill her; of her attempts to escape and being brought back again by Villa's men. Today, Luz slips around through the empty halls of Quinta Luz (3014 Calle Diez) in the city of Chihuahua, still admiring the rococo furniture and classic decorations, "*pintado por un Italiano*" of her

music room, selling books to tourists and living out a dream of the future when her house will be a tourist hotel with all the rooms, where *los Dorados* of the body guard were once quartered, filled with visitors from the United States.

On the other hand the author relates incident after incident of Villa's cold-blooded murders which are seemingly glossed over in the name of patriotism. It is difficult to know at times whether Dr. Braddy condones these actions and whether he actually believes his statement, p. 88, "He planted the seeds of revolution in the peon mind, and his onslaughts upon the ruling class sprouted them. Since he burned with a love for the masses, he flaunted his robberies recklessly before the world."

Personally, after reading the book I find it a bit difficult to accept at face value that "He burned with a love for the masses . . ." All through the book the actions of Villa are, to me, those of a man governed mainly by his own lusts. He would shoot down a *peon* or ravish the daughter of a *peon* and permit his men to do so as readily as he would slip a few *pesos* into the hand of a starving farmer.

But, whether one agrees with Dr. Braddy's interpretations of Villa's character or not, one must admit the data have been patiently assembled and forged into a volume on this famous *badido de Mexico* in a most readable form.

The death of Villa in the streets of Parral, his automobile jammed against the tree alongside the house, from which the riflemen are reputed to have opened fire as the car rounded the curve in the roadway, did not end

(Continued on Page 9)

THE UTE PEOPLE: AN EXAMPLE OF ANGLO-AMERICAN CONTACT WITH THE INDIAN

S. LYMAN TYLER

It was an immense country that the Ute people inhabited when the Spanish arrived in the Southwest in the sixteenth century: west of the Colorado River in southeastern California were the ancestors of the Chemehuevi; northward along the Colorado, inhabiting parts of California, northwestern Arizona, southern Nevada, and southwestern Utah, were the ancestors of the southern Paiute; and spread throughout approximately two-thirds of the present state of Utah, running eastward to the crest of the Rockies and beyond in Colorado, were the ancestors of the Indians we know as the Utes, who, along with the others mentioned above, were called Yutas by the Spanish.

This was the homeland of the Ute peoples. Beyond this area they extended in every direction to hunt, raid, trade and sometimes just on excursions. The Utes went often into the plains east of the Rockies in Colorado, sometimes as far as Kansas. Present western Oklahoma, northern Texas, and northern New Mexico were visited regularly by the Ute.

The Franciscan missionary, Gerónimo de Zarate Salmeron, in the 1620's wrote of a province called Quazula, in the land of the Yuta Indians northwest of New Mexico. Fray Alonso de Posadas, another Franciscan missionary in New Mexico from 1640 to 1654, mentions that Don Juan de Oñate,

colonizer of New Mexico, encountered Yuta Indians north of the Colorado River in 1604 while enroute along the Colorado to the Pacific Ocean. Posadas also refers to Yutas north of New Mexico and sharing the buffalo plains with Apaches northeast of New Mexico. The Franciscan missionary Fray Silvestre Velez de Escalante, whose journal all Colorado and Utah people should be familiar with, also wrote a brief history of New Mexico in which he reports that the buffalo country then (in 1778) held by the Comanches was (prior to 1700) shared by the Yutas and Apaches. The Jesuit Fray Juan Amando Niel, who spent many years as a missionary to the Indians of northern Mexico and southern Arizona, wrote of the Indians of the Southwest prior to 1700 and also mentioned Yutas on the plains east and northeast of New Mexico and suggested that their prowess as warriors was as preeminent in that area as that of the Apaches in southern New Mexico and Arizona.

About 1650 the Apaches began to encroach on Yuta territory northeast of New Mexico. Shortly after 1700 the Yutas joined the Comanches, who were apparently newcomers in the area, in a series of attacks on the Apaches, which finally succeeded in completely dislodging them from their former strongholds at La Jicarilla, in northeastern New Mexico, and

El cuarteljo in east central Colorado.

The Yutas and Comanches became bitter enemies before 1750, and it was not until the 1780's that Juan Bautista de Anza, governor of New Mexico, succeeded in forming a system of alliances that brought a renewal of their friendship. The Yutas then moved freely in the area northeast of New Mexico, as they had before their enmity with the Comanches. And the Comanches moved south, again displacing the Apaches, and forcing them into the desert regions of southern New Mexico, northern Mexico, and Arizona.

From 1700 to 1750 the Yuta Indians were able to exert enough pressure on the Navaho to force them to withdraw into the most rugged portion of their country. This attrition by the Yutas was so great that the Navahos in the 1740's began to negotiate for an alliance with the Spanish and agreed to settle in established pueblos and welcomed Spanish missionaries, and the soldiers who accompanied them, in order to benefit from their protection.

This arrangement was of short duration, however, and the Navahos soon began to return to their own country. The older people told the Spanish missionaries they could teach their children if they wished, and baptize them, but they themselves liked their old customs, wished to "live free like the deer." The Yutas were to be used by the Spanish to keep the Navaho in line for a hundred years, and when Kit Carson finally rounded them up for the "long walk" to Bosque Redondo, he did it with the help of the Yuta Indians.

By the end of the eighteenth century, Spain had adopted a more definite policy toward the nomadic tribes surrounding New Mexico. A head chief was appointed in each tribe, who was given a silver-headed cane of of-

fice, to denote his authority. Presents were given to friendly tribes and especially to the head chiefs. Although treaties were drawn up from time to time with the Utes, this was not a guarantee that an occasional band would not raid a Spanish or Indian village in New Mexico, run off livestock, and now and again kill someone who might try to protect his property. This was accepted, however, for it was a practice of long standing that the Spanish had never been able completely to control. It was Ute Indians who brought word to the Spanish of the expedition of Zebulon Montgomery Pike, a United States Army officer, apparently sent to reconnoiter the Spanish position in New Mexico, as well as to search for the head waters of the Red River and determine the bounds of the Louisiana Purchase. Jim Bridger had a Ute wife, as did other of the trappers who were in the area in the 1820's and 1830's. Gregg in his *Commerce of the Prairies* mentions the Utes as one of the powerful tribes the Anglo traders would encounter along the Santa Fe Trail. After Antoine Robidoux had established his trading post in the Uintah Basin in northeastern Utah, Kit Carson spent at least two winters among the Utes in that country. Kit was to become a fast friend of the Utes. He led them against the Comanches in the Battle of Adobe Walls during the Civil War and later became agent of the Utes in southern Colorado and northern New Mexico.

I must skip the early Mormon contacts with the Utes in order to mention the first treaty between the Ute Indians and the United States in 1849, which recognized the right of the Ute to about two-thirds of present Utah, present Colorado west of the Rocky Mountains, including the rich San Luis Valley, traditionally a part of their homeland, and some territory in

northern New Mexico.

After weak and somewhat futile attempts to domesticate the Ute and settle him in various areas in Utah, in 1861 Abraham Lincoln, by proclamation, set aside the Uintah Basin as a reservation for the Indians of Utah. Later a treaty was negotiated with the Utah Utes, by which they would have ceded their claims to two-thirds of the state for certain cash annuities and other concessions, but the treaty was not ratified and the Ute claims in Utah are still not settled.

The Utes were not by habit a troublesome people. Long experience with the Spanish had taught them that the Europeans eventually had their way. Ouray, designated head chief by Washington, also perceived that it was better to deal with the Anglo-Americans than to fight them. It was true that when a deal was made the Utes always lost something, but he felt that it was better to lose something than to lose everything.

The trimming away of Ute territory did not begin until 1863 when the Utes gave up the San Luis Valley. Formal boundaries were set in 1868 and the United States agreed to keep its citizens out of an area comprising approximately the western third of Colorado, the western slopes of the Rockies, by armed force if necessary.

The invasion began at once. In 1860, while the San Juan Mountains were still a part of Utah territory, gold and silver were discovered there. This was not followed up until about 1870 when miners began to invade the San Juan region, which was a part of the Ute Reservation, in numbers. The Utes protested, but in 1873, under pressure, they gave up almost four million acres of rich mineral land. This merely whetted the appetite of the land-hungry Coloradoans.

Today there is a claim pending

against the United States wherein the Utes seek a fair price for this rich mineral land which the United States gained title to at the rate of \$1.25 an acre.

In 1878 the southern Utes were forced officially to leave northern New Mexico, which they, it seems, unknowingly had lost in 1868. There were then two agencies for the Ute in Colorado: one which was headquarters for Ouray in southern Colorado, and the other on the White River in northern Colorado.

It was to this northern agency that Nathan C. Meeker came in the spring of 1878. Meeker was a writer by vocation, a farmer by avocation, and an idealist by nature. What he wanted the White River Utes to accomplish, he felt certain was for their temporal and spiritual salvation. The Indians were not convinced. Pressures from both inside and outside their reservation were more than the Indian temperment could stand and more than their agent could cope with. When Meeker called on Major Thornburg for aid, the fat was in the fire.

It wasn't planned that way. Neither the Utes nor the troops really wanted a fight, but somehow it occurred. As a result the people of Colorado were able to bring pressure on the President and Congress to rid Colorado of this threat to the peace and safety of its citizens.

In 1880 Congress decided that the Utes must go. The White River Utes were to join the Utah Utes on the Uintah Reservation. The other Utes of Colorado, after the death of Ouray, were all forced to leave the state with the exception of three bands designated as southern Utes, who were allowed to remain on that narrow strip of land in southwestern Colorado, to be called the Consolidated Ute Reservation. This area includes Mesa Verde National Park.

The wife of Ouray, Chipeta, was persuaded that on the new Uncompahgre Reservation set aside for them in Utah, an irrigation project would be developed and the Utes would be able to progress. This excerpt of a letter from her to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in Washington during her later life is evidence of the disappointment she felt because of the failure of the United States to honor the agreement it had made with her people:

I had a good home. I was told by the representatives of the government that if I came to this country I would be given a home better than the home I was abandoning. My people were made the same promise, that they would be given good lands and that water would be placed on their lands. None of these promises have been kept. I and my people were located for the most part on White River and on the bottoms of the lower Duschene and these lands are desert lands today. The government has made no effort to place water on them. Believing the promises of the representatives of the government that they would put water on these lands, I built for myself a house on my allotment and sat down there waiting for the water, but the water has not been placed there yet and it appears that there is no prospect of its being placed there soon. Some of my people were allotted on the bottoms of the Duschene River and they built for themselves an irrigating ditch and irrigated their lands and built good homes there, but since the big canals have been constructed and much of the water is used at points above these lands, the ditch that my people constructed is a "high-water" ditch and has water in it only during the floods of June. Consequently these people have been forced to abandon the homes that they built for themselves. You see why it is I do not want to discuss this matter, because people will think I am angry, and I am not angry. I realize that the people in Washington have many things to do and they have forgotten about us Uncompahgres. We

have lands, it is true, but without water these lands are of no value to us.

At the time this letter was written Indian Agent Kneale wrote to the Commissioner:

In my opinion the greatest monument that we could erect to the memory of Chief Ouray or his wife Chipeta would be to redeem the pledges of the government and place water on their allotments.

He received the following answer from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs:

Not practicable at this time to finish Henry Jim Ditch. Would like to furnish some nice furniture for Chipeta's house.

Agent Kneale answered that a presentation of furniture would not be suitable, that a present of an Indian robe of good quality twice a year would be more fitting. This was followed through and a robe was eventually presented to Chipeta. She in return sent a horse blanket to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Chipeta died and was buried near Bitter Creek. Later, she was disinterred and moved to Montrose, Colorado. There a memorial was erected to her memory, and I understand that the state of Colorado is now contemplating a monument to the Ute Indians of Colorado to be erected in the same area. Today, as a result of moving the White River Utes onto approximately half of the reservation that was set aside for the Utah Utes, without compensation to the Utah Utes, these Indians now have a claim against the United States for compensation for almost two million acres of land.

Eventually even the Uintah and Uncompahgre Reservations were invaded by land-hungry cattlemen, sheepmen, and farmers, and the Indians were allotted land individually. Conditions among the Ute Indians grew steadily worse. The Utes have

always tended to keep to themselves. There has probably been as little intermarriage with the Ute as with any other important tribe in the United States. There are as many full-bloods here as among any other important Indian group. His slowness in exchanging his way of life for that of his neighbors has made it difficult to help the Ute to improve his economy. He has never really taken to farming, but until recently farming and livestock raising have been his only important sources of income.

Ute economic conditions were improved along with the rest of the nation during and after World War II, and the recent settlement of claims against the United States and the discovery of oil and drilling wells on their own lands, as well as leasing lands for exploration to major companies, has given the Utes a new lease on life, a hope for the future. During June of this year, a group of Utah Ute Indians went to Washington to describe their plans to petition their tribes between mixed and full-bloods and to initiate their program leading to eventual full citizenship, for all 1600 of the Uintah Basin Utes. Soon there will be distributed to every man,

woman, and child on the rolls of the Ute tribe, the last of the thirty-two million dollar claims money awarded to these Indians by the United States for their Colorado lands.

If you look at a map of Utah and Colorado today, you will see a small irregular patch south of the Uintah Mountains in the Uintah Basin, and a thin strip in the southwestern corner of the state of Colorado. Only this remains to the Utes of the vast territory they held for hundreds of years. With full citizenship the Utes will gain the right to buy and sell their property without recourse against the United States, which will cease to be their guardian at a pre-arranged time. Only time will tell whether the Indian has learned to cope with his fellow citizens and will be able to maintain himself in this competitive world or not. If the competition is too great for him, possibly his lands will continue to shrink and he will be less well off as time goes by. Whether he is successful economically or not, there are indications that the Indian groups will gradually cease to live apart from their fellow citizens and will eventually lose their identity in this melting pot we call America.

BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from Page 4)

the Villa Legend. The body of Villa, as viewed by Sr. Gibbs, laid out on the table in a nearby hotel, shortly after the assassination, was in truth all that remained of the mortal man. But, in the verses of the numerous songs, still sung by wandering minstrels and printed on flimsy sheets of paper to be hawked around the *mercados* from Durango to Oaxaca, Pancho Villa still lives.

I have no doubt that this volume *Cock of the Walk* will stir up more

controversies about the man Doroteo Arango, alias Pancho Villa, than any other single book that has been written about him. Old arguments as to whether Villa was responsible for the attack upon Columbus will be revived. Gringos with metal detectors will probably take to the Sierra Madre and the fabulous Barranca de Cobre in search of Villa's buried treasures and *turistas*, Mexico bound, will find new meaning in the names of "Quinta Luz" in Chihuahua, Parral, Santa Isabel, Camargo, and all the other place names on the map of northern Mexico.

Being an *aficionado de Mexico*, I enjoyed this book even though I am not an admirer of Villa. As folk lore it is a fascinating example of how quickly a man, well known in our times, can become a legend. From a personal angle, I wish that Dr. Bradley had quoted more of the *corridos* concerning Villa in Spanish. The English translations somehow lose the *oregano* and *chile* of the originals. Westerners who may be tiring of the endless volumes on Billy the Kid, Wyatt Earp, and all the other gangster heroes of the Southwest, should welcome this first comprehensive work in English, on the most famous of all the folk hero-villains south of the border, which, after all, is as much a part of our Southwestern heritage as Texas, New Mexico, or Arizona.

"A good cock crows anywhere."

CM ARTHUR WOODWARD

Literary Trails of the Western States: A Manual for Schools and Clubs, by David James Harkness. The University of Tennessee News Letter. Vol XXXIV, No. 7. July, 1955.

Continuing his excellent series of sectional literary guidebooks, Extension Librarian Harkness has now readied a second one for free distribution. This time the states included for reading lists are Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Utah, Nevada, and Colorado.

Again, no phase of the literary aspect is neglected—poets, novelists, historians, scenarists, essayists, naturalists—all the writing fraternity is represented with one to many titles.

Nine pages of the 37-page bulletin are devoted to Colorado and other-where authors who have laid the principal action of certain of their productions in that state. It is especially good to note a round dozen Possemen and Corresponding Members of the Denver Westerners among the scores

of writers named—although a number have been omitted.

Again withal—something good to put on your shelf with other bibliographical helps.

Augusta Tabor: Her Side of the Scandal by Caroline Bancroft. Denver, 1955. .75. *The Brown Palace in Denver: Hotel of Plush, Power, and Presidents* by Caroline Bancroft. Denver, 1955. .75.

Now, for 1955—making eight bullseyes scored in her sectional writings—Denver's prolific pamphlet historian, Caroline Bancroft, has come up with a very readable pair of Denver Side-light sagas.

Having revealed the story of the Tabor triangle from the H. A. W. Tabor—Baby Doe sides in her previous booklets, Miss Bancroft now focuses on the documents which portray the less well-known side—that of Tabor's first wife, Augusta. The result is a new chapter of the 1880 scandal, in a 16 (unnumbered) page, well-illustrated booklet.

The background of its backers and builders, its final construction on a "triangular cowpasture," and the events of the formal opening on August 12, 1892—five years after work was begun on it—these matters form the forepart of the second booklet on Denver's Brown Palace Hotel. Details of decor, changing managerships, murders and madcap men, women, and adventures that were and are a part of the 63-year history of this famous hostel, are duly chronicled.

Both booklets are written frankly with an eye for the not-too-critical out-of-state visitor who seeks a less lengthy account of Colorado's famous persons and places. In this vein Miss Bancroft has a sure touch, and these newest titles add another wide-selling pair to her list.

D.B.

FIDDLE FOOTED*

MAT ENNIS JONES

(Continued from July issue)

The cook cleaned up his gear and made the chuck wagon ready to move on; then the boss took it on ahead to the noon camp where the cattle would find water for the day. The boss never stood guard unless someone was sick and he had to take that man's place, or if the weather was stormy and all the help available was needed. The cattle usually grazed in the morning until they would get thirsty or "dry," as we said, and then the boys in the lead, who were called "the pointers," would commence to close the herd in together and start them onto the trail. In any trail herd there were some cattle who were good travelers, and they would take the lead every day. These animals were easy to keep in line. The next two boys were called the "swing boys," and fell into line, one on each side of the "trail." These boys would "drift" or "feed" the rest of the cattle onto the trail in behind the lead cattle. The two "flankers," one on each side, would work the cattle into the "drive" and line them out on the trail, following the "swing." Then the "drag" drivers or boys would work the stragglers in behind the better travelers.

A trail herd consisting of three thousand cattle would string out a mile or more in length, and it was the job of the "swing" and "flankers" to ride back and forth along the side of the trailing herd to keep the line intact. The two "drag" boys were very important; if possible, men who were especially good at the job were always put doing that work. A good "drag" driver would never get in a hurry and would just amble along and "eat the

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dust" (his was the dustiest job of all) at the end of the herd. When the lead cattle got to water, the "pointers" would let them spread out and scatter along on both sides of the creek, so as not to roil the water too much. If possible the "flankers" would help the "drag" boys to push the "drags" or trailers, on ahead up-stream above the others. This was for two reasons: the cattle who had been eating the dust all morning would certainly need all the fresh unroiled water they could get, and, by putting the "drags" up ahead of the main herd they would have a chance to drink and graze a little more. If they did happen to start out along with the better travelers they would gradually drop back to the end of the trail herd anyway, as they were slower walkers than the average. By nightfall the "drag" boys would begin to see their "drags" accumulate at the tail end again. The "drags" would include some who were sorefooted, and these all had to be worked or handled easily.

By the time the cattle "hit water" it was noon and the cook would have the dinner ready. The boys ate and stood guard in shifts so as to hold the cattle on water as long as needed to give them a good "fill." Then the cattle would move out and graze along, off to the side of the trail, until night. At about six the boss had already picked out the bed ground, about a half or three-quarters of a mile from the trail, for that night. So the boys would begin to turn them off the trail and head them toward the bed-ground. If the cattle had filled up good while drinking and grazing, they were no trouble to hold there on the "ground."

The cook had made a dry camp (one where there was no water available except in the water keg), and had the supper ready. The cocktail guards went out to the herd to relieve the herders so they could come in and eat. About eight o'clock the first two night guards would go out to stand their regular shift of two hours. The guards always stood the same two-hour shift each night, and there were four shifts or "guards" during the night.

The Horse Wrangler and the Horses

The horse wrangler and the cook were the most important men in a cow outfit. The cook would keep the boys well fed and the wrangler would take care of the horses. He saw to it that they had the best grazing possible. He would never "chouse" or crowd the horses together while they were grazing or in the rope corral. On the other hand, he would never let them scatter out too much. The reason for this was so that he could roundup the horses quickly when they were needed. By the time the cowboys would get back to the wagon to change, he would have the horses in the rope corral all ready. The wrangler would call a boy down if he saw him mistreating horses or was "chousing" them unnecessarily in the corral. It was also his job to see that the cook had plenty of fuel and water. The wrangler usually got up the same time as the cook did to start his day's work and seldom was able to eat his meals at the same time the rest of the boys did; so his was a lonesome life, as he also missed all the big yarns told around the camp fires. The boys all respected him, for they knew he was doing the best he could to take care of their mounts. The wrangler never used a whip, but he did have a short rope, maybe twenty feet long, with a plaited "popper" (braided buckskin) about a foot long on one end, and the

other end was kept tied to his saddle horn. When he snapped that rope it would sound like a pistol shot, and the horses would soon learn that the sound was a signal to get together.

In Texas the cow outfits would hobble their horses at night whether they were working on the range or on the trail, because then guards would not have to be with them. Horses soon got used to being hobbled at night and learned to take short steps with their front legs and then bring up their hind legs. After a little while they learned that if they took a little hop with both front feet together at the same time, they could move around faster that way and go a little farther to graze during the night. Sometimes a horse's front legs became rubbed rather raw before he caught on to that trick.

A rope hobble was made by cutting off a four-foot length of two-inch diameter, three-strand manila rope and untwisting the strands. Three hobbles would be made from this one four-foot length, because only one strand was needed to make a hobble. This was done in the following way. A knot was tied in each end of a strand. Then the strand was put around the horse's front leg, at the middle of the strand, between the knees and the ankles. The two halves were then twisted back onto one another for a few inches then spread apart to go around the left leg. Then one knot of one end was pushed through the divided fibers of the first end. Some boys would take a strip of hide after a beef was killed and make a rawhide hobble. In this strip a slit on one end would be cut and a knot tied in the other end. This was twisted around a couple of poles in the same manner as described above for the rope hobble, and allowed to dry. After the hobble had dried the hobble would always have those kinks in it caused by the twists and would fit

back together perfectly. In the morning, one of the boys was generally sent out to the hobbled horse herd to help the wrangler unhobble them all and round them up to bring them closer to the wagon. The horses were seldom scattered too far. As the horses were used to boys bending over the hobbles to fasten them when they were in a rope corral, anyone wanting to get up close to them bent-over like, and then the horses knew what was going to happen and did not "spook" or frighten. Whenever the hobble was taken off it was eased up to, and fastened around the horse's neck. This hobble was left there most of the time even while the horse was being ridden, because there was really no other place to keep it.

In New Mexico the large outfits would stand guard over their horses at night, one boy at a time on a two-hour watch. The horses would not be hobbled, so as to let them graze as much as possible. Horses will take their sleep in the morning; they just stand while they nap. If they were scared, however, they would stampede and really run for a short distance.

In each boy's string of horses was one he used only at night. This horse would be gentle and very dependable and was referred to as his "night" horse. After supper the rider would saddle him, hang the bridle on the saddle horn, and stake him close to the wagon. When one of the off-coming night guards called the next two guards, each man would crawl out of his bed, bridle his horse, untie the stake rope, and ride out to the herd. The incoming night guards unbridled their horses, hung the bridles on the saddle horns and again tied their horses to the stake rope, and went to bed. Then in case of a stampede, storm, or any other emergency, the horses were right at hand ready for use. The stake ropes were well worn ropes that were softer than the "rop-

ing" ropes and generally damp from the dew on the grass at night. These stakes were either wooden or iron pins and were pounded into the ground at night with the back of the ax or a handy rock. The stake and rope were always kept tied together and all of them were kept hanging on the chuck wagon some where during the day.

One boy on guard would carry the watch which was furnished by the boss. When the two hours were up, one of the boys would ride back to the wagon and wake up the next two guards, then go back to the herd to wait for them along with his partner. Sometimes the herd would have been restless and would have moved off the selected bedground. The cattle would all be lying down and a horse would shake his saddle and the cattle would all be on their feet together at the same time, and some would start to run. These beef cattle would only run a short distance, not like the longhorns which were before my time. (I have heard the old timers tell how those longhorn steers would run; when they stampeded they would run sometimes as far as twenty miles before they were tired enough to have to stop. Guns could be fired in front of them and they could not be turned. It takes very little to turn the beef cattle of today, as they were not so wild.) When these beef cattle started to run, the boys would watch which way they headed and then both boys would ride to the same side of the herd and try to turn the leaders, which more often than not they could. By turning the leaders, the cattle would circle around and run back into the rear end of the herd. This caused the cattle to go round and round slower and slower until they gradually settled down again. This was called a "mill" or "milling" them. At times like these, a good sure-footed night horse was necessary as the riders had enough to do to handle the

cattle, let alone a spooky, undependable clumsy-footed horse too. On the outfits that raised their own horses, if a particularly smart horse was found, that horse would be gentled further and then tried out on night guard one night. If he proved good, he was always used for that purpose. A good night horse would always head for the cattle herd while some of the day horses if used might head for the herd of horses instead. I rode a horse at the Hat X ranch called White Metal. He was iron grey in color and the smartest pony I ever rode at night. When the stake rope was untied, he would head for the cattle herd and no matter how dark the night, if any of the cattle strayed out of the herd to graze or wander off, he would turn them back. And when he thought the two hours were up he would shake his head and start away from the herd. I could ride out away from the herd a little ways where I could strike a match and look at the watch and it would lack very few minutes of being the end of that two hour guard. He would head for the wagon and go right up to his stake rope and stop. He had been used for a night horse for years.

The Chuck Wagon and the Cook

Every cow outfit used a wagon manufactured either by the Peter Schuttle Co., the Studebaker Company, the Bain Company, or the Mitchell Company. The size of any wagon was determined by the diameter of the spindle or skein that the axle fitted onto. Either a three-inch or a three-and-one-quarter-inch spindle was generally the size used for a chuck wagon; so if a wagon was referred to as a three-inch Studebaker, for instance, that meant a wagon with a three-inch spindle made by the Studebaker Company. Local hardware or merchandise or equipment stores sold these wagons, but they were made in

the East. The average chuck wagons, with bows and canvas top, cost \$75.00 to \$100.00. These wagons were fitted with hardwood wheels. The outside rim was banded with iron or later steel bands, called tires, which probably is the source of the name for the rubber coverings used around the wheels of automobiles when those came into being.

The canvas top was supported by four to six hardwood curved bows. The ends of these bows fitted down into iron bands or staples which were bolted onto the outside of the wagon box. There were two staples on each side for each bow, one on the wagon box and one higher up on the side boards. All bed rolls and provisions for the entire roundup were hauled from camp to camp on the chuck wagon. When the weather was stormy, day or night, the canvas top was thrown over the bows. When the rope which was encased in each end of the canvas was drawn tight and fastened under the end of the wagon box, the familiar oval opening was formed. There were canvas loops on each side of the canvas top, and these loops were tied down by rope to anything on the side of the wagon box that was handy at the time.

Underneath the wagon box, near the center to support the wagon bed, were bolted two three-by-three-inch hardwood beams, set about three feet apart. These beams extended beyond the sides of the wagon box about three feet apart. A two-inch board was bolted across the end of those two beams, making a platform on either side on which thirty gallon water barrels sat. The barrels were held on by iron bands which were bent around in front of the barrels and then each end bolted to the wagon box side. All water used for cooking and drinking purposes had to be carried in those barrels. The water barrel top was hinged, so that the lid covers could be

lifted up and water poured in or dipped out. Later on, those barrels were filled with a funnel through a hole in the top which was then plugged; water would be drawn off near the bottom through a spigot. The water supply was replenished whenever a good rain water hole, stream, or, on rare occasions, spring was found.

The boards on the end of the wagon box were referred to as end gates. These end gates slid down into slots on the ends of the wagon box sides which extended beyond the end gates. Behind the end gate on the outside were two iron rods called "end gate rods." Each rod, a ring on one end and threaded on the other, slipped through a hole from the outside of the wagon box, extended across behind on the outside of the end gate to the other wagon side, through a hole in that board and screwed into a metal plate permanently installed on the outside of the wagon box; or a nut was fastened to the end of the rod, as the case might be. These rods held the box firm and steady as it was pulled over rough country. The chuck box was the same width as the width of the inside measurement of the wagon. The chuck box was about three feet in depth and rose about six to eight inches higher than the wagon box plus side boards. When the chuck box was added to the wagon, the end gate was removed and the end gate rods were run through the corresponding holes in the sides of the chuck box. The exposed end of the chuck box was hinged at the bottom and was used as a work table when let down. A board hinged at the top edge of the chuck box end swung down as the table was let down, to make a supporting leg for that table. Inside the chuck box were partitions, to help the cook keep all his ingredients and small equipment in place, including tin plates, cups, knives, forks, and spoons.

The main liniment (turpentine), some "bowel medicine" (castor oil, maybe), bandages made from flour sacks, perhaps the cook's straight-edged razor and strap, needles and spools of heavy duty linen thread, could all be found in one compartment, called the "possible." While some of the boys wore leather leggin's or chaps, some did not, and the thorny mesquite brush often tore their clothing. Hard use of any equipment brought on the need for repairs, too. When this happened, each man had to repair his own rips and tears with needle and thread from the "possible" as well as possible!

Another chuck box compartment held a three-gallon crockery jar or keg, containing sour dough. From this keg or jar the cook took the sour dough with which he made the sour dough biscuits for each meal. Before the chuck wagon started out on a season's roundup, the cook had to fix his sour dough jar. According to the size of the crew, he mixed some flour and water together, added a spoon or so of sugar, and mixed all this to the consistency of thick cream. This was allowed to set in a warm place for thirty-six hours. This "primed" or started a germ. Next he added more flour and water to the consistency again of thick cream and set it all again in a warm place for another thirty-six hours. What resulted was the "starter" or what later-day cooks called "the sponge."

The coffee grinder was fastened to an eight-inch board which was in turn attached by screws onto the outside of the chuck box or right next to it on the wagon box itself. Arbuckle or 4X brand coffee beans were bought either in fifty or one-hundred-pound bags. The cook then used the empty coffee beans and flour sacks for dish towels, dish cloths, bandages, and aprons.

A box supported by iron rods hanging under the rear axle of the wagon carried the heavy utensils, such as cast

iron dutch ovens, other heavy pots, coffee pot, pot hooks, and so forth.

Some place in the chuck wagon would be carried the ropes, mesquite props, and pegs the horse wrangler used to set up the rope corral. A two to five gallon can of kerosene and a lantern were carried in the wagon, too. Every evening when it was dark, the cook would hang the lantern from one of the bows of the wagon; the lantern reflected even better and gave out more light if the canvas was over the bows at the time. The boys out at the herd on guard could see this lantern quite a long ways off, and that would help them to find their way back to camp coming in off guard.

There were two coils of rope in the wagon, always providing the boys with a size three-eighths (or maybe seven-sixteenths) inch rope for roping purposes and a two-inch size for hobbles and rope corrals. The hobbles used every day might last two weeks or so; the corral ropes usually lasted the whole season unless some freak accident happened.

In the Southwest horses were not kept shod unless they became tender-footed; then shoes were put on to protect the hooves. These were left until the foot condition cleared up. During the spring and winter when there was more moisture the ground would be softer, but late spring, summer, and early fall the dry grass and sunbaked ground would be hard and the horses would be more apt to become tender-footed. Some times the rocky ground, especially in New Mexico, caused the hooves to become stone bruised. Each rider was responsible for the condition of his string of horses. When one of them became tenderfooted, the boy had to shoe his horse. A keg of assorted shoe sizes was kept in the chuck wagon along with the proper tools. When a horse needed shoeing, that evening the rider would get the hammer, rasp, and pinchers from the wag-

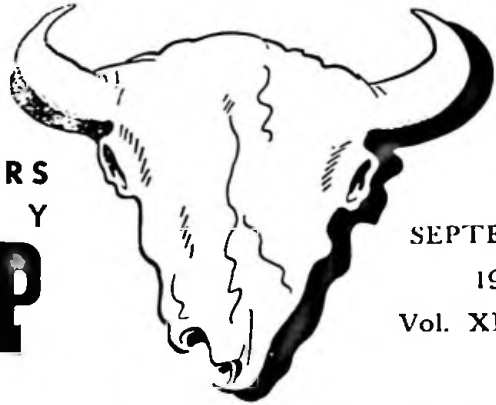
on, select either a size 0 or 1 for that particular horse, and do the job. As cowboy horseshoes were made of wrought iron, the shoe could be shaped to fit the hoof without being heated. To do this the shoe was laid over a convenient rock, head of an ax, or anything to pound the shoe into the proper shape for each separate hoof. Some of the boys would be better at shoeing than others, and so the handiest man would take care of that job for the chuck wagon teams. Size 2 shoes were also kept in the keg for those larger horses. I never became very adept at shoeing, so always made good friends with someone who was and then "traded" work with him (doing something in return for him that he could not do so well).

As already mentioned the stake ropes always were hung on the outside of the wagon somewhere. A large can of axle grease was kept in the wagon, and every two or three days the wheels of the chuck wagon would be taken part way off and axle grease would be spread on the spindle, and then the wheels put back in place again.

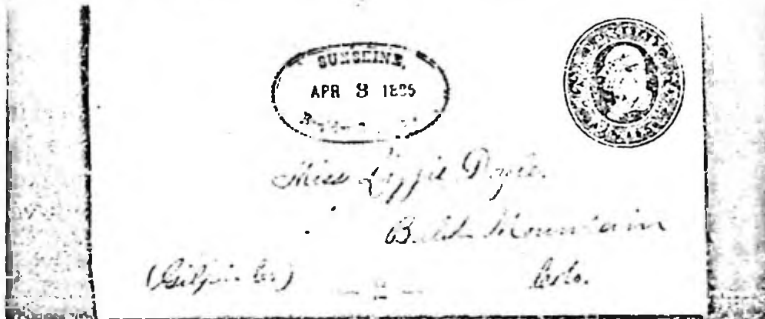
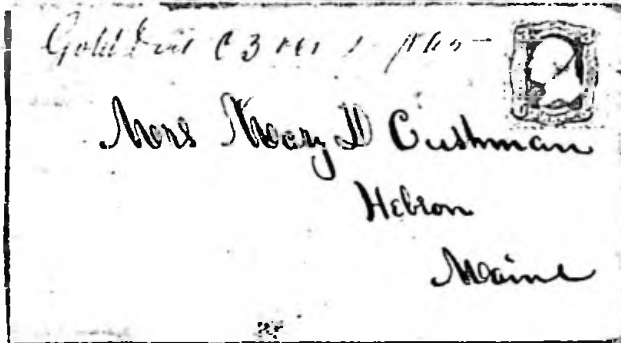
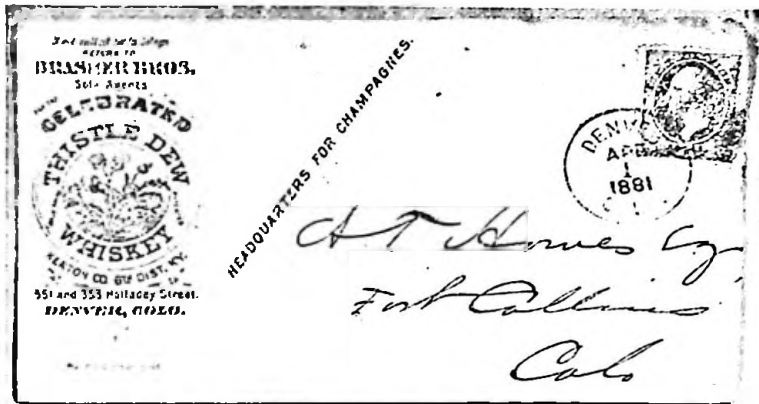
The seat of the wagon had bolted to each end of it a two-by-one-inch board. This board in turn was bolted to the middle of a flat iron curved double spring which lay lengthwise of the wagon on each side. These springs were supported on another board which was held by hooks which hung over the top edge of the wagon box side boards, holding the seat six inches higher yet. These hooks were not fastened to the wagon edge; therefore the seat could be lifted off or shoved back for convenience at any time. When the time came to move the chuck wagon from one campsite to another, the cook climbed aboard, braced his feet at the front corners, and was ready to drive the four hitch team consisting of horses or mules (more often than not in Texas they were mules) to the next campsite.

(To be concluded next issue.)

The DENVER WESTERNERS
 M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



SEPTEMBER
 1955
 Vol. XI, No. 9



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. XI

September, 1955

No. 9

Printing Office
839 Pearl St., Boulder.

Business Office
Room 306, State Museum Building, Denver.

Denver Posse Founded January 26, 1945
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Swallow
*Assistant Registrar of Marks and
Brands*, John J. Lipsey
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Membership Chairman, Fred M.
Mazzulla
Publications Chairman, Erl H. Ellis

The November Meeting

Time: 6:30 P.M., Wednesday, Novem-
ber 23, 1955.

The Speaker: Jack P. Riddle.

The Subject: THE INDIAN CORN
DANCE.

Reservations: With our Chuck Wran-
gler, Arthur Zeuch, at 930 Down-
ing St., Denver 18, or telephone
CH 4-7185.

The 1956 Program

January 1956: PM Charles B. Roth,
"The Biggest Wind since Galves-
ton."

February 1956: James T. Forrest, cu-
rator of the State Museum, "A
Comparative Study of the Social
Customs of the Midwest and the
Rocky Mountains, 1860-1880."

The Christmas Party

The December meeting will be the
annual Christmas party, to be held
Wednesday, December 14, at the
American Legion hall. Both posse
members and corresponding members,
and their wives and husbands, are in-
vited. The price will be \$3.00 per
person, including tax and tip. *Im-
portant*: Mail reservations must be
sent to the Chuck Wrangler, Arthur
Zeuch, at 930 Downing St., Denver 18,
and must *prepay* the \$3.00 per person
charge. Get your reservations in early!
Dr. Mumey has promised us a good
short paper (speaker not yet divulged)
and a party.

Riding the Range

Newest development in plans for a Pike Sesquicentennial involved the Colorado Springs Coin Club. The First National Bank of Colorado Springs released to the club a large number of Zebulon Pike medals which have been in storage in the bank since 1906. The medals were struck by the U. S. Mint some fifty years ago to commemorate the 100th anniversary of Pike's expedition. The initial offering of the medals for sale were made by the club at the national convention of coin collectors in Omaha. The proceeds from this sale will go to the Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region for promotion of the sesquicentennial plans.

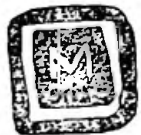
Some notes on members: PM Fred M. Mazzulla, with Jack Guinn and Herndon Davis, is compiling a photo-book under the title "A Century of Rocky Mountain Life, 1858-1958." . . . PM Francis Rizzari, PM Ray Colwell, and PM Kenny Englert reminded us at the last meeting that we'd better take the Webster Pass trip, with the road recently opened. . . . PM Philip W. Whiteley gave an illustrated lecture at Omaha, Nebraska, at the American Numismatic Association upon Colorado Specie (chiefly silver and gold coins and patterns) PM Drew Bax tells us that a visit to Canada is for the young and healthy, with grass growing to the pockets, fish plentiful, and large quantities of game. . . .

PM Ed Hilliard recently took trips to Montana and Wyoming, too hurried to do much historical study; but in a near failure to see a steam locomotive he found one 4-6-6-4 on the Northern Pacific. . . . CM R. B. Hassick has been gathering material for the "Building the West" show. . . . PM Carl F. Mathews tells us that the sixteen members of the Ghost Town Club of Colorado Springs who recently made a trip to Summit County were very pleased with visiting several old towns of the '80s. . . . PM Don Bloch left September 29 for his first vacation in seven years; he planned to go east as far as Washington, D. C., but to wander far and wide both going and returning. . . . PM Paul D. Harrison recently returned from a trip to study materials in the Bancroft collection and the Wells Fargo museum and repository.

PM John J. Lipsey recently discovered news of the new Kansas City Posse of the Westerners in, of all places, the *Antiquarian Bookman* magazine. The information was a one-page advertisement inviting one and all to become corresponding members of the new posse; the annual fee is \$3.00 and includes subscription to *The Trail Guide*, the posse's monthly, plus regular discount upon their Brand Book. The first issue of *The Trail Guide* contained Alan W. Farley's paper on "The Delaware Indians in Kansas." Talleyman is James Anderson, 446 W. 62nd St., Kansas City 13, Mo.

CORAVILLE K.T.
JUN 22

AURARIA K T
JULY 25 1850



Due 3

EARLY POSTMARKS OF COLORADO

DANIEL A. STONE

The postal history of Colorado had its beginning with the discovery of gold in what was known as the Pikes Peak Region. Prior to the gold discovery the region was inhabited by Indians and a few traders and fur trappers; there were no settlements and no need for postoffices. The nearest postoffice was Fort Laramie, some two hundred miles to the north, and the fur trappers would call for their mail whenever they were in that vicinity.

At the time of the Pikes Peak Gold Rush of 1858-59, the Colorado region was made up of portions of the Kansas, Utah, Nebraska, and New Mexico Territories; but the Pikes Peak area lay in the extreme western part of Kansas Territory. Thus we find the majority of early postal cancellations from the Colorado mining camps with the "K.T." (Kansas Territory) in conjunction with the town name.

Prior to the forming of Colorado Territory on February 28, 1861, the following post offices were listed in the United States Postal Directory: KANSAS TERRITORY—Auraria, Canon City, Colorado City, Coraville, Denver City, Golden City, Hamilton, Missouri City, Mountain City, Mount Vernon, Nevada, Oro City, and Spanish Bar; NEBRASKA TERRITORY—Boulder City, Fort Lupton, and Saint Vrain; UTAH TERRITORY—

Breckenridge; and San Luis de la Culobra in NEW MEXICO TERRITORY. There were a number of other points from which mail was cancelled with pen and ink cancellations; two of these were Bent's Fort and Fort Wise.

With the establishment of the Cherry Creek settlements in 1858 and 1859, there was much dissatisfaction among the miners and merchants because there was no direct mail route to the States or even a close connection with "civilization." Mail, at that time, would frequently be addressed only to the "Pikes Peak Region" with no town or territory indicated. Letters of this type would be held at Fort Laramie until some one would be going in the direction of the Cherry Creek settlements, and then be sent on with the hope that the owner could be located. During the first winter, the miners hired a "Messenger" to go to Fort Laramie and carry back the mail and newspapers awaiting them.

The earliest recorded cancellation from Cherry Creek settlements was from Coraville, K.T., June 8, 1859. This post office was short lived, the postal period being from March 22, 1859, until June 25, 1859. A Mr. Henry Allen was appointed as postmaster of Auraria, K.T., in the summer of 1859, and thus cancellations from Auraria, K.T., came into exist-

ence. In February, 1860, word was received that William P. McClure had been appointed postmaster of Denver City. The three towns, Coraville, Auraria, and Denver City, were all established at the junction of Cherry Creek and the Platte River.

Mail during the early 1860's was carried to and from the Cherry Creek settlements by express companies, operating without mail contracts from the United States Government. Jones and Russell's "Leavenworth & Pikes Peak Express Co.," the Central Overland, California & Pikes Peak Express Co., and Hinkley's Express Co. all made a charge for servicing the mail in addition to the regular United States rate.

Thus we see the start of the postal history of Colorado. I will not attempt to give a complete history or listing of Colorado postal markings in this paper, as to do so would require much more space than I am allotted. I will, however, attempt to tell of the more interesting markings of those in the "Gold Rush Days."

THE DENVER AREA

Coraville, K.T. Manuscript cancellation, June 8th (1859) on an envelope sent to Williamsport, Penna. Back stamped Leavenworth, K.T., Jul. 20 (1859). Straight line cancel made from printers type dated Jun. 22 (1859). Both cancellations are on stampless covers carrying a manuscript PAID 3.

Auraria, K.T. Two straight lines with 1859 year date. Established in June of 1859, the town continued to service mail until February, 1860, when Denver City was officially recognized as a United States Post office. Auraria was situated on the south bank of Cherry Creek and east side of the South Platte river. Manuscript cancellations are known as well as stampless covers bearing the PAID 3

marking. The majority of covers known are with the adhesive stamps prepaying the regular United States postal rate.

In April, 1859, a mass meeting was held in Auraria and a state constitution was drafted, the name of Jefferson being chosen for the state. This draft was rejected by vote in September and a memorial was sent to Congress asking for territorial government. On February 28, 1861, Colorado Territory was established. There have been no covers reported bearing the Jefferson Territory marking or cancellation but many covers have been found addressed to Denver City, Jefferson Territory.

Denver City, K.T. Situated on the north bank of Cherry Creek across from Auraria, Denver City was named after Governor Denver of Kansas Territory. The postoffice was established February 11, 1860. 1860 cancellations have Denver City arranged in an arc with the month, day, year and K.T. in four lines below. The straight line PAID, or PAID in a circular cancellation came into use in 1861, with Denver City, KAS, between the inner and outer circle, with the month, day, and year in the inner circle. Single and double lined circular cancellations reading C.T. (Colorado Territory) came into use after March of 1861. Also cancellations with Col. and no territorial indication were in use prior to statehood. The double circle comes in both black and blue ink. During the 1875 to 1880 period there appeared many killer designs such as the colorless M outlined in a square, a crude Masonic square and compass, and a colorless L on an irregular background. In 1865, the Denver City/ Col/ Advertised appeared in a circle.

THE CLEAR CREEK AREA

Golden City. (Golden) was located

at the mouth of Clear Creek canon. The postoffice was established during the year of 1860. Circle cancel of two types—large and small capital letters. Golden City/ Col. T., and Golden City C.T.

Idahoe (Idaho Springs). Located on Clear Creek near the location of the first real strike of gold in this area. The town was established either in 1861 or 1862. Black circle cancellations read Idahoe/ Col. T. and Idaho, Col.

Spanish Bar. Located a short distance up Clear Creek from Idaho Springs, the town was established not later than 1860. Circle cancellation in black reading Spanish Bar/Col. with month and day date.

Mill City (Dumont). The postoffice was established in 1861, and the cancellation used is circular, reading Mill City/ Col.Ty. Many covers are known with the 3c 1869 issue stamp. The original log postoffice is still standing. The name of Mill City was changed to Dumont in 1880 after John M. Dumont, owner of several of the large mines, when he undertook to revive mining in that area.

Empire City (Empire). The postoffice was established in 1861. A circular cancellation in black reading Empire City/ C.T. was used, with a small shield to obliterate the stamp. The earliest reported cover is dated August 5, 1866. There were both placer and hard rock mining in the area.

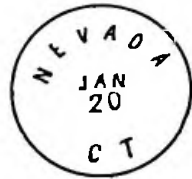
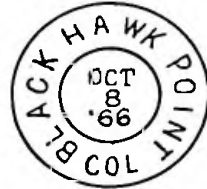
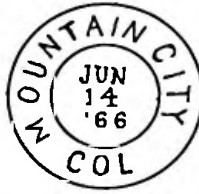
Georgetown. Georgetown was originally started as a gold camp, but it was soon discovered that silver was more plentiful than the gold. A postoffice was granted in the fall of 1866, but the earliest reported cover is dated Dec. 12, 1867. The cancellation is circular, in black, reading Georgetown/ Col. T.

GILPIN COUNTY AREA

Mountain City. This is perhaps one of the best known of the Colorado Territorial cancellations. Manuscript cancellations are reported as early as July, 1861. Many types of the circular cancellations are known: Mountain City/ C.T., and Mountain City/Col. with a double circle; and single circle cancellations read Mountain City/Col. The postoffice was first established in January 17, 1860. Business houses of the town soon moved to Central City because of its more central location in the district, and Edwin H. Brown, the postmaster, moved the postoffice to Central City when he and Mr. Henry completed a building there. The United States Postoffice Department did not recognize the change of location until October 8, 1869, when they established a postoffice in Central City. Hence many of the cancellations reading Mountain City were in reality applied in Central City.

Central City. The postoffice was established on October 8, 1869. Earliest reported cancellation is dated March 9 on covers bearing the 1869 3c stamp. Central City is perhaps one of the best known of the early gold camps of Colorado due to the summer opera staged each year and the fact that it is one of the most widely advertised tourist attractions. Central City was the center of the mining activity of the district, which included both placer and hard rock mining.

Black Hawk or Black Hawk Point. Next to Central City, this is the most important town in the county. Black Hawk adjoined Central City on the southeast. The postoffice was established between 1863 and 1865. Early cancellations are circular and read Black Hawk Point/C.T. with the word Point arranged horizontally above the date. The second type is a single circle reading Black Hawk Point/ Col.T. This was followed by



a double lined circle reading Black Hawk Point/Col. The smaller single line circle came into use in 1869. There are several other types of cancellations used at later dates.

Missouri City. Located south and a little west of Central City, this was probably established in 1860 under Kansas Territory. The later cancellations show Colorado Territory. Manuscript cancellations are known.

Russell Gulch or *Russell.* Named for William Green Russell, who found gold there in 1859. The town was located about four miles south of Central City. Much free gold was found in both flakes and nuggets. Later, hard rock mining was active in the district. Cancellations of Russell have been reported used in 1876.

Nevada, Nevadaville or *Bald Mountain.* The postoffice was established as Nevada in 1860 while in Kansas Territory. The United States Government refused the name of Nevadaville because of the similarity to a California town by that name, leading to a confusion in mail delivery. Hence the town took its name from the mountain on which it was situated. Large circular cancellations reading Nevada/Col.Ter. with the manuscript date are known. Later cancellations are a smaller circle reading Nevada/C.T. Manuscript cancellations of 1861 are also known. Bald Mountain cancellations came into use in 1874.

Gold Dirt. Located north of Central City, the postoffice was established in 1860. Manuscript cancellations read Gold Dirt/Col.T. or Gold Dirt/C.T. The yield of the Gold Dirt and Perigo lodes amounted to \$930,000.00 during the years of 1862 and 1863. The ore was so rich that little care was taken in the recovery of gold from the quartz. Long after the camp ceased to be active, prospectors were satisfied with what dust they could pan from the dumps, tailings, and sur-

face dirt. It has been reported that a miner recovered over \$1,000.00 worth of gold from the dirt floor and the fireplace of a cabin that had been used for retorting. J.Q.A. Rollins obtained \$250,000.00 from a claim only $33\frac{1}{3}$ feet long on the vein, and Hollister & Company obtained \$200,000.00 from an adjoining claim of the same size.

There are many other cancellations reported from Gilpin County and the Central City district. Some of these are Apex, American City, Nugget, Baltimore, Yankee Hill, Perigo, and Gilpin.

SOUTH PARK AREA

Breckenridge. Established while still in Utah Territory, no covers have yet been reported with the Utah Territorial cancellation. Early covers from Breckenridge are manuscript, reading Breckenridge, C.T. The circular cancellation came into use during 1861. By 1863, most of the rich gold bearing gravels had been washed clean and the miners began to drift to other "diggings." There was little activity until 1879, when quartz mining brought on a revival of the town; at this time Breckenridge knew its largest boom.

Buckskin. Established between 1863-1865, Buckskin is perhaps better known as Buckskin Joe. At one time Buckskin was renamed Laurette, and cancellations are even known to be spelled as Lauret. H. A. W. Tabor ran a store in Buckskin during its boom and acted as its postmaster in 1866.

Hamilton. Established in June, 1860, the earliest cancellations seen are manuscript. Many of the early covers are stampless with the hand-stamp "3 and Paid." The circular cancellation came into use during 1861, reading Hamilton, Kans. and Hamilton/C.T. Being a placer min-

ing camp, Hamilton was almost deserted during the winter months, with work beginning again in the spring.

Tarryall. Located on the north bank of Tarryall Creek, across from Hamilton. Covers as early as 1862 and 1863 have been reported.

OTHER TERRITORIAL TOWNS

Big Thompson. The postoffice was established between 1863 and 1865, and was located about one mile south of the present city of Loveland. Double circular cancellations are reported used in 1870.

Canon City. Pike built a block-house in Canon City sometime after 1806, but it did not become a mining town until 1860. Manuscript cancellations were used as early as 1861 while still in Kansas Territory. A story has been told that in 1868, Canon City was given its choice of the new state university or the state penitentiary; and that the town chose the penitentiary, feeling that it would be more likely to be well attended.

Colorado City. The postoffice was established in 1861 while still a part of Kansas Territory. Manuscript cancellations have been reported reading Colorado City, K.T. Circular cancels reading Colorado City/C.T. came into use later. Colorado City was selected as the capital of the new territory in 1862. The legislature met there for four days in 1862, and then returned to Denver. Denver was chosen as the capital in 1867.

Fort Collins. First used as a camping site by the Mormons on their way west, the fort, first known as Camp Collins, was built in 1864 and abandoned in 1871. The town that grew up around the fort retained the name. The postoffice was established between 1862 and 1865. Manuscript cancellations of 1865 are known. Circular

cancellations in 1869 have been reported.

Fort Garland. Built in 1858 and named for Brigadier General John Garland, the postoffice was established between 1861 and 1862. Circular cancellations dated 1868 are the earliest known.

Fort Lupton. Established as a postoffice in or before 1861 while still in Kansas Territory. The earliest cancellation reported is manuscript and dated April 23, 1867. Fort Lupton dates back to 1836 and was abandoned in 1844 to be re-occupied later.

Julesburg. The postoffice was established about 1863. Julesburg was the site of the first railroad and telegraph station in Colorado and was also a pony express station. Cancellations reading Julesburg/Col.T. are known to have been used in 1865, also reading Julesburg/Colo. used in 1870.

Oro City. The town was founded in the summer of 1860, and the postoffice was established while still Kansas Territory. The town was revived in 1875 and incorporated as Leadville, becoming one of the leading silver mining towns of the state. Cancellations are the circular type with both large and small lettering reading Oro City/C.T.

Trinidad. Cancellations are in the single lined malformed circle and were used as early as 1864. The double circle has been seen dated 1870 and later.

An interesting sideline in the early Colorado cancellations is the variety of corner cards used as return address on the covers. These advertise many of the hotels and business houses of the early days of Colorado. The "American House" in Denver is a good example of the hotel corner card. "Brasher Bros. Sole Agent for Thistle Dew Whiskey, 351 and 353 Holliday Street, Denver" is another interesting corner card. The corner card of "The

Mears Transportation Co" of Silverton, showing the eight horse team pulling two freight wagons with a mountain scene in the background, is a much sought-after item.

The postal history of early Colorado is not complete and of course never can be, but as more material comes to light and receives the attention of the postal history student, the more the recorded story grows. The moral of the story of course is that philately has its rightful place both in the research and the compilation of our country's history and also that the historian can be aided by the philatelist with his knowledge of the mails and their handling. The postal history student is well aware no one can overemphasize the importance of mail in the lives of pioneers.

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Covers from the collection of David New, Wheat Ridge, Colorado.

Pioneer Denver, by Nolie Mumey. Art Craft Press, Denver, Colo.

Colorado, by Frank Fossett. 1879.

Early Mining Camps of South Park, by Norma L. Flynn. 1952. Art Craft Press, Denver, Colo.

FIDDLE FOOTED

MAT ENNIS JONES

(Concluded from August issue)

The roundup pilot, who always picked out the campsites, knew in advance from the wagon boss the next designated site and roundup ground. He led the cook wagon from the old site to the new one. The pilot would unhitch the teams and turn them loose headed toward the remuda.

Some times the wagon boss acted as pilot, but if not, one of the boys was selected to do that job who knew that ranch's range pretty well. Who ever it was, the pilot for the roundup did not make the morning's circle with the rest of the men. Instead, he spent the morning showing the cook the way to the next place, and then would go to the ground where the morning's roundup was to be held. There he would turn the first cattle that came in off the morning's circle onto the

selected roundup ground and then help hold them there until all the circle riders got in. Some held the cattle while others changed horses, got a drink of water and so forth, then they in turn did the same for the rest of the boys. If the pilot saw that the morning's circle was going to make an extra large roundup, he divided the "drive" as it came in and started the second roundup onto another ground a few hundred yards away. When the work on the cattle started the riders "cut to the center," which meant a separate crew on each roundup working at the same time would "cut" the cows and calves out and head them toward the ground between the two roundups. This herd was moved aside when that job was finished. Then working in the same way the trail herd was formed in the center and then moved aside and guarded as the cow and calf herd had

*Copyright 1955 by Mat Ennis Jones.

been done. By working two smaller roundups at the same time instead of one very large one, the whole job took less time. After these two herds had been cut out, the rest of the two roundups were turned back onto their range again. After dinner the branding and what have you was done.

When the chuck wagon reached the new campsite, the cook always grabbed a shovel the first thing and dug a pit about one and one-half feet wide, one-half foot deep and three to four feet long. He had two iron rods about four feet long with a diameter of one inch, which were either forked or ringed on one end and always pointed on the other end. These rods were driven into the ground at each end of the pit. A heavier rod extended from one upright rod down the length of the pit to the other upright rod. These three rods, when set in position, were called the "pot rack." Separate pot hooks were hung from this horizontal rod so that the dutch ovens, pots, and enamel coffee pot would hang over the fire in the pit below. In Texas there was generally plenty of wood, mesquite, and cedar for fuel, but out on the "treeless plains," cow chips (dried cow manure) was the main fuel and could always be found along the trail herd routes. Some chuck wagons had a dried cow hide slung under the wagon from the front axle. In to this was tossed fuel as it was found, so that it would be not only handy but kept dry too. It was the horse wrangler's job to see that the cook's supply of fuel was kept constant. The cook built his fire in the pit as soon as it was dug so that the flame would have time to die down into red hot coals, which were better to cook over. Then he opened the chuck box and got out his "sour dough jar." He was ready to start his "biscuits." He put some flour in a bowl or pan and

poured the sour dough on top of the flour (however, he always left part of the "starter" still in the jar). Then he added a pinch of soda, maybe a little water, too, and mixed them all together. This he set aside to raise, while he mixed in a little more flour in his sour dough jar, in order to build back up his "starter" supply for the next meal. This "starter" had to be used and replenished at least two times a week to keep it "alive."

Next he fixed the water and coffee in the huge grey granite pot and set it aside ready to hang over the fire at the right time. Beans were cooked in a heavy cast iron "footed" pot (they boiled dry too fast in shallower dutch ovens); so he probably started fixing the beans next. Potatoes, if available, were usually boiled "with the jackets on" (unpeeled). Meat was either roasted in a dutch oven with potatoes or deep fried, also in a dutch oven. Sometimes lard, more often bacon grease, was used for frying and to grease the dutch oven in which the biscuits were baked. Along about 1895 cotton seed cake, for supplement feeding, was introduced to the livestock industry. Therefore, cotton seed oil also appeared on the market. In New Mexico some bosses provided this oil to the cooks for their chuck wagon use. This oil boiled without smoking and was eagerly adopted by the cooks. However, some of the boys began to have ill effects from the food prepared in this oil. So its use was soon discontinued and the oil disappeared from the cook's larder. While we were working the range, gathering a herd for the trail and branding the calves, the cook's menu consisted of "sour-dough biscuits," frijoles (Mexican beans), prunes, dried apples, and peaches, maybe Irish potatoes, if available, and rice cooked with raisins, which the boys called "bear sign"—and all the beef we could eat.

I have heard two cooks talking together, each bragging about his prowess at making bread. One said, "My biscuits have been raising so good that I have to put little sticks between the lid and the dutch oven to keep from burning the tops of my biscuits." The other cook said, "Hell, that ain't nothing, I never take my lid out of the wagon."

After supper, on the evenings that another beef was needed, some of the boys would ride out to the herd, rope a calf, lead it back to the wagon, and someone would hit it in the head with an ax to kill it. Then the calf's throat was cut to bleed the carcass. Using skinning knives or pocket knives, the boys would skin out the carcass right there on the ground, butchering and gutting it as they went along, but keeping the meat on the flesh side of the hide so as to keep it clean. The sweetbreads, liver, heart, marrow-gut, brains, and tongue were saved, thrown into a pot with water, and sometime the next day the cook stewed it all into what was called a "son-of-a-bitch." The ribs from one front quarter were cut off and speared onto a spit. The spit was a rod about four feet long which had a sharpened fork on one end and a sharpened point on the other end which was jabbed into the ground so that the ribs were held on a slant out over the hot coals. From time to time someone would turn the spit as the ribs slowly roasted. Later that evening as the boys gathered around the fire swapping stories and "lies," each used his own pocket knife to cut off pieces of the roasted ribs. When the ribs were cleaned, it was bed roll time. Poles trimmed and carried along on the wagon for just such purposes were thrust down over the hub, through the wagon spokes into the ground beneath the wagon. From the high end of each pole a quarter of beef was hung to cool out during

the night. Each morning the cook would cut off the day's supply of beef. The remainder of the beef was wrapped in canvas and put in the bottom of the wagon before each boy threw his bed roll in.

The cook's oven was really several cast iron dutch ovens. These ovens had ears on each side and a wire between those ears forming a bale with which to lift the ovens. These ovens had an inch to an inch and one-half flange around the edge with a half ring cast on the lid. The long lid hooks were needed in order to lift off these hot lids. Hot coals or ashes could be shoveled onto the tops of these lids to give additional heat to the top of the oven, as already described. When lifting off the lids, great care was needed to keep the lids level, so that the ashes would not spill into the pots beneath. Besides dutch ovens, cast iron footed pots were used which were deeper, and in these pots and ovens the cook either roasted, stewed, or baked his food.

Tom Ogles of New Mexico was one of the wagon bosses of the Hat X ranch. He had a good "cookie" working under him we all called Wedgie. One day during a meal a boy went over to the dutch oven for some more biscuits. Since that oven was already empty, he turned to the fresh supply in another oven covered by the ash-filled lid. Wedgie yelled, "Wait 'til I lift off the lid." Instead of waiting, the boy kicked the ash-filled lid off with his boot toe and stooped over to get some biscuits. Wedgie had the lid hook in his hand and went for him, landing the hook rod the full length of the boy's back. Biscuits forgotten, the boy leaped across the oven, with Wedgie right after him. The chase was on. As they went around the wagon, the boy scooped up the ax, and right then and there the chase was reversed. The ax was thrown at Wed-

gic, but missed him, and the melee was over as quick as it had started.

A Cowboy's Personal Belongings

The cowboys had to furnish their own slickers, and in dry weather these were left in the wagon. When it looked like rain, the boys would get their slickers out of the wagon, identifying them by the initials or personal brands marked on them. These slickers were tied on behind the cantle of the saddle. Then if the rain did come, the slicker was there handy to put on. Some of the horses did not like those yellow oilskins but would soon get used to them. The favorite brand of slicker was the Towers Fish Brand Pommel, which when buttoned in front would cover the man and his whole saddle; and unless the wind was blowing hard, the slicker would protect and keep dry not only the cowboy's body but also his saddle skirts and legs, feet, and stirrups.

An important part of any cowboy's personal gear was his saddle, which he had to furnish himself. The saddles were generally of the same type, low straight fork (low pommel), with a low cantle, and some had tapaderos or "taps" (a separate leather cover, shaped roughly like a boot toe, that is placed in front of the stirrup to protect the foot in the brush country. Some were fancier than others). In those days the saddles were mostly of plain leather, as the stamped patterned ones were pretty much of a novelty as yet. The saddles used then were usually made by Meane of Cheyenne, Wyoming; Paget of Dallas, Texas; Strombergs from Abilene, Texas; Gallup and Frazier of Pueblo, Colorado. As the Southwestern cowboy tied his rope hard and fast to the leather saddle horn, he bought a "double rigged" (two cinches) saddle, and it would cost him about forty or fifty dollars.

Chaparejos or "chaps" (a Spanish word meaning—overalls of leather or bull hide) or two leggings held together by a band or belt which opened at the back, were worn by the cowboys in Texas and New Mexico, to protect their legs and clothes from the thorny brush.

Every cowboy had to furnish his own bed roll. This consisted of a six by fourteen foot tarpaulin called a "tarp," which was made from sixteen or eighteen ounce heavy weight canvas. In those days new tarps shed water better than used ones, but none were water-proofed as the term is known and used today. This tarp would be spread out full length and on the first seven feet a couple of quilts called "sougans" would be spread. Sougans were nearly square, so when the cowboys were making up their rolls, they often said, "Trying to find the long way of a sougan was what made the shepherders go crazy." Next a light weight double blanket sheet was put down, then another sougan on top of that. The remaining end of the tarp would then be folded up over the bedding, if it was to be used by two men. If it were to be used for a one-man roll, the sides extending beyond the bedding would be folded up over edge of the quilts and that fold continued on down the rest of the length of the tarp. Then that last seven feet would be folded up over the bedding that was on top of the first seven feet. Enough tarp was always allowed, more than fourteen feet, if necessary, so that the tarp could be pulled up over the owner's head while he was sleeping. That he would do if it was stormy so as to protect himself and his clothing in his "war bag." The bedding and tarp then were tightly rolled up (with the war bag under the top canvas) starting from the open end and secured with a strap or tied with a rope. In

rainy weather the rolls would get pretty damp and even right down wet. We still had to crawl in that roll at night even if it was wet, so when nice weather came along, sooner or later every one would unroll his bed and spread out his bedding to air and dry. Each man was pretty particular about his bed roll. Whether it was thrown in the chuck wagon or packed by horse, he saw that the roll was placed so nothing could rub on the tarp. A worn place on the tarp made it leak there later during stormy weather, which meant a wet bed. The boys never sat on their bed rolls in camp either because the spurs on their boots might rip the tarp. Occasionally when a clear water source was found, clothes and maybe the sheet blankets would be washed. The sougans could not be washed too successfully even under the best of conditions, let alone out on the range, so they were used until too dirty or too worn out to be of further use and then they were replaced.

One of the important pieces of equipment every cowboy always had while working, was a large red bandana. More often than not this was worn around the neck rather than carried in the pocket, for convenience sake. This he used to mop his wet face or to cover his nose when the dust was bad. The "drag" boys especially used theirs a lot. Each boy washed and wrung out his bandana at every possible chance.

In the bed roll the boys also carried their spare clothes. These clothes were usually packed in a clean flour sack which was called a "war bag."

In his war bag a boy might have, for example, a change of underwear, an extra set of denim pants and shirt, and of course his dress pants and satin shirt and neckerchief, if he were lucky enough to own them. A boy could wash his work shirts and underwear in a water hole when he could find

time, which might be once or twice a season for each article. His work pants were worn until they were ready to be thrown away, then they were usually discarded and left beside the waterhole where the owner had taken a splash bath before putting on his new clothes. There never was a tub or wash board in a cow outfit. In any outfit there might be a few boys who would have straight-edge razors and straps in their war bags, and the other boys would use them occasionally. Once in a while you would see a boy sharpen his pocket knife and scrape off his whiskers. Most of the boys would wait though until they got to town, where they could get a haircut and shave for thirty-five cents. In the winter time at a ranch where there would be several men, rather than ride horse back miles into town for a haircut, they would dig up a pair of sheep shears and play barber.

I was twenty-two years old before I owned a razor. A cook quit the outfit I was working for in Montana, and told me to get the razor he was leaving in the chuck box. It was a Wade and Butcher brand straight-edge razor, and I still have it.

The boys sometimes used the war bag for a pillow at night. They slept in their underwear and at night put their work pants and shirt under their war bag. Maybe their hats too, or else they put the hat under the boots to keep it from blowing away. Spurs were seldom removed from the boots, and in wet weather or when feet were sweaty from a hard hot day doing branding, for instance, the spur rowel would be jabbed into the ground, then one hand put on the boot toe, thus making a sort of boot jack to pull off each boot. If a cowboy was proud of anything, it was his boots. He always wanted to have the best shop-made boots he could buy. He was satisfied to wear overalls or jeans

(Levi Straus Co., who made the name Levi famous, had not gone into business yet) when at work, but when he was getting ready to go to town that was a different story. Then he would open his war bag, get out his satin shirt and "californias" or "oregons." (Both California and Oregon made trousers that were of wool, purplish grey in color, with a small inconspicuous light tan plaid pattern woven into the cloth. These trousers were favorites because the pant leg would not work up toward the knee as the boy rode horse back.) The boy would dress all up, tie a silk handkerchief around his neck, grease his boots with beef tallow, and set his Stetson hat on the side of his head, which we referred to as "Jack-duecc." When he loosened the spur straps so that the spur rowels would drag on the sidewalks, we called that "letting them out to the town hole."

Wages

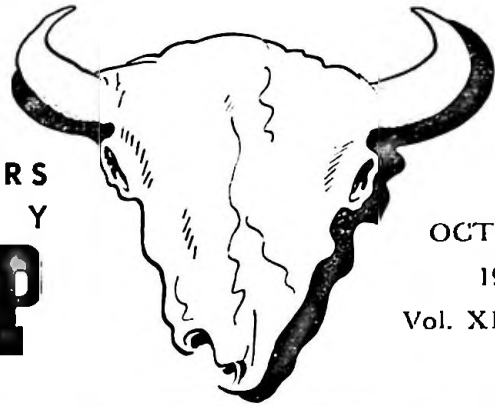
In Texas the cowboys received \$20 a month; a few top hands would make \$25.00 a month. Tip Roberts figured out his monthly pay down to a day's wage one time and came up with, "sixty-six and two-thirds cents is what I draw for riding fence." The boys did not get to town very often, but when they did they would draw part of the wages that had been credited to them. Wages were not paid at the end of every month, as the men were out on the range working and would have no place to keep the money, anyway; so it was safer to leave the money "on the book" than to run the risk of losing it while working. If a cowboy was fired while working for the outfit (but was not at the ranch headquarters), the wagon boss would write an order for the boy to give to the ranch manager back at the headquarters. The manager would then write out a check for the amount of wages due

that boy. If a boy was being sent to town on ranch business from the wagon and wanted some cash of his own to spend, or if he were with a trail herd and wanted to go to town when they came near one, the wagon boss would write an "order." This "order" might read, "Please pay Mat Jones \$50.00. Signed by (the wagon boss's name) of the (name of the ranch or company) ranch." The boy would then take this order to town, to one of the stores that the outfit traded with, if possible, and the store would cash it. Later when the manager or owner of the ranch was at the store he would redeem the "order."

The boys who were more saving would have a small "roll" saved by the end of the season to take to town with them when they were laid off. This roll, unless they managed to get a job for the winter to add to their savings, would tide them over nicely until next spring. The boys always allowed themselves "tobacco money," no matter what the season. Nearly all of them smoked Bull Durham and rolled their own, as there were no "tailor made" (manufactured cigarettes) in those days. A sack of Bull Durham with the tag on the end of the draw string, hanging over the top edge of the shirt pocket, was the daily supply, and the extra supply was kept in their war bags. Some of the boys chewed, and they bought "Horseshoe" or "Star" brand chewing tobacco in one pound plugs.

Cowboys were very loyal to their outfits or "brands." They might do a little beefing or belly-aching, especially in bad weather, but very seldom would they quit. Some would work for the same outfit for years. There was no union. At one time the cowboys in the Texas Panhandle tried to form a union but that never worked out. This was before my time, but I remember hearing the older men talk about it.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



OCTOBER
1955
Vol. XI, No. 10



"Father Jesus," *santo* from a Penitente *morada*. Collection Taylor Museum, Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center.

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Entered as Second Class Matter
at Boulder, Colorado. Printed
Monthly. \$3.00 per year.

Vol. XI

October, 1955

No. 10

Printing Office
839 Pearl St., Boulder.

Business Office
Room 306, State Museum Building, Denver.

Denver Posse Founded January 26, 1945
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The Christmas Party

The December meeting will be the annual Christmas party, to be held Wednesday, December 14, at the American Legion hall. Both posse members and corresponding members, and their wives and husbands, are invited. The price will be \$3.00 per person, including tax and tip. *Important:* Mail reservations must be sent to the Chuck Wrangler, Arthur Zeuch, at 930 Downing St., Denver 18, and must *prepay* the \$3.00 per person

charge. Get your reservations in early! Dr. Mumey has promised us a good short paper (speaker not yet divulged) and a party.

The 1956 Program

January 1956: PM Charles B. Roth,
"The Biggest Wind since Galveston."

February 1956: James T. Forrest, curator of the State Museum, "A Comparative Study of the Social Customs of the Midwest and the Rocky Mountains, 1860-1880."

Riding the Range

Talleyman John Anderson of the Kansas City Posse of The Westerners tells us that Denver possemen are welcome to the meetings of their new group. The meetings are held the second Tuesday of each week. (See note below by Erl Ellis upon the first publication from the posse and information upon corresponding membership.)

CM Freeman B. Hover, news director of radio station KCSR in Chadron, Nebraska, has written us about the dedication last summer of the Museum of the Fur Trades. Located in Chadron, the new museum is on the site of the old James Bordeaux trading post. CM Hover reports that the museum had good backing and that the dedication ceremony was quite a "splash," with Nebraska Governor Victor Anderson and State Museum Director James Olson on hand. This appears to be the only museum other than Hudson Bay which is devoted entirely to the fur trade. A number of studies are already underway, as museum projects, to clear up missing links in the knowledge of the fur trade.

Guest of PM Fred M. Mazzula at our October meeting was Chicago Posseman Edgar Miller, who was in Denver painting the Leadville Room of the new May Company store. Miller designed the Westerners' lapel pin.

PM Francis Rizzari gave his ghost town talk recently to the Gates Employees' Association.

A grievous error was made in the "Riding the Range" column of our July issue. We reported upon CM Edward McLean's invitation from

hand-written notes given to us during the July meeting, and these were misread, unfortunately. McLean, an outstanding bookbinder who has recently set up his shop in Denver, has invited Westerners who wish their annual *Brand Book* distinctively bound, to communicate with him at 18 E. Arkansas Ave., Denver, telephone Spruce 7-0202. He is able to bind in slunk (unborn calf), Nygerian goat skin, or such other materials as denim and linen. He is also able to offer binding in combinations of these materials to provide a most carefully hand-wrought binding upon the *Brand Book* or any other documents members may wish to preserve in such special workmanship.

NOTES ON NEW PUBLICATIONS

The Trail Guide, Vol. I, No. 1. From The Kansas City Posse, The Westerners. September, 1955. A 24 page pamphlet of about the size of our *Roundup*, on heavier paper, starts off the publications of our new Westerners Posse at Kansas City. They are not yet on a regular publishing schedule, but are soliciting 1956 memberships to arrive at such a point; so send your corresponding membership fees, \$3.00 each, to James Anderson, 446 West 62nd St., Kansas City 13, Missouri. The chief article in this first *Trail Guide* is entitled "The Delaware Indians in Kansas—1829-1867." This paper (published separately at \$1.00, via Mr. Anderson) was written by Alan W. Farley. It serves not only as a complete story of the Delaware Indians in Kansas, but is also a good introduction to the history of the eastern part of Kansas. This paper sets a high standard for the future speakers addressing the Kansas City Posse. Best

of success to this new Posse and to its publications!

The Branding Iron (Publication 31) for September, 1955, from the Los Angeles Corral, Westerners, is newsy, with some interesting short notes, without any long paper. "Big Nose George Parrott" is the subject of several paragraphs by Carl W. Breihan. Harry C. James tells of a once-famous wind generator near White-water. Brand Book No. Six is on its way, it would appear.

New York Posse Brand Book, The Westerners, Vol. Two, No. Three. The leading article, by Alexandre

André, is concerned with the 1849 history of the mines on the Trinity River. It is a real historical treat. The many other articles in this issue add to its value and interest.

Trail and Timberline, The Colorado Mountain Club's magazine, has in its September, 1955, issue, a brief note by a forest ranger, long in service, Len Shoemaker, on the "Crystal River" of Colorado.

Cervi's Journal, for Sept. 15, 1955, again ventures into the historical field with an article about the origin and development of the Stearns-Roger Company. E.E.E.

Book Reviews

Oregon Trail Trek No. 4. June 28, 1953. By Maurine Carley, Historian. Westward Ho. Wyoming Pioneer Association Sponsors.

Although a trifle late in readying for general—and free—distribution, this 25-page mimeographed bulletin is packed with a mass of fine data. It definitely belongs in your Americana ephemera collection.

It details the trip and talks by appointed historians, on the occasion of September 26, 1954, when a 37-car caravan of 103 participants made a series of treks from old Fort Caspar along Wyoming's section of the Oregon Trail. Several 1862-65 letters of historical interest from Caspar Collins to his mother about Sweetwater Station are also included. D.B.

Wheels West by Homer Croy. New York: Hastings House, 1955. \$3.75.

The story of the Donner Party is retold in *Wheels West*. It is a straight narrative presenting new facts after

painstaking research by the author who went over the trail from the Donner farm in Sangamon County, Illinois, to Sacramento, California. It is a story of bravery and perseverance, of cowardice and despair, of starvation and death, of murder and cannibalism.

Eighty-seven persons constituted the original Donner Party, about one-fourth of them children. Of these, forty died and forty-seven survived.

The Party left Springfield, Illinois, on April 16, 1846, and arrived in Independence, Missouri, nearly a month later. On the plains their greatest ordeal was 200 miles of trail without sight of a tree.

Although he never appeared personally in the story, one of the main villains in the story was Lansford W. Hastings. He had written a guide book which recommended a short-cut to California from the Little Sandy River in Wyoming via Fort Bridger and the Salt Lake Valley. He had

promised to meet them at Fort Bridge and guide them the rest of their journey. He never appeared.

Perhaps if he had fulfilled his promise, perhaps if he had never written the book, the party might not have taken the cut-off and the Donner story would never have occurred.

Crossing the mountains into Salt Lake Valley was a terrible hardship. On one occasion 21 days were required to travel 36 miles. Then the Valley itself brought thirst and other difficulties.

The wheels of the wagon train continued westward. The Sierra Nevada Mountains were ahead, and the pass over them was exceedingly high. Before the pass could be attempted, snow came—three feet the first night—and it snowed for eight days.

Members of the party were marooned in two separate camps, less than 100 miles from their Sacramento goal. Messengers were sent ahead for help, and in all, four rescue parties came bringing food and taking back some members of the party. The food was always too little and too late to halt starvation. It was never enough to enable all to proceed to Sutter's Fort.

The oxen had to be killed for meat. Even the hides were boiled for their meager nutrition. As deaths occurred from hunger and privation, some ate the dead.

And finally, the author tells of one of the last survivors killing a woman, chopping up the body with an axe, and boiling the pieces in a kettle. The final rescue party found him feasting on human flesh and human blood.

Of the 47 survivors of the Donner Party several lived normal happy lives and enjoyed a ripe old age. Some achieved fame and fortune in California. The last survivor died in 1935 at the age of 90.

Wheels West is a book for everyone interested in the opening of the West.

PM ALONZO E. ELLSWORTH

The Great Reconnaissance by Edward S. Wallace. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

This is the informal and somewhat rambling account of the surveys and expeditions of the Great Southwest. The book covers a thirteen year period, roughly, the time between the two wars, 1848-1861. The account centers around the land acquired by the United States, following the Mexican War, and includes the Gadsden Purchase.

The leading characters, in this drama of the desert, were members of the United States Corps of Topographical Engineers. Many were West Point men and, for the most part, were of high type. Their names are of special interest because many of them became famous during the Civil War. One, John Russell Bartlett, was appointed boundary commissioner in 1850, and the first half of the book centers about him.

The first task of the Engineers was to mark the boundary lines of the newly acquired territory. Some of this work had been started, from the West, but most of the surveys were made after 1850.

The role of the Indian is not to be overlooked, in this account. Some of them were friendly. They acted as guides and helped supply both food and water. Others were very war like and did everything possible to keep the White man from coming. The book contains accounts, artist's sketches and descriptions of these Indian tribes, and thus becomes first-hand information about the natives of the Southwest.

Rivers are an important part of the story and their exploration makes for good reading. Of minor importance

are the Gila and the Bill Williams. The story of the Colorado River, which includes the Grand Canyon, forms a central theme throughout the book. Equally prominent is the story of roads, trails, and railroad surveys. Because of the gold rush and the great amount of western travel, roads became increasingly important.

Wild life, plants, flowers, and water are mentioned and much new information was added to the literature of the time, by the men of science who were on these missions. The story of Lieutenant Joseph Christmas Ives and his activities on the Colorado, form a basic part for the latter sections of the book.

Within the covers of this interesting little volume, is the account of the camel as a means of transportation. The story centers about two men, Lieutenant David D. Proter, and a navy man, Edward Fitzgerald Beale, who brought the animals from North Africa and tried, rather unsuccessfully, to use them in the Southwest.

The achievements of the men who explored and surveyed this vast area are not to be overlooked. What they did, and only a century ago, led directly to the conquest and settlement of this vast region.

Mr. Wallace's account is well documented and seems very accurate. It is good reading and will afford pertinent information on a little known segment of Western Americana.

PM B. Z. Woods

Trailing the Cowboy by Clifford P. Westermeier. Caxton. \$5.00.

This work is a character delineation and a treatise on the most colorful group of individuals who made history on this continent. It tells all there is to be said about the American

cowboy. It is a collection of reports on observations of bystanders as viewed on the ground at the time and place the events occurred. Since the subject matter covers such a wide scope and is contributed by so many different individuals, it is bound to contain a certain amount of inaccuracies, contradictions, and exaggerations. A discerning reader can easily pick out the few flaws and retain only the sound and reasonable elements. On the other hand the cowboy had so many different sides to his character, there is room for most everything.

Some authorities depict him as a flamboyant, hell-raising rascalion thirsting for the blood of his fellowman. This is partly true, for a few of them were. Others pictured him as a godly saint, always striving for the good and noble, which is also partly true. Some of them were. By far and large the majority show him as a hard working, self-sacrificing individual extremely loyal to friends and employer, governed by a certain code of morals and ethics which was admirable, and whose characteristics and inclinations were influenced by his surroundings and enforced mode of life.

All reports agree that a cowboy's life embraced a remarkable amount of hardships and dangers. For that reason the good and the bad and the bad and the large majority of the average all bore one common trait. None of them was afraid. It has been truly said that the cowards never started and the weak ones never got there. To this can be added another timely connotation; the unfit could not stay.

The cowboy's trade covered a wide scope of special abilities, most of which were hedged around by physical risks, and the calling was essentially a

(Continued on page 15)

LUCIFER AND THE CRUCIFER: THE ENIGMA OF THE PENITENTES

GEORGE MILLS and RICHARD GROVE

The Eye, the Art, and the Church

The Brotherhood of Penitentes, the flagellant religious organization of New Mexico and Colorado, is sufficiently important in Spanish-American life to deserve the careful, dispassionate treatment that other aspects of the culture have received from anthropologists, economists, sociologists, and historians.

In the first section of this essay we shall solve, by means of a variety of types of evidence, a problem central to any study of the Penitente Brotherhood, and in the second we shall show why this new knowledge compels reconsideration of Spanish-American culture and character. The problem is: how intense were the penitential activities of the Brotherhood? Consider one answer to this question. Florence Hawley Ellis writes:

And the Penitentes from whose backs the blood had run during the flagellations? They washed themselves in water of rosemary, and dressed to go dancing with their neighbors. Where but in the minds of sensation-writers with eyes fixed upon newspaper columns did Penitentes beat themselves into sadistic injury or death?

There are tales of men taking the part of Christ and being hung upon the cross, even to death, and it is possible that some villages did choose to represent Christ by a human figure.

But the cross was provided with a platform upon which the feet of a man could rest, while his arms were held against the bar by means of a cloth passing across his chest to help support the weight of his body. In this strained position a man of weak heart or other ailment might succumb, but authentications for the legend of personal crucifixion never seem to appear; one suspects that the legend might have originated, as well as grown, in the imagination of those who like lurid details.¹

Franklin Page (55)² says that the Christ quickly recovers from his ordeal on the cross and that by the evening of Good Friday he is walking about, enjoying the distinction of being the town's most important citizen. Charles Lummis (48) gives the example of an individual who lay upon thorns at the foot of the cross, and whipped himself over two thousand times on Good Friday alone but who was the next day at work with his irrigating hoe. Flaherty (30) gives us an incident similar to that of Lummis. A number of writers have said that sacrifices of the back minimizes the suffering caused by whipping.

Dr. Ellis reduces their activity to bright pageantry like the play at Oberammergau, and other writers regard Penitente rites as no more susceptible to sensational treatment than the traditional Stations of the Cross.

This is in reaction to the Sunday sup-
plement view of the Penitentes. How-
ever, to discount these popular views
as nightmares fostered by a shocked
Protestant imagination is not a rati-
onal solution of the problem.

In making preparations for the
Taylor Museum's exhibition dealing
with the Penitentes,³ we were deter-
mined that it should not be another ex-
ample of the salivate-at-the-sight-of-
blood school of thought. It therefore
became necessary to devise techniques
for sorting out the reliable informa-
tion in order that our asseverations
about the Brotherhood's nature and
function—especially its ritual activity—
would be accurate. From the litera-
ture we extracted first-hand, eyewit-
ness reports (minus obvious editorial-
izing) by authors who revealed their
identity. Certain defects are not ruled
out by this method. Even accountable
egos may be confused by events, or
may delay writing about them until
memory plays tricks. Infallible
sources of information are not avail-
able and we must be satisfied with the
best we have. We shall refer to these
as Class I accounts. We have discov-
ered sixty-one of them.⁴

Between the reliable accounts and
hearsay was much useful information
contained in pseudonymous, anony-
mous, and second-hand eyewitness ac-
counts. We term these Class II ac-
counts. In a court of law such evi-
dence is inadmissible; nonetheless, we
may use it if we are aware of its lim-
itations and dangers.

1. Such accounts, taken singly, can-
not be used for reaching important
conclusions.

2. Class II accounts become more
credible the more they are in line with
Class I accounts.

This does not mean that the more
often an idea is parroted the truer it
is. Many writers have said that the
death of a substitute Christ is reported

by leaving his shoes or clothes on the
doorstep of his house. Though re-
peated *ad nauseam*, there is no evi-
dence, of the sort we require, to sup-
port this idea. By contrast, consider
the story of daggers secured between
the legs so as to lacerate the ankles of
the penitent. We have an unclassi-
fiable account of this penance; that of
William H. Riding.⁵ We also have
the Class II eyewitness account of Rev.
Inigo Deane, S. J. (26). If we estab-
lish the identity of Deane, thereby
making his a Class I account, we can
then use Deane's version to reassess
the credibility of Riding. In this
way our reliable information is in-
creased.

We shall consider the following as-
pects of our eyewitness accounts: types
of penance; emotional states accom-
panying the exercises; multiple pen-
ances imposed upon the same individ-
ual; and the consequences of partic-
ipation in these rituals.

The Eye

Types of Penance. James Bennett
(I-6)⁶ saw a Penitente buried upright
in the earth with nothing above the
ground but his head. "He remained
in that position two days and nights.
This is a punishment put upon them
by the priests for past offenses which
have been confessed by them."

Gregg (I-38) saw an individual
who, in order to increase the labo-
riousness of his task, had tied a stone
of "immense dimensions" to the mid-
dle of the cross that he was dragging.

Rev. J. M. Roberts (I-59) saw a
penitent who traveled two miles with
a pole placed across his shoulders and
the back of his neck, and his arms ex-
tended and strapped to the pole; he
held two swords, one in each hand,
with the points resting upon his
thighs. Any misstep or unevenness of
the ground caused the sword points
to enter the flesh. Father Deane (II-

26) saw both a similar penance and a variation in which the penitent, still holding the swords at his thighs, was tied to a cross carried by a number of individuals over a rough trail.⁷

Harvey Fergusson (I-29) writes, "First came a man whom four others held by short ropes and as he walked they jerked him savagely this way and that." James Fry (II-33) reports the experience of a friend who saw a procession passing from a *morada* or Penitente meeting house to a large cross about a quarter of a mile away. The chief penitent, a woman, was hobbled, had her hands bound behind her, and wore cactus tied to her back. By means of ropes fastened around her neck, two attendants now and again, by sudden jerks, threw the woman, whose bound hands gave her no protection, full length upon the ground. She was then lifted to her feet and the act was repeated. These accounts substantiate Darley's statement that, by means of two ropes tied to the waist, penitents were dragged over cactus, stones, and stumps. He says that in 1866 two men were killed in this fashion although the rescuing squad, ordered from Fort Garland, found nothing.

A crown of thorns
with which he must be crowned
and a discipline of wire
with which he must be whipped.

A rope about his neck
which the Jews have placed there,
each time they yank it,
it brings my Jesus to his knees.⁸

Emotional States. The following accounts contain references to groans, shrieks, and sobbing, occurring in the course of penances: II-1, I-41, I-39, II-34, II-53, I-44. Hall talks about agonized screams that cut the night, and this points to one weakness in this type of evidence: the intensity of the

outcry and its nature is easily misinterpreted. Hall set out to find agonized screams cutting the night so it is not surprising that he found them. Nevertheless, the evidence has value. Geertz finds that, although much expression of emotion is permitted Spanish-American women, the ideal attitude for the man is a stoical one.⁹ When discussing funerals he says that the men remain the stage managers of the women who put on a theatrical display of grief. We assume that this demand for stoicism and self-control extends into the religious behavior of the men. Therefore their outcries are involuntary.

The chief occasion for dionysiac expression by men, women, children, and occasionally outsiders, was the *Tinieblas* or Penitente version of the *Tenebrae* service. In some descriptions, especially I-12 and II-1, this appears to have reached frenzy, perhaps appropriately, because one of the purposes of the *Tinieblas* is to dramatize the chaos that came over the world between Christ's death upon the cross and His Resurrection.¹⁰ Ruth Barker (I-12), referring to the "Pandemonium of Judgment Day," says that some of the men worked themselves into a fury, seizing people by the hair and forcing them to stand. Women fainted, and others crouched against the wall in fear of being trampled in the totally darkened *morada*. The confusion was increased by the sound of whipping in the adjoining room, the saying of prayers for souls in purgatory, cries of frightened children, the clanking of chains, and the racket of pieces of tin banged against one another, to all of which was added chanting, the sound of the *pito*, and the clattering of *matracas*. Eleanor Adams' account (II-1) is similar; she adds that she heard pistols fired inside the chapel room.

Death provides another occasion on

which the Penitentes cast aside their emotional control. In Goodson's description of a funeral (II-36), the participants encircled the coffin, "howled and wailed," and whipped themselves to the sound of rattling log chains. Twelve individuals became unconscious and were carried out to recover, some returning for more penance. She adds that a few individuals were trampled underfoot in the dim light.

Multiple Punishments. Henderson (I-41) describes an individual who had cactus bound to his naked back and chest; his arms were folded over the cactus. Both legs of the same person were tightly wound with a horsehair rope down to the ankles, and once he crawled on his knees over a path of cactus. Another penitent, wearing cactus and having his legs bound in the same fashion as the previous one, also dragged chains fastened to his ankles. Lummis (I-48) saw a cross-bearer fall to the ground and lie there with the cross-arm resting upon his neck. An attendant took a whip and gave him fifty blows upon the back until the penitent, with the help of others, resumed his cross. When about to sink to earth once more, he was revived with kicks. Bennett (I-16) and Hendrix (II-42) observed cross-bearers hobbled with chains.

Consequences of Penance. One of the more convincing types of evidence is the study of consequences ensuing from penitential exercises. Under the heading of collapse we have Hambleton's Class II account (58) of an individual being carried out on a blanket, a description reinforced by Lummis (I-48) who saw a penitent similarly carried from a *morada*. The collapse of the last individual occurred, Lummis tells us, during a *Tinieblas* ceremony that was open only to members of the Brotherhood. For this reason Lummis' information that the

penitent succumbed because for fifteen minutes he had hugged a stake wrapped with cactus, does not belong with the Class I material.

Fergusson (I-29) saw penances that resulted in the collapse of some participants. After the wooden figure of Christ was removed from the cross, the cross was uprooted and placed upon the shoulder of a "giant Penitente." The procession, which included whippers, returned from the *Calvario* to the *morada*. The penitent, who was jerked this way and that by means of four short ropes, fell just before reaching the building. He had to be picked up and carried into the *morada*. Another penitent, whipped by two others, fell and was carried through the door. One man fell senseless under his own whippings. The giant cross-bearer reached the *morada*, leaned the cross against the wall, and crept in on all fours.

Flynn (II-31) observed a procession in which the penitents used whips the cactus needles of which were so sharp they did not make a sound, yet they proved difficult to remove from the flesh. Flynn estimates that five hundred self-inflicted blows were administered during the journey to the cross, with no diminution of intensity. Flynn moved close enough to see that the entire covering of flesh had been torn from the body of the whippers, leaving the ribs exposed. In the evening, he went with a doctor to attend a Penitente. The penitent's back "looked as though sharp knives had been drawn across it in all directions and the flesh torn out with pincers. A flax seed jacket could not be prescribed under these conditions, so the doctor applied an enormous fly-blister on the poor fellow's chest, and gave some medicine for the high fever."

The reference to cactus whips that could be removed from the flesh only with difficulty recalls two other ac-

counts, one by Horton (11-25) and one by Lummis (1-48). In the first, Lopez is described as a scapegoat whose penances purify the parish of its sins. The penances included a whipping by two men using four-foot lengths of cactus. They whipped until the spines had been transferred from the branches to Lopez' back. He later walked over the same spine after they had been removed from his flesh. In Lummis' account a Spanish-American who was not taking part in the procession tossed a chunk of cactus at one of the passing penitents. The needles of the cactus caused it to hang from the shoulder of this man who never so much as turned his head.

Lummis' account (1-48) will stand for a number describing the collapse of the Christ during the crucifixion. Though he cried that he would be dishonored if he were not nailed, he was bound with rope. The rope sank into the flesh, prohibiting the circulation of blood, and in three minutes, in Lummis' s o m e w h a t discountable phraseology, "his arms and legs were black as a Hottentot's." In the next sentence, he mentions the penitent's "purpling arms," as if purple were a chromatic step beyond black. After the Christ was covered with a sheet, the cross was raised into position and left for thirty-one minutes. At the end of that time the Christ had to be helped into the *morada* by two brothers, while his "feet made a feeble feint at moving."

None of our seventeen eyewitness accounts of men tied to the cross mentions that the Christ stood upon a platform nor does this ameliorating device appear in any of the crucifixes in the collection of the Taylor Museum. Use of the platform does not appear to have been general throughout the Penitente area.

There is evidence of mental collapse following participation in Penitente

rites. A doctor has told us of treating Penitentes who came to the hospital in a highly disturbed state following Holy Week.

Death has resulted from penitential exercises. In a Class I account (51), a Christ died performing his role. Another observer (1-35) witnessed a similar death; the man was young and showed no obvious signs of injury. Hambleton (11-58) says that two penitents died from exhaustion, and Ashley (11-7) observes that one student at the Cubero Mission School died from having been trampled upon and another from having played the role of Christ.

The Art

Two Penitente arts, hymns and *santos*, are additional sources of evidence. One is in doubt as to whether such arts express actuality or a wished-for state of affairs.

With this problem in mind, we recall that the Spanish-American enters into a personal, one might say, an intimate relationship with his saints. It is as if they were adopted into the family and expected to do their share of work. If the saint should fail, he may be turned to the wall or put away until he undergoes a change of heart. This personalization is exemplified by a tendency to think of the Trinity as Jesus, Mary, and Joseph,¹¹ a natural error among a people who cherish the family. The wooden representation merges with the identity of the saint: the mechanism of prayer is modified. The carving has to be taken into the field so that the saint may see the effects of drought, or it must be given new shoes to replace those it has worn out. One or two of our eyewitness accounts describe a confrontation of a crucified Penitente and a carving, till then blindfolded, representing Christ. As human flesh approximates the death of Christ, so these wooden images approximate the

life of flesh. Hence we are justified in turning to the *santos* for additional clues to the intensity of these rituals.

Having made a list of penance types, we examined the figures of Christ in the Taylor Museum's collection and found remarkable correspondence. There are abrasions on the shoulder, sometimes both shoulders, of the sort that would be made by dragging heavy crosses, as well as wounds at wrists and ankles similar to those caused by ankle chains and the ropes used in the crucifixion. Body cavities in some figures are barred by strips of metal representing the rib cage. Compare this with Flynn's description of flesh removed from the ribs in a penitential procession, and this fragment of an *alabado*:

He comes with his heavy cross
to the Calvary and hastily
and fiercely they remove
the sacred robe,
the flesh comes off stuck
to the interior tunic.¹²

Sometimes these body cavities have hung in them carvings of hearts which take us into the realm of Sacred Heart symbolism.¹³

Occasionally we find cuts and wounds on these *santos* which cannot be explained in terms of our list of penances, and in a few instances the wound motif is handled as a decorative pattern. One set of wounds may provide a clue to a penitential practice which, if it could be established, would be of psychological importance. The majority of Christs show a red or red-blue line around the body at the top of the drawers and around each leg beneath the drawers, and usually lines of blood from the latter two wounds or abrasions run down the legs. Seeking an explanation of these we recalled hearsay reports of a penance in which the drawers were lined with cactus (see 55, for instance). If the drawers were tightened to in-

crease pressure on the cactus, abrasions and bleeding would result during strenuous exercise. We have found no support in the *alabados* for this conjecture. It would be useful to know about the occurrence of this and other wound patterns in Mexican and Spanish art.

The Taylor Museum has two crucifixes from *moradas* which show the body of Christ light blue. A non-naturalistic use of color is common in arts from cultures other than our own, and we might conclude that the Spanish-American representation of blue flesh stems from aesthetic motives. The *santero's* intention was naturalistic to the point of using wigs of human hair, eyes of mica, and minutely carved teeth. In explaining this blue color we have to consider if the flesh of Christ appears blue at some point in the Penitente ritual. Most eyewitness accounts of the crucifixion refer to discoloration of the flesh as a result of interrupted circulation.

More evidences of intensity are seen in the agonized expressions and contorted postures of the *santos* of Christ. These postures, facial expressions, and the treatment of wounds produce a quality of agony conveyable only by illustrations.

The Church

Documents issued during the Church's difficulties with the Penitentes are of interest for the study of intensity. They indicate that the Church objected to the threat created by the secrecy and unorthodox practices of the Penitentes, the occasional overemphasis on politics, the condemnation which Anglo-Americans who witnessed public penances would pass not only on Penitentes but also on all New Mexico Catholics, and finally the "excessive rigor" (Bishop Lamy's phrase) of the penitential exercises.

The first objection to excessive zeal that we have is Bishop Zubiria's statement of 1833.

. . . since the excesses of very indiscreet corporal penances which they are accustomed to practice on some days of the year, and even publicly, are so contrary to the spirit of Religion and the regulations of Holy Church . . . We strictly command, laying it on the conscience of our present and future pastors of this villa, that they must never in the future permit such reunions of Penitentes under any pretext whatsoever.¹⁴

In 1877 the editors of *Revista Catolica* wrote a diatribe prompted by the death of a penitent. They speak of "a penance which could be better called a cruel suicide" and warn that Christian penance must be discreet and not cause death or illness. They speak also of a "furor with bloody whips," "extremely rigorous fasts, poisoned beverages," and "abhorrent carnage." In the editors' view the Penitentes are the plaything of foolish exaltation and ignorance.¹⁵ In the next issue, they say that the Penitente reported dead only became unconscious and they continue their diatribe as if similar excesses could yet develop. Their new warning is more blunt. If the brothers imagine that those who die of whippings, fasts, and crucifixions will go to heaven, they are mistaken; they will go straight to hell because death in such circumstances is suicide.¹⁶

Two years later Bishop Lamy censures the leaders of the Brotherhood for allowing the penitents to continue "their cruel customs and practices in secluded places, and at night, flagellating themselves so terribly that many have not only made themselves ill as a consequence of these penances, but some have also died." In this letter Lamy uses the phrase "excessive rigor" previously referred to.¹⁷

The Problem of the Nails

Was the substitute Christ ever nailed to the cross? Fray Chavez states one point of view when he writes, "Lurid articles in the past have accused the Penitentes of nailing a victim to the cross, more for sensational effect and out of ignorance, we trust, than out of malice."¹⁸

There are neither Class I nor Class II accounts of crucifixions using nails. Mary Austin says that the last crucifixion with nails may have taken place in 1908. She obtained this information at Taos, Las Vegas, and Abiquiu, adding that Laurence Lee was told the same at Albuquerque by prominent Penitentes (9). The significance of corroboration from distinct sources cannot be overlooked.

In Lummis' Class I account the penitent cries that he will be dishonored if not nailed. According to Anderson's anonymous eyewitness, nails are always demanded by the Christ. The sufferer on the cross, seeking a literal identification with Christ's agony, could attain it only by being nailed. Is the demand to be nailed perfunctory? Considering a) the literalism of the Penitente Passion, b) the lavish interest in bodily suffering displayed by the *santos*, and c) the quality of the Passion in the *alabados*, we believe it possible, even likely, that the Christ has been nailed to the cross.

On a cross lying on the ground
thou shalt see a tyrannical nail,
the point in His right hand
and a hammer raised.
Oh, what a blow has been inflicted
making the Creator quiver!
Through Thy Passion, my God,
embrace me in Thy love.

To the left they attach
loops of rope
and pulling cruelly
they dislocate His bones.
New blows resound

as they nail Him with fury.
Through Thy Passion, etc.

They also tie the legs
and, the body being drawn up,
they pull so that, stretched out,
He is all pulled apart.
They bore holes in His feet
to nail Him better.
Through Thy Passion, etc.

After thus nailing Him,
they wished him such evil,
they turned Him face down
without pity or fear,
clinching the nails.
The wounds touch the ground.
Through Thy Passion, etc.

He is lifted on high,
blasphemed by executioners,
between the thieves,
thirsty and forsaken.
His body is mangled
and the color blackened.
Through Thy Passion, etc.¹⁰

The Enigma

We shall consider Spanish-American life at the level of cultural configurations. Let us illustrate what we mean by this. An anthropologist studying present-day Americans would find considerable emphasis upon individual initiative and freedom from governmental interference with private undertakings. He would find the ad man attempting to convince buyers that his product is "personalized." He would find authorities in education concerned about the effect discipline has on the unique abilities and potentialities of their pupils. From these three examples, as well as others, the anthropologist would abstract a configuration called Individualism.

The chief configurations of Spanish-American culture are: 1) A type of family, organized about the principles of seniority and male dominance, 2) Passivity, 3) Emphasis upon present time, and 4) The dramatic configura-

tion. We add that Spanish-Americans have strong feelings about the intactness of their bodies.

(*Editor's note:* The paper presented by Messrs. Mills and Grove was too lengthy for complete publication in this issue of the *Roundup*. We shall be able to publish the entire paper, with additions and revisions and more illustrations, in the *Brand Book* for 1955. What has been left out in this printing is the section entitled "The Enigma," which treats extensively the authors' interpretation of the relationships of the Penitente practices with Spanish-American culture; and, most unfortunately, the extensive bibliography referred to in parentheses in the text. We shall endeavor to print this bibliography in a later issue.)

NOTES

¹Ellis, Florence Hawley, "Passion Play in New Mexico," *New Mexico Quarterly*, XXII, 2 (Summer, 1952), pp. 203-204.

²Numbers in parentheses refer to our eyewitness bibliography.

³"Penitentes of New Mexico and Colorado," an exhibition by the Taylor Museum of the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center, July-November, 1955.

⁴This paper is part of a work-in-progress to constitute a thorough study of the Penitentes. The authors will appreciate hearing from those who have access to sources of eyewitness accounts other than those in the bibliography.

⁵Rideing, William H., "A Trail in the Far Southwest," *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, LIII, 313 (June, 1876, 15-24).

⁶The Roman numeral indicates the class of the eyewitness account.

⁷"Other men carry the image of Mary upon a board above their heads, with sharp swords bound to the arms, the points of which rest against the side in such a manner that if the arms are lowered the result is certain death." Lee, Laurence F., "Los Hermanos Penitentes," a thesis submitted for the degree of Bachelor of Arts in the English course, University of New Mexico, 1910, p. 17.

⁸Rael, Juan B., *The New Mexican "Alabado": with Transcription of Music*

by Eleanor Hague, University Series, Language and Literature, IX, 3 (Stanford, California: Stanford University Press, 1951), p. 25. The literal translations are our own.

⁹Geertz, Cliff, Jr., "Drought, Death and Alcohol in Five Southwestern Cultures," mimeographed, 1951, 72-73.

¹⁰In some accounts the extinguishing of candles on the triangular candelabrum is said to represent the defection of Christ's disciples. This may be a separate ceremony that precedes the *Tinieblas*. Judging from the *alabados*, the Penitentes view the main portion of this *morada* ceremony as a symbol of the chaos following Christ's death. The Crucifixion rather than the Resurrection appears to be the climax of Penitente ritual.

¹¹For a representation of the terrestrial Trinity in conjunction with the celestial one see Plate 61, Mitchell A. Wilder and Edgar Breitenbach, *Santos: The Religious Folk Art of New Mexico* (Colorado Springs, Colorado: The Taylor Museum of the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center, 1943). In conversation with us a Spanish-

American once referred to the Trinity as consisting of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. For a discussion of the process by which this emphasis upon the earthly Trinity comes about see Gerald Heard, *A Preface to Prayer* (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1944), 69-70.

¹²Rael, p. 50.

¹³In our crucifix from the Duran Chapel, this suspended heart is carved in the shape of a personage resembling a priest.

¹⁴Chavez, Fray Angelico, "The Penitentes of New Mexico," *New Mexico Historical Review*, XXIX, 2 (April, 1954), III.

¹⁵*Revista Catolica*, III, 14 (April 7, 1877), 160.

¹⁶*Revista Catolica*, III, 15 (April 14, 1877), 173.

¹⁷*Revista Catolica*, V, 6 (February 8, 1879), 66.

¹⁸Chavez, "The Penitentes," 120, n. 57. We assume that Fray Chavez means that the accusation, rather than the nailing, was done for sensational effect.

¹⁹Rael, p. 51.

BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

young man's game. Few, if any, who reached the middle age of discretion cared to undergo the hardships and dangers to which a cowboy had to subject himself. In the various reports making up this book a cowboy's courage is frequently referred to as "grit" or "sand." It is a satisfaction to those of us who have a reverence for the glorious past to know that a certain other repulsive word describing the same quality had not been adopted at that time.

Lack of space prohibits the full analysis of this work that this reviewer believes it deserves. In general the information contained herein can be accepted as truly authentic and genuine. The author has gone to considerable length in his research to

gather the material. He deserves credit for his painstaking efforts. The preface of the book tells the story in a few but well-assembled words. It is like a lawyer summing up the evidence in his case for consideration by the jury.

PM WALTER GANN

[There is one item on page 227 that is especially interesting to me. It tells of a man named Harris being killed by William Atly. His correct name was William Utly, and he was a cowboy working for my father at the time. They had shipped a train load of cattle that day, and some of the boys were having their usual fun. Our family lived in town and my father was at home.

[A passenger train was due about eleven o'clock that night, and the depot agent and Bill Utly had some words. The agent made the mistake

of calling him a son-of-a-bitch. Utley told him he was going away to get a gun and kill him. The agent was not afraid and he met Utley on the platform when Utley returned. Utley got in in the first shot and when the agent fell, he ran away.

[They caught him within the course of six months and he drew a life sentence in the penitentiary. He was pardoned after serving some twenty-odd years of his sentence. I never knew what became of him.—W.G.]

The Settlers' West by Martin F. Schmitt and Dee Brown. New York, Scribner's, 1955. \$7.50.

This excellent volume can be highly recommended as a sure cure for the provincialism into which amateur historians are prone to fall. Most of us who have acquired some specialized interest of time or place are inclined to feel that the folks who lived then or there had problems which were unique.

The three hundred photographs which, fortunately, make up most of the book cover the entire West—the prairie and lake states, the Northwest, the Pacific States, the mountains and the Southwest. One who goes over them with a discerning eye is soon struck by the universality of the problems which beset the pioneers, and particularly the settlers who came with the intention of making their permanent homes in a raw new land.

Outside of a few local variations in terrain, the picture of a country town in Iowa would fit very nicely into the scene in any of the other states. The Colorado mining camp pictures would be equally true to life in any mining state, and the lone soddy of the Kansas plains was just as lonesome for the women folk as the log cabin in an Oregon clearing, but no more so.

The book is divided into eight chapters, with from a few to several pages of text as a foreword to each,

followed by the pictures which the authors have selected as representative of that particular phase of the settlers' life. Each picture has a caption, frequently rather lengthy, which tells its own story. It is difficult in reading the text and the picture captions to tell which was written first. The two are largely repetitious.

The first chapter, "Westward March," picks up the story in the early 1830's, and treats briefly of the dominating motive of the early settlers, which the authors summarize in the quotation "There is good land on the Massara for a poar mans home."

"The Big Rolling Land" deals with "Where they settled and what they found and did" (to quote the jacket). "Story of a Western Town" is, to my mind, one of the best in the book and, when taken together with those called "The Finer Things of Life" and "Jollification," paints a picture of a generation and a way of life which has vanished.

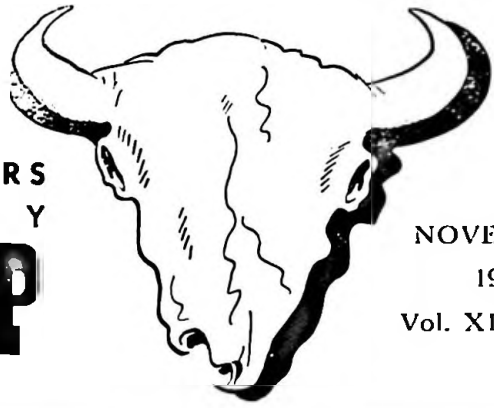
Two sections of the book, "The Myth and Its Makers" and "Wild West Shows and Rodeos," while interesting and exceptionally well illustrated, seemed to me to strike rather a jarring note. Certainly the "myth" of the frontier West bears little resemblance to the real thing, and rodeos, although an outgrowth of cowboy recreation, have little in common with the West of the settler.

For some reason probably peculiar to the reviewer, the final chapter "Law, Order and Politics," struck me as the most interesting of all. It seemed to tie the whole story together.

The lengthy and complete bibliography is an outstanding feature unfortunately lacking in so many similar works, and the giving of picture credit in the List of Illustrations rather than at each individual picture removes a distraction from the captions.

PM RAY COLWELL

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



NOVEMBER
1955
Vol. XI, No. 11



Joseph A. Imhof (Artist, Lithographer, Photographer)

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. XI

November, 1955

No. 11

Printing Office
839 Pearl St., Boulder.

Business Office
Room 306, State Museum Building, Denver.

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The 1956 Program

January 1956: PM Charles B. Roth, "The Biggest Wind since Galveston."

February 1956: James T. Forrest, curator of the State Museum, "A Comparative Study of the Social Customs of the Midwest and the Rocky Mountains, 1860-1880."

Riding the Range

New York Westerner Fred Hayward was especially interested in our September issue, with the article upon early Colorado postmarks by Daniel Stone. Hayward is a collector of early postmarks, envelopes, letters, and covers of the West and wishes to notify any of our readers that he can be reached at 35A Rye Colony, Rye, New York.

Oklahoma City has been chosen to be the site of a National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Museum. A plot of 36 acres on a four-lane urban bypass northeast of the city has been acquired, and a program has been launched to secure funds for the hall and museum. Charter memberships in the hall are being sold at various levels from \$10 to \$200.

PM Art Carhart's *Outdoorsman's Cookbook* is just out in a new, revised edition.

A new corresponding member is James R. Fuchs, an archivist with the National Archives, who has just been assigned as archivist at the Harry S. Truman Library in Independence, Missouri. Fuchs is also a charter member of the new Kansas City Posse.

The Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region, headed by PM Kenny Englert, continues to move forward with plans for the sesquicentennial commemoration of the discovery of Pikes Peak. Governor Edwin C. Johnson of Colorado and Representative J. Edgar Chenoweth have joined others in requesting a commemorative stamp to be issued by the post office department next year.

NOTES ON NEW PUBLICATIONS

English Westerners Publish No. 12: Readers of the *Roundup* may be especially interested to note that The English Corral of the Westerners have completed the publication of their first volume in mimeographed form, and that any day now the first printed *Brand Book* of this monthly contribution will be in the hands of those who have sent \$3.00 to Fred Nolan, at Liverpool, for dues as corresponding members. This October *Brand Book*, which completes volume one, features a very interesting series of notes about "Some History-Making Colt's Revolvers" written by C.M. Joseph G. Rosa of Ruislip. A good bit about the history of the development of the "cowboy's sixshooter" introduces this article, and then there are mentions, necessarily brief, of some of the notorious users of the Colt in its various forms. The balance of the *Brand Book* is filled with mentions of other publications of the Westerners, with book reviews, and with an editorial backward look over the first year of experimentation by our English Westerners. Rather liked the address used in the earlier *Brand Books*, Coach and Horses Hotel; but it now seems that Fred Nolan must be addressed at 95 Albion St., New Brighton, Cheshire, England. The place of publication remains Liverpool.

Chicago Westerners for September: The September *Brand Book* from Chicago is No. 7 of their Vol. XII, to mention the oldest *Brand Book* after commenting upon the youngest, from England. The valuable contents of this latest from Chicago are best indicated by quoting its headings: "High

Spots of Western Fiction: 1902-1952 —J. C. Dykes Surveys Books Since Owen Wister's "The Virginian" and Picks Those Worth Reading a Dozen Times." If you've read any Western fiction, you will want to compare your ideas with those of Mr. Dykes. Then there is a list of the novels that were nominated for fame by those participating in the voting and choosing of selections conducted by the Chicago Corral. Altogether a wonderfully worthwhile pointing out of the best of the Western fiction field.

The October Colorado Magazine: It is always difficult to write a short paragraph about a new issue of the bi-monthly magazine published by The State Historical Society of Colorado because it always contains so many articles of equal and important historical value. Perhaps we will be excused if special mention is made of the concluding part of "Colorado Cartography" meticulously prepared by our good Posseman, Levette J. Davidson. The first two parts of his discussion of Colorado maps dealt with early Spanish-and-French efforts and with early American exploration results; this final part reaches into the gold-rush era and discusses the maps made for the miners of gold or silver. Having mentioned miners, reference to two other contributions to this last *Colorado Magazine* can be made: Green Russell, whose party discovered gold on Cherry Creek in 1858, is proved to have been neither green nor red, but pure white as far as race is concerned, and then William A. Hamill of Georgetown's silver era is discussed with emphasis on the well-known Hamill House.

Wyoming Westerners Complete Volume Two: The *Brand Book* from

Wyoming for the Summer of 1955 finishes the second volume of "Wyoming's Only Historical Quarterly," and a fine edition it is, with really more western "flavor" than any other of our publications. The editorial page tells of further plans to save and restore South Pass City. The feature article is by Dr. William A. Hinrichs, of Douglas, Wyoming, and tells about Mike Shonsey, who died last year at the age of nearly 100. His was an active part through most all of the features of the Johnson County affair, so if you are trying to understand that war you cannot afford to miss this new contribution. Another intriguing sidelight about Johnson County appears in the paper entitled: "Did Thomas Carr See the Murder of George Wellman?" Poetry, book reviews, and incidental comments fill the rest of this issue; and instead of the usual picture as a souvenir, this time we received a piece of the wire fencing used by the Union Pacific to fence off its right-of-way in southern Wyoming. It is no longer in order to wish our northern Posse good luck. They are firmly established and have well proved their ability to operate as a state-wide group.

The November Scientific Monthly: The first article in this magazine is by James H. Howard and is entitled: "Pan-Indian Culture in Oklahoma." This is the development of a rather untouched subject, the loss of purely tribal practices among the Indians and the growth of a common set of cultural institutions. For those interested in the later phases of the history of the Indians of the West, this is an extremely enlightening discussion.

E.H.E.

THE MAN WHO RECORDED THE INDIAN CORN DANCE OF 1908 — JOSEPH A. IMHOF

JACK P. RIDDLE

"Shrill cries, succeeding one another in quick succession ending in a prolonged shout, proceed from the outer exit of the gallery that opens upon the court-yard of the large building."¹

"The final whoop, caught up by the cliffs of the Typonyi, echoes and re-echoes, a prolonged howl dying out in a wail. Men's voices, hoarse and untrained, are now heard chanting in rhythmic and monotonous chorus. They approach slowly, moving with measured regularity; and now strange figures begin to emerge from the passage-way, and as they file into the court-yard the chant grows louder and louder. A refrain—

Ho-ā-ā! Heiti-na! Ho-ā-ā! Heiti-na!
breaks clearly and distinctly upon the ear, mingled with discordant rumblings of a drum. The fantastic procession advances, forming a double column, composed of men and women side by side. The former stamping and the latter tripping lightly, but all are keeping time."²

"All day, along the Rio Grande the Pueblos dance on the day of the saint for whom the Spaniards named their village."³

It was these sights and sounds that greeted artist Joseph A. Imhof and his wife, Sarah, on their first visit to the Pueblo Indians in the fall of 1907 near Albuquerque, New Mexico.

The Imhofs did not arrive in New Mexico by accident. Plans were made in Munich, Germany, early in 1907 as the result of a trip to Europe aboard the old Red Star Line's *Norland* enroute to Antwerp from New York City. On board was Buffalo Bill Cody and the first contingent of his circus. Among these were several excellent specimens of the Southwestern Indian. Mr. Imhof was so enthralled by the Indians that he sketched them whenever he had the opportunity. Cody became interested in the young artist's work and when the circus got under way in Antwerp, he arranged for Imhof to do a series of sketches. The pay for this work was about three months room and board.

Imhof was born in Brooklyn, New York (at supposedly the same time Mrs. O'Leary's cow started the fuss in Chicago), October 8, 1871, to very religious parents, who early in his life obligated much of his time to religious training and contemplation.

His first interest in art came when he received a water color box on his fifth birthday. When he was ten he was painting still-lives—some of which hang today in his sister's home in New York. During the next six years he developed interests in lithography and the Indians of New York state. He studied both extensively; he became a master of lithography and de-

veloped a sincere desire to study the American Indian. When he was sixteen he was doing open-face lettering on stone for Carrier and Ives. His experience with Carrier and Ives taught him all the techniques of lithography and printing. Years later he was called upon to teach a residence course in lithography for the University of New Mexico.

He made many trips to Europe to study the old masters and for research purposes for other projects. Between trips (which ones I do not know) he met and married his wife Sarah. Their only child, a beautiful daughter, died just prior to becoming a medical doctor.

Inhof's stories of his trips to Europe are classics, but have no definite purpose here. However, it might be of interest to know that from tape recordings we have of Joe and Sarah his early life was definitely exciting. For example: He was ship wrecked in the Mediterranean; roamed the mining and Indian camps of the Southwest with a priest; worked as an "idea man" for the Stone (or Sloane) Newspaper Syndicate of New York City (in this capacity he helped develop the first Sunday newspaper magazine which introduced the cartoon to America—The Katzenjammer Kids); he could sing the mass in perfect Latin and was the envy of many a priest; patented the first fill-in painting for children; and collected antiques and bits of early Americana such as a hand receipt for some prisoners signed by Davy Crockett; plus the fact that he contributed to the forming of the tobacco habit by so many Americans by developing the first cigarette package for the American Tobacco Company. All of these things he accomplished from about 1895 to 1920.

To get back to Albuquerque, New Mexico, in 1907.

The Inhofs decided to remain for a while and study the Pueblo Indians at Cochiti as a possible art source. It occurred to him immediately that here was something an artist should preserve; and especially the Corn Dance, which somehow intrigued him to the point that he was to spend the rest of his life studying it. At Cochiti he met Bandelier and Lummis, who were also interested in this study—but for different reasons. They worked together to the extent of exchanging ideas, photographs, and data. At this early date the Indians allowed them to visit the dances as friends, the only tourists being Indians from other tribes. They did not work as a team, however, for fear of upsetting the Indians; as individuals they went more or less unnoticed throughout the Pueblos. In 1908 Joe was taken into the confidence of the Cochiti people and was made a member of the tribe in secret kiva ceremonies. This put him in a position of trust which allowed him to photograph the Corn Dance in its entirety of that year.

As a photographer he was clever and had considerable ability. But when he was permitted to photograph the Corn Dance he had no chances for retakes and had to shoot anything and everything that went on that day. He used five different cameras—I am told—ranging from a small film type to the large, bulky plate types. His processing had to be done, for the most part, on the scene, using ditch water and a small tent he always carried with him. As a result of these problems, his negatives are difficult to print. But, once printed they tell a story that heretofore has only been written.

Thus began the gigantic task of recreating the Corn Dance of 1908 for the student and teacher of the American Indian. It took forty-seven years of painting, research, and powwows

with the Indians as to accuracy of his work: and thirty-three trips to witness the dance not only at Cochiti but also at all the other Pueblos to make detail sketches of color, material, and design. In his lifetime he saw all the dances along the Rio Grande deteriorate to mere exhibitions for the benefit of the tourist and his dollar—only the kiva rituals remain unchanged.

Throughout this effort, Joe's wife served as his business manager, assisted in the research, and was his constant companion—something that is necessary to the successful artist.

In 1912 the Imhofs decided to make one more trip to Europe, following which he would continue his work on the Corn Dance. World War I broke out in Europe and caused them to remain in New York City until the war was over. During this time both Joe and his wife became involved in work contributing to the war effort. Sarah (or Sal) joined the Navy as a female enlistee, and in this capacity learned considerable about the inner workings of the gangs that controlled New York City.

Joe, a short, lively, steadfast individual, had a deep love for children and his fellow man. It was only natural, therefore, that he became scout master of a General McAlpin troop of boy scouts in New York City. This troop, militarily trained, was composed of the younger brothers of the notorious Hudson Dusters—the toughest gang in the city. Through his patience and understanding he taught them that there were ways of enjoying life other than swinging a "billy" or sighting down a gun barrel.

After the war they returned to New Mexico and built a home in Taos bordering the land of the Taos Pueblo. Here they were to spend the rest of their lives.

Joe always claimed he flew no particular church flag; even so, he was

deeply religious. And as such, he developed a love and understanding for the Indian Pagan religion, which, to him, was a "seven day religion." Joe advised me that Indian prayers, for the most part, are reflected in their songs and dances, with the Corn Dance being a major occurrence along the Rio Grande, and of primary importance.

Corn to the Indians is their staff of life. Because of this they pray, sing, and dance for rain, to the sun, and to the earth, to insure a good crop. In the early days nothing was done specifically for the tourists. Certain things were done prior to or after the dance for the benefit of the missionaries who tried to convert them to the Christian ways. Even schooling in the white man's ways fails to change entirely the Indians' old customs. Only the dollar seems to have any effect.

Many things lead up to and make the Corn Dance. Imhof found that he needed almost fifty paintings to tell the story. All but one of them have continuity and are of a size to be viewed no closer than from a point thirty feet away. At this distance the perspective becomes life size. To augment this work, there are twenty 16"x20" transparencies of the photographs he took of the dance of 1908. There is also an elaborate library, plus artifacts and costumes used by the Indians in this particular dance. Where all of this will be exhibited is not as yet known. But it can only be shown in one way—and that is complete. One painting alone does not tell the entire story.

Being one of the few that were privileged to view this work, I was impressed by its size and volume. The story that goes with the work impressed me by the similarity of the so-called pagan religion to that of our Christian faith. According to Imhof,

Indian folklore tells of the great flood, Adam and Eve, and other biblical history as we know it. All this was known by the Indian prior to the coming of the Conquistadores and their priests.

On June 14, 1955, at 9:55 p.m., Joseph A. Imhof passed away at his home in Taos. A few days later, as the morning sun bathed Taos Peak, a small aircraft flew over Taos, circled Imhof's home, then flew to the east—returned—flew to the west—returned—thence to the north—and returned to the south. On the four

corners of the compass his ashes were returned to the earth. A message to Mrs. Imhof from the Governor of the Taos Pueblo, who had not known of Joe's wishes—said, "He was a good man—we now have him forever."

"The beat of the drum ceases, the wild song is hushed, and the dancers break rank, seeking rest."¹

¹Bandelier, *The Delight Makers.*

²Bandelier, *The Delight Makers.*

³Fergusson, *Dancing Gods.*

⁴Bandelier, *The Delight Makers.*

Book Reviews

The Nez Percés: Tribesmen of the Columbia Plateau by Frances Haines. University of Oklahoma Press, 1955. \$5.00.

The Nez Percés is by Francis Haines, Professor of Social Science in the Oregon College of Education, Monmouth, an author already known for his research into the spread of the horse among the North American Indian tribes, and especially for his study of the Appaloosa horse, bred by the Nez Percé. It is number 42 in *The Civilization of the American Indian Series*, has an index, a bibliographical essay on materials used, three maps, and twenty-one photographic illustrations. The author spent much time in the country of the Nez Percés and studied their history as a part of the work for his doctorate. This work was followed by field trips into the lands of the tribe and visits and talks with members of the tribe.

The new volume covers the history of the Nez Percés over a period from about 1805 to 1895, or from just before their contact with Lewis and Clark to the date of the breakup of their reservation under the Severalty Act of 1887.

The Nez Percés (in French, "pierced nose") lived in the area where the states of Washington, Oregon, and Idaho meet in the culture area known to anthropologists as the Plateau area. They had for neighbors the Flathead Indians, the Coeur D'Alene, the Yakima, the Wallawalla, the Cayuse, the Umatilla, and the Shoshone. The Nez Percés spoke a language of Shap-tian stock.

While the book covers largely the historic events of the tribe during the specified period, much ethnological data is given. Their early way of life is indicated briefly, showing them to be a typical Plateau tribe living in little fishing villages along the Snake, the Salmon, and the Clearwater rivers. Then, horses brought to this hemisphere by the Spanish reached their part of the country about 1690, changing them from a sedentary tribe into semi-nomads who wandered into Montana hunting buffalo and who, through contact with Plains Indian tribes, took over many traits of the latter.

Haines takes the Nez Percé through the period when fur posts were established.
(Continued on page 11)

More upon the Penitentes

(Editor's Note: In our October issue we were not able to complete the contribution by George Mills and Richard Grove upon the Penitentes. In their article, Messrs. Mills and Grove referred to many eye-witness accounts, and these are listed below. If any readers know of additional eye-witness accounts of Penitentes, they are asked to write to the authors at The Taylor Museum, Colorado Springs, Colorado.)

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BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 8)

lished in the area, tells of the early missionary settlements and the continuing settlement of this area by white men which brought with it broken treaties, misunderstandings, and wars. About 1860 gold was discovered in the area, bringing more Europeans and consequently more trouble to the Nez Percés. Their many famous war leaders, including the well-known and much-written-about Chief Joseph, led them through this period of warfare until 1877 when, after the death of many of the leaders, Chief Joseph and a group of his tribe surrendered and were taken to Fort Keogh as captives, supposedly to be returned to Idaho the following spring. The famous retreat of the Nez Percé, leading to the surrender in 1877, is covered in detail; and a map shows the route followed and the locations of the important battles. Instead of being returned to Idaho, the captives were exiled to Fort Leavenworth in Indian Territory.

Earlier, Congress had set up reservation land for the Indians in the Plateau area, which the Europeans believed blocked large areas of good land from exploitation. So, in 1887 the Severalty Act was passed which parceled out the reservation land to the head of each family. Among the Nez Percé this allotting was not completed until about 1895. The author ends his tale with this important development in the life of the tribe.

This is a most interesting, readable and informative account of the history of this tribe for the period covered. We might hope that Dr. Haines will contribute another volume at a later date, bringing the history of this tribe to the present. The book should be of particular interest to historians because, as he states in his preface, he has added new information about the Nez Percé and has modified some of the earlier knowledge of this tribe and their leaders. The bibliographical essay is useful as it evaluates earlier sources and publications.

CM WILLENA D. CARTWRIGHT

Red Wind of Wyoming by Peggy Simson Curry. Denver: Sage Books (Alan Swallow). \$2.50.

Some enjoyable lyrical poetry is to be found in this fine new book, along with a colorful retelling of the gripping events known to historians as the Johnson County cattle war.

Authentic Wyoming backgrounds and characters are drawn vividly, surrounded by smokelike reminiscences which give the presentation the engaging quality of a particularly memorable dream.

"Red Wind" itself is a long narrative poem which sticks close to historical fact, with the addition of a few fictional characters gathered in the swank modern Elbow Room, popular cocktail lounge in Casper's Henning Hotel.

Frequently presented as a dramatic reading, "Red Wind" would make a splendid feature for an annual meeting of the Denver Posse of the Westerners.

This is one of the best works of poetry to come out of the West in years. Historians who love to debate all the little details of the Johnson County ruckus will find ample material for a new round of discussions, but they won't be fighting with Mrs. Curry. Rather, they will thank her for her delightful story-poem.

Late this winter her second novel will be out, featuring Colorado's North Park cow country.

Westerner Alan Swallow deserves a great big hand for bringing out *Red Wind of Wyoming*.

PM HENRY W. HOUGH

Roxana by Marian Castle. New York: Morrow. \$3.95.

A novel by Marian Castle, CM, Denver Posse, is consistently good entertainment. In addition it is fiction meticulously based on fact, and contains a wealth of historical truth in

portrayals of people, places, activities, and events of the period about which she writes.

Roxana mirrors the period within the last twenty years of the 1800's in the mid-Rockies and the near-by Great Plains. This has been tagged with being a "woman's book." It is written from the woman's viewpoint. But there are male characters that have sinew; the main male character, Prof. Jay, is a he-man sort, and enough so that he-man readers will stick with the book to see how he makes out.

There is mining, freighting, stage travel, all the lusty activity that would be found in Central City, where the story starts in the 1880's. But the principal setting of the story is the theatre of that era with Roxana striving toward being a leading lady, Prof. Jay bent on being a producer and show owner, beginning with a pitch man on Denver streets and climbing through having his own medicine show.

Anyone who has watched a pitch man at his work on a street corner will get a terrific boot out of Jay's performance somewhere near the Windsor Hotel in its heyday; or will be swamped with memories of old medicine show routines as "The Great Divide Traveling Tent Show" goes into its noon "bally" with Jay tooting the cornet in a six-piece band while crowds of even a hundred or so line streets in some of the little, dryland pioneer towns of our plains.

Good reading; accurate handling as to history. Unquestionably tops in conveying the tone, tempo, and color of its period.

PM ARTHUR H. CARHART

Cattle and Men by Charles Wayland Towne and Edward Norris Wentworth. University of Oklahoma Press. \$4.00.

So much has been written about cattle that it will not be surprising if some statistician turns up with a tabulation showing how many books on the subject there are per cow. However, the literary ranges are still open and unfenced, so there's always room for one more if it's good.

This one is good. It is the joint product of two authorities. Colonel Wentworth, who is well known to members of The Westerners, has retired to the Indiana sand dunes after many years with Armour's Livestock Bureau. He has written widely and well on both cattle and sheep and, we do not doubt, has much yet to tell. Mr. Towne, whose first book was published in Boston 51 years ago, now resides in Arizona. In addition to their separate books, these two have collaborated on two others—on sheep and on pigs—prior to this one on cattle. They seem to have solved the problem of cooperative writing, for *Cattle and Men* reads as smoothly as if it were the work of one mind and one pen.

It could almost be sub-titled "The Story of Meat," for in the final section, captioned "Nutrition," it goes somewhat exhaustively into that phase of the industry. It does so interestingly, informatively, and authentically. The whole book is done the same way.

This study is not confined to the western cow country. It is "the story of men and cattle coming up through the ages together," as the authors put it, and so it starts back in the Pliocene era, three or four million years ago, and winds up in today's stockyards and butcher shops. Definitions are given, word origins are traced, basic facts are laid down, and then a finely-built structure of information and analysis is constructed in smooth, easy-reading English, presented in the handsome format for

which the University of Oklahoma Press is so well known. A fine book.

PM MAURICE FRINK

Forbidden Valley by Allan Vaughn Elston. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$2.75.

To brand a book a "western" is to soil it with that opprobrium that erudite long-hairs (of the more-or-less intellectual pundits) have attached to "horse opera." There is a distinction. Gene Rhodes, Bill Raine, Steve Payne, and certainly Elston, have written something more than a "hosses-and-guns" story. There is verity in their writing that the pulp-mill press too often doesn't have. These writers have been there—and were living western before Kilroy drifted by.

So *Forbidden Valley* has the tang of the range in it, though it contains plot structure that inevitably involves train robbers, gambling joint toughies, men fleeing to yonder to escape a past, and the inevitable storm of gunsmoke at the finish when the bad-dies are put in their place—the real bad ones put in the ground for good.

The difference that gives quality to this book lies in the people being believable, the pace being something short of a gallop, and the element of location being so doggedly true it makes you think all this did happen. Setting is Sheridan, Wyoming, and adjacent range country. If Elston hasn't built his characters on actual people who lived in that community, he's come close to it; his description of places and what happens within the reader's view—well, if you've been in Sheridan, in the foothills and the Big Horn Mountains, you'll recognize actual street, canyon, peak, and stream names that give a feeling of actuality in the story.

Not a "western"; a good story of the west—and that's something to recommend it. PM ARTHUR H. CARHART

The Garden of the Gods Story by Bruce A. Woodward. Colorado Springs: Democrat Publ. Co. \$1.00.

This "fully illustrated" and thoroughly documented treatment of a nationally known spot is in refreshing contrast to many of the so-called "historical" booklets which have appeared in the last couple of years or so.

CM Bruce Woodward was obviously fascinated by the Garden of the Gods from the first day he saw that famous locality, so that writing its story was with him a labor of love, and not the production of a pot boiler. He has spent an immense amount of time and effort in reading everything he could lay his hands on which might be even remotely connected with his subject; in ferreting out bits of information in the most unlikely spots; and in correspondence with, for example, members of the Perkins family, to whose generosity the City of Colorado Springs owes its ownership of the Garden.

The illustrations are outstanding, even allowing for the initial advantage of a unique scenic attraction as a subject. Ten full page photographs by experts such as Clarence Coil and the now-deceased Tod Powell, and a number of half page photos and line drawings, are unusual in a 48-page booklet, and the reproduction is excellent. Also highly unusual in a production of this size and type is a 69-item bibliography!

PM RAY COLWELL

Miss Morissa, Doctor of The Gold Camp Trail by Mari Sandoz. New York: McGraw-Hill. \$3.75.

Dedicated to three pioneer women physicians, this outstanding novel (if one may call it such) relates the difficulties confronting the young physician in her efforts to bring medical attention and care to the frontier.

An illegitimate child, the heroine, Morissa Kirk, has a hard struggle to overcome this handicap but succeeds in attaining her M. D. degree, only to be jilted by her Scotch fiancée when he learns her past. Smarting under this shame, she sets out for western Nebraska, where her stepfather and brother are located. Here she immediately steps into her field and wins the friendship of many, only to lose it later when she homesteads in the wide open cattle range, treats the sick "nesters" and their children, and stands off one of the gunmen employed by the large cattle barons.

Depicting the period of 1876, Miss Sandoz introduces such characters as Calamity Jane, Buffalo Bill, and lesser celebrities of the era, even to the cattle thieves and holdup agents. Although fictional, one senses through the story the love of Miss Sandoz for the sandhills, her thoughts of early homestead days with the fearsome blizzards, the lighter pleasures of the times, and even her anger at the unnecessary treatment of the Indians when starved and shot at by the soldiers and driven from their ancestral homes.

After marrying one of the thieves in a spirit of pique at the proposal of one of the rising cattlemen, she faces harsh criticism and treatment, even being spurned when her only wish is to aid the suffering. Struggling alone, she builds up a frontier hospital only to have it burned by her renegade husband, but in the end emerges as a heroine when she reveals her plans to rebuild and stand by the community.

Unless you want to lose a lot of sleep, don't start this book in the evening with the thought that you can lay it down whenever you wish; brother, it can't be done!

PM CARL F. MATHEWS

Nothing Too Good for a Cowboy by Richmond P. Hobson, Jr. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$3.75.

Written by the son of the illustrious naval commander who sank the collier *Merrimac* in Santiago Harbor in 1898, this book, a sequel to his *Grass Beyond the Mountains*, relates the actual experiences of a cowboy with a pitifully small bunch of hands, who saved the cattle of the giant Batnuni Ranch, largest in the world (about four million acres in the heart of British Columbia).

No forty-hour week lads these, but honest-to-God cowboys whose fidelity to their employers knew no limitations, who labored against overwhelming odds to save the herds which were entrusted to their care, despite deep snow, temperatures of forty, fifty and sixty below, inadequate clothing at times, and very little in the way of food when most needed.

One cannot read far without feeling the tenseness when disaster looms large and failure seems imminent, but to hear "Rich" tell it, no matter how hard the going, the jobs were done in a fitting manner and the thought expressed by the title rings true.

Hobson, an Easterner, who, always wishing to be a cattleman, worked his way to the foremanship of the tremendous holdings of the Frontier Cattle Company, and later to ownership of a spread of his own, tells the story with a simplicity that thrills.

Hobson devotes more than nine-tenths of the book to a graphic description of the cattle business in the last, vast wilderness of North America, many miles from any railroad or settlement, then in a few pages passes lightly over the finding of his blond "dream girl" of many years, his introduction and courtship, followed by their marriage within a week.

Here's hoping he completes the

story with another volume on his own ranch, his home life, and the subjugation of the great wilderness.

PM CARL F. MATHEWS

Wah-to-Yah and the Taos Trail or Prairie Travel and Scalp Dances, With a Look at Los Rancheros From Muleback and The Rocky Mountain Campfire by Lewis H. Garrard. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. \$2.00.

Youth Rides West 22 Years Before Greeley!

Hector Lewis Garrard (alias Lewis H. Garrard) described the happenings and personal observations on his jaunt over the Santa Fe Trail to Bent's Fort and Taos in such an interesting and understanding manner that it is proof of the maturity of many seventeen-year-olds. This book was first published in 1850, but it relates Garrard's experiences from September, 1846 to June, 1847—most of his 17th year.

He left Kansas City (Westport Landing, in those days) with Céran St. Vrain directing the caravan, and went to Bent's Fort, where he spent several months and even lived in a Cheyenne Indian village for several weeks. Garrard was at the Fort when the news of Charles Bent's murder arrived, and he immediately joined William Bent's band which went to Taos to find out what had really happened. The group arrived in time to witness part of the punishment of those who had killed or help killed William's brother.

The author's observations and thoughts about the activities are very revealing, and the reader feels the impact of such experiences as maturity is forced upon the youthful Garrard. On his return to the "States" he experienced the treachery and cruelty of the Indians, and put in a short period in the "service" at Fort

Mann. It was here that Colonel Russell found the author and persuaded him to resign and go back to Westport with his party.

This is Volume 5 in the University of Oklahoma's Western Frontier Library series and is a "must" for anybody's personal Western collection. As Mr. A. B. Guthrie, Jr. says, in his excellent introduction, this book presents "the genuine article—the Indian, the trader, the mountain man, the dress, the behavior and speech and the country and climate they live in."

It is also difficult to understand, as Mr. Guthrie points out, why Garrard's book has not been reprinted in full prior to this edition. Garrard wrote with the eagerness of youth and his words make you feel as he felt, see as he saw, and hear as he heard. As you read his book you soon realize that he appreciated and understood his companions, be they Indians or the Anglican George Frederick Ruxton. He dedicated his book to Mr. St. Vrain. Young Garrard enjoyed the free life of the frontier, and had his circumstances been different, he could have lived the life of the Western frontiersman and probably been one of its outstanding men.

CM DON L. GRISWOLD

We Pointed Them North by E. C. Abbott and Helen Huntington Smith. University of Oklahoma Press. \$3.75.

In 1922 Charlie Russell, noted cowboy artist, and Teddy Blue planned to "do a book" on the latter's experiences as a cowboy in the glamorous seventies and eighties, Teddy to write the text and Charlie to draw the pictures. Charlie died, but Teddy, whose real name was E. C. Abbott, wrote several chapters and told the

remainder of his adventurous and sometimes hilarious life story to Helena Huntington Smith. Written in the vernacular, this wholly uninhibited account of a cowboy's toil and fun was published first in 1939, a few days before Teddy's death.

We Pointed Them North is a University of Oklahoma Press reprint in a new format—with photographs and with illustrations by Nick Eggenhofer—of a volume that has become known as a "cowboy classic."

"Other old-timers," observed Teddy Blue, "have told all about stampedes and swimming rivers and what a terrible time we had, but they never put in any of the fun, and fun was at least half of it."

Charlie Russell's *Rawhide Rawlins* notes one of Teddy's escapades, when he rode his horse into a Miles City parlor house, was locked inside by the madame, only to escape with his pony through a window, finally to leap onto a moving ferry one jump ahead of the law.

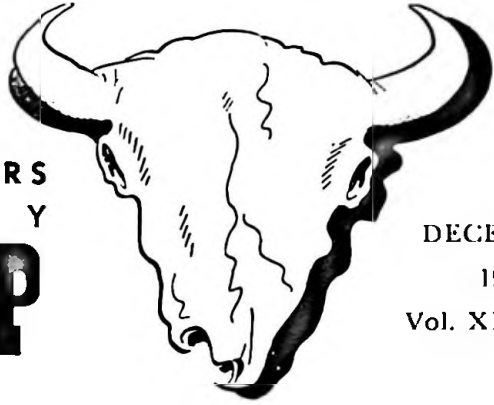
"I suppose those things would shock a lot of respectable people," Teddy Blue commented. "But we wasn't respectable and we didn't pretend to be, which was the only way we was different from some others."

But a cowboy's life was not all fun, going on a tear and shooting up the town, and Teddy Blue conveys a vivid picture of his toil on the range, battling blizzards and drouths and rustlers. He helped haze the early trail herds from Texas to Montana, where ultimately he became a teetotaler, married, and settled down. The book contains several cowboy songs that he composed while riding night herd.

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The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

DECEMBER
1955
Vol. XI, No. 12

**HEROES WITH FEET OF CLAY:
SKELETONS IN THE CLOSETS OF THE WEST**

AGNES WRIGHT SPRING

My remarks tonight will be given without any particular sequence or chronolgy. I have chosen to be sort of a "roving reporter" and have select-ed material at random from my files, chiefly with a view to showing you that although men do heroic things and are held up to the public eye as great heroes, they are all, even as you and I, human beings.

I am a native of Colorado and very proud of it. I was born in Delta, lived in Minturn and Denver, and at the age of about seven went to Wyoming. There I grew up on a ranch about twelve miles west of the Overland Trail, which crossed the Laramie Plains.

Our family had many interesting neighbors who had pioneered the West. One man had been a buffalo

hunter and had participated in the 'Dobe Walls fight. One woman had been a nurse in the Civil War and had followed the gold rush to Virginia City, Montana, then came to the Little Laramie Valley in a covered wagon. Indians killed her first hus-band near Cooper's Lake.

One of our close neighbors was Lady Dearlove and her husband, John. They had two sons, Phelix and Young John. Lady Dearlove was a cousin of Queen Victoria. About the time that her sons were grown, Lady Dearlove died. She had been a won-derful homemaker and her family felt her loss greatly. Mr. Dearlove decid-ed that he must find someone who could make a home for the boys and himself, so he sought the aid of the *Heart and Hand Magazine*. If you

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. XI

December, 1955

No. 12

Printing Office
839 Pearl St., Boulder.

Business Office
Room 306, State Museum Building, Denver.

Denver Posse Founded January 26, 1945
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Notes on New Publications

The English Westerners Brand Book—Congratulations to Frederick W. Nolan for his first printed Brand Book, No. 1 of Vol. Two, for November of 1955. There is featured a most interesting discussion by Joseph Balmer of the charge of murder against Rain-in-the-Face for the killing of two civilians who accompanied Custer's troops in 1837 into the Yellowstone country. Not only were there good legal defenses that were admitted, but also Mr. Balmer goes on to prove that the accused warrior was not even in the vicinity of the battle. This eight-page magazine is nicely printed and it looks as if our English Corral is really right well established.

The Chicago Brand Book—The October and November issues have arrived together, being Nos. 8 and 9 of Volume XII. The lead article in the first is an address by Nyle H. Miller, secretary of the Kansas State Historical Society, his subject being: "Some Humorous High and Low Lights of Kansas History." Entertaining are quotes from old newspapers in the days when editors had no restraint when it came to calling their competitors by any name that came handy to the imagination. The later book reports the talk by George Topping, who keeps the money for the Chicago Corral; his subject was the story of the early life of Albert Bacon Fall as a New Mexico attorney and of his defense of some accused gunmen, all prior to his troubles in the Teapot Dome Scandal. E.H.E.

are not familiar with that piece of Americana, you really should be. In the West's real rugged days of few women, many mail-order brides were obtained through this publication.

In due time, Miss Rose, whose name had been obtained through the magazine, arrived at the ranch. Mr. Dearlove married her. I never heard my mother gossip nor comment disparagingly about her neighbors. But I could tell by the shadowy look in her dark, brown eyes that she did not think too well of Miss Rose.

In a few months Miss Rose persuaded John Dearlove to sell his fine cattle ranch and to move out to the Pacific Coast for her health. The boys went along. One night about a year later, there was a knock at our ranch kitchen door. Mother opened the door. There stood Phelix Dearlove. He was smudged and unshaven. His clothing plainly showed he had been "riding the rods."

"Come in, Phelix," Mother said. "What are you doing back here?"

"Well," Phelix twisted his cap in his hands. "Miss Rose took all of the Old Man's cash and skipped out. But the Old Man followed her and caught up with her." He hesitated, then he blurted out, "He kicked her in the slats and broke three of 'em."

Phelix lived in our valley the rest of his life as a ranch hand, first here and then there. And he ended his days as a herder of a small band of sheep which grazed a hill from which he looked down on the old ranch, his boyhood home.

My next incident may interest those of you who know that often outdoor men used language that is stronger than that heard in parlors. It was told to me by Jim Griffith of the *Lusk (Wyoming) Herald*, when we stopped at his newspaper office to ask for directions to the Spanish Digging south of Manville.

Jim drew some directions on a paper and then said, "Last week I took my brother-in-law, Ralph Olinger, down to the Diggin's to get some photographs. Ralph is a good churchman. I asked him to get down into a three-foot pit so that I could take his picture to give an idea of some of the workings. I was sashayin' around tryin' to get a good shot, when Ralph finally clipped these words: 'Make haste! I'm standing on a rattlesnake!'" And he was. Jim did.

One "hero" who has interested me is John (Portugee) Phillips, who came to the Rocky Mountains with prospectors and who was at Fort Phil Kearny as a civilian employe, when the so-called Fetterman "massacre" occurred in December, 1866. Phillips, a handsome man, was nicknamed "Portugee" because he was born on Fayal, one of the Azore Islands, of Portuguese parents.

Phillips volunteered to ride to Fort Laramie in an effort to obtain aid for the beleaguered post. His ride of more than 236 miles through a bleak, unmarked, Indian-infested country, with a blizzard raging and the thermometer at twenty-five degrees below zero, has gone down in the annals of Wyoming as one of the most heroic deeds in that state's history. Bronze plaques and monuments have been erected to commemorate the ride: at the site of old Fort Phil Kearny in Johnson county; in Lakeview Cemetery, Cheyenne; and opposite Old Bedlam at Fort Laramie. In 1916, thirty-three years after the death of Phillips, the United States Congress gave his widow \$5,000 in payment of livestock stolen by the Indians in 1872, and in recognition of the ride which her husband made in 1866. Congress went on record¹ as saying: "In all the annals of heroism in the face of unusual dangers and difficulties on the American frontier, or

in the world there are few that can excel in gallantry, in heroism, in devotion, in self-sacrifice and patriotism the ride made by Phillips."

I did not know Portugee Phillips personally, but I knew relatives of his wife, and I have met him through the diaries of one Isaac N. Bard² of Little Bear, Wyoming, who worked for Portugee for a time. Also, I knew well, John Friend, who was the telegrapher at the Horseshoe Station where Phillips stopped to telegraph for help, before going on to Fort Laramie.

Much research has been done on the magnificent and heroic ride which Phillips made. I do not wish in any way to detract from his glory, but I shall read some items from Bard's diaries merely to illustrate the point that Phillips was made of clay like most of the rest of us.

On August 4, 1875, Bard, who was then in Cheyenne, recorded in his diary:

Phillips came down from Chug [Chugwater] he reports his crops ruined by hail and flood. A terrible hail on August 21 "a gold pan outside was stove full of holes." Largest hail I ever seen.

On December 11, 1875, Bard wrote: "Mr. Phillips is building a stable to hold 24 horses."

An item of January 4, 1876, read:

Went to Cheyenne Put up for the night at Fred Swartzs.³ There is 3 Chinemen hear bound for the Black Hills and foure Americans. The Ranch is prety well perfumed by a pole cat and whiskey. Fred came home late.

On January 12, 1876, Bard recorded the illness of the Phillips' infant daughter, Maude, as follows:

Mrs. Phillips was up with Little Maude all night. She is very sick. . . . the effects of a bad cold . . . Babe continues to grow worse.

January 14. Went down to Kellie's [Hi

Kelly's] with Mrs. Maxwell. She was up with Little Maude all night. Went 10 miles up the creek this forenoon after Mrs. Devoc. She will set up tonight and give Rose a rest.

Jan. 15. Mrs. Devoc set up all night. I was called in twice to see her die. A Hospital Steward⁴ came along about noon and is tending her now. He says she is going to live. I think she is too far gone. Rose is setting up this evening. Gordon went to town for doctor.

And so the diary went to January 18 when Bard recorded that "Little Maude will hardley last 24 hours . . ."

Tuesday, Jan. 19. . . . Cloudy and snowing with 4 inches in ground. Little Maude died at 4 o'clock. Started Gordon immediately to town [Cheyenne] for coffin with instructions to get the best. Mr. Phillips is having very bad luck and he don't seem to manage very well.

On Thursday the Phillips family with Isaac and Rose Bard left Chugwater at dawn for Cheyenne, fifty-two miles away, with Little Maudie's body. The diary reads: ". . . cold and snowing. Stopped at Fagan's for dinner . . . snow drifted . . . very cold . . . stop at F. Swartzes for night. 2 sun dogs in evening."

Friday. Very cold . . . Arrived Cheyenne 12 M. Put up at Dyers Hotel. Bot suite of close at Marks Meyeurs for \$29.50 had them charged to John Phillips . . . Bot at auction gloves and window curtain 95c. Put Little Maudie in our room.

The funeral was held the next day at the Catholic Church and to quote Bard: "The Priest gave Mr. Phillips something like sand to cast into the grave to bless it. His helth would not permit him to go out in the cold. Spent the evening roming around town."

The Phillipses and Bards stayed in Cheyenne Sunday and "Mr. Phillips concluded he would wate one day longer."

Then says Bard:

Tuesday. Quite mild . . . started for Chug with Mr. Phillips about 9 A.M. Watered at F. Swartzs and drove on to Fagens and camped for the night. Mr. Phillips spent the night like he was coming from a fair rather than a funeral.

The next day the funeral party arrived home at the Chugwater ranch. Bard noted in his diary that "Mrs. Phillips suffered terribly with the cold."

Very casually Bard at various times mentioned in his diary having seen General Crook, President Grant, and Spotted Tail and on February 21, 1876, he wrote:

Left town 9 a.m. made a short call at Pole Creek there is 6 or 8 Black Hills teams hear. Drove over to Fagens. He is crowded full. Calamity Jane is Hear Going up with the Troops. I think there is trouble ahead everything is crowded hear there is 7 companies on the road.

Bard soon established a little road ranch of his own on the old Cheyenne to Deadwood Trail. Now and then in his diary he made comments relative to the domestic affairs of Portugee Phillips. For instance, in April he recorded:

Clear warme. Mrs. Phillips passed down on the coach with her trunk. I wonder what the trouble is now.

And on the following Thursday:

Mrs. Phillips at Dyers Hotel. she is having a good deal of trouble in her family. . . . Rose stayed with Mrs. Phillips at Dyers Hotel.

Evidently the domestic affairs of Portugee calmed down, as Mrs. Phillips returned to Chugwater, where the couple lived until the ranch was sold on September 12, 1878, to a Mr. Hambleton of Baltimore.

To resurrect a skeleton from a closet, scan the Minutes of the Laramie

County Stock Association (Wyoming Stock Growers Association) for April 5, 1875. There it is recorded that "On motion the President was instructed to offer a reward of \$200 or so much thereof as will secure investigation of case against Phillips to be paid on conviction." This was a case of cattle rustling.

Again, on May 10, 1877, an item appeared in a local Cheyenne newspaper which stated:

John Phillips, who for several years has had a ranch on the Chug, was yesterday brought before Justice Slaughter upon the charge of killing cattle that did not belong to him, and was bound over to await the action of the grand jury, in the sum of \$500. The evidence pointed to the steer belonging to Mr. Searight,⁵ and was of a very definite character. Phillips has been charged with the same offense twice before.

We have found no record of a conviction of Portugee Phillips. And when he died on November 24, 1883, the newspapers paid him respect for being a "brave man and a true friend."

Only the story of Portugee's famous ride has been emphasized in history, and perhaps that is as it should be; but hero that he was, he was involved in many down-to-earth problems.

There is one man—N. K. Boswell—who was a hero to many of our pioneers. He had a fine reputation as a "Border Detective." He captured robbers who had held up the Deadwood stagecoach; he single-handed took cattle rustlers⁶ and brought them to jail; his name was known all over the West in his time. He often was referred to as "Old Boz" because he wore a long beard and seemed older than he was. For a time he was warden of the Wyoming Penitentiary.

To me, he always was just "Grandpa" Boswell. I knew him in his later

years when he had a long white beard and glossy white hair. My older sister and I lived in the Boswell home one winter while going to school in Laramie and for years we visited there and at his ranch on the Big Laramie River.

Nathaniel K. Boswell was mild mannered, soft spoken, and gave no hint of the man of steel that he must have been in his younger days. He drove a buggy to which was hitched a well bred Hameltonian. He always wore suits that were tailored for him by Frank Cronberg. Each year he had a barrel of maple sugar shipped from his old home in Vermont or New Hampshire and we had our share of it. A lilac bush, which he brought from Vermont to his ranch on the Big Laramie, was the mother bush for many plants started in Wyoming. Mr. Boswell carried some slips from it on horseback more than twenty miles to my mother on our Little Laramie Ranch. The last time I saw that lilac lush at our ranch, it was the size of a young tree and was loaded with beautiful blossoms.

Mr. Boswell's town house was an officers' quarters that had been moved into Laramie from Fort Sanders. It stood at the corner of Fifth and Grand Avenue, across from the Court House where the "Invaders" in the Johnson County War went on trial. The front parlor was filled with a conglomeration of stuffed birds and animals, which the prisoners of the "pen" had mounted. We spent many hours there playing. There we also liked to look at the carved teakwood chest, the gorgeous silk shawls, and other things which "Grandpa" Boswell had received from China.

According to my mother, Mr. Boswell, as a U. S. Marshal, accompanied the Union Pacific train that was rushed from Cheyenne to Rock Springs to quell the riot in the 1880's

in which the miners were trying to drive the Chinese out of the town. Mr. Boswell rescued two Chinese women, hid them in huge casks which had been used for shipping dishes, and sent them to San Francisco to friends. For many years, at Christmas time, or perhaps it was during the Chinese New Years celebration, "Grandpa" Boswell received gifts of gratitude from China. "Grandpa" Boswell undoubtedly had his faults, but to me he always remained pretty much of a hero.

Another border detective who has been lionized through the written word was Joe LeFors, who was Tom Horn's nemesis. In December, 1934, I wrote to Joe LeFors, who was then living in Buffalo, Wyoming, and asked if he would assist me in writing the story of Tom Horn for a true detective magazine. This is his reply:

Buffalo, Wyoming.
Dec. 19, 1934.

Dear Mrs. Spring:

Regarding the Tom Horn story I will say that I do not think that story would at the present time be a very good seller. So much has been said regarding that story that was in no part true. At the same time wrote under the caption, "A True Story." I would not want to write it. I am now considering a law suit with the *Western Book Magazine*, a Chicago concern, over slandering and a libelous story they published using my name in the writing of the Tom Horn case of recent date. The Horn case is just another case among dozens of others of more interest.

If you were nearer to Buffalo and proper arrangements could be made I would give you some real unpublished stories I have collaborated in the writing of two books, one called, "Trails of Two Moons," by Robert Wells Ritchie, and the other, "Whispering Smith," by Frank H. Spearman. Yet I have material for a dozen more.

(Have) one story already written with about 12,200 words. As I am not a writer you might make a dandy story out of it. At the same time, I've been advised that it really needs nothing at all done to it but just selling it outright. I am starting on others I think will be equally as good. . . . What I realize I need most is a good writer to whip my numerous stories into some sort of shape. After 30 years an officer I have many of them. No writer could dispose of them in one year.

Soon I entered into an agreement to write Joe's stories and for a number of months we worked through correspondence. He consented to do the Horn story, along with the others. The following letters will give a glimpse of Joe LeFors, not just as a detective, but as a man:

. . . I have written the Horn story . . . hope it will not be a disappointment. I never did consider the Horn story as good as dozens of others. Horn was only a cold-blooded assassin that many scrub writers tried to make a hero out of and besmirch some officer doing what he thought his duty. More than likely some admirer of the assassin paid the scrub writers a few paltry dollars. You will see by following the real true facts in the case just what snide writers they were. I can find you many responsible men who knew Horn for ages, that will tell you that instead of Horn speaking the Spanish and also the Apache language that he did no such a thing, that he only spoke the poorest slangy English. And as for Horn being a cowboy, I do not believe he ever worked on a half dozen roundups in his life. I got the letter from W. D. Smith wanting a detective in good faith, and used it for a good purpose.

. . . One thing I want to impress on you, Kels Nickell was never accused of being a cow thief. He had sheep on his own home place. I think Nickell had lived there for many years.⁷ If you will

write Julia Cook, Nickell's daughter she can give you the full history, and also put you in touch with Mrs. Nickell who is still living. She can tell you how I came to get into the case by promising to help a poor family who were being killed one by one . . . I was acquainted with one Seringo, while he worked for the Pinkertons. I found him like other Pinkertons. If the Pinkerton office found that I was going on a trip they used to ask the U. S. Marshal's office, as a favor to them, to be allowed to send a Pinkie with me. I never had the U. S. Officer to grant the Pink's request without first asking me. Once I gave my sanction for Seringo to go with me on a trip into Old Mexico. Ever after this Seringo speaking of the trip used the language of subordinating myself to him. Seringo was the worst one for that sort of work.

Later, after Joe LeFors read a story in a detective magazine written by Morris Hepler regarding the Horn case, as given to him by Ed Smalley, one-time Sheriff of Laramie County, LeFors wrote me:

In the major part the story is true, but there is many lies. For instance, I never made a report to Smalley in my life. In the first place wouldn't I of been a chump, a well trained detective making a report to a grocery clerk when there was a prosecuting attorney like Walter Stoll, a first class attorney. Edward J. Smalley did not know that I was working on the case until I called on him to listen in on a conversation between Horn and myself. This was six months after Willie Nickell was killed. Then Smalley sent Leslie Snow. Again Smalley claimed he shot Jim McCloud twice, when he escaped with Horn.⁸

I was in Nicaragua at the time. When I returned I went back into the U. S. Marshal's office and the first thing I did was to take Jim McCloud to the pen at Rawlins alone.⁹ Jim talked freely with me as it was my efforts that landed Jim in

years when he had a long white beard and glossy white hair. My older sister and I lived in the Boswell home one winter while going to school in Laramie and for years we visited there and at his ranch on the Big Laramie River.

Nathaniel K. Boswell was mild mannered, soft spoken, and gave no hint of the man of steel that he must have been in his younger days. He drove a buggy to which was hitched a well bred Hameltonian. He always wore suits that were tailored for him by Frank Cronberg. Each year he had a barrel of maple sugar shipped from his old home in Vermont or New Hampshire and we had our share of it. A lilac bush, which he brought from Vermont to his ranch on the Big Laramie, was the mother bush for many plants started in Wyoming. Mr. Boswell carried some slips from it on horseback more than twenty miles to my mother on our Little Laramie Ranch. The last time I saw that lilac bush at our ranch, it was the size of a young tree and was loaded with beautiful blossoms.

Mr. Boswell's town house was an officers' quarters that had been moved into Laramie from Fort Sanders. It stood at the corner of Fifth and Grand Avenue, across from the Court House where the "Invaders" in the Johnson County War went on trial. The front parlor was filled with a conglomeration of stuffed birds and animals, which the prisoners of the "pen" had mounted. We spent many hours there playing. There we also liked to look at the carved teakwood chest, the gorgeous silk shawls, and other things which "Grandpa" Boswell had received from China.

According to my mother, Mr. Boswell, as a U. S. Marshal, accompanied the Union Pacific train that was rushed from Cheyenne to Rock Springs to quell the riot in the 1880's

in which the miners were trying to drive the Chinese out of the town. Mr. Boswell rescued two Chinese women, hid them in huge casks which had been used for shipping dishes, and sent them to San Francisco to friends. For many years, at Christmas time, or perhaps it was during the Chinese New Year's celebration, "Grandpa" Boswell received gifts of gratitude from China. "Grandpa" Boswell undoubtedly had his faults, but to me he always remained pretty much of a hero.

Another border detective who has been lionized through the written word was Joe LeFors, who was Tom Horn's nemesis. In December, 1934, I wrote to Joe LeFors, who was then living in Buffalo, Wyoming, and asked if he would assist me in writing the story of Tom Horn for a true detective magazine. This is his reply:

Buffalo, Wyoming,
Dec. 19, 1934.

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the pen before I left for Nicaragua. Jim amusingly related the incidence of his and Horn's jail break while on our way to Rawlins. And Jim said, "Joe, you never seen such a scared disorganized bunch in your life." And said Smalley ran after him with a gun that he found out afterwards had no cartridges in. And any way he was trying to help Horn get away and paid no attention to Sheriff Smalley. And McCloud said he knew the grocery clerk could not hit a flock of barns even if he tried. That does not look like he shot McCloud twice. Another thing, which if you will recall my writeup of the Horn Case that I had promised the mother of Willie that I would bring in the assassin, and went into the investigation at the request of Sheriff Shafer who died a few weeks later. But not before I was approached by Sam Corson, chairman of the board of County Commissioners, and Walter R. Stoll, the prosecuting attorney. Walter R. Stoll advised me not to tell Smalley I was working on the case, that he was appointed Sheriff after Shafer had died RAW out of a grocery store and he could do me no good. So Smalley knew nothing about the case before Stoll and I was ready for the arrest. Stoll advised me not to arrest Horn but be near enough to get him if Smalley failed, so I was just in an adjoining room when Dick Proctor, Sandy McNeal and Smalley put Horn under arrest . . . The only field work done by Smalley was serving subpoenas. . . . The Smalley story seemed to try to infer Horn and I was drinking. That, too, is not true. Horn came from Bosler that Sunday morning and I met him at the train and we went direct to the U. S. Marshal's office and started the conversation. I think I had enough evidence outside of his confession to hang him. Smalley had nothing whatever with me taking the Horn case. . . . It was George Prentis who told me about Horn doing the killing before I had talked with Horn. There is many lies in the Smalley story.

The woman in the country was a story writer pure and simple and got nothing that I can recall that was used as evidence. The sweater portion was of no value and was disregarded. Smalley told Stoll nothing before Horn was arrested he knew nothing about the case two days before.

I was careful and written nothing but what I would be willing to swear to to the best of my recollection. Smalley is just trying to make a hero out of himself. I could find much fault—but what is the use. Stoll was a long headed, shrewd criminal lawyer of the first class . . .

In a letter written on September 17, 1935, Joe LeFors urged me to take a trip to Johnson County, but my office duties at the time prevented me from doing so. The letter follows:

How I wish I could see you and go over some things that I think would be a very interesting feature to our book. Something I am sure would make a great hit—You know with all that has been said and written no pictures of the Hole-in-the-Wall has ever been taken.⁹ I think it would be most interesting and besides the pictures would be just beautiful and it would cause only a slight delay in getting out the book if any at all. I have a car and the expense here would be hardly anything. You can come right direct to our home and have a room and board right with us as long as you want to stay. We can take my car and we will fix up lunches for the day and go to the Hole-in-the-Wall. I think a picture of those long red walls would be interesting. And also the slope of the Big Horn Mountains. . . . Write me to Gillette and tell me what you think of it. . . . I find my hiding place where I had the fight with the rattler has been torn down and the rock used in building up an abutment at the end of a new bridge. If you have no car when my work is over at Gillette I will come after you. I am a long way from being an invalid. And am an expert hand with an auto. J.L.

While Joe LeFors was over in Gillette, Wyoming, checking up some of the data for his autobiography, there occurred a double murder. He wrote: "There has been one of the coldest blooded double murders committed here in Gillette which I am assisting the law in running down. . . . Whispering Smith is going to show in Buffalo, Feb. 1st. . . I helped make it you know out in Hollywood . . . I am not posted just now on Westerns but I think they are good. I've got some good stories that would be quite fit for the screen . . . Do you know in all the stories I've ever told for publication not one line of the material I am now sending you was ever mentioned."

On November 25, 1935, in a more mellow mood than usual, Joe wrote:

I've thought of something that might be well to study over. Should we have a lawyer advise us regarding the liabilities? We would not want some of those fellows like, or anyone else tie up any funds from our book after we get some money coming. What do you think about it . . . Do you know, I've lived in hopes of seeing you and to be able to talk some of those things over with you. I am more than confident we would of profited gratly should we of been together and have selected just the subjects for our book. We might have supplemented some other stories for the book than those we did put in it. You know our latch string hangs on the outside . . . Say! Are you a character reader? Then tell me my fortune. You have certainly seen enough of my hand writing. I used to say, "Give me a hand write instead of a pictur. It has just occured to me that you had a mental picture of each person that you have had much of their hand write. Am I right? With my best wishes.

Sincerely,

Joe LeFors

I have always regretted that I could

not have taken a trip to the Hole-in-the-Wall with Mr. and Mrs. LeFors. If anyone knew that country, Joe did. And had we met and discussed his stories rather than doing all of our work through correspondence he might not have become so impatient about the marketing of the final manuscript.

Here is another glimpse at the man himself. In writing of some of his friends, Joe said:

Most of the interested parties (in the stories) are long since dead. I for some reason have been spared from the Grim Reaper and am still (1935) doing detective work. And am just as keen on the work as I ever was. Am still a good rider on horseback and seldom get tired.

I believe in God and the hereafter. Attend church. And hav leanings to the Seven Day Adventist faith. Belong to no church. Go to Adventist Sabbath School every Saturday. Hold no grudge against No one on Earth. Wish no one harm. And I do forgive all my enemies and hope that I am forgiven by them all. I often meet some of the old Hole-in-the-Wall gang. We shake hands. Always speak as we pass by. Some of them and I have had shooting scrapes in the long Past. They as well as I are getting Old. I have neither aches or pains. I love to offer a helping hand to the weary, I love little children. They are my friends. And I love to see women and children happy. Then I am happy, too.

I will get going again and finish those two stories started and send them to you. I am glad the material for the book is nearly complete. Sorry I never seen you to get acquainted But hope to see you some time. With all good wishes. Joe LeFors.

After the autobiography was completed and put into final form, I submitted it to a New York publisher and then to a New York agent. The country was still suffering from the

depression of the '30's. The editors were slow in reporting. Joe LeFors became very restless. He had seen two stories upon which he had collaborated, produced in Hollywood. He had held high hopes for the success of his life's story. Then he became impatient. His letters were suspicious. He seemed to think I was keeping him in the dark as to what the publishers were doing. His letters became sharp in tone. I decided to call in the manuscript and to turn it back to him, for the cost of just the typing—\$80. Joe sent a letter in answer to mine saying that he was coming to Cheyenne and asked me to meet him at the Plains Hotel. It is amusing to look back now, but it wasn't amusing then. His letters had been so sharp that I was nervous—jittery at the thought of meeting Joe LeFors, the detective. I telephoned the house detective at the Plains Hotel and asked him to stand by—then I went forth to meet Joe. I shall never forget my surprise at my first glimpse of him. I recognized his face at once from a photograph which I had, but I had not before thought of his stature. Joe was short. I seemed to tower head and shoulders above him. I wondered what the house detective was thinking as I caught a glimpse of him out of the corner of my eye. Our meeting was friendly, but I stood firm in turning back the manuscript. Joe directed that it be sent to a certain bank in Buffalo where it could be checked by his banker before the \$80 would be paid.

As the years clicked by I mentioned the manuscript to various persons in Wyoming with the hope that something could be done with it. Dean Krakel realized its value and did a splendid job in bringing it to publication. How proud Joe LeFors would have been could he have seen this book which Dean Krakel pub-

lished—*Joe LeFors—Wyoming Peace Officer*. But Joe had crossed the Great Divide before the manuscript came into print.

Although many writers have intimated that the "big cattlemen" and the Wyoming Stock Growers Association were backing Tom Horn in the Nickell affair, it has always been my personal opinion that no organization was in any way involved. Judge Joseph M. Carey as a member of the Executive Committee of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association, had ordered Tom Horn dismissed from the employ of the Association several years before the killing of Willie Nickell, when he learned that Horn would kill a man "for a price."

Joe LeFors urged me to consult the court records in Laramie and to examine the letters which were exchanged between John Coble and Frank Bosler relative to their ranch dealings, when a law suit resulted because Bosler refused to pay expenditures incurred relative to Tom Horn. According to the letters such expenditures had been charged to the partnership of Coble and Bosler.

Joe told me that Louis DeLario, court reporter, had told him to be sure to make copies of the letters but that he had failed to do so. When I examined the records in 1935, I found some very interesting letters relative to ranch dealings, but several letters had been removed from the files or had been deleted.

Much research still could be done and a fascinating story written about Coble and Bosler as Wyoming livestockmen. I saw John Coble the night he was married to Alice Townsend. I was a youngster among the crowd standing on the curb waiting to throw rice upon the newlyweds. I knew Mrs. Coble and her family well and was asked to write the obituary of little John Coble. I knew Mr. Bosler and

the school teacher whom he married, before they were married. And when I attended Columbia University in New York they took me to dinner at the Claremont up on Riverside Drive. Before our dinner was finished, Mr. Bosler insisted that we hurry back down town to the Biltmore Hotel to see that his small son was receiving his night feeding on time! To many John Coble and Frank Bosler are simply names on paper—but they were men with deep emotions. Both men, I understand, met death at their own hands. Louis DeLario, the court reporter, burned to death in a Pullman berth, supposedly from falling asleep while smoking. The Coble ranch home was destroyed by fire. Coble's son was taken by death at a tender age.

I spent many enjoyable hours with a young Wyomingite who was studying for Grand Opera in New York City. But when his voice failed he returned to Wyoming—and married the sister of little Willie Nickell. These names in Wyoming's great drama are not just names to me but people of flesh and blood.

There is not time tonight to discuss one thing which I've been interested in. Perhaps someone will do some research on the subject. And that is—why did so many men come from Carlisle, Pennsylvania, to Wyoming—men who were in the limelight of Wyoming's historic cattle days? For instance, there were William (Billy) C. Irvine, who had such a prominent place in the Johnson County War; Dr. Charles Penrose, brother of Spencer and Boise Penrose, who started with the Invaders, was the son of a man born in Carlisle; and Frank Bosler and John Coble hailed from there.

Was it because the Carlisle Indian School was founded there in 1879 and thus brought a part of the West to the East, which in turn drew the East to

the West? I believe this is worth researching.

But now I must talk no longer. I have taken too much time already. I will close with just one little incident which occurred in 1939. I had gone back to Wyoming to supervise the getting out of the *Wyoming Guide*. In the Capitol, as a guide, was Tom Powers, a former ranchman, whom I had known some years before when he was president of the Senate. Tom and I often discussed Wyoming history. One day when a letter came to me asking if I could supply any information about a certain young cowboy who had come up the Texas Trail in the early 1890's, I asked Tom about him. Tom knew all about him. He had been hanged as a cattle rustler. Before I had had time to answer the query which was written in a quaint feminine hand, there arrived in my office an elderly woman with her grandson. When she told me her name and said she had written a letter to me to ask about her husband, who had never come back to Texas, I felt panicky.

What should I do? As an historian I was responsible for telling facts as they existed. But what actual proof did I have? I asked the woman and her grandson to wait in my office while I went in search of Tom.

Tom and I could dim the stardust in the eyes of that youth and his grandmother; or, we could send them away with the memory of a heroic ride that ended in death in a stampede.

I see that my time is up. I will leave you with the title of an old story—"The Lady or the Tiger?"

What was my duty as an historical researcher? What do you think we did? Did we tell the visitors a story about a stampede—or a necktie party? Choose your answer.

It has been a great privilege to be with you Westerners and your guests.

I thank you.

¹See: Relief of Estate of John C. Phillips. 61th Congress 2nd Session, 1916-1917. House Report 1313.

²Isaac N. Bard was a farmer living near Polk City, Iowa, who caught the western fever, followed the building of the Union Pacific under Dan Casement. In 1868, he returned to Iowa. Later he came west again and walked from Denver to Oro City where he dug potatoes and cut hay one summer. In his diary he mentions "Mr. Tabor's Cow." From the mining area of Colorado, Bard went to Cheyenne, Wyoming. There he had a little garden on the banks of Crow Creek and raised vegetables. Later he worked for Portugee Phillips at Chugwater and then started his own ranch at Little Bear. When, in 1938, the State Historian of Wyoming evinced no interest in Bard's diaries, the Executor of his estate asked me if I would be interested in them. To me they were gems. They are now in the Coe Collection at Yale University.

³Fred Schwartze had a daughter, Minna, who became a Flora Dora girl. While playing in Chicago, she met a young newspaper reporter named Franklin P. Adams. Later they were married. He became well-known as a columnist and you now meet him on television. The Adamses separated some years ago and Minna Schwartze Adams died in Washington, D. C., about two years ago.

⁴The Hospital Steward was probably from Fort Laramie or from Fort D. A.

Russell, as Chugwater was between the two posts.

⁵G. A. Searight was one of the first Texans to bring a trail herd into Wyoming. He sold his holdings near Chugwater to Swan Brothers and later established the Goose Egg ranch below Casper.

⁶Says the *Cheyenne Daily Leader*, Jan. 3, 1884: "An Important Arrest. Deputy Sheriff Boswell, of Laramie, came in yesterday having under arrest Eb Stuart, formerly foreman for the Powder River Cattle Company, charged with complicity in the recent cattle thefts in that section. . . . It is charged that Stuart was concerned in stealing the seventy cattle, which were run off and sold at Belle Fourche for \$900. At any rate he left the country immediately afterwards and went to Deadwood, and from there to Hot Springs, Arkansas, which was where Sheriff Boswell captured him."

⁷There was trouble between Coble and Nickell as far back as 1890. *The Cheyenne Sun*, July 26, 1890, carried this item: "Mr. J. C. Coble, who was so seriously stabbed by one Kels Nickell at Iron Mountain on the Cheyenne and Northern Wednesday, was resting easily yesterday. The wounds, which were doubtless intended to be mortal, may not prove fatal, but are of a most serious character. . . ."

⁸Tom Horn and Jim McCloud made a jail break in Cheyenne, Wyoming, on August 10, 1903, but were captured shortly afterward.

⁹Mr. LeFors evidently was not aware of photographs used by A. J. Mokler of Casper in his *History of Natrona County*.

Book Reviews

The Beast That Walks like Man by Harold McCracken. New York: Hanover House. \$4.50.

This is the last of three comprehensive books written about the grizzly. The first, William H. Wright's 1909 *The Grizzly Bear*, became a clas-

sic. Theodore Roosevelt, in his letter which became the preface of later editions wrote, ". . . I don't see how it can ever be surpassed." It appeared while Colorado still gloried in and shuddered over the deeds of "Old Mose" and other famous grizzlies. Enos Mills' *The Grizzly* was published

in 1919 alter most westerners forgot that grizzlies once loomed ominously in western travel. It was patterned after Wright's book, seemed subordinated among Mills' many nature writings, and lacked the definiteness which marked Wright's treatment. McCracken's 1955 book is a revision and expansion of these earlier books, leans strongly upon them and repeats much content, but adds new and important material in addition to sketches of the author's many ventures.

An unusual background placed McCracken in Rocky Mountain and Alaskan grizzly grounds at college age. He was born in Colorado Springs, of a father who was an itinerant newspaper man, lover of the West, and admirer of grizzlies. He was reared upon an Idaho ranch before good roads and automobiles banished the Old West. Brief periods at Drake and Ohio State Universities plus his father's journalism developed capacity for writing.

This background of outdoor adequacy, skill in analyzing and expressing ideas, and native ability convinced museums that here was a youth who could get them specimens they wanted. This became the pattern of his life. He gained fame for leading numerous expeditions and writing concerning them.

McCracken strove to fuse into one terse volume all that had ever been known about the grizzly, supplemented by interpretations distilled from his own 40 years of living with bears. He unravelled the findings of geology and checked them against the mute treasures of great museums. He sifted Indian mythology, including rich observations of Colorado Utes by Denver's Verner Z. Reed. He probed history and literature to enlarge Wright's and Mills' discussions of the first written grizzly records. In recent years he visited game departments of western

states which once contained and still possessed grizzlies. He learned what he could from the National Park Service and U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service. His brief but rich appendix contains excerpts from early records of grizzly observations. Like Mills he includes the essence of Merriam's definitive 1918 *Review of the Grizzly and Big Brown Bears*, long out of print. An index steers the reader to topics he seeks.

McCracken is a hunter-explorer-naturalist rather than a scientist. This explains his omission of important references. Overlooked are Seton's exhaustive observations and writings, Underwood's quaint record of women suckling bear cubs, and Park Service studies by Wright (Geo. M.), Dixon, and Thompson which, rather than concern for visitor safety, stopped the practice of feeding garbage to bears. Some future researcher may scan the literature more carefully, but unless this age accomplishes miracles in husbanding wildlife despite proliferating civilizations, no author can ever again season his work with such personal adventure and study.

CM J. V. K. WAGAR

The Apache Scalp by William Colt MacDonald. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$2.75.

The name William Colt MacDonald has been as closely associated with western stories as that of Grey, Raine, and Max Brand. His output has been as voluminous. He belongs to that school of writers.

This novel is one in a series about a "railroad dick" of earlier days, by the name of Gregory Quist; a "western" Whodunit. The plot is pretty much "standard": hosses, guns, hired trigger fanners, killings both of them that deserves it and slaughter of sheep and goats being moved into "cattle country." On the whole, this fiction

is for those who like Quist and his troubles and find pleasure in the true "western" story. MacDonald exerts himself to set up rather weird incidents, starting with a murdered man sitting in the middle of desert country in a row boat, with a fishing pole in his hands, a boot hooked to the end of the line with the green brush growing all around—and ending with what was hidden in that piece of human pelt, the Apache scalp, which gives the book a title and over which much of the fighting took place.

It's a "western." There is one very superior portion of MacDonald's writing that I stand up and cheer both author and publisher for having in the book. It is the descriptive passages that have been discarded by so many in favor of headlong action. The author knows his country and he recreates what he has in his own mental concept so the reader shares it with him. For that, particularly, there should be emphatic commendation.

PM ARTHUR CARHART

PETER FITZGERALD AND DAN'L O'CONNELL, INC.: A FABLE*

DON AND JEAN GRISWOLD

The legend of Peter Fitzgerald and Dan'l O'Connell had its beginning in Leadville, Colorado, during the mid-1880's. Peter Fitzgerald had been a laborer in the mines of Leadville since the camp's boom days, but after the bottom fell out of the silver market, the mine in which he worked shut down and Peter was out of a job. He decided not to take another laboring job but to go forth and find a gold mine of his own. Perhaps he could find one which would duplicate John Champion's Little Jonny. At least such a one was worth looking for.

Since a burro was the prime requisite of all gold prospectors in those days, Peter Fitzgerald purchased a sturdy, shaggy, little one which he named Dan'l O'Connell, and with this purchase a most unusual mining

partnership was started. Why Peter named his burro Dan'l O'Connell no one knows. As the story goes, some old-timers believed that the naming was in honor of a long departed friend, Daniel J. O'Connell, and others believed Peter calculated that all living creatures, man or beast, should have full names, but not necessarily a middle initial. Having a full name like that did things to Dan'l O'Connell; in fact, he became almost human. During the days in which Peter was getting a prospecting outfit together, Dan'l would wait outside the various mining supply stores in which Peter was buying the outfit, then bray happily, though raucously, if he liked the article which Peter brought from the store whether it be cook stove, bed roll, or canned beans; if Dan'l were displeased with the item he would lay his ears flat against his head and pull his lips back from his

*This is an excerpt from a proposed book on the Twin Lakes region.

teeth in a terrible sneer. In the case of selecting a pack saddle Peter had to bring four from the harness shop before Dan'l brayed his approval.

Finally, the outfit was satisfactory to the partners, so Peter and Dan'l set off on a prospecting tour of the Upper Arkansas River Valley, and worked their way up gullies and over hills until they came to the little town of Twin Lakes, fifteen miles southwest of Leadville. Here Peter met his old friend, Chris O'Neil. Dan'l immediately took a liking to Chris, braying his best three or four times. Chris O'Neil, another son of the Old Sod, had as his motto, "To hell with poverty. Let's shoot a duck." Not that his motto has anything to do with this tale, but Chris O'Neil does for he was the one who took Peter to Blarney Castle, headquarters for single men of the Twin Lakes mining district, and it was at Blarney Castle that Peter heard of the bonanzas on Perry's Peak, southernmost spur of Mount Elbert—bonanzas that were just waiting to be dug!

When Peter passed this good news on to Dan'l, the little burro's bray was startlingly jubilant. The very next day, the two, loaded with high spirits and supplies, climbed Perry's Peak, and in a promising spot near timberline Peter staked out a claim and set to work tunneling into the mountain's side. For a time Dan'l did not contribute too much to this mining venture. All that was required of him was the taking of ore samples to the Twin Lakes' assayer, Henc Stevens; or the transporting of ores to the Leadville smelter and the bringing in of supplies. The rest of the time Dan'l O'Connell would graze in a nearby mountain meadow or stand and watch Peter at his work. After Peter had dug far enough into the mountain, and had the tunnel well timbered, Dan'l went to pulling the

mine car in and out of the tunnel. Each car load of "dirt" brought from the mine had to be sorted because of the uneven character of the ore. This was a job which Peter did carefully, placing the ore into three separate piles, according to quality. Dan'l usually stood by and watched every detail of this operation.

For two, perhaps three years, Peter Fitzgerald's and Dan'l O'Connell's routines varied but little. Now and then Peter would go down to Blarney Castle to have a drink with Chris, or once in a great while Peter would go off hunting or fishing, leaving Dan'l to graze in the meadow. Peter returned from such an expedition one day to find the ore sorted and in the three customary heaps. This puzzled Peter because he was positive that he had not sorted the ore before going hunting; furthermore, there were no foot marks about except his and Dan'l's. Perhaps, a leprechaun? But, no, that was not likely. How would a leprechaun get over here to this country and to an altitude of nearly 11,000 feet above sea level? Peter was greatly puzzled, but he and Dan'l went about their mining operations as usual. The partners made one or two trips to Twin Lakes and to Leadville together after supplies, and Peter went off by himself two or three times. The ore remained unsorted each time Dan'l was with Peter, but on the other times, when Dan'l was left behind, the ore was always thoroughly sorted and correctly stacked in three orderly piles. One day Peter, pretending in every word and every move that he was off to spend the afternoon and maybe the night at Blarney Castle, patted Dan'l and turned him loose in the mountain meadow. Soon Peter was out of sight but not out of sound for he could hear Dan'l braying away happily. Peter waited as long as his curiosity would let him; then he

inched his way up the slope and sure enough, though he could not believe his eyes, there was Dan'l sorting the ore. First, and it is said that Peter swore to this until his dying day, Dan'l would reach out his foreleg and knock a chunk of ore from the big heap that had been dumped at the entrance of the tunnel. Dan'l's next move was to kick the ore about, first with one hoof and then with the other until he figured out the grade, good, fair, or low. Once he had decided, he would roll the ore to the proper pile. Peter watched, half dazed, until Dan'l finished the sorting. Several days passed before Peter could get over his great astonishment, but Dan'l didn't seem to mind having been found out; in fact, he took the matter quite casually when Peter went down the hill to tell Chris O'Neill and the other men of Blarney Castle the astounding news, Dan'l busied himself with the sorting.

As time wore on and Dan'l O'Connell's ability and desire for ore sorting increased, there was nothing for Peter Fitzgerald to do but turn the job over to him. It was also at this time that the Fitzgerald & O'Connell Mining Company was incorporated with Peter as president and Dan'l as manager and chief ore sorter. The first business of the new company was the purchase by Peter, subject to the approval of Dan'l, of a less talented burro to take over the chores of

pulling the ore car, the packing out of the ores, and the bringing in of supplies. Dan'l O'Connell's superior attitude, though he had brayed his approval, toward the new burro named Mazie O'Leary, "'Twas" as Chris O'Neil said, "somethin' to see, no less!" What would Chris O'Neil, or any of us for that matter, have said if he actually had seen Dan'l O'Connell sorting the ore?

The writers of this tale, since the dictionary defines a leprechaun as "a little fairy usually conceived as a tricky old man, who if caught may reveal the hiding place of a treasure," think that Dan'l O'Connell, the sturdy, shaggy, little burro was such a leprechaun in disguise, because Peter and Dan'l are said to have taken a fortune from their tunnel on Perry's Peak.

With the departure of Peter Fitzgerald and Dan'l O'Connell from the Twin Lakes mining district, all tangible evidence of Fitzgerald & O'Connell Incorporated disappeared. Now only the legend remains, but that legend lives on and grows with each retelling.

MORAL—If you, the readers, should ever find occasion to repeat the above tale, you are beholden to Chris O'Neil and the others of Blarney Castle to add your bit to the Legend of Peter Fitzgerald & Dan'l O'Connell, Inc.