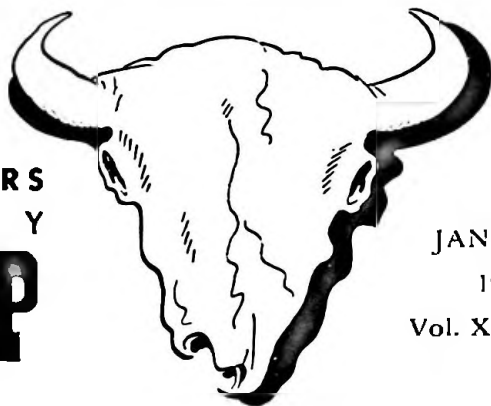


*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
M O N T H L Y  
**ROUNDUP**



JANUARY  
1956  
Vol. XII, No. 1



Doc W. F. Carver  
(Charles B. Roth collection)

*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.

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January, 1956

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Printing Office  
839 Pearl St., Boulder.

The Westerners  
730 Equitable Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.

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#### OFFICERS

*Sheriff, Maurice Frink*  
*Deputy Sheriff, Francis Rizzari*  
*Roundup Foreman, Erl Ellis*  
*Tally Man, Nevin Carson*  
*Chuck Wrangler, Art Zeuch*  
*Publications Chairman, Alan Swallow*

*Preceding Sheriff, Ralph Mayo*  
*Registrar of Marks and Brands,*  
*Charles Ryland*  
*Membership Chairman, Fred Rosen-*  
*stock*  
*Program Chairman, Francis Rizzari*  
*Book Review Chairman, Ed Hilliard*

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#### *Coming Events*

##### *The February Meeting*

6:30 P.M. Feb. 22, 1956.

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

Kenny Englert will hold forth concerning "Platte Canon." Rumor has it that we will hear the truth about the "Reynolds Gang."

The March Meeting will be "The Antlers Fire" by Les Williams.

## *Sheriff's Message*

I wish to thank the Posse for the confidence you have shown in me. There are others who would make better Sheriff's but you chose me and I shall do my best. I hope that I can do half as well as Ralph Mayo and others have done. I am grateful for the staff of officers you chose to work with me.

Sincerely,  
Maurice Frink, Sheriff

## *Riding the Range*

W. H. (Old Hutch) Hutchinson who spoke to many members of the Denver Posse last August as a guest of Doctor Muney has authored a volume soon to be published by the University of Oklahoma Press on the life of Eugene Manlove Rhodes. The tentative title is *Cyrano In Chaps*. It should be well worth waiting for.

A scholarly and interesting account of the Battle of Beechers Island by Mr. Alan B. Gregory appears in the December issue of *The English Westerners Brand Book*. This publication is issued monthly by the English Corral of the Westerners of Liverpool, England.

Spokane, Washington now has a Posse of Westerners thirty-one strong. Thomas Teakle of 1917 West Riverside Ave., Spokane 11, Washington reports that the group is nearly a year old.

The January meeting attracted several visitors from other Posses. From Wyoming came Dr. Burns and Mr. A. S. Gillespie who showed a sample copy of an exhaustive work on "*Wyoming's Pioneer Ranches*." The Washington D. C. Corral was represented by Bill Allred and Fred Renner. Mr.

Renner is an authority on Charles Russell and related a few sidelights on him. Lee Sage, cowboy, adventurer and author of "*The Last Rustler*" and other books was present with his associate I. "Woody" Wilson. Mr. Paul A. Warp of Minden, Nebraska told us a few things about Minden's Pioneer Museum founded by his uncle.

Kenny Englert reports that the Broadmoor Hotel and Pikes Peak or Bust Rodeo Association has recently obtained several historic stage coaches and a "Conestoga" wagon from the Hazard Collection.

*Who was Jim Carlyle?*—Our CM P. J. Rasch, of 567 Erskine Drive, Pacific Palisades, Calif., writes: "When John H. Riley, of Murphy-Dolan-Riley fame, died, the *Colorado Springs Gazette* noted that 'He moved to Colorado in 1865 and was employed by Jim Carlyle, railroad contractors, in the building of the Colorado Central railroad.' I am wondering whether this Jim Carlyle could have been the man killed by Billy the Kid's gang at the Greathouse Ranch on November 27, 1880. If any of you railroad fans know anything of this individual, I should be pleased to hear of it."

## *Important Announcement*

Will all of our Members please note that correspondence with The Westerners (Denver Posse) should no longer be addressed to 306 State Museum Building, Denver, Colorado. All official correspondence to The Westerners should be mailed to 730 Equitable Building, Denver 2, Colorado; or telephone to TAbor 5-5111. This is the address of the Roundup Foreman for 1956 (Erl H. Ellis) who acts as secretary for the Denver Posse.

For many years the State Historical Society has furnished assistance to The Westerners by allowing the Society's office to be used as headquarters of The Westerners and by letting its employees, particularly Mrs. Renze, to give time to the work of our group. Understandably, with the growth of work needed to be done for both groups, the State Historical Society has been reluctantly forced to ask The Westerners to run its own affairs. So,

the Roundup Foreman should receive all communications hereafter. He will be provided with some secretarial assistance by the Posse. It may develop that in time a permanent home for The Westerners can be found, but until that happens, the address of The Westerners will change with changes in the name of the Roundup Foreman.

Our gratitude to the State Historical Society is not easy to phrase, for no one member of the Posse knows all of the details of the contributions that the Society has made in carrying on the work of The Westerners, but our debt is great and our thanks prolific. Nor is it easy to put into words our appreciation for the devotion that Mrs. Renze has given to the affairs of The Westerners, using some of her time that should have been devoted to the Society's activities, and much more of her own time.

## *News Notes*

Publication 32 of the Los Angeles Corral is dated December, 1955, and has for cover and back a continuous map of the south part of Arizona showing military posts during 1850-1890. The main article is a description of Fort Thomas on the Gila River as known by Frank Schilling in 1906, with some of the earlier history of the post added. It is to be noted that at the November Roundup of this Corral Marion Speer talked about the "Narrow Gauge Railroads of Colorado."

No. Four of Vol. Two of the New

York Posse Brand Book is at hand. To digest the contents of this 24 page, large size, magazine is hardly feasible in a short space. The leading story is about Alexander Doniphan, and in it Frank B. Latham has done a fine job of research and writing. There is set in a colored picture of a double-header on the Virginia & Truckee railroad. There is a nice biography of Robert S. Ellison, a collector of Western Americana. If you are not a corresponding member of this Posse in New York, you are missing really fine brand books.

# THE BIGGEST BLOW SINCE GALVESTON

CHARLES B. ROTH

If you could have a true day-to-day picture of the Old West, you'd probably be bored by the sameness of it and, except on rare occasions, the lack of adventure. There'd be no fun studying Western history. The leavening influence of the big lie, however, has made the West the most fascinating thing in the world. It has also made it the most unreliable, for who now, even though vestiges of the frontier are scarcely 50 years removed, can exactly distinguish between what took place and what some liar said did?

It has always seemed to me that we have needed a device similar to the one Paul Weiss, an early Denver optician, told me about. He received an order from a saloon keeper in Leadville with \$10 in it and an order for "two pairs of your distinguishing specs." Weiss was perplexed until he read on, "I want them for my bartenders," wrote the customer, "so they can distinguish my money from theirs."

When we deal with the West, we deal with a myth. It is a lusty myth, as strong, as beguiling, as immortal as any that came out of Rome and Greece. If you ask me, the myth of the West is about ten times as interesting besides.

Before I essay to tell you how these myths of the Old West started and prospered, suppose we explore one or two of them. And let us confine ourselves to the realm where the Western mythologists were most active, imagi-

native, and inaccurate. Where else might this be but in firearms and their use?

Part of the credo of every red-blooded American—and whoever heard of an American with blood of another color?—is that the West was inhabited exclusively by expert marksmen. These shooters could cut a playing card in half edgewise at 50 yards or shoot the spot out of another at 100 or 1000 yards—it was all one. They didn't need a rifle: the revolver was their gun.

I suppose the most redoubtable of the pistoleers was Wild Bill Hickok. In no biography of this worthy have I ever come across a record of his ever having missed. At 100 yards he could cut down an enemy with boring regularity; he could crease a friend's hair at 50 yards, with no damage to hair or owner.

Such is the myth. Actually, judged by modern standards, Wild Bill was a very poor shot. How do I know? Well, we have targets he made. If he were alive and shooting today and couldn't do any better than he did, he'd be shooting in the beginner's class at almost any revolver range you might name. And this was the most celebrated pistoleer of them all, remember.

Akin to this myth of infallibility is an even more entrancing one—the myth of the two-gun man.

Early in the game he stalked into Old West literature, with a pair of

enormous Colt sixes strapped around his snakelike hips. At the first sign of trouble, out of their holsters both guns came, in a movement so fast a high-speed camera would get astigmatism recording it. Both guns he fired simultaneously. And so rapidly! Why, the bullets of his revolvers frequently crowded themselves out of the muzzle; often two would be welded into one when cut from the carcass of the victim.

Actually, there was never such a thing as a two-gun man, in the accepted meaning of the words. He's a myth. In the first place, no man can use two guns effectively at the same time; in the second, it was fatiguing enough to tote around one four-pound gun, not to mention two.

There are a score of other frontier myths I might discuss. But why do it? It seems to me my time would be better spent telling you how the climate in which the myths have thrived for so many years came into being.

It all came about through the energy and activity of one man. Do I need to identify him? He has to be Ned Buntline, born in New York State, in 1823, as Edward Zane Carroll Judson, on a night, according to one of his biographers, "that was wild and fearful to behold, when the floodgates of heaven opened wide and added to the fury of a tremendous electric storm of such power as to make spectators tremble." Judson's whole life matched his natal night: it was turbulent, fearful, tremendous.

I'll skip dates and details, which are unimportant, and go on to Judson the mythmaker.

Judson was the Thomas A. Edison of literature, and his invention was the dime novel, the enemy of Western historians. To prove he believed in his invention, Judson wrote 400 dime novels. But one or two would have been sufficient to set the big lie about

the Old West into swift and lasting motion.

The big damage was done in 1869 when Buntline, or Judson (let's call him Buntline from now on, shall we?), visiting Fort McPherson, Nebraska, searching for a new character who would catch and hold the fancy of those interested in the West, found what he was looking for. He had his bead on a quiet, reserved, smallish man who had just emerged as hero in the Indian wars, Major Frank North.

But North was difficult. He didn't want to be a hero in any novel, so he turned a cold shoulder on the idea, a cold thumb toward a nearby wagon, and some cold words in the direction of Buntline.

"The man you want," said he, "is under that wagon."

The man underneath the wagon, completely swacked, as he was to remain for the rest of his life, was an obscure but fairly competent, when sober—which limited his service severely—scout named William F. Cody.

One look at the young scout (Cody was then 23 or 24 years old), and Buntline felt that God was on his side. He saw in this handsome, slim youngster the new hero he felt America was just dying to take to its bosom. The old heroes of the frontier—Kit Carson, Davy Crockett, Daniel Boone—had been warmed over so many times they had lost all savor. Now was the time for a new god. And Cody looked the part, even if his habits were those of a bum.

Before he left Fort McPherson, Buntline had given his discovery a name which was to resound around the world and change the entire concept of the West.

For the name was Buffalo Bill.

Buntline's first job was to put Buffalo Bill in a serial entitled "Buffalo Bill, the King of the Border Men." This later became a book. It con-

tained the genesis of the myth of the Old West.

Cody tried to live up to the Buntline myth, which strained him considerably, for it was hard for a man who was a lush and who was equipped with a built-in aphrodisiac that was as sensitive and instantaneous as a Geiger counter to be the temperate and chaste young god Buntline and other writers envisioned.

Buntline went on writing dime novels about the paragon of all virtues. Other writers followed suit. Prentiss Ingraham was the most prolific: he wrote, rewrote the Buffalo Bill legend in at least 203 paper-bound volumes.

All this, however, did not satisfy Buntline. He wanted to put Buffalo Bill on the stage where he could be seen. He wrote one play that was successful enough to spur him on to a last great valiant effort that required a full four hours of his time. It was called "Scouts of the Prairie." Although one of the worst plays on record, it made a hit. Money rolled in. America discovered its new hero in the flesh.

As is usually the case when success comes too fast, Cody became too big for his buckskin pants, and after a year he and Texas Jack Omohundro opened their own show in New York City. It was pretty awful. The only interesting thing about it was that it proved to himself and the world that Wild Bill Hickok wasn't depriving the Thespian form of art by going back to law enforcement.

Hickok joined the show with reservations, for he detested Cody, as did every other contemporary, because Cody, a lesser man among them, was hogging the spotlight. So on the opening night, Wild Bill shot out the house lights and dispersed technicians in all directions. Then instead of firing blanks over the heads of the Indians, he insisted on shooting close to

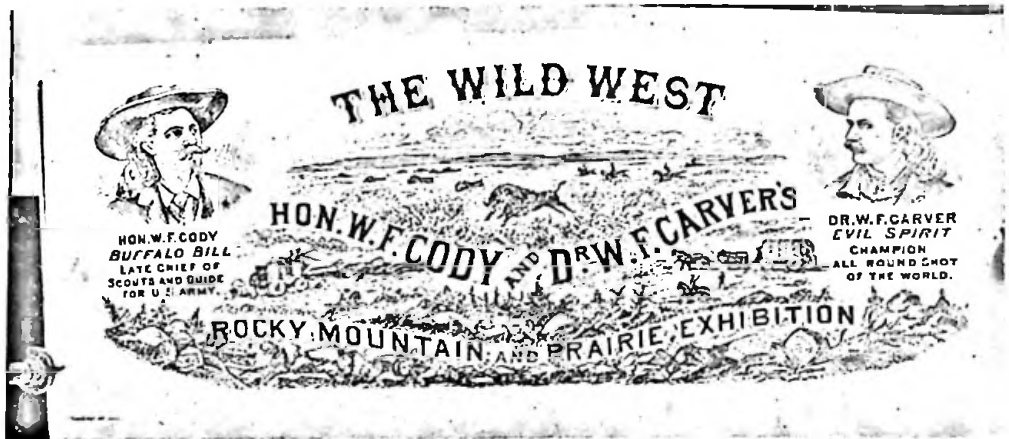
their bare legs, which gave them powder burns but speeded up their dance a lot. Cody took him to task. Hickok stalked off the stage dramatically, instructing the stage carpenter to "tell that long-haired son-of-a-bitch I got no use for him or his show."

Now enters the second perpetrator of the myth of the Old West, the runner-up for the title of the biggest professional blowhard. His name: Major John W. Burke. Somewhere in his peregrinations, Burke had met Cody. It was a love match. Burke saw in Cody a lyre (no pun intended) on which to play his greatest symphonies.

Burke, although he was born in the environs of Washington, D. C., and knew as much about the West as a citizen of Bombay, styled himself "Arizona John," wore his hair long, and affected buckskin pants. The man was pure genius. He took Buffalo Bill where Buntline left off and pumped so much hot air into the myth that even Cody himself, much less the rest of us, was never able to tell just what Cody was or what he did.

Of Cody's subsequent career it is not necessary to speak. We living here know the story. But I think it is worth while to inquire whether he justified all this glorious Buntline-Burke build-up. I think he did. I think in the parlance of the day "it couldn't have happened to a better guy." For in my book Buffalo Bill is one of the greatest personalities America ever produced. If this sounds like undiluted panegyric, remember I have already pointed out his peccadilloes of women and wine. What he gave far outshadows any personal habits.

Over the past thirty or more years I have tracked down many of these "noblemen of the Plains", have come to know them well. I tell you Cody was so far above his imitators—Carver, Pawnee Bill, Captain Jack Crawford, and the rest—that they are puny little



Although they were bitter rivals at the end, Carver and Cody were once partners in a Wild West show, of which this is a poster. (Charles B. Roth collection)

reeds and he a massive oak. When I knew Cody, during his last year or two of life, he looked like an ageing god; he had the manners of a prince, and the gentleness of a saint.

He was perhaps the greatest advertisement for America that ever lived. Single-handedly he made America known and liked in every country on the globe, for he struck directly at the play of children. In Norway, in China, in India, in Africa, kids played "Buffalo Bill" for a generation. This one man, by the sheer force of his personality, accomplished what the Marshall Plan, the Voice of Freedom radio, the State Department, and the gabbling of Eleanor Roosevelt, not to mention the billions of dollars freely given the world over, failed to do. In fact, they succeeded in making America disliked. They undid what Buffalo Bill started.

In his latter years, as you know, he was a pitiful figure. He hung around the Albany Hotel, cadging drinks, a broken, busted old man. But his dignity, his charm, his friendliness—these never left him.

He set the stage for a host of imita-

tors, who crowded with one another to share the glory that seemed so natural for Buffalo Bill.

The creation of this myth of the Old West was, as you have seen, a job which professionals undertook. They did it well. Buntline was a professional liar—that is to say, a fiction writer, while Burke was a professional liar of a different kind—a press agent or, if he were alive today, a public relations counsel. Together they were an unbeatable team.

No one since has been able to play in their league, although hundreds, nay, thousands have tried. But all these are little winds; Buntline, Burke, Cody were the big winds.

But I'd like you to meet a couple of the smaller blows whom I knew and studied. Let's start with Doc W. F. Carver, late of Omaha. He was one of the most accomplished blowhards about himself I ever knew. Doc Carver was inordinately proud of his looks, his big chest (48") and his importance. He was the most important man in the world to Carver.

Carver had had the usual variegated career of a man of fast wits in the



'80's and '90's who wanted to live without work. He had been a professional rifleman—I am going to say more about that presently—a pitch man for his own medicine show, a partner of Buffalo Bill in an ill-fated Wild West show, and, toward the end, he toured the country with his daughters and a troupe of horses he had trained to dive from a tower. His motto was anything for a fast buck.

Most of these blowhards have a quality of geniality about them that makes you like them in spite of not believing a word they say. Carver lacked that. He was a man filled to the brim with hatreds, prejudices, egotism, and narrowness. When I knew him, for instance, he had just two passions. One was liking Doc Carver. The other was hating Buffalo Bill, who had never wronged him nor anyone else.

Carver at that time hadn't much to do, so he divided his time into two parts. The first half, which amounted to twenty hours, he spent in self-admiration. The second half—four hours—he spent in detesting Cody. So his declining years were happy.

Carver's chief claim to fame—his own—was that he was "the world's greatest rifle shot." He thought that his name would last forever. But who ever heard of Carver? Only two men struggle to keep his name alive. One is a carpenter in Omaha, to whom Carver bequeathed a few buckskin coats, guns, and handbills; he thinks if he hollers enough about them and holds them long enough they will be worth as much as Rembrandt's "Night Watch." The other is a Los Angeles night watchman who is an authority on knives from having stuck so many in the backs of his friends.

Aside from these two who remember Carver at all? Well, I do. I was his semi-official biographer in the late

'20's and we carried on a perflerid correspondence for several years, the gist of which was—Carver.

Instead of commenting on what he wrote me about himself, suppose I set some of it down in his own words, so you can see how strong the wind can sometimes blow.

Let's start with this:

I was the greatest rifle shot that ever lived, so I took the title of "Champion Rifle Shot of the World." I never, never faked, as many riflemen used to do, including Buffalo Bill, by shooting shot instead of single bullets.

I (Carver) always played in luck. In Sandringham, England, that was in 1879, I gave my exhibitions before the largest audience ever seen. I shot at objects thrown in the air—bits of coal, glass balls, blocks of wood, and coins. *I never missed.* (Italics mine.—C.B.R.)

I originated this form of shooting and always believed myself to be the best at it.

The crowd at Sandringham that day was the most notable ever gathered. The Prince of Wales was there with his closest court associates. Were they appreciative of everything I did! I began thinking how little I was appreciated back home. Just as I had knocked a lump of coal into dust, a little man came over with a coin in hand and said to me in the most patronizing manner: "My boy, my boy, let me see if you can hit this." Then, almost before I could get my rifle into position, he tossed the coin into the air. I resented his interloping; what were my attendants for? But I shot hastily. A direct hit.

"What a fluke!" exclaimed the pigmy. You may imagine how nettled I was.

You can imagine how nettled I, the greatest shot in the world, was by then.

The little man dug another coin

out of his pocket, saying: "You know that other shot was no test. Just pure luck. See what you can do with this one," tossing it high. I made a perfect hit, as I usually did.

"My word, another accident," he exclaimed. "You are a lucky fellow, right enough."

What did he do then, this little shrimp, but produce a third coin, and toss it. "If you hit this I will know you are the greatest rifle shot in the world, and no cheap imitation."

By this time I was what the Indians used to call "very bad medicine," meaning my temper was fully risen and I was ready to fight. Or shoot. Swiftly I made up my mind what to do: if I missed this third coin, I would drop the muzzle of my gun, point it at the little man's middle, kill him. He didn't know my reputation for losing my temper. It was famous all over the West: many dead men could attest to that.

But there was no need for homicide. I hit the third coin easily. Only then did I learn who this little man was—Sir Robert Peel, "Little Bob," they called him, founder of the London police, and a high ranking officer in the Royal British Navy.

Little did "Little Bob" know how close he came to death that day. But there were a President of the United States and a First Lady who also narrowly missed it. It came about thus:

I was shooting in Saint Paul. Among the spectators were President Hays and Mrs. Hays. Mrs. Hays was entranced by me. She sent a quarter to the field, and asked if I could shoot a hole through it for her for a keep-sake.

I gallantly sent back word I would not only shoot a hole through the coin, but my bullet would hit the center so exactly the rim would not be damaged. That was a promise! To hit the coin at all was hard; to hit it

where I promised was almost an impossibility. But I have always tried to accommodate ladies.

When the quarter was tossed up, the wind took a hand. It went off sideways toward the box where the President and his lady sat. I aimed, fired. Ping! I hit it. The momentum of the bullet and the force of the wind carried the coin right over and it landed in Mrs. Hayes' lap. It was shot directly through the center. That was the best shot I ever made.

"You are the most genuine and accommodating gentleman that ever lived, Dr. Carver," said Mrs. Hayes.

I don't know what I would have done if I had missed. Maybe the whole history of America would have been altered. Who knows?

He also demonstrated his prowess before Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany who was so impressed that he wished for "a whole army such as you!" But he didn't get it, and thus lost World War I.

These exhibitions were, however, child's play for a man with such gigantic muscles and endurance, and he yearned to flex his muscles against something really stout. An Illinois carpenter named Adam Bogardus, a bird lover who didn't want to see more birds starve in the cold of winter, so he essayed to kill them all with his shotgun, provided just the incentive Carver needed. Bogardus was strong in the back and arms and a little bit weak in the head, so he started a craze called endurance shooting. You stood up and shot as long as people would pay to watch you. That was the sum total of the idea.

One day Bogardus, fortified by corn whiskey and the then current counterpart of Wheaties, shot for eight hours and had the satisfaction of knowing that he had been responsible for the complete demoralization of 5000 glass

balls. "That record will stand forever," said the press.

"The hell it will!" said the champion of modesty Doc Carver, who the next week broke 5500 balls in 500 minutes. Bogardus wasn't any brighter than Carver. He called him. He broke 6000 glass balls. Boys will be boys. . . . Then Carver played his trump card. "I will break 60,000 balls in six days—10,000 a day—at a side bet of \$10,000," said he. "Any takers?"

The next six days almost put the pawn brokers and the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company out of business, and brought fright to most American women . . . but Carver, knight of the frontier, made it. He kept his word. He lost 30 lbs. of his favorite man, but Carver kept the faith.

One of the subjects on which he was wont to rave most enthusiastically about—and Carver could rave enthusiastically about any subject that contained a proper name beginning with the letter C or the capital letter I—was something which every rifleman knows is phoney from the word go.

This is hip-shooting.

But to Carver . . .

I began experimenting with hip-shooting when still on the Plains and believe I am the originator of this form of shooting. In all history, I am the only man who ever mastered it.

I would hold the rifle against my hip instead of raising it to the shoulder. Instead of aiming I would point. I became so adept that I could shoot as well from the hip as the shoulder.

I remember in 1872 how I beat Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack in a match.

"I'll shoot from the hip, without sights; you shoot any way you like," I told them.

Cody, never an exceptional shot, in fact, a poor one, shot first. Texas Jack

beat him. We were shooting at a mark 50 yards away. My shot was dead center, the way I knew it would be. I never missed.

Later I tried to teach Cody hip-shooting. He never could learn. Wild Bill Hickok couldn't either. I could hit a fifty-cent piece at fifty yards from the hip, but neither Cody nor Hickok could ever learn well enough to hit a tub at ten.

Or take his yarns about rapid fire shooting. He was so fast that, well, let him tell you how fast . . .

I learned how to work the lever of my .44 Winchester so fast that it shot as rapidly as a modern machine gun. Often I have fired over a lake, shooting six times before the first bullet hit the water. I have shot three objects in the air at the same time, and have hit two or three chunks of coal after throwing up one large piece and breaking it into smaller ones by my first shot.

One of my favorite stunts—and I showed this to General Phil Sheridan—was to single out an old buffalo bull on the plains about 200 yards away and shoot six bullets at him as fast as I could work the lever.

Then I would drop the butt of my rifle to the ground before the first bullet hit him. I could count those bullets hitting his old hide just as fast as you could clap your hands, each one knocking up puffs of dust.

But his biggest yarns came when describing how he wrought havoc among the redskins. He was proud to dub himself "The Evil Spirit of the Plains," a name he contended that had been fastened on him by some of the victims of his terrible vengeance. How the Indians feared the "Evil Spirit!" They might be as many as a hundred strong, but if they heard that Carver was on their trail, they would scatter like a bevy of quail and you couldn't find an Indian in the vicinity

for about six months. That's what Carver told me.

He, I think, was the original Lone Ranger, bringing law and order to the West. The only thing lacking was the white horse and the silver bullet. But those are mere details, and Carver would scoff at them.

So far as I can ascertain, the only person or persons who knew Carver was "The Evil Spirit of the Plains," were Carver and the people he told about it, and few of them believed it.

The old fellow was filled to the gills with yarns, in each of which he was the conquering hero. Oftentimes, if he felt in good shape, he would dispense with rifle or revolver, and sail in with his bare hands. With no weapon, he once assured me, he was as deadly as other men with revolvers, but I have looked all over the West for one of his private cemeteries without success.

The second of the blowhards who blew in a minor key was Dick Rutledge, whom I came to know very well. He was a different kind of man from Carver except in one way—he was just as big a liar. Financial success had eluded Rutledge, so he felt obliged to please in order to live, which made him genial. Besides, he wasn't quite so sure of himself, and had as much humility as is ever granted a liar. When he entered my life, shortly on the heels of Carver, it was a refreshing change. His lies were told without rancor.

Rutledge had lived in Denver off and on for a good many years, at one time being on the police force, where he quickly and rightly earned the sobriquet of "Windy," which pretty much tags him from the start. Then he disappeared. He was gone twenty years. No one in his early Denver years ever suspected the poetry which was lodged in his lanky (he stood 6-4

and had once been a model for a match company) frame.

But when he returned to Denver, in the early '20's, by covered wagon from Torrington, Wyoming, where he had homesteaded, he had acquired a title, a wife who had been a widow with an adolescent daughter, and a new lease on life. Now he was "Colonel" Rutledge. The widow was a comely middle-aged woman and her daughter was too young to interest me, so we will pass her up. But the new lease on life, ah, that was something. For Dick, during those brooding years on the Wyoming plains, had decided that somebody needed to tell the whole truth about the Old West, and that he was just the boy to do it.

According to him, no one had yet come upon truth about things, but he was about to tell it, starting with his own story, which revolved around a small german silver lapel button with the letter "C" worked into a neat scroll design.

What was this button? It was the badge of the most gallant little band of Indian slayers that ever lived. These were the "Carson Scouts," formed, coached, aided and abetted, encouraged, and led through all the vicissitudes that befall professional soldiers by Kit Carson himself. These were his boys!

I always thought the badge was a Christian Endeavor pin he had picked up somewhere, but never let on, of course, because I wanted the true history of the "Carson Scouts" from one of their number. So I listened while he told and retold a story which is delightful in its simplicity and naiveté.

It all started in this way:

My brother Andrew and I were trying to put down post holes in George Thompson's ranch outside Trinidad, Colorado, one day in September, 1866, when a man rode by; a man complete-

ly fitting his times. He was dressed in buckskin, he carried a long rifle across his saddle, he wore a large floppy hat pinned up in front of his face with a blanket pin. I noticed his face. He had a sharp nose, bright eyes, a steady chin, long hair, a thin mustache.

At supper, Mr. Thompson introduced him.

"This here man is Kit Carson, boys," he said. "He's got a job for you."

That is the way I met Kit Carson.

I was 21, a strapping big lad. To me it seemed silly to look down on such a famous man, for Carson wasn't much over five feet in height.

"I have a place for you boys," Carson said at once. "I have three good men and need two more. George here says you are two dependable men, used to outdoor life and roughing it. He says you can ride and shoot. You look like good men to me—you're the kind I want."

Andy and I were careful. We asked what kind of work it was, what the pay was. Carson told us:

"You will be scouts on the plains. I have three men waiting for me now at Garland (Fort Garland), but I need two more. We four have been operating for some time, but four's not enough. We need two more."

Carson warmed to his theme.

"There won't be much to do all winter, but when spring comes and the emigrants start we'll be plenty busy all right. So will the Indians.

"The way we work is this: We go up and down the trails and recover stolen property from the Indians, usually horses, and return it to the settlers."

We asked Mr. Carson how we got paid.

"We pay ourselves, boys. The pay is not the thing in this job; the good we do is. When we find horses in the Indians' hands and can't find their

rightful owners, we sell them and keep the money."

Thus started the glamorous career of the "Carson Scouts." At Ft. Garland, Rutledge says, he found three men waiting. One was Charley Howard. Another was Bill Drannan. The third was Tom Tobin. Drannan was one of the biggest liars of them all, the author of a book, the only authentic part of which was the paper it was printed on. Howard was a nondescript about whom I know very little. Tom Tobin, Carson's brother-in-law, was the real McCoy.

The "Scouts" had many adventures. I will not bore you with the details. Carson trained them well. "Never let an Indian know you are anywhere around," he cautioned them. "Surprise is the thing." So the "Scouts" would lie in wait, catch the Indians completely unawares, without their Boy Scout Manual, and put them completely to rout. All tribes were represented among the victims, principally, according to my source of information, Apaches and Aztecs. Now and then they would come across a small bunch of Incas. But it didn't matter; these five good men and true could whip forty, fifty Indians and not turn a hair.

You can see how easy the trick was when you hear a blow by blow description of one of the raids.

We could see the smoke from their fires. They had selected an open place to camp, but there was a wood-butte two hundred paces to the left. We headed for this, going up a little valley. Carson repeated his instructions.

The Indians were squatting or lying around the fire. We could hear them talking and occasionally laughing. The horse-herd with the lone horseman was cropping grass close by. There were about 75 horses, 50 of them Indian ponies, the other 25

American horses stolen from the emigrants.

There were about twenty-five Indians, Apaches.

"Ready boys?" whispered Carson.

We nodded.

"Then let's be at them; and don't forget to yell!"

We crossed the space as if flying. Howard left us and headed toward the horses; his job was to take care of them. The Indians heard us, saw us. What surprised Indians! They lost their heads completely. Soon we were chasing single Indians, killing them right and left. Dead Indians were lying everywhere on the ground. I didn't count how many we killed.

And that was the life of the Scouts, every day or so a new foray against the hostiles, a swift charge, scattered Indians, recovered horses, grateful settlers. The thing might have gone on indefinitely, except that the leader of the Carson Scouts thoughtlessly fell ill with a coronary, and died. With that the Scouts disbanded to go their separate ways. And on and on went the chronicle, with more Indians biting the dust at every telling, until the Battle of Gettysburg became a mere sham battle in comparison.

But he was a grand personality, old Dick Rutledge, and I overlooked the lies he told me, especially the day when he came to my office in triumph and announced his new job. Times had been hard with the old boy, and nobody, it seemed, had a place for a man 84 years old. Until—

"I found just the spot!" he announced.

"Good, Dick, good! Where?" I inquired.

The bridge over the Royal Gorge was just then building. He approached the owner with the suggestion that a man of his picturesqueness would be just the ticket. The owner

had agreed. He had offered Dick a job.

"That's wonderful, Dick," I told him. "It's where you belong. I'll bet it pays well, doesn't it?"

"Oh, the pay doesn't interest me," he replied.

"Then what does?"

"The future. Think what a wonderful future that job has."

I thought then that if a man of 84 had enough imagination to look to the future of the job, rather than immediate rewards, if he hadn't been a Kit Carson scout, Kit Carson had overlooked a bet.

All of these old blowhards have gone now, dead from lack of oxygen. And as I have said several times, they have made it hard on us who came along later and tried to dig into the truth. It is easy at times to feel resentment toward them. Yet I wonder if we should be too harsh in our judgment. Maybe what they contributed is even more valuable than truth, which is usually dull and stodgy.

It may be that George Ade, writing about "*The Village Liar*," put his finger on something we should keep in mind if we are ever tempted to find fault with Ned Buntline, Major Burke, Buffalo Bill, Doc Carver, Jack Crawford, Dick Rutledge, and the like.

For as he wrote: "We can never think of the village liar as one who violated an important commandment. Rather let us remember him as a minstrel without a lute, an honored contemporary of Lewis Carroll and Hans Christian Andersen, a beacon light glowing in a foggy lowland, a dynamic soul that sparkled and snapped in a region which otherwise would have been dull and silent.

"Looking back, it would seem that our most useful citizens were the most prodigious manufacturers of much from nothing. The sum total of their

efforts was the largest social asset of a lonesome community. Each of them should have an epitaph urging him to lie in peace, as heretofore.

"Somewhere they are sitting on a compact cloud telling the angels that this hasn't been such a cold wet year down on earth—that is, to one who can remember the weather as it used to be. In 1867, for instance, on the morning of August 3, Ez Jessup had to break the ice in the horse trough. The angels will appear to believe it. Otherwise they wouldn't be angels," concludes George Ade.

Well, I hope I can always be an angel toward the blowhards of the Old West. It's nicer that way.

### Book Reviews

*Buffalo Bill and the Wild West* by Henry Blackman Sell and Victor Weybright. Oxford University Press. \$6.95

To say that **BUFFALO BILL AND THE WILD WEST**, by Henry Blackman Sell and Victor Weybright, is "not a hack Western for hack Western readers," as Mr. Weybright did, but that it "separates the myths from the realities, the effluvia from the facts," is to deny it half its charm.

What can definitely be *proved* in the life of that most famous of our American figures to become a legend in his own time, is mighty little, pardner, mighty little! What *he* said he did, and what everybody *else* in the act said he did still doesn't make the glorious ham, kosher. For, after a time, Mr. Cody himself didn't know truth from poetry, as he often admitted; and he frequently had to defy nature by being in two places at the same time to admit a few of the twice-told tales that just would get into his many biographies and autobiographies.

However—if one is a Buffalo Bill fan (as who isn't?)—the Sell-Weybright addition is for you. One hundred seventy-seven illustrations are claimed, scattered through the 278 pages of the royal octavo format. They are good; many are unusual—such as posters for stage shows and the Wild West. (But why the Rosa Bonheur picture both as a color plate and in black and white for two full pages?) The book repeats all the well-known facts, and all the hard-to-avoid errors.

*Apropos* the "well-known facts," purchasers of the new volume will have themselves a time taking down their other "lives"—the authorized autobiography, "Life and Adventures of—," the several versions by his daughter, Helen Cody Wetmore, by his wife, Louisa, by the English team of Croft-Cooke and Meadmore (1952), especially the latter—and conning the texts for parallels. Phrases, sentences—nay, whole paragraphs—follow virtually word for word.

*Apropos* the "errors" in the text—well, let us say the authors are enthusiastic in their admiration of The Great Scout, but are shy in their knowledge of western history. To wit, and for samples:

P. 14—Sharps'—not Sharp's—rifles.

P. 17—Studebaker's plant was and is at South Bend—not Fort Wayne.

P. 54-55—Custer wasn't around to "extricate the command . . ." etc.—not the Tenth Cavalry.

P. 86—Spotted Tail "a leader in the massacre of Custer"!?

P. 100—Mlle. M o r l a c c h i (Mrs. "Texas Jack" Omohundro) was hardly an "obscure Italian actress." Besides being a very famous dancer (see **BUCKSKIN AND SATIN**), she introduced the can-can to America!

P. 123—The Sioux weren't at war from 1876-1891.

P. 189—However unjustified it was to kill him, it could probably be easi-

ly verified that he did have something to do with the Ghost Dance.

P. 194—Tom Custer was the General's brother, not his father.

For this and all, still the best bet yet on the old boy!

Don Bloch and Don Russell

*The American Cowboy. The Myth and the Reality.* Joe B. Frantz and Julian Ernest Choate, Jr. U. of Okla. Press. 1955. \$3.75

This book is THE sleeper of 1955, so far as your reviewer is concerned!

If the Preface doesn't get you ("... we have sought here to issue a sort of short handbook which will depict the cowboy as a part of the whole Western panorama..."), then the section called "The Setting" ("... as a legitimate folk hero, the cowboy... has appeared under such a variety of guises that he is inextricably entangled in the whole Western complex.") must.

Twelve chapters, under such headings as The Trail, The Ranch and the Range, The Lawless, the Range Wars, The Literature—Before 1900, and—After 1900, are amazingly informative and extremely well written.

For me, the footnote documentation, the authoritative photographs, the exhaustive index—and, best of all, the 19 full pages of bibliography, of periodicals, fact books (primary and secondary sources), and fiction (books and short stories)—are more than aplenty to sell the book.

After the first paragraph, try to put it down!

d/b

*The Wyoming Bubble*, Allan Vaughan Elston, 219 pps., Lippincott. Philadelphia, a novel. \$2.75

As in FORBIDDEN VALLEY, Elston takes an authentic situation in Wyoming in early days and by using actual names, secures a feeling of actualities in this story. You meet such names as Carey, Haas and Warren; minor characters but playing key parts as community leaders at particular moments. You know the streets, the newspapers, by their right names. You follow the hero into the old, red brick building that was the Cheyenne Club, then later the Chamber of Commerce where in later years rodeo cowboys shot craps.

The story is based on the selling of ranch spreads about 1883 with herds paid for on paper tallies; a time when speculation was rife in the ranching field. The Wyoming Stock Growers' Association is mixed into the plot situation. One problem is to protect the good name of the Association as a few members go crooked. This all has a quality of having happened with Elston reporting it.

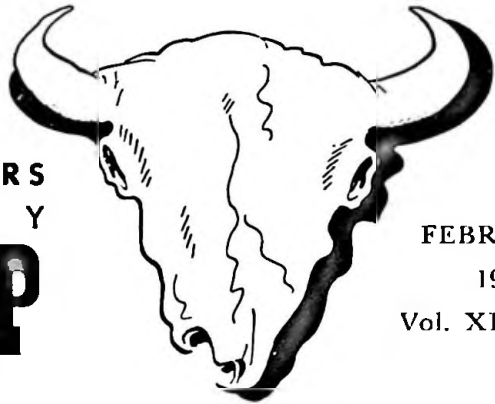
The hero, Russ Hyatt, gets an awful lot of shooting at him without a scratch; he guns two-legged varmints as occasion demands. There would be a lot of force and verity at these times if the author, publisher and reader following would stand for some of the brutality of gunfighting to get into the text. It might boost even higher the bid for "literature" already well laid in all other parts of the writing.

Certainly high entertainment with most of it well in true focus.

Art Carhart



*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
M O N T H L Y  
**ROUNDUP**



FEBRUARY  
1956  
Vol. XII, No. 2



Matthew McLaughlin's stage station in Fairplay about 1875.

*Kenneth Englert Collection*

*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.

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Vol. XII

February, 1956

No. 2

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Printing Office  
839 Pearl St., Boulder.

The Westerners  
730 Equitable Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.

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*Book Review Chairman, Ed Hilliard*

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*Coming Events*

THE MARCH MEETING

6:30 P.M. March 28

The Denver Press Club

1330 Glenarm Place

*"The Antlers Fire"*

PM Les Williams

THE APRIL MEETING

*Antoine Janis, Frontiersman*

by Dean Krakel.

## Riding the Range

CHICAGO CORRAL COMPLETES VOL. VII. The January and February issues of the Westerners Brand Book of the Chicago group bring to a close twelve years of continual publication of that monthly. Bound volumes of the 12 monthlies for the year 1955-56 will soon be available, if prompt orders are sent. In each of these last two magazines the lead article is by a writer known personally to our Posse. Mari Sandoz was the guest speaker at the annual ladies meeting of the Chicago Westerners and received the Westerners' National Achievement Award for her contribution to Western literature. She spoke of her "adventures" as a Western writer and her remarks appearing in the January issue are full of interest. It was Fred G. Renner, of the Soil Conservation Service, Washington, D. C. (a recent visitor here) whose paper on "Forgeries of the Works of Charles M. Russell" appears in the February issue. One certainly becomes convinced that Mr. Renner knows his Russell works and can spot the forgeries and copies by a reading of this very delightful article.

*The Postman Knocked Twice*—And brought to us on February 6 No. 3 of Vol. IV of *The Colorado Quarterly* and then No. 2 of Vol. VII of *American Heritage*. By coincidence, each contains a fine article on the 1843 pleasure trip of Sir William Stewart into the Wind River Mountains of Wyoming. In the *Quarterly* Edgeley W. Todd, of Colorado A. & M. College, has done a scholarly job under the title of "Scotsman in Buckskin." His story has a good note as to sources consulted. In the *Heritage*, of course, we have a little more flamboyant approach with illustrations, under the title "First 'Dude Ranch' Trip to the Untamed West," by Alvin M. Josephy, Jr. Here is a very interesting event

told by two excellent writers, in very different styles. Not often is the opportunity offered to compare two reports written at the same moment on the same subject.

There are other items of interest to the Westerner in this February issue of *American Heritage*. Somewhat reminiscent of our January paper by Charlie Roth is a story about the "Dime Novels." Also one finds a good report of the exposure of "The Great Diamond Fraud" in which geologist Clarence King emerged as a hero. Following recent custom there is a condensation of a historical book, this time "Vigilante Justice," in which Alan Valentine tells of the "growing pains" of early San Francisco. Finally the new "picture books" that are seemingly so popular are listed with a critical introduction that is worth your time.

In this "Winter, 1956" issue of *The Colorado Quarterly* the emphasis is on "Journalism in Colorado"; but examples of old-time editorials are given, some from the pen of Dave Day when he was at Ouray, and others of a later vintage when L. C. Paddock was editing the Camera at Boulder.

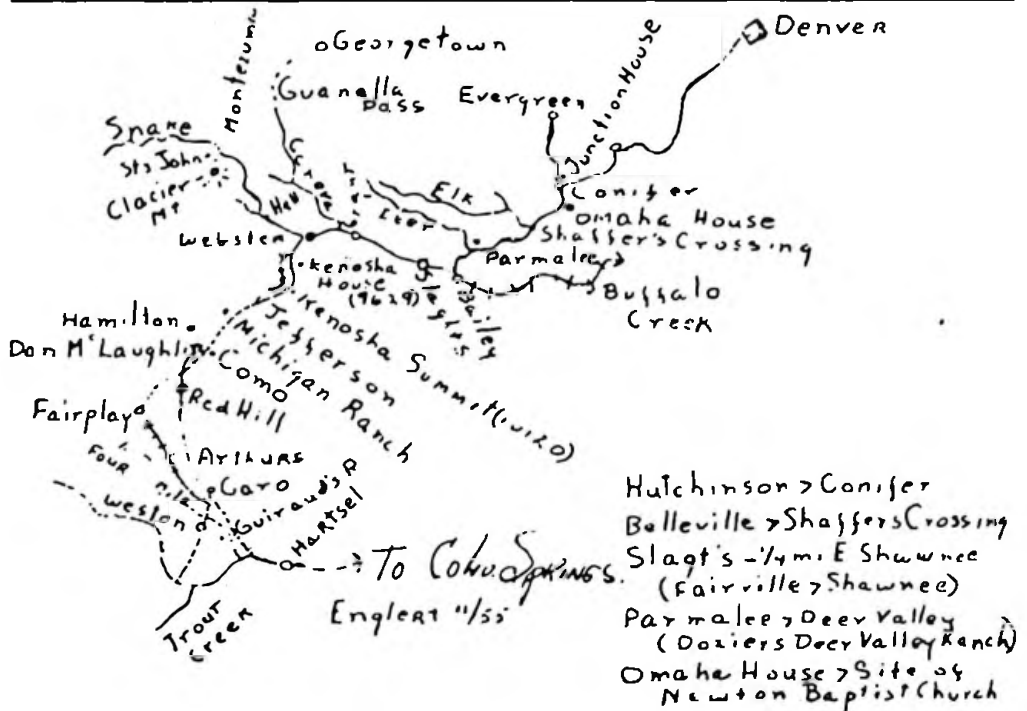
KANSAS CITY POSSE—Comment was made in the October ROUNDUP of the first publication of THE TRAIL GUIDE. Now at hand is the second number. The fact that this January issue is dated four months after number 1 does not mean that the Posse has not been active in holding meetings or having trips every month; the significance is that this group is young and cannot afford a monthly publication until its membership increases. The feature of this new number is a most delightful article by James Anderson, who is evidently steeped in the story of the Methodist Mission for the Shawnee

Indians in what is now Johnson County, Kansas. Admittedly this is largely a biography of Thomas Johnson who ran this school through most of its existence and who died in 1865 at the hands of bushwhackers. The whole account has some evidences of a sympathetic understanding of the position of the Missourites in the border troubles. It is a most readable account of the devotion of Johnson to the training of the Indians starting when there were only two permanent white settlements west of Missouri.

**THE ENGLISH WESTERNERS:**  
The January issue of the Brand Book from Liverpool is at hand. On page 1 we find a note by CM Phil Rasch on the death of Bruce "Red" Weaver, killed by a shot from the hip with a Winchester .30-30 held by a frightened Pad Holliman. Charlie Roth will please note this. Phil Rasch cer-

tainly "gets around"; for you will recall that he had a chapter in our own last Brand Book and it is reported that he has an article accepted by the New Mexico Historical Record. Another short story in this English Brand Book deals with a ride by John "Portugee" Phillips from Fort Phil Kearny to Fort Laramie in December of 1866 to obtain reinforcements. This issue also contains a plate showing an artist's conception of what Cochise, Chief of the Chiricahua Apaches looked like.

The above items have all been furnished by PM Erl Ellis. The Registrar will appreciate any news notes from PM's and CM's and as many as possible will be run in each issue. Please submit at meetings or mail to Charles S. Ryland, 1914 - 19th St., Golden, Colorado.



## RAIDS BY REYNOLDS

KENNETH E. ENGLERT

*Map and Text copyright by Kenneth E. Englert*

"Why?" you might ask, spend any time and effort, in studying or writing about the Reynolds renegades. The answer is in three parts.

*Number 1:* Jim Reynolds and his band of eight raiders were the *only known band* of Confederate guerillas to enter Colorado Territory. This means very little, but the fact should be recorded.

*Number 2:* Research on the outlaws turned up a great deal of additional information on some early pioneers of Park and Jefferson Counties.

*Number 3:* By following the old wagon road, by talking to early settlers, and by a close study of Blackhawk, Central City and Denver newspapers of 1864, the stage stations, or sites, were located, and may prove of value to future historians.

The nine members of the Reynolds' gang were: Jim Reynolds, John Reynolds, Owen Singleterry, Jake Stowe, Tom Holliman, John Bobbitt, John Andrews, Jack Robinson and Tom Knight.

The following oath found on the flyleaf of Reynolds' diary was the creed by which these men lived and died.

"I do solemnly swear or affirm that I will bear true allegiance to the Confederate States of America and the President and all officers appointed over me, so help me God. I further swear that I will aid or assist all true southern men and their families wherever they may be at a reasonable risk of my life whether in the army or out

of it. I furthermore swear that I will not reveal, divulge or cause to be divulged any of the grips, signs, passwords or proceedings of the order, except to those who have been regularly initiated or to whom it may by right belong, and if I should be so vile as to violate this my solemn oath or obligation I shall be taken and hung by the neck until I am dead, dead, dead, and my bones left on the plains to bleach as unworthy of burial."

Jim Reynolds and the other eight rebel guerillas approached the South Park from Canon City, on Sunday, July 24, 1864. They couldn't have picked a more picturesque time to enter this vast expanse of almost level land where high mountains and snow-capped peaks encircled the Park like a ring set in pearls. Of the four or five sleepy settlements, and the few scattered ranches that dotted the scene, the Reynolds' guerillas picked Adolph Guiraud's ranch, nestled between present day Hartsel and Fairplay, to bunk for the night. The scene was set and the curtain was rising on one of Colorado's most conflicting and confusing horse operas.

Adolph Guiraud, a Frenchman by birth, and a gentleman by preference, proved his graciousness, by providing for them, not only supper and lodgings for the night, but breakfast the next morning. They, in turn, retaliated by not swiping his horses, his money, or molesting his wife.

The nine members of Reynolds' outfit, were not the only ones that

partook of his hospitality on that cool Sunday evening. A stranger, who had retired for the night, before the gang arrived, noticed them moving about the following morning. He had heard tales of an approaching band of guerillas, and without waiting for his breakfast, nervously mounted his horse and rode off in the direction of Dan McLaughlin's stage station. Said buildings were about two miles south west of Hamilton, one road leading toward Denver went by that place, while another lead directly across the prairie making considerable cutoff. This stage station, used by McClellan and Spotswood's line, had formerly belonged to Robert Stubbs, but at this time was owned by the Talbott family. Dan McLaughlin only acted in the capacity of manager. A friend of mine who knew Dan McLaughlin well, told me that he never kept a dime in his life. He was one of South Park's renowned guzzlers of giggle juice, and such a bum and no good, that it was a puzzle how he ever held down the job of stage station manager. Dan McLaughlin, bear in mind, was NO relation of Matthew McLaughlin. For months I struggled with the elusive McLaughlin stage stop. Sometimes it was in Fairplay, sometimes near present day Como. Finally the pieces of the perplexing puzzle fell into a pattern, and I realized that Matthew McLaughlin owned the stage line and station at Fairplay, and Dan McLaughlin, managed the first stage stop out of Fairplay on the road to Denver. The two stations were about eight miles apart.

Shortly after the stranger left Adolph Guiraud's ranch, the Reynolds' gang saddled up and took off in the same direction. However, before reaching Dan McLaughlin's stage stop, they encountered, also travelling toward McLaughlin's, the dignified manager of the Phillips lode, Major H. H. de Mary. The same de Mary

who was well known for keeping the gold from the mine in buckets, pails, cans, boots and slop jars, hidden under beds, pillows, closets, bunks, and shelves. No doubt the Reynolds thought they had struck pay dirt when they captured this lucrative golden gander, but when they shook him down, to their utter disappointment, he yielded only a measly hundred bucks. An audacious young scamp, who wore an especially shabby piece of headgear, approached the major and proposed swapping hats with him. De Mary demurred, but the rascal snatched the brimmer off its owner's head and putting it on his own top-knot stuck his hat on the Major's head. It didn't go on too easily so the young maurauder determined to help the process of adjustment. Now the Major was not only a man of dignity but was beyond middle age and weighed about 225 pounds. However, neither age, bearing, nor avoirdupois stopped the rascal. He caught the brim with both hands and pressing it down strongly pushed it over the older man's ears. "Damn you wear that, it just fits you," he jeered.

About 8 o'clock in the morning, the Reynolds' party, all armed, together with H. H. de Mary arrived at Dan McLaughlin's station, where the stranger from Guiraud's was breakfasting.

An air of uneasiness pervaded the place, for all at the station sensed, or knew, that the coach from Buckskin Joe was due anytime and would be held up. When the stage arrived the gang grabbed the lead horses and forced the driver Abe Williamson, and Billy McClellan, owner of the line, who was riding beside Williamson, to become their prisoners. Contrary to many later reports, and to many old timers who liked to boast that they "were" there, there were NO passengers in the coach. Louella Shaw in her book *True History of Some of the*

*Pioneers of Colorado*, relates the story of a drunk who was in the stage, and mentions the money lost by a young girl passenger who worked, shall we say, in a Fairplay hotel. I might add that she obtained her information from "Alice-in-Wonderland" Shaw.

The bandits unharnessed the coach-horses and changed the saddles from some of their own to the better of the stage mounts. McClellan was robbed of \$400 in currency, a very fine gold watch and a revolver. When Abe Williamson was asked for his poke, he very definitely felt insulted. As far as he was concerned a stage driver seldom, if ever, had any money. The thieves rifled the United States mail and broke open and looted the treasure box. The booty they took was valued at \$3000. H. H. de Mary, and several others gave this figure. A few accounts mention a little amalgam being carried on the coach, but most of it was in gold dust. Dave Cook states that the gold was from the first shipment of the Orphan Boy mine. The mail did contain some ten and twenty dollar bills, but history does not record how much. McClellan's loss was probably about \$1200 or \$1500. The horses taken from him were afterward left at the Junction House. The outlaws did play curious tricks for desperadoes. They took from one and gave to another. Sometimes they would send the horses back along the road. Perhaps they liked to think of themselves as the 1864 Robin Hoods.

Mr. Berry, a citizen of Hamilton and a news butcher for the Rocky Mountain News, who travelled between mining camps, was in Dan McLaughlin's stage station when the robbery occurred. He heard the breathless story the stranger from Guiraud's related, and he was an eye-witness to the theft. He watched as the guerillas chopped out the spokes from the coach wheels. Besides being a very

observant man, and an excellent chronicler of the doings of the robber band, he played expertly the "ham" in the melodrama. After noting in detail all the events he stealthily slipped away from the stage station and in true hero fashion galloped off to warn the inhabitants of Hamilton. He felt certain that his cagey maneuvers had eluded the gang. When he reached Hamilton and told in gasping sentences what had happened, he naturally stirred up a great deal of excitement. He boasted in true Hollywood style that he would dash on to Denver and warn all the settlers along the way. This was thought to be a good idea, only there was a hitch in his plans. When he reached the main travelled trail, he found the robbers ahead of him, instead of behind him. He stealthily tracked them as an Indian would an enemy. Sometimes he would come in sight of them, but he was a clever rascal and he never once let them see him. He found out at the Michigan House that they had stolen some of the stage stock. At the Kenosha House they had talked to Mrs. Harriman and bragged that they were rebel soldiers and supposed that she did not often see any in this country. Some of them boasted that they were with Quantrill and participated in the Lawrence massacre, but they assured her that they did not intend to kill her nor to burn her house. They counselled Mrs. Harriman to give up all the money and some other valuables that were in the house, then ordered dinner. When they had eaten they paid for it by returning the same money, except two dollars. We wonder what Mr. Berry was doing while the gang ate at the Kenosha House.

He faithfully kept on the trail of the guerillas until they neared the Omaha House. Here he turned off to the left and made a bee line through the trees to the Junction House. The Omaha House was a large two story

building on the South side of the road about one and 1/2 miles South West of present day Conifer. The Newton Baptist church has since been built on the site. Cook's map places the Omaha House on Elk Creek, or present day Shaffer's Crossing. The Junction House was, and is, located where the old road to Evergreen makes a junction with the old road to Denver. This spot is about one mile North East of present day Conifer. It nestles in a most picturesque setting. The "Y" made by the roads, cradles an old well with a wooden canopy. The hills rise almost perpendicular on three sides and mother the small ranch buildings. This intersection was, about ten years ago, a definite traffic hazard, and cars using the roads today, find it no better. As you plunge down the hills you either hit the well or wonder why the hell you didn't.

Where the Field's store is situated today, about three quarters of a mile South West of the Junction, Mr. Berry again dared to enter the road. There he found a ranch house that contained quite a few weapons, but no adequate force to use them. He went on to the Junction House and found a number of settlers some of whom returned with him to the other building and procured the arms referred to. The majority of the men, twelve in number, were weak hearted and utterly opposed to making any resistance. The band of guerillas did not make their appearance at the Junction that night. In fact, when they reached the Omaha House they bunked down till morning.

Early Tuesday morning, July 26th, found our hero, Mr. Berry, who had stayed at the junction Monday night, ready and eager to start out after the Reynolds'. Only one man was game to accompany him, Mr. Charles Hall. Mr. Dunn, Mr. Hurd, and many other glory seekers, years later bragged, "If they had come on to the junction they

sure would have met up with hot lead. We was waitin for 'em." *Waiting was right*, for they did nothing else. It's always refreshing to have primary source material to fall back on in order to weed out such tales that crop up fifty or sixty years after the event has occurred.

Mr. Hall and Mr. Berry bid their "brave" acquaintances at the junction farewell and set out, like Don Quixote and his squire Pancho, to overwhelm the guerillas. This effort was short lived for as soon as they reached the Omaha House the gang took them into custody. The robbers snatched Hall's pistol, and after looking over their pair of Rosinantes, concluded that the nags weren't worth taking. They forcefully removed a necktie pin from Hall, but returned it when he convincingly pleaded that it was a present from a friend.

They seemed very jovial, talked freely and said they didn't mean to hurt anyone. They told the two men that they came to this country for money and they were duty bound to get it. They also stated that they were to be joined at the foot of the mountains by a larger party coming by way of the Santa Fe trail.

"Is there much to get in Denver?" Jim Reynolds demanded of Mr. Berry. This must have been asked for sheer orneriness, for I feel certain he would have remembered seeing him at Dan McLaughlin's stage station.

Mr. Berry, it is reported, answered, "No! I've just come from Denver and it's devilish dull there. You can't get anything worth going after."

"Did you know," continued Reynolds, "that the coach from Montgomery won't be down at the usual time this week?"

Berry asked, "For God's sake! Why?"

Reynolds replied, "Our company is running this road now and we have changed the time." While he spoke,



he drew from his pocket some of the letters snatched at the time of the robbery. He handed one to Berry saying sarcastically, "here is one of Uncle Sam's mail."

"Are any of 'em for me?" asked Mr. Berry timidly. They belly-laughed upon hearing that, but history sheds no light upon the answer.

"If it's alright," lied Mr. B., "Mr. Hall and I would like to start for South Park, we're in a hurry to get back to our homes." As far as Reynolds' and his outfit were concerned the two men could cause them little harm so they complied with the request. As might be expected, as soon as they were out of sight, the do-gooders turned their horses into the woods and headed back for the Junction House. Fortunately for them they arrived ahead of the bandits. What happened to Mr. Hall is not known, but Mr. Berry, true to form, rode off (in all directions) toward Denver to warn the settlers of the approaching attack. During the trip from the junction to Denver, a distance of approximately thirty-one miles, he played the part of Paul Revere to the hilt. He changed horses as often as possible, advised all ranchers to drive their stock away from the road, and galloped to the office of the Rocky Mountain News in time to make the biggest headline. Buffalo Bill couldn't have done it any better.

A couple of hours after Mr. Berry had left on his well-meaning journey, the outlaws arrived at the Junction House. They loitered around but did no real harm. As far as I have been able to find out they didn't cause any serious loss of property, or inflict any grave damage except at Dan McLaughlin's. There is no record, as far as I know, that they ever wounded or killed anyone in Colorado.

Finally the gang mounted their horses and left the Junction House to head for Bergen's Park. As soon as

they were out of sight of the buildings, they slipped into the forest and watched the house during the remainder of the day. That evening they quietly cantered back to the station and took prisoners the men who were there. They placed the proprietor of the station between two armed men and forced him to lead them to the spot where a herd of horses was hidden. The renegades swapped their tired nags for these fresh mounts.

The rebels told the proprietor and his guests that they knew Berry had left there that morning and that he was followed for six miles. They knew, also, that a messenger had left Denver half an hour after Berry's arrival and told them the excitement caused by his report. They asked where, in Denver, the money was kept; if there was much in the mint, and which bankers did the most business. They seemed perfectly posted on all the happenings. Although it was night the band decided against staying at the Junction House, and galloped on down the road. For the second night in a row, they bedded down at the Omaha House.

Then the Reynolds, after taking on grub the next morning at the Omaha House, started up the road toward present day Shaffer's Crossing. Meanwhile thirty men from the Park, under the leadership of H. H. de Mary, having breakfasted only six miles away were coming down the road. It wasn't long before the rebels heard the others approaching and turned right into the woods. The Park boys came on to the Omaha Ranch before they suspected that they had been so close to the men they were looking for. In a reverse maneuver they discovered the right trail and followed it all day up the valley of Deer Creek. Towards evening, with tired mounts and little prospect of overtaking the Reynolds', they struck across the hills for the

Kenosha House, where they arrived during the night. (Wed.)

Denver, alerted by Mr. Berry at one P. M. on Tuesday July 26th, was not too quick to respond to the emergency. Thirty hours later, thirty men, under the leadership of Captain Maynard, left Denver. The cavalry unit proceeded to the Omaha House only to find that Reynolds' ravens had flown the coop.

While the Park boys were trailing the renegades on Wednesday, they sent a warning over the divide that the Swan and Snake River settlements were about to be invaded. So! a party was organized in that locality which paralleled the Denver Posse for speed. Three days later they had mustered twelve men to go in pursuit of the guerillas.

Thursday, July 29th, was an uneventful day in the Reynolds story. The Park boys, who had stayed at Harriman's Kenosha House on Wednesday night, made several forays into the mountains. The military posse from Denver, in a very unimaginative way, followed the wagon road from Denver until they arrived at the Kenosha House on Thursday evening. What the Reynolds' gang did that day is not known. What is apparent, is that they kept well out of sight of any posses.

Friday morning, July 30th, the renegades sent word to Slaughter to prepare breakfast for them. When it was ready they appeared and ate it. Slaughter was located  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile East of present day Shawnee. The buildings are all gone today and only a meadow marks the site of the once famous stage station. While they were at Slaughter they told how many were in the pursuing parties, how they travelled, when they were at certain points, and how long they kept the lights burning at the Kenosha House on Thursday night. They boasted that they might have come down on them,

while they were asleep, and killed every one.

One of the soldiers of the Denver party made a very narrow escape at Slaughter. His horse gave out and he fell behind the others. Friday morning he reached the stage stop about the same time the rebels did, and only made his escape by getting out a back window, as they entered the front door. He took off for the Kenosha House and probably told his comrades how he had outsmarted the desperadoes. The militia dashed to Slaughter's only to find that the renegades had eluded them again. Finding pursuit useless, after spending Friday in the search, the Denver boys set out for home. They arrived in the Capitol city on Sunday about three o'clock. I will summarize their activities briefly. They left Denver on Wednesday night, arrived at the Kenosha House on Thursday night, horsed around on Friday, left for Denver on Saturday, and arrived there on Sunday. They felt they couldn't return home without some trophy of their triumph, so they stopped at the Omaha House and took prisoner a man from Arkansas who had been very intimate with the rebels during their stay at that place.

Saturday's dawn brought Jack Sparks and his twelve posse members from the Swan and Snake River settlements, over the mountains and into the act. They followed up the Snake River, passed over the range and down the north branch of the north fork of the South Platte. When within  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles off the road, not far from Harriman's Kenosha House (there's the spot, if you want to look for buried treasure!) late Saturday evening they came suddenly in sight of Reynolds' campfire. Leaving their horses, they crept carefully down toward the fire until within about seventy-five yards. A number of men were collected about the fire, but the posse was in doubt whether they were

friends or foes. While crouched behind a rock discussing the question, the rebels overheard them and grabbed their guns. Sparks' party called to them to halt, but they broke for the brush. When the posse fired a volley three renegades were seen to fall. It was a dark night and common sense dictated a retreat from this unknown locality and from a band whose strength could not be estimated. As the guerillas fled into the brush the posse retreated in a scattered fashion. Subsequently they got together, except for one man, and proceeded to the Kenosha House where they stayed all night.

Sunday morning, July 31st, the posse returned to the scene of the attack. They found the camp as it had appeared the night before. Evidently not one of the gang had returned. One was found dead, shot through the right breast. No trace of any wounded was found. The dead man, later identified as Owen Singleterry, had on a blue United States soldier's coat. All the stock and belongings of the robbers, except what they carried on their persons, *was found*. Among the plunder captured on that July Sunday morning were two coats; six pairs of blankets; two revolvers; one shot gun; four pairs of gloves; a lot of *hairpins*; three pairs of saddle bags; four muskets; one spy glass and sundry traps usually found about such a camp. Sometime between August 1st and August 13th, these effects were auctioned off. The sale realized \$154.45. A few horses were sold, but some still remained to be auctioned. Some greenbacks were found and one package of amalgam gold. A lot of the letters taken from the mail sacks on July 25th were found. *It was generally believed that most of the gold dust they had taken was carried about their persons* (there's your buried treasure!) Dr. Cooper, a member of the pursuing party, severed

Singleterry's head and took it into Fairplay. I understand that it was preserved in alcohol and floated around Fairplay for many a year.

After being fired upon in the Platte Canyon Reynolds' band, now reduced to eight, dispersed. Tom Holliman rode off alone and reached a house about thirty miles from Canon City, where he stopped and went to sleep. This building, possibly the nineteen mile ranch, was the only settlement on the road between South Park and Canon City.

On Monday, August 1st, the pursuing party reached this place, and one of the members, Hugh Murdock, captured Holliman. The bandit evidently expected to be shot on the spot and was so badly alarmed that he fainted. When revived he agreed to divulge all he knew to save his life. This was promised, and he was jailed in Fairplay until preparations were completed for a pursuit.

Tuesday night August 2nd, four of the Reynolds' gang returned to Adolph Guiraud's ranch. Mr. Guiraud and his family had gone to Denver and the band found nothing to eat. Nearly starved, the only place then to go was to Fairplay. Two of the group, late at night, descended upon an isolated farm house and demanded that the people there prepare them some grub. When they left the house two others came and devoured the remainder of the provisions that were cooked. The dwelling, upon which the raid was made, was some distance from any other and before the alarm was spread, the bandits had all disappeared into the night. The neighbors however, turned out and established a guard.

Wednesday morning August 3rd, Mr. Thomas Garland, one of the posse members, was mistakenly shot by one of the guards. A rifle ball passed through both of his thighs. He was taken in the afternoon to his home

in Buckskin Joe. It was later reported that he recovered.

On Thursday, August 4th, a large party, at least seventy-five men, left Fairplay in pursuit of the guerillas. There were eight four-horse teams loaded with men and supplies and a considerable force on horseback. At the head of this posse rode the captive, Tom Holliman. He was dressed in a different suit, his beard had been shaved off, and irons had been clamped on his legs.

On Tuesday, August 9th, Lt. Shoup sent in to Denver his first report of the searching party. It is as follows. "Jerome Ranch, twenty-five miles below Canon City on the Arkansas river. Sir: I have the honor to report that I arrived here at two o'clock this morning. Two of the rebel gang arrived here yesterday, about ten o'clock, and probably remained in the vicinity until my arrival, when they hastily constructed a log raft on which they crossed to the south side of the Arkansas. It was near twelve o'clock today when I made the discovery. I will cross immediately with a dozen men and renew the chase. We trailed them to the river ten or twelve miles above Canon City where they tried to cross, but could not. Some of the band are still behind. I left Lt. Chase in the mountains twelve or fifteen miles above Canon City. He will sweep the country in that locality. Sgt. Blank is in pursuit with a detachment of one of the bands who is watching the road at Beaver Creek. I think that he will catch some of them there. We do not intend to let any of them get out of the country. Please send me fifteen days rations for my command, to Pueblo, as it may take some time to bag all the rebels. There are but six at large now. [He was in error, there were seven.] The mountain road may be considered open and safe. I have no blanks, or paper, on which to make requisition for supplies. Will

attend to that on my return. I am sir, with great respect, your obedient servant, George L. Shoup. 1st Lt. 1st Colo. Cavalry."

Five of the culprits were caught and taken into Denver by Colonel Shoup. He received his orders for his promotion when he was in Colorado City on his way to Denver. One rebel, as previously stated, was killed in Hall's gulch. John Reynolds, Jake Stowe, and John Andrews were chased by Captain Kerber as far as the two Buttes, then away into the mountains of New Mexico. He followed them, with his command, two hundred twenty miles in two days.

The five bandits who were taken to Denver, received a sham military trial. The prisoners were placed in charge of Captain Cree of Company A., 3rd Regiment of Colorado Cavalry, for removal to Fort Lyon. Somewhere in the vicinity of the California Ranch, near the old site of Russellville, the desperadoes were shot, supposedly for trying to escape.

This paper will not attempt to relate these concluding details as the primary source material is not readily available to me at this time. The reason? I quote, "Positive microfilm of jackets pertaining to the Third Regiment Colorado Cavalry, can be furnished at an estimated cost of \$240."

Now let's take a look at Dave Cook's book *Hands Up*, in which he inaugurates and perpetuates many errors. I quote, "McLaughlin treated the men to some whisky and ordered his wife to prepare dinner for the gang." This makes interesting reading, but Dan McLaughlin was a bachelor. Cook said that \$8,000 was carried on the coach, not \$3,000. McClellan, according to the book, "stayed in the saddle almost night and day for over a week, warning settlers in Hamilton, Tarryall, and Fairplay." To start with, it wasn't McClellan who warned the citizens, but Mr. Berry. In the

second place, if it took McClellan a week to go between Tarryall, Hamilton and Fairplay, he must have been riding a rocking horse. What he was doing warning the settlers, after the band was dispersed, is this week's \$64,000 dollar question. Cook bragged that he rode with the Denver posse. I can't truthfully deny this, but there is no record that he did, except from his book, or from writers who quoted him. Dave Cook was not familiar with the stage stops, or with the Platte Canyon. He mentioned that the band, when they passed Parmalee's, and before they reached the Omaha House, rode by Haight's. This error consists in the fact that it was Slaght's, not Haight's. (I "Haight's" Dave Cook for throwing me off the scent!) The Park posse, to Cook, was twenty-two men, not thirty, and he stated that to get into Platte Canyon from Denver, you crossed Kenosha Hill. Let me stray abit here and say that this makes about as much sense as Louella Shaw's book. Let me quote her. "Nearly all the attacks were along the Platte. The stage from Denver went by Breckenridge, Fairplay, Alma and back to Denver." If you or I should go by way of Breckenridge to Fairplay to Alma, we'd no doubt find it confusing, but a most unique way to follow the South Platte to Denver. I have mentioned only a few of the errors found in *Hands Up*, that pertain to the Reynolds' gang after they reached South Park and before they left Denver and were shot.

By 1900 the story of the Reynolds' renegades had become so garbled that it was almost unrecognizable. Instead of the "raids" taking place in the summer, July to be exact, the Denver Post stated that "it was winter, and the suffering the desperadoes experienced in crossing the mountains was most severe." In 1904, the Reynolds' route was no longer via Canon City, but via Colorado Springs. As the years

rolled by the original number of bandits increased from nine to twelve. Time changed the number of coaches held up, from one to two, with the second one meeting its doom near Bailey. As you know by now, five bandits were shot, and three, including John Reynolds got away, but the papers, and Cook, insisted that six were shot on the way to Fort Lyon. The raids, according to the Denver Post of 1910, started in Middle Park. All accounts spoke of passengers being in the coach. Some even said that the coach travellers were shot by the gang.

A Mr. Hurd tells in one manuscript that he was in the Junction House when the bandits got there, and says it was the only time he saw any of them. In another account he related that he was in the coach at Dan McLaughlin's, and that \$40,000 was aboard.

So much for the later expansion and glorification of what really was a short-lived episode in Colorado's history of hold up men. The Reynolds' activities can't even be detected in the high lights cast by such characters as Jesse James, the Youngers, the Daltons etc. Even the dumbest T.V. villain today, outshines and outsmarts the Reynolds' guerillas.

I hope, by the following personal comments to discourage any treasure hunters from wasting time in looking for the Reynolds' buried booty, supposedly worth \$63,000.

Let us assume, as Dave Cook says, that Jim Reynolds' gang looted a wagon train, in New Mexico, of \$60,000 or \$63,000. It wouldn't be wise, or very comfortable, to carry such a sum around with them while they hi-jacked other treasure. The sensible thing would have been to bury it somewhere in Northern New Mexico and then proceed on to Colorado. In fact, Cook mentions that they did cache a lot of their plunder, including money, and

that John Reynolds and Stowe later dug it up.

John Reynolds didn't even start toward Denver to recover the \$63,000 until October of 1871. During the intervening years he worked as a gambler in Santa Fe. For a man of his calibre, it seems to me it would have been much simpler to have recovered the treasure than to have worked for a living. The fact that he waited over seven years before heading back to this part of the country weakens the case that there was ever any buried loot.

According to Cook, Jim Reynolds toted the \$63,000 himself. Twenty-three thousand of this was in gold dust, and would have weighed approximately forty-one pounds. This, according to Cook, he carried in three cans in his saddle bags. What the \$40,000 in currency weighed I don't know. Besides this booty, Reynolds would have had to pack many weapons, ammunition, utensils, blankets, etc. This likewise weakens the story that there was any such amount cached.

The map, found in *Hands Up*, shows great care, fine penmanship, and a knowledge of drawing. Let me quote from the book at the point where Reynolds is dying. "Reynolds fell back exhausted, and asked Brown for a pencil, so that he could draw him a map. Brown had no pencil, but breaking open a cartridge he mixed the powder with some water, and as soon as Reynolds had revived a little he drew a *rude* map of the locality on the back side of an old letter. Cautioning Brown to remember his directions, he fell back upon his rude couch, and in a few minutes was dead."

Dave Cook, as far as I have been able to find out, never once looked for the buried treasure, although he obtained Brown's map.

Now let us assume that the only

treasure the Reynolds had was that taken at Dan McLaughlin's. It's true that they must have had all of it when they were dispersed, because they didn't have any place to spend it in the meantime. None of the newspapers of 1864 even hinted that any of the loot was buried. Let me quote from the *Rocky Mountain News*: It was generally believed that most of the gold dust they had taken was carried about their persons." When Orlando Hollister related the events in 1867, from hearsay, there was still no suggestion that any had been buried. In short, the story of secreted cash seems to go hand in hand with Dave Cook.

A few other reasons to doubt that any money was buried are these: (1) The gang showed no fear of being caught while at Slaghts and mentioned they could hold off a long long time. (2) They knew the hills well, having been miners in the district 1860-1861, and would have easily, in their estimation, been able to get away from a posse. (3) When fired upon they were unaware that anyone was even near them. (4) Both de Mary and Mr. Dunn said they were heavily armed. We can surmise they weren't carrying surplus weight. (5) Holliman, when captured, promised to divulge all he knew to save his hide. If the posse members suspected hidden treasure I feel certain they would have gotten the information from him. (6) \$3,000 could easily have been concealed on nine men.

In conclusion let me urge that you go to the South Park and Platte Canyon and meet the pioneering families of Turner, Head, Marshall, Lamping, Sanborn, Price, Tyler, Wonder, and Granzella. You can stop at Tiny Town, at Conifer, at Dozier's Deer Valley Ranch and at Slaghts. Go up Hall Valley and find the site of Hall City and the Jack Straw remains of the smelter. Visit the Whale mine and

wander around Handcart gulch, but please don't waste your time, effort, energy, or money in looking for Reynolds' buried treasure. My family and I will attend to this, this summer.

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4. *Daily News* (Denver, Colo.) August 13, 1864.
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Shoup.) June 19, 1904 (Frank Hall interview) May 6, 1905; Dec. 27, 1910; August 15, 1920 (Josiah Ward interview.)

##### Manuscripts:

1. Mss. X1-2 "Pioneer Experiences of Nathan S. Hurd" Colorado State Historical Society, Denver, Colorado.
  2. Mss. by Andrew J. Templeton. Pioneer's Museum, Colorado Springs, Colorado. (Templeton served under Shoup and helped capture members of the Reynolds' gang.)
  3. Francis Cragin's Notebook No. 4, December 8, 1907. Pioneers Museum, Colorado Springs, Colorado. (Cragin interviewed Brown who harbored the escapees of Reynolds' gang.)
- (Note: Such works as Dave Cook, Louella Shaw, Frank Hall, etc., were not used, unless noted in the text.)

### Book Reviews

*Custer's Luck*. Edgar I. Stewart. U. of Okla. Press. 1955. \$5.95

To pin the label "definitive" on a book about Gen. George Armstrong Custer and the fateful Battle of the Little Big Horn at this stage of the game of authors hangs the reviewer at the nether end of the limb.

With CUSTER'S LUCK, however, by Edgar I. Stewart, this one willingly risks the position.

"To attempt to tell again the much discussed story," confesses the author-professor of history at Eastern Washington College of Education, and himself the grandson of two members of Custer's Civil War brigade, "requires a great deal of courage," especially since "It has become almost complete-

ly engulfed in myth and legend." But with eight years of exhaustive research behind him, and half a dozen revisions of the ms. as new materials repeatedly came to light, Stewart has eventually produced what time must surely prove the standard volume of reference on the warrior and his Last Stand.

Carefully documenting his statements from past written records and the most recent scholarship, and adding contributions from his own many summers of research on the battlefield, he presents a thrilling synthesis of the whole era up to and surrounding the final battle of the 1876 campaign, herein wonderfully reconstructed.

"To insure comprehensiveness, the

author has examined the pertinent facts of the Grant administration, the embitterment of the Great Plains tribes, and the deteriorating Civil War army. The book is the record not only of the dashing Seventh Cavalry and its leader, but also of the Grant-Custer feud, Sitting Bull, the Belknap scandal, Rain-in-the-Face, the battle strategy of the Indians, and Custer's military rivals. Particular note is taken of the effect on history of Custer's recklessness and glory-seeking, and of the superstitions and fatalistic determination of the Sioux and Cheyennes."

That he does so with final authority whenever he states a fact about any aspect of this most controversial event in American military annals, is the highest praise this reviewer can accord Stewart. If there is, in the end, "nothing new" in the work as a whole, it definitely is the be-all and end-all on Custer.

d/b

#### INDIANS OF THE NORTHWEST COAST

By Philip Drucker. McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., New York, 1955. Published for the American Museum of Natural History, Anthropological Handbook No. Ten. \$5.75.

There are in this publication pages i-xii, 1-208, 104 plates of photographs and drawings, an index, a bibliography, and a map.

The author, Philip Drucker, is known for his study of and publications on the Northwest Coast area. He has done fieldwork in this area since 1933, both in ethnology and archaeology, and was a happy choice to write such a handbook. He has a Ph.D in anthropology from the Uni-

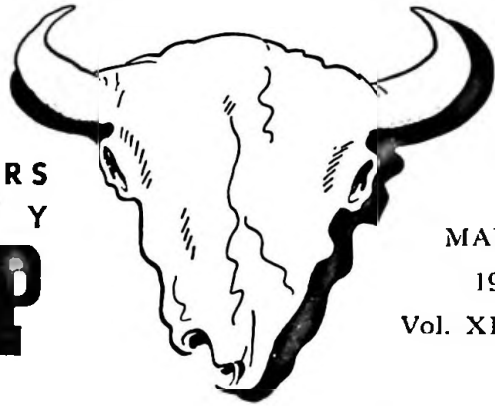
versity of California, and is now staff anthropologist with the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

This is number ten in the very useful series of handbooks published by The American Museum of Natural History, New York. These handbooks are short, concise surveys of various North and South American Indian groups and natural history subjects. While this is the most recent volume in the series, more than ten handbooks have been published. This replaces an earlier Handbook Number Ten, "Indians of the Northwest Coast," by Pliny Earle Goddard, which ran into more than one edition and several printings. The new Number Ten is slightly larger in size, has more pages, a new map, and a check of the photographs and drawings seems to indicate that those in the Drucker book are new and different from those appearing in the Goddard book. The subject matter is treated somewhat differently and is fuller in that it includes sections on the cycle of life, subareas and cultural relationships, and more information on prehistory and physical anthropology.

So, it would seem likely that a person interested in the Northwest Coast area would enjoy having the new handbook even though he might already own the Goddard book. And, certainly, if a person does not own the Goddard book and does not have even a special interest in the Northwest Coast Indians, he would still find the new Number Ten a valuable addition to any library, as it contains excellent, condensed information on this extremely interesting group of North American Indians.

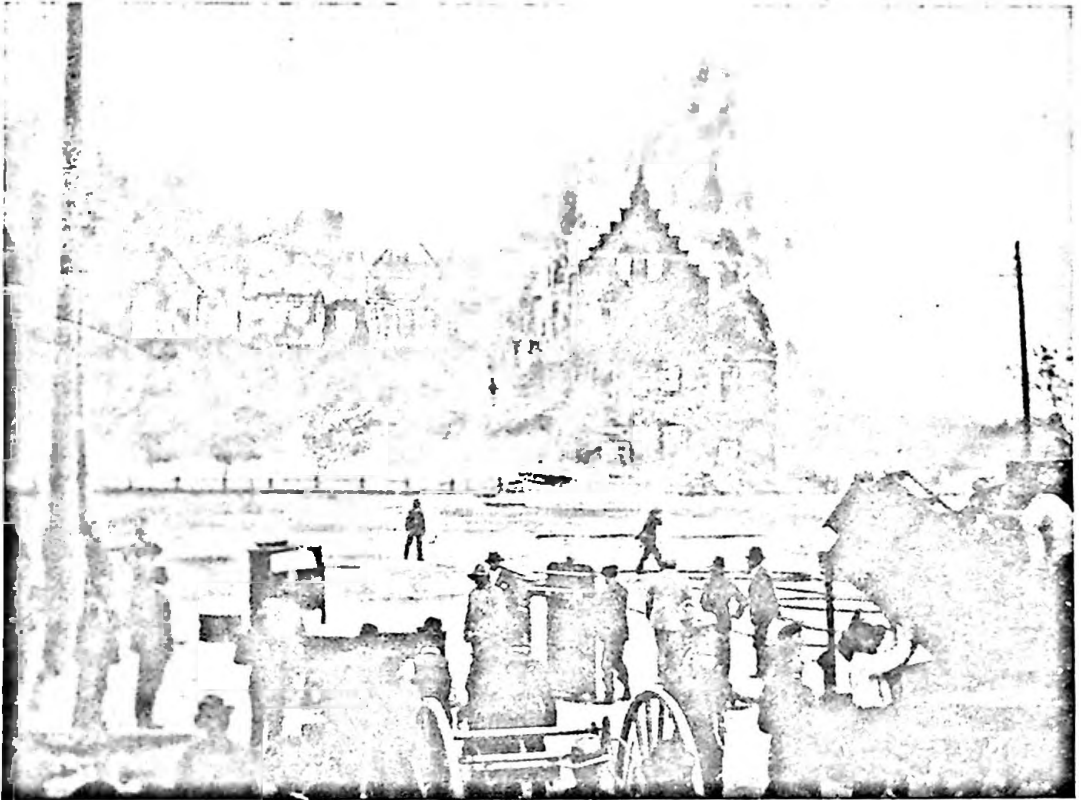
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*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
M O N T H L Y  
**ROUNDUP**

MARCH  
1956  
Vol. XII, No. 3



The Antlers Hotel asflame October 1, 1898.  
*Dr. L. L. Williams Collection*

*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
M O N T H L Y  
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Entered as Second Class Matter  
at Boulder, Colorado. Printed  
Monthly. \$3.00 per year.

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Vol. XII

March, 1956

No. 3

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Printing Office  
839 Pearl St., Boulder.

The Westerners  
730 Equitable Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.

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### OFFICERS

*Sheriff, Maurice Frink*  
*Deputy Sheriff, Francis Rizzari*  
*Roundup Foreman, Erl Ellis*  
*Tally Man, Nevin Carson*  
*Chuck Wrangler, Art Zeuch*  
*Publications Chairman, Alan Swallow*

*Preceding Sheriff, Ralph Mayo*  
*Registrar of Marks and Brands,*  
*Charles Ryland*  
*Membership Chairman, Fred Rosen-*  
*stock*  
*Program Chairman, Francis Rizzari*  
*Book Review Chairman, Ed Hilliard*

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### *Coming Events*

#### THE APRIL MEETING

6:30 P.M. April 25

The Denver Press Club

1330 Glenarm Place

*"Antoine Janis, Frontiersman"*

by CM Dean Krakel

#### THE MAY MEETING

*"A Chapter in the Life of J. J. Hagerman"*

by PM John Lipsey

## *Riding the Range*

PM Dr. Mumeey plans a trip, starting August 15, 1956 for 51 days, for 40 Denver University students, for a study of European History. England and the Continent will be visited. In cooperation with the American Express Company. The Doctor says that it will be cheaper than staying at home.

The Posse is now up to full strength with the election of Guy M. Herstrom and Don Griswold. We welcome them to the Posse.

PM Kenny Englert reports that the post office at Ragged Mountain, Colorado has been closed. How many know where this is?

Note the date for the Annual Summer Rendezvous of Westerners at Colorow Cave on the Bax Ranch, this is August 11, 1956. The Program Chairman will announce the speaker soon. Special announcements will be sent out. The date for the 1956 Annual Meeting is December 19, 1956.

ENGLISH BRAND BOOK: The main paper in No. 4, Vol. II, from our Liverpool group is written by Joseph G. Rosa, and is a fine discussion of the shooting of Dave McCandles by Wild Bill Hickok on Rock Creek in Nebraska. Was it murder or justifiable self-defense? It will never be settled, but Mr. Rosa makes out a pretty good case in favor of Hickok. He invites letters from those who are interested in this "McCandles massacre."

PUBLICATION 33 from L.A.: Always attractive are the communications from the Los Angeles Corral, and the March, 1956, issue is no exception. The main article deals with the "Restoration of the Diego Sepulveda Adobe." A print of a painting of the house before restoration started appears, as well as a copy of a painting of Diego Sepulveda. Don Meadows is the new Sheriff. There is also a note on the spelling of the forts "Kearny" and "Phil Kearny." Please omit the second "e."

## *Book Reviews*

### SADDLES AND SPURS: THE PONY EXPRESS SAGA.

By Raymond W. Settle and Mary  
Lund Settle. The Stackpole  
Company, 1955. \$3.75.

The authors spent about five years in Lexington, Missouri, and while there were lucky enough to uncover a collection of letters left from the operations of the great firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell. Under a grant from the Huntington Library they resulted the first book by the Settles, *Empire on Wheels*, Stanford University Press, 1949, in which the broad pre-railroad transportation picture in the West was drawn, and the varied activities of the partners, Russell, Majors and Waddell, were sketched. Only about four pages were there devoted to the Pony Express.

Now the authors have gathered more material and have interestingly written what well may prove to be the final and most complete volume on the Pony Express, interpreted in the light of the discovered files. The

first two chapters contain biographies of the three partners and a resume of their general operations, which operations were told at length in the earlier book. Then is told, in successive chapters, how the Pony Express was organized, what is known about the riders and the stations, and finally the details of the collapse of this adventure. This book brings together practically all that is now known about the Pony Express, reproduces about all existing pictures of the men, stations, and operations involved, throws a clear light upon the reasons for this experiment of sending mail by a series of riders across the whole country from the Mississippi River to the West Coast, tells why there was little chance of success finally, and explains the failure of the plan.

The authors know their subject and write history with charm and clarity.

This is *the* book to treasure in your library on the subject of the Pony Express.

Erl H. Ellis.

## *Reservations for Meetings*

Please advise Chuck Wrangler Art Zeuch if you intend to come to the diner meeting. Write him or return the card sent with the meeting notice

to 930 Downing St., Denver, Colo. For telephoned reservations please do not call him at his telephone book number but call TAbor 5-4681 after 6:00 P.M.

# THE ANTLERS CONFLAGRATION OF 1898

DR. LESTER L. WILLIAMS

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In 1898 Colorado Springs had a population of 22,000. Fire protection was provided by a department of 14 paid men, plus three volunteer companies: the Adams, Sinton, and Reed Hose Companies, hold-overs from the days of 1872 to 1894 when the entire department was volunteer. The paid department had been in service over four years, and was well trained and well organized. The chief, E. E. Baty, was on duty as a sergeant in the Second Regiment Engineers, U.S. Volunteers in Hawaii, for the Spanish-American War was just ending. Acting chief was B. B. McReynolds, cool, business-like, and athletic, while Fred Armbruster was acting assistant chief. At the central station in the old city hall, 18-20 S. Nevada, where the Public Utilities Building stands today, was quartered a hose and chemical combination wagon, and a brand-new Seagrave trussed frame city service ladder truck each drawn by two horses. At No. 2 station, located as it is now on San Miguel between Weber and Wahsatch Streets, and at No. 3 station at the southwest corner of Pikes Peak and West Ninth Street (then Adams St.) were quartered combination hose and chemical wagons. Each wagon carried 1,000 feet of 2½ inch hose. The men were given an hour off duty three times per day for meals, and one day off in eight. The department averaged 125 calls per year. Response to fire calls was fast, what with sliding poles, a chain across the horses'

stalls that dropped automatically when an alarm came in, horses trained to take their places in front of the apparatus, automatic falling harness, and well trained men. It was claimed that hitching took only 2 seconds, and that at the Central Station they hitched, rolled out of the station, and laid 200 feet of hose in just 30 seconds. The three mentioned volunteer companies each had a hand drawn horse reel, each of which carried 600 feet of hose. So much for the stage-setting.

Early October was not selected for Fire Prevention Week without a reason. It is the week that contains the anniversary of the great Chicago conflagration of 1871. Strictly speaking, conflagrations are fires extending over a considerable area and destroying numbers of buildings. Colorado Springs has had two: one occurred October 7, 1876, and the other is our present subject.

At 2:25 P.M. on October 1, 1898, Box 51, corner of Huerfano, now Colorado Avenue, and Eaton (later 8th St.) was pulled, and at the same time a telephone alarm came in reporting a fire at the D&RG Freight Station. A fire had started under the south platform of the station. The platform was about four feet high, open underneath, badly battered from much use, and broken by wagons backing into it. Under it was an accumulation of trash and tumbleweeds, ready to flare into flame from the smallest spark. It was pretty well agreed that the fire

started from a match or a cigar butt discarded by one of the many hobos who walked past there every day, or from a spark from the D&RG switch engine. On an ordinary day, a fire in the freight depot would have been easily controlled, but this was no ordinary day. Colorado Springs is subject to winds of 25 to 40 miles per hour 81 times per year, while gales of over 40 miles per hour strike this region 9 times per year. October 1, 1898 was a day of gale, with a wind of 47 miles per hour. One old timer recollects that it wasn't just the gusts that hit 47 miles per hour, but the wind was steady at 47 miles per hour. When the firemen from stations 1 and 3 arrived they found the fire spreading rapidly, and within five minutes the entire freight station was engulfed by flames. Due to the wind, that structure burned like a blow-torch, and set fire to a number of freight cars spotted alongside, burning ten of them. Included in the freight cars was a carload of dynamite and one of giant powder. Part of the shipment of explosives was consigned to G. S. Barnes and Sons Hardware, 17 S. Tejon St. Barnes had sponsored the juvenile company of the volunteer fire department. The remainder of the explosives was destined for other communities, and the two freight cars were to have gone to Cripple Creek on the Colorado Midland and the Midland Terminal at 4:30 P.M., but the fire didn't wait. Hose company No. 2 was called from the north end, so that all men and equipment of the paid department were at work, and a number of hose lines were playing on the fire, but they did not serve to check the flames. Mr. Bill Crosby of Manitou was coming to Colorado Springs on the afternoon D&RG train. When the train arrived at the passenger depot they were informed of the situation, so the train crew uncoupled the

coach then took the locomotive and managed to couple on to the car of dynamite and pull it away from the fire, but it was just too hot for them to get the car of powder. It was obvious to all who watched the fire extend from the station to the freight car containing the powder that an explosion was inevitable.

Mr. Crosby recalls that the train crew with the locomotive and the car of dynamite backed down south several hundred yards to the coal chute where they awaited the explosion.

Faced with a gale and a fire that was spreading despite the best efforts of its fire department, Colorado Springs called for help. The three volunteer companies, the Sinton, the Adams, and the Reed responded. Telephone calls were placed to Colorado City, 2 miles west, and to Manitou, 7 miles west. Colorado City had been fighting a fire but it was under control, so their horse drawn hose wagon was immediately dispatched to Colorado Springs with 15 men under Chief Ed Minium. Manitou sent one of its two hose reels, that of the W. A. Bell Hose, Hook & Ladder Company, plus some extra hose and about 25 men, under Foreman Sid Davis. Bess and Gerry, a team hired from the livery stable, pulled a light wagon on which 8 or 10 men rode, and the hose reel was pulled behind the wagon. The run took only about 20 minutes and they arrived on the scene about 3 o'clock.

As the explosion was inevitable, the firemen were withdrawn a short distance to avoid casualties. A few minutes before 3:00 P.M., just half an hour after the initial alarm, the powder blew, throwing burning brands and boards high into the air where they were carried northeast by the wind. Flaming timbers and pieces of powder kegs fell among a group of about twenty small frame houses near

the Denver and Gulf yards, and on the sheds of the Crissey-Fowler Lumber Company, 109 W. Huerfano. Of course, in that wind, I am sure many sparks and embers were always in the air and carried long distances; the explosion merely increased the size and number of the flying brands.

The area immediately east of the freight station was occupied by three lumber yards: Crissey-Fowler at 109 W. Huerfano, the El Paso Lumber Company at 32 W. Huerfano, and Newton's at the northeast corner of Huerfano and Cascade. In addition there were many small buildings, some log cabins, and some tar paper shacks, mostly with shingle or tar paper roofs. Resistance to the spread of fire was nil. The occupants of the buildings included 7 blacksmiths, 2 grain and feed stores, 2 paint shops, 2 lodging houses, 3 restaurants, 3 clothiers, 2 candy stores, a pawn shop, an assay office, and various others. Almost immediately after the explosion the yards of the Crissey-Fowler L u m b e r Co. were ablaze. Next the Colorado and Southern Passenger Depot on Sawatch just south of Huerfano caught fire and burned, and coach No. 61 burned too. After the coach started to burn it was pulled away from the station, then it was found to endanger surrounding property so it was pushed back to the main body of the fire and allowed to burn.

At about this point the fire moved in two directions. It continued to spread eastward on the south side of Huerfano Street, burning one structure after another. The other front crossed Huerfano opposite the Crissey-Fowler Lumber Yards and moved east on the north side of the street, quickly involving the El Paso Lumber Co., intervening structures, and the Newton Lumber Co. on the corner. A short distance north of Newton's, about 75 feet across South Park Place

(a little north of the present Antlers Place) was the south end of the Antlers Hotel, one of the show places of Colorado Springs, completed 17 years earlier at the cost of \$180,000. The tremendous heat generated by the burning pine of the lumber yard fanned by a strong wind, constituted an extreme threat to the hotel. Since Newton's was doomed to destruction, most available hose lines were concentrated on the south end of the Antlers and on the lumber yard just across South Park Place. In addition to the hotel, the buildings on the east side of Cascade, built since the conflagration of 1876, were threatened.

When a fire advances as fast as this one did, a fire department must retreat, and often leave hose lines behind, for a fire hose full of water is heavy and unwieldy and difficult to move. After the fire was over, it was calculated that at least 1,000 feet of hose had been destroyed. The lost hose, plus apparatus bare of hose due to lines already laid, meant delay for the fire laddies in setting up new lines of defense. Sometimes lines have to be abandoned so fast that there is no time to shut down the fire hydrant, and such flow bleeds the mains of needed water and reduces pressure. All these factors may have played a part at this stage of the fire. It is known that some lines were brought into play to wet down the buildings on the east side of Cascade to protect them. Comment was made during and after the fire about the low water pressure, and the need for pumping equipment. Bill Lucas tells that during the fire his father drove through the north part of town on a motorcycle requesting householders to turn off all water faucets so as to lessen the water flow and improve water pressure at the fire.

About 3:30 P.M., as the heat from the lumber yards attacked the south



end of the Antlers, all guests were evacuated from the hotel with as much luggage possible, then all furniture was carried out by volunteers and stacked in the park west of the hotel. The hotel books were hastily thrown into the large safe which was closed and locked, then pushed out of doors and tumbled down the embankment into the park, where it was later buried in ashes. Meanwhile, courageous volunteers, hotel employees, and bell-boys organized a bucket brigade and poured buckets of water out the upstairs windows in an attempt to cool the south end of the hotel building. A number of colored porters were on the roof, and buckets of water were passed up then to be poured over the smoking south end of the hotel. Others tried to wet down the hotel with garden hoses. Several times exposed woodwork blazed but was extinguished. At this point poor water pressure was very evident.

The late Mr. Melvin Sinton told a very interesting account of his activities that afternoon. At the time, he was in the county commissioners office. From the explosion and the great cloud of black smoke he sensed that a disaster had occurred, and that the services of the Sinton Hose Company would be needed. He had not been a member of the Sinton Hose Company because of his slender build, but actually was more interested and a harder worker than most of the bona fide members. He rode his bicycle to the Sinton Dairy where he picked up a light spring wagon and a horse. At the hose house he had two volunteers sit on the rear end of the wagon and hold the tongue of the Sinton Hose Reel, and thus pull it to the fire. This may sound simple, but those hose reels were heavy, and they carried 600 feet of hose weighing 120 pounds per hundred feet. The striker for the gong rang once automatically with

each revolution of the wheel. Going to the fire the horse was excited by each stroke of the gong and lunged forward to increase his pace. This turned the wheels a little faster and brought the next stroke of the gong a little sooner. This apparent continuous acceleration all the way to the fire put quite a strain on the arms of the men holding the heavy hose reel. When the Antlers was reached, they felt their arms had been stretched considerably. On arrival at the fire Mr. Sinton and his men saw the peril to the Antlers. To meet this threat they tried to carry a line of 2½ hose up the vertical steel ladder on the west side of the hotel, but they were unable to get past the cornice on to the roof. Mr. Sinton regretted this failure, and to it he attributed the loss of the hotel.

Despite these frantic efforts, the end of the hotel gradually grew hotter, the paint blistered, and finally the entire south side of the building burst into flames at once. The time was 4:07 P.M. Many spectators were watching the fire and immediately the cry went up: "The Antlers is on fire!" Far to the north other anxious watchers heard the news and were struck with consternation, for the Antlers added new fuel to the fire threatening still further extension of the conflagration north and east with destruction of the town. Many merchants acted on their fears, hiring teams at exorbitant prices (often \$10 to \$25 per load) to transport their account books and most valuable stock to a place of safety. Goods were piled in North Park (now called Acacia Park), in South Park, now occupied by the Court House, and in the Stratton lot where the Mining Exchange Building now stands. Some merchants hauled their valuables as far as Austin Bluffs, for they feared the entire town would burn. Mr. H. S. Poley, a pioneer western photographer, loaded his prized

back-drops into a wagon and hauled them north on Tejon Street. Falling sparks burned holes in them rendering them useless. The Western Union Telegraph Company, then located at 14 N. Tejon set some kind of a record. Fearing that the entire block would go, Western Union closed its office at 4:00 P.M. and moved out. An hour later it moved back, and by 5:30 P.M. was ready to send messages again.

The Bell Hose Company from Manitou hauled its reel to the northeast corner of Cascade and Pikes Peak, and took a line to the roof of the Cheyenne Hotel. They did excellent work there, and managed to keep that building from burning. Falling sparks did set fire to the roof at 7 N. Cascade, causing about \$800 fire damage. The water used to extinguish this extension caused about \$1,300 damage, but the fire was stopped in its tracks. Just north of the Antlers Hotel, on the block now occupied by the Markshel-Adams Motor Co., was the large house of Dr. Solly. It was feared that the heat from the burning Antlers would ignite it next. Blankets which had been removed from the hotel were hung over the south side of this house and kept wet with water from a hose line. This heroic measure kept the fire from spreading further north. The intense heat from the burning lumber yards and the Antlers cracked windows on the east side of Cascade between Huerfano and Pikes Peak Avenues and threatened to ignite these buildings. They were wet down from hose lines and prevented from burning.

As I mentioned earlier, during a fire of this magnitude many events occur simultaneously, so now we must go back an hour to pick up another of the important happenings of that afternoon. About 3:00 P.M., when help was requested, M. T. Hale, the city treasurer, sent the following tele-

grams to the mayors of Denver and Pueblo: "Please send help immediately. Town burning up." On receipt of this telegram, Mayor McMurray of Denver notified the fire and police board, and Fire Chief Roberts, who ordered engine companies 1 and 2 with their hose wagons and full crews to proceed at once to the Rio Grande Depot at 11th and Wynkoop. There a special train was made up, and the apparatus was loaded into coal cars with high sides to avoid the delay of blocking the wheels. For the benefit of you rail fans, the locomotive was a ten wheeler, the 526, and was one of the largest of the D R G engines at that time. The 15 firemen assigned to the two companies rode in a coach, and there were 4 extra firemen, 4 detectives, 2 members of the fire and police board, newspaper reporters, 2 Western Union linemen, and 6 operators to help handle the flood of telegrams. Assistant Chief Terry Owens was in charge, and he must have been pretty sharp, for despite the excitement of the hour, he remembered that the threads on the fire hose in Denver and Colorado Springs do not match, so he arranged to pick up 2400 feet of extra hose from the fire department shops before he left, and as many Cooper jackets as he could lay hands on. A Cooper jacket is intended to clamp around a short leak in fire hose, but it can be used to join two sections of hose where the threads don't match, or are worn or burred. That trick is taught almost universally at fire colleges today, but in 1898 it must have been a revolutionary procedure. Six years later, at the Baltimore conflagration, out of town companies came from as far as New York, Philadelphia, Atlantic City, Washington, and Harrisburg, but since their hose threads did not match, the foreign steamers were restricted to drafting from ponds and



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rivers, and could deliver water only as far as their own hose would reach. No mention was made of the use of Cooper jackets there, demonstrating that although this is the wild west, it need not necessarily take a back seat to the east in ingenuity. The companies arrived at the station at 4:30, the special was loaded and left Denver at 5:00 P.M. Accounts differ, but the consensus of opinion is that the run took 118 minutes, in contrast to the regular time of 145 minutes, so that the special arrived in Colorado Springs at 6:58 P.M. Considering the crooked roadbed of those days, that was fast time.

Similar events took place in Pueblo when that city received Colorado Springs' plea for help. Mayor Orman directed Fire Chief Sam Herd to send all apparatus that could be spared, and that worthy complied by sending Pueblo's steamer, and hose wagons 2 and 3 with 12 men, and Chief Herd himself in charge. Six horses were brought in a stock car on the rear of the train. Mayor Orman, for whom a company of Pueblo's earlier volunteer fire department had been named, came along with several other city officials. Loading of the special train in Pueblo started at 4:15 P.M., and was done with celerity. The wheels of the apparatus were blocked, then further lashings were applied after the train started moving at 4:40 P.M. Running time for the special was a record, slightly under an hour, and the Pueblo Department arrived at 5:30 P.M. Chief Herd immediately placed his steamer at the fire hydrant on Tejon Street midway between Huerfano and Pikes Peak, and ran two hose lines west to the Antlers to subdue the fire there and to stop embers from flying. When the hotel collapsed, one line was played on the ruins, the other on the northeast corner of the lumberyard.

I would call your attention to the 6 horses, 2 for each piece of equipment. Pueblo's first steamer was a small one, probably about 500 gallons per minute capacity, which would correspond to the two lines of hose Pueblo laid out at the fire. Later steamers were heavier, requiring the familiar and famous 3-horse hitch by which most steamers are remembered.

When the train carrying the Denver firemen was five miles south of Denver, smoke was seen to the south causing much excitement, but this probably came from a forest fire near Palmer Lake. Just south of Palmer Lake the firemen donned their protective clothing and fires were kindled in the steamers. Denver had telegraphed ahead for horses to be provided, and these were waiting when the special reached the Colorado Springs station at 6:58 P.M. Immediately upon arrival, Chief Owens went on a tour of reconnaissance while the equipment was being unloaded. He was driven around the burning area to determine where to locate his men and the steamers. By that time the wind had died down from 50 mph to 10 mph, the fire had lost all its aggressiveness and had not spread north or east of the gutted Antlers. There was always the possibility that the wind might rise again so it was important to wet down the ruins and stop sparks and embers from flying. When Owens returned to the station, he ordered one steamer driven to the bank block at the corner of Pikes Peak & Tejon, there to hook up and pump through hose lines on the north end of the two burning lumber yards, just south of the ruins of the Antlers. The other steamer was stationed near the depot, perhaps at the plug at the corner of Sierra Madre and North Park Place. From it, two more lines were run to the north side of the lumber yards. When all 4 lines were in operation,



Owens sent his men into the midst of the piles of lumber to apply water directly to the hot spots.

There is some disagreement as to who directed the rest of the fight. Normally a fire chief is in charge of any fire that may occur on his home grounds. In a statement to the newspaper several days later, Chief McReynolds of Colorado Springs stated that when the Denver and Pueblo Fire Departments arrived their chiefs reported to him and he put them to work where he felt they could do the most good. He was very happy to see them arrive to help. The *Rocky Mountain News* indicates that when the Denver Fire Department arrived, they found Colorado Springs exhausted by their 4½ hour battle against overwhelming odds, and that they were only too glad to relax. Accordingly, Chief Owens took charge of the remainder of the fight and gave the exhausted Colorado Springs firemen less strenuous work to do.

Cripple Creek heard of Colorado Springs' disaster and stood by to help. A special train was made up on the Midland Terminal and loading had begun, but was stopped on the arrival of the telegram stating that the fire was under control. At 11:00 P.M., Mayor Pearce of Cripple Creek telegraphed to offer money and supplies, but reply was made that the situation was under control, he was thanked and told there was no need of assistance just then.

During the fire, the stiff gale wafted sparks, embers, and sizeable burning boards for considerable distances through the air. Wherever these came to rest spot fires threatened. Probably there were at least 200 small roof fires, but most were quickly put out by house-holders using garden hose or buckets of water. A brand from the big blaze fell on the roof of the residence of Alfred Hale, 222 N. Tejon,

and started a fire. A neighbor attacked the fire with a garden hose, and word was sent to Chief McReynolds at the Antlers, who sent J. E. Brandbery who had been holding the team of No. 1 hose wagon. Another brand fell between two barns in the rear and ignited some rubbish there. Both fires were quickly extinguished, and the loss was about \$100. One spark flew as far as just south of Austin Bluffs where it started a small grass fire. About 4:00 P.M., the residence of Mrs. E. V. Smith, 213 N. Weber, caught fire from flying embers. Neighbors saw the embers fall and immediately went to work with a garden hose, but the fire spread and leveled the house. Some furniture was removed and saved. The loss was about \$3,000. The college campus, almost a mile north of the fire, was threatened by the possible spread of the fire to the north, and certainly flying brands constitute a real hazard. Word was sent to the college officials that it would be wise to protect the roof of each building, so watchers were stationed on each roof with a line of hose. The college football team called off the game in progress so the team members could help protect the college buildings or grapple with the blaze down town. A number of them did excellent work at Dr. Solly's house.

Throughout the night all the firemen stood by with watch lines, which they used to douse any spot fires which flared up. The wind rose again at 10:00 P.M., embers and sparks were carried up to 100 yards, and there was threat of a rekindle. By midnight the ruins of the Antlers were under control, with some flames still showing at the north end. Broken gas lines in the hotel ruins burned all night, until the lines could be shut off. At the corner of Pikes Peak and Tejon the Denver steamer pumped all night. Just as in a locomotive, in order to in-

crease the draft the exhaust steam goes up the stack, which will pull hard on the fire in the steamer and often send large sparks up the chimney when the engine is laboring. Once during the night, these sparks lighted on the frame cornice of the McCurdy Shoe Co. store and soon flames broke out there. A stream of water quickly quenched this fire. Sunday morning the wind once more rose and fanned piles of debris into flame again, but these fires were quickly controlled.

Mayor Irvine was up all night seeing that the visiting firemen were properly cared for. The YMCA dispensed 400 sandwiches, lemonade, and over 40 gallons of coffee to the weary firefighters. In the morning the Denver and Pueblo firemen were served breakfast at the Gough Restaurant at 13 S. Tejon, then their apparatus was reloaded, and after receiving 3 rousing cheers, they returned home. Pueblo left at 9:30 A.M., and the Denver contingent departed at 10:20 A.M.

The city printers had a busy day of it. Many years later one of the editors of the *Evening Telegraph*, Mr. H. S. Rogers, recalled the day. When the fire alarm came in, a gong rang in the city room at 119 E. Pikes Peak and a young reporter was sent to the fire. In a few minutes he telephoned in an account of the blaze at the Rio Grande Freight Station and the impending explosion. Editor Rogers rode his bicycle to the top of the viaduct, arriving shortly after the explosion, and looked down on the wrecked depot. He recalled the many lines of hose and the busy firemen, but in the face of the wind their efforts seemed puny. When he returned to the plant he found everything shut down because there was no electric power, so no extra could be put out. *Gazette* employees and others stood on the roof of the *Gazette* Building (now the old Out

West Building, 15 E. Pikes Peak) extinguishing every spark that fell. 150 feet of small hose from the *Gazette* Building were used to extinguish several fires on the roof, and also one in a small building back of the *Gazette* Building, the Wooley and Van Vacheten Barn, and a Huerfano Street lodging house. Had these efforts failed, and fire gained a foothold east of Cascade, destruction would have been infinitely greater.

During, and immediately after the fire, there were many wild and unfounded rumors that the blaze was the work of arsonists. This was probably a normal reaction to a fire of such magnitude, an attempt to place the blame for the conflagration. A suspected fire-bug was arrested in the alley behind the *Gazette* Building during the fire. About dusk, Captain Fair of the police department saw a man in a downtown alley and immediately suspected he might be trying to start another fire. The captain gave chase, but was unable to use his revolver because of the crowds, and after following him for several blocks lost his prey.

To prevent looting, 20 special policemen and 6 mounties were sworn in and stationed at strategic corners in downtown Colorado Springs, where they maintained constant vigil throughout the night.

With the destruction of the power distribution lines from the El Paso Electric Company, the city was in darkness, but service was restored 24 hours later. The poles and trolley wires of the Rapid Transit Co. were down from the viaduct to Cascade, but the company was at work setting new poles the evening of the fire, and the cars were running again by noon the next day.

Sunday a *Rocky Mountain News* reporter wrote that the block on the hill northeast of the depot had been swept

clean except for one building of stone. The plant of the El Paso Electric Company at the northeast corner of Cucharras and Sahwach was unmarked by fire, but all the frame buildings north of it had been destroyed. Safes in the burned buildings were reported to have kept the contents unharmed.

Despite the size of the fire, the intense work of the firefighters in the face of the spreading blaze, and the general excitement that prevailed, no one was killed in the fire, nor were injuries very numerous or serious. Several were overcome by smoke, and Officer Elliott was near the car of powder when it exploded. He was shocked but otherwise unhurt. A railroad employee making his rounds recording the numbers of the freight cars in the yards was also near the powder car when it blew. He was knocked down and suffered mild burns, but his condition was not serious.

The burned out firms showed amazing enterprise in resuming business. The Newton Lumber Company had stock stored at other points in town as well as in Colorado City and opened for business Monday. The El Paso Lumber Company bought out the stock of another company on the D&RG tracks and likewise opened Monday. The Gulf Road ran an amusing ad in the paper stating that it had become so torrid at the corner of Huerfano and Sahwach that their trains would now depart from a point two blocks south.

By two days after the fire, the city officials were concerned with the attempts of the lumber companies to reopen their old stands. This was within the area where hazardous occupancies were forbidden, prohibited by city ordinance. It was hoped that the lesson of the fire would lead to en-

forcement of the ordinance and removal of the yards.

As usually happens in any fire of this size, the fire department lost some equipment. Something like 1,000 feet of hose were destroyed, which seems to me like a remarkably small amount of hose to lose in such a fire. A big bay horse belonging to No. 2 hose company got away during the blaze and had not been found 48 hours later. At least one of the hose companies, the Reeds, had their hose reel burned in the fire.

The fire department log listed the loss on buildings at \$300,000 and contents \$150,000, for a total of \$450,000 of which \$350,000 was covered by insurance. The manager of the Antlers stated that the original building had cost \$180,000 and the contents were worth at least \$50,000. Another estimate of the hotel's loss was \$250,000 on the building and \$57,000 on the contents. Newton's loss was set at \$60,000; the El Paso Lumber Co., \$35,000; the Crissey-Fowler Lumber Co., \$22,000; the Pullman Palace Car Co., seven coaches worth \$7,000 each, total \$49,000; Gulf Road about \$19,000; D&RG about \$25,000. Numerous other losses were reported, all less than \$10,000. The total losses listed in the paper added up to \$600,000.

Donations were received from Colorado Springs business men and plaques were struck thanking the fire departments of Colorado City, Manitou, Denver, and Pueblo for their assistance. Mayor Irvine, Alderman McIntyre, and Chief Baty visited these departments in person to present the plaques and also to give \$200 to each department, which amounted to about \$10 for each fireman who participated. It was not until October 29, 1898, almost a month after the fire, that the D&RG announced that the railroad would make no charge for the special

trains that were run the day of the fire.

We have spent quite a bit of time dealing with a fire that occurred 57 years ago. Aside from the skull practice of unearthing this information and assembling it, and from providing you historians with what I hope has been a story of some interest, can we profit from this account? I think Colorado Springs did profit from the fire in knowledge and better fire prevention practices, and I think we can benefit from it now.

The embers weren't cool when many sidewalk firechiefs concluded that if a steamer had been available in Colorado Springs, the Antlers might have been saved. I have uncovered evidence that a steamer had been recommended by those concerned with fire protection as early as 1880, and such recommendation had been made with regularity since 1890. Still none had yet been purchased by 1898. At a council meeting a few days after the fire, the fire committee was authorized to negotiate for a steamer, one was purchased less than a month later, and was delivered by the end of November, 1898. That steamer is in Byron Akers' Ghost Town today, and in almost new condition.

In any fire where tremendous quantities of heat are generated by the combustion of large volumes of fuel, control can be established only by absorbing this heat faster than it is produced. This is accomplished by applying water in such quantities that as it is transformed into steam, the heat of vaporization utilizes the heat produced by the fire. Transfer of the heat is facilitated by exposing a large surface of water to the heat, which means applying the water in the form of droplets. This is called fog. Today if such a conflagration occurred, at-

tempt would be made to head it off with a water curtain. This requires fire engines with sufficient pumping capacity to force large volumes of water under considerable pressure through lines of hose ending in fog nozzles, to provide a water curtain around the fire.

The factors that allowed the Antlers fire to become a conflagration were a fire that started during a period of high wind, blocks of combustible buildings with no fire walls, hazardous occupancies, rooms easily ignited, and lack of pumps and equipment to provide a water curtain.

Today when the engineers of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, or the Mountain States Inspection Bureau, or your fire chief recommends purchase of a pumper to replace a hose wagon, or addition of a new fire station and other equipment, they do this with the end in view of preventing a spreading fire or a sweeping conflagration such as this one. Support them in their efforts. The same applies when the fire warden recommends to a business man that he clean some trash out of his basement, bring his electric wiring up to date, or enclose stairways, elevator shafts, or to install fire doors. Building codes are not merely regulations by which a city may harrass its citizens, they are provisions to help a man keep his business and his home safe from fire. Expenditure of large sums for fire protection has the same object as its goal.

We have gone a long way in providing our firefighters with tools, what with pumpers, aerial ladders, dacron hose, fog nozzles, and oxygen masks. There is just one factor we haven't been able to do a thing about: the winds still blow.

## *Editors Notes*

This paper stimulated much discussion and interesting comment. Especially appropriate was PM Justice Wm. Jackson's eye witness account of some of the events of the day. He was there! An ironic note was that Firefan Les Williams, Chief Fred Lausch

and Assistant Chief O. L. Dutcher missed what was probably the largest fire in Colorado Springs during 1956. This was the fire at the Gagnon Platting and Equipment Co. which started about 10 P.M. and which burned completely.

## COLORADO'S NO MANS LAND

JOHN J. LIPSEY

One of the weirdest ceremonies Colorado has ever known was performed at Breckenridge, Colorado, on Aug. 8, 1936. There and then a strip of land about 90 miles long and 30 miles wide (containing famous gold fields and an even more valuable Blue River water supply) was "officially annexed" to the United States, to the State of Colorado and to the counties of Summit and Grand, in the presence of Colorado's Governor, a U. S. Congressman, a couple of officers of the U. S. Army and a cheering multitude.

The reason for and basis of this "annexation" lie in the fact that parts of the area now included in Colorado were acquired by the U. S. at various times from France, Spain, Mexico and Texas. It is a confusing situation, and many worried officials have tried to make sense of it.

That part of Colorado lying east of the Continental Divide and north of the Arkansas was added to the U. S. by the Louisiana Purchase in 1803. A finger of land, perhaps 120 miles wide, belonging to the Texas Republic

and running north through Colorado's center to the present Wyoming boundary, was acquired when Texas became a State of the Union in 1845. In 1848, following the Mexican War, the western portion of Colorado was part of the area ceded to the U. S. by Mexico. But these cessions left unmentioned the 90 by 30 mile area lying west of the Continental Divide and east of a line drawn north from the source of the Arkansas River, which originates near Leadville. That is, this "Colorado's No Man's Land" lay between the portion acquired under the Louisiana Purchase and that part of Texas which stuck up, actually, into Wyoming.

These facts (the truth, but not the whole truth, as you shall see) were known to many citizens of the enclave involved, were noised about, and finally aroused the interest of Denver newspapers. The Woman's Club of Breckenridge, with the highest patriotic motive no doubt, decided it was time for No Man's Land to become

part of the U. S. These ladies stirred up quite a rhubarb, as baseball broadcasters now call such a storm (for reasons mysterious to me). They wrote their Congressman, Edward T. Taylor, to try to get them into the United States. Mr. Taylor, who stayed in Congress a long time by doing what the home-folks wanted done, referred the matter to U. S. Attorney-General Homer S. Cummings.

Cummings shied away from the strange problem like a horse that sees a newspaper blown across his path in a high wind. He "took the matter under advisement" for some time, then turned it over to some of the brains in his office who solemnly "studied the situation" with a view to reaching some conclusion which would satisfy the plaintiffs and still not make the Attorney-General ridiculous. At last the brains advised Cummings that the territory could be annexed, that it could become part of the governments under which it long had lived, and that citizenship and titles would not be affected. Cummings (equally dead-pan) issued an opinion to this effect, carefully refraining from saying that the area which was inside the U. S. was in fact outside of it; notably neglecting to recommend that it be annexed; and failing to prescribe procedure proper to annexation. I imagine that Cummings mopped his brow, washed his hands and hoped to hear no more of this jig-saw puzzle.

But he underestimated the power of the women of Breckenridge. They stirred up the gallant business and professional men of Summit and Grand Counties. These gents were, I assume, not unmindful of the value of publicity for their beloved land, for they went to work on Governor Edwin C. Johnson (the same Big Ed who became U. S. Senator and who is now in 1955 again Governor of the State), on the helpful Congressman Taylor,

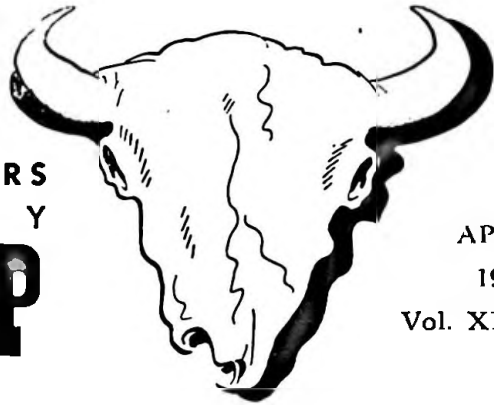
and on the United States Army. So it came about that on Aug. 8, 1936, Governor Johnson (one of the most obliging officials I know, and a smart gentleman to boot), in the presence of the Congressman, a Captain Stetson, a Lieutenant Bellerby, and a wildly enthusiastic multitude pulled on a halyard which hoisted to the top of a staff on the lawn of the Summit County Court House in Breckenridge the flags of the United States and of Colorado. Governor Johnson declared, what was obviously a fact, that No Man's Land was now a part of the U. S.

That afternoon wassail was mixed, libations were poured, toasts (and for all I know some of the happy celebrants) were drunk, and all hands breathed freely the wondrous air of the United States. That night in Breckenridge, Dillon, Frisco, Kokomo and Montezuma (in Summit County); and in Kremmling, Hot Sulphur Springs and Parshall (in Grand County) citizens could sleep undisturbed by dreams of being persons without a country. For now they were safe in the arms of Uncle Sam.

But some of the ladies of Breckenridge may have tossed about a bit in their sleep. For a short time before the day of annexation, they had called on the Historian of the State of Colorado, LeRoy R. Hafen, for authentication of their claim that their No Man's Land had never been U. S. territory. Dr. Hafen replied that under the Treaty of 1819 (the "Florida Treaty") Spain had ceded to the U. S. all territory Spain owned east of a line running north from the source of the Arkansas River, and that this cession included Colorado's so called "No Man's Land." But the celebration had been announced far and wide in the newspapers and by wireless, and the ladies could not have called it off if they would.



*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
M O N T H L Y  
**ROUNDUP**



APRIL  
1956  
Vol. XII, No. 4

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PM Dean Krakel

A Note on "Rush" Mills  
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Styles of Publications of Westerners Posses  
PM Erl Ellis

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

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Vol. XII

April, 1956

No. 4

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Printing Office  
839 Pearl St., Boulder.

The Westerners  
730 Equitable Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.

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OFFICERS

<i>Sheriff, Maurice Frink</i>	<i>Preceding Sheriff, Ralph Mayo</i>
<i>Deputy Sheriff, Francis Rizzari</i>	<i>Registrar of Marks and Brands,</i> <i>Charles Ryland</i>
<i>Roundup Foreman, Erl Ellis</i>	<i>Membership Chairman, Fred Rosen-</i> <i>stock</i>
<i>Tally Man, Nevin Carson</i>	<i>Program Chairman, Francis Rizzari</i>
<i>Chuck Wrangler, Art Zeuch</i>	<i>Book Review Chairman, Ed Hilliard</i>
<i>Publications Chairman, Alan Swallow</i>	

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*Coming Events*

THE JUNE MEETING  
6:30 P.M., June 27, 1956  
The Denver Press Club  
1330 Glenarm Place

PAUL WARP  
*"Pioneer Village in Minden, Nebraska"*

## *Riding the Range*

EARLY COPIES OF THE DENVER PUBLICATIONS. A survey has revealed that the office of the Denver Posse does not have a complete file of all issues of its monthly magazine. Further, we have calls from time to time asking about the possibility of buying older issues or bound collections of the issues for an older year. If any member has saved early issues and is not sure that he wishes to hold on to them, especially if such member has had his copies bound, the Round-up Foreman would appreciate a note from such member. The files of the Posse should be complete, and your bound copies of earlier years might bring you a few pennies more than you invested.

### *Riding the Range*

PM Arthur Carhart has received a signal honor. The Izaak Walton League has awarded him a plaque for his work and writing on the subject of conservation. Only two other individuals have been so recognized. The Plaque and presentation Document were displayed at the April meeting. We are proud of this Westerner and congratulate Art.

Guests at the April meeting included Colonel Fagin of the Air Force Academy and Jose Antonio Otero Madridal of the Spanish Government.

The Golden Press announces THE UNSINKABLE MRS. BROWN by CM Caroline Bancroft. An account of a prominent Denver personality renowned for her part in the sinking of the Titanic.

Miss Bancroft delves into the fact and legend of Mrs. Brown's unusual life.

Louisa Ward Arps, Corresponding Member of the Westerners, narrated a series of 13 television programs for the Denver Public Library. The series, called "Denver Yesterdays," appeared from January through April on Denver's educational television channel, KRMA-TV. Mrs. Arps illustrated her programs with pictures and books from the library's Western History Department. Included in the series were programs on Brinton Terrace, Eugene Field, Cherry Creek, the street railways and the Denver mints.

The Posse and its friends have been saddened by the loss of PM Eric Douglass. A Westerner in the finest sense of the word. The regard in which he was held is best expressed by the Sheriff in this issue.

Please send information on activities and any historical notes that would be interesting to Westerners to the Registrar of Marks and Brands, Charles Ryland at 1914-19th St., Golden, Colorado. They will be appreciated.

The Posse voted overwhelmingly to carry out Sheriff Maurice Frinks suggestion on pages 5 and 6 of this issue. The Sheriff was authorized to appoint a committee to work out a recommendation to be presented to the Posse at a later date.

The Posse elected Numa James to membership at the April meeting. Welcomel



**WESTERNERS!**

**GRAND  
POSSE**

**RENDEZVOUS**

**August 11 1956**

STANLEY VESTAL

"Out of the Possible Sack"



COLOROW'S CAVE

BAX RANCH

Morrison, Colorado

**DENVER POSSE of THE WESTERNERS**

## IN MEMORY OF DEPARTED WESTERNERS

MAURICE FRINK, SHERIFF

I think it was Charlie Russell who said that every man ought to leave some kind of track behind him.

One of our members, who was buried yesterday, left a big track, one that will show for a long time.

Most of you knew Eric Douglas longer and better than I did. You have your memories of him. I have mine. When I was a stranger here, I went to him once for some help on some writing I was doing. Eric had never seen me before. He not only gave me the help I wanted, but he made me feel that I was as welcome as if I had been an old friend. Eric was that kind of a man.

In the last few hours, I have been thinking about him, and about what we could do to help keep the grass from growing over his tracks, and those of other Westerners like him—such as Ralph L. Carr, George H. Curfman, Robert Ellison, Edgar C. McMechen, William McLeod Raine, John T. Caine, III, and Elmo Scott Watson, to name the members of this Posse who have crossed the Divide. (Elmo was another who, a dozen years ago in Indiana, gave me a hand up.)

Anything we do along this line should, it seems to me, be based on the same kind of unselfish helpfulness to others that marked these men.

I suggest, therefore, that we create and establish, in the name of The Denver Westerners, some kind of scholarship or fellowship or prize to

be awarded annually to some deserving non-member of The Westerners, to assist him, or her, in pursuit of the goal for which The Westerners were organized. This goal, as I understand it, is "the preservation of the cultural heritage of the West and the Rocky Mountain region."

We pursue this goal now through our own activities, our papers, our discussions, our publications and the general stimulus we give each other to make contributions along these lines. But we don't do much outside our own organization. Our own contribution is important, but I think we could do more. It seems to me we could widen our tracks a bit.

With a little financial help applied at the right place and time—and with the encouragement that went with it—we could quite possibly enable some person, preferably some young person, now unknown to us, to make, to the cause which engrosses us, a contribution which might also be important.

The cost to us individually would be small. Five or ten dollars a year from those of us who wished to contribute—it should be on a voluntary basis—would produce a sum of money that just might make the difference between success and failure, between triumph and disaster, for, say some young college student with a flair for western history, or for some young western writer fighting for a foothold.

The Chicago Westerners are now

giving annual achievement awards to nationally known writers who have arrived. Mari Sandoz and Stanley Vestal have already been thus honored and fittingly so. But I propose that we start at the other end, that we make plans to give a helping hand to some of the promising unknown persons working the same range we work, to the end that they may perhaps become Mari Sandozes or Stanley Vestals.

This, or something like it, would, it seems to me, be in keeping with the character of the men whose names I just read. It would be in the truest western tradition, a living memorial to them.

## Book Review

SIX-GUN AND SILVER STAR.  
Glenn Shirley. U. of N. M. Press.  
\$4.50

After a while superlatives become comparatively useless to describe the true thrill and interest of this new book by Glenn Shirley—a captain in the Bureau of Identification in the Stillwater, Okla., Police Department.

Only the positive statement will do: *Six-gun and Silver Star* is absolute tops, for this reviewer, among readable, reliable, rip-roaring renditions of frontier history!

The story of Oklahoma's conception, gestation, and Gargantuan birth from dawn to sunset that April 22, 1889—despite hell, highwater, Kickapoos, Seminoles, and Indian treaties—is old hat in half a hundred histories of the state. It's *still* fresh, however, as Shirley briefs but highlights it, and exciting.

But that's not his main job here.

"I have compiled," says he, "the outlaw history of a great commonwealth from the first opening . . . to

I have not formulated a definite plan. If you like the idea, the drawing up of a plan and the inviting of funds should, it seems to me, be entrusted to a special committee.

I do have one further suggestion to make and that is that the annual award of such a scholarship or fellowship if we decide to do this could well become a part of the program at our annual meeting in December. It might add to our proceedings, and to our over-all program, a meaning and a purpose that would make us all feel even better than we now feel over being Westerners.

white settlement . . . 1889 to 1907." And that he has done.

Among the "sooners" and the settlers were the rapacious and criminal elements. As Col. D. W. MacMartin, in his *Oklahoma Epic, Thirty Years of Hell*, says: "There were nesters, horse thieves, train robbers, high-jackers, bank-raiders, yeggmen, ragamuffins and vagabonds, mule-skinner from Texas and Hi-Skinners from Bingville, spellbinders from Kansas and Highbinders from Missouri." Two decades of lawlessness followed.

I quote from Shirley's preface: two paragraphs cover the theme and text of his book:

"Fabulous names appeared in this saga, names of both good and bad men. Among those on the side of the law were John Hixon, Frank Canton, Charles Colcord, Frank Cochrane, Steve Burke, Jim Master-son, and experienced gunmen of the border like Bill Tilghman, Heck Thomas, and Chris Madsen, who

(Continued on page 12)

## ANTOINE JANIS, FRONTIERSMAN

(A summary of PM Dean Krakel's paper delivered April 25, 1956)

PM ROBERT PERKIN

The elusive buckskin-clad figure of Antoine Janis, mountain man, fur trader and one of the first settlers of Colorado, has been tracked to a grave in the Methodist cemetery at Pine Ridge S. D. It turns out he was at least three men all of the same name.

The name (pronounced Jan-eece) occurs frequently in contemporary accounts of the West's earliest days.

Sometimes it appears as "Janise" or "La Janusse," and historians heretofore have been unable accurately to identify this shadowy French-American squawman who seemed to pop up at every important gathering-place in the West over a long span of years.

Dean Krakel has gone to the Canadian National Archives in Montreal, to St. Louis sources and to persons and records at Laporte, Ft. Collins and the Sioux Indian agency at Pine Ridge to piece together the Janis family history.

The family originally came to America in French Canadian colonial days, moved into the Ohio Valley at the time of the French and Indian Wars and finally reached St. Louis at the beginning of the American fur trade era in the Rockies. The family had a great affection for the name Antoine, and for Nicholas. There are numerous bearers of both names, some of them still living at the Pine Ridge agency.

The first Antoine Janis was born

at Kaskaskia, Ohio, and moved to St. Louis late in the 18th century. This Antoine had a son named Antoine, who was a St. Louis merchant.

This second Antoine also had a son named Antoine and it was this Antoine III who was the first of the family to come West.

Antoine III in 1832 was one of a fur-trading party which named the Cache la Poudre River in Northern Colorado. The fur traders were attacked by Indians in the river canon west of present Laporte and hid the powder for their rifles in caches. Presumably the party was en route to the great annual rendezvous of the fur trade at Brown's Hole in extreme Northwestern Colorado.

Later, this Antoine was reported at many fur trade posts as far north as Yellowstone. In 1843 Antoine III joined Bent and St. Vrain in their fur trade post venture in Northern Colorado, but apparently stayed with them only a short time. He built himself a cabin in 1844 at present Laporte and stayed there briefly, negotiating a private land treaty with the Arapahoe Indians. This cabin now is the Antoine Janis museum at Ft. Collins.

This Janis thus was one of the earliest non-Spanish white settlers of Colorado. Lancaster Lupton had preceded him as a settler in 1836.

The community of Colona, later re-named Laporte, grew up around

Janis' original cabin and assumed such importance that it was advanced as a possible capital of Colorado Territory and later actually became the seat of Larimer County.

Antoine III moved from Colona to Ft. Laramie, Wyo., where he took a Sioux wife in the 1850's. He had guided an expedition to the Salt Lake Valley in 1845 and for several years was official interpreter at Ft. Laramie.

His son, Antoine IV, also to become linked with early Colorado history, was born in 1855. The family moved to Pine Ridge from Wyoming, but the Pikes Peak gold discoveries near present Denver in 1858 brought them back to Colorado.

They returned to the Janis cabin at Colona, and Antoine III became acquainted with George Jackson, one of the discoverers of the gold placers at present Idaho Springs, and joined him on a prospecting tour of the Cache la Poudre valley.

Young Antoine IV was employed at Camp Collins (later Ft. Collins) in 1864 as an interpreter for Col. William O. Collins, who left his name on the Colorado city.

A brother, Nicholas—son of a Nicholas Janis who took up land on Cherry Creek during the early settlement of Denver—participated in the 1865 cavalry expedition to the Powder River country of Wyoming against Dull Knife's band.

In 1868 both Nicholas and Antoine IV were hired by the Army for an-

other trip to the Powder River and Black Hills country to negotiate with the Indians preliminary to the famous Ft. Laramie treaty of 1868 in which the Sioux ceded their claims to Wyoming land.

Two other of Antoine III's sons were killed in a brawl involving drinking and knives at Ft. Laramie in 1870.

Antoine IV and Nicholas, both of whom also were squawmen, joined their Indian relatives in the band of the famous Chief Red Cloud and moved to the Black Hills in the 1870's.

Antoine IV became an Indian sub-agent at Pine Ridge in 1873 but fell into disgrace when Sioux braves jumped the reservation and massacred a band of Pawnees in Northern Nebraska. But he was back at the agency in 1879, and spent most of the rest of his life there.

Nicholas Janis died in 1902 and is buried beside Red Cloud in the cemetery of the Holy Rosary Mission at Pine Ridge.

Antoine IV survived until 1926, known among his Sioux relatives and friends as "Yellow Mussed-up Hair." He is buried in the Methodist Cemetery at Pine Ridge.

Both Nicholas and Antoine left a number of quarter-breed children—many of them named Nicholas and Antoine—and the Janis name still is a familiar one at the Pine Ridge Agency.



## A NOTE ON "RUSH" MILLS

PM FRANCIS B. RIZZARI

The History of the West is known primarily for its so-called big events—The expeditions of Coronado, Long, Pike and Fremont; the discovery of gold in California, Colorado and the Black Hills; and the founding of the big cattle ranches of Wyoming. But, in the final analysis, the main course of history was decided by the individual—men and women whose names are unrecorded in our annals, but people with determination to wrest out an Empire, no matter how great the odds.

Such a man was Anthony "Rush" Mills. He was born in Illinois, December 20, 1850. Early in his life, his parents moved to Iowa where he lived until 1881, when he moved to Colorado. After a few years of doing various jobs, he moved to Wyoming, where he settled on what is now known as the Gary Ranch. Here he engaged in hunting and trapping in order to provide money for a living as well as to build up his ranch. He was an expert rifle shot and was acquainted with woodlore and animal habits, and so was a better than average trapper.

In 1890, while walking along a trail in what is now known as Grand Canyon, located in the Wyoming portion of the Black Hills, he rounded a turn and found himself face to face with a large Silvertip bear. The

bear reared up on his haunches and being so near the bear, Rush had no time to take proper aim, but merely threw up his rifle and fired. The bullet did not strike a vital spot and the now wounded and enraged bear knocked the rifle from his grasp, and rushing fiercely at him, seized him by the calf of his right leg with its jaws, and started to drag Rush toward a small cave. Rush, realizing that that would surely be his end, took hold of small trees along the trail. The result was that his leg was terribly mangled, and the scars remained to his dying day.

The bear, not succeeding in dragging his victim into the cave suddenly turned and attacked him around the head. Rush protected his face from the sharp teeth by covering it with his arms and hands. He always carried a hunting knife, and realizing that that weapon was his last hope of survival, he attempted to pull it from his belt. However during the struggle, the knife had slipped around the belt until it was directly underneath him.

In order to retrieve it, it was necessary for him to use both hands, thus leaving his face exposed to the ravenous jaws of the bear. As he reached for his knife, the bear seized nearly his whole face in its mouth. The excruciating pain seemed to give Rush



*"Rush" Mills*

—Minnie Cox Collection

superhuman strength, and he pulled the knife from under his body and slashed at the great hairy beast above him.

After a few moments, the bear received a mortal wound as Rush severed its jugular veins. The bear then ceased its onslaught and started down the trail, where it was later found dead about a quarter of a mile from the spot where the fight occurred.

Mills set about to tend his wounds, and as he wiped the blood from his face, learned that the animal had completely bitten off his nose. He tried to walk, but his leg was too badly injured, so he crawled on all fours. Retrieving his rifle, he fired it repeatedly hoping to attract someone who could help him. Between shots, he at-

tempted to staunch the flow of blood by rubbing snow on his wounds. When no help arrived, he painfully crawled all the way back to his cabin. Here his brother hitched up a team and drove to Sundance, Wyoming, where Rush was placed under the care of Dr. Baker. Later, he was to go to Omaha where he had an artificial nose made to cover the gaping hole left by the bear.

He recovered from his wounds, and soon was busily engaged in cutting timber. About 1913, he sustained an injury to his hip, which made it necessary for him to use crutches. He then took up the making of violins, both as a pastime and to make a living.

He died in Sundance, January 11, 1928, at the age of 79 years.

## STYLES OF PUBLICATIONS OF WESTERNERS POSSES

PM ERL H. ELLIS

The non-book publications of the various groups of The Westerners have a fairly standard pattern for most of the groups, but the variations are quite worthy of comment.

Chicago, starting the whole idea of The Westerners, has always had a monthly publication that features one main article, usually the paper presented at the recent meeting, with a very large collection of notes about publications dealing with Western History. This publication, The Westerners Brand Book, has one advantage over all that have followed in its footsteps; it has a permanent editor in the person of Don Russell, and he writes most of the book reviews and has become, may we say, an expert at the procedure of finding and reporting the historical writing in newspapers, magazines, and books.

The Chicago group have just issued No. 1, of their Twelfth Volume. Its main article is the review by James S. Hutchins of the Arms and Equipment of the Cavalry of the United States during the period 1865-1890, when warfare with the Indians was most active. The issue notes briefly the monthly magazines of the Denver and English groups, discovers a report of a paper read to the Tucson group in a newspaper, finds four magazine articles worthy of comment, and then runs reviews of six books under the heading of "Western Americana." Two deaths are noted with brief biographies. Such is the make-up of the original of our publications.

Denver's magazine, the ROUND-UP, follows a fairly similar pattern, using a different format, featuring the paper from the monthly meeting, but usually with fewer book reviews and

notes about other magazines or newspapers.

When the English Posse was formed at Liverpool, it was decided to follow rather closely this same pattern set by Chicago and Denver. Los Angeles did not commit itself to a monthly magazine, but has contented itself with occasional "Publications," numbered in order, that have great variation in content and form. This group is free to publish whatever appeals to it as worth while, without restriction as to form or content.

The next variation from the original pattern came when the Wyoming and New York groups adopting a quarterly instead of a monthly publication. This means, of course, a much more pretentious individual Brand Book. Let us look at the first number of the Third Volume from the New York Posse, as an example of the contents of these quarterlies. The first article is by John E. Parsons on "Sioux Resistance on the Yellowstone, 1872." Then comes an article about "Thomas Winthrop Streeter—Bibliographer, Collector," reported by A. H. Greenly. Next is the story of "The Great Mason Mystery, of Who Brought the 'Bogie' Back?" by Morris W. Abbott; this bogie being an old locomotive that travelled some when it should not have. Other short articles include one about Bill Nye at Laramie, by Fred C. Kelly, a story about Disarming Indians, a memo from Art Woodward adding something to the defense of Captain King, and a final chapter of a story about the California Trinity River Mines, by Alexandre André, the first part of this history having appeared earlier. There are a lot of comments

about this and that, and reviews of fourteen books. A regular feature of the New York Brand Book is the introduction of new members, with a bit about who they are. You will see that, in general, the content of the New York Brand Book is about the same but with perhaps a greater number of articles appearing during a year than in the Chicago and Denver magazines, where one featured paper has the right-of-way.

But now we come to what may prove to be a most interesting series of innovations by the Potomac Corral of The Westerners. No. 1 of Vol. 1 of "Corral Dust" has been issued at Washington, D. C. in March of 1956. The lead article is by J. C. Dykes and is a long survey of "Modern Western Americana," which is a fine listing and grouping of books on that subject. We are promised that one unique feature of Corral Dust will be some bit from the National Archives. The first of the studies from this special reservoir of history copies a letter of the year 1891 dealing with Indian affairs which, admittedly, is "more picturesque than historically valuable." But the opportunities to add to historical knowledge through searches in the National Archives is unlimited, and this should prove of great interest. Then one member is undertaking to turn up a "tall tale" for each issue. The Roundup Foreman tells us of the past of this group, of meetings that have been held, and of the fruition of plans to join the groups of Westerners who are publishing.

This group from the Potomac will not only publish its magazine but plans a series of books, one a year. These will be planned to always have "Great Western" in the title; so we may see some day a volume from this Washington group called "Great Western Ranches" or "Great Western Range Wars" or "Great Western In-

dian Fights," etc. This of course is far different from the annual Brand Book of the Denver group, which is without subject plan, being just a collection of about 15 historical articles without any cohesion or common tie. In Corral Dust will also be the usual book reviews.

One obtains from a reading of this first magazine from the Potomac a feeling that this posse has thought a lot about its desires for activities, has definite schemes, and intends to be a bit different from the other posses, even if anything that can be called a common characteristic of the other groups does exist. It will be most interesting to watch what comes of the serious and extensive plans so made, and of course all other Westerners wish this group the best of luck.

#### BOOK REVIEW—

(Continued from page 6)

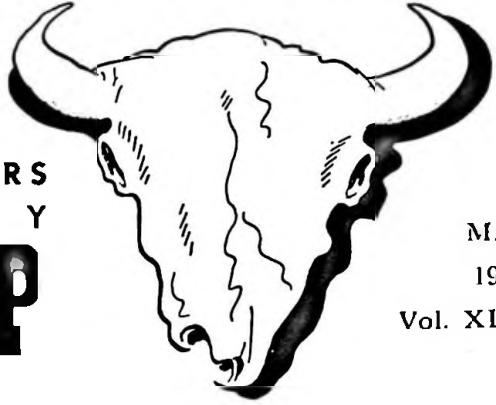
became known as the 'Three Guardsmen'. Opposing the forward march of public and individual safety were the Dalton gang, the Doolin gang, the Caseys, the Christians, Jennings, and the Wyatt and Black outlaws, with such picturesque names as Black-Faced Charley, Arkansas Tom, Rose of Cimarron, Red Buck, Dynamite Dick, Tulsa Jack, Bitter Creek, Little Bill, Little Dick, Cattle Annie, and Little Breeches.

"The battle against lawlessness in this raw country was really not a battle at all, but a long-drawn-out war, with criminals violently dropping out of the picture, and new outlaws continually taking their places, until the balance of power swung finally in favor of the lawmen."

Brother, this is a book! Read it.

D.B.

*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
M O N T H L Y  
**ROUNDUP**



MAY  
1956  
Vol. XII, No. 5



Colorado Midland Train in Manitou Park

*W. H. Jackson photo  
State Historical Society of 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.

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Vol. XII

May, 1956

No. 5

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Printing Office  
839 Pearl St., Boulder.

The Westerners  
730 Equitable Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.

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*Denver Posse Founded January 26, 1945*  
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*Book Review Chairman, Ed Hilliard*

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*Coming Events*

NOTICE

THERE WILL BE NO REGULAR MEETINGS OF THE POSSE DURING JULY AND AUGUST AT THE PRESS CLUB

THE AUGUST MEETING WILL BE THE RENDEZVOUS AT "COLOROW'S CAVE" ON THE BAX RANCH NEAR MORRISON, ON AUGUST 11, 1956. ALL CORRESPONDING MEMBERS ARE INVITED TO THIS MEETING.

RESERVATIONS MUST BE MADE BY AUGUST 6TH. THE DINNER WILL BE \$2.50 PER PERSON. SEND RESERVATIONS TO: MAURICE FRINK, STATE MUSEUM BLDG., 14TH & SHERMAN ST., DENVER, COLORADO. MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO "THE WESTERNERS."

If you do not know how to get to the Bax Ranch ask for directions when you send in your reservation.

## Riding the Range

The Westerners, New York Posse, announce that their award for 1955 is to be given to THE FRONTIER YEARS by Mark H. Brown and W. R. Felton. THE FRONTIER YEARS is an account of the early days of the Montana frontier including 110 rare photographs by L. A. Huffman—the Brady of the West. In giving the award, the New York Westerners state: "THE FRONTIER YEARS reflects and perpetuates the Old West and, as such, we give Mr. Felton our bronze buffalo figure, symbol of excellence."

CM Edwin Corle of Santa Barbara, Calif., died on June 11, 1956. The distinguished western historian and novelist was only 50 years of age. He was born at Wildwood, N. J., was educated at the University of California and Yale. His books included: *Mojave, Fig Tree John, People on the Earth, Burro Alley, Solitaire, Desert Country, Coarse Gold, Listen Bright Angel, Three Ways to Mecca, John Studebaker, The Royal Highway, In Winter Light, Billy the Kid and The Gila* (Rivers of America Series). At the time of his death he was nearing the completion of a long historical novel about Santa Barbara.

Edward Eberstadt & Sons, New York, Catalog No. 139 (1956, \$5) offers for sale "A Distinguished Collection of Western Paintings." It contains 129 small illustrations of the paintings with title, artist's name, medium, size, date, and price. An introduction by Harold McCracken (*Frederic Remington—Artist of the Old West and Portrait of the Old*

*West*) points out that economic times have produced "a surprisingly rapid increase in collectors of comparatively modest means" vs. the former "small clique of ultra-wealthy art acquirers." Popular interest in Western painting is increasing, as is the case with Western Americana generally.

The two top treasures are George Catlin's *Album Unique* (1852) comprising 19 large folio paintings (\$17,500) and Alfred Jacob Miller's *The Pipe of Peace*, portraying Sir Wm. Drummond Stewart, Clement, Miller himself, and panorama of rendezvous, (\$15,000). Among the others are Bierstadt, Eastman, Leigh, Moran, Ranney (*The Trappers Last Shot*), Remington, Russell, Tait, plus many more. All, of course, are originals. The majority of the prices are in the \$300-\$1500 range.

Even if acquisition is not contemplated, this catalog, like the Catalogue of the Denver Art Museum's 1955 "Building of the West" exhibition, should be most interesting to any Westerner.

EH & JRH

CM Clarence Jackson was the guest of honor and speaker June 12 at a meeting in Omaha concerning Sod House Lore. The meeting was conducted by Dr. Christlieb, President of the Greater Omaha Historical Society.

Book Review Chairman Ed Hilliard asks that any Posse or Corresponding Members interested in reviewing books contact him at 3146 South Vine Street, Englewood, Colorado. Please advise your field of interest.

The speaker for the August Rendezvous is popularly known to many by his pen name of Stanley Vestal. As Dr. Walter S. Campbell of the University of Oklahoma he has taught Professional Writing for many years. He has written over 20 books on various aspects of the West and several on writing. In April of 1956 the Chicago Posse awarded Dr. Campbell their National Achievement Award "in recognition of his untiring efforts in the preservation of the cultural heritage of the American West. . . ."

This will be a splendid opportunity to hear an outstanding author speak on the West in an authentic Western background, Colorow's Cave on the Bax Ranch near Morrison, Colo.

The Wyoming Pioneer Association is conducting Oregon Trail Trek No. 7 on July 4, 5 and 6. Deputy Sheriff Francis Rizzari is a member of the official party as one of the representatives of the U. S. Geological Survey. This is one of a series of study trips along the Oregon Trail across Wyoming. Previous Treks have covered the Trail east of Pacific Springs. Trek No. 7 will travel and camp along the Trail from Pacific Springs west through Green River, Emigrant Spring to Cokeville and the Western border of Wyoming. Several historical papers will be delivered during the trek. The trip is directed by Clark Bishop and Albert Sims.

### *Sixth Annual Ranch Tour, Wyoming Posse*

This year the Wyoming Posse and the Albany County Historical Society, University of Wyoming, Laramie Kiwanis Club are covering the Sand Creek and Upper Big Laramie areas on their Old Time Ranch Tour. It will take place on Sunday, July 22 at 9:00 A.M. The starting place for the Tour is the Laramie Court House Square. Many interesting pioneer ranches will be visited as well as the Jelm Mining District. Several ranches in northern Colorado are on the route.

The Wyoming Posse has extended a special invitation to The Denver Posse, Corresponding Members and friends for this unusual tour. Bring your family, friends, lunch, some water or other liquid and be at the COURT HOUSE SQUARE IN LARAMIE at 9:00 A.M. Sunday, July 22, 1956. Return to the starting point in Laramie is scheduled for 5:16 P.M.





**WESTERNERS!**  
**GRAND**  
**POSSE**  
**RENDEZVOUS**  
**August 11 1956**

STANLEY VESTAL

"Out of the Possible Sack"



COLOROW'S CAVE  
BAX RANCM  
Morrison, Colorado

**DENVER POSSE of THE WESTERNERS**

# HOW HAGERMAN SOLD THE COLORADO MIDLAND IN 1890

PM JOHN J. LIPSEY

Copyright 1956 by John J. Lipsey

Early in February of 1888, the Colorado Midland Railway ran its first regular passenger train from Colorado Springs into Aspen, Colo. It was a proud train, made up of Pullman-made day-coaches, sleepers, drawing-room cars, diner, baggage, mail and express cars, all new. It was pulled by two or more big new locomotives. The long, shiny train roared up Ute Pass, across Hayden Divide, through Eleven Mile Canon, across South Park, over Trout Creek Pass and down to the Arkansas River, up the Arkansas to Leadville, up the steep slope of the Continental Divide almost to the top of Hagerman (or Saguache) Pass, through Hagerman Tunnel to Colorado's Western Slope, down along the sinuous valley of the Frying Pan River to its junction with the Roaring Fork, and turned to the left up the Roaring Fork to Aspen. The scheduled time was 12 hours, and the mileage from Colorado Springs 216.2. At Glenwood Junction (Basalt) the train could have kept on to Glenwood Springs where the mileage was 221.3.

This was the railroad that brave, perhaps foolhardy, men had built to reach the silver mines of Leadville and Aspen and the coal fields near Glenwood Springs. This was the first

standard-gauge railroad to cross the Continental Divide in Colorado. And this was the railroad that in the years following the First World War would furnish the greatest abandonment in U. S. railroad history.

James John Hagerman was the man most responsible for the Colorado Midland's completion. He had become president when the Colorado Midland Railway was only a corporate name. He had furnished a large part of the money to begin construction and he had raised most of the balance that was needed to complete the road. But if Hagerman was on this first through train, copies of his private letters (furnished to me by his son, Percy) do not show it. It is probable that he was not on it. For the edge had been taken off Hagerman's jubilation by the narrow-gauge Denver and Rio Grande, which had arrived at Aspen early in November of 1887.

He had managed, by the hardest persuasion, to get one last million from eastern associates to pay for final construction costs, but he was as mad as hell because the *News* of Denver had printed two damaging articles about his shiny new railroad.

Hagerman, in a letter of Jan. 23, 1888, to J. R. Busk, one of his New

York supporters and a representative of British investors, denounced these articles as "a malicious attack, designed to make our creditors uneasy and do the company all the harm possible, even to put it in the hands of a receiver if that can be done." This attack, apparently, had not come from the Midland's most enthusiastic and constant enemy, the D. & R. G., though that rival might benefit by it. According to the editors of the *News*, the information had come from some of Hagerman's own associates. Hagerman named these as H. D. Fisher and Orlando Metcalf, members of the Midland's board of directors.

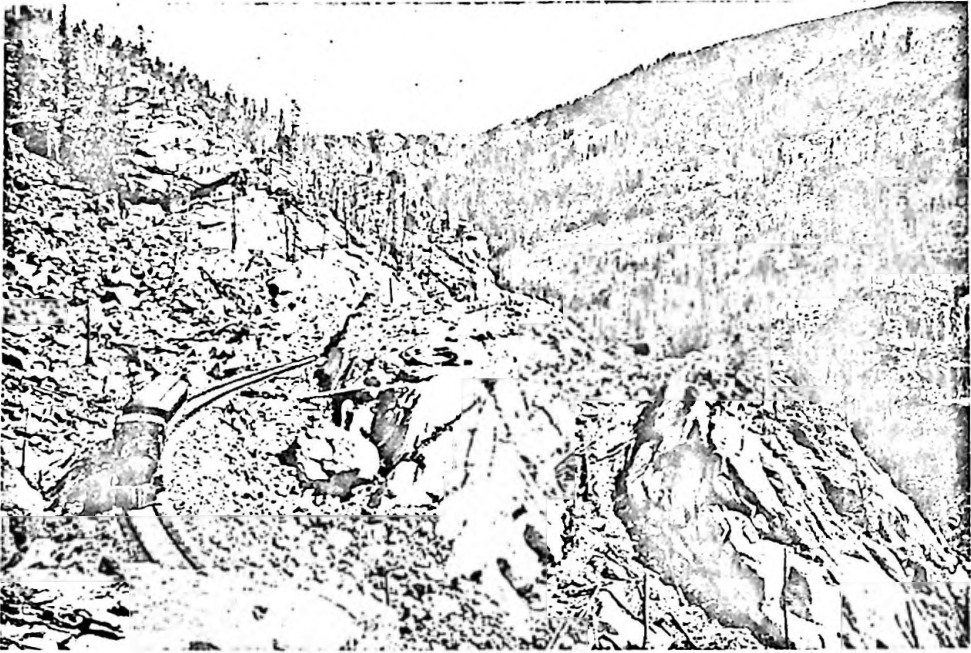
The charges were that Hagerman had discharged Chief Engineer Thomas H. Wigglesworth, and had relieved Fisher (who had had the title of general manager) and had hired D. B. Robinson as chief engineer and general manager; that these changes had resulted in inefficiency and in waste of enormous sums of money in constructing the road. The intimation was that because of these things the Midland was insolvent at the time when through operations were about to begin. Hagerman denounced Fisher and Metcalf as traitors and asked that Busk, from New York, deny the allegations and show that the costs, so much higher than estimates, were the fault of Wigglesworth's inefficiency.

Hagerman's and Busk's efforts must have been successful, for the road and its management survived this threat of receivership. And, at a meeting about four months later, the directors again offered Hagerman the presidency, but he declined it because he was again a very sick man. However, he remained on the board and continued to be a power in the Midland's management. He also continued to be one of the company's large stockholders and bondholders.

During the early months of the

Colorado Midland's costly operation, Hagerman's plan for the extension of the road to Salt Lake City and Ogden was laid on the shelf. A little later it was taken down and dusted off. The proposed extension, a standard-gauge threat to the narrow-gauge D. & R. G., alarmed that railway's owners and creditors. They began to lay a third rail from Pueblo to Leadville, so that both three-foot and four-foot-eight-and-one-half-inch trains could use this track, and they made plans for standard-gauging their road from Leadville to Glenwood, and to lay a standard-gauge track to Grand Junction, Colo., where it would connect with the Rio Grande Western (Gen. William J. Palmer's independent and prosperous line from Grand Junction to Ogden, Utah), a road then in process of being standard-gauged. The Midland had already made a survey from New Castle (by that time the Midland's end-of-track about 13 miles west of Glenwood) to Ogden, by a route north of the D. & R. G. and the R. G. W.

Naturally the R. G. W. did not feel happy about this possibility of loss of traffic. The R. G. W. may have used its good offices in bringing together the Midland and the D. & R. G. At any rate, the Midland and D. & R. G. made an agreement, late in 1889, to build jointly a 63-mile standard-gauge road from Grand Junction eastward to Rifle. Between Rifle and New Castle, about 13 miles, both roads would use D. & R. G. tracks. (Hagerman's description of this arrangement was that the Midland would "lease an undivided moiety" in the Rio Grande's New Castle-to-Rifle track.) The jointly built line would be called the Rio Grand Junction Railroad. Thus the Midland would be saved the enormous expense of building a new and independent line, the D. & R. G. would get a new standard-gauge



Colorado Midland Train at Hellgate.

*W. H. Jackson photo  
State Historical Society of Colorado*

connection at half-price, and the Rio Grande Western would get the traffic from both roads.

This was all very nice. Trouble was that the D. & R. G. had not finished its standard-gauge track from Glenwood to Rifle and did not want the Midland to carry standard-gauge through traffic until the Rio Grande was also ready to do so. Standard-gauging was not complete all the way from Pueblo to Glenwood on Rio Grande tracks, either.

According to a Hagerman letter of Sept. 15, 1889, written to S. S. Sands, chairman of the Midland board (in New York): "Moffat, Smith and Wolcott have done all in their power to obstruct and delay" construction of "the Link Line." "About two weeks ago Moffat told W. S. Jackson, who

repeated it to me confidentially, that he did not propose the Link should be built 'until Coppell gives us the money to broad-gauge'. It will be built anyhow, no matter whether the Rio Grande takes an interest in it or not, and . . . if they do not take an interest in it, they will be so much worse off . . ."

President David Moffat was having trouble with *his* board, that of the D. & R. G. They hated to put up the money to pay for standard-gauging.

To A. C. Brown of Marinette, Wis., one of Hagerman's friends who had invested in both the Midland and in Aspen mining property, Hagerman wrote on Oct. 30, 1889: "The Midland is earning from \$51,000 to \$55,000 a month, net." He then described the Rio Grande Junction arrange-

ment and said: "So, by April 1, the Midland will be a part of a trans-continental line." Here Hagerman underestimated the D. & R. G.'s power to delay.

You'd think that Hagerman would have had enough of going into cahoots with the Rio Grande—but no! In this same letter of Oct. 30, 1889, he wrote: "We are going to build jointly with the D. & R. G. from the east end of Eleven Mile Canon, down the Platte to Denver, 69 miles. This work will soon be commenced, all the money being provided. The Rio Grande is to use the Midland track from Eleven Mile Canon to Wild Horse (2.4 miles north of Buena Vista) where we get down to their track in the Arkansas Valley. This "Denver Short Line" will make it unnecessary (for the Midland) to use the A. T. & S. F. track between Colorado Springs and Denver, fully 45 percent of which is net to them and will be net to us over the Short Line. Our share of the interest on the Short Line bonds will be about \$65,000."

The Denver Short Line was never constructed, perhaps because of engineering difficulties in rugged Platte Canon. Or it may be that Colorado Springs members of the Midland group did not like the idea of bypassing Colorado Springs.

From letters in Hagerman's private letter file, it is evident that he was delighted to have finished the Midland's building and to have put it into somewhat profitable operation. It is also clear that he was unhappy that its earnings were not large enough to give to investors the big profits he had foretold. Gradually he came to believe that the greatest profit for himself and his associates would come from the sale of the road to a big railroad system which would operate the Midland as a part of a through line, not just a "bridge" rail-

road. For such a sale there were plenty of prospects: Union Pacific, Burlington, Missouri Pacific, Rock Island, and Santa Fe. News of Hagerman's notion may have been leaked to the D. & R. G. Hagerman was violently opposed to selling his road to his arch enemy, but he had no objection to using the D. & R. G.'s hope to pluck the Midland thorn from its side as a lever in bargaining with the through roads.

Hagerman knew that this was a magnificent time to sell a Colorado railroad. Though the price of silver was not as high as it had been, it was still satisfactory; and Leadville and Aspen were producing millions in the white metal. Coal and coke for smelters were in big demand, and the Colorado Midland was hauling trainloads of these fuels, profitably. The Rio Grande Junction was about to begin operation, opening almost limitless possibilities of profit in hauling to Utah smelters coal, coke and silver ores, and in bringing to Colorado mining areas the products of Mormon farms. The Midland's ties, bridges and buildings were new, and so were its coaches, box cars, gondolas, engines and snow plows. Little was needed for repairs and replacements.

Times were good in Colorado. The railroads were bullish on the state, and so were investors in New York, Boston, London and Edinburgh. The horrible example of the D. & R. G.'s failure was being forgotten.

Of course Hagerman could not know that Baring Brothers (the great British banking house) would fail; that the British Indian government would cease to buy silver; that the U. S. government's silver purchases would not continue; and that a worldwide panic would ensue. But Hagerman knew enough to sell in a rising market.

Late in July of 1890, Hagerman

went to Washington to get relief from an Attorney-General's ruling which (he said) would have ruined his Pecos Valley (New Mexico) irrigation enterprise if he had not been able to get legislative help. He got what he wanted, but it took him until about the middle of August. On the way back to his Colorado Springs home, he stopped in Chicago on August 18th to talk to the president of the A. T. & S. F., Allen Manvel. Manvel was an old friend, but in a way he was also an opponent of Hagerman. There had been trouble about the Midland's use of Santa Fe tracks between Colorado Springs and Denver. The Midland had denounced the contract and had arranged for use of Rio Grande tracks. Hagerman, who cordially hated the Rio Grande, wanted to talk to Manvel about a better contract with the Santa Fe.

Manvel knew the D. & R. G. was hoping to buy off its rival in the rich Colorado mountain areas. He probably knew what seems to have become common knowledge, that George Coppel of the D. & R. G. was leaving for London to talk with his principals about providing money for the purchase of the Midland. Hagerman was pleased when Manvel began questioning him about the feasibility of the Santa Fe's buying of the Midland. Pretty soon Manvel blurted out: "Why don't you sell your old road and be done with it?" After this, Hagerman wrote, they talked freely.

Manvel seemed to be afraid of a Rock Island, D. & R. G. and Central Pacific combination, which would hurt the Santa Fe in its Colorado and transcontinental business. He said it would pay the Santa Fe to own the Midland.

He asked about the Midland's bonded debt, earnings, and prospects, and he wanted a copy of its latest annual statement. He asked Hagerman

if he would go with him to New York at any time Manvel might telegraph. Hagerman said he would. Then Hagerman told Manvel that Hagerman and President T. M. Davis would be more inclined to sell to the Santa Fe than J. R. Busk would be. Busk, a good friend of Hagerman, was a director of the Midland and (remarkably) a director of the rival D. & R. G. This strange arrangement may have been useful in negotiations between the two inimical roads. Busk was also representative of his brother-in-law, William Lidderdale. Lidderdale was governor of that financial fountainhead, the Bank of England, and he had furnished a lot of risk-money for the Midland's building.

Just four days later, on Aug. 22, 1890, Hagerman sent Manvel the following papers concerning the Colorado Midland Railway: a General Statement of Earnings and Expenses; a General Balance Sheet; a Comparative Statement of Earnings and Expenses for Two Years; a Statement of Capital Stock and Funded Debt; a Statement of Commodities Carried; and a Statement of Freight Earnings by Commodities. These showed that the Midland for the year ending June 30, 1890, had paid \$556,437.69 in interest and taxes, and had had net earnings of \$558,943.21.

Hagerman's letter and information must have moved Manvel deeply, for on Aug. 27 he telegraphed Hagerman to meet him in Chicago on the following Sunday. Hagerman replied that he would.

In the meantime, President Theodore M. Davis of the Midland had wired Hagerman his blessing, and urged him to "push the negotiations vigorously." And he wrote Hagerman that even if Manvel did not buy their road, the negotiations would be "the strongest kind of pusher to the D. & R. G." He said: "You are far

and away the best man to carry on negotiations with Manvel, and I hope you will take every precaution to promote it. The truth is that I'd rather sell to Manvel, as his road can guarantee our bonds." (Some clause in the Rio Grande's charter prevented it from legally guaranteeing bonds of another company.) Davis indicated that the price would be: A guarantee of the Midland's bonds, including those of the recently-begun Busk-Ivanhoe Tunnel, and \$50 net per share for Midland stock.

Davis said the Burlington would make an offer within 60 days, and that already the Rio Grande had offered \$40 cash for whatever Midland stock Davis controlled. Davis said he was not anxious to sell even at 50, but that such a sale would please his and Hagerman's friends who had followed them into the enterprise. Davis suggested that Hagerman "start a little leak in your bucket of news," to encourage bidders to get excited and go higher.

The D. & R. G. was getting excited. On August 27th, Busk telegraphed Hagerman that the D. & R. G. had raised their bids to \$45, "the tunnel bonds to be guaranteed or withdrawn." He strongly recommended accepting this offer. Hagerman stalled off Busk by saying that he was about to talk to the Santa Fe people, and that to accept the D. & R. G. offer before he had heard from the Santa Fe might make the Midland representatives subject to a charge of undue haste. Hagerman telegraphed to President Davis the news of the Rio Grande offer, and urged Davis to be in New York in case the Santa Fe talks should be transferred to New York.

Hagerman got to Chicago on the morning of Sunday, Aug. 31st, and met Manvel, who told him he had made an appointment for Hagerman

to meet certain Santa Fe officials in New York on Thursday, September 2nd, and that he (Manvel) would be there on the 3d.

In New York City Hagerman met Davis and together they went to the office of Kidder, Peabody & Company. (Busk, being a director of the D. & R. G., did not participate in the negotiations.) There they found the following Santa Fe officials: George C. Magoun, Chairman of the Board; John J. McCook, Director and General Counsel; and J. W. Reinhart, First Vice-President and General Auditor. The talk that day was short and of a general character. They were waiting for Manvel to arrive.

Next day, Wednesday, Sept. 3d, Davis and Hagerman found Manvel and the other gentlemen (named above) at the Kidder, Peabody office. "After considerable talk about the bonded debt and other important matters," Hagerman wrote, "the question of price was first mentioned. We gave them a price of \$50 per share cash. This seemed to surprise them, and doubtless did. They offered Santa Fe stock for ours, share for share, but did not act as if they expected us to accept. The day ended in this offer [from the Santa Fe representatives]: Call Midland stock \$47.50 per share, payable \$10 per share cash, and the balance in Santa Fe stock at \$4<sup>7</sup>/<sub>8</sub> per share. This we rejected, and we separated with an appointment for the next morning at eleven o'clock."

Thursday, Sept. 4th: "On assembling, all were present except Mr. Magoun. McCook practically offered us \$47.50 cash, in installments, subject to Mr. Magoun's approval. We adjourned at noon, agreeing to assemble at 2 p.m., which we did. Mr. Magoun was present and flatly refused to carry out Mr. McCook's suggestion. He said that Santa Fe had not the money and that there could be no induce-

ment for Kidder, Peabody to raise it. We suggested Santa Fe stock, provided K., P. & Co. would take it off our hands at 43 within a given time. Mr. Magoun ended the day by offering \$47.50, payable \$10 per share cash, balance in Santa Fe stock at 43, and full guarantee of junior bonds [as well as senior]. This was the first time he had offered more than a five-year guarantee. I believed this was the best we could get, as he seemed firm in his position and Manvel did not seem disposed to urge him further. Mr. Davis flatly rejected the offer, and told him we were offered \$45 cash by the D. & R. G. We separated in complete disagreement and with no arrangement for a further meeting. Manvel was to leave next morning at eight, and Magoun was to leave his office at 3 p.m., Friday and sail for England early Saturday morning. We (Mr. Davis and myself) returned to Mr. Busk's office and reported the whole thing as off. I felt a mistake had been made, for with the full guarantee to be stamped on each bond, and the active market there always is for Santa Fe stock, and remembering how our local interests would fare compared with a sale to D. & R. G., I considered it the best offer we had had. Besides this, I feared that the D. & R. G. would hear of the failure of our negotiations and that we would drop between two stools. Messrs. Busk and Davis wished to cable an acceptance of the D. & R. G. offer to London. I asked them to wait, telling them I thought Manvel would call at my hotel that evening, as he had spent every evening in my room since coming to New York, and that we might have another chance. They consented.

Manvel called as I expected, and regretted that negotiations had failed. He said his people could not believe that the D. & R. G. had offered \$45.

I showed him Busk's telegram of August 26th and my reply, which settled that question. . . . The result of that evening was that he agreed to remain until 11:30 a.m., Friday . . . and give the thing another trial. I told him that he must come up in his cash to \$20 per share if possible. He said . . . Magoun would not do it. I put myself on his side of the trade, making him see that my interests were with the Santa Fe instead of D. & R. G. I told him that rather than let the road go to D. & R. G., I would if necessary, *to help them*, take all Santa Fe stock for 15,000 shares, letting the \$20 per share cash go to the other 65,000 shares. But that this should be done only as a last resort. He said he would try, and that I must be at Kidder, Peabody & Company's office at 10:30 a.m., next day."

On Friday, Sept. 5th, Hagerman "met Davis and Busk at Midland office early and told them every word which had passed between Manvel and myself the evening before. I tried to get them to agree to \$20 cash, hoping I could get Magoun up to it. They refused, but did say they would trade for \$25 cash and balance in Santa Fe stock at 43. Just as I was about to leave, Mr. Busk said he thought I had better go alone, and I did so. Met all the gentlemen I had previously seen, and Mr. Magoun did most of the talking, and it ended by his saying that in deference to the wishes of Messrs. Manvel and McCook he would make the following offer, which was absolutely the last word he had to say . . . and if no agreement was come to then, the whole negotiation would fail.

"This was the offer: Call Midland stock 50, payable as follows: Ten dollars a share cash. Ten dollars [more] per share cash payable on or before one year, with interest at five per cent. Thirty dollars in Santa Fe stock at 45.



Full guarantee of principal and interest of four per cent bonds, not exceeding six millions.

"I *knew* this was absolutely the last word and rushed over to Messrs. Busk and Davis with it. They refused and said it would be \$25 cash or nothing!! I did my best to get them to accept. . . . Davis then proposed that I should take all stock for 15,000 shares, leaving all cash to go to 65,000 [shares], which would make it nearly \$25 a share. [Actually about \$24.61. J. J. L.] . . . . Davis said Otis, Wheeler and myself had large interests in Colorado and could afford to make a sacrifice. I replied that whilst that might be true, those interests had been used to the utmost to give the Midland business and [used] to make possible such a trade as we were considering. Mr. Busk said he feared he could not get his people to agree to \$20 cash and balance stock as against the Rio Grande offer [of \$45 cash].

"The minutes were going fast: it was the most inopportune time to haggle I ever knew, and I offered to take \$10 per share cash and \$40 in Santa Fe stock on 15,000 shares, leaving \$150,000 which would otherwise come to it to be divided among 65,000 shares. Davis refused, but Busk agreed to it. The remaining details were quickly settled and in two hours the agreement was signed." (Davis owned only 2401 shares. Busk represented a large number of British-owned shares.) Hagerman also signed a supplementary agreement covering the difference in payment for the 15,000 shares he represented.

Quotations above, concerning the negotiations, are from a letter Hagerman wrote to William Lidderdale on Sept. 24, 1890. Concerning the necessity for the deal, and its unfairness, Hagerman wrote in the same letter: "I not only had to pull the others in, but to pay them for get-

ting under cover. I felt at the time that after doing all I had for years to sustain the Midland, and without one dollar of compensation from the very first, and not even for travelling expenses for the numerous journeys I have made to New York and elsewhere on Midland business since I ceased to be president, and after starting and carrying through the trade with the Santa Fe, to be called on at last to take any risks not shared in by others was a great wrong. . . . I do not write this because I expect it to be undone, but because I do not wish to be considered such a dolt as to have done it willingly. But for my anxiety to get those whom I induced to invest in the Midland out with a profit, I think I should not have submitted.

". . . In speaking as I did for 15,000 shares, I included besides my own [5435 shares], that of Messrs. J. B. Wheeler [3601 shares], C. A. Otis [3456 shares], D. P. Eells [480 shares], and others here. I had no authority for it, but took the risk. They all approve, but feel as I do about the ethics of the transaction." Since Santa Fe stock was not selling at 45 then, but at 41, it can be calculated that owners of these 15,000 shares received seven or eight per cent less per share than did the owners of the 65,000 shares. This was the sacrifice Hagerman and his associates made to keep the Midland out of the hands of the D. & R. G.

What was the reason they were willing to make this sacrifice? It was not only that Hagerman wanted his investing friends to come out with a good profit. (And those who sold their Santa Fe stock before that railroad's receivership of Dec. 23, 1893 did.) It was not only that they hated with an intense hate those who composed the management of the D. & R. G. It was because Hagerman, Wheeler, Otis, Eells and others had good

reason to fear that once the Midland was in D. & R. G. hands, their other interests in Colorado would suffer severely. These business partners owned silver mines in the Aspen district, coal mines in the New Castle area and other properties served by the Midland. They feared the D. & R. G. would raise rates on shipments from and to these mining districts and would ruin them. The Santa Fe, a competitor of the Rio Grande, would be less likely to do these things.

For those who followed Hagerman into his Midland investment and who sold their stock and bonds at the time the Santa Fe bought, the profit should have been exceedingly satisfactory. In those days of Colorado railroad building it was customary to sell the bonds at a discount and to give purchasers bonuses of common stock or to allow them to subscribe at a nominal price. Those who held on until the time of sale (and copies of records show that these were numerous) got cash, Santa Fe stock, and a guarantee in full of bonds. How many of them cashed in their Midland bonds and stock, I have no means of knowing.

Hagerman closed his long letter of Sept. 24th to William Lidderdale: "I have taken a good many kicks for getting people into the Midland, and the credit for getting them out should rest where it belongs." Though Lidderdale was not among the kickers he and his clients were among the many who profited by the sacrifice, but he did not offer to make up Hagerman's inequality of profit. He did, however, write Hagerman a letter of thanks and praise.

In writing to one of his relatives ("Dear Florence") on Sept. 21, 1890, Hagerman was less restrained: "This sale is most intensely gratifying to me for many reasons: It returns to me with a profit all the money I had in

the Midland. It enables me to square myself with a good many friends whom I induced to invest. It confirms my judgment of the intrinsic value and strategic importance of the Midland."

Although Hagerman had sold the railroad he had built, he was not quite through with it. It was the understanding of the purchasers that the Rio Grande Junction Railway between Riffe and Grand Junction should be finished and in operation before any money or stock should change hands. On Sept. 25, 1890, Hagerman wrote Kuhn, Loeb & Company, who were handling the bonds for the Link Line, urging them to remonstrate with the D. & R. G. people about the delay in completing the line. "There is no good reason why the Junction road was not completed by the middle of June last. . . . The delay has been caused solely by the determination of the Rio Grande officials in Colorado not to allow the road to be completed until they can complete their broad-gauge connection with it. They seem determined that the Midland shall not have the advantage of a standard-gauge connection to the West until they are ready to share it. The construction has been delayed by every pretext, and every reason but the right one given for it, and the agreement in regard to it violated in letter and spirit."

Hagerman enclosed a copy of a Sept. 20th report by H. Collbran, the Colorado Midland's general manager. In this report Collbran stated that the track could be finished in eight days if needed materials were on hand; that the Midland had supplied its promised share of rails, ties and angle-bars, but the D. & R. G. had not; that the D. & R. G. had actually borrowed some 500 tons of rails already on the construction site, used them for third rails on their own line

and had not replaced them; that the D. & R. G. had loaded up three carloads of angle-bars "at the front" and taken them to be used on their line near Canon City but had not replaced them; that though there were only ten miles of track to lay across a level country, no work was being done on the Junction route.

It was not until Nov. 1890, that the Rio Grande Junction Railway was ready for operation. By that time the Rio Grande had standard-gauge track from Denver to Rifle. Rio Grande and Midland then inaugurated through service in both directions. The Santa Fe could then proceed to carry out the terms of the agreement of Sept. 25, 1890.

Did Hagerman rest then? Not at all. He was profitably involved in Leadville, Aspen, Cardiff, New Castle

and in other places in Colorado. He was already started on his disastrous land and irrigation venture in New Mexico's Pecos Valley. He would soon be president of two mining and milling companies at Cripple Creek, and would be prime agent in settling the great Cripple Creek strike of 1894. He would build another railroad (this one from Pecos, Texas, across New Mexico, to Amarillo, Texas). He would sell this railroad to the Santa Fe, also. In his later years in New Mexico he went into the cattle business, of which he knew nothing, and this cattle venture lost for him most of the little he had left. Only at rare intervals, and then only when forced by necessity, did he rest. He never really found peace until 1909 when, at Milan, Italy, he died, a relatively poor man.

## *Book Reviews*

LINCOLN'S CHOICE by J. O. Buckridge. The Stackpole Company, 1956. 239 pps. \$5.00.

Readers with an interest in the War Between the States, or in the development of firearms (although this is not a technical book), will find this book entertaining and informative, full of interesting anecdotes and sketches of the Civil War and soldier life.

The hero of this informative piece of Civil War history is the Spencer "seven-shooter," a lever operated repeating rifle using rimfire brass cartridges in a tubular magazine in the stock, which represented a tremendous step forward from the paper cartridge (with separate percussion cap), muzzle-loading, single-shot rifles which were the standard arms for both United States and Confederate troops during the conflict. The vil-

lain of the piece is the U.S. Army Ordnance Department which was extremely cool toward the new firearm from the start, procured comparatively few for use, and immediately after the war disposed of stocks on hand as war surplus, many of which rifles found their way into the hands of hostile Indians in the troubles which followed the war.

The Spencer was not the only repeating rifle of the day, there being also the 16 shot Henry (forerunner of the Winchester) and the Colt revolving rifle. However the Spencer was the most dependable and satisfactory of those available and was much sought after by the troops engaged in the fighting. One of the most convincing proofs of the esteem in which the "seven-shooter" was held was the great number purchased by

individual soldiers (for about \$35 each) for use in preference to their issue muzzle loaders.

While the "seven-shooter" was completely designed and ready for quantity manufacture at the outset of the war a great deal of salesmanship was required to obtain even partial acceptance by the Ordnance Department. Avoidance of proper channels, congressional pressure, visits to generals and troops in the field, and various other devices were used to obtain recognition of the weapon's merits. These efforts culminated in August 1863 in a demonstration by the inventor, Christopher Spencer, for President Lincoln, followed by some target practice by the President. Lincoln's personal examination was evidently very successful and, soon after, a change in the administration of the Ordnance Department took place, and from then on the rifles were ordered in quantity.

The author presents much evidence of the effectiveness of the Spencer in the war, particularly as a cavalry arm. The uninitiated reader may feel that the author is too fond an advocate and claims perhaps more than is justified for its importance in the struggle. Certainly it was a great stroke of fortune to have such an advanced weapon available, since the design and engineering of a serviceable weapon is a matter of many years, not months or days. The pity is that its value was not recognized wholeheartedly or soon enough by those in a position to make use of it.

Gordon Lee

**THE UNSINKABLE MRS. BROWN**  
by Caroline Bancroft. The Golden Press, Inc., Denver, Colo., 1956. Pp. 40. \$1.25.

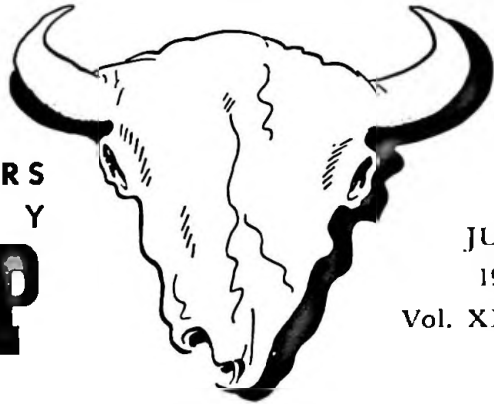
Maggie Tobin arrived in Leadville in 1884 at the age of seventeen. She had acquired a smattering of education and had been employed as a waitress in her home town of Hannibal, Missouri.

Maggie had a burning desire to be somebody, and this ambition was greatly enhanced when she married Jim Brown in 1886. Jim promptly acquired a million dollars or so, and Maggie's antics, trials, and tribulations during the next thirty years earned her first the name of the "Impossible Mrs. Brown" and later the name of the "Unsinkable Mrs. Brown." Maggie Brown's life is of no particular historical significance, but her futile efforts to crash Denver's Sacred Thirty-Six and her more successful endeavor to become a member of the International Social Set after her Denver social failure, and the publicity she received as a result of the sinking of the Titanic do make for interesting reading.

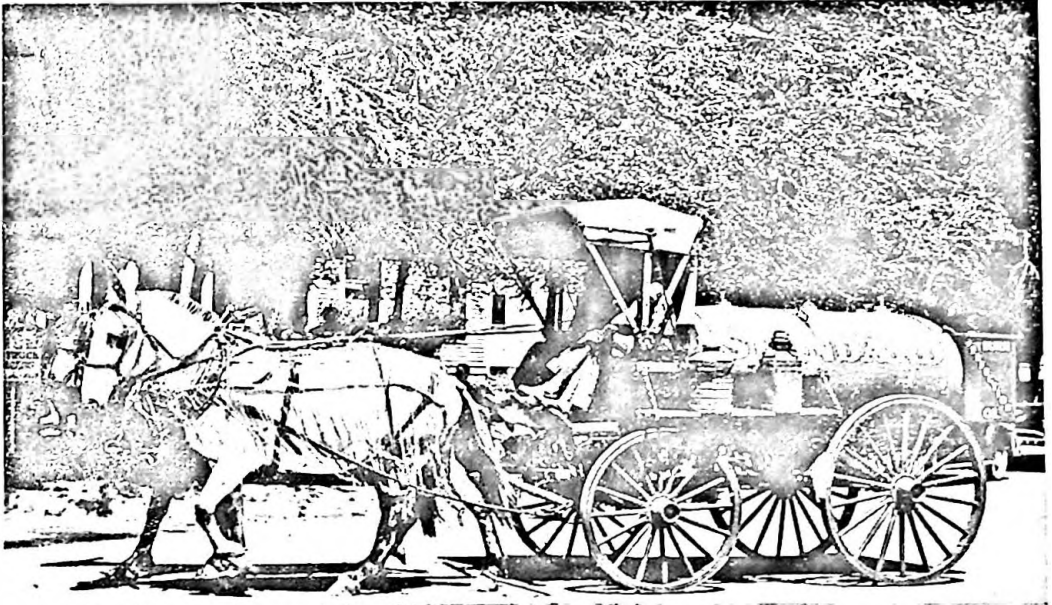
Miss Bancroft has done an excellent job of researching a difficult subject as so much legend has been woven into the life of the "Unsinkable Mrs. Brown," that it must have been difficult to separate the fictional from the factual. The booklet is well illustrated, and Miss Bancroft has written her story in an interesting and easy to read style.

PM Guy M. Herstrom

*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
M O N T H L Y  
**ROUNDUP**



JUNE  
1956  
Vol. XII, No. 6



Standard Oil Kerosene Wagon, Pioneer Village.

*Paul Warp Photo*

*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.

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Vol. XII

June, 1956

No. 6

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Printing Office  
839 Pearl St., Boulder.

The Westerners  
730 Equitable Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.

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*Coming Events*

NOTICE

THERE WILL BE NO REGULAR MEETING OF THE POSSE DURING  
AUGUST AT THE PRESS CLUB

THE AUGUST MEETING WILL BE THE RENDEZVOUS AT "COLO-  
ROW'S CAVE" ON THE BAX RANCH NEAR MORRISON, ON AUGUST  
11, 1956. ALL CORRESPONDING MEMBERS ARE INVITED TO THIS  
MEETING.

If you do not know how to get to the Bax Ranch ask for directions when  
you send in your reservation.

## Riding the Range

A mule powered covered wagon is moving from Bents Fort to the mountains. Aboard are PM Kenny Englert, Zebulon M. Pike, Jr. and Kit Carson III.

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The Colorado University Press has announced that it will publish "*When Grass Was King*," edited by Sheriff Maurice Frink. The Press has not been active in recent years. The book is a study of the Western range cattle industry. Co-authors are Maurice Frink, Dr. W. Turrentine Jackson, and Mrs. Agnes Wright Spring.

The book will be designed by Theodor Jung and printed by PM Arthur Zech. Sales agent is PM Fred Rosenstock.

"*When Grass Was King*" is the result of the Western Range Cattle Industry Study financed by the Rockefeller Foundation. The Study was originally directed by Herbert O. Brayer of the Chicago Posse and is now directed by Sheriff Frink.

The volume covers the years 1865-1895 in Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico and Montana. Publication is set for October 1956 and will be limited to 1500 copies.

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The author of the paper in this issue, Mr. Paul A. Warp, is owner and general manager of the Warp Publishing Company of Minden, Nebraska. The firm specializes in school textbooks and workbooks. He is also Publicity Director of Pioneer Village.

Mr. Warp is an accomplished photographer as those who heard this interesting talk will testify. The talk

was illustrated with about 50 large mounted photographs of the Village and the historical items. Mr. Warp received his education at Modesto Junior College and Stanford University.

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Westerners will be interested in two booklets (\$1.00 each) prepared by the Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region for the Colorado Springs Sesquicentennial, 1956. The first is *The Pikes Peak Region—A Sesquicentennial History* with a chapter on *Exploration* by Raymond E. Calhoun, *Settlement* by PM Kenny Englert's wife Lorraine, *Railroad Age*, and *Golden Age*, both by PM Ray Colwell. Included also is a biographical sketch of Pike by Harvey L. Carter, with portions of the Pike Journal relating to his first sight of and his approach and attempt to climb the mountain later named for him.

The second booklet *Zebulon Montgomery Pike* is a concise account of Pike's life, also by Mr. Carter. A chapter on his boyhood, as well as on his 1805-6 Wilkinson sponsored expedition to the Mississippi headwaters, precede a more detailed account of the Western expedition in which he fell captive to the Spanish. The final chapter is about Pike's career following his return to the U. S. and his untimely death, as a General, during his successful attack on Toronto in 1813.

Included in this quite comprehensive picture of Pike are some rather lengthy footnotes which outline some gross inaccuracies as well as some arbitrary assumptions on the part of

other authors, particularly the many implications that Pike was a part of the Burr-Wilkinson conspiracy. Mr. Carter points out that the court of history should deal out the common form of justice, namely that a man is

innocent until proven guilty. His Journals, as well as the papers which remained in Mexican files until 1910, certainly lacked proof of guilt. Mr. Carter's observations are most interesting and worthwhile. *Ed Hilliard*



Barber shop interior, Pioneer Village  
*Paul Warp Photo*



## THE PIONEER VILLAGE AT MINDEN, NEBRASKA

PAUL A. WARP

The Pioneer Village is a small town located on two city blocks of ground in North Minden, on Highway 6 and 34. It consists of 14 buildings containing nearly 20,000 items of historical interest. The collection covers the period from 1830 to 1950. It is Harold Warp's Memorial to the pioneers, and his contribution to a better understanding of their way of life. Over a quarter of a million people have visited the museum.

These are the facts you might read on a tourist map; but as you gentlemen are aware, there is much more to be said about Pioneer Village, and I am very happy to be here tonight to say it.

Pioneer Village is located in an area of great historical interest. It is in the heart of the old Pawnee Indian country, and in the middle of the vast buffalo range of days gone by. The Platte River lies ten miles to the north. Along its valley ran two famous trails, the Mormon and the Oregon. The most famous of the two was of course, the Oregon, and the road bed of this historic highway followed the south side of the river—The Pioneer Village side. All the diaries of fur traders, forty-niners, Colorado Gold Seekers, Oregonians and others mention the grass covered sandhills over which the wagons creaked and strained before the travelers saw the peaceful valley of the Platte. These very hills, grass covered and gently undulating, stand about fifteen miles

from Pioneer Village. On the summit of one is the lonely grave of Susan Hail, pioneer who died on her way to Oregon in the fifties. A few miles beyond the grave, the Nebraska City Cut-off Trail joins the Oregon. The freight wagons of Russell, Majors and Waddell rumbled down this trail carrying tons of machinery and supplies to the miners of Colorado. Other lesser trails from the south crossed the prairie much nearer the Village. Fort Kearny, established in 1848, as a guardian to travelers and freighters, sprawled within five miles of Pioneer Village.

Nearby are many historical spots and the student of the westward movement will find much to interest him in the country surrounding the Village.

The first settlers went across the plains to the lands of the Pacific, but the future of the prairie region was clearly foreseen by the great missionary, Father De Smet. In 1840 he wrote "In my visits to the Indian tribes, I have several times traversed the immense plains of the West. Every time I have found myself amid a painful void. Europe's thousands of poor who cry for bread and wander without shelter or hope often occur to my thoughts. 'Unhappy poor,' I often cry; 'why are ye not here? Your industry and toil would end your sorrows. Here you might rear a smiling home and reap in plenty the fruit of your toil.' . . ."

The unhappy poor did come to the plains around Pioneer Village. They were from Europe's thousands. They were from America's East. They were not all unhappy, but nearly all of them were poor.

Before they had won their battle with the prairie, they had been through hardships beyond all imagination. Their story is one of pure heroism.

I do not believe it would be out of order for me, as Harold Warp's nephew, to say to you gentlemen at this time, that I am proud of my uncle and what he has done to preserve the articles that were actually used by these pioneers. His doing so was logical, yet so unusual that many of his boyhood friends are saying to this day, "Why did he do it?"

Why did he do it? He is a Chicago manufacturer of window products and a very busy person. But his interest in this history of his childhood home kept bringing him back to Minden. My father, the late Oscar Warp, had already started a small collection of pioneer articles and Harold enjoyed going over these with him, and talking with him about the early days. My father had been Harold's teacher in the little Grom school, and Harold's school days must have meant a great deal to him.

At least, it was this little one room building that touched off the whole Pioneer Village idea. In 1918 Harold Warp came to the realization that the country school was rapidly becoming a thing of the past, and when the building of his home district was placed on the auction block, he took action. To have the Grom school, the school that had given him his fundamental learning and his basic training in American citizenship sold to someone for a chicken coop was an *appalling* idea to him. The school was a symbol of the worthwhile ac-

tivities of his childhood, and because he appreciated the influence of education on his life, he knew that other Americans valued their early training also. He was determined to have at least one country school intact, complete with books, lunch buckets, records and out door plumbing for the children of America to see and appreciate.

The school, however, stood nine miles from Minden and my father suggested that more of the traveling public would see it if it were in town and on the highway. This was all Harold Warp needed to crystallize the idea he had had for a long time. He would build a Pioneer Village, and in it would go one item of a kind of those things actually used by the people, from a salt spoon to a steam locomotive. He was not interested in having duplicate articles. Rather he wanted to show the evolution of the articles pioneers used from the beginning model, to the present. If Harold Warp was not a student of history when he began the Village, he is now. The informative placards on each article show the amount of research he has done to get accurate information on every piece, and they make the displays extremely educational.

To help him make the collection, he enlisted the services of one of his sisters, Mrs. T. C. Jensen. Mrs. Jensen and her husband traveled over 300,000 miles in search of items to complete the evolution of the various types of articles seen in the Village. An account of their travels would make a fascinating story in itself. They located things in barns, attics, stores, antique shops, farm lots and junk piles. Nothing was too much trouble to find if they really needed it. Someday I hope you will visit the Village and learn from Mrs. Jensen herself the interesting stories behind each article. One thing became very

clear to them. Harold Warp had not started his collection a year too soon, for many things that were part of the way of life at the turn of the century were almost impossible to find. Take the street sprinkler, for example. Every Nebraska town had a horse drawn sprinkler. Mrs. Jensen thought that a vehicle of that type would be easy to locate. She and Mr. Jensen drove all over the state and the only one they found was in a feed lot minus the sprinkling equipment. At last they located one in New England, and it stands proudly in Pioneer Village reminding the oldsters of the times when they followed the cooling streams of water spouting from its hoses. Some of you can remember the role these vehicles played before the horse races at the county fair, I am sure.

Other interesting facts came to light when they tried to find a Standard Oil Wagon and a Conestoga. At one time John D. Rockefeller had 67,000 horses and mules pulling 25,000 wagons filled with kerosene needed by farm families, and yet it took the Jensens one and one-half years to locate even one part of one wagon, and over two years to collect parts enough to complete the one Standard Oil Wagon on display at the Village. Although historians estimate that over a million covered wagons crossed the Alleghenies between the years of 1830 and 1880 on their way to the prairies, it was a real job to locate even one. Pioneer Village had to have a Conestoga, of course. They searched the entire year of 1951 and they did not find one. In 1952 Mr. and Mrs. Jensen made up their minds they would not return to Minden without this type of wagon. Going to Lancaster, Pennsylvania where the vehicles had been made originally, they had no luck. In nearby Reading, Mrs. Jensen (over a

cup of coffee at 6 o'clock in the morning) learned from an old native that one had been purchased two weeks before at a nearby farm sale. The old gentlemen gave the name of the person he thought had done the buying. The Jensens drove from farm to farm for 110 miles before they found the wagon. It had actually stood in the same barn in Pennsylvania for 90 years before the purchaser, located by the Jensens, moved it. Harold Warp, himself, has made thousands of the purchases. His determination to make his collections complete has taken him to strange places. If a model is missing, he is on the alert for it wherever he goes. One day, while cruising around on Lake Michigan, he came upon a deserted island. Wondering what was on it that he might use, he got out and began investigating. To his amazement there stood a weather beaten threshing machine of a type he needed. Getting it off this island was a problem, and the job had to wait until the lake was frozen and it could be dragged out on runners. How did it get on the island? He learned that the Mormons had put it there. When they were disturbed by intolerance in the Midwest, one branch went north into the Great Lakes Area, and another went west to Utah. The threshing machine was theirs, and a relic of the days when they had attempted to farm the island.

Another interesting story is that of the Gypsy Wagon. Mr. Warp was trying to make a complete collection of the types of wagons which visited the farms of early settlers. The wagons of the traveling gypsies were not seen very often, but they were never to be forgotten because of the fascination and fear in which gypsies were held. Harold Warp saw a newspaper article about two English girls traveling through France in an old gypsy wag-

on. He made contact with them, bought the wagon, and five months later had it in the Village.

These objects, some priceless heirlooms, were stored in a metal building on the grounds. The structure was soon overflowing, and in 1951 construction was started on the main display building.

Perhaps it is significant that the second building purchased for the Village was a church. At any rate when it was learned that this house of worship, the first church built in Minden, was to be sold at auction by the congregation, Mr. Warp ordered its purchase. He was most pleased to acquire this dignified old building and he hoped that the members of the Saint Paul Lutheran Church and their friends would be as proud of having the 1884 structure in Pioneer Village as he was. This little white church with its tall spire and its stately appointments, occupies a prominent place on the Village circle. It is still used by occasional groups for worship. In fact, on June 10, a number of Mennonite travelers held an entire church service within its walls.

While Mr. and Mrs. Jensen were bringing in additional items for the Village, a crew of workers was busy refinishing the ones already purchased. Nothing is put on display in Pioneer Village until it is restored to its original condition. The machinery is put in operating order if it is at all possible, and everything is cleaned and painted.

No display of pioneer life would be complete without a stockade, for Indian depredations were numerous in the sixties and seventies in Nebraska and adjacent areas. The stoutest hearts quailed at the thought of an Indian attack, and well they might. Small stockades were constructed at many points along the trails of the

West, and the settlers of the area often took refuge in them. Mr. Warp was very fortunate to locate one of them, the Elm Creek Stockade on the Little Blue River southeast of Minden. It stood on the farm where it had been constructed, and was in active use as a chicken coop. The owners, relatives of the original homesteaders gladly sold it; and the 30x40 log structure was proudly loaded on rubber tired wheels and moved 60 miles to Minden. Here it was placed on a foundation, cleaned and replastered. You can see it today furnished authentically with rope beds, early-day clothes hanging in the closets, old dishes in the cupboard, kerosene lamps, an old iron cook stove, and framed pictures of the era hanging on the wall.

The next major acquisition was a general store. As you know, a general store with a complete stock was called a "shebang." This store is a "shebang," beyond the faintest doubt. Within its 40x70 interior are to be found a postoffice, drug store, dry goods store, grocery store, and hardware store. Its stock contains hat pins, Arbuckle Coffee, pickle jars, bustles, bullets, sharp pointed toe shoes, an early-day postoffice box, celluloid collars, curling irons, shot dispensers, candle forms, a cheese slicer, rat traps, candles—everything from cracker barrels to corsets.

From 1876 on, the early settlers were required to journey to Bloomington, Nebraska to file claims for their homesteads. This little town is on the Republican River, 50 miles southwest of Minden. The old land office was still standing, and Harold Warp purchased it in 1951. As is was reassembled, stone by stone, in Pioneer Village, the Warp family were reminded of the fact that it was in this very building that John Warp, father of Harold, filed his Homestead

Claim. John had no money after he paid the small fee required for homesteaders, and he was forced to leave his newly acquired land and work in Omaha until he had money enough to work his farm. In this building are photostatic copies of John's original homestead application, a pictorial plaque of John and Helga Warp, and pictures of the homestead in the earliest stages up to the present time. Their experiences were the experiences of thousands of sturdy young men and women who broke the sod that men might live and prosper in the great new country. Scores of Kearney County farmers can recall stories their fathers told them about the "Land Office" business done at Bloomington, and about the trip, by wagon, over the old trail to this little village. On the walls of this building is a large map of the United States in 1861. It is complete and interesting, and was located in the loft of an antique shop in Michigan.

Boys, young and old, appreciate the fine collection of fire fighting equipment housed in the Village. The fire-house contains the old-style buckets which were passed from hand to hand by early-day firemen, a megaphone, a hand pumper, an old hose reel cart, an old hand-drawn ladder cart, a 1920 "T" fire engine, and a 1916 LaFrance Pumper. On the wall, proudly displayed in a most ornate frame, is a beautifully lettered scroll awarded to a local fireman for ten years of faithful service. In the main display building are three unique fire engines. The first of these is the 1871 steam pumper that Mr. Warp formerly had on loan to the Rosenwald Museum in Chicago. It is in perfect shape and is really an outstanding collector's item. This engine fought in the famous Iroquois Theatre fire and the stockyard's fires of Chicago. The second engine is a modified

steam horse-drawn pumper. The American LaFrance Company took the front wheels off the original model and added a large gasoline motor to propel the rig. This piece of equipment was formerly one of the most valued pieces of the Kansas City Fire Department. The third unique engine is a 1916 American LaFrance pumper obtained from the City of McCook, Nebraska.

Any story of the development of the West would necessarily include the railroad. Mr. Warp was particularly fortunate when he was able to purchase the Lowell depot. This little station sat on the western terminal of the Burlington Railroad in the Platte Valley from 1872 to 1882. It continued for many years after the railroad was extended to Kearney to be a destination for homeseekers in the area. During the years when it was the "Jumping off place" the activity around the depot was tremendous. Thousands of immigrants tramped its floors. The little waiting room was stacked with bags, bundles, trunks, sacks and boxes. The jingle of cowboy's spurs mingled with the heavy tread of leather as the cattlemen strode across the boards making arrangements to ship the great herds of animals which poured across the prairies from Texas, western Kansas, eastern Colorado, and western Nebraska. When the mover brought the depot to Minden, he could not figure out why such a small building was so heavy. The mystery was solved when workmen commenced repairing the building for display in the Pioneer Village. They discovered that it had seven floors. When one floor wore out, the company simply laid another over it. Harold Warp's mother (my grandmother) stepped on floor number two when she arrived from Norway in 1878. So many things in the Village have a personal

significance to the Warp family, but this personal feeling is shared by many of our friends and neighbors. Their families, too, used the Lowell depot, went to Bloomington to file their claims, attended the Grom school, went to church at Saint Paul Lutheran and bought their supplies at the General Store. And, the experiences of these people were common to the early settlers everywhere. Pioneer Village is not a Hollywood set. Aside from the display halls, its buildings, are, with two exceptions, the actual structures, not their reproductions. *All* of the items on display are genuine. None are imitations of originals.

In 1952 when Minden held its Diamond Jubilee, a former operator of the Lowell depot came to visit. He showed Mr. Warp what telegraph equipment and accessories were needed to make the office authentic. These were obtained and placed in proper location. In front of the depot are some old style hand-cars, and an old caboose. Just last year, we were able to obtain an old Baldwin Locomotive No. 343 originally built in 1889, that was rebuilt by the Burlington in 1914 and renumbered 967. It hauled Burlington trains through Minden for many years. It was retired in 1954, and is a splendid example of an engine of its type. Youngsters visiting the Village do enjoy climbing over it and playing engineer, and you gentlemen know that they would do just that.

Beside the big Baldwin is a wood burning, narrow gauge 1870 Porter. It was found at "Lake of Bays" Canada. This small engine is identical to the original locomotives on several of our major railroads today. Among those railroads is the Denver and Rio Grande Western with which you "Denverites" are acquainted.

One of the two buildings which is

a reproduction of an original is the sod-house. This had to be built from "scratch," of course. Two old-timers who had built many sod houses in their day were secured to supervise the job. LaVern Danielson, contractor for the Village, did the actual work. It took over three weeks and 10 acres of sod to build it. The native sod was cut into 12 inch strips from the railroad right-of-way. These were cut into 24 inch sections and laid up to a house 28x40 feet with walls 3 feet thick. It has two rooms and is furnished with authentic pieces including a chest of drawers made from packing lumber by Harold Warp's father. This house is very cool in summer and warm in winter. It gives the children of this day an idea of how some of the pioners lived on the prairie. One of the old men supervising the building made the comment that only the aristocrats had sod houses. The common settler lived in a dug-out and looked forward to the day when he, too, might live in a soddy. The Village, as yet, has no dug-out.

Women, of course, would be disappointed if Pioneer Village contained no china. One building houses a collection of glassware which means so much to the feminine side. For many of the pioneer heroines, a beautiful vase, plate, or cup became a priceless treasure. Without some symbol of the culture from which so many of them came, it is doubtful if they could have survived the ordeal of the plains. For men, the work was hard and discouraging, it is true. But men did get about more, and it was they who made the trips to town while the women slaved on the lonely homestead. Struggling with the washing, mending and meals, the flies, and living in a dirt house with a dirt floor, was enough to break the stoutest woman. Added to these hardships was the eter-

nal moaning and whispering of the wind as it blew through the prairie grasses. With nothing to see but the endless landscape, the loneliness was overpowering. It is no wonder that the wives and mothers clung to the little pieces of china and silver they had brought with them. Such articles were a lighthouse in a storm. My own Great-Aunt, when she arrived at the homestead site with my grandmother, threw herself on the ground and cried. She begged the family to return to Norway. "They call this the land of opportunity," she sobbed, "and people are living in dirt houses and holes in the ground." The china shop at the Village was a must. In it is a collection of early-day Sears and Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogues. These, too, played a vital part in the family life of the pioneers. Children spent hours looking at the fabulous things pictured on their pages and dreamed of the day, when they might own some of these wonderful articles. The Warp children recall many hours spent at the old table, under a lamp, doing just this.

This last spring the Bridgeport Relay Station on the Pony Express Trail, that originally stood on Cottonwood Creek, was moved log by log to the Pioneer Village and has been completely restored. This building is furnished authentically in every respect. It contains a cot for the rider, an old stove and other items used in a Pony Express Station. Behind it is the second reproduction in Pioneer Village—a log barn for three horses. Pony Express remount stations had these barns, and we have been careful to make the mangers and the appointments as they were. The importance of the Pony Express to the pioneers was very great. Howard Driggs, in his book *THE PONY EXPRESS GOES THROUGH* says, "Something deeper than laudable pride in the

skill and endurance of daring young riders and their doughty horses was in the acclaim of the West for the Pony Express . . . That achievement meant the dawn of a new era for our frontier. The days of tragic waiting for months for vital mail and messages was past. News now would be news. . . . More than this, the success of the challenging adventure was prophetic of another far swifter means of communication."

This means of communication, as you gentlemen know, was the telegraph, and our first transcontinental line stretched the full length of the Pony Express Trail. Pioneer Village is proud to display this remount station from the old Trail.

Dr. Walter Prescott Webb refers to the settlement of the vast prairies of America as the "Battle of the Plains." In defining some of the problems of the pioneers he says, "These early comers were baffled and often beaten by the unsolved problems of the plains. In a land where a furrow could be plowed a hundred miles long, they had no plow that would turn the prairie sod, no rails with which to build their accustomed fences, no logs with which to construct the classic American cabin, no weapons with which to meet the mounted Indians, and they were always short of water.

"Their civilization had stood on three legs—land, water, and timber, here two of the legs were knocked out, and they stood on the single leg of land. It is no wonder that they sometimes toppled over in failure. The remarkable thing is the manner in which they worked out their problems and made the radical changes that enabled them—some of them—to stay in the country that we now hold so dear."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Speech before Nebraska State Historical Society, 1953

In the Agriculture Building in Pioneer Village is a wood moldboard plow of 1830. It was, as Dr. Webb pointed out, useless to the prairie settlers. Over its wooden share, however, some enterprising pioneer had fastened broken saw blades showing dramatically the manner in which he worked out his problem. The plow next to it is the first steel plow made by John Deere, and it is actually made with a saw blade.

A small case in this building shows the evolution of barbed wire—a must for plains settlers. A placard tells the visitor that the first successful barbed wire was made in 1873. The machinery used by Glidden and Elwood for the manufacture of this product was chisel, and an anvil. The record says that they made ten miles of wire the first year.

A fine collection of wells and pumps includes the "Old Oaken Bucket" type well, the chain pump of 1870, the cylinder pump of 1880, hydraulic ram of 1900 and the centrifugal well pump of 1940. Behind the pump display stands a great wooden windmill wheel—the Eclipse. Many visitors unused to the farm windmill, marvel at the size of it.

All sorts of things are in this hall—even a poster advertising Dan Patch which is attached to his own racing cart. One of the most complete displays of power equipment and tractors in America is in Pioneer Village. The visitor can trace the development of agricultural equipment from the wooden scoop to the present day all-grain-harvester.

All of the buildings thus far mentioned are spaced around the "Village Green"—a circle instead of the traditional midwestern square. The last building on "The Green" is a long L-shaped structure housing a series of shops and rooms. The display starts with an 1830 kitchen. In-

cidental, 1830 is a significant date for the Village. As you gentlemen know, 1830 was when man first learned how to hammer steel into thin sections for holding steam under pressure, for shaping plowshares and for forming wire and strap iron. This opened up a new era in the development of our country. As was already mentioned, the Oregon Trail passes ten miles north of Minden. In 1830 the first wheels creaked across this historic highway on the vehicles of Smith, Jackson and Sublette, fur traders. Ten wagons drawn by five mules each: two Dearborns drawn by one mule each, a milk cow, and 81 men were in the group. With wheels on the prairies of Nebraska, home seeking settlers would soon answer the call of the frontier. So 1830 is a milestone in Pioneer history, for more than one reason. The kitchen of this era was something to behold. The table at Pioneer Village was split from one of the hangman trees on the Oregon Trail at Fort Kearney, the fireplace is stone, and in the room is an old type gun, an old musical instrument, a churn, and a clock. The succeeding kitchens of 1860, 1890, 1910 and 1930 show the development of kitchen equipment. Visitors are pleased to find things in these rooms "just like mother's" or "grandmother's." The office of one of Minden's beloved pioneer doctors is on display, a gift from his widow who appreciated the value of the equipment and wanted it to be preserved. A drug store, barber shop, jewelry shop, harness shop, broom shop, cooperage, shoe shop, cabinet maker's shop, and a loom brought from Sweden are in the building. An operator is frequently on duty at this loom and will weave a rug for visitors if they wish. One of the most interesting exhibits is the blacksmith shop. Hundreds of hand-made tools are in this display, and



they were collected from the old blacksmiths of this area. It is hard to say what visitors notice especially on the smith's corner but I have noticed that the big bellows brings many comments.

This gives you an idea of the buildings in the Village on the "Village Green." The main display building, however, containing 20,000 square feet of floor space faces Highway 6, and is the one the public enters first. As visitors come in the door, they are greeted by a sign "Transportation." This exhibit begins with an old ox cart made in 1822. Every type of transportation is there—Conestoga wagon, Studebaker freighter wagon, and early-day stage coach that went between Chicago and Detroit, the various types of buggies and another early-day wood burning locomotive are a few. A superb collection of automobiles follows. Among them is an 1898 Duryea, a 1903 Oldsmobile, a 1906 Reo, a 1908 Regal and 1909 Ford, followed by the Ford models through the 1928 Model A. The collection boasts a 1908 Randolph, a 1909 International truck, as well as a standard Ford truck of the 20's, a 1910 Overland Touring Car, a 1916 Chevrolet, a 1924 Dodge, and a 1925 Maxwell. The 1929 Cord front drive automobile, the steamer, a Woods electric, and the Franklin air-cooled car brings comments from many visitors. The \$395 Sears-Roebuck car of 1906 is quite a relic. James Melton was very impressed with the collection and exclaimed, "It's perfectly magnificent!"

The development of the bicycle is shown from the wooden hobby horse to the present all steel kind. The rigs of early days are in the Village. The horse-drawn hearse, the street sprinkler, a butcher's wagon, the Standard Oil Wagon, a Raleigh's medicine wag-

on and many others interest the visitors and bring stories from the old timers.

Many types of boats, including a Cabin Cruiser are in the Village. Harold Warp placed the latter there expressly for boys and girls. He knew that inland children seldom see a boat of that type, and he wanted them to have a chance to climb in and out and sail to imaginary ports.

A widely traveled resident of Fort Collins, Colorado, expressed amazement at this complete display and commented that everything was there except one of the tiny Fort Collins street cars. The words were scarcely out his mouth when he saw the very street car he had in mind. This gentleman has carried the account of Pioneer Village to South America where he lives at present. "It has everything!" he says, as he tells his story.

About a year ago we were pleasantly surprised when a visitor let out a whoop of joy at the sight of San Francisco Cable Car old 47. He was a former operator of this very car and did not know that it had been retired. He spent two hours telling Mr. and Mrs. Jensen how to repaint it and make it as authentic as possible. He was glad to know that his pride and joy of San Francisco was safely located for future generations to see. If any of you gentlemen are wondering what has become of something that used to interest you, come to Pioneer Village. No doubt you will find it there, proudly telling of its part in the settling of the West.

Hanging from the ceiling are many interesting airplanes. The 1910 Curtiss Airplane which carried the first air mail from Philadelphia to New York (and netted the pilot \$10,000) is there. The first plane to fly in Iowa, a 1910 plane, is there. The owner, Mr. Hartman, built it from a

channel. He flew it for the last time in June of 1955 at the Clinton, Iowa, Centennial, and then sold it to Harold Warp. The 1916 World War I Jenny airplane hangs in contrast to the Bell P59 jet aircraft—a 1942 Bell P59 and one of the first eleven jets made in America. One of the last three autogiros built by Pitcairn in 1931 is in this building, as is a very complete collection of airplane engines from the Wright Brothers, hand-built No. 5 to the present J-31 cut-away jet.

Are you interested in Clocks? Telephones? Lights? Musical Instruments Pioneer Village has them from early days until now. Perhaps you are intrigued by mechanical banks, washing machines, sewing machines, or lamps. As one recent visitor said, whatever you are interested in, that thing is in Pioneer Village.

We are extremely proud of our John Rogers clay statuettes. Forty-four of the eighty originals of this father of American sculptors are in the Village. The group showing Abraham Lincoln with his sons is one of the number. Tad Lincoln himself said that this likeness of his father was one of the best created of him. The way the Jensens acquired these fine pieces is one of the interesting stories I should like to tell you if time permitted.

All of you know the story of W. H. Jackson, the veteran artists and photographer of the Old West. We are proud of our beautiful collection of Jackson originals. One of them is the drawing of the Pony Express Remount Station we recently acquired. If any of you are coin collectors, you will be interested to know that this was the station engraved on the 75th Anniversary Pony Express Coin.

These beautiful originals were used to illustrate Howard Driggs books—THE PONY EXPRESS GOES THROUGH and WESTWARD AMERICA.

I have mentioned only a few of the thousands of articles in the Village. Time does not permit telling about many more of them. I would like to say a few words concerning the weapons display. Models from spears to modern rifles are shown in this group. Genghis Khan's poisoned arrows from 1000 A.D. are there. So are Matchlocks, Flintlocks, Wheel locks, and a Spanish Blunderbuss. Of special interest to the student of pioneer history are the Colts. The first multi-firing Colt rifle is there. The first Colt revolver, an 1835 model complete with powder horn and case, is in the collection. Boys are especially interested in the Colt Peacemaker. It has four crude notches filed into its breech indicating that four outlaws bit the dust somewhere. Curiously enough this six-shooter, the first breech loading Colt, had for its last owner "Pancho Villa and his Desperados." It was confiscated and sold by the Mexican government.

It has been my pleasure to work with my uncle in assembling this outstanding collection of early day history. I have acted as photographer and publicity director for this project for the last five years. His constant desire to add to this collection and make what he has more complete proves to me that there are men in this world who can and will preserve for future generations something worthwhile. Someone had to do it.

Years ago, a fine American poet named Stephen Vincent Benet began a wonderful saga of the westward movement. He called this poem THE

WESTERN STAR. Death took his hand before he had written more than the beginning. But in the prelude appear these words:

Hear the wind  
Blow through the buffalo grass,  
Blow over wild-grape and brier.  
This was frontier, and this

And this, your house, was frontier  
There were footprints upon the hill  
And men lie buried under,  
Tamers of earth and rivers.  
They died at the end of labor,  
Forgotten is the name.

Pioneer Village is a tribute to these unsung heroes.

## Book Reviews

JOURNEY THROUGH NEW MEXICO FIRST JUDICIAL DISTRICT IN 1864. Edited by William S. Wallace. Westernlore Press, 1956. \$3.50.

It is always worthwhile and usually interesting to have published new or hard to obtain historical material on New Mexico of a half century ago. On both counts one must welcome the above named pertinent little volume (71 pages), consisting of the observations of a visitor to such towns and villages as Las Vegas, Sapello, Mora and Taos during March and April 1864. It is filled with informal but lively reporting on the history, weather, scenery, farming, ranching, settlements, leading personalities, churches, priests, Indians and criminal and judicial activities of the region.

The author of the observations (presented in six letters) is unknown, although on the basis of internal evidence and the known writings of the Justice, editor Wallace deduces that they were written by the able but unfortunate Chief Justice, Kirby Benedict, while on circuit in the northern New Mexico judicial district. The original letters were sent to the editor of and published in the *Santa Fe Weekly New Mexican*. They are ap-

propriately reprinted in the present volume with a brief introduction, footnotes, pictures and an 1864 map of the country traversed.

Among the salient points that Judge Benedict brings out are the pleasures that come from travelling on circuit, viz: beautiful scenery, gracious hospitality, and the satisfaction of witnessing a region develop, partly under the leadership of many former Mexican citizens. He not only speaks in high praise of Juan M. Baca and Lose M. Valdez, but also extols such men as Lucien B. Maxwell, Vincente St. Vrain, Father Jean Venceau and Father J. B. Salpointe. The Judge also suggests how the government should feed, colonize, govern and teach the Indians of the region so that they would not be forced to rob and steal. There are many other significant observations within the classification noted above, but this review should be brief.

There are a few minor criticisms that might be noted, namely: the map does not show accurately the route travelled by the Judge; the Judge presided over a territorial, not a state, court; his errors in dates in the first letter are not explained; and the names of several prominent citizens

are misspelled, either through the Judge's errors or typographical errors. Yet the book makes a worthy contribution to understanding the history of the time and place covered.

Harold H. Dunham

**THIS WAS LOGGING.** With selected photographs of Darius Kinsey. A 157 page book by Ralph W. Andrews published in 1954 by Superior Publishing Company, Seattle 11, Washington. Price \$8.50.

Since I have had some experience in logging photography many years ago and know of some of the difficulties Mr. Kinsey must have had in taking these pictures 60 years ago, I fully appreciate this powerful story on logging in the Pacific Northwest.

Mr. Kinsey certainly made good use of the old photographers saying, "One Picture Equals Ten Thousand Words," for each picture tells a story in itself. The pictures were taken for and sold to the loggers themselves, showing their equipment, logging methods and some of the surrounding areas. Now, these pictures have great historical value. This was in the days before we had enlargers and enlarging photographic paper, hence it was necessary to use large cameras, and judging his photography, Mr. Kinsey knew how to use the available photographic equipment.

This generation and others to come are greatly indebted to Mr. Kinsey.

O. Roach

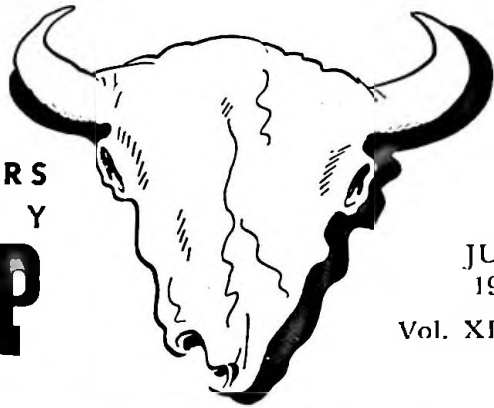
**THE MARKED MEN,** Allan Vaughan Elston, J. B. Lippincott Company, 1956, pp. 221, \$2.75.

Mercer, in his "Banditti of the Plains," predicted that the results of the Johnson County War would leave a shadow on the name of the state of Wyoming that would require "a decade of years" to dissipate. More than six decades have passed, and the cattlemen's invasion has assumed its proper place in the pattern of the growth of the state. It has long been a favorite subject of writers of western fiction for page and screen, and "The Marked Men" by Allan Vaughan Elston is the latest. The writer uses some of the fairly well authenticated facts, persons, and locations of the invasion, with sympathy slanted definitely toward the nesters. A love interest endeavors to pace the historical details. At best, "The Marked Men" will probably revive whatever prejudices the invasion has stirred in your own mind on the story of the struggle between the cattlemen versus the rustlers and small settlers at one stage of Wyoming's development. To a reader who has never heard of the Johnson County Invasion, it should be an interesting presentation.

W.S.B.



*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
M O N T H L Y  
**ROUNDUP**



JULY  
1956  
Vol. XII, No. 7



*Miss Sandra May Gover, Miss Indian America IV  
(Rockford Photo, Sheridan, Wyo.)*

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

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Vol. XII

July, 1956

No. 7

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Printing Office  
839 Pearl St., Boulder.

The Westerners  
730 Equitable Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.

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*Denver Posse Founded January 26, 1945*  
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**ATENCION COMPANEROS!!**

New address labels have been made for the mailing of the Round Up. Please check your name and address as it appears on this issue. If there are any changes which should be made, please send a postal card to:

Mr. Erl Ellis  
730 Equitable Building  
Denver 2, Colorado

gracias.

This July issue, although late, gets us off the old corral fence. We'll try to keep our ropes tight in the future.

## DESCRIPTION OF AN INDIAN FIGHT

A. C. PEALE

(Editor's note: During the summers of 1873, 1874 and 1875, the Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories, centered their work in the Territory of Colorado. The work was under the direction of Dr. F. V. Hayden and is now generally known as the "Hayden Surveys.")

The force of the Survey for the year 1875, was divided into seven parties. The fifth party attended to primary triangulation. The sixth collected photographic views of interesting scenery and the ancient ruins. This group was under the direction of W. H. Jackson, the famous photographer. He had with him, Mr. E. A. Barber, special correspondent of the New York Herald; a guide, two packers and a cook. The seventh party attended to transporting supplies to the various districts.

The other four parties were assigned specific areas for the performance of topographical and geological work. One of these was under the direction of A. C. Peale. His official letter which accompanied his report, sums up the season's work thusly: "We did not commence work until the 4th of July, and were stopped by trouble with the Indians on the 15th of August. . . . All specimens had to be abandoned. . . ."

His diary, however, gives a more detailed report of the trouble with the Indians. Permission to use this was granted by the Hon. W. E. Wrather, Director of the U. S. Geological Survey from 1943 to 1956. Although originally planned as a contribution to the Annual Brand Book, because of its brevity, we have decided to present it here.)

Camp No. 55

Parrot City, La Plata Mining Camp

*Friday, August 20 (1875)*

My diary has been interrupted for the past six days by an Indian fight. We left the Sierra la Sal on the 15th and had travelled a short distance

when we came out into an open valley, where there were several patches of corn. We saw some Indians who ran as soon as they saw us. About five o'clock we came to a creek in which there were pools of muddy water. While debating whether or not to camp, nine Indians came up on the gallop. They wanted us to camp at the mud holes and said it was no bueno ahead. Three of the Indians we saw on the 25th, one of them a boy. We decided to go on, and saying adios, left them. When we got to the top of the terrace, one of the Indians fired a shot and ran into the bushes. None of our party went back, so they came up and fired into the train. Charlie McCreary, Gardner and Kelsy then went to the edge of the bluffs while we camped on the center of the top of the bluff. We made a barricade of our cargo and aparejos and had the mules on both sides. We then put out three pickets—Gardner, Adams and Kelsy. I kept guard on camp. We had a lunch of bread and cold ham. The Indians kept firing until midnight. Several times the mules got tangled up, mainly in want, both of feed and water. Atkinson and I fed them. Once while we were out with Ben and Gannett, a shot struck Polly, the bell mare, above our heads and we tumbled into the barricade promiscuously. My foot caught in a rope and I went in head first. None of the balls struck in the barricade but went whizzing over our heads. Our pickets fired several shots. It was bright moonlight. At twelve o'clock, Shep Medera, Worthington and Charlie went on guard and I lay down and slept.



### *Monday 16th*

We all turned out at three o'clock and after a lunch of bread, packed up. By daylight we started and found the Indians waiting for us, announcing their presence by yelling. There were three ways out, one back north the way we had come, another south along the trail, and the third, west through a narrow gap. We started up the trail, but the Indians, gaining a position on either side, we abandoned it and struck to the west. Here they got on both sides again and opened fire, the shots falling short of us on either side. When any of our party got down to shoot, the Indians would gallop out of range. Mills made two good shots, one barely missing the tail of one of the Indian ponies, and the other grazing the back of the rider. The Indians, seeing that we were making for the gap to the west, got on the mesa and galloped to the bluff. We then turned and went back to the trail and had almost reached it when the Indians came back and headed us, for when we got in the canon, they opened fire on us from the right side. We were quick enough to prevent them getting on the left where we ran for shelter. Atkinson's mule was wounded here and the balls whizzed about us in a lively manner. In going up the bluff on the left side, Judge changed his saddle from Jinny, a white mule, to Polly, but not having time to cinch, jumped into the saddle and rode up the hill. None of the Indians could be seen, as they were hidden in the rocks. Our order of marching was for four riflemen to go ahead and three behind. Once protected by the hill, we held a council and the result was that we decided to go up, keeping in cedars on the east slope of the canyon walls. The Indians, seeing this, galloped ahead to where the canyon narrowed.

We kept on and suddenly turned to the left up the slope toward the bluffs where we saw a break. Gardner, Gannett and Medera went ahead and two of them got to the top on a deer trail. When the train got near the bluffs, we found the Indians were on top and firing upon us. Jinny, our white mule, was killed, and one of Gardner's was killed. Several others were wounded. As the Indians were above us and close, we all took shelter behind the rocks which were large and numerous. While Shep Medera was on the rocks, he saw an Indian and fired. The Indian dropped and Shep thinks he killed him. Gardner reported that the trail was bad, and loaded animals could not be taken up, so after another council, it was decided to abandon the aparejos and cargo. Enough grub to last four days was arranged in two tight packs with one kettle and frying pan. I put three of my blankets under my saddle and some small things in my saddle bags. The instruments were all abandoned, a loss between \$2500 and \$3000. We opened and drank our canned tomatoes and started up the trail, the rifles ahead. The Indians kept quiet and we gained the top and found ourselves on a plateau in open country. We started across on the trot and gallop. This was about one o'clock. A couple of hours after we saw the Indians behind us striking to the left, evidently thinking we would go to the Delores for water. We struck a trail, striking to the southeast and followed it. At six o'clock, we came to a spring and stopped to water the mules and take lunch. The mules would drink up all the water and we had to keep them away until it refilled. We had some tea, bread and ham. Atkinson was on guard, and when I had my lunch I relieved him. At seven we were on the road again, travelling

on the trot all the time. About nine o'clock we heard a dog bark and saw the lights of an Indian camp ahead of us. We left the trail and went to the left of it. Soon we heard the Indians yelling behind us and soon they got on both sides of us, wanting to know who we were, where we were going, and crying Amigo (Friend). We paid no attention until we got on a hill, when we stopped and the five Indians came up. They were Utes. After a short talk, we resumed our march. At 11 o'clock, we stopped and Mills going on guard, the rest of us rolled ourselves in our blankets to sleep. Atkinson and I doubled up.

#### *Tuesday 17th*

Mills woke me at one o'clock and I went on guard, waking Judge at 3. After a breakfast of flapjacks, tea and canned corn beef, we started at daylight on the trail. It gradually turned to the south and about noon we met an Indian on it. He would not come near us so that we could not learn anything about the country or the trails to the Mancos where our supplies were, as we thought, and for which we were heading. We then struck across the country, crossing deep canyons and at dark camped at the bottom of one where there were several pools of slightly alkaline water. We had a jar of Libby's beef and made soup after which we made coffee in the beef can. After toasting the coffee, they had to grind it by smashing it with stones. Guard duty was given up and the boys all turned for the first real rest since the fight. The only stop during the day was an hour at noon to rest the mules.

#### *Wednesday 18th*

We were up by daylight and on the road across the country. About two o'clock we camped on the Hovenweep in the canyon. On the bluff above us, were a lot of ruins which

we examined in the afternoon.

#### *Thursday 19th*

We started at daylight and struck a trail which led us toward Ute Peak and onto McElmo from which we came out into a dry valley north of the Mesa Verde where we struck a wagon trail leading in the direction we wanted to go. We overtook an Indian and his squaw, but could get no information from them. At one o'clock, we stopped to rest the mules. I lunched on dried apples. As we started we had a shower which was extremely gratifying as we had no water from morning until we struck the Mancos about four in the afternoon. The first cabin was greeted with shouts although it had no inhabitants. We reached Merritt's ranch before dark and camped. There was no one at the ranch but soon after camping, the owner and two other men came from the mining camp where they said Mr. Aldrich and our supplies were. They also told us that Holmes' party was five miles ahead of us, on their way in for supplies. We got turnips and green peas from the garden at the ranch and had pea soup for supper. The Indians got Holmes' stock one night, but Tom Cooper, one of their packers, followed and got them back.

#### *Friday 20th*

This morning, Atkinson and I were up at three o'clock and after the mules. By five o'clock we were saddled and with Gannett on the trail. In two hours, we came to Holmes' camp but the boys had gone ahead and the train was not quite ready. We soon overtook Holmes, Chittendon and Brandgin and came into the camp with them. Mr. Aldrich is here and gave us a cordial reception and got up a breakfast for us. The trains came in about noon. I wrote to Mother this afternoon.

## "BAT" MASTERSON—GUNFIGHTER

CARL W. BREIHAN

Beneath the dim light cast by an oil lamp suspended from the ridge-pole in Hanrahan's saloon, a group of rough clad frontiersmen gathered about an overturned packing box indulging in a game of poker. With the exception of an 18-year old youth, all were veteran buffalo hunters. They had recently arrived from Dodge City, Kansas, accompanying A. C. Myers into the Texas Panhandle, where he established a buffalo hunters' supply depot.

Among the players sat a pugnacious individual, who had been a consistent loser and whose chagrin boiled over as he witnessed his hand bested by the youthful player.

"You cheated, damn your hide!" he bellowed.

"You lie!" rasped the boy, his eyes flashing fire.

With an oath, the ruffian went for his gun, but before he could complete his draw, his opponent's gun cut him down.

This was the first man to fall before the guns of the later renowned gun-fighter "Bat" Masterson.

Tried by a miner's court, held by those assembled, he was exonerated, the verdict self defense.

William Barclay Masterson was born at Fairfield, Illinois, 1854, the son of a farmer. Bat followed that vocation until his 16th birthday. Then, between sunset and sunrise, he mounted one of his father's horses and surreptitiously headed west. Upon reaching the Canadian River, he secured employment as a cook and skinner with a group of buffalo hunters. Bat was thrifty and saved his earnings, which in time enabled him to acquire his own outfit. By 1874 the

buffalo had become so depleted in Kansas that only a precarious living could be made, and despite the fact that most of the hide hunters along with the government had signed a treaty with the Indians, in which all land west of the Arkansas River should forever remain a hunting ground only for the redmen, the hunters chose to ignore the treaty. The government closed its eyes and took no steps to enforce the mandate, although cognizant that the buffalo hunters planned upon invading the territory.

Spring of 1874 witnessed a caravan of a hundred wagons, led by A. C. Myers, crossing the line into the forbidden territory, where upon reaching a site adjacent to the old ruins of Adobe Walls, built in the 1830's by Bent and St. Vrain, Myers established his buffalo hunters supply depot, a crude picker house. Rath & Wright, Dodge City merchants, erected a sod store building, Bill O'Keefe built a blacksmith shop, and Hanrahan, a sod cabin for his saloon, which was the scene of the related incident on the night of June 26, 1874.

Although rumors reached the new settlement, no heed was given, and all but twenty-eight men left for the hunting grounds. Who cared that the Indians had taken to the war path? June 26th found the men sleeping outdoors, with no guard posted, and had it not been for the accidental breaking in of the roof of Hanrahan's cabin, all would have been exterminated. It was almost break of day by the time the roof was fixed, so most remained awake and as the first streaks of dawn appeared, so did some thousand Indians—Cheyennes, Comanches, and Arapahoes, and Kiowa-

has, led by Chiefs Quannah Parker, Lone Wolf, and Stone Call. Right up to the very doors of the buildings dashed the warriors, yet only the two Shadler brothers suffered death, the rest reaching the shelter of the buildings and repulsing the attack. Forced to withdraw, the Indians laid siege until July 12, when United States Cavalry arrived upon the scene. Billy Tyler was mortally wounded during the fight. The final score was three hunters killed while the loss to the redskins was estimated at 150 warriors.

Following the Adobe Walls fracas, Bat joined the army, working as a civilian scout, identified with the 5th U. S. Infantry, quartered at Fort Elliott. On September 8, 1874, he was participant in the renowned epic "Charge of the Wagon Brigade," when scout Schmalse located Gray Beard's Cheyenne camp on McClelland Cheek. Lieutenant Frank Baldwin attacked the camp, routed the Indians, and rescued the two daughters of John German, held captive since Gray Beard's band had massacred the German family, September 11, 1874, on the Smoky Hill trail in Kansas.

Chief Gray Beard and part of his band were captured, and taken to Fort Elliott, pending their removal to Dry Tortugas, Florida. While at the fort, Gray Beard attempted to escape, and Bat killed him.

Night of January 25, 1875, Bat with several companions drifted into John Stoker's dance hall, in nearby Sweetwater. The belle of the dance hall girls was one known as Virginia Riordan, incidentally claimed as personal property by Sergeant Mel King, Troop H, 4th U. S. Cavalry, who was a renowned gunslinger boasting of fifteen notches on his guns. Bat, however, feared no man, and chose Virginia as his partner. As the couple

glided across the floor, the truculent sergeant bulged upon the scene. Enraged at sight of his girl in the arms of another, King's gun jumped into his fist. His first shot got the girl; his second lodged in Bat's thigh, knocking him to the floor. This was King's last shot. Bat's gun permanently discharged King from the army. Cohorts of the late King rushed towards Bat but Ben Thompson, a deadly gunman, took a stand before the fallen Bat.

"First man who draws a gun, draws my lead!" he announced, and none accepted his challenge. Bat was removed to safety by his friends.

Bat later appeared back in Dodge City, where both his brothers, Jim and Ed, were serving as lawmen, and Bat became a deputy also, a chore he did well until July 1876, when he resigned, and headed for the gold fields of South Dakota. But Deadwood proved unprofitable and in September, Bat returned to Dodge City, there to become a candidate for sheriff of Ford County, his opponent one Larry Deger. Bat won the election.

"Dog" (J. H.) Kelley, former trooper of General Custer's command, was Mayor. The position of City Marshal being vacant, Dog appointed Ed Masterson to that office, much against Bat's advice. Ed Masterson did not lack nerve, but he was, according to Bat, too much inclined to take chances with some of the hard cases hanging about town. Bat's estimate proved correct. Ed was killed on April 9, 1878.

Jack Wagner and Alf Walker, two tough hombres, decided to "hurrah" the town, staging their rampage along Front Street. Shots and the crashing of broken windows brought Ed Masterson on a run. Bat, too, had heard the shots and headed for the scene

only seconds behind the marshal. Bat reached Front Street, via Second Avenue, just in time to witness Ed's fall before the blazing guns of the ruffians. Sighting Bat, Wagner and Walker sent in a hail of lead at the lawman, but not a shot touched Bat, as he sent a slug into Wagner's guts. Twice More, Bat's gun crashed, both shots hit their target. Walker dropped, a slug in his shoulder; another in the chest, and the fight was over. Ed Masterson was carried into Hoover's saloon, but his wounds proved fatal.

Dodge City, "Cowboy Capital," was a rough, tough spot in the 70's. When young Jim Kennedy, son of Milflin Kennedy, partner of Captain Richard King, hit town, and felt himself insulted by Mayor Kelley, he decided to even the score. Well bolstered with redevye, Kennedy sneaked out to Kelley's cottage. Peeking through a window, the ambushing Kennedy spotted a form on a bed and sent a shot into it, then securing his horse fled the scene.

The recipient of Kennedy's lead, however, was not Mayor Kelley, but an actress named Dora Hand, who, with her friend, Fanny Garrison, had borrowed Kelley's shack while playing in town. News of the nefarious deed sent Bat Masterson, Wyatt Earp, Charlie Bassett, and Billy Tilghman, on Kennedy's trail.

"He'll head for Texas, and we'll get him at Cimarron Ford," predicted Bat, as they spurred across the prairie.

Near Wagon Bend Springs, they sighted the fugitive. Bat's Winchester spoke, and Kennedy slumped in the saddle, but stayed aboard. Wyatt Earp then downed Kennedy's pony, and the chase ended. Kennedy was returned to Dodge, given a trial, and released on insufficient evidence.

In 1879, Bat's term as sheriff expired and he drifted into Colorado.

For a time, he operated a sporting club, then accepted an appointment as a United States Marshal in Denver, where he remained for a number of years.

The millionaire, George Gould, was receiving threatening letters. The New York Police Department was unable to locate the writer. Thomas Byrnes, superintendent, advised Gould to employ a bodyguard. Bat was offered the post and accepted. Within three months after taking over the chore, Bat had apprehended the culprit, which ended his assignment.

His next job was protecting the payrolls of the race track operators of the Gravesend Race Track, followed by his appointment by President Teddy Roosevelt, as United States Deputy Marshal of New York, which lasted until 1907.

Shortly after making New York his home, Bat met and married Miss Emma Walters, a Philadelphia girl, and enjoyed domestic happiness until July 11, 1902, when Mrs. Masterson passed away. In his off-duty hours, Bat frequented the sporting houses, and on one occasion sat in a stiff game of poker with a party named Snow, the son of Bishop Lorenzo Snow of Salt Lake City, Utah. Bat won considerable money from Snow who accused Bat of cheating, then swore out a warrant for Bat's arrest. At police headquarters, they deprived him of his gun, which incidentally was never returned to him. The excuse, it could not be located.

Some of the newspapers had published disparaging slurs during this incident, and Bat took the matter to court, suing the *Globe* for libel, and in 1913 won his case, securing judgment to the tune of \$3,500.00 and vindication of his good name.

Following his resignation as Deputy

## CHOOSING MISS INDIAN AMERICA IV

Helping select the prettiest girl among 91 pretty maidens from thirty Indian tribes is nice work if you can get it—and I got it, last August at the fourth annual All American Indian Days, at Sheridan, Wyoming.

Sheridan (12,000 pop.) goes all out for Indian Days. It lays other things aside the first week-end in August to concentrate on this project in interracial human relations. The event was conceived by H. F. Sinclair of Sheridan, better known as Neckyoke Jones, but has grown to such proportions that its management has been taken over by Kalif Shrine. Proceeds go to the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children.

Purpose of the celebration is to bring red men and white together, to help preserve old Indian ways and at the same time to demonstrate to their white friends how much the Indians are doing for themselves in an attempt to strengthen their foothold in the modern world. Some three thousand members of plains tribes gather annually for this occasion.

Their tepees, costumes and dances brighten the three-day program, which begins with a parade on Friday and ends Sunday evening with the crowning of the girl who wins the Miss Indian America contest. After-

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U. S. Marshal in 1907, Bat had become a sportswriter on the staff of the *New York Morning Telegraph* and it was while working at his desk on the morning of October 25, 1921, that he suffered a heart attack which proved fatal. Most of Bat's 67 years had been spent in hazardous occupations; then ended his days in a prosaic newspaper office, yet it could be said: "He died with his boots on."

noon and evening programs feature Indian games, races and ceremonials. Arts and crafts are on display. The outstanding Indian of the year is honored. This year it was Ben Reifel, area director, Aberdeen Office, Bureau of Indian Affairs. Mr. Reifel, son of a German migrant and a Brule Sioux woman, was born in a log cabin on the Rosebud reservation. (He was a guest of the Denver Westerners at their Colorow Cave Rendezvous a few days after this year's Indian Days.)

For the Miss Indian America contest any girl who is at least half Indian, between 16 and 26 and unmarried, may enter. There were five judges: H. O. Brayer, Stanley Vestal, Mrs. E. D. Mygatt of Big Horn, Wyo., and New York, a writer; Mrs. Elizabeth Lochrie of Butte, Montana, an artist; and yours truly. Our instructions were to choose the girl who in our opinion exhibited the best appearance, personality, poise and Indian characteristics. We spent many hours at the job.

First we met all the contestants on Wednesday evening at a dinner for which they wore conventional clothing. All their appearances thereafter were in Indian garb. We talked with each of the 91 on the first evening, the interviews running well past midnight. On each of the next three days we again interviewed the girls, singly and en masse. By Saturday we had reduced the field to sixteen. These we interviewed for the last time on Sunday morning. On the first ballot, the five judges unanimously named the winner as Miss Sandra May Cover.

She is a fullblood Pawnee, 20 years old, 5 feet 9 inches tall, a senior student in secretarial training at Haskell

Institute, Topeka, Kansas. Her father, Philip Gover, lost an arm fighting in World War II. He is tribal chairman of the Skidi Pawnees, and teaches Navaho children in the Intermountain School, Brigham City, Utah. Miss Gover teaches a Presbyterian Sunday school, is a tournament tennis player, and a student of Indian history, as proficient in the sign language as she is in her native Pawnee. She wore her honors with a modesty and a regal dignity befitting a descendant, as she is, of the Pawnee chief Crooked Hand.

Runners-up were Caroline Rosemary Motanic, a Umatilla from Pilot Rock, Oregon; Barbara Jo Pappio, a Kiowa from Oklahoma; and Susie Budd, an Oklahoma Creek.

Honorable mention went to Annie Grace Strange Owl, a great-granddaughter of the Cheyenne Black Kettle; Marie Ann Moss of St. Stephens Mission, Wyoming, whose great-grandfather was the Arapaho Black Coal (whose warbonnet is in the Colorado State Historical Society collection); Mary Geneva Whiteman, daughter of the tribal chief of the Crows and descendant of White-Man-Runs-Him, one of Custer's scouts; Ruth Dee Larsen, a Gros Ventre from Butte, Montana; and Delores Marie

Racine, a Blackfeet, great-granddaughter of Wades-in-the-Water.

Also-rans included such comely maidens as Clara White Hip, who explained that in her Crow tongue the name means She-Rides-a-White-Hip-Horse; a Hunkpapa Sioux child named Arbutus Darlene Yellowhammer who was as pretty as her name; Kathryn Ellen Northover, a Yakima who after the contest donned her everyday dress—a uniform with a badge denoting her office as a deputy sheriff at Harrah, Washington; and Rosebud Rita Bulltail whose father's father was the great Plenty Coups.

Talking with the girls in this contest was revealing and heartening. Many had traveled rather widely. Many were teaching, or preparing to teach. Several were taking commercial courses. There were among them a dental technician and a medical secretary. They had many talents, in music, dramatics, and art. Their dresses, leggings and moccasins were beaded and fringed, many of them having come down from maternal ancestors who made them in the good old days. Adding to Miss Gover's score was the fact that the dress she wore, which was authentically Pawnee, was entirely her own handiwork.

Maurice Frink

## Book Reviews

THE TRAGIC DAYS OF BILLY THE KID, by Frazier Hunt. Hastings House, New York, 1956, 316 pp. \$5.00.

History has shown that Billy the Kid was a rather unimportant participant in the upheavals of his day and age, but it is too much to expect that any man who has spilled ink would be able to resist the temptation of using the pile of ready-made hero material that awaits the writer about the Kid. Having always contended that the true history of the Lincoln County Wars had yet to be written, and that when it did it should not be history centered around the Kid, I was very agreeably surprised by Hunt's book, for he has come closer to upsetting my contentions than any writer has done to date.

Mr. Hunt was extremely fortunate in having been able to enlist the aid of the late lamented Col. Maurice G. Fulton, and also of J. Evetts Haley and Robert N. Mullin, whose maps grace the book. This triumvirate have together spent well over a hundred total years in researching the subject, and in addition, Hunt makes adequate use of the material on the Kid's early life unearthed recently with a slantwise nod to Phil Rasch whose work it mainly was. And I'll freely concede that he uses more contemporary, basic and original material than I have ever seen in one book about one outlaw in all my born days.

For the hawkeyes, I note that Tunstall's age is given as 26 instead of 24, and that McSween's arrival in Lincoln is inferred incorrectly. Also, Frank McNab is one time identified as Charlie; but these are minor errors in a wonderful dossier on the Kid

that is going to delight a host of readers and perhaps surprise a good many of those unfamiliar with the facts as they really were. Lacking only an index and a section of illustrations, and a tendency to picture Billy the Kid as a lost wail, I'd call this about the best thing to appear on Billy in the last twenty years, and I speak of what I know.

Fred Nolan (England)

HALF HORSE HALF ALLIGATOR: THE GROWTH OF THE MIKE FINK LEGEND, Edited with an introduction and notes by Walter Blair and Franklin J. Meine. The University of Chicago Press (1956). 289 pages, \$5.00.

If Mike Fink, during his lifetime, was "half man, half horse and half alligator" (as a non-Euclidian mathematician calculated), after his death he became half history, half legend, half folklore and half fiction. Mike was a real sharpshooter in the late 1700s who served as scout against Indians in campaigns around Pittsburgh. When the local Indians became somewhat pacified, young Fink turned to keelboating, a violent occupation which offered the broadening influence of travel to such cultural centers as St. Louis, Natchez and New Orleans. As one of the fittest, he survived many a tourney with bottles, wenches and rival toughies.

Mike's next change of life came through answering a want ad. Major Andrew Henry and General William H. Ashley advertised in the St. Louis Republican for March 20, 1822, for young gents who had guts and would travel up the Missouri for a few years. So Mike became a member of the party which came to include Jim



Bridger, Jedidiah Smith and (later) Hugh Glass. They were off to the Yellowstone country with intent to bring back pelts for a hungry fur-market.

It is believed that Fink, king of the Ohio-Mississippi boatmen was put in charge of one of the 75-foot keelboats of this Ashley-Henry party. Before ice sealed off the waterways, Mike's patrons had established a fort at the mouth of the Yellowstone, and had sent out parties (of whom Mike was one) to hunt and trap. After this, they rendezvoused at the fort and (according to a government report): "Mike Fink shot Carpenter—Talbot soon afterward shot Fink, and not long after was drowned at the Teton's."

Legend reports that Fink killed Carpenter while engaging in the boatman's favorite sport, shooting a cup of liquor off a companion's head. For once Mike missed his target—or did he?

Messrs Walter Blair and Franklin J. Meine published in 1933 a life of Mike Fink. They were so enamoured of their subject that they spent more than 20 years digging up published stories (true and false) about Fink, which they now reprint, with comments and interludes, in **HALF HORSE HALF ALLIGATOR**.

—PM John J. Lipsey

**SAINTS OF SAGE AND SADDLE**,  
by Austin and Alta Fife, Bloomington, Indiana University Press, 1956,  
367 pp. \$5.00.

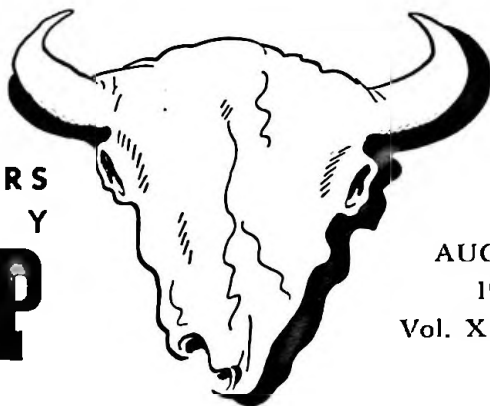
It is difficult to withhold admiration for the adherents of Joseph Smith. Nor need that admiration be given grudgingly. Smith and his brother suffered martyrdom, many of their people have experienced the persecutions so often afforded a minority, while practically all of the

early date adherents knew the privations, dangers and anguish of the frontier. The Mormon settlement in the Great Salt Lake Basin was not, in the first instance, a choice of their own. They went there not for personal gain as such, but for a refuge and for the greater glory of their faith. That they prospered is due perhaps to their singleness of purpose based confidently on what they considered the fundamental truthfulness of their religion.

This book is not only a history; it is also a product touching the fulfilment of history. Fundamentally, it is a fabric of folklore, and folklore comes into being after history has mellowed. Beginning with a short discussion of certain Mormon tenets, the authors cover the spectrum of the Saints' folklore from the early days of Smith almost to the current day; from the dawn of Mormon history to the present, where history has not yet developed a folklore. Nor is it a bigoted work; it is as honest as the yarn from which it is woven. Mormon folklore is replete, as is any religious folklore, with manifestations of divine intercession; just so, are there instances where divine aid was not forthcoming. But the Mormon accepted such failure as an evidence of his own deficiency in complete faith. Such failure not only prompted a greater effort to achieve faith, it also provided an equalizing humor. That he was usually successful in the first may be seen from what he has reared; that he succeeded in the second is obvious from the fact that he has survived. To his faith and to his legend, he trusted. He honored his dead more in the legend than in the cemetery, which is perhaps well, for his dedicated life is not to be remembered by a monument, but in reminiscences.

R.A.L.

*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
M O N T H L Y  
**ROUNDUP**



AUGUST,  
1956  
Vol. XII, No. 8



STANLEY VESTAL, August 11, 1956

*Fred Mazzula Photo*

*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.

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Vol. XII

August, 1956

No. 8

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Printing Office  
839 Pearl St., Boulder.

The Westerners  
730 Equitable Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.

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*Coming Events*

THE OCTOBER MEETING

Dr. Philip Whiteley  
The Denver Press Club  
1330 Glenarm Place

THE NOVEMBER MEETING

Dr. Nolie Mumey  
The Denver Press Club  
(The subjects of the above papers have not been announced)

## *Riding the Range*

The Rendezvous at Colorow's Cave on the Bax Ranch Aug. 11, 1956 drew Possemen from the Chicago, Los Angeles, and Wyoming Posses. The weather was splendid and about 220 Westerners and friends attended. The meal was catered by Hummel of Denver. The University of Denver Dudes and Dames entertained with dances. Stanley Vestal spoke about Dodge City. Mike Harrison sang a short song. Among those from other Posses were Art Murdock of Chicago, Mike Harrison of Los Angeles Posse, Al Pence and J. L. Gillespie of Wyoming. Also present was Leroy Hafen of the Denver Posse now of Provo, Utah, S. Lyman Tyler of Provo, Merrill Mattes of the National Park Service and Lester Wood of Breckenridge, Texas.

— o —

PM Alan Swallow's third book of poems, entitled *The Nameless Sight: Poems 1937-1956*, will be published in October by the Prairie Press of Iowa City, Iowa. The book is a selected volume from poems Alan has published over twenty years and will appear in a limited edition done by the well-known fine printer, Carroll Coleman.

Mr. Frank J. Halpin, 161 Carling Ave., Ottawa 1, Canada, would appreciate suggestions in connection with research he is trying to do "at a distance." His objective is the 1680-1692 period of Indian insurrection against Spanish Rule in New Mexico. If you know of material that has touched upon this particular subject, please drop Mr. Halpin a note.

— o —

PM Alan Swallow will be guest speaker on October 13 to the Nebraska Guild of Writers in Omaha.

— o —

The Registrar of Marks and Brands begs to apologize for the fact that the July issue of the Roundup has been delayed. It will appear later as a special issue during November. Seems like we got our rope tangled a mite.

— o —

PM Fred Mazzulla is now a columnist along with his many other accomplishments. Fred contributes to a weekly column in the Denver Post *Empire Magazine* entitled *Looking Back*. Shortly to appear is a book *The First 100 Years* by Fred and Jo Mazzulla. It is packed with eye-opening photographs that will cause much comment. A real Colorado item.



Westerners Rendezvous August 11, 1956 (Otto Roach Photo)

# DODGE CITY STORIES

STANLEY VESTAL

## I

### *Prairie Dog Dave*

There were hardly more than a thousand permanent residents of Dodge City in those days. But in that small population there was an extraordinary number of original characters, and some of these acquired colorful nicknames, such as Dirty Face Jones, Stink Finger Jim, the Hoodoo Kid, Shot Gun Collins, Hurricane Bill and his wife, Hurricane Minnie, the Stuttering Kid, Black Kelley, Shoot 'Em Up Mike, Light Fingered Jack.

Among them was Prairie-Dog Dave—surname Morrow. David Morrow was a great lover of animals. Indeed it was said that he had left New Jersey for the West because his family thought him altogether too fond of horses and racing.

It was Morrow who brought in a trophy which became one of the sights of Dodge.

When buffalo roamed the plains in millions, one in many thousands would be born an albino. Such white buffalo were very rare and in all the records of buffalo hunters, both red and white, the total number of white buffalo killed since fur traders first reached the plains in the 17th century total less than two score.

But one day some cowboys rode into Dodge saying that they had seen a white buffalo in the herds south of Dodge City. Few of those who heard the tale believed it, thinking the cowboys were stretching the blanket as they loved to do.

But when, a day or two later, the

stage rolled in from Camp Supply, and everyone on it, including the driver and guard, who were respected citizens of Dodge, repeated the story, Prairie-Dog rode out to see for himself.

He spent three days scouting the herds along the Cimarron River and finally spotted the animal he was after.

Dave dismounted and crept upwind to a point where he could throw lead into his quarry. He killed the white buffalo and brought him back to town. Bob Wright paid \$1,000 for it.

Wright had it mounted, and for years it stood in the window of his store. It was exhibited in Kansas City and in Topeka in the state capitol. Finally it was deposited in the Hubbell Museum in New York.

Prairie-Dog Dave gained his nickname in a way all his own. After the Santa Fe Railroad reached Colorado, many tourists and travellers passed through on their way West.

In those days a locomotive and a train of cars inspired the same keen interest which a jet or a Stratocruiser does now. They were received as a triumph of American ingenuity, the fastest means of travel, and the key to the opening of the frontier and the conquest of a continent. Accordingly, all the towns were built to flank the railroad on both sides, and when the daily train arrived, everybody made it a point, if possible, to head for the depot and meet the train. Almost the whole adult population

turned out. It was the big moment of the day.

Now Morrow was struck by the fact that many of these travellers expressed curiosity about prairie dogs, wished to see them, and seemed willing to pay. It occurred to Dave that he could make good money by catching prairie dogs and selling them to people passing through.

Spring is the rainy season on the plains, and Dave soon found a prairie dog town spotted with round saucer-shaped wallows which the buffalo had made, each brim-full of rainwater. He plowed a furrow from one of these wallows to the nearest dog-hole, let the water run in, filled up the hole, and so drowned the dogs out. As they came out, he would grab them and put them in the gunny sack he carried. By this process, Dave soon collected plenty of prairie dogs. Putting his bag in the wagon he drove up alongside the railroad tracks and offered the dogs to tourists, pulling out two dogs at random from his sack and holding one up in each hand, calling out, "Prairie dogs, prairie dogs, \$5.00 the pair. Wonderful pets, take them home. Only \$5.00 a pair."

In no time his gunny sack was empty and he had pocketed \$50.

Every day it was the same until the rains ceased, the dry winds began to blow, and there was no more water in the buffalo wallows.

The sudden end of his bonanza depressed Dave. He went around bitterly complaining, wondering how he could carry on until the spring rains came round again. But one day an ingenious fellow offered to solve Dave's difficulty if he would buy the drinks. Dave quickly accepted the offer.

Said his friend, "Take an empty whiskey barrel and saw it in two. This will give you two tubs. Knock the bottoms out of the tubs and take

them out to the prairie dog town. Put each bottomless tub over a dog hole and fill it half-full with fine river sand. The dogs, finding their hole blocked, will dig up through the sand, then the sand will fill the hole they made coming out and they will never be able to dig their way down again. They can't get out of the tub, and you've got 'em."

Dave lost no time in putting this trick to work, and soon was in business again, meeting every train and selling his dogs like hot cakes. But after a time the demand slackened; he found no buyers for his pets.

Dave couldn't understand it, and when a prospect refused to buy, demanded to know the reason.

"Well, Dave, if you want to know, the word has got around, and you won't find any takers from now on. Too many of the dogs you sold were not pairs."

Prairie-Dog Dave never heard the last of that, nor of his nickname.

## II

### *Wyatt Earp and Bat Masterson*

#### II. *Wyatt Earp and "Bat" Masterson*

On May 10, 1879,\* the *Dodge City Globe* reports an incident which illustrates the fine cooperation of the marshals in Dodge. Kansas had suffered heavily at the hands of Missourians in the bouts of border warfare which preceded the Civil War, and there was no love lost between the citizens of the two states. Clay County, Missouri, was one of those overrun by the Kansans at the end of the war. One night three men from Clay County on the way to Colorado spent the night in Dodge and, after a few drinks, set out to "take" the camp.

\**Dodge City Times*, May 10, 1879

Wyatt Earp, by no means convinced that the Missourians were tougher than the Texans, did not bother to "buffalo" the trouble-maker, but led him by the ear toward the calaboose. One of the other Missourians shouted to the captive to shoot Earp. The captive, thus cheered on, attempted to free himself. Just then Bat turned up, slammed the barrel of his weapon on the side of the fellow's head and knocked him out. That night, the two marshals had no further trouble with the trio.

But next day the Missourians determined to have their revenge. Taking cover behind one of the store buildings on Front Street, they hired a little negro boy to go and tell Bat that "a man wanted to see him" at that rendezvous. But the boy had not been raised in Dodge for nothing. The way they talked roused his suspicions and he warned Bat. The three of them were again arrested, fined, and ordered out of town. Recounting this, the *Times* commented: "Dodge City is hard to 'take'; pistol brigands find it a 'warm birth'!"\* (sic)

### III

#### *The Long Branch Saloon*

A. J. Peacock and Charles "Senator" Bassett, Ford County's first sheriff, opened the Long Branch in 1873. Later Chalkley M. "Chalk" Beeson bought it and William H. Harris became his partner.

The original Long Branch Saloon at the time of its opening was the largest building in town and built of lumber. It was wider than the later

\**Ibid.*, September 6, 1879

Bat's next recorded exploit of any importance was just the capture of a couple of horsethieves! It was a dull season.

one shown in the well-known photograph. The bar was then on the left side as you went in. There was no upstairs, but the ground floor extended almost back to Tin Pot Alley, once satirically referred to by a local editor as "University Avenue"—now Chestnut Street. The Long Branch—like all other buildings north of the railroad on Front Street—faced the south, and its entrance off the board walk was almost at ground level, at the bottom of a gentle slope rising to the north. As a result the Long Branch had floors at three levels rising toward the back.

As you entered from the front and passed the bar and the stove, you encountered a step-up about eight inches high. On this level the billiard table stood. Beyond this on a yet higher level was the piano. This was the stage or platform for entertainment.

On this level a door opened to the card tables. These were arranged in two rooms and separated by partitions supported a foot above the floor. Behind these rooms devoted to card games were the coal bin, the open privy, and the "beer keg corral." The Long Branch Saloon extended fully ninety feet from front to back, and the lot even farther.

This establishment endeavored to maintain a high-toned sporting atmosphere, serving only high grade liquor, and its customers included the leading citizens—railroad men, cattle kings, buffalo hunters, and travellers who passed that way. The saloon took its name from the celebrated sporting resort on the Atlantic seaboard. Many of the men in Dodge came from New Jersey or other eastern states.

The Long Branch was primarily a gambling house. Dancing was not permitted in the Long Branch. Beeson and Harris, the owners, served no free lunch or cut whiskey. The partners were the first firm in Dodge to have



a safe with a combination. They divided the work between them: "Chalk" Beeson was in charge of the books of the firm. These were kept by York Parker, whose fine hand balanced them every night. Once a month the owners split the profit fifty-fifty.

There was never any written contract between Harris and Beeson. Each knew he could trust the other. Chalk, being a family man, presided during the day; Harris, the bachelor gambler, took over during the night. Chalk also arranged for the free entertainment, having five to seven men in his orchestra. He himself was an accomplished violinist.

He had "backed" into Dodge, having previously lived in Colorado, where he earned \$20 a night playing and conducting an orchestra, and soon became quite expert in presiding over Spanish-American quadrilles. His orchestra at times comprised strings, a bass viol, first and second violin, viola, and clarinet—no drums.

Besides, there were singers; one man and two women were the customary bill.

Chalk had learned the guitar as a young man and would use a poker chip to twang the strings. He could sing, too, and often prompted or called off.

His voice had served him well as a young man. Raised as a farm boy in Iowa, he early learned how to handle oxen, and at eighteen years was working as a bull whacker in logging camps. His gentle ways and pleasing voice enabled him to get more out of the bulls than many men of far greater experience. He was one of the few who knew how to make a yoke of oxen back up.

By 3 a. m., the gamblers in the Long Branch had departed, and Harris could go to bed. Then, while the bartender napped, the negro porter

cleaned up. There was nothing much doing in the saloons before mid-afternoon. But the Long Branch never closed; in fact, the front door had no key.

The well-known photograph of the Long Branch (reproduced opposite page 20 in Stanley Vestal's book *QUEEN OF THE COWTOWNS, DODGE CITY*, Harper & Brothers, New York, 1952) was taken in the new brick building erected after the fire of November 24, 1885. The front door (not shown) was flanked on each side by a plate glass window and there was no longer a wooden awning over the board sidewalk out front. Inside, the bar was now on the right and behind it a large mirror crowned with a handsome pair of polished long-horns, while above that hung an oil painting of a reclining woman. The large clock or Regulator (not here visible) hung on the right wall just inside the large front double doors. Behind the bar on the right was the large fancy white ice box. The back walls on both sides and at the rear were hung with portraits of friends of the proprietors, while the pictures on the left in the foreground represent English driving scenes appropriate to such lovers of horseflesh and sporting gentlemen as foregathered in the Long Branch.

The men present in this photograph may be identified from right to left, as follows: bartender and sometime dealer, L. Warren; negro porter, Isaac Peck; at the end of the bar in front of the ice box, City Marshal Clark Chipman. Seated: Frank Jernigan, Dr. Augustus A. Chouteau; facing us in the center at the rear under the elk horns sits the gambler and partner of Beeson, W. H. "Billy" Harris. The man farthest to the left is the handyman, Myers. The other parties are unknown.

Thus the new Long Branch repre-

sented in the photograph was a much less ambitious establishment than its prototype. It extended little more than half as far from the front door, was narrower, and contained no piano. But it still attracted much the same clientele.

Jake Schafer and Charley Ronan had a billiard hall a few doors down Front Street, but match games were played in the Long Branch. Wyatt Earp, City Marshal, often judged the games.

In 1876 there were nineteen places licensed to sell liquor in Dodge City, then a town of only 1,200 inhabitants, and during the summer when the camp was full of transients and strangers, they all did a good business. But the rest of the year they had to depend for most of their business upon permanent residents. With one such place for roughly every sixty souls in the community, competition was keen.

The Long Branch Saloon, because of its high tone and likable managers, enjoyed better business than some of its competitors. Next door was the establishment of George Merritt Hoover, one of the founders of Dodge, who dealt in liquor wholesale and retail.

Many times the married men would get to drinking and forget to go home for dinner, which sometimes resulted in family quarrels, tears, and reproaches. On noting this, Hoover decided to install a clock, and bought the best one he could obtain from a local jeweler. It was a large handsome clock and kept perfect time. In the afternoon Hoover would stand out in front of his establishment and invite his married friends in, suggesting that it would be better for them to drink where they could see his clock and so not be late getting home. That, he said, their wives would not like. And so it became the custom for a great many of the local residents to pass by

the Long Branch and drop into George's place.

It was not long until Chalk Beeson discovered that trade was falling off. He put it up to Harris and suggested that they must have a clock too. The two men agreed that they must have the best clock it was possible to get.

Accordingly they bought the handsome wall clock that now hangs in the Beeson Museum, the Regulator. On its glass door neat gilt letters proclaimed *The Long Branch Saloon*.

But this, they discovered, gave them no advantage over Hoover. The two clocks kept identical time and there was no reason why the patrons should prefer one place to the other.

Something had to be done.

Each establishment employed a negro porter whose duty it was to keep the place clean and act as bus boy. When one porter was ill or absent, the other did the work of both. By this arrangement the proprietors of both establishments were always sure of porter's services.

Chalk Beeson, calling the porter of the Long Branch aside, proposed a stratagem. The porter, after suitable inducements were offered, readily connived with his employer to play a trick on Hoover. With a bottle of whiskey which the Long Branch provided, their porter foregathered with Hoover's man until the latter passed out. Then, following the instructions of his own boss, he went to work on the pendulum of Hoover's clock with the result that it steadily lost time. Next day Chalk dropped into Hoover's place and expressed astonishment that the two clocks did not agree. Hoover's clock did not give the correct railroad time, and every day thereafter seemed to be farther off.

Chalk would stand outside of an afternoon and josh his baffled competitor, suggesting that maybe the filthy smoke from the trains had got

into Hoover's clock, and making a joke of it every way he could. This went on for quite a time, until finally Hoover had his clock checked by the local horologist and learned of the trick which had been played upon him. But by that time most of the boys who had learned to rely only upon Beeson's Regulator were in on the joke, and competition was restored.

When Dodge City finally went dry, "Chalk" took his fine clock home. Saloon keepers no longer enjoyed their former esteem, and so—to satisfy his wife—"Chalk" took a razor and scratched the gilt lettering—*The Long Branch Saloon*—off the glass door of the Regulator. Or nearly all; a tiny flake of gold leaf can still be seen there.

### *Book Reviews*

**WESTERN SHERIFFS AND MARSHALLS** by Thomas Penfield. 145 pages with index, illustrated. Published by New York, Grosset and Dunlap, 1956. \$2.50.

The content is amply described in the title. Contains nothing new—simply a reworking of the previous publications of better men. The author completely reverses himself—in the Foreword he promises to abolish the fictitious line of demarcation between the "Good Boys" and the "Bad Boys" but the twenty-one chapters on individual officers are simply laudations. It takes a real genius to dismiss such persons as Wyatt Earp and others of his class in three pages of type. The pen and ink drawings and the double page chapter separations do nothing for the book except to increase the bulk. However it is a fair book for the juvenile at a reasonable price. That's all.

(C.M.) H. B. Parker

**THE LAW GOES WEST** by Forbes Parkhill. Sage Books, Denver, 1956. \$3.50.

This book is a must for the entire legal fraternity, and also a must for anyone interested in the early history of Colorado. Its wit and humor are way above the average, and the Quit

Claim Deed that Judge Howard furnished to his wife on her person is out of this world.

(C.M.) Herb Johnson

**THE FASTEST GUN IN TEXAS** by J. H. Plenn and C. J. LaRoche. 128 pages. Signet Book, New York, 1956.

Except at the last when it is said he held up a card game, John Wesley Hardin was never accused of crime outside of killing. Never rustled cattle or horses, never held up a bank or train. Made a living gambling and out of cattle. Hardin refused to be reconstructed. Killed colored soldiers. That started him off. His career and that of Clay Allison somewhat similar—both killers, but not thieves. Source material for all stuff on Hardin is his own autobiography. Subject would justify someone making real research through newspapers and court records. Hardin was shot in the back of the head from behind by John Selman, as had a murderer and criminal as ever lived. After the shooting, Albert B. Fall, Selman's attorney, looked over the scene in the barroom. Later Selman claimed that by looking in the mirror back of the bar he saw that Hardin was looking at him in the mirror, and that Hardin made a move to draw his

gun. Selman was acquitted on the story concocted by Fall.

Hardin is credited with inventing the shoulder holster.

Hardin for a while took part on the Taylor side of the noted Taylor-Sutton feud in West Texas.

(C. M.) W. T. Moyers

**ANACONDA**, by H. Minar Shoebottom. The Stackpole Co., Harrisburg, Penn., 1956, pp. 220. \$4.50.

In 1856, a 15 year old Irish boy named Marcus Daly gave up forever the feeding of pigs in County Cavan and took ship for the new world. At the time of his death in 1900, he was President of the Amalgamated Copper Co., the owner of several famous race-horses, and a leading figure in the political affairs of the state of Montana.

*Anaconda* is the story of this man's life and times. It is also a fascinating tale of mining, politics, the sport of kings, and high finance, woven into the great American "rags to riches" tale, and played out against the imposing background of the "richest hill on earth."

This book is not heavy reading. It is light, yet is quite interesting for the reader who likes western mining history, colorful characters, or lively political doings.

CM Ross B. Grenard, Jr.

**SETTLER MAC AND THE CHARMED QUARTER-SECTION**, by Mrs. Hal Russell. Sage Books, \$3. Limited edition.

The author of this delightful little book was told she was the first white child born in Yuma County, Colorado, where Uncle Sam bet his children 160 acres of homestead land that they couldn't wrest a living from the prairie for seven consecutive years.

In the eighties and nineties Settler Mac kept his family of seven on a cash income of \$25 a year and a hand-

ful of produce from a dry farm, but this is not so much his story of the grim struggle with the villain, Hard Times, as it is the tale of an Enchanted Place as seen through the eyes of the children.

Mrs. Russell writes nostalgically of a remembered Eden where white moonlight paints the grassland and silver-slipped fairies dance in the buffalo wallow; where actual witches locate water wells and the devil who fans the heat waves wags a friendly tail.

She brings to life the barefoot, sun-bonneted little girl in flour-sack drawers, Nell, who knows the ecstasy of the wild wind blowing; of the awkward, long-legged lass, Nihilty, who tells lies, bars herself from Heaven with a burst of profanity, and yearns to be a bullfrog; of Carrie, who knows that babies grow on potato vines; of Maggie May, who grows up without knowing where babies come from and who, learning, dies.

Mrs. Russell writes from no ivory tower. She writes of what she has experienced, and her sometimes disconnected tale successfully establishes the illusion of reality, enabling the reader vicariously to know the plesantry, loveliness and occasional pathos of life as seen through the wondering, eager eyes of childhood.

For adult reading by all who would recapture the marvels of childhood's miracle world, and particularly appropriate as a gift for womenfolk of the family.

—Forbes Parkhill

**THE HOPI INDIANS**, by Harry C. James. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1956. Caldwell, Idaho. \$5.00.

This is the latest of a number of splendid books on the Hopi that have been published by various authors in recent years. As pointed out by F. W. Hodge of the Southwest Museum in his foreword commending this publi-

cation, no Pueblo tribe has attracted greater popular and scientific attention than the Hopi who have held tightly to their customs, religious beliefs and rites, and way of life, despite four centuries of effort by the "superior race" to shatter this heritage.

In a remote region of northeastern Arizona, isolated from most of the annoyances and distractions of our modern civilization, live the people who are the subject of this very entertaining and informative book on "The Hopi Indians."

James, a part-time neighbor, frequent benefactor, long-time general friend, rated so strongly with these people that he was made a member of the tribe. The fact that the primitive native village of Oraibi is usually credited with being the oldest, most continuously inhabited settlement of its kind in what is now the United States, provides an interesting motive for the journey behind the scenes in Hopi-Land. Authorities are generally agreed upon the conclusion that this town has been doing business at the same location since 1150 A.D., at least.

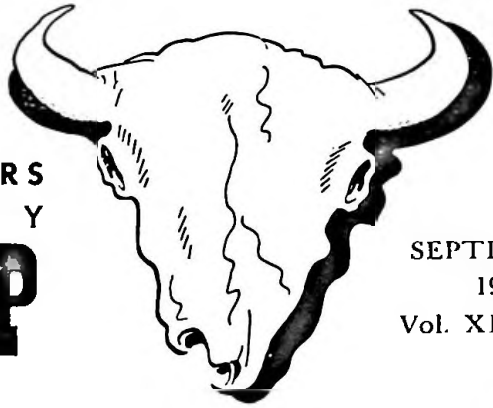
From this point, the author in his chapter on "The Land" establishes the pleasant and picturesque setting for this visit into the dim past, promptly following with a description of the people and their ethnological or racial characteristics. The coming

of the first white men to visit the Hopi country, Lt. Don Pedro de To-var's detachment from Coronado's classic main expedition, in 1540, receives the full, unvarnished treatment in the section on "The Bahana Tradition." According to this legend, the mythical "white brother," a person of supernatural wisdom despite certain obvious disillusionments of the natives, is expected to return to them as their Savior. Follows then allusion to subsequent explorations, expeditions, missions, echoes of the Spanish Inquisition and the great Indian rebellion of 1680, and a review of the later history of the tribe and the region down through the later years.

James has done a great job of reviewing and summarizing in popular form, the complex ethnological aspects of one of the most outstanding and distinctive native groups on the North American Continent.

Substantial credit belongs also to the genial and hearty fellow-Westerner, Don Perceval, the talented artist who did the superb, classic and authentic illustrations accompanying the text. An excellent collection of fine photographs of the Hopi scene also is contained in this book. All in all, "The Hopi Indians" is a volume all devotees of western lore should have in their library, for reference as well as entertainment.

*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
M O N T H L Y  
**ROUNDUP**



SEPTEMBER  
1956  
Vol. XII, No. 9

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*In This Issue:*

**SOUTH PARK: COLORADO HISTORY  
IN MINIATURE**

RAYMOND G. COLWELL

*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.

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Vol. XII

September, 1956

No. 9

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Printing Office  
839 Pearl St., Boulder.

The Westerners  
730 Equitable Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.

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*Coming Events*

NOTICE

THE NOVEMBER MEETING

Dr. Nolie Mumey

The Denver Press Club

1330 Glenarm Place

6:30 P.M.

## DECEMBER MEETING

Leyden-Chiles-Wickersham Post, American Legion, 1370 Broadway,  
Denver, Colorado

**December 19, 1956**

Louisa Ward Arps will speak on "Isabella Bird, Mountain Woman"

ALL Members, Posse and Corresponding, and their wives are invited  
and urged to attend this meeting. Time and details will be sent to you.



## Book Reviews

**FORT GRIFFIN ON THE TEXAS FRONTIER**, by Carl Coke Rister. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1956. 216 pp. \$3.50.

Professor Risterz, one of the great historians of our time, passed away while writing this book. It is, then, unfair to his memory to pass judgment upon it; what it might have been if he had lived to complete it can never be known. His plan was to cover the history of Fort Griffin, Texas, and its area of influence during the period 1854-1881. As it stands the writing suggests that the portions dealing with the Indians and the Army—slightly over half of the text—had been pretty well completed and it may be recommended to those interested in these fields. The portion concerning the town itself certainly had not reached its final state. There is some material for those whose hobby is the buffalo trade, but individuals whose particular fields of interests are "Cowboys, Outlaws, and Vigilantes" will find it one of the most disappointing books of the season. Rister had scarcely scratched the surface of these subjects and the job will have to be completed by someone else. To buy or not to buy must be determined on a basis of personal interests.

PJR

**WITH CROOK AT THE ROSEBUD**, by J. W. Vaughn, Harrisburg, The Stackpole Company, 1956. 245 pp. \$5.00.

The subject of this welcome book is but a speck in the perspective of the story concerning the westward expansion of America. The Sioux and the Cheyenne had much to embitter them against the white invader. Treaties had been made and violated; and now there was gold in the Black Hills.

The strategy of the Army was simple. Gibbon was to move southwest from present Bozeman, Montana; Terry was to move westward from near Bismark, North Dakota; while Crook was to come north from Ft. Fetterman. The three forces were to combine in a pincer movement, crush the hostiles and force them onto reservations, thus freeing the Black Hills. The junction of the three forces was never made, and Crook failed to destroy the village of Crazy Horse, his first objective. Instead, Crazy Horse, with perhaps 1500 warriors, found Crook's command with some 1300 soldiers, friendly Indians, miners and civilian employees. The Battle of the Rosebud followed. As the Author states, this engagement was no doubt directly contributory to the Custer tragedy eight days later, for if the village of Crazy Horse had been destroyed those warriors would not have been in position to engage Custer. Yet the Rosebud has been neglected by students of Indian warfare, and the importance of this book lies in the fact that it is a thorough treatment of that engagement, and is invaluable to a complete knowledge of the summer campaign of 1876. Crook felt that he had achieved a victory. And if remaining on the field after an engagement signifies victory, then he was victorious, for he spent the night following the battle on the site. But he had failed in his objective, and this made necessary another Indian campaign.

Several minor errors mar an otherwise competent work. At one point, the Author speaks of Sharp's Sporters; in another, and later, he correctly refers to Sharps' Sporters. There are two inexcusable grammatical errors concerning possessive proper names, which should have been detected in the proof reading. RAL

# SOUTH PARK: COLORADO HISTORY IN MINIATURE

RAYMOND G. COLWELL

South Park is to me the most interesting area in Colorado. Within its generous confines may be found examples of every phase of Colorado history, with the exception of large scale agriculture. Spaniards (altho the evidence about them is a bit sketchy), mountain men and trappers, explorers, Indians, gold seekers, cattlemen and mountain railroaders all paraded across its extremely scenic stage. It seems to me that we can profitably take a little while and catch some of the highlights of the pageant.

Park County, which is to all intents and purposes synonymous with South Park, is located in the geographical center of the state and has an area of nearly 2200 square miles. The Park proper is a vast bowl, the bottom of which lies 10,000 feet above sea level, surrounded except on the south by mountains which rise to more than 14,000 feet. The view when one tops the divide from any direction is breathtaking, and if one stops to really re-live its history it is breathtaking also.

I also include, when I think of South Park, the foothills on as far east as Guffey and the Four Mile Country, and the southern hills extending to the breaks of the Arkansas River, as well as the Tarryall country to the north, but still draining toward the Park.

Evidence that the Spaniards reached this area is rather vague, as far as I know, consisting largely of the orig-

inal name of the locality, Valle Salada or Salt Valley, and stories in the mining regions that traces of placer workings, and crude smelters, were found by the first comers in 1859 to greatly antedate any possible work by the Anglos. Although off the beaten track for the conquistadores and the priests, it is fair assumption that some adventurous Spaniards traversed this territory.

Our good friend and fellow Westerner, John Lipsey, in the 1947 Brand Book, assembled an imposing array of frontier characters who visited South Park. His treatment was complete, but I'm going to take the liberty of just mentioning some of the more important ones. Starting with James Purcell, or Pursley, whom Pike reported as having said in Santa Fe in 1807 that he had found gold while in the Park in 1805, the roster includes a long list of famous mountain men, explorers and just travellers; Pike himself, James Beckworth, Bill Williams, Kit Carson, Fremont, Lucien Maxwell, Rufus Sage and on down to Ruxton in 1847 and Bayard Taylor in the 60's. Lipsey's treatment is completely documented, and if by chance this paper should awaken your interest in the area, I heartily commend it for re-reading.

So far as Indians are concerned, there is no question that South Park was of major interest to them. Claimed by the Utes from earliest times as their private preserve, it was

the scene of many conflicts between the mountain Utes and the Arapahoes and Cheyennes from the plains, who periodically poached up the former's hunting ground to take advantage of the wonderful supply of game to be found there. Lipsey gives Fremont's account of witnessing a battle with some 500 combatants between the Utes and Arapahos in 1844; I believe it is generally assumed that this was in the vicinity of Garo, towards the north end of the Park.

In later years, Indians were more of a nuisance than anything else, altho there was some real trouble with them. In 1868 a band of forty Arapahos on a raiding expedition to South Park met Territorial Surveyor-General Lessig and his party returning to Denver via Colorado City. This was on Twin Creek, just above present Florissant. They seized the horses of Lessig's party, but decided they were too poor for war party use and returned them, keeping all the provisions and horsefeed, as well as a fine Navajo blanket belonging to Lessig.

In the winter of 1874-75, Chief Ouray with a band of 600 Utes camped at Florissant for several months. During that time much petty thieving and begging took place, as well as the Marksbury killing. Marksbury had located in 1870 in the gulch which bears his name, some two or three miles below the present Tarryall settlement. His pony outside the post office at Florissant caught the eye of a Ute named Antelope who claimed the animal and rode it away. Marksbury and a friend later followed the band to their new camp in Beaver Park, south of Pikes Peak, caught the pony and started off, whereupon Antelope shot and killed Marksbury. Chief Ouray turned the murderer over to the authorities, who later acquitted and released him.

There are countless Indian camp

sites to be found all over the Park by the diligent searcher. In late years there has been none more diligent than Posseman Kenney Englert, his wife and family. They seem to be able to stop any place in the Park and find arrow points, spearheads and teepee rings where the rest of us have travelled many times without finding anything.

The mining history of the South Park area of course began in 1859 with the discovery of gold at Tarryall and Hamilton in the upper reaches of the South Fork of the South Platte. Corresponding Member Norma Flynn's monumental story on the *Mining Camps of South Park*, in the Brand Book for 1951, is such a complete study of the subject that I'm simply going to refer you to it, either for a review of the most colorful phase of South Park history, if you have read it previously, or a treat indeed if you have not done so.

So far as mountain railroading is concerned, let me simply ask you if you know of any better example of the thrills and chills (and I do mean chills) incident to operating a narrow gauge mountain railroad than the old "South Park Road" which is so beautifully described in the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club's classic, "*The Denver, South Park and Pacific*."

At the southwest end of the Park near Trout Creek Pass salt was manufactured in the 1860's. This salt was obtained by evaporating water first obtained from Salt Creek and later from brine wells. The stack of the plant may be seen from the highway. The salt was known to and used by the Indians and later by the settlers. The largest use was in smelting ore but this use dwindled when the railroad arrived.

About all that leaves me is the southern end of the Park, primarily the early cattle ranches there, but I

hope that I can show you enough of interest in that rather limited locality, as South Park localities go, to justify taking your time for a few minutes more.

I want to say here that quite a lot of the following material, particularly about the early ranching, was secured from a little book titled "*Colorado as I Saw It*" by Harry Epperson, published in Kaysville, Utah, in 1943. Epperson's parents were among the early settlers in the Park and Harry was born there and spent practically all his life there.

There is an intimate connection between Canon City and South Park. Canon City was founded in October, 1859, and was on a rather minor route to the South Park gold fields via Currant Creek. It flourished for a while, dwindled to one family, that of Anson Rudd, during the Civil War, but staged a come-back and by 1866 claimed a population of 1200, becoming the supply point for the ranches in the south end of the Park. Furthermore, when the placer camps declined seasonally, and also with their exhaustion, many people moved to the lower altitude and warmer climate of Canon City, temporarily at first but in many cases permanently. The main route was the Currant Creek road and thus the possibilities of the country became known.

Stock raising was the major industry in the Arkansas Valley and as land farther down stream and nearer the river was taken out of circulation by farmers and the old established outfits, the stockmen extended their range farther and farther up Currant Creek.

For example, the McClure family, enroute to Montana with a bunch of cattle stopped on Currant Creek at noon. A cloudburst brought the creek up suddenly, drowned many of their cattle, and scattered the surviv-

ors. The McClures, as Epperson says, went on the Western theory that where you lost it was the place to make it, and settled in the immediate vicinity. The head of the house went to work as a ranch cook and the two boys, Bill and Harry, secured jobs as cowhands. This is not an extreme example of how many of the pioneers chose their location.

There was very little, if any, settlement in the area until the early seventies, but by 1880 or 1885 it was comparatively thickly settled. There were many more people living there then than now, as the abandoned buildings in nearly every other draw testify. There is hardly a pioneer of that era whose name is not preserved by some natural feature, such as Waugh Mountain, Witcher Mountain, Gribbles Run, and so on.

One of the many interesting old ranches in the Black Mountain country was that of Ira Mulock, the IM outfit, located on the head of Badger Creek on the west side of Black Mountain. It should be understood, of course, that when we speak of the location of these early ranches, we mean only the "home place," the headquarters for the owner's family and the hands. The land laws of the time permitted the construction of range fences so long as public land was not entirely enclosed, so the usual procedure was to homestead 160 acres for each adult member of the family in some spot which provided shelter, plenty of water and pasture. That could be legally enclosed. Then fences were run out to steep cliffs or heavy timber which would form a natural barrier to drifting stock, perhaps miles away, and as long as fences did not actually meet it was possible to semi-legally control thousands of acres in that fashion.

"Drift" fences were frequently built by the cooperation of the various cat-

tlemen interested, to keep stock from one locality from drifting into some far distant area. One notable early day drift fence, here described by present place names, was built about 1885. It ran around the north and east sides of the Bison Reservoir, on the south slopes of Pikes Peak, south to about Love (which was just east of the Cripple Creek District), thence westerly across the Cripple Creek hills past the south side of Mt. Pisgah to East Four Mile Creek, thence up West Four Mile and across Castle Creek to Saddle Mountain, well out in South Park proper. This was an over-all length of 25 or 30 miles, but of course it was not necessary to actually build a fence for the entire distance, as due advantage was taken of natural barriers such as rough, steep country, slide rock, heavy down timber and the like.

The cattle, as elsewhere, were turned loose on the range from the home place and strayed for miles, mixed indiscriminately with those of other owners, and were usually seen only twice a year, on the spring and fall roundups. The roundups were fascinating affairs and the high spots of the cowboys' year, as the rendezvous were to the mountain men. Many books have dealt with them much better than I can, but one local example may perhaps be permitted me. In the Four Mile-Twelve Mile Park area in 1885, the roundup was participated in by four large outfits, Bekham, Witcher, Tremayne and Marcott. Each furnished a chuck wagon, cook, from six to ten punchers and fifty to sixty saddle horses. This would be a small party for the plains operations, but it was enough, I suspect, to present quite an exciting picture.

But to get back to the IM outfit. Ira Mulock settled on the west side of Black Mountain on Badger Creek about 1872 or perhaps a little earlier.

He had three sons, Edwin, Parker and Peter. In 1883 he ran 8000 head of cattle and employed six cowhands, according to Epperson. He sold much beef on the hoof to the valley towns and to Leadville and the South Park camps.

The IM herds were among the chief sufferers from the depredations of the notorious Ed Watkins and his gang, to whom we will come back a little later. But in spite of hard winters, predatory animals and rustlers, Ira Mulock in common with other cattlemen was making so much money he didn't know what to do with it. So he organized a bank in Canon City with William Gribble, George Green and others. Green, for one, sold his 63 ranch, over by the Antero reservoir and perhaps the first in the Park, for \$80,000.00 to Haver who organized the Cleveland Cattle Company with it as the nucleus, and Green put the whole \$80,000 into the new bank.

The Mulocks, who were the prime movers in the enterprise and held most of the offices, recognized their lack of financial knowledge and imported from the east as cashier a nephew, A. R. Gaumer, who was reputed to be a banker. Regardless of his reputation, in the course of a few years the bank folded up and much money was lost by the depositors as well as the stockholders. George Green is reported to have been the only one who came out whole, and he did it by demanding his \$80,000, backing up his words with a Winchester held in Gaumer's face. There was much resentment at the Mulock's when the bank failed, and their venture broke them completely. Ira is said to have died with a broken heart over the affair and of the sons, Parker fled to Old Mexico, Ed went to work for Sam Hartsel at \$25 a month, and Pete drove an orewagon in Leadville.

The story has a strangely familiar

ending. Gaumer bought in the IM outfit at sheriff's sale about a year later at such a low price that it was paid for at once by the sale of part of the beef cattle, and operated it for some years as the Boston Land and Cattle Company.

At one time during that period, not being a practical stockman, he got the idea that the IM was not getting value received for their participation in the West End roundup. He bought a heavy panelled circus wagon, painted it bright yellow with Boston Land and Cattle Company in huge white letters on its sides, got a tent so big it took thirteen cowboys to set it up, and ran his individual roundup for a year or two, until he found it was both unsatisfactory and expensive, whereupon he rejoined the community roundups.

He also bought a carload of mares in Denver for his cowpunchers to ride, than which it is said no greater insult is possible, but most of them were later found piled up in an arroyo, some with the cowhides which had started the stampede still fastened to their tails.

The VVN outfit, the Eddy Brothers ranch, was one of the best known old places in the lower end of the park. One frequently repeated story gives the Eddy brothers, of whom there were two, credit for first establishing the feasibility of wintering cattle in South Park, which is obviously an error since others had been doing it for at least ten years before the Eddy trail herds appeared in the picture.

Various scraps of information indicate that 1880 was the first year in which a trail herd was brought from New Mexico by the Eddys, and according to Epperson the New Mexico enterprise was started *after* the Eddys had been in the cattle business on Black Mountain for some years. They

had moneyed relatives in the East, and organized the Eddy-Bissell Cattle Company, buying also a large outfit in New Mexico on the Pecos River near the present town of Carlsbad, which was started by them and originally called Eddy. They also, as a side line, platted and developed the Eddy Addition to Salida. The New Mexico ranch was a huge affair, branding some 20,000 calves annually, and when about 2000 head of young steers had been cut out, a trail herd would start for Colorado.

Among the men who came in with the trail herds as youngsters were several who stayed in Colorado and became well known in Park and Fremont Counties, notably Dave and Jeff Walker, Mel DeWitt and John Hysong. Martin Morose, trail herd foreman for the Eddys, was well known also, but far from favorably. Toll Witcher, in an account of the Black Mountain region written for the Forest Service files in the early 1930's make the flat statement that "Morose was an old time Texas badman, a notorious horse and cattle thief who was afterwards killed in Texas."

Epperson goes into more detail, saying that Morose engaged in his extra-curricular activities along the New Mexico trail until the Eddy trail herds acquired a bad name. Finally let go by the Eddys, he surrounded himself with a considerable number of like-minded companions and instigated what amounted to a reign of terror in New Mexico. In spite of rewards offered by the large cattle outfits, the sheriffs concerned could not or would not apprehend him and the governor finally called out the State militia to round him up. Disgusted, he went to Old Mexico, but a sweetheart in El Paso inveigled him into crossing the International Bridge between Juarez and El Paso, and he was

shot and killed for the reward, a few feet on the wrong side of the line (for him).

The Eddys trailed southern cattle not only to the Black Mountain-South Park area but to other points in Colorado as well. They had cattle on summer range on Poncha, Monarch, Marshall and Tin Cup passes, and a large herd in Taylor Park with Mel DeWitt as foreman. Even though the herds started from New Mexico in March and took two or three months on the trail, it was frequently necessary to shovel out the roads over the passes and many head were lost in the snow. The cattle would drift down from all these high ranges with the first fall storms and scatter out in the Arkansas Valley for the winter. Many were missed in the roundups and reverted to practically a wild state, waxing fat and growing old in the breaks along the Arkansas between the Royal Gorge and Salida.

Henry Rogers, who was born at the Rogers ranch northwest of the Eleven Mile Reservoir in 1874, told me in 1944 that forty years or more previously he shot the last eight of the wild ones on Dicks Peak. He said that he hid along a cattle trail while Andy Johnson and Cy Pollock, two more old timers, scared up the animals and drove them past him. He said they all dressed out eight hundred pounds or more of fine meat that tasted more like wild meat than range beef, and that he hung up several hind-quarters that weighed more than two hundred pounds apiece.

These wild cattle, like all the rest of the Eddy herds and most of the other stock in the early days, were the old Texas long-horns, as it was not until the late eighties or early nineties that the better breeds were generally introduced. However, Sam Hartsel and later Joseph Rogers, were among the first in the Park to raise

short-horned cattle. Hartsel never would have anything but Durhams on his ranch; Joe Rogers started in the early seventies with 200 head of long-horns but soon changed to better stock which he bought in Missouri, paying \$30 a head for them—a big price in those days.

We often do not realize just how much ground was covered by those early day cattlemen and their stock. The long drives on the Chisholm and other historic trails are of course famous, but it also seems to have been a matter of course for the old timers to move their stock long distances in the usual course of their operations. For instance, Epperson tells of a Bar 7 L trail herd passing through Howbert in 1888, enroute from the Pisgah district (now Cripple Creek) to Egeria Park. The Bar 7 L was probably on Wilson Creek about five miles below Victor, and Egeria Park (Epperson spells it Ejjeria) is in the Yampa or White River country, clear across the Continental Divide and two or three other sizeable ranges. Quite a contrast with the reluctance of present day stockmen to move their stock from one pasture to another for fear of "running the fat off 'em."

There are many other old ranches whose names and history are interesting also; the Stirrup, on Waugh Mountain, the JY on the southwest side of Thirty Nine Mile Mountain, the 7 UP or Stump ranch, the BAR HE which was homesteaded about 1874 or 1875 by Hardy Epperson and is now the Badger Springs Ranch—all these have history worth digging out and recording. The Hartsel Ranch is the oldest in the southern part of the Park and during its long existence has seen many changes.

But all was not peace and harmony in those early years of Currant Creek and Black Mountain, nor were all the pioneers men of sterling character.

There was trouble between the cattlemen of the Black Mountain locality and sheepmen who ran in the Park proper, for instance. In a dispute near Balfour over range, Obe Fife, a cattleman, shot and killed a sheepman named Scribner, who had reached for a rock instead of a gun when the argument got hot.

At another time, three Texas badmen arrived in the country with the purpose of kidnapping Sam Hartsel. One of them repented, divulged the plot and after the shooting was over settled down to become a law-abiding and respected member of the community. The other two were cornered in a shack near Jefferson, but emerged and rode away unharmed although the building was shot full of holes. (This is one of the earliest recorded cases of the Texas invasion which has become so noticeable in the past few years.)

The most notorious outbreak of violence was the case of Ed Watkins, which crops up whenever any mention is made of early day troubles. Even after three score years, there was evidence of a survival of hard feelings between the Currant Creek and Black Mountain ranchers on the one hand and those of the Salida-Buena Vista locality on the other. I am indebted to a copyrighted article by Everett Bair in the Park County Republican and Fairplay Flume of October 4, 1945 for much of the information which follows.

In October, 1883, the newspapers serving Fremont, Chaffee, Saguache and Park counties carried two advertisements which reflected the serious split between the Black Mountain-South Park localities and the Upper Arkansas communities. One was a \$1000 reward offered by a cattle man for the arrest and conviction of anyone changing certain brands; the other, a \$500 reward offered by the

State of Colorado "for the apprehension of the murderers of Ed Watkins, who was shot and hanged from a bridge in the vicinity of Canon City, Colorado, August 11, 1883, by a band of unknown men, presumably cattlemen."

Ed Watkins was a prominent citizen of the Salida vicinity, active in ranching, business and social affairs, including the Salida Literary Society. Epperson practically exhausts his vocabulary in writing about him. "Suave, good looking, large, gracious, a big spender at round up time" are some examples.

His home ranch was a couple of miles back from the Arkansas River, on Badger Creek, which empties into the Arkansas about at Howard, some nine miles south of Salida. He had another place still farther back in a secluded valley, and the Christison ranch was not far away. For several years in the early eighties suspicion was directed towards Watkins and his crowd, of whom Ernest Christison, Frank Reed and John and William Taylor were the most prominent.

Several boys who later became solid citizens of Park County were instrumental in bringing matters to a head. In 1883, for instance, Tom McQuaid was thirteen or fourteen years old, and he and his brother Mickey were taking care of the stock on the family ranch, then very close to Buena Vista, if not a part of the present town. Tom became acquainted with a pleasant chap named Fisher, who did not seem to have anything much to keep him busy and frequently rode with Tom around the country. As a matter of fact, Fisher was a cattle detective in the employ of some of the larger outfits north of the river.

One day Tom told Fisher he was going to the Watkins ranch east of Salida to get a cow he knew was there, and Fisher offered to accompany him.



They rode into the Watkins pasture and came to a log corral, really a stockade. Tom barely had time to notice a number of rifles pointed at them over the corral fence when Fisher whirled his horse and fled at top speed, crouched low over his horse's neck. No shots were fired and Fisher was soon around a bend and out of sight.

Watkins came forward and asked Tom who he was and what he wanted, had him stay over night and, as the McQuaid cow could not be found, gave him another in place of it. When Tom innocently inquired why the critter had so many blotched brands, Watkins turned fiercely on him and made him promise that he would not tell of seeing any changed brands at the Watkins place, under threat of being shot or hanged for a liar. The lad was greatly frightened at the change in his host and of course agreed, but nevertheless whispered his story to his father when he got home. After about a week, Fisher disappeared from Buena Vista and was never seen again, although a year later a body was found in the hills which some people claimed was that of the detective.

That same year of 1883, Johnny Hyssong was working for the IM (the Mullock outfit) and Delos Sampson was helping his father, J. T. Sampson, run a bunch of cattle on the IM. Johnny and Delos were boys of seventeen or eighteen and were thus able to join the Spring roundup on the Watkins-Christison range without exciting suspicion, but they found plenty of evidence to substantiate the claims of the Currant Creek ranchers. They found, according to Epperson, 125 head of stock in the Watkins herd. In the Christison pasture they found about ninety more, and saw the brands changed on thirty-five head gathered north of Salida that they

did not recognize. In addition, they saw about sixty head of fine draft horses in Watkins' mountain pasture which they were told had been "picked up" around Leadville, where they were used in freighting and hauling ore.

After the boys were satisfied, they rejoined their own roundup, then at the Gribble ranch, and told the group of about twenty-five men what they had seen. From then on, the various accounts differ in details, although amplifying and not contradicting each other. There is no doubt, however, that a group of the Currant Creek stockmen, heavily armed, forcibly repossessed a considerable number of cattle with altered brands from the Watkins and Christison pastures. One newspaper article says that ten men all examined the brands of seventeen head and each stated that they had been altered.

Toll Witcher and Gregory Gross, who claimed the stock, swore out a warrant for the arrest of Watkins for stealing the seventeen head, and he was jailed, his bond set at \$4000.00. He secured \$8000 of the amount without difficulty, but was in default of the rest, so he was held in jail at Canon City. He was soon informed that he could raise the rest at Salida and asked to be taken there for that purpose. Apparently this was a ruse to get him out on the road, as he evidently failed in his Salida errand. When he and his custodian, the Fremont County sheriff, neared Canon City after nightfall on the return trip, he was dragged from the carriage by a group of masked men, marched onto a small bridge, shot twice and his body hanged from the bridge.

Very naturally, intense feeling was aroused and the county was almost in a state of civil war. At the time the Currant Creek party had forcibly taken the stock they claimed, Watkins

had hurried to Salida and had sworn out a warrant for the arrest of several of the more prominent men, as well as a replevin suit to recover the cattle. The men arrested were the three Mulock boys, William Gribble, Gross, Toll Witcher and the elder Sampson. They were taken to Salida, charged with cattle stealing and released on \$300 bond each, trial being set for a few days later at Salida. When they appeared for trial of the replevin suit, which was first on the docket, they were met by a mob headed by one Mix, a Salida saloon keeper and gambler of bad reputation. Trouble was narrowly averted, but the stockmen kept their head and at the request of Salida marshal Baxter Stingley, left town immediately after the hearing.

When they appeared for the criminal trial two days later, on August 15, they were accompanied by about thirty-five armed friends, in view of what they took to be the confessed inability of the Salida authorities to protect them. They apparently got off the train at Cleora, two miles below Salida, and sent three messengers ahead to give the authorities warning of their position.

Upon the request of the town officials, they came into town on the east side of the river and went to the Monte Cristo hotel, just across the tracks from the depot. There they stayed until about two o'clock in the afternoon when, upon being informed that a force of fifteen armed constables had been sworn in for their protection, they surrendered their arms and proceeded to the Opera House, where the trial was being held to accommodate the public. They waived examination, posted bond and returned to the hotel. After paying for the expense of the special officers, they received their guns back and left town, still in a body. It was an anti-climax

in an affair that was rapidly building up to the point of a riot, and the bitterness of which still lingered ten years ago. Some, at least, of the principals were still living then, and still non-committal as to their part in the happenings.

Watkins' attorney decided after viewing the evidence on the sides of the seventeen head of disputed stock that his departed client had no case, and the replevin suit was dropped. Since the complaining witness in the cattle stealing case against Witcher, Gross, et al was dead and the allegedly stolen cattle were generally admitted to have been taken by their rightful owners, it does not seem that anything came of the criminal case either.

Previously, on July 8 of that year as a curtain raiser for the main show, Ernest Christison, John and William Taylor and Frank Reed were arrested above St. Elmo with seventy head of South Park cattle bearing altered brands, with which they had brazenly loitered along the way for thirty days, practically flaunting the altered brands and daring anybody to do anything about it. The old brands could be read in spite of the changes and the cattle were claimed by their owners. The prisoners were taken to Fairplay and released on \$1500 bonds pending trial in the fall. On October 17 they were held for grand larceny and Christison, and presumably the others, were confined in the county jail at Buena Vista.

On December 27 two fires, supposedly incendiary, occurred in town about one o'clock in the morning and during the excitement the eleven inmates of the jail escaped, including Christison. He returned to the Cameron Hills along the river and stayed there until May 18 of the next year, 1884, when he was re-arrested without any trouble. He was allowed to change his plea to guilty and sentence

was suspended in consideration of information he furnished regarding the cattle stealing operations. Epperson quotes Hyssong as saying that Christison was later sent to the penitentiary for ten years, whether for this or some other crime is not stated. Frank Reed, another of the gang, later shot and killed the Salida marshal, Baxter Stingley, and got away. None of the rest of the escapees were ever heard of again.

The most weird of the various stories about the Black Mountain country is that of the Beeler family. They first came to my notice in 1922, on a week's trip Carl Mathews and I took around Park County. We were on the old road between Guffey and Whitehorn and stopped for lunch at what we took to be the old town of Black Mountain, where there were also some dilapidated ranch buildings. As Carl and I later reconstructed the occasion, one of us went to the door to ask if we could build a coffee fire. A hard looking old woman told us it would be all right, but not to build it too close to the buildings as it was quite windy. We both decided that as dirty as she was we would stay well away, and proceeded to get our lunch. While we were eating, she came out again, with a filthy old shawl around her head, a man's ragged overcoat and torn arctics. She asked us two or three times if we were "government men" and as we had run into that same question several times on that trip (it being the prohibition era), we did our best to reassure her of our innocence.

It wasn't long before a much younger woman, perhaps 30 or 35 years old, came out and talked to us a little. We were both struck by the contrast between her appearance and that of the old woman, as she was really very pretty and well dressed. We did our best to be agreeable and finally she

grew more communicative. She brought out several stylish (for that particular time) hats she had made, heavily trimmed with pheasant and grouse feathers, and some books of pressed wild flowers, nicely bound and with each one identified with its botanical name. She told us that she had more orders for both items than she could take care of, and sold them from coast to coast.

We had noticed a small dirt-roofed log cabin with the door fastened with a heavy chain and padlock, and a paper tacked on it. We were curious because the old woman had refused us permission to go up to an abandoned shaft on the hill back of the house, so after we packed up we waited until they were both in the house and slipped over and read the notice, which said "Sick. Keep quiet and keep out." We left immediately, full of curiosity although we knew nothing of the family then.

That night we camped at the forks of the creek below Guffey and a young fellow who was homesteading nearby insisted we eat supper with him and stay for the night, as he didn't see many people. When we asked him about the two women we had seen at noon he really started in. He said they were "spooky," that he wouldn't spend a night within miles of their place on a bet. He said they stayed home in the daytime but did lots of riding around after nightfall and that he had often met them late at night, driving a black horse to a top buggy at breakneck speed. The whole set-up reminded us of a folk tale, with the old woman cast as the witch.

I quote from my diary of the trip:

Wednesday, May 23, 1922 . . . About all this nester could talk about was the Beelers, at Black Mountain. He had a run-in with them a year ago when he was riding for a nearby ranch and the girl pulled

a gun on him. Has some wild yarns about them. The old man died of lumpy jaw. Came to this country years ago after breaking a bank in Kansas. His partner there killed himself over that deal. The girl has been married three times; first an elopement when she was sixteen, and her lover standing off the old man with a rifle while they beat it down the road in a buckboard. That fellow was shot later [Epperson says his name was Dave Evans, and that he and Beulah later lived on the Western Slope]. She had one baby by that union and the old lady killed it. It is now buried in Mill Gulch. Second husband died, she is supposed to have gotten some alfalfa land in the valley out of him. Third husband still living and is supposed to come and see her sometimes. She and her mother live at Black Mountain alone, the only folks there. They have a sign on a cabin, and are reported to have a crazy man, the old woman's son, in there who was sent up to Canon for stealing cattle and went crazy. Sent him to Pueblo and they were glad to release him in the custody of the women. Nobody knows where he is but the general talk is that they have him in this cabin. He is violently insane, said to be the worst that either Canon or Pueblo ever had. When they got him out a keeper was appointed for him who went along to the ranch. He took up a homestead and died. The old woman is supposed to have gotten hold of it some way."

The above, of course, is merely quoting what this fellow told us. I remember also that he said Beulah was a "she devil" and hinted that the old woman had poisoned the keeper sent out with the son, after persuading him to deed her his homestead.

Since then, we learned more about the ill-fated family, but the story he told us checks in its essentials. The family consisted of the father and mother, a son Harry and the daughter

Beulah. Epperson says they were pleasant, friendly people when he first knew them and Henry Rogers knew them well and seemed to think they were all right until their trouble with the insane son. That might well be, but all the evidence shows that there was a dark cloud over their life from the beginning. They evidently came from Kansas to Black Mountain about the time of the Cripple Creek excitement.

Whatever the details may be, we are pretty certain that Beeler, senior, soon took to devious ways, first selling stolen beef in Cripple Creek, then diseased meat there, and eventually dying a strange and horrible death in the Sisters' Hospital at Cripple Creek from anthrax contracted from butchering "lumpy jaw" cattle. About 1915 Harry was convicted of stealing and butchering cattle belonging to Dave Walker, and sent to Canon City. A year later he was released in the custody of his family, having gone insane while in prison, perhaps because he missed the free life of the range. This would mean that he had been in the padlocked cabin we saw for six or seven years.

As Epperson closes the story, an unknown woman dying in a Salida hospital said she was Beulah Beeler and asked the authorities to investigate the situation at the Beeler ranch. This was about 1928, or six years after we were there. The Park County sheriff found Mrs. Beeler, a sick, half-starved and crazy old hag, and when they broke into the cabin they found a maniac in chains, naked, hair and beard to his waist, and no more human than a dog would have been under the circumstances. He and his mother were both taken to Fairplay and Harry was returned to the State Hospital at Pueblo where he stayed for fifteen years more, dying August 3,

1943. Mrs. Beeler died in 1934, perhaps at the county hospital in Fairplay, altho I do not know.

If time permitted, I would like to tell you about the flash-in-the-pan mining excitements which took place in the area following the discoveries at Cripple Creek. (I like the term "excitement" much better than "boom" —it describes the situation so exactly). Such places, for example, as Balfour, now vanished completely but with a reasonably acceptable population of one thousand in the early nineties;

Guffey, or Freshwater, still in existence as a county postoffice and supply point but only a shadow of its former self; and the little known places along the Tarryall, Puma City, Gold City, Jasper, Hayman and the rest, none of which ever amounted to anything but vanished hopes. There is a lot of history along the Tarryall, also, and I haven't even mentioned Old Mose or the killing of the Bordenville school board. But since time does not so permit, my thanks for listening as long and as patiently as you have.

### *Book Reviews*

LONE EAGLE, THE WHITE SIOUX, by Floyd Shuster Maine.

Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1956. 208 pp. \$4.50.

In 1888, Floyd Shuster Maine's parents felt called to be missionaries to the Sioux Indians. They left Floyd, then five, with relatives in their New Jersey home, and never saw him again. In May 1888 they arrived at Chief Big Elk's camp on the White River in southwestern South Dakota, and set up their mission. Soon another son was born to the white couple. Smallpox attacked the tribe. Mr. and Mrs. Maine put their baby son in the care of Cloud Woman, wife of the friendly Big Elk while they nursed the stricken savages. The missionaries caught smallpox and died. The child was brought up as the son of the Indian couple. Not until about

1900 did the White Sioux learn he was not an Indian.

About 1909, Floyd, still unaware that he had a brother, was visiting in South Dakota. On Pine Ridge Reservation, by chance he met old Big Elk, who was struck by Floyd's resemblance to his adopted son, Lone Eagle, then working as a ranch hand on the Crow Reservation in Montana. Floyd went there and soon established the fact that the two were brothers.

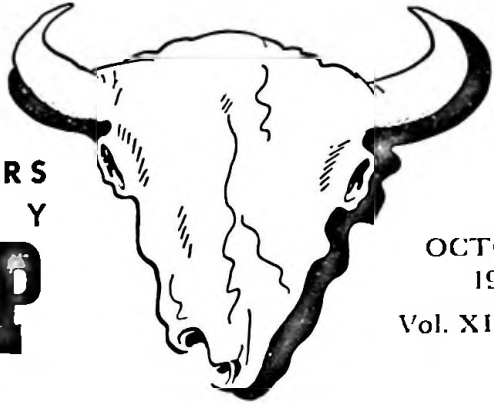
LONE EAGLE, THE WHITE SIOUX, is the story of the lives of the brothers before and after their junction. It is an enlightening book, though sometimes puzzling. One of the brothers (Lone Eagle, I believe) now lives in Colorado Springs and has talked before the Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region.

PM John J. Lipsey

### EDITOR'S NOTE

The excellent review of *The Hopi Indians* in the August Roundup was by PM Paul Harrison.

*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
M O N T H L Y  
**ROUNDUP**



OCTOBER  
1956  
Vol. XII. No. 10



Mrs. Morton E. Post

*Dr. Philip Whiteley Collection*

*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.

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Vol. XII

October, 1956

No. 10

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Printing Office  
839 Pearl St., Boulder.

The Westerners  
730 Equitable Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.

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*Denver Posse Founded January 26, 1945*  
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***Editors Note:***

It has been necessary to condense Dr. Whiteley's excellent paper considerably to fit in the *Roundup*. Amalia apparently jotted down items in her letters over several days as they occurred to her. Hence she sometimes repeats. She also neglected to use punctuation and wrote in incomplete sentences.

## A PIONEER STORY IN WESTERN COVER

DR. PHILIP W. WHITELEY

This is a pioneer story in Western covers. It is a true story of a woman who migrated from the Missouri River settlements to the Western country by covered wagon and stage. It is a story of suffering and adventure, of hardship and love.

News from dear ones was important to people in the Western country. The fur gatherers were somewhat content to receive news once a year at rendezvous but the gold hunters protested bitterly and demanded their mail delivery.

Express carriers accepted the challenge to conquer the wilderness between the Missouri and the West. Each expressman had his frank printed, handstamped or written on the letters he carried. A government stamp was placed on the letter and an extra charge was made by the stage line. These covers, whether express or territorial, have considerable value. Some had no cover or envelope but the letter itself was folded and addressed on the outside.

This narrative is contained in the text of a remarkable series of letters most of which are from a woman to her sister and father and a few to her husband and some from husband to wife. Pertinent portions are quoted as written without alteration.

In 1855 Amalia Barney Simons and Walker T. Nichols both of

Lexington, Michigan were married. They migrated to the Missouri River settlements in late 1857 or early 1858 and settled in Elk Horn City,<sup>1</sup> Nebraska Territory.

Amalia Simons was the daughter of William and Amalia Simons and she had two sisters, Ann and Celestia, and one brother John Albert Simons. Her mother and father had moved to Lexington, Michigan from Vermont. Ann married Dr. Kilbourne in June 1851 and was widowed in 1856.

*Letter from Amalia to Ann, in Vermont September 1851. From Lexington, Mich.*

"The region reminds me of the country of the Arabs and Tartars. The profession of the people is drinking — swearing — smoking — fighting and talking about each other. Celestia will be married before six months. Mailed you letter from Detroit. (mentioned being at Niagara). Horrid old country this. Fleas walk the sidewalks as large as a common hen in Vermont. Horses run wild in the woods — Father and I are doing good business but John's health is miserable — looks as if he had the consumption. Father's building a new house and fixing his store — says he shall be worth more in five years than in Vermont. A fortune were no temptation to me — wish I could preach — would be a missionary — shall come to Ver-

<sup>1</sup>Elk Horn City, later Elkhorn City and finally Elkhorn was 15 miles west of Omaha City, Nebraska Territory in Indian country.



mont before cold weather commences if can get a school. One thing is certain if I should undertake to stop here one year should certainly die before that time expired — if not sick should fret myself to death — Kiss H. for me — Amalia”

*Letter from Amalia to Ann, March 21, 1858*

“Elk Horn City, N.T.

Dear Sister

— Why don't you write me. I have written to Father, John and Thebe as well as yourself but no answer from either. I am very lonely indeed. Oh! you can not have any idea how home sick I have been and am away from all of you, all alone, alone. I cannot finish this tonight, I have the horrors — The weather is fine, as warm as May, making gardens, ploughing, etc. The boat came up from St. Louis last week. Roads perfectly dry. They tell me there is any quantity of snakes here but I have never seen any.

Amalia”

*Amalia to Ann, March 24 1858 from Elk Horn City, N.T.*

“Dear Sister,

Oh you do not know how much good it has done me to hear from you again — There are chances to marry here as all are single men. If you do not like it in Elkhorn City or do not marry you could go to Omaha City or some other point. Walker and I have selected your future husband — he was the member from this district — this John Stynbury then if he dont suit — Mr. Thomas — John seen him — he has been spending the winter in Cincinnati — Just returned — has spent two evenings here — he is very handsome and enterprising — The Dr. swears he shall have you but (you) wont fancy him at all — he wanted to know today if I had heard from you or if you were coming — Ann you must promise me not to

marry until a year from this spring — Oh there is another young man, not very young, 32 only — The mayor of Elkhorn City, Mr. Love he is now in St. Louis after goods — going to open a store in Elk Horn — he is rich too — there is one gentleman in Fremont by the name of Conty — well never mind his name I have not got it right, anyhow I became acquainted with him coming through Iowa — very smart man — wealthy too I am in hopes you wont marry them all but really I know I shall be bothered to death with them — you better fetch candles along with you — I cant afford it, I know. I will write you all about how I am situated in regard to room soon as I find out whether we move. We think some of having the building they used for a store. Walker owns part of it but he rented it for a year — may be we shall not get it — if we do I can make it very comfortable for you — a room by yourself — Ann if you come I will write about what to fetch and all about it — I wish the Dr. would come out here so as to be here *when I am confined* — no one here that I dare trust — most four months Ann — no sewing done and nothing to do with — no money to get with — I dont know what I want to make either — have not the least idea Ann — what have you got — anything — for heaven's sake write to me what to get — I don't know Ann — I dont think I shall live but I may Ann — if you come out here you can make a claim of one hundred and sixty acres of land and — a widow has a right to do so you may make a claim worth two thousand dollars. Ann I have the deeds of sixty lots of land in the town site of Elk Horn — just half of what Walker owns — my deed is recorded — will deed you or Annie two lots and send you. Write — love to Celestia — write.

Amalia”

*Amalia to Ann, Elkhorn City, June 8, 1858*

"My dear Sister,

After waiting a long time your letter came to hand today. I am glad you are coming. — In regard to sending money to get my things tis almost impossible to get hold of any eastern money — as to our Nebraska money it will not pass out of the territory. Walker could get eastern money by going to Omaha. — You must be careful of your money — the fair from St. Louis will be \$20. and perhaps not as much from Chicago to St. Louis — will be nine dollars if they have commenced their summer arrangements — you can leave C in the morning and be in St. L about 11 at night — You will probably get a boat the next day after getting into St. Louis at any rate you must try (to) go to the Proprietor or Clerk of the house where you stop — when you first go in to the office and give them your name — tell them you wish to take the first Boat up the river that goes to Omaha City — enquire and get a good passenger Boat and when you go aboard speak to the clerk — send a waiter for him and get a good State room. dont get one near the wheels — get one aft (that is back of the wheels) tell him you are alone — be very careful about Annie running out — Dont let her out of your sight — some one had a child stole from them — besides she might fall over board. You had better have Bill get boxes checked from Chicago to Omaha if he can — then there will be nothing to be paid until get them at the New House in Omaha — must get a check — have them marked W. T. Nichols, Omaha City N. T. via St. Louis. Get a check for your trunks — Stop at the Virginia or Planters House in St. Louis — (If) you drop a line two days before you start Walker would meet you if could tell where

you would be there if not come out in the stage — leave in the morning Wednesday or Friday — gets to Elk Horn by noon.

Amalia"

Ann came to Elkhorn City in 1858 and later returned to Michigan. Amalia and Walker left Elkhorn City in April of 1859 for Cherry Creek, Kansas Territory and returned in late May of 1859.

*Amalia to Ann, Elkhorn City, N.T. May 185(9)*

"Dear Ann

I am in Elkhorn as you see by this letter — am alive and that is about all can say — the baby is well — weighs seventeen pounds — no name — Thomas was in to see me yesterday to let me (k)no(w) he had written to you the 20th of May — Ann what did he say — write me all about it — Oh Ann you (have) no idea what I have suffered — I was taken with the Ague before we Columbus had to be carried on a bed six days — sleeping on the ground — rained in on to us — cold — snowed — besides almost starved to death — the meanest company I ever was in — Mrs. Edwards quarreling all of the time not one of them would take one minute when I was the sickest. — We left Elkhorn on the 11th day of April arrived at home the 27 of may (1859).<sup>2</sup> All of that time on the road. Thomas reached home two weeks before we did and went further. Oh the suffering that I have seen — men starving — one man that went out with Capt. Parks son from Omaha went eight (days) without eating anything but a snake that he killed and cooked.

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<sup>2</sup>(1859) date deduced by the mention of the weight and age of baby (See letter March 21, 1858—about four months to go.)

Speaking of snakes, one or a lizard came into my bed one nite and bit me on the leg. I was asleep — it woke me up. I put my hand down to my ankle — took hold of him — Walker killed him — by the time he had struck a light the reptil(e) had run up under my baby's pillow — one of the poisonous lizards — the sand is filled with them — three hundred miles up from Kearney<sup>3</sup> where we were — and snakes five feet n length — I saw a drove of several thousand Buffalo. The best part of it is we camped at Dr. Henry's Ranche<sup>4</sup> the men went out hunting — also Snip Jones — Walker killed a buffalo — no one else killed anything — so we had some meat to eat. We camped among the Cheyane Indians four days and the Sioux — they are very tall. Tried to steal the baby — one of their chiefs offered any amount of gold for her. I never left the tent — he came after dark — Walker was away to their war dance — they killed fifteen pawnees the day before and had their scalps hanging on their beld — fresh from their heads — they were fas(t)ened on a little hoop to dry — one walked into my tent held one up before my face — as I was saying he came to my tent after dark — I called the guard — the next morning he came with his squaw — she had lost her Pappoose — he wanted I should let her nurse the baby — wanted to take her — I let him — he turned around walked out of the tent away on to the bluffs — 20 rods off — with her in his arms — I screamed — he finally brot her back — We met the Steinbergers<sup>5</sup> after we had turned to come back — they traveled very slow — have gone to Arrogonia<sup>6</sup> their is nobody in Cherry Creek — we met one thousand people in one day coming back and hundreds of beggars — hundreds starved to death — 22 in one spot laid by the road side dead

on the Smoky hill route. They shot Bassed<sup>7</sup> one of their leaders that reported the stories about the gold — the rest fled — Dr. Peck and all of his company have returned — Byers is hid.<sup>8</sup> We met one day over two hundred men heard that Steinberger was behind us — said they should hang him — They had him hid in one of the waygons — In regard to gold there is gold there is but not in large quantities — very small particles — may be discovered in the mountains in larger quantities. This excitement was gotten up by these men that were speculating in town property — thousands ruined — you can have no idea of the immense emigration — thousands are going on through to California — hundreds of beggars begging there way back — a great many died on the road. All of our furniture is gone — Davis has everything. he is one of the meanest men living. — he has a wife and three children living in Rock Island — this thing with him was his hired girl — every body knows it — they knew that we knew it — they knew that we knew it — he almost starved us to death — I (and all the rest) went a great many days without anything but a little piece of bread made of flour and oatmeal mixed together — when we was where we could get anything Walker bot me some — and I slept in houses where there was

<sup>3</sup>300 miles from Omaha City—up a ways from Ft. Kearney.

<sup>4</sup>West of Fort Kearney.

<sup>5</sup>Steinbergers — party in Denver, 1858. (?) See first Christmas.

<sup>6</sup>Arrogonia—(Auroria) possibly.

<sup>7</sup>Bassed—Captain P. T. Bassett was assassinated by John Scudder in Denver City, April 16, 1859. Scudder escaped.

<sup>8</sup>Byers—Wm. N. Byers, publisher of the Rocky Mountain News, Denver City.

any — four weeks never inside of a house. — I was taken with the ague (malaria) again when we came back was sick a week — Stopped four days in Kearney with one of the Officers ladies. The rest had to stay in their tent — I was not able to sit up but a very little of the time when I left she made me a present of a new dress striped blue print for a morning dress — we came up to the house cleaning up — had ague again yesterday — not able to sit up — Thomas came up — Walker bought twelve chickens yesterday our cow will give milk soon — we are making a garden. Ann what do you think about coming back if Walker goes to keeping store — I dont know as he will — there is nothing to do here — Ranson is going away to Missouri — Thomas says he shall soon — dont go home until you hear from me again — write the very day you get this — Kiss Annie for me. — suffered a great deal for the past two years.

Amalia"

Amalia's husband, Walker Nichols went freighting to Wyoming. Her child died and she moved to Omaha. Walker spent some time in the Gregory Diggings, as well as freighting and starting a ranch. Amalia returned to Lexington, Michigan and in 1861 recrossed the plains to Denver City.

*Letter from Amalia to Ann from Denver City, May 1861.*

"Dear Ann,

I am in Denver — have not seen Walker yet — he is out to one of his ranches — Now about my trip — There was only four of us in the stage — started Sunday night arrived in Denver Friday evening. — Rode day and night — had the sick headache the first day out — very sick vomiting but had the best of care — You dont

know how they dress in Denver — better than in Chicago — there is a lady in the house where I board that has just had a silk dress made that cost seventy dollars — I hope to see Walker — I have seen the Rocky Mountains — Denver is as large a place as Omaha. Mr. Springer called in — says he will go out and find Mr. Nichols — hope to find that Mr. Nichols is doing well — Mr. Parks says he is doing well. — I will write again soon — this place is much larger than Port Huron (Michigan) some very nice buildings and very good society here — the gentlemen that came through on the stage were very kind to me and done all they could to make it pleasant. I hope to see Walker tonight.

Your sister,

A. B. Nichols."

*Amalia to Ann, Denver City, June (11 or 14) 1861*

"Dear Sister Ann,

Walker lost a good deal by Dr. Heaton who has become a drunkard. They were in company in a store when Walker was sick with the mountain fever — Mr. Nichols was out to his ranch forty miles on the Cache la poudre — I sent out a messenger — had to pay him five dollars when he got there found Mr. Nichols had left for the Medicine Bow Mountains on a prospecting tour in company with several others. — Now for a description of the country, Denver. When I wrote you before I said was about like Port Huron — Tis twice as large come to go over it, large city — five or six large hotels — very large stores and some beautiful dwelling houses — Ladies in the street dressed like ladies in Chicago — Can look out see them riding horseback and in carriages just like any Eastern city — Miles that used to live in Lansing are here and the girls are married to rich men and are the first

here — they have called to see me — they run after them as if they were something awful grand — don't know them as well as I do. — no one ever dreams that Mrs. Miles was a milliner — such is life. Goodbye my dear sister.

Amalia"

*Amalia to Ann, Denver City, Sunday June 17, 1861*

"I have been waiting to see Walker before finishing this letter. He came last Wednesday — Was very glad to see me says (he) wrote two letters after the ones I received. — I told him I did not think he had treated me right. — said he had done the best he could as times are very hard here. I wish we were back in Michigan — Walker says he will come back in the fall — he has not made much — property is all in claims and Ranches but no money. — gold dust is everything — is very dear — the price of board is ten to twelve dollars a week and nothing to eat at that. — I almost wish I was home. I think I shall come home this fall. — Walker says if there is any chance for him to go into business with father he will come on my account. — Oh! if could only get him away from here would be glad — There is nothing gained in living in a country where everything is so dear. then there no comfort to be taken — such awful society — dont know who is married or who isnt — there is no such thing as chastity — as to Walker he is doing all he can to make something and was beside himself with joy to see me — says never shall be separated again — Goodbye,

Amalia"

*Letter from Walker Nichols to his sister Ann. Golden City, Oct. 1, 1861*  
Golden City, Oct 1st, 1861  
Dear Sister (Anne?)

You letters are received, the last dated the 8th of Aug. I have been

away since Aug 5th and returned the 18th of last month — had but very little success, I have been up North in the Wind River Mountains on the head waters of the North Platt and the head of the Sweet Water River and Green River. Also down the Green River and across to the Wascach Mountains and into Salt Lake City. I traveled about 1500 miles before I returned — I passed through some horrible rough country and some very pretty and singular — through high mountains and low valleys. I was in the north middle and south parks. I was on the head of Grand and Snake Rivers that head in the Middle Park and empty into the Green. I was about 500 miles west of this. I was 10 days without anything to eat but meat and but little of that being out of a game country only 2 of us part of the time — we found gold most everywhere we prospected but not in paying quantities except two or three places in the Wind River Mountains but it is too cold to do anything this fall or winter and we got some splendid prospects of gold in the Wascach Mountains near Salt Lake City, but the Mormons wont allow any prospecting there, if they catch a man very probably will put him out the way. it is strictly against the orders of the church. Old Brigham Young has scouts out all the time in search of prospectors. They have killed a number. The reason they are so strict against it they are afraid it will ruin the church which it would. it wont be long I think before the country will be ruined. I am still keeping Hotel — dont make any thing just enough to keep the House. Have not been able to sell any of my claims yet for money. Times are very dull. Every one most are trying to sell out and go to the states — great many to fight. The government is a raising

troops. Here about 2000 — I could enlist and I think get a commission of a Lieutenant, but I think it would not pay. I believe I am to brave, or else I aint brave enough. I dont like to put myself up for a target. I expect if I was there I might of been into it before this time. *Ann Amalia* says she would of written you but did not know how soon I would come back and thought you might think curious. for I could not tell and had no way of sending word and all kinds of reports about me. That I was killed that I was hung by the secessionests or the Mormons etc. it seems as though the *Devil* is in the people in regard to my matters as soon as my back is turned and for what reason it has always been so. when I leave again I shall take her with me if it is only to go 20 miles. I cannot send any money yet but dont know how soon I can — it may be so I can sell out and come there yet this fall or winter. I am trying hard. *Amalia* will write you and Father. Give my love to all write soon. Yours W. T. Nichols *Amalia* sends love to you.

*Amalia to Ann, Denver City, Col. Territory, Apr. 13, 1862*

"Dear Sister Ann

— I have not been very happy here away from you all I do not have much society — in fact there is none worth having. There is a great deal of would be aristocracy and they dress as well as in Chicago — I have only been to one dance this winter. Walker did not go then — I went with a young gentleman by the name of Lake. — He is very anxious to see you — I have picked him out for you — I think you must be very foolish about age. Gentlemen here marry women ten or twelve years older — tis just as common as the other way — there was a lady by the name of Morris last fall — she has children 20 years of

age — left her husband and married a Lieutenant in the army only 26 and she 39 — before she married him there was two or three younger than him fought a duel about her. Those that leave their husbands here can marry the same month if they choose — I write this to let you know something about the society here in a new country — I wish you were here — There is a great many rich men here that are single — I would have you married in less than no time — *Ann* I will send you a draft for \$25.00 in a few days — there is no bills here — all gold dust.—

*Amalia to Ann, Denver City Colo Ter Sept 5, 1865*

"Dear Sister Ann

I am so lonely today — I wrote you in my last that I thought of going to Salmon River Idaho Ty — Bannack City — The new mines beat California — there is several that went out from here last spring that came back with thirty or forty thousand dollars — one man brot back forty ounces of nuggets took out in two months. I am going but not until spring tis too late to cross the Range this fall — I have not sold out yet — May come home to see you before I go — I hate to have them know that Walker and I are separated. I shall come fixed a little different from what I did before — I have everything nice and plenty of money and know enough to keep it — My dear sister you are better off in one respect than I you have your child growing up, no one to care for, a lone woman. What does it matter — We shall all soon be gone to another home where there is no parting — no deceit — where all is love and peace — I sometimes long for the quiet of the grave. — how different from what twas in Montpelier. — the death of friends is nothing compared to change of feelings, deceit — treach-

ery — where you loved and trusted and that one a husband, that you loved and trusted — disgrace abuse all sorts of meanness — living with another when you was living with him, steal your clothes for a strumpet — I loved him — I think of my home broken up. *Eight* the best years of my life gone and for such a person as he—

Amalia

Amalia Nichols was probably divorced from Walker in 1864. She married Morton E. Post in October 1864 at the home of a cousin in Chicago.

*Morton Post to Amalia, Cottonwood Springs N.T., Dec. 14, 1864*

My dear wife

Passed Fort Kearney on Sunday. — Roads good — had very good weather but rather cold — I expect to get to Denver in ten or twelve days. There has been considerable trouble with the Indians — they have been attacking several trains in the vicinity of Plum Creek twenty five miles (west) of Fort Kearney. We have got out of all danger and everything is alright. I hear that horses are very high in Denver — worth seven hundred (\$700.) per span — it will be impossible to buy any good Buffalo Robes on the Plains this winter as the Indians have not been trading with the whites this season — I cant tell positively wether I shall come to Chicago when I come back or not — I can tell when I get to Denver. If I have good luck will be ready to start back by the 1st of January. I will write all the hastening from Denver and will send you some money —

Mort"

In February, 1865 Mr. and Mrs. Morton E. Post were in "St. Joe" Missouri expecting to recross the plains.

*Amalia to Ann, St. Joe Missouri, Feb. 26, 1865*

"Dear Sister

Your letter was rec'd some days since I have been waiting until we made up our mind what we had better do — We have been staying here waiting for the Indian troubles to be settled. Mr. Post has been talking of going out to Idaho again with freight thinks will make eight thousand dollars on one trip would take his own freight through and all kinds of produce brings a dollar per pound and fifty cents in Denver but it is a long journey and dangerous if he should make twice as much as in Denver and gold besides — Oh dear I scarcely know what to do. I hate to have him go if he does I shall try to go with him if not may come home —

Amalia

*Amalia to Ann, May, 1866*

"Dear Sister Ann

— Commenced housekeeping first day got into Denver — Which was the 4 of May (1866) Have not gott settled yet. Was twenty seven days on the plains — tired out. Came all the way by ourselves — no trouble with Indians — would not allow teams to pass the different Forts except in companys of 35 or 40 wagons and over that number of men traveled to slow for us when we got to Fort Kearney *Post* got permission of the commander at post to go a few miles and camp so when got to Cottonwood over took a company there that left the River ten days before we did. They were just organizing so we fell in behind them so passed that point. There we overtook a man with one team — two Brothers lived down by Macdonald — he had fast team and was bound to go through any way. The next Fort was about one hundred miles from Cottonwood. Got there an officer came out and stopped

us. the gentleman with us told him our company was behind us and that we came along in order to stop at the blacksmiths as his horses shoes were loose — the shop about a mile from there so he let us pass and we went at Julesburg — we went around the Fort — I confess that I suffered some from fear — we never stayed in a house over night after left the River — some nights camped ten miles from any house on the banks of a stream — hear the wolves howl all night — cold nights — John slept in the wagon with us — some times under — again in some raine and one night under a tree. One of the hardest storms I ever experienced was when we was at Kearney — snow several feet deep and then rain — had to lay over two days and part of a third — we were camped by a Ranch. John slept in the store — I slept in the wagon through all of it. Waked up in the morning blankets wet through — had to sleep in them the second night without drying — Many the night would lie awake thinking what ift he Indians should attack us. Mr. P slept. said John and myself were as good guard as he wanted — no use in all of us keeping awake — Our wagon was fixed very comfortable so much so as possible — made or built over what they call a Mormon wagon — a nice mattress boards laid over and then made the bed up nice white blankets — used to get up in the morning make my bed — rode with it made down when got tired lie down and sleep either one of us — sometimes start in the morning before I was up then camp and get our breakfast One night got into camp — horses taken off — I went down to the Creek and found several dead cattle in the water. I made them get things together again lively — went on four miles and camped — whilst we were cooking set the Prairie on fire — the wind was

blowing from the right quarter so we apprehended no danger — all at once — the wind changed — came perfect hurricane — went to work — burnt of(f) around the wagon quick as possible — the wind blew so I could not stay out side — besides blew the black embers and smoke so could not see John and Mort — had to hold the wagon — I was inside expected every moment to be blown over into the ravine as we were camped on the bank to add to the scene — the fire I never saw any thing travel so fast — steam engine no comparison — went with the whirl wind in one vast shut as far as the eye could reach in one direction and swifter than the swiftest engine — that soon left us in safety — the wind continued two or three hours. You can judge whether we had a pleasant time or not however I would not have missed seeing the prairie on fire — I cannot think of any thing in nature grander.

Amalia”

*Amalia to Ann, Denver City Col. Ter.  
Aug 23 1866*

“Dear Sister

— I am alone some times entirely alone day and night — my girl is not with me now. was sick — was getting fleshy. So I thought I would get rid of her. I only kept her four weeks. Mr Post and John are down in the Smoky Hill country putting up hay — will be gone until the 20 of Sept. there is said to be trouble with the Indians. I feel worried about them — they came home from down the platte and stopped about a week left last Monday for the Bijou —

— When they get home we are intending to go down to Mexico Mort John and myself just to see the country and get some grapes — I am going to send you a pair of nits and silk stockings by mail in a package. I will



pay the postage. I have six pair of each. Mr. Wakefield that lives with us bid them at auction.

Amalia

*Amalia to Ann, Denver Col Ter. Oct 28 1866*

Dear Sister

— Intend to come east in spring (of 1867) — Cars are to be completed through from Chicago to Council Bluffs by the first of January (1867) want to see my little ones grave in Omaha — Mr. Post has not sold his hay yet — John has bought Mr P-partners out. — I will come east in the spring (1867) the cars are running to Fort Kearny now twice a day — will be to Cottonwood by December. look dont it seem odd — cars passing through Elk Horn by our old place I want to go there.

Ann I ought to have sent you money before this time but when we got here Mr. Post found none of his hay disposed of and had it yet on his hands — I think tis all lost two thousand on that — then had everything to buy to house keep cost so much to live here. meat 35 cts per lb. potatoes I have paid as high as forty since being here — butter one dollar now fifty cents — that I have no money John has been with us ever since being here so makes three of us — have to pay \$35.00 for the rent of her House a month — then Dr. Bill five Doll a visit —

Amalia

*Then Post writes his wife in the East. North Platte May 29 1867*

Dear Amalia

I received your letter from Omaha and answered at Chicago — John A Nye will be here tomorrow. Manning back from Denver. Did not make anything. Nye is to have a large stock

of goods. The Indians are very bad. Killing men and stealing stock. They stole 34 head of mules from a train that I loaded the day after you left at Bernivins Ranch 75 miles above. They have stolen stock within a few miles of here and killed man working on the R. R. above here. I am still boarding at the Hotel. I have to hurry to get this on the train. —

Mort

*Morton Post to Amalia, North Platte June 3d 1867*

Dear Amalia

Enclosed 20.00 bill in last letter and 20.00 in this one. I have no way to send you a check. — Manning is here but I have to do all the business. John A Nye has been here and has a big stock of goods — I am to have one half we make — I have arranged with a man to build me a house in Julesburg — I am still boarding at the hotel but sleep in store — The Indians are stealing all the stock in the country — They have got the R. R. nearly completed to Julesburg and we wil probably move some tme next month —

Morton

*Morton Post to Amalia, July 25th, 1867*

“My dear wife

— Everything has gone wrong this year the same as last. — shall try to soon get a home for you — I think of starting for Cheyene City at the foot of the Black Hills and the Junction of the Denver Branch R. R. the town is laid off and lots are being sold. A great many have already gone there and it is going to be a very large place. I am going in Company with Manning have an equal share with him — I am going to get some lots and put

up a store. Manning is going East to buy stock of goods. I think we can do a good business and will get located so that we will not have to move again. I shall try to get everything in shape to have you come out next fall —

Morton

*Morton Post to Amalia, Cheyenne  
Aug 4 1867*

"I have a few minutes to write you a letter before the Coach leaves — digging a cellar under the store — Expect to have the store completed in the course of a week. Manning has not come out here yet expect him in a few days. Cheyenne is improving very fast and I think is going to be a large town. The R R will be completed here by the 20th of Oct. I hardly know when I shall go to Denver again probably not very soon.

Morton E. Post.

*Denver Aug 9th 1867*

I wrote you on my first arrival here from Cheyenne. day before yesterday. Cheyenne is the name of the new town at the foot of the Black Hills. I came over here to get lumber and material build a store with. I shall start back in a day or two. Manning is going east to buy goods. I am in partnership with him. Am to have half of the profits. I have secured two fine lots in the city also a splended coal Bank within 12 miles of Cheyenne which I think will be very valuable — it is the only coal nearer than 40 miles. The cars will be running to Cheyenne by the first of October. I think it will be a large town and a good place to make money. I never was so lonely in my life and completely tired of running around — I hope to realize something handsome out of my coal bank — I have not had an opportunity to write you as often as I wished lately and will not have an opportunity to write

you very often when I go back to Cheyenne until there is a post office established there —

Morton.

*Morton Post to Amalia, Cheyenne  
Sept 14, 1867*

'My Dear wife

We met with a misfortune the other nite. There was a perfect hurricaine here — our store was blown down. Our building is 22 feet wide by 60 deep and two stories high. We have got it up again and will have it completed this week. our damage will be nearly \$1000. — This town is improving very fast. There is now nearly two thousand inhabitants and nearly 150 buildings completed. We have been selling some our own lots. one that cost 850 we sold for 1600 — I rec'd a letter from Muncie, Indiana saying that grandfather. was very sick. — Morton Stationery of Manning and Post, Wholesale Commission Merchants, Cor 17th and Ferguson Sts.

*Morton Post to Amalia, Cheyenne  
D. T. October 30, 1867*

My dear wife

I have just been over to the Post office (across the St). — Our business opens out better than we expected — The R. R. will be completed here in about 15 Days<sup>o</sup> It is within 15 miles of here now. Society is very rough here about like Denver in "55 and 60". — I am afraid that I will have trouble with my coal bank. Other parties claim it. I think I am all right. Hope I shall have no trouble.  
*Morton Post to Amalia, Cheyenne  
D. T. Dec 8th 1867 (U. P. cover)*

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<sup>o</sup>The rails reached Cheyenne November 13, 1867. On November 14, 1867 there was a big celebration at Cheyenne. On November 15, 1867 the first regular train arrived at Cheyenne.

My dear wife

— Sorry that I wrote you such a naughty letter before and beg you to forgive me. I am very busy all the time and hardly ever get an opportunity to write you till after midnight. Sunday is our busiest day. — The R. R. Company have agreed to buy 100 tons of coal of us per day for one year if the coal will make steam. They have not tested it yet but will in a few days. — If we make the contract I will be all right for a cool \$100,000. — The bank is valuable as it is but I do not want to fool it away. — Enclosed please find for fifty dollars — Cheyenne is still improving — We (have) three daily papers.

Morton E. Post  
*Morton Post to Amalia, Cheyenne Dak. May 3, 1868*

— There is to be a R. R. from here to Denver at once<sup>10</sup> to be completed this season. which will be located within a short distance of the mine. which will make it more valuable. — you will notice that I have been promoted elected Foreman of a fire Co. The Indians have been committing murders and stealing stock all along the line of the R. R. The people at North Platte are very much afraid they will attack the town. I think there will be something done soon to protect the settlers — there is a great deal of excitement about it here.

Morton  
*Amalia to Ann, Cheyenne Wyo. Apr. 4, 1870*  
Dear Sister

Your letter came all right — found

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<sup>10</sup>On May 18, 1868 the ground breaking ceremonies took place at Denver. Governor William Gilpin, using an open wagon as a rostrum, spoke to the gathered assembly. This was the Denver Pacific RR.

<sup>11</sup>Daughter of Amalia's sister, Ann.

me in bed — I have never had as poor health a winter before as this. — I have had no girl — have had to work more than was able. Thomas Post (Morton's brother) came to live with us as soon as I came back and there I had Mr. Nagle four weeks until I got down sick and had to keep my bed — when I got rid him Mr. Posts Father is intending to come here in May. Thomas is not going to stay with us any longer. Mr. P. has found him out without any of my help and turned him out of the store and house — he comes to see me and to get his meals when Mr. P. is not in — there is a young lady coming to stay with me and help for her board for a while — I wish John (Amalia's Brother) was man enough to take care of himself — you had better let him alone when he was west — you know what I think of him as a man — will take the last shilling from you or his Father — I expect to see my land in Omaha if so will send you money and have you come out here — I sometimes feel as if I should like to grasp (as it were) hold of time and stay its swift flight but alas! we are being carried swiftly onward and very soon our joys and sorrows will have passed beyond this earth into the great unknown — Mr. P. says come out and see us and stay — have you heard from Kennedy — He could not find the plot of town site where our land is — I suppose you are aware that women can hold any office in this territory — I was put on the Grand Jury. I am intending to vote this next election — makes Mr. Post very indignant as he thinks a woman has no rights — Ans Soon

Amalia

Amalia attended the National Womans Suffrage Convention in Washington, D.C. in 1871.

*Amalia to Ann, Cheyenne Feb 4 1871*

"Dear sister

I got your letter upon my arrival home and was glad to hear from you but very sorry to learn of your accident. — I should have liked to have come up and seen you all but could not spare the money. I enjoyed my trip east very much — Mr. Conger called upon me and others — Senator Pomeroy Maynard and others. I was made more of than any other lady in convention. Mrs. Biesh Hooker offered to pay all my expenses if I would stay another week to besiege Congress. I refused to do so. I visited the White House — Smithsonian Institute — Patent office and other places of interest — I am glad I have lived to go to Washington and see and become acquainted with the people I have — I received calls from the first people in the United States and held on of three hours length with Ex ne State Atty. Black one of the supreme judges — several senators listening — Ex marshall of the Dis. when Lincoln was President was present and called upon me several times showed me a letter from Lincoln to him the day before he was killed. —

Amalia

In 1871, Mrs. Post, together with five other women, served on a petit jury which convicted John Boyer, charged with murder of another man, over a squaw. For four years Mrs. Post was a member of the Territorial Central Committee of the Republican Party. Mr. Post was a Democrat and from 1881-1885 was a delegate to Congress from Wyoming Territory.

In 1871 Mrs. Amalia Post represented Wyoming at the National Woman Suffrage Convention in Washington, D.C. She was Vice

President of this organization for a number of years. At the convention she addressed an audience of over five thousand people giving them a message from the enfranchised women of Wyoming.

*Amalia to Ann, Cheyenne Wyoming. June 14, 1872*

— I am getting very fat — am in the store part of the time — my feet trouble me very much — I am very fleshy — my hair has all come out but my wig is beautiful — no trouble at all to keep in order. I am coming home in the fall as soon as election is over. We expect a pretty lively time here — Post is as good as can be possible — never speaks a cross word — got my house fixed over everything nice and some beautiful plants in blossom — think of getting up an excursion party to California this summer —

Amalia

*Amalia to her Father, Cheyenne March 29, 1876*

My Dear Father

Have been failing slowly all winter and have a very poor girl and quite a family — have done all my own sewing this winter — could not afford to hire — have been buying lots — I have 20 lots of my own — bot ten of the R. R. Co. pay 1/3 down and 1/3 in one year and the other in two years. I bought a house and lot joining mine for 500. back of mine — I rented the house today for \$20 per month also one I have in the upper part of town for \$10.00 which make 30.00 I get myself. I also have my sheep which I have let out on shares to a man — I had my fast horse brot in from the Ranch today — I got a letter from John saying he could not get anything to do and had walked from Golden to Denver and slept in Barns and had nothing to eat only

in free lunch houses for two days — I sent him \$20.00 in all. Mr. Post went to Denver will find and help him if he was not drinking — the day he (Post) started from Denver I got a letter from John saying he was going to the San Juan Mines — I told him to do right and I would help him soon as I sold some of my lots — I am worth about \$6000 — now outside of my lots. My house will bring me 3000 — then my sheep 2000 Horse carriage furniture 1000 also the house and lot back of me 500. — \$6500. — Your daughter

#### Amalia

In 1877, Post purchased a mine in Deadwood and erected the first quartz mill in that section. He made the first shipment of gold bullion from the Black Hills. In 1878 he and Stebbins opened a banking house, Stebbins Post and Co. in the Deadwood country.

He was elected a commissioner for Larimer county in 1872. The county at this time was \$40,000 in debt. Its warrants worth 40 cents on the dollar. It owned no property except a worthless old safe. At the expiration of the second term, Post and his fellow commissioners had caused the debt to be paid, had erected a jail and court house costing \$40,000. The county warrants were at par with a bonded indebtedness of \$30,000. Substantial school buildings had been built and there was a surplus in the treasury. On 1878 as a member of the territorial council, he secured repeal of the law licensing lotteries.

Annie K. Parshall<sup>11</sup> came to Cheyenne in Nov 1873 and re-

gained her health. She became engaged to Adrian J. Parshall and returned to Lexington, Michigan in December 1876. Mr. Parshall came to Cheyenne from Ann Arbor, Michigan in 1872.

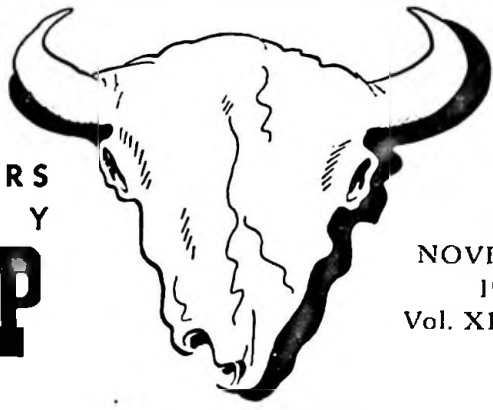
Mrs. Kilbourne (Ann) and Annie returned to Cheyenne Dec. 1, 1879 and Annie married Parshall Dec. 17, 1879. After the marriage Annie's mother remained in Cheyenne.

In 1887 the banking house of Morton E. Post & Co. suspended. The branch bank at Westcliff, Colo. also closed. The closing was attributed to the inability of the bank to collect large loans made to stockmen during the prosperous days of the cattle business. Mr. Post was also deeply involved in building a railroad in Georgia, the Post Percheron Company, extensive ranch and farm property and several mines. Assets of the bank were listed as \$903,570 and liabilities as \$494,300. Considerable of the assets were the notes of cattlemen notably Morton Frewen.

Post's ranch, the P.O. Ranch was sold at a foreclosure sale for \$75,000.

It appears that Mr. Post satisfied his creditors. Amalia died in Cheyenne, Wyoming January 27, 1897. Her sister died in Cheyenne in 1915. Mr. Morton Post survived until March 1933 when he died in Alhambra, California.

<sup>11</sup>Amalia's niece, Ann's daughter.



*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
M O N T H L Y  
**ROUNDUP**

NOVEMBER  
1956  
Vol. XII, No. 11



COL. JOHN M. CHIVINGTON

*Courtesy: M. W. Grand Lodge A.F. & A.M. of 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.

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Vol. XII

November, 1956

No. 11

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Printing Office  
839 Pearl St., Boulder.

The Westerners  
730 Equitable Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.

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*Denver Posse Founded January 26, 1945*

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OFFICERS

*Sheriff, Maurice Frink*

*Deputy Sheriff, Francis Rizzari*

*Roundup Foreman, Erl Ellis*

*Tally Man, Nevin Carson*

*Chuck Wrangler, Art Zeuch*

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*Membership Chairman, Fred Rosen-  
stock*

*Program Chairman, Francis Rizzari*

*Book Review Chairman, Ed Hilliard*

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*January Meeting*

*"Moly-Be-Damned"*

Mr. O. A. King

6:30 P.M. January 23, 1957

Denver Press Club

1330 Glenarm Place

## *Riding the Range*

Edward W. Milligan of Denver has been giving illustrated lectures on Western history for many years and is in demand as a speaker. After a recent lecture he was convinced that the young folks are greatly interested in the past when, after a talk to a fourth grade class, he received a flood of thank you notes of which the following is typical.

"Dear Mr. Milligan

I enjoyed the slides very much. I hope you come again and bring some other slides. I especially enjoyed the Indian slides and learned a lot from them. Thank you again. I have to go now.

Sincerely,

— o —

The results of the election at the Annual Meeting of the Posse December 19th are now available. The Sheriff for 1957 is Justice Wililam S. Jackson. Reelected as Deputy Sheriff is Francis Rizzari and elected to one position and reelected to another is Erl Ellis as Tally Man and Roundup Foreman. Art Zeuch will again be Chuck Wrangler and Numa James is the new Registrar of Marks and Brands. Congratulations!

The author of the paper in this issue is the versatile PM Dr. Nolie Mumeey. Dr. Mumeey returned from Europe a short while before the November meeting to deliver his paper. A few days after the meeting he was appointed to serve as medical director in a Hungarian refugee camp in Austria and left on this humanitarian service. He is now in Austria. This discussion of Col. Chivington provoked much interesting comment and lively repartee. A TV show "Playhouse 90" scheduled a play upon the Sand Creek affair December 27. This will add more fuel to the fire.

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There are a few copies of the 1955 Brand Book available at \$10.00. Orders should be sent to The Westerners 730 Equitable Building, Denver 2, Colorado.

— o —

If you have not checked your address on the envelope the Roundup is mailed in please do so. If there is any discrepancy send a postal card to the Roundup Foreman, Erl Ellis at 730 Equitable Building, Denver 2, Colorado.



## Book Reviews

A SKETCH OF SAM BASS, THE BANDIT, by Charles L. Martin, University of Oklahoma Press, 1956. Small 12mo, 166 pages. \$2.00.

Volume Six of the Western Frontier Library, a series of reprints of rare books which the University of Oklahoma has been bringing out; this being a reprint of the book published at Dallas, Texas, in 1880, of which it is said that only one copy exists, in the Library of Congress.

Bass, an Indiana farm boy, born in 1851, was one of a family of ten; his mother dying in 1861, his father remarried a young woman whose religious training caused her to repress the youngster. The father died in 1864 and an uncle of the family was made guardian.

Until the age of 15 or 16, Sam was well behaved but soon after began to run with evil companions and like so many farm boys he ran away, going to St. Louis in 1869 and down the river to Mississippi, thence to Denton, Texas. Here, after working for a sheriff for two and one-half years, he became involved in horse racing and with a companion stole some horses from the Indians in present-day Oklahoma.

Buying a herd of 500 steers in Texas, he and two companions drove them to Kansas and sold them but failed to repay the debt; instead gambling away the proceeds. Finding themselves "strapped," they then went to Deadwood, which the original author places in Idaho Territory (an error, as the camp was in Dakota Territory).

After carousing around Deadwood for some time and with their money all gone, they took to stage robbery with four accomplices and a girl. In an attempted stage holdup, two of

the gang shot and killed the driver, whereupon the gang pulled out and left for the Union Pacific, where they proposed to hold up a train. This was done at Big Springs station, seven miles from Ogallala, taking \$60,000 in gold, but failing in an attempt to open the safe, which contained an additional \$200,000.

With Jack Davis, one of the gang, Bass returned to Texas and gathering up another gang, began holding up stages but the proceeds being slim, again turned to train robbery and after three or four successful hold-ups, the authorities and Texas rangers began harassing the gang and trailing them, during which time one of the bunch was shot and killed, Bass being wounded so badly that he was captured shortly after in a woods and died within a few days.

Compared to the Newton brothers' train holdup at Roundout, Illinois, in 1924, when some \$2,000,000 was taken, Bass and his gang were babes in the woods, but they managed to stir up considerable excitement for their era.

The reproductions of the illustrations are poor, but the book is well worth reading.

PM Carl F. Mathews

THE FIGHTING CHEYENNES by George Bird Grinnell. Copyright 1915 by Charles Scribner's Sons. Assigned 1955 to the University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma. Introduction by Stanley Vestal dated February 21, 1956.

All students of western history have read some of George Bird Grinnell's books, and for students who are starting or adding to their own library,

(Continued on page 16)

# JOHN MILTON CHIVINGTON

## *The Misunderstood Man*

By NOLIE MUMEY

It is my great privilege and pleasure to bring to your attention some facts concerning a misunderstood man, and to correct malignant misrepresentations about his acts and his career.

The much-maligned and criticized minister of the gospel, John Milton Chivington, a professional soldier, deserves to be exonerated and placed in his rightful niche in the annals of Western History. After ninety-two years, the truth should be brought to light and the doubts of barbarism removed from the archives of the State of Colorado—shadows which were created by a few jealous and overzealous military men who sought to persecute and crucify a fellow soldier upon the altar of injustice. His enemies, through the efforts of eastern newspapers, ruined his political career by turning a victorious engagement into a "massacre." Almost a century after the smoke of battle has cleared away, honor should be bestowed upon the man who helped to make the Southwest safe for travel and permanent settlement.

I still remember the disgraceful trial and court-martial of General "Billy" Mitchell, and feel the Sand Creek Affair took the same turn of events, except that the latter investigations were held by prejudiced men during pioneer times. However, the end results were the same—dishonor without ascertaining the truth.

Many false charges have appeared in literature; a few novels have been

written using Sand Creek as a theme; numerous articles have appeared in various publications with little attempt to remove the stigma of vile accusations from the records of true events.

This great man and fearless soldier was born near Lebanon, Ohio, on January 27, 1821. His father was Irish, his mother Scotch. The father, a soldier who fought with William Henry Harrison in England in the War of 1812, was also in the battle of the Thames on October 5, 1813, in Canada.<sup>1</sup>

John Milton Chivington was converted to Methodism in 1842, and licensed to preach at Zoar Church, Goshen Circuit, Ohio Conference, in September, 1844. In the fall of 1848, he went to Missouri, and became a minister to the towns of Lagrange, Hannibal, Shelbyville and St. Joseph. He later became the President Elder of the district, serving the Delaware and Wyandott missions. He remained in Missouri until 1856, becoming involved in the slavery question and taking an active part in the campaign to free the slaves. As a result of his opinion and stand, many threats were made against his life. Advised by his friends to leave Missouri, he went to Omaha, Nebraska, where he was the Presiding Elder in the church

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<sup>1</sup>Whitford, William Clark, "Colorado Volunteers in the Civil War," *The Colorado Magazine*, 1906, pages 50-51.

from 1856 until 1860. During his residence in Nebraska, he became active in Masonic affairs, and held many offices. He was named in the Iowa Warrant of January 9, 1857, creating Capitol Lodge No. 10 (Now No. 3) of Omaha. He was a charter member and the Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Nebraska.

Chivington decided to move farther west. He arrived in Denver on May 8, 1860, and preached the following Sunday in the Masonic Hall.<sup>2</sup> He was very active in religious work for the next year. During that time there were many threats of secession over the slave question. In one of his Sabbath sermons, Chivington quoted the words of Stephen Douglas: "Until the national authority is restored, let there be but two parties—patriots and traitors." This quotation was resented by a few Southerners who appointed a committee to protest having their secessionist friends called traitors. His reply was made a few weeks later when he was called to preach the funeral of a soldier who had been shot by a saloon-keeper. In his sermon, Chivington told the large crowd that he was God's free man and would not speak any doubtful words on the great question at issue, nor would he hold his peace. His exact words, taken from that sermon, describe him: "I am a man of lawful age and full size (six feet four and a half inches, and well proportioned) and was an American citizen before I became a minister. If the church had required me to renounce any of my rights of manhood or American citizenship before I could become a minister, I should have very respectfully declined."

Chivington continued his Masonic activities in Colorado, and became the first Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the Territory. He was re-

lected to that office on December 10, 1861, a rare distinction in Masonic circles. A fearless man with a muscular body, broad shoulders, and weighing 250 pounds, he was known along three borders as the "fighting preacher," for he wore his six-guns to church and placed them on the pulpit during his sermon. He had a deep bass voice, carrying with it a tone of sincerity and persuasion. Chivington was a leader, a soldier, and a loyal citizen, who wanted to serve his country in what he believed to be right—the abolition of slavery. He was also very active in Colorado's participation in the Civil War.

It will be recalled that the Territory of Colorado was created by an act of Congress on February 28, 1861; there were 25,331 inhabitants at that time. Governor William Gilpin arrived in Denver on May 29, 1861, to assume his duties as the first Territorial Governor. He proceeded to organize its government, and realizing there was need of action to save Colorado for the Union and to help New Mexico in resisting the attacks of the Texans under Sibley, he organized the First Colorado Regiment without authority and issued the so-called Gilpin Drafts directly on the U. S. Treasury to pay the soldiers. Two companies were raised—Company A, commanded by John P. Slough,<sup>3</sup> and Company B, commanded by Samuel F. Tappan. It was decided to raise a regiment: Slough was made a Colonel, Tappan a Lieutenant Colonel, and Chivington a Major in the fighting forces. The regiment was mus-

<sup>2</sup>The Masonic Hall, located at 1361 11th Street, was torn down in 1939.

<sup>3</sup>Slough was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, and served in the Ohio Legislature. He later became a prominent lawyer in Denver.

tered in on August 29, 1861, and was trained at Camp Weld.<sup>4</sup>

They left Denver on February 1, 1862, and headed south to join Colonel Edward R. S. Canby<sup>5</sup> against the Confederate forces near Santa Fe. A camp was made twelve miles west of Pueblo, south of the Arkansas River, where there was good grass for the stock. Colonel Slough decided to stay a few days to allow the animals to rest. This was the beginning of Chivington's trouble, for he had an argument with Slough over utilizing the time to drill the men in proper warfare. Colonel Slough did not think it was necessary; he proposed to do only guerrilla fighting and to deploy delaying tactics. Chivington was opposed to that plan, and wanted to teach the men the manner of proper formations, and how to use firearms.

A bitter argument ensued. Voices were raised to such a high pitch that all of the command was finally drawn into the hotly-worded battle, as the two leaders attempted to fight it out. Chivington appealed to the men to be prepared, to learn to fight like soldiers, and told them if they were trained, equipped and stood together no force could stop them. The command was divided, with half going over to Chivington's side. Slough's remark to Chivington was: "You can take 'em and go to hell with 'em." With these words, he returned to his tent uttering "court-martial!"

Chivington drilled his men thoroughly. On the march they were in company formation; while resting, he had them do target practice. He taught them to fire lying down, and to shoot up and down hill. This practice continued until they reached Fort Union, New Mexico, where more than two million dollars worth of supplies were stored. They equipped themselves with all kinds of needed

materials. Chivington had his men up in the early dawn, and marched into Colonel Canby's headquarters at Glorieta, New Mexico, on March 25, 1862. Canby's description of their arrival is as follows: "They were in perfect marching order, every man and every wagon in exact position prescribed for a column moving through enemy country."

Colonel Slough ordered his command to camp four miles from Canby's headquarters. He and Lieutenant Colonel Tappan rode in and found Chivington having breakfast with Colonel Canby. Slough demanded that Chivington be put under arrest on charges of insubordination, mutiny and dereliction of duty. Colonel Canby's reply was: "Our first business is to fight. Forget all of that until we have Sibley attended to, one way or another."

A discussion of strategy took place in Colonel Canby's tent. Slough and the other officer were of the opinion that it was useless to fight General Henry Hunter Sibley<sup>6</sup> with his large

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<sup>4</sup>Camp Weld, established in 1861, was located on the banks of the South Platte River, two miles from the town of Denver. The site is now at the west end of the Eighth Avenue viaduct.

<sup>5</sup>Colonel Canby, born in Kentucky in 1819, was graduated from West Point in 1839. He was promoted to Major in 1855, and to Colonel in 1861. At that time he was placed in charge of all Federal military affairs in New Mexico, with headquarters at Fort Craig. He requested the Governor of Colorado Territory to send him reinforcements. At the close of the Civil War, he was brevetted Brigadier General. He was killed by the Modoc Indians of Oregon on April 11, 1873.

army. They thought that diverting the streams, making the roads muddy, and burning the grass would be the best thing to do. Chivington disagreed with this, saying: "My men didn't come here to burn grass or to bother Sibley. They came down here to fight. The best place to fight is at the highest possible point, right at the top of the pass. My men are used to high altitudes, Sibley's come from a low altitude. Give them ten minutes at a mile high, and one of my men will be worth ten of his." Canby agreed with Chivington. He ordered Slough to remain in camp with his men, and Chivington to ride over the pass with his command to look over the battleground.

On nearing the summit, Chivington met some of Canby's pickets who were returning to report that about 700 of Sibley's forces were coming up the road.<sup>7</sup> He quickly deployed all his men on both sides of the canyon, while he remained mounted in sight of the valley, shouting his orders. The battle lasted for nearly half an

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<sup>7</sup>Henry H. Sibley, a graduate of West Point, served as a Lieutenant, Captain and Major in the United States Army. He superintended the construction of Fort Union, New Mexico, with its arsenal and storage buildings—the most complete in the territory. He resigned his commission on May 13, 1861, to enter the service of the Confederacy. On July 8, 1861, he was promoted to Brigadier General, and was given the duty of driving all Federal troops from New Mexico, securing all arms and supplies. On December 14, 1861, he assumed command of Fort Bliss on the Rio Grande at El Paso. Here he enlisted the "Army of New Mexico," afterwards called "Sibley's Brigade," with 3,500 men.

hour; sixty prisoners were taken, half of Sibley's forces were wounded and the rest retreated. One of the prisoners wrote a letter to his wife in Texas, which was censored, and is quoted in part: "All the while their commander, the biggest man I ever saw, with a long black beard, sat on his horse in the road, bellowing his orders like a great bull. Bullets must have been flying all around him, but he paid no attention to them at all."

Another siege of hard fighting occurred at Pigeon's Ranch, with Chivington and his troops inflicting a stunning blow on the rear and advance of Lieutenant Colonel William R. Scurry's forces.<sup>8</sup> An army ambulance appeared with a white flag asking for an armistice. Again it was Chivington who was the hero in the battle, which lasted for two days.

During all this activity, Colonel

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<sup>8</sup>At the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861, the Confederate leaders sought to seize the gold fields of California and Colorado by gaining control of the Southwest. In July, 1861, Colonel John R. Baylor took over Fort Bliss at El Paso, Texas. They marched up the Rio Grande to Santa Fe, where 700 troops surrendered. Baylor proclaimed himself Governor of a new Confederate territory which he called Arizona. In February, 1862, General H. H. Sibley, with 2300 men, marched into Santa Fe. The New Mexico Volunteers were defeated by Sibley in the Battle of Valverde near Fort Craig, New Mexico, on February 21, 1862. The old hamlet of Valverde is now bordered on the west by the town of San Marcial.

<sup>9</sup>Lt. Col. Scurry served as District Attorney in Texas when it was a Republic, and as a Major in a Texas regiment under General Zachary Taylor in the Mexican War.

Slough was seething with rage, and insisted that Chivington be court-martialed. He wrote a letter, intercepted by Confederate spies, in which he wrote that half of his regiment had "gone off to hell with a crazy preacher who thinks he is Napoleon Bonaparte." Despite the bitter denunciation, Chivington remained the hero of military activities in New Mexico, especially at Apache Canyon.

One of the decisive battles of the Civil War, spoken of as the "Gettysburg of the Southwest," was fought on March 27, 1862, eighteen miles southwest of Santa Fe, New Mexico, in Apache Canyon. Chivington maneuvered to destroy Sibley's supply base which was located in a side valley from Apache Canyon, four miles west of the summit of Glorieta Pass. In order to achieve this feat, the troops made ropes, 125 feet long, out of leather lines, and descended the eastern ridge into the valley under cover of darkness. They surprised the guards, burned the haystacks, wagons, eight log warehouses of supplies, and two corn cribs; they shot 120 mules, and destroyed two stone magazines and sixty loaded wagons, leaving Sibley's supply base in a mass of ruins.

The military genius and hero of that great encounter was John Milton Chivington, whose tactics prevented the South from acquiring the gold and other resources of Colorado, Arizona, California, Nevada and New Mexico. Had Sibley succeeded in his plans, the North would have been defeated. This was the turning point in the war, for General Sibley and his men went down in defeat and disgrace.

A great deal of quarreling took place among the victorious officers, and as a result Colonel Slough was ordered to Fort Union. He resigned on April 9, 1862. A petition was

signed by all the men and officers of the regiment and presented by Lieutenant Colonel Tappan to Colonel Canby requesting that Major Chivington be promoted to a full Colonel to succeed Colonel Slough. This was done on April 14, 1862, by a Field Order from Canby. Chivington was promoted over Lieutenant Colonel Tappan, who then became very jealous and never ceased his vitriolic attacks until his death.

Colonel Chivington was placed in command of the Southern District of New Mexico at Fort Craig, where he remained until July. He then returned to Denver, obtained a leave of absence, and went to Washington, D.C. for the purpose of having his regiment converted into a cavalry organization. The order making this change was dated November 1, 1862.

More companies were added to the regiment and they were dispersed into active service against hostile Indians. In 1862, more than fifty residents of Denver had been killed by the Indians, and many more were scalped before reaching Cherry Creek. Every day exciting stories were brought in over the trails about Indian depredations. A warning was issued that all travel beyond the city was dangerous. Men, women and children were gathered in a stockade on Blake Street for safety.

The Indians continued to attack and rob wagon trains in 1863. Their raids grew in intensity until by the end of that year they had murdered a total of 174 people. Cheesman Park was a burial ground; many graves were marked "Killed by Indians."<sup>9</sup>

During the fall of 1863 and the spring of 1864, the Indians kept Chiv-

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<sup>9</sup>Latta, Robert H., "Denver in the 1880's," *Colorado Magazine*, Vol. 18, pp. 131-136.

ington's command busy. The Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Comanches, Kiowas and Sioux took to the warpath and engaged in hostilities by attacking stagecoaches and emigrant trains, raiding settlers and terrorizing trains, territory, killing any white person they encountered.<sup>10</sup>

During 1864, the Indians ran off or killed nearly all the ranchers on the South Platte River and destroyed their homes. There were only two ranches left between Fort Lyon and Julesburg—one owned by the Moore Brothers at Riverside Station, and the Godfrey Ranch. This valley was an immense hayfield, and the Indians burned all of the haystacks.

Men, women and children were killed or taken prisoners. Freighting across the plains was stopped, cutting off the supply of provisions to Denver. Flour became so scarce that it sold for \$45 a sack; calico was sixty cents a yard.

Bones of the dead were scattered along the trails. Conditions became so acute that stages and the U. S. mail were all discontinued. It was a reign of terror; guards were placed around the city of Denver day and night; ranchmen built blockhouse forts for safety.

General Curtis, Commander of the Department of Missouri, sent the following telegram to Colonel Chivington:

"I hear that Indians have committed depredations on or near Platte River. Do not let district lines prevent pursuing and punishing them.

S. R. Curtis, Major General  
Fort Leavenworth, May 30, 1864."

The infamous massacre of the Hungate family, who was living thirty miles east of Denver, occurred on June 15, 1864. Nathan Hungate was the foreman of the ranch owned by

I. P. Van Wormer. He and a hired man by the name of Miller were out looking after the stock when they saw the barns and house in flames. Hungate rode back, but Miller went on to Denver and notified Van Wormer. When help arrived at the scene, all the buildings had been destroyed by fire, and the stock driven away. The scalped body of Hungate, with eighty bullet holes in it, was found at a distance from the house. The mutilated bodies of Mrs. Hungate and the two children had been bound together and thrown into a well. All of the bodies were removed to Denver where they were viewed by irate citizens.

Many similar atrocities occurred along the Cache la Poudre and Arkansas rivers. The settlers became terrified as the toll mounted. Frontier defenses became very critical, for troops were not available for protection. Decisive action was necessary to reassure a frightened populace.

Governor Evans appealed for help by writing to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, stating that prompt action was necessary and that he needed armed forces. The reply he received was positive: "Fight it out among yourselves. We are too busy with more weighty affairs to give you any attention or assistance."

Governor Evans, apparently feeling that an overture of friendliness to the Indians would be the best policy, sent out a circular letter in June, 1864, "To the friendly Indians of the Plains," asking them to keep away from war parties and to locate in places of safety.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>10</sup>Tollman, Elizabeth J., "Pioneer Experiences in Colorado," *Colorado Magazine*, Vol. 13, pp. 141-149.

<sup>11</sup>*War of the Rebellion, Official Records of the Union and Confeder-*

These so-called "peaceful" Indians would get government rations, then make raids from their camps and rob emigrants and burn ranches. They continued their raids on widely separated points, acquiring firearms and ammunition by capturing supply trains. They began sniping at people working in the fields. Raids on ranches continued, growing in intensity with entire families being wiped out. Larger settlements were attacked.

In desperation, Governor Evans issued the following proclamation: "All citizens of Colorado, whether organized or individually, are empowered to go in pursuit of the hostiles and to kill and destroy them wherever found, and to capture and hold to their own private use and benefit all the property they can take."

Governor Evans, after being rebuffed by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, wrote the Secretary of War and asked permission to raise a regiment of volunteers for 100 days. His request was granted, and the troops were recruited and moved into Camp Weld where they were placed under the command of Colonel Chivington.

Chivington had only a small force at his disposal, but he made every effort to protect the more important settlements. Governor Evans attempted to meet with the Indians and make peace offerings. Several treaties were made to appease the red men and to satisfy their rights, but they were all broken by the Indians as they continued their hostilities.

On August 29, 1864, a letter was sent by Black Kettle, Chief of the Cheyennes, to Major Colley, Indian Agent at Fort Lyons, Colorado Territory, which contained the following proposal for the exchange of prisoners:

"We received a letter from Bent

wishing us to make peace. We held a council in regard to it. All come to the conclusion to make peace with you, providing you make peace with the Comanches, Arapahoes, Apaches and Sioux. We are going to send a messenger to the Kiowas and to the other nations about our going to make peace with you. We heard that you have some prisoners in Denver. We have seven of yours which we are willing to give up, providing you give up yours.<sup>12</sup> There are three war parties out yet, and two of Arapahoes. They have been out some time, and expected in soon. When we held this Council there were few Arapahoes and Sioux present.

We want true news from you in return.

Black Kettle and the other chiefs."<sup>13</sup>

This letter was an acknowledgment of their hostilities. A conference was arranged at Camp Weld on September 28, 1864, between Black Kettle, Bull Bear, leader of the Cheyenne Dog Soldiers,<sup>14</sup> Neva, sub-chief of the had been committing depredations,

Arapahoes, and Governor Evans. Nothing was achieved at this council, but the Indians admitted they *ate Armies*, Government Printing Office, Washington, 1893, Series I, Vol. 41, Pt. 1, page 964.

<sup>12</sup>Mrs. Eubanks was one of the prisoners referred to by Black Kettle. They captured her on the Little Blue and sold her to the Sioux. Mrs. Martin, another rescued prisoner, was captured with a 9-year-old boy on Plum Creek by White Antelope.

<sup>13</sup>*Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1865*, Gov. Prtg. Off., Washington, p. 233.

<sup>14</sup>The Dog Soldiers of the Cheyennes were a society of warriors known for the outstanding bravery of their leadership.



and were continuing to do so. The Governor told them he had tried to make peace with them but had met with contempt and scorn. He turned the entire matter over to the military and placed it in the hands of Colonel Chivington, who was definite in his proposal:

"I am not a big war chief, but all the soldiers in this country are at my command; my rule of fighting white men or Indians is to fight them until they lay down their arms and submit to military authority. They, the Indians, are nearer to Major Wynkoop than anyone else; they can go to him when they are ready to do that."

The Indians left the meeting angry and defiant. That same day, due to a full scale attack which had been launched by the Indians of the Plains, General Curtis at Fort Leavenworth issued the following order to Colonel Chivington:

"I shall require the bad Indians delivered up; restoration of equal numbers of stock—also hostages, to secure. I want no peace till the Indians suffer more. 'Left Hand' is said to be a good chief of the Arapahoes; but 'Big Mouth' is a rascal? I fear agents of the Interior Department will be ready to make presents soon. It is better to chastise before giving anything but a little tobacco to talk over. No peace must be made without my direction."

Major Wynkoop, in his manuscript, wrote the following: "We must act with vindictive earnestness against the Indians even to their extermination, men, women and children. Nothing less will reach the root of the case."<sup>15</sup>

Some of the Indians did appear later at Fort Lyons where Major Wynkoop gave them supplies in exchange for a few obsolete weapons they turned in. He allowed 600 Indians

to camp near Fort Lyon and issued them rations as prisoners of war. As a result, Wynkoop was relieved of his command and was replaced by Major Scott J. Anthony who required the Indians to comply with General Curtis' terms. They turned over 20 head of stock stolen from the government and a few useless arms. Major Anthony was uneasy having so many Indians so close to the fort, but he fed them for 10 days, even though he knew they were not friendly and only wanted to be fed during the winter.

The Santa Fe Trail was running with blood; no wagon train ever got through without fighting, and in many instances there was sacrifice of human life and property. One thousand Cheyenne Indian savages, murderous in their attacks, plundered emigrant trains, killing and torturing white settlers to such an extent that a famine was threatened.

It became absolutely necessary to send armed forces against the Indians, and Colonel Chivington was placed in command. He led the military expedition to Sand Creek for the purpose of opening communications with the Missouri River which had been virtually cut off by the Indians. The command marched along the Arkansas River and camped eight miles above Fort Lyons on November 27th. They broke camp and marched into Fort Lyon where they rested until dark.

After being joined by two companies of the First Colorado Cavalry under the command of Major Scott Anthony, they started for the camp of

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<sup>15</sup>Wynkoop, who at this time seemed to be in favor of a drastic move against the Indians, later became a bitter enemy of Chivington and his actions at Sand Creek.

the hostile Indians, forty miles away. In the early dawn of November 29th, they were within a mile of Sand Creek. The column was halted and two detachments were sent to cut off the herds of ponies which were on two opposite sides of the camp. The object was to cut the Indians off from their mounts and to try to talk peace terms with them.

The officials were given strict orders not to permit any firing unless they were first fired upon. One of the herds of ponies took alarm and headed toward the tepees. In cutting them off, the troops ran close to an Indian guard who fired. One soldier and his horse fell dead. Before they realized it, the entire command was under heavy fire. The Indians had formed lines in front of their tents and were well-entrenched, for they had excavated trenches four miles long under the banks of Sand Creek. Two twelve-pound howitzers were brought into action before their lines were broken.

Both sides were engaged in ten hours of intensive fighting. The Indians suffered a crushing defeat; between 500 to 700 of them were killed. The atrocities that were alleged to have been committed were not in excess of any battle. The fresh scalps of white, men, women and children were found on the belts of Indians at Sand Creek. Saddle blankets fringed with the scalps of white women were in many of the tepees of these so-called "peaceful" Indians, who in the year of 1864 were responsible for the lives of 208 men, women, children and soldiers.

The decisive battle of Sand Creek was converted into a "massacre" by the enemies of Colonel Chivington. They used it as a political weapon, dealing a death blow to a man doing a duty imposed on him by military

authority. The last telegraphic orders received by Colonel Chivington from General Curtis were as follows: "Pursue everywhere and punish the Cheyennes and Arapahoes; pay no attention to district lines. No presents must be made and no peace concluded without my order."

At this same time there were many advocates of statehood for Colorado. They were so confident of success that, in 1864, they held a convention and called it the "Union Administration" party (Republican), and selected the following ticket: D. T. Towne for Governor; J. M. Chivington for Congressman; Governor Evans and Henry Teller for U. S. Senators. The campaign was bitter, unscrupulous, and never equalled by any political contest during the territorial days of Colorado. The "antis" charged that the statehood movement was an office-seekers' scheme. They accused the candidates of provoking Indian wars for political reasons. They played up the Sand Creek affair in every conceivable way, defeating the movement by a large majority.<sup>10</sup> Following the Sand Creek battle, there appeared the "Sand Creek Vindication Party."<sup>11</sup>

Misrepresentations were made by men who were jealous because Chivington had been promoted over them. Erroneous reports were sent to eastern newspapers which cried "murder!" "massacre!" and "savagery!"

Chivington's one great enemy was Samuel F. Tappan, who had been a correspondent of a Washington

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<sup>10</sup>Ellis, Elmer, "Colorado's Fight for Statehood, 1865-1866," *Colorado Magazine*, Vol. VIII, pp. 28-30.

<sup>11</sup>Perrigo, Lynn, "Major Hal Sayre's Diary of the Sand Creek Campaign," *Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XV, pp. 41-58.

newspaper. He gathered supporters from Indian traders and jealous military officers, and sent reports to various newspapers. This resulted in two official investigations: one held by the joint Committee on the Conduct of the War, under the House of Representatives; the other held by a Military Commission, under the United States Senate. Many writers have claimed there were three investigations, but there are published records of only two.

The witnesses were Chivington's bitter enemies, Indian traders and half-breeds. Governor Evans and three minor officers testified for Chivington. In the hearing before the Committee on the Conduct of War, Colonel Chivington was not present. Both investigations were partial and one-sided. At the hearing held by the Military Commission, Chivington was allowed to introduce witnesses who testified in his behalf. The cry was that the Indians at Sand Creek were not hostile. However, Major Scott Anthony, who commanded the military post at Fort Lyons, stated that the Indians at Sand Creek were hostile and were not under his protection. He also said he would have declared war on them had his force been strong enough to attack them.

Many investigations were made and the archives of the Masonic Lodge in Denver reveal numerous resolutions in the minute books which upheld Chivington and his men in their action. The local newspapers praised him, while eastern newspapers continued their vile attacks.

One opinion in defense of Chivington came from Richens L. "Uncle Dick" Wootton, who said: "It was the necessity for punishing all the Indians who belonged to the hostile combination, whether they were actually caught scalping their victims

or not, which led Colonel Chivington to march against the Cheyennes with the Colorado First, and fight the first band he came across. Chivington was severely censored by the tender-hearted eastern people, whose scalp locks were never in danger for this action, and a great deal has been said by them about the 'Chivington Massacre.' The most absurd and unreasonable stories were started about the affair in the East, and I shouldn't wonder if the Indian lovers didn't succeed in persuading people back here the Comanches, Cheyennes, Apaches and Kiowas were kind-hearted, industrious and peace-loving creatures, while the white people were merciless savages."

In speaking of the Battle of Sand Creek, Hal Sayre had this to say: "I believe the conduct of the Colorado forces at Sand Creek were justified. It's true that we killed a lot of Cheyennes, but they were the worst set of thieves and murderers that you can imagine, and they had to be taught a lesson that they would not forget."<sup>18</sup>

There are many more documents in my possession to prove that every charge made against Chivington was untrue. Time will not permit my presenting them. The criticism made against this misunderstood man was one of the acts of injustice that occurred in frontier times. It must be remembered that the Department of Indian Affairs was headed by people

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<sup>18</sup>Interview on May 21, 1921, with Hal Sayre by T. F. Dawson, who was Historian of the State Historical Society of Colorado. Hal Sayre, a pioneer and mining engineer, made the first plat of Central City. He was an officer in the Civil War, and served as Adjutant General of Colorado. He died on December 11, 1926.

who were sentimental and had little sympathy for the early white settler, nor had they any knowledge of how to deal with hostile Indians. Had the Indians been mounted at Sand Creek they would have defeated Chivington.

The people of Colorado Territory had no representation in Washington to defend their actions against the Indians. Consequently the enemies of Colonel Chivington took the opportunity of crucifying him. However, history has proved that the battle of Sand Creek brought peace and quiet to the terror-stricken people of Colorado, for it broke the power of one of the most hostile tribes of Indians.

Chivington, a man of character and ability, with a commanding personality, resigned his commission from the army in 1865, and entered the freighting business, which he operated for two years. He moved to San Diego, California, in 1867, where he remained for a short time. He then moved to Cincinnati, Ohio, and married Isabel Arnzen, the widow of a soldier. She remained with him the rest of his life. He returned to Denver in 1883, where he died in 1894. He was given a Masonic funeral and the last rites were administered by prominent men of the fraternity. He is buried in Fairmount Cemetery.

In conclusion, I wish to state that John Milton Chivington was one of Colorado's distinguished pioneers and a great defender of the people of the territory. He was a hero of the Civil War, who turned the tide of battle in favor of the Union at Glorieta, which helped save the nation and kept some of the western states from seceding. He was truly a great soldier, a spiritual Christian gentleman, a pathfinder, and a true patriot who deserves the honors and plaudits of a nation. John Milton Chivington was

a brave man who never wavered from the path of stern duty. He knew and lived the ideals of right and justice which appealed to him and are found in the gospel. The military career of this great warrior left a malignant scar in the minds of many writers who twisted the victory of battle into novels of massacre without attempting to ascertain the facts, or the truth concerning a political situation, or the implications that followed the triumphal success of a victorious battle.

#### BOOKS ON SAND CREEK

*Tales of the Colorado Pioneers*

by Alice Polk Hill, Pierson & Gardner, Denver, 1884.

*Colorado Volunteers in the Civil War*

by Wm. Clarke Whitford, D.D., State Hist. Soc., Denver, 1926.

*The Fighting Cheyennes*

by George Bird Grinnell, Chas. Scribners & Sons, New York, 1915.

*Boldly They Rode*

by Ovando J. Hollister

"Colorado Indians Sand Creek Massacre in Southeastern Colorado, November, 1864," *29th Congress, 2nd Session*, Ex. Doc. 26.

*The Great Betrayal*

By Dorothy Gardner, Doubleday, 1949.

"The Colonel's Bitter Secret," by Laurel Chivington, in *Denver Post*, July 1, 1950.

*Helldorado*

By Wm. R. Breakenridge, Houghton Mifflin, 1928.

*A Century of Dishonor*

By Helen Hunt Jackson, Roberts Bros., Boston, 1889.

*Massacres of the Mountains*

By J. P. Dunn, Harper Bros, 1886.

*Memories of a Lifetime in the Pike's Peak Region*

By Irving Howbert, G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y., 1925.

*Three Years and a half in the Army; or History of the Second Colorados*  
By Mrs. Ellen Williams. Fowler & Wells Co., N. Y., 1885.

*History of the Military Organizations of Colorado, 1860-1935*

By Major John H. Nankwell, W. H. Kistler Co., Denver, 1935.

*The Indians of the Pike's Peak Region*

By Irving Howbert, Knickerbocker Press, N. Y., 1914.

(Continued from page 4)

*The Fighting Cheyennes* deserves a place on the shelf of authentic history. Grinnell knew many of the Cheyennes about whom he wrote, he rechecked the information he recorded and he is considered as one of the most honest, truthful, sincere and understanding historians of Plains Indians.

In this book the author tells in detail the events that preceeded, what actually happened during, and what followed each major battle fought from 1837 to 1879 by the Cheyennes. By means of the fighting, these Indians attempted to live up to their ideals of human dignity, to prove their concepts of value and to retain their primitive tribal way of life. Even today this struggle makes interesting reading, and the University of Oklahoma Press has performed a valuable service by reprinting the book as Volume forty-four in the Civilization of the American Indian Series.

Although George Bird Grinnell was sympathetic with the Cheyenne Indians, he has recorded the facts without passing judgment and has

maintained an objectivity which has given him a high rating among historians. Only in the last paragraph of the book does he make any type of suggestion, and even then his comment is as true today as it was then, namely: "If the Indian Bureau should adopt a broad and definitely settled policy—one sufficiently elastic to be adaptable to the needs of each of the different Indian reservations—the progress of the race toward civilization would be hastened; . . ."

*The Fighting Cheyennes* is a "must" for Coloradans who would know the history of their own state since the Cheyennes were important people in the Sand Creek Massacre and the fight at Beecher Island. It is a book which will serve as a reference source as well as a standard of fine historical narrative.

Don L. Griswold

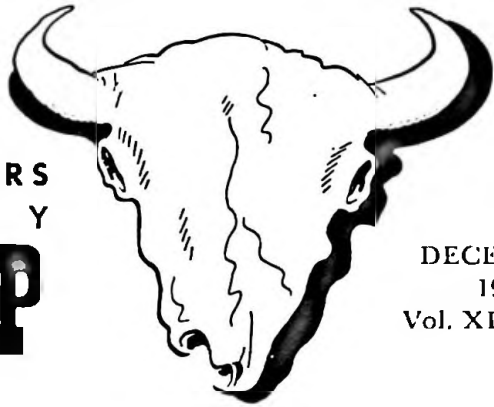
ACROSS THE CIMARRON, by James D. Horan, Crown Publishers, Inc., 295 pages, \$5.00.

George Bolds lived to be an old man, and after his ninetyeth year he reminisced to the author; hence this bok which is very readable and well written. Most of the story lies in Dodge City where Bolds spent most reputation of a killer, but all of his of his younger years. He acquired the kilings were done on the side of the law. The high-spot of the book is in conection with the founders of Ingalls and Cimarron, and in their fight for a County Seat.

The book is to be recommended to anyone interested in history of the southwest.

H.J.

*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
M O N T H L Y  
**ROUNDUP**



DECEMBER  
1956  
Vol. XII, No. 12

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*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.

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Vol. XII

December, 1956

No. 12

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Printing Office  
839 Pearl St., Boulder.

The Westerners  
730 Equitable Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.

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### *Sheriff's Message*

I have been asked by the Editor of the Roundup to "say a word" in connection with the end of my term as Sheriff of the Denver Westerners. The word that I wish to say is, "Thanks."

Thanks to the deputy sheriff, the roundup foreman, the chuck wrangler, the tally man, the registrar of marks and brands, and the committee chairmen who led the way.

Thanks to the helpful, loyal "hands" who rode along—

Thanks to the speakers who made the regular meetings, the rendezvous, and the annual ladies' night meeting, such grand successes—

And to those who threw in together to build the Denver Westerners' Award Fund, my very special "Thanks."

S/ Maurice Frink

## *Riding the Range*

News from Leroy Hafen. Leroy has leave from B.Y.U. for the winter quarter and will spend about three months in the East doing research. He is already scheduled to give a talk to the New York Westerners on January 16 and will address the Potomac Corral at Washington on the 21st of January.

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THE 1955 BRAND BOOK. The Posse still has some copies of this volume available at \$10.00 per book. As soon as the original issue is exhausted the sale price at the book-dealers will no doubt be raised. Orders should be addressed to Erl H. Ellis, 730 Equitable Bldg., Denver 2, Colorado.

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THE SPOKANE POSSE OF THE WESTERNERS. Since the spring of 1955 the Spokane Posse has been functioning, 27 men attending the initial dinner meeting on March 17. Monthly dinner meetings are held at the Spokane Hotel. The most exciting news from this Posse is that they have launched upon the publication of a quarterly magazine, called "The Pacific Northwesterner." This holds high promise of interest and you may obtain this magazine on becoming a Corresponding Member of the Spokane Posse by sending \$3.00 (yearly dues) to Ralph R. Reid, 115 W. 24th Ave., Spokane 41, Washington.

The first issue of the magazine is a fine one. It contains two main articles of scholarly merit. The lead one is by Dr. Edgar I. Stewart, professor of history at Eastern Washington College of Education. Dr. Stewart notes and comments upon the great mass of "Literature" that has been written about

the Custer Fight. His evaluation is priceless for anyone who has not become a Custer-Battle-Adict. The second article is about another Indian fight, usually known as the "Steptoe Disaster" and has been interestingly written by John F. Kelley, Spokane attorney.

This Quarterly is the size of our own monthly ROUNDUP, on better paper, and has an attractive masthead. Picture and description of each author appears, an interesting departure. Also it is indicated that this Spokane magazine will have rather less of incidental comments than most of the publications by Westerners.

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(Continued from page 16)

survive illness, scanty rations and inadequate supplies of medicines, rescue powder from burning buildings and almost casually report on Indian, military and travellers' lives in this desert region.

The well-known western writer Arthur Woodward has done a fine job editing the journal. He provides an interesting and helpful introduction, as well as copious footnotes (65 pages of them) to clear up references to Bill Williams, Geronimo, Armijo, Antoine Leroux, and other figures mentioned in the journal. There is no map, but there are splendid photographs to enhance the book. The entire work focuses attention on an important river crossing and brings vividness to a time, place and type of Army duty that warrant such clarification.

H.H.D.





*Isabella Bird in her "American Lady's Mountain Dress." This sketch appeared in the second edition of A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains, to prove to the critics that she had not "donned masculine habiliments for greater convenience."*

## TRACKING ISABELLA BIRD

LOUISA WARD ARPS

Years meant nothing to Isabella Bird. What mattered to her were the people and places she saw on her extensive travels, and the horses she rode. Before she was ten years old, she was accustomed to ride around Cheshire, England, with her father, an Anglican clergyman, on his parish calls. Her father questioned her on what she saw on these rides, thus forming in her the habit of accurate observation and explicit reporting. Her mount was a broad-backed carriage horse.

When Miss Bird was 42 years old, she spent from September to December of 1873 in Colorado, most of the time riding a mustang named *Bird*. The book she wrote reporting this trip she called *A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains* (London, J. Murray, 1879). It is this book that especially interests Coloradans and *The Westerners*.

When Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop was 70 years old, she rode a thousand miles through the Atlas Mountains on a scarlet saddle atop an Arabian barb lent her by the Sultan of Morocco. This charger—"not a horse for an old lady"—was so high that a servant had to carry a ladder to enable Mrs. Bishop, who was not quite five feet tall, to mount and dismount. When she came home from this trip she accurately reported her trip to her many readers in British literary magazines, just as she would have reported to her father sixty years before.

Isabella wrote innumerable magazine articles about various subjects, from hymns to the evils of drink,

and published at least a dozen books based on her travels. The first one appeared in 1856 when she was 25, called *The Englishwoman in America*. There followed *Aspects of Religion in the United States* (1859); *Six Months in the Sandwich Islands* (1875), the book that established her reputation; *A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains* (1879); *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan* (1880); *The Golden Chersonese* (about the Malayans) (1883); *Journeys in Persia and Turkestan* (1891); *Korea and Her Neighbors* (1898) especially interesting since she was there when Japan was taking over Korea; *The Yangtze Valley and Beyond* (1900) which reported a dangerous trip during the anti-foreign demonstrations before the Boxer Rebellion; and *Chinese Pictures* (1900), a small book of photographs she took herself.

Isabella was a Victorian lady no matter what unconventional situations confronted her. She was born to an inheritance of "lady bountiful"—"nobless oblige" which impelled her to take broth and jelly to sick parishoners, but with her energy and capability she soon did much more than that. With the first check she got from her publishers she bought a ship for the fishermen on an island in the Hebrides, where she and her family spent their vacations. Later she helped some of the crofters to homestead in Canada, and even visited them to be sure all was well.

A Victorian lady was traditionally a nurse—the lady with the lamp. But instead of bathing foreheads with

scented water, Isabella took a nurse's training course in a London hospital where she specialized in splints, wounds, and eye trouble. She had early learned to use a microscope, in connection with a study of histology, and botanists were impressed with her knowledge of the exotic flowers of Hawaii.

After the death of her husband and sister, Isabella established hospitals in memory of them, in scattered places like the Vale of Kashmir, Seoul, or the upper Yangtze, and she financed an orphanage for 25 Japanese children after one of the earthquakes in Tokyo.

When Isabella came to Colorado in 1873 she had not yet had her nurse's training, though she had studied some chemistry. She was naturally helpful, and, having been an invalid all her life, thought she knew the cure for most ailments. Her cure-all was a medicine called Bromide of Potash. She gave it to everyone—to Griffith Evans for insomnia brought on by drinking, to Mrs. Evans before her confinement, to a fellow tourist with asthma, and to herself for nerves.

The article in the encyclopedia on potash states that it is a depressant to the heart and quiets the nerves but should be taken only in small quantities since it is a poison. This seems especially interesting because when Isabella got to Colorado Springs she gave Bromide of Potash to her host, Mr. Liller, who was suffering from tuberculosis. A year after Isabella's visit Mr. Liller's obituary in the Colorado Springs Gazette gives the cause of his death as "an overdose of medicine."

A Victorian lady was taught to sew—fine embroidery and delicate lace work. Isabella was taught to sew. She embroidered on the plains of

Tibet and in the Atlas Mountains. But Isabella was a practical person, so she also sewed clothes. Indeed, her sister said that Isabella was prouder of her dressmaking than of her bookmaking. Before each trip, she had an orgy of sewing, making herself outfits of tweed and flannel, very British. When she dressed in her outing clothes one of the servants in the Hebrides remarked that it was no wonder she traveled the world unmolested—no one would even look at her!

Isabella noted that western women who lived in Hawaii very sensibly rode sidesaddle, and for this purpose wore long bloomers that came to the ankles which were hidden by full ruffles. So Isabella adopted this costume and was delighted to find that when she rode astride (a thing no Victorian lady had been trained to do) she was most comfortable because she was "one with the horse." Isabella had an operation on her spine when she was 16 and suffered backaches the rest of her life, except when she was astride a lively horse. But she always felt conspicuous riding astride, and when she rode through Colorado she dismounted about a mile out of any town, put a full skirt over her long bloomers, remounted using the horn of her Mexican saddle in lieu of a side-saddle pommel, and thus rode into town, a lady. She sketched herself in this costume of full bloomers, overskirt, fitted jacket, broad brimmed hat and quirt, which she called her "dainty Hawaiian riding dress" and published the sketch in the second edition of *A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains*, to refute the critics who had taxed her with donning masculine attire.

Women still have a problem, especially if they are over 40, of what to

wear in the mountains, so it is especially interesting to find what else Isabella brought with her to Colorado. She had a grey-and-white striped cotton dress which she wore over an unlined crinoline. How she got that crinoline to Estes Park in her small saddle bag is a puzzle. Her umbrella, well worn, was strapped to the top of the pack, and she always could produce from the pack a black silk dress. In Estes Park she wore this black silk dress, with polonaise, on Sunday in November when she had to sit in the middle of the living room to avoid the snow that drifted through the unchinked logs.

A Victorian lady's training did not include cooking or dishwashing, which was done by the servants. Isabella learned both in Colorado. She was proud to have mastered an American cooking stove, remarked how easy it would be to cook if she had more than a kettle, a frying pan and a six-gallon brass pan, and, one of her most egotistical remarks, she said "my puddings have turned out perfection." She also found dishwashing much easier than she thought and she did not understand how servants managed to break so many dishes.

Victorian ladies married, and if they didn't, were retiring spinsters. In this Isabella was decidedly different. She considered herself not the marrying kind (she finally relented at 50) but was definitely not the retiring spinster type. She went out in literary society a great deal and her biographer wrote that "wherever she went she became without effort the most absorbing person present . . . It was her power of forgetting herself entirely in the person whose character, mind or mood she was seeking to help that made her such an effective friend."

Finally, a Victorian lady was

trained to write letters. On all her trips, Isabella wrote home to her sister or friends, and these "journal letters," as she called them, were saved for her so that she could revise them to publish in book form. Which brings us to the reason we are especially interested in Isabella. We have some of these letters she wrote home to her sister about her Rocky Mountain adventures, and the difference between them and her book are fascinating.

This is the way we got the letters. There is a man in Loveland, Colorado, named Harold Dunning who is interested in local history. He has just published a book called *Over Hill and Vale*. Mr. Dunning saw, and I do not know how, that an English periodical named the *Cornhill Magazine* in the winter issue for 1952-53 had published an article by Dorothy Middleton on Isabella Bird's life in Colorado in 1873. Mr. Dunning gave a copy of this magazine to Anne Matlock and Anne gave us one.

At the end of Mrs. Middleton's article is a bibliography in which she sites as her principal source the unpublished letters of Isabella Bird. When Alex Warner, associate editor of the *Colorado Quarterly* was looking for material for his summer issue, we suggested these. Miss Aulls of the Western History Department of the Denver Public Library wrote to John Murray of London, Isabella's publishers, and Murray sent the library photostatic copies of the letters, with permission to Mr Warner to print them.

The letters are not complete—Murray could find only those that tell of Isabella's horseback trip from Estes Park to Denver to Colorado Springs to South Park, to Green Lake above Georgetown, to Boulder, then back to Longmont and Estes. The letter

telling of her climb of Longs Peak is missing.

Hours were spent in deciphering the letters. Isabella's handwriting is not bad but having to save paper in the wilds of Colorado, she crowded the lines so closely together that commas from one line look like apostrophes for the line below.

Some words needed interpretation. Was it *cosy* or *easy*? The context was about Rocky Mountain Jim's manner. In the dictionary one meaning of *cosy* is *chatty*, and that Mountain Jim certainly was to Isabella, so we decided to use *cosy*, not *easy*.

Then there was the word *dil*. It is in the dictionary, spelled *dill*, a Scotch verb meaning to sooth or calm. It was used by Isabella as an adjective meaning out-of-sorts, unhappy for no cause, and was evidently a family slang word.

After the letters were deciphered, we published some of them in the Colorado Quarterly for the summer of 1955. And what do the letters have that the book doesn't?

They are personal—Isabella tells how she really feels about things and people. It is interesting to note that she was not always the intrepid horse-woman she makes out—she was frightened in woods for fear something would jump at her, probably remembering the time she had been thrown by her horse as they rounded a curve to meet a bear near Lake Tahoe.

In the letters she is frank. Idaho Springs is a "dreadful place," a remark diplomatically changed in her book to "Idaho Springs is a fashionable resort."

In the letters she uses the real names of people. Now Isabella never was one to "suffer fools gladly," and when she wished to make disparaging remarks in her books she did but she used fictitious names. One of these

made-up names is *Chalmers* for the man who tried to guide her to Estes Park from the Big Thompson Canyon but became lost. Since a number of his descendants are living, the real name should remain buried in the letters.

The English family she found attractive who lived on what is now the Boothroyd Ranch near the Big Dam on the Big Thompson she calls *Hughes* in the book, but their name was Hutchinson. Mrs. Hutchinson, a charming, well-bred English lady, just over 30 years old, died a few months after Isabella's visit and is buried on the ranch. Her husband married their Swiss maid and took the family to New Zealand to live.

Knowing the real name, old newspaper items about the Hutchinson attract the attention. When Mrs. Hutchinson died, Dr. Hutchinson, with the usual Church of England procedure, closed the coffin before the funeral services. The neighbors, unused to that, started a rumor that something queer had happened to the lady before her death, a rumor so persistent that the county coroner investigated. In his published report he wrote that all was regular, it was only that Dr. Hutchinson was queer.

In the book Isabella tells of a colonel, late of the Rebel army, who pestered her by riding toward Denver from Longmont with her. In the letters she names him, Colonel Heath, and wrote that he was egregious, flattering her because he fancied she had money. Knowing the Colonel's real name, it was fun to find that in 1874 he was in the Boulder jail because of bigamy, one of his wives being a Mrs. Duncan whom he had succeeded in marry for her money.

Riding toward Denver Isabella topped a rise—probably near Westminster, and saw the "great, braggart

city of 16,000 souls" spread before her, through a dust storm. She put up with Mrs. Griffin Evans who had proceeded her to Denver. According to the directory, the Evans lived at 76 W. 17th. On the bluffs west of the South Platte River, there is a large cottonwood tree between later houses that probably shaded Isabella. In the hot October evening, Isabella walked over the 15th Street bridge to Denver to call on Byers, editor of the News, and Ex-Governor Hunt, a one-man Chamber of Commerce for Colorado. Both of these men had financial interests in the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, but they both advised against taking the "cars" to Colorado Springs.

So in a day or so, Isabella mounted her little horse named *Bird* and rode to where the Lincoln Park Housing Project is now on West Colfax, which was Governor Hunt's homestead at that time. He rode out of Denver with her to set her on the right path, giving her letters of introduction to various ranchers along the way. It was the custom of the time for travelers to knock at any door they happened to be near at sunset time, expecting the ranchers to feed and bed them for the night.

From Isabella's letters to her sister we have the real names of all the places she stayed, and we pick up information about them from reading old newspapers. The Van Wormers, who owned the cattle herded by the Hungates when they were murdered by Indians southeast of Denver, lived on a ranch near the entrance to the Platte Canyon. The Van Wormers were not cordial to Isabella. We found a statement in the newspaper a few weeks later advertising the Van Wormers as a good place to stay where visitors were welcome. One wonders if Isabella had

spread the news of her unwelcome visit. Then Isabella stayed with the Perry family, at the ranch that is still the show place on the Perry Park road to Colorado Springs. She found a muff in which was \$500 and found the family that owned the muff, returning the money. In Colorado Springs she visited the Lillers. Mr. Liller was a gifted literary man whom Dr. Bell had imported from England to run a magazine for "Little Lunnon." The Lillers lived in one room, in back of the pressroom where Mr. Liller wrote and set up the newspaper and later a monthly magazine called *Out West*. Miss Bird found Mr. and Mrs. Liller charming, and remarked how like an English home they had made their one room (which housed, besides the Lillers, two prairie dogs, a kitten and a wolf hound).

Isabella evidently entertained her host by telling him of her climb of Longs Peak. Mr. Liller immediately asked her to write the account, and published it in the Dec. 1873 issue of the *Out West Magazine*. The only available copy of this magazine—it ran the year of 1873—seems to be the bound volume at the Coburn Library at Colorado Springs but some vandal cut out all but two pages of the Longs Peak article, so we are unable to compare it to the account as published in the book, nor do we have the original letter from Isabella to her sister.

However, there is another version of the whole book. When Isabella got home from her round-the-world tour which included the Hawaiian Islands and Colorado, she published the book that came to be known as *Six Months in the Sandwich Islands*. It was so successful that the editor of a magazine called the *Leisure Hour* asked her to let him run her *Letters from the Rocky Mountains* as a serial.

She rather hesitated to do this because she thought her experiences were more personal than most travel books—all her other books include statistics and governmental information—but she decided to try. She took the letters she had written to her sister Henrietta—"My Pet," she addressed her—and revised them for publication. They appeared in the *Leisure Hour* during the whole of 1878, in installments of various lengths, with more illustrations than were in the book, while she went off to the northern islands of Japan.

No one in Denver seemed to have a copy of the *Leisure Hour* so the Bibliographical Center sent for that owned by the Kansas City Library. It is printed on the cheapest, yellowing paper, too fragile to open wide enough to photostat. But the differences between the version in it of the Longs Peak climb and the final book version show what a Victorian lady, or her publisher, considered proper to put before the public.

About the Longs Peak climb, the book tells how Rocky Mountain Jim practically carried the little lady (she was short but not thin) up the mountain. Even so, it is remarkable that she got there and back. On her feet she wore a pair of overshoes she found on the Boulder Field which had been discarded two years before by Anna Dickinson when she climbed Longs Peak with the F. V. Hayden surveyors.

Two young men went with Isabella and Jim up Longs, but these chaperones were merely background music to Isabella, with Jim as the main theme. One of these youths, who was 23 years old at the time, fresh from Columbia Law School (later to become mayor of Denver), was named Platt Rogers. He remarked in later years to the effect that had he known

what a facile pen the dowdy little woman pushed, he would have been more impressed with her.

When the two young men, with the impatience of youth, wanted to sprint up the mountain, the *Leisure Hour* version says that Jim remarked "if it were not to take me, he would not go up at all," but the book revised this to "if it were not to take a lady." An entertaining one word substitution is "I was roped to Jim" instead of "I was tied to Jim" which could be the substitution of the correct mountaineering term or could be the deletion of a too personal implication. The informality of camp life, spiced by Jim's efficient attentions, were deemed too casual for the British reader. In the revised version of the book, Isabella tells how she retired to her arbour of boughs and wrapped herself in her blankets. In the *Leisure Hour* version she says "I was carried to my arbour in a roll of blankets." There is a difference.

Which brings us to the interesting question—were Jim and Isabella in love? Some of the remarks Isabella made to her sister in the original letters throw a light on this subject.

When Isabella first heard about Jim she heard that he was a desperado and a drunkard. Despite this, when she first saw him she was impressed by his courtly manners, his glib Irish tongue, his mellifluous voice, his literary background, his teasing humor, his gold curls that hung to his shoulders (there were sixteen—she counted them!) and the handsome side of his face. The other side had been clawed by a bear and was pitifully deformed. Platt Rogers was impressed with Jim's profile, too, saying it resembled Shakespeare's.

When Isabella rode on her 300 mile horseback trip, alone, in November, she was homesick for Estes

Park. She rode right by Pikes Peak (which she did not climb), and up Ute Pass. She was not impressed. She wrote that no scenery could compare to Estes and she wished she was riding down McGinn's Gulch (that was Muggins Gulch where Jim lived) instead of Ute Pass. She thought the Platte Canyon was too full of trees, monotonous after the incomparable North St. Vrain. She thought Green Lake above Georgetown thrilling in the dusk of an icy evening, but not so thrilling as sunset over Longs Peak. Her only remark about Boulder Canyon was that it had a good road up it. When she finally turned her horse's head toward McGinn's Gulch she said she had never known such eagerness to be "home." She made no secret of her delight when she met Jim's dog, Ring. Ring jumped on her saddle and licked her face, which she found delightful, even though she criticised Griff Evans dogs who jumped on her and had no manners.

The book says that on her return to the Park, Jim seemed unhappy. He took her riding and in a snow-storm told her the complete story of his life—dreadful things, that upset her and came between her and the sunshine (a nice phrase which she thought up when she rewrote the tale for the book). In the letters, what Jim told her that upset her and made her cry, was not the tale of the downfall of a man through drink, but that he loved her.

Now Isabella thought Jim had no right to tell her this. Not that he was ungentlemanly—she repeats that he was gentlemanly throughout their friendship. In a day or so, Jim suggested to her that they bring Henrietta to Colorado and they all live in beautiful Muggins Gulch in his "den." Isabella was amazed, but we

have proof that Rocky Mountain Jim Nugent loved Isabella Bird.

But did Isabella reciprocate? She told him, according to the letters, that even if she loved him, she could not marry him because of the drink, and she wrote her sister that he was a "man whom any woman might love but who no sane woman would marry." (This grammatical error, being one of the few made by Isabella in a long series of letters written in dark, cold cabins after exhausting days on horseback, bears witness to her state of heart.)

Isabella was so agitated by the ungovernable Jim that he even seeped into her unconsciousness. She dreamed he came into the cabin and shot her. The next morning, being a woman of decision, she wrote him a letter to wipe him out of her life—saying she did not wish to see him again. Then she saddled her horse and delivered it in person.

For the next week she turned to house cleaning. From end to end of the living room, the dining room whose roof had blown off, and the kitchen, she cleaned. She even washed the windows which she called a dirty job. She and one of the dudes took the melodeon apart and cleaned it. She washed her hair, which froze to her head. Any woman who has scrubbed in time of emotional strain knows why Isabella did all this. She thought she was getting rid of Jim. Then she heard that he was ill. "After all," she wrote, "he is my fellow creature" and immediately she rode down to see what she could do to help the poor sick man. He wasn't sick, except for a cough which he had acquired the night after she refused to marry him when he went to the Snowy Range and she could not sleep for thinking of him alone "out in the



snow, mad, lost, wretched, hopeless."

After that, relations were friendly and non-emotional. Jim rode to the plains with Isabella when she finally tore herself away from Estes Park. It was a pleasant ride. They came to Namaqua, and then to St. Louis (part of present Loveland). Here they spent the evening copying verses from each others notebooks and talking about spiritualism, on which Jim had been writing an essay. The next morning Isabella boarded a coach for Greeley, and watched Jim as long as she could as he led the Arab mare she had ridden to the plains—his prize Arab mare—toward Longs Peak. (Other reminiscences of Jim tell of his white mule, but Isabella does not mention it.)

Isabella left Colorado in December of 1873. The next June at her home in Edinburgh, she heard that Jim had been wounded by Griffith Evans, the cheerful little Welchman with the bushy beard who ran the dude ranch where Isabella stayed in Estes. In September, Isabella woke from her sleep in an inn at Interlachen, Switzerland, to see Jim, complete in tattered clothes and golden curls, sweep his hat from his head and bow his courtly bow and disappear. She afterwards found, of course, that it was the very day, the very hour that Jim's soul had left his body in Fort Collins, Colorado, September 7, 1874. Jim thus fulfilled their mutual promise that whoever should die first would return from the beyond to see the other.

Isabella turned to writing, travelling, writing. When her sister died she was prostrated with grief and over a year later was still wearing deep mourning when she married Dr. Bishop, the family doctor, so he could take care of her frail health. Dr. Bishop became ill and Isabella

nursed him for five years until his death. Then Isabella wrote, travelled, lectured, wrote. Toward the end of her 73 years of life she remarked that she was "grateful for her capacity to be interested."

And she certainly was interested in Rocky Mountain Jim in 1873. Any researcher trying to find out all about Jim, will find many sources, and much contradiction. What kind of a man was he? Was he a fine man ruined by drink, as Isabella and some other women thought, or was he the braggart most men thought him? With the right management, he might have out-buffaloed Buffalo Bill, or had he lived twenty years later, what a dude wrangler he would have made!

He said he was born in Vermont, or Canada, anyplace else he thought of. He said he had worked for the Hudson's Bay Company—perhaps the researcher could find his name on their rolls, if he used Nugent as his name. He said he came to Colorado in 1854—perhaps some pre-gold-rush reminiscence will mention him. He said he was a scout for the U.S. Army and sported a red sash to prove it. Perhaps the army records will carry his name. He was wounded by a bear in Middle Park and was cared for by Mrs. Beyers. Perhaps the Byers diaries will mention him.

Why did Griff Evans shoot him? The Evans family, who live in Boulder, say it was because he made improper advances to the oldest daughter, Jinnie (who later married, lived in Canada and had eleven children). Other stories, by Sprague and other Estes patriarchs, say that Jim had been paid by a young English hunter named Haigh to go to Denver to bring a fancy lady to spend the summer. Jim pocketed the money and did not get the lady. Dr. George Henry Kingsley, brother of the Canon

who wrote *Westward Ho!* was hunting in the Park with Lord Dunraven when Jim was wounded. He said that Griff Evans knew he would have to kill Jim sooner or later because the "Mountainous One" was a terrible customer in his mad fits.

What Jim said is different. He said the Earl of Dunraven paid his henchman, Evans, to get rid of him because Dunraven wanted to acquire all of Estes Park as a hunting preserve and Jim opposed his illegal methods. Jim was wounded in June, and lived, with two bullets festering in his brain, until the following September. On August 1, 1874 his own statement appears in the Fort Collins Standard. (He was in jail waiting for the trial he brought against Griffith Evans and the Englishman named Haigh. They were out on bail.) The statement ends with the words "Good God! Is this your boasted Colorado! That I, an American citizen, who has tread Colorado soil since '54, must have my life attempted and deprived of freedom when the deep laid scheme to take my

life has failed, and all for British gold!"

The research on Mountain Jim can find two detailed medical accounts of the bullets in his brain, in Dr. Kingsley's book and in the post mortem, published in the Fort Collins paper. And many accounts would have to be studied about the illegal methods used by Lord Dunraven to acquire Estes Park. (Whatever the methods, Denver should be grateful for the Earl of Dunraven because he was interested enough in Estes Park to import the artist Bierstadt to paint a tremendous picture of Longs Peak. This is the oil painting, returned from Ireland where it hung for about seventy-five years, that is over the fireplace in the Western History Department of the Denver Public Library.)

This picture might be considered a memorial to Mountain Jim. He lies in an unmarked grave in the Mountain Home Cemetery, west of Longmont, east of the foothills road from Boulder to Lyons, too near the foothills for him to see his beloved Longs Peak.

## HERE LIES DOC. HOLLIDAY

JOHN J. LIPSEY

My friend, Derek Darlington of Manchester, England, is a member of The English Westerners. He likes outlaws and is a Doc Holliday fan. Derek asked me to step from Colorado Springs over to Glenwood Springs and pick up for him a couple of postcards of Doc's grave. He wanted one to adorn a copy of John Myers' biography of Holliday and another to carry around with him and show to other Holliday aficionados.

The Glenwood Springs Chamber of Commerce wrote me that there

were no such postcards, but that they had recently put up a monument over Doc, and if I'd come over they'd tell me where to find it. It became evident that I'd have to drive 250 miles, over three mountain ranges (one the Continental Divide) and take some pictures for Derek. This, last September, my wife and I did.

Doc Holliday, you remember, was the deadly dentist who gambled, drank, whored, shot and said "Open wider!" in Fort Worth, Fort Griffin, Dodge City, Tombstone and Leadville



during the eighties. He lived briefly in Colorado Springs' Spalding House and here pulled teeth, not guns.

In May of 1887, Doc went to Glenwood Springs. Somebody had told him the hot sulphur-water would cure him up. Doc was dying of TB, which had brought him West in the first place. He took up residence at the Glenwood Hotel and snuffed, gargled, drank and bathed in the steaming malodorous elixir. Meantime, when able, he hired out as bartender, dealer or at odd jobs like running off of the D. & R. G. right-of-way some undesired honky-tonk owners and liquor-sellers. The contractor, James H. Kyner, paid him \$250 for this quick job. All Doc had to do was to tell the trespassers who he was and what he wanted, and they

went away from there. No unsightly powder-burns.

Doc, veteran of many a bullet-battle, was laid low by his ancient enemy, TB, on Nov. 8, 1887. He was only 35. He was buried in Linwood Cemetery at Glenwood.

When we got to Glenwood, we learned that Doc's grave is on the shoulder of a mountain overlooking the town, and that our low-slung car could not traverse the steep, crooked, narrow, stony trail to the graveyard. We hired a jeep and driver to take us up to the old cemetery, about two miles in distance and 800 feet in altitude. There, on the somewhat flattened shoulder, under twisted old junipers springing from the dust were the scattered marble and granite markers of mortality.

We had to walk through the whole burying-ground before we found Holliday's tombstone. It was within 20 feet of the edge, where a careless person could have fallen down into town. Here is the last stop (so far) of the man who had marched with Wyatt Earp to do battle at Tombstone's O. K. Corral. A hero? No! A villain, but a man with unfailing courage and loyalty. The pity is that he did not fight for better causes. There he lies under a handsome monument erected, not by his friends or loved ones, but by a Chamber of Commerce on a spot destined to become a tourist attraction.

The monument consists of a block of polished gray granite, about 1 x 3 x 3½ feet, set on three flat slabs. Carved into one side is a portrait of the deceased, followed by this inscription: "Doc Holliday, 1852-1887. He died in bed."

On the other side of the stone, at the upper left is engraved a poker-hand: four aces with the eight of spades. At the upper right, crossed six-guns are carved. Below is a brief biography: "John Henry Holliday, D. D. S., born Valdosta, Georgia, in 1852; graduate of Baltimore Dental School in 1872 at age of 20; one of the great gamblers and the speediest man with a six-gun in the West. He

lost his biggest bet when he died Nov. 8, 1887, in a Glenwood Springs, Colorado, sanitarium with tuberculosis, instead of being cut down by a bullet."

This inscription, composed with the best intent, is in part inaccurate. Valdosta, Georgia, is not spelled "Valdasta." And according to John Myers Myers, Holliday's researching biographer, the gunman-to-be was born near Griffin, Georgia, 150 miles north of Valdosta.

Halfway down the mountain, on our way back, our driver (Ralph Hubbard of the Little Percentage Taxi Service) stopped the jeep and pointed out the site where most of the bodies now on the mountain were originally buried, just where the flatter land meets the steep slope. When the town grew, he said, the cemetery-site was needed for a street extension. Bodies and tombstones were moved up onto the mountain's shoulder. "Holliday's grave," he said, "was originally in the middle of that street down there. I don't know when the move was made. It was before my time, and I've lived here all my life."

We had shot a number of pictures. Westerner Darlington already has enlargements to show his friends to prove that Doc Holliday is safely dead and buried.

## *Book Reviews*

THE NORTHWEST GUN, by Charles E. Hanson, Jr. Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln, Nebr., 1955. 85 pp. (Members Edition in cloth, Trade Edition in paper)

Students of Western history are familiar with the Hawken, Sharps, Henry and Kentucky rifles. But here, for the first time, is a definitive study

of the most widely used firearm of the frontier, the Indian trade gun.

This sound, dependable arm was originally developed for the trade of the Northwest Territory, before the formation of the Northwest Company of Montreal. Known as the Northwest gun, it was used in the Indian trade by British and American fur companies, and distributed by the

Indian Bureau. A hundred years ago, the Northwest gun was in daily use from the Ohio Valley to the Rockies, from Mexico to the Arctic Circle.

The carefully researched and detailed information of the manufacture, distribution and descriptions of the historic types of Northwest guns will delight the heart of the collector. Illustrations of British proof marks, cast brass serpent side screw plates, and the sitting lox on locks, stocks and barrels enable the gun lover easily to identify typical Northwest guns.

Woven into this data is a historical background of people, incidents and other important but little-known sidelights that serves to bring the fur trade era into sharper focus for the general reader. How a buffalo hunter loaded his flintlock while riding at full speed, for example; the HBC price of a Northwest gun was twenty beaver pelts; Indians ornamented the stock and forearms with brass tacks; many tribes had gun repair men.

Fifty-seven plates picture every known type of Northwest gun, including those altered to percussion, as well as miscellaneous types of Indian trade guns. The photographs are principally from the Northwest gun collection of the Museum of the Fur Trade at Chadron, Nebraska, of which the author is curator. This collection is said to be the most complete of its kind in the United States.

The Northwest Gun is the result of a research program sponsored by the Museum Association of the American Frontier. Into it have gone many years of intensive thought and work by Charles E. Hanson, Jr. A laid-in pictorial map shows the historical sites near the Museum of the Fur Trade.

Dabney Otis Collins

Arthur Woodward, ed.-*Journal of Lt. Thomas Sweeny, 1849-1853*. Los Angeles: Westernlore Press, 1956, \$7.50, 278pp.

Here is a journal that reveals an Army Lieutenant's reflections and experiences while stationed along the Colorado River at Forts Yuma and Independence, near the mouth of the Gila River, during the years following the California gold rush. It tells how Lt. T. W. Sweeny, the commander of a detachment of ten soldiers (with the later support of a larger force), courageously and intelligently fulfilled his assignment of watching over California bound immigrants, hindering Indian depredations, preventing hostile incursions of Americans into Mexico, and protecting public property along the river. These varied duties were carried out while enduring heat that could reach 112 degrees in the shade, visits of tough scoundrels and thieving, begging travellers, Indian threats from Yumas, Cocopas and others, incompetence if not ignorance and malevolence of superior officers, and depredations associated with an almost completely isolated and poorly supplied military post, while fortunes were being made from nearby California mines.

Lt. Sweeny was a one-armed fighting Irish-American who remained devoted to Army life though given a seemingly impossible assignment. He was a well-read man who could quote Shelley, recall the glamorous phases of soldiering, discuss religion with a Yuma beauty (the Rose of Colorado), overawe and out-smart Indian chiefs, discipline "wild" Volunteers, make pets of a goat and quail, tell a long story well (see the account of Don Figaro of Sonora), endure myriads of insects, enormous butterflies and bats,

(Continued on page 3)