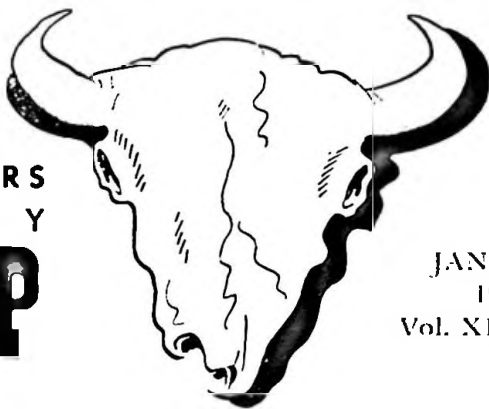
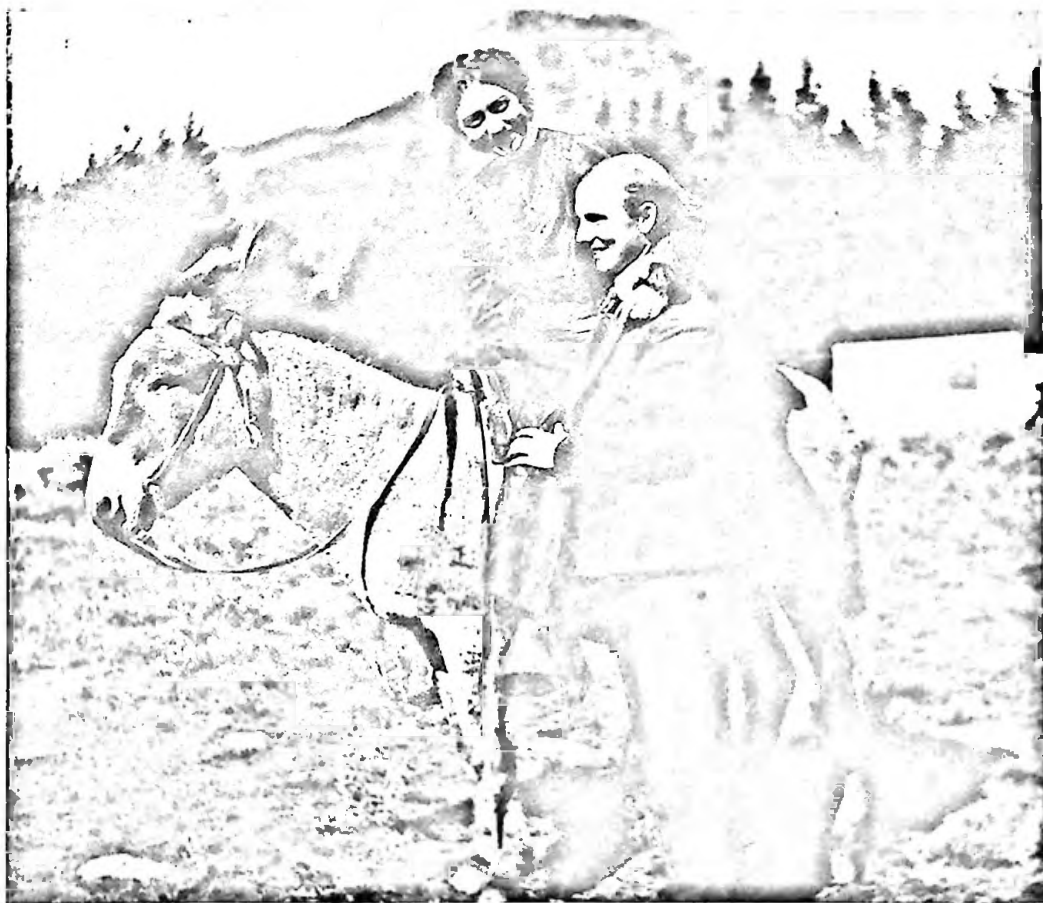


The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



JANUARY
1957
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Otis and Marietta King, Frisco, Colorado, 1905

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



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FEBRUARY MEETING

"PIONEERING ON THE DIVIDE"

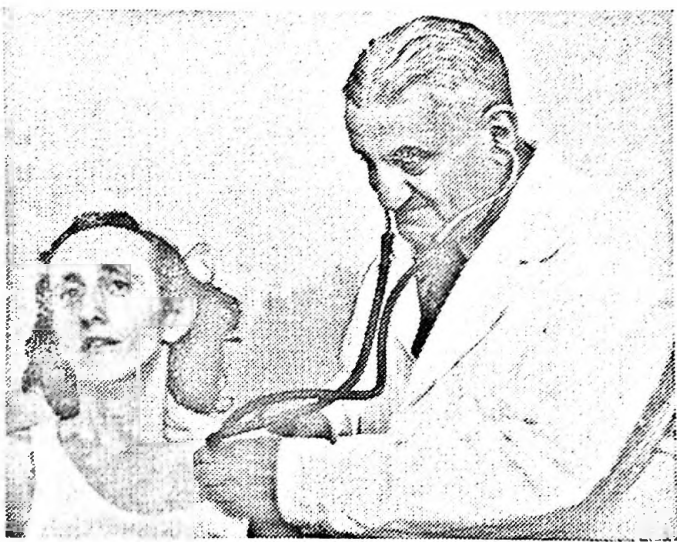
Carl Mathews

6:30 P.M. February 27, 1957
Denver Press Club
1330 Glenarm Place

Posse Member CARL MATHEWS is one of those faithful WESTERNERS who live in Colorado Springs but are always in attendance at our meetings. A former Superintendent of the Colorado Springs police department's identification bureau for 32 years, he is now retired and devotes much of his time to his favorite hobby of Western history. Born on the buffalo hunting grounds of Eastern Colorado's plains in Elbert County, he "remembers" history from having lived it. "PIONEERING ON THE DIVIDE" . . . that history spattered region which separates the Platte River from the Arkansas . . . will come to life again as CARL tells about it.

Riding the Range

Dr. Nolie Mumey (right), Denver, Colorado surgeon, examines Hungarian refugee patient in the Refugee camp operated at Siesenheim, Austria by the American Red Cross. Dr. Mumey volunteered his services as Medical Director of this camp, the largest being operated by member societies of the League of Red Cross Societies.



Dr. Nolie Mumey is a distinguished member of the Denver Posse of THE

WESTERNERS and the author of many books and writings on Western History. His latest book, *Bent's Old and New Forts*, was published just before he left for Austria on December 7, 1956.

DENVER WESTERNERS SCHOLARSHIP MEMORIAL FUND

A great deal of interest is being shown in the proposed Denver Westerner's Award Fund: "to provide a scholarship to some young person whose objective is the preservation of the cultural heritage of the Rocky Mountain West." This effort can be in such fields of interest as Western research, history, literature, art, or related subjects.

Westerners who wished to share in this scholarship fund were extended the privilege of contributing toward it if they so desired. The response has been very encouraging from both Posse and Corresponding members.

Money so far collected for the 1957

Award has been deposited by the Tally Man in a special savings account in the Industrial Federal Savings and Loan Association. President, Alfred J. Bromfield, one of our enthusiastic Corresponding Members has promised to "guard our money with all diligence."

(Westerners who wish to share in this scholarship fund may send their check to Tally Man Erl H. Ellis, 730 Equitable Bldg., Denver, Colo.)

— o —

A SILVER SPUR TO . . .

Posse Member . . . Forbes Parkhill, Charter Member, former Sheriff, historian and writer of many books, stories and articles on Western inter-

(Continued on page 13)

MOLLY-BE-DAMNED

By O. A. KING

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The subject, Molly-be-damn originated something like this; a hard rock miner after stuttering around for some time trying to pronounce the word molybdenum, finally gave it up and said, "Oh, hell, molly-be-damned."

If you and I could have stood on Fremont Pass on Aug. 17, 1879 and had in our hands a pair of binoculars, looking eastward some two miles, we could have discerned a man far above timberline on the bald rotund face of Bartlett Mountain, pecking away with a single jack. Occasionally he would stoop over, pick up some of the rock and rub it between his fingers leaving an appearance of graphite.

That man was Charles J. Senter, Indian fighter and Scout. In 1876 at the time of Custer's massacre at the battle of the Little Big Horn, he was only one hundred miles away, in the saddle, under the command of Gen'l Crook. A year later he was mustered out at Deadwood and went directly to Leadville. Shortly afterwards he went to McNulty Gulch, twelve miles away at the foot of Bartlett Mountain. Here he placer mined for years. In a short time he married a Ute Indian girl.

In a desire to find the mother lode where the gold came from he climbed the precipitous sides of old Bartlett and on Aug. 17, 1879 staked out the Go'd Reef number one, two and three claims, later filing them with the County Recorder at Breckenridge.

He noticed this rare mineral streaking its way through the quartz or pegmatite like a spider's web and thought

it must be graphite. He still felt that by sinking a shaft or driving a tunnel he would find gold.

Each year he continued to operate his placer diggin's but once a year he would go up on Bartlett and do the assessment work. Finally through much correspondence and assay tests by Prof. George at the School of Mines at Golden he found out that it was molybdenum but at the time it had no commercial value. He staked out three more claims and called them Molybdenum No. One, Two and Three. This went on year after year for thirty-two years.

Then on the 6th of April, 1912 which will be forty-five years ago in April of this year, Mrs. King, my son Gordon, one year old and myself found ourselves on the C & S narrow gauge, commonly called "Cinders and Sand," heading for the golden west. We were a young married couple going out there to make our fortunes in "them thar hills."

Along about four in the afternoon we landed in Kokomo, a picturesque little hamlet nestled on the slope of Jacque mountain, skirted by the beautiful snow covered Ten Mile range. The miners were coming down the hill in their hob nail boots at the end of the day shift.

We had come to take charge of the Wilson Mine and mill some one and a half miles up the saddle toward Robinson. It was a producer of lead and zinc. A wealthy land owner and friend of mine, Wilson Pingrey, of

Coon Rapids, Iowa had grub staked me.

Uncle Henry and Aunt Jennie McCauley, Missourians from the Ozarks, who were taking care of the water tank and pumping station for the C. & S., met us at the train. A box car was used for the station. How well I remember in the weeks that followed when the snow would come swooping down through the canyons, Aunt Jennie with the bonnet on the back of her head and the long calico dress would pipe up when we were going out into the storm: "You better get your red flannels on or you'll get P-Neumonia."

A few days later an old long haired bewhiskered man appeared in the doorway of the mill, introduced himself as Charles J. Senter and proceeded to interest me in his molybdenum mine on Bartlett mountain. I arranged to go with him and look at it the following Sunday. As I stopped at his cabin in Robinson, a ghost town, I noticed a book, "Campaigning with Crook," laying on a rough pine table. Turning the leaves revealed a picture of Senter holding the flag as Sergeant and color bearer, along with Wesley Merritt, former Commandant of West Point. Senter laid back his long locks of hair and displayed a scalp wound or scar five inches long; another one on his arm and one on his abdomen, which as I remember he had gotten in the battle of the War Bonnet.

When we had reached the broad sides of Bartlett above timberline, the whole mountain sides had small seams of the blue gray metal running through it, criss-crossing in every direction. The mountain formed a horseshoe with one prong extending down a ridge called Ceresco.

As we looked across from the open cut on the Moly No's one, two and

three claims we could see men working some distance away in a tunnel. We climbed over to where they were working and found Hugh Leal, a retired banker from Norwood, Nebr., operating it. A tunnel was in 450 feet. He too was searching for gold. The rock which he was throwing on the dump was all moly ore.

We gathered samples from both the Leal and Senter group and later found upon assay that they averaged about nine-tenths of one per cent MoS_2 or molybdenum sulphide which was exceedingly low grade ore.

That night I secured an option from Senter for a lease and bond to purchase, covering a period of two years. Consideration \$40,000 with \$500 down and \$50 per month. I knew this would keep him in sow-belly, beans and chewing tobacco.

We immediately started making tests in our laboratory but to no avail. It would not respond to any treatment of which we had knowledge.

Shortly after this an attorney by name of Williams from Idaho Springs approached me on a purchase of the molybdenum claims for his client, The Molybdenum Company of America. That conference resulted in our granting them a thirty day option on a contract to purchase the property for \$275,000 with \$5,000 down. At the end of the thirty days they turned it down. Mr. Williams told me their engineer, after examining the mine and having many assays made found that the ore contained about one per cent iron in the form of chalcopyrites and that this was associated chemically with the molybdenum sulphide in such a manner that the two elements could not be separated.

Later on we found that while the ore did contain one per cent iron, it was not associated with the molybdenum and we were able to eliminate the

iron at very little cost by running the ore over a Willey Table before giving it further treatment.

By employing the wrong engineer, the Molybdenum Company of America lost the opportunity of eventually making hundreds of millions of dollars to say the least.

Not long after this the ore in the Wilson gave out and the mine was allowed to fill with water. We forfeited our lease and bond on the moly claims with Senter. The situation was critical for we were broke, with a wife and small baby there in the mountains and no place to go.

Pingrey came out to survey the wreck. Finally he said, "My Boy, I'll grub stake you again. Take an engineer; go out and find a mine and report to me."

I took Henry S. Sanderson, mining engineer, and for one year we examined mines from Georgetown, Central City, Cripple Creek and on to the San Juan but the ever elusive horseshoe of good luck passed us by.

About ready to give up in despair we decided to make one more attempt. Accordingly we went to Leadville and interviewed Wm. B. McDonald, manager of the A. S. & R. Co., a Gugenheim Corporation. Out of that conference emerged the King-McDonald agreement, afterward assigned to the Pingrey Mines and Ore Reduction Co. McDonald was to secure tonnages of low grade ore and tailings ponds while we were to supply the money.

We tied up one hundred thousand tons in this manner, of which two thirds was from the late Sam Nicholson, U.S. Senator. We then secured a lease with bond to purchase the Leadville District Mill.

Shortly after this McDonald and Louis Noble, his close personal friend and mining engineer, who participated in the deal sailed for London. Two

months later when they returned they had a license from the Minerals Separation Co., the patent owners of the selective oil flotation process.

At this time Herbert Hoover was using this method so successfully at the Broken Hill mine dumps in Australia.

To take care of our part of the bargain we raised \$85,000, and then proceeded to gut the old mill now laden with grime and dust.

We soon installed the new machinery and were running day and night with very satisfactory results. This was the first flotation plant to be installed in the state of Colorado.

However there kept running through my mind that great body of moly ore at Climax. One day I decided to go over and see the old scout, with the result that I renewed the contract on the same terms but for a period of two and a half years. I came back with a load of samples. Laboratory tests were made by oil flotation and we shouted Eureka, for we produced a very satisfactory grade of MoS_2 Concentrates, although a low per cent of recovery. The results were satisfactory enough to justify a mill test.

How to get ore down that two mile stretch to the C. & S. railroad at Fremont Pass, as there was hardly a trail, baffled me. One night early in the autumn of 1914 I met one of the old timers on the streets of Leadville, Big Jim McDonald. I stated my problem. He said, "That's easy, there's a string of 40 burros over at Alma. I can go over there and fetch them along the Continental divide and slide 'em in on their haunches at the horseshoe." It was so arranged and in three days he drifted in with them; old Prunes the famous burro of Fairplay leading the string.

No doubt you are all familiar with

the story of Prunes. After 63 years of service in the Alma-Fairplay mining district, carrying supplies and ore, Prunes now lies buried at the cross roads on the main street in Fairplay with a headstone at his grave. At the time the stores in Fairplay were all closed and a public funeral was given the burro. Later his owner, Rupe Sherwood, was buried along side of him I have been told.

In the meantime I had arranged for the C. & S. to place open cars on the siding at Fremont Pass. It was quite a sight to see this string of burros with 300 pounds each, wending their way down the mountain side. I had written to most of the rare metal buyers in this and other countries seeking a market. Blackwell & Son of Liverpool wrote they could use 700 lbs. of concentrates at \$35 per unit of MoS_2 contained which is \$1.75 per lb., but that one ton would supply the world for a year.

We put these three car loads through the mill and produced a product that assayed 72.16 MoS_2 and were fortunate in securing a market at the York Metal Alloy Co., at York, Penn., bringing \$2,550 per ton of concentrates. It had taken about 125 tons of crude ore to produce one ton of concentrates. It was now late in the season. Snow was very deep at Climax, so there was nothing to do but operate the mill on lead and zinc ores for another year.

In June of 1915 I took twelve men and went to Climax. These men were put to work blasting out a two mile wagon road up the mountain side to the moly claims. While this was being done I secured a somewhat similar option for a lease and bond on the Leal property—consideration \$100,000. We were now in possession of all the known moly in Climax.

On July 4th we tunneled through

twelve feet of snow; in the course of a few weeks we had the road, which is still visible from Fremont Pass, completed.

Sharver's livery at Leadville contracted to haul the ore down those two miles for a dollar per ton. It was inspiring to see those mule skinnners handle a six horse team with a load of five or six tons, jack knife their way down the mountain side. We loaded out 912 tons and ran it through the mill in late October with the same results we had obtained before, only we made a much better recovery. We sold it to the same company but received a reply that it was the largest shipment ever made in the U. S. up to that time and that it would undoubtedly supply the world for a year and a half.

One couldn't run a mill commercially at a profit with a market so sporadic. However we did not wish to give up so continued to run the mill on lead and zinc through 1916. We realized the only way the moly property could ever pay with that low grade ore, even if a market were later developed would be to build a mill at Climax.

We also knew the most vital necessity for a mill was water, and there was only one stream up there. The headwaters of the Ten Mile. Late in 1916 we filed on this one and only water right. Snow came early. We were working in sub-zero weather and the ditches would blow full of snow drifts about as fast as we could dig them out. I could think of nothing comparable except Scott's trip to the South Pole. At last we paid off our men in December and filed our assessment certificates.

Occasionally we would see strange men in the camp. Some new stakes. The first of January 1917 a substantial payment became due on the Leal

contract and we dropped our option.

Immediately Ed Heckendorf, then Secretary of Hendric & Bolthoff who had been working with Dr. Harris, Sam and John Weber moved in, and secured an option on the Leal group which he sold to Max Schott, manager of the O. & C. smelter at Salida, retaining for the four of them a 5 per cent interest each in a new company to be formed which afterwards became the Climax Molybdenum Co., with Max Schott as president.

Shortly afterwards several men started jumping our claims in the Senter group, making and filing new surveys right over our lines. We knew then we were in for trouble.

Back of the Climax Molybdenum Co., was a huge corporation, the German Gessellschaft, 40 per cent German owned. It had its tenacles out all over the world and was advancing money to the Climax Molybdenum Co. Dr. Otto Sussman in New York was its guiding genius.

Soon the Climax Co. was erecting a new 250 ton flotation mill at Fremont Pass. They imported a large number of men from Chihuahua, Old Mexico. We built a camp on top of the Pass just opposite their camp and proceeded to protect our claims.

Climax Molybdenum Co. started filing law suits against us; often times in the names of the individuals who had jumped our claims, and they kept this up until they finally had a dozen or more suits against us. They boasted they would break us.

One of the principal suits was over the only water right available. They figured that if they could complete a mill before we did they could shut us out as the law gives seniority rights to the first user.

At this point, the old Indian fighter, Chas. Senter started carrying a gun. I was forced to make a decision about

carrying firearms. I knew the law of the old West was to shoot first and argue about it later. I made no claims as a gun man, so decided that neither the men nor I would carry arms on the assumption that if we did they could in event of a killing use an alibi that they did it in self defense. On the other hand I reasoned they would hardly be cowardly enough to shoot an unarmed man.

One morning, arising at 2:30 we started for the open cut on the moly claims, arriving about 4:30. In the dim light we could see the figures of two men crouched behind the pile of broken ore. One turned out to be John Buffehr, a German rancher on the mountain side whom they had bought out. As we approached, Buffehr swore and ordered us off the property. We kept right on coming and when we reached the broken ore he made a lunge for me and we both went down in a heap on top of the broken ore. Fortunately I was on top but he had an open bladed jack knife in his hand. In going down I grabbed both of his wrists. Immediately the other man, Pat Moran, tried to drive a pick through my head but was intercepted by Geo. Backus and my two other associates. We came off victors that time as there were four of us and only two of them.

The next morning we decided we would give them the slip by going up Ceresco ridge, cross over through the horseshoe and attain the higher ground without being observed. However, before we were half way up we looked down the trail and saw Jack White, their superintendent on his white horse coming up the trail to intercept us. Behind him trailed on foot twelve pedestrians, some of the tough hombres from Chihuahua. When they reached the point of interception, White order his men to

throw me down the mountain side which they immediately proceeded to do. Fortunately there was lots of snow and it did not hurt me but it tore one of the snowshoes from my foot. We were outnumbered so they came off victors.

We turned back and walked quite some distance down the mountain side to Wortman where we phoned our attorneys, a Judge N. Walter Dixon and S. R. Robertson in Denver. They proceeded to get out an injunction restraining them from interfering.

The next morning we proceeded up the trail as previously, but started much earlier. Just as we reached the top of the ore dump at the open cut we looked down the trail and saw White coming up on his white horse with a rifle thrown across the pommel of his saddle. When he reached the ore dump he raised it to position as though he were going to shoot and with an oath ordered us off the property. It was rather a tense moment as I looked down the barrel of his rifle.

"White," I said, "you have the drop on us. You can see we are unarmed. Only a coward would shoot an unarmed man. This is our property. We are in possession and we are going to stay that way. We are not leaving." After further berating us he rode down the hill.

That night I took the C. & S. for Leadville. While going around a curve on the mountain side a huge snowslide came hurtling down and rolled the car in which I was riding down the mountain side. Finally the ventilator windows caught on some tree stumps and the snow continued to roll right over us. I was hurled from the upper side of the car through two windows cutting an artery in my wrist from the broken glass. Tony Smith, the conductor put a tourniquet on my wrist and we tunneled out.

The next day while in Leadville I ran on to F. L. Tobin, who had previously given Jack White, the Climax superintendent, a beating, and told him the trouble we were having. I asked him if he didn't want a job as bouncer. He replied in the negative but said he knew a man who would just hanker for that kind of a job. Jimmie Adams—they call him Two-Gun Adams. He has killed three men and is mighty quick on the draw. He arranged to have him meet us the next morning at Climax. In appearance he looked like Will Rogers, minus the smile. A great mop of dark hair hung down over one eye. He limped from a bullet wound in one hip which had never been removed.

One of his killings occurred in a saloon down on Second street. A man had been imbibing too much liquor all day and the bartender put him out. The fellow went home, got a gun and returned. As he entered the doorway he fired and killed the bartender. Jimmie Adams was standing at the bar drinking, and looking through the mirror he saw the whole affair. He immediately drew his gun and killed the offender as he stood in the doorway.

This morning when he arrived we proceeded to the open cut and found Buffehr and Moran in possession. Adams pulled his two guns and said, "Boys, I think it is a disgrace to work, but I have decided to work here myself and I don't want anybody looking on, so get the hell out of here and be damned quick about it." With that the two hit the low country as fast as their legs could carry them. It soon became known around the camp that I had hired Jimmie the killer. I kept him on the pay roll, and we had no further trouble from that source.

By this time it was late in August of 1917. The Climax mill was nearing

completion. The many laws suits were coming up for action. They had gotten out an injunction restraining us on the water rights. Every miner hired to locate claims had been bought out by the Climax Moly Co.

By October a ray of hope appeared on the horizon. I made a contract with the McNeil-Penrose crowd of Colorado Springs to buy the property for \$275,000 with \$70,000 down. Shortly afterward McNeil came out from New York and we made up a special train.

I called it the Hundred Million Dollar train for we had on board that train not only Charley McNeil, Spencer Penrose, Berne Hopkins, A. E. Carlton, head of Cresson gold mine, Oliver Shoup and others whose combined wealth was said to have exceeded a hundred million dollars.

This train was set out at Fremont Pass and remained all day while these tycoons examined the mine.

At the close of the day McNeil waved his hand in a broad sweep of the mountains and said, "Boys, it is just as big as Utah Copper." Utah was at the time mining 47,000 tons of crude ore per day. They paid \$55,000 more, part of which was to be used in further development and shortly afterwards all left for New York. I stayed at the Vanderbilt for three weeks while the details were being worked out.

Carlton thought he could interest the War Minerals Board so he went to Washington but they were not interested; he then went to Detroit and interviewed Henry Ford. Ford was not interested. He knew all about moly however and made a statement which was prophetic. He said, "I grant you there will be a market for molybdenum but it is twenty years off. For the present it is too expensive." He was right for it was about

twenty years before a real dependable market did develop.

Carlton came back to the hotel and said, "Boys, I'm through. I am not interested in something that will not have a future for twenty years. Our deal collapsed and that night we all started for home.

That night as I lay awake on the Pennsylvania listening to the clickity-click of the car wheels on the rails those words of Kipling kept ringing in my ears.

"If you can make one heap of all your winnings,
and risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
and lose, and start again at your beginnings
and never breathe a word about your loss."

You remember how it ends up something like this:
"Yours' is the earth and everything that's in it
and what is more—You'll be a man,
my son."

Well, that night that seemed a pretty big order to take.

I returned to Climax and continued the necessary work to complete the patents. It was indeed the zero hour. Law suits were piling up by people who had plenty of money to fight us indefinitely. Fortunately at this time the courts handed down a decision on two cases favorable to us and in another one which we had taken to the Supreme Court also with a favorable decision.

About this time A. Mitchell Palmer, Alien Custodian, took over the German Gessellschaft which afterwards was changed to the American Metals Co., the holding company for the Climax Molybdenum Co. Max Schott was not so sure of himself so he sat down to a table with me and my at-

torneys; dismissed all the lawsuits and gave us a check for \$40,000 damages. In this we ceded to him some placer ground for mill extension purposes.

Shortly after this World War I ended and a few months later the market on moly collapsed. The Climax Co. shut down and for five long years they never turned a wheel. The tram creaked in the wind. They thought they had lost the two and a half million they had put into it.

In 1924 they again started up and began to develop a market with such firms as Timken Roller Bearings and also with some of the foreign governments including Germany who were getting ready to start World War II. In the meantime we had completed our patents and in 1926 I started east in search of a market.

I first called on Edsel Ford. He turned me over to two of his engineers who tried to be really helpful and gave me names of possible users in the east but said they were not interested. I called on Wills of the Wills-St. Claire, also steel companies at Massillon and Youngstown, Ohio. It was the same old story—either they were making only pure carbon steel or pig iron or else they were already tied up with the Climax Company.

Finally the president of the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Co. asked me if I would go to Pittsburgh. Of course I would. He gave me a card to Geo. Benson, vice president of the Union Trust Co., which was Andrew Mellon's six hundred million dollar bank. Mr. Benson gave me every consideration; even put on his overcoat and faced a raw chilly wind as we went to see the officials of the U. S. Steel Co. Again it was mostly pig iron and pure carbon steel. Benson then took me back to his office and called the Electro-metallurgical Sales Corp. in New York and arranged for me to have a

conference with them the next day. I found it would take them months of investigation to decide and besides there was that question of water rights.

So I went down to 26 Broadway and called on Mr. Phillipson, then president of the Climax Molybdenum Co., whose ashes now rest on top of old Bartlett. For nine long days we battled back and forth, always with that shrewd old fox, Dr. Otto Sussman setting in. At last I sold it to them for \$300,000, payable over a period of five years. The last payment was made June 30, 1930. We had battled for 18 years. We then liquidated the Pingrey Co. and paid the stockholders some four hundred per cent. I had sold the property three times before it stuck to get a total of half a million dollars.

In 1932 they paid their first dividend of five cents a share. Had you or I purchased one thousand shares at fifty cents per share in the early twenties, the \$500 investment would have grown now to a value of approximately two and a quarter million dollars.

Today it is the largest molybdenum mine in the world and the largest underground mine of any kind in North America, producing 34,000 tons daily of crude ore with a production of 9,227,700 tons of crude ore for 1955 and at the close of 1956 are producing at the rate of 12,000,000 tons annually. Known ore reserves estimated at 330,000,000 tons. Much of this is being stockpiled for the federal government. Literally a huge mountain of ore. Shades of the past—Tabor was only a piker.

To all of the men whom I have mentioned in this story, including many others who had a part in that early day with the exception of my engineer, George S. Backus, F. L. Tobin, Berne Hopkins, Barney Whatley

and my brother Ray and myself, these values mean nothing, for they have all passed on to the other side. Yes, we are about the last of the Mohicans.

Were I to write their epitaph I know of none more fitting than the words of Charles Kingsley, inscribed on the bottom of the large curtain of the Tabor Opera House at the time Tabor was at the height of his glory and fame:

"So fleet the works of man, back to the earth again,
Ancient and Holy things fade like a dream."

Yes—not only have these men all passed from the scene but many of the material things which made this mine possible have also passed. A school house now stands on the embers of the old log house where we lived in Kokomo at the time; the mill there and Uncle Henry's home have long since burned to the ground; even the first oil flotation mill in Leadville, where by research we found the method which is used exclusively today in the handling of molybdenum has likewise burned.

Even the rails and ties of the old C. & S. narrow gauge have been removed and there is nothing left but the memories. I would like to read you a poem by Harvey Good of Hendrie & Bolthoff which to me epitomizes this whole scene. Perhaps many of you have read it. Never the less I think it is appropos.

OLD CINDERS AND SAND

As the snows drift by and spring draws nigh,
And the green creeps back to the land—
Do you think of the days up Leadville ways
When we rode "Old Cinders and Sand?"

What a Panorama unfolded to view
as we crept up the roaring Platte.
And the flitting scenes were ever new
as we goggled at this and that.

A nanny goat, a petticoat—a wash
strung on the line.
A gaping rent in a dirty tent and
campers sitting to dine.

A cozy nook, an open book, a pair of
legs to view,
A snippy bark and a sharp remark—
"What some females will do."

A cottage cool, a limpid pool, and
childhood's happy laughter.
The mumbling call of a waterfall, and
white spume tumbling after.

We swirl and swish past men who fish,
their singing lines unreeling.
We swerve and plunge and onward
lunge, new heights new scenes re-
vealing.

Toward peaks of snow we puffing go,
by valleys veiled in blue.
Past canyon walls where whistle calls
scream as we scurry through.

With an effort grim we reach the rim,
and the engines pant and cough,
While the happy throng they lugged
along hilariously scramble off.

In the shade they lay through a soothing
day, with the tang of the pines
in the air;
And hurry away at the end of their
stay with ants in their pants and
their hair.

Do your fancies sometimes deceive
you?
Do you dream of a phantom train?
Do you spy her smoke, do you hear
her "Whoo"—
The far-off rush again?

Do you look to the hills where the rip-
pling rills
Used to sing as she rambled along?
You look in vain, for the old Cinder
train
Will nevermore hear that song.

She has gone to a far Valhalla
Where no train ever went before.
She has gone to junkyard heaven,
And she ain't comin' back no more.

In closing I am indeed grateful that
we had a small part in bringing to our
beloved state so bountiful a fruitage.
We were the first to bring into the
state the selective oil flotation process
and the first to successfully treat

molybdenum ore. The same process
which, with some refinements is be-
ing used today.

What Ford was to the auto indus-
try and Goodyear to rubber we be-
came the trail blazers and pioneers
in the molybdenum field. I am grate-
ful that this ore played such an im-
portant part in helping to win World
War II.

I sometimes wonder if the spirit of
that old Indian Scout and fighter,
Chas. Senter, does not look down up-
on old Bartlett and ask himself this
question, "Will it in the last analysis
be Molly-be-blest or Molly-be-
damned?"

A Silver Spur To - - -

(Continued from page 3)

ests, on the recent publication of his
new and enlarged edition of "The
Wildest of The West." First published
in 1951 the first edition of "Wildest
of The West" is already showing up
on book dealers lists as a collector's
item. The revised edition includes six
new chapters and many additional
pictures furnished by Posse Member
Fred Mazzula. A tip: get a copy now,
before Forbes' hand becomes paralyzed
from autographing.

- o -

Corresponding Member . . . Alfred
J. Bromfield, on his recent election
as President of the Colorado State
Chamber of Commerce. In time de-
voted from his interests in Western
history, "A.J." is the hard working
President of Denver's Industrial Fed-
eral Savings and Loan Association.

Posse Member . . . Alan Swallow,
Editor of the 1955 BRAND BOOK,
on its quality and variety of interests.
There are only a very few copies of
this edition available at the present
time. If you haven't purchased a copy
we suggest you have your book dealer
find one for you.

- o -

Posse Member . . . Dr. Nolie
Mumey, on the recent publication of
his monumental work BENT'S OLD
AND NEW FORTS. Well document-
ed and annotated with a list of his-
torical references, it will provide the
"last word" on the shelves of Western
Americana to this period of history.
Dr. Mumey spent his last few days
before leaving for Austria autographing
this book.

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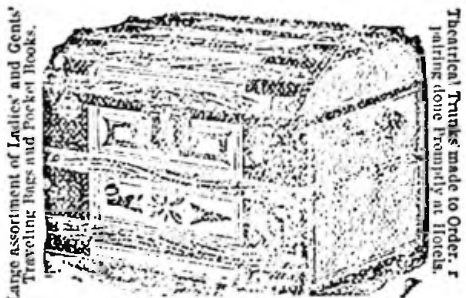
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CHIVINGTON ?

The November issue of The Roundup published the masterfully written paper on Col. John Milton Chivington delivered by Dr. Nolie Mumey at the regular meeting of the Denver Posse. Needless to say it created a great deal of interest, pro and con, about this controversial personality. Recently the distinguished columnist of the Rocky Mountain News, Robert L. Perkin, wrote the other side of the story for the readers of his newspaper. Through the courtesy of the Rocky Mountain News, and Posse Member Perkin, we are privileged to bring it to those Westerners who may not have had opportunity to read it.

CHIVINGTON'S RAID—A BLACK DAY IN COLORADO

ROBERT L. PERKIN
Rocky Mountain News Writer

Corp. Lucius Markham shifted his quid into his cheek and spat out into the icy darkness.

A chaw, at least, was something a man could take a little comfort in. This soldiering was nothing like what he had expected when he signed up two months ago to fight the bloody redskins.

It was all riding and cold and eating bad grub. His stomach turned remembering the swarm of maggots he found in his ration of hardtack only a few mornings ago—after he had eaten half of it in the dark. It had seemed sweet and soft then.

A trooper's life was all long rides, cold camps and saluting. Not a single bold charge in the sunlight with the flag flying and the bugles blowing and many coups to count to pay the savages back for the Hungate kids.

Why, he hadn't fired at a single redskin. Hadn't even seen one. The Sharps carbine slapping along now at his horse's rawbones off shoulder was almost unused even for target prac-

tice, though Lieutenant McCannon made him oil it often enough. That was for sure.

Corporal Markham spat again in disgust. He'd be plenty glad when his 100-day enlistment was up. Let old Governor Evans—or, better still, the colonel himself—fight the invisible savages alone for all he cared.

And he wasn't the only one. Already, he heard, there had been seven desertions from Lt. J. L. Kennedy's Company C of the First since they set out less than 10 days ago.

Right now it was a long, cold trail. Horses stumbling and snorting in the dark, and the starlight picking up white scraps of snow out in the soapweed and buffalo grass. The men were all hunched down in their overcoats, stiff from the saddle and the cold, grimly waiting for sunup.

A long, cold trail and a fight at the end of it. The thought of a battle buoyed up Corporal Markham a little. After all, he had signed up to kill redskins. But he was too saddle weary to

get very excited. Just a little tremor of anticipation, and he reached down to feel the butt of his carbine.

They'd been riding since 8 o'clock last night, when the rag-tag blue column had set out from Fort Lyon. The officers hadn't even let the men go into the fort for a drop of something to warm the veins. Just cold grub and collee, squatting on your haunches beside a fire on the frozen ground at nightfall. Soldiering! the corporal snorted, and came down hard on his quid.

Jogging along all night in column of fours. Chasing a will-o'-the-wisp glory that would bloom somewhere to the northeast when the sun came up. Trot a little, walk your horses, stop every hour for a mount rest, stiffened men creaking down out of the saddle and barely able to get aboard again.

Forty miles, someone had said. Jim Melrose of Company G insisted he had heard an officer say they were headed for Black Kettle's camp on the bend of the Big Sandy. But that couldn't be right, of course.

All Corporal Markham and the rest had been told officially was that they were out after a band of hostiles and would surprise them at dawn. Melrose was full of wind, anyway. Everyone knew that Black Kettle and his Southern Cheyennes, and Left Hand and his Arapahoes camped with him. were friendly Indians.

The whole of Colorado Territory knew those friendlies were camped on Sand Creek, and had been since summer. Why, Black Kettle, Left Hand and the other chiefs had been up in Denver only in September to parley with Governor Evans. He had seen those chiefs with his own eyes and knew what they looked like. It was stupid to say this force of 700 men was going to attack that village. They were out after hostiles, everyone knew.

Corporal Markham had heard reports there were some of the real McCoy in the bloody savages up somewhere near the headwaters of the Smoky Hill. But that was more than 40 miles.

He shrugged, settling his sore shoulders into a more comfortable slump. Wouldn't be long now, at any rate. Stars were beginning to pale off in the east. The first light of Nov. 29, 1864, soon would be fanning out across the plains, and the rolling prairie already was starting to take grey-blue form out of the ocean of night.

And, for Chrisakes, here comes that damn colonel again!

Ever since midnight, it seemed to the corporal, the colonel had been riding up and down the column with his exhortations. And here he comes again. Col. John Milton Chivington, preacher and patriot and Indian-fighter! Commander of the Colorado military district himself! Big bag of wind, the corporal told himself.

"Remember, men, I want no prisoners taken," the colonel called up and down the plodding ranks. "Nits make lice."

Sure. Sure, colonel, Corporal Markham muttered into the turned-up collar of his coat. "Nits make lice." How many times had he heard that phrase. The colonel had coined it in one of his sermons, and pretty soon the whole of Denver City was repeating it. Especially after the mutilated remains of the Hungate family was put on exhibition.

Sure, colonel. No prisoners.

The corporal had to concede that the colonel was a fine figger of a fighting man there in the first light as he stide-stepped and whirled his jumpy horse down along the line. He looked ten times life size, forking that big black horse like it was part of him.

His deep voice rumbled confidently with a tense excitement. His beard pointed straight out over his horse's head, as if the animal's ears were a gunsight.

Up ahead, Lieutenant McCannon's arm went up in the signal to halt. The column began piling up on itself like the body of a caterpillar catching up with the head. Horses snorted a little, but they were too tired to stomp about much. Men slumped in their saddles with the glum resignation of all soldiers back to the Roman legions.

By now it was quite light. The eastern sky was a greenish grey, streaked with yellow along the horizon. No clouds. It would be a fine November day. Corporal Markham dug under his overcoat and fished out his gold watch on its chain. Six-fifty. Sun would be up in another 10 minutes or so.

And now the word came filtering down the ranks in a muscular ripple of tenseness. The Indian camp was just over that rise ahead. Keep your mouth shut. Avoid all unnecessary sounds.

Maj. Scott J. Anthony, the red-eyed commander of the First Colorado Cavalry from Fort Lyon, would swing off to the left with 125 of his men. Lieutenant Wilson would take an equal number of the First Colorados off to the right toward the rising sun and would open the shooting-match.

Col. George L. Shoup's "Bloodless Third" of 100-day men—450 of them—would carry the brunt of the fight in the center, straight ahead. Maj. Hal Sayre's Second Battalion—Corporal Markham's outfit—would be expected, since it was strongest with 178 men, to give a good account of itself on the imminent field of honor.

The corporal watched Lieutenant Wilson's flanking party peel off from

the rear and move off toward the east. He twisted in the saddle and saw Major Anthony wheel out far toward the west.

And here came the colonel again, sabre drawn, pistols on both hips.

"Off with your overcoats, men," Chivington ordered. "You can work better without 'em."

Obedient and eager now, as the excitement mounted, the men peeled off their coats and lashed them to bed-rolls behind their cantles. Carbines came out of scabbards.

There was a hush over the ranks now, but the little spurts of frost vapor in front of grey faces showed that men were breathing fast. Eyes were alert, all the sleepiness, trail-tiredness and muscle cramps gone. Corporal Markham cocked his carbine, again, and lightly fingered the trigger.

CORP. MARKHAM ONLY BIT OF FICTION IN NARRATIVE

Corp. Lucius Markham is an invention.

The other characters in this narrative of the Sand Creek Massacre of Nov. 29, 1864—Markham's officers, Capt. McCannon and Lt. Davis, and the rest—were actual persons.

The facts of the narrative are drawn from the two official investigations of the Sand Creek Affair, one by order of Congress, one by the War Department (and neither unprejudiced against Chivington), and from sworn testimony or affidavits presented to those hearings.

Aside from obvious embroideries used to make a tale, the incidents, blunders and brutalities reported all have documentation in the voluminous proceedings of the two investigating boards.

A spear of orange light stabbed out across the plains from the eastern horizon. Strangely, Markham thought, his first reaction was that the sun would bring warmth. Momentarily, he had forgotten that it also would bring battle.

"Ready, men" Lt. Davis called quietly back over his shoulder.

"Ready, sir."

Captain McCannon rose in his stirrups. His sabre was out, glinting in the first sun.

"All right, boys," he shouted. "Here we go! Follow me!"

Spurs dug into flanks. Horses broke into a run. At long last, Markham thought, Company I is in action.

As the company broke over the crest of the hill, Markham looked down on the wide, flat, sandy creek, a trickle of half-frozen water meandering down a snake-like course from the northeast. Beyond the creek, on its north bank, was a clustered village of possibly 150 lodges. Thin threads of smoke curled out of the tipi flaps, still dampered down to hold warmth against the November night.

A few Indians, unarmed, stood by their lodge doorways staring at the troopers so suddenly thundering up from three directions.

Corporal Markham shot a glance to the east. Far off, he could see Wilson's detachment cutting between the village and a milling herd of Indian ponies which had been picketed off to the southeast.

Up on the low hill to the west, he saw Major Anthony's men wheel about from a northward course and head for the village.

All about him, he felt the drumming hooves of the Third as it surged forward. A great sensation of invincible strength and speed shot through him, and he found himself whooping at the top of his lungs.

Then he was conscious of the first shot. It came from somewhere off to his right. Wilson's men.

The bullet kicked up sand near the feet of a man who had run out from among the lodges into the bed of the creek. But—Markham brushed his sleeve across his eyes—that was a white man! Why, it was Uncle John Smith! Everyone knew Uncle John; he had built the first cabin, back in '58, on the site of Denver.

More shots ripped into the sand. They're shooting at Uncle John! Something's gone wrong. The thought flashed into Markham's mind. Someone has made a mistake.

He saw Major Anthony waving his hat and calling Smith by name. The old mountain man was scuttling back toward the lodges. He hesitated, but more shots whistled past him.

At closer distance, Markham saw Col. Chivington himself on his black horse move out from the mass of troops and ride to within 60 yards of the confused old man in the creek bed.

"Run here, Uncle John," Chivington called. "You are all right."

Smith cast a glance at the lodges, turned and scampered toward the troops.

By now there was a steady rattle of gunfire from all sides. Shot was pouring into the cluster of lodges, and there were buckskin bundles crumpled on the ground. More of them every minute.

Some of the Indians—Markham was to learn later that there had been fewer than 100 braves over 18 in the village—had armed themselves and were returning the fire. It was not very effective fire; most of the Indian rifles were old, not worth confiscating when Major Anthony had examined them at Fort Lyon less than three weeks earlier.

But they drew some blood. Markham watched one of Anthony's men circle out around Smith as though to herd the old man into shelter among the advancing troopers. An Indian rifle cracked. The man's horse plunged into the sand. Markham couldn't see whether the trooper was down too.

Meanwhile, Captain McCannon had led his company down to the bank of the creek, swinging between the village and a bunch of Indian ponies which had been grazing on the south bank.

"Our orders," Lt. Davis shouted, the wind of his charge and the plunging of his mount cutting off his words. "Our orders . . . drive off . . . horses."

The Indian ponies had pulled their picket pins and were plunging and milling. Company I circled to the task of herding, pausing to fire at the few half-clad Indians bold enough to run into the herd and vault onto the backs of ponies to flee.

The company scarcely had moved the herd a hundred yards when a messenger from up the creek pounded to Captain McCannon's side.

"Major Sayre says you're s'posed to be up west of the crick," he shouted. "Orders."

McCannon and Lt. Davis looked at each other in confusion. This wasn't what they had been told last night, but the captain recovered quickly.

"Jackson . . . Tommy . . . Martin . . . Steinburg . . . Move these critters south," he ordered. "The rest of you, follow me."

Company I turned from its herding task and dashed up the south bank of the creek to the northwest.

Officers, Markham spat. What do they use for brains? Always getting their orders mixed up.

Back in the main operation again,

the corporal could see what was going on.

He saw that some of the crumpled bundles on the ground between the lodges had been women. And some were just little bundles. Kids. Chivington's nits.

One Indian warrior strode out onto the creek sands. Chest bare except for a medal hanging around his neck, the warrior held up both arms, palms forward, in the traditional gesture of peace.

A rifle barked. The medal on the bared chest bounced, and the Indian pitched forward, face down in the sand.

Markham stared, uncomprehending. He had recognized the Indian.

It was White Antelope, known as one of the most peace-loving chiefs on the plains, lying there in the sand. That prized medal of his, it had come from Abraham Lincoln himself.

The corporal's dazed eyes looked on beyond the chief's still body, up into the middle of the village. He saw Black Kettle hoisting a pole beside his tipi. On the pole was the American flag the Indian commissioner had given the chief, instructing him to fly it as a sign of friendliness.

Beneath the flag fluttered another. White. All white. The flag of surrender, of truce.

Black Kettle! Corporal Markham swung around sharply, reigning in his galloping horse as if he were riding into a stone wall. Suddenly, he began to understand what was going on.

This was Black Kettle's band. The same band that had tried to surrender and make peace at Fort Lyon last month. The same band that had been instructed to go to this very spot, camp and hunt and keep the peace.

These were not hostiles he and his fellows were slaughtering. Chivington deliberately had led these 700

troopers against an almost defenseless encampment of Indians who wanted peace.

The realization hit Markham like a blow between the eyes. He had been as eager as the next fellow in Denver to go out and fight Indians. But not this way. And not women and children.

His glazed eyes watched a 3-year-old Indian child, naked and whimpering, toddle up the creek bed 75 yards away.

Three troopers dismounted nearby and took the position shown in the cavalry manual for kneeling fire. A shot. Sand kicked up at the Indian child's heels.

"Let me try the son of a bitch," another of the trio growled. "I can hit him."

He, too, fired and missed.

"Hell," the third trooper commented. "You boys couldn't hit the side of a mountain." He took aim and squeezed.

The baby dropped.

Markham looked from the still little body to the three soldiers, pausing now to shake hands, with total incomprehension. The world had gone mad.

His carbine slipped from his fingers to the ground. His reins fell forward on his mount's neck, and the horse, feeling no control but too weary to gallop more, began an aimless wandering which took the young corporal on his back through fields of fantasy.

The main body of Chivington's troops had charged the village, driving men, women and children before them. The four howitzers had opened up and were coughing grape shot into the lodges.

There were now troops on the far side of the village to the east, shooting west. The soldiers on the south bank of the creek were firing east. Markham watched in amazement as a third

group of troopers galloped up the creek and was caught in the crossfire from their own fellows. Several of them went down.

The confusion was enough to split a man's mind. All attempt at orderly cavalry maneuvers had been abandoned. Officers shouted conflicting orders to men who were not their own. Companies and battalions had been scrambled by bewildering commands such as those which had sent Company I to the wrong—or was it the right?—place as the battle began.

But Chivington watched the confusion from his hillside with grim satisfaction. Most of the troopers were getting the idea, anyway. Kill redskins. And take no prisoners.

A few of the armed Indians had dug in by scooping out the sand at the edge of the 3-foot cutbank which formed the south perimeter of the stream's course. From points of protection, they fired into the milling troops until ammunition ran out or they were ridden down.

One band of the savages had fled a mile upstream and dug themselves into pits for a final stand. Somehow, the bulk of the troops followed them, even though the authority of command had passed long ago.

"Fighting became general," the field grade officers were to report in almost duplicating words to their superiors next day.

The pits in the sand were indeed the final stand for Black Kettle's band. The flood of troopers and the howitzers made short work of the Indians in the pits, warriors, squaws, papooses alike.

Markham's unguided mount carried him back to the village, following the other horses. Here, an even grimmer nightmare was being played out.

The troopers were scalping Indians,

some of them not quite dead yet. One woman became the object of a quarrel between three soldiers, a quarrel which was settled by all three counting coup and wrenching loose a portion of her scalp. A warrior's fingers were cut off to get at his rings.

Markham saw one fellow weaving about with something on the end of a stick. As he moved closer, he saw that it was an Indian man's genitals.

He watched in dazed revulsion as several wild-eyed troopers profaned the body of a comely young squaw, very dead.

Then someone got the idea of cutting off the breasts of the woman. One man stretched a severed breast over his saddle horn. Another stretched one over his cap and danced a ghoul-
ish caper to guffaws of the blood-intoxicated men.

This is insane, Markham told himself as his horse plodded aimlessly over the field of horror. This can't be. I'm dreaming.

We are white men, not savages. But this is almost as bad as the mutilation of the Hungate family. No, it's worse, he told himself.

Up on the hillside Chivington was receiving his reports. He had lost eight men killed and 40 wounded, two of whom would die later. He would claim 500 to 600 Indians slain, even though a count two days later by the army's district inspector would find only 70 bodies.

Three-quarters of the bodies were women and children.

The huge colonel also would claim that his force of 700 had met and conquered a hostile force of 900 to 1000 Indians, rather than 500. And he would talk about—but never show—a fresh white scalp found in one of the lodges.

The one scalp, in the weeks ahead, would multiply into scores, would grow beautiful auburn curls and would become a blanket with a braid of woven blond hair from white women's heads. No one ever saw these trophies, but everyone in Denver would become sure they existed.

Denver would see, on the stage of the Apollo Theatre, a string of 100 Indian scalps taken by the 100-day troopers.

Corporal Markham knew nothing of what was to come, the controversy, the investigations, the political repercussions, the long and bloody war with the plains Indians which had its origin here at Sand Creek.

His horse carried him, limp in the saddle, seeing but unseeing, on a wide circuit of the battlefield, from which Indians, singly and in small groups had been fleeing in all directions, since dawn.

Chivington would claim Black Hawk, but the chief had got away to carry a war pipe to all the Cheyennes and Sioux of the plains.

At nightfall, Markham's horse brought him near to a fire where a squad of exhausted soldiers were brewing up a mulligan. One of the band about the fire recognized the man sagging senseless in his saddle.

"Come on, Lu," he called. "Have some stew."

Markham stared at the fire as if he had not heard, but the men pulled him from his saddle and shoved a cup into his hands.

The young corporal, as though by reflex alone, put the cup to his lips and sipped. Then he stumbled to his feet and tottered to the fringe of the firelight. He fell to his knees in the buffalo grass and retched.

Book Reviews

THE POTOMAC CORRAL: Our good friends at Washington have recently completed the publication of their first volume of "Corral Dust," consisting of four issues during the year, or a total of 32 pages of letter size on nice paper. Corresponding membership at \$3.00 per year is still open, and some copies of the complete first volume are available. After the introductory number, which carried an analysis of Modern Western Americana, the main articles have been concerned with: Legend of the Little Bighorn; Charles Russell—The Man and his Work; and The Apache Scouts who Won a War. Shorter articles, under the caption of "Dust from the Archives," have added interest to the issues, along with many book reviews and comments. May we wish this Corral continued success and prosperity.

EHE

MAN OF THE WEST—Such is the title of a booklet in which are set forth the reminiscences of George Washington Oaks, a private in the winning of the West, without fame, who happily had a good memory and a willingness to talk. To Ben Jaastad he talked, and Ben has recorded these recollections with the aid, editing, and annotating of our good Westerner, Arthur Woodward, and with the publishing abilities of the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society of Tucson. Oaks tells first of his soldiering with the California Column in Civil War days. Later, and perhaps of greatest interest to Coloradans, comes a fine description of the Beecher Island fight, in which Oaks participated. His

story is matter-of-fact but vivid. Other parts of these recollections are of real interest, while the copious notes that friend Woodward has added are of course excellent and impress anew that Art knows his SW history.

EHE

A BAR CROSS MAN: The Life and Personal Writings of Eugene Manlove Rhodes, by W. H. Hutchinson (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1956, pp. 432, \$5.00)

W. H. Hutchinson of Cohasset Stage, Chico, California, grandson of Colorado's first state governor, the Hon. John L. Routt, here presents one of the outstanding Western books of the year—the story of a man who wrote about the West with vigor, honesty, toughness, admiration and color.

Eugene Manlove Rhodes, whose youth was spent on a New Mexico ranch, had a deep-seated belief in the little people whose strength and courage and fortitude he considered the backbone of the country. He had a passion for gambling; he would fight at the drop of a hat to defend himself or anyone unjustly wronged. Rhodes frankly said that he stole more than \$40,000 worth of cattle from a man who had poisoned the Rhodes' family dogs when Gene was a boy. He was constantly forced to borrow money to make ends meet, but always paid his debts. When urged to write his biography, Gene declined, saying that he had seen thirteen men killed, but he preferred peace.

Although his writings appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* and other national magazines for twenty-five

years, Rhodes told his wife once that if he had any other way of making a living nothing would induce him ever to touch a pen or pencil. He spent almost as much time and strength in answering the constant stream of fan letters that came to him as he did in writing his books and stories.

Through a superb job of compiling and editing many of these letters, the author has made vivid to readers the real character of Gene Rhodes, who hated H. L. Mencken and others whom he classed as Young Intellectuals. He was a lifelong friend of Albert B. Fall, Emerson Hough and Stuart Lake.

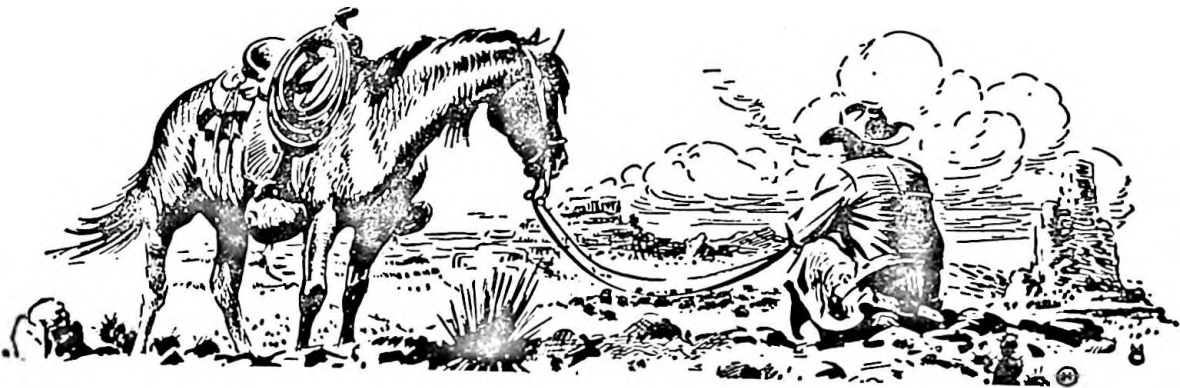
William McLeod Raine said of Gene: "More than anybody else I know, he was my kind of Westerner—generous, fearless, tough as ironwood, gentle yet as violently explosive as powder at any injustice to the poor or the oppressed."

A BAR CROSS MAN is a book you will read once, then save to browse through again and again to enjoy Eugene Manlove Rhodes, who

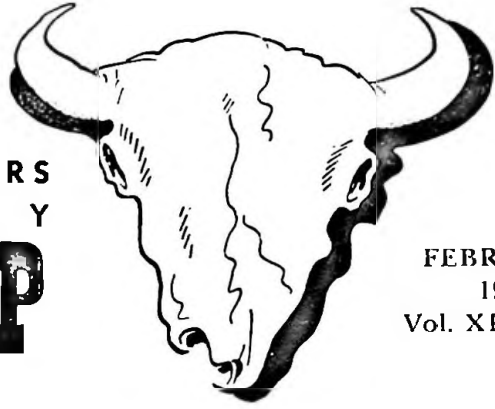
was even more interesting than many of the top characters he depicted in his stories. Agnes Wright Spring

AURARIA, THE MOTHER: A book has been published by the University of Georgia Press, written by E. Merton Coulter, entitled "Auraria." This is the story of a very early Auraria, probably the first real gold-camp of the United States, located in northern Georgia, on Cherokee lands. Happily, a file of the newspaper that existed about a year in this town has been discovered and Dr. Coulter, head of the History Department at the University of Georgia, has made the most of the colorful writing of the day, though he had to use "sic" pretty often because of some peculiar spelling the editor adopted when he took hold of unaccustomed words. This is an entertaining book to read and of interest to Westerners because the Russell brothers came from this town and helped start a new Auraria on Cherry Creek.

EHE



The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



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1957
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"Fremont's Fort," controversial landmark in Bijou Basin

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MARCH MEETING

"CLAY ALLISON, WESTERN GUNMAN"

Harry Kelsey

6:30 p.m., March 27, 1957

Denver Press Club
1330 Glenarm Place

Harry Kelsey is a business man and student of Western History, who has done an intensive amount of research and study about this controversial gunman of the early range-war days.

AN INVITATION TO OTHER CORRALS

Members of the Denver Posse are always interested in what is going on in other Corrals. How about designating some member in your Posse as a special Correspondent to send us news of your Range Ridin'? We might all be able to exchange some good ideas. Send to N. L. James, 414 So. Corona, Denver 9, Colo.

As Time Magazine Might Have Written It

As it does to all men whose early life is steeped in pioneer history and personalities, Times' Man **Barron B. Beshoar**, former PM of Denver Posse, returned to his former home recently as Chief of Denver News Bureau for Time, Life, Fortune and Sports Illustrated.

Beshoar left Denver in 1950 for Time assignment in New York City, where he says he was "adopted" by that newly formed Corral, using By-Laws of Denver group as their organizational guide.

Transferred to Los Angeles in 1953, **Beshoar** continued his strong interest in Western history with regular visits to local Corral.

Beshoar is a recognized authority on history of the Penetentias, and has authored many stories and articles on their activities. As a writer on Colorado Labor activities with his book: **OUT OF THE DEPTHS**, story of Colorado Coal Mine Wars, he made an outstanding contribution to local history.

Grandfather of **Beshoar**, **Dr. Michael Beshoar**, was an early settler in Southern Colorado. Founded the Pueblo Chieftain newspaper, owned the only drug store between Denver and Santa Fe, and for many years was personal physician to the family of Kit Carson.

Denver Westerners are looking forward to renewal of **Beshoar's** interest and activities in their Posse, and welcome him home.

A Silver Spur . . .

to . . . **PM Maurice Frink**, and his associate, Agnes Wright Spring, for their fabulous contribution to Western history, **WHEN GRASS WAS KING** (Reviewed in Book Review column of this issue). Recently published; limited edition 1500 copies. Your book-dealer might still be able to get you a copy if it isn't in your library.

(Continued on page 20)

Do You Have A Story To Tell?

Of course you do! Every Westerner has some particular interest to which he engages his devoted attention. Is yours Ghost Towns, Mining history, Railroading, Gun collecting, historical personalities, photography, or any one of a score of those pathways which lead into Western Americana?

The Round-Up is your publication; it comes as part of your membership dues.

Dust off the old typewriter and get busy. What interests you might also interest many other Westerners. We suggest you keep them under 1000 words; that we may use as many as possible each issue. Rates? Your own personal satisfaction, and a lot of fun. Send to Secretary or Register of Marks and Brands.

"PIONEERING ON THE DIVIDE"

CARL F. MATHEWS

What and where is the "Divide," you may ask—

Between Colorado Springs and Denver is an elevated plateau some thirty miles square through which runs a finger of land extending eastward from Palmer Lake to a point about three miles north-east of Peyton; of varying width and with elevations of from 7,000 to 7,500 feet, this ridge is the birthplace of the various creeks which run into the South Platte and Arkansas Rivers, and on many old maps is shown as the "Arkansas Divide," but today simply termed the "Divide" by all who live upon or near it.

Radiating from that "Divide" like spokes in a wheel are the following tributaries of the rivers named: West and East Plum creeks, West and East Cherry creeks, Running creek or Box Elder creek, West and East Kiowa creeks, Comanche creek, Bijou Creek, Big Sandy, Rush creek, Big and Little Horse creeks, Black Squirrel creek, Jimmy Camp creek, and Monument creek.

The Divide area comprises parts of El Paso, Elbert and Douglas counties, although prior to 1874 only Douglas and El Paso were included in it; in that year Elbert was formed from the east end of Douglas which extended to the Kansas line. Later Kit Carson and parts of Lincoln and Cheyenne were carved out of Elbert, which now contains 1,854 square miles.

As early as 1820, when Major Long crossed it, the fact was recognized that it did divide the waters of the Platte and Kansas Rivers, although only three lines are devoted to it in his

narrative. Rufus Sage crossed it in September, 1842, and was caught in an early snowstorm a few miles southwest of Franktown, stopping over night in a cave with some "squaw" men with Blackfoot wives. Fremont, traveling up Bijou creek in July, 1943, passed over it, camping for the night near the butte which bears his name ("Fremont's Fort"), the mythical site of a fight with Indians, which Fremont, never one to belittle himself, did not mention, stating only that the next day they bore southwest and reached the wagon road to the settlements on the Arkansas River.

All these travelers speak of the sudden storms which in earlier days plagued the Divide, and Captain Marcy in particular warned all travelers to proceed across the divide as quickly as possible ("The Prairie Traveler," New York and London, 1859). This was with good reason for he was caught in a tremendous one. Leaving Jimmy's Camp on April 30, 1958, a beautiful spring morning, he was engulfed that evening in the pinery by a storm which lasted sixty hours and left from three to four feet of snow on the level. This caused two of his men to freeze to death trying to hold the 300 head of horses and mules in his "cavvy." One man, Charles Michael Fagan, was buried near the Point of Rocks, a land mark on the Old Cherokee Trail," also called the "Jimmy Camp Trail," "The Trappers Trail," and by some, the "Old Santa Fe Trail."

A century ago the "Trapper's Trail," and by some, the "Old Santa Fe Trail."

A century ago the Divide was heavily timbered with pine which gave the name of the pineries to large areas of it; today the name is almost forgotten but a large tract northeast of Colorado Springs is known as the Black Forest and many sawmills have operated here. Robert Finley of Colorado City took a 12-horse engine and mill into the area in 1860, but had been preceded a year earlier by D. C. Oakes of Auraria, who located a mill on Plum creek and advertised the fact in the "Rocky Mountain News" of July 9, 1859. In 1863, Jerome Weir was given employment at a mill on the Divide, becoming owner of it the next year. Calvin Husted (for whom Husted station on the Denver & Rio Grande railroad was named) began operation of a mill about 1865 and soon after Philip P. Gomer located on Kiowa creek, operating in that area for a number of years. In 1870, General Palmer advertised for men to haul ties from the pinery for the Kansas Pacific railroad which was then in the vicinity of Kit Carson; to pay \$1.00 per tie delivered at Kit Carson and slightly less as the road advanced. It is said that 125,000 ties were then piled at and near the Gomer mill and some 500,000 were cut and hauled. A good team of six yoke of oxen could haul from 130 to 150 ties.

The rush of gold seekers to the territory had barely begun until hardy souls began homesteading on the Divide; among the first being Peter I. Van Wormer on Running Creek north of present-day Elizabeth, and Francis J. Huber on Kiowa creek, both in 1859. Huber is said to have built the first cabin in what is now Elbert county. The next year saw D. M. Holden settling on Bijou creek in Bijou Basin, J. H. Jones on Running creek, Conrad Rochelle and wife on East Cherry near the later Castle-

wood Dam, John Russell on Cherry creek near Spring Valley, Henry Walker near Monument, and Thomas Williams, who, arriving in Denver on July 4th, tarried but a few days and went to Elizabeth (then "Webber's Mill") and homesteaded there; he and his family were driven from home several times by Indians. 1860 also saw Judge P. P. Wilcox of Denver and William Liptrap starting a cow ranch on Cherry creek, two miles above Franktown. The herd became so large within a few years that it was moved to Big Sandy creek near River Bend.

The succeeding years saw many brave men and women homesteading on the various creeks, among others Joseph Oaks and Jacob Dietrich on Kiowa creek, George W. Hertel and wife on Running creek, Alonzo and Levi Welty near Monument, all in 1861; brothers David and Jacob Guire near Monument in 1862, and another Welty, Lawrence, on Cherry creek near Franktown in 1863. In this year S. M. Beach (his "Memoirs" in the Pioneers Museum in Colorado Springs) relates he stopped at the "Pretty Woman's Place" while enroute from Denver to Colorado City, the pretty woman in question being Mrs. Richardson, said to be the handsomest woman in the territory. Also near the crest of the Divide was her opposite, at "The Dirty Woman's Place." This was a woman, said to be part Indian, and the location so far as I can determine was on the stage route from Colorado City to Denver City via Russellville.

1864 saw Alex Brazelton settling on West Kiowa creek about two miles southwest of Elbert, Richard Hawkey south of Parker, the Pennock family near Russellville (the daughter Elizabeth marrying John Tallman in 1865), while in 1865 a number of

newcomers put in their appearance, some of whom were George C. Fahrion and wife, with his partner Henry Wendling, on Kiowa creek (the town of Kiowa being first known as Wendling's), C. R. (Rock) Chapman, also on Kiowa creek, David McShane south of Palmer Lake, Henry L. Phillips on Running creek, Samuel C. Stout in the pinery and Frank Welty near Monument.

Affairs ran along smoothly for the homesteaders until 1864 when the restless Cheyennes and Arapahoes began their forays in retaliation for seeing their lands invaded and the buffalo herds being killed off, depriving them of their main source of livelihood.



In April, 1864, about 175 head of cattle were stolen from Irwin and Jackman, government contractors, who were then camped on Bijou creek about forty miles southeast of Denver; a detachment of the First Cavalry under the command of Lieut. Ayre was sent after them and overtaking them at nightfall with snow falling, were only able to recover about twenty head. In that same month another party of Cheyennes ran off a herd of horses from Kiowa creek; Lieut. Clark Dunn and a force of twenty men took up pursuit and coming upon the Indians, above fifty strong, a scrimmage took place in which four men were killed or wounded.

On June 18th, the Hungate family, consisting of the father, mother and two daughters, were murdered at the homestead of I. P. Van Wormer on Running creek near the present county line of Elbert-Arapahoe counties. Mr. Van Wormer went to the

scene and brought the mutilated bodies to Denver where they were exhibited and aroused strong resentment against the Indians. Shortly after, on August 21st, Conrad Rochelle was murdered by the Indians at his home near present Castlewood Dam, and again on August 27th, a band of Cheyennes and their allies, the Arapahoes, killed Mrs. Henrietta Dieterman and her five-year-old son on Comanche creek, east of present-day Elbert. In pursuing this band, a party of men from Colorado City found the bodies of three unknown men who had been killed and scalped.

The Sand Creek "massacre" in November of that year halted Indian depredations for a time and the settlers again resumed their stock-raising and farming operations. In 1866 what is said to have been the first school house of later-day Elbert county was erected on Running creek by E. E. Baldwin, J. H. Jones and J. H. Lundy; soon a brave young woman named Rosella Jaworski began a term of school in the log building. Remember, this was only two years after the Hungate massacre which took place about fourteen miles north. Robert Hawkey, who had homesteaded south of Parker, soon persuaded her to abandon her career as a teacher and they were married October 18th.

In November, 1867, a young homesteader was found murdered in his cabin on Plum creek and suspicion was directed toward two men who had been seen going south on the creek. A posse was soon formed and it was learned the suspects had spent the night at the home of Dan Hopkins about two miles north of Palmer Lake. Hopkins joined the posse and they soon overtook the criminals near the present site of Monument. Starting on the return trip and about a

mile north of Palmer Lake, one of the men became very abusive, whereupon the posse halted in a pine grove and "strung him up." Some hours later the posse reached a gulch about a mile north of Castle Rock, held a trial and the second prisoner was also hanged.

In the summer of 1868 the Indians again began preparing to go on the war-path and the settlers being forewarned, "forted up" at the McShane and Welty ranches near Monument, at John Irion's "fort" in Spring Valley and Cal Husted's sawmill in the Black Forest. When the scare was at its worst, nine families lived in the Welty fort for six weeks, while seven other families lived in the nearby Welty house. On September 1st some twenty-five Indians ran off about 125 horses from Harlow Teachout on Monument creek; Henry Walker and David McShane also losing their herds. In the pursuit of this band Job Talbert and a man named Davis were captured by the Indians in the pinery near Husted's mill, killed and scalped.

Heroine of the siege near Monument was Mrs. Isabella Trigg, a member of the little band who defended themselves for several weeks at the McShane house and fort. The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Guire had asked permission to play in the yard, which was granted. Glancing out of the window, Mrs. Trigg saw a war-painted Indian dashing over a knoll nearby with a tomahawk in his hand; throwing her little boy and girl on the bed and covering them with a blanket, she jumped through the open door, seized the boy and threw him into the kitchen just as the Indian swooped by. Seeing his prey escape, the redskin turned and darted after her, hurling his tomahawk at her, just as she slammed the door shut with the weapon imbedding itself in

the heavy oak timbers. The Indian lashed his pony and disappeared over a nearby ridge before the men realized what had happened.

Soon after, the Government succeeded in rounding up the marauding bands and no further killings were reported on the Divide; however, in the spring of 1873, a band of Cheyennes and Arapahoes surrounded Weir's mill at the head of Black Squirrel creek where nineteen persons (four families and some single men) were living and tried to force their way into the houses. The whites kept their doors locked and the Indians gave up and went away.

Gustav E. Krezke in an interview with F. W. Cragin stated that he and companions were hired to cut ties for the Kansas Pacific in the fall of 1869 and were furnished arms by the U. S. Army to defend themselves from the Arapahoes and Cheyennes, although their camp in Bijou Basin was not disturbed. He said they had to pay \$1 each for cartridges used for other purposes than Indian defense.

On December 24, 1869, the body of an unknown man was found partially buried about one and one-half miles northeast of Bassett's Enterprise sawmill, and at an inquest held on Christday, one G. W. Price testified that on the 9th of December he saw two men with wagons camped near the spot and a camp fire burning. One of the men was named Pulver, and Price said that he saw Pulver at the mill with two wagons, a span of horses and a span of mules, later driving away in one wagon with the mules hitched to it and leading one horse, leaving the other. Whether Pulver was ever seen again or connected with the crime, I have not learned.

On April 27, 1872, Andrew Peterson, a rancher living three miles west of Gomer's mill on Kiowa creek was

shot and killed by one Evan Hall, the body being found by a man named Mormadie and as he had left Peterson and Hall at the house only a short time before, search was immediately made and Hall was located nearby. Hall claimed that Peterson had attacked him and struck him on the head with a revolver, plead self-defense and due to Peterson's general behavior, was exonerated in this case.

On June 15, 1874, Ephraim Peterson, a brother of Andrew, mentioned before, was shot and killed by Tom Quinlan, a "logger" employed at Gomer's mill near Bijou Basin. Cause of this shooting was over a team of Quinlan's mules, which got out and strayed into a grain field belonging to Ephraim and Alfred Peterson and were put in a stable by them. The brothers refused to turn them over to one of Quinlan's drivers unless \$100 damages were paid. Quinlan, being informed of the situation, took two of his men, went to Peterson's barn and took possession of the mules, placing a man on each of them and following behind. One of the men shouted to him to "look out" and turning, Quinlan saw Ephraim following him on horseback with a revolver in his hand, while Alfred was also running toward him armed with a revolver. Quinlan ordered Ephraim to stop and when he did not do so, shot him at a distance of about forty feet. Quinlan gave himself up and on the 16th, at an examination before Justices Beall and Fahrion, he was acquitted.

On August 27, 1874, a quartet of horse thieves were hung at Middle Kiowa,, their names being Tip and John Marion (brothers), Dick Thompson and Jerry Wilson. Tip Marion had been caught on Running creek by Sheriff Alex Barron, with some horses stolen at Colorado Springs. As the sheriff came to Gomer's mill with

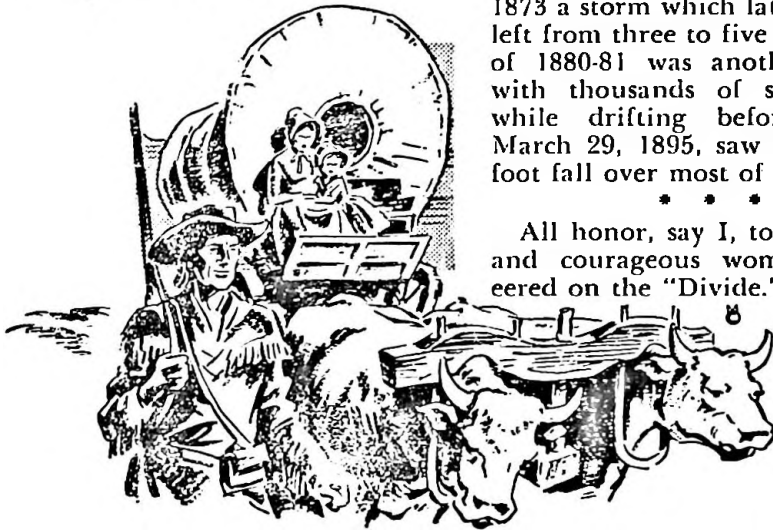
his prisoner, he caught two more of the gang, Bill and Dick Thompson, who had in their possession two mares and two mules, the mares having been stolen at Greeley. The same day Jerry Wilson (an old hand at horse-stealing) and Jasper Marion came to Middle Kiowa to await Tip's arrival from Colorado Springs and were arrested on suspicion of belonging to the gang. Meanwhile Bill Thompson escaped from a deputy enroute to Kiowa. Trial was held before Judge Fahrion on the four remaining men which lasted three days and nights, with them being bound over to the next term of court. That being not to the liking of the citizens, about fifty masked men went to the jail at night, overpowered the sheriff and his deputy and took the men out, going to a grove about a mile from town and hanged them.

In the meantime, Evan Hall and his brother-in-law, William Wilder, had become leaders of as tough a gang of desperados as ever menaced the Divide, and had sent up a saloon and gambling house near Gomer's mill, where, getting the men in debt to them, they accepted Gomer's script for the debts and then endeavored to get Gomer to cash the same, which he refused to do. They threatened his life and warrants were sworn out for their arrests. On March 24, 1875, officers went to the mill to arrest Hall and Wilder and upon arriving at the mill near evening found them watching the roads with field glasses. Deputy Sheriff Hooker called upon them to surrender, while at the same time, Judge J. H. Hooker, father of the deputy, circled to the rear, armed with a shotgun. Hooker again called upon them to surrender and throw down their arms. Hall grasped his pistol but the judge fired a shot with his shotgun and started to retreat

when Hall shot him in the back. He ran some ten steps, whirled around and fired again when Hall fired twice in quick succession, both shots taking fatal effect. Hooker lived about twenty minutes, meanwhile Hall rushed up and took the shotgun and in the confusion he and Wilder mounted and rode into the pinery. Both were apprehended in a few days without trouble and taken to the Denver jail, where they escaped. Being trailed to the home of a relative near Spring Valley, Hall was betrayed by the relative and induced to try and make his escape, being ambushed nearby, shot and dying soon after. Wilder escaped to New Mexico but was later apprehended, brought to trial and acquitted of being an accessory to murder. His attorney, C. S. Thomas, later was governor of the state.

A few small items to close and I conclude.

In 1868 the only postoffices in Douglas county were Franktown and Spring Valley; first newspaper in the county was the "Douglas County News" published at Frankstown,



August 30, 1873, to Jan. 28, 1874, when it was moved to Castle Rock. The settlement was first called Franktown, later Frankstown, and was named for J. Frank Gardner, a pioneer who settled at the site in 1859; the place first known as the "California Ranch." Parker was near the stage stop known as the Twenty-Mile house; James S. Parker took over the house in 1874, moved the postoffice from Pine Grove about two miles distant and the name changed to Parker or Parker's as it was known for some years.

Many small settlements have disappeared with time, among them Russellville, Rock Ridge, Hill Top, Cameron, Chenoweth, Case, Gwillimville, Bassett's Mill, old Easton and Bijou Basin.

Regarding the earlier reference to storms on the Divide, there have been a number in the early days but none of consequence since the one in December, 1913. In 1863 a bad storm froze many cattle and sheep; on October 31st and November 1st, 1864, snow fell on the Divide to a depth of three or four feet, again on April 7, 1873 a storm which lasted for 96 hours left from three to five feet; the winter of 1880-81 was another bad season with thousands of sheep perishing while drifting before the storm. March 29, 1895, saw a three to four foot fall over most of the Divide.

* * * *

All honor, say I, to the brave men and courageous women who pioneered on the "Divide."

“THE GUERILLA WITH SOULFUL EYES”

CARL W. BREIHAN

Who was “Sue Mundy?” The name sounds rather glamorous, perhaps a bit romantic, eh? Was “she” some high-stepping young woman of the underworld—a confidence queen—or maybe a female bandit queen like Bella Starr?

Well, now hang onto your hat. Sue Munday wasn't a female at all. “Her” correct name was Marcellus Jerome Clarke, given at birth on November of 1846.

Does all this sound confusing? Well, the entire life of this same Sue Mundy was most certainly confusing to say the very least. He was the son of Brigadier-General Hector M. Clarke, a former officer in the army of the United States.

General Clarke was a native of Simpson County, Kentucky, and a veteran of the Mexican War. Young Marcellus Clarke was left an orphan at a very early age, and was raised by an aunt, Mrs. Mary Bradshaw of Franklin, Simpson County.

Some writers of history seem a little confused themselves, as some say that Clarke was the son of a former Governor Clarke of Kentucky. This, however, is a mistake.

At the outbreak of the War Between the States in 1861, young Marcellus Jerome Clarke, not yet fifteen years of age, and with a peculiar—almost girlish looking face, with large soulful eyes and somewhat sad-looking, and long wavy brown hair—enlisted as a private in the Confederate Army and for about a year did valiant service.

The unit to which young Clarke

was attached was defeated at Fort Donelson, Tennessee, by the Union forces, under command of General U. S. Grant. And so young Clarke, together with hundreds of other prisoners, was sent to a P.O.W. camp at Indianapolis, Indiana. However, Fate had other things in store for young Marcellus Clarke than for him to remain a prisoner of war for the duration of hostilities.

About four or five months of confident in prison was sufficient for the handsome young man with the soulful eyes, and he effected his escape—just how is another one of many unexplained things that seems characteristic of him .

On his way back into Kentucky, he made contact with many members of the Knights of the Golden Circle, a subversive organization of Southern sympathizers who operated with some success north of the Ohio River. He fell in with stragglers, other escaped prisoners, malcontents, and even a few out-and-out guerrillas.

Some say that it was at this time, while passing through the Union stronghold of Louisville, that young Clarke first used a feminine name, but whether it was Sue Mundy or not seems a bit doubtful. How long he remained in Louisville on his way back home is not known. Nor is the exact time known as to when he “branched out” as a guerilla leader. It seems a bit remarkable that a mere youth, not yet seventeen, should be the leader of a gang of fierce and blood-thirsty guerrilla fighters, ruffians, murderers, and thieves—rascals

who preyed on non-combatants. However, it is known as a historical fact that William Clark Quantrill and twenty-seven of his fearsome Missouri freebooters entered the Bluegrass State at about this time.

Quantrill and his band crossed the Mississippi River at a place called Devil's Elbow or Devil's Bend about sixteen miles north of Memphis, and came into Kentucky by way of Ohio County in what is known as the Green River country.

Their first raid in Kentucky was on January 22, 1865, when he and his men numbering some twenty-five or thirty took over and robbed the town of Hartford, seat of Ohio County. However, this story is not of Quantrill, but rather of Sue Mundy, but to those who might be interested in Quantrill, a study of his life is indeed an interesting one.

Mundy and his gang had established rather a fearsome reputation for themselves even before Quantrill's entrance into Kentucky, but it is known that on more than one occasion Mundy and Quantrill cooperated by combining the two gangs.

Mundy at different times also joined his forces with those of "One Arm" Berry, Billy Magruder, and other guerrilla bands, but mostly he operated on his own. His gang generally consisted of about fifteen—sometimes a few more; sometimes less.

During December of 1864 and January of 1865 Clarke and his guerrillas robbed, killed, and pillaged rather extensively. Their depredations included raids on Albany, Marion, Campbellsville, Hodgenville, and Owensboro. Several of the towns were put to the torch. Courthouses, post-offices and other public buildings were destroyed. Near Bardstown he and his band derailed a passenger train, robbed the passengers, set fire to a

couple of the coaches and then rode away.

At St. Mary in Marion County, he and his men attacked another train, robbed it, and after shooting it up until the coach windows didn't have a single glass remaining, galloped away from a posse that tried half-heartedly to follow them.

In late January of 1865, the Sue Mundy band was routed in a hot fight at Bardstown with two companies of Buckley's 54th Kentucky Volunteers. Mundy was said to have lost half of his men and only escaped capture himself "by the skin of his teeth." From that time on, the end was in sight. Sue Mundy's luck had just about run out and his number was up.

The little fight at Bardstown and the loss of nearly half of his forces seemed to cramp Sue's style. At any rate, he wasn't making the headlines so frequently as had formerly been the case. Maybe he was wounded and "holed up" somewhere, or perhaps recruiting a new gang. Nevertheless the search by the Union forces went on. No stone was left unturned. They were determined to round him up and dispose of him permanently. Kentucky had had an ample sufficiency of Sue Mundy.

About six weeks after the Bardstown fight, the military intelligence received the "tip-off" that three suspicious characters—one of whom was suspected of being Sue Mundy—were holed up on a farm near Brandenburg, Mead County. Steps were immediately taken to effect the capture of the three.

Major Cyrus T. Wilson of the 30th Wisconsin Volunteers, and a detachment of twenty-five picked men were assigned the duty of capturing and bringing in the three for trial at Louisville. If they offered resistance

they were to be brought in dead or alive. The major and his men finally tracked down and contacted the three badly wanted men in a tobacco barn near Webster, which is also in Meade County. They were given a chance to surrender but refused. A brief but fierce fight then followed. Mundy was under no illusion as to what awaited him if he surrendered. In the ensuing fight he and his two desperate companions succeeded in killing five of Major Wilson's men before they were rushed, overpowered, and captured. Of the five Union soldiers killed, Mundy is said to have accounted for three.

Mundy, at the time of his capture, was tending one of the other two men, Billy Magruder, who had been wounded some nine days earlier in a skirmish in Hancock County on March 3, 1865. The third man was Henry Medkiff, owner of the tobacco barn—the date of the capture was March 12, 1865.

The capture of the three men was made about 9:30 A.M. and preparations were immediately made to transport the prisoners to Louisville. Magruder, being badly wounded, was placed in a wagon, and under guard of a lieutenant and five men, he and Medkiff were started for Louisville. Not so with Mundy however. He was mounted upon a horse; feet tied together under the animal's belly, and hands cuffed. Major Wilson and the remainder of the detachment then set out for Louisville poste-haste. The distance from Webster to Louisville was made in record time and already plans were under way for the trial.

A General Court Martial was convened under direction of Brigadier-General Walter C. Whitaker, U.S.A. Upon arrival in Louisville, Mundy was at once taken to the U. S. Military Prison and turned over to Gen-

eral Palmer, the Provost Marshal. The U. S. Military Prison was at that time (March, 1865) located on what is now known as Broadway, on the north side and between 10th and 11th Streets. The location is directly across the street from the present Union Station.

In 1865 there were eight military prisons in Louisville, and it has been said by some writers that Mundy was confined in a prison on Broadway between 9th and 10th Streets; this is an error, and the prison in which Sue Mundy spent his last hours was located at the spot as indicated. This was the main prison and General Palmer, the Provost Marshal's headquarters.

On March 14, 1865, the G.C.M. was called to order by its presiding officer, Brigadier-General Walter C. Whitaker, U.S.A., and Marcellus Jerome Clarke, alias Sue Mundy, was placed on trial for his life. The trial was a mere formality—the decision was a foregone conclusion—and a swift one—guilty; the verdict was death by hanging. After his sentence had been pronounced, Mundy showed no signs of emotion whatever.

About 4:00 o'clock next afternoon a Quartermaster Corps wagon drawn by four mules drew up in front of General Palmer's Headquarters. In the body of the wagon rested a coffin. A band of some thirty or forty musicians filed out of the prison doors and took up a marching formation in the street ahead of the wagon and mules. A company of infantry, numbering about 150 men, also filed out of the prison and took position in double-rank on both sides of the wagon. They were commanded by a captain.

A carriage drawn by two prancing horses took its place at the head of the column. Then the real "star" of the show, the one the rather large

crowd had gathered to see, made his appearance. He was the condemned man, the guerrilla chief, Marcellus Jerome Clarke, or simply Sue Mundy. First, strutting through the doorway, came a captain. He was followed by a sergeant in command of two armed guards. Then came three men abreast—two more armed guards and the condemned man in the center, between the two guards. The prisoner was completely shackled, ankles and arms. Bringing up the rear came four more armed guards.

The captain, in a low tone, then gave the command:

"Guards and prisoner . . . forward . . . march!"

The short march down the prison steps and across the sidewalk to the waiting wagon was begun. Naturally the progress was slow for the prisoner could only move in short shuffling steps. Arriving at the wagon, the two armed guards flanking Mundy assisted him into the wagon and seated him atop the coffin. Then they and the officer also took positions in the vehicle. The sergeant and the other guards lined themselves on each side of the wagon, and the march to the place of execution began.

The band struck up a slow, doleful march; the crowds on both sidewalks faced west and the march of eight city blocks to 18th and Magazine Streets was under way. Some historians have mistakenly stated that the place of execution was at 18th and Broadway—this is an inexcusable error—the famous boy guerrilla chieftain, Sue Munday, was hanged at 18th and Magazine Streets . . . the time about 5:00 P.M. . . . the date, March 15, 1865.

The expression on the handsome face of the prisoner, seated atop his own coffin as the macabre parade wended its way slowly westward down

Broadway, was one of calm indifference. He was resigned to his fate. His face was pale but there was no indication of fear. Think as one will of Sue Mundy, but no one can deny the fact that he was a brave and fearless man.

The parade, if it could be called such, moved slowly. The carriage containing the higher officer led the way, followed by the band and guards, the wagon bearing the prisoner bringing up the rear. As the column proceeded along, the marching group was augmented by those persons on the sidewalks; and by the time 18th and Magazine Streets was reached, the crowd numbered almost six thousand people.

When the place of execution was reached the guards were deployed in double-rank around the scaffold. The wagon was halted and the prisoner, assisted by his personal guards, was aided in climbing down from his gruesome perch. He looked casually about and smiled—a rather sneering and sarcastic grin.

Sue Mundy shuffled along until he reached the thirteen steps leading to the platform of the scaffold. Here he was assisted by his guards in climbing the steps until he stood boldly upon the platform, waiting for the ceremonies to begin.

The officer in charge of the execution beckoned to a man dressed in the garb of a minister. This man, with an open Bible in his hand, stepped up to Mundy and in a low tone whispered something to the condemned man. Mundy looked at the minister with that same dry smile, and shook his head in a negative manner. The man of the gospel looked a bit shocked. He then read a short passage from the Bible and stepped back.

The executioner stepped forward,

the black cap dangling from his steady hand.

"Clarke, have you anything to say? If so, speak up."

Again that little smile passed across the pale face of the young prisoner.

"I have nothing to say except go ahead, get it over with."

The black cap was drawn over the face of the prisoner, and the noose was adjusted, the hangman's knot snuff under the left ear, and draped slightly over the top of the condemned man's head. The hangman moved the prisoner slightly to get him squarely over the trap door; then stepped back.

He made a motion with his hand to a soldier who stood with a poised axe over the rope controlling the scaffold trap door.

Swish!

Down came the sharp blade of the axe and the rope parted with a snap. The trap door dropped open, and the body of the boy guerrilla chief shot downward through the opening, coming to a sudden sickening stop as it reached the end of the rope.

There was a distinct sound as the neck was snapped. Slowly the legs drew up slightly, then relaxed and straightened out as the body slowly turned in a part circle. As the body slowly half-turned at the end of the rope, the crowd surged forward, intent on getting a souvenir of the hanging by cutting a button of the clothes of the dead man, or a lock of his hair, or whatever they could get their hands on.

It became necessary for the guards to become a bit rough to restrain the crowd, but finally order was restored. After a short wait two army surgeons stepped forward, and after an examination pronounced the swinging body dead.

The body was cut down, placed in the coffin, and turned over to relatives. Mrs. Mary Bradshaw took charge of the body later. She took it to Franklin, Simpson County, and there buried it in the cemetery beside the remains of his parents.

It isn't known precisely when or where young Clarke adopted the alias of Sue Mundy. Some have said it was naturally tagged upon him because of his long girlish hair, soulful eyes, and mobile features. Others say it was the name of a woman who had stolen a horse, and for which, as a guerrilla, Clarke was blamed. But the feminine name led to much confusion for a time among the Union command. More than once the story was told that a beautiful young girl commanded all the guerrilla forces in Kentucky.

The day Marcellus Jerome Clarke was buried in Franklin, Kentucky, he was five months short of his 20th birthday. The Union forces in Kentucky seemed at last to have the guerrillas on the run, and it was only a short time later that another famous guerrilla leader, William Clarke Quantrill, was shot and mortally wounded in an engagement at Wakefield Farm in Spencer County.

Book Reviews

WHEN GRASS WAS KING

Maurice Frink, W. Turrentine Jackson, Agnes Wright Spring
The University of Colorado Press, 1956, \$8.50.

The authors' combined experience, dedication to their task and historical scholarship make *When Grass Was King* superior to any other publication on the Western Range Cattle Industry since the appearance of Ernest S. Osgood's *The Day of the Cattleman* in 1929.

The title connotes the youth of a frontier, excitement, investment, greed, supply, demand, drouth, blizzards and the many facets that all make history. Mr. Maurice Frink, the Executive-Secretary to the President of the Colorado State Historical Society is the Director of the Western Range Cattle Industry Study. He breaks the ice for the reader by giving a good discourse on livestock prices, using the theme—"Will It Pay?" Then he depicts the grazing of cattle from the humble beginnings of the scrubby Mexican manadas in Texas through the vast trail herds. In a text chronology dating from 1865 through 1895, Mr. Frink has built a substantial word platform for understanding the ABC's of the industry. This, the first of the book's three-part makeup, is complimented by an interesting collection of letters between James Haft and William H. Bayless. The former established a ranch in the Dakotas in 1881; Mr. Bayless became his partner one year later. Here is an unusually good insight into the heartbreaks and joys representative of those pursuing the Cow Business.



Part II, "British Interests in the Range Cattle Industry," by W. Turrentine Jackson is undoubtedly one of the most comprehensive studies ever made about the English and Scotch in the Western Range Cattle Industry. The scope and extent of investments,

investors, geography, gains, losses and adjustments are assessed in the meticulous detail of telltale statistics. The zest with which the usually conservative and experienced investors of London's "Wall Street" and Scotland's Dundee plunged headlong into the Ranches is probably unlike anything in their frugal histories. The use of the pound rather than the dollar sign might be a bit confusing to those less familiar with monies; however, the reader gains the point—it was all in the red. The strength of the Matador and the wisdom of John Clay monument this section lean of success stories. The reasons for the "crash" of the open range cattle business are made apparent by the writer. While millions of pounds and dollars were lost, companies wrecked and individuals ruined, one cannot miss historian Jackson's (nor Mr. Frink's in Part I) feeling that the fiber of Western America was toughened as a result of this period. The quality and extent of the researchers' documentation is superb.

Mrs. Agnes Wright Spring, Colorado State Historian, in "A Genius for

Handling Cattle: John W. Iliff," gives the reader a sort of economic lift. The subject is one that the writer has obviously lived with—perhaps stemming from her Wyoming childhood, listening to the pioneer men and women who could recall John Iliff. The size of the Iliff herds and extent of ranges is almost unbelievable in this day of high ranching costs and Big Government. Envision a range dotted with cow camps, approximately 70,000 square miles, triangular in shape, with its corners at Julesburg, Cheyenne, and Greeley—and you have it. From historian Spring's account one can easily ascertain the bigness of "King John's" business—down to his appetite for chestnuts. His was not the boomer-type operation; he used ranching methods advanced for the times. Mr. Iliff died in 1878, at the zenith of his career, and at the peak of the open range days. The author speculates as to how John W. Iliff might have fared during the hard years of the 1880's. The life of Iliff was indeed Horatio Alger-like. He was a good businessman, a Christian and I'll bet, a whale of a good horse-trader.

This big attractive volume was published under the imprint of the University of Colorado. It is being distributed by Denver's Mr. Fred A. Rosenstock, one of the nation's finest connoisseurs of Western Americana. The cloth binding has an attractive "cured grass" appearance, and is as strong as all it represents. The typography, layout and quality of paper are choice. The book is nicely illustrated in each of the three parts. Even the most discriminating cannot quarrel with the index. The researcher and collector will find the bibliography alone worth the price. Approximately, *When Grass Was King* has been restricted to 1500 numbered copies—giving it a dash more of dignity.

DEAN KRAKEL

THE UTES: A FORGOTTEN PEOPLE, by Wilson Rockwell. Sage Books, \$5.00.

History identifies the Utes chiefly with the Meeker massacre of 1879. Except for this one violent outbreak this Colorado mountain tribe, unlike the plains Indians, maintained comparatively peaceable relations with the whites. Yet by a series of treaties they were dispossessed of almost every square mile of their homeland.

If the Utes remain "a forgotten people," as described in the sub-title, it will be through no fault of Wilson Rockwell's thoroughly researched, objective history.

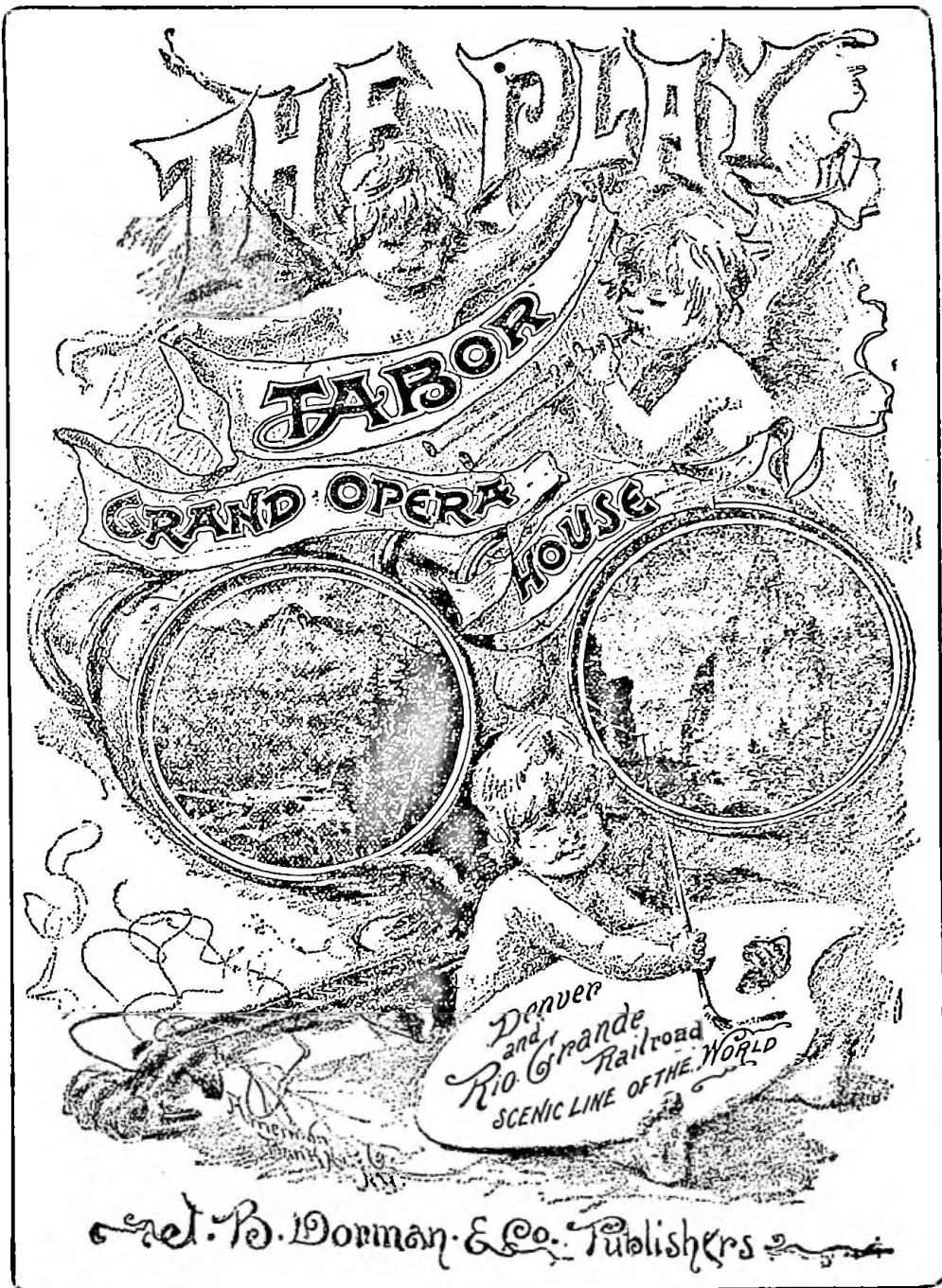
The publisher describes it as "the first published book devoted solely to an overall history of the tribe." It is doubtful if anyone is better qualified to write such a history than the

ranchman-historian author, who since childhood has lived in the original Ute homeland on Colorado's Western Slope.

Most of the book is devoted to what the author describes as the "long years of defeat, territorial loss and disillusionment" during the years when white gold-seekers and settlers were swarming into the Ute country. It presents also interesting accounts of the prehistory, customs and dances of the tribe, and profiles of outstanding leaders such as Chief Ouray and his wife, Chipeta, and Chief Colorow.

It brings the reader up to the present in describing the use tribal members are making of the funds realized from the \$32 million judgment won in 1950 for the government's failure to live up to provisions of the 1880

(Continued on page 18)



Wm. B. Dorman & Co. Publishers

BOOK REVIEWS (Cont.)

treaty. If lacking in any respect, it is in failing to note a similar suit, now pending against the government, for the value of lands in the San Juan region from which the Utes were ejected under the Brunot treaty of 1873.

The book is illustrated with fifty-three photographs. Five appendices reproduce the treaties of 1868, 1873 and 1880; an official report of the Thornburg ambush, and first-person account by one of the white women kidnapped during the Meeker massacre.

Forbes Parkhill

GLORY DAYS OF LOGGING,

Ralph W. Andrews, Superior Publishing Co., Seattle; 8½x11", 176 pages, lacks index and price quote on jacket; assume same price as prior, companion book THIS WAS LOGGING at \$8.50; profusely illustrated, old photos.

A grab-bag type of short sketches by various writers, including some excerpts from old logger journals, plus an array of old pictures, late 1800s to 1920s. Covers West Coast and into Idaho and Montana.

Stewart Holbrook's account of "King of the Bull Cooks" hooked my interest in the first few sentences. A character study that's a ring-tail dinger. About a guy called Okay Fuller. Okay's filling of a fire extinguisher with gasoline to show it was no good is classic.

There was a rugged charm in that bit of poetry, for I'm sure it was included as such, which begins "The Madam stood in her parlor when a knock was heard on the door, Her Fairies then gathered around her to display their stock and store—" It's the "Ballad of the Soiled Snowflake,"

from "Bunkhouse Ballads," by Robert E. Swanson. It's all about Mickey O'Shea, a logger, and Molly Macquire, and "Then, sudden, he ran through his pockets—his roll—My God! It was Gone!!"

But it's the pictures that grab your first attention. They are pictorial record of all sorts of logging equipment and operations, even including the first man to put pneumatic tires on one of those old lumber-wagon trucks to get sawlogs out of the woods.

Should be a collector's item fairly soon.

Arthur Carhart PM

WILLIAM BOLLAERT'S TEXAS,

by William Bollaert, edited by W. Eugene Hollon and Ruth Lapham Butler. University of Oklahoma Press in cooperation with The Newberry Library of Chicago, 1956. 423 pp. \$5.

"Bully reading," Frank Dobie's epitome of Smithwick's earlier classic, describes this volume, the twenty-first of the Exploration and Travel Series issued by the University of Oklahoma Press depicting the recession of the American Frontier. The text is compiled from the diaries, notebooks, and journals of an Englishman of some parts, William Bollaert. Attracted by Samuel Houston's colonization propaganda, he journeyed to Texas in the years just prior to its annexation to the Union, and from February, 1842 to July, 1844 travelled from Galveston into the area roughly extending to Corpus Christi, San Antonio, Austin, Huntsville, and Houston.

Bollaert possessed a roving, curious mind and an enthusiastically articulate tongue. The book resembles a tape recording of a vast array of facts, impressions, and observations on geography, climate, vegetation, hunt-

BOOK REVIEWS (Cont.)

ing, sports, customs, politics, personalities, interspersed with stories, songs, essays, personal advice, etc. The "bully reading" is in no small degree due to his Pepysian intimacy and occasional skirmishes into fanciful and candid writing: "Bright claret sparkled in the brighter pannikins;" "Cynthia was getting low in the horizon, but in the blue heavens the souls of despairing virgins (stars) did twinkle so sweetly;" "eggnog . . . somewhat pleasant but of a bilious nature."

Eugene Hollon of the University of Oklahoma and Ruth Lapham Butler of The Newberry Library have studiously and competently orderer loose, lively material into chronological and comprehensive form, with voluminous corrective and clarifying notes, and index. The result is an illuminating and valuable contribution to Texas social history one hundred and fifteen years ago.

W. Scott Broome

WHY THE CHISHOLM TRAIL FORKS AND OTHER TALES OF THE CATTLE COUNTRY BY ANDY ADAMS, edited by Wilson M. Hudson, University of Texas Press, Austin, 1956. 296 pp., illustrations by Malcolm Thurgood, \$4.50.

The Andy Adams who wrote the 51 stories comprising this book was a Hoosier by birth, became a Texan by choice and had passed his fortieth birthday before he began to write. He spent ten years as a cowboy in the 1880's, moving in 1894 to Colorado Springs, where he did his writing (seven books) and where he died in 1936.

The Wilson M. Hudson who has edited this book of Andy Adams stories is a soft-spoken, scholarly

teacher of English at the University of Texas. He did some of his research for the book in the library of the State Historical Society of Colorado, at Denver, because there are to be found some unpublished Andy Adams manuscripts.

Adams, in all his books, had a penchant for throwing in campfire stories. When a trail outfit or a roundup crew would be camped for the night, the hands sitting around the fire would regale each other with yarns, some true, some fanciful, all colorful and picturesque. What Professor Wilson has done is round up a lot of these from Adams' books and other writings, and close-herd them in this volume, together with an explanatory and illuminating preface, as well as notes and a connecting narrative. The first twelve stories are from the first edition (1903) of *Log of a Cowboy*, the classic on which Andy Adams' fame as a writer securely rests.

Professor Hudson has produced a book that should please any lover of the lore and lingo of the West That Was.

Maurice Frink

WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN AND THE SETTLEMENT OF THE WEST, by Robert G. Athearn. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 371 pp. \$5.

Robert Athearn, as editor of the *Colorado Quarterly* and review editor of the *Montana* historical magazine, has a distinguished position in two worlds—literature and history. He has turned his talents to a study of the famous Civil War's General Sherman in those days after his march through Georgia.

Sherman was appointed to command the Division of the Missouri by his friend, General of the Army U. S.

(Continued on page 20)

A Silver Spur . . .

to . . . **PM Forbes Parkhill** . . . for his script about Denver shown recently on Wide, Wide World TV nationwide program. Featured in the telecast was Denver's new First National Bank Building, described as "the highest building in the world." **Forbes** says it is, because it starts a mile above sea-level and rises 28 stories from there. Good enough reason for the distinction.

to . . . **PM Alan Swallow** . . . for his weekly book review column, "On Reading and Writing," which started recently in the Sunday Denver Post. **Swallow**, a book publisher, and writer himself, knows books and good writing and does an outstanding job on this assignment.

to . . . **PM Kenneth Englert** . . . for his thoughtfulness in sending those postcards to his friends every time he takes one of his "scavenger" trips. They remind us of a lot of places we have forgotten, and where we might like to go again.

Denver Westerners Group Meet in Colorado Springs

On Jan. 16, 1957, eight Denver Westerners (PMs and CMs) resident in Colorado Springs gave a dinner at Colorado Springs' El Paso Club for the Hon. Jefferson C. Dykes. The Honorable Jeff makes a living conserving the sacred soil in Washington, D. C.; has a postoffice address in College Park, Maryland; is associate editor of the Chicago Westerners' Brand Book; is a founding father of the Potomac Westerners; is author of a tremendous amount of Western his-

torical reading matter, including the good reading in his bibliography of Billy the Kid. El Paso Club is "the oldest gentlemen's club in Colorado" (founded 1877). None of the oldest gentlemen were present, but the following (in addition to the Honorable Jeff) were: O. Jack Miller, Leon H. Snyder, Lester L. Williams, John E. Slothower, Ellsworth Mason, Henry A. Claussen, Carl F. Mathews, and John J. Lipsey. The Honorable Jeff discussed his selection of the Ten Best Western Books. The others discussed the comparative merits of Scotch and Bourbon and the edibility of steak and potatoes.

BOOK REVIEWS (Cont.)

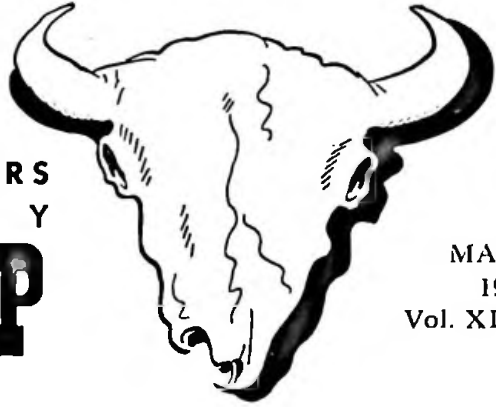
Grant. It was at a period when all the pioneers were calling for protection from the Indians and the red man's extermination, while Congress was cutting the army and its budgets to shreds. Sherman was caught between crossfires on every hand. The Easterners wanted to deal with the Indian problem sentimentally and sweetly. The Indian Bureau was distinguished for its inefficiency, dishonesty and vacillation with the Indians; and its antagonism and lack of co-operation with the army. And Sherman had far too large a district to police.

Ham-strung at every juncture, Sherman could only try to protect the main travelled lanes, and particularly those of the railroad builders.

Mr. Athearn has given a very sympathetic account of Sherman's problems and later life, relying largely on contemporary newspaper accounts and Sherman's own letters. The book carries our full endorsement.

Caroline Bancroft

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



MARCH
1957
Vol. XIII, No. 3



Clay Allison . . . Western Gunfighter

The DENVER WESTERNERS
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ROUNDUP



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APRIL MEETING

"Charlie Autobees (Ortubiz) . . . Trapper . . . Guide"

T. Keith Harris

6:30 p.m., Wednesday, April 24, 1957

Denver Press Club
1330 Glenarm Place

Charlie Autobees, or "Ortubiz," to use the then current Spanish pronunciation, is one of Colorado's lesser known early-day personalities. As trapper, guide, and rancher the trail of his moccasined feet were well known around Ft. Bent, Ft. Massachusetts and later Ft. Garland; an associate of Kit Carson and half brother of the famous Tom Tobin, his contribution to early Colorado history deserves much more recognition than it has had.

Our speaker, T. Keith Harris, has interviewed descendants of Charlie Autobees now living in the Arkansas Valley, and has prepared a very significant story of this St. Louis born Rocky Mountain fur trapper and freighter (for Jesse Turley) and pioneer Colorado settler . . . Charlie Autobees.

Riding the Range

A Silver Spur . . .

to . . . **PM Art Carhart** . . . who in addition to book reviews for *The Round-Up*, has managed to have two others published recently in *New York Times*. In addition one of his feature articles appeared in *Sports Afield Fishing Annual*; and he also submitted a report on *Pollution Abatement Portland, Oregon* for *Outdoor writers of America Association*.

to . . . **PM Edward V. Dunklee** . . . now serving his eighth term as President of *The United Nations Committee of Colorado*. This year the *Denver Retail Merchants Association* have joined forces with the *UNC* to present a series of folk festivals, panel discussions, and the greetings from famous visitors to Denver along with international exhibits from the 81 members of the *United Nations*.

to . . . **PM Ray Colwell** . . . for his weekly column "Notes and Comments on the Region's History" which is published every Sunday in the *Colorado Springs Free Press*. The column was started November 1st, and with Ray's unlimited knowledge of his subject can probably continue indefinitely.

Denver PM Tracks In NY Corral Dust

Posse Member **Bob Perkin** is high on the Western-style hospitality of the *New York Posse*, which he visited on
(Continued on Page 4)

Second Year Honors For Preceeding Sheriff Frink

For the second year, our Preceeding Sheriff **Maurice Frink** has been asked to be a judge in the *Miss (Indian) America* contest at the *All-American Indian Days*, to be held in *Sheridan, Wyoming* August 2-3-4.

Last year there were 90 attractive Indian girls from all parts of the West entered in this screen contest.

"This is not an unpleasant job," commented Frink, "and I accepted the invitation to act as judge with a great deal of pleasure." *Stanley Vestal* will also serve as a judge.

Historical Marker Erected By Pikes Peak Region Society

The *Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region* have recently erected a marker on the site of the old *St. James Hotel* in *Colorado City*. The hotel was a stage station on the *Denver-Santa Fe* route in early days. Six *Denver Posse* members, residents of *Colorado Springs* were active in erection of the marker, **Kenneth Englert, Carl Mathews, Dr. L. L. Williams, Henry Clausen, Ray Colwell** and **John Lipsey**, three of whom, **Englert, Colwell** and **Mathews** are past Presidents of the *Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region*.

Rare Photo of Clay Allison On Cover

The rare picture of *Clay Allison* used on front cover of *The Round-Up* was furnished by **PM Dabney Collins**, who says it was presented to him by *Father Stanley*, and from all reports is supposed to be the only photo ever taken of *Allison*.

Posse Executive Board Making Final Scholarship Award Plans

Members of the Denver Posse Executive Board met recently to draft final plans for establishing the Memorial Scholarship Award to some student in Western History. The Scholarship is to be a living memorial to the memory of our departed members, and is financed thru contributions by both Posse and Corresponding Members of The Denver West-erners.

It is the plan of the Executive Board to have it in operation at the start of the coming Fall school term.

Members who have not done so may send their check to **Erl H. Ellis**, Treasurer for the Award Fund, at room 730 Equitable Bldg., Denver, Colo.

Old Coin Display At March Roundup

PM Philip W. Whiteley, M.D., an avid collector of trade and barter items, as well as a student of Western Americana, displayed a large collection of old English coins known as "The Royal Maundy" at March meeting. **Dr. Whiteley** says of them:

"On Maundy Thursday* the reigning monarch of England distributes Maundy money to recipients in Westminster Abbey.

"This ancient and colorful ceremony of the Church of England has lost some of its quaintness since the washing of the feet of the poor was discontinued in the seventeenth century. It is one of the occasions when the public sees the King's Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard in full uniform.

THE COINAGE

"The specially minted silver Maundy coins were first made in

the reign of Charles II and consist of a four penny, three penny, two penny, and one penny. There are as many recipients, both men and women, as the age of the ruler. Each recipient applies to the Royal Almonry for assistance and if chosen receives as many pence as the age of the king or queen, who often personally distribute the gifts.

"The purses for men are of red and white leather with white, red and green thongs and contain in addition to the coins other cash gratuities. The women receive their clothing allowance in a green purse.

"The Maundy service is attended by the Abbey clergy and several high dignitaries of Church and State. The blessing is given by the Dean of Westminster and the service is concluded with the singing of the National Anthem."

**Thursday before Easter.*

Distinguished Western Author At Roundup

J. W. Vaughn, of Windsor, Colorado was a visitor at our March Posse meeting. Mr. Vaughn, an attorney, is also well known for his writings on Western History and has recently had published his new book, **WITH CROOK ON THE ROSEBUD**, on which he spent a number of months at the actual battlefield doing research work. The book is a real contribution to this famous historical event.

DENVER PM

(Continued from Page 3)

a recent trip to the National Book Award ceremonies as Book Editor for The Rocky Mountain News. Bob also made a side trip to New Haven to visit the fabulous Western Americana Collection at Yale Library.

CLAY ALLISON IN COLORADO AND NEW MEXICO

HARRY E. KELSEY, JR.

Clay Allison is remembered by those who remember him at all as a violent man—a gunfighter—perhaps a murderer. Certainly, there seems to be evidence to back these allegations, for he fought and killed a number of other men in personal combat.

He was born in Wayne County, Tennessee, according to the best evidence, in the early 1840's.¹ It appears that he died in 1887.² Thus his life covered a span of some forty years; forty years, it is said, in which he wreaked the violence for which he is remembered. With a reputation such as this it comes as a bit of a surprise to discover that most of the colorful stories told of him that seem to have any basis at all in fact are based on events which occurred during only four years of his life: 1873 through 1876. Before that time there is only the wild tale of a knife duel in a grave in Texas. After that time, there is a report of a run-in with Wyatt Earp, a brawl in an East St. Louis saloon, a probably mythical encounter with a dentist in Cheyenne, and little else.



There are probably a number of reasons for this apparent telescoping of so many unusual encounters into such a short period, but the main reason seems to be that he was in the right place at the right time. He lived in northern New Mexico and southern Colorado when the area first attracted settlers in great numbers. The territorial government was still disorganized, and the all-important question of ownership of the Mexican land grants had not yet been settled. Then, too, the outstanding events of these years seem to have been recorded with particular faithfulness by the newspapers and to have been remembered with like accuracy by participants and eyewitnesses. Because of such a relative wealth of more or less reliable information, this story is concerned with those years.

In the early 1870's Clay Allison worked as foreman for I. W. Lacy and L. G. Coleman and helped these partners drive their cattle to Lacy's newly purchased spread on Vermejo Creek above Cimarron in Colfax County, New Mexico.³ Coleman, with a new partner, Leigh Dyer, was later to establish the famous Shoe Bar Ranch. One of Coleman's Shoe Bar Ranch hands described the cattle as "Hell up and Hell down and Hell C on the side."⁴ Even though it may not be true that men of a temper to match that of the beasts were absolutely necessary for range work, it is at least true to say that a great many men brought violence to the land or the land and the times made the men violent is a question that has not yet been answered adequately.

Following the example of Lacy and Coleman, Clay Allison purchased some of the Maxwell land along Vermejo Creek and began running his own herds.⁵ His brand was a Box Circle,⁶ which looked something like a square peg in a round hole. His cattle seem to have had little regard for the boundaries of

Allison's property, since they grazed not only south toward Fort Union but north to the ranges below Las Animas, Colorado.⁷

A few miles to the east of his ranch was a way station on the Barlow and Sanderson Stage Line, that was known as the Clifton House. It was a three story adobe building with encircling verandas and massive stone steps leading to the main entrance on the second floor. This hostelry, was equipped with barrooms, dining rooms, bedrooms, and stables; there was even a cemetery on a hill to the west of the building in which the men killed in Clifton House brawls were laid to rest.⁸

In 1873, a desperado named Chunk Tolbert shot and killed his seventh victim, a certain Walter Walled, in a dance hall near Trinidad, Colorado.⁹ Uncle Dick Wootton, who operated the toll road over Raton Pass, says that Chunk's victim was a friend of Porter Stockton, the Durango, Colorado, outlaw.¹⁰ Father Stanley is of the opinion that Stockton and Clay Allison were friends,¹¹ and an obvious conclusion is that Clay sought out Chunk Tolbert as a favor to Stockton. The *Raton Range*, in an article announcing the death of Clay Allison, printed in July, 1887, said that Chunk was the nephew of a man whom Clay had killed in a knife fight in Texas and that Chunk was out to avenge his uncle's death. Allison and Chunk met at the Clifton House, argued, and, to continue in the words of the unknown writer of the *Raton Range* story:

"concluded that they would have a sociable meal together and let bygones be gone [sic]. They chatted pleasantly with each other exchanging the courtesies due gentlemen of their blood, with their pistols in their laps, until Chunk concluded that it was time to

vary the proceedings and pulled his pistol up, accidentally missing his aim. Clay, ever ready to exchange civilities of western society, returned the well meant advance by sending a bullet through Chunk's head, which, falling upon his plate, allowed the brains to form an extra dish for the sociable affair."¹²

Chunk was buried on the hill back of the Clifton House with the two or three other men who were killed there.¹³ His record was closed with seven men killed and one man missed.

A story that Clay was tried for this killing in the district court in Cimarron and gained acquittal by intimidating the judge and jury apparently originated with an article published in the *Denver Inter Ocean* in July, 1881. The *Cimarron News and Press* of July 14, 1881, calls this story 'a beautiful 'fabric' [without] a word of truth in it . . . there was no court scene."¹⁴ Evidently the Code of the West prevailed, and it was not considered necessary to try a man for killing someone who shot at him first.

Clay Allison was quite as well-known in Colorado as in New Mexico; he often went to Trinidad or Las Animas and sometimes to Pueblo, and some of his trips caused alarm in these urban centers. In her story about Trinidad, Colorado, Honored De-Busk Smith noted that "when the cowboys hit the hill a mile beyond town as they came in from the east they would let out a Comanche yell, spur their mustangs, and come tearing down in a cloud of dust." That was the signal for the bartenders and gamblers to get ready for a big night.

Often the word would pass around that it would be wise to stay off the streets, for Clay Allison . . . was in town. . . . The officers of Southern Colorado and Southwest Kansas knew he was a

dead shot who never seemed to get too drunk to take good aim. So they did not attempt to arrest him when he was 'on a tear.' He would ride once down the street telling everybody to put out the lights. On his return trip he would shoot out those still burning.¹³

Once, according to Miguel Otero, in El Moro, which is just north of Trinidad, Clay Allison began drinking in Rufe Harrington's New State Saloon with "a hunter known as 'Buckskin Charlie.'" The two began to argue, and Allison "managed to get Charlie down and pounded him so unmercifully that he had to be removed to the Trinidad hospital." On another occasion Allison is said to have filled Dr. Menger's stovepipe hat full of holes with a sawed-off shotgun. He then bought the doctor a new hat and took him to Rufe Harrington's saloon for a drink.¹⁴

George W. Coe tells another story that supposedly occurred in an El Moro saloon—perhaps Rufe Harrington's New State Saloon. Allison had downed more than his share of liquor and had decided that everybody in the saloon should dance. "Dance you sons-of-guns," he thundered down the bar, "until I tell you to stop." After awhile an old man and his son came in and were ordered to join the party. They soon decided that dancing was not their *forte*, and left without attracting Allison's attention. The boy returned, armed with a gun. He slipped up behind Allison and stuck the gun in his ribs saying, "You like the game so well, suppose you try it." Allison danced, lame foot and all, until the boy decided that he'd better not press his luck. The boy began backing through the door, still covering Allison with his pistol, but Allison called, "Come back in here, boy, and have one on me. . . . You called

my hand and won the game and I'm for you. . . . You've got the stuff in you that makes men, and that's what we need in this country."¹⁷

In the latter part of 1874, there was a great homestead rush on the Maxwell Land Grant. The land department of the federal government had recently rejected the claim of the Maxwell Land Grant and Railway Company to ownership of the nearly two million acre tract, and the area had been opened to general settlement.

As a result, perhaps, of the influx of settlers to what had been their private cattle ranges, the Colfax County ranchers, in the fall of 1874, formed a stockgrower's association with the fine name of "Industrial Association of New Mexico." Clay Allison was appointed to the rules committee. Tom Stockton, owner of the Clifton House, was the first president. Henry M. Porter, later of Denver, and Finis P. Ernest were directors.¹⁸ It was Ernest who, in 1889, built Denver's Ernest and Cranmer Building in partnership with his brother-in-law, W. H. H. Cranmer.

In the spring of 1875, the homesteaders began plowing their fields and driving the cattle from their land. Some of the cattle were reluctant to leave, so a few of the settlers fired at the cattle with their shot guns and managed to hit quite a number of them. This last was too much for Fine Ernest, and he swore out warrants against these settlers.

The trial was set for May 4, 1875; The accused settlers appeared in Cimarron on that date only to have the trial postponed for several days. Two weeks later, after a second postponement, they appealed to Clay Allison for assistance. Clay rode into Cimarron on a Saturday and told the settlers that the delays would be ended and that they could return to their

farms on the following Monday. As he walked away from their gathering, he saw Ernest coming down the street in his direction. The two men had a short exchange of words, and, in the words of George W. Coe, one of the settlers, "Allison tapped [Ernest] suggestively on the headpiece, whirled him around a couple of times, and then, with proper emphasis and a few descriptive adjectives, continued; [sic] 'Now take this advice . . . and don't let the sun go down on you in this town.'" Coe says that Ernest left town and didn't come back.

The settlers appeared in court on the following Monday; each was directed to post bond in the amount of \$100 and to appear at the fall term of the court. Coe does not give the outcome of the case.¹⁹ Parson Tolby was murdered in the fall of 1875, and, with the consequent mob rule in Cimarron, it may be that the matter was simply forgotten.

Allison's part in this affair is something of a puzzle. As a rancher, he should have been on the side of Fine Ernest; however, he was always an individualist and later said that he didn't care for stockgrower's associations and things of that sort.²⁰ It seems proper to conclude that he sided with the homesteaders simply because he thought they were right.

On Saturday, September 18, 1875, Rev. F. J. Tolby, the Methodist minister at Cimarron, "made his usual trip on horseback to Elizabethtown, and on Sunday held his usual church service" in that little mountain mining camp. On Monday morning, September 20, 1875, he began riding back toward Cimarron.²¹ About twenty miles from his destination he was attacked and murdered—shot through the heart. He was not robbed. His horse was carefully tied to a tree "several hundred yards from his body."²² At least three men were ex-

ecuted—none officially—for this seemingly unprovoked killing, but no one has ever been proven guilty of the crime.

Tolby had recently written a letter to the *New York Sun* condemning the Santa Fe Ring.²³ The Ring was the controlling political element in the New Mexican Territorial government and generally controlled elections and appointments to territorial political office. It also supported claimants to some of the large Mexican land grants, the Maxwell Grant, among others.²⁴ It was charged that the Ring had paid for Tolby's murder.²⁵ Clay Allison, with the Rev. O. P. McMains, Tolby's successor, became the leader of the group that sought to apprehend the murderer.

For more than a month Allison's party hunted for evidence. What they found seemed to implicate a certain Cruz Vega. On the night of October 30, 1875, a mob dragged Vega from his hut on the Ponil near Cimarron.²⁶ A rope was placed about Vega's neck, and he was alternately raised and lowered from a telegraph pole until he confessed to the murder.²⁷

According to Vega's confession, he and Manuel Cardenas murdered Tolby; Cardenas actually fired the gun. Cardenas had previously been arrested for the murder and discharged for lack of evidence. Vega told a convincing story. In fact, he told it so well that the last time he was raised up the telegraph pole he was allowed to hang until he had strangled to death.²⁸

The next morning—Sunday—Francisco Griego rode into Cimarron and let it be known that he was looking for Clay Allison. He was a known killer; he said that he knew Allison was responsible for the lynching of Vega and that he was going to kill him for it.²⁹

On Monday night Clay met Griego

on the street in Cimarron. Clay had heard of Pancho's boasting and had come to town to let the man try his luck. Some friends convinced the two that they should have a drink and settle their differences peacefully. The group entered the bar in Henry Lambert's St. James Hotel and ordered drinks all around. Griego and Allison then retired to a far corner of the room and began to converse in low tones. Suddenly three shots cracked from the corner of the room. Griego gasped and fell dead on the spot. "The light[s] were immediately extinguished, and Griego [was allowed to lie] where he fell until next morning."³⁰ The law seems to have treated this killing in the same as the killing of Chunk Colbert, for no attempt was made to arrest Allison.

Vega's statement led to the re-arrest of Cardenas. Following an examination before a magistrate in Cimarron on the tenth of November, Cardenas was bound over to await the action of the grand jury. While he was being led back to jail, "a party of unknown men seized him[,] overpowered the guards, [and] shot Cardenas through the head killing him instantly."³¹ A detachment of army troops from Ft. Union had arrived in Cimarron on the eighth to forestall such acts as this, but they were unable to prevent the killing.³²

Up to this time *The Cimarron News and Press* had supported Allison's group in the Tolby case and had taken a definite stand opposing the Santa Fe Ring. The newspaper was owned by three Cimarron citizens, Frank Springer, W. R. Morley, and William D. Dawson, the editor, for some reason clashed with Springer and Morley over the policy and began to print news articles and editorials supporting the Ring.³³

An anonymous letter warned Dawson to abandon this policy. He failed

to comply, and on the night of January 19, 1876, a mob, later said to be led by Clay Allison,³⁴ entered the newspaper office, removed the equipment, and threw the presses into the river.³⁵ Page one of the issue of January 22, 1876, had already been printed. The *Raton Range* of July, 1887, recalled that "the blank side was appropriated by the new firm, who wrote on every paper in letters of red: 'CLAY ALLISON'S EDITION'," after which Clay went up and down the streets "selling copies of the paper at 25 cents apiece—more than they have ever brought since."³⁶

A story published thirty years later in *The Denver Field and Farm* says that on the morning after this visit to the newspaper office Allison came back, "sober this time." Mrs. Morley was in the office when he entered. She thought Allison had come to wreck the place again, and she began to cry. Clay, however, had come to apologize for the mess he had created and to pay for the damage. It was agreed that \$200 would cover the damage. Clay paid this and left, or so the story goes.³⁷

On March 25, 1876, *The Daily New Mexican* of Santa Fe carried the following article:

A Cimarron dispatch dated today says: Last night after taps at 9 p.m. as 3 of the colored soldiers belonging to the detachment under Captain Moore stationed at this place, were entering Lambert's saloon, they were fired upon by a party of cowboys, names unknown and killed instantly. From what we can gather from the bartender there was no provocation whatever. No arrests have been made, but the guilty parties are being searched for.³⁸

It had been generally asserted that Clay Allison was responsible for these murders. Father Stanley had suggest-

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ed that the killer was one Davy Crockett, who was a Cimarron gunman and one of Allison's friends. Father Stanley also says that Crockett was killed on the following day by Deputy Sheriff Joe Holbrook while trying to escape from Cimarron.³⁹

The assertion that Crockett killed the Negro soldiers does not seem to correspond with the facts of the case. Holbrook did not shoot Crockett until September, 1877.⁴⁰ Also, Crockett's name failed to appear in the *New Mexican* for the next few months; however, the paper did note on March 30, 1876, that Clay Allison had been arrested in Cimarron.⁴¹ On the following day the paper reported that Sheriff Rinehart had taken him to Taos "with a strong escort." While there is no direct proof of the matter, it seems quite likely that Allison had been arrested for the murder of the soldiers.⁴²

It is said that the sheriff allowed Clay to retain his arms during this trip and that "while enroute . . . to [the] Taos court Clay took the Sheriff's hat, used it for a spit-toon and then returned it to the official head of that officer."⁴³ The exact outcome of this session in court is not known, but it is assumed that he was set free without much delay, for at the

end of the year he was out "raising hell" again.⁴⁴

On a trip to Las Animas, Colorado, in December, 1876, Clay brought a small herd of cattle to Frank Fagley, a Las Animas cattle buyer and the owner of the Olympic Dance Hall. The Olympic was the largest of the several Las Animas saloons, and most of the cattlemen made it their headquarters while they were in town.⁴⁵

On the night of December 21, 1876, Luke Cahill, the county assessor, was in the Olympic "making out a tax schedule for some stockman."⁴⁶ Clay and John Allison were in the center of the room dancing in the same set with constable Charles Faber. Earlier in the evening Faber had tried to arrest the brothers for wearing arms, but the matter had been settled without an arrest, and the three were apparently on the best of terms. After dancing for awhile Faber excused himself from the party and left.⁴⁷

He went straight to the American Hotel and tried to borrow a shot gun from Bill Connors, the owner. He would not say why he wanted the gun, and Connors told him that he didn't have a gun of any kind. Tom Gartrell, the night clerk, said that he had such a gun and that Faber could have it.⁴⁸

Faber took the double-barreled gun, a Greener 10-gauge,⁴⁹ and, with two deputies in tow, returned to the Olympic. At about midnight the three men stepped to the door and glanced around the room. John Allison was dancing a quadrille at the far end of the hall.⁵⁰ Faber thought it was Clay and raised the weapon in his direction. Just as he fired, someone cried, "Look out!"⁵¹ John turned a little and the buckshot struck him in the chest and shoulder.⁵² Clay drew, turned, and fired—four times, it is said⁵³—and Faber fell with the first bullet.⁵⁴ Faber's shotgun discharged again as he fell, wounding John in the leg.⁵⁵

Faber's assistants "fled into the street at the first shot." Clay raced out after them and fired on them from the steps of the dance hall. Needless to say, Faber's two fellow gunmen never made themselves known to anybody in Las Animas.⁵⁶

Bystanders fixed a pallet for John, and, when Clay came in, he dragged the dead constable over to where John lay and said, "John here's the man that shot you; look at the G-d d-d son of a bitch; I killed him!" When some of the men picked John up to move him to the hotel, Clay, tapping the corpse on the head, called his attention to it, saying: "John, here's the damned son of a bitch that shot you, and I killed him."⁵⁷

Sheriff Spiers arrested the two brothers at their rooms in the Vandiver House a short time later. Clay was taken to the new stone jail in Las Animas,⁵⁸ the cells of which, according to the *Colorado Chieftain* of Pueblo, were "constructed of [plates of] boiler iron, riveted together." John was moved to the second story of the jail⁵⁹ which was equipped as a hospital for the incapacitated inmates.⁶⁰

On the morning of December 22, 1876, Coroner Reedy summoned a jury and held an inquest.⁶¹ Their verdict was that:

Chas. Faber came to his death by pistol shots fired by the hands of Clay and John Allison, while Charles Faber, constable and deputy sheriff, was in the performance of his official duty, and that it was premeditated by John and Clay Allison.⁶²

In the face of the facts it is a bit difficult to see how the coroner's jury could call the shooting "premeditated." Yet when one reads the "eyewitness" accounts first published by the *Colorado Chieftain* and the *Las Animas Colo., Leader*, it is a little easier to understand. One witness said of the Allisons that "They insulted men they never saw before, and went so far as to amuse themselves by tramping on the toes of bystanders in the hope of creating a disturbance, in order that they might shoot somebody," and that, when Clay Allison was being taken to jail, he "glared around at the crowd more like a lunatic than a sane man."⁶³ The first article published in the *Leader* pictured the Allisons as attacking Charles Faber and completely omitted the fact that Faber had shot John Allison first and without any provocation.⁶⁴ It was not until J. J. Lambert, the editor of the *Colorado Chieftain*, entered the controversy that another side of the story was made known.⁶⁵ Although the *Leader* finally admitted that it had been wrong, the admission came piecemeal and very grudgingly.

Justice of the Peace John H. Jay presided at the preliminary hearing for the Allison brothers. After evidence had been presented, he ordered Clay committed to jail, "there to await the action of the grand jury." No action was taken against John

Allison, who was released from jail⁶⁶ and moved to a place in which he could receive proper care.

Clay retained Thomas Macon, who was later to become a prominent Denver corporation lawyer, as his counsel; and, on January 8, 1877, in Pueblo, Colorado, was brought before District Judge John W. Henry on a writ of *habeas corpus*. The judge declared that "no greater crime than manslaughter" was indicated by the evidence presented at the hearing before Judge Jay. Still, he set bail in the amount of \$10,000, which seems rather excessive for a manslaughter charge.⁶⁷ Bail was obtained in Pueblo; the *Leader* observed that no one in Las Animas would produce bail for Clay.⁶⁸

After appearing before Judge Henry, Clay Allison told the reporter for the *Chieftain* that his brother would probably not recover.⁶⁹ Some of the shots that hit John in the chest passed almost completely through his body and were removed through his back.⁷⁰ However, it seems that Clay was a better gunfighter than prognosticator, for by the end of the month John was ready to return home.

At this time the *Leader* and the *Chieftain* were engaged in a hot editorial battle over the guilt or innocence of Clay Allison. The former quoted the Colorado statute that prohibited the carrying of a concealed weapon and went to to say, "When a constable finds men, defiantly armed in his town, it is his right, it is his duty, imperative, to disarm them, or arrest them either with or without a warrant."⁷¹ The latter wondered editorially "whether the courts will sustain officers in slipping up behind men and shooting them without a word or warning."⁷²

On February 3, 1877, John Allison again came before Judge Jay. He was discharged for lack of evidence, and

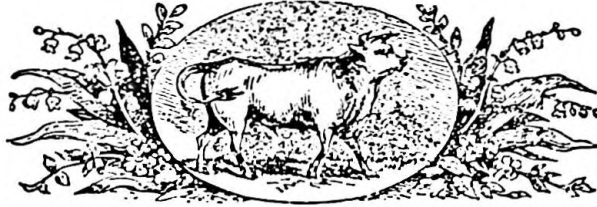
Clay took him back to Cimarron, New Mexico.⁷³ Clay must have stayed in Cimarron, for no further comment on his whereabouts appears in either the Pueblo or the Las Animas paper. His movements out of the state evidently did not result in the forfeiture of his bond, as no mention of such an occurrence has been found.

Clay seems to have entertained some doubts about the possibility of favorable grand jury action, and on March 3, 1877, he transferred all his Colfax County, New Mexico, property, both real and personal to John W. Allison—"said property consisting of cattle, horses and Ranches" in Colfax County. There was no further description of the property and no record of the value of the property.⁷⁴

The District Court opened in Las Animas on Monday afternoon, March 19, 1877, with Judge Henry presiding and the disposition of Allison's case came shortly thereafter. "The grand jury was sworn and instructed on Tuesday morning," and by Thursday afternoon "had found twenty-seven indictments."⁷⁵ The court adjourned on March 29, at 11:00 a.m. The *Leader* gave this as its final word on the Allison case: "No bill was found against R. C. Allison, who had been held to answer for the murder of Charles Faber, the principal witnesses being absent."⁷⁶ The *Chieftain* carried this notice of the grand jury's action: "The grand jury of the district court at West Las Animas, composed of some of the best men of Bent county, failed to find a bill against R. C. Allison . . . the evidence appearing to show the killing to have been done in self-defense."⁷⁷

Later in the year Clay returned to Las Animas, this time as a cattle buyer.⁷⁸ He left the Southern Colorado-Northern New Mexico area for good in March, 1878.⁷⁹ After a trip to St.

(Continued on Page 17)



Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair;
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

H. TIMROD.

D. M.	D. W.	Aspects, Holidays, Events, Weather, &c.	Farmer's Calendar.
1	Mo.	♂ ♂ ☾. High tides.	OATS, barley, and spring rye are our most common small grain crops, and the sooner they can be got into the ground the better. The oat can stand much cool, damp weather. We know it revels in the cold climate of Scotland and other high latitudes where it grows heavier and better than it does with us. Get it in, therefore, as soon as the land can be ploughed and worked. Seed from Nova Scotia will do better the first year than that raised here. Rye is called a grain for poor soils, but as the straw is worth so much nowadays it is worth while to give it as good land as we have to spare and make the best of it. It is a good plan to have a patch of winter rye to cut early for green feed. It is of no use to plough, you know, till the land is dry enough to break to pieces under the harrow. Oats will do well on new turned sod land. Wheat and rye do well after clover. In fact, clover enriches the land and fits it for most crops. Clover seed ought to be sown now on land laid down to grass last fall. It is about time to trim the trees and do a little grafting, and to spade up the beds in the garden. Don't hurry to get the cows out to pasture.
2	Tu.	♂ 21. Thomas Jefferson born (April 13, N. S.), 1743.	
3	W.	♂ ♀ ☾. ♂ 31. State election in Rhode Island.	
4	Th.	♂ ♀ ☾. ☾ runs high.	
5	Fr.	♂ in ☽, ☾ in Apogee.	
6	Sa.	♂ 7th. Gen. Q. A. Gillmore died, 1858, aged 63.	
7	F	5th Sun. in L. Passions Sunday.	
8	Mo.	♂ gr. h. l. S. Very l. tides.	
9	Tu.	♀ stationary, ♂ ♀ ☉.	
10	W.	♂ ♀ ☾. Fair.	
11	Th.	11th. Charles Reade, novelist, died, 1834.	
12	Fr.	12th. Fort Sumter fired upon, 1861.	
13	Sa.	Cool for the season.	
14	F	Palm Sunday. ♀ stat.	
15	Mo.	♂ ♀ ☾. ♂ 15th. Matthew Arnold, author, died, 1892, aged 63.	
16	Tu.	Very high tides.	
17	W.	☾ in Perigee. Warmer.	
18	Th.	♂ 18th. Roscoe Conkling, statesman and lawyer, died, 1883, aged 63.	
19	Fr.	Good Friday. Irrequent	
20	Sa.	♂ ♀ ☾, ☾ runs low.	
21	F	Easter Sunday.	
22	Mo.	♂ 22d. Rear Admiral Chas. Stewart Baggot died, 1838, aged 77.	
23	Tu.	St. George. showers.	
24	W.	♀ stat. Low tides.	
25	Th.	St. Mark. ♂ ♀ ☉ superior.	
26	Fr.	26th. Bank of England founded, 1694.	
27	Sa.	♀ in ☽. Expect a	
28	F	Low Sunday. storm.	
29	Mo.	♂ ♀ ☾. High tides.	
30	Tu.	♂ ♀ ☾, ♂ ♀ ☉ in., ♂ ♂ ☾. "Sweet after showers, ambrosial air." LONGFELLOW.	

BAT MASTERSON

CARL W. BREIHAN

William Barclay Masterson was born in 1856, and much of his early life was spent in buffalo hunting. In 1872, while hunting buffalo on the Salt Forks of the Arkansas River, he met Wyatt Earp, who became his life-long friend.

Many readers will recall the story of the Battle of Adobe Walls, in which nineteen hunters, including Masterson, stood off nearly a thousand Comanche, Cheyenne, and Kiowa warriors under the noted chief, Quanah Parker. This occurred in the Texas Panhandle in June of 1874.

Bat became a civilian scout for General Miles after the Battle of Adobe Walls, and for a brief while was stationed at Sweetwater, Texas. At this time he was but twenty years old. While there he had his fight with a tough sergeant named King. King had a tough army reputation as well as having been known to have killed two men. Bat was at a dance one evening and was dancing with King's ex-girl friend when King barged in and shot Bat in the leg. As Bat fell to the floor, he drew his revolver and killed the bully sergeant King.

His wound had not yet healed when he answered a call by Wyatt Earp to come to Dodge City and assist him in his official duties as marshal there. Bat still used the cane while enforcing the law as a deputy marshal under Earp in Dodge City.

In mid-summer of 1876, he tired of the Dodge City humdrum and headed for Deadwood, South Dakota, to participate in the newly announced gold rush in that area. But Bat got only as far as Cheyenne, Wyoming, for his

gambling luck had run out and he was broke. So he returned to Dodge City and decided to run for sheriff of Ford County, Kansas.

He was elected sheriff in the latter part of 1877 at the age of twenty-two! Bat also knew Doc Holliday well, but it is said that he greatly disliked the man; tolerating him only because of his friendship with Wyatt Earp. At this time Bat also bought a half-interest in a dance hall.

In the meantime, Bat's younger brother, Ed Masterson, had been elected marshal of Dodge City and was a competent young officer; well-liked by everyone. Bat himself was as competent as ever for shortly after being elected sheriff he captured the notorious Dave Rudabaugh for train robbery at Kinsley, Kansas. Even though the young sheriff had to exceed his boundry authority he went right ahead and arrested the outlaws way outside his own jurisdiction. Later, this same Dave Rudabaugh became a member of the vicious Billy the Kid faction in New Mexico.

On April 9, 1878, young marshal Ed noticed that an intoxicated man named Jack Wagner was carrying a six-shooter, contrary to the city ordinance forbidding such a practice. Ed disarmed the man and turned the gun over to Wagner's boss, Alf M. Walker, advising him to check the weapon with the bartender according to law. This occurred in the Lady Gay Dance Hall. Shortly after, Ed Masterson and Nay Haywood stepped outside the Lady Gay to get a bit of fresh air. A few minutes later, the trouble-making pair, Walker and

Wagner walked through the door, and Masterson saw that Wagner again had the gun in his shoulder holster.

"I'll take that gun," Masterson demanded.

"Like hell you will, who do you think you are?" was the drunken retort of Wagner.

A scuffle ensued and Haywood stepped forward to assist Ed. At that Walker drew his revolver and told him to mind his own affairs.

At that moment a pistol report sounded and Ed Masterson slumped to the board walk, shot through the stomach. Bat Masterson and several other lawmen had been close by the Lady Gay when the shooting occurred, and rushed toward the scene when the scuffling and shouting began.

Bat learned the names of the men responsible and at once went after them. In front of the Peacock Saloon he found Wagner and Walker. Five shots were fired and both Wagner and Walker were wounded. Wagner staggered into Peacock's Saloon; threw his arms around Ham Bell and cried, "Catch me, I'm dying!"

Bell shoved him off into the middle of the floor with the reply, "I can't help you now." Wagner remained there until some friends removed him to Mr. Lane's room, where he died the next morning. He was buried April 11, 1878, on Boot Hill.

Walker rushed into the saloon also and tried to give his gun to Ham Bell. Bell told him to throw it on the floor if he did not want it. Walker did so and ran out the back door. He fell a short distance from the Peacock and was taken to a room over the Wright store. He was badly wounded in the left lung and the right arm. Later he died in Texas as a result of the lung wound.

Ed Masterson had walked across the street and staggered into Hoover's Sa-

loon. His last words were to George Hinkle, "George, I'm shot." Hinkle put out the fire in Ed's clothing which had been started by the pistol of Wagner, fired at such close range. He was carried to Bat's room, where he died an hour later, never regaining consciousness.

Ed Masterson was taken to Fort Dodge for burial, with Bat the only relative able to be present at the funeral, as Thomas Masterson, Sr., and his wife were unable to make the trip from Wichita at the time.

Early in July of 1878, the *Comique*, a theater owned by Dick Brown and Ben Springer, advertised that comedians Eddie Foy and Jim Thompson would star for several weeks.

One evening the noted Texas gunman, Ben Thompson, went backstage to heckle Foy. Half drunk, Thompson yelled, "Get your head outta the way, I wanna shoot out the lights."

Foy reported that he never liked Thompson and thought the badman held the same feeling towards him. However, the plucky little comedian was not to be intimidated. He refused to budge so Thompson could shoot out the lights on his dressing table.

"All right, then, if you want me to splatter your brains all over the wall, okey with me too," yelled Thompson.

At that moment Bat Masterson walked backstage and disarmed Thompson after pushing the gun toward the ceiling. It appeared as though Ben was just about to fire into the frightened Foy's face.

In January of 1879 Bat Masterson was appointed a United States Deputy Marshal and quelled anticipated trouble in Canyon City, Colorado, between the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Company and the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Line. The former company claimed that the latter company had not complied with the terms of

its lease and it was determined to take the railroad into its own hands for operation, even if force had to be employed.

Again in June of that year the same trouble flared up in Colorado, with Masterson taking a posse of fifty armed men to Pueblo and maintaining order until relieved by other United States officers.

With the coming of the election for sheriff, Bat again threw his hat into the ring. But his enemies had organized and began to throw "mud" at his term of office. He was accused of spending too much money for what was done and all sorts of criticisms were used. It was later learned that too much money was being spent, but it was discovered that John Means had been forging script against Bat Masterson for conveyance of prisoners to the state penitentiary. Means had been using this money to gamble.

In spite of this, Bat was defeated in the election for sheriff by George Hinkle; with 404 votes for Hinkle and 268 votes for Bat.

In February of 1880, Bat left Kansas for Leadville, Colorado, to check on business ventures there. After that Bat seemed to float around the country, always using Dodge City as a stopping off point, however, as his brother, James, was still city marshall of Dodge.

In March of 1881, Bat served as a deputy in one of Wyatt Earp's posses in Tombstone, Arizona. He was following his profession as a gambler in that city at that time. Bat was somewhere in New Mexico a month later when he received a wire from Dodge city asking him to return to see that his brother, Jim, got a fair deal with A. J. Peacock and Al Updegraph in the question whether the latter should be dismissed from their employment or not. Jim Masterson and A. J. Peacock were partners in a

dance hall and saloon business in Dodge City at this time, with Updegraph being one of the bartenders. Jim wanted to dismiss the man; Peacock did not.

On Saturday, April 16, 1881, Bat alighted from the train at Dodge and saw Peacock and Updegraph walking across the street. He hailed them and stated he wanted to speak to them, but evidently they misjudged his intentions for they grabbed their guns and ran for cover.

Naturally Bat took their actions to mean only one thing—a fight. He took cover behind a slight embankment left by the railroad graders.

The firing commenced immediately. Bat's bullets took big chunks out of the corner of the building behind which the two men had run. At the same time some unknown parties fired several shots at the Peacock-Updegraph party, one of the bullets passing through the body of Updegraph but not killing him.

Mayor A. B. Webster of Dodge City placed Bat under arrest, and he submitted without resistance inasmuch as he knew he would have plenty of assistance if necessary. Bat was fined \$8.00 for his part in the affair, the charge being peace disturbance. Updegraph recovered from his wound and died in February of 1883 from small pox.

Masterson spent 1882 in Trinidad, Colorado, where he operated a gambling concession in one of the many saloons in that city. Bat had grown tired of the name killer tacked to his name in Kansas. But he did not remain away from Dodge too long. In June of 1883, he again returned to see that his friend, Luke Short, was given a fair deal in regard to an ordinance recently passed which prohibited gambling within the city limits. Luke, of course, was a gambler and a first class one at that.

The famous peace commission of Dodge City, 1883, resulted from this matter. Its members were: Charlie Bassett, Wyatt Earp, Frank McLean, Neal Brown, W. H. Harris, Luke Short, Bat Masterson, Billy Potillion. Apparently the gamblers got satisfaction from their demands against Prosecuting Attorney Mike Sutton, for soon after they were allowed to reopen their establishments in Dodge City.

Back to Trinidad went Bat only to return to Dodge again in September of 1883. He made various trips back and forth from Colorado to Kansas, always trying to locate a permanent spot for his profession. In 1885 Bat was in Denver, Colorado, where he acted as referee in a prize fight between Clow and Hands. In Denver he became very much interested in the fight game and spent many hours at the ring.

By now Bat was past thirty and began to think of marriage and settling down. On November 21, 1891, he married Emma Walters, a song-and-dance girl. He established himself several years in Denver by operating a gambling house and burlesque theatre.

In May of 1902, Bat moved to New York City, where he obtained a job with the *Morning Telegraph* as a sports writer. In 1905 President Teddy Roosevelt appointed him United States Deputy Marshal for the District of New York (Roosevelt displayed a show of favoritism toward all old western gunfighters). He resigned that post in 1907 because it interfered with his sports writing. As the years went by Bat acquired a writing knack which soon led to his being made sports editor of the *Morning Telegraph*. Bat made warm and lasting friendships with many notables of the ring, theatre, and sporting world. A few of his closest friends were Da-

mon Runyon, William S. Hart, and Luella Parsons.

Bat Masterson died at his desk on October 27, 1921, shortly after he had completed his daily column on sports: *Masterson's Views On Timely Topics*.

CLAY ALLISON

(Continued from Page 12)

Louis, he settled on the Washita in Hemphill County, Texas.⁸⁰

Early in 1881 Clay married Dora McCullough, a girl from the Vermejo area of Colfax County, and returned to New Mexico.⁸¹ It is entirely possible, though not certain, that Dora was related to Betty McCullough, whom John Allison had married in 1878.⁸² After stopping in Las Vegas for equipment⁸³ and purchasing cattle in Ft. Sumner,⁸⁴ Clay and his bride moved to their new ranch in the Seven Rivers area of Southern New Mexico.⁸⁵

In July, 1887, all the newspapers from Raton, New Mexico, to Denver and Dodge City carried an article quoted from the *Las Vegas Optic*. No copies of this issue of the *Optic* are known to exist in public collections, so the source of the *Optic's* information remains a bit of a mystery. The article follows:

Clay Allison, a brave, true-hearted and oft-times dangerously reckless man, when in cups, has at last died with his boots on, but not by the pistol route. He fell from his wagon in Texas, some days ago, the wheel of the same running over his neck and breaking it.⁸⁶

"The team jogged on into the distance and left him lying there, dead and alone upon the prairie."⁸⁷

With regard to Allison's character —was he essentially good or bad? Walter Prescott Webb answered that pretty well when he observed that "the

West was lawless and the Westerner was a persistent lawbreaker."⁸⁸ The westerner had to make his own rules. It seems just to say that Clay Allison and men of his type cannot be fairly judged by our moral and ethical code. While this is more an evasion than a direct answer it illustrates the fact that this lack of law and lack of respect for the law has had an effect on our society—some say that the effects of this phenomenon are still being felt. At any rate this early Western lawlessness deserves intensive investigation. What produced it and what did it produce? The answers to these questions will demonstrate effectively the real value of the study of Western American History and, more specifically the study of the lives of men like Clay Allison.

Delivered at regular meeting of Denver Posse, March 27, 1957

FOOTNOTES

¹F. Stanley, *Clay Allison* (Denver, Colorado: The World Press, 1956), p. 19.

²*Raton Range* (Raton, New Mexico), July 22, 1887.

³*Ibid.* The names of Lacy and Coleman are given incorrectly in almost every book that mentions them. The initials and spelling used here are those consistently given in news articles appearing in *The Cimarron News*. Henry M. Porter is authority for the statement that Allison was foreman; Porter identifies the owner of the herd as "Lacey A. Coleman." Cf. his *Pencilings of an Early Western Pioneer* (Denver: The World Press, 1929), p. 26.

⁴Laura V. Hammer, *Short Grass and Longhorns* (Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press, 1943), p. 195.

⁵William A. Keleher states that Allison had no title to this land; however, Allison sold the land when he left New Mexico. The presumption is that he had to acquire title to the land before he could sell it. Cf. William A. Keleher, *Maxwell Land Grant, A New Mexico Item* (Santa Fe: The Rydal Press, 1942), p. 80.

⁶Lamar Moore, "Early Day Cattle Brand Records," Undated unpublished manuscript on microfilm in Colorado State Archives, Denver, Colorado.

⁷*Ford County Globe* (Dodge City, Kansas), August 6, 1878. *Raton Daily Independent*, (Raton, New Mexico), February 28, 1889.

⁸Clarence Stockton, personal interview, March 25, 1954. Cf. also *The Trinidad Daily News* (Trinidad, Colorado) June 13, 1879. A picture in the possession of Mr. Stockton, nephew of the builder, shows the portico running entirely around the side, rather than stopping halfway as the newspaper article indicates.

⁹O. S. Clark, *Clay Allison of the Washita*,

First Cow Man and Then an Extinguisher of Bad Men. Recollections of Colorado, New Mexico and the Texas Panhandle. Reminiscences of a '79er (Attica, Indiana: No publisher listed, 1922), p. 19.

¹⁰Howard L. Conrad, "Uncle Dick" Wootton, the Pioneer Frontiersman of the Rocky Mountain Region, An Account of the Adventures and Thrilling Experiences of the Most Noted American Hunter, Trapper, Guide, Scout, and Indian Fighter Now Living (Chicago: W. E. Dibble and Company, 1890), pp. 437-438. Porter Stockton is called "Porter Stockdon" in this book. The correct spelling is Stockton, although he was not related to the Stockdons who owned the Clifton House (Address by Stanley Zamonski to "The Westerners, Denver Posse," April 28, 1954).

¹¹F. Stanley, *Desperados of New Mexico* (Denver, Colorado: The World Press, 1953), p. 177.

¹²*Raton Range* (Raton, New Mexico), July 22, 1887.

¹³Clarence Stockton, personal interview, March 25, 1954.

¹⁴*Cimarron News and Press* (Cimarron, New Mexico), July 14, 1881.

¹⁵Honora DeBusk Smith, "Early Life in Trinidad and the Purgatory Valley," (Unpublished M. A. Thesis, University of Colorado, 1930), pp. 78-79.

¹⁶Miguel Otero, *My Life on the Frontier* (New York, The Press of the Pioneers, 1935), p. 125. Otero's memory is faulty on many counts, particularly with regard to the Allison stories. Apparently he borrows from other sources and presents them as his own. He also tells of a fine black horse, "the pride of Allison's heart." When he wanted his horse to come to him he would whistle through his fingers [], and the horse would come at full speed." Cf. *Ibid.*, p. 126. This very remarkable and highly improbable beast probably never existed for no one else has remembered him. Maurice Fulton tells exactly the same El Moro stories; his article was published at least five years before Otero's book appeared. ("Clay Allison," *Southwest Review*, XV [January, 1930], p. 205.

¹⁷George W. Coe as told to Nan Hillary Harrison, *Frontier Fighter, The Autobiography of George W. Coe Who Fought and Rode with Billy the Kid* (Boston: Houghton-Mifflin Company, 1934), pp. 16-17. Miss Harrison's hand is evident in the obvious suppression of unbecoming language.

¹⁸*The Cimarron News* (Cimarron, New Mexico), September 5, 1874, and October 10, 1874.

¹⁹Coe, *op. cit.*, pp. 10-15.

²⁰F. Stanley, *The Grant That Maxwell Bought* (Denver, Colorado: The World Press, 1952), pp. 154-155, quoting the *Las Vegas Optic*, May 12, 1886.

²¹Stanley, *Desperados*, p. 190, quoting a letter from M. W. Mills, a lawyer who lived in Cimarron at the time, to C. N. Blackwell, written in 1924. The date given by Mills for the murder of Tolby is Monday, the fourteenth, which date is accepted by Stanley. As a matter of fact September 14, 1875, fell on Tuesday. The date given here is based on an article in the *Las Animas, Colo., Leader*, September 24, 1875. Some of Mills' statements do not correspond to the facts reported in contemporary news accounts of the case. His statements are used here only to supplement contemporary records.

²²F. Stanley, *One-Half Mile From Heaven or The Cimarron Story* (Denver, Colorado: The World Press, 1949), p. 46.

- ²⁸*Colorado Chieftain* (Pueblo, Colorado), January 21, 1876.
- ²⁹Maurice G. Fulton and Paul Horgan (eds.), *New Mexico's Own Chronicle* (Dallas: Banks, Upshaw and Company, 1937), p. 291, quoting Ralph E. Twitchell, *Old Santa Fe*.
- ³⁰*Las Animas, Colo., Leader*, February 4, 1876. Note that the final "o" is not used in the abbreviation of Colorado.
- ³¹*Colorado Chieftain* (Pueblo, Colorado), November 3, 1875.
- ³²Stanley, *Desperadoes of New Mexico*, p. 193, quoting a letter from M. W. Mills to C. N. Blackwell written in 1924.
- ³³*Colorado Chieftain* (Pueblo, Colorado), November 3, 1875.
- ³⁴*Ibid.*
- ³⁵*Ibid.*, November 12, 1875.
- ³⁶*Ibid.*, November 10, 1875.
- ³⁷*Ibid.*, January 21, 1876, and February 3, 1876. Cf. also *Las Animas, Colo., Leader*, January 28, 1876.
- ³⁸*Raton Range*, (Raton, New Mexico), July 22, 1887.
- ³⁹*Colorado Chieftain* (Pueblo, Colorado), January 21, 1876, and February 3, 1876. Cf. also *Las Animas, Colo., Leader*, January 28, 1876.
- ⁴⁰*Raton Range*, (Raton, New Mexico), July 22, 1887.
- ⁴¹F. F. Dawson Scrapbook, VIII, p. 420, clipping of an article entitled "Frontier Sketches" from *The Denver Field and Farm*, March 25, 1916. Agnes Morley Cleaveland, the daughter of Mrs. Morley, gives substantially the same story; see her *No Life for a Lady* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1941), p. 8.
- ⁴²*The Daily New Mexican* (Santa Fe, New Mexico), March 25, 1876.
- ⁴³Stanley, *Desperadoes of New Mexico*, pp. 29-39.
- ⁴⁴Arie Poldervaart, "Black-Robed Justice in New Mexico, 1846-1912," *New Mexico Historical Review*, XXII (October, 1947), p. 367.
- ⁴⁵*The Daily New Mexican* (Santa Fe, New Mexico), March 30, 1876.
- ⁴⁶*Ibid.*, March 31, 1876.
- ⁴⁷*Raton Range* (Raton, New Mexico), July 22, 1887.
- ⁴⁸*Las Animas, Colo., Leader*, December 22, 1876. The newspaper finally decided that the final "o" belonged in the abbreviation for Colorado.
- ⁴⁹Luke Cahill, "Recollections of a Plainsman" (Unpublished manuscript in the files of the Colorado State Historical Society Library, Denver, Colorado, September, 1921 [edited by Thomas F. Dawson, *State Historian*, February 20, 1923]), p. 48.
- ⁵⁰*Ibid.*
- ⁵¹*Colorado Chieftain* (Pueblo, Colorado), December 31, 1876.
- ⁵²Cahill, *op. cit.*, p. 48.
- ⁵³Alfred H. Lewis, *The Sunset Trail* (New York: A. L. Burt Company, 1905), p. 239.
- ⁵⁴Cahill, *op. cit.*, p. 48.
- ⁵⁵*Colorado Chieftain* (Pueblo, Colorado) December 31, 1876.
- ⁵⁶*Ibid.*, January 3, 1877.
- ⁵⁷Cahill, *op. cit.*, p. 48.
- ⁵⁸*Las Animas, Colo., Leader*, December 22, 1876.
- ⁵⁹*Colorado Chieftain* (Pueblo, Colorado) December 31, 1876, and January 3, 1877.
- ⁶⁰*Las Animas, Colo., Leader*, December 22, 1876.
- ⁶¹*Ibid.*
- ⁶²*Colorado Chieftain* (Pueblo, Colorado), January 3, 1877.
- ⁶³*Las Animas, Colo., Leader*, January 5, 1877.
- ⁶⁴*Colorado Chieftain* (Pueblo), February 6, 1877.
- ⁶⁵*Las Animas, Colo., Leader*, December 22, 1876.
- ⁶⁶*Ibid.*, January 12, 1877.
- ⁶⁷*Colorado Chieftain* (Pueblo), December 27, 1876.
- ⁶⁸*Las Animas, Colo., Leader*, December 22, 1876.
- ⁶⁹*Colorado Chieftain* (Pueblo), December 13, 1876. For some really comical examples of the way in which eye-witnesses "improve" their stories with the passage of time see William Thatcher, interview by A. K. Richardson, Document 359, January 17, 1934, unpublished manuscript in the files of the Colorado State Historical Society Library, Denver, Colorado; and John Hockenberger, interview by Thomas P. Dawson, MSS XI-3, November 2, 1921, unpublished manuscript in the files of the Colorado State Historical Society Library, Denver, Colorado.
- ⁷⁰*Las Animas, Colo., Leader*, January 5, 1877.
- ⁷¹*Colorado Chieftain* (Pueblo), January 9, 1877. The Third Judicial District, over which Judge Henry presided, included Bent, Huerfano, Las Animas, and Pueblo counties, hence the reason for holding the hearing in Pueblo (Bowman, *op. cit.*, p. 75.)
- ⁷²*Las Animas, Colo., Leader*, February 16, 1877.
- ⁷³*Colorado Chieftain* (Pueblo), January 9, 1877.
- ⁷⁴*Ibid.*, January 3, 1877.
- ⁷⁵*Las Animas, Colo., Leader*, January 5, 1877.
- ⁷⁶*Colorado Chieftain* (Pueblo), January 9, 1877.
- ⁷⁷*Las Animas, Colo., Leader*, February 9, 1877.
- ⁷⁸"Miscellaneous Record Book 'B,'" p. 297, Colfax County Court House, Raton, New Mexico.
- ⁷⁹*Las Animas, Colo., Leader*, March 23, 1877.
- ⁸⁰*Ibid.*, March 30, 1877.
- ⁸¹*Colorado Chieftain* (Pueblo), March 30, 1877.
- ⁸²*Las Animas Leader* (Las Animas, Colorado), November 2, 1877. The title of the paper was changed on June 2, 1877.
- ⁸³*Colorado Chieftain* (Pueblo), March 19, 1878.
- ⁸⁴*Ford County Globe* (Dodge City, Kansas), March 2, 1880.
- ⁸⁵*Las Vegas Daily Optic* (Las Vegas, New Mexico), March 31, 1881; cf. also *The Cimarron News and Press*, April 7, 1881.
- ⁸⁶"Marriage Book 'A,'" pp. 37-38, Colfax County Court House, Raton, New Mexico.
- ⁸⁷*Las Vegas Daily Optic* (Las Vegas, New Mexico), April 9, 1881.
- ⁸⁸*Ibid.*
- ⁸⁹*The Cattleman's Advertiser* (Trinidad, Colorado), June 24, 1886.
- ⁹⁰*Raton Range* (Raton, New Mexico), July 22, 1887.
- ⁹¹Owen P. White, "Come a-Smokin'," *Colliers* LXXVIII (August 28, 1926), 14, quoting "an ancient yellowing issue of the Kansas City Times."
- ⁹²Walter Prescott Webb, *The Great Plains* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1936), p. 496.

Book Reviews

GHOST TOWNS OF WYOMING, by Mary Lou Pence and Lola M. Homsher, Hasting House, Publishers, New York, 1956. 242 pp., 123 illustrations, \$7.50.

Take this book along on your next trip to Wyoming. You will find it a pleasant companion—a bit wordy, but informative.

If you can overlook some of the overwriting—the flamboyant phrase, the hyperbole, the hyphenated adjective—you will find a bedrock of historic fact that will bring you home with an increased understanding of how Wyoming got the way it is.

Few if any of the western states have more romantic pasts than has Wyoming. Its history is linked with the first westward explorations, with Indian wars, mining, the great overland treks, the founding of the cattle industry on the high plains, with transcontinental transportation and the oil industry. Its progress is marked with the graves of many towns that flourished briefly and then died, and it is with these that Mrs. Pence and Miss Homsher concern themselves in this handsome and valuable publication. With their spirited accounts of the people who once inhabited these places, the two authors make the old towns come alive again. The many photographs and drawings add much. There is a helpful index. A bibliography would have helped, too, for this book is likely to stimulate a desire for more, and the uninformed reader would never know from this book that *Wyoming: A Guide to Its History, Highways and People*, published in 1941 under Writer's Program of the Works Projects Administration, is also available, in a recent reprint, with much information on many phases of Wyoming history, including its ghost towns.

A few obvious errors must be marked up against the publisher of the Pence-Homsher book, such as the misspelling "Umitilla" for Umatilla, "climatic explosion" where climactic was meant, and the wrong date—June 26—for the Little Bighorn battle of June 25, 1876. I dislike use in print of the word "darky" for Negro, and I weary of "red man" meaning Indian, and of such phrases as "nature's softly worn green rug" when the word groped for is "grass." With these minor flaws, the book stands as a grand job, and the errors and the absence of a bibliography may be corrected in the later editions which I have a hunch will be called for.

Maurice Frink

ARIZONA: The Last Frontier. By Joseph Miller. Hastings House, 1956. 350 pp. \$5.50.

The author has carried on the manner of presentation which proved so felicitous in his *Arizona Story*, that of serving history through the files of the early newspapers of the Territory. So we get the direct flavor of the times, told in the uninhibited manner of the editors, all rugged individualists in the fullest sense.

While it is a rehash of material previously presented in papers and books by many authors, and in general lacking any continuity, one's interest is held throughout. We have here "personal" journalism in the complete meaning of the phrase. There is little or no innuendo, with a general disdain for subtleties. If a man were believed to be a so-and-so it was so stated, and all parties could go on from there.

To one who is a confirmed West-erniana addict, it is a pleasure to relive the epic events. The fracas at the O.K. Corral, speculations about the

Dutchman's lost mine. The beginnings of Bisbee, Benson, Kelvin & Calabasas, the bear and badger fights, etc., make for good, though familiar reading. Truly this was the LAST frontier, as Arizona became a state in 1912. It has been a pleasure to relive the days of unadulterated plain speaking, of pungent phraseology happily unmarred by motives of caution, expediency, or calculated hypocrisy.

Henry A. Clausen

A SIOUX CHRONICLE by George E. Hyde. Copyright 1956 by the University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, \$5.00.

Another readable and accurate book has been added to the University of Oklahoma's impressive list of *The Civilization of the American Indian Series*. Mr. Hyde's first book in this series appeared as No. 15, *Red Cloud's Folk* in 1937 and is now out of print. The present volume is a continuation of the story of Red Cloud's Sioux people and becomes the 45th volume of the series.

In *A Sioux Chronicle*, Mr. Hyde starts with the settlement of this fighting group of Indians on the great Dakota reservation in 1878, and with clear descriptive passages tells of their troubles and problems, how they tried

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to solve them, and of their defeat and tragedy in the 1890's. These Indians were displaced persons who were being forced to change their whole way of life, and Mr. Hyde gives a complete picture as he chronicles their struggles in the cultural, economic and spiritual areas of living. This story is excellent historical writing and will be enjoyed by all who are interested in Western history.

George E. Hyde is well prepared to write the Sioux story. His interest started many years ago and he has written several articles and pamphlets about these Indians as well as the two books of the American Indian Series. He also worked with George Bird Grinnell as his research assistant and has studied other Plains Indians including the Pawnees, about whom he published an outstanding history in 1951. It is to be hoped that Mr. Hyde will continue his research and writing and that his findings will be published.

Don L. Griswold

GREAT ROUNDUP, by Lewis Nordyke. William Morrow, New York, 1955. \$5.00, 288 pp.

On a chilly morning in February, 1877, near Graham, Texas, forty be-wiskered and rough-clad men gathered in a wide circle under an old oak tree. Their meeting was the formation of the Texas and Southwestern Cattle Raisers Association, and the *Great Roundup* is the tale of this organization and the southwestern cowmen.

The cattleman's life in the southwest neither was—nor is—an easy one. Even financially good years were shadowed by omnipresent threats to security. Always there was the possibility of drought or a severe winter, either of which or both, reduced many a prosperous cattleman's holdings to a skeleton of their former self. Rustlers,

as inevitable as nature, were consistently snipping at the cowman's herds. In fact, thieving was the main motivation for the organization of the southwestern cattlemen.

Nature and rustlers were probably the most constant worries, but they weren't the only anxieties. There was the decade battle of the Texans for a National Cattle Trail that ended in defeat. Texas fever was fought both by the State and Federal Government in a model display of co-operation. Finally, freight rates and marketing problems were inevitable topics of discussion on the range.

Through the whole book runs the spirit of fierce determination to succeed, the same spirit which is encountered on the faces of today's southwestern cowmen, as they watch their cattle eating singed cactus off of parched land.

The writer's main sources were the files of the Texas and Southwestern Cattle Raiser's Association and its monthly magazine *The Cattleman*, so quite naturally, he tells the story from the cattleman's viewpoint. Nordyke writes in a style, warranted by his subject, plain and straightforward. Seventeen pages of photographs enhance an excellent format.

Gene M. Gressley

OVER HILL AND VALE, by Harold Marion Dunning. Boulder Scribblers Book Co. 605 pp. \$9.50.

The author is a prominent Loveland business man who knows the region around his home and west through the Rocky Mountain National Park like the palm of his hand. He is an avid collector, historian, genealogist, naturalist and mountain climber. And for many years he wrote an informal column, mirroring his tastes, for the *Weekly Roundup*.

Now he has gathered these columns together to preserve them in perman-

ent form, thereby doing an enormous service to his portion of the state. With his columns he has published 210 photographs, some of them very important historically and some of merely informal interest. The whole volume adds up to an extraordinary pot-pouri of local lore.

Actually, Mr. Dunning could have made three books out of his material. Portions are valuable to the naturalist; others to the mountain climber; others to the untutored visitor and still others to the historians. But these sections are all thrown together helter-skelter, with no effort made to segregate them according to taste or topic.

Yet all of the columns are eminently readable. Mr. Dunning's style is vigorous, forthright and compelling; his personality coming through as delightfully as a raconteur beside a pinon campfire.

The value of the book for Westerners' will be in the excellent local history and in the photographs. His general Colorado history is less sound; but his book is a treasure trove for his own region.

Caroline Bancroft

MEN TO MATCH MY MOUNTAINS, Irving Stone. Doubleday and Co., 1956, \$5.95.

Men to Match My Mountains is the fascinating story of 60 epic years of American History. It is not a historian's history, but rather a well-written, interesting, and generally accurate narrative of the period from 1840 to 1900, when the people of this nation crossed the plains and "matched the mountains" of the far west to build a civilization, subdue the Indians, and extract the mineral wealth of the mountains. In so doing, they contributed mightily to the rise of this country in the world.

The plot of this book is basically the settlement of Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and California during this period. The author has taken his motif from the poem by Sam Foss, carved in the stone of the capitol at Sacramento: "Bring me men to match my mountains, Bring me men to match my plains, Men with empires in their purpose, And new eras in their brains." Through its pages march these men who matched, or failed to match the mountains of the west: John Sutter, Fremont, Governor Evans of Colorado, Brigham Young, Leland Stanford, and H. A. W. Tabor. They are all there, the honest men who brought law and justice, religion and education to the area—and those schemers who sought to rob or ruin it. Settlers and cowboys, miners and dance hall girls, the Comstock and Cripple Creek are all there. The flight of the Mormons and their subsequent troubles with Constitutional Law are told.

While this book is not a detailed, indexed, footnoted history of the west, it is nonetheless well worth reading for anyone interested in the history of that period in western history.

What Picture? On page 72 of the 1955 Brand Book, as one of the illustrations of an article by Mrs. Lucille Hathaway Hall, appears a picture entitled "Germania Basin, Idaho." Corresponding Member David L. Hieb, of Fort Laramie, Wyoming, says that it looks to him like a picture of Long's Peak from Estes Park. In turn, Mrs. Hall, and her husband, are sure the picture is one they took in Idaho. Maybe we shall hear more about this; the original picture has been sent to doubter Hieb.

Amount of Gold Taken From Pike's Peak Gold Regions

Upon this subject, the opinions of those who are supposed to be posted, varies. As there is no specific way of arriving at a positive conclusion, we will have to give our readers the estimate that we have obtained from various sources, leaving them to surmise as to its correctness.

Mr. A. D. Richardson (Special Pike's Peak Correspondent of the Boston Journal), a gentleman who has paid particular attention to this subject, gives the yield of 1860 at five million dollars. From statistics taken in the fall of 1859, it was estimated that the yield was one million dollars; thus making the grand aggregate of six million dollars. When we take into consideration the want of confidence and capital, the inefficiency of machinery, and the deficiency of a practical knowledge on the part of a large proportion of those engaged in mining, we must certainly acknowledge the above figures to augur a bright future for the new Eldorado.

Reprinted from *The Rocky Mountain Gold Regions*
By S. W. Burt and E. L. Berthoud
Denver City, J. T.

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1861

History Is Where You Find It

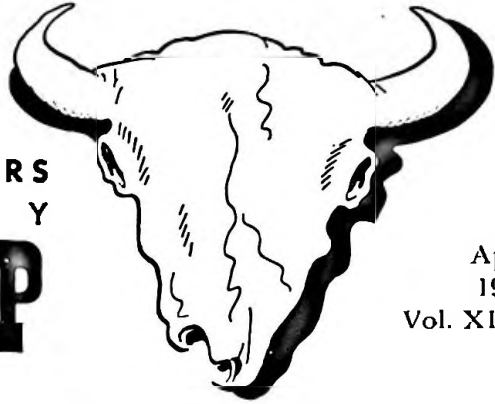
Our Roundup Foreman and Tally Man . . . PM Erl H. Ellis . . . whose searching mind and extensive reading of Western Americana keeps him on the alert, sends The Round Up this suggestion: "Maybe we should have in The Round-Up a monthly department devoted to 'HISTORY IS WHERE YOU FIND IT. As a present contribution, I suggest that Posse Members not overlook the article, CAPTAIN KING OF TEXAS (two installments) by TOM LEA appearing in the April and May 1957 issue of The Atlantic. The editor intro-

duces the subject with these words: 'For four years, TOM LEA, the artist and author of El Paso, has been absorbed in writing and illustrating his incomparable two-volume history of the King Ranch.'

"Another publication of interest is CABEZON, A TOWN OUT OF THE PAST: An article about a 'Ghost Town' which appears in the April 1957 issue of the New Mexico Magazine. Here is another place to read a little history, and I recommend it to our members. I note that the author, Henry T. Gurley, is a meteorologist and has been in the Air Force since 1951, and has hobbies of photography and writing."



The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



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1957
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Charlie Autobee . . . Trapper . . . Guide . . . Pioneer

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MAY MEETING

A Young Man in Denver Before 1900

Mr. John Hilbert

Railroad Man and Banker

6:30 P.M., May 22, 1957

Denver Press Club

1330 Glenarm Place

DENVER WESTERNERS OFFER ANNUAL SCHOLARSHIP AWARD

The Executive Committee of the Denver Westerners has voted into effect the memorial scholarship plan suggested on April 25, 1956, by the then sheriff, Maurice Frink. To carry out the plan, Sheriff William S. Jackson has appointed a committee consisting of Maurice Frink, Erl Ellis and Harold Dunham. The basic plan, as described in the resolutions adopted by the Executive Committee on April 24, 1957, and reported that same evening to a regular meeting of the Posse, follows:

WHEREAS, The Denver Westerners, in furtherance of their charter objectives, and in a desire to honor the memory of their departed members, including Ralph L. Carr, George H. Curfman, Robert Ellison, Edgar C. McMachen, William McLeod Raine, Elmo Scott Watson, John T. Caine III, Eric Douglas, and such others as time may add to this list, have decided to establish a living memorial to these men, and

WHEREAS, Contributions have been made by members of the Posse for this purpose, to the sum of at least three hundred dollars, therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That we hereby create and establish THE DENVER WESTERNERS SCHOLARSHIP AWARD to be offered under the following provisions which constitute the general rules for the Award:

1. The Award in the form of a cash sum shall be made annually as funds permit. Annual public announcement shall be made to the effect that applications for the Award will be received at a specified time and place. The recipient of the Award each year shall be first publicly announced at a meeting of the Denver Westerners.

2. The Award shall be bestowed upon some individual, preferably between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five years, who is a resident of Colorado or enrolled in a Colorado college or university (including a junior college), and who:

- a. merits recognition for a completed study in western history,

(Continued on Page 16)

Roundup Foreman Says:

This year we have moved our office from the State Museum Building and we have made up a completely new set of address stencils. There have been lots of changes of address. With all this, YOU may have missed getting some issue of the 1956 ROUNDUP. You should have all issues from January through December. If you want to check, and if you find you are missing any, please write a postal card to Erl H. Ellis, 730 Equitable Bldg., Denver 2, Colorado.

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Aftermath of Editing the Denver Posse's Brand Book for 1955

(THREE NOTES BY ALAN SWALLOW)

1. Upon page 72 of The Denver Westerner's *Brand Book 1955* appeared an illustration, the dominant feature of which shows a mountain, which was captioned "Germania Basin." The illustration accompanied the interesting autobiographical account by Mrs. Lucille Hathaway Hall entitled "Memories of Old Alturas County, Idaho," and the reference, of course, was to the Germania Basin of Idaho.

(Continued on Page 17)

A Silver Spur . . .

to . . . **PM Fred Mazzula** . . . who was recently admitted to practice before the United States Supreme Court. **Mr. Mazulla**, accompanied by **Mrs. Mazulla** and **Mr. and Mrs. Floyd McCall**, Denver newspaper photographer, attended the annual meeting of the National Press Photographers Association in Washington, D.C. early in April and took the Supreme Court examination during their visit. "We tried to loot the Smithsonian Institution of Western historical material," reported **Mazzula**, "but the best we could do was to get about 30 color shots of **President Eisenhower** and the White House." **Mazzula** also tells of an interesting bit of horseplay between himself and the famous San Francisco newspaper photographer **Joe Rosenthal** (Iwo Jima) when they visited the old Supreme Court building, leaned against a judge's bench and hoisted a cool one from their pocket flasks in a toast to the distinguished members of the bar who had appeared before the court bench. "I'll bet that was the first time that bar had ever been used as a 'Bar'," quipped **Mazzula**. An extended trip into New York, and a visit to the New York Posse, concluded he journey.

to . . . **CM Mary Lou Pence** and **CM Lola Homsher** for their book, *The Ghost Towns of Wyoming* published by Hastings House, N. Y., which earned a congratulatory personal letter to the text author **Mary Lou Pence** from **J. Donald Adams**, whose column *SPEAKING OF BOOKS* appears weekly in the New York Times Book Section. Both authors **Pence** and **Homsher** are CMs of the Denver Westerners, and live in Laramie and Cheyenne respectively.

Any Authorities on Indian Dogs?

Edward N. Wentworth, Route 1, Box 34, Chesterton, Indiana, writes in part to **PM Francis Rizzari**: "The New York Posse of Westerners has asked me to prepare an article about Indian Dogs, and I have a good deal on them. However, one never has too much material, and it occurred to me that in your travels you may have learned something about them too. **Neckyoke Jones** (**Frank H. Sinclair** of Sheridan) tells me that his acquaintance with Indian dogs is unfortunate, for all he could say for them was that they sneaked up behind him after dark and bit him in the rump. I know they are not any fonder of the scent of a white man than is the Indian horse, but I wonder if you might not have picked up something, one way or another, that would give me a little sparkle for the article."

PM Rizzari says that any member of the Denver Posse who may have such material may send it on to **Edward Wentworth** at above address.



CHARLIE AUTOBEE

by T. Keith Harris

In almost all periods of history there have been significant men and women largely neglected by the chronicler who subsequently wrote about their times. Such a man was Charlie Autobee, pioneer of the Rocky Mountain country. The Western frontier has provided the historian with abundant opportunity to study more glamorous characters than Autobee, and yet his life contains many points of interest.

The chief difficulty in describing those points fully lies in the fact that he left no permanent records. Even his rightful name has been difficult to ascertain. Despite numerous discrepancies in the sources, however, he can be called Charlie Autobee because he is so remembered by his descendants and he is periodically mentioned as such by his contemporaries.

A brief review of Charlie's life here might well serve to introduce the larger story that follows. He was born in St. Louis about the year 1812. His father was French and his mother Irish or English. When he was three his father was killed and his mother remarried. From this second marriage came Thomas Tobin in 1822. Tobin has become famous in the history of Colorado for his capture of the Espinosas, notorious Mexican bandits, in 1864.

When Charlie was sixteen, he left St. Louis and travelled west to become a fur trapper. He spent six years in the area of the headwaters of the Missouri, Salmon, Snake, and Columbia Rivers.

In 1834 he made a trip for supplies to Taos, New Mexico, and he decided to stay there. He went to work as a freighter in the Santa Fe trade for

Simeon Turley, an American trader. About the same time Autobee married a Mexican woman and they subsequently became the parents of three sons and two daughters.

Autobee started a farm on the Arkansas River near the Huerfano in 1851, thereby becoming one of the first pioneers of Colorado. He farmed on the Huerfano every year thereafter and that ranch became his permanent home.

During the Civil War and the Indian War of 1868, Autobee was employed by the Government as a scout and guide. He died in 1882 and was buried on his ranch.

It is obvious from this brief survey that Autobee participated in most of the types of frontier activity that made such men as Kit Carson famous. Perhaps because he could not write and failed to have anyone record his experiences, he has not heretofore been given any specialized attention. The following sketch, however, of a portion of Charlie's life should serve to highlight his activities and accomplishments sufficiently to suggest the value of a more extended research and coverage in the future.

The activities pursued by Autobee in the New Mexico-Colorado region might interest the Westerners more than earlier portions of his life. So we will begin by recalling that in 1834 Charlie sojourned in Taos, and while there his horses were stolen so that he felt stranded.

At this time, he obtained employment with Simeon Turley and continued to work for him intermittently throughout the years when the Santa Fe trade was at its height. Although Charlie seemed to work for Turley

most of the time until 1847, he must, occasionally, have done some trapping as a free agent. For example, in 1838, Charlie was paid an undisclosed amount of money from the outfit of Messrs. Sarpy and Fraeb when they closed their books. This outfit was in operation in the vicinity of Fort Jackson, on the South Platte River, in the present State of Colorado.

Charlie also worked for Bent's Fort for a time.

According to available records, Charlie served primarily in the capacity of a freighter for Simeon Turley. Turley was engaged in the Santa Fe trade as a retailer of goods which he shipped in from the United States and sold in New Mexico. In a letter dated April 18, 1843, he instructed his brother, Jesse B. Turley of Arrowrock, Cooper County, Missouri, to send out to him certain miscellaneous articles, which included yardage, frills and furbelows for the ladies, male attire, and hardware and foodstuffs. It seems that Jesse Turley acted as Simeon's agent in the United States and also as his legal advisor.

The latter also made a considerable amount of money from his distillery on the Arroyo Hondo, which was located a few miles north of Taos. His plant was one of the largest in the vicinity and produced a raw liquor which the Americans and New Mexicans consumed in great quantities. It came to be known as "Taos Lightning." This potent beverage was described, by a reporter for the *Santa Fe Republican*, as being "none of your old stuff, neither, but bran [sic] new, lacking six days of being a week old."

Charlie was used by Simeon Turley on several different segments of his transportation system. After El Pueblo was built during the summer of 1842, Turley used the fort as a point of transfer for his goods. Charlie freighted goods from Independence,

Missouri, to El Pueblo during 1843. Here it was stored for a time and then later taken to Taos. During the next year, Charlie took mule pack trains over the Sangre de Cristo pass from Taos to El Pueblo. At the fort, the goods were loaded on wagons and taken East. He must have made a few trips to locations other than El Pueblo, for, on January 28, 1844, he delivered some goods to Fort Lancaster (Lupton), which was located on the South Platte River to the north of the present city of Denver.

In 1845, Charlie brought a load of goods from the United States for Turley. He brought it to Taos, arriving on August 30. During the following month, Tom Tobin, Charlie's half-brother, came to Taos with Josiah Webb. These two stopped at Turley's place. The exact date when Tobin first arrived in the Taos area is not known, but his name was included among those given on an official list of the Mexican Government, dated September 20, 1845, a list that included "foreigners residing in Taos and Mora just before the American occupation."

Also included in this list was the name "Juan Bautista Ortibi." This may have been a reference to John Autobee, who was born to Charlie and his Cheyenne Indian wife about the year 1830. This investigator has found no reference to another John Autobee in the history of the region. It is of interest to note that Charlie's name was not found on the official New Mexican list.

The association between Charlie and Turley ended on a sad note, when, on January 19, 1847, Turley was killed at his home on the Arroyo Hondo as the result of the Taos uprising. Charlie had been sent to Santa Fe from Turley's with several mule-loads of whiskey a few days before. On his return trip to the Arroyo

Hondo, he saw fighting in Taos already in progress and raced on to warn Turley of the danger. He then hurried off to warn Bent's Fort and other settlements to the north. It was his good fortune to have been traveling while the uprising progressed, for he thereby escaped the fate of those massacred when Turley's mill was attacked.

On April 21, 1847, a public auction was held to dispose of some of Turley's goods. Charlie bought a great deal of these with an apparent eye to economy. He purchased forty-three pounds of coffee, ninety-six buffalo robes, several bolts of cloth, one dress coat, two petticoats, one pair pantaloons, one vest, twenty-six bushels of wheat, and five yoke of oxen, all for the cost of \$458.75.

When the estate of Simeon Turley was settled on April 11, 1848, Charlie received five vouchers which paid him \$475.50. This was the amount of money Turley had owed him when he died. Charlie must have needed some money once during that one year period between the death of Turley and the court settlement of the following April 11, for on June 5, 1847 he had asked for and received ten dollars from the funds of the estate.

With the settlement of the Turley estate, Charlie ended a phase of his life which had begun nearly fourteen years earlier. But while the business association was ended, another association, which had begun at nearly the same time as the commencement of his relations with Turley, was still very much in effect.

Autobee's Marriage and Family

Soon after Charlie had started to work for Turley at Arroyo Hondo, he met Serafina Avila and took her for his own.

Serafina was a widow when Charlie came to Taos. She had been married

to a man named Medina, and had had three sons by this marriage. They were named Juan Bautista, Julian and Narcisco.

Charlie and Serafina began their life together in about 1835. Their first child was born in 1837. This was a son, Mariano. He was followed by a second son, Jose Maria in 1842; a daughter, Franccquita, in 1843; a second daughter, Manuelita, in 1846; and finally a son, Thomas, in 1849. Of these five children, four grew to adulthood. As the result of a visit with Charlie in 1859, Andrew Jackson Templeton was able to provide later a description of the family. He stated that Mariano was then a man of at least twenty-one or twenty-two; a second son also was grown; a third child was a girl about fifteen or sixteen; and there was a son about ten or eleven years old. He made no mention of the other daughter Manuelita, who would have been about thirteen years of age at that time.

Although Charlie and Serafina began to live together in 1835, they were not legally married until 1842. On November 28, 1842, Padre Martinez recorded their marriage in Taos. This marriage was to last until 1871, when Serafina died and was buried on the ranch near the Huerfano River.

During the course of his wanderings and work in the West, Charlie "married" many Indian women. In all, one Flathead woman, one Cheyenne woman, one Arapaho woman, one Navajo woman, one Sioux woman, one Ute woman, and one Mexican woman lived with Charlie at various times during his life. This makes a total of six Indian women and one Mexican woman. No evidence of legal marriage to any of the six Indian women has been found. All the available data points to Charlie's having contracted only one legal marriage. He and Serafina were so united

and he seemed to feel that she was his real wife.

Serafina was never abandoned by him and, when he strayed away, he returned to her and his children by her. The present descendants of Charlie by Serafina consider themselves to be the rightful heirs to his renown as a pioneer.

Another incident in Charlie's life in New Mexico entwined him in the struggle for power between Charles Bent and Padre A. Martinez. Early in 1846, Autabee became involved in a trivial law suit with Juan Manuel Lucero, and both Bent and Martinez used it to gain an advantage in their battle with each other.

As the trial progressed, Padre Martinez asked for a settlement by the Governor, but the latter declined and sent back word for the Justice of the Peace at Taos to settle the case.

Perhaps to get away from this tense situation in Taos, Charlie took up a ranch on the St. Charles River in the spring of 1846. His half-brother, Tom Tobin, and several old Mountain Men joined him in this venture. Among these were Pasqual, La Bonte, and "Colorado" Mitchell. They started a farm at the place where the old Taos trail from El Pueblo crossed the St. Charles River. Both ex-Governor William Gilpin and Thomas Autabee have since verified this location.

Charlie and his companions farmed on the St. Charles River for only one season. The reason for the abandonment of the project is unknown. Perhaps they were forced to leave by the Indians. John L. Hatcher and William Bent attempted unsuccessfully to farm on the Purgatoire about the same time and Indian raids forced them to stop. On the other hand, the Autabee party may have planned to return to the St. Charles area for another season, but the everchanging situation in New Mexico leading to

the Taos Massacre of 1847 may have prevented them from doing so.

Fortunately, as previously mentioned, Charlie Autabee was not at Turley's when the revolt broke out. He had been able, however, to spread the news as far as Bent's Fort. Then he went back to New Mexico. On January 23, just four days after the massacre, Charlie and Tom Tobin joined Captain Ceran St. Vrain's company of Mountain Volunteers in Santa Fe. They were mustered under the general command of Colonel Sterling Price.

To Charlie Autabee went some of the glory during the mop-up action following the rebellion. According to Santiago Valdez, in his manuscript of the life of Padre Martinez, Charlie was responsible for the capture of one of the leading insurrectionists, as shown in the following extract:

. . . On the 6th day (of February) Colonel Price, after having left the pueblo submissive and pacified, moved his troops to Fernandez; again he was a guest in the house of Padre Martinez; on that same day, Carlos Ortivi arrived with General Paublo Montoya, whom he had captured; a court martial was initiated in the same house, and Paublo Montoya was judged, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged.

He was hanged on the 7th.

Very little is known of Autabee's activities during the years from 1847 to 1851. He probably continued to live at Arroyo Hondo, but the nature of his occupation is uncertain. But meanwhile, he did take part in one Indian expedition. In the spring of 1849, Charlie and Tom Tobin were sent as scouts with the annual primitive march against the Utes. Leaving Taos on March 11 and proceeding to the San Luis Valley, the force met with and soundly defeated the Indians.

Then in 1851 Autobee joined "Uncle Dick" Wootton, William Kroenig, J. B. Doyle, "Colorado" Mitchell and several others in their attempt to farm on the Arkansas River. No specific reason for Autobee's venture has been discovered. As previously noted, he had farmed with Tom Tobin and Mitchell on the St. Charles River near El Pueblo in 1846 but had abandoned the ranch after one season and returned to New Mexico.

The Wootton-Doyle party built their plaza on the south bank of the Arkansas River about a mile west of the mouth of the Huerfano. During the 1851 season, in order to make use of the Huerfano River water, Charlie commenced to dig an irrigation ditch. It started three miles from the mouth of said river and reached nearly to the Arkansas River at a point two miles west of the mouth of the Huerfano.

Charlie began to farm at this location on the Huerfano in 1852 and raised crops during the 1852-54 seasons. However, he continued to live at the Wootton-Doyle plaza. Meanwhile, he also retained his connections with New Mexico, as did Wootton. For example, on February 18, 1852, Charlie witnessed the marriage of Charles Nuton [Newton?] in Taos. When Gwen Harris Heap was exploring the country for a proposed railroad route, he met Autobee at Rio Colorado on July 6, 1853. "... [Autobee] invited me to his house and procured me a fresh horse," wrote Heap. After leaving Charlie's home, the engineer rode the twelve miles to Arroyo Hondo, where he hired Tom Tobin to go with him to California. It would seem that Charlie's wife and children were making their home at Rio Colorado at this time.

Meanwhile, the farming enterprise continued in the Arkansas Valley.

This fact is apparent in a letter from Wootton to the editor of the *Missouri Democrat* written on October 22, 1853, and reprinted in G. H. Heap's book. There Wootton said that he had driven a flock of sheep to California during the past year. The object of his letter seemed to be the promotion of a railroad route to pass through the Arkansas Valley, for he told of the growing settlement at the confluence of the Arkansas and Huerfano Rivers and the development of a good ferry across the Arkansas at this point.

Threats to the permanence of the settlement appeared a year later when, on Christmas Day, 1854, the Utes attacked El Pueblo. Then they proceeded down the Arkansas River to Wootton's plaza. The only loss "Uncle Dick" suffered from this unwelcomed visit by the Indians was a few head of live-stock, but his men were able to drive the marauders off. The Indians by-passed Autobee's farm and went on down the Arkansas Valley. Later that day Charlie, and a party of men, went to El Pueblo and buried the victims of the massacre.

Some difference of opinion has been expressed concerning the exact date when Charlie severed his connection with the Wootton-Doyle settlement. Wootton, in his quasi-autobiography, had Autobee living at a separate plaza about two miles from him at the time of the Indian attack. According to the statement of Felipe Cisneros, an old pioneer who talked with Dr. Cragin at Avondale, Colorado, on September 27, 1907, "Charlie had already built his plaza and wasn't living at the Wootton-Doyle village on the Arkansas River, Christmas 1854." Charlie's village was described as the largest in the area, even larger than those of the St. Charles and Greenhorn in 1854.

Thomas Autobee, the youngest son of Charlie, told Dr. Cragin that

Charlie was living with Wootton in 1854. He gave the date of Autobee's move as 1855, when the Wootton-Doyle plaza was abandoned. At that time, Wootton, Doyle, and several other men moved to La Junta, New Mexico; and Charlie, William Kroenig, and their party, including Juan Chiquito, of whom more will be said later, established the Huerfano colony.

Wootton, in dictating his book to H. L. Conard, said that Doyle left the Arkansas settlement shortly after the Ute raid of Christmas Day, 1854, and took his family back to Fort Barclay, near Fort Union. Wootton stayed on for about a year after the above mentioned raid. He gave boredom as his reason for leaving the life of a farmer. He also went to Fort Barclay and started a freight line between Fort Union and Kansas City.

Wootton stated that all of his neighbors had left soon after the Ute raid, and that he was the only farmer left on the Arkansas. He considered himself the pioneer farmer of Colorado, but perhaps this title should belong to Autobee. Charlie stayed in the Arkansas-Huerfano area continuously during the 1850's and raised crops each year, according to Thomas Autobee.

Charlie had begun to raise crops on the west bank of the Huerfano in 1852 while living at the Wootton-Doyle plaza about two miles away. When most of the farmers in the valley moved elsewhere, following the Ute raids of 1854, Autobee became established in his plaza on the Huerfano. With him in this undertaking were William Kroenig, Joseph Barnoy, and Juan Chiquito. Mariano, Charlie's oldest son by his Mexican wife, Serafina, was also among the men who built this original plaza.

At the time when this plaza was built, Serafina and the younger chil-

dren were still living in New Mexico, either at Arroyo Hondo or Rio Colorado. They were not to become a part of this colony until 1857. It would appear that Charlie enjoyed the companionship which only a woman can afford, for he took an Arapaho squaw as his tent wife during the years that Serafina was not with him at the new colony.

Charlie and Siccamo, this Arapaho woman, never had any children but he adopted her son, Chico, as his own. Chico was the son of an Irish trapper and hunter who had been working at Bent's Fort. The identity of this man is unknown.

In 1856, Charlie and Siccamo were involved in a battle with the Utes near the present town of Boggsville. It seems that Charlie, Siccamo, Juan Chiquito, Chico, Siccamo's son, and several others of the Huerfano colony were returning to the plaza from a trading trip. They were approached early in the morning by a band of Ute Indians who told Charlie that he must surrender the Indians in his party. If he did this, he would be allowed to proceed with his goods, if not, he would be attacked. When he refused, the Utes attacked and the battle began.

During the fight, Autobee was wounded but would not give up. He continued to fire his rifle while Siccamo loaded for him. Juan Chiquito and his son became frightened and hid in a wagon until Charlie pulled them out and threatened to turn them over to the Utes. This made them brave fighters again. The battle continued all day, but the Utes were unable to kill or capture the party. Finally, after the sun went down, the Indians retreated and Charlie was able to withdraw. His small party hurried on to the Huerfano and arrived without further mishap.

According to Thomas Autobee,

Charlie left the farm in charge of Mariano, his oldest son, for a time in 1856 and worked for the Government at Fort Garland. While there he was stabbed by a Mexican named Juan Pineda. Although the Government doctor had no hope for his recovery, Charlie was back at work in about one month, as will be noted more fully below.

During this same year, Autobee was stabbed in the back by a Mexican at Fort Union. He had gone to the Fort because he had a hay contract with the Quartermaster there and also sold the Government other goods which he raised on his farm. By this time he had raised his production to a profitable level and was able to provide the Fort with fresh produce. The Fort Union stab wound apparently had no serious effect on Charlie, for there is no mention of a long rest period following it.

Even a man accustomed to the hardship of the wilderness could have become tired of his way of life when wounded three times in one year. Yet three unpleasant occurrences were taken in stride by Autobee, even at the age of forty-four. On the frontier, a man of that age was considered to be well along in years and usually to be past his prime in a physical sense.

Perhaps a mention of Charlie's physical characteristics might be appropriate here. He was a big man, standing about six feet in his stocking feet. Mr. O. H. P. Baxter, a judge who knew him during the 1870's, described Autobee as "not fleshy, but well built; had a very commanding presence; had administrative ability; a man of force; but uneducated." As he became older, Charlie had a deeply lined face, full of scars, and his jet-black hair, which reached almost to his shoulders, became streaked with gray. His picture shows him to be a man with a stern face and piercing eyes.

Charlie must have possessed strong qualities of leadership, for he gathered around him a self-sufficient colony. These Mexicans and half-breeds looked up to him as their ruler and guide.

In 1857, Charlie brought his Mexican family to the Huerfano settlement. Any one of several possible explanations might be assigned for this event. For instance, Charlie may have missed his family and decided that they would be reasonably safe at the plaza. Another possible answer might be that Serafina wanted to again be wife number one, replacing Siccamo as the woman of the colony.

In any case, the wife and family moved to the plaza, while Siccamo continued to live in the colony and was treated with respect. When she died in 1864, she was buried in the family graveyard on the east bank of the Huerfano. This graveyard has been used by Mexican families through the years until the present time.

The Huerfano colony continued to prosper and fine crops were raised each year. There were occasional hard times, however. During the winter of 1857, Richard C. Deus, an army Captain, stayed at the ranch for three weeks. He had been marooned in the mountains between the Arkansas and New Mexico. His party ran out of food and decided to get food from Charlie. At the end of three weeks, Autobee's supply was exhausted and the good Captain moved on.

On October 24, 1858, David Kellog, a gold seeker, mentioned in his diary passing by Charlie Autobee's ranch, but he failed to describe it. A brief description of the colony as it existed in 1858 has been provided by William N. Byers and Jonathon H. Kellom in their manual for gold seekers:

We have seen corn and vegetables

grown on the farm of Charles Autobee (sic) . . . which seemed as large and good as the same productions in the vallies (sic) of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers; but to produce these crops, it was necessary to resort to irrigation. . . .

Another and a more detailed contemporary description of the colony was given by H. M. Gass, a Texan who was travelling to the Colorado goldfields. His diary for June 6-7, 1859, contained the following accounts:

Today we came to Auteby's (sic) ranch, situated on the west side of Huerfano River. The ranch consists of some four or five square cabins, built of cottonwood logs, and covered with poles and mud-flat roofs. The owner, himself, is an old French trapper; his wife is Mexican. They are farming on a small scale.

* * *

There are, I presume, some fifty persons here at Auteby's (sic). They are farming by irrigation. They raise fine corn and pumpkins, and very fine garden vegetables (sic). They sell their corn for five dollars a bushel.

When Andrew Jackson Templeton spent the winter of 1859-60 with the Autobees on the Huerfano, he observed the industry on the farm. He told Dr. Cragin that Charlie raised a good crop of corn, potatoes, beets, and rutabagas. He operated his own grist mill on the river.

The Huerfano colony was mentioned in one other diary of a gold hunter. An anonymous diarist recorded the name of Charlie Autobee on January 6, 1859. It seems that a band of about fifty Utes was seen riding down the south bank of the Arkansas River on their way to Charlie's ranch. With the aid of some friendly Arapahoes, the Utes were stopped.

No evidence has been found to indicate that the gold fever exhibited

by travellers who stopped at the Autobee ranch rubbed off on him. Although he probably did not become enthusiastic about finding gold, he did enjoy excitement. According to a pioneer of Walsenburg, Colorado, Jose Anastasia Valdez, to whom Dr. Cragin talked on December 8, 1907, Marcellino Baca and Charlie staged a mock duel with swords on horseback in 1859. Valdez said that they engaged in this affair to create a sensation in the town of Rio Colorado, in New Mexico. Baca and Autobee were good friends and had known each other for some time. Charlie's oldest son, Mariano, had married Baca's daughter, Elena, in 1853.

Although his work as a scout and volunteer soldier was intermittent, the account of Charlie Autobee's service with units of the National Government deserves unified treatment. First to be mentioned would be his service at Fort Garland. Second would be his participation as a scout and guide in the Civil War. His activity in various Indian battles forms the basis for a final section. These activities will now be developed in turn.

Fort Massachusetts, located on Ute Creek, near the base of Mount Blanca, six miles north of the site of Fort Garland, had been the only previous military post in the valley. While it had afforded adequate protection from the Indians for a time, the increased activity of the Utes was endangering the farmers of the valley, and so a durable fort became a necessity. By 1856 the population of the San Luis Valley had risen to eleven hundred Mexicans and one hundred Americans, and the Utes were a constant menace to their safety. Built in 1852, Fort Massachusetts had been designed as a temporary establishment and its poorly constructed log buildings did not provide its occupants with the necessary protection from

either the Indians or the harsh winter cold. Nor did it provide sufficient housing for the number of soldiers needed to maintain adequate protection against the Indian raids.

In 1856, the United States Government established Fort Garland at the northern end of San Luis Valley. It was built at the western entrance to Sangre de Cristo Pass. Adobe was chosen as the material for the construction of the new fort, perhaps because of its excellent qualities of insulation and durability. A force of Mexican laborers was hired by the Government. To keep these Mexican workers busy, a good leader was needed, so Charlie Autabee was hired to fill this position.

The choice of Charlie as the foreman of the construction workers was probably a good one. Charlie had been closely associated with Mexicans for over twenty years and was usually on friendly terms with them. He had developed his colony, composed largely of Mexicans and half-breeds, and these men looked to him for leadership.

Work on the fort began in the spring of 1856 and proceeded without complication for several months. Then, in July, trouble between Charlie and one of the Mexican laborers arose. Although the cause or causes of the altercation are not clear,

several alternatives might be considered. Charlie may have been forcing the men to work too hard; personal antipathies may have caused the conflict; or the combatants may have imbibed the regional substitute for bona fide liquor, "Taos Lightning," too freely.

Whatever the reason for the dispute between them might have been, Charlie and the Mexican, Juan Pineda, brought it to a climax on the twentieth of July. On that day, Pineda stabbed his opponent in the chest, inflicting a serious wound. The men carried Charlie to a bed and called the Government doctor.

When the doctor arrived, he took one look at Charlie, his chest opened so wide by Pineda's knife that the beating of his heart was exposed, and stated that in his professional opinion Autabee could not live another minute. The patient, giving vent to a maledictory remark about the doctor's maternal ancestry, said if that were true, he would outlive the doctor by at least a half-minute.

The good doctor, alarmed by the violence of the implied threat and not wishing to be present for the suggested finale, hurriedly left the room. During the period of Autabee's crisis and convalescence, the doctor demanded the attendance of several armed soldiers when he visited the

EVANS & STOKES,

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SPRINGFIELD CITY, - - - ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

patient to treat his wound. According to Thomas Autobee, the youngest son of Charlie, who related the entire incident to Dr. Cragin, Autobee was incapacitated for about one month. By the first of September, he had recovered sufficiently to assume again his position as foreman of the construction crew.

When the Civil War began, Charlie was farming his ranch on the Huerfano. His first recorded contribution to the war effort was the sale of an old iron cannon to Governor William Gilpin. Gilpin had the old piece repaired and it became part of the gunnery of the First Regiment of Colorado Volunteers.

Later in the war period the Indian menace arose. In August 1864, Governor John Evans called up the Colorado Volunteers to meet the rising threats. According to an article in the *Denver Post*, November 30, 1919, Captain Charlie Autobee was in command of a company composed of Mexicans that was summoned to duty by Governor Evans. Two of Charlie's sons, John and Mariano, also were called into service in August. Later, Colonel John M. Chivington, the ex-minister of La Glorietta Pass fame, prepared for his march to Sand Creek.

Milo H. Slater, an old pioneer who had fought at Sand Creek, told Dr. Cragin that Charlie Autobee and Jim Beckworth, another and well-known old Mountain Man, were Chivington's guides. David Lavender failed to mention Autobee, but said that Beckworth was chief guide until the war party reached Fort Lyon on the Arkansas. At this place, Beckworth collapsed and Robert Bent, William's son, was ordered to lead the troops to Sand Creek. Charlie must have taken part, or at least have been present, in the subsequent fighting, for Nilo H. Slater told Dr. Cragin that Autobee estimated a total of eight or nine hun-

dred Indians were slain in the attack. Just what Charlie thought of the affair is not revealed in the records.

A brief description of some of Autobee's other Governmental and civic connections might be mentioned here. The first concerned the erection of a fort. A reporter for *The Pueblo Star-Journal and Sunday Chieftain* interviewed Elena Autobee, granddaughter of Mariano, in 1951, and Elena said that in 1843 the Government proposed that Charlie establish a fort on the Huerfano River and about one thousand acres of land would be his. There is no other available evidence to substantiate this statement. Charlie did receive a parcel of land, but not as a direct grant from the United States Government. Rather it was derived from the New Mexican Vigil and St. Vrain grant claim, as will be described more fully later.

Autobee received the honor of having two towns named for him. William Larimer, a well-known pioneer of Denver, mentioned a number of new towns in a letter dated February 2, 1859, to the *Leavenworth Times*, and among these towns was one called "Antabee after old trader," located between Fountain City on the Arkansas River and Junction City on the Fountain Qualo (sic), or Boiling Spring.

About the same time, the second city received the old frontiersman's name, for it is recorded that when the counties of Colorado were organized in 1861, the town of "Autubee" became the county seat of Huerfano County, Colorado. This action was carried out on November 6, 1861.

The meeting for the purpose of organizing Huerfano County was held in the home of J. H. Doyle on the Huerfano River. The County Commissioners elected were Charlie Autobee, Joseph B. Doyle and Morton B. Welton. Later in 1861, Pueblo County was established and included the low-

er Huerfano River in its boundaries. At that time, a new Huerfano County was organized to the south of Pueblo County. Since Charlie did not become an official in the newly formed Pueblo County government, he enjoyed a very short term of office.

The last of Charlie's dealings with the Federal Government came in 1870. Autobee made arrangements with the officials at Fort Reynolds to operate a ferry boat on the Arkansas, to provide transportation between the northern shore and the Fort Reynolds landing. The boat was built by the Quartermaster Department at the fort and Charlie leased it for both military and civilian use. The fort was located on the south side of the Arkansas River, three miles east of Avondale and two miles west of the Huerfano.

The Title To Charlie Autobee's Land

Charlie claimed title to his land on the Huerfano as derivative of the Vigil and St. Vrain Mexican Land Grant. The Grant was confirmed by Congress for 97,000 acres in 1860, but subsequently adjustments became necessary.

In order to make these adjustments, the Surveyor General of Colorado on May 3, 1869, gave notice to all settlers within the Vigil and St. Vrain grant that they must furnish him with a description of their respective claims. Statements received in response to this notice by claimants or their heirs included those of Charlie Autobee, Alexis Hicklin, Lucien B. Maxwell, William Bent, Felix St. Vrain, Thomas Boggs, William Krocnig, and "Kit" Carson.

Several more years passed before Charlie actually was awarded the land on which he had lived since 1851. After more legal consideration of the claims on the land, the Registrar and Receiver of the Land Office of Pueblo handed down their decision on the 23rd day of February, 1874. Autobee was recognized as one of the earliest

claimants, having been promised land by Ceran St. Vrain prior to 1855. And so he gained title to 686 acres of land.

Unfortunately Charlie did not enjoy the right of land ownership for very long. On December 21, 1877, less than four years after he received his title, he was forced to sell. Isaac W. Hill and Thomas M. Field, owners of a small general store located near the Huerfano River, held his note for twelve hundred dollars. When they demanded payment, Autobee put all of his land up for sale. It was sold at public auction on the steps of the Pueblo County Court House.

Charlie had very little wealth left when his land was sold. He was about sixty-five and his strenuous life was probably beginning to have its effect on his physical capacities.

In 1879, an effort was made to repay him in part for his services as a pioneer guide and scout. Judge Allen A. Bradford tried to obtain a pension for him from the State of Colorado. The judge convinced J. J. Thomas, Representative to the Colorado State Legislature from Pueblo County, of Charlie's need.

On January 25, 1879, Thomas introduced House Joint Resolution Number Twelve concerning Autobee. It was read for the first time and ordered printed. The bill then began its complicated route through the legislative process, but by February 8, it had passed and was signed by Governor F. W. Pitkin the same day. It has not been possible to learn the amount of money this pension provided Charlie.

Although past the age of sixty, Charlie still retained his sense of humor and his ability to give a dramatic touch to an otherwise commonplace occurrence. In this connection, Mr. Baxter told an amusing story to Dr. Cragin. It seems Charlie was foreman of a jury on one occasion in the

seventies in Pueblo County and had to swear in the witnesses. Mr. Baxter told him how to do it, the formula ending, "so help me God." But Autobee always swore all of them in with the final wording of the oath, "so help me, by God," much to the amusement of the people in the courtroom.

By the 1880's the west of Charlie Autobee's youth indeed was past. He had lived a full and worthwhile life by that time, and yet he might have found a place in the new society. However, several years before his death in 1882, he received a wound that may have indirectly caused his decline. One day he was heating an old gun-barrel in his forge to draw it into a crowbar. Although he had examined the gun before the heating, a hidden charge exploded and the bullet struck him in the groin. This wound refused to heal properly and he thereafter had a running sore until his death.

A brief notice of his death appeared in the (Denver) *Daily Republican* on June 20, 1882. This article gave his age as eighty. He was probably seventy when he died, if his youngest son, Thomas, gave the correct information to Dr. Cragin. Two days later, the weekly edition of the *Pueblo Chieftain* included a highly complimentary obituary. Following is that article in part:

On Saturday last (June 17), Charles Autobee, one of the oldest and best known residents of Colorado, who is known far and wide as a friend of Kit Carson, William Bent, Jim Baker and other noted frontiersmen in Colorado's early history, died at his home on the Arkansas, east of the city near old Fort Reynolds, after a painful and protracted illness of several weeks, rheumatism being the immediate cause of his death.

Several years ago Major T. O. Rigney, at that time a resident of this city . . . gathered voluminous notes regarding this remarkable man's life, with the intention of publishing a book . . . but before completing his work, death claimed him, and by some unaccountable means the notes and manuscript regarding Autobee's life were lost.

The unfortunate loss of these notes on Charlie's life may have relegated him to a minor role in the history of the pioneers of Colorado, for Charlie was unable to record his own experiences. In any case, it is apparent that Charlie Autobee deserves to be remembered as one of Colorado's leading pioneers.

AWARDS—

(Continued from Page 3)

literature, folklore, economics, anthropology or other pertinent subject; or

b. merits financial assistance and encouragement in the completion of such a study.

The application for the award must clearly state on which basis the Award is sought. If it is for a completed study, the work itself must be submitted with the application. If the work is not completed, a complete report or evidence of the status of the study must be made together with a statement setting forth the specific purpose, in furtherance of the study, for which the Award is requested. In this instance, the word "study" is intended to mean a thesis, article, story, or other manuscript.

3. In their consideration of applications, the judge shall bear in mind that their basic purpose is to encourage fulfillment of promise, to open the door to achievement in keeping

with the objectives of the Westerners. These objectives, as stated in Articles of Incorporation filed in Denver, April 9, 1946, are: "... to investigate, discuss and publish the facts and color relative to the historic, social, political, economic and religious background of the West; to, wherever possible, preserve a record of the cultural background and evolution of the Western region; and to promote all corollary activities thereof."

4. The sole judges in the bestowing of this Award shall be the Executive Committee of the Denver Posse of Westerners as constituted under the constitution and by-laws of the organization. Said Executive Committee is hereby empowered to make, from time to time, in writing and by a majority vote of the committee members, such changes in these rules, and such additional rules, as it deems advisable; except that no changes in or additions to the rules shall be made in the interval between announcement that applications for the Award will be received and the making of the Award for that year.

5. The judges shall draw up an application form to be used in this connection, and shall distribute this application form annually to schools and colleges, libraries, historical societies and such other institutions, organizations, or individuals as might be helpful in encouraging worthy individuals to apply for the Award. Such distribution, accompanied by the necessary explanation of the contest and such other publicity as may be given the Award through the newspapers and other media, shall constitute the public announcement mentioned in Paragraph 1. In announcing the contest, the judges shall set the time and place for filing applications and state the amount of the offered Award.

6. In each annual Award, the

judges may, if they see fit, divide the prize, awarding specified sums to more than one individual.

7. Funds for providing this Award shall be raised by voluntary contributions from members of The Denver Westerners (Posse, Reserve and Corresponding) and from any and all other sources that willingly contribute. The amount of the Award shall be determined annually by the judges in accordance with funds available.

AND BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, That this Resolution, after its adoption by the Executive Committee of The Denver Posse of The Westerners, shall be reported to the Posse membership at a regular meeting, and, after such report, shall be in full force and effect until rescinded, or until funds for making the Award are not available.

Respectfully submitted
MAURICE FRINK

AFTERMATH—

(Continued from Page 3)

Not long after publication of the book, CM David L. Hieb, of the Fort Laramie National Monument, Wyoming, questioned that this picture could possibly be of Germania Basin; he asserted that it was, without doubt, a picture of Long's Peak, and he felt that he could identify even the place on the Thompson River from which the original snap had been taken.

Mrs. Hall was inclined to declare that she could not have been in error, since she had not been in that vicinity; she could, she felt, recall the exact circumstances of the taking of this particular picture on a pack trip into the Germania Basin.

I asked Mrs. Hall to return the original photograph from which the half-tone had been made, and I sent this on to Mr. Hieb for his examination at leisure. He, in turn, took it

with him to a conference of National Park Superintendents in Omaha in January. There a number of his fellows backed him up in his identification of the picture as one of Longs Peak. Among those there was Mr. H. Raymond Gregg, Regional Chief of Interpretation for the Region Two office of the National Park Service, and Mr. Gregg was kind enough to write me a full letter about the matter.

This letter, plus additional material from Mr. Hieb, was sent to Mrs. Hall with a request that she probe her memory very carefully to see if there was any possibility she could have secured the original snapshot from Colorado; or alternatively, if she could produce other material to substantiate her claim.

After conferring with her colleagues in Pocatello and further thought in the matter, Mrs. Hall has sent me a note in which she indicates that she must have been mistaken. She says that her son went to school in Fort Collins in the summer of 1922 and that she must have come in possession of the photo as a result of his trips into Estes Park and the Longs Peak area that summer. Mrs. Hall wishes to extend her sincere regrets for the error, inadvertently made, in enclosing this photo with the illustrative material accompanying her article.

My thanks to Mr. David L. Hieb, loyal CM, for calling this error to my attention, and to Mr. H. Raymond Gregg for his assistance in the matter. Both gentlemen are receiving copies of this statement.

2. The second article in the *Brand Book 1955* was "Notes on Mountaineering in the Elk Mountains" of Colorado by Percy Hagerman, a printing of certain memoirs Mr. Hagerman had deposited with the Colorado Mountain Club. In his memoirs is an account of naming Buckskin Pass as the

result of an incident with a buckskin pack animal who twice fell from the trail and rolled down the mountain-side as Mr. Hagerman and his companions proceeded up the pass. The pass, according to Mr. Hagerman, was named Buckskin because of this experience. The incident Mr. Hagerman dated as September, 1915. (Page 62 of the *Brand Book*.)

Shortly after the book appeared PM Art Carhart telephoned me to query me about this incident. He related an experience in which, in the early Twenties, he was accompanying ranger Len Shoemaker and some others upon a trip in this area. As they approached this particular pass, Art asked Len if the pass had a name; Len replied that he knew of no name for it. Just at that moment, a large buck leaped from the brush, ran up the slope, then paused for a moment silhouetted just on the skyline of the pass.

The party then agreed that there was the source of the name for the pass: Buckskin.

Art wondered if the pass had not been named as a result of this experience rather than Mr. Hagerman's experience. I then talked at some length with Len Shoemaker, who is now retired and living in Denver after many, many years of distinguished service in the Aspen area, including attending to the naming of many topographical features of the area.

Len recalled vividly the incident Art had told me about. And he said that for some time he had believed that the pass had received its name because of this experience. However, he said that a few years later, as he was pouring over some old maps, he had found a map dated about 1916 which had already shown the pass to be named Buckskin.

What is so remarkable about this story is that a certain feature of land-

scape had come to be named exactly the same name from two such different incidents!

3. In the United States excellence in book typography is recognized primarily upon a regional basis, as well as the national Fifty Books of the Year selection. For the Western states (including the states of the Rockies), the selection is done by a competition held by the Rounce and Coffin Club of Los Angeles.

CM Raymond Johnson, who printed our *Brand Book 1955*, submitted the book to the competition for the best books of 1956 designed and manufactured in the Western states. I was especially pleased about a month ago when Ray told me that the book had been chosen in the competition and would become a part of the Rounce and Coffin Club touring exhibit. I believe this is the first book manufactured in Colorado which was ever so honored.

I should like to say that I think this is a very nice feather-in-the-cap for all of us: for the Denver Posse as the publishers, for Ray Johnson as printer, for Muriel Sibell Wolle as illustrator, and, last, for me, as the designer of the volume.

New Booklet on Colorado History

The Colorado State Historical Society has recently issued a new booklet. "The Rush to the Rockies; Background of Colorado History," written by the Society's president, James Grafton Rogers. The booklet contains 24 pages of text and pictures, principally mining scenes, and is limited to 1000 copies. May be secured at State Museum Building, E. 14th and Sherman Sts. Price 75c.

BOOK REVIEW

A NARRATIVE OF THE CAPTIVITY AND ADVENTURES OF JOHN TANNER (U. S. INTERPRETER AT THE SAUT DE STE. MARIE) DURING THIRTY YEARS RESIDENCE AMONG THE INDIANS IN THE INTERIOR OF NORTH AMERICA. (2000 numbered copies.) Ross & Haines, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn., 1956, with a new introduction by Noel Loomis. 427 pp. \$8.75.

In a book published in 1824 covering an 1823 expedition commanded by Major Stephen H. Long, the subject of the volume under review is mentioned "At Rainy Lake we met with a man whose interesting adventures deserve to be made known to the public; we had heard at various places of a citizen of the United States who had been at an early age taken prisoner by a party of Indians and who having been educated among them had acquired their language, habits and manners to the exclusion of those of his country."

The experiences of this captive, John Tanner, taken down and prepared for printing by Edwin James, a New York doctor, were published by Carvill, New York, in 1830. An abridgement, "Grey Hawk—Life Adventure among the Red Indians," was issued by Lippincott in 1883. The present book is a reprint of the 1830 edition, with an additional introduction by Noel Loomis dealing with Tanner's efforts to adjust to the White man's world after thirty years spent among the Ojibways.

Since Indians kept no written records, a contemporaneous and apparently authentic story such as this is useful, reflecting as it does the reactions of an individual born of the white race and influenced for so long a time by savage peculiarities. Its style is typically pedestrian, the narrative consisting chiefly of the practical day-by-day details of primitive hardship and struggle for survival, with some glimpses into the red man's philosophy and motivations.

This new edition makes readily accessible a comparatively rare and important work, and it should be of considerable value as source material on the mental and physical climate of certain phases of Indian life during the first three decades of the nineteenth century.

W. Scott Broome

All-American Indian Days Scheduled Aug. 2, 3 and 4

Annual All American Indian Days, combined with Miss (Indian) America Contest has been announced for the dates of Friday, Saturday and Sunday, August 2, 3 and 4, in Sheridan, Wyoming.

"This is a most unusual event," says F. H. Sinclair (Neckyoke Jones), Secretary-Manager of All American Indian Days. "It involves more than an Indian pow-wow for the entertainment of tourists. It has human relations objectives behind it and we try to have Indians present authentic old time ceremonies, dances, arts and crafts and the worthwhile things which Indians have contributed to American culture. "In addition we work in modern musical numbers and contributions by younger Indians, and some patriotic contributions which have been augmented by the armed services."

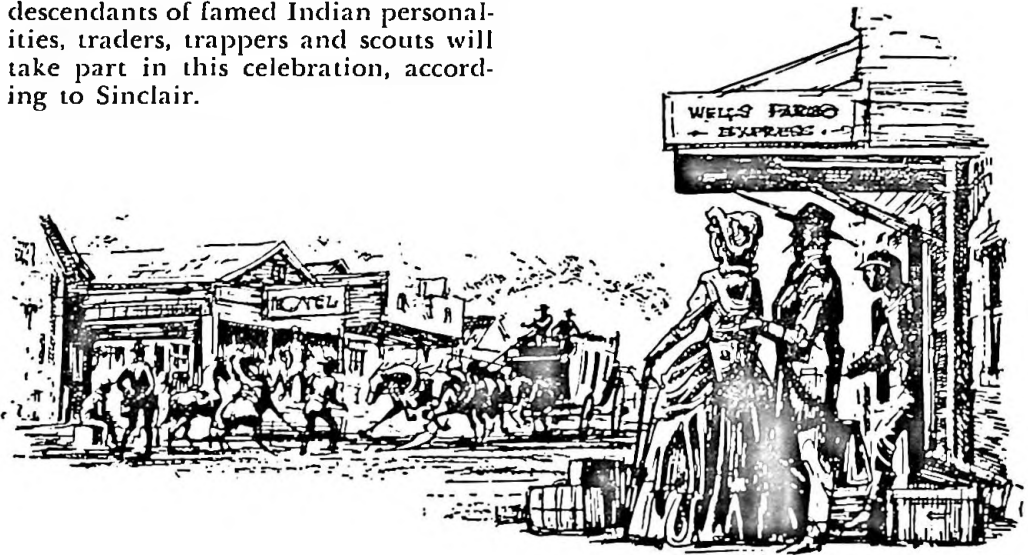
Altho there are few historical characters alive today who participated in frontier days episodes, many descendants of famed Indian personalities, traders, trappers and scouts will take part in this celebration, according to Sinclair.

History Is Where You Find It—

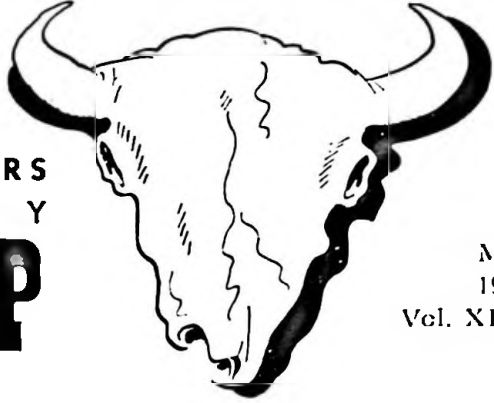
Omer C. Stewart has written a very interesting article entitled "THE VICTUALS OF OUR RED MEN." He tells of the food habits of many Indian tribes and explains to what extent those habits have survived today. This paper originally appeared in Vol. 33, No. 4, of The Delphian Quarterly, and has been recently reprinted in the March, 1957, issue of Southwestern Lore, the publication of The Colorado Archaeological Society. EHE

PM Maurice Frink of the Denver Westerners Posse has been selected as one of the judges in the Miss (Indian) America Contest.

Reservations can be made by writing to: All American Indian Days, Inc. Box 1267, Sheridan, Wyoming.



The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



May
1957
Vol. XIII, No. 5



Delegation of Ute Indians visiting National Mining and Industrial Exposition held in Denver 1882-1884. (Picture courtesy of Western History Department, Denver Public Library.)

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JUNE MEETING

"The Royal Gorge Railroad War"

W. T. "Doc" Little

June 26, 1957

6:30 P. M.

Denver Press Club, 1330 Glenarm

W. T. Little was born and raised in Canon City, Colorado, and for many years was Editor of the Canon City Daily Record. He is an avid student of the Colorado Railroad History, a mountain climber of ability, a camera fan, and the published author of many articles on Colorado. Little was Chairman of the Committee which organized and built the now famous DeWeese Museum of history in Canon City. For some time he has been working on the publication of a book which has to do with the history of Canon City and southern Colorado, particularly those facts which embrace Railroad activities.

IN MEMORIAM

There are particular reasons why the Denver Westerners should express their regret for the untimely passing of Posseman Levette J. Davidson, and extend their deepest sympathies to his wife. They witnessed the fact that his adopted city, Denver, his state,



Levette J. Davidson

Colorado and the country at large acknowledged his scholarly attainments in the broad field of literature, as well as in Western history and folklore. He was a leading member and officer in the Colorado Folklore Society, the Colorado Authors' League, the State Historical Society, the Colorado Poetry Society, the American Name Society, the National Council of Teachers, the Modern Language Association, the College English Association, and the University of Denver. His active participation in furthering the aims and accomplishments of such varied organizations marked him as a man of many learned interests and worthy achievements.

Levette was especially recognized by the Westerners as an author dedicated to insuring a true portrait of the West, an acknowledged leader of the Posse, and a stimulating associate. He was enrolled as a charter member when the Posse was founded in 1945.

Thereafter, he supplemented his other extensive writings by presenting several memorable papers at his monthly meetings. During 1950, he provided effective leadership as Sheriff. His counsel and guidance were always offered with insight and restraint. And yet it was as a fellow member—a considerate companion, an informed conversationalist, and an attentive listener—that his relationship with the Posse will be especially cherished. He was a distinguished traveller on the Western trail.

Indian Scare At Denver Mint

Through the courtesy of **Mrs. Alma K. Scheider**, superintendent of the United States Mint, Denver, the following letter to **John Evans**, governor of Colorado Territory, from the superintendent of the Denver mint in 1864, is reproduced here:

June 15th, 1864

Sir: Owing to the present unsettled state of public affairs, incident to the manifest hostility of the Indians in this vicinity, who may be led by Rebel Emissaries, in the absence of the troops heretofore stationed here, to attempt to sack and burn the city of Denver, I deem it prudent to endeavor to procure arms for the employees of the U. S. Branch Mint for the defense of the Mint building, treasure &c, and the protection of the women and children who may seek the building, in case of such invasion, as a place of safety. I therefore request that you furnish me with twenty (20) muskets and twenty (20) rounds of fixed ammunition for the same which, together with the private arms already available I deem will be sufficient for an emergency.

I am very Respectfully,
your able Supt.

(Signed) **Geo. W. Lane, Supt.**
U. S. Branch Mint
Aylpec. E. Crater

—Forbes Parkhill

Know Your Writers Of Western History

Alexander Philip Maximilian, Prince of Wied was born in Rhenish, Prussia; he was commissioned a Captain in the Prussian Army during the Napoleonic wars; taken prisoner and later exchanged and returned to his home where he engaged in scientific studies. He reentered the military service in 1813 and attained the rank of Major General, marched into Paris with a victorious army.

This is first of series of monthly columns on writers of Western History which will be contributed by PM Dr. Nolie Mumeey. As most Westerners know Dr. Mumeey is himself the author of many books and articles on Western History, who makes a habit of exhausting every possible resource of material for his writings, and in so doing frequently comes across many previously unknown or lesser known personalities whose contributions are an interesting part of Western Americana.

His mother had a great influence on his early life and encouraged him in his studies in natural history. Philip became so intensely interested in the field of science that he began making preparations for an expedition to South America. He went to Brazil and published his reports on that country, a treatise which gave him a permanent place among scientists.

"A JOURNEY TO BRAZIL IN THE YEARS OF 1815-1817" Edited in Frankfurt, 1820-21, two volumes.

Maximilian's second expedition was to North America in 1832, the objective was to collect data on the aboriginal people of the United States, he took with him a young Swiss artist who had completed his studies in Paris-Charles Bodmer.

The Prince of Wied traveled under the name of Baron Brausenburg, his chief interest was in the West. In St. Louis he met Gen. Clark who furnished him with a map of the country beyond the Mississippi. On April 10, 1833, he boarded the American Fur Company's steamer *Yellowstone*; at Fort Pierre he transferred to the *As-*

sinboine for Fort Union arriving there on June 18th. On the 24th of that month he left by keel boat to Fort Mackenzie on Maria's River where he remained for two months. During his stay he studied the Black-foot Indians keeping the artist busy making sketches and preparing his own notes.

He spent the winter at Fort Clark among the Mandan Indians, the weather was severe and there was a scarcity of provisions, the Prince became ill and almost lost his life. He returned to St. Louis in May 1834 and departed for the old world on July 16th with voluminous notes and many sketches. He spent a year preparing his book on this monumental journey. It was first published in German in two quarto volumes with the Bodmer atlas, Coblenz, 1839-1841. A French edition was issued in three volumes
(Continued Page 10)

Forgotten Men

By John J. Lipsey

The forgotten men of our Denver Westerners are our editors. Each of these has served at least one year as Registrar of Marks and Brands and editor of the monthly Brand Book or Roundup, and at least one year as editor of the Annual Brand Book.

The preservation and publication of the historical papers prepared by members and guests is the most permanent and valuable work the Denver posse has done. Long after we are all dead the Annual Brand Books will be monuments more lasting, more useful, than marble or bronze. We won't have to wait as long as that to know how much these books are appreciated. Already these volumes are snatched up by libraries, writers, collectors and by others who just love to read and keep the history of the West. Even by the crude yardstick of money-value the Brand Books are worth a good deal. Every one of the annual publications (except perhaps the current one) commands a premium in the rare book market.

(Continued Page 16)

THE DENVER I KNEW

JOHN HILBERT

The history that gets into records and books usually misses the everyday matters that are, nevertheless, a part of the community and affect its residents. I should like to tell you of Denver as I knew it as a youngster and young man. At the start I'd ask your indulgence for all personal references since this will be an account with many of them. I could not tell you of the Denver I knew without relating these experiences.

I arrived in Denver in 1885 in a covered wagon. The people I had been living with at the time, had left the little town of Rosita, had made stops along the way, and then we were coming in to the "big city" along the wagon road that approached from the south about where Broadway is at the present time. And probably because I was a youngster who had lived in smaller communities, the big buildings of Denver in that year made their greatest impression on me.

The first structure that looked big to me was the Exposition Building. It was located on the block between Logan and Broadway on the east and west sides, Virginia street and Exposition avenue on the other sides. It was somewhat ugly, standing out there all by itself, but to a kid from Rosita it looked mighty big and imposing.

A check-up shows that the building was built to first house the National Mining Exposition. The January 1, 1884 issue of the Rocky Mountain News tells of the construction having been started April 4, 1882, the cornerstone set on May 1, 1883, and at that time the Board of Directors had Irwin Mahon as its president, and among the stockholders were T. C. Henry, H. W. W. Tabor and W. A. H. Loveland.

That first night in Denver we put our livestock and wagon in a corral across 18th from the hotel in which we stayed and found quarters for ourselves in a hotel across Larimer street from the Windsor. A little later this hotel, which had a pretty fair rating

at that time, had the name of the Capital and may have been so named when we stayed there. It still is a hotel of sorts.

Other buildings that made their impression on me were the ones that housed the postoffice, the telephone company quarters for reasons that will be clear a bit later, the Battle of Gettysburg Building and the Railroad Building at 1515 Larimer Street. The latter was an early day sky-scraper and it was being built while I was on the streets selling the News, the Republican and the Denver times.

One evening several kids got into the Railroad Building when it had reached its full height but not all the structural features were made tight and finished. A boy about nine years old, named Ivers, and the others were playing "banters." This was a kid game in which one dared the other to do some risky sort of act and the Ivers boy was given such a dare.* It was to walk the cornice of the building that overhung Larimer street. Young Ivers took the dare.

Part way along the cornice young Ivers slipped and fell. He hit a lead of telephone wires below that caught

*Note: After this talk was given before the Posse, CM Clarence Jackson rose to state that he was one of the kids on the building.

"We had been swimming in the 'Big Ditch'," CM Jackson said. "The father of one of the kids was working on the building, so we sneaked our way in. I not only was one of the four kids on the Railroad building that evening, but I was the one who dared Ivers to walk the cornice!"

CM Edmund Rogers then stated that it was his father, Dr. Rogers, who had treated the Ivers boy and PM Forbes Parkhill added that while the boy was not seriously hurt, the horse involved died because of a broken back.

him like a net, bounced him ten feet or so in the air, threw him toward

the street, where he landed on the back of a white horse. The boy came out of it without major injury.

It probably would be of interest to know where the postoffice was located through the years. When I arrived here, it was in the two-story building at the northwest corner of the street intersection at Lawrence and 15th. The mail was of enough size that all of the ground floor from Lawrence to the alley was in use. The building still stands.

From there the postoffice was moved to the Battle of Gettysburg building which occupied the block where the present postoffice stands, from there it moved to the Old Customs House at Sixteenth and Arapaho, and from there, in 1916, the move was to the present marble building on the block between Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets, and Stout and Champa.

Of these, probably the most interesting structure was the Battle of Gettysburg building. It was built to house a panoramic presentation of the Battle of Gettysburg. The show was made up of a series of big paintings, each of which showed what was happening at various important stages of that battle. The pictures were mounted on rollers and while the audience listened to the lecturer and looked at one picture, stage hands shoved the others into view or out of it, in sequence of battle incidents. The lecturer then would turn from the one on which his talk was just finished and to the one that had been rolled in place, and give the portion of his talk relating to it.

What I've told you of how the Battle of Gettysburg operated is hearsay. It cost a dollar to get in to see it and kids in those days didn't have a dollar for that sort of extravagance. The man of the family where I was living was a Civil War veteran and he went to see the panorama, and I heard about it, over and over, from him.

After this show was moved, the building was remodeled, and became "Coliseum Hall" where the Firemen's Ball and other big dances were held and where the prize fights were staged.

It was in this building that the two champion boxers to come out of Denver got their professional start.

One of these was Young Corbett who was born and grew up in Denver. The other was Abe Attell. Corbett won the featherweight championship of the world in the east, by knocking out the highly favored Terry McGovern in the 2nd round. Attell won the championship from Tommy Sullivan, April 30, 1908.

Larimer street was the principal business street in the earlier days and one of the main clothing merchants on it was a man by the name of Schradsky. He had a bent for running big sales. He would advertise these with big headlines, when he had a pants sale these would read, "Schradsky's Pants are Down!"

The old Broadway and Tabor theatres are most heard of as play houses in the earlier days of the city. But the one that I attended was the People's Theatre located at 15th and Cleveland Place where a downtown Denver University building now stands. It was built in 1888 by Charles Fagenbusch and destroyed by fire September 10, 1892.

For ten cents you could get a seat in what people in those days outspokenly called the "nigger heaven" and I could dig up a dime to see Ten Nights in a Bar Room, Uncle Tom's Cabin and one especially I remember titled Ticket of Leave Man. George Wessels was the leading man, Nellie Elting was leading lady. Gus Williams was the comedian and Arlene Crater was an actress that took many different parts. A kid on the street, hawking newspapers, found in that playhouse, one of the greatest of his recreations.

The streets were not paved at the time we arrived in Denver; they were either cloudy with dust or sloppy with mud. The means of mass transportation were varied. The year I arrived Professor Sidney H. Short, of the physics department, Denver University had built a circle track on the university campus to demonstrate what was called "the underground

trolley." After this demonstration, the "underground" was built from one terminus in North Denver at Central Street a distance of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles. It was a funny looking outfit, the cars having a thing thrusting out in front that carried the trolley that extended down through a slot somewhat like the slot for a cable car to the electric line below. There were great stories went the rounds of how any horse, or person, who stood on the slot and track at the same time under certain conditions, immediately got a rousing shock that bordered on being fatal if not entirely so. The "underground trolley" didn't last very long.

The "Circle Railroad" was built to link all the suburbs of the big city together. It was tied up with some land promotions and was one means of getting from downtown Denver to San Souci, an early amusement park, near the old Exposition Building. The central station of the Circle Railroad was west of Cherry Creek on south side of Larimer Street.

Ely's Gardens were just getting started. At that time they were well out in the edge of town. A miniature steam railway from central Denver to the Gardens was the first means for getting out to Ely's.

The first street car system was horse-drawn. The streets were gradually hard surfaced. The earliest sidewalks were made of the flat stones quarried in the hogback foothills west of the city. Some of these still are in service in the residential areas.

The first telephone company, organized by Frederick O. Vaille, in 1879, was located at 1512 Larimer Street, next to the building now occupied by Alpert's store. That exchange had 161 subscribers. As it grew this early exchange was moved to what now is called the Nassau Block, Sixteenth and Larimer, but then was known as the Tabor Block. It is the building across Larimer from the Dave Cook store. While there the subscribers increased to 600 or 700.

The next move of the phone company "central," was to 1447 Lawrence street, which would be within the

area of the present municipal parking lot back of the old postoffice building. The office was at this location when I went to work for the company in 1898.

Those are bits of recollections concerning early Denver's streets and buildings that have stayed with me over the years. Now, with your indulgence, I would step back in time and pick up a thread of personal history. It has a link with Young Corbett, Denver's champion boxer.

I had been selling papers on the street, living with a family in what now is Barnum. One evening I had been told by the man that I could not go down the road a bit to play with some other boys, and I did anyway. When I got home that evening in the middle of a snowstorm, the door was locked against me, and the man I'd been living with told me in no very choice words that I wasn't living there any more. At thirteen years of age I was on my own, totally.

I stayed with my boy pals that night and a few days later I was scouting any sort of a job a kid might land, down along Larimer street. I bumped into a man named Lee who wanted someone to sit in the rear of a hay wagon and lead home a horse he had bought that would not lead when the halter rope was tied to the endgate. It was at least a job to bridge over to another one so I took it. I stayed with the Lees at their ranch which was located a few miles this side of Morrison, for quite a few months. It was during this time that I rode a hay wagon with the ghost of Lee's mother.

In my very early days someone had told me a blood-chilling ghost story. I believed in ghosts. So when Lee sent me to Denver with a load of hay, and told me to come home by way of old Calvary Cemetery, and there pick up the disinterred coffin containing the remains of his mother so the Morrison cemetery might become their resting place, I was scared stiff from the beginning of that trip.

After the hay was sold, I went to Calvary and the rough box and content were loaded into the wagon. By

that time it was getting dark and I had all the way to the ranch still to travel. Along the way it got darker and I got more scared. I expected the ghost to jump on my back and any dire thing to happen.

Getting along toward the end of the trip, getting more scared, I began putting the horses into a pretty fast gait. All of a sudden going down hill, I was lifted, thrown, and landed rolling on the dark ground in front of that team of horses. I *knew* the ghost of Lee's mother had done that! I was ready to hit out for any place yonder.

The horses stood perfectly still. They'd stood in their tracks as I catapulted over them. I began to look around. The tongue had slipped out of the neckyoke ring and its front end had run into the ground. That had stopped the wagon and the horses while I took flight. Borrowing a shovel and pick from a neighbor, I dug the tongue out, found it had bulged and splintered in the middle without cracking in two, wound gunnysack and wire around the bulge, and got on to the ranch. I never was more scared.

After leaving the Lee ranch, I decided a career as a jockey might be a good one for a skinny, light weight kid like me. Overland Park was in full swing as a racing establishment and I got a job as exercise boy which amounted to an apprenticeship as a jockey in the offing. I'd been doing some work for a man who had a horse ranch on the Platte below Denver, breaking yearling racehorse colts, and figured I was really launched into my life's work.

One day a small kid showed up at Overland with the same idea I'd had; he hung around and pestered everyone to let him show he could ride and make a good jockey. There was a hard-mouthed nag at the track named Fairplay. The horse was twenty-one years old, and had been a good race horse in his day, and his owner was keeping him on a hay-barn pension because the old horse had done well when younger.

The kid became so insistent that the track men decided to give him a chance—and hope it would wind up the kid's ambitions to be a jockey. A saddle was put on Fairplay, the kid was helped to the saddle, and the horse was led to the track. The old horse evidently got to thinking of his younger days and started running. The kid couldn't hold the old horse but he was finally stopped and led back to the stables, the kid all fed up with being a jockey.

The boy's name was Billy Rothwell. He was known in the prize ring later as Young Corbett.

Before I got the chance to become a jockey I put on weight that blocked that career so far as I was concerned. But I still was working around the stables and interested in horses. The man with the horse ranch on the Platte came one day to offer me a chance to take a bunch of horses to Cripple Creek; farm type work horses rather than racers. That looked like an interesting project and I took the job.

Once in Cripple Creek, the horses delivered, it followed that I got into mining. Several other young fellows and I had a mine we called the McGinty, on a lease-and-bond basis. One day we had put several shots in the shaft we were sinking and I guess we loaded it pretty heavy. It went off, rocks flew, and one big one looped down hill, hit the roof of a miner's cabin situated just below the McGinty, smashed through the roof, and hit the bed where the cabin's owner had been sleeping only a few minutes before.

That angry miner came up the hill looking for whoever set off the shots. He found us and he was ready to battle. That fight never got under way. About when it might have broken loose, the fire bell rang, other bells of the town started ringing, all the steam whistles of the mine began to blow—and the Big Cripple Creek Fire was under way. The miner's house burned in that fire. We never heard any more about that rock-breaking through his roof.

As in most mining towns, the water supply ran out quickly. The next move to fight the fire was to dynamite buildings. They began to blow them ahead of the fire, in all directions. I was hurrying down street, when I saw the door of a principal grocery store wide open. I ducked in to investigate. Nobody was inside. All kinds of candy was within reach and I filled my pockets. A large bucket of butter was on the shelf; that was a luxury, and I took it. About that time someone yelled at me from the rear door.

"Get out; get out!" he shouted. "There's fifty pounds of powder under that building and its about ready to go off. Get out fast!" and I did.

I was a block away when the powder went off. Later I opened the bucket of butter. It wasn't butter; it was lard, and somewhat rancid.

One of my partners was hurrying to the shack where we lived as that fire blazed. He passed a laundry. He saw men holding their arms out at the door, and people inside were passing out bundles of finished laundry to be saved from the flames. My partner moved in, took his turn, had a package of nicely starched, white shirts put in his arms, and he forthwith came to our shack.

That night we all dressed up in fresh shirts, hardly knew each other, and went to see what was going on in the main part of town. The principal gambling houses had rounded up the lumber and the workmen even as their places burned and by sundown that day they were back in business; so were some of the dance halls. There's nothing like free enterprise to bring a town out of a slump or a fire.

The McGinty mine didn't make anyone wealthy that year and I came back to Denver. I got a job delivering groceries and again I was mixed up with horses. I had to take care of the old horse that pulled the delivery wagon as well as hustle the groceries. It was while I was in this job that I became acquainted with Mr. A. B. Seaman who was attorney for the telephone company. I told him that I was very anxious to get a job with

the Telephone Company and it was through his efforts that I succeeded, and I am very grateful for what he did to help me get a better start in life.

As mentioned before I went to work for what was then the Colorado Telephone Company in 1898 when they were located at 1447 Lawrence St., where they had moved from the Tabor block at 16th and Larimer in 1890. At this time there were about 4,000 telephones in Denver.

In 1903 the Telephone Company moved to 1421 Champa St., which is still used as a business office by them. At the time this move was made I was head switchboard man and was responsible for keeping switchboard troubles cleared up, which was quite a task for the first few days.

In 1911 the Colorado Telephone Company which operated only in Colorado and northern New Mexico consolidated with the Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Company which had headquarters in Salt Lake City, Utah, the Tri State Telephone Company which had headquarters in Albuquerque, N. M., and the Consolidated Telephone, Telegraph and Electric Co. which had headquarters in Tucson, Ariz. The name was then changed to Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Co. and now covers the states of Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, Montana, New Mexico and Arizona including El Paso, Texas. Denver now has three hundred and thirty thousand telephones. Quite a change from one hundred and sixty one in 1879. The Telephone Company cut over to dial service in Denver in 1929 when they moved to their present location at 14th and Curtis.

I left the Telephone Company in 1909 and accepted a position as telephone and Telegraph Engineer with the Union Pacific Railroad Company.

At that time the railroads in general and the Union Pacific in particular were becoming communications conscious and were growing very rapidly along that line. In a very short time the telephone replaced the tele-

graph as a means of train dispatching. Printing telegraph machines and the telephone have almost completely replaced the Morse telegraph. It was my good fortune to play an important part in these changes. In 1946 I retired from the Union Pacific. Since 1947 I have been employed by the American National Bank. Someday I may retire for good.

That first look at Denver, back in 1885, the big, barn-like structure of the Exposition Building, was my in-

troductioⁿ to the big buildings of the Big City. Between then and the present I've seen both the modern city and the buildings in it dwarf the town I came to as a youngster, rather young to be so much on his own in a community not too long in years from being a cluster of log huts on the banks of Cherry Creek. Quite a few years ago, it was, when I arrived these have been some of the memories of the earlier days of our city.

(Continued from Page 4)

with an atlas, Paris, 1840-43. "TRAVELS IN THE INTERIOR OF NORTH AMERICA." with numerous engravings on wood and a large map was translated into English by H. Evans Lloyd and published by Ackerman & Co., London, 1843. In some editions the eighty one plates were colored by hand, in others only the costumes were colored and the scenery in black and white. The work covers many subjects such as; history, geology, ethnology, natural history and numerous incidents that took place during the expedition.

He published a book on reptiles with sketches made from life by Bodmer, Dresden, 1865.

A very good description of the Prince is given by Alexander Culbertson in his journal:

"A man of medium height, slender, sans teeth. His favorite dress was a white slouch hat, a black velvet coat, rather rusty from long service, and probably the greasiest pair of trousers that ever encased princely legs."

Maximilian was a bachelor, a man of science and made a fine contribution to the history of the west, for his book is superior to others of a similar nature, the illustrations by Bodmer are elaborate and authentic. The Prince was accurate in his observations and very careful in recording his impressions. The world lost a great scientist and historian when he passed away in 1867.

NOLIE MUMEY

Seventh Annual Old Time Ranch Tour

The seventh Annual Old Time Ranch Tour will be held on Sunday, July 21st. This tour is sponsored by the Albany County Historical Society, the University of Wyoming Summer School, Kiwanis Club, and Wyoming Westerners.

Members of the Denver Westerner's Possee have been especially invited to take the tour. Those in need of transportation may contact PM Fred Rosenstock at either KEystone 4-1418 or at his residence FRemont 7-3004.

Meeting place for the tour will be at the Court House Square in Laramie 7:00 A. M. Arrangements for the program have been made by Dr. R.H. Burns, A.S. Gillespie, H.A. Petersen and Wesley Seamans.

"We are starting one hour earlier this year," said A.S. Gillespie, "because this will be the longest tour yet taken, and if we are able to conduct it on schedule should be back in Laramie by 5:00 P. M."

Many of the old ranches famous in Wyoming history will be crossed, including the vast empire of the Swan Land and Cattle Company. "It will be a chance to see some of the exact sections of land mentioned in Maurice Frink's book: "WHEN GRASS WAS KING", " Gillespie said, "also some of the country which still contains the bones resulting from the cattle killing winter of 1886 and 1887."

POWDER RIVER CATTLE BARONESS

EARNEST O. RICHARDSON

On an April morning in 1881 the Union Pacific's westbound passenger train ground to a jerky stop at the drab little depot in Rock Creek, Wyoming. The sleeping car porter wiped the accumulated grime from the hand rails, hopped down and placed his portable step on the station platform. A tall handsome young Englishman, befittingly attired as a British Cattle Baron, followed the porter, then turned to help his beautiful bride of a week. A tremulous, wide-eyed French maid followed the young wife.

Up front the luggage was being unloaded from the baggage car, and the conductor, watch in hand, stood waiting to signal his engineer. The unloading completed, he waved his signal; the little engine puffed and snorted, and the train moved on its way westward, leaving its little group of erstwhile passengers standing on the station platform among their stacks of baggage.

This was the Frewen party. Moreton Frewen of the great Frewen ranch in the Powder River valley, the fabulous "76", on the last lap of his honeymoon trip, was bringing his bride to his "castle" on the Powder.

With luggage stored in a Frewen carriage, pulled by four magnificent Frewen horses, driven by a competent Frewen driver, the little party began its two hundred mile trip from Rock Creek to the ranch: across the billowing Laramie Plains, through foot-hills and mountains, across the North Platte River at Fort Fetterman, up the dreary Boseman Road to the Powder River Crossing near old Fort Reno, and westward up the Powder twenty miles to the junction of the North and Middle Forks. There on the high bank on the north side of the river sat the big square ranch house, with its black logs and white chinking; crouching there like some kind of a huge prehistoric zebra.

Moreton Frewen, ever the master-salesman, had told his young bride of this house; told her that the "river

folk" called it the "castle". On that spring morning when the party came up over the last hill and looked down upon it, the ranch house may have appeared singularly uncastle-like to Clara Frewen who had spent much of her life among *real* castles in France and England, to say nothing about some quite fancy houses in New York City and Newport. But she was to learn, over the years, that Moreton's philosophy would always be: "Never talk poor! The next thing to *being* rich is to *talk* rich!"

Clara Frewen was probably as poorly equipped by training and previous environment for a cow-country career as any bride who ever went to the high-plains during the beef bonanza period of the eighties.

She was thirty-one when she married—three years her husband's senior. Her father, Leonard Jerome, lawyer and newspaper man, was a highly successful stock market operator, a patron of the arts, a racing promoter, a multi-millionaire. Her mother, Clara Hall Jerome, a handsome lady with a trace of Iroquois Indian blood, had made a career of the education, the training, and the social advancement of their three lovely daughters.

Leonard Jerome was appointed to the post of American Consul in the Italian City of Trieste by President Millard Fillmore and the Jerome family lived in Trieste for several years. After Jerome's replacement in that post the family returned to New York. Leonard was extremely happy to get back; Mrs. Jerome would have preferred to remain in Europe because she had come to love Europe and European society.

When little Clara was eight the family went to Paris for a two years' stay. There Mrs. Jerome hobnobbed with the hangers-on at the court of Napoleon III; papa played around with the race-horse crowd, and the prima-donnas. Leonard Jerome would always be a connoisseur of fast horses and beautiful women.

Back in New York again, through the Civil War years and during the days following the war's end, Leonard went on making money. Mamma supervised the upbringing of the daughters, who studied, danced, skated, rode horseback. Leonard hauled coach-loads of gorgeous women about the streets behind his prancing horses, and firmly established for himself a reputation as one of the city's leading amateur coachmen.

He was one of the promoters of the American Jockey Club, and the first race meeting at Jerome Park in 1866 found General Ulysses S. Grant seated in the grandstand with Mrs. Jerome.

In 1868, when Clara was eighteen, Leonard Jerome made a gift of two white carriage horses and a showy carriage to a lady, *not* his wife. This incident was not overlooked by contemporary gossips, and shortly thereafter Mrs. Jerome announced that she must go to Paris to consult a doctor. She left for Paris with her three daughters and their negro "mammy" and established herself there in an expensive apartment. From that base of operations the mother and the two older daughters, Clara and Jennie, began their climb toward the higher levels of Parisian society. Nine year old Leonie, of course, had to be content as a watcher from the side-lines.

They were invited to the Grand Shindigs at the Palace, and to those informal weekly dances which the young Prince Imperial was permitted to attend. Blue-eyed, ash-blond Clara seemed inclined to become interested in the wrong type of men—at least that was what her mother told Leonard when he visited them. The young lady, with her sweet innocent blue eyes and misleading gentleness of manner, had a determined chin and was not easily dissuaded by maternal remonstrance. When Leonard asked why the girls were so wild, he was reminded that, after all, they *were* his daughters.

Clara's letters were filled with endless chatter about social affairs, about clothes, about furs, about jewelry. Nothing in any of them to give the

faintest hint of any training or desire or aptitude for life on a cattle ranch in the Powder River Valley of Wyoming.

In January, 1874 sister Jennie, a year younger than Clara, married Lord Randolph Churchill. Leonard Jerome set up a trust fund for the newlyweds which gave them an income of thirty thousand dollars a year. Jennie's first child, a boy, was born in November, 1874, and was christened *Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill*.

In the spring of 1880 Mrs. Jerome and her two unmarried daughters returned to New York. Clara, then a very lovely spinster of thirty, daughter of an American millionaire, had scores of suitors, especially from across the Atlantic; but sister Jennie—Lady Churchill—was worried about her. In one letter to Clara she extolled the virtues of one Philip Currie and urged Clara to take him. Clara did not follow this sisterly advice, nor did she succumb to the other romantic Britishers who pursued her—and papa's money—from across the ocean.

Then, from out of the American West came a magnificent figure of a man—Moreton Frewen from the Powder River; Moreton Frewen, tall, tanned, and talkative; the glib and glamorous salesman, the persuasive promoter, the dreamer of big dreams; Moreton Frewen, whose daughter, writing about him many years later would say that he was all smiles, and that his voice was deep and strong like a pirate's voice. Clara Jerome fell hard for this charming man, and they were married at Grace Church in New York in April, 1881. A few days later they entrained for the long railroad trip to Rock Creek.

Once inside the big house on the Powder things probably looked some brighter to the new mistress of the "76". The spacious rooms were elegantly furnished. The huge main room on the ground floor was forty feet square. Off this was a library and office, a smaller and cozier living room, a dining room, a large kitchen and pantry. A wide stairway of solid

walnut led to the second floor; half-way up, a mezzanine overlooked the big room below. Sleeping rooms were on the second floor.

The exterior walls of the house were of big hand-hewn pine logs chinked with white plaster. The interior finish was of imported hardwoods. Shingles, hardware, nails, and furnishings were bought in Chicago; and all material, except the pine logs, had been hauled by ox-teams from the railroad at Rock Creek. The logs were snaked down from the foothills of the Big Horn Mountains.

The place was staffed with English servants: valets, butlers, maids, chefs, grooms. A grand piano stood near one of the fireplaces in the main room. In the guest-book were listed the names of the Lords and Ladies, the Earls and Baronets, the plain "Misters" and "Esquires"—some with hyphenated surnames—who had flocked in to this show-place on the Powder during the last two years to enjoy the hunting and riding and general hospitality. Many more would come during the summer and fall months of 1881.

It is not likely that any thought of the *cost* of all this disturbed the mind of Clara Jerome Frewen. Money had never been one of her problems. When one wanted money, one wrote or cabled to papa; usually this was not necessary, for papa's fat cheques generally arrived ahead of the need for them. We may assume, too, that Moreton had already explained to Clara some of his reasons for his display of opulence. This place was his show-case. Here he exhibited his wares to his wealthy guests and whetted their profit-hungry appetites for the shares of stock he was planning to issue in a million dollar cattle ranch corporation—the Powder River Cattle Company, Limited.

During that summer and fall of 1881 the Frewen brothers, Moreton and Richard, entertained many interesting and charming visitors at the "76"; among them, Sir Samuel Baker, the famous African big-game hunter, who came with Lady Baker. The

guests were diverting and the conversation stimulating. The men were of the horsey, hunting, fox-chasing crowd, and they were good fun. Their ladies were charming and Clara delighted to be there with them; they were her kind of folks.

In the spring of 1882 Moreton was ready to launch his corporation; but two things happened to delay him. First, for some reason, brother Richard became dissatisfied and Moreton had to buy him out; then, Clara was about to become a mother, and she wanted her baby to be born in New York.

Perhaps there was some miscalculation in the timing; or maybe the long, rough coach trip to Cheyenne was too much for the expectant mother. At any rate, the baby was still-born after their arrival at Cheyenne. Ten days later Moreton took his wife by train to New York and she stayed there with her parents while her husband went to London. Clara Frewen never saw—nor cared to see—the Powder River country again.

Frewen finished his business in London; got his corporation launched, with himself as Managing Director and the Duke of Manchester as Chairman of the Board. He returned to the Powder with a million and a half dollars of British capital at his disposal. Less than three years later he was ousted from the management of the corporation. Then, he too left the Powder, never to return.

Three more children were born to the Frewens; all in England where Moreton headquartered after leaving the Powder River Cattle Company, Ltd. From there he reached hopefully and confidently for the fortunes he was always just about to make. He flitted about the world, always just a minute behind his next million.

Fortunes made in one successful venture were quickly dissipated in something more visionary; pending deals were left dangling while he rushed off to hunt game in Africa or India, or to lecture before some august public body on the merits of free-trade or bimetalism.

Recognized as an authority on high-level economics, he could never quite master the mundane problem of balancing the household budget. Old Leonard Jerome's remittances were always needed; but even with them, the servants were never promptly paid. He wrote a book, "The Economic Crisis," on the subject of national finances. His daughter says that the title was a perfect description of the family's chronic condition. When he died in 1924 at the age of seventy-one, his daughter noted that in her memory her father has sort of a radiancy about him, and she wonders if he hasn't formed a League of British Imperialist Angels to sing Kipling, or if he has found that God is a bimetalist.

Clara Frewen lived out her life in England and died there in 1935. Like most lives, hers had been a mixture of happiness and hope, of fear and frustration. The threat of impending bankruptcy was ever near; sometimes they had to patronize the local pawnbroker; but they could always look forward to next month's remittance from America.

To offset the worry about poverty—and it was not the grinding type—Clara had the children; her own and those of her two sisters. She lived to see her daughter, Clare Frewen Sheridan, become a world-famous sculptress and writer; her son Hugh, married to the daughter of the Duke of Mignano in Rome; her son Oswald, became an officer in the British Royal Navy.

Sister Leonie's son, Shane Leslie, became Ireland's man-of-letters; a famous author, novelist, poet.

Her most illustrious relative was sister Jennie's son, the one and only Sir Winston Churchill. Even before Clara Frewen's death this nephew had risen to dazzling heights in British political circles; within a decade after her passing he would become one of Britain's immortals.

Clara's daughter and two of her distinguished nephews are listed in the 1956 edition of *Britain's Who's Who*.

Much more may be heard, in the

years to come, of the achievements of the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Clara Jerome Frewen and her sisters. In their veins will flow the good red blood of smart, stout, stubborn Leonard Jerome; fused with that of English and Irish nobility; seasoned with a tiny trickle of Iroquois Indian passed down to them by Clara Hall Jerome, Leonard's proud and ambitious spouse.

Who can hazard a guess as to what effect such a fusion might have had upon the livestock industry of the High plains country if Moreton Frewen and his young American bride had stayed in the cattle business on the Powder?

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- "The Remarkable Mr. Jerome," by Anita Leslie
—Henry Holt and Co., N.Y., 1954
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Western Americana Booklist Published

The 1956 edition of the checklist of Western Americana compiled annually for the Rocky Mountain News by Posse Member **Robert L. Perkin**, News book editor, has been republished in the April 15 issue of the *Library Journal*, national professional journal of librarians. Since then, Bob reports, requests for the list have been pouring in from libraries, universities and collectors all over the country. Bob asks our help—and that of all persons within range of *The Roundup*—in making his annual list as comprehensive as possible. He'd like information on any book or pamphlet—particularly the obscure ones, the local and regional histories, etc.—that you hear about and feel might escape his attention. Address him in care of the Rocky Mountain News, Denver.

WESTERNER'S BOOKSHELF

CRIPPLE CREEK, by Fred M. and Jo Mazzulla, Hirschfield Press, 65 pp. \$2.

The Mazzulla team of man and wife have been scouring the far reaches of the Colorado mountain towns for years, collecting any artifact that related to the early days. Their house is a treasure trove of museum pieces dear to any Colorado historian. But their particular emphasis has been on old photographs.

With this first publication (of a series to follow) they have decided to share their photographs with others. Handsomely printed, the method followed is to take a topic and group all related pictures around four or five paragraphs of history. They begin with the region of Colorado Springs and Manitou and then move to Cripple Creek.

Among the topics most interesting to the student are details of mining equipment, early fires, narrow gauge accidents, the bull fight at Gillett, the Cripple Creek labor war and the excellent panoramic view. But the casual reader will have fun with "Cripple Creek Bartender Operated Illustrated Press" and the tale of revenge, "Myers Avenue and Julian Street."

The whole was edited by Jack Guinn of the *Denver Post* and equals a fine production no Westerner will want to miss.

Caroline Bancroft

45-70 RIFLES, by Jack Behn, Stackpole 1957, 139 pages, \$5.00

As the official Army cartridge from 1873 to 1898, the .45-70 Government played a leading role in our Western expansion, in the reduction of the buffalo, and the subjugation of the Indians. The 1872 .45-70 breech loading single shot Springfields, an outgrowth of the Civil War 1863 muzzle loading Springfields, were the work horses in all of the period's Indian engagements, and of course the Custer defeat is the best known fight. Likewise, the .45-70 was the commonest caliber for the lever action 1886 Winchesters and because of the Army's use of the cartridge in the West, there were many other types of rifles chambered for it.

Jack Behn is the outstanding .45-70 man in the country. He covers an interesting segment of firearms development, both rifles and handguns. Westerners with a general interest in frontier arms will find the book well worth reading. Those with a specific interest in firearms history will find its meticulous detail a fascinating reference. Covered, with respect to the .45-70 cartridge, are the Hotchkiss rifle (first U. S. bolt action), the Winchester 1886 lever action, the Remington rolling block, the Remington Keene bolt actions, the Hepburn, the Lee,

Early Bullard, Colt, Sharps, Marlins, Maynards, and Whitneys are described, to mention the principal ones. The early machine guns, Gatling, Gardner and Lowell are discussed. In addition is a study of the various handloads for the cartridge.

I can certainly recommend Mr. Behn's book as worthwhile for any westerner and essential for any gun collector.

Ed Hilliard

FLAT TOP RANCH, B. W. Allred and J. C. Dykes (edited by). University of Oklahoma Press, Norman (1957), cloth, 232 pp., illustrated, \$4.00.

FLAT TOP RANCH: The Story of a Grassland Venture is an amazing book. There have been ranch histories before but none like this. This is the story of the creation of a ranch.

Charles Pettit bought the original Flat Top Ranch in Bosque County, Texas in 1938, its seven thousand acres so badly overgrazed the previous lessee had moved off to keep his cattle from starving. To this nucleus, Pettit added another ten thousand acres by buying the adjoining farms which were in even worse condition; their top soil washed away, their fertility gone, the streams dried up, and their once-lush grasslands reduced to weeds or infested with brush.

The story of how these lands were restored to their former productivity makes fascinating reading. Most of the brush is gone and luxuriant stands of native grasses now clothe the hillsides. The streams are flowing again, fishing is good, and bob-white and deer hunting add substantially to the annual income from the white-faced cattle. The details of how each of these tasks was accomplished is told by a number of outstanding conservationists and by the ranch staff. The late Louis Bromfield wrote the opening chapters and William R. Van Dersal tells the wildlife story. Westerners Bill Allred and Jeff Dykes edited the book and each contributed a chapter. This is a stimulating book for all present and prospective ranch owners and conservationists.

F. G. Renner, Sheriff
Washington, D. C. Posse

THE CASE OF TRAIN NUMBER 3. A. O. Ridgway. Published by The Rocky Mountain Railroad Club. Available from: Bryant McFadden, Box 2391, Denver or 2561 So. Cook St., Denver 10, Colo. \$2.00 paper; \$3.00 hard cover.

The rains and resulting floods which have beset Colorado recently will probably be considered by newcomers and those too young to remember, to be the worst the state has

endured. Yet they are minor compared to the Arkansas Valley flood of 1921. One of the state's major disasters, it has received comparatively little publicity along with the snowslides, Indian massacres, labor violence, and other tragic events of Colorado history.

The Case of Train Number 3 fills a void in this respect, for while it is concerned primarily with the flood's effects on the railroads it also does a good job on its effects in general. The consist of the book is a chapter of the report made by A. O. Ridgway, late chief engineer of the Rio Grande to his superiors concerning the flood and what it did to the railroad's property.

In June 1921, D&RG train number 3 was the "Salt Lake-San Francisco Express," operating from Denver west, via Pueblo and the Royal Gorge. On June 3, 1921, Number 3 and a Missouri Pacific Passenger train were caught in the Pueblo Station that evening and engulfed by the raging torrent of watery destruction spewed by the rain-swollen Arkansas into Colorado's second city. Interwoven into this tragedy are the efforts to save the train and its passengers, and the heroism of the crews which saved the lives of many passengers on the train.

The book also includes other parts of Ridgway's report on the flood damage to the railroad west of Pueblo, and the story of the restoration to service of the line after the waters receded.

The book is well illustrated and includes four maps and charts of Pueblo proper and the upper Arkansas Valley, showing the flood's effect on the railroad.

The book is dedicated to A. O. Ridgway, its true author, and contains a biographical sketch of him and the members of his family, all of whom were prominent in Colorado railroading.

Since very little has been written about this phase of western history, this book should be of general interest to anyone interested in the subject. For the railfan it will be fascinating reading about an aspect of railroading very rarely touched upon by other publications.

C.M. Ross B. Grenard, Jr.

FORGOTTEN MEN

(Continued from Page 4)

Who are the persons principally responsible for the high, wide reputation of the Denver Posse? I say that they are those busy, competent, devoted, sacrificing men who have

neglected their gainful occupations in order to collect, edit, proof-read and publish the history written by and for our posse. What do these slaves of the midnight lamp get out of their two years of hard labor? They get the knowledge that they have done good jobs. And outside of that, practically nothing. They get no money, of course. And they get damn little praise, or even appreciation.

Sometimes they do not even get a vote of thanks. Once, I remember, after the books were distributed at a meeting, no public mention was made of the editor, at all. When I write a letter of appreciation to one of the editors (as is my custom), I got a reply which said that this one letter of praise was all he had gotten for his two years of work for the posse.

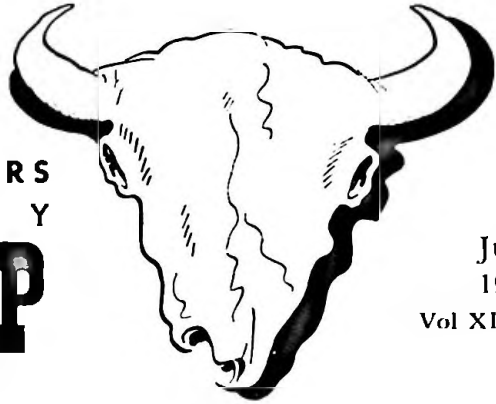
It is not right for us to take so much from these men and to give them so little. Somehow, and soon, we should do something to show these laborers, whose taskmasters we have been, that we are grateful to them for the devotion they have shown to our Posse of The Westerners, and that we appreciate and value highly their permanent contribution to our store of Western historical material.

Pending such recognition, I suggest that each of us inscribe on his tablet of memory the names of those who have sweated and suffered to make the Denver Westerners an organization respected and admired by all who love Western History. Those editors are:

Herbert O. Brayer	Nolie Mumey
Virgil V. Peterson	Elvon L. Howe
Dabney Otis Collins	Maurice Frink
Don Bloch	Erl H. Ellis
Harold H. Dunham	Alan Swallow

And remember in your prayers our present editorial servants, **Charles H. Ryland and Numa L. James.**

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



June
1957
Vol XIII, No. 6



D. & R. G. R. R. Employees entrenched behind barricade during war with Santa Fe R. R. 1879. (Courtesy State Historical Society).

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hart*

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NOTICE

There will be no regular meetings of the Posse during July and August at the Denver Press Club.

The August meeting will be the Annual Rendezvous at Colorow's Cave on the L. D. Bax Ranch near Morrison, on August 17, 1957. All Posse and Corresponding members and wives are invited to this get-together. Special notices will be sent.

DENVER WESTERNERS PRESENTED BUFFALO HEAD EMBLEM



At the June meeting of The Westerner's Denver Posse, Justice William S. Jackson, right, accepted a 100-year-old buffalo head . . . the emblem of the Posse. The buffalo head was a gift of W. C. (Slim) Lawrence, Moran, Wyoming, who delegated Dr. Nolie Mumey PM, shown on left to make presentation. The valued emblem will occupy a prominent place at meeting of the Denver Posse.

Congratulations to Our "Founding" Fathers

At the June meeting of the Executive Committee of the Denver Posse a resolution was passed to congratulate members of the Chicago Corral on the founding of the first "Westerners" organization by that group, to be read at their annual Founders Day meeting on June 24, 1957. By unanimous vote the Roundup Foreman and Tally Man **Earl H. Ellis**, was instructed to prepare such a message of congratulations, which read as follows:

"Executive Committee of Denver Posse relatively sober at Bakersville, Colorado, resolve to offer congratulations to the first Corral and many happy returns of Founders Day. Hope many of your group will be present at Rendevous on August Seventeenth."

By reply from **John H. Jameson**, Sheriff of the Chicago Corral the following message was received:

"Your letter much appreciated and gave us just what we wanted as a report from the Denver Posse at Chicago Founder's Roundup. Many, many

thanks and I hope we can properly reciprocate sometime."

Historical Society Organized at Fairplay

Citizens of Fairplay, Colo., nationally famous home of the lowly burro, are in process of organizing their own Society to preserve the fabulous history of that city and many of the old buildings still standing which were the scenes of much of those activities.

Such old historic buildings as the cabin of Father John J. Dyer, "The Snowshoe Itenerant", the old Sumner Brewery built in 1879, and one of the old churches, will form a nucleus around which items of historical value will be grouped.

The new Historical Society will be made up principally of Park County residents, with assistance being offered by scores of interested persons including **James Grafton Rogers**, President of the Colorado State Historical Society.

(Continued on page four)

Know Your Writers of Western History

ELLIOT COUES (KOUZ)
1842-1899

Elliott Coues, writer of western history, naturalist, ornithologist and medical doctor, was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, September 9, 1842. He graduated from George Washington University, Washington, D. C. (known at that time as Columbian University) in 1861; and from the Medical Department of the same institution in 1863. One year later he was appointed assistant surgeon in the United States Army. Coues was attached to the United States Northern Boundary Commission from 1873 to 1876; to the Geological and Geographical Survey of Territories from 1876 to 1880, and edited the publications of the latter.

Dr. Coues was a lecturer in anatomy in the Medical School of Columbian University, from 1877 to 1882 and Professor of anatomy from 1882 until 1887. He resigned from the Army in 1881, and devoted his entire time to research, working in the various fields of history.

Elliott Coues founded the American Ornithologists Union and edited its journal, "THE AUK." In the field of mammalogy he published a book, in 1877, *FUR BEARING ANIMALS*. He worked on the *CENTURY DICTIONARY* and was an associate editor of "OSPREY," a magazine devoted to ornithology. He published the *KEY TO NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS*, when he was thirty years of age. The bibliography of all his writings includes more than five hundred titles.

Our interest is in his contributions to Western history, rather than the field of Natural History, however the latter led him into the former and created in him the desire and inspira-

(Continued on page eleven)

Fairplay—

(Continued from page three)

Members of the Denver Posse, **Jack Foster, Fred Mazzulla, Kenneth Englert** and others are lending their efforts to preserve the early day history of Fairplay . . . the little town which contributed much to the growth and wealth of Colorado.

Horace Greeley And Marxism

Few persons contributed so much to the settlement of the early West, especially during the decade immediately preceding the Civil War and the years following, as that great and controversial journalist Horace Greeley, publisher of the New York Tribune.

In fact the statement "Go West, young man!" attributed to Greeley was the rallying cry during those turbulent years in history, and sent thousands of families on the trek to Colorado and points West. His early day visits to such places as Denver, Central City, and Black Hawk, and the published reports in The Tribune of the enormous opportunity open to everyone, changed the fortunes and lives of uncountable persons.

How many of today's history devotees, however, know that Karl Marx, author of "Das Kapital", the accepted tenets of Communism, was for approximately ten years a regular correspondent on the staff of the New York Tribune, and used it as a sounding board for many of his theories.

The story is ably told in the April 1957 issue of American Heritage, written by William Harlan Hale, a prominent biographer of Horace Greeley.

Westerners will be interested in reading this article.

THE ROYAL GORGE RAILWAY WAR

By W. T. Little

The traveler who today speeds west from Canon City via the modern streamliner of the Rio Grande Railroad will see little that remains of America's greatest railroad conflict, the Royal Gorge War, but for those who take the time to hike, there are still visible signs of that epoch.

It was a battle of armed threats, bitter words and conflicting court orders that raged in 1878 and 1879, and even continued on into 1880 before final disposition by the courts and an arbitration commission.

The prize was the valued right-of-way through Royal Gorge Canon, which would permit access to the booming Leadville country.

On the one side was Gen. William J. Palmer's D. & R. G. On the other was the Santa Fe Railroad and its subsidiary company, the Canon City & San Juan.

Involved were engineers, work crews and armed guards—a total force that probably numbered around 1000 men during the peak of the conflict.

Canon City was in a turmoil during the war. Colorado's newspapers took violent sides and it was only through good fortune that severe bloodshed did not result.

Actually, there is no record of any casualties, but there is no doubt that there were numerous grudge fights as workmen and guards of the two sides came face-to-face on their off-hours on Canon City's streets and saloons. This despite the fact that both camps issued orders that their respective workmen were not to mingle with those employed by the "enemy."

Before we get into the events leading to the war, the actual occurrences during the struggle and the effects, let's take a look at the Royal Gorge as

it exists today, and see what remains are still visible of that period of industrial strife.

Both sides erected barricades, altho the D. & R. G. had far the larger number. Some were rock construction, other of railroad ties and logs, bolstered by gravel and mud. There was no doubt that they were meant to turn aside gun fire and to afford solid protection to those guards who manned them. The forts ranged from the

W. T. Little was born and raised in Canon City, Colorado. Descended from a pioneer family who first came to that settlement in the early 1860's, his maternal grandfather was the first mayor of that city. For twenty years Little was Editor of the Canon City Daily Record, and is one of the recognized authorities on the history of the region. At the present time he is managing Editor of the Colorado Springs Free Press.

western edge of Canon City near the entrance of the Gorge, to as far west as 37 miles—far beyond the actual confines of the Gorge itself. One of the largest thrown up by the Rio Grande was 24 miles west of Canon City at Spike Buck. This one and others in the chain of guard posts were constructed by crews under J. R. De-Reemer, one of the Rio Grande's top engineers.

There are remains of two of the old forts still visible in the Gorge. The first one is about a quarter-mile west of milepost 164. Parts of the original stone wall are still standing with the rock facing along the river. The other is located at about milepost 165½, where only parts of the fortification still remain. A number of rocks are scattered nearby and undoubtedly are parts of the original defense.

I recently asked Fred Brackney, superintendent of the Canon City water system, if he knew of other remains. He has tramped the Gorge hundreds of times and knows it like the palm of his hand. He said he was not aware of any other ruins. As a boy of 12 or so, I used to play around the old Hot Springs Hotel at the east edge of the Royal Gorge and can recall a pile of logs and rocks that stood above the river, guarding quite an area. It was pointed out as one of the old forts and may have been. If so, it was probably the only one that stood on the south side of the river.

According to information published by George L. Anderson, former member of the Department of History at Colorado College in his well-written publication "General William J. Palmer, a Decade of Colorado Railroad Building, 1870-1880," the DeReemer forts were about 15 feet square with walls ranging between four and five feet in height. These were the ones located west of the Royal Gorge. Thirty-seven miles west of Canon City, in addition to one of the square forts, there was a rock wall about four feet high and 20 feet long. It extended from the Arkansas River to a perpendicular wall of cliff and formed a formidable fortification.

The DeReemer forts were erected in May, 1878 when both sides were energetically engaged in right-of-way construction.

Breaking of ground for the railroad had begun about a month before. The Rio Grande operated as far as Canon City, having reached there in 1874.

Not long ago I wrote an article about a Canon City man, R. E. Yard, now in his middle 80's, who recalled that when he was a small child, his parents resided on River St. in Canon City—now the main route of U. S. Highway 50.

"We were awakened one Sunday night by the sound of much activity near our home," he recalled. "My mother and father got dressed and went outside. I followed them. About a block to the east was a great crew of men with wagons and horses. They were constructing a right-of-way down the center of the street and laying track almost as fast as they got the right-of-way graded. It was the D&RG crew rushing to get into the Royal Gorge before the Santa Fe made it."

I expect Mr. Yard is perhaps the last man still living who can recall that tense period.

You are all, I am certain, familiar with the events that provided the background of the War. Gen. Palmer pushed his D&RG line south from Colorado Springs in early-1872. Starting in January of that year, the tracks reached Pueblo by June and brought to 118 miles, the total amount of trackage south from Denver.

Mines in southern Fremont County were producing coal, and this was a product the railroad could well use, and work began immediately by the Rio Grande to tap that field. Rails were laid west from Pueblo a distance of 40 miles to Labran, which was reached in October of 1872.

Labran was a switching point located roughly where the town of Florence now stands. It was eight miles east of Canon City, then one of Colorado's leading communities and a trading center for mines and towns to the west. The railroad at Labran picked up coal that was mined in and around Coal Creek.

The citizens of Canon City were anxious for a railhead and grading went on towards the Fremont County seat. However, it was not until 1874, that the first train pulled into the Canon City depot, a location three-quarters of a mile or more from the center of town.

Around the depot sprang up several buildings, including a rambling old three-story rooming and boarding house which operated for several years. Later it became a private dwelling and was occupied until about 18 months ago and was razed only last summer (summer of 1956). Canon City papers referred vaguely to the depot, and this building may have served briefly as a station house, but on this question records are inconclusive and I could find nothing to prove it one way or the other.

The second Canon City Times (the first one was published in 1860-61) refers to the busy activity around the station, and freight wagons and stages met the trains.

The residents of Canon City were anything but pleased at Gen. Palmer's action in running his railroad only to the outskirts of town. In the first place, they felt, he had unduly delayed in bringing the line past Labran. He had asked financial aid, which had been voted, but even then work had been held up. Actually, this may have resulted from financial stress and Gen. Palmer perhaps was not completely at fault.

Parenthetically, the first annual report of the D&RG was issued to stockholders in April, 1873. It showed a net profit of \$104,067. The report gave the total number of passengers for the first year of operation at 25,168, certainly a remarkable number for a state so sparsely settled. The report showed that 46,212 tons of freight had been hauled. Rolling stock was listed as 12 locomotives, seven passenger cars, four baggage cars, four excursion cars, 258 freight cars and 22 dump cars.

For much of the information contained in the next number of paragraphs, I quote from John Fisher's book "A Builder of the West," published in 1939. While his general historical knowledge, I feel, is not as

complete as some writers on this subject, notably George L. Anderson, I believe that his research, particularly as regards to personal documents and records from the Palmer family, is sound and a contribution to this field of history. Hence, I have taken the liberty to quote from his book here briefly:

The great battle with the Santa Fe was drawing near. The Santa Fe reached Pueblo in 1875 and was threatening to build competing lines to Colorado Springs, up the Arkansas and south to New Mexico.

At the same time, the D&RG was hampered by financial troubles. The Philadelphia investors were worried and complaining, and the cost of new construction, notably the La Veta extension, had been very high. Finally, in May, 1877, the railway company found itself unable to meet interest payments, and eastern bondholders asked for the appointment of a receiver.

General Palmer was able to effect an arrangement for refunding the interest coupons to May, 1878, to 10-year certificates, thus securing the use of immediate earnings, but his position was not secure.

Early in 1878, the war began. The first clash was on Raton Pass over which the Denver and Rio Grande was at last preparing to extend the line into New Mexico. A. A. Robinson and W. B. Strong of the Santa Fe learned the officials of the rival line were on the pass. They hastily gathered a construction crew, set up armed guards and forced the D&RG group to withdraw.

Meanwhile, far to the west, Leadville was enjoying a new boom. Mountain roads were jammed with mule teams and an endless stream of wagons with supplies and machinery. At one time, it was reported that

12,000 animals were being used in the freighting operations.

It was vital to capture this immense traffic and Palmer prepared to build the line, long planned westward from Canon City up the Arkansas through the Royal Gorge and thence to Leadville.

It was clear that the Santa Fe was also trying to capture this route. They had surveyed the line a few years before, and they showed new interest through a subsidiary company, the Canon City and San Juan Railroad, which had been organized the year before. On April 18, 1878, the D&RG was ready to begin work through the Royal Gorge and orders were sent for a construction crew. The Santa Fe learned of this—it was reported they did so by intercepting Palmer's telegram—and the Santa Fe's chief engineer, Robinson, set out to forstall them. He asked the D&RG for a special train from Moro to Pueblo, but he was refused.

He contacted Engineer W. R. Morley at La Junta and ordered him to take an engine and race for the canon. Morley reached Pueblo at 3 a.m., the end of the Santa Fe track. The D&RG refused to take him on, and he rented a horse. He flogged his mount over the 45-mile road. Reports said the animal fell dead near Canon City and Morley raced on by foot. He hurried into the canon's mouth and began a symbolic digging. He was reinforced at early morning by officials and workmen of the CC&SJ. D&RG forces arrived shortly thereafter and found themselves again forestalled. This time, however, they refused to withdraw.

Both parties entrenched themselves and occupied their positions with armed men. One rash word, one shot might well have precipitated a bloody battle. But no serious tragedy occurred, altho some historians say warning

shots were fired by both sides. While the two parties stood their ground, armed and ready, lawyers of the two companies prepared to take up the fight.

After various skirmishes in the Fremont County Court, the issuing of injunctions on both sides, the case was brought before Judge Moses Hallett in the U. S. Circuit Court in Denver. D&RG engineers testified they had staked out surveys in 1871 and 1872. The Santa Fe disputed their claims, and finally, on August 24, 1878, Judge Hallett rendered a decision permitting the Canon City and San Juan to continue its work. It was permitted to go the 20 miles west as allowed in its charter.

The CC&SJ, supported by the Santa Fe, went ahead with its work in the Gorge, while the Rio Grande appealed Judge Hallett's decision. Comparative quiet reigned for a time, but in March, 1879 action was again resumed as a decision by the Supreme Court appeared imminent. The D&RG had a token work crew in Canon City and sent some men west to again occupy the DeRcemer forts. There were minor disturbances in Colorado Springs and Pueblo as opposing workmen clashed.

Finally, the Supreme Court handed down its ruling on April 21, 1879, providing: 1. The Rio Grande was entitled to prior right in the canon; 2. The injunction against it must be lifted; 3. There was to be joint occupancy permitted in the Gorge under terms established by the courts; and 4. That the lower court erred in not recognizing the prior right of the Rio Grande.

However, victory was not complete for the D&RG, for it could not occupy the north side of the canon until it paid the Santa Fe for its roadbed construction cost. This meant further court litigation, and meanwhile, both

companies proceeded with their construction at increased tempo.

The Santa Fe had completed 23 miles of track between Canon City and Spike Buck, had enough supplies on hand to push on to the vicinity of what is now Salida, and had contracts let for extension on into Leadville. It had completed grading all the way to the South Arkansas with the exception of a stretch guarded by the DeReemer Forts. The company boasted it could finish the grading to Leadville within 40 days and could have trains running into the mining camp by October, 1879.

The D&RG, on the other hand, had only about eight miles of track laid between fortifications, plus that which they had laid west from their Canon City depot, through the town and on towards the mouth of the Gorge.

During this period of deep stress in the summer and early fall of 1879, fighting forces organized by the Rio Grande drove out Santa Fe employees from stations at Colorado Springs and Labran. The Santa Fe in turn cut D&RG telegraph lines and both sides maintained guards not only around Canon City and the Gorge, but along operating lines. Gov. Pitkin, who had



One of the first D & R G trains going through Royal Gorge in 1880. (Wm. H. Jackson photo courtesy State Historical Society).

maintained a hands-off policy despite pressure from both sides, finally moved and ordered the sheriffs of Pueblo and El Paso Counties to maintain order at any cost. He also called out the troops in Denver, and, according to Hall's "History of Colorado" ordered them to hold themselves in readiness for marching orders.

Judge Hallett in July of 1879 enjoined both parties from further work and created a commission to determine certain points of law as well as costs that the D&RG should pay the Pueblo and Arkansas Valley R. R. for construction costs. The Pueblo and Arkansas R. R. was a subsidiary of the Santa Fe, having succeeded the Canon City & San Juan.

The D&RG, confident of ultimate victory, made arrangements for new financing and placed orders for rolling stock and rails. It was not until April of 1880 that a final disposition was made by Judge Miller in Denver's Circuit Court. The agreement provided that the D&RG must pay \$1.4 million to obtain absolute title to the constructed and partly-constructed line. This ended the bitter war; one that had cost many hundreds of thousands of dollars in the long fight.

Under the ruling, the Pueblo and Arkansas Valley Co., successor to the Canon City & San Juan, was prohibited from extending its lines for 10 years. The decision also divided up parts of the states of Colorado and New Mexico between the D&RG and Santa Fe as far as future railroad construction was concerned. For example, the Santa Fe was not to build west of a line between Denver and Moro except a line to the coal fields, and was not to approach to within two miles of Canon City. The Rio Grande, in turn, was not to build east of the Denver-Moro boundary. The ruling did permit both companies to lay short spurs in the terri-

tory of the other. If the Rio Grande violated its agreement, the Santa Fe was to be permitted to use the Royal Gorge route to Leadville.

Thus, after two years of frustration, delays, violent disputes and expensive litigation, the Rio Grande made arrangements to meet the financial obligations imposed by the court order and to go ahead with its construction.

On April 1, 1880 the D&RG entered the Royal Gorge for the first time in two years. It ran an excursion train gaily decorated and pulled by an engine, appropriately enough named the "Fort De Reemer." Riding on the narrow gauge train were railroad officials and invited guests.

It is doubtful if many Canon City residents were aboard, for that community had solidly supported the Santa Fe and its subsidiaries in the war and feeling remained fairly bitter against the D&RG for a number of years.

I know something of that feeling from having heard my grandfather tell of it. He was the late Capt. B. F. Rockafellow, who came to Canon City in 1866 after the Civil War. He was one of the organizers of the Canon City & San Juan in February, 1877. The others were M. N. Megrue, Ebenezer Alling and Fred A. Raynolds.

The Santa Fe in attempting to establish its prior right to the Royal Gorge in the long-drawn court battles used testimony from CC&SJ officials in support of its contention that it had done first surveying. However, this testimony was, of course, contradicted by the engineers of Gen. Palmer.

Incidentally, the Rio Grande had considered an alternate route to Leadville. This one went up Grape Creek, just west of Canon City, skirted to the south of the Gorge and returned to the Arkansas River canon through

Texas Creek. This was abandoned, however, because of excessive construction costs, it being obvious to the Rio Grande engineers that the river route was the more feasible and less costly.

When the D&RG finally completed its line to Leadville in July, 1880 it marked a victory, but an expensive one. It had been delayed for two years in reaching that booming town.

It was a war that split the state. More than a conflict that was centered only in a small section, it had state-wide implications and sharply-divided lines. For example, the Denver and Colorado Springs interests favored the D&RG. In Canon City and Pueblo and much of Southern Colorado, their support was with the Santa Fe, the Canon City and San Juan and the Pueblo and Arkansas Valley.

It was, I believe, typical of the state of that frontier period. Colorado's pioneer citizens were strong in their feeling, partial in their loyalties. And yet, after the decision was made, these forefathers of ours closed ranks and worked for the advancement of their beloved state. It may have taken them several years to forget their difference, but eventually forget them they did and Colorado is today the better for their strong and opinionated feelings and their strong desire to advance the causes of their state.

Delivered before Denver Posse
Wednesday, June 26, 1957

KNOW YOUR WRITERS (from p. 4)

tion to do great work as a writer and an editor.

The *Lewis and Clark Journals*, published by Hubbard Lester in 1809, so aroused the ire of Dr. Coues that he called it a "fake edition." He had access to the original journals, and published the *LEWIS AND CLARK JOURNALS* in three volumes; one is

the index. There are three maps with an extensive bibliography and copious notes. This set, published in 1893, sold for six dollars. He wrote the zoological notes for *AUDUBON AND HIS JOURNALS*, written by Maria R. Audubon, and published in two volumes in 1900, by Scribner.

In 1895, Coues published a new edition of *ZEBULON PIKE'S JOURNALS*, including notes and a bibliography of works relating to Pike. In 1898, he edited the *JOURNAL OF JACOB FOWLER*, who was a surveyor and traveled from Fort Smith, Arkansas, to the Rocky Mountains in 1821. He edited the journals of David Thompson, Alexander Henry and Charles Larpenteur, under the titles of *FORTY YEARS A FUR TRADER ON THE UPPER MISSOURI* by Charles Larpenteur, 1898, and *NEW LIGHT ON THE GREATER NORTHWEST*, the journals of Alexander Henry and David Thompson, 1897.

The monumental work of editing was done in two volumes, *ON THE TRAIL OF A SPANISH PIONEER*, which was the diary of Francisco Garces, a missionary priest, translated from the Spanish and edited by Dr. Coues.

Garces made four expeditions to various Indian tribes, traveling through Sonora, Arizona and California, from 1768 to 1781. His fourth expedition was with Captain J. B. de Anza into California. This was the last literary work done by Dr. Coues. He was in a great deal of pain at the time from a prolonged illness, but he revised the last proof and wrote the introduction. His publishers spoke of him as being an agreeable man who was always willing and ready to take suggestions.

This great historian, naturalist and editor died in Baltimore, Maryland, on Christmas day, 1899.

Nolie Mumcy, PM

QUANTRILL AND BLOODY BILL FALL OUT

At the camp on Mineral Creek in Texas dissensions arose and the disintegration of the guerrilla command began. Many causes contributed to the dissolution, the principal one being the growing power of George Todd.

The influence of Todd over the guerrillas had increased because his heart was in the cause he was fighting for, the same could hardly be said of Quantrill. Quantrill fought for no principal, but for selfish purposes and as a result of the conditions his desperate life had placed upon him. He cared nothing for the South or its cause, except as a means to his own selfish ends.

When the supreme contest for leadership came the intensely and devoted man, George Todd, won, as was to be expected, and Quantrill lost. Quantrill felt his power slipping away from him and going to Todd. He lost his bold independence of demeanor and action, and his attitude towards Todd became subservient, conciliatory, sometimes pitifully trulent, humble, and imploring. He saw in Todd, long before it was apparent to others, his master and the master of the guerrillas.

Quantrill established a camp some fifteen miles northeast of Sherman, Texas, and it was there that the disintegration of his command began. It appears that after Lawrence, Kansas, there never was the same unity of purpose. Gregg, Poole, Younger, and Jarrette, with some forty to fifty men, left Quantrill, never to return.

Differences between Quantrill's captains were more frequent and marked by more feeling. Perhaps some of the reasons for these things can be found.

In the raid on Missouri City and Plattsburg, two of Todd's men, Fletcher Taylor and Jim Little, had

agreed to go with Captain Gregg, with the understanding that all money taken would be equally divided among the members of the command. At Plattsburg Little and Taylor took over \$6,000 in Federal money. After the guerrillas had recrossed the Missouri River, Gregg pressed them for his share of the loot. They refused to comply. Later, at the home of Mrs. David George, Gregg met Todd and demanded the money be divided. Todd was especially angry over the matter since Gregg had made the matter public. Todd and Quantrill both agreed that the two men who took the money were entitled to what they had gotten, agreement or no agreement. Of course, this was the start of the trouble.

Shortly after the arrival of the guerrillas in Texas, Bloody Bill Anderson married a Miss Busheba Smith in Sherman, and in open defiance of the wishes of Quantrill, who advised that the wedding not take place until after the close of the war. With that Anderson left the camp on Mineral Creek, together with his company and took up quarters in Sherman, Texas. Threats were made so Anderson set up guards in the town so that his men would not be surprised by the Quantrill faction. Many expected that Anderson and Quantrill would meet with their men in the town of Sherman and that a desperate and destructive battle would follow.

It was not long before the guerrillas began to kill and rob the citizens of Texas. Wise King, stepson of Colonel Alexander, led a party which murdered and robbed Mr. Froman, who lived a mile from Sherman, securing a small sum of \$300. Colonel Alexander lived on a fine farm two miles south of Sherman, and Jim Crow Chiles, John Ross, Fletch Taylor, and

Andy Walker, robbed him after killing him. On Red River, north of Sherman, lived Major Butts. Some of the guerrillas murdered him. The murdered men were Confederate soldiers, and Quantrill desired to have the killers arrested and tried by court-martial. Todd and Anderson protected them and refused to surrender them for trial.

By now the demoralization of the guerrilla band was complete. They murdered and robbed in all the counties around Sherman and in the Chickasaw Nation. In Sherman they destroyed property by shooting holes in the church steeples and damaging other buildings. On Christmas Day of 1864 the widow of Major Butts was in the Ben Christian Hotel when some of the band rode into the lobby and shot away the ornaments worn on Mrs. Butts' hat. The guerillas destroyed various supplies and material just for the pure cussedness of it.

It was not long before General Henry McCulloch, with his headquarters at Bonham, heard of these complaints. Anderson got word of the complaints being carried to the general, and with the treachery and baseness inherent in his character went to Bonham with his men, where he had a series of talks with the general. Anderson insisted that the blame for all the murders at Sherman and all the prevailing conditions rested entirely with Quantrill and his particular band. He also made it appear that the horrible form of warfare adopted by the guerrillas was solely due to the practices of Quantrill; he said nothing of the past and how he and his vicious men were part in the many crimes committed by the guerrillas.

Fletch Taylor, one of Todd's company, was with Anderson and admitted that he had killed Major Butts, but only on the orders of Quantrill.

General McCulloch at once sum-

moned Quantrill to his headquarters and the guerrilla chieftain appeared there, accompanied by some of his men from the Mineral Creek camp. Immediately upon his arrival Quantrill was placed under military arrest, but was told his parole would be accepted and that he would not be confined while awaiting trial. His revolvers were taken from him and laid on a bed in the general's room.

General McCulloch then invited Quantrill to accompany him to dinner, but the invitation was refused.

"No sir! I will not go to dinner with you. I don't give a damn if I ever taste another mouthful of food on earth. To hell with you, sir."

And so the general went to dinner alone, leaving Quantrill alone in his office with two guards. On pretext of getting a drink of water, Quantrill crossed the room and seized the two pistols from the bed. He faced about and ordered the guards to get to the floor. He then buckled on his weapons and locked the two guards in a closet. At the foot of the stairs he encountered two more guards. Quantrill covered them and disarmed them; then stepped into the street, shouting to his men to mount and get out of town as it was McCulloch's idea to place them all under military arrest.

Quantrill and his men were soon on their way to Colbert's Ferry. A man was sent on ahead on a fleet horse to order Todd to break camp at once and meet him at the ferry with all the ammunition and camp equipment he could carry.

Colonel Martin's regiment of the regular Confederate forces was ordered to overtake Quantrill and his men and to bring them in, back to Bonham, dead or alive. Bill Anderson and his men joined in the pursuit.

Todd obeyed Quantrill's order and

(Continued on page fifteen)



Westerner's Bookshelf



MASSACRE: The Tragedy at White River by Marshall Sprague. Copyright 1957 by Little, Brown and Company, Boston, Massachusetts, and Toronto, Canada, \$5.00. Bibliography and index.

With skillful and brilliant biographical delineations Mr. Sprague has recreated the Meeker Massacre so completely that he adds to our understanding of this tragedy in a most interesting and readable book.

Nathan Cook Meeker is the first person chronicled, and his past explains his motives and desires. Ouray and his Ute Indians are then introduced and so carefully described that they become real people with goals and a way of life just as Nathan Meeker was a real individual living in the Greeley Colony. Major Thomas Tipton Thornburgh then comes into the story and his past life brings together the forces that set the stage for the massacre.

"Life of self, family and employees not safe; want protection immediately: have asked Governor Pitkin to confer with General Pope." this was Meeker's telegram that triggered the bloody events and brought tragedy to so many people.

Many other personages were intimately associated with Meeker, Ouray and Thornburgh, and with the onward sweep of history, their biographical sketches add a great deal to the understanding of the book. They include such individuals as Governor Frederick W. Pitkin, Otto Mears, General Charles Adams, Secretary of the Interior Carl Schurz, and of course, the three wives: Arville Meeker Chiptea, and Lida Clarke Thornburgh.

The author and his wife toured and studied the actual sites on which most of the events happened and superb descriptive passages are the result. Some of these places are among Colorado's most scenic spots and a few pictures of this kind would have added to the illustrations of the book which include only photographs of the main characters. The end pages of the book, a map of Colorado, show the reservation boundaries of the Utes, the trails and the main geographical locations of the period—an important addition to the book.

MASSACRE is Marshall Sprague's second book on Colorado (*Money Mountain*, the story of Cripple Creek was his first) and it is hoped that he will continue to research and write about Colorado. *Massacre* is a "must" for all student's of this state's his-

tory and the Westerners hope it will be read by many people because of the increased understanding that will inevitably be the result.

Don. L. Griswold

DAKOTA TERRITORY 1861-1889 by Howard Roberts Lamar: A Study of Frontier Politics. Yale University Press, New Haven, 1956. \$4.50. 304 pages. (Yale University Publications, Miscellany 64).

Local political history is often dull, sterile, and uninspired. More unfortunately, it frequently results in little more than eulogies to founding fathers and early pioneers. Professor Lamar's study of Dakota Territory happily escapes these pitfalls. Not only is this volume lively and unencumbered, but politics in Dakota land is highly sophisticated as well.

The introduction to the volume is a twenty-seven page essay describing the territorial policy of the United States from 1789 to 1889. This essay is filled with suggestive "re-thinking" about a century of American experience governing contiguous "colonies." The essay thus provides a convenient summary of antecedents to the political development of Dakota.

The pages that follow narrate the story of politics in the Dakota territory. The author has viewed the political growth from many aspects, adding a dimension of depth to the usual pattern of describing frontier politics completely in terms of triumphant democracy. Sectionalism within the territory, and relations with national political organizations, the federal government, and internal economic problems are analyzed with intelligence and described with ability.

This is a suggestive book and an interesting book. The author judiciously balances details of fact and conclusion. It may well serve as a model for political studies of other American frontiers.

Carl Ubbelohde

SITTING BULL, CHAMPION OF THE SIOUX by Stanley Vestal. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1957. 349 pages, photographic illustrations, appendix, bibliographical essay and index. \$5.00

This is a new edition of a book first published in 1932. The new version contains much that was not in the first edition. Of

greatest interest in the new material is that part of Chapter 23, "Custer's Last Stand," which relates the first-person narrative of Sitting Bull's nephew, White Bull. In this account, White Bull's posthumous claim of having killed Custer with his own hands is set forth.

This part of the book has been published separately, in *American Heritage*. The Associated Press spread a summary of it around the world. All this has greatly stimulated interest in the book and given is probably the widest circulation any Indian story has had in many a moon.

The White Bull angle, and the Custer story itself, are incidental, however, to the main theme, which is a sympathetic and laudatory account of Sitting Bull's life. Stanley Vestal makes a spirited defense of Sitting Bull as Nolie Mumey has made of Chivington. Not all authorities agree with Vestal's appraisal of the wily old chief. But nobody else has produced a study of the man that comes anywhere near this one, in literary quality, grassroots research and sincerity. Stanley Vestal stands at or near the top of any list of western writers, and his "Sitting Bull" is one of the best of the shelfful of books that will long keep his name alive.

Maurice Frink

BEFORE BARBED WIRE by Mark H. Brown and W. R. Felton. Illustrated with 124 photographs by L. A. Huffman. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 256 pp. \$10.

Here in Colorado we are familiar with the work of William Henry Jackson and his mar-

velous photographic revelations of a life now gone. Equal in stature was Laton Alto Huffman who was post photographer at Fort Keogh, Montana Territory. He made his trip into the wilderness in December, 1878, (only two years after Custer had been annihilated on the Little Big Horn) and for the next fifty-three years recorded the history of the territory as it was enacted before him.

His pictures are moving and dramatic and are here used for the second time in a volume by authors Brown and Felton. Their preceding volume was "The Frontier Years" which attained wide success and was based largely on Huffman's earliest years in Montana. His photographs and comments Felton, as Huffman's son-in-law, possessed as family heirlooms.

The text in these books is not always as successful as the photographs. In this volume the first part deals primarily with Huffman; the latter, with cattle and sheep raising and the wars between the two outfits in the Montana region. The final effect is one of a loss of focus.

Nevertheless this extremely handsome book is essential for anyone interested in Montana, the cattle or sheep industry or in early photography. An excellent map as background for locating Huffman's particular shots is included as end papers, and the usual bibliography and index for a book in this price range. Most interesting of all are not the author's footnotes but the comments of L. A. Huffman on his own pictures taken from his diaries and used as secondary notes.

Caroline Bancroft

QUANTRILL (from p. 13)

joined him at Boise d'Arc Creek just in time, for Quantrill and his men, who had escaped from Bonham, were hard pressed. Todd formed his men in the timbers at the ford and held Anderson, Taylor, and the rest in check until Quantrill was well up towards the ferry. Many shots were exchanged between the two opposing forces of guerrillas, and several on each side were wounded.

Before Martin and his men could come up and join in the battle, Quantrill, Todd, and their men had crossed Red River and were out of General

McCulloch's jurisdiction. George Todd chose to cast his lot with Quantrill rather than with Anderson for he had obtained an ascendancy over Quantrill and none over Anderson. Quantrill still had the confidence of his men, and through Todd, he believed he could command them.

Under the surface, however, Quantrill and Todd were bitter enemies, yet they chose to get along as they were the only two guerrilla "captains" now left with the old organization, many members of which had already left it.

END

PLANS TO KEEP DISCUSSION RECORDS PERMANENT FILE

"Do you know one of the most interesting parts of our meetings is the discussion which follows the speaker's talk," commented a member at a recent meeting of the Denver Posse.

"Why not record them then?" suggested another member, "and make them a part of our archives."

So an idea was born.

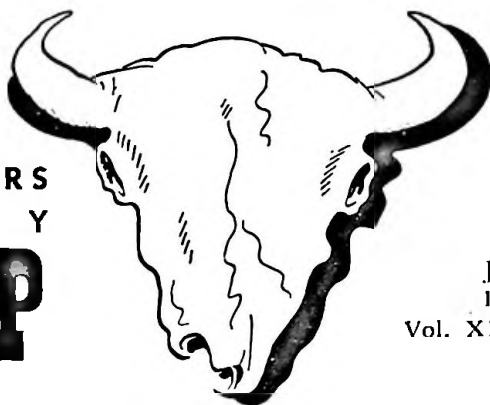
And to keep it alive and working, versatile member Fred Mazzulla offered to furnish the recording equipment at future meetings.

This holds promise of being a tremendously worthwhile project.

Do any other Corrals of Poses follow such a policy? If so, the Denver Posse would like to know how it works out.



The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



July
1957
Vol. XIII, No. 7

One Thousand Dollars

REWARD.

ON SATURDAY NIGHT, FEBRUARY 13th, 1864, about 9 o'clock, JAMES D. CLARKE, Pay Clerk in the United States Branch Mint, Denver, absconded on horseback, taking with him

Thirty-Seven Thousand Dollars, mostly in Treasury Notes, ranging in value from five dollars to one thousand each. The above reward will be paid for the recovery of the thief and money.

Description--21 years old, smooth face, light hair, cut pretty short, spare built, of gantool address, heavyish look, about 5 feet 8 inches high. Had on when he left, a black beaver overcoat, and light colored suit.

Description of Horse--Sorrel horse, about 6 years old, star in forehead, little white on one hind foot, a tolerable long tail, nearly blind in his left eye, had some saddle marks on back, mane medium length and inclined to part in the middle and lay both sides, branded "M" over U. S., new California saddle, a double round bridle, pair new saddle-bags, new blanket, new pair spurs and holster, two navy pin Yols, revolvers, round barrels, new.

GEO. W. LANE,
Assistant Treasurer, United States, Denver, Col.
Denver City, Feb. 15, 1864—J&Wf

Reward bulletin for the mint robber who "absconded on horseback" with \$37,000, as published in the *Rocky Mountain News*.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



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OFFICERS

Sheriff, Judge William S. Jackson
Deputy Sheriff, Francis B. Rizzari
Roundup Foreman and Tally Man,
Erl H. Ellis

Registrar of Marks and Brands,
Numa L. James

Chuck Wrangler, Arthur Zcuch

Preceding Sheriff, Maurice Frink
Publications Chairman, Charles S.
Ryland

Program Chairman, Harold Dunham

Membership Chairman, Arthur Car-
hart

Book Review Chairman, Ed Hilliard

**REGULAR POSSE MEETINGS
START IN SEPTEMBER**

First of our regular Posse meetings after the Summer months will be held on September 26th. Program Chairman **Harold Dunham** has done an outstanding job in providing speakers for our meetings and reports that the same quality will prevail in the future.



A Silver Spur

to . . . PM **Maurice Frink** our preceding Sheriff, for his good taste as one of the judges who selected Miss Dolores Jean Shorty, 19, a full-blooded Navajo Indian girl from Brigham City, Utah, to wear the crown of Miss (Indian) America at the annual All-American Indian Days Show held in Sheridan, Wyo., August 4th. Many members of the Denver Posse attended this outstanding event.

to . . . PM **Charles B. Roth** (and Mrs. Roth) for their superb hospitality in entertaining the Active and Reserve members of the Denver Posse at their beautiful Cameo Ranch on July 20. The sprinkle of rain on the barbecued steaks only made them a little juicier.

to . . . much traveled PM **Charles Ryland** . . . who left Washington, D. C., at 3:00 P.M. (EST) one Saturday afternoon and arrived in Denver at 3:05 P.M. (MST) same afternoon to attend special Posse meeting that evening. Ryland is this year's Editor of the 1956 Brand Book (No. 12) and reports that our annual publication will be ready for publication on schedule.

to . . . our hard-working Round-Up Foreman and Tally-Man, **Erl H. Ellis** (and Mrs. Ellis) who entertained members of the Executive Committee at their cabin in Bakersville. (Bakersville, for those who never heard of it, is the largest city between Dillon and Silver Plume)

to . . . PM **Fred Mazzulla** who has spent most of the Summer showing his fabulous collection of Colorado history pictures to groups in Denver, Colorado Springs, Alamosa, Salida, Center, Buena Vista and other communities . . . with "standing-room" only audiences at every showing . . . and the question: "When can you come again"?

Denver Posse Members Judge Contest

Posse Members of the Denver Westerners, **Forbes Parkhill, Dr. Nolie Mumey, Fred Mazzulla** and Corresponding member **Mrs. Agnes Wright Spring** are serving as a board of judges for a state-wide contest on Colorado History being sponsored by The Industrial Federal Savings of Denver and the Rocky Mountain News.

A. J. Bromfield, President of Industrial Federal Savings, is a Corresponding Member of the Denver Posse, and his interest in Colorado history prompted the contest.

The contest is open to any interested persons who wish to send in unpublished pictures, manuscripts, diaries or similar material, pertaining to Colorado History.

Prizes include a camera, radio, old west painting, and current best selling books on western history, many of them authored by members of the Denver Posse.

YOUR EDITOR APOLOGIZES

After nearly thirty years in the newspaper business, your Round-Up Editor has committed the one most unpardonable sin of that profession . . . mislaid the manuscript and art pertaining to the special July meeting. His only excuse is that during a two week period of house remodeling and painting following the meeting, he secreted the material so well among books and papers that it has failed to turn up at this date.

He continues his search, and when it is found will appear in a future issue.

Know Your Western Writers

REUBEN GOLD THWAITES—1853-1913—Reuben Gold Thwaites was born of English parents in Dorchester, Massachusetts, on May 15, 1853. Little is known of his early life except that he became interested in newspaper work at an early age. In 1872, he was on the staff of the *Times* at Oshkosh, Wisconsin. In 1873, he was engaged in newspaper work in Trinidad, Colorado, for the *Colorado Chronicle*, the only paper published in Trinidad at that time. In 1874-75, he was a special student in Yale. Thwaites was managing editor of the *Wisconsin State Journal* from 1876 to 1886, when he became secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

Reuben Gold Thwaites was a tireless worker and a great student in the field of Western history for nearly a quarter of a century. He made history available for the average person, for he was more interested in individual achievement than in the documentation of institutions or industrial development. He was a tremendous person, writing and publishing many books. The many volumes edited under his guidance made it possible for others to study Western History.

Among his many contributions were *The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents* in 73 volumes, a monumental series published over a period of five years. He admired the Jesuit Missionaries for they contributed information on the new frontiers. His zeal as a collector and his enthusiasm for history influenced scholarship at the University of Wisconsin, for he was widely acclaimed as an authority and a careful worker in his chosen field of history. His fame rests upon his resurrection of the *Jesuit Relations* and his *Western Travels* series.

The death of Reuben Gold

Thwaites on October 22, 1913, was a distinct loss to all students of history, for he had built up a romantic and colorful account of the West and the Northwest.

A LIST OF THWAITES' PUBLICATIONS: *How George Rogers Clark Won the Northwest, and other Essays on Western History*, A. C. McClurg & Co., 1903.

The Story of Lewis and Clark's Journals, Washington, Government Printing Office, 1904 (reprinted from the annual report of the American Historical Association for the year 1903).

A Brief History of Rocky Mountain Exploration, with especial reference to the Expedition of Lewis and Clark, D. Appleton & Co., N. Y., 1904.

Edited the *Lewis and Clark Journals*, N. Y., 1904-05. (8 volumes including an atlas of 56 maps and plates). These journals are very important and a most interesting narrative of Western exploration.

200 sets were also issued in 15 volumes on large paper.

(Continued on Page 11)

ON THE LONG, LONG TRAIL

Word was received recently of the death of CM **Charles H. Breen**, of Golden, Colo. **Mr. Breen** had been suffering from effects of a serious automobile accident that happened about five years ago which crushed his chest, left arm and shoulder and contributed to his unexpected passing.

He is survived by his wife, who wrote: "No words of mine can describe the pleasure it gave him to belong to your fine organization, and he treasured the Round-Up and Brand Books which he re-read many times."

PIONEER DENVER MINT ROBBERY

By Forbes Parkhill

The \$36,817.05 robbery of the United States Mint at Denver on February 13, 1864, was described by the *Rocky Mountain News* as "one of the most serious, strange events that have occurred in our country's history."

After looting the mint with a lead pencil as his only tool, James D. Clarke, reported the *News*, "found himself galloping into the grim abyss of infamy eternal." As George W. Lane, superintendent of the mint worded it, Clarke "absconded on horseback" astride a one-eyed sorrel with a tolerably long tail.

A detailed contemporary account of the robbery is contained in a series of reports made by the then superintendent to Secretary of the Treasury Salmon P. Chase. These faded long-hand reports are contained in the rice-paper pages of the mint's 97-year-old leather-bound file book, made public for the first time by Mrs. Alma K. Schneider, superintendent of the Denver mint.

Member of a prominent Pennsylvania family, 21-year-old Clarke had been employed as a bookkeeper by the *News*. On December 30, 1863, he was appointed pay clerk at the mint on recommendation of H. P. Bennet, Colorado Territory's delegate to Congress, and of Amos Steck, mayor of Denver.

The reward bulletin offering \$1,000 for his arrest contained this description: smooth face, light hair cut pretty short, genteel address, about 5 feet 6 inches high, and wearing a black beaver overcoat and light-colored suit.

Six weeks after Clarke's employment at the mint, Superintendent Lane sent the following report to the Secretary of the Treasury:

Denver City Feby 19th, 1864.
Sir: On Monday morning 15th Inst about 10 o'clock it was discovered that the Assistant Treasurer's Office and the U. S. Br Mint Denver had been robbed of about thirty-seven thousand dollars.

Suspicion at once rested on James D. Clarke the Pay Clerk who was not at his post and who we have since found out absconded on horseback on the Saturday night previous. The exact loss is ascertained to be thirty-six thousand eight hundred and seventeen 05/100 dollars.

We have found the route taken by Clarke and his apprehension is I think only a question of time and we are hourly expecting to hear of the same. From the fact that our time and attention has been fully absorbed by our efforts to apprehend the culprit I trust you will pardon any seeming delay in imparting this information, further particulars will be given soon.

The superintendent's next report is dated February 19:
Sir: On Saturday night 13th Inst. James D. Clarke Pay Clerk in the U. S. Br. Mint Denver absconded on horseback taking with him about thirty-seven thousand dollars of Government funds.

The abstraction of funds must have been made during business hours and placed in a drawer in his desk. About six 30 o'clock that evening Mr. Clarke came into the Mint, went into the Pay Room where he was seen by the messenger and also by the watchman, standing by his desk, but this being often the case, nothing unusual was thought of it.

While in this room at that time, I have reason to believe that he raised

the front window carefully, under which he placed a pencil and must have then placed the money on the window sill. All this was very quietly done, as I was in the adjoining room, the connecting door between the two being open, and I knowing that Mr. Clarke was in his room.

He left the room without creating any suspicion, went into the hall when he was seen by the Watchman, and went out of the front door. When on the outside he must have removed the money through the open window leaving the same open.

These conclusions are reached from the developments which have since been made, and the fact that he could not have taken so large an amount of money on his person in his egress without attracting the attention of the watchman.

Soon after opening the Mint on Monday morning the loss was discovered. Immediately all the officers of the Mint were called on to note the fact. Mr. Clarke not being at his post, suspicion at once rested upon him. He having stated that he was going on Saturday afternoon to visit his uncle, who lives some six miles distant from Denver, and to spend the Sabbath there as he had often done previously.

I immediately sent a messenger to his uncle to see if he was or had been there. Also one to a livery stable. When I learned that he had hired a horse, and upon further inquiry found that he had purchased a new and expensive outfit, including a pair of costly pistols, which satisfied me that he had absconded, I at once consulted with Samuel E. Browne, Atty. General for the Territory who issued warrants for his arrest and sent them to the different Marshals of the Territory.

I then went to Col. Chivington the Commander of the District informed him of the circumstances and request-

ed him to send special messengers to the different military posts not within reach of the telegraph, which request he promptly complied with.

I then telegraphed to all the stations east and west on the Overland Mail line route and to all the Military Posts in this part of the country reached by telegraph offering a reward for his apprehension.

I also had hand bills issued offering a reward for his apprehension and sent them every direction possible describing his person, the horse and outfit with which he absconded.

On Tuesday a report reached this city which in connection with other circumstances induced me to think he had gone south en route to New Mexico. I immediately procured a team and experienced driver and sent my son Amos Lane in that direction to ascertain the facts in relation to the reports.

I have since learned that 30 miles from here he ascertained to a certainty that Clarke had been here on Sunday and had then hired a guide and started for Pueblo. Upon receiving this information my son immediately started in pursuit.

The barrenness and sparse settlement of the country south of Pueblo, and the fact that he will be compelled to travel the main road and through certain passes which will lead to the military posts, where if the Express Messengers have not failed in duty, information has reached them, which I am confident will insure his capture.

In all these arrangements I have freely consulted with the officers of the Mint and the other Government Officers in this city, who have manifested a deep interest in the efforts made for his apprehension.

That I have been deceived in Mr. Clarke is true, but the recommendations I received from men worthy of confidence whose advice I felt it a

duty to respect, his well established character for morality and integrity his superior qualifications and his pride of character induced me to give him the appointment.

I had known Mr. Clarke ever since I came to the Territory—his uniform probity won my respect and confidence and nothing occurred previous to this to excite my doubts or suspicions.

But unfortunately a few weeks after he left he was enticed to gamble, at first, as I now learn, he was very successful but afterwards losing like many other worthy young men, was led on until he committed the greater crime of larceny.

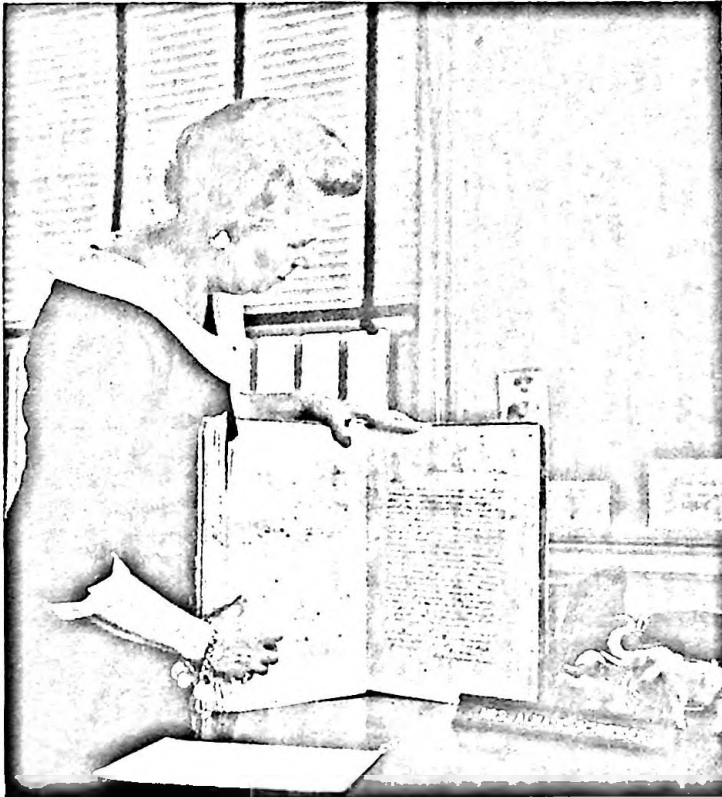
As I never visit such places nor any of the other officers or employees of the Mint, we had no knowledge whatever or suspicion that he was guilty of such practices. And whether I do or do not remain as Superintendent of this Mint I wish here to say that it was with pride and satisfaction that I reflected over the names of those I had appointed and called to my aid in the management of this institution, believing them to be competent and trustworthy I had every confidence and was encouraged with the proud hope that we would build up an institution that would secure the unlimited confidence of the public and

reflect credit on the Administration under which it had been established.

The young men of the Mint are honored and respected by this community and are respectable members of the best society and previous to this affair none stood higher than James D. Clarke.

How far or much this affair will affect the credit of the institution I cannot say, but all the officers, clerks and employees feel it keenly, and for myself I know no words that can express a tithe of the suffering this misfortune has caused me.

If after the care and attention I have given to the business of this in-



Mrs. Alma K. Schneider, superintendent of the U. S. Mint, Denver, with the 93-year-old letter-press book containing the then superintendent's report of the \$37,000 mint robbery in 1864

—Fred M. Mazzulla photo

stitution, such a loss could occur, it is well calculated to discourage me in the future. That I could not transact all the business of the institution without the assistance of others, is well known to your honor, that my confidence was misplaced the result has proven.

If I am censurable after a fair hearing and a full knowledge of all the facts, it must be so. I must have assistants and those assistants may deceive me, but if a more jealous watchfulness and constant attention to business will in the future prevent like calamities, accept my pledge that it shall be given.

The above report included the following postscript:

P. S. Clarke was arrested on the 19th Inst. by my son Amos Lane and Wm. A. Crocker the driver and Rankin S. Kelley, Sheriff of El Paso County and brought back to Denver at noon on the 21st Inst. and had in his possession \$29,426.05 dollars. The excitement incident to the investigation and our efforts to discover the whereabouts of the balance and secure the same, has caused me to forget to forward this letter until now.

Report of Superintendent Lane to Secretary of Treasury, March 12:
Sir

Enclosed please find Statement of my Son Amos Lane, Fred Eckfeldt and Geo. E. Crater which conclude the history of the arrest of Clarke and his examination at the Mint and committal to Jail where he is now confined. Also a Schedule of the expenses incurred to date in our efforts which have resulted in his arrest and the recovery of most of the money, marked A. Also a schedule of the monies recovered Marked B. Also schedule showing amount of money stolen from Assistant Treasurers Fund and from U. S. Br Mint Bullion Fund, amount

of each fund and amount yet missing marked C. I will add in this connection that it is probable that some more money will yet be recovered. You will oblige me by informing me as early as possible from what fund the bills rendered mentioned in Schedule A. must be paid. It is proper for me to state that I was away on the day Clarke was returned to the Mint, having gone that day in the direction of the pursuit to gain some tidings if possible in relation to the success or failure of the efforts being made for his arrest I regret very much the fact of my absence and that he was not detained at the Mint at least until he and his apparel were thoroughly and satisfactorily searched as expected and suggested by Dr. O. D. Munson and Mr. Carter. I must also express the opinion that if Clarke had been captured by any other party in pursuit except that one in which my Son was, very little if any of the money would have been recovered to the Government. Amos Lane declines to receive any of the reward offered, his proportion being 1/3 and asks for nothing more than his expenses incurred. About one half of the stolen bar was deposited in the Mint by Kountze Bros. Bankers on the morning of the 7th Inst., having been sent down from the Central City Branch of their house where it had been bought on assay and most of the value advanced on it. I immediately went with the U. S. Deputy Marshall to Central City had the person arrested who had made the deposit there and brought him to Denver. He acknowledged that he had an accomplice here, gave his whereabouts which resulted in the immediate arrest of his accomplice and the recovery of the other half of the bar which was found in his possession. All of which is respectfully submitted and I trust will prove satisfactory to the Department.

Report of Amos Lane to Superintendent Lane:
Sir

At your request I make the following report of the pursuit and arrest of James D. Clarke late Pay Clerk of the U. S. Br. Mint, Denver, and the circumstances that placed us on his track.

On Tuesday Feb. 16th a Mr. Ford came into town and reported that on the divide between Cherry and Running creeks he saw a horse answering the description of the one hired by Clarke at Martins Livery Stables on the night of the 13th ult. At your request, I and Mr. Wm. Crocker left Denver that evening in a two horse buggy to look after the horse. That night we got to Mr. Slyers fifteen miles up Cherry Creek, and the next day about eleven o'clock a.m. got to the Divide ten miles from Slyers, having left Cherry Creek a short distance above his house and turned to the left. We could see no horse, and the storm prevented our examining the pinery to the right of the road, so we went on to Running Creek, indeed we were compelled to as we could not have faced the wind and snow that prevailed during the day. We went to the Lewis (?) Mill on Running Creek, and then up to the second, Krous (?) Mill, where we heard that a man on horseback passed there on Sunday—14th ult. and that he hired a man—Wm Maine—to guide him to the Kaucos (?) mine. The Description satisfied us that it was Clarke. At the (?) mill two miles above we again heard of him. He had one of the sides (?) of his saddle bags sewed up. From there he and his guide started south leaving the road. The account he gave of himself was that he wished to go to Old Mexico where he had a brother, a Colonel in the Mexican Army. That he—C—was to be a Lieutenant Colonel. That he

wished to avoid the roads as Col. Chivington commanding the district had forbid his going and he feared would send soldiers after him. It was now three o'clock and we started for Mr. Cradlys three miles further up the creek the only place where forage could be obtained, intending to return to Denver next day as we knew that we could not follow Clarke's saunter (?) across the plains but on the way up we met a Mr. Evans who is engaged in herding stock over the Divide, between the South Platte and Arkansas Rivers. Through him we learned that Maine and a stranger stayed on Monday night at his camp only twenty-five miles south, that owing to the clouds hiding the mountains they did not start until about eleven o'clock, when the clouds passed away so that the Spanish Peaks could be seen. Then they enquired the distance—sixty-five miles south—to Williams Herding camp on Chico creek, a branch of the Arkansas, running nearly parallel to and just east of the Fontaine-qui-bouille (Fontain Creek). From Mr. Crosby we learned that by keeping on up the creek thru out to Kiowa and up it we would join the Old Santa Fe Military Road, that by following down it we would join the stage road on the Fontaine-qui-bouille that from the El Paso (?) office, eight miles below, there was a wagon trail across to Williams Camp ten miles east of there, so we concluded to go in next morning. The fact that the storm that day would interfere with Clarke's traveling also prompted us to do so.

We started early next morning—Thursday—and about ten o'clock crossed the Divide and at sundown got to the El Paso P.O. where we put up for the night having traveled about sixty miles. The morning was clear but very cold but after crossing the divide the weather was much warmer.

On this side of the divide the ground was quite rolling and often hilly, this high ground covered with pine timber as was also the divide, but a few miles beyond it we left the timber and traveled over a plain quite level but sloping gradually towards the Arkansas river and crossed here and there by deep but dry sand gulches. As soon as we stopped for the night Crocker and I commenced making preparations to go out to the Chico in the morning and if Clarke had passed here to follow on and go to Camp Gilmore on the Arkansas and have soldiers put on his track. During the evening Mr. Kelly sheriff of the County El Paso, came in and reported that on his way up from Pueblo and only a few miles below a man told him of two strangers that stayed over night at a house nearby. [They] bought a pony and tried to hire a team to go up on the Chico after their saddles and that during the storm Tuesday night they lost their horses and had walked there. Being unable to get a team they started in the direction of Williams Camp. They were only twelve hours ahead of us.

Early next morning—Friday 19 we procured a saddle—we had one already with us that Mr. Crosby loaned us—and in company with Sheriff Kelly we started on horse back for the Chico. In front of the hut, the sheriff recognized a pony hitched there as the one bought by the strangers. In the hut were two herders, Clarke and Maine. And later the two were arrested. Clarke had with him the saddle bags one pocket of which was sewed up and a revolver. We sent Crocker with Maine to look after the saddles, but after going up the creek ten miles he concluded that it was a useless search and returned to the post office where we had been some time. While there the sheriff returned the pony to the original owners and received \$50.00.

Clarke paid \$60 for it. That afternoon we came as far as Colorado City, 25 miles, the next day to Spragues on Plumcreek 52 miles and next day Sunday we arrived in Denver about two o'clock p.m. going immediately to the Mint.

We took from Clarke's pockets \$3025. in G.N. \$5.00 in Gold, a gold watch and chain and some keys of his own. From Maine we took \$20.00 in G.N. The saddle bags we did not open, that is, the side sewed up, but the other pocket contained some cartridges and matches. From El Paso to Colorado City we hired an extra team and also from [illegible]. The property and prisoners were delivered up to U. S. Att. Gen Browne. Nothing was heard or seen of the horses of the Williams except the comment of Clarke and Maine that they went north from their camp.

Report of Fred Echfeldt to Superintendent:
Sir

It having been reported that money had been left with the saddles abandoned by Clarke and his guide Manes, in accordance with your wishes I, in company with Dept. Marsh Cutler and Manes, started to search for them and ascertain if such were the case. No difficulty was experienced in following the route taken by Clarke until reaching the place south of the Divide, where from the character of the country, being a succession of divides with (?) sand gulches, all so nearly resembling each other, that even the guide Manes was at fault, and could not find the gulch in which the saddles and other equipment were secreted. On further search the next day and by carefully following Clarke's trail, the place was found, but the saddles were gone.

Not only did Manes recognize it as being the spot, but the sack which he had under his saddle, and the remains

KNOW YOUR WRITERS (from p. 3)

- 50 sets were issued on Imperial Japan paper.
- France in America*, Harper & Brothers, N. Y., 1905.
- Documentary History of Dunmore's War, 1774*, co-author with Louis P. Kellogg, Madison, 1905.
- Early Western Travels*, A. H. Clark & Co., Cleveland, 1904-1907. (31 volumes plus atlas). A series of reprints of volumes of travel relating to the West.
- Frontier Defense on the Upper Ohio*, co-author with Louise P. Kellogg, Madison, 1907.
- T. Turnbull's Travel from the United States across the Plains to Cali-*

- fornia*, Reprint published for the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Madison, 1913 (typographic arrangements by R. G. Thwaites)
- Luke Voorhees, Personal Recollections of Pioneer Life on the Mountains and Plains of the Great West*, Cheyenne, Wyoming, 1920. (Appendix is a reprint of an article about Lewis and Clark by R. G. Thwaites, published first in *Scribners*, June, 1904.)
- The Indians of North America*, Harcourt Brace & Co., N. Y., 1927. (Selected and edited by Edna Kenton from the 73 volumes of Thwaites' *Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents*.)

Nolie Mumej

of the burned sage bush were sufficient evidence.

On closer examination, the tracks of a man and unshod pony were found, leading directly up the side of the gulch and in the direction of Mr. Sprague's, on the mountain. Knowing that he had been requested by the Sheriff of El Paso Co. to search for the saddles, and he having been informed by Manes of the direction they were in from his house, we immediately concluded that he had found them, and rode to his place, expecting that he would deliver them up.

He denied having any knowledge of them whatever. By close questioning it was ascertained that, the day after Clarke was apprehended, he had left home in company with another man, taking with them an unshod pony, that they had been away three days, and from his own admission had been within at least a mile of the gulch. The tracks of Clarke's horses and of this pony, were all that could be found in this vicinity, showing that but one party had been searching for

the place. Now, without having some definite information regarding the locality, and unless knowing of the loss of the saddles, it would have been almost impossible for a mere passing traveller to have found them, for in approaching the gulch, and seeing the high bluffs, he would naturally turn to the right or left to seek a spot more readily crossed.

Sprague and the herders, at whose cabin Clarke was captured, were the only persons to whom any information had been given, and on inquiry it was ascertained that the herders had not been out, having been employed in moving their cattle. Sprague's hesitancy, and his unsatisfactory and contradictory statements, in connection with the above mentioned facts, would seem to indicate that he was the guilty party, and from the fact of the saddles being concealed the inference can be drawn that there must have been something besides the mere value of the saddles and pistol to tempt his cupidity.

Report of George E. Crater to Superintendent:

Sir

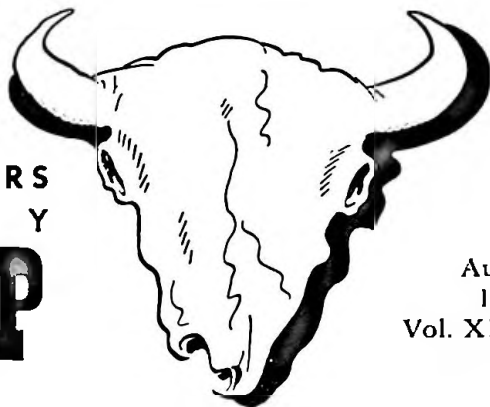
As you were absent on Sunday Feby. 21st upon the return of Clarke by Amos Lane, Crocker, & Kelly Sheriff, El Paso County at your request I am making the following report of the proceedings in the case and also embrace other items in relation to the matter since that time
Viz

There was taken from Clarke by Amos Lane on the way back & returned to Mint Feby 21st 1864 in 1000 Doll Treasury Notes of 14.224. 5.388.8 21.465 \$3.000 also taken by him from Clarke in 5 Doll Treasury Notes \$25— Also from Main's Clarke's guide in Do \$20 also from Clarke in gold \$5— Found in searching Clarke at Mint in gold \$1.00 in his boots. The saddle bags returned by the party (?) said, sewed up, even ripped open— by Attorney General S. E. Browne contents 1 Blk & Red Silk Hdckf, 1 Bag Gold Dollars \$704—in Treasury Notes Counted by S. E. Browne \$6000. by myself \$4000 by F. Eckfeldt \$3.9 (?) [not legible] by O. D. Munson \$4000 by (?) [Not legible] all of which was put in custody of G. W. McClune (?) & placed by him in vault. While the search was being made of his person by the Sherriff I asked Mr. Metrick (?) to go to Clarke's room and get him a full suit of clothes & asked Gen. Browne to have his clothes all taken off & the other suit put on, as I was not satisfied with the search and thought he might have some notes screated in his clothes, he assented. The clothes were brought in and Clarke told by Gen. Browne to change his clothes. Clarke immediately wanted to go to another room to wash, then to go to the privy. Gen Browne assented but said the sheriff must go with him but upon a remonstrance made by Mr. McClune was not allowed to go out, about this time H. R. Hunt asked to come in the build-

ing. Gen. Browne said let him come in he is Deputy U. S. Marshall and Hunt was admitted to the room in which the Mint officers and myself were then counting the Treasury Notes taken from the saddle bags, a few minutes after Clarke went out of the room with Deputy Marshall Hunt and when we got through counting we ascertained that he had taken him to Jail and that the suit of clothes brought for him to put on at the Mint had been taken along and had not been changed at the Mint as was expected. Mr. Eckfeldt and myself went up at once to the Jail and told Farnham, the Jailer, that we suspected Clarke had yet money on his person or about his clothes that we had not found no 500. 100 or 50 dollar notes and that a number of such had been taken. Asked him if Clarke had been made to change his clothes, he said, not, that the suit was there and that he would take them in and have him change. He did so without asking either of us to accompany him into the cell where Clarke and other prisoners were confined. In a few minutes he came out with the suit Clarke had taken off and a role of Treasury Notes in his hand which he said had dropped down from Clarkes under shirt when he took it off. We counted them \$1550 in 100 & 50 dollar Treasury Notes and also found in his vest pocket a \$100 note and 5 cents postal currency which we returned to Mint. The above amounts together with \$33. in notes found on Clarke when searched afterward by yourself 1 gold dollar returned by a citizen to whom Clarke had given the same, some time ago, as a pocket piece, \$45 in Treasury Notes received from one of Clarkes debtors also \$100—gold received from another also \$50 received in notes from the party from whom Clarke had purchased a pony which was returned.

(Continued next month)

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



August
1957
Vol. XIII, No. 8



Spanish-American Dancers featured at Annual Rendezvous included L to R: La Gitanilla, La Morenita, La Princesita and Sarita.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



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OFFICERS

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Deputy Sheriff, Francis B. Rizzari
Roundup Foreman and Tally Man,
Erl H. Ellis*

*Registrar of Marks and Brands,
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*Membership Chairman, Arthur Car-
hart*

Book Review Chairman, Ed Hilliard

SEPTEMBER MEETING

"The Colorado Mining Frontier"

By

Dr. Colin B. Goodykoontz

Wednesday, September 25, 1957

6:30 P.M.

Denver Press Club—1330 Glenarm

Dr. Goodykoontz is President Emeritus of the Department of History of the University of Colorado. An author of many books and articles on Colorado, and a recognized authority on the mining history of the State.

150 Attend Annual Colorow Rendezvous

Approximately one hundred and fifty members and their guests attended the Annual Rendezvous of the Denver Posse of Westerners held August 17th.

Meeting was held at the historically famous Colorow Cave on the ranch of Posse Member L. D. Bax, near Morrison, Colorado.

Featured speaker at the meeting was D. D. Monroe of Clayton, New Mexico (whose talk is reprinted in this issue of The Round-Up).

A special feature of the program was a group of Spanish-American dancers and singers known as "Las Estrellitas Alegres" (The Happy Little Stars) under direction of Louis P. Lang. Beautiful costumes . . . beautiful music . . . beautiful girls . . . whose performance merited, and received, rounds of appreciative applause.

In spite of a rainstorm, which reached almost deluge proportions at times, and threatened to flood Colorow Cave as it poured through the entrance, and cascaded down in waterfalls from the opening at the top of the cave, those who attended voted it one of the outstanding Annual Rendezvous of The Posse.

OUR SPECIAL THANKS

Again the Denver Westerners are indebted to Posse Member L. D. Bax for his hospitality in providing Colorow Cave as the meeting place for our Annual Rendezvous. A hearty "Thanks" from all who attended.

Los Angeles Corral Announces 7th Brand Book

W. W. Robinson, Editor of the 7th annual Brand Book of the Los Angeles
(Continued on page 4)

A Silver Spur

to . . . some distinguished guests who attended our Annual Rendezvous: **Morris W. Abbott**, Milford, Conn., Sheriff of the New York City Posse, a former Coloradoan, who lays claim to having the second largest collection of Otto Mear's R.R. Passes in existence.

to . . . **Fred Renner**, Washington, D. C., Sheriff of The Potomac Corral, and a frequent contributor to our Round-Up publication.

to . . . **Armand Reeder**, Sheriff of St. Louis Posse, a recognized authority on the fabulous history of Old Missouri, the early-day fur trading industry, and the historical characters of that period.

to . . . **Dr. M. F. Burlingame**, Bozeman, Montana, head of the Department of History of Montana State U.

THE COVER GIRLS

The beautifully costumed and talented girls shown on our cover are part of the group who performed at the Annual Rendezvous. They have been recruited entirely from local Denver talent, and have dedicated their efforts to the perpetuation of Mexican and Spanish songs and dances.

Costumes were made in Denver, with some of the accessories imported from Spain and Mexico. Songs and dances range from Old Mexico to all of Spain, where music and dancing assumes the somber and austere character of the land, yet go hand in hand with gaiety, perfume and the vivacious spirit of this people.

The group is available for special entertainment, and arrangements can be made by contacting the manager of the party, Louis P. Lang, by phoning AComa 2-3121 (Denver).

Know Your Western Writers

HIRAM MARTIN CHITTENDEN—1858-1917—Hiram Martin Chittenden was born on October 25, 1858, in Weston, New York. After graduating from high school, he taught for several terms and then went to Cornell; from there he went to West Point, where he graduated in 1884, third in the class. He attended the engineering school at Willetts Point, New York, for three years, and was then assigned to the engineering corps as a Lieutenant.

He was sent to Omaha, Nebraska, as Engineering Officer of the Department of the Platte, where he remained for two years. During that time he prepared a topographical map of Colorado, Utah and some of the surrounding states.

In 1889, he was assigned to take charge of the improvements on the Missouri River above Sioux City, Iowa. He remained there until 1891, then was given charge of the improvement work in Yellowstone National Park, which required two years. In 1893, he was assigned to duty on the Louisville and Portland Canal.

In 1894, Lieutenant Chittenden was the executive officer of the Board of Engineers in charge of a canal survey between Lake Erie and the Ohio River. He remained there until 1896, when he was made secretary of the Missouri River Commission. During that assignment, he was promoted to Captain on October 2, 1895.

In 1898, war was declared with Spain, and Captain Chittenden was appointed chief engineer of the Fourth Army with the rank of Lt. Colonel of Volunteers. At the end of the war he was made secretary and disbursing officer of the Missouri River Commission, with headquarters at Sioux City, Iowa. He was promoted

to the rank of Major and transferred to Seattle, Washington, where he was in charge of the engineering office. He planned the Lake Washington canal, which is seven miles long, connecting Lake Washington with Puget Sound.

In 1908, he was promoted to the rank of Lt. Colonel; in 1910 to Brigadier General. Shortly after this he was retired due to a partial paralysis brought on by shock from a long test ride. Unable to walk on account of his disability, he still had capacity for hard work, and carried out his tasks from a wheelchair. After his retirement, he devoted his time to consulting engineering and investigations. On September 5, 1911, he was elected a member of the Port Commission of the Port of Seattle, and held this position until 1915. He had fine personal qualities; an invalid for many years, he developed the human side of his character.

Chittenden wrote and published
(Continued on page 17)

ANNOUNCES 7TH BRAND BOOK

(Continued from page 3)

geles Corral, announces that their publication will be off the presses early in October.

"This handsome volume will stand as a highlight in the Los Angeles Corral's record of distinguished publishing," said Robinson. "More than 270 pages, lavishly illustrated, magnificently printed and bound; it is a book for historian, collector or librarian, and a literary production to gladden the heart of any Westerner."

Limited to 450 copies, price is listed at \$17.50; paid-up members and Corresponding members will be able to purchase it at \$12.50. Orders should be sent (with check) to: Westerners Brand Book, 1264 So. Central St., Glendale 4, California.

Some Random Thoughts on the Spanish-American Heritage of the Southwest, with Particular Reference to New Mexico

By D. D. Monroe

This paper has been prepared rather hurriedly, as I am sure the text will disclose, but in the hope it may serve some useful purpose by spotlighting some of the background of Spanish influence in Southwest history, which is more prominently exhibited and observed in our part of the country than in others.

In this age of conformity it is uncommon to find anybody willing to admit error; for some reason to acknowledge a mistake is to admit imperfection and it has been said that would lead, naturally, to a nervous fear of neighbors and eventually to tranquilizers. I want, in all fairness, to be different. I want to admit the possibility of being wrong because of the haste in which this manuscript has been gotten together.

My first thought when I started to work on this was: "What in the world can one say to some of the finest minds in the Rocky Mountain Region that would be worth listening to or worth the time to tell it, let alone worthy of recording? Just the nature of the assignment and a just consideration of those to whose attention it would come automatically closed a lot of doors.

It was suggested to me that the topic should be "on some phase of Western History," or, since my personal interests were in the New Mexico-Panhandle region, that "any person or topic associated with such a locale would be most acceptable as a topic." Then he told me that you

were trying to work up a "little skit or performance to emphasize the Spanish-American Heritage of the Southwest," and with that as a cue I chose the topic: "Some Random Thoughts on the Spanish-American Heritage of the Southwest, with particular reference to New Mexico," to try to fit in with the program theme.

While this observation would not apply to this audience, most Americans, I believe, are under the impression that our history began at Plymouth Rock and extended gradually across the continent as "frontiers" were pushed aside and the "wilderness" conquered as so-called "civilization" progressed from the Missouri to the Pacific.

There seems to have been very little effort to correlate the two cultures or societies which were growing up, practically contemporaneously, in the Northeastern and in the far away Southwestern parts of North America. The courage, faith, and fortitude which has been credited to the English so much over the years in their conquering of the "wilds of New England," after landing on "the stern and rock-bound coast" were not greater than those of the French in the Northeast and in Louisiana Territory, or more steadfast than those of the Spanish in facing and overcoming the hazards of the inhospitable Southwest. It has been said that the people of the thirteen original colonies preserved but little of the romance of that period. Such a statement may

be open to wide challenge. But the Spaniards, while as practical as their Nordic contemporaries, were a very romantic and poetic people; they were more steeped in family tradition; more careful about the preservation of records and documents; more observant of laws and decrees; with the ultimate result that a heritage was developed in the Southwest.

I do not propose to recall specific history to you. Thousands of books have been written and printed about it. There are hundreds of contemporary articles in connection with it; and I merely want to sketch, as a sort of foundation, or refresher, just a little history.

At the end of the first one hundred years since the discovery of America very little effort to settle North America had been made. South and Central America had been the scenes of a great deal of active and successful colonization. A few scattered settlements had been established by the Spanish in Southeast North America and one colony (Port Royal) in Acadia (New Brunswick) in New France in Northern North America, had been founded in 1604 by France. Sir Walter Raleigh had established Virginia in 1584, and Virginia Dare, the first English child to be born in America, had discovered the country in 1585.

However, the City of Vera Cruz had been established in New Spain (Mexico) in 1519 by Cortez, and numerous Spanish plazas had sprouted in that area. Coronado had spent three years (1540-42) exploring the "Northern Department" searching for the seven cities of Cibola. His route had blazed a trail up the Rio Bravo del Norte (Rio Grande) to be followed by the Franciscan Missionaries years later.

Shortly after the turn of the new century, the tempo of things began to

accelerate and the next few years witnessed a mighty change. England, which for all her voyages had not, prior to 1584, a foot of land in America, entered on a course of settlement. In 1606 Virginia was divided by decree of James I and the south portion was granted for colonization purposes to the London Company, while that of the North was allotted to a company named The Plymouth Company and Jamestown was founded in 1607 by a band of 100 colonists, to be followed by the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth Rock in 1620; the establishment of New Amsterdam (Manhattan Island) in 1626; the Company of Massachusetts Bay and of the settlement of Boston in 1629-30 and the Grant of Maryland to Cecil Calvert in 1632; the founding of Connecticut colony in 1635, Rhode Island in 1636, the founding of Harvard College in 1638, and of Maine in 1639. So much for the thumb-nail sketch of general history.

As far as New Mexico is concerned, it was first explored by white men when Coronado and his followers came up the Rio Grande in 1540. First colonization efforts started in 1598 when Onate brought settlers up the long trail which Coronado had blazed, and which became known in later years as El Camino Real, and established first capital at San Gabriel, across the river from San Juan Pueblo, 25 miles north of Santa Fe. The City of Santa Fe was founded in 1605, the capital established there about 1610.

The decade following 1621, the Franciscan Missionaries launched their church building program in New Mexico. A total of 43 churches, serving 34,000 Christian Indians, existed in 1636, and 90 missions were in use by 1643. Ten of these old structures are still standing and in use.

During this period also The Pu-

eblo Indians of New Mexico were brought into ownership of their lands by virtue of titles granted by the Spanish Crown. These titles, antedating the U. S. occupancy were recognized and confirmed. The New Mexico Pueblo Indians, therefore, differ from all other Indians in the United States in this respect.

In New Mexico each Indian Pueblo has a fixed dance, a fiesta, occurring at the day of its own patron saint. Since saints arrived with the Padres, it is obvious that these dates were fixed after the Spanish occupation. These fiestas are both Catholic and Pagan. The custom, however, spread to the Villages and Towns. The City of Santa Fe is even now preparing to stage its 245th consecutive annual Fiesta. (Aug. 30-Sept. 1).

Indians were growing corn, beans and squash, and raising turkeys, in New Mexico as long as 900 years ago. Many of the descendants of these early inhabitants still occupy the villages of their ancestors.

During the next two hundred years, colonization of the farming districts of the province continued. In 1821 New Mexico, with the independence of Mexico from Spain, became a province of Mexico. In that same year the Mexican Trace (more commonly known as the Santa Fe Trail) was blazed and commerce with the United States began. Trappers and mountain men began moving into northern New Mexico. Times began to change!

Or did they? It has been said so many times that there is nothing new under the sun—that history merely repeats itself. (In this connection incidentally, it has been said that the worst thing about history is that every time it repeats itself, the price goes up!) So I thought it might be interesting to recall here, a few items appearing in the Spanish Archives of New Mexico during this 200 year period which,

D. D. Monroe is a business man living in Clayton, New Mexico where he owns and operates The Clayton Abstract Company. Altho active in business he devotes a large part of his time to public service and civic affairs. The list of such activities is extensive but include such organizations as: American Association for United Nations, New Mexico Title Association; ex-President Clayton Chamber of Commerce, ex-Director Clayton Board of Education, Past Grand International Ruler Independent IOOF, Masonic organizations, Past Dist. Governor and member Board of Directors Rotary International; Trustee American Humanics Foundation, Recipient: Congressional Selective Service Award, Associate Tax Commissioner for State of New Mexico, ex-President New Mexico Title Association, and in 1952 received LL.D. from McMurray College.

perhaps, may recall to you some contemporary correlation with them, or something analogous to them.

Sept. 25, 1739: (Free Translation)

To his Excellency, The Governor and Captain General:

Vincente Duran de Armijo, resident of the Villa de Santa Fe, and settler and conqueror of the Kingdom of New Mexico, appears at your excellencies feet in the most approved manner the law allows, and states: That having experienced innumerable sufferings and hunger and nakedness, and other misfortunes, we have undergone in this poor kingdom, on account of having lost our personal labor in our corn and wheat fields, with which we were to meet our obligations, owing to the scarcity of water in the river running through the city, which arises from the absence of rain for some time back, and our personal labor upon our grain crops being useless, as they have all failed, and having been one of the settlers of this kingdom from the year '94. 1767. (News item).

There was no actual circulating medium, owing to the scarcity of money, the people invented a remarkable system of currency, including four kinds of dollars: Pesos de plata (silver dollars) worth 8 reals (\$1.00):

pesos de projecto (project dollars) 6 reals (75c); pesos de antiguos (old dollars) 4 reals (50c); and pesos de la tierra (land dollars) worth 2 reals (25c). The traders always bought with pesos de la tierra and sold for pesos de plata. All "dollars" appeared the same to Indians. Incidentally, it is alleged that shortly after the American occupation, this "peso de la tierra" had been devaluated until its worth, in terms of the American dollar of that day, was about ten cents. This being true, then the allegation that Dona Tules Barcelo, famous counterpart of "Diamond Lil," of the 1840's and 1850's, was a "rica" and that her funeral "fabrica" of sixteen hundred pesos was an elaborate display of grandeur, is somewhat refuted, and it can be reasonably alleged that her relatives got their money's worth in vain display. August 17, 1780.

Letter to Juan Bautista de Anza, Santa Fe, advising the Governor of the royal decree that each Indian should contribute one peso and each Spaniard two pesos to the war fund. Followed on Jan. 22, 1783 by a letter sent from the Cavallero de Croix in Chihauhau to the Governor of New Mexico stating that the Pecos, Zuni, and the Moquis are exempt from making such contributions to the King and (on the following day) January 23, 1783 a letter to the Governor relative to the Media Anata, taking no action as to whether missionaries had to pay this tax. And, if you want to know where the descent and distribution tax in this country got its start, a Decree by King Charles (Carlos) IV dated June 11, 1801, levying an inheritance tax, as an emergency measure, for the purpose of "aiding the war expenses." Some school boy said in Geography class the other day that "The earth is a globe that revolves on its taxes." Maybe the above will help prove that it always has!

The first gold lode west of the Mississippi was discovered and worked in the Ortiz mine near Santa Fe, New Mexico, in 1833. Since Biblical days the word "gold" has had magic influences. As word leaked out that gold was being produced in this vast land beyond the prairies new impetus was given to immigration into the area. No doubt this news had great bearing upon the decision of the United States to occupy the territory. At any rate men from the "east" entered the area in increasing numbers culminating, in 1846, in the United States occupation of New Mexico, when Kearney took possession of New Mexico. Much has been said and written about the conquest of New Mexico "without the loss of a single man" and about the activities of James Magoffin and others all of which has no bearing here. The significant fact is that mining boomed, mining camps, towns and cities vastly different from the Plazas and Villas of mud, adobe and stone of the Conquistadores, sprung up to flourish for a time only to become a part of the ghost towns of present day. The poem by Gene Lindbergh which appeared in the *Denver Post* a week or so ago:

TOLLGATES TO YESTERDAY

(Gene Lindbergh)

Windows and doors are tollgates to the past
In battered towns where men once dug for
gold.

Time takes its toll in memories that last
Long after dreams and hopes and fears
grow cold.

Through this old portal children's feet once
ran

To meet a miner trudging up the trail.

Through that old pane a woman watched her
man

Come striding home with nuggets in a
pail. . . .

**The doors of Gold Hill, Victor, Silver Plume
Swing idly now for those who pass that
way,**

**But memories haunt each abandoned
room. . . .**

The tolls paid at the gates of yesterday.

You can take out the names of Gold Hill, Victor and Silver Plume and substitute, with equal nostalgia, the names of dozens of places throughout the Southwest, particularly in New Mexico.

But, aside from the gold lure, other things came with American occupation. Commerce with the new Territory increased and Anglo settlers migrating to the "new country," and on a hundred fronts and with a hundred facets the contemporary history of the area began. Yet the Spanish-Indian influence continued.

Bring on your new age of the world—bring on your industrial era, your plastic marvels, your atomic wonderland—but remember always that none of these will ever produce culture, for culture is not the result of automation. Culture is a concept of human values—not material values—it has been said that all men may be born equal, but what they are equal to makes a lot of difference—and culture is a thing of the spirit wedded to moral conduct and principles of human idealism and determination and stamina substantially unrelated to the production of goods or forty hour weeks. Culture, in my book, is the result of human intelligence applying ideals into resulting heritage too valuable to be expressed in mere words.

Ruxton, in his "Wild Life in the Rocky Mountain," says of his visit to New Mexico following the American influx: "I found all over New Mexico, that the most bitter feeling and the most determined hostility existed against the Americans who, certainly in Santa Fe and elsewhere, have not

been very anxious to conciliate the people, but by their cudgeling, bullying and overbearing demeanor toward them, have in great measure been the cause of this hatred." This attitude which Mr. Ruxton noted has long since been dispelled, the "melting pot" influence of the United States has prevailed, all citizens enjoy equal opportunity, respect, and privilege, pay taxes grudgingly and cuss the government with equal fervor, and defend it with equal vigor, and all down through this course of history the Indian customs, and the Spanish customs, and their traditions and influences, have become the heritage of the New Mexico southwest, and the basis for many of the present-day "Americanism." Let me refer to some of these:

FOLK DANCES . . . New Mexico folk dancing is an art which has a lineage as rich as the state's Hispanic background.

There seems to be an almost universal love of the dance, whether it be Indian, Spanish-American or modern rhythms. But there is no mixture of the three.

The Indian retains his dance forms from pre-Spanish times, and nearly all are of ceremonial nature, and the white man's civilization has made no inroads on his ritualistic dance patterns which are handed down from father to son. But the Spanish-American has contributed much to all groups in New Mexico. Music which seems instantly to draw everyone to the floor is La Varsoviana. Although the dance is found in various sections of the United States and Mexico, it is particularly popular in New Mexico, where young and old participate with great gusto.

New Mexican folk dances are not so jealously guarded as Indian ceremonials, but are encouraged and generously shared. It is probably this

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Attention is particularly invited to the facilities offered by this Line for the transportation of freight between the East and far West. This being the only road west of the Missouri River with direct rail connections, **BETTER TIME** will be guaranteed than by any other route. Through contracts can be procured at the offices of connecting Railroads in **Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston,** to the western terminus of this Road, and when desired, to all the principal points in the Territories.

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Reprinted from **THE MINES OF COLORADO** by **Ovando J. Hollister,** 1867 edition.

factor which has done so much to keep them alive, despite the passing popularity of other dance forms.

While La Varsoviana probably ranks at the top in popularity, it is followed closely by La Raspa, which in form resembles the Hungarian Czarda. The dance shows a definite influence of new people, however, in the accompanying words, which poke fun at an Indian maid. From this latter characteristic has come the name Las Inditas, by which La Raspa is sometimes known. It resembles the nineteenth century square dance with its quadrilles, although not too much emphasis is placed on the calls.

The combination of dance and poetry, the latter usually recited extemporaneously, schottische, polkas and their variations have added to the repertoire of dances which have come from the little villages tucked away in the uplands to take their place among popular dances of the day. All of these dances are of simple form, with much repetition, which has been retained in spite of variations in musical accompaniment.

Christmas and Easter are definite dates for dances among the Indians in Pueblo land. In general the ceremonies run for three days following. Other dances are Buffalo, Deer, Eagle, Basket, Turtle, Harvest and Rain. So-called "pleasure dances" have a great latitude of dress and performance.

Like all folk dances of all ages, New Mexico has been influenced not only by the Indian element, but by the arrival of new peoples. Anglos who followed the American Occupation brought with them the dance tune of "Coming Through the Rye," which was incorporated into the popular Spanish-American dance, "El Vals del Centro."

Importations from Mexico, too, had their effect on New Mexico folk

dances. Many of these failed to gain instant popularity because of their complexity, which combined thoroughly the Indian and Spanish, a typical characteristic of most Mexican Art. The Indian influence in these dances balanced nicely with the click of Spanish castenets, and the sharp tapping of heels.

Perhaps the most noteworthy development in recent years is the direct importation of dances from Mexico. These have been adopted in their entirety—music, form, and costume—and their popularity grows daily. Spanish-Americans make no secret of the fact that they thoroughly enjoy the Mexican dance. Most popular of these are El Jarabe Tapito, Mexico's national dance, and arrangements of folk tunes such as Chapanezas, where the audience assists with shouts and handclapping.

New Mexico's folk dances can be seen in no purer form than on fiesta days in the isolated villages of the upper Rio Grande Valley. The dance hall, often nothing more than a tent, is the center of attraction throughout the day's and night's festivities. There is an abundance of goat stew and red wine, which flows freely, lending impetus to the efforts of the musicians and dancers. It has been said that no racial group, outside the southern Negro, enjoys to sing and dance more than the Spanish-American.

HARVEST AND YULE-TIDE FIESTAS . . . Fiesta spirit begins early in Mountain New Mexico, and will continue through "Old Christmas," January 6th. Celebrations, ceremonies and old miracle plays follow each other and intermingle in bewildering procession.

There is Los Pastores telling of the twelve Shepherds and the humerous antics of Bartolo the Lazy One . . .

For poignancy, Las Posadas (The Inns), relating the efforts of Joseph

and Mary to find lodgings in Bethlehem. What more appealing than El Nino Perdido, (story of the Lost Child)? . . .

Los Matachines offers two versions—the Spanish, originated as a satire among the ancient Aztecs of Mexico, showing the infatuation of an Indian maid for the Conqueror Cortez, and the Pueblo treatment—symbolic of the Church and its goodness . . .

And everywhere, among the tiny adobe walled mountain villages, the dramatic Los Magos (The Three Magic Kings) is most traditional on "Old Christmas" . . . At sunset, on Christmas Eve, under the shadow of the sacred Taos Mountain, occurs the beautiful and impressive "Procession of the Torches." As the statue of the Holy Mother, clad in her finest robes, is borne from the Pueblo Church into the Plaza, a double row of giant bonfires spring to life, filling the air with rosy light and the haunting odor of piney incense. The rhythmic chant of gaily clad Indians, following in her wake, lifts pulsing to the star-splattered sky. There is the solemn waving of "anchones" (torches of cedar and pine); the staccato reports of rifles, for the frightening of evil spirits; the shuffling pad of many moccasined feet, muffled by the press of intent watchers on every hand;—and high overhead, lining every level of the venerable Pueblo, is the gentle glow of countless Shepherd fires, suggesting Peace on Earth, good will to every man . . .

After midnight mass, in all the pueblos of the Rio Grande Valley, the Indians gather inside and outside the churches to present ceremonial dances, pagan in origin, but dedicated to the Christ Child . . .

FAROLITOS . . . Perhaps most impressive and a distinctive part of these ceremonies are the farolitos or little lanterns made of brown paper sacks with which the Pueblo Indians and

the Spanish families decorate their adobe homes and churches at these festive times.

Farolitos are simple to manufacture. You fill a five-pound paper sack with two or three inches of sand, stick a candle upright in the sand inside the sack and light it.

A row of farolitos on a garden wall, or along the edges of the roof of a house or church, sheds on the scene a gentle, flickering illumination. The light enhances the solemnity of a ceremonial occasion with a decorative simplicity and serenity reflecting the child-like faith of the Indian and the intense devotion of the Spanish-American.

FOLK LORE, NATIVE TALES AND LEGENDS . . . Volume upon volumes have been written repeating and detailing the Folklore, native tales, traditions and legends of the Spanish and Indian Southwest. I shall not make further reference to them other than to say that they definitely have become a part of Southwestern heritage and a part of Americana, and justly so.

Incidentally, not to be overlooked in this respect, are the millions of items appearing in newspapers and periodicals of past years in the Southwest. In my research in preparation of this paper I have made note of one or two which I do not believe have been previously repeated outside of their original publication—I think many of these items, which were written as contemporary literature or news of the time of publication, as "current events" have become a part of definite history and a part of heritage. I think you may find these interesting:

Prophecy

The wife of Maximilian of Mexico recently reviewed the Mexican troops in a carriage that cost \$40,000. It was constructed entirely of glass and silver, and the inside was lined with

white satin and gold lace. This Austrian princess should take warning from the tragic fate of one of her relatives, the late Marie Antoinette. Why should the Mexican people be supposed to be less impatient of this infamous squandering of their resources by a foreign princess than the French?

—Santa Fe New Mexican
Dec. 22, 1865.

'Hot' Watch

The advantage of having a watch which strikes the hours was experienced by a gentleman in New York a few evenings since. As he was entering Niblo's theater his watch was taken. There were several persons around him, and he said, "Gentlemen, I have lost my watch. If you will keep quiet it will strike in one minute." The thief started for the door and was captured.

—New Mexican, Nov. 3, 1868.

Buffaloes Delighted

The buffaloes found, in the telegraph poles of the overland line, a new source of delight on the treeless prairie—the novelty of having something to scratch against. But it was expensive scratching for the telegraph company, and there, indeed, was the rub, for the bisons shook down miles of wire daily.

A bright idea struck somebody to send to St. Louis and Chicago for all the bradawls that could be purchased, and these were driven into the poles with a view to wound the animals and check their rubbing propensity. Never was a greater mistake. The buffaloes were delighted.

For the first time they came to the scratch, sure of a sensation in their thick hides that thrilled them from horn to tail. They would go 15 miles to find a bradawl. They fought huge battles around the poles containing them, and the victor would proudly climb the mountainous heap of the rump and bump of the fallen and

scratch himself into bliss until the bradawl broke or pole came down. There has been on demand for bradawls from the Kansas region since the first invoice.

—New Mexican, April 6, 1869

It was Wild

Billy the Kid had a sweetheart, so we have just learned. The young lady's name is Kate X and she lives in California. She read in the newspapers that the Optic had the index finger of the Kid in pickle and she has written for it with a request also to send a photograph of the young killer. We have written Miss X a sorrowful epistle full of touching condolences and broke the news gently that we had just sold our relic of her lover for \$150.00 and that Billy was such a contrary fellow that he would not sit still long enough for a photographer to get his camera turned loose on him, hence the photograph she craved must ever be forthcoming.

—Las Vegas Optic, Sept. 19, 1881

Old Friends Invited

Pastor Hubbs preaches the "Funeral Sermon of King Alchol" tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock. He hopes a large number of mourners, and of special friends of the deceased, will be present.

—New Mexican, July 18, 1885

High Decoration

The First Congressional Medal of Honor to be awarded in New Mexico was conferred upon Lt. Wilber Wilder, 24 years of age, for gallantry in action on April 23, 1882, during the battle of Horseshoe Canyon (about 25 miles Southwest of Lordsburg, New Mexico). The medal was presented August 17, 1896. (Lt. Wilder, as Brig. Gen. Wilbur Elliot Wilder, died Jan. 30, 1952, in New York at age 95.)

Near Tragedy

The Saturday afternoon train, right on time, was coming down the Embudo Hill on its way to Santa Fe. Engineer Albec of Alamosa, Colorado,

felt an urge to cough, and inadvertently faced the cab window when he did so. As a result his false teeth sailed out the window. Engineer Albee immediately stopped the train, then backed up the hill to the place where the accident happened. The train crew and some of the passengers joined in the search, and finally F. D. Casan of Chicago found the missing dental work. Albee wiped off his teeth with his machine rag, replaced them, and raced the train into Santa Fe arriving promptly on time as scheduled.

—New Mexico Daily Examiner

Recollection

Dr. Winchester recalls that way back in the early days, the M. Herzstein & Company general store decided to put on a style show and asked Mrs. Amy Johnson to model for them. Simon Herzstein called her and told her to "come down in the morning and bring a pair of tights." Mrs. Johnson showed up the following morning with Ed. Bannon and his brother (Two old-time business men with an alleged skin-flint reputation) and said she had brought the tightest pair she could think of!

—Union County Leader,

July 25, 1957

One could go on and on . . . but that's enough of that!

FOODS AND WORDS AND CUSTOMS . . . Los Lunas, seat of Valencia county, New Mexico, named for the Luna family, was founded early in Spanish colonial days. Some of New Mexico dishes of today are from this section. Two of these are enchiladas served with frijoles (beans) and posole, which is hominy cooked with pork. There are any number of other dishes and delicacies now accepted as typically American, which had their origin in our Southwest. There are many words which have come into general use which came to us through Mexican Spanish. Of our

foreign language loan words the great majority of them are mainly Hispano-Americanish. A number of these words, such as avocado, cocoa, chocolate, tomato, early entered into standard English. Others, such as mesquite, coyote, tamale, chili, are important Westernisms, well known to all Americans. All are steeped in the days of the far west. As far back as the turn of the 18th century, settlers in Texas were writing to various American papers about their new homeland, employing numerous Spanish terms, such as lasso, calabozo, rancho, mustang, sombrero and the like, and apparently not always for the mere sake of local color. The writings of Gregg, Ruxton, Pike and others of that day show a deep appreciation of Spanish culture.

And now may I ask you to indulge me one final observation.

I saw a startling statement in a paper the other day. "One-fifth of all the people who ever lived on earth, are alive to-day!" It is indeed a startling statement. I wonder, does anyone have the figures to prove this? At any rate it emphasizes the transition that our country has undergone, because its increase in population has been proportionate. And, viewed in the light of present-day population, then the sparse number of people who established our civilization, nurtured and pioneered our culture, loom ever larger in the background of our contemporary lives.

A date familiar to everyone is 1492, and Columbus' feat of joining two worlds, though one was not Asia as he stoutly maintained. What so few of us understand is that with that event Columbus has unknowingly run down the curtain on the middle ages.

The blending of the Eastern and Western portions of the United States into a single nation was a like turning point in history. Looking back

one's attention is always drawn to certain years that seem to have been heavier with destiny than others; such a year was 1492; such a year was 1776; such a year was 1846; such a year was 1918 and 1945. It is possible that any year from 1957 to 1970 may be such a year, for today we have not only a country but a world in a state of flux. Today we are in the middle of a revolution. We are in the middle of a transition from one major level of culture to another—from a culture which is primarily agrarian to one which is primarily urban-industrial. The closest parallel in the past course of human existence (so says Dr. Harrison Brown, Professor of Geochemistry at the California Institute of Technology) was the transition which took place some 7,000 years ago from a culture of food-gatherers to a culture of farmers.

During the past 300 years man has achieved a degree of power over his environment which is unprecedented in the thousands of years of human history and in the hundreds of thousands of years of pre-human history. Our rate of material progress and our rate of growth seem to be steadily accelerating. I imagine all of us feel like asking: "For how long can this acceleration and this growth continue? Will we level off? Could it be that, perhaps without realizing it, we are painting ourselves into a corner? Could it be that we are headed towards catastrophe? All of us who think on these things are asking ourselves a lot of questions.

But the thing that impresses me most is that with all our history, with all our traditions, with all our knowledge, the world is still such a mystery to us! What kind of a world will we have tomorrow? I do not pretend to know—in fact I doubt if anyone could even begin to predict that world with any degree of certainty. But this I do know: that there is much of truth in

the statement that the function of a truly great people is not so much to discover and declare new truths, as it is to rescue from oblivion old truths which it is our wisdom to remember and our folly to forget.

That is why I feel that I personally have been accorded deep honor to have been asked to appear here before you and to make this endeavor to set before you something of the Spanish-American Heritage of the Southwest, and particularly of my own beloved New Mexico.

Bring on your new age of the world—bring on your industrial era, your plastic marvels, your atomic wonderland, but remember always that none of these will ever produce culture *per se*—for culture is not the result of automation. No push button will ever breed nostalgia! Culture, in my book, is a concept of human values—not material values. It has been said that all men may be born equal, but what they are equal to makes a lot of difference—and culture is a thing of the spirit wedded into moral conduct and principles of human idealism and determination and stamina substantially unrelated to the production of goods, industrial charts, or the four-day or forty-hour week! To me culture is the result of human intelligence applying ideals into resulting heritage—too valuable to be expressed in mere words.

New Mexico is a land of contrasts, of low valleys and high peaks, of desert wastes and verdant meadows, of extreme heat and extreme cold, of vast plains and timbered hills. It is the scene of some of the oldest civilizations to be found in North America—there are today places where the people live much as they did when the conquistadores came over three hundred years ago. It is the scene of the laboratories where the instruments which ushered in the atomic age are to be found, and where experiments

which predicate a fabulous age of the future are being conducted. Some of the oldest ruins of the New World are to be found in New Mexico—and there, too, are to be found the most modern buildings which futuristic architecture has designed. It has an air of newness, of progress—here you find the exhilarating thrill of adventure, of yet undiscovered things, of a wonderful world of tomorrow.

But here, too, you find the most valuable of heritage, different, somehow, giving you the feeling of long ago, a feeling of almost overwhelming nostalgia, a realization of how much of our own outer and inner-life has been built upon the intellects and the labors of those of our fellow-men who have lived before us, who demanded so little and left so much.

HERITAGE

Have you seen the lamps come on in
 Tecolote?
 Each window, coal oil lighted, seems to
 shine;
 Have you heard the bells ring out from San
 Felipe?
 They come from Albuquerque's plaza
 shrine.

Do you know a village called Arayo Hondo?
 And the tunes sung there which came
 from Mexico;
 Have you heard the coyotes howl near Nara
 Visa?
 Have you sensed the spell which looms
 o'er Sapello?

Have you wondered at the stillness which
 one notes in Santa Cruz,
 Where plots and schemes once filled this
 land with fear?
 Have you seen the covered wagons bring-
 ing in the tribes of Indians,
 To the rites which Gallup sponsors once
 a year?

Have you ever been to Tyrone, now deserted,
 Just a village with a copper-cruste'd creek;

Have you seen the herds of sheep near Anton
 Chico,
 Have you listened to the lore of Hermit's
 Peak?

Have you seen the cowboys dance in
 Tucumcari?
 Lanterns swaying to a square-dance
 promenade;
 Have you lingered near a penitente grave-
 yard,
 One can almost hear the flutes the
 brothers played.

Have you been to old Mesilla, once a part
 of Arizona,
 Where the distant mountains look like
 organ pipes;
 Have you seen an upper story on the plaza
 in Las Vegas,
 Where a General raised on high the stars
 and stripes?

Have you stood above Raton and viewed the
 city,
 Have you been near Clayton when the
 snows begin to fall;
 Have you seen a crumbling mansion in
 Peralta,
 Crumbling bricks support a crumbling
 'dobe wall;

Have you seen the chimneys rise in old
 Fort Union,
 Stark reminders of a one-time army base;
 Have you walked in Santa Fe's age-old
 processions,
 On the route which winds along Cathedral
 Place?

If you've seen these things, my friends, and
 having seen them,
 Can you sense the lore which stems from
 long ago?
 Though we look for oil and gas, though we
 boast of Atomic newness—
 We have a heritage which IS . . . New
 Mexico!

—Frank Eliot McCulloch
 in New Mexico Magazine

To those who left this heritage to us—to all who left us all the heritage which is ours we tonight stand in salute. We do not leave them only to the plains and the mountains and the meadows—we enshrine them in our hearts—we erect to them in each of us a living memorial which we too shall endeavor to pass on—to the end that their accomplishments and their heritage may live and endure forever.

And so we come to the end. I would like to close with a paraphrase of an item by Bruce Kiskaddon, which appeared in the 1950 issue of the Brand Book of the Los Angeles Westerners:

Ah, the round-up days are over;
 The wagons have all pulled in;
 We've said good-bye to fellers
 That we may never see again.
 For a cow-poke don't write letters
 And we mighty soon lose track,
 Of them that stops and works a while,
 And never do come back!
 Heritage—man's greatest birth-right!

KNOW YOUR WRITERS

(Continued from page 4)

many magazine articles, some of which are:

"Reservoirs of the Arid Regions," 1897

"Reservoir System of the Great Lakes," 1898

"Letters to an Ultra Pacifist," 1916
 His books were the following:

The Yellowstone National Park, 1895

The American Fur Trade of the Far West, 1902

History of Early Steamboat Navigation on the Missouri River, 1903

The Life, Letters and Travels of Father Jean DeSmet, S.J., 1905

Chittenden wrote a small book of poems, a 16 mo., consisting of 83 pages, divided into three parts: Meditative, Nature Legends, and In Lighter Vein. This was published by the Holly Press, Seattle, in 1916. In the foreword he asks, "Why do I spend my good money, of which I have abundant need elsewhere, in printing this little volume of home made verse?" His answer was that it was written in 1878, 1880, 1889 and 1891, and since it represented work he hated to throw it away. He published it and gave the volume to his friends as a Christmas present. On page 45 is a long poem about the Mount of the Holy Cross.

Chittenden, a distinguished engineer, was one of the great historians of the early pioneer west. His history of the fur trade is comprehensive, easy to read, and a good reference with much source material on a business that helped open up the western frontier. One of the foremost historians of his time was silenced at his death on October 9, 1917.

Nolie Mumey





Westerner's Bookshelf



PALMER LAKE—A HISTORIC NARRATIVE.

Marion Savage Sabin; edited by Lloyd McFarling; oct. 116 pp. ill.; Sage Books, Denver, 1957. \$2.50 cloth; \$1.50 paper.

This little book reflects a lot of credit on the Palmer Lake Historical society, Lloyd McFarling of that town who has done an excellent job of editing, and the author, Mrs. Marion Savage Sabin, now of California, as well as our own Alan Swallow, who publishes it under his Sage Press imprint. It is not a pretentious work, but it very definitely is a good sound job of recording local history, well illustrated with photographs and some very good map work by the editor.

Mrs. Sabin and McFarling have presented a lot of interesting people, such as Dr. Thompson, Weiss and Hackett, and have turned out a clear cut, down to earth story of the birth and development of a small community without any very hectic past. It is interesting to note that, although the Palmer Lake Historical Society undoubtedly has the support of the long-time residents, the author herself only lived in Colorado some four years, and only a part of that time at Palmer Lake, and the editor is a fairly recent arrival there. Which bears out your reviewer's opinion that the comparative newcomers sometimes have a better appreciation of local history than the "old timers" to whom it is too frequently an "old story" as well.

Is it too much to hope that this, and the Sesquicentennial History of the Pikes Peak Region, published last year by the Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region, are only the first fruits of a number of local historical societies? Certainly Colorado has the material, and perhaps some of the Westerners can supply the spark. A number of good local books have been published by individuals and patriotic groups, but there certainly is a lot of room left for local historical groups to function.

Roy Colwell PM

PIONEER ATLAS OF THE AMERICAN WEST. Rand McNally, 51 pages. \$25.00.

In the United States, there are two organizations whose chief occupation is map-making, one of these is the U. S. Geological Survey. The other—Rand McNally. Of the two, Rand McNally is the older, having been started in 1856, while the Geological Survey did not come into existence until 1879.

The Survey was the result of the Hayden, Powell, and Wheeler Surveys being combined into one agency. Perhaps it was because of the great interest in the reports of the work in the West by Hayden, Powell, and Wheeler, that encouraged Rand McNally to issue their *Business Atlas of the Great Mississippi Valley and Pacific Slope*, in 1876.

Now to celebrate their 100th anniversary, they have published the *Pioneer Atlas of the American West* containing facsimile reproductions of the 1876 atlas. The book has a large format being some 14 x 18 inches to accommodate the maps there-in.

To students of the history of the West—the book is a must. It contains reproductions of maps, that even if one could find the originals, to purchase them would be beyond most students' means. There are maps of 15 states and Territories including Alaska. They are complete with a short historical sketch and an index of the Counties, Lakes, Rivers, and Towns. This index has not changed much down to the ones published in the Rand McNally guides of today.

To supplement these maps, Rand McNally has also published facsimiles of rare time-tables, railway guides and brochures telling about the West, both from their own archives and the Library of Congress.

While the book may not become the best seller, definitely it is a must for the Western History student and especially those interested in its transportation.

FBR

THE ALAMO—Where The Last Man Died.

Adina de Zavala. The Naylor Co., San Antonio, Texas. \$2.00.

This volume of only 74 pages is most informative, revealing many facts about the Number One Shrine of the Lone Star State, many of which are probably unknown to the inhabitants of Texas.

Miss de Zavala was in many respects a one-woman crusade for keeping the Alamo intact, and particularly protecting it from the many grasping, greedy individuals, as well as groups, who wanted to exploit its history for personal gain.

It is rightfully the greatest historical spot in the state, and all Texans owe Miss Zavala an unending debt for her continual and untiring labors to see that it remained so.

She was also the founder of the Texas His-

(Continued on back page)

Pioneer Mint Robbery

(Continued from July)

Also \$149.10 was received from Maine's Clarke's guide, comprising the monies thus far recovered to the best of my knowledge the recapitulation herewith enclosed with show the aggregate of monies recovered belonging as I verily believe to the funds mentioned in the recapitulation respectively.

A.

Expenses incurred to date in our efforts which have resulted in the capture of Clarke & most of the money are as follows

18 ox Viz	
Mch 12	
Pacific Telegraph Co.	
Bill rendered	55.38
Pacific Telegraph Co.	
Bill rendered	18.78
Amos Lane Expenses	
Bill rendered	63.30
Fred Eckfeldt, Bill rendered	44.20
G. A. Sprague Livery Bill rendered	69.00
Byers & Daily Reward offered Posters & advertisement	
Bill rendered	15.00
Rankin & Kelley 1/3 Reward rendered	333.33
William Crocker 1/3 reward rendered	333.33
H. A. E. Pickard, rendered	12.00
C. A. Sprague livery, rendered	35.00
A. Cameron Hunt, rendered	10.00
	<hr/>
	998.32

B.

Recapitulation of Money recovered.

Date To Ast Treasurer's Fund

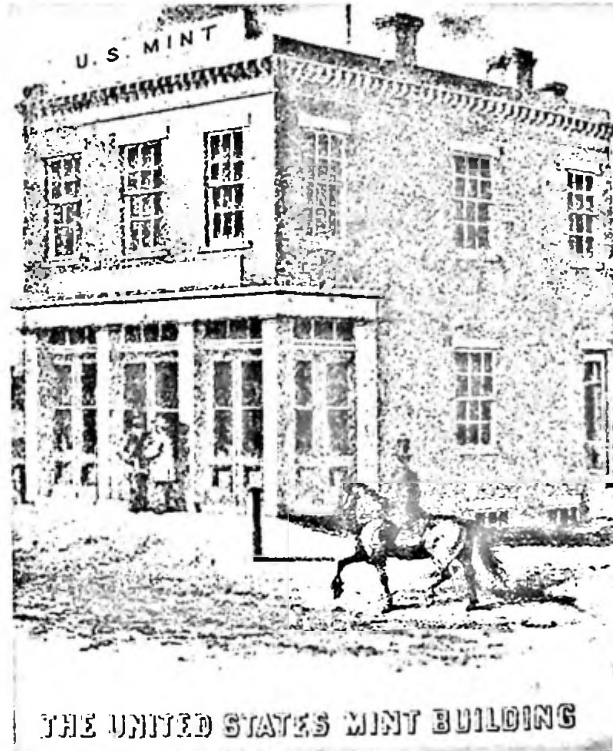
1864	(?)
Feb'y 21	
Treasury Notes	3000
Treasury Notes	25
Treasury Notes	20
Treasury Notes	6000
Treasury Notes	4000
Treasury Notes	3970

Treasury Notes	4000
Treasury Notes	6000
Treasury Notes	1650
Feb'y 24	
Treasury Notes	33
From a Debtor of Clarke	15
From Maine Clarke's guide	149.10
For Pony Returned	50.00
Mch 10	
For 2 pistole M. L. Reed	93.00
Saddle, Holester &c	75.00
	<hr/>
	\$29,110.10
	<hr/>

Feb. 21

In Gold Dollars	5.00
In Gold Dollars	1.00
In Gold Dollars	704.00
Mch 5	
In Gold Dollars	14.00

(Continued on back page)



THE UNITED STATES MINT BUILDING
The U. S. Mint, Denver, at time of the 1864 robbery.
—Denver Public Library Western Collection

Mch 7 part of gold bar 69.00)	2299.00
Mch 9 Bal of gold bar 68.73)	_____
	3023.00

C.

Discrepancies found in Ast Treasurer Fund	
1864	
Feby 18 In Treasury Notes	\$33,530.00
Mch 12 Recovered to date	29,110.10

	4,419.90
Mch 12 Total Amount Missing	\$4,419.90
Discrepancies found in U. S. Br Mint Bullion Fund	
1864	
Feby 18 In Gold Dollars	\$ 935.00
Feby 18 In Gold Bar	2298.41

	3214.41
Mch 12 (?) date	
Gold Bar (?)	
Gold Dolls (7)	3023.41

	(?) 191.00
Feby 18	
Discrepancy found in (?) Oct	71.66
Discrepancy found in Cents	.99

	72.65
Mch 12	
Total amount missing gold dolls	191.00

Total amount missing Postal ccy & (?)	72.65
Totals of Ast Treas Fund & Br Mint Bullion Do	4,653.55

The foregoing completes the official report of the mint robbery. Clarke was indicted on two counts, larceny and embezzlement. Tried on the larceny count, he claimed in defense that the money was his own. He was found guilty, the jury recommending leniency because of his ill health.

Court records do not disclose his sentence.

The following July—whether before or after his trial is uncertain—he escaped from the Denver jail. The *Rocky Mountain News* of July 18, 1864, reported following his recapture:

He says he sojourned in this neighborhood for 10 or 11 days after his departure from the jail, part of the time occupying a shady couch under the stage of the Denver Theatre, and part of the time inhabiting the groves near Beckworth's ranch up the Platte.

While hereabouts, he says he had a good time, living on cooked grub, cocktails and clothing, which were kindly furnished him by friends whose names he had no better sense than to disclose.

Clarke was recaptured at La Porte, Colorado. Neither the records of the mint or newspaper accounts indicate whether he served time. The embezzlement charge against him was dropped in 1867.

Superintendent Lane apparently was held responsible for the \$4,419.90 of the loot which was not recovered. On March 11, 1868, the *News* reported that the House of Representatives passed a bill to reimburse him in this amount. There is no record that the bill was passed by the Senate and approved by the President.

Neither the names nor the fate of the two suspects arrested in connection with the recovery of the two halves of the stolen gold bar are noted in the record.

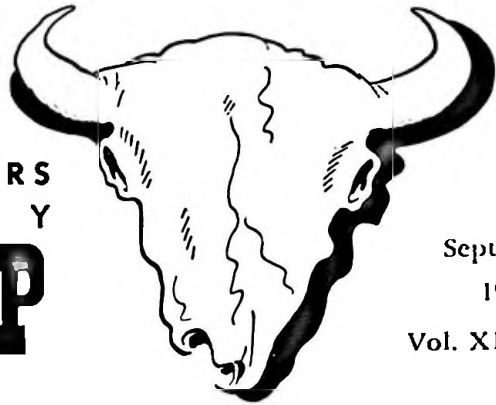
BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 19)

torical and Landmarks Association, and the works done by that association are a pointed example of what can be done in preserving historical landmarks by people who care enough.

Henry A. Clausen

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



September
1957
Vol. XIII, No. 8



Seal District Court of Colorado Territory, Second Judicial District 1861 . . . Photo by Fred Mazzulla

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



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OFFICERS

Sheriff, Judge William S. Jackson
Deputy Sheriff, Francis B. Rizzari
Roundup Foreman and Tally Man,
Erl H. Ellis
Registrar of Marks and Brands,
Numa L. James
Chuck Wrangler, Arthur Zeuch

Preceding Sheriff, Maurice Frink
Publications Chairman, Charles S.
Ryland
Program Chairman, Harold Dunham
Membership Chairman, Arthur Car-
hart
Book Review Chairman, Ed Hilliard

October Meeting

"EARLY MAPS OF THE BLACK HILLS"

By

Dr. J. Leonard Jennewein

Wednesday, October 23, 1957

6:30 P.M.

Denver Press Club—1330 Glenarm

Dr. Jennewein, professor of history at Dakota Wesleyan, is one of the nationally recognized authorities on that still little known region. He is also a published author of articles and books on the Black Hills country and its personalities.

Denver Posse Members Win

Two Westerners of the Denver posse helped Colorado take a lion's share of the honors this year in the annual competition sponsored by the American Assn. for State and Local History.

Former sheriff **Maurice Frink** received one of five awards won by Colorado for his fine recent book on the Western cattle industry, "When Grass Was King," which he co-authored with State Historian **Agnes Wright Spring** and **Dr. W. Turrentine Jackson**.

The second posse member to be honored was **Robert L. Perkin**, book editor of the *Rocky Mountain News*. **Perkin** was given an award for his annual checklist of Western Americana and his talk on Colorado books, "A Colorado 100," in the State Historical Society's lecture series.

Colorado received more awards than any other state for activities aimed at the preservation of local history and encouragement of better understanding of the heritage of the past. The awards were announced at the association's annual convention in Columbus, Ohio, Oct. 4 and 5.

The other three Colorado awards went to: **Dr. James Grafton Rogers**, president of the State Historical Society for his long and distinguished service to the society and his address, later published in pamphlet form, which led off the society's lecture series; to Industrial Federal Savings of Denver whose President, **A. J. Brom-**

field, is a Corresponding member of the Denver Westerners for its co-sponsorship with the *Rocky Mountain News* of the recently highly successful Colorado Historical Contest; and to **Ralph Taylor**, news director of the *Pueblo Star-Journal*, for his 10-year series of weekly "Colorful Colorado" articles dealing with state history.

Both **Dr. Rogers** and **Mr. Taylor** are corresponding members of the Westerners.

In Search for Sheriff Of Nottingham Forest

A distinguished Posse Member of the Denver Westerners, **Henry Toll**, attended the 80th annual meeting of the American Bar Association held in London during July. After meeting **Queen Elizabeth**, whom he described as being more like an attractive college undergraduate in appearance, gentle and gracious in manner, and shaking hands with **Philip**, he and two Sheriffs from London town, went in search of the legendary Sheriff of Sherwood Forest.

The search was fruitless, however, reported **Toll**, who spent the rest of his time consorting with the Lord High Chancellor of the Crown, the Senior and Pusine Judges of the High Court all dressed in their black and scarlet knee britches and hose, topped off with lace frilled and full bottomed wigs. "The American Indians in full warpaint and regalia were drab characters compared to these fellows," commented **Toll**.

OUR COVER PICTURE

The rare picture shown on front page was taken by PM Fred Mazzulla from an official document reposing in the Colorado Supreme Court archives. It represents the seal of the second Judicial District of the District Court of Colorado Territory established February 28, 1861. Notice the simulated representation of Pike's Peak, and the covered wagon on the seal; this is probably the only such seal in the nation which depicts a covered wagon on official court seal.

Know Your Writers . . .

PIERRE JEAN DeSMET "BLACK ROBE" 1801-1873 . . . Father DeSmet, a Belgian priest, crossed the desert and the mountains to regions far beyond the outposts of civilization. He followed along the course of the tortuous Snake River to establish missions and to bring back information about various Indian tribes. He was a pioneer in the true sense, and contributed much to western literature.

Father DeSmet came to the United States in 1821, arriving in St. Louis in 1823, where he founded the first Jesuit establishment in the West. In 1838, he established a mission among the Potawatomies near Council Bluffs, Iowa. He left St. Louis in 1840, to visit the Flathead Indians, traveling by way of the Missouri and Yellowstone rivers; a year later, in 1841, he established St. Mary's Mission among that tribe. In 1845, he traveled from St. Mary's to the Blackfoot country in Canada. Father DeSmet remained in the Montana country for a year before he returned to St. Louis. He visited the Sioux Indians in 1851. He traveled to Fort Union by steamer, then went overland to Fort Laramie, where he attended the Grand Council of Indians.

On May 20, 1858, Father DeSmet left St. Louis as Chaplain in the army that went against the Mormons and the Indians. He left Fort Leavenworth on June 1st, with the Seventh Regiment under Colonel Morrison; they journeyed to the South Platte River, where the expedition was dissolved. He returned to Fort Leavenworth and accompanied General Harney and his staff via Panama to Vancouver, arriving on April 16, 1859. In 1866, he helped get the hostile Sioux Indians to meet for a peace treaty.

Among his contributions are numerous letters and many books, which

have added a great deal to the literature of the West and the Northwest. Some of them are:

1. *Indian Missions in the United States of America under the care of the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus*, King and Baird, Printers, Philadelphia, 1841.
2. *Letters and Sketches; With a Narrative of a Year's Residence Among Indian Tribes of the Rocky Mountains*, M. Fithian, Philadelphia, 1843.
3. *New Indian Sketches*, D. J. Sadlier, publisher, New York, 1863.

(Continued on page 16)

"GRASS SHALL GROW ON SANTA FE TRAIL"—Say Indians

On February 15, 1859, while Kit Carson was serving as Indian Agent at Taos, N. M., he reported to James L. Collins, superintendent of Indian Affairs at Santa Fe:

"Arrived at Las Vegas I heard that the Mexicans of Mora and the Muahuchas (a band of Utes) had some difficulty. I proceeded thence—found the citizens highly excited—the Indians the same. I settled the difficulty."

Carson enclosed the following letter from William W. Bent, dated at Bent's Fort, January 27, 1859:

"Mr. C. Carson: Their is nothing new in this past excepting that the Comanches say that they intend that the grass shall grow in the Santa Fe Road next summer—that the whites shall not travel that road any more . . . I am afraid their will be some difficulty in this past next summer. The whites are settling up this country as fast as they can. The Shyans and Arapahoes wishes me to attend to their treaty next summer but I don't think I shall meddle myself with it . . .

Yours &c,

(signed) Wm. W. Bent

The foregoing letters were found in the correspondence of the Office of Indian Affairs, National Archives, Washington.

Forbes Parkhill P.M.

SOME ASPECTS OF LIFE IN THE PIKE'S PEAK COUNTRY

by Colin B. Goodykoontz

In the days of the Fifty-niners and long thereafter shocked or titillated Easterners, especially the devotees of Beadle's dime novels, were probably quite sure that the Pike's Peak country was located in the very heart of the Wild West. Certainly that romantic region would have qualified as "wild" under the first meaning of the word, that is, natural, to be in a state of nature, as wild birds, wild flowers. In this respect, Colorado's pristine wildness was one of its chief claims to scenic beauty and charm. But the word wild means also violent, tempestuous, uncontrolled, unrestrained, even lawless. Here again, with attention now shifting from scenery to men, the hell-raising by some of the uninhibited inhabitants of Colorado's early camps and trading centers must have met the tests of wildness set up by the devil himself.

Popular attention has been attracted to the more sensational and picturesque features of the gold rush and mining boom: bearded miners in red shirts; covered wagons with "Pike's Peak or Bust" scrawled on the sides; Indian attacks on white travellers and settlers; bandits holding up stage coaches; professional gamblers flipping their cards; "fancy women" flouncing their skirts; bartenders dispensing "tanglefoot" or "Taos lightning"; drunken men mouthing horrible oaths and shooting off revolvers on the slightest provocation; people's courts and vigilance committees providing a rough deterrent to crime by use of the whip, the gun, or the rope.

All these characters and paraphernalia belong, of course, in a complete picture of pioneer days—but where?

Not in the forefront if we are to maintain historical perspective. Their proper place is on the edges or in the background, to give color. The center of the picture should show men patiently working on farm or ranch or burrowing deep in the ground as well as feverishly panning gold; carpenters building houses, printers setting type, merchants selling goods, bankers making loans, lawyers preparing briefs, doctors visiting the sick, ministers preaching the gospel, school masters teaching the "three R's", and, above all, wives and mothers caring for their families. There was wildness in early Colorado, but the wickedness which flaunted itself brazenly was only a passing phase of pioneer life; and in every community there were those who disapproved. There was violence, but noteworthy efforts were made to provide for the orderly settlement of disputes. There was lawlessness, but more significant were the forces that worked to check it and to help people to develop for themselves the best form of control—self-control.

It is the aim of this paper to deal briefly with two aspects of the problem of controls in early Colorado history: (1) Custom and legislation having to do with mining, land claims, and irrigation. These have been selected out of the whole body of legal procedures because they either called for emergency action or raised legal problems that were new to Colorado pioneers. (2) Some of the difficulties and achievements of a few of the men who sought to bring religion to bear on man's wayward propensities.

The sudden appearance in the Pike's Peak country of gold seekers

and other prospective settlers by the thousands raised the problem of governmental controls. What is now Colorado was in 1859 divided politically among four territories: Kansas and Nebraska on the east, New Mexico on the south, and Utah on the west. No one of them was in position to exercise effective authority in the gold fields. The Federal Congress in the winter of 1858-59 took up the question of government for the new mining region and considered the name of Jefferson for the proposed territory, but no action was taken. Out West, in the Denver-Auraria region, in the spring of 1859, it seemed that a choice had to be made between a government of "the knife and the revolver" or more orderly procedures. In keeping with the political proclivities of Americans and following precedents that went back to the Mayflower Compact, a spontaneous movement got under way which was aimed at creating a new state but which ended in the autumn of 1859 with the formation of the Territory of Jefferson. This unauthorized government passed laws but found them hard to enforce: it levied taxes but found them hard to collect. It did manage to stay alive until Congress created the Territory of Colorado in 1861 and President Lincoln appointed the first territorial governor, William Gilpin. The weakness of the Territory of Jefferson did not mean necessarily that the people who ignored it or flouted it were lawless and preferred chaos to order. Their immediate governmental needs were being cared for after a fashion by local agencies, the mining districts in the mountains and claims clubs in the agricultural valleys of the foothills and plains.

Mining districts sprang up in Colorado at the time of the gold rush much as they had developed in California ten years earlier. Indeed, men who had experience in California may

sometimes have taken the initiative in Colorado; but similar needs produced similar results irrespective of personalities. In the absence of recognized authority, the miners of a vicinity—a gulch, a cluster of lodes, a camp—met on a democratic basis, formed a government, elected officers, passed laws, provided for the validation, registration, and transfer of claims, set up machinery for the settlement of disputes, the abatement of nuisances, and the punishment of crimes.

Now and then their laws displayed a moral tone inconsistent with traditional notions regarding the wickedness of mining camps. For example, in the Nevada District of Gilpin County (April 28, 1860), the miners declared their wish "to advance the interests and promote peace harmony order and a good understanding between man & man; and believing that the allowing Counternancing or encouraging of low Body Houses Grog Shops and gamboling Saloons to be degrading to the Morals, detrimental to the sway of peace and order and Disgraceful to the name and character of the District, Resolved that there shall be no Baudy Houses Grog shops or Gamboling Saloons within the limits of this District,"¹ and imposed a fine of \$50 for violation.

Not all miners, perhaps only a minority of them, were opposed to gambling and drinking, but they were in general agreement that there should be protection for life and property; that orderly procedures should be provided for the settlement of conflicts and the punishment of offenders; that technicalities should not delay justice; and that there should be fair play, by which they meant that while first comers should have the first choice they should not be permitted to seize everything in sight, and that a man must work a claim in order to hold it. Senator William Stewart of Nevada extolled

the miners of California, and by inference those of Colorado as well, when he paid tribute to the justice and fairness of their laws. He said: "These people . . . found no laws governing the possession and occupation of mines but the common law of right, . . . They were forced by the very necessity of the case to make laws for themselves. The reason and justice of the laws they formed challenge the admiration of all who investigate them. Each mining district . . . formed its own rules and adopted its own customs. The similarity of these rules and customs throughout the entire mining region was so great as to attain all the beneficial results of well-digested, general laws. These regulations were thoroughly democratic in their character, guarding against every form of monopoly, and requiring continued work and occupation in good faith to constitute valid possession."²

The actions taken by the miners in their districts had been extra-legal, but were so reasonable and necessary that they were later validated as the basis for land titles by territorial and state governments. The first session of the legislative assembly of the Territory of Colorado passed an act concerning lode claims (Nov. 7, 1861), which provided that "a copy of all the records, laws and proceedings of each mining district, so far as they relate to lode claims, shall be filed in the office of the County Clerk of the county in which the district is situated" and "shall be taken as evidence in any court having jurisdiction in matters concerned in such record or proceeding."³ When Congress in 1866 passed its first general law regarding the occupation of mineral lands on the public domain, it recognized the "local customs or rules of the miners in the several mining districts, in so far as the same may not be in conflict with the laws of the United States."⁴

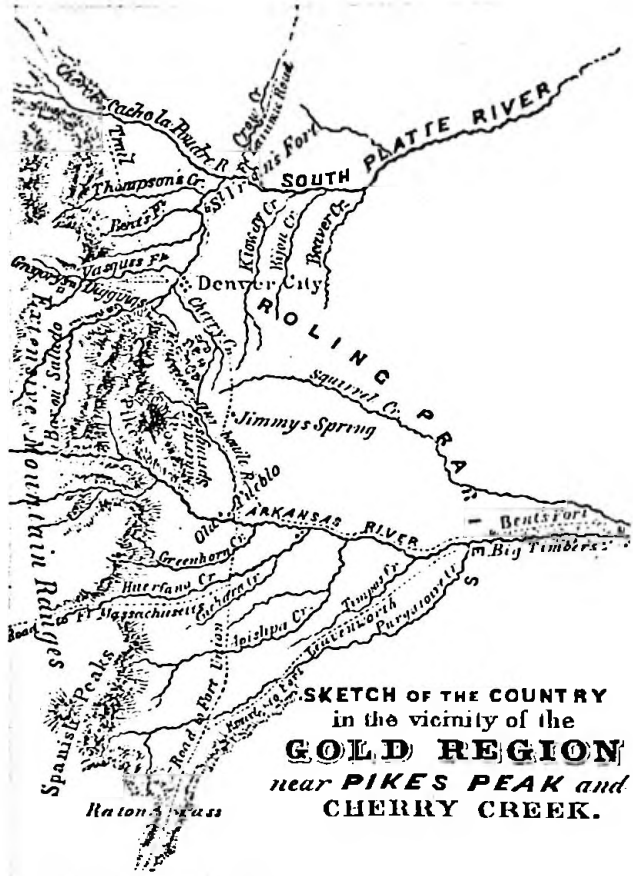
Dr. Colin B. Gaodykoantz has been associated with the University of Colorado since 1921, retiring in 1954, and at present time is President Emeritus of the Department of History. A speaker at the third meeting of the Denver Posse in March 1945, he also contributed to our 1945 Brand Book with an article titled "Wild West of Beadle's Dime Novels." He is the author of numerous writings about Colorado and western history, and one of the State's recognized authorities on the pioneer activities of the region.

Among pioneer farmers, claims clubs performed some of the functions of the mining districts in preventing conflicts and in helping secure title to land. Just as the miners had gone on the public domain without authorization, so farmers and ranchers got ahead of the official surveyors and settled on land to which they had as yet no legal title. While they were waiting for the surveyors to catch up with them and for the government to dispose of the land in accordance with law, they formed claims clubs or associations to protect one another against latecomers or speculators who might try to get possession of land on which the members had settled. Officers were elected, rules adopted, and claims to land registered with the use of natural metes and bounds as lines of demarcation. Many such clubs appeared in early days: The El Paso Claim Club, the Arapahoe County Claim Club, the Farmers' Claim Association, the Platte River Claim Club; there was one in Cherry Creek valley, and another on Boulder Creek, which included in its unauthorized jurisdiction land now a part of the campus of the University of Colorado. Regarding these clubs, Professor George L. Anderson, formerly of Colorado College and now of the University of

Kansas, has written: "These informal, extra-legal, protective associations bridged the gap for the settlers between settlement and proving up under the preemption act, by assuring them possession against all comers until the day that the tract was formally opened to settlement. They represented an attempt at an orderly solution of disputes and disagreements in communities which were without the usual agencies of law and order. As such they were in a real sense the forerunners of local governmental institutions in localities that were outside the limits of organized units of local government."³

In passing, a paradox may be noted: men who at the time of the gold rush were violating the laws and treaties of the United States by occupying lands reserved for the Indians, recognized the need for law and order in their relations among themselves, apparently without the slightest indication that they saw anything inconsistent in their action. They obviously acted under the assumption that there was a higher law: the red man shall not impede the advance of the white man.

Irrigation raised new problems in personal relationships and led to an adjustment of some old rules to meet new conditions. Irrigation was old among the Indians and Spanish in the Southwest, new among the Mormons in Utah, and unknown among those of the Colorado pioneers who had come from the East and Middle East.



One of the earliest known sketch maps of the Pike's Peak Gold Region . . . carried by all of the pioneers. Courtesy Fred Mazzula.

The latter had few available precedents and had to work out their own rules, partly by trial and error. Laws to govern the use of water were essential in a dry climate; otherwise there would have been endless conflict, even bloodshed, as questions such as these arose: who was to have the first right to water when there was not enough for all to help themselves freely? what was to be the basis for distribution? how was the water to be measured? could it be conveyed over private land without the consent of the owner?

It was apparent that the old com-

mon law of riparian rights, which had been evolved in a region of abundant rainfall, was inappropriate in a semi-arid land; for if each borderer on a stream was under obligation to pass on to his neighbor below all the water he had received from his neighbor above, none could be taken out for irrigation. If irrigation were to be made effective above the level of the stream, provision must be made for moving water in canals through land not immediately benefited by it. The first territorial assembly for Colorado, meeting in 1861, provided for the introduction of the common law of England, but only "so far as the same is applicable and of a general nature."⁶ The legislature, on Nov. 5, 1861, authorized the diversion of water from streams for purposes of irrigation, granted right of way from the stream to lands to be watered, and provided for equitable division of water.⁷

In a case involving right of way, *Yunker v. Nichols* (1872), Chief Justice Hallett of the territorial supreme court pointed out the necessity of adapting law to existing conditions and the compelling effect of the law of nature. He said: "The principles of law are undoubtedly of universal application, but some latitude of construction must be allowed to meet the various conditions of life in different countries. The principles of the decalogue may be applied to the conduct of man in every country and clime, but rules respecting the tenure of property must yield to the physical laws of nature, wherever such laws exert a controlling influence. In a dry and thirsty land it is necessary to divert the waters of streams from their natural channels, in order to obtain the fruits of the soil, and this necessity is so universal and imperious that it claims recognition of the law." Hence, he added, all lands in this territory are held in subordination to the right

of others who need water to carry it over those lands to the place where it is to be used; "and this servitude arises, not by grant, but by the operation of law."⁸

Through custom, legislation, and court decisions Colorado in territorial days had set aside the common law with respect to diversion of water from streams and had substituted a rule of appropriation. This change in policy was written into the State Constitution in 1876. There it is declared that the water of every natural stream within the state is the property of the public and is dedicated to the use of the people of the state; that the right to divert the unappropriated water of any natural stream to beneficial use shall never be denied; and an order of priorities is set up.

Colorado took the lead among the states in dedicating its waters to public use. Constitutional provisions had to be implemented by legislation and interpreted by the courts. There were difficult problems to be solved and controversies to be settled with respect to water; but these were on the whole handled so wisely by law makers, judges, and other officials that Elwood Mead, an authority on irrigation, while indicating weaknesses in Colorado's policy, could make this favorable comment: "In a number of important particulars Colorado has been a leader in irrigation affairs . . . To Colorado belongs the credit of having been the first state to enact a code of laws for the public administration of streams, and these laws have directly and indirectly influenced more people than those of any other commonwealth."⁹

Apropos the necessity for adapting old laws to new conditions, Judge Wilbur F. Stone said: "It was easy to carry existing laws from the Atlantic States across the Alleghenies and extend them gradually over the Ohio

and Mississippi Valleys, where like conditions prevailed, but here [in Colorado], new and entirely different conditions, geographical, climatic, economic and social, had been imposed by nature. Irrigation, mining and non-agricultural public domain begot new rights of person, property and business, demanding new legislation, which in turn exacted judicial interpretation, construction, application, consideration of possible results and the application of the doctrine and rules of selection and adaptation. In this work of building stable law upon primitive customs, "squatters' rights" and *ex necessitate rei* conditions the able lawyers of our early period . . . lent their aid with zealous energy and efficiency."¹⁰

A constitution, laws, courts were indispensable in the taming of the Wild West and the establishment of an orderly society. It was necessary to use the power of the state to compel some people to behave themselves and to punish those who failed to do so. But there were others, the majority in the long run, who behaved themselves because of an inward sense of right and duty, the desire to live decent lives, and to be good citizens. These people had learned how to control themselves. They may have learned it at home or in school. They may have learned it at church or in Sunday school, for one of the functions of religion through the ages has been to impose restraints on conduct.

It is not my intention to take up the whole question of religion in early Colorado, but rather to call attention to one aspect of the topic, the activities of the missionaries, those religious leaders who were sent in from the outside by church officials, boards, and societies, and who were supported in whole or in part by people outside the territory. But, it will be asked, were not the people of Colorado able to take care of their own

religious needs? Were they "heathen" to whom missionaries should have been sent? At the risk of being charged with inconsistency, since I have already stressed the orderliness rather than the wildness of pioneer days, I must now call attention to the lack of interest in formal religion among many of the miners and other early settlers. Most of them may not have been very wicked, but neither were they very pious. The dominant spirit of the time and place was materialistic. People had come to the gold fields to get rich quickly. They were subject to many temptations. Many of them were out from under the conventional restraints of neighbors and family for the first time in their lives. The civilizing influence of good women was largely lacking at the outset. There were, of course, God-fearing men among the pioneers, but those who had an active interest in religion were often so few, so scattered, and so poor that means were lacking in many communities either for the hire of pastors or the construction of churches. For many years Colorado would be largely dependent on outside missionary zeal and generosity for much of its educational and religious development.

As might have been expected from a denomination which had been especially active on the frontiers ever since the time of Bishop Asbury, the Methodists were the first to move. The Kansas and Nebraska Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which met in Omaha in April, 1859, gave thought to the religious needs of the thousands who were ready to start or were already on the way to the gold fields of the Rocky Mountains. Arrangements were made to send out two ministers, Rev. W. H. Goode and Rev. Jacob Adriaance, with an outfit consisting of a four-mule team and supplies for six months.¹¹ They arrived in Denver on June 28, 1859.

and, after preaching to a small congregation, pushed on to the chief point of interest, Gregory Diggings. On July 10 Mr. Goode preached to a large and attentive congregation, all men, in Mountain (or Central) City. That afternoon a Methodist experience meeting was held "in a retired place on the rocky seats of a mountain spur. . . . Here were men gathered from nearly all lands and climes. This was the first meeting of the kind ever held in the Rocky Mountain region. They sang the old hymns, wept over their shortcomings, and shouted for joy as they related their experiences of a personal salvation."¹² The sermons by Messrs. Goode and Adriance were not the first Protestant, or even Methodist, sermons in Colorado, but these men apparently were the first to organize a Protestant church. Mr. Goode did not remain long in Colorado; it had not been intended that he should do so, since his mission was exploratory. Mr. Adriance was soon joined by other preachers of his denomination. Some of them "located," that is, they became settled pastors; others travelled from place to place, in continuance of the circuit-rider system of the Methodists. One of the best known of the itinerants was Rev. John L. Dyer, familiarly known as "Father Dyer," the Snow-Shoe Itinerant. Of him it was said that he had "preached the gospel in more out-of-the-way places, and in more new towns, for the first time, than any other man . . . within the bounds of the Colorado [Methodist] Conference."¹³

For the Roman Catholic Church, Bishop John B. Miege of Leavenworth, Kansas, made a reconnaissance visit to Denver and the mining camps in the spring of 1860. He realized at once the vastness of the religious work to be done, but felt that he was not in good position to supervise it because of distance and his lack of available

priests. On his recommendation the jurisdiction of Bishop J. B. Lamy of Santa Fe was extended north to include the Colorado gold fields. Bishop Lamy turned to his good friend and vicar general, the Rev. Joseph P. Machebeuf. "Very well," said Father Machebeuf, "I will go! Give me another priest, some money for our expenses, and we will be ready for the road in twenty-four hours."¹⁴ He and his associate, Rev. J. B. Raverdy, arrived in Denver late in October, 1860. After the organization of a parish, which was left in the care of Father Raverdy, Father Machebeuf set out on a tour of the mining camps. That was the beginning of a long series of strenuous missionary journeys over the mountains and plains of Colorado, with itineraries changing year by year as population shifted and as camps were born and died. Father Howlett, in his *Life of the Right Reverend Joseph P. Machebeuf*, wrote of these journeys: "Each fresh trip for him was longer than the last, and a single trip was sufficient only for one section. Thus, a trip in the Boulder section would mean Gold Hill, Caribou, Ward District, and might be extended as far as Cache-a-la-Poudre. A trip to the camps around Central City would include Fall River, Spanish Bar and adjacent districts, and a trip to South Park meant the Tarryall district with Buckskin Joe, Fairplay, etc., and a possible run over the range into Breckenridge, or it might be diverted around by Trout Creek and up the Arkansas through various camps to Cache Creek, Dayton, and the Colorado, Iowa and California gulches, and even beyond. Then again, there were trips towards the south to Colorado City, Pueblo, Canon City and the Mexican settlements."¹⁵

Father Machebeuf, who was consecrated bishop in 1868, was a man of deep faith, great energy, and exceptional executive ability. Rightly he

is known among his co-religionists as the Apostle of Colorado.

When the Protestant Episcopalians founded their first church in Denver in 1860 they called it the Church of St. John in the Wilderness, because it was seven hundred miles away from the nearest church of their order. At that time Colorado was a part of the vast diocese of Joseph Talbot, Episcopal missionary bishop for the Northwest. His ecclesiastical jurisdiction then extended from Nebraska to Arizona and from Minnesota to Oregon, and it was with justification that he referred to himself facetiously as the Bishop of All-out-Doors. In spite of annual visits to Colorado he could not give to the churches and priests there the supervision needed; so in 1865 the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church elected Rev. George M. Randall of Boston, Bishop for Colorado and parts adjacent, meaning thereby New Mexico and Wyoming. Bishop Randall arrived in Denver by stagecoach in 1866, and until his death in 1873 travelled annually over a diocese that stretched 800 miles from north to south. In addition to organizing parishes at key points and supervising the erection of church buildings, he was responsible for the establishment of Wolfe Hall, a school for girls in Denver, and Jarvis Hall, a school for boys in Golden. Following his untimely death it was said of him: "No gold hunters ever went to Colorado with more faith and with more enthusiasm to gather precious ores than did the . . . great-hearted bishop on his sublime mission to scatter and deliver there the still more precious treasures of the Gospel and the Church. These men [the gold hunters], dreadfully in earnest in behalf of earthly riches, all on fire with the passion of sudden wealth, saw in him a man who was just as much in earnest after the better riches of the world to come—a man

all aflame with celestial fire—and they yielded to him what Christian earnestness always compels from men—respect, admiration, confidence, and a following."¹⁰

Missionary activity on the frontiers involved travel by whatever means of locomotion were available—on foot, by stagecoach, with horse, mule or burro, on snow-shoes or skis—and subjection to the hazards of the time and place. To visit widely scattered camps in the mountains called for great endurance and fortitude. Visiting preachers often won the respect of the people in remote communities when they appeared in their midst after a perilous journey. Many illustrations might be given: I have time for only one. In the spring of 1877 the Rev. George M. Darley, pioneer Presbyterian missionary in the San Juan region, was asked by his presbytery to go from Lake City to Silverton to conduct religious services. He set out up the valley of the Lake Fork of the Gunnison and at Lake San Christoval, 9000 feet above the sea, encountered a driving snow storm. Somewhere along the way he joined up with Gus Talbot, who carried the mail across the mountains on snowshoes. Here are excerpts from the description of the remainder of that journey as told by Sheldon Jackson, himself one of the most active and zealous of the Presbyterian missionaries in Colorado: "Three miles brought them above timber-line. The snow clouds drifted and surged around them. Every land mark was hidden. It seemed as if they were off in space with nothing in sight except the snow at their feet. On they plunged into that space, every few minutes stopping to gain breath. At length they knew that they were descending, and supposed that they had turned the summit. But soon their hopes were dashed by coming to an ascent again. Knowing that something was wrong,

they turned to the left, and soon crossed their own track, and the horrible suspicion began to dawn upon them that they were lost. . . . Knowing that their only hope was to descend, they turned in their tracks and started downward. Soon they were conscious of a rapid descent, when all at once the mail-carrier dropped from view—gone over a precipice! With horror Mr. Darley sprang to one side as a great cake of snow gave way under his feet and [he] followed the mail-carrier down. For a moment he seemed paralyzed; . . . Gathering up his consciousness he at once started to the rescue. Groping his way around to the base of the cliffs he found Mr. Talbot crawling out of the snow with the mail bags still on his back. The snow had broken his fall and saved his life. With great thankfulness they started out again. Soon a dim, dark line was seen below them, and the glad cry burst forth—the timber! the timber! . . . The storm was still severe in their faces, Silverton was still fourteen miles away, and their trail led across the track of many an avalanche. But so much greater were the dangers through which they had passed, that the rest of the way seemed easy. . . .

“The next day Gus Talbot, the plucky mail-carrier, told the people [of Silverton] that they could ‘tie to George M. Darley, for, out of more than one hundred men he had piloted across the range, the Presbyterian preacher was the only one that had the grit to keep with him all the way.’”¹⁷

Preachers were subject to the same perils and hardships on the frontier as other men; they differed, however, from many of the others in their motives and the rewards sought. It is easy to understand why in the gold rush men should have risked health and even life to acquire a fortune; what shall we say of those who faced

the same hazards without hope of material gain? Here is a revealing episode in the life of Rev. Joseph W. Pickett, missionary superintendent in the Rocky Mountains for the American Home Missionary Society of the Congregational Church. He lived among miners and knew something about ores. On one occasion “he discovered some fine specimens and gathered them up in his handkerchief. But finding himself pondering upon them and their probable value, and upon making a mining claim, and perceiving that the matter was taking some hold of his mind, and that it might distract his thought, he at once shook his handkerchief to the winds, and . . . knelt upon the ground, and renewed his consecration to his life-work.”¹⁸

The significance of religion and missionary zeal in relation to the development of higher education in Colorado should at least be mentioned. Beginning with the establishment of Harvard College in 1636 there has been a close connection between religion and education in the United States. Yale, Princeton and Dartmouth in New England; Oberlin, Kenyon, Olivet, Wabash, Knox, Shurtleff, Beloit, Ripon, Carleton, Grinnell, Doane in the Middle West; Whitman, Occidental and Pomona on the Pacific coast are only a few of the other collegiate monuments to a concern for education on the part of religious leaders, many of whom were missionaries on the frontier. The origins and religious affiliations, either past or present, of the University of Denver, Colorado College, Colorado Woman's College, Regis College, Loretto Heights, are well known. The Colorado School of Mines had its inception in the plans of Bishop Randall for an Episcopal university at Golden. In addition to Jarvis Hall, which was to provide a general education for boys and young men, and

Mathews Hall, which was to be a divinity school, the bishop saw the need for and the appropriateness of a school to train men in the profession of mining. The new School of Mines, which had been founded in 1871, was turned over to the State in 1874, shortly after Bishop Randall's death.

There is a possible, although admittedly remote, connection between religion and education in the origin of the University of Colorado. In 1864 the Rev. Norman McLeod, a Congregational missionary pastor in Denver, visited Boulder and began to talk up a church college there. Nothing came of his plans at the time; but some people in Boulder may have had their hopes kindled for a college in their community. At any rate, Boulder citizens later acted vigorously to secure the University; and for a few years, 1872-75, one of the most active members of the newly formed Board of Regents of the University of Colorado was Rev. Nathan Thompson, missionary pastor of the Congregational Church in Boulder.

Who can measure the contribution of these earnest pioneer preachers and missionary pastors to the life of Colorado? In 1902 President Theodore Roosevelt paid tribute to the missionaries, who as a class had followed the advancing frontier: He said: "The century that has closed has seen the conquest of this continent by our people. To conquer a continent is rough work . . . ; but it would be difficult to over-estimate the value of the missionary work of those who go out to share the hardships, and while sharing it, not to talk about but to wage war against the myriad forms of brutality . . . It is because of the spirit that underlies the missionary work, that the pioneers are prevented from sinking perilously near the level of the savagery against which they contend. Without it the conquest of this con-

continent would have had little but an animal side. Without it the pioneer's fierce and rude virtues and somber faults would have been left unlit by the flame of a pure and loving aspiration. . . . Honor, thrice honor, to those who for three generations, during the period of the people's great expansion, have seen that the force of the living truth expanded as the nation expanded."¹⁹

Despite the wildness of a part of Colorado's population in pioneer days, a decent society evolved. If one does not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles, good plants must have been taking root in the soil. From the very beginning Colorado was the heir to all the cultural achievement of western civilization, the Judeo-Christian tradition in religion, the practical experience of the English and Anglo-Americans in self-government. All this and more was part of the intellectual and spiritual luggage of those who came to the territory. Some brought more than others. Ministers of the gospel as a class came well stocked; so did other members of the learned professions. It is my impression that Colorado had the good fortune to attract in the early days an unusually large number of people of exceptional professional ability and qualities of leadership. Every frontier has presumably offered opportunities to new settlers, otherwise they would have staid at home. Mining frontiers seemed particularly attractive—to the good as well as the bad, to the strong as well as the weak. In addition to the chance to acquire wealth directly from mining and indirectly from trade and the increase in land values, the great and sudden increase in population meant increased opportunities in the professions and vocations ancillary to the basic ones of mining, agriculture and commerce. Lawyers, for example, could find use for their talents and specialized knowledge in

the settlement of controversies that were bound to arise in a dynamic society. The roster of bench and bar in territorial Colorado contained an impressive list of names. Here are only a few of them: Moses Hallett, chief justice of the territorial supreme court, a man who made notable contributions towards clarifying the law regarding mining and irrigation; Robert Morrison, long quoted as an authority on mining law; Henry C. Thatcher, first chief justice of the supreme court; Wilbur F. Stone, also a member of supreme court and editor of a standard history of the state; Henry M. Teller, Charles S. Thomas, Edward O. Wolcott, Thomas Patterson, able lawyers all, who at one time or another in their distinguished careers represented Colorado in the United States Senate. Similar lists could be made for leaders in medicine, education, business and the press.

The cultural and economic contributions of those who came to Colorado in search of health, either for themselves or other members of their families, should be noted. Some of these people came too late, but in almost every community there were men and women who went about their work as living testimonials to the curative powers of bright sunshine and bracing air. In every professional and business group there were persons of good training and exceptional ability whose presence in Colorado was due primarily to the fact that they had sought and found a climate which, if had not renewed their youth, at least had added years of usefulness to their lives. They had reason to be serious in their purposes as they gave to the state of their adoption the benefit of their intellectual and spiritual powers.

And finally the people as a whole—in spite of human limitations they



Early day irrigation project in Platte River Valley. (Circa 1870)
Courtesy State Historical Society

must have had the capacity for self-government and the willingness to work together to form a good society at the crest of the continent. Law and order were established in the Pike's Peak country; the Wild West was tamed.

¹Thomas M. Marshall, *Early Records of Gilpin County*, 125.

²*Congressional Globe*, 1 sess., 39 Cong., 3225-6.

³*General Laws . . . Passed at the First Session of the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Colorado*, 167.

⁴*U.S.State. at Large*, XIV, 251-253.

⁵George L. Anderson, "The El Paso Claim Club, 1858-1862," in *The Colorado Magazine*, XIII (March, 1936), 42.

⁶*General Laws . . . Passed at the First Session of the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Colorado*, 35.

⁷*Ibid.*, 67-69.

⁸*1 Colo. Rep.*, 553.

⁹Elwood Mead, *Irrigation Institutions*, 143.

¹⁰Wilbur F. Stone, *History of Colorado*, I, 742.

¹¹William H. Goode, *Outposts of Zion*, 401.

¹²Isaac H. Beardsley, *Echoes from Peak and Plain*, 228.

¹³*Ibid.*, 292.

¹⁴W. J. Howlett, *Life of the Right Reverend Joseph P. Machebeuf*, 287.

¹⁵Quoted by Thomas F. O'Connor, "Bishop Machebeuf," in *The Colorado Magazine*, XII (July, 1935), 135-136.

¹⁶Alice Polk Hill, *Tales of the Colorado Pioneers*, 125.

¹⁷George M. Darley, *Pioneering in the San Juan*, 40-45.

¹⁸William M. Salter, *Memoirs of Joseph W. Pickett*, 148-149.

¹⁹Quoted by Colin B. Goodykoontz, *Home Missions on the American Frontier*, 426-427.

Western Writers

(Continued from page 4)

4. *Oregon Missions and Travels over the Rocky Mountains*, Edward Dunigan, publisher, New York, 1845-46.
5. *Voyages Au Grand Desert*, Brussels, 1858.
6. *Voyages Aux Montagnes Rocheuses*, 1860.
7. *Western Missions and Missionaries*, New York, 1863.
8. *Cinquante Nouvelles Lettres de R. P. DeSmet, de la Campagnie de Jesus et Missionnaire en Amerique*, Paris, 1858.

Father DeSmet acquired the technique of writing good English in his numerous letters to friends and to his superiors. They are filled with examples of his ability as a writer, historian and a careful observer.

Many landmarks are named for him, one of which is Lake DeSmet near Buffalo, Wyoming. A group of mines on the Deadwood side of the Bobtail group were known as the DeSmet Mines.

One time Father DeSmet was riding a stubborn horse, and was told by a half-breed who was familiar with the animal why he was stubborn. This resulted in a familiar saying of the Reverend: "Give a horse his own way and he is wiser than any man that rides him."

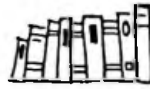
Father DeSmet was the greatest of all western missionaries among the Indians. Wearing his cassock and crucifix he mapped uncharted country in the wilderness of the West. He worked on a manuscript in his dying condition; saying his last rosary, he fell into that endless sleep on May 23, 1873.

Ad majorem Dei glorium

Nolie Mumey P.M.



Westerner's Bookshelf



DENVER'S HISTORIC MANSIONS by Edith Eudora Kohl. Sage Books. \$5.

One of the most popular features ever to run in the Rotogravure Magazine of the Denver Post has now been issued in permanent form by Alan Swallow, local publisher. Mr. Swallow has subtitled the book, "Citadels to the Empire Builders," and it is pointing at that theme that the writing is directed.

Mrs. Kohl's name is known throughout the Rocky Mountain Empire because of her many warm and enthusiastic writings under a succession of editors and publishers of "The Paper with a Heart and a Soul" as her first employer, Frederick G. Bonfils, used to bill The Denver Post. She carried on this fine work under W. C. Shepherd and Palmer Hoyt, and the latter writes an introduction to this present volume.

Mr. Hoyt refers to Mrs. Kohl's series as "a noteworthy achievement in reporting in depth." He lists among those houses that have since gone or turned into other uses those of Horace Tabor, Charles Kittredge, John Campion, William Garrett Fisher, David H. Moffat and Walter S. Cheesman. Actually the book contains thirty accounts of houses which were the residences of important early families. Three of these accounts deal with homes, presently occupied by names to conjure with on Seventeenth Street—Lawrence C. Phipps, John Evans and Claude K. Boettcher. In addition Mrs. Kohl writes a prologue and a discussion of Henry C. Brown, after whom the Brown Palace Hotel is named, one of the first of the pioneers to invest in residential real estate in the pioneer village.

Mrs. Kohl is a feature writer. She is neither a native Denverite nor a trained historian. In consequence her genealogy often comes out garbled and her history mistaken. But the excellent photographs of Orin A. Sealy more than make up for the book's defects on facts. There are one hundred and eight of these pictures, taken from interesting angles, nice composition of light and shade, and excellent detail.

Caroline Bancroft

A POLITICAL HISTORY OF THE TEXAS REPUBLIC, 1836-1845. Stanley Siegel. University of Texas Press, Austin, 1956. xiv + 281 pages. \$5.00.

This excursion into the troubled politics of Texas during its decade of independence is in many respects an admirable journey. Presumably Mr. Siegel embarked on a search to discover what, if any, political groupings flourished in the Lone Star nation. What the

author has found from his search is reasonably and temperately related.

Basically the story is one of frustration—over failure of annexation, foreign loans, domestic inflation, and persistent problems with the Mexican state. Because of these frustrations, any group guiding the destinies of Texas was automatically confronted with considerable opposition. Thus the political history of the nine years resolved itself largely into vacillation from and toward support of the men in charge of the government. These men were, principally, the "Old Gen'l," Sam Houston, and the transplanted Georgian, Mirabeau Lamar.

Within this story of vacillating support Mr. Siegel finds no great division of the populace into political "parties." As might be expected, elections were decided more on bases of personalities than issues. And, even then, much of the time the groupings were unorganized, although they formed because of common sympathies of like or dislike toward certain men or groups.

Because domestic Texas politics of necessity revolved around the success or failure of Texan relations with Great Britain, France, Mexico, and the United States, the reader can acquire the broad pattern of Texan diplomacy as well as internal politics. This helps to make the book a fine "introduction" to the history of the Texas Republic.

Carl Ubbelohde

LAW WEST OF FORT SMITH, by Glenn Shirley. Henry Holt & Co., \$5.00.

Your reviewer came to an inevitable conclusion after reading "Law West of Fort Smith"; Judge Isaac C. Parker was the right man in the right place at the right time. In fact, if he had come on the scene sooner it wouldn't have hurt either, for he was most certainly needed.

This is an excellent portrait of Judge Parker, popularly known as "The Hanging Judge," for that he was, and properly so. He did his very best to exemplify his own words, "Permit no innocent man to be punished; let no guilty man escape." He had a most scrupulous sense of fairness, and felt that the victims and survivors of lawless acts were entitled to as much consideration as those who had perpetuated them.

To clean up that sinkhole which was Indian territory in the '80s and '90s he had only 200 marshals to cover almost 74,000 sq. mi. It was done thoroughly, and of 160

(Continued next page)

men sentenced to death, 79 of them actually did hang.

Even if one can say no more than that he brought a relative state of order and security, that is quite a tribute. He did that and a lot more. The State of Oklahoma owes him a lot more than they can ever pay.

Henry A. Clausen

THE LAND BETWEEN. Dr. James Schiel. Translated from the original German by Frederick W. Bachmann, Texas Western College; with introduction and notes by William Swilling Wallace, New Mexico Highlands University. Westernlore Press, Los Angeles, 1957. (Vol. IX of Great West and Indian Lore Series). Octavo, xiii plus 162 pp., 7 illustrations, and paper map and jacket illustration. \$6.00. (Limited edition of 500 copies).

Denver Westerners, particularly, will recognize this rather small but important book as another translation of Dr. Schiel's journal of the Gunnison expedition of 1853, which our Dr. Nolie Murney published as part of his "John Williams Gunnison" in 1955.

The tragically accented Gunnison expedition is fairly well known, of course, but the value of Schiel's account is not dependent upon his connection with it, but, as Wallace's introduction says, upon his observations of a new country as a well educated European traveller. A doctor of medicine with more than a passing knowledge of geology, his acute powers of observation have produced a most readable account of an interesting section of the West.

Writing, as it is said, for an European audience intensely interested in the new and, to them, strange sect of the Mormons, his trenchant observations, while not too flattering in many respects, reflect the opinions of a skeptical but apparently objective observer.

Several plates reproduced from the Beckwith report, so different from factual photographs, add a flavor of the times. The copious notes, of real value to even the ordinarily well posted reader, and the complete index add to the value.

One of the tests of a book of this sort is whether it passes the scrutiny of persons acquainted with the area. As one who is intimately familiar with the terrain, may your reviewer say that Schiel's description of the crossing of the Sangre de Cristo Pass, the San Luis Valley and the Cochetopa country, is so vivid and detailed as to create a feeling of confidence in the rest of Schiel's work.

Roy Colwell P.M.

DEEP ENOUGH. Frank A. Crampton. Sage Books. \$4.00.

Here is a real sleeper and as soon as a few more people read it, and talk about it, I predict it will be found in almost every library of collectors of Western Books. The title "DEEP ENOUGH" does not hold the glamour to entice readers and many people will probably pass up the book. However, when one reads the preface and fully understands the meaning of these two words—there could be no other title.

The title probably originated with Cornish miners and referred to a drill hole for blasting down the ore in a mine. When ready for the powder, it was "deep enough." Later it became used as a term for almost everything one did not like or with which one cared to have nothing more to do. Today the modern version would be "that's that" or "I've had it."

Here is a story of a man from a wealthy and highly prominent family in the East, coming to the West and becoming a hard rock miner. Luckily he met two bindle stiffs who were tops in this art. Starting at Cripple Creek, they taught him everything they could, literally from the ground down. From here on, Crampton travels the west, hitting almost all of the boom towns of the early 20th century. In fact, I would term him an itinerant or a boomer, in the trade.

The book is written in the first person and is notable for its lack of quoted conversations. It is probably too meticulous in small detail and is an almost minute by minute account of a working span of over 50 years. But it is all there—the muck, the grime, the cave-ins, the high grading—and the girls of the line.

It is well illustrated with photographs taken by the author and salvaged from what must have been a fabulous collection of western mining pictures that was almost totally destroyed in the Glendale flood of 1934.

The book is humorous, tragic and at the same time also has some mystery. One finds it hard to believe that a prospector's family could be wiped out by Indians and not be missed by anyone in the vicinity for years. Crampton finally was hired by relatives in the East to make the search and he located the cabin, and the remains of the bodies where they had lain for 30 years, the arrows still protruding from them!!

Again I say—the book is a real sleeper.

F.B.R.



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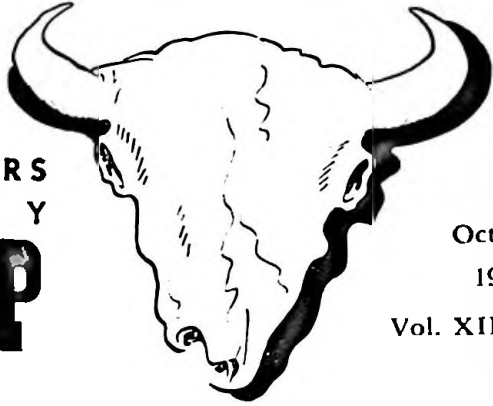
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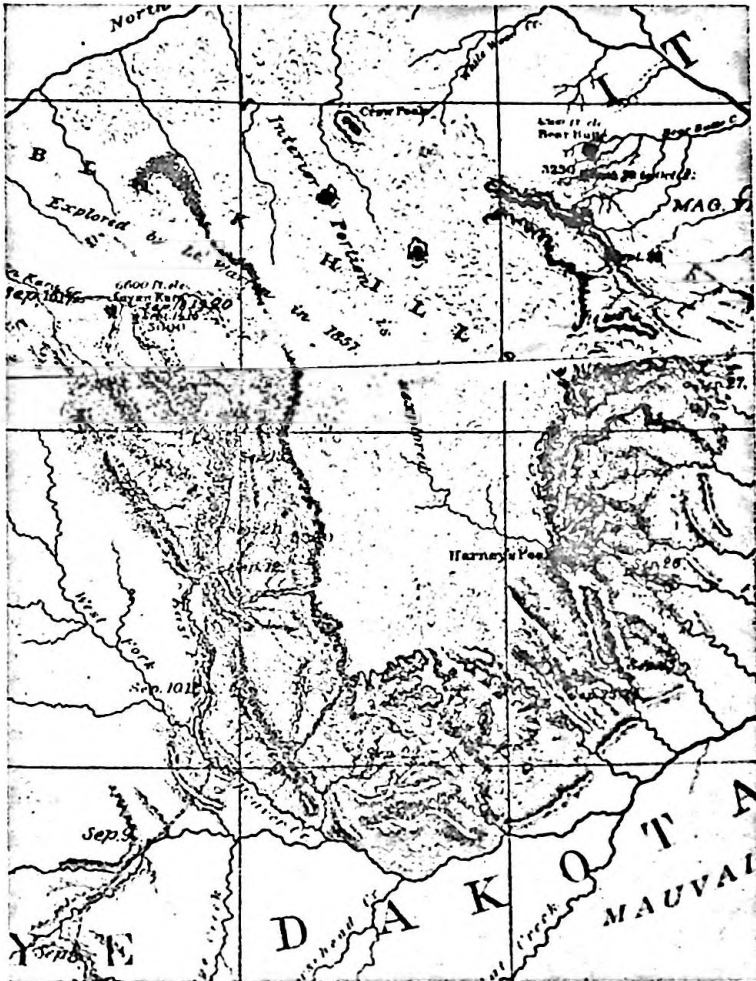
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The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



October
1957
Vol. XIII, No. 10



Details of Black Hills Cartography from Warren's map which accompanied his preliminary report of explorations in Nebraska and Dakota. (Courtesy J. Leonard Jennewein)

The DENVER WESTERNERS
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Erl H. Ellis

Registrar of Marks and Brands,
Numa L. James

Chuck Wrangler, Arthur Zeuch

Preceding Sheriff, Maurice Frink
Publications Chairman, Charles S.
Ryland

Program Chairman, Harold Dunham

Membership Chairman, Arthur Car-
hart

Book Review Chairman, Ed Hilliard

NOVEMBER MEETING

"CHASE MELLEN'S AMERICAN ADVENTURE"

by John Lipsey

Wednesday, November 27, 1957

6:30 P.M.

Denver Press Club—1330 Glenarm

John Lipsey, a resident of Colorado Springs, needs no special introduction to members of the Denver Posse, of which he is a prominent and active member. A dealer in rare Americana Books, especially those of the West, he, and his writing contributions on historical lore are well known from coast to coast. The subject of his talk . . . Chase Mellen . . . was a half brother to Queenie (Mrs. Wm. J. Palmer) and his ten years in Colorado as an associate of the builder of Denver & Rio Grande Railroad are a fabulous story.

ANNUAL CHRISTMAS PARTY

Wednesday, December 18, 1957

6:30 P.M.

American Legion Hall — 14th and Broadway

SPEAKER

MRS. IDA LIBERT UCHILL

on

"JEWISH PIONEERING IN COLORADO"

Open to all members — Posse and Corresponding, their wives and guests.

\$2.75 per plate

(includes tax and tip)

Write or Phone Erl H. Ellis, 730 Equitable Bldg. TAbor 5-5111 for reservations

OUR CHRISTMAS SPEAKER A NEW DENVER AUTHOR

Mrs. Ida Libert Uchill, Speaker at our Annual Christmas Party, on December 18th, is the author of the recently published book "**Pioneers, Peddlers and Tsadikim**," a history of 100 years of Jewish life in Colorado.

A native of Denver, she graduated from the University of Colorado with a degree in Journalism and started working on various local trade publications.

"I started on this book about seven years ago," said Mrs. Uchill, "when I found that although the Jewish history of this region was very well kept and recorded, the material was never assembled into any kind of a published record. I have had hundreds of personal interviews with persons, making notes which consumed over 5,000 filing cards, in addition to reading scores of books on Colorado history. I became a familiar figure in the Western Department of the Denver Public Library pouring over old newspaper files in my search for background material on personalities and events."

Mrs. Uchill is married, has two children attending the same Denver Schools which she attended.

"**Pioneers, Peddlers and Tsadikim**" was published by Alan Swallow, PM of the Denver Westerners.

NEW BOOKS ISSUED BY "OLD HUTCH"

CM W. H. "Old Hutch" Hutchinson just finished an historical sketch of lumbering in the Northern Sierra-Nevada for The Diamond Match Company. This will be printed as a 30-page booklet with over 40 illustrations. Copies may be obtained FREE by writing The Diamond Match Company, Box 1037 Chico, California, and asking for "California Heritage" by W. H. Hutchinson.

Hutch's latest piece of Rhodesiana, THE RHOADES READER, containing fiction and essays by Gene Rhoades never in book form before, has just been published by University of Oklahoma Press. Hutch's long introductory essay on "Western" Story . . . "Virgins, Villains and Varmits," should provoke some comment from those included or excluded . . . which he says is "Fair reading."

YOUR WRITERS OF WESTERN HISTORY

HENRY ROWE SCHOOLCRAFT
1793-1864

Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, writer, explorer and ethnologist, was born on March 28, 1793, in Albany County, New York. The original name of the family was Calcraft; his ancestors were English emigrants. Henry attended the common school in Hamilton, New York, and later studied chemistry and mineralogy in Union College, Schenectady, New York.

In 1820, he accompanied General Lewis Cass as a geologist in the upper Mississippi River and Lake Superior region. He entered the Indian Service in 1821, as secretary to a commission to treat with the Indians in Chicago. His first appointment as Indian Agent was one year later, in 1822, with headquarters in Michilimackinac.

Schoolcraft was a member of the Michigan Legislature from 1828 until 1832. In the former year, 1828, he helped found the Michigan Historical Society. In the latter year, 1832, he accompanied a government expedition to the headwaters of the Mississippi and ascertained the source of the great river to be Lake Itasca. In this year he also helped found the Algic Society in Detroit.

Henry Schoolcraft delivered many lectures before learned societies and wrote numerous articles. He served as Acting Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and was widely known and recognized as an authority on Indian life and customs.

In March, 1847, Congress authorized the publication of a historical work relating to the Indians of North America. Schoolcraft was selected to prepare the monumental contribution, which was issued in six volumes under the title of HISTORY OF THE INDIAN TRIBES OF THE UNITED STATES: THEIR PRESENT CONDITION AND PROSPECTS AND A SKETCH OF THEIR ANCIENT STATUS.

The six folio volumes, published in 1841-1857, are well illustrated by

many eminent artists, and form a fine source of information pertaining to the life, habits, dress and customs of the American Indian.

Henry Schoolcraft married Jane D. Johnston, the daughter of an Indian trader and the granddaughter of an Indian chief. She aided him in his task of acquiring information on the life of the Indian. Jane died in 1842, and Schoolcraft later married Mary Howard, who was also an intellectual and aided him greatly in his work. She published a book of her own in 1852—LETTERS ON THE CONDITION OF THE AFRICAN RACE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Among the many contributions made by Henry Schoolcraft are the following:

1. "A View of the Lead Mines of Missouri . . . and Other Sections of the Western Country," 1819.
2. "Journal of a tour into the Interior . . . from Potosi towards the Rocky Mountains," 1818-1819.
3. "Travels in the Central Portions of the Mississippi Valley," 1825.
4. "A discourse on the Anniversary of the Historical Society of Michigan," 1830.
5. "Narrative Journals of Travel through the Northwestern Regions," 1821.
6. "Narrative of an Expedition through the Upper Mississippi to Itasca Lake," 1834.
7. "Algic Researches . . . Inquiries Respecting the Mental Characteristics of the North American Indians," 1839.

(Continued Page 18)

PICTURES WANTED

Judge Clifford Darrow of Glenwood Springs, Colo., is working on a special project and is asking any members of our Posse for their help.

Judge Darrow is making a picture collection of the Mayors of Glenwood Springs, and is missing two of these estimable persons: W. E. SHAFER who served in 1886, and P. Y. THOMAS, in 1887.

Any member who might happen to have these pictures can write to Judge Clifford H. Darrow, at his office in Glenwood Springs.

EARLY GEOGRAPHIC CONCEPTIONS OF THE BLACK HILLS

J. Leonard Jennewein

Where are the Black Hills?

The answer is easy. The Black Hills are an upthrust of Mountains in western South Dakota and eastern Wyoming which comprise an area approximately a hundred miles north and south, sixty miles east and west and which are defined in a rough ellipse by Rapid City, Belle Fourche, Devil's Tower, Newcastle, Edgemont and Buffalo Gap. Contained within this area are such topographical and historical features as Harney Peak, Terry Peak, Spearfish Canyon, Mt. Rushmore; yes, and the graves of Wild Bill and Calamity Jane.

The Black Hills are drained by the north and south forks of the Cheyenne River, the north called the Belle Fourche, which join some fifty miles east of the Hills. The north and south Cheyenne comprise arms which enfold the Hills; on the western slope in Wyoming only a narrow divide separates the basin of the Belle Fourche from the Cheyenne. No other river system shares in the moisture proceeds of the Hills and this topographical feature, an area of mountains within the forks of the Cheyenne, is considered basic and defining.

But where *were* the Black Hills?

The answer leads to all sorts of confusion.

Consider a quotation or two.

Osborne Russell, following the highway of the Platte with the memorable Wyeth party of 1834, reached the Laramie fork June 1. "The next day" he reports, "we left the River and travelled across the Black Hills nearly parallel with the general course of the Platte until the 9th of June when we came to the River again—"¹

In 1835 the Reverend Samuel Parker passed this way. On July 26, "The caravan moved on a little way to the crossing place of the Platte, near Larama's fork in the Black Hills

and encamped for the day"² or again, "The Black Hills do not derive their name from anything peculiar in the color of the soil and rocks of which they are composed, but they are so called from being covered with shrubby cedars, which give them a dark appearance when seen at a distance."³

We mention the overworked Parkman in whose Oregon Trail there is a chapter entitled "The Black Hills." And we remember Zenas Leonard who nearly lost his life when, unarmed, he was surprised by an Indian when, in 1833, his party was camped in the valley of the Platte, on a small creek on the Black Hills.⁴

Now of course these men are speaking of the modern Laramie Mountains, that range which lies south of the North Platte and east of the Laramie Plains, the northern tip of which comes close to Casper, the southern extremities of which lie between Laramie and Cheyenne. This fact is known to all of us, yet the point must be made; but recently I read a newspaper article extolling the virtues of Parkman because of his realistic descriptions of the Black Hills of Dakota!

It has been conjectured that the name the "Black Hills" was applied to the Laramie Mountains first though error and then through deliberate intent to deceive. I am inclined to think otherwise, that the name was legitimately given, and for the same reason as applicable to various other "Black Hills" or mountains the country around: from a distance they look black.

We should keep in mind that the valley of the Platte was, comparatively, a crowded highway decades before the Black Hills of Dakota had become a meaningful name and that those who first called the Laramie Mountains the Black Hills were not concerned with any possible confusion

between them and a separate range a hundred miles to the northeast.

Thus, returning to the question, where *were* the Black Hills? They were, for many persons in the 1830's, 40's and later, the modern Laramie Mountains. (Finerty's map in *WAR-PATH AND BIVOUC*, as late as 1890, still used the term, Black Hills" for the Laramie Mountains.)

We thus dispose of the Laramie Mountains. Two other geographical

J. Leonard Jennewein, author of this paper, is a native of South Dakota, and spent his early years on a ranch. At the present time he is Professor of "Frontier Histories" at Dakota Wesleyan University in Mitchell, South Dakota.

Author of numerous articles on historical subjects and personalities, his booklet on "Calamity Jane," published in 1953, has already become a collector's item.

Professor Jennewein's chief outside interest is lecturing. He belongs to many historical societies and is much in demand as a lecturer on Americana before such groups as Teacher's organizations, Civic Clubs, Women's Clubs and Historical.

His special hobby is collecting books and maps relating to the region in which he lives, and is considered to own one of the finest such collections in the nation.

concepts of the Black Hills must be briefly reported before we turn to the background of the Hills in Dakota.

The Black Hills were an unrestricted and loosely defined series of mountains on the eastern front of the Rockies. This idea is summarized in a footnote by Haines in the previously-mentioned *JOURNAL OF A TRAPPER*s "In that day the term "Black Hills" was used to indicate all the outlying foothills of the Rocky Mountains, but now it is applied only to the prominent mountains of western South Dakota."⁵

No one knows what might constitute "all the outlying foothills of the Rocky Mountains" but Mr. Haines certainly has evidence, both textual and cartographical, to support *HISTORY OF CHEYENNE AND NORTHERN WYOMING*, written in 1876: "The Black Hills country is much more extensive than that par-

ticular locality brought to the notice of the public by the recent exploration of General Custer. It comprises the whole of the country, bounded on the east by longitude 103 degrees (This is a few miles east of Rapid City. L.J.) on the south of the Sweetwater, Laramie and the Cache a-la poudre rivers; on the west by the Big Horn and Wind River, on the north by the Yellowstone River. This is really the country of the Black Hills; but embraced in it are several localities called "Black Hills". For instance, the "Black Hills of Laramie," the "Black Hills of Powder River" and the "Black Hills of Cheyenne River—."⁶ This same idea is fairly well demonstrated in Prince Maximilian's map of 1943⁷ in which the Black Hills are rather generously dumped over most of the area defined by Triggs.

Where *were* the Black Hills? Well, one gets an idea something like this: We don't know where the Hell the Black Hills are but if we draw the circle large enough we'll be sure to get them in. I am inclined to believe that this large-area concept is more the result of bewilderment and indecision rather than established geographical nomenclature.

One more notion of the Hills seems to have been defined in adequate distinction from the other concepts to be mentioned. The Black Hills were a narrow chain of mountains extending from the Missouri to the Platte, and running in a NE-SW direction, say from the Little Missouri area to the upper North Platte. As you inspect these maps you will note this concept in Carey and Lea (?) 1827; Sharpe 1849; Sage, 1846; Bartholomew, 1867; and in the Fremont-Gibbs-Smith map.

Summarizing: The Black Hills were (1) the Laramie Mountains (2) the mountains between the forks of the Cheyenne (3) practically the whole country from the Yellowstone to the Platte, (4) a NE-SW range from the Missouri to the Platte.

We now turn to a consideration of the modern Black Hills, the moun-

tains between the forks of the Cheyenne in South Dakota and Wyoming.

On October 1, 1804, Lewis and Clark passed the mouth of the Cheyenne River and encountered a young Frenchman who was in the employ of a Mr. Valle with whom they visited the next morning. "He is one of three French traders who have halted here, excepting the Sioux, who are coming down from the Ricaras, where they now are, for the purposes of traffic. Mr. Valle tells us that he passed the last winter three hundred leagues up the Cheyenne, under the Black Mountains."⁸

Valle was of course a bit extravagant in his distance but he is speaking, no doubt, of our Black Hills. A few days later Lewis and Clark passed the mouth of Moreau and reported, "Its sources are the first range of the Black Mountain,—"⁹ On the 8th they passed the Grand, "it rises in the Black Mountains."¹⁰

Now what is important here? There are mountains, called the Black Mountains, on the upper reaches of the Cheyenne. But there are also mountains at the head of these other streams coming in from the west, the Grand, the Moreau; these, too, are the Black Mountains. Remember, Lewis and Clark did not see the Black Hills; they got their information from Valle, from his unnamed companions, from Pierre-Antoine Tabeau and Joseph Gravelines who had "brackfast" with them October 10, 1804, from the traditions relating to "The connections of the country" to use a happy phrase of Clark's, and from others such as Trudeau, Loisel, D' Eglise, Mackay, Evans. This same Tabeau was writing of the Black Hills before Lewis and Clark made their trip and this phrase "les cotes noires" was in use, as Chittenden points out, long before American explorers visited the area.¹²

Let us now briefly examine some Lewis and Clark cartography. In April, 1805, Meriwether Lewis sent to Washington, by the boat crew which returned to St. Louis from Ft. Mandan, a map which Nicholas King

used as the basis for his maps of 1805-1806. "Compiled from the authorities of the best informed travellers, by M. Lewis" the map reads, and "copied by Nicholas King." The one on display is 1806.

Between the forks of the Cheyenne we find the words "Black Mountains" and on the upper reaches of the Moreau the words "The Black Hills". This nomenclature follows the text of the Journals fairly closely, for as we previously noted, two areas of Black Hills or Black Mountains were mentioned. This map is, I think, the first published map to represent a Lewis and Clark concept of the Black Hills.



Eight years elapsed from the time of the return of Lewis and Clark in 1806 to the publication of the History of the Expedition in 1814. In the meantime, Clark was completing his manuscript map and he undoubtedly made use of new geographical information, including the contribution of Pike. Thus the published 1814 map which accompanied the publication and the Biddle text of the History is not entirely restricted to geographical ideas as gained on the Expedition.

The Clark manuscript map has been printed in a beautiful edition by the Yale University Library. From this map, presumably, one Samuel Lewis, a draftsman, prepared the drawing which resulted in the published 1814 map. But something has happened to our Black Hills between the Lewis-King Map and the manuscript map of Clark. There are no mountains, now, at the headwaters of the Moreau and the mountains within the forks of the Cheyenne extend far beyond the river, past the headwaters of the Little Missouri, even to the Tongue. (This, I think,

should be labelled the Powder) The direction is too much to the NW-SE and the range is too far extended; but at least, here we have some mountains between the forks of the Cheyenne, and even this feature, as we shall see, will be forsaken on some later maps.

To summarize this Lewis and Clark cartography the text of the journals and the Meriwether Lewis-Nicholas King map describe mountains between the Cheyenne forks, and in the general area of the upper Moreau. The Clark manuscript map and the published 1814 map drops the latter, and extends the former in a NW direction, beyond the basin of the Cheyenne.

In these modern days of travel, a person starting a long journey takes with him a map. It was no different with Lewis and Clark. They carried a map and here it is. This is a photostat of a manuscript map from the Library of Congress of the Missouri from St. Charles to the Little Missouri. If there is any highlight in this display of maps, I think this is it. This map according to the Library of Congress is dated 1795-6? and is "believed to have been made by John Evans, a Welshman in the employ of the Missouri Company, and to be the map which Thomas Jefferson sent to Meriwether Lewis on January 13, 1804."¹²

Carl Wheat terms this a Mackay map.¹⁴ As an illustration of historical objectivity we shall call it the Evans-Mackay map. A fine discussion of this document by A. H. Abel may be found in the *Geographical Review*, May 1916. It has never been published except in connection with that article, in page size, and in what is described as a "revised facsimile. That was over 40 years ago. Certainly this map is worthy of a full size reproduction with an extensive modern monograph.

The temptation is great to dwell on it at length, to talk about Evans and Mackay, to examine the names on this wonderful document; but let us look for the Black Hills—here they

are, a portion between the Forks, and again the chain extending north-westward. In other words, the map carried by Lewis and Clark, drawn by their predecessors, portrayed the Black Hills of Dakota almost exactly as did their own published map of perhaps 18 years later.

What is significant here:

First, it serves to emphasize this point: a great deal was known of the Missouri, at least as far north as the Mandans, before Lewis and Clark; the great cartographic achievement of the Captains lay further west, from North Dakota to the Coast.

Second, and repeating, insofar as our specific inquiry toward the Hills is concerned: The Black Hills were laid down on a map before Lewis and Clark and the information secured by them concerning these mountains of the Cheyenne served generally to confirm the map they already had.

I attach no great significance to "firsts"; and generally someone was always there before the first. But this is the earliest map that I have thus far located which shows and names the Black Hills. I think we need not quibble about the "Black Hills" or "Black Mountains".

Since we can proceed no further back into the 18th century we must advance into the 19th. We are concerned for a moment with Wilson Price Hunt and the Overland Astorians of 1811. Briefly, Hunt led a party from the Missouri in South Dakota to the West Coast. Irving's Astoria relates that adventure, and I quote: "Mr. Hunt and his party were now on the skirts of the Black Hills, or Black Mountains, as they are sometimes called; an extensive chain, lying about a hundred miles east of the Rocky Mountains, and stretching in a northeast direction from the south fork of the Nebraska or Platte River, to the great north bend of the Missouri."¹⁵ Neither the words the "Black Hills" nor the "Black Mountains" are in Hunt's notes as found in Rollins¹⁶ but Irving no doubt had supplementary information to warrant his use of the term. There is no ques-

tion as to Hunt's route, he was far to the north of the Black Hills of today; he was in the Slim Buttes and Short Pine Hills area of present Harding County in northwestern South Dakota. But consider again the Lewis-King map of 1806. Hunt was certainly close to *those* Black Hills—and remember Irving's definition of the Hills, this long chain from the Missouri to the Platte. In addition, Hunt was the inheritor of geographical knowledge and tradition passed on from Lewis and Clark, of the same idea, again using Clark's phrase, of the "connection of the country." Hunt's interpreter, we remember, was Pierre Dorian, son of the Pierre Dorian employed by Lewis and Clark. Hunt left no map, he wasn't in the Black Hills, but because Irving and subsequent historians put him in the Hills we must get him out.

We turn now to Jedediah Smith and the year 1823.

Having rejected the notion that Hunt was in the Hills, we may, with a more positive approach, assert that Jedediah Smith with his small group of traders and trapper proceeding westward from the Missouri in the summer of 1823, to adopt the precise words of Leland Case, "the first white man of positive record to penetrate the Black Hills."¹⁷

Now Jedediah Smith was not interested in exploring the Hills. The Hills just happened to lie in the path over which he must travel to go from where he was to where he wanted to be. He saw but a small area, probably that from Buffalo Gap westward. He left no written account of the journey, for that we go to Clyman,¹⁸ and Clyman's account was written 50 years after the event. Clyman didn't make a map and the original Smith maps have been lost. Nevertheless, Smith figures in Black Hills cartography.

I refer now to a most unusual book, *JEDEDIAH SMITH AND HIS MAPS OF THE AMERICAN WEST* by Morgan and Wheat.¹⁹ Here we have, among others, one termed by the authors, the Fremont-Gibbs-Smith

map. Basically, this is the well-known Fremont map upon which has been overlaid in the hand of George Gibbs, cartographic revisions and additions originating with Jedediah Smith. The story which leads from Jedediah Smith to this map is long, rather complicated, completely fascinating. I have here a Fremont map and I have traced, from the Fremont-Gibbs-Smith map of the book, only the Smith contribution relating to the area under concern, the Black Hills. And what do we have? A long range of mountains from the Missouri to the Platte, a range which constitutes the divide between the eastward flowing Niobrara, White, Cheyenne, and the Little Missouri and Powder to the West. This is the Washington Irving description of the Hills, which was written before Jedediah Smith entered the area. This is the concept of other maps here on display, the Carey & Lee (?) 1827; Sage 1846; Sharpe 1849; and others.

The forks of the Cheyenne are shown on this map. But no mountains lie between. Now I am not challenging the overall thesis of this Fremont-Gibbs-Smith map. But insofar as it relates to this area, I do not see Smith influence. I wonder. If Smith drew this would he not have entered the Black Hills in the Cheyenne area. He was there, in 1823. He had been up-Missouri to the Yellowstone country the year previous, thus gaining an impression of the upper portion of this area. And in 1823 he had continued westward into the Wyoming country, right across this formidable mountain range which doesn't exist in this faston at all. To be sure, the map carries this qualification: "The Black Hills are irregular and detached ranges, sometimes rising to the ele-Their name is derived from their dark appearance." The first sentence certainly does not explain the absence of mountains within the Cheyenne forks; the remark on derivation is not significant.

Other questions arise. Here is shown Jedediah Smith route in 1823. It does not lead thru the Black Hills

at all. This too, certainly lends doubt as to the accuracy of the Smith ancestry of this map. This map adds little or nothing to the cartographic history of the modern Black Hills.

Thirty two years after Jedediah Smith, General Harney traveled from Ft. Laramie to Ft. Pierre, skirting the extreme southeastern edge of the Hills. With him in 1855 was Lt. G. K. Warren, whose name in the highlight in Hills cartography. With Warren we begin to get detailed topographical information. To be sure, in the decades between Smith and Warren significant maps were prepared which show the Hills but we have time merely to list them.

Arrowsmith's map of 1824. Dimly shows the Hills located between the forks of the Cheyenne. I have not been able to check earlier versions of Arrowsmith's great map of 1795.

Long's map of 1822. There are two sections of the map in its original edition.

Samuel Parker map of 1838. Shows the Hills, unnamed, as a well-defined range between the Forks. The earliest dated map in my collection to show this modern concept. This is a fine map, noted for its portrayal of the Oregon country.

In 1857 Warren commanded his own expedition into the Hills.²⁰

He moved from Ft. Laramie northward, passed along the western Hills to Inyan Kara Mountain at which point he was persuaded by the Indians to retire. Judiciously he backtracked some 40 miles, crossed to the eastern edge of the Hills and then travelled northward to Bear Butte from which place he returned in sort of a zig-zag route to the Niobrara. This is a great map—on a par with Warren's map which accompanied the Pacific Railroad Surveys²¹ on which map too, the Hills are well-defined. Conjecture is past, the Hills are pinned down; Warren did it.

Two or three more maps complete this survey. Reynolds,²² in 1859 crossed the northern Hills enroute from Ft. Pierre to the Yellowstone country. Compare Warren and Reynolds and

note that Reynolds adds detail in the Northern Hills. Our next contribution is of course General Custer. Ludlow's map of 1874 Expedition adds additional detail; the inner fortress of the Hills is broached and portions are laid on paper, and after Custer, the deluge. Maps follow the news, the news was gold—and dozens of books and maps rapidly appeared.

Somewhat parenthetically, let us look at one more map. This is Johnson's wall map of North America of 1857, a hundred years old, published more than fifty years after Lewis and Clark struggled up river, more than a half century after they pondered on the location of the Black Hills while



in winter quarters with the Mandans. And where are the Black Hills? They aren't here at all. And this map was a "good" map of its day, the sort of map that hung in hotel lobbies, in large banks and commercial establishments. What does it indicate? Again, that maps follow the news, that the popular concept of the West a hundred years ago did not include the Black Hills. I have checked a number of grade school geographies of this same period and find about the same thing. In fact, an interesting paper might be done on *THE WEST OF 1850 AS REVEALED IN SCHOOL GEOGRAPHIES*. And we are always talking about "Where does the West begin?" Well, take a look at this map. Where is the space upon which I can put by full hand without covering anything. Right up here in the area mentioned. The Black Hills and west and north. Nothing. Absolutely nothing. In 1857, apparently, here was the West.

But perhaps we should conclude with a local touch. Here is Samuel

Scott's map of the Hills, 1897-. It is as near as I can determine the first complete and adequate map of the Hills by a resident—Scott one of the founders of the Rapid City came to the Hills in 1875; 1797-1897.

FOOTNOTES

¹Haines, Aubrey L. (Editor) *Osborne Russell's Journal of a Trapper*. Oregon Historical Society, 1955, p2. Also previous editions, 1914 and 1921, edited by L. A. York under the title, *Journal of a Trapper, or, Nine Years in the Rocky Mountains* 1934-1843.

²Parker, R. Samuel. *JJournal of an Exploring Tour Beyond the Rocky Mountains*,—, Ithaca, N. Y., 1842, p68.

³Idib. p69.

⁴Quaife, Milo M. (Editor) *Narrative of the Adventures of Zenas Leonard*. Lakeside Classics. Chicago, 1934, p94.

⁵Haines, p.155.

⁶Triggs, J. H. *History of Cheyenne and Northern Wyoming, etc.*, Omaha, 1876. Facsimile reprint Powder River Publishers and Bookseller, Laramie, 1955. p47, 48.

⁸*Source of the Missouri River and Across the American Continent to the Pacific Ocean Performed by Order of the Government of the United States, in the Years 1804, 1805, and 1806. By Captains Lewis and Clark*. London 1814. p50. (This is the elaborate title for the London edition of the Biddle Text of the History of the Expedition) Or see De Voto, *Journals of Lewis and Clark*, p46.

⁹*Source of the Missouri River and Across the American Continent to the Pacific Ocean Performed by Order of the Government of the United States, in the Years 1804, 1805, and 1806. By Captains Lewis and Clark*. London, 1814, p50 (This is the elaborate title for the London edition of the Biddle Text of the History of the Expedition) Or see De Voto, *Journals of Lewis and Clark*, p73.

¹⁰Ibid. p74.

¹¹Abel, Annie Heloise (Editor) *Tabeau's Narrative of Loisel's Expedition to the Upper Missouri*. University of Oklahoma, 1939.

¹²Chittenden, Hiriem M. *History of the American Fur Trade*. Academic Reprints Edition, Stanford, 1954, Vol. II. pp734-735.

¹³A portion of the description of the map as found in *Report of the Librarian of Congress for the Fiscal Year Ending June 30, 1925*. Washington, 1925. p84. Furnished through the courtesy of Walter Ristow, Map Division, Library of Congress.

¹⁵Irving, Washington, *Astoria's Columbus Edition*, p182. Hunt's record was first published in the French *Nouvelles Annales* in 1821. Also see Rollins.

¹⁷Peattie, Roderick. *The Black Hills*: p54.

¹⁸Camp, Charles L. (Editor). *James Clyman, American Frontiersman*, 1928

¹⁰Morgan, Dale L. and Wheat, Carl I. *Jedediah Smith and His Maps of the American West*. California Historical Society, 1954.



"PORTUGEE" PHILLIP'S RIDE

by Ernest M. Richardson

FOREWORD

Browsing through the musty records left to us by tellers of tales and singers of songs, one must necessarily reach some conclusions. Often such conclusions take erratic twists and shapes. For example: the matter of comparisons.

In my own browsing around through library shelves and historical archives I have become interested in the careers of two men—Paul Revere and John Phillips. Each achieved a measure of fame because of a horseback ride.

Revere's famous ride was a four-hour jaunt of some 16 miles on the back of a plow-horse one balmy April night in 1775 across a populated Massachusetts countryside. He suffered little, endured few hardships. The greatest peril to which he was exposed was the possibility of capture by some rather tame British soldiers. Yet his name has become a household word and his feat is known to every American schoolchild. Revere was made into an American folk-hero by a great singer of songs, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Now, consider this man Phillips. His ride of 236 miles from Fort Phil Kearny on the slopes of the Big Horn Mountains in northern Wyoming, to Fort Laramie on the North Platte River, on a Kentucky thoroughbred horse, lasted for 48 long, man-killing hours. It was made in the dead of winter, across a mile-high, broken, wind-swept, Indian-infested country, through one of the worst blizzards ever experienced on the high-plains, with the temperatures ranging from twenty to thirty degrees below zero. His capture by the Indians, who were watching for him, would have meant slow death by torture for himself and the brutal annihilation of a hundred and nineteen men, women and children waiting for help behind the stockade at Fort Phil Kearny.

Phillips had no famous singer of songs to tell of his epic ride in December, 1866; hence, his name means nothing except to a tight little circle of students of frontier history.

The Dictionary of American History gives Revere and his ride a full column; the Dictionary of American Biography uses over two columns on his story. Neither of these reference works, nor any of the standard encyclopedias, have a word in them about John "Portugee" Phillips. One western singer of songs, Lillian L. Van Burgh, did write a poem about him, but she was not a famous poet and her lines attracted little attention.

John Phillips kept no diaries and talked little about himself. All we learn about him comes from the memories of others, memories that have come down to us in scraps

and fragments—a line here, a paragraph there.

From such sources I have tried to reconstruct the details of his gruelling ride, with possibly a hint at the motivation that may have induced him to step forward and offer his service. If I have succeeded—even in a very small way—I am glad.

Ernest M. Richardson

The bearded soldier, bundled almost to invisibility in fur cap and coat, peered from the sentry-box atop the stockade, exposed his frosted ears to the snow-choked wind, and strained to catch the first faint sound of Captain Ten Eyck's returning wagons and ambulances. Then, above the howling blizzard, he heard creaking wheels and screeching brakes as the first of the wagons made its turn and rolled down the hill toward the Piney crossing. It was Friday night, the 21st day of December, 1866; Ten Eyck was bringing the mutilated bodies of Fetterman's men back to Fort Phil Kearny.

On the parade inside the stockade a group of shivering men and women and children huddled in a tight little knot trying to hear the captain's report to Colonel Carrington. He had brought in 49 bodies; 32 more were still out there beyond Lodge Trail Ridge. Captain Fetterman's entire command—79 officers and men, and two civilians—had been killed. *There were no survivors.* Captains Fetterman and Brown had used their last bullets on each other; their bodies were there in the first wagon.

Lieutenant George Grummond? Ten Eyck shook his head. "He's out there with the others—dead, if he's lucky!"

Carrington's garrison was now in mortal danger: supplies low, little food, less ammunition; a hundred and nineteen people, including soldiers, civilians, women and children, remained at this outpost between the forks of Little and Big Piney on the Bozeman Trail.

The Colonel paced his office. Too late now to do anything about Fetterman's rank disobedience of orders. He'd paid the full penalty for his contemptuous disregard of Carrington's direct command *not to follow the Indians beyond the ridge*. Wily old Red Cloud had taunted him into galloping into the valley and there he and all his men were cut off and butchered by the savages.

Carrington wrote two dispatches: one to his superior, General Cooke at Omaha; one to the commander at Fort Laramie. He appealed for reinforcements, arms and supplies, and called attention to repeated similar requests in the past, none of which had been honored. The messages were vigorously phrased, but there was no hint of panic in them.

The Bozeman Trail carried no telegraph line; the nearest telegraph office was at Horse Shoe Creek, south of the Platte, 190 miles away. A courier would have to ride through this terrific blizzard, with the temperature now thirty below zero. A man on horseback *might* get through. Reinforcements *might* reach Phil Kearney in two weeks. They *might* hold off the Indians that long.

Carrington knew of some things in his favor. First, Indians had not yet learned to follow up their victories. To them, battles were games; when they won, they withdrew and celebrated with dancing, feasting, gloating, and counting coups. Red Cloud, however, had begun to learn the art of follow-up. He might try it now but the severe weather made it unlikely; Indians were not apt to leave tepee fires until the weather warmed up.

Carrington also knew that Red Cloud's warriors feared the cannon at the fort. They didn't know how to defend against shells that pursued them into groves of trees. It bordered the supernatural; it was *Big Medicine*.

Helped by Indian procrastination, Indian superstition, and the elements, Carrington *might* hold the Indians off for two weeks. *But he had to get those dispatches through!*

He went to the barracks and talked to the men; told them of the danger surrounding the post; of the need for reinforcements, supplies, ammunition. "We can hold out for a while," he said, "but our ammunition and food will not last long. They can starve us out, burn us out, swarm over us and crush us with sheer weight of numbers. We know what that means. The mutilated bodies of Captain Fetterman and his men have been brought in tonight. There were no survivors out there. *There'll be none here*. All will be slaughtered—or worse. The luckier ones will be killed outright. The others will be carried away and tortured—slowly! *We have to get messages through to Fort Laramie.*" He stopped, looked about the room, then went on, "I want a man to ride to the telegraph office at Horse Shoe Creek. Who will volunteer?"

The room became quiet—painfully quiet—so quiet that the crackling flames biting at the big logs in the fireplace made noises like pistol shots above the labored breathing of the men. Minutes—long minutes—of silence; then a man got and walked slowly toward the colonel.

He was a medium sized, swarthy, black-bearded man, in his early thirties, dressed in frontier garb. During the colonel's talk he had kept a pair of pale-blue, slightly amused, cynical eyes focused on the speaker's face. As he walked forward a twisted sardonic grin formed beneath the black beard and mustache.

The colonel looked down at him. "You want to try it, Phillips? Think you could make it?" Carrington's voice was strangely gentle. A trace of moisture glistened on his cheek; it may have been a melted snow-flake.

John Phillips—that was the man's *Americanized* name—had been at the post since the beginning of construction the previous summer working as a civilian employee—a courier, scout, teamster, general handy man. Previously he had been a prospector along the streams that rushed down out of the Big Horns. He was an immigrant

—a foreigner—born on the Portugese island of Fayal in the Azores. The men called him *Portugee*. History has come to know him as *Portugee Phillips*.

He looked up at the tall colonel. "I try eet," he said quietly. "I make eet too—I theenk—"

Around the room, an awkward shuffling of booted feet. The men often laughed when *Portugee* talked. His accent, different from anything most of them had ever heard, sometimes brought forth loud guffaws from his listeners. There was no laughter now; only the embarrassed scuffing of boots on a plank floor.

Phillips looked at the men. "Why you no laugh?" he asked scornfully.



This monument atop Lodge Trail Ridge marks the spot from which Captain Fetterman and his men rode down to slaughter by Red Cloud's hordes of Indians on December 21, 1866. It is located within sight of travellers on present U.S. Highway 87 about half way between the towns of Buffalo and Sheridan, Wyoming. At this point the highway is following the route of the bloody old Bozeman Road.

"You so beeg smart—why you no ride hoss like colonel say? You 'fraid—no?" He spat contemptuously into the fire, then turned again to the colonel.

"I go," he said quietly. All the scorn and bitterness had gone from his face and voice. "I go—now—eef I ride your beeg bay hoss."

The colonel's Kentucky thoroughbred was his pride and joy. He hesitated for a moment—but only for a

moment—then nodded. Phillips hurried away to get ready for the trip.

Before dressing for his ride Phillips lifted a beautiful wolf-skin robe from his bunk, stroked it lovingly, threw it across his shoulder and plowed through the deep snow to Colonel Carrington's quarters. The colonel's lady answered his knock.

"Please—I like talk—to Mrs. Grummond," he said.

Mrs. Carrington let him in and called for Lieutenant Grummond's young widow. Frances Grummond came in, her eyes still red from weeping, her face drawn and chalky white. *Portugee Phillips* bowed awkwardly.

"I go now—I go for help. I send help—for you," he said. There were tears in his pale-blue eyes.

Frances Grummond cried softly. Phillips touched her gently with his gloved hand and laid the robe across her arm.

"You keep eet—I get help—for you —" He turned quickly and went out into the night.

The horse was ready. A small sack of oats, some hardtack biscuits, a nose-bag, and two blankets were tied in a neat roll behind the saddle; a new Henry repeating rifle was encased in the saddle scabbard. Phillips was dressed in heavy woolen garments beneath his buffalo-skin coat, with buffalo boots over several layers of heavy socks. A fur cap and furlined gauntlets completed his outfit. Colonel Carrington talked softly to the big bay horse as he held him while *Portugee* climbed into the saddle. The colonel lowered the bars and let them pass out the water gate, then stood with the guard listening to the hoof-beats on the hard road.

The sounds died away and Carrington looked at the guard. "Thank God!" he said as though to himself. "He's shifted to the soft side of the road."

He turned and walked slowly back to his quarters. It was nearly midnight.

Portugee Phillips knew the country, knew every landmark between Fort Phil Kearny and Fort Laramie. He

knew that Red Cloud's skulking savages might be out, even on a night like this, trying to head off the messenger they must suspect would be trying to get through. He also knew that the most hazardous part of the whole trip would be the 67 miles of the Bozeman Road from Phil Kearny to Fort Reno. He would be smart to keep west of the Bozeman this night.

A forty-mile wind, howling down from the Big Horns, picked up drifted powdery snow, raised it in massive swirls, blinding horse and rider and choking off their breath. The icy particles stung like a hundred tiny wasps as they hit unprotected parts of the man's face and neck. They bored into small openings between coat collar and neck and packed there as though by a tamping bar.

He couldn't hurry the horse. He had to let the big animal pick its way gingerly to avoid the holes and breaks now covered and disguised by drifted snow. His view of mountains and stars was shut off by the flying snow, and this made the task of guiding the horse more difficult. Men and horses often travelled in circles during a storm like this. Phillips and Kentucky had to move in a straight line; human lives were depending upon them.

Every hour or so Phillips dismounted, walked a while to revive the circulation in numbing body and freezing legs, and to give the horse a rest. The temperature was thirty—maybe forty—below zero; the coldness was intensified by the cruel, biting, cutting wind. Man and horse could quickly freeze to death if downed in this blizzard.

So they pressed on, this Portuguese immigrant and this horse from the blue-grass country; struggled on and on, tired bodies crying for rest, tortured lungs gasping for oxygen in the thin, mile-high air.

Before dawn they stopped at a frozen stream where Phillips broke the ice and got water for himself and Kentucky. He put a handful of oats in the nosebag and hung it over the horse's muzzle. He ate a square of unappetizing hardtack while the

horse munched away at its meager breakfast. Then he rubbed the animal's head, neck, and shoulders; wiped frozen snow and ice from its ears and forelock, and scraped snow from the creek bank so the horse could nibble a few bites of dried grass. Kentucky showed appreciation by nuzzling Portugee's fur coat.

When morning came he crept with his horse into a dense thicket of trees and brush and stayed there throughout the daylight hours of Saturday, December 22nd, taking no chances on being sighted by a roving redskin. He could have no fire, and stirred about just enough to keep the blood moving through his cold weary body. At dusk he headed easterly toward Fort Reno.

This could not be a high-speed ride. No animal, regardless of blood-lines or stamina, could do more than plod doggedly across this broken land of hills and rocks and coulees and washes all levelled now with drifted snow. The people behind the flimsy walls at Phil Kearny couldn't be saved by a courier or courier's horse with a broken leg or neck. Speed was important, but the completion of the mission was a matter of life and death. They had to keep moving, but they had to move cautiously.

Late that night Phillips was challenged by a startled sentry at Fort Reno's gate. Captain Proctor was summoned and Portugee reported the massacre of Fetterman and his men. Proctor, on being apprised of Phillips' mission, told him that no Indians had been seen in the vicinity and that he didn't think there would be any along the road to the south.

While Phillips was being given hot food and coffee, Kentucky had been unsaddled, rubbed down, and fed. After a short rest he started out again. Captain Proctor gave him a few supplies for himself and the horse.

Now he travelled the Bozeman Road and made better time. When daylight came Sunday morning, December 23rd, he was within 75 or 80 miles of Horse Shoe Creek.

He spent Sunday in another shel-

tered thicket, partially protected from the bitter wind, resting as best he could between the movements necessary to keep from freezing. He and the horse had to quench their thirst by nibbling loose snow. There had been no streams or springs since the Powder River crossing.

At dusk they moved out again, struggling on through the wind and snow and bitter cold. Phillips was now reasonably certain that the danger of Indians had been left behind. The storm, however, had not abated. The wind from the east was a cruel, biting blast that cut right through the buffalo coat and the woolen garments under it. Huge drifts, piled high on the road, slowed him down and put additional strain on his tired horse.

Toward morning the wind died down a little and at daybreak he sighted the old emigrant road along the Platte. He dismounted, brushed the ice from his beard and eyebrows. Then he walked for a short distance and turned down the trail toward the crossing where he would lead his horse across the frozen river on the ice. He mounted again and Kentucky jogged along the trail.

Suddenly, and without warning, the horse's ears went up and he gave a sharp snort. Kentucky had caught the familiar scent of Indians! Phillips pulled him up and listened.

He could hear the sound of muffled hoof-beats on the snow covered road behind him; then he saw them coming over a rise a quarter of a mile back. The Indians saw him at the same time and let out a blood-chilling yell.

Phillips raked Kentucky's flanks with spurred heels and reined the horse toward a rocky tree-covered hill five hundred yards to the left. The pursuing Indians were rapidly narrowing the distance between themselves and their quarry.

Kentucky laid his ears back and streaked ahead, belly close to the ground. The big thoroughbred, gaining speed even on the steep up-grade, pulled away from the Indians' ponies.

Atop the hill Phillips maneuvered

himself and horse into protected positions behind rocks and trees, laid out extra ammunition, and checked his rifle. It was fully loaded with fifteen shells.

The Indians' ponies came loping up the hill in single file, their riders wrapped in gaudy blankets and drab buffalo robes against the bitter cold. Phillips rubbed his cold bare hands against the warm flanks of his horse, placed the rifle barrel across a boulder and aimed carefully. He picked off the first Indian. The redskin screamed and dragged himself back down the hill; his pony scrambled off into the brush.

The next two Indians yelled and whipped their ponies toward the hill-top. Two quick shots from Phillips' rifle brought down a pony and another Indian. The other Indians scuttled down the hill dragging their dead and wounded companions out of range. Portugee Phillips calmly replaced his used ammunition and waited, but the Indians made no further attempts to storm the hill. They had had enough.

At dusk he moved out again. It was Christmas Eve—Monday, December 24th.

Back again on the emigrant trail, heading for the river crossing, he encountered two other white travelers—Captain Bailey and George Dillon—also on their way to Horse Shoe Creek station. Together they rode on through the night, reaching the station about 10 o'clock on Christmas morning.

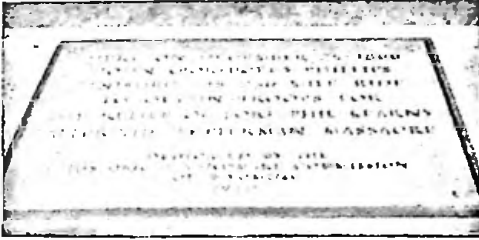
He filed copies of Carrington's dispatches with John C. Friend, the station telegraph operator. With his horse stable and fed and with a hot meal in his own stomach he climbed into a bunk and slept until awakened by the telegrapher late in the afternoon.

"Had some trouble with the messages," Friend told him, "but I got 'em off. Not sure though about that operator. He wasn't much good. Seemed kind of mixed up. Maybe too much Christmas—"

Phillips jumped out of the bunk.

There was a possibility that the dispatches hadn't been received at Fort Laramie the way Carrington had written them. He decided to ride on to Fort Laramie.

Outside the station the wind howled and the temperature had again dropped to thirty below. The forty miles of rough winding trail between the Horse Shoe and Fort Laramie would have been a hard eight hours' ride even in good weather. And this was anything but good weather. It was after three o'clock



This marker on the site of historic old Fort Laramie tells its own story. It says, "Here on December 25, 1866 John 'Portugee' Phillips finished his 236 mile ride to obtain troops for the relief of Fort Phil Kearny after the Fetterman massacre. Dedicated by the Historical Landmark Commission of Wyoming 1940."

and beginning to darken when the little group of men at the station watched the man and horse disappear through the murky curtain of swirling snow.

No more stopping now—no resting. Phillips pushed his great-hearted horse through drifted snow, up hill and down. He spurred, cajoled, pleaded in his native Portugese, urging Kentucky on into the gathering darkness. He had to get off frequently and walk to get the blood pumping through frosted legs and arms. Sometimes, after a hard up-grade climb, he'd stop and let his winded horse recover its breath, patting and praising the big bay. Kentucky would seem to understand. Then he would get back in the saddle and on they would plod, hour after endless hour, through drifted snow and bitter cold.

It was nearing midnight when the sentry rubbed startled eyes and stared at the apparition outside the

gate—a ghostly, sagging rider on a heaving bay horse. They had suddenly appeared as though dropped there in disgust by an angry and frustrated storm-god.

When Portugee Phillips slid to the ground his numbed and frozen legs folded under him. Muttered words came thickly through frozen lips. He pointed a gloved hand to an inner coat pocket. "Message—for-commander—"

Help came running. They half led, half carried the partially conscious man to the commanding officer's office. Phillips called back to the men at the gate, "That hoss—he need help—too—"

Kentucky was led slowly away to the stables.

The news brought by Portugee Phillips spread quickly. The gay Christmas party at the officers' club—"Old Bedlam"—was interrupted by the sound of the bugler's call to "Boots and Saddles." Within a few hours two companies of cavalry and four of infantry under the command of Lt. Colonel Henry W. Wessels were on their way to the relief of Fort Phil Kearny.

While these preparations were going on, Colonel Carrington's great thoroughbred horse, despite the very best efforts of the post veterinarians, lay dying in his stall.

After many weeks in the post hospital, see-sawing between life and death, John Phillips recovered, but the ordeal had broken his health to such an extent that he died seventeen years later, at the early age of fifty-one years.

The Indians hated him because he had cheated them of many scalps at Phil Kearny. They harassed him—stole his cattle, drove off his horses, burned his buildings and haystacks—and finally ruined him financially.

It was many years after Phillips' death before his destitute widow received any compensation from the government for his work and his losses. At one time his friends got a judgment for him in the Court of Claims for \$2,210 as payment for his

property that had been destroyed by the Indians. The government refused to pay it. The reason: *John Phillips was not a naturalized American citizen!*

Finally, in 1899—a third of a century after his epic ride—the first session of the 54th Congress authorized the payment of \$5,000 to the widow, then spread some words of praise about Phillips' heroism upon the pages of the Congressional Record.

Nestling in the fold of a wide loop of the Laramie River is the site of historic old Fort Laramie, now a National Monument. On the site are two stone markers commemorating the 236 mile ride of John "Portugee" Phillips and his noble horse.

One can hope that Portugee and his Kentucky thoroughbred may somehow have learned about those markers and the words of praise inscribed upon the bronze tablets attached to them. One feels that both of them—the man and the horse—would be pleased by this somewhat belated recognition of their service to the country; pleased, even though the man himself, many years after having performed the service, was stigmatized by one of the country's courts of law because *he was not a naturalized citizen!*

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KNOW YOUR WRITERS

(Continued from Page 4)

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Schoolcraft was an invalid, crippled with arthritis during the latter years of his life. Death brought to an end the career of a great contributor to Western History on December 10, 1864.

Nolie Mumey PM



Western's Bookshelf



STEAMCARS TO THE COMSTOCK, by Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg. Howell-North, 1957. 95 pp. \$4.50.

Of all America's bonanza short lines, the Virginia and Truckee was, both before and after its demise, probably the most publicized, rail for rail and spike for spike. Both the V&T and its cousin, the Carson and Colorado (now Southern Pacific narrow gauge), have been the subject of several excellent full-length histories and many magazine articles.

Despite this flood of public enlightenment on the subject generated over the years, *Steamcars to the Comstock* is still an extremely interesting book for one interested in either the western railroad history or in the Comstock legend itself. The authors have wisely chosen to make its consist largely pictorial, with only a map and a short historical sketch of each. The rest of the book is devoted to 120 photographs, all good, some excellent, and all very well reproduced.

I recommend this book to anyone interested in mining railroads or with a general or specific interest in Nevada history. As a short history of the rise and decline of bonanza railroading in the west it is excellent.

IN SEARCH OF THE GOLDEN WEST by Earl Pomeroy, Alfred a Knopf. 233 pp. plus Index. \$5.

"And what has the tourist done," the Earl of Dunraven, visiting our Rocky Mountain West in 1874, "that in the eyes of his fellow-creatures he should be an object of loathing and scorn?"

Earl Pomeroy, a professor of the University of Oregon, has essayed an answer to this question in a witty and thoroughly delightful survey of the Western tourist business from its inception to the present time.

He begins with travel on the railroads for aristocrats which included palace cars, pleasure domes and conducted tours by Cook, and Raymond and Whitcomb. Then there was the rise of the great hotel-resorts such as the Hotel del Monte at Monterey, the Raymond at Pasadena and the Hotel del Coronado. When the tourist attempted to rough it in our wilderness, he spent his time looking for something that resembled Europe. A host of "Switzerlands in America" soon grew up.

In the next phase the tourist was looking for freaks and curiosities such as to be found in Yellowstone or the Garden of the Gods. William D. Bickham, who published a book in 1879, "From Ohio to the Rocky Mountains," complained that "the average tourist is so intent on finding monstrosities, that he misses the grandeur and glory of the place."

Colorado and California were the first states of the West to attain popularity with

the tourist, and gradually the others followed, leading eventually to a vogue for the southwest and for the Indian (who had been thoroughly looked down upon in earlier travel).

Mr. Pomeroy outlines how the automobile and the growth of national parks did away with the day of the sportsman, and how dude ranches superseded the resort-hotel. His approach to these matters is not that of the true historian (although his book contains a great deal of fine history) but more of the humorous philosopher.

In its wide and perceptive range it will be bound to stimulate the thinking and knowledge of any student of the West no matter what his or her particular field. The book contains 24 good photographs, many from our own Denver Public Library.

—Caroline Bancroft

MURDER AT THE CORNERS, by G. B. Ray. San Antonio: The Naylor Co., (1957). Cloth. 12 mo, 111 pages, 11 illustrations. \$3.00.

South of the Red River and north of Dallas lie four Texas counties, Grayson, Fannin, Collin and Hunt, which from 1865 to 1871 were loci of the Peacock and Lee War, in which at least 60 and perhaps 100 men were slain. This is lovely farming country. Its products are famous. One of them is Dwight David Eisenhower, who was born in Denison, Grayson County, in 1890.

During the Civil War, many refugees settled on these fertile lands, refugees from Kansas and Missouri troubles, deserters from both armies, bushwhackers who wanted to hide, bandits who wanted to rob, sympathizers of North and South, and peaceful persons who wanted to get away from it all. Most of the sons of the older resident families were away, fighting for the Confederacy. There was much conflict around The Corners (where the four counties come together) and little law.

When Captain Bob Lee, late of Nathan Bedford Forrest's command, came home in 1865, all he wanted was peace. He had to die to find it. In his absence Lewis Peacock, an ambitious former-Kansan, a Northern man, had begun to take over political power in the four counties. MURDER AT THE CORNERS is the true story of the great feud that began with the conflict between Lee and Peacock and ended with their deaths. These were Reconstruction days. Characters in the drama include carpetbaggers and scalawags, soldiers of the federal army of occupation, sheriffs, Union Leaguers, veterans of both armies, and slackers who were for themselves alone. The men carried guns; the women carried messages. There were, too, an ex-slave who was a friend to all hands, and a peace-loving preacher with 18 children in his house.

By 1871, most of the combatants were dead or fled, and the war was over. It's been fairly peaceful around The Corners since then. But, in and around the towns of Sherman, Bonham, Greenville and McKinney, descendants of the feuding families still cherish the tales of the bloody deeds of their ancestors. Author Ray has done a fine job of researching.

John J. Lipsey, PM.

WOVOKA "THE INDIAN MESSIAH" by Paul Bailey, Western Lore Publishers, Box 41073, Los Angeles 13, California, 223 Pages, \$5.50.

I have been at the site of the "Wounded Knee" burial ground, Sioux Indian Reservation, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, and for as many years as I can remember the name Sitting Bull has suggested magic to me.

Mr. Bailey's quality book has given me an added depth of understanding—Wounded Knee—Sitting Bull's demise—the Ghost Dance. *Wovoka* is a sad story with its beginnings in the desolation of poverty of Nevada. The "religion" was conceived in the fertile but somewhat twisted calculating mind of a Piute Indian named Charley Wilson.

The plains Indians of the late 19th century desperate for leadership. Defeated, abused and hungry, they were willing to listen to any words that offered hope, much less a return of the old days—before white man. Here was a messiah, with a harmless message and a new dance. The cult swept over the dry plains in the manner of a grass fire and, like a grass fire, was confusing and consuming. The breaking up of this strange belief is a black monument to our often not so gallant U. S. Cavalry.

The story is printed on quality paper stock and typography is excellent. I liked the five pages of notes and comments. The selected reading list neglects a number of good books. *Wovoka* is attractively bound; however, I note no head bands. The index is adequate and the three-color jacket will brighten up any library. The author has made a splendid contribution. I recommend this book without reservation.

Dean F. Krakel

DOC W. F. CARVER, SPIRIT OF THE WEST, by Raymond W. Thorp, 266 pp. Illustrated. Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, Calif. \$8.50.

Doc Carver, direct lineal descendant of Plymouth Colony's Governor John Carver, was a famed buffalo hunter, world's champion marksman, and originator of the Wild West Show. So remarkable were some of his feats of marksmanship that seeing was not believing, and spectators, suspecting trickery, demanded to examine the firearm. In these instances, the 6 feet four, red-haired shooter would not only permit his rifle or revolver to be examined, but agreed to continue the exhibition with any similar weapon offered him.

Fortunately for the lay reader of this well-

written book by the author of "Bowie Knife," his strained credibility is buttressed by the fact that it was written from the 16 scrap-books of Doc Carver and from Thorp's correspondence and personal contact with him in Carter's later years. Else, how might one be expected to believe such statements as these:

Doc Carver fired 16 shots within 4 seconds with a Winchester . . . He broke 153 straight glass balls in 11 minutes before the Prince of Wales . . . Broke 5500 glass balls out of 6216; time, 8 hrs., 9½ min . . . Killed 33 elk in one run . . . With pistol, killed 30 prairie chickens on the wing, in one day . . . Shot 3 teal ducks within 1½ seconds—one head-on, one straight overhead, one from behind, using a rifle . . . Teals fly 2 miles a minute . . . In a match in Denver, using a Ballard rifle against a shotgun, he broke 487 out of 500 glass balls to his opponent's 478.

Or these: He shot with both eyes wide open, no squint. His eyes were a kindly brown, not the traditional gray or blue of the man with a gun. He shot from sound, was equally effective in the darkness. From the back of a running horse, a six-shooter in each hand, he shattered 11 out of 12 pebbles thrown into the air. With rifle, shotgun or revolver, he could shoot as accurately from the hip as from the shoulder.

Carver, who earned his nickname, "Doc," because as a boy he had the gift of curing injured wild things, took his last beating from his father when he was about 17 and left his Illinois home to seek the land grant of his grandfather, Jonathan Carver; in western Minnesota. From the Santee Sioux of this region he received his Indian name of "Spirit Gun" for his shooting ability, and was later made a medicine man. The year was 1857.

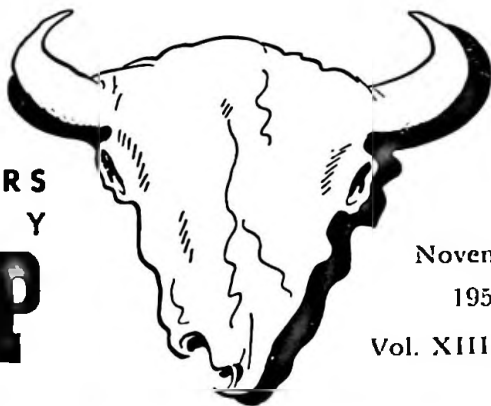
The gifted rifleman quickly became a renowned buffalo hunter, killing some 30,000. Shooting matches were interspersed with his plainsman's hunting for meat. As his fame grew, Doc Carver competed in live bird matches at gun clubs, as well as in target shoots. For 18 years he was the champion all-around shot of the world. At the time of his death, aged 87, his records were unbroken.

A good businessman, Doc made a major mistake when he took in Buffalo Bill Cody as partner in his show, "The Golden West." Cody is described as a drunkard, a ham actor, a bad shot who broke glass balls at the performances with a special Winchester .50 caliber Express, loaded with birdshot. The author states that Cody never did ride Pony Express.

This review would have been better written by a gun expert such as Lucien Cary or our own Charles B. Roth. Lacking critical knowledge of firearms, and so being unable properly to evaluate the various feats of marksmanship described by Raymond Thorp, I can truthfully say his book gave me the pleasant experience of learning about the life and times of a unique, highly interest-character of the frontier West.

Dabney Otis Collins, PM.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



November
1957
Vol. XIII, No. 11



The first Glen Eyrie, home of General Wm. J. Palmer located in Garden of the Gods region Colorado Springs. (Mazzulla collection)

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



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hart

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DECEMBER MEETING

"Jewish Pioneering in Colorado"

By

Mrs. Ida Libert Uchill

Wednesday, December 18, 1957

6:30 P.M.

American Legion Hall.....14th and Broadway

This is our annual Christmas Party and is open to all members . . . Posse and Corresponding, their wives and guests. Mrs. Uchill has recently published a best selling book titled "Pioneers, Peddlers and Tsadikim," a comprehensive history of early-day Jewish life in Colorado, and her talk will be on excerpts from this book.

A SILVER SPUR . . .

to . . . **THOMAS H. FERRIL PM** . . . poet, writer, publisher, Incorporator and Charter Member of The Denver Westerners Posse . . . for winning the

the \$10,000 offered by The Denver Post and its publisher **Palmer Hoyt**, for the best original romantic play based on discovery of gold in Colorado in 1859. Title of the play is: ". . . And Perhaps

Happiness" taken from a report on Colorado written in 1860 by **Henry Villard**: "The Past and Present of The Pike's Peak Gold Region." Theme of the play is the famous "Silverheels" legend of the Leadville-Fairplay-Alma mining region of Colorado during those early years. Approximately 70 entries to the contest were submitted by playwrights from every section of the United States. Judges were: **Chester M. Alter**, chancellor, University of Denver; **John Chapman**, drama-critic, New York Daily News; **Cheryl Crawford**, theatrical producer, New York City; **Ben Draper**, California Academy of Science, and **Paul Gregory**, Hollywood theatrical producer. Plans are being made to produce Ferril's play in the famous Central City Opera House at a possible time to coincide with Colorado's 100th anniversary celebration of the discovery of gold.

to . . . **NOLIE MUMEY PM** . . . for his recent publication of two outstanding books on Western History . . . "James Pierson Beckwourth" . . .



Thomas H. Ferril

story of the famous frontiersman trapper, prospector, and Chief of the Crow Indians . . . and "March of the Dragoons" . . . the day-to-day diary of **Captain Lemuel Ford**, who served under **Colonel Henry Dodge**, in a sixteen hundred mile march along the Platte River to the Rocky Mountains, returning by way of the Arkansas River in 1835. Both books are issued in limited editions: "Beckwourth" to 500, and "Dragoons" to 350.



to . . . **CAROLINE BANCROFT CM** . . . for her part in donating and erecting a memorial headstone on the grave of **Silver Dollar Tabor**, daughter of **H. A. W. Tabor** and "**Baby Doe**" Tabor. The grave previously unmarked, is located in the Holy Sepulcher Cemetery in Chicago. **Silver Dollar** died September 18, 1925 in the tenderloin district of Chicago under mysterious and degrading circumstances. The memorial ceremony was performed on the thirty-second anniversary of her death. Participating in the event were **Bert Baker**, Chicago publisher and **Tom Peavey** of United Press Association, a former Denverite and personal friend of **Baby Doe Tabor**.

to . . . **B. G. HOOPER CM** . . . for his monthly periodical . . . **OVERLAND NEWS** . . . now in its fifth issue of Vol. 1. Western history students will want this interesting and very in-

formative monthly publication. Subscription price is \$2.50 per year, \$4.00 for two years, and one may subscribe by writing to P. O. Box 1844, Denver 1, Colo.

to . . . the wife of **Henry A. Clausen PM . . . MRS. ELIZABETH S. CLAUSEN** of Colorado Springs . . . who was recently appointed a Deputy Sheriff

for El Paso County (Colo.). **Mrs. Clausen** is a member of the Colorado State Historical Society, and the Ghost Town Club. It has been suggested that with a real two-gun Sheriff in his home . . . husband **Henry** be careful about taking marbles from small boys playing in front of his popular book store.

WRITERS OF WESTERN HISTORY

GEORGE CATLIN, 1796-1872, holds a unique place in the annals of Western History due to his interest in Indians, whom he painted and about whom he wrote as they lived in their natural haunts. Born in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, on July 26, 1796, his interest in Indians was aroused as a small boy when he took his brother's rifle and went out to kill a deer. He lifted his gun, took aim, saw the deer run and drop dead from a rifle fired by an Indian who tied the feet of the animal together, placed it over his back and left.

His father, who was an attorney, persuaded George to study law. He entered the school at Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1817; after one year he passed the bar examination and began his practice at Lucerne, Pennsylvania. He idled his time away in his office, making sketches. Two years later, in 1820, he sold his law books and moved to Philadelphia, where he devoted his time to painting.

In 1822, he exhibited six of his paintings in the Academy of Pennsylvania, and began getting commissions to paint portraits. He was self-educated in the field of art, and after eight years, twelve of his paintings were exhibited in the American Academy of Fine Arts. He married Clara Gregory in 1828.

A few of the Plains Indians, who were passing through Philadelphia on their way to Washington, fired his imagination to such an extent that he

determined to study and paint Indian life in the Far West.

He began his trek to the Indian country in 1830, and was introduced into the region by William Clark of expedition fame. In 1832, Catlin was busy painting, making extensive field notes among the tribes of Upper Missouri, and writing descriptions of their habits and ways of life. In 1834, he accompanied the Dragoons into Comanche and Kiowa country where he put many portraits and scenic views on canvas. In 1835 and 1836, we find him in the Mississippi and Great Lakes area studying and painting the red men.

By 1837, he had sufficient material to open a gallery in New York, later exhibiting in Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and many other cities. That same year, he opened a gallery in London and published a catalogue of 507 paintings. He also had on exhibit a number of artifacts, costumes, ceremonial objects, and buffalo skins. During the five years his gallery was open in London, he gained a reputation as an author. In 1841, his two-volume work, *Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs and Conditions of the North American Indians*, appeared, full of information on the West, and illustrated with 312 plates relating to the Indians. By 1860, it had gone through twenty editions and four translations. In 1844, he published *Catlin's North American Indian portfolio*, containing twenty-five of his paintings in lithographic color.

This is now a rare item among collectors.

In 1845, he moved his exhibit to Paris, where he remained for three years. Returning to London in 1848, he issued *A Descriptive Catalogue of Catlin's Indian Collection*, listing 607 paintings, one hundred more than he had listed previously. Catlin became heavily involved in debt and his creditors began selling his paintings at auction to satisfy their claims. Joseph Harrison, who was connected with the American Locomotive Works in Philadelphia, paid off the creditors and took the largest part of the collection back to the Quaker City, where they were stored. Having survived two fires, they were given to the Smithsonian Institution by Mrs. Harrison in 1879. They were placed in the division of Ethnology in the U. S. National Museum, where they have a permanent home.

Catlin's paintings delineate the West as it was over a century ago, when trappers and traders were in constant contact with the Indians. His landscape pictures depict the country before the advent of the white man and early settler. Catlin was one of the first to paint the Indians of the West from life; others preceded him, but never exhibited their works to the

public. He trekked into the Amazon jungles studying the Indians there. Among his published works are: *O-kee-pa: A Religious Ceremony; and other Customs of the Mandans*, London and Philadelphia, 1867, and *Last Rambles among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains and Andes*, 1869.

Catlin, the great artist and writer, like many another genius, was a financial failure. His old friend, Professor Joseph Henry, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, had him come to Washington, and gave him a room high in the turret of the building, where he was kept busy cleaning and restoring his paintings. He walked a mile to his lodging, which was in a cheap boarding house. A pitiful man, who had given his life to preserving the scenic West, he was criticized by Schoolcraft and accused of putting his imagination into many of his Indian portraits.

Catlin, the great showman, painter and writer, was a controversial figure, who was praised and condemned. A self-taught man, he died in his daughter's home in Jersey City, New Jersey, on December 23, 1872, leaving a great heritage for those who know and love the West with its interesting Indian life.

Nolie Mumey PM

CHASE MELLEN'S COLORADO ADVENTURES

By John J. Lipsey

In August of 1935, Chase Mellen, a well-to-do New York lawyer, 72 years old, sat down to write about the happiest period of his life. This period was not that when he was being educated at Brasenose College, Oxford, England; and it was not included in his long career as a distinguished and successful attorney. The happy time he wrote about was the decade which, as a boy, he spent in and near the in-

fant Fountain Colony, or Colorado Springs.

What the old man wrote then he made into a pamphlet, only a small number of copies of which were printed for his family and friends. This pamphlet, "Sketches of Pioneer Life and Settlement of the Great West," is one of the most interesting sources of information about early Colorado Springs. After years of search I now

have what must be one of the few surviving copies. From it I have gotten a good deal (no not all) of the material for this paper.

Chase Mellen's father was William Proctor Mellen, a lawyer and an associate of Salmon P. Chase. Salmon P. Chase became Governor of Ohio, Secretary of the Treasury in Lincoln's cabinet, and later Chief Justice of the United States. For him Chase Mellen was named. W. P. Mellen, under the Treasury Secretary, held a most peculiar job. He was one of two "general supervising agents of the Treasury Department over commerce between the insurrectionary States and the North, as well as foreign commerce as it affected the rebel States." This unusual traffic between the two belligerents was satisfactory to both sides: New England mills needed cotton to make into clothes for Northern soldiers; the South had cotton which it was anxious to sell for gold with which it could buy arms and munitions in Europe. So, in 1861, the U. S. Congress passed an act "prohibiting commercial intercourse between citizens of the insurrectionary States and those not in insurrection, *except* such as might be licensed by the president."

W. P. Mellen's strange job lasted until 1866. He then moved his family to Flushing, N. Y., and resumed law practice in New York City. At Flushing, on Long Island, on Nov. 7, 1870, Chase Mellen's half-sister, Mary Lincoln Mellen, and Gen. William J. Palmer were married. (Mrs. Palmer was, and is, usually called by her pet name, "Queen." This may be the first time you learn that her real name was Mary Lincoln.)

Already W. P. Mellen was becoming financially interested in Palmer's enterprises. He was a director of what had been originally called "The Fountain Farms"; and of Palmer's railway, originally called "International Pacific". In December 1871, four months

after the first stake of Colorado Springs was driven, and approximately two months after the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad reached Colorado Springs, W. P. Mellen, his second wife, and his six children left Flushing to go to their new home in Colorado. Their reception was chilly. At Hugo, Colorado, a blizzard halted their Kansas Pacific train for several days. When they got to snowless Denver, they had been a week out of Kansas City. After a fine meal at Charpiot's ("The Dalmonico's of the West"), they went back to the depot and beheld the tiniest locomotive and cars they had ever seen. These made up the D. & R. G. narrow-gauge train that was to take them to Colorado Springs.

Chase, only eight years old, was already a collector. He got hold of short sections of the 30- and 40-pound rails, with which the track was built, and kept them the rest of his life. These sections were about three inches high and a little more than an inch wide at the top, and the base was three-and-a-quarter inches across. The speed of the little train was about 20 miles per hour and it made frequent stops for wood and water.

When they reached the hamlet of Colorado Springs, horse-drawn vehicles met them and took them to Soda Springs (later called Manitou). En route, they passed through Colorado City, which for a brief period had been the capital of the territory and a flourishing but small settlement. In 1871, its inhabitants were few, and its principal industries saloons and gambling halls. Chase described Colorado City as "stragglng, ill-kempt and ill-mannered." He wrote, "looked with jealous ill-will upon the new town [Colorado Springs] and its growing population of highbrow tenderfeet who would tolerate no saloons, dance-halls or gambling-places."

In December 1871, according to

Mellen, the only inhabitant of the potential watering-place, Manitou, was an old fellow called The Hermit. He lived in a tent-like shelter of pine slabs close to a magnesia spring, and seemed to subsist largely on its waters.

A large, pine-slabbbed, one-story cabin had been built in Manitou for the Mellens' temporary use. In general the days were mild, but at night a big fireplace in the living-room gave welcome heat. Nearby a shed had been built over the great soda-spring. Cold as it was, the Mellens bathed in it, the gas tickling and supporting the bathers. George Motley, General Palmer's cook was their chef. Motley had been Palmer's body-servant on Palmer's survey for a Kansas Pacific railroad route to San Diego and San Francisco in 1867 and 1868.

While the Mellens waited a few weeks until General Palmer's house at Glen Eyrie (about five miles away) could be finished, they used the cabin for little more than shelter for the nights. The happy days were spent in climbing mountains and riding western ponies.

Before the Glen Eyrie house was quite complete, the Palmers and Mellens moved into it. "It was a large wooden house, well-planned and built. The outstanding feature was a hexagonal tower which rose up three stories and a half to a flat roof. On the first floor were four large rooms, roughly hexagonal in shape, built around a central chimney that afforded to each a wood-burning fireplace. The hearths were made of fossilized fishes and shells, dug from the bed of a dry stream where they had lain for centuries. The mantel-pieces were built of rustic cedar. The upper stories of the main house were also centered around the chimney, divided into large bedrooms, each with an open fireplace. There may have been a bathroom, but there was no adequate water system at first. Sev-

eral years later the house was done over and enlarged, a complete water system was installed, and there were bathrooms galore. Still later, it was practically rebuilt and enlarged, the original plan of the main part being retained. The exterior was [then] reconstructed of stone quarried on the place and every bit, except for window- and door-frames, was taken from the quarry with such care as to preserve the moss and lichens and weathering that covered it in its unquarried state, which gave the home the appearance of an old Scotch castle. A great room, comparable in size and design to the halls of such houses as Penhurst and other stately homes of England, was added at one side. It was truly a great house, dignified and beautiful, inside and out."

General Palmer had pre-empted acres enough to take in all the Upper or Little Garden of the Gods, as it was then called, and a canon that emptied into it. Old Mr. Blair, Palmer's Scottish landscape-gardener, suggested the name of Glen Eyrie because an eagle had built her great nest on a canon wall that overlooked the house. In honor of the gardener, no doubt, the canon next north was called Blair Athol.

"To healthy active children," Mr. Mellen wrote, "Glen Eyrie was a paradise. We set about at once exploring, and climbing the rocks and mountains and Queen's Canon, named in honor of my sister, Queen. A lovely grove of cottonwood trees, just above its entrance, was named Lady Ellen's Bower, in honor of my mother."

The children tested the echoes from King Arthur's Seat, a great stone chair. They gathered agates, crystals, opals and "kidney iron" (balls of sandstone impregnated with iron). From a gypsum deposit they carved bowls and images. They met plants, too: the bristling yucca or soapweed, wild cherries and hazelnuts, and a

ubiquitous bush bearing small hard berries which, when put in water, furnished a good substitute for lemonade.

Except for the mountain hermit thrush and the meadow lark there were not many songbirds. But the children learned to recognize and to love magpies, jays, blackbirds, kingfishers and flickers. Eagles, hawks and buzzards abounded. *G a m e - b i r d s* (grouse, prairie chickens and ducks) were plentiful. They often saw and were amused by the road-runner or chaparral cock.

There was plenitude of jackrabbits, prairiedogs and beaver. The young Mellens wandered among the pines, spruces, cottonwoods, aspens and cedars, and gathered delicious nuts from the pinons. Wild flowers were found everywhere: Indian paintbrush, wild crocuses and peas, mariposa lilies, larkspur, bluebells and briar roses, sunflowers, blackeyed susans, field daisies and columbines. They learned to recognize, too, a dozen kinds of self-defending cactus.

Only rarely did they see big game or predators. (The Pikes Peak Region was becoming civilized.) But once they unwittingly followed a mountain lion which their dogs had flushed. There were rattlesnakes, and they killed many with large stones. By experience they learned to avoid skunks.

They had pets: ponies, a Newfoundland dog, and a red billy-goat. In a wire enclosure they kept a young cinnamon bear, which grew to be so fierce that he was given to the owner of Manitou's Cliff House, who tethered it as tourist bait. One day the beast bit a customer and next day Cliff House guests bit into bear-steaks.

Chase and his brothers and sisters climbed into the caves of Williams Canon, across the ridge from Queen's Canon. Constantly on their roamings they met Ute Indians, usually

hunting in pairs. Once 500 Utes visited the general at Glen Eyrie. It was believed they were looking for a safe place to leave their women, children and old men while the warriors went on toward Denver to have their annual fight with their traditional enemies, the Cheyennes.

Old Chief Washington was boss of the Utes then. As long as he wore the silver medal, as big as a small dinner-plate, which he had received when he visited the Great White Father in Washington, the children knew he was in a peaceful mood. Once the little Mellens were invited to an Indian feast in a smoke-filled tepee and, out of courtesy, Chase had to eat a chunk of meat about the color of elephant's hide, and just as tough.

After the Indians had been encamped on Camp Creek, near the entrance of Glen Eyrie, for several weeks, the Palmers appealed to several former governors of the territory to rid them of their expensive Indian guests. Ex-Governor Alexander Cameron Hunt (one of Palmer's business associates) suggested to the redskins that they had overstayed their welcome, and they moved away toward the north. Next morning the children visited the abandoned campground and found a feeble old squaw digging for food in the ashes of a dead fire. She, being useless, had been left behind to die. The whites did not allow her to starve.

Chase's sister, Mrs. William Lutley Sclater (whose husband was the English ornithologist who in 1906 became Director of the Museum of Colorado College) remembered how the Utes sized up three former governors. Of William Gilpin they said: "Heap Howdy-do; no biscuit." Of Hunt: "Heap Howdy-do; heap biscuit." And of a third (who was politely unnamed by Mrs. Sclater, but who could have been either John Evans or Edward Moody McCook): "No Howdy-do;

no biscuit." Curt, clear, concise!

Sometimes medium or small bands of Utes would camp along Monument Creek near Colorado Springs and do considerable trading. They were skilled in curing buffalo hides, and the children got several robes, the insides of which were painted in colors with hunting scenes or curious designs. They also acquired bows and arrows. Their mother got silver bangles, handworked into rough geometrical patterns. Money was not highly valued by the Utes, but they would gladly swap their products for glass beads and other cheap, showy trinkets.

The young braves loved (above everything else except battle) horse-racing. They rode bareback, with no bits, and often contested with white men. The Indians were good gamblers, winning without boasting, losing without moans.

* * *

In 1873, Chase's father, W. P. Mellen, died. His mother then moved her children, by that time totaling seven, to Colorado Springs, five miles from Glen Eyrie, in order to be nearer the schools. Up to this time the young Mellens had been taught by governesses.

Colorado Springs had grown in many ways in the two years since Palmer and W. P. Mellen had staked out the streets and lots. Palmer's corporation, the Colorado Springs Company, had taken title to the land and had planted cottonwood trees along irrigating ditches on both sides of the wide streets. Water was brought to them through the El Paso Canal from a point on Fontaine qui Bouille (Fountain Creek), west of Colorado City. The cottonwoods grew rapidly and made the one-time prairie appear to be planted forest. This encouraged the colonists to try to grow other things with irrigation. Chase Mellen indicates that he stole some splendid watermelons that ripened along

Shook's Run, a north-south gully whose summer floods still plague residents of central Colorado Springs. Near the Rio Grande depot the town's founders planted an "experimental garden" with vegetables, fruit-trees, flowers and shrubs. Thus it was learned what plants did well, and property-owners used this information to convert the bare ground around their houses into pleasant lawns and gardens.

In 1873, Chase saw great herds of cattle driven through Colorado Springs on their way from mountain pastures above Ute Pass to the buffalo grass on the plains just east of town. Cowboys and wise cow-ponies would herd the mixed cattle along wide Pikes Peak Avenue, which citizens (warned by dust-clouds and cowboy-yells) vacated. Cowhands were usually peaceful, but once a top-hand got obstreperous under alcoholic influence and the town-marshal jailed him without gunfire, though both were weaponed.

"Colorado Springs was free from crimes of violence," Mr. Mellen wrote. "Only on rare occasions were vigilante committees organized." One of these occasions was shortly after a lady music-teacher came to town with her husband. They were foreigners, and he, a big dandy, depended on her for support. "She was about to become a mother when the news got out that one of his accomplishments was a trick of kicking his wife out of bed. One night a number of men gathered, proceeded to his house, seized and marched him to a vacant house opposite our house, and thrashed him soundly." The villain was advised to leave town and did so. His wife remained in Colorado Springs and lived happily ever after.

One of the sights the boy loved to see was the arrival of ore-wagons from South Park and Leadville. The route from Leadville to Colorado Springs,

via Trout Creek Pass, across South Park, over Hayden Divide and down Ute Pass, was the shortest from the mining districts to any railroad. (It was in part the same route that the Colorado Midland Railroad followed when it crawled over the mountains in the late eighties.) The great wagons, with trailers, most of them drawn by from eight to 20 mules, brought ore to the railroad and took back supplies for the mining camps. The wagons traveled in groups, called "trains." Teams of less than eight mules would be driven in the usual manner, that is with reins. Teams of eight or more were controlled by a driver who rode the left wheel-mule. He had a "jerk-line" which ran from his hand to the bit of the left lead-mule, to whom he signalled his desires by a series of jerks or by a steady pull. With each of the bigger trains there would be a small wagon for the cook, his equipment and the food. One of the trailers would be loaded with feed for the animals. So at night they could stop at any convenient place. Prospectors, and handlers of freight destined for places where wagons could not go, packed their stuff on strings of burros, and Ute Pass was musical with the songs of the little donkeys.

* * *

In 1878, when Chase was 15, there occurred one of the campaigns in the war between the D. & R. G. and the Santa Fe Railroads. The Santa Fe had been operating the Rio Grande under a lease, which Gen. William J. Palmer and his supporters sought to void. One of the things they did to get control again was to start a train from Colorado Springs, loaded with armed men and Rio Grande telegraphers, to take over railroad stations between Colorado Springs and Pueblo. The boy Chase had been studying telegraphy. His brother-in-law, Palmer, allowed him to go on the train so that Chase could take charge of

one of the to-be-captured stations. Chase had a tremendous revolver strapped to him, as the others had. When they neared a station, the train would be stopped and the armed men would advance to capture the depot. At Fountain, the station to which Chase was to have been assigned, it was found that the agent in charge was loyal to the D. & R. G., so he was allowed to remain in office, and Chase continued with the train. Pretty soon they saw a train approaching them from the south. Both trains halted, the men on each train advanced warily, weapons at the ready. The approaching train proved to be another D. & R. G. outfit, from Pueblo, which had captured all intervening stations without bloodshed. Both trains backed up to their starting points, and for a while there was peace on the D. & R. G.

* * *

Colorado Springs, in its infancy during the eighteen-seventies, was a civilized frontier. It never was a "wild western" town. A majority of its early inhabitants were persons of gentle birth and good education. General Palmer, the founder, planned it that way. But Colorado's population was not a classless society, according to Chase Mellen.

At the top were the Fifty-Niners, those who had come to Colorado in the Pikes Peak Gold Rush. Next came those who had settled here before 1876, the year Colorado became a state. They were followed by ten-defect, who were despised by their predecessors until the newcomers had been here long enough to learn good western manners. Tourists were in a class of their own. Those who stayed a while and appreciated the scenery and praised the health-giving air were welcomed and shown great consideration. The quick-trippers, those who wanted merely to see as many sights as possible in the shortest time, and

to hurry home saying they had seen Colorado, were considered nuisances.

Among the tenderfeet in Colorado Springs were a large number of "younger sons," both English and American, many of whom bought sheep or cattle ranches near the colony. (Sheepmen were not then in bad odor in Colorado Springs. Some of them became leading members of the first gentlemen's club in Colorado, El Paso Club of Colorado Springs.) Not all of the younger sons were under a cloud, but a few were experts in the art of drinking. Whether because of the superior altitude or of the inferior liquor they drank, these experts became wild men when lit up. Most of the exiles, Mellen said, were real assets of the community, and many became successful ranch-operators and business men.

One of the less desirable exiles, to whom Mellen gave the *alias* "Lothario," made quite a production of his stay in Colorado Springs. Instead of buying and settling down on a ranch, as he had been sent out to do, he spent his substance in riotous living and his time in fooling around with other men's wives. One day, when he had apparently come to the end of his string, his doctor found a letter from him which said Lothario had been followed west by an avenging husband who had demanded satisfaction on the field of honor; and that if Lothario did not show up in a reasonable time the doctor was to go out to Austin Bluffs (a few miles northeast of town) where the duel was expected to take place. The doctor hustled out to the bluffs and found his correspondent dead with a dueling pistol in his hand, and surrounded by evidence that a duel had taken place. But a coroner's jury decided Lothario had set the stage and bumped himself off.

* * *

Chase Mellen missed one of Colo-

rado's biggest blow-outs, the celebration of Colorado's admission as a State of the Union in 1876. He and his elder brother, Clark, had been banished to the preparatory department of Swarthmore College, near Philadelphia, to absorb some eastern culture. They visited often the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, but thought the West put on a better show. It appears that the two Mellens' brand of Western individualism was too rugged for their Quaker school-casters, for Clark and Chase spent only one scholastic year at Swarthmore. They then returned to their beloved Colorado.

Earlier, Clark Mellen had received an invitation to be present at "the opening of the Summit Station, Saturday, Oct. 11, 1873." The summit Station was a stone hut erected on Pikes Peak by the U. S. Signal Corps. The bid was signed by Geo. Boermer, Observer-in-Charge, and by his assistants, L. E. Sebree, J. H. Smith, L. A. Merman, and E. W. Bontelle. It is possible that some of these meteorologists were heliographers, too, for at one period the government maintained a network of posts on high peaks from Denver's vicinity to southwestern Colorado, flashing messages by sunlight and mirrors. Clark was not able to attend this high dedication, but some time later he and Chase climbed the Peak with a large burro-mounted party. Their route was up Ruxton Canon and by Half-Way House (a large cabin by Devil's Lake, later elegantly renamed and made a part of Colorado Springs' water-system.) There have been, of course, other Half-Way Houses. The donkey-jockeys were told that in the lake lived a monster that had worked its way up from the sea, the lake being bottomless. They spent an anxious night at the cabin, having posted a guard against the sea-serpent. Next morning they followed the narrow,

stony trail the Signal Corps had built toward the south slope of the Peak and passed along the edge of a fearsome slash called Abyss of Desolation. From the top of the Peak, as everyone knows, they could see all 'round, all 'round. One of the mountains Chase looked down on was Monte Rosa (prominently visible as you drive toward the mountains on Cheyenne Boulevard near Colorado Springs). This, he wrote, "had been named in honor of either Rose Kingsley, or else of our governess, Rosa Strauss, an altogether charming Viennese."

* * *

Chase Mellen made a paragraph out of a Colorado City character who is still celebrated. I quote part of this:

"One of the old-timers was known as Judge Baldwin. He had never presided over any court so far as we knew, but he was a not-too-discriminating judge of whiskey. He would levy under his own execution of judgment upon that commodity—and did so once too often. He rode the circuit of the drinking-places on a white pony which knew the road between them and his master's ranch thoroughly. Once the judge levied execution until he could carry no more and started for his ranch. His road passed an old slaughter-house in a gully. Someone passing by next morning saw the white pony . . . hitched to a fence-post. Upon investigation he discovered poor old Judge Baldwin's body in a well. At first it was thought that he had been murdered, but the final conclusion was that he had staggered drunkenly too near the edge and had fallen in." The event caused a mild sensation, for the judge was a link between the Region's past and present. He had been an Indian-fighter who had been scalped, and had lived to tell the tale and to display evidence of its truth.

* * *

The parents of the young Mellens were well-to-do, but all the Mellens turned their hands to doing the work of the household. On this frontier there was not a large supply of domestic help. The boys carried water, took care of horses, milked cows, cut firewood, kept fires going, and kept the grounds tidy. The girls, with a good example set by their mother, did most of the housework, washed dishes and pans, and learned to be good cooks. "It was a badge of honor," Chase wrote, "not only to know how but to do the work."

* * *

Chase Mellen had a good opportunity to observe the contact between Eastern culture and Western ruggedness. For the Fountain Colony was at first mostly a group of educated Britons and Eastern Americans set down on a Western mesa.

In Colorado Springs, Chase saw first a great Shakespearean actor. He was Charles Rignold, in Henry the Fifth. The "theatre" was the second-floor town hall, and Rignold was to lead his great white horse up a stairway to the hall and stage. When he, astride the charger at Agincourt, and lambasting the gentlemen of England then a-bed, tried to wave his sword the low ceiling frustrated him. But unabashed, the true trouper carried on. Young Chase was charmed.

Mellen wrote in 1935 that Colorado Springs did not have to wait long for a real playhouse. Three officials of the First National Bank, Irving Howbert, Benjamin F. Crowell and J. W. Humphrey, were responsible for it. They had grubstaked a prospector at Leadville. The prospector located the Robert E. Lee Mine, and the three made fortunes. "Wishing then to do something for their own, they built the New Opera House, a well-planned, commodious theatre." On the drop-curtain was the coat of arms of Colorado, and the State's motto,

Nil sine numine. Mr. Crowell, a wit, was asked what the motto meant. He said he did not know, but he guessed it could be translated "No sign of a new mine." It was in this opera house that actor Lon Chaney received his first stage experience—as a stagehand.

Chase and two brothers went prospecting with miner Pat Murphy, an old liquor-lover. They staked many a claim and wielded pick and shovel to do assessment work, but never located a lode.

* * *

At first the Mellen children were taught by governesses. Later their instructor was a Rev. Mr. Mendenhall, who had come west to seek health. During summer vacations, Mr. Mendenhall would take the boys on camping trips in Estes Park. He was succeeded by Monsieur le Comte Langrand, who taught them the vigorous card game called "vitesse," as well as book-learning. The count had followed to the West his son, who was a D. & R. G. civil engineer.

Mellen wrote that there were good public schools in Colorado Springs. In addition, Colorado College had been founded in 1873 and at first housed in a small building on Tejon Street, opposite Acacia Park.

To earn spending money, Chase began to address wrappers for the Colorado Springs Gazette. In the early morning he and his younger brother delivered the daily to local subscribers, riding the route on ponies.

Manitou Park was then a cattle ranch, run by Englishmen for English owners. At roundup time, Chase would help the cowboys rope and brand the calves. He rode a cutting horse named Buck, who had more experience in the work than Chase had had.

* * *

During one summer Chase went with a surveying party for the D. & R. G., then pushing its narrow-gauge

lines into new mining camps. He started as back-flagman, became rodman, leveller, and transit-man. He worked on the line from Colorado Springs to Manitou, and later on the survey from Marshall Pass to Gunnison. When this survey was finished and construction began over Marshall Pass, he became "force account keeper." His duty it was to visit every work gang every day and count the laborers. When winter came, he had to use skis and a long pole. Having climbed to the top of the pass, he'd straddle the pole and ski down to where duty called. Chase reported that snow covered the cabin in which he and his party were living and that they had to dig to get out and to let air and light through the windows. There were drifts 30 feet deep, and the stageroad over Marshall Pass was in places packed to a depth of ten or more feet. Before spring came, his thermometer recorded 32 degrees below zero.

Quite different was the weather of a later survey from Alamosa to Del Norte. It was summer and he was "running the level, standing in the broiling sun on an open treeless plain. The heat waves danced so merrily that it took a long time get a correct rod-reading through the telescope if the rod was 200 or more feet away. Just before they finished this job a rider on a white horse galloped past the party, shouting "Der Bresident is shooted!" The flying Dutchman dashed on, having left with the surveyors the first news they had that Garfield had been shot on July 2, 1881.

Then Chase and his companions were ordered to go to Lake City, by way of Wagon Wheel Gap and Slungullion Pass, to survey the Lake Fork of the Gunnison for another D. & R. G. branch.

On these expeditions they had for meat venison, buffalo and antelope

steaks, and prairie chicken and grouse, which they considered delicacies. Vegetables and fruit came in cans. Fish they took from streams. Baltimore oysters, packed with their own juice in flat oblong cans, were carried along.

Chase in later years found his engineering experiences of value when he worked for Palmer on his railroad projects in Mexico, and (still later) when he became a lawyer, it was of great help to know how boundaries

were established.

Shortly before Chase had these adventures on the Western Slope of Colorado, his widowed mother had taken all her younger children to live in England. In 1881, Chase and Clark Mellen followed. In Brasenose College, Oxford University, it was hoped, the rough edges of American Western upbringing would be polished off. But their Oxford education could not erase the happy memories of ten years of youth on the Colorado frontier.



Westerner's Bookshelf



FIFTY YEARS ON THE OLD FRONTIER AS COWBOY, HUNTER, GUIDE, SCOUT, AND RANCHMAN, by James H. Cook, Foreword by J. Frank Dobie, Norman, Okla. Press, 1957. \$4.00.

As J. Frank Dobie correctly observes in his foreword to *Fifty Years on the Old Frontier*, the cowboy phase of James H. Cook's life possesses a "freshness and richness" that stands out as its most rewarding part. As told in this reprint of a book originally issued in 1923, Cook's account of his experiences present the authentic ring of the Old West, the cattleman's West. He obviously found deep satisfaction in the life of a cowhand and ranch boss, and his penetrating observations, clarity of description and sincerity of comment become completely absorbing to at least one denizen of the atomic world.

Traveling to Texas from his Michigan home in the early 1870's when he was only sixteen years old, Cook became attracted to the southwestern part of the Lone Star state, where he hired out to help Ben Slaughter round up wild cattle. Cook kept his northern origin secret and managed to stay on good terms with Mexicans and Texans while learning the intricacies and hazards of catching and driving the ornery longhorned critters. In recounting his experiences in trailing herds north to market, Cook presents a vivid picture of the hard work, alertness and dangers that were involved. Sometimes the men went hungry and spent nights without sleep.

How Cook escaped with his life after being thrown from his horse (an Indian shot Cook's horse while the latter was running at full speed and Cook struck his head against the

trunk of a large tree), how he survived chasing a stampeding herd throughout the blackest type of night, and how he endured a tornado, seem almost like miracles. Cook himself confesses: "... what spirit fired and sustained the boys who drive the trail herds during the time of which I write is more than I can explain. I remember hardly an instance, and I think there were actually very few if any, in which men proved themselves to be quitters."

In describing the methods used for rounding up wild horses, Cook observes that "in the seventies a number of men were making a business of catching bands of mustangs to sell in the States to the east and north." One of his subsequent hunting partners was thought to be the first man to obtain mustangs on a large scale, on the open plains. He did it by "walking them down."

Cook helped drive the first great herd of cattle through western Nebraska, in 1876, when there were plenty of elk, deer and antelope in that region. He tensely tells how he saved his companions and the herd from capture by a band of Sioux that suddenly appeared out of nowhere, because he could show that he was a friend of Red Cloud, American Horse, and Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse. Somehow Cook had managed to pick up the rudiments of the Sioux language, and he knew the sign language of the Indians.

Because of his experiences with Cow Wadies, Cook is well qualified to describe their characteristics, in addition to those mentioned above. He reports that a revolver and a sheath knife were a very necessary part of a cowboy's equipment. This class of men—"those of the old school, at least—were honest and true as steel to their employers, gen-

crous to a fault, if such a thing can be, and always respectful to women and to the aged of either sex. The cowboy . . . had to endure greater hardships than any other class of men who lived frontier lives." It is true, Cook admits, that some did indulge in drinking, gambling, shooting, and other vices, but such actions were "incidental to the main process of affairs."

This review's emphasis on the cowboy aspects of Cook's reminiscences should not lead one to overlook the important and interesting phases of his life connected with hunting big game in Wyoming, ranching in New Mexico (and telling of Indian troubles there), befriending Red Cloud, describing the futile Ghost Dance War, and reporting on the Agate Springs Fossil Beds on his ranch in Nebraska. Yet these developments are overshadowed by the tang of range life.

—Harold H. Dunham PM

THE JOURNAL OF CAPTAIN JOHN R. BELL, OFFICIAL JOURNALIST FOR THE STEPHEN H. LONG EXPEDITION TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, 1820. Edited with introductions by Harlin M. Fuller and LeRoy R. Hafen and Ann W. Hafen (Glendale: The Arthur H. Clark Company, 1957). 349 pp. \$9.50.

This is volume six in the 15-volume Far West and Rockies series which the Hafens are editing. It is a useful supplement to the more extended account of the Long expedition by Dr. Edwin James which has been published previously.

Captain Bell's *Journal* was lost for more than a century, but was found in California in 1932, and was used for an M.A. thesis by Mr. Fuller at Stanford University. The Hafens have supplied footnotes which effectively fill in information and also serve to correlate the journals of Bell and James.

At the outset Captain Bell wrote that he was "not even acquainted with the English language sufficiently to describe understandingly, new objects which I may meet within our tour." Actually he writes better than this statement might suggest, although he cannot make his experiences very interesting and exciting because for the most part the trip was routine and dull—quite in contrast with the expedition of Lewis and Clark, for example.

Captain Bell covers the period March to November 1820, and takes us from West Point, New York, to Pittsburgh (where he joined Major Long), to Council Bluffs, to Colorado, down the Arkansas to Belle Point, and on to Washington, D. C.

The Long party split into two parts near present La Junta, Bell taking eleven men down the Arkansas, and Long taking Dr.

James and eight others south to the Canadian and down that river.

Bell's journal is valuable as a check on the James account until they separate, and thereafter of course Bell covers an area not dealt with by James. In particular Bell clears up some puzzles left by James in that part of the journey which lies between Denver and Colorado Springs.

Laramie, Wyoming

T. A. Larson

JOHN WESLEY HARDIN — A TEXAS GUNMAN. By Lewis Nordyke. William Morrow & Co., New York, 1957. 227 pp. \$4.

Mr. Nordyke has heeded a long neglected subject. Literature on the Bad Men of the Old West is full of references to its outstanding gunman, most of them based on John Wesley Hardin's own memoirs published in 1896, shortly after his violent death in an El Paso saloon. This, however, is the first full biography of the Texas minister's son whose "known" killings during the forty-two years of his life (fifteen of them spent in prison) totaled forty-four, with some estimates running as high as seventy-five.

The author has researched pertinent documents, letters, family lore, localities, etc. While the authenticity of Hardin's actual personal authorship of the 1896 manuscript has been questioned by some writers, such as Burton Rascoe and Ramon Adams, Nordyke has gone along with Marvin Hunter and others on its general acceptance, and has checked its details against available evidence. His record contributes considerable additional information on a turbulent and paradoxical career.

Hardin, like so many of his desperado contemporaries, reflected the confusion of his time, the post Civil War era of disturbance, migration, Reconstruction, when each man defined and exercised his own brand of law or lawlessness. Various writers have tried to analyze and explain this many-sided character, a callous, wanton murderer on the one hand, on the other, a devoted husband and father, with many laudable ambitions. Mr. Nordyke has given us a dispassionate account of Hardin's checkered activities. It seems to me his life can well be summed up in Joseph Conrad's words: "After all, every sort of shouting is a transitory thing; it is the grim silence of facts that remains."

W. Scott Broome PM

KANSAS: A HISTORY OF THE JAYHAWK STATE, by William Frank Zornow Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1957. xii, 417 pp. \$4.95.

To compress within the limits of a single volume the history of any of the forty-eight states is no easy chore. But since much of the

writing of state histories was done at a time when the twentieth-century was too new to mention, modern appraisals to complete the work of earlier writers are needed. Mr. Zornow has attempted this chore for his home state of Kansas. He succeeds admirably in keeping a proportionate balance between the history of the area before statehood, the remaining years of the nineteenth century, and that part of the history belonging to the present century.

However, I am not certain that the publishers have done the author a justice in suggesting, as they do, on the jacket that the book was "written primarily for the layman" The ordinary mortal who takes up a state history as companion for a night will expect more in the way of exciting narrative recited with light and humorous touches than this book will offer. Mr. Zornow has selected facts and statistics and has kept pretty close to them. Some of them are, unfortunately, left in a semi-digested state.

This need not mean that the book is without use. Certainly the "historians, librarians, teachers, and students" mentioned on the jacket as other potential readers will find the volume a convenient reference. And the external features of the book are more than adequate: the illustrations—from Indian chiefs to Dwight D. Eisenhower as a member of the 1909 Abilene High School baseball team—are well chosen and handsomely reproduced; the eight maps are uncluttered and useful.

The volume will undoubtedly find its readers among the specialists in the field or among students in courses concerning the history of Kansas. The "layman" for whom the book is supposedly produced will seek elsewhere for a history of Kansas that is less statistical and more interpretive.

Carl Ubbelohde

BADMEN OF THE FRONTIER DAYS, by Carl W. Breihan. N. Y.: Robert M. McBride Co., (1957). Cloth, 12 mo, 315 pages, about 28 illustrations. \$4.95.

Ex-Sheriff Carl W. Breihan hates sin but loves sinners. In 1953 he produced the sympathetic "Complete and Authentic Life of Jesse James. In 1957 he published **BADMEN OF THE FRONTIER DAYS**. This new book is a collection of nine pieces about All-American robbers and killers. Two of these (John Murrell and Rube Burrow) operated in the South; one gang (the Reno Brothers) in the Middle West; another gang (the Daltons) chiefly in the Western Border states; Harry Tracy mostly in the Pacific Northwest; Henry Plummer in the Northern Rockies; King Fisher and Billy the Kid in the Southwest; and Sam Bass in Nebraska and Texas.

Mr. Breihan does well in presenting the

facts about these classic and familiar characters. Beginners in outlawry, and those hardened in addiction to crime will find the book helpful in separating truth from television.

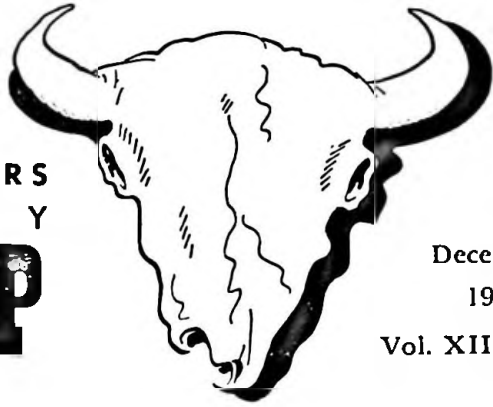
But I do wish that our Western writers and their publishers could discover some new or different Western baddies.

—John J. Lipsey, PM

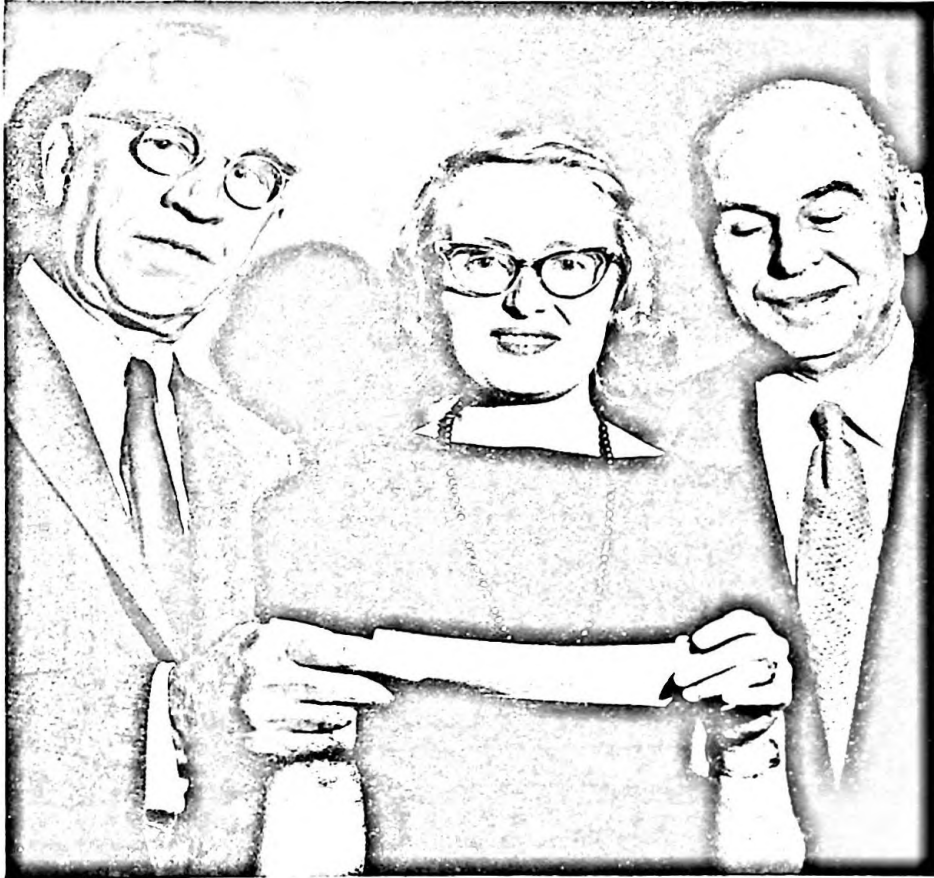
THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOLD REGION

The third lecture before the Haverhill Library Association was given by A. D. Richardson, Esq., before a crowded house on Friday: subject, "Pike's Peak." The Speaker described the wild life of the trappers who once roamed among the Rocky Mountains, as detailed to him by Kit Carson, and related his own experiences and observations at Pike's Peak . . . some of them exceedingly amusing—during a visit, soon after the first paying discoveries. The audience was then taken in fancy upon a flying trip to that region now, to witness the wonderful changes of two years. The incidents of a journey with horses 665 miles across the plains; the prairie fire; the strange mirage of the desert; the appearance of Denver, (now a well built metropolis of 6,000 people) and the splendors of the mountain scenery, spread out like a panorama before that young city, were depicted with great vividness. The scenes in the diggings, operations in both gulch and quartz mining, and many incidents of life and society were next described, followed by a spirited account of a perilous journey up Pike's Peak, 14,500 feet above sea level, by a party including two New England ladies, the first women ever to set foot upon the summit of the mountain. The view from the top is one of the finest on the American continent, and was graphically portrayed. The gold yield of 1860 was given as about five million dollars. The lecture was listened to with close attention, and was warmly applauded.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



December
1957
Vol. XIII, No. 12



Retiring Sheriff William S. Jackson of the Denver Posse presents \$300.00 check to Mrs. Billie B. Jensen, Boulder, as the first winner of the Westerner's Scholarship Award, while incoming Sheriff and award committeeman Harold H. Dunham expresses his approval. (Rocky Mountain News photo)

The DENVER WESTERNERS
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Roundup Foreman and Tally Man,
Erl H. Ellis
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JANUARY MEETING

**BLACKBEARD: Frontiersman, Indian Trader, Territorial
Political Leader, and Pioneer Business Man.**

by Dr. Nolie Mumey PM

**Wednesday, January 22, 1958
6:30 P.M.**

Denver Press Club—1330 Glenarm

Dr. Nolie Mumey needs no special introduction to members of the Denver Posse of which he is one of its most active members. Author, lecturer, teacher, collector and traveller, his wide variety of interests and activities have earned much acclaim in the history of Western Americana.

FIRST WESTERNERS SCHOLARSHIP WON BY MRS. BILLIE B. JENSEN

Mrs. Billie B. Jensen, 2994 - 13th Street, Boulder, Colo., a graduate student in history at the University of Colorado, was the winner of the first Scholarship Award given by the Denver Westerners. Presentation of the \$300.00 award check was made at the annual Christmas meeting of The Westerners December 18, 1957.

The Scholarship Award is part of a fund established by member donations of the Denver Westerners to establish a memorial honoring members of the organization who have deceased since its founding.

Basis for the Scholarship are a student's interest and contribution to some phase of Western history, and is open to any student attending a Colorado College. Entries this year were received from University of Colorado, University of Denver, Colorado State College, and Loretto Heights College.

The committee judging this year's entries were: former Sheriff **Maurice Frink**, **Erl H. Ellis** and **Harold H. Dunham**.

Mrs. Jensen is a candidate at the University of Colorado for a Master's Degree in history. A part of her work for this degree was submitted as her entry and follows:

SECESSION SENTIMENT IN COLORADO TERRITORY DURING THE CIVIL WAR

Billie Barnes Jensen

In 1861, when the United States became involved in its great Civil War, the attention of the nation and of the world centered on happenings in the eastern part of the United States. In the infant parts of the country, however—in the West—there were also battles of arms and men as well as battles of words and sentiments

DUNHAM ELECTED SHERIFF DENVER WESTERNERS' POSSE

Harold H. Dunham, professor of History at the University of Denver, was elected Sheriff of The Denver Westerner's Posse at their annual December meeting succeeding Judge William S. Jackson.

Sheriff Dunham has been a member of The Posse since 1947, and has held the positions of Brand Book Editor in 1950, and more recently that of Program Chairman.

His undergraduate work was taken at Swarthmore College, and took his Ph.D. at Columbia University. Taught history in several colleges in the New York area, and during World War II became an historian with the Transportation Corps, U.S.A., in Washington, D.C. He moved to Denver and became a member of the faculty at the University.

The new Sheriff has written a number of articles for encyclopedias, magazines and newspapers, contributed several articles to Brand Books, and has published one book on the subject of public lands. He is a member of several state and national academic societies. His wife, Lydia Roberts Dunham, and their two daughters share his interest in Western history.

Other officers elected were: Deputy Sheriff, W. Scott Broome; Roundup Foreman and Tally Man, Erl H. Ellis; Register of Marks and Brands, Barron Beshoar; and Chuck Wrangler, Guy M. Herstrom.

which were won for the Union cause. Many historians have long overlooked the part played by the West in the winning of the war. Of this western contribution, Colorado's part was not the least. Colorado could have supplied many mineral resources the Confederacy lacked, and had Colorado's troops not blocked the way, the Con-

(Continued on Page 4)

WESTERNER AWARD

(Continued from Page 3)

Confederate men might have marched to the Pacific Ocean. The actions of Colorado in sending her troops to New Mexico at this critical time were made possible by a prevailing Union sentiment in the Territory. But what of Confederate sympathies and secessionist sentiments in the area?

The secession sentiment that did manifest itself in Colorado Territory was to be expected, since a large percentage of the population had southern origins. The gold fields of Georgia yielded up many miners to the gold fields of Colorado. Many of these men of southern persuasion returned to the South early in the Civil War; some tried to return and were thwarted in the attempt; some stayed in Colorado with the intention of rendering aid to the Confederacy should the occasion arise; and many stayed in the Territory and remained loyal to the Union. Before Union strength was solidified and the full force of Union sentiment was welded into a patriotic expression, Confederate sentiment was displayed in flag raisings, newspaper writings, and open debate. Some bands of Confederates were more or less openly organized, and Confederates were engaged in a primitive sort of arms race with Governor Gilpin. Attempts were made to take wagon trains of sympathizers with material wealth out of the Territory, and as the war went on guerilla actions were attributed to Confederate motivation. These are a few of the manifestations of secession sentiment.

It is the purpose of my present study to investigate the material that has been outlined above—to obtain information about the strength, overt actions, secret organizations, and armed activities of those favoring se-

cession in the Colorado Territory at the time of the Civil War.

The manuscript and newspaper sources available in the University of Colorado Historical Collections, the State Historical Society Collection, and the Western History Collection of the Denver Public Library are being utilized in this study in addition to the United States Government Documents, Colorado State Documents, and secondary sources available in the state's libraries. The study will be completed early in 1958.

BRAND BOOKS DISTRIBUTED AT DECEMBER MEETING

The Denver Westerners' Annual Brand Book: Vol. XII, edited by **Charles Ryland**, was ready for distribution at the Annual Christmas meeting held December 18th, 1957.

The volume consists of fourteen original papers on Western history, some of which were delivered by Posse members and their guests at monthly meetings; other by contributing authors on related subjects.

An exceptionally well done book, published by the Johnson Publishing Co. in Boulder, Colo., it contains 50 rare photographs, 18 drawings by **Frank L. Philips** and **B. D. Titsworth**, and two large maps of the Arkansas River district by **Edward J. Haley**.

Contributors represented in the book are: **Charles B. Roth**, **Dr. Lester L. Williams**, **Philip J. Rasch**, **Stanley A. Zamonski**, **Francis B. Rizzari**, **Dr. Nolie Murney**, **Kenneth E. Englert**, **Abby L. Kernochan**, **Fred M. Mazzulla**, **Raymond G. Colwell**, **John J. Lipsey**, **Dr. Philip W. Whitely**, **Carl W. Breihan** and **Dorothy Dengler**.

Limited to five hundred seventy-five copies, books are available at book-dealers, or may be secured by writing to **Erl H. Ellis**, 730 Equitable Bldg., Denver 2, Colo. Price is \$10.00.

PIONEER JEWISH HISTORY, Etc.

Ida Libert Uchill

Members of the Denver Westerners I am not only grateful for the honor of being your guest speaker at your annual Christmas meeting, but also for the opportunity to add to your information of Western Americana, and to present a less common point of our history.

Ida Libert Uchill, author of the recently published book "Pioneers, Peddlers and Tsadikim" is a native of Denver, where she lives with her family of husband and two children.

A short story assignment dealing with Jewish interests in Denver, while a student in the University of Colorado, carried over into seven years of research about her subject . . . and resulted in her first published book of the 100 years of Jewish history in Colorado.

Before we can consider Colorado Jewish history we must examine the background of the Jews in America from which our pioneers came. The history of the Jews in America is based on three waves of immigration: First the Spanish, or Sephardic—meaning South—applies to the Jews who came from Spain and Portugal with the discovery of America. The second wave centers about the Central European migration from the Germanic countries before and after 1848, and the third, which brought the largest number, was the East European, at its height after 1881.

The first wave was the most exciting, but unfortunately we have the least knowledge of it. It was one that could not be safely documented. Every school boy has been told that it was Queen Isabella's jewels that paid for Columbus' voyage of discovery. This is one of those colossal typographical errors that changes history. As most of you know, it was Queen Isabella's Jews, not her jewels, who financed Columbus. The tragedy of the Iberian peninsula—the Inquisition—culminat-

ed in the confiscation of all of the wealth of the Jews and in their expulsion from Spain. The final date of the expulsion was August 1, 1492. On August 2, 1492 Columbus noted in his diary that his three little vessels were sailing out of the harbor past the ships on which Jewish exiles were embarking.

Scholars are still debating the nationality and religion of the Great Discoverer. Certain of his actions such as the hiding of his ancestry, the use of Hebrew symbols in his private letters to his son and, his close friendship with Jewish scholars point to a possible Jewish origin. More significant than the possibility of Columbus being a Jew were the contributions of Jews in perfecting the instruments and science of seamanship. Such men as Abraham Zacuto, astronomer royal of Portugal; Pedro Nunes, cosmographer, Jehuda Cresques, "the compass Jew," were among those who made possible the voyage of discovery of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

It was not only that Jewish money and scholarship, making possible the first voyage is interesting to us, but also the fact that among his crew were Marranos—Jews who could no longer openly profess their religion—and that one Jewish member Luis de Torres, who was his interpreter, was the first white man to set foot on the newly discovered soil. de Torres gave the festive bird, the turkey, its name, taken from the Hebrew "tukki" for pheasant.

In 1492 one door closed on the Jews and another was opened. As soon as it became clear that Columbus had discovered the new land, the Marranos sought the opportunity to settle there and return to Judaism. But Spain brought the Inquisition with her into the New World. As early as 1520 a Spanish soldier in Mexico was exe-

cuted on suspicion of practicing Judaism in secret. Some of the Marranos penetrated as far north as what is today New Mexico, and very likely into southern Colorado.

Considering the danger attending the practice of Judaism it was no surprise to me that I was unable to find any Jews among the early Spanish explorers. When most of the Jews tried in the 16th and 17th centuries by the Spanish Inquisition were burned, it was not likely that Marranos would document their religion so that I, in the 20th century, could name the first Jews in Colorado. Elsewhere, the first wave of immigration was more successful, especially with the group which came from South America to New York in 1654. Although the Spanish Jews came into our region first, they were so completely obliterated, that only the suspicions of traveling salesmen in Southern Colorado and New Mexico that some of the Spanish-speaking people they meet seem to have certain Jewish customs can be reported. As yet there is no evidence that these are descendants of Marranos.

The movement of Spanish Jews into Colorado from the South ends in mystery. From the East it starts much later. We find no known Jews west of the Mississippi before 1807. Most of the territory which belonged to France and Spain permitted no Jews to live within its borders. After the Louisiana Purchase Jews began to settle in the new region. One of the early families in 1817, with descendants in Colorado, was that of Wolf Block at Cape Girardeau, Missouri. This large Jewish family was one of the first to meet one of the major problems of the Jewish pioneers. Its male members could find no Jewish girls to marry in the wilderness. Gradually intermarriage erased the identity of many of its Jewish descendants; some of them leading citizens of St. Louis today.

Jewish religious services require

that a quorum of ten—a *minyan*—be present. During these early years it was not always possible to find ten Jewish men at one time. On one occasion the nine men in Cape Girardeau settled for a tenth in the person of an Irishman with a Biblical first name. Thereafter the Irishman attended Jewish services on every occasion whether he was needed or not.

From St. Louis, Independence, all of the other jumping off points for West-bound colonists, came the ubiquitous German Jewish traders of whom we read so much in New Mexico's history. The Santa Fe Trail, cutting through Colorado, brought in many Jews—most of them from the second wave of Jewish immigration. These were the German-speaking Jews who had left Central Europe as a result of the failure of the Revolution of 1848. They came in the large group of Germans, many of whose names add to the lustre of American history, men like Louis Kossuth and Carl Schurz, liberals who despaired of progress in their native land.

Jewish beginnings in modern New Mexico, and therefore in Colorado date from 1846 with the arrival of Solomon Spiegelberger, whose relatives and employees became the nucleus of the first Jewish settlement. He was so successful in business that he brought over his five brothers, then more relatives, and more young men. Another pioneer, Benjamin Lowenstein is said to have brought over some 200 Jewish boys from Germany over a period of years. He and the other successful Jewish businessmen neglected to bring over an equal number of Jewish girls. These young men settled in New Mexico, Arizona and Southern Colorado. Although all this took place not much more than 100 years ago most of those who came into Southern Colorado either left or intermarried, so that the effect of their Jewishness can no longer be judged.

Instead of speculating as to the religious origin of the German settlers

of Southern Colorado, we have, during the same period a definite account of the participation of the activities of one of the earliest known Jews in Colorado. This American Jew of Sephardic origin was Solomon N. Carvalho, who wrote the book, with one of the simple titles so common in the nineteenth century: *Incidents of Travel and Adventure in the Far West*; with Col. Fremont's last Expedition Across the Rocky Mountains; including *Three Month's Residence in Utah*, and a perilous trip across the Great American Desert to the Pacific. Carvalho gave no clue as to his religion.

This book is an excellent source of information of Colonel Fremont's Fifth and last expedition for it is the only known detailed account of the perilous exploration. It "is also the only extended narrative of the Western American adventure in the mid-nineteenth century which was written by a Jew." In addition Carvalho had occupied the unique position of having been the first official photographer to be appointed to the staff of an exploring party anywhere in the world. The subjects he photographed had never before been seen through a lens.

In 1852 Congress had passed a resolution authorizing the exploration of several routes for the most desirable rail line to the Pacific. Although John Charles Fremont was the obvious choice for leading such an expedition, Secretary of War Jefferson Davis bypassed Fremont, who, with the support of his father-in-law organized his own expedition to prove the superiority of the 38th parallel route he had recommended after his fourth expedition.

By 1853, Fremont was an American hero and the first candidate for the presidency of the United States offered by the Republican party. This sudden immersion into politics prevented his writing one of the fascinating records as he had for his previous explorations. The task fell to Carvalho, who

used as a basis for his narrative the letters he wrote his family and the journal he kept. On August 22, 1853, Carvalho accepted Fremont's invitation to accompany him. He commented that he would not have dreamed of accepting such an undertaking a half hour before his interview with the "Pathfinder." He wrote, "I know of no other man to whom I would have trusted my life under similar circumstances."

Some of the places Carvalho describes we can still see as he saw them, others have been civilized and we can answer some of the questions he asks. He describes the Huerfano Valley:

... which is by far the most romantic and beautiful country I ever beheld. Nature seems to have, with a bountiful hand, lavished on this delightful valley all the ingredients necessary for the habitation of man; but in vain the eye seeks through the magnificent vales, over the sloping hills, and undulating plains, for a single vestige to prove that even the foot of an Indian has ever preceded us. Herds of antelope and deer roam undisturbed through the primeval forests, and sustain themselves on the various cereals which grow luxuriantly in the valley.

But where are the people?

Were there ever any inhabitants in this extraordinarily fertile country?

Will the progress of civilization ever extend so far into the interior?

The gold-seekers of '59 who followed the explorers a few years later, converged on the Platte River settlements from every point on the compass. In their number were at least a dozen known Jews, who remained in Colorado. Up from Las Vegas, New Mexico came the Salomons, members of the J. B. Doyle firm; from Leavenworth came the Nathans, Mitchells, and Klines; from Omaha came Abraham Jacobs. Still others who had been in the California Gold Rush headed for the new "boom."

Denver became a central point for young men moving westward. Their names appear in Denver, Central City and the explosive mining camps, and

are found also permanently in Idaho, Montana, Wyoming and Utah. Abraham and Adam Kuhn are first noted in Iowa, then Denver, later in Montana and finally in Salt Lake City. They also operated a line of mule-drawn freight wagons between Evanston, Wyoming and Ogden. Another who chose Utah was Abraham Hanauer, who was in business in Colorado with the J. B. Doyle firm, and brought as his salesman in 1860 the future mayor of Denver, Wolfe Londoner.

For many years Montana's Jewish population maintained close ties with Denver's. Louis Hershfeld, formerly of Leavenworth, who drove wagon trains from Denver and Utah to Virginia City, sold out his 26 wagon loads for gold dust and set himself up as a banker. His private bank was the nucleus of the National Bank of Helena, which he helped found with Colorado's pioneers, Abram Sands and Moses Morris. From Hershfeld's profits he made the largest subscription to Virginia City's pioneer Baptist Church. Perhaps the first Jewish resident in Virginia City was Isadore Strassburger who was a boy of 12 when he left Germany. He pioneered in Denver before pushing on to Montana in a wagon train by way of Fort Bridger and Soda Springs. Enroute he helped build the first ferry boat across the Snake River.

Throughout the West are descendants of these pioneer families. Abram Sands, who was identified with Colorado and Montana left descendants in both states. In Colorado his descendants are still prominent in the community.

In addition to the spirit of adventure and mobility of the pioneers, the Jewish pioneers had much in common. Although most of them were single men, it was not long before they were joined by brothers or other members of their families. The book, *Recollections and Comments* by Samuel J. Kline, gives a typical example of a Jewish family in the West. His father

Joseph, and his uncle Henry, were pioneers in Colorado. The author says of his father, Joseph:

He was a venturesome man and responsibilities sat lightly upon his shoulders. I believe that he must have taken part in every mining excitement during the last forty years of the nineteenth century. He was one of the "Pike's Peak or Bust" boomers in '59, was in Montana in '63, in Cimarron Country in the seventies, the Black Hills later in that decade, in Leadville about 1880 and finally, in the Couer d'Alene, Idaho in the nineties.

The Klines were related by marriage to the Trapps, the Lowensteins and the Kastors, and seem to have been in business with the masculine members of these families as well. Dave Lowenstein went on in 1861 to Creed and Lake City.

Of his uncle Kastor, Sam Kline writes:

Kastor, or I. H. as he was called by all who knew him, was a fussy, consequential wisp of a man with a hair-trigger temper and a remarkable talent, almost a genius, for getting into quarrels with friend and foe, neighbor and business associates. Dickens could have made much of him.

At one time he announced his intention of leaving Denver . . . and his neighbors and competitors drew up and circulated a document which read something like this:

WHEREAS: It has please the Almighty in his infinite goodness and wisdom to remove from our midst our neighbor and fellow townsman, I. H. Kastor, and

WHEREAS, We recognize in this act of Providence a benign purpose and manifestation of kindly solicitude, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we express our great feeling of thankfulness and gratitude to Him, and further be it

Resolved, That we extend to the community that is to be afflicted with Kastor's presence our deepest sympathy, realizing as we do that our gain will be its loss, etc.

Kastor left Denver for the Black Hills Gold Rush and arrived in Wyoming 1876.

Apparently the residents of Evanston, Wyoming, were not of such sen-

sitive temperament as those of Denver. A later writer says that Kastor became the best-liked man there and that he was elected mayor on a citizens' ticket in 1914, and refused other political candidacies including that of governor.

Kline's recollections, formed as a child, include his impressions of the cultural life of Denver. He never forgot Lawrence N. Greenleaf, "who kept a toy and stationery store and wrote poetry betimes," and that he acquired most of his literary education from Sam Bowman's extensive library.

Political activities are also recounted by Kline. His father served on the fourth city council. His uncle was active in politics; was one of the earliest orchestra leaders in the state, and was an officer in the local military company. He writes:

... I remember with great distinctness the illuminations to celebrate Union victories. All with candles in home-made tin candlesticks . . . and possible kerosene or coal oil. These candles were used by the hundreds, illuminating the windows of the business houses (It's a wonder Denver wasn't burned down more often). I also recall that during one of these celebrations a stuffed effigy of Jeff Davis was dangling from a noose suspended from the frame canopy in front of father's store, and passers-by taking a pistol shot at it now and then.

The Jewish '59'ers who remained in Colorado were no different from

the members of the larger community. They were young, ambitious and intensely patriotic. Barely had they found roofs for their heads when they began organizing chess and literary societies. Since most of them were members of the Masonic order, it is not surprising that the first official Masonic meeting was held above the store of Abraham Jacobs at what is now Eleventh and Larimer Streets during the winter of 1859. Jacobs acted as the secretary of the moonlight meeting that united the towns of Auraria and Denver. In Tarryall Hyman Z. Salomon started a debating society.

The Jews of Denver apparently wasted no time in noting their religious needs. The day after Christmas, 1859, the Denver City and Town Company directors adopted a resolution:

That the trustees of the Hebrew Synagogue be donated ten lots to be selected by the secretary, and donate the same to them provided they build a house of worship in Denver City. Said house to cost not less than \$700.

Certain other needs had to be met immediately. The first Jewish organization was a cemetery organization, which appears to have been known as the Hebrew Burial and Prayer Society, which was formed when the wife of Henry Goldsmith died in 1860 in giving birth to one of the first Jewish baby girls.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN BREWERY.

ALWAYS ON HAND, A GOOD SUPPLY OF

LAGER BEER AND ALE,

AT THEIR BREWERY.

SOLOMON & CO., Denver.

Orders left with J. B. DOYLE & CO., will receive prompt attention.

As a group the pioneer Jews met at least three times a year—in the fall for the Jewish New Year and Day of Atonement and the Passover in the spring.

As individuals most of them were very popular in the community. The colorful career of Fred Z. Salomon has been cited many times. Incidentally, the "Z" in his name, and in his brothers, Hyman Z., and Adolph Z. stands for Zadek, or *tsadik*. So we can be sure, that one way or another, at least three of our pioneers were *tsadikim*. With all of Fred's activities—founding the first Chamber of Commerce, bringing the railroad to Denver, directing the first water company, endowing what was to be the Denver Public Library, founding the town of Greenland, and building the very necessary first brewery in the territory, it is small wonder that he remained a bachelor, for despite the feminine shortage, there were few Jewish bachelors in pioneer days.

The decade in which the fire of 1863 and flood of 1864 devastated the frontier town saw the Jewish population of Denver rise to 100, and saw the entry of the professional men into the region.

Colorado has its Tabor story. The Jewish community has its Elsner story, almost as much a study in contrasts. Dr. John Elsner began his vivid career in Denver in 1866. He reports that when he arrived the principal business streets were Blake, Lawrence, Larimer and Wazee. There were five doctors in Denver when Elsner arrived, including Dr. Bancroft who arrived one month earlier. Elsner rented a room over the First National Bank on the corner of Fifteenth and Blake. Dr. Bancroft's office was directly opposite his. In the same building was the office of the military post. Elsner's office became known as the headquarters for New Yorkers. After work the tenants of the building came in to some "Game Cock" tobacco in the clay pipes provided for them un-

til they could not see their hands before their faces.

Someone would ask, "How did it pan out today?" and the one who did best "set them up" and they would "indulge in their favorite game—Seven Up. The doctors watched the bankers play poker after hours, and night saw Jack Hughes win \$10,000.

In the latter part of the '60s Elsner recounts that "Sister Eliza of the Episcopal Church and myself treated a large number of patients in a tent, where a few pay patients defrayed the expense of others." In 1870 he was appointed county physician. There was no hospital in Denver. He collected the patients, who were lying in hen houses and barns, and were treated heretofore for so much a visit, established a small hospital with 29 beds on Ninth Street on the West Side.

Grounds for the county hospital had been donated by Richard Whittitt in 1868. That year Elsner operated on Judge Perkins for stones in the bladder, which he believed to have been the first such operation ever performed. The operation was successful and the judge lived five years longer until he met his death by falling into an excavation in Golden. Three months later Elsner performed the second such operation on Lucien Maxwell of Maxwell's Grant. The government furnished an ambulance and squad of soldiers for escort there and back.

The scarcity of women seems to have had little effect on the manners of the men of the West. On one occasion Elsner was on his way to Santa Fe road in a carriage with General Adams, then the U. S. postal inspector, six other men and one woman. The general took out his pipe and asked the woman, "Madam, is smoking offensive to you?" She replied, "It is." He lit up and said to her politely, "I am very sorry."

During the Indian "outrages" as he termed them, a man named Lindsey went to the door of friend's home,

and instead of knocking, waggishly yelled, "How." His nervous friend shot through the door lodging the bullet in Lindsey's left lung. The mayor of Denver offered \$1000 to anyone who would ride with a furnished guide to cut out the bullet. Elsner took the offer and tells that he had to change horses every ten miles, riding around the Indian camps at night. He was successful in saving the man's life.

The doctor was active in the Jewish life of the community and helped found both the Temple Emanuel and what is today the B. M. H. synagogue. He was a founder of the Denver Hebrew School, and was a member of the group whose vision foresaw fifty years ago that there would one day be a state of Israel. His very valuable contribution to Jewish history in the West is the meticulous record he kept of all of the ritual circumcisions he performed on the week-old boys.

Dr. Elsner was a devotee of the arts. In his home across from the city auditorium he played host to the greatest actors and actresses of his day. Oscar Wilde wrote that he had never sat down to such a dinner as he had in the Elsner home "at the foot of the Rockies." His house was filled with so many art objects that visitors claimed that it was almost impossible to get around without knocking something over, and his collection of minerals formed the basis for the State Historical Society's mineral collection. Unfortunately his very sweet and generous wife—to the great embarrassment of the doctor—was a kleptomaniac. The Elsners had one daughter and an adopted son, who was left with them by actors playing in Denver. When the doctor died the mansion was torn down and on its site a parking lot was operated by his daughter Rose. Apparently Rose had neither the sweet disposition of her mother, nor the wisdom and culture of her father. She ran the parking lot as though she were controlling the Bank of England, and treated her help

as though they were irresponsible and annoying vagrants. Some who remember her do so with amusement, others found the situation tragic, for the once beautiful girl became an eccentric and repulsive old woman. After her death a man appeared from California claiming to be her husband. When this was disproved he said he was her common-law husband, and although if this had been true it would have made him a bigamist, no one contested his claim against the estate. He had Rose buried in Emanuel Cemetery, which her father had helped organize without bothering to place a marker on her grave. As for the money he had obtained he did not get much of a chance to spend it, although he is remembered in North Denver as strutting around in a fur coat even when the weather was too hot for a cloth coat. Cancer struck him and he died within a few years of Rose.

Until 1871 the men took charge of relieving their sick and needy co-religionists under the name of the Hebrew Benevolent Association. The following year there were enough women in Denver to form the Hebrew Ladies' Benevolent Society. The name of one member soon became a by-word in the city for her efforts on behalf of the sick and needy. Her portrait, a stained glass window in the State Capitol building, honors her as one of the sixteen outstanding pioneers of the state of Colorado. This was Frances Wisebart Jacobs, the wife of the '59er Abraham Jacobs. One of her goals was the establishment of a hospital for the tuberculous of all creeds who were flocking to Denver. She met opposition all along the way on this idea, for prevailing opinion was that such a hospital would bring more and more of the sick to Denver.

Among the many organizations in the city discussing this problem were the B'nai B'rith lodge, which had been chartered in 1872 and is the first permanent organization still meeting un-

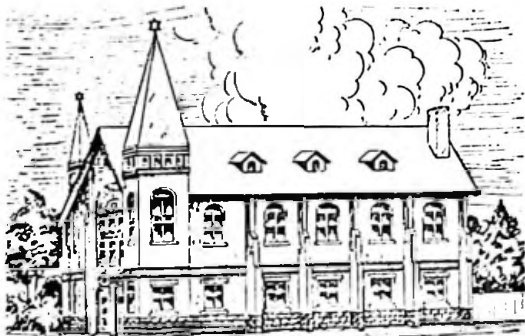
der its original name on Colfax and Williams, and the Temple Emanuel, probably organized that same year. The members of the lodge, as early as 1878, considered a resolution that a building be erected for the sick and needy Israelites sent to Denver from all over the United States to recover their health. In 1889 the Temple Emanuel held the meeting that resulted in the Jewish Hospital Association, presenting the unique idea on its dedication that, "As pain knows no creed, so is this building the prototype of the grand idea of Judaism, which casts aside no stranger, no matter of what race or blood."

The hospital was renamed the Frances Jacobs Hospital on the death of the "Mother of the Charities" as she was also known. When the national B'nai B'rith took it over in 1899, it was renamed the National Jewish Hospital for Consumptives. It opened with its first patient, a non-Jewish Swedish young woman, which excited the newspapers into suggesting that others emulate this idea of free, non-sectarian hospitals. It stands today on Colfax and Colorado Boulevard, with its famous slogan, "None may enter who can pay; none may pay who enter."

Although the Jews had practiced *Tsdokoh*—charity—throughout the pioneer years—and were to do so on a greater and even more noteworthy scale with the coming of the third wave of immigration from East Europe—it was this hospital that brought to the attention of the country and even the world to what a handful of Colorado Jews believed to be their duty to their fellow man. Most of the hospital's founders were pioneers in the West, and their non-Jewish fellow pioneers followed with similar life-saving institutions.

The third wave of immigration centering about the year 1881 was the result of the Czar's proclamation that

one third of the Jews were to be converted, one third to be killed and the balance to be exiled. Many of the Jews fled from the Russian terror to the hospitable shores of America, particularly New York and Philadelphia.



Temple Emanuel 1882-1897 located 24th Curtis, Denver. From old newspaper drawing courtesy Intermountain Jewish News.

Although the largest number of East European Jews in America came as a result of Russian tyranny, there was a sizeable number of Jews from Eastern Europe here when they arrived. Haym Salomon who had aided George Washington in financing the Revolutionary War had been from Eastern Europe. In Colorado we find a number of them in 1859, with the Gottliebs from Russian Poland; in 1860, the first member of the well-known Colorado family, the Shwayders, and a little later the fabulous Otto Mears, from Courland, Russia.

Mears' activities as the military man, the Indian trader, road-builder, treaty-maker, newspaperman and presidential elector are familiar to everyone. The question Mears posed for me was, was he a Jew, and if so, was he of significance to Colorado history as a Jew as well? To determine whether or not he was a Jew was difficult. How does one ever determine if a person is a Jew? In Mears' case, later biographers state he was buried as an Episcopalian; that his mother was a Jew, and his father an Englishman, as though being English can be equated

with being an Episcopalian or Methodist, or a member of any other religious sect. Of course, according to Judaism, the matter would end there, because the Jews regard all persons whose mothers are Jews as Jewish, and the only way to cease being a Jew is to voluntarily and publicly deny one's belief in Judaism.

I watched closely every reference to Mears I could find for possible hints as to his paternal ancestry. Mears was a common German Jewish name and the fact his father married a girl of Courland, where the Jewish community was very pious was almost conclusive. Other documents I uncovered verified the fact that he never left Judaism.

Mears joined the B'nai B'rith lodge in 1879 in Denver a few years after it was founded. He belonged to Temple Emanuel and other Jewish organizations. His contributions to all causes and all religious groups were generous, but he seems to have been especially sympathetic with the plight of the Russian Jews. As a political figure of importance he was called upon by the B'nai B'rith lodge when it was necessary to investigate the alleged anti-Semitism of a candidate for public office. His participation in Jewish communal life and his close friendships with many Jews, particularly Rabbi Friedman, indicate that although he lived for so many years away from the center of Jewish life in Denver, his interest in his religion did not diminish.

What is significant about Otto Mears as a Jew is the rapidity with which he rose to prominence, and the faith the people of southwestern Colorado had in him, indicating the fact that his religion in no way handicapped his career. We can answer sincerely that Colorado was "good for the Jews."

The incongruity of Jewish farmers, cowboys, ranchers and miners has great appeal to the larger community

which has had rare contact with Jews who live close to the soil. Although the ancient Hebrews were farmers, and are today an agricultural people in Israel again, in the dispersion Jews were rarely permitted to own land, or any real estate of any kind. If a Jew was a farmer, it was only by renting his land under leases which capricious owners could easily break. Thus, with the emancipation of the Jews in Europe the first goal of many Jews was to be farmers. I know of this from personal experience because my great-uncle came in the 80's to farm in Colorado, as did later members of his family, and because my own parents were farming in Edgewater when I was born.

These pursuits were independent ones, but there were several organized ones, among them the Cotopaxi Colony. All aspects carefully considered, I do not think that Columbus' entrance into the new world was any more spectacular than that of the bearded men and wigged women into the Arkansas Valley between Salida and Canon City.

With the bulk of the Jews who fled from Russia on the East Coast the leaders of the American Jewish community saw at once that this congestion would create new and grave problems. A plan was formulated for distributing the Jews throughout the country. A group of Jews, voicing their desire to farm, appeared before the Hebrew Immigrant Society in New York City (HIAS). At the same time the society had before it a letter written by a prominent Colorado mining man of American and Sephardic background. The group, most of them kinsmen, were sent West with \$10,000 to Emanuel Saltiel, the man who had made the offer, for which he was to supply the 63 persons with houses for each family, communal barns, sheds, furniture and household equipment, farm implements, seed, cattle, horses, wagons and a year's supply of food for the animals.

May 8, 1882 the colonists arrived in Cotopaxi. Some of the townspeople were scornful, but most of them were sympathetic. When the colonists found that instead of 20 houses and 5 barns there were 12 small, poorly constructed cabins without chimneys, doors, windows, jambs, or frames, no furniture and only four stoves for the 12 dwellings, they could not convey their shock because Saltiel could speak no Yiddish and the colonists no English. The land they were to farm was on such terrain that the Almighty himself would never have believed for what purposes Saltiel had offered it. There were no wells, no road, large rocks, and the only water would be the flash flood so common to the high country. How Saltiel and the colonists conversed is a mystery, but he must have been persuasive or convincing, for the colonists could only believe that he had made an error.

The first year two babies and a young child died. Neither fact that some of them had to live in tents, sod houses or Indian dugout caves, nor the blizzards and begging Utes, nor the fact that the seed that they planted was more edible than the harvest they reaped, dimmed their enthusiasm or hopes for their future in America. The Cotopaxi story is not a sad one. These people belonged to the sect in Judaism — called *Chassidism* — which believes that life is a joyous experience and they submerged what would be misery into outpourings of prayer in songs and traditional services.

After the first year's calamious experience of farming on unarable land, the colonists had no choice but to go to work for Saltiel in his mines. The family historian suggests that it was for this reason that Saltiel had made his magnanimous offer in the first place—he had wanted to bring in his own cheap labor supply. The men received \$1.50 for the day shift and about \$2.00 for the night—not in the form of money, Heaven forbid, but in

vouchers for credit in Saltiel's store.

While the colonists were corresponding with the society in New York which had sent them out, they found that they could get jobs with the D&R RR which was building its Salida line. The colonists never forgot the kindness of the railroad which paid them \$3.00 a day, which, through its engineers and firemen, provided for their fuel by throwing down coal and wood to the women, and which gave them what was of supreme importance to them, their seventh day of rest on Saturday.

It is not clear how the Denver Jewish community became aware of the plight of their co-religionists in the mountains. Some say that two of the men walked the entire distance to Denver for help, which was immediately forthcoming. Denver's non-Jewish community was sympathetic and the local newspapers investigated what had taken place in the Arkansas Valley.

Farming was still in their blood, and most of them continued to seek their livelihood from the soil. One couple homestead near Longmount, others entered into stock-raising and allied industries. A few mined and all became active in the Jewish community and the larger community as well. Some of the men served during an Indian disturbance in 1887, others were on the police and fire department in Denver. It was these colonists who started the Jewish section of Denver, West Colfax, and who helped build many of the later charitable institutions in Denver. On one of these institutions formerly the J. C. R. S. and today the American Medical Center is the famous Talmudic saying, that "He who saves one life is as though he had preserved the whole world." Because the citizens of Colorado in believing this gave the Jews a haven, there is no doubt in my mind that Colorado and the Jews were good for each other.

DENVER'S FIRST CHRISTMAS, 1858

A. O. McGrew

Denver City, Dec. 29, 1858

Editor of the Omaha Times:—A brief retrospect of occurrences since my sojourn in this portion of the country; a short account of things as they are; a description of our Christmas Festival; Masonic Dinner and a few of the leading events of the day including new gold discoveries, alum mines and other deposits, and the prospects of the new towns, may not be the least interesting news matter set before your many readers, and the departure of Sander's & Co.'s express for Fort Laramie offers a favorable opportunity for sending news to the states, or, as some of the boys facetiously term it, "to America," I shall jot down such information to those who contemplate coming here in the Spring.

In regard to the route, I suppose so many have been suggested that it will be difficult for emigrants to choose, but shall offer my voice in favor of the Platte route. Those who are returning to the States for stocks, etc., invariably take this route in preference to the southern by way of the Arkansas river, in fact, the impracticability of the latter route, as expeditious or safe has been sufficiently tested by this fall's emigration to set the matter for ever at rest, so no more on that head.

Our drives were as follows: We left the river on the 27th of September last, and drove to Papillion Creek the first day; second day to Elkhorn, 3rd day to Rawhide Creek; 4th day five miles west of Fremont; 5th day, 63 miles from the place of starting, to a place called Buchanan; 6th day at Columbus; 7th day at Loupe Fork; 8th day on Prairie Creek; 9th day, 20 miles west of Prairie Creek; 10th day, 21 miles further west; 11th day, 20 miles further west; 12th day, camped on Wood river; 13th day, camped opposite Fort Kearney; 14th day, 17

miles west of Kearney; 15th day, Plum creek; 16th day, 17 miles further west; 17th day, laid over; 18th day, drove 18 miles; 19th day, camped on Cotton wood; 20th day, at Cottonwood Springs; 21st day, drove ten miles; 22nd day, drove 17 miles; 23rd day,

*Mr. McGrew from Pennsylvania was a correspondent for certain eastern newspapers at the time of the Pikes Peak gold rush. He was known among Colorado pioneers as the "wheelbarrow man," because of his attempt to reach the mines with a wheelbarrow. After having pushed it about half way across the plains, he joined a wagon company and his vehicle was thereafter used for gathering buffalo chips for the company fire. McGrew returned to the States in 1862 in a boat on the Platte River. This article, which appeared in the Omaha Times of Feb. 17, 1859, was found in the old files of that paper by our Research Worker, Elmer R. Burkey.—Ed.—(From Vol. XIV Colorado Magazine, January 1937)

camped at Big Springs; 24th day, drove to the crossing of the South Platte; 25th day, drove 18 miles; 26th day, drove 18 miles; 27th day, drove 18 miles; 28th day, drove 20 miles; 29th day, drove 18 miles; 30th day, camped at noon on the Bijou, and drove that night to Kiowa creek; 31st day, drove ten miles; 32nd day, drove 16 miles; 33rd day, drove 1½ miles, 34th day, drove 8 miles and camped; 35th day, drove 16 miles; 36th day, we made 12 miles; and camped within a mile and a half of our present location. The next day we moved up and commenced building our present spacious and commodious residences, which being completed, were occupied in a much shorter space of time, than it takes a fashionable establishment in New York to set itself to rights.

The country through which we passed is worthy of a few remarks. As far west as Fort Kearney, we passed through fine, rich farming lands,

abundantly supplied with wood and most excellent water. The lands in the vicinity of Buchanan, Columbus and Grand Island City are all under cultivation, and being beautifully situated, must eventually become places of note. In fact, all the land in that section of the country is fine for agricultural purposes, and settlements extend to within 40 miles of Kearney. Trains can, therefore, supply themselves with grain for their cattle to the Fort, a distance of 198 miles, according to our calculation. This would make the distance from Omaha to this place 598 miles. From the Fort to Cottonwood Springs, the roads are beautiful, with an abundance of wood, water and grass—the three elements which constitute a good camping place. From Cottonwood to the Crossing, wood is not so plenty, and it is good policy to carry as much with you as possible; the roads continue firm with plenty of grass and water. The first four days' drive after leaving the crossing, the roads are very sandy, and wagons run heavy. Good water and buffalo grass is found in abundance, but there is no wood, and buffalo chips are used as a substitute: After this, the roads are excellent; wood continuing scarce until we arrive this side of Beaver Creek, after which it is found in abundance.

We are now at the mouth of Cherry Creek, the goal to which so many are looking with such intense anxiety in the spring. Here we find already, two flourishing towns—Auraria, on the west side, and Denver City, on the east side. The latter place has been selected as the county seat, and is even spoken of as the Capital, in case a new Territory is stricken off. Five and a half miles above is Arrappahoe City and a mile and a half further up is Plumb Creek settlement. Three miles below Denver City is Curtis' Ranche, and on the opposite of the river is Spooner's Ranche, our present place of residence. Chat. D'Aubrey's trading post is three miles below; nine

miles further down is Sander's Ranche; five miles further is Fort Lancaster; two miles further is Fort William, formerly Lupton's Ranche; ten miles further down is St. Vrain's Fort; and five miles further down is Cache la Poudrie, where the shot gold is found. The latest and richest gold diggings found, are at the base of what is known as Table Mountain, where, already, a town, known as Mountainvale, has been laid out and several houses erected while others are in progress of erection. At the head of Cherry Creek, the town of Russelville has been laid out, and a large number have gone to commence building operations. This comprises the list of towns and settlements.

In regard to mining, the operations in that line have not been carried on to any great extent this winter, on account of the streams being either frozen or dry. Those, however, who have mined, have done well, and everyone looks forward to the opening spring with anxiety. Parties are preparing themselves for a more thorough exploration of the mountains in the spring, and some rich disclosures are anticipated. I have spoken of the streams being frozen, and from this one would suppose the weather was very severe. Such, however, is not the case. Thus far it has surprised even the old mountaineers, and Christmas Day was as bright and genial as a May morning. For three weeks we have had real Spring weather until today, when we were visited by a snow storm, and it is now growing colder.

Talking of Christmas, Mr. Editor, have you poor frozen victims of the States, the remotest idea of what a real old-fashioned Christmas celebration is, and would it hurt your feelings or spoil your appetite, if I were to rehearse some of the sayings and doings of that eventful day; and set before you our "bill of fare" on that occasion, not an imaginary one, either, but a faithful record of the luxuries under which the board groaned—

enough to tempt the appetite of the most fastidious gourmand? And as the day waned, and the good cheer disappeared, wit and sentiment flowed as freely as the sparkling wine, from which they emanated.

In order to have the affair come off with as much eclat as possible, a meeting was called to make suitable arrangements. The meeting was called December 21st, and I make the following extract from the minutes of the secretary: for celebrating Christmas Day in a suitable manner, J. S. Lowry, Esq., was called to the chair, and Hon. Wm. Clancy appointed secretary. Mr. Lowry having in a brief set forth the object of the meeting.

"Mr. E. Matthews that committees be appointed, whose business it should be to make the necessary arrangements. Carried.

"On motion of Mr. J. C. Latta, Messrs. Spooner, Perkins, and Long were appointed a committee of arrangements.

"On motion of Mr. E. H. Warner, Messrs. Baker, M'Lachlin, and M'Grew appointed a committee on resolutions.

"On motion of Jno. Burssee, Messrs. Franklin, Way and Stevens were appointed a committee on toasts.

"On motion of Mr. Perrin, Messrs. Forbes, Hobbs and Dumont were appointed a committee on invitation.

"On motion of Mr. E. Hay, Messrs. Frary, Sullivan and Crum were appointed chief cooks."

Among the invited guests, were General Larimer, E. P. Stout, Esq'r, S. S. Curtis, and about fifty others. The day, as I said before, was as bright and beautiful as ever shone upon the face of animated nature; not a breeze whispered through the leafless branches of the trees, and everything seemed to be enjoying a general repose. The boys, with their invited guests, lolled lazily around on the logs, smoking their pipes or spinning innumerable yarns about their gold prospecting and hunting expedi-

tions. The cooks, or rather, "Culinary professors," were steaming over their different departments, now turning a choice saddle of venison, then looking to the pastry to see that it was done to a nicety. One was moulding the fresh rolls of butter into all kinds of fantastic shapes, another cracking the nuts, so as to be ready for mastication. Anon, a head would protrude from a cabin door, with a cry of "more wine for the pudding sauce," would again disappear within those precincts, which were at least sacred for the time, to the labors of the disciples of "Soger." But, I am forgetting the dinner, which was the great feature of the day. The guests having taken their seats at the board, Hon. William Clancy was invited to take the head of the table; on his right was General Larimer, and on his left, Dr. Steinberger, who acted as secretary. Dinner having been fully discussed, the chairman called the board to order, and while they are coming to order, I will tempt you with the bill of fare:

PLATTE RIVER GOLD DIGGINGS

Bill of Fare

Christmas ----- 1858

Soups

Oyster Soup Ox Tail

Fish

Salmon Trout, with Oyster Sauce

Boiled

Corned Beef, Buffalo Tongue, Mutton, Pork, Ham, Beef Tongue, Elk Tongue

Roast

Venison, a la mode; Buffalo, smothered; Antelope; Beef; Mutton; Pork; Grizzly Bear, a la mode; Elk; Mountain Sheep,

Mountain Pig.

Game

Mountain Pheasants; Mountain Rabbits; Turkeys; Ducks; Sage Hen; Prairie Chickens; Black Mountain Squirrel; Prairie Dog; Snipe; Mountain Rats; White Swans; Quails; Sand Hill Cranes.

Extras

Potatoes, baked; Potatoes, boiled; Rice; Beans, baked and boiled; Beets, Squashes, fried; Pumpkins, stewed.

Dessert

Mince Pie; Currant Pie; Apple Pie; Rice Pie; Peach Pie; Mountain Cranberry Pie; Tapioca Pudding; Bread Pudding; Rice Pudding.

Fruits

Brazil Nuts; Almonds; Hazel Nuts; Filberts;
Pecans; Wild Currants; Raisins; Prickley
Pear; Dried Mountain Plum.

Wine List

Hackheimer; Maderia; Champagne; Golden
Sherry; Cherry Bounce; Hock; Monongahela
Whiskey; Claret; Brandy; Scotch Whiskey;
Ja. Rum; Bourbon Whiskey; Taos Lightning.

If you have done with the bill of fare I will trouble you for your attention while the meeting proceeds. Order being restored, Mr. Clancy read the following resolutions, which on motion were incorporated with the proceedings of the meeting:



Resolved, that we hereby tender our thanks to Capt. R. A. Spooner, for the able and efficient manner in which he conducted our train through from Nebraska to this point, and for his kindness in everything that contributed to the comfort and happiness of all the members of the company.

Resolved, that we also tender our thanks to our secretary, Dr. Steinberger, for his attention to his duties and kindness to the whole party.

Resolved, that we are fully satisfied with our prospects for gold digging, and the general appearance of the country, sufficiently so to make it our permanent home.

Resolved, that a copy of the proceedings of this day, together with a small sample of the dust obtained from these diggings, be furnished the Omaha Times, and that the editor be requested to publish the same, in order that persons in the States may know how people "out of America," live, move, and have their being.

Resolved, that all papers in Kansas, Nebraska and the several states, who are friendly to the opening of this rich mineral country, be requested to publish the proceedings of this meeting.

Toasts and songs being next in order, the following were offered; some of which were received with a hip, hip, hurra, and a tiger.

REGULAR TOASTS

May all the emigration to this El Dorada find as comfortable quarters as we have in this beautiful camp, and may they succeed in realizing their brightest golden anticipation; hoping that Kansas and Nebraska may not want for good fat beef, no more than we do for fat venison, elk, mountain sheep, antelope, wild turkies, etc.—Gen. Larimer.

The good health and prosperity of Capt. R. A. Spooner—hoping that he may succeed as well in taking back bags of gold dust to Nebraska as he did in conducting our train out.—Hon. William Clancy.

Our Cabins and Our Homes.—Both containing our hearts' dearest treasures; the former peopled with pictures of our fondest imaginations; the latter by the reality from which we are separated.—James Kimes.

SONG.—The Star Spangled Banner.

The Day We Celebrate.—May we never be less able to celebrate it than at present, and may we enjoy many a happy return to it.—Volunteer.

Women and Wine.—May they both attain that which ruins the one and improves the other; viz: old age.—B. Franklin.

Our Homes and Those We Left Behind.—May our toil and industry repay us for the parting and separation.—B. Franklin.

SONG.—The Girl I Left Behind Me.

Doctors and Ducks.—May the quack of the former be as harmless and of as little use as that of the latter.—Volunteer.

The Miners and the Mines.—May the latter be as prolific of treasures as the former are pregnant with high hopes.—Volunteer.

The Carpenters.—Although not blessed with the presence of women, may they, in the spring find a lucrative employment in the manufacture of cradles.—B. Franklin.

SONG.—Rosalie, the Prairie Flower.

Taos. (pro. Touse) and its productions.—Although there are good things come up from Old Taos,

Its Whiskey ain't worth three skips of a Louse.—Volunteer.

The Past, The Present, and The Future.—Let that first ever be in remembrance; a bright look for the second; and hope be our guiding star for the third.—B. Franklin.

The New Territory of Colona.—May she soon realize her brightest anticipations, and take her place in the galaxy of stars, as a State.—Mr. Blake.

SONG.—The Home of My Boyhood.

Our Destiny.—Westward the star of Empire takes her way, and she has now lodged in the Rocky Mountains, where the original clans see (Clancy) the clouds lowring (Lowry) o'er the peaks of Laramie. (Gen. Larimer.)—S. S. Curtis.

Direct Communication.—May the opening of Spring, give us direct communication with our friends in "America," by a regular mail, and although we all acknowledge the benefits derived from our present fee mail, (50 cents per letter,) may we be blessed with an abundance of the genuine article of genus female during the coming summer.—A. O. McGrew.

The Press.—That mighty engine which controls Powers and Principalities, converts the howling wilderness into smiling fields and busy marts of commerce, sheds its blessings alike upon the rich and poor, the great and the small, the lowly and the exalted; the lever which moves the world. May its influence never be perverted to

serve base purposes; may our case not be to copy after others, but may we made it rule to stick to our sheets (when we get one) as long as there are quoins (coins) in the bank, after which we will down with the dust, even though imposing stones rear themselves before our forms in our arduous chase after the precious metal.—A. O. McGrew.

That last toast was received with three times three, and a tiger, after which was sung the beautiful song, entitled, "The Mountain Boy's Call." Gen. Larimer being called upon for a speech, then rose and made some very appropriate remarks, of which I send you a brief synopsis.

The general remarked that he had no prepared speech for the interesting occasion; that he had not expected to have been called upon, but that he would take pleasure in giving utterance to such ideas as the movement suggested. He remarked that the time and place would certainly call forth some good reflections, even from one not well skilled in oratory. He continued, "we are now in a new country, and have found matters to be very different from what they were represented, prior to our leaving home. A gentleman in Leavenworth remarked to me that he spoke from the record when he said, 'we would find eight months' snow and four months' winter at Pikes Peak.' He must have had reference to the summit of the Peak, where such a report might be partially true; for I have been told that the Peak had been seen partially capped with snow, even in August. But this does not effect us here, in these lovely valleys. Here we are, in the midst of winter, on this glorious Christmas Day, and what do we find? On my way down this morning, to your hospitable ranche, walking without an overcoat, I found the perspiration passing down my face, as though it had been midsummer; and so it has been for the last month. True, we had a little brush of winter about the

middle of November, but it amounted to nothing at all."

He then spoke of the day we celebrated, and remarked that many divines had serious doubts upon the subject of the birth of our Savior, on what we now call the twenty-fifth day of December, from the fact that upon that glorious occasion, the people were all summoned up to Bethlehem to be taxed. This in the middle of winter would be deemed impracticable, if not impossible, as many of them would have long distances to travel, and no accommodations. The Bible says that Mary and Joseph were obliged to submit to such accommodations as a stable, offered them when our Lord and Savior was born. If that eastern country was as warm as we find it out here, at the base of Pikes Peak and the Rocky Mountains the inhabitants could travel anywhere, and could lodge in stables, or camp where they pleased with impunity. "But," continued the General, "this is no part of my speech. I wish the emigrant, who come hither, to test the country fairly and fully. For my part, I am satisfied that, aside from the rich deposits of gold, alum, marl, etc., that have already been discovered, we could live longer and better to settle in this country. But we have mineral treasures, sufficient to justify emigration to its fullest extent. Beds of granite, equalling in beauty the far-famed brown stone of the east, lines the banks and fills the beds of our streams. Lime can be produced, from the best of limestone, at a moderate price. Our pineries are convenient, and will last for generations to come. Already a large number of my friends are engaged in making arrangements to open up farms in the spring, getting our lumber, timber, and shingles, for the purpose of erecting dwelling houses, barns, stables, and graineries. Three large hotels are in progress of erection, and will soon be completed. Two houses to public worship are also being erected, and, even under the

present circumstances, as each succeeding Sabbath rolls around and ushers in a day of rest from toil, and peace of mind from the cankering cares of the busy world, we are blessed with the ministrations of a holy man of God. This country is bound to settle up. Manifest Destiny has shaped its end, and discovered its long hidden treasures.

"The late financial crisis, which has prostrated every department or trade, and has been felt from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Maine to California, will have its effect in sending from every State, numbers of their most enterprising inhabitants." He spoke at some length upon the prospects of the Great Pacific Railroad, and the incalculable advantages that will accrue to this country when it shall have been completed. "I have no doubt," continued he, "that the road will be built at an early day, and even without a branch at this point, we could tap it at the crossing of the North and South Fork of the Platte River, a distance of 175 miles, but with 150 miles to Fort Laramie, taking a most direct course (the present traveled road is 190 miles). Let the great Pacific Railroad be put under way; the North, the West, the East demand it, Leavenworth City demands it; nay, every city, town and village on the Missouri River, above the Kansas river demand it. The Hannibal and St. Joseph R. R. demand it, and the four great leading railroads across the State of Iowa demand it; Denver City demands it; Salt Lake City demands it, and all of California, Oregon and Washington Territories demand it; and why it is not commenced." The general then remarked that the gaieties of forty-nine Christmas festivals had passed over his head, and although not in the sere and yellow leaf, still, he could feel the leaden impress to Time's untiring footstep on his brow; but that the pleasures of the present moment, the happiest Christmas he had ever spent, caused him to revert to the days of

his youth, and made the young blood boil and tingle again in his veins as it did in days of yore, when revelling in those sacred halls where his boyhood's happiest hours were spent. Here, becoming somewhat excited, he raised his voice and exclaimed, "And now, with the blessings already enumerated, what more do we want?" (A voice from A. O. McGrew, who came out with a wheel-barrow, caused a universal shout of laughter from the crowd) "Woman and the consequent responsibilities." "Yes," continued the general, "Eve's fair daughters are wanting; a very essential part of our body social is lacking; and although Time has silvered my locks, my views in regard to that matter are unchanged. But we shall soon have them here. One family has arrived today, and others are expected daily." After a few more remarks the general took his seat. Mr. McGrew being called upon for a song, gave the following, composed expressly for the occasion:

"A HIT AT THE TIMES."

Way out upon the Platte, near Pikes Peak
we were told
There by a little digging, we could get a
pile of gold,
So we bundled up our duds, resolved at least
to try
And tempt old Madam Fortune, root hog,
or die.—Chorus.

So we traveled across the country, and we
got upon the ground,
But cold weather was ahead, the first thing
we found
We built our shanties on the ground,
resolved in spring to try,
To gather up the dust and slugs, root hog,
or die.—Chorus.

Speculation is the fashion even at this early
stage,
And corner lots and big hotels appear to be
the rage,
The emigration's bound to come, and to
greet them we will try,
Big pig, little pig, root, hog, or die.—Chorus.

Lets shouts resound, the cup pass 'round,
we all came for gold,
The politicians are all gas, the speculators
sold,

The "scads" are all we want, and to get
them we will try,
Big pig, little pig, root hog, or die.—Chorus.

Surveyors now are at their work, laying off
the towns,
And some will be of low degree, and some
of high renown.
They don't care a jot nor tittle who do buy
The corner lots, or any lots, root hog, or
die.—Chorus.

The doctors are among us, you can find
them where you will,
They say their trade it is to cure, I say it is
to kill;
They'll dose you, and they'll physic you,
until they make you sigh,
And their powders and their lotions make
you root hog, or die.—Chorus.

The next in turn comes Lawyers; a precious
set are they;
In the public dairy they drink the milk, their
clients drink the whey.
A cunning set these fellows are; they'll sap
you 'till you're dry,
And never leave you 'till you have to root,
hog, or die.—Chorus.

A Preacher, now, is all we want, to make us
all do good;
But at present, there's no lack of spiritual
food,
The kind that I refer to, will make you laugh
or cry,
And its real name is Taos, root, hog, or die.
—Chorus.
I have finished now my song, or, if you
please, my ditty;
And that it was not shorter, is about the only
pity.
And now, that I have had my say, don't say
I've told a lie;
For the subject I've touched, will make us
root, hog, or die.—Chorus.

The song being finished, and ordered to be incorporated in the proceedings of the meeting, the party broke up, just as the brilliant day God was hiding himself behind the summits of the snow-capped mountains, bathing the mist-covered valley with a golden light, rendered still more brilliant by the reflection from the glaciers while a gentle breeze, laden with the warmth and fragrance of the sunny South, wafted over the vale. Adjourning to Auraria, we found the town alive with an influx of miners, some of whom were dressed in the

most fantastic and grotesque manner that an active imagination, and the application of the skins of wild beasts could possibly devise. In a short time an immense fire was blazing in the public square, and Terpsichore answered to the voice of Orpheus. Light hearts, merry countenances, and active feet were soon in motion, and the dance continued until midnight. Beneath many a rough exterior were hearts that throbbled with pleasant thoughts of home. Groups of Indians, with their squaws and paposes, filled up the background. It was a picture that Rembrandt would have contemplated with delight. On Monday the Masons held their annual celebration in honor of St. John's Day, and in the evening had a fine supper; as I am not so fortunate as to belong to the fraternity, I was not present.

Having at length got through with the celebration, I shall refer to a few things which I have omitted as I went along. First, the game, we came across buffalo at Plum Creek and having killed in the neighborhood of twenty on our way out, we were pretty well stocked with that kind of meat, in addition to the game mentioned in the bill of fare, and of which there is a great abundance; we are cursed with the greatest abundance of wild beasts; but, which, however, are rapidly disappearing before the crack of the huntsman's rifle, or that subtle poison, strychnine, or are being driven to the mountain fastnesses. Every day hunters are arriving with their wagons loaded with the choicest of wild game so that meat is the cheapest thing we eat. The savage beasts comprise wolves of every description; from the small kiota, to the heavy mountain wolf, wild cats, panthers, catamounts, prairie tigers, mountain lions, not to mention the grizzly bear, who walks lord and monarch of them all.

In addition to the new mines recently discovered at the base of Table Mountain, on Long's Creek, a bed of alum has just been discovered at the

base of the range, about fifteen miles distant. A bed of marl has been opened on the other side of the river, immediately below Denver City, and a bed of most excellent bituminous coal has been discovered. The whole country is in a perfect state of excitement, and there are some who, having the bumps of inquisitiveness and acquirativeness very fully developed, have not been able to withstand the temptation, and have gone to the mountains, not withstanding the danger attendant upon an expedition of the kind at this time of year. Others believing in the motto, "discrimination is the better part of valor," are making extensive preparations for the spring campaign, getting their teams in perfect order, and engaging Indian guides. This latter institution, however, I do not place much confidence in; and notwithstanding their professed friendship, should rather watch them narrowly while in their neighborhood, than employ them for guides.

I believe I have said all that I can at present. You may doubtless hear many reports in the States; some of which are doubtless true, while others are false. Many come here who, because they cannot make independent fortunes in a day, leave, and curse the country. Let them go; we have no use for them here; they are much better at home, where they can have someone to wash their faces every morning, and see that they do not stray too far from home. We are satisfied with our prospects here, and intend to stay here until the whole country is explored. If we could only hear from home oftener, or even see an occasional paper, it would do us a great deal of good. The first cry of the boys in the morning when they open their cabin door, is, "Who stole my paper?" "Where the devil do the police keep themselves?" and thus, like the young man in the Arabian Nights, they imagine the feast even though they cannot enjoy it, verb sap.

YOUR WRITERS OF WESTERN HISTORY

JOHN CHARLES FREMONT
1813-1890

John Charles Fremont, the Pathfinder, traversed the fever-ridden frontiers and the rough trails of the Rocky Mountains following a rugged and checkered childhood. He was born in Savannah, Georgia, on January 21, 1813. His mother, at the age of seventeen, had married John Pryor, a man who was over sixty years old. After twelve years of an unhappy wedded life, she left him and ran away with Charles Fremont, the father of John Charles; the "T" was added to the name by the son.

John Charles Fremont had a stormy military career after his marriage to the daughter of Senator Hart Benton. Jessie, who inherited her father's ambitions and some of his traits, plunged him deeply into the tangled meshes of Washington's political intrigue, which brought about his eventual court-martial and resignation from the service.

Fremont made five expeditions to the Rocky Mountains, and contributed much to the literature of the West. His first expedition was made in 1842, at which time he explored South Pass and a route to the Pacific over the Oregon Trail; this was followed later by the Union Pacific Railroad.

His second expedition was in 1843-1844. He explored the Great Salt Lake, went on to Vancouver on the Columbia River, traveled south to Sutter's Fort at Sacramento, then crossed the Sierra Nevada mountains and returned to Salt Lake.

The third expedition, 1845-1846, was made on the upper waters of the Arkansas River, then on to Salt Lake and to California during the Mexican War. Commodore R. F. Stockton in his conquest of California was assisted by Fremont, whom he appointed Commandant and Governor, a position he held for fifty days. Gen-

eral Kearney tried to give him orders which were refused by Fremont, whereupon Kearney ordered his arrest. He was tried by court-martial and found guilty of mutiny and disobedience to orders. President Polk remitted the penalty, but Fremont resigned his commission as a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army. Kit Carson, the intrepid scout and mountain man, was his guide on all three expeditions.

Fremont made a fourth expedition in 1848-49, to survey a railroad to the Pacific.

The fifth, and last, expedition was made in 1853-1854 to survey a central route to the Pacific, in an attempt to counteract the survey of Captain John Williams Gunnison made in the same year.

The political career of Fremont was as checkered as was his life. He served as Senator from California, 1850-1851; in 1856 he was the Republican candidate for the Presidency of the United States, but was defeated by James Buchanan. He was in command of the Western Department of the Army with headquarters in St. Louis. In 1861, he issued a proclamation of emancipation which caused President Lincoln to remove him from that office. He operated gold mines in California and accumulated a fortune; however, ill luck dogged his footsteps and at the age of fifty-seven he was penniless. He was one of the organizers of the Texas Pacific Railroad, which ended in 1878, with his financial ruin. In that same year, President Hayes appointed him Governor of Arizona Territory, with a salary of \$2,000 a year. He served until 1881; two years later, in 1883, he and Mrs. Fremont moved to New York where he began to write his *Memoirs of My Life, A Retrospect of Fifty Years*. The first volume, published in 1887, contained 600 pages; the price was \$5.75 to \$12.50, according to the binding. It was a failure and the second volume was never published.

Following is a list of Fremont's contributions to Western Literature:

Report of an Exploration of the Country Lying between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains, on the Line of Kansas and Great Platte River, Washington, 1843, 27th Cong. 3rd Session, Sen. Doc. 243, with sketches by Charles Preuss.

Report of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains in the Year 1842, and to Oregon and North California in the Years 1843-44, Blair and Rives, Washington, 1845.

Geographical Memoir upon Upper California in illustration of his map of Oregon and California, Washington, 1848, 30th Cong., 1st Sess., Doc. 148.

"Central Railroad Route to the Pacific." Letter of John C. Fremont

to the editors of the *National Intelligencer*, communicating some general results of a recent winter expedition across the Rocky Mountains for a survey of a route for a railroad to the Pacific, June 15, 1854. 33rd Cong., 1st Sess. Sen. Misc. Doc. 67 serial 705, 7 pages.

This great man, who had a stormy career with a variegated life, was commissioned a Major-General in 1890, and retired on a salary of \$6,000 a year. Three months later, on July 15th, he passed on to his last and final expedition, and was buried in New York far from the West he knew and loved so well.¹

Nolie Mumey

¹Mrs. Fremont died on December 27, 1902; they are buried at Piermont on the Hudson.

"THANKS" . . . FROM YOUR ROUND-UP EDITOR

As the Register of Marks and Brands turns over his job as Editor of the monthly Round-Up magazine, he would like to express his sincere appreciation to those who have contributed to its pages during the year:

To: the speakers at our regular meetings for well edited and typed manuscripts: O. A. King, Carl F. Mathews, Harry E. Kelsey, Jr., T. Kieth Harris, John Hilbert, W. T. Little, Forbes Parkhill, D. D. Monroe, Colin B. Goodykoontz, J. Leonard Jennewein, John J. Lipsey, and Mrs. Ida L. Uchill.

To: contributors of special articles: Robert L. Perkin, Carl W. Breihan, Ernest M. Richardson, Nolie Mumey, Erl H. Ellis, and Maurice Frink.

To: Book Review Chairman, Edward H. Hilliard, Jr. for the job he and his committee has done in keeping our readers aware of the best in new books.

To: our printer, Ray Johnson, of Johnson Publishing Co. for his patience, tolerance and excellent copy and printing service.

THANKS!

New Editor of your Round-Up will be Barron Beshoar, Denver representative for Time-Life Inc. Beshoar is a former newspaper man, a contributor to the Brand Book, many articles for The Round-Up, and author of the book: "Out of the Depths," which has recently been reprinted; the story of the famous Colorado coal strike of 1913-1914. A third generation native of Colorado he will bring to The Round-Up a wealth of experience and ability.