

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



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Honorable Ceran St. Vrain
New Mexico

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MARCH MEETING

"CONRAD KOHRS, CATTLE KING"

by HERBERT P. WHITE

6:30 P.M. Wednesday, March 26, 1958

Denver Press Club.....1330 Glenarm Place

Herb White, a Posseman for the past two years and an enthusiastic corresponding member before that, is vice president of Coughlin & Company in Denver. A native of Colorado Springs, Herb is the grandson and son of distinguished Colorado journalists, Frederick W. White Sr. who founded and sold *The Evening Post* to Bonfils and Tammen, and Frederick W. White Jr. who consolidated and published *The Pueblo Star-Journal* for many years.

His story, which he gathered in the course of many years of travel about the West, deals with a Montana cattle king who won and lost several fortunes before the turn of the century, a colorful, rugged individualist who at one time had the distinction of being the largest cattle shipper in the United States. But Herb will tell the story on the nineteenth.

RIDING WITH THE POSSE . . .

When he was in New York City at the end of the year, **PM Maurice Frink** invited the Mississippi Valley Historical Association to Denver for its fifty-second annual meeting which will bring some 600 historians to Denver in April, 1959. The association has 3,000 members in 48 states. . . . **PM Fred Mazulla** gave two one-hour shows Jan. 28 and 30 at Fitzsimons General Hospital in Denver titled "First 100 Years of the Pikes Peak Region" for a class of 400 students, all members of the armed forces. **PM Mazulla** used two screens and two projectors to show the old and the new. . . . The Ghost Town Club of Colorado Springs, which recently held its fourteenth annual meeting, numbers several Westerners among its members, including PMs **Kenneth Englert, John J. Lipsey, Erl Ellis, Henry A. Clausen, PM Francis Rizzari, Ray Colwell** and **Guy M. Herstrom**. . . . **Clarence S. Jackson** will have a new book "Pageant of the Pioneers" out about May first. Privately financed by Harold Warp, founder and proprietor of Pioneer Village in Minden, Nebraska, the book will consist of eighty-eight pages of paintings and sketches, half of them in color. . . . **PM Don Bloch** is coming up with a new idea this summer in the form of a "House of Paper" at No. 1 Gregory Street in Central City. It will have no books, will stock all sorts of paper rarities, 75 to 375 years old, will include documents, diaries, newspapers, calendars, post cards, and the like. . . . **PMs William S. Jackson**, who served so capably as sheriff last year, and **Alan Swallow**, are both on the mend after bouts with illness and broken bones (respectively), expect to be able to attend meetings in the very near future. **Stanley Vestal** (W. S. Campbell), who addressed The Posse two years ago, died recently in Oklahoma City.

MONTHLY ROUNDUP

Copy for the **Monthly Roundup** should be in the hands of the Registrar of Marks and Brands the night of the monthly meeting as our 1958 schedule calls for it to be in the hands of the printer **NOT** later than the following Monday. If some circumstance or other prevents the Registrar of Marks and Brands from being present at the meeting then please give your copy to the Program Chairman. Please do not be modest about submitting papers (a p p r o x i m a t e l y 1,500 words), ideas, news items, pictures, etc. The Monthly Roundup is **YOUR** magazine.

BIENVENIDO!

Dr. Arthur L. Campa was recently re-elected to regular membership in the Denver Westerners, after returning from two years of service as U.S. Cultural Attache in Lima, Peru. He also has resumed his duties as Chairman of the Division of Modern Languages and Literature at the University of Denver where he had previously served since 1946.

Posseman Campa was born in Mexico to parents who held American citizenship. He received his undergraduate degree at the University of New Mexico, and earned his Ph.D. degree at Columbia University in 1940. He then returned to his alma mater to teach modern languages. During World War II he served as a captain in the Air Corps, Combat Intelligence. In 1952, he was the recipient of a Guggenheim Fellowship. He has written a number of books, including *Spanish Folk Poetry In New Mexico* (1946), *Mastering Spanish* (1945), and others. He is a member of the Colorado Authors League, The Rocky Mountain Language Association, and the Folklore Society of which he was president in 1950.

BLACK BEARD

*Ceran St. Vrain, Frontiersman, Indian Trader,
Territorial and Political Leader, and Pioneer Businessman*

NOLIE MUMEY

"Black Beard," as he was known to the Cheyenne Indians, was a familiar figure on the Western scene for nearly half a century. He was one of the most celebrated of all the south-western pioneers. A portly man, with black beard and pock-marked features, rough and weather-beaten from his life on the open trails, he was a courtly French gentleman who made up in common sense what he lacked in the way of formal education. An ingenious mountain man, he spent most of his life in New Mexico when it was an extreme outpost of Spanish Authority, and aided in bringing it through the trying days of United States territorial jurisdiction. He was loyal to the Northern cause during the Civil War, and won laurels in the campaigns of the fifties and sixties.

Ceran St. Vrain was the son of Jacques Marcellin Ceran de Hault de Lassus de St. Vrain and Marie Felicite Dubreuil St. Vrain. He was born on May 5, 1802, at Spanish Lake in what is now St. Louis County, Missouri. Ceran was the fourth child, and the second son, born in a family of ten children. His father died in 1818, and Ceran, who was sixteen years of age, entered the trading house of Bernard Pratte, where he remained for six years. He had a responsible position with the firm of Pratte, Cabanne & Company, and his experiences and contacts with the trappers, traders and Indians gave him a Liberal, practical education. His attention was directed to the Southwest and the enormous profits made by the traders who traveled over the trail to Santa Fe.

St. Vrain made his first trip to New

Mexico in 1824, with William Becknell, who was preparing to take a wagon train over the trail. His employer helped supply some of the goods, and Cerain aided in hiring the men for the caravan.

In the fall of that year, 1824, Ceran formed a partnership with Francois Guerin; Bernard Pratte furnished them goods on credit, and they started for New Mexico, reaching Taos valley by March, 1825. St. Vrain thought Taos was a miserable place, but believed in its future due to its location. Merchandise was brought in by caravans from Chihuahua and from the States. This, along with native silver and turquoise, Navaho blankets, pottery, and buffalo robes from the plains, created a natural merchandise mart, for Taos was an outfitting point for many trappers and a supply base for a number of traders.

Ceran and his partner were slow in selling their wares, and were being forced to accept reduced prices. Guerin became discouraged and sold his interest to St. Vrain for a hundred dollars and three mules. Ceran assumed the indebtedness and sent back a partial payment consisting of twenty-four beaver skins and one mule. He decided to remain in Taos, and in 1825, wrote to his former employer:

I am in hopes that when the hunters come in from there hunt that I will sell out to Provoe & Leclere. If I doe not succeed to sel out to them and other hunters, my intention is to by up articles that will Sout the markit of Sonora to purchess mulls, but I shall

first doe all I can to Mak arrangement with Provoe & Leclere to furnish them with goods.

Business increased by July of that year, and he succeeded in selling his goods at a nice profit.

He entered into another partnership in 1826; this time with Paul Baillo. They supplied trappers, and through this association he met many old mountain men and traders. In May, 1826, he was once more on his way back from St. Louis to Santa Fe, and his traveling companion was Ewing Young.

St. Vrain became interested in the rich beaver streams of the region, and on August 29, 1826, Antonio Narbona, Governor of New Mexico, issued the following passport at Santa Fe:

For the present freely grant and secure passport to the foreigners, S. W. Williams and Ceran Sambrano [Ceran St. Vrain], who with thirty-five men of the same nation, their servants, pass to the state of Sonora for private trade; by all authority to my subordinates, none are to offer any embarrassment on this march.

The men on this expedition divided into four groups: Williams and Ceran St. Vrain led one group; Robideau and Pratt led another, John Roles led the third; and Ewing Young the fourth. They left for the uninhabited regions of the Southwest to trap on the Gila, San Francisco and Colorado rivers.

Governor Narbona apparently had some misgivings for allowing the Americans to go on such a mission. Two days after he issued the passport, he wrote a letter to the Governor of Sonora, warning him that there were nearly one hundred Americans in the party who had asked many questions and who seemed to be without a definite trade.

On October 21, 1826, James Baird, a former citizen of Missouri who had gone to Santa Fe in 1812, made a written complaint at El Paso, stating that he had been occupied in beaver hunting and was to be protected by Mexican laws. However, "foreigners" were now trapping and hunting in the vicinity and were causing great damage to his business. He asked that the Mexican government confine foreigners to the limits set by law.

Baird's complaint brought prompt action. The governor of Chihuahua sent orders to Alexandro Ramirez, president of the district of El Paso, to report the number of Americans in the expedition, their destination, and provisions of their passports. On December 20, 1826, Ramirez wrote that he had heard the Americans were hunting near the Rio de San Francisco, in the State of Sonora.

The Mexican government became aroused, and on April 5, 1827, sent a formal protest to Mr. Joel Poinsett, the United States Minister to Mexico, asking his government to restrain the traders. Poinsett's only action was an apology and a promise to investigate.

When St. Vrain and his companions returned to Santa Fe and Taos from their filibustering expedition on the Gila River, Governor Narbona, who had issued the passport, was out of office. Manuel Armijo, the new governor, seized all the pelts, classed them as being smuggled, and stated that the Americans had obtained their licenses under false pretenses.

Following his expedition of 1826, Ceran St. Vrain was a resident of New Mexico, and in 1831, he became a citizen of Mexico. In Taos he met Milton Sublette, Louis Robidoux, Antonio Robidoux, and Charles Beaubien from Canada. He also came in contact with and learned to know Kit Carson, David Waldo, Bill Williams, "Peg Leg" Smith, and Charles and William Bent. Kit Carson, who associated with the Bents and St. Vrain

throughout the greater part of his career, paid the following tribute to them:

I wish I was capable to do Bent and St. Vrain justice for the kindness received at their hands. I can only say that their equals were never in the mountains.

In 1827, after his trapping expedition on the Gila River, Ceran St. Vrain served as a clerk to a trapping expedition led by Sylvester Pratte to the Green River. Pratte died on September 1, 1827, and Ceran took command at the special request of the members. Nearly a year later, Ceran sent the following letter to Pratte & Company of St. Louis:

. . . I was with him until the Last moment of his life, and all the assistance I could give him was of no use, his Sickness lasted but very few days, I have never yet experienced such feelings as I did at that moment, but it is useless for me to dwell so long on that unfortunate Subject, it was the will of God.

St. Vrain and the men continued trapping as far as the Green River, where they spent the winter of 1827-1828. He planned to go to Missouri in the spring of 1828, but lack of ammunition forced him to return to New Mexico, where on September 30, 1828, he was issued a passport to Chihuahua and Sonora. His whereabouts in 1829 have not been discovered up to the present time. He was captain of a wagon train which started from Missouri and arrived in Santa Fe on August 4, 1830. A letter he wrote to Pratte & Company in 1830 brings to light the fact that he had bought goods from the firm for Santa Fe and Taos trade, but had to sell them at wholesale, due to bad business conditions. He sent two of his men, Andrew Carson and Lavoisse Ruel, with one wagon, one horse, eleven

mules and 653 beaver skins to be sold by Pratte & Company and credited to his account.

St. Vrain formed a partnership with Charles Bent in 1831, and devoted the next quarter of a century to the affairs of the company, although he did not seem to have been in charge of either of their forts. On January 6, 1831, St. Vrain wrote the following letter from Santa Fe to Messrs. B. Pratte and Company in St. Louis:

I had made all the necessary arrangements to start home by the 1st of this month, and should have started had not Mr. Chs. Bent proposed to me an arrangement which I think will be to our mutual advantage, the arrangement is this. I have bought of Mr. Chs. Bent the half of his goods, for which I have paid him Cash. I am to remain here to sell the goods, and Mr. Bent goes to St. Louis for to bring to this Country goods for him and my Self. I remit you by Mr. Charles Bent Six hundred Dollars which you will please place to my Credit. I am anxious to now [know] the result of the Beaver I Send last fall, and would be glad [if] you would write me by the first opportunity, and let me now [know] what amount I am owing you now. If you have not sold the mules I sent last and Mr. Bent should want them do me the favor to let Mr. Bent have them. . . .

In 1832, St. Vrain and Charles Bent opened a business house in Taos under the name of Bent & St. Vrain. It became an important landmark on the old plaza. The establishing and building of Bent's Fort on the Arkansas River took place about the same time as the Taos enterprise. It became one of the greatest establishments on the Santa Fe Trail, and played a vital role in the development of the West.

In the fall of 1837 or spring of 1838, another adobe fort was built by the firm of Bent, St. Vrain and Co. This one was located on the east bank of the South Platte River, about a mile below the mouth of St. Vrain Creek, near the confluence of the two streams. The post had several different names, but was generally known as Fort St. Vrain. Its size has been estimated at one hundred feet square, 200 by 150 feet, and one hundred and fifty feet square. The post was located on the Trapper's Trail, halfway between Bent's Fort on the Arkansas and Fort Laramie. A large amount of business was transacted during its six and one-half years of existence; it was abandoned in 1844. Later, emigrants formed a settlement around old Fort St. Vrain, and a stage stop was established there. On October 6, 1859, settlers in this vicinity organized a claim club to protect their land, laid out "Saint Vrain County," and agreed that: "The jurisdiction of this club shall be co-extensive with the County of Saint Vrain, (in Nebraska Territory) to embrace not less than twenty-four miles square with the town of St. Vrain near the centre. . . ."

The post office at St. Vrain was established while that area was still a part of Nebraska Territory; C. H. Miles was the postmaster in 1859. It remained at St. Vrain when Colorado Territory was created in February, 1861, and existed there until 1874, at which time it was moved to Platteville, Colorado.

When Colorado Territory was created in February, 1861, seventeen counties were organized. Weld county was one of the original counties, and St. Vrain was its county seat.

In 1840, Ceran St. Vrain, Lancaster P. Lupton, Charles Bent, Charles Beaubien and Lucien B. Maxwell helped to establish an American settlement on Adobe Creek, south of the present town of Florence, Colorado. The post, managed by Beaubien, was

established to supply trappers who were operating in that region. The settlement existed until 1846, when it was abandoned.

Along with all the business enterprises of forts, St. Vrain was kept busy guiding wagon trains across the plains.

On December 3, 1843, Ceran St. Vrain and Cornelio Vigil, both residents of Taos, petitioned the Governor for a land grant in the valleys of the Cucharas, Apishapa and Huerfano rivers. They presented their petition for services rendered to the citizens of Mexico, expressed as their purpose a desire to promote agriculture and stock raising, and promised to start colonizing the land as soon as possible.

Governor Armijo directed the Justice of the Peace to give possession of the land asked for, and on January 4, 1844, a formal transfer was made in the following ceremony:

Commencing on the line (north of the lands of Beaubien and Miranda) at one league east of the Animas [Purgatory] River a mound was erected; thence following in a direct line to the Arkansas river, one league below the junction of the Animas and the Arkansas the second mound was erected on the banks of the said Arkansas river; and following up the Arkansas to one and one-half leagues below the junction of the San Carlos river, the third mound was erected; thence following in a direct line to the south, until it reached the foot of the first mountain, two leagues west of the Huerfano river the fourth mound was erected; and continuing in a direct line to the top of the mountain to the source of the aforementioned Huerfano, the fifth mound was erected; and following the summit of said mountain in an easterly direction until it intersects the line of the lands of

Miranda and Beaubien in an Easterly direction, I came to the first mound which was erected. Closing here the boundaries of this grant, and having recorded the same, I took them by the hand and walked with them, and caused them to throw earth and pull up weeds, and make other demonstrations of possession, with which the ceremony was concluded.

This grant embraced all of what is now Colorado south of the Arkansas River and east of the mountains except the Nolan Grant, fifteen miles wide and forty miles long, south of Pueblo. Later a great deal of litigation took place over this grant by the heirs of Cornelio Vigil, who was killed in the Taos uprising of 1847. An act of Congress on June 21, 1861, reduced the grant from four million acres to 97,390.95 acres.

St. Vrain conveyed one-sixth of the land to Charles Bent by deed, with a statement in the document to the effect that Bent was to give free land to families for the purpose of settlement. Among those who took advantage of this offer were Alexander Hicklin and his wife, Estafana, who, in 1859, took possession of a tract of land consisting of 5,118 and a fraction acres at Greenhorn, Colorado.

Charles Bent, in a letter from Taos, New Mexico, on May 1, 1846, to Mr. Alvarez in Santa Fe, said that Ceran St. Vrain and a Mr. Folger had arrived in Taos a few days earlier. They planned to leave on the morning of May 2, 1846, "for the U States, in consequence of St. Vrains having heard of the death of his mother."

However, trouble broke out in Taos, and St. Vrain seems to have delayed his trip a few weeks. St. Vrain did eventually reach Missouri during the summer or fall of 1846, for on September 12, 1846, he was in command of a wagon train which left the Missouri for Santa Fe. It consisted of

fifty wagons and one hundred men. Thomas Boggs, who was on this trip, spoke of Ceran as being a "kind, tolerant man."

Lewis Garrard, another passenger on this journey, accompanied them as far as Bent's Fort, arriving there on November 1, 1846. Garrard remained at Bent's Fort until January 28, 1847, but St. Vrain continued on to Taos and Santa Fe.

St. Vrain was in Santa Fe at the time of the Indian rebellion in New Mexico, led by Diego Archuleta, Tomas Ortiz, Padre Juan Ortiz and Jose Gallegos. They gathered a large force and marched into Taos on the night of January 18, 1847. On the morning of January 19th, this merciless band of savages went on the war-path, determined to slaughter all the Americans in the town. The first place they stopped was at the residence of Stephen Lee, sheriff, killing him and Cornelio Vigil, the prefect. The house of Governor Charles Bent was attacked next, and he was massacred in his own doorway, along with James Blair, a young attorney from Missouri.

Several other Americans were wantonly killed, as well as half-breed children, and women who had married Americans.

The news of the uprising in Taos was carried to Santa Fe on January 20th, by Charles Towne, the only American who escaped. Colonel Sterling Price, who was stationed there with a few companies of United States troops, mustered his forces. A volunteer company was formed under Ceran St. Vrain, who was given the rank of Captain. With this small force, only three hundred fifty-three men and four howitzers, Colonel Price left Santa Fe for Taos on January 23rd. The next day they encountered the main force of rebels at Santa Cruz, twenty-five miles north of Santa Fe, who were planning to attack the capitol. Colonel Price speeded the march of his main force and began attacking

Santa Cruz. The American wagons were coming in the rear when a party of Indians and Mexicans attempted to cut them off. Captain St. Vrain and his Volunteers, along with Captain Angney's men, charged them, and a fierce battle took place with the Americans losing two men and seven wounded, while the insurgents lost thirty-six killed and many wounded. They retreated toward Taos, but were again encountered at Embudo, where Captain St. Vrain, Captain Burgwin, Lieutenant White and their men routed them.

No other battles were fought until the troops reached Pueblo de Taos, where the insurgents had fortified themselves in houses and a church. Colonel Price ordered Captains St. Vrain and Slack, with their mounted men, to take up a position on the opposite side of the town from the church, where they were to intercept any insurgents who might try to escape. The rest of the troops stormed the church whose adobe walls withstood the heavy pounding of cannon balls. A break was made in the walls and the dragoons attacked with bombs, holding the shells in their hands until the fuses had burned short, then tossing them inside just before they exploded. The storming party took possession and the insurgents surrendered. Six of the leaders who were captured were hung from the same scaffold.

Some of the insurgents tried to flee, but St. Vrain and his mounted Volunteers killed fifty-one of them. Ceran shot the leader, Pablo Chaves, who was wearing Governor Bent's shirt and coat.

There was a great deal of hand-to-hand fighting. St. Vrain was engaged in one encounter in which he almost lost his life. He, with others, was riding along when they came to an Indian stretched upon the ground. St. Vrain, recognizing him as being one who had played a prominent part in

the insurrection, dismounted and walked over close to inspect the body. To his amazement, the supposedly dead Indian sprang to his feet, grabbed St. Vrain, and raised a long steel arrow in position for a thrust into his body. Both men were large and stout, and a tussle ensued; the Indian kept turning St. Vrain so the other men could not assist him. Finally, "Uncle Dick" Wootton, who was with the group, managed a blow with his tomahawk, which caused the red man to relax his hold on St. Vrain, and ended the fight, for the Indian was dead.

Lewis Garrard was at Bent's Fort when word was received of the Taos uprising and the death of Charles Bent. He left Bent's Fort in a party of twenty-three men on January 28, 1847, for Taos to avenge Bent's death. They reached Taos in April, and were greeted by Ceran St. Vrain. Garrard described the incident as follows:

Mr. St. Vrain, at this juncture approaching, took me kindly by the hand, coupled with an invitation to his own house. Leading my mule by the bridle, we crossed the south side of the plaza and entered a courtyard enclosed by high walls. . . .

I was ushered into an oblong, handsomely furnished room with a fireplace in one corner, and the walls hung with portraits of holy characters, crosses, etc., showing the prevailing religion; and to furnish additional evidence, a *padre* (priest) was taking his *congé* as we opened the door. An introduction to Señora St. Vrain—a dark-eyed, languidly handsome woman—followed my appearance.

Ceran St. Vrain's wife was a daughter of Charles Beaubien. She was a dark-eyed, handsome woman, and a gracious hostess, who entertained many of St. Vrain's friends in their

home. Very little is known about St. Vrain's marriage to this girl. The Taos parish books contain no record of it, and the St. Vrain genealogy does not mention it. Fremont's account of his second expedition shows that Ceran was married to a Beaubien girl by the summer of 1843.

Ceran was active in the political affairs of New Mexico, and in 1847, he, with Antoine Leroux and Padre Martinez, were delegates from Taos County to a convention in Santa Fe for the purpose of declaring that New Mexico was a territory of the United States and demanding that it have a seated delegate in Congress.

In the fall of 1848, Kit Carson decided to return to Taos and make his home there. Ceran St. Vrain was one of the men who welcomed this intrepid man and great scout of the plains. Their friendship flourished; in 1849, John Charles Fremont, who was in Taos with Kit Carson, wrote his wife, Jessie: "Mr. St. Vrain dined with us today."

Ceran St. Vrain perhaps was closer to Kit Carson than any other man of that period. They were both vitally interested in the growth and development of New Mexico. In 1853, St. Vrain sent the following letter to Carson:

Moro Town July 30th/53

Dear Kit

I have only time to write you a few lines and request you to sign the Enclosed letter if it meets with your views. There seems to a new stir in regards to the Rail Road through New Mexico. If you will sign This letter it May adjust the Matter some, I wish to send it to the States by this mail. Mr. Casey will Explain that is in it to you.

Wishing you all Success

I remain

Yours in haste

Ceran St. Vrain

The above letter was in reference to

the railroad which was laying its tracks westward. Carson did not receive the note in time to act; both men had died before the railroad was completed.

Ceran gave Kit Carson a parcel of land in the Sangre de Cristo grant which extended into southern Colorado. St. Vrain also signed the following statement which appeared in the book, *The Life and Adventures of Kit Carson*, by DeWitt Peters:

Fernandez de Taos, New Mexico

We, the undersigned citizens of the Territory of New Mexico, were acquainted with Mr. Christopher Carson, almost from the time of first arrival in the country. We were his companions both in the mountains and as private citizens. We are also acquainted with the fact, that for months, during his leisure hours, he was engaged in dictating his life. This to our certain knowledge, the only authentic biography of himself and his travels, that has ever been written. We heartily recommend THIS BOOK to the reading community for perusal, as it presents a life out of the usual routine of business, and is checkered with adventures which have tried this bold and daring man. We are cognizant of the details of the book, and vouch for their accuracy.

Very respectfully

Ceran St. Vrain

Lt. Col. W. M. Arbortez

Charles Beaubien

Late circuit judge

The 1858 edition of DeWitt Peters' book was dedicated to:

Colonel Ceran St. Vrain
of New Mexico

Dear Sir: You were first among the brave mountaineers to discover and direct the manly energy, extraordinary natural ability, and unyielding courage which have

been attached to the subject of this volume; and, as among the first Americans who put foot on the Rocky Mountains, you are perhaps best acquainted with the history of the men, who, for fifty years, have lived there.

Christopher Carson, after a long life now crowned with successful and honorable achievements, still looks upon you, sir, as his earliest patron, and places your name on the list of his warmest friends. Through a life of unusual activity and duration, which, reflecting honor and renown upon your name, have given you a distinguished position among your countrymen, you have never been known to forget a duty to your fellow man.

For these considerations, the dedication of this volume to you cannot but appear appropriate. That he may continue to merit a place in your confidence and esteem is the earnest desire of the author.

In 1850, Ceran St. Vrain retired from the Indian and Mexican trade, and moved to Mora, New Mexico, where he erected a flour mill and was engaged in other enterprises. He was also active in politics, and strongly opposed the Southerners who were attempting to bring New Mexico into the Union as a slave state. He served as a delegate at a convention held on April 20, 1850, at which time they petitioned Colonel Munroe, military commander, to call an election. It was called for June 20th, of that year, and St. Vrain ran for Lieutenant Governor on the anti-state, anti-slavery ticket. He was defeated by Manuel Alvarez, whose slave party attempted to take over the government. Their scheme was thwarted by the military.

St. Vrain never faltered in his loyalty to his friends and his patriotism to his country. In 1854, when Gov-

ernor Merriweather issued a Proclamation to form six companies of New Mexico Volunteers, Ceran St. Vrain volunteered and was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel. That same year he joined Colonel Thomas T. Fauntleroy, who was in command of Fort Union, in an expedition against the Ute and Apache Indians who had participated in the Fort Pueblo massacre on Christmas day.

The active campaign began in February, 1855. With Kit Carson as guide, they started for Fort Massachusetts and had their first encounter with the Indians in a running fight in Saguache Pass on March 19, 1855. Eight Indians and two dragoons were killed. They pursued the red men for many days, then returned to Fort Massachusetts for three weeks of rest. Resuming their hunt, the forces were divided: Colonel St. Vrain, with most of the volunteers, crossed the Sangre de Cristo range, where he met and had several encounters with the Indians. Many prisoners and horses were taken.

On January 25, 1855, Ceran St. Vrain was raised a Master Mason in the Montezuma Lodge No. 109, in Santa Fe. He demitted from this lodge in 1860, and became Junior Warden and treasurer of Bent Lodge No. 204, at Mora, New Mexico, which was chartered on June 1, 1860, and named in honor of Charles Bent.

In 1856, Ceran St. Vrain and Harvey E. Easterday built a flour mill in San Luis, Colorado. They purchased the mill equipment from the firm of Workman and Rowland.

A few historians have stated that St. Vrain and St. James brought a train load of good into Denver in 1859, and opened a store. The following advertisement appeared in the first issue of the *Rocky Mountain News*:

New Arrival—A train of six wagons, loaded with provisions and goods, has just arrived, consigned to Messrs. St. Vrain and James

Broadwell. Flour is selling at \$15 per 100 lbs.

In 1860, William N. Byers, writing a series of articles about "Early Days in Jefferson," said:

Messrs. St. James and St. Vrain arrived with a large train of wagons, loaded with flour and a general assortment of goods, and opened a store in the first house from Cherry creek on the south side of Larimer street, in the month of February, 1859. This was the first store opened in Denver. The proprietors came from New Mexico, where they had been trading for some years past. In May they vacated their first quarters and moved into their present commodious store-room on Blake street.

There is no indication in the 1859 Directory that Ceran St. Vrain was in business in Denver. However, Edmond St. Vrain, a nephew of Ceran, was in business in Denver at that time, according to William Larimer, who later wrote:

Louis St. James and Ed. St. Vrain were two other arrivals from Mexico. They located on Larimer street on the bluff overlooking Cherry Creek. They were originally from St. Louis. Ed. St. Vrain was a nephew of Colonel St. Vrain. Theirs was the first large stock of goods placed on our market. They built a cabin of hewed logs which was a great improvement over any hitherto built.

Ceran St. Vrain could have been a silent partner. The Directory of 1859, which lists Charles Beaubien and F. Muller, both formerly from Fernando de Taos, as being located on Larimer Street, does not mention Ceran St. Vrain. However, on November 10,

1860, Colonel St. Vrain arrived in Denver for a few days' visit with friends, and returned to his home in New Mexico five days later.

In the Spring of 1860, St. Vrain and Easterday were part of the company who jumped the claim of a group that had founded Canon City in October, 1859. They relocated the town, which embraced 1280 acres, and surveyed it into lots and blocks. They remained in possession until 1864, then abandoned the town.

During the Civil War, St. Vrain never faltered in his loyalty to the Union cause; he fought slavery at every instance and with all his influence. In 1861, the First New Mexico Volunteer Infantry was recruited with St. Vrain as Colonel and Kit Carson as Lieutenant Colonel. St. Vrain resigned on September 30, 1861, claiming ill health due to being overweight and having an enlarged liver; he weighed 200 pounds at that time.

During the next few years his activities were centered around Mora, where he made his home and erected a flour mill. During the Civil War he sold flour to the troops at fifteen cents a pound, and meal at 8 to 11 cents; he became very prosperous through these sales to the government. His wealth, influence and popularity were used in the cause of freedom.

About this same time, St. Vrain was associated with John M. Francisco. Various ledger accounts show amounts due Francisco & St. Vrain by Charles Autobee and Alexander Hicklin. There are in existence many letters and documents between St. Vrain and Francisco concerning mill operations and cattle sales.

On August 17, 1864, St. Vrain notified Francisco that an old flour mill at Cucharas had been destroyed by fire. By 1863, St. Vrain could see the need for a road between Taos and Santa Fe, and sent the following Memorial to President Lincoln:

Santa Fe, New Mexico

Fernando De Taos

New Mexico, Sept. 27th, '63

To his Excellency, A. Lincoln

The undersigned residents of the county of Taos, and loyal citizens of New Mexico, respectfully present the following memorial to the favorable consideration of your Excellency, to us your memorialists believe, (and long experience has shown this belief to be well founded), that it is greatly to the interest of this Territory of New Mexico, to the interests of the government of the United States, and to the especial interest of the northern portion of our Territory, as imminently involving the former, that by government agency, and sufficient appropriation, an advantageous public road, suitable for wagon transit, and for more convenient postal inter-communication should be opened and perfected, between the towns of Taos and Santa Fe. Your memorialists further claim the feasibility of the project, the little time necessary for its practical execution, and in view of the important results manifestly to follow its achievement, the comparatively trivial expenditure required as primary reason for their appeal in behalf of the enterprise. The valley of Taos, almost unbounded in extent, unvaryingly fertile, and rich in agricultural products, has long been considered, as it promises ever to remain, the principal granary of this Territory yet inhospitably shut in by natural barriers wanting available artificial outlets, and thus, a great measure, isolated from interior markets of trade, in vain has plenty here reached abundance, and an oversupply, cheapened prices far below the demand elsewhere. On this point it will be sufficient to refer your

Excellency to the statistics of our last census report, to show annual grain, while we beg leave to remark, that corn and wheat bring at this time \$1 and \$1.50 a fanega, (about two and half bushels), in Taos, is from six to eight dollars in Santa Fe, and with easy and less expensive access to places of ready sale, the amount of production would be proportionately increased, with a possible diminution in even low prices. To say nothing, therefore, of possible immense advantages likely to accrue to local Territorial interests, the direct interest to the government in obtaining supplies from this valley, in all desirable quantities, and at greatly reduced rates, is too obvious to need comment, nor is it a matter of less concern, that government troops, in view of any existing or future emergency, would find such a highway as is proposed to be established, the most practicable of all others for their safe and speedy transportation; the route in question embracing, as it would do, not only a central territorial line, radical for the purposes of military disposition in any desired direction, but also the best settled portions of the country, and affording ample supplies, without the necessity of any particular division of any incoming force, or at most, a resort to ordinary foraging expeditions. As to feasibility, only about twelve or thirteen miles of road would be required, the principle expenditure of the necessary government appropriation—viz., a section in the most direct line of communication between Taos and Santa Fe, beginning at a point on the east bank of the Rio Grande known as La Cenegilla about fifteen miles distant from the town of Taos, being, in fact, a principle outlet of the valley on

its western border and terminating at La Joya, in the adjoining intermediate county of Rio Arriba. Previous surveys, more especially that of Captain McCombs, of the U. S. Army, have shown that the grades of this designated section would be easy, the work comparatively light, and that by the circuit made, and the new connections formed, the distance between Taos and Santa Fe would be shortened at least twenty-five miles. Instead of quite ninety-five miles of perilous and impracticable road to be traveled by wagon (as is now the case) not more than seventy odd miles, and possibly much less, would have to be traveled, and their freight or whatever description, and with an accelerated expedition, at the moment beyond any approximate computation. As to time, from the survey referred to, it is certain, especially under a competent officer like Captain McComb, the projected work could be completed, and with no extraordinary application of labor, in a period of four months at the outside. As to expense, every reasonable, and every liberal estimate and calculation, has shown that to carry out to successful completion this really important work, an appropriation of \$100,000 would be amply sufficient—this sum very probably to be more than made up by the difference in the cost to government of grain already alluded to. Your memorialists presume the citizens of Santa Fe, and indeed, of all other parts of the Territory of New Mexico, are equally interested in the objects of this petition. Lines of coaches would doubtless soon be established on a direct route between Santa Fe and Denver City, improving our postal interchanges, making the transportation of pas-

sengers greatly more convenient and expeditious, and opening a more familiar intercourse with our sister Territory of Colorado, drawing us into closer and more legitimate proximity to the states of which we are a part. The rich valley of Taos would at once be freed from its present isolated position, and the town of Fernando, deservedly one of the first in the territory, would likewise receive immediate recognition of its claims to a leading importance. The current of population, naturally flowing into New Mexico from North to South would be expanded and quickened in its progress. These among other reasons, many of which will doubtless occur to your Excellency's mind, are our reasons for presenting to your Excellency this memorial. We most respectfully ask your favorable consideration of the same, and such recommendations as may tend to secure us all necessary congressional intervention in our behalf.

Most Respectfully,
Ceran St. Vrain
and 138 others.

Santa Fe (Weekly) New Mexico,
1863.

A bill for construction of a military road from Santa Fe to Taos was introduced into Congress by Hon. Jose M. Gallegos in the spring of 1872, and again in December, 1872. In March, 1873, the bill had passed the House, and on March 3, 1875, the appropriation to complete the road was approved. It was opened to travel in the summer of 1877.

Ceran St. Vrain married Louisa Branch of Taos. Diligent research has failed to reveal the date of place.

On April 2, 1866, St. Vrain drew and signed the following Will:

As man life is uncertain and as
I am about taking a trip of some

risk, across the plains, should I be so unfortunate as to be killed or die on my transit, it is my best wish that my son Vicente St. Vrain, and my nephew B. M. St. Vrain and T. Mignault take charge of all my property in the Territory of New Mexico and Territory of Colorado and State of Missouri.

1st. It is my wish that after all my just debts are duly paid out of my Estate that the sum of Five Thousand Dollars be at once *sett* apart for the education of my daughter *Felicitas* and out of the *Las Animas Grant*, when it is sold and everything settled, that there be paid to B. M. St. Vrain Five Thousand Dollars and also to T. Mignault Five Thousand Dollars.

My farm what is in the State of Missouri to be sold and the proceeds to be divided, say one-half of proceeds to go to the heirs of my two brothers (deceased) Charles & Felix S. Vrain, and the other half to be divided *eaquely* with my sons Vicente St. Vrain & Felix St. Vrain and my daughter Felicitas St. Vrain and the balance of my property to be *eaquely* divided among say one third to each, Vicente, Felix and Felicitas St. Vrain.

It, is also my wish to be paid yearly to the Mother of my daughter Felicitas as long as her good behavior, Three Hundred Dollars, it is my *urgeant* wish that my (child) Felicitas be sent immediately to Vicente St. Vrain and for him and his wife Amelia to take charge of her and *raze* and educate her as if she was their own child.

It is my most urgent wish and I command it, that she be sent to school in this country until she is eleven years old, then I wish her sent to the States to the Convent,

(Catholic) until her education is complete.

And in Testimony Whereof, I have this April the 2nd in the year of A. D. One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-six set my hand and seal in presence of:

Witnessed:

"Signed" Alfred A. Crane M.D.
Alexander Durall

M.D.

W. R. Shoemaker

M.D.

M. A. Ashart M.D.

(Signed) Ceran St. Vrain.

After his death part of his Denver property was sold at public auction according to the following notice in the *Rocky Mountain News*:

The estate of St. Vrain will be sold at public auction at the foot of the steps leading to the court room on Larimer Street in Denver, Arapahoe County, the following Real Estate lot 10 Block (42) on Blake Street the east division of Denver. Vincent St. Vrain
Administrator of Ceran St. Vrain

Ceran St. Vrain left his record on the pages of Western History, his name on the map of Colorado, and his landmarks on the State of New Mexico. St. Vrain Creek; St. Vrain Canyon; Fort St. Vrain; St. Vrain, Colorado; St. Vrain and Golden City Wagon Road; and St. Vrain County, Nebraska Territory were all named after him.

Ceran St. Vrain was a pioneer, a gentleman, and a shrewd business man, who ranked with the best of all the mountain men who crossed the plains. No valorous deeds have been attributed to him in the way of conquering marauding Indians, and of fighting his way across the plains through the attacks of red men and large, fierce hordes of buffalo. He was not a killer of men, but was one who built up and did not destroy; he was

known to be sincere, thoughtful and kind, and made life easier rather than harder for those who came to settle and develop the West.

Ceran St. Vrain died of apoplexy on October 28, 1870, at his home in Mora, New Mexico. He was attended in his last illness by Colonel DeWitt Peters, the same man who wrote the biography of Kit Carson.

The funeral, held on October 30th, was conducted by the Masonic Lodge. St. Vrain, as ex-Colonel of the Volun-

teers, was buried with military honors by troops from Fort Union. Captain Starr of the 8th Cavalry, with his troop, acted as escort; General Gregg and staff served as pallbearers; and the regimental band furnished the music. Nearly two thousand people attended the service.

Ceran St. Vrain's remains were interred in the family plot—a square, fenced area, almost hidden by time's tangled shrubs—on a hillside near Mora, New Mexico.

WRITERS OF WESTERN HISTORY

JOSIAH GREGG, M.D.,
(1806-1850)

Josiah Gregg, the great American traveler, trader of Santa Fe Trail fame, and writer, was born in Overton County, Tennessee July 19, 1806. Very little is known of his formal education, but his writings show he had a good knowledge of the classics as well as astronomy and mathematics; he also could speak French and Spanish. He stated that he "was cradled and educated on the Indian border."

Josiah, at the age of nineteen, was advised to take a trip across the prairies on account of his health. He accepted the suggestion and left for Independence May 15, 1831; on May 27th he left with a large train from Council Grove, a caravan consisting of two hundred people, one hundred wagons and \$200,000 worth of merchandise.

He made several journeys across the plains to Santa Fe and engaged in the mercantile business there. On one of his visits to Santa Fe, he made a contract with the *Vicario*, the Rev. J. F. Ortiz, to construct a clock between two towers of the old parish church for one thousand dollars. He was an

expert mechanic and brought the parts across the plains from Missouri. He built the timepiece and installed in the structure the figure of a small Negro which would come out and bow at each stroke of the hour. After the work was completed, the *Vicario* refused to pay the full amount of the contract price, but he did give seven hundred dollars to Gregg, who returned to Missouri. The faithful little figure continued to come out and bow politely to the people of Santa Fe for a long time. One day he failed to appear; the people around the square thought it a bad omen. Feeling ran so high the *Vicario* wrote Gregg to come and repair the clock, and stated he would pay him the balance of three hundred dollars. This Gregg did and every one was happy again to see the little Negro come out with the hour.

Josiah Gregg, whose enthusiasm for the prairies never seemed to lag, kept a journal of his experiences in which he recorded his observations and a great deal of information relating to the Santa Fe Trail. In 1844, he went to New York to find a publisher for

his book. He then attended the Medical Institute of Louisville, Kentucky, and was graduated from there in March, 1846, with the degree Doctor of Medicine. He intended to return to Santa Fe, but instead acted as interpreter for troops sent to Chihuahua, Mexico. Gregg remained with the American forces in the vicinity of Saltillo, where he also practiced medicine.

Dr. Gregg served with the American forces in the Mexican War until June, 1847, then returned to New Orleans. Gregg returned to Mexico in January, 1848, rejoined the Army of Occupation and acted as a correspondent for several newspapers, particularly the New Orleans *Picayune*.

Gregg's book, *Commerce of the Prairies*, which was published in 1844, had a great deal of influence on public opinion in the United States. There were eight printings of the book from 1844 to 1857, including three printings of a German translation in 1845 and 1847. A reprint was issued in 1905, edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites in his *Early Western Travels* series.

Commerce of the Prairies is a classic in western literature, written in simple, direct style, and dealing with the Santa Fe trade before the Mexican custom houses were closed in 1841. It also delineates the history of the Santa Fe trade before Pike, in 1806, to the beginning of caravans in 1822. It tells how to form caravans, the way to keep them moving, and gives an account of a journey across the plains, the buffalo, stampedes, and Indians encountered.

The work mixes descriptive narrative with history in accurate, chronological detail. Gregg took the opportunity to consult the Archives in Santa Fe, made use of source material which has since been lost. He provided the first connected history of New Mexico and one which has been valuable to subsequent researchers. It also deals

with the relations of Texas and the United States. Gregg is without doubt the historian of the Santa Fe trade—the caravan system which existed for a quarter of a century before the conquest of New Mexico by the United States.

In the summer of 1848, Gregg returned to Missouri, then journeyed into California during the gold rush of 1849. While in California, Gregg led a party of miners on an exploring expedition along the Trinity River in October, 1849. After weeks of exploration, the party turned south in an attempt to reach the settlement of San Francisco. On February 25, 1850, near Clear Lake, California, Dr. Gregg was killed in a fall from his horse. His companions dug a hole with sticks, placed his body in the ground, and covered the spot with stones.

The *Commerce of the Prairies*, in two small volumes, is a monument to a fine Western writer.

Nolie Mumey

WYOMING CMs WIN AWARDS FOR WORK

Mary Lou Pence (Mrs. Alfred M.) of Laramie, who wrote the book *The Ghost Towns of Wyoming* (Hastings House, New York) and Lola M. Homsher of Cheyenne, who assisted with the research on the book, have been presented with certificates by The American Association of State and Local History which gave its Award of Merit for 1957 to the book. Both are corresponding members of The Denver Posse.

In making the award, Louis C. Jones of New York, chairman of the association, said the book was selected as having made the most important contribution to state and local history in Region Number Nine, Mountain Area, which includes Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico, Utah, Montana and Idaho.



Western's Bookshelf



THE EXPLORATION OF THE COLORADO RIVER, by John Wesley Powell, Re-published by the University of Chicago Press, 1957. Introduction by Wallace Stegner. 138 pp. \$3.75.

In an era when the ultimate in exploration, man's first journey into outer space, seems but a short time ahead in the future, a mere journey by boat down a western river would seem to be most commonplace. Yet as anyone who has ever made the journey down the canyons of the Colorado River knows, it is, even today, far from a monotonous trip. What then must it have been like for the first white man to traverse its gorges. *The Exploration of the Colorado River* tells us. It is the story of Major John Wesley Powell and his small group of followers, their tribulations and eventual triumph over a roiling, treacherous, uncharted stream. As a narrative of sheer adventure, I do not think their journey has a parallel in the annals of western exploration.

In 1869, the last major unexplored area remaining in the United States was the Colorado River Basin, extending south from Green River, Wyoming, into the northwest corner of Colorado, thence through Utah and into the Grand Canyon. Powell's mission was to use the river as a highway of exploration, camping along its banks, and scaling the sheer canyon walls to explore the areas surrounding the river. The journal kept by Powell tells how this was accomplished.

First published in 1875, Powell's Journal has now been edited by Wallace Stegner, and published by the University of Chicago Press. For those who have made the trip, or are planning to follow in Powell's footsteps this should be a book of great interest. And armchair explorers will also treasure it.

—Ross B. Grenard, Jr.

JOSEPH REDDEFORD WALKER AND THE ARIZONA ADVENTURE, by Daniel Ellis Conner, edited by Donald J. Berthrong and Odessa Davenport. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 364 pp. \$5.00.

Coloradans are familiar with the names of such mountain men as Kit Carson, Bill Williams, Jim Bridger, Jedediah Smith and many more who were associated with our own mountains and plains. But very hazy in this is this reader's mind was the character of Joseph Walker who stands along with the others at the top of the list.

He survived the dangers of his own era and turned gold-seeker in the next. But Daniel Conner was also a gold-seeker. He tried his

luck first in Colorado but, as a Kentuckian, found the Yankee-dominated state uncongenial in 1862. He joined Walker's party of gold seekers bound for Arizona and spent the next years until September, 1867, in Apache land.

Conner's journal pictures both Walker and the life in Arizona with a wealth of detail. The first emerges with stature as a man of caution and real ability; the latter, as senselessly brutal and violent. But Conner's journal is not easy reading. His sentence structure is involved and replete with Victorian circumlocutions; while his unnamed allusions would be maddening if it were not for excellent, clarifying footnotes.

The publishers have made a handsome book of the journal, including eight portraits of principals, a map of the route of the Walker party, a fine bibliography and an index. For students of the period, the book will be invaluable.

—Caroline Bancroft

VIOLENCE IN LINCOLN COUNTY; 1869-1881, by William A. Keleher. Albuquerque. Univ. of New Mexico Press. c1957. 390 p. \$6.00.

Mr. Keleher, an Albuquerque attorney, who has written *Turmoil in New Mexico, 1846-1968*; *Maxwell Land Grant*, and *The Fabulous Frontier*, in his latest book again shows those interested in the West and Southwest that he is one of the most thorough and accurate writers now at work in those areas.

Lincoln County, New Mexico, is 250 miles south of Colorado and about 100 miles north of El Paso. It is west of Roswell, and is near the White Sands Proving Grounds, was once one of the largest counties in the United States, covering some 17 million acres. The Lincoln County War began over a dispute for \$10,000 life-insurance money, and was the ultimate culmination of the combination of avarice, greed, malfeasance and expediency at work in Washington, in the Army, in Santa Fe, and on the frontier. In the delineation of participants and in the chronology of events the reader is shown the real characters of Lew Wallace, Billy the Kid, Pat Garrett, and the Anglo judges, U. S. Marshals, and territorial governors in New Mexico during the years following the Civil War.

Owing to the author's intensive research and his liberal use of notes and profiles at the end of each of his sixteen chapters, the reader is introduced to a variety of interesting bypaths, should he wish to investigate other aspects of the frontier's history. The

book is an outstanding contribution to Western Americana. It is extremely well-written and a fast-moving historical account of the total collapse of law, order, and justice. It must be read by all who are interested in the frontier.

—Wallace Hoffman

PEOPLE AND PLOTS ON THE RIO GRANDE, Virgil N. Lott & Virginia M. Fenwick, 152 pp., no illus., index. Naylor Co., San Antonio, Tex. \$3.75.

Eugene Manlove Rhodes is said to have started writing his superb western stories because he became angered at what others were depicting as "The West." PEOPLE and PLOTS seems to have generated from the same human impulse, because Mr. Lott scathingly disagrees with other writers, same area, events, people involved. Warning: This isn't Rhodes by a long shot!

As a sample of what the book contains, this is from the dust jacket: "In spite of all the tales and arguments to the contrary, Robert E. Lee was *never* in command of Fort Ringgold; there is no real "Lee house." The church at Mier, in Mexico, is old enough without being aged by over-enthusiastic tale-tellers."

If Señor Lott can nail down all of his assertions that blow to bits the ballyhoo of the

tourist attraction hucksters, and that is his objective, I'm plumb for the gent. If he's just griping because some of the "authorities" on the Rio Grande's history down Texas way, didn't consult him as a fount of fact for researchers, I'm not particularly interested in this book.

And' yuh know, podner—I aint shore which is it, Lott a ballyhoo-buster or jes' wantin' tuh buck an' bawl a bit. I jes' didn't dig an' read an' ponder enough to find out, so I didn't.

THIS WAS SAWMILLING, by Ralph W. Andrews, Superior Publishing Co., Seattle. Profusely illustrated with old photos, 176 pages, 8x10 inches. \$8.75. 3000 copies of Autographed Edition.

This is another of the Superior company's mostly-pictorial, gift-type books of early days in the Northwestern States. Text is a sort of scrap-book type of material, pictures are exceptional photo records, ranging from sailing ships that carried lumber, through saw-mill sign language and a prize fight, to a quite tinsy pioneer logger, holiday clothed, in front of the Green Bar in Pilchuck. A book to leaf through idly and wonder what became of those there pictured, both by genera and by individuals.

—Art Carhart, PM



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APRIL MEETING

"THE FIRST WHITE SETTLERS IN COLORADO"

By DELFINO SALAZAR

6:00 P.M., Wednesday, April 23, 1958

Denver Press Club.....1330 Glenarm Place

Mr. Delfino Salazar is a native of Colorado and the descendant of the first white settlers in Colorado, an indomitable little band from New Mexico which moved into the San Luis Valley to build homes before other whites came into the area to settle. They braved fierce tribes to establish farms and ranches, begin the first irrigation in what is now Colorado.

In his life time of residence in San Luis, Mr. Salazar has earned his own place as an outstanding citizen and businessman of the San Luis Valley. He runs sheep and cattle in the Sangre de Cristos, is one of the large lettuce raisers of the state, has other extensive farm interests, is the proprietor of Colorado's first store (Salazar's in San Luis which was established by his family more than 100 years ago), operates the Hotel Don Carlos and other interests. The Posse will hear San Luis Valley history from a man who is part of it.

RIDING WITH THE POSSEE . . .

PM W. Scott Broome, a member of the American Railway Engineering Association for the past thirty years planned to attend the association's annual convention in Chicago March 11, 12 and 13. . . . Busy researcher is *CM Jack P. Riddle* who is gathering material for ten TV stories on early Colorado. . . . *PM Carl F. Mathews* is currently working in the El Paso County assessor's office in Colorado Springs, is looking forward to checking on some ghost towns in Southwestern Colorado during the coming summer. . . . *PM Arthur Campa* is going to make an air tour of Mexico and South

In the January Roundup we correctly announced the March meeting for Wednesday, March 26 at the Denver Press Club at which time Herbert P. White will speak on "Conrad Kohrs, Cattle King." But down in the body of the announcement we said that Herb "will tell his story on the nineteenth." Sorry, we didn't catch this, and hope this correction catches all of you in time. Herb's talk will be on March twenty-sixth."

America in August. . . . *PM Charles Ryland* recently received a letter from Foyles Bookstore in London; it was properly addressed to his home at 1914 11th street in Golden, Colorado, carried the additional address of: "Texas, U.S.A.". . . . *PM Ed Bemis*, the squire of Littleton, is back from a California safari on which he visited with former Sheriff Walter Gann in Laguna Beach, found Walt well and happy. . . . *Don Bloch* has set the opening of his "House of Paper" in Central City for June 15th, promises to have 10,000 paper items of interest to collectors on hand for the big opening. . . .

AN HISTORIC DANGER IN COLORADO MOUNTAINS

A few weeks ago a killer avalanche swept down a steep slope in the rugged San Juans, carried four Camp Bird miners to their deaths under hundreds of tons of snow.

The slide recalled that many Colorado slides have been operating for so long they have been named and are widely known to the people of the mountains.

In the San Juans there are such famous snow slide areas as The Telescope, The Mule Shoe, Guadalupe, Gobbler's Nob and Blue Point, all named after mining properties. Some, such as the Red Young and the Riley Boy, are named for persons who have died in them.

The famous Waterhole Slide in the Southwest part of the state killed seven men and a number of horses in the early part of the century. In the winter of 1905-1906, roaring slides in the Ouray-Silverton-Telluride triangle killed more than 100 persons.

In 1954 there were thirty-three major slides on a twenty-three mile stretch of U.S. 550 between Silverton and Ouray. One man and his son, who found their car blocked by a slide, started to walk back for assistance, found their car swept away when they returned to get it.

The slides move with the speed of an express train. The air shocks that travel ahead of them have been known to toss men as far as one hundred yards. What starts them? A small animal, a shot or other loud noise, a tremor in the earth, or some similar reason sets them off.

After a slide passes it sucks the air with it, leaves a low pressure area in its wake. Buildings standing in the wake of a slide but untouched by the slide itself, have been known to explode as a result of the normal pressure within the building pushing against the low pressure on the outside.

WESTERNERS FOUNDATION ORGANIZED BY CHICAGO

The Denver Posse was visited in February by Robert West Howard, a member of the Chicago Corral, and editor of *THIS IS THE WEST*, a publication of the Chicago Corral, which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. Mr. Howard's visit was for the purpose of explaining a proposed Westerners Foundation which has been established at the College of the Pacific in Stockton, Calif., with an original grant of \$30,000 plus royalties from *THIS IS THE WEST*. An executive secretary will be set up in Stockton and the promoters of the Foundation hope the various corrals in the United States and abroad, including the Denver Corral, will join in the undertaking.

The Foundation was established at a meeting in Chicago January 12, but since no contact was made with the Denver Corral until February 26, the day of the monthly Posse meeting, no action was taken at that meeting as the executive committee had not had an opportunity to consider the matter and make a recommendation to the membership. However, the executive committee did have a luncheon meeting with Mr. Howard and he also was given an opportunity to explain the proposal to the membership at the regular meeting that night in the Denver Press Club.

Action will be taken on the proposal at a future meeting, Sheriff Harold Dunham said.

WESTERNERS LETTERS COLUMN

Dear Charlie:

Many times during the past few years I've warmed my heart by visiting Amon Carter's collection of your

bronzes in Fort Worth. To look upon your pictures and sculptures, to learn more and more about the days of your living in the West that has passed, is to become the beneficiary of your gift of friendly, wise, unaffected greatness.

A former, fine biographer asked: "Who will eventually come to do him justice? The material is at hand." Now Harold McCracken has brought forth his magnificent tribute, the large, beautiful "Charles M. Russell Book." You yourself once observed that you and Remington saw the same country but not the same colors, *that* being all a difference of light. Mr. McCracken has illumined the inner lode-stone that drew you as a fifteen-year-old boy away from your own people westward, the discovery of your real homeland in Montana, and the fidelity and riches of the picture-writing heritage that you left to history. On almost every page, his text is adorned with colored, and black and white reproductions of your pictures and bronzes, over two hundred of them, much in the way that you used to write letters to your many, your fortunate friends.

"The Charles M. Russell Book"—I think you would like it, Charlie—the same it is good.

(Signed) Un Tejano

The above letter was not addressed to The Monthly Roundup, but your Registrar of Marks and Brands takes pleasure in printing it in the hope it will be seen by the addressee. It was written by PM W. Scott Broome after he read the following book:

THE CHARLES M. RUSSELL BOOK. By Harold McCracken. Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1957. 236 pp. Profusely illustrated. \$23.50.

THE PERSONAL LIFE OF A MINING CAMP

FRANCIS B. RIZZARI

We have had numerous papers on the history of Colorado's mining towns, but in preserving the stories of their rise and fall, it hasn't always been possible to look into the everyday happenings and thoughts of the people who lived in them. I'm going to pass on to you a few of those incidents which made up the personal life of the towns of White Pine and Tomichi in Gunnison County, Colorado. These incidents had no effect upon the overall history of the towns and will not change what has already been written. Rather we might compare these items with the individual heart beats of a person. Each beat in itself is rather insignificant and is not apparent to the outsider, but all contribute to the life of the individual. And as a doctor might use a fluoroscope or an X-ray machine to examine the inner parts of the body, we will use as our instrument, the files of the *White Pine Cone* during its first two years of existence.

The first prospectors in the vicinity were the Boon brothers along with Harry Lloyd, Arthur Wavell, Barney McCall and R. E. McBride. In the Fall of 1878, the Boons of Chaffee City (now called Monarch) and R. E. McBride went into the gulch and made several locations, but were forced to return to Chaffee because of the approaching winter. On the 25th of May, 1879, Harry Lloyd and Arthur Wavell reached the present townsite of White Pine, it having taken them two days to cut a trail up the canyon. On the 9th of June, 1879, Henry F. Lake and others arrived in camp and a few days later moved into Galena Gulch and located the North Star. Other parties arrived during the summer, discovered many of the now fa-

mous mines of the district. On the 9th of August, the prospectors decided a district should be organized and accordingly a meeting was called at Wavell and Lloyds cabin. The minutes of that meeting are the first heart-beats of a newly born mining camp:

Minutes of a meeting held at Wavell & Lloyds cabin, August 9, 1879, for the purpose of organizing a mining district: Henry F. Lake chosen President; Harry Lloyd as Secretary; on the motion of Mr. Cornett, the meeting proceeded to bound the district as follows:

Commencing on the Tomichi at the entrance of the gulch known as No Name Gulch and running due west to the divide between Hot Springs Creek and Tomichi; thence following the divide north and east to the Continental Divide to the head of No Name Gulch, thence following along its course to the point of beginning. This including all drainage on the Tomichi above the point mentioned. On motion of Harry Lloyd, the district was called Tomichi District.

On motion of Mr. Wheelon, the meeting elected messengers Cornett, Conn and Evans as a committee to draft By-Laws for the district and submit them for approval at the next meeting. The meeting then designated the mountain west of the Tomichi as Granite Mountain and the mountain eastward of the Tomichi, Contact Mountain. Meeting adjourned to meet at Lake's cabin at one o'clock P.M. August 17, 1879.

Henry F. Lake, President
Harry Lloyd, Secretary

On the 17th of August the second meeting was held and the following proceedings are recorded in the minutes:

Minutes of a meeting held at W. L. Cornett's cabin, August 17, 1879: (Author's note: no mention as to why it was not held at Lake's cabin as originally intended.)

Meeting called to order at 3:45 P.M. The following By-Laws were adopted:

1. It shall be the duty of the President to call a meeting at any time upon a written request signed by at least six miners of the district.
2. In complying with the United States and Colorado State Laws in regard to annual expenditure on "Lode Claims," the allowance per day shall be \$4.00 for labor with pick and shovel and \$5.00 per day for labor with power drills, pick and shovel.

Henry F. Lake, President
Harry Lloyd, Secretary

The records also show that the following amounts were contributed to the Tomichi District Fund:

Henry F. Lake	25c
W. L. Cornett	"
J. A. Staley	"
J. W. Davis	"
Barney McCall	"
J. G. Evans	"
Harry Lloyd	"
A. W. Wavell	"
W. J. Cox	"
G. P. Gould	"

Expended

For recording district by-laws	-----	\$2.00
Stationery	-----	.25

During 1879 all supplies had to be packed by burro from Chaffee City over Monarch Pass. When snow began to fall in the Autumn, many prospectors were afraid they would be unable to obtain supplies during the

winter and so they left the gulch, returned early in the Spring of 1880. The few men who remained in camp during the winter of 1880-1881 were compelled to pack their supplies over the range on their backs, used snow shoes to make the trips. About the first of May, 1881, a coach from Chaffee City began making daily trips over Monarch Pass and things began to hum. J. J. Thomas brought in a stock of furnishings, goods, drugs, stationery, etc., and opened a store. Ballard & Co. and Milton Spencer opened grocery stores, Barber Bros. brought in a supply of hardware, A. J. Smith started a hotel and livery stable. A black smith shop and several saloons also helped to give the place a boom. The names of the latter are not recorded in the paper.

In the summer of 1881, a townsite was laid out, the town company being composed of the following: J. J. Thomas, R. E. Conn, Jesse Davis, Henry F. Lake, Capt. E. I. Mecker and one or two others. H. C. Crawford acted as agent for the sale of lots.

A check of the 1882 business directory shows a population of 300 during the mining season and lists most of the above names and several mining companies. It is also interesting to note that it is listed as being two miles from the town of Tomichi.

On April 13, 1883, the first issue of *The White Pine Cone*, edited by George S. Irvin, made its appearance. The press run was 1000 copies. *The White Pine Cone* was not the first newspaper in the camp. It had been preceded by *The White Pine Journal* which made its first appearance May 19, 1881. Mrs. Alice Starbuck Spencer in her thesis "Newspapers in Gunnison County 1879 to 1900" states she examined the first issue of *The Journal* in the files of the Kansas State Historical Society and describes it as a seven column folio with a good many of its 28 columns being patent.

The Cone of April 27, 1883 speaks of it as "the now defunct *Journal*."

The other paper was the *Tomichi Herald*. It appeared about September 15, 1882, published by the Tomkins Publishing Co., at Tomichi, Gunnison County. The editor was F. L. Tomkins. In the fall of 1884, Tomkins sold to "Doc" Baker. Mrs. Spencer quotes George A. Root as saying "Doc" Baker had been a medical student at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor but did not have a diploma. *The Tomichi Herald* made its last appearance June 6, 1885 and *The Cone* announced it would fill out the subscriptions.

The Cone however, was the most successful paper of the three as it lasted in the district for a period of nearly ten years. Perhaps the other two papers had been born too prematurely to survive the attendant perils of journalism in a mining camp. However a good deal of credit for the success of *The Cone* must be given to George S. Irwin, whose indomitable spirit guided the paper during its lifetime. Irwin had left Gunnison on the afternoon of March 30, 1883 with his presses and other material to start his paper, and his first issue appeared in less than two weeks. While the minutes of the White Pine Town Co. were not available to me, Irwin in his editorial gives some hint as to the naming of the town: "In choosing the name of our venture we have been actuated by more than one motive. It is odd there being nothing like it in the country. It occurs to us that it is somewhat appropriate for a publication in a camp of the name of this, nestled as it is among the White pines, laden with cones. We also trust that the name is not wholly unsuggestive of the labor we hope to perform, a cone is composed of many leaves; at the base of each there is a germ, the seat of new life—the nucleus about which is added the particles which by

and by develop into a perfect tree. So we trust it may be with *The White Pine Cone*. Each week a new leaf will be added to the germ hereby planted and the sum of these leaflets will constitute a perfect *cone*. We trust that in each of these leaves there may also be found a germ which will bring forth abundant harvest for the camp of which they are the exponents." In another part of the editorial, Irwin says "*The Cone* may or may not fill a long felt want; it may or may not meet the expectation of the people—time alone will tell. In the mean time we ask your patronage to the end that we both may be benefited."

Let us now see what the editor thinks of the people of the town. Under a column headed "WHITE PINE BUSINESS MEN" there are several short sketches. The reader can see that the editor has an eye to future business.

"Judge A. J. Shelhamer came from Fairplay to this camp last November (1882) and has since been engaged in the practice of law as well as devoting considerable time to mining. . . . Since locating here, the judge has done considerable work on his mining property, the Comstock. He has had a tunnel driven in 100 feet and has sunk a shaft 32 feet at the end of the tunnel. It will thus be seen that the judge is not only an ornament to the camp but is making himself exceedingly useful."

Judge Shelhamer wasn't the only judge in the district. In reading the column headed "pertinent Personals" we find—"Judge A. M. Eastman went to Denver on Wednesday." Under the heading "Tomichi Topics" we also find the Judge Sam Nott Hyde is the authorized agent for *The Cone* in Tomichi. Contracts for advertisements made with him will be honored by *The Cone* and he will also receipt for money paid on subscriptions."

Crawford House

"This popular Hostelry is really the only one of which White Pine boasts today, and is having a run that is very gratifying to its proprietor. The house was recently run by A. J. Smith who on the 26th of March turned it over to E. L. Crawford . . . his table is at all times supplied with the best that can be obtained in this market and what is of greater importance, the cooking is excellent, the table always tastily arranged and everything about the dining room as neat as a new picture. Mrs. Crawford personally superintends this department and her good taste is everywhere apparent.

"The landlord is now also our Mayor, having been elected to that position on the 3rd inst. by an almost unanimous vote. "

J. H. Ballard & Company

"This firm is in reality entitled to the credit of being the pioneer grocery house of the camp. Its members, Messrs. J. H. Ballard and A. L. Weichrod were the first to come into White Pine after the wagon road was cut through and opened out in business in June 1881 . . . their business has grown until now they have an establishment second to none in the camp and one which indeed would do credit to a much larger town. They keep a full stock of family groceries consisting of flour, canned goods, meats, butter, eggs, teas, coffees, etc. In connection with groceries they keep such hardware as is needed in a mining camp consisting of locks, hinges, picks, shovels, drills, nails, axes, hatchets, hammers and a large quantity of Jessups steel for drills, besides numerous other articles of shelf hardware. The proprietors are pleasant men to deal with and have acquired a wide reputation for honorable dealings. They sell at as low figures as any house in town."

It is interesting to note that there

is no list of prices of groceries. However, following is a list of grocery prices from *The Cone* as for sale by J. C. Knight at Sargents:

Pride of Denver Flour	
percent	\$4.00
Granulated Sugar 7 lbs.	1.00
Arbuckles Coffee, per lb.	.20
California jams and jellies,	
3 cans	1.00
Good potatoes by the sack	
per CWT	2.00

By August 10, 1883, things were not so rosy with Ballard & Co. Under the heading of "Assignment" and "Failure of the Hardware and Grocery Term of J. H. Ballard and Co." *The Cone* reports in part:

"On Wednesday morning the citizens were surprised to notice that the doors of J. H. Ballard & Co's grocery and hardware store remained closed and it was soon learned that an assignment had been made for the benefit of the firms creditors—The causes of the failure may be summoned up briefly by saying that there has been a sharp competition in groceries of late, and goods were sold at a very close margin. The losses from bad debts therefore over balanced profits in many instances and together with many outstanding accounts, rendered it impossible for the firm to meet its liabilities. The assets of the firm amount to about \$2800, and liabilities to about \$2600, over one half of which are outstanding accounts. Owing to the scarcity of money in the camp at present, and the consequent depreciation in values of everything except the absolute essential living, it is not likely the assignee will be able to pay a very large percentage of the liabilities if the whole property is disposed of under the circumstances."

John Rundle

"Who keeps the first stopping place for citizens of the upper camp when

they visit our town, is an old resident of the camp, although he has been in the saloon business but a short time. about a month since he took charge of the stand formerly owned by E. L. Crawford and has stocked it with a fine line of choice wines, liquors, and cigars. He has just added a barrel of the finest Kentucky sour mash whiskey, which is not excelled by anything in the line of beverages in the West. Sour mash is said to be particularly healthful in the climate."

Billington & Davis

"The above named gentlemen have only recently opened in business in White Pine, although they have been residents here for some time past. They have started a first-class livery, feed and sale stable on Main Street above the Post Office where they will be pleased to receive the patronage of the public. They have a supply of first class buggies and good horses and are prepared to furnish livery rigs and saddle horses on the most reasonable terms. In connection with the stable, they will run a daily hack between White Pine, Tomichi and Sargents, connecting with all passenger trains over the D&RG road."

Boot and Shoe Maker

"Everybody must wear boots and shoes and recognizing this fact, Mr. J. H. Fowinkle came into this camp early in the spring of 1881 and opened a boot and shoe shop and since that time held the field without opposition. He is prepared to do all kinds of work from the finest pair of Morocco top boots to half soling a pair of stogas. All work warranted and prices reasonable."

E. W. Dysart

"Among those who supply the thirsty with the good things to drink in White Pine, the name of E. W. Dysart stands out prominently . . . He

believes that the best goods are always the cheapest in the end and hands over the bar none of the 40-rod-kill-me-quick spirits so commonly found in a frontier town . . . Mr. Dysart is now building a two story frame house 24 X 50 feet adjoining his present quarters. As soon as completed it will be fitted up in the finest style for saloon, billiard and gaming rooms. It will be the largest building in town."

Under a column headed "Improvements" we find more interesting bits of news:

"C. L. Stitzer is building a log house just north of Turners on Main Street, 14 x 20 feet. Mr. Stitzer contemplates starting a meat market in the town—an establishment very much needed."

* * *

"Farmers' saw mill will commence running inside of ten days. The capacity of the mill is 10,000 feet of lumber per day. The price of lumber at the mill will be \$20 per thousand, delivered in town at \$25 per thousand."

* * *

"Dr. W. H. Baker is the only physician and surgeon of which the camp now boasts and owing to the healthful locality, he does not find his professional duties crowd him to any great extent. Dr. Baker, however, is as good a physician as will be found in the West and is a graduate of Ann Arbor University . . ."

* * *

Pertinent Personals

"F. L. Tomkins, editor of the Tomichi Herald favored us with a call and occupied a seat in our arm chair last Friday. He says he will hold the upper camp level the coming season."

* * *

"Messrs. A. B. Cooper, Harry Lloyd, W. A. Geho, John S. Barber, Ed Shaw and Arthur Wavell have made all the arrangements for a social hop at the

hall next door to J. H. Ballard & Co. this (Friday) evening . . . Good music has been provided for the occasion and the program of dances is such as to give every one an opportunity to shake their feet. Everything connected with the dance is free, except the supper—the other expenses being paid by the managers out of their own pockets. Supper will be served at the Crawford House at the rate of \$1.50 per couple.”

* * *

The next weeks issue carries a full account of the hop as follows: “J. H. Fowinkle's empty store was fitted up with seats and stove and used as a cloak room. During most of the afternoon it snowed quite hard but this did not prevent the boys from turning out in numbers although the attendance of ladies was smaller than would otherwise have been the case.” The paper lists 10 married women and eight single girls as among those present. Many were “Handsomely—even elegantly dressed,” but *The Cone* scribe maintained he was not enough of a “Jenkins” to attempt a description of their costumes. Dancing began at half past eight and continued until two o'clock. A dance program of 24 dances with the “Grand March and Circilian Circle: contained such dances as the “Quadrille, Waltz, Schotische, Fireman's Dance, Lanciers, Polka, Newport and the Monie Musk.” The supper was also a huge success with a table described as, “laden not only with everything the local markets afforded, but extras from other points, making the repast one that had never been surpassed in the camp.” Forty tickets were sold.

* * *

Little Cones

“Recently more than one person connected with the Denver & Rio Grande railroad have been seen along the gulch and on the hills in the vicinity of White Pine. Their ostensible

object was to look after investments in mining property but it is generally whispered that they had other business on hand . . . as there is enough ore in our hills to keep one road busy for the next hundred years and the grade from Sargents here very favorable, there is no good reason why White Pine should not have a branch of the Denver & Rio Grande. It would interfere somewhat with Thomas & Bassler's stage line, and the Cone would lose an advertisement, but then everything goes—only give us the road.

“They will hang Packer the murderer and man eater over at Lake City. . . . So it would appear to an uninterested observer that Packer was not compelled to eat human steak to preserve life, but took to it from love of the diet. There is no accounting for tastes but one would naturally think that an individual who contemplated adopting broiled man as a staple article of food would prefer something young, tender and juicy and would hardly begin operations on a party of tough old prospectors.”

A later issue has this to say about another new camp: “Carbonate Camp in Garfield County is a first class humberg. Snow covers the ground to a depth of 10 to 15 feet and the only way to reach the camp is on snowshoes. There is but one little log shanty and seven men in the whole camp and three prospects that are down over 10 feet. One of these, the United States, has inched from an eight foot outcrop to a sixteen inch vein at the depth of ninety feet and is half full of water and mud. The town site is under water during the summer season and covered with ten to twelve feet of snow the balance of the year. As a mining camp, Carbonate is certainly a daisy.”

* * *

“White Pine has a good Union Sabbath school with an average attendance of about twenty-five . . . The

school is held in Barbers building at three oclock every Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Meeker, now in Arizona, organized the school some two years ago."

* * *

"Miss Victoria Ballard met with a severe accident tuesday evening. B. Y. Boyd had driven the Misses Ballard over from the Hot Springs and when the party reached the store on Main street, Miss Victoria attempted to get out of the wagon, when her dress caught on the spring of the seat and the lady fell head foremost to the ground. The shock was quite severe and for a time it was feared the fall had injured her seriously. She was carried into the store and in a short time was able to walk home."

* * *

"J. C. Edwards has moved his family to the toll gate house below town. He has secured the position of toll gate keeper for the coming summer.

"Tom Hurdle, Postmaster at Cosden is contemplating resigning the Postmastership and giving up the salary of \$14 a year."

* * *

Humor was not left out of the columns of the paper. A sample is presented herewith: "A man never realizes how frail he is until he bursts a suspender button among a group of ladies and finds himself slowly falling apart." Other items:

"W. A. Geho has gone to Salida where he expects to remain for some time. The boys all miss Geho's genial smile while the girls—well they have taken to perfumed stationery and star gazing.

"John Whittington was thrown from a horse in front of Ellington & Davis Stable, Sunday and quite severely bruised. The horse bucked.

"A social dance was given on Tuesday evening May 1st, with the proceeds going to help build a public building in White Pine to be used as

a school, church and for public meetings, Price \$2.00 a ticket including supper. There were 26 numbers and dancing kept up until 2:30 AM. The supper was donated by the ladies of White Pine and was one of the best that has ever been given in town. Immediately after the supper a large cake was raffled off. Tickets were numbered from 1 to 61 at a cost of 25 cents each. Miss Hattie Hutchison won the cake which was baked by Mrs. O. J. Quick and Mr. Ed F. Kenyon. A sum of \$43.30 net was realized from the dance and from the supper Wednesday every a sum of \$10.00 making a sum of \$10.00 making a net total of \$53.80."

In a column headed Cone Chronicles we read: "Gentleman (blonde) aged 30, height 5 feet 9½ inches with a splendid physique and the possessor of a rich mine would be pleased to correspond with a lady (brunette preferred) under 30 years of age, who is musical, house keeper and can appreciate sincere affection, a fine home and good society. Address P.O. Box 49, White Pine, Gunnison Co. Colorado."

And in the same column; "Someone kindly sent us a copy of the Chicago Matrimonial Globe, containing the above notice and a lady's hand writing on the margin of the paper asks: "Does he mean business?" We can't swear as to whom he is but from the looks of the trunk full of baby clothes Tom Seward had in his hat (sic) the other night, it is plainly evident that somebody means business."

And up Tomichi way—"The board of trustees has raised the Saloon licenses from \$50 to \$75 per quarter" and in White Pine: "The town board of trustees last week instructed Marshal Barrett to notify the saloons to pay up all licenses due, not only on the present quarter but quite a considerable amount on last year. Per-

suant to instructions the marshall gave the saloonkeepers notice on Saturday evening they must take out licenses before Monday morning or they would not be allowed to open. Some of the boys thought it a pretty hard rub but all complied with the order. The amounts collected added quite a snug little sum to the city's exchequer as follows:

Cheeley & Reynolds	\$190.00
John Rundle	140.00
E. W. Dysart	40.00

"The old city council were somewhat at fault in not collecting quarterly in advance and we trust the present board will not fall into a similar error. The board is now after the dog license."

White Pine had its eternal triangle also. Under the heading of "A Sensation," the following story unfolded:

"An affair that has been a subject for gossip for months past, ulminated, last Monday, in a wife and mother of White Pine leaving her husband and three small children for the purpose, it is generally understood, of eloping with an unmarried man.

"The unfortunate husband begs us to keep the matter 'out of the paper,' and if by doing so we could right a wrong or keep the affair from the outside world, we would gladly comply his request. But the facts are already known to the citizens of this gulch, and so far the world at large is concerned the suppression of names for the present will be fully as merciful as silence.

"It is unnecessary to go into details. It is the same old story, told and re-told a thousand times. A wife who preferred the attentions of another man to those of her husband—an old time lover we are told. Perhaps at first the woman was drawn into the affair in a foolishly romantic way, but step by step the web she was weaving entangled her in its meshes until with-

drawl was impossible, and the wife and mother, forgetting the sacred vows of the marriage altar, dead to the holy duties of maternity, deserted her family for the acknowledged purpose of leaving the country with the man who had won her affections.

"What more need we tell? The husband has the sympathy of all right thinking people. He provided a good home, was loving and attentive to his family, and has the respect and esteem of all who know him. He of course feels the situation keenly, but he should not regret the departure of the woman—for she is unfit to be the mother of children, or the wife of an honest man.

"And what of the woman? Friends of her lover say he cares nothing for her; that her hopes of securing a permanent hold upon his affections are doomed to disappointment, then whither must her future lead? Retribution is sure. Nemesis will certainly overtake her in the end. Oh well, let us draw the veil of charity. The CONE takes no delight in the portrayal of a crime against laws of nature and humanity, for those who taste of the fruit will find it bitter, blighted, and full of deadly poison to both body and soul."

The assassination of President Garfield in July, 1881, struck close to the town. *The Cone* reports the story as follows:

"At a point intermediate between White Pine and Tomichi, the traveler will notice on the right handside of the road as he goes north, a few tent stakes standing near a log house. There is nothing remarkable in the appearance of the stakes; nothing to distinguish them from a thousand similar stakes to be found along the gulch, nothing indeed about the spot to attract more than a passing glance from the casual observer. Yet, there is a history connected with that locality, which when known to the

stranger, is calculated to make him linger for a moment and to call to mind one of the saddest national tragedies connected with the history of the American Republic. About two years ago, the stakes now standing held the ropes of a tent in which Mrs. Dunmire, the divorced wife of the assassin Guiteau, kept a tin pan restaurant. Next to the restaurant, Dunmire had set up a primitive barber shop where faces were scraped for the sum of 25 cents each. At that time, Guiteau was unknown in this section and the crime for which he was hanged was unthought of by him in all probability. It was while the Dunmires kept the restaurant and barber shop however, July '81, that Garfield was murdered, and Mrs. Dunmire by reason of her former relations to the

assassin became known to the country at large. Shortly afterwards, the Dunmires removed to Leadville where they now remain, the husband being engaged in the real estate business. While in the gulch, they built the house which stands near the site of their tin plate restaurant and in which Dunmires barber pole can now be seen. They still own the property."

Thus did the daily life of White Pine and Tomichi move along for approximately ten years until the silver crash of 1893 sounded their death knells. A slight rejuvenation took place in 1900 and again in 1947, when the Callahan Zinc Corp, began operations. But somehow I don't believe that the daily happenings were as gay and delightful as when George S. Irwin was recording them in *The Cone*.

WRITERS OF WESTERN HISTORY

THOMAS JEFFERSON FARNHAM
(1804-1848)

Thomas J. Farnham is commonly reported to have been born in Vermont, in 1804, but an obituary printed in a San Francisco newspaper shortly after his death in that city says he was a native of Maine.

Farnham was a vigorous man with an engaging personality; he made strong impressions on his fellow men. In 1836, he married Eliza Woodson Burhans, who also was a writer—she wrote on prison reform, and later about California. She also aided in bringing girls from the East to the Pacific Coast to become wives of the pioneer settlers. The Farnhams had three children.

For several years prior to 1839, Farnham lived in Peoria, Illinois, where he practiced law. During the fall of 1838, The Rev. Jason Lee, superintendent of the Oregon Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, went East, and on his way gave lec-

tures about Oregon. He had two Indian boys with him, one of whom became ill in Peoria and had to stay there when Lee continued his journey. As a result of Reverend Mr. Lee's lecture in Peoria, giving new personal information about the Far West, nineteen young men decided to make a trip to that region the next spring. Farnham was chosen captain of the expedition. They outfitted in Independence, Missouri, and on May 13, 1839, took the Santa Fe Trail to Bent's Fort on the Arkansas River.

The party separated at Bent's Fort—most of them going northwest to Fort St. Vrain, some going to Santa Fe. Only four men went with Farnham, who pushed on to Fort Hall. They went down the Snake River Valley and continued to Fort Vancouver. He visited the Whitman Mission.

His return journey was to the Sandwich Islands, then to Monterey, Cali-

ifornia, down to San Blas in Mexico, across to the Gulf of Mexico, then up the Mississippi River to Peoria, where he arrived during the summer of 1840. For a time he lived in New York, where he published his most important book, *Travels in the Great Western Prairies, the Anahuac and Rocky Mountains and in the Oregon Territory*, (Poughkeepsie, 1841; London, 1843). He was a fluent and entertaining writer, and made a great contribution to knowledge of the geography of the Far West.

Farnham later lived near Alton, Illinois, but finally moved to San Francisco in 1846 or 1847, where he practiced law until his death September 13, 1848. The only obituary notice was in *The California*, San Francisco, September 16, 1848.

—PM Nolie Mumej

A HISTORY OF THE WESTERNERS, written by J. E. Reynolds, a member of the Los Angeles Corral, is now available and may be ordered through Roundup Foreman and Tally Man Erl H. Ellis, The Westerners, 730 Equitable Bldg., Denver 2, Colorado. The history which was originally published in Los Angeles Brand Book No. 7, was reprinted in November, 1957, and is available with a paper cover. Individual copies sell for \$2.00, but we will receive a price of \$1.20 if we place an order for a lot of twenty-five or more. Several placed orders at the last meeting; if you have not done so and want to order this book please notify Erl Ellis immediately.



Westerner's Bookshelf



THE COLUMBIA RIVER, OR SCENES AND ADVENTURES DURING A RESIDENCE OF SIX YEARS ON THE WESTERN SIDE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS AMONG VARIOUS TRIBES OF INDIANS HITHERTO UNKNOWN; TOGETHER WITH "A JOURNEY ACROSS THE AMERICAN CONTINENT," by Ross Cox. Edited and with an Introduction by Edgar I. Stewart and Jane R. Stewart. University of Oklahoma Press, 1957. 398 pp. \$5.75.

One of the brilliant chapters in American-Canadian frontier history is the story of John Jacob Astor's Pacific Fur Company, launched in 1811 to muscle in on the lucrative China trade. Furs traded from the benighted savages of the Northwest Coast brought fabulous profits in the Orient; tea and spices procured there were in great demand in New York and Boston. Only one thing stood in the way of princely profits—the coveted furs were on the off side of a wild continent, largely unexplored.

Astor intended to plant a trading post at the mouth of the mighty Columbia, close by Fort Clatsop, where Lewis and Clark had huddled miserably during the winter of 1805-1806. By land he sent an expedition

under Wilson Price Hunt; by sea he sent the ill-fated *Tonquin* under Captain Thorn. The classic account of the ensuing hardships, suffering and heroism is given in Washington Irving's *Astoria*, first published in 1836.

The beautiful English prose is his own, but for his facts Irving was heavily dependent on Ross Cox, an Irish lad who signed on as a petty clerk aboard the *Tonquin*. After six years of yeasty adventure under American and British flags, Cox returned to Ireland, to marriage and a humdrum career as a Civil servant. But not to oblivion; for in 1831 he published his *Columbia River* in London.

This volume of reminiscences, which manages to preserve the vividness of wilderness scenes despite a floridity of style, was a whopping success in its day. This late edition, with competent introduction and footnoting by the Stewarts, will help us to remember the Irish boy who recorded a flashing phase of our history.

In his journal we see at first hand lonely Fort Astoria; the violent death of the *Tonquin* and her crew; puny trading expeditions toiling up the swollen streams; the tragic

conflict between Hudson's Bay Company and the Northwesters; the loathsomeness and treachery of the natives. Incidentally, it should be noted that the Flathead Indians' heads were not actually flat; whereas flat-headedness was commonplace among certain degenerate tribes along the Coast!

To jet age readers Cox' account may seem stilted and tedious; but the book, as a basic source of American and Canadian history, will doubtless become a library staple.

The binding, maps, and choice of illustrations are excellent. This is one of the better volumes in "The American Exploration and Travel Series" issued by the prolific Oklahoma Press.

—Merrill J. Mattes
Regional Historian
National Park Service
Omaha, Nebraska

HEROES OF THE ALAMO, edited by A. Garland Adair and H. M. Crockett, Sr. Bvo., 94 pages, illus., index. Exposition Press, N. Y. City, 1957. \$3.00.

A rather thin little volume, this book should be of more interest to Texans than anyone else, altho it treats of a critical period which greatly affected the growth of the Southwestern part of our country and perhaps the nation as a whole.

Treating of the four men who did more to influence Texas history than any other, Travis, Bowie, Bonham and Crockett, it gives brief biographies of each of these, as well as sketches of the counties and cities in Texas named after them.

The heroes, Travis, 27 years of age, and Bonham, 29 years of age, both from South Carolina, and Bowie, 41 years of age, with Crockett, 49 years of age, both from Tennessee, came to Texas for various reasons; all, however, arrived just in time to become involved in the great battle of the Alamo, in which all were killed.

On March 6, 1836, the 188 men in the garrison of the Alamo, under the command of Lt. Col. Travis, with James Bowie second in command, were attacked by the Mexican general, Santa Ana, and his army of perhaps seven thousand men, and all were killed after fighting desperately against such odds.

Bowie, whose claims to fame were the knife named after him, and his participation in the battle of the Alamo, has both a county and a city in Texas named for him; Travis and Crockett both have counties named for them, while Bonham has only a city to commemorate his name.

The book has four principal divisions: I, "Texas and Its Revolution"; II, "Travis, Bowie and Bonham"; III, "David Crockett"; and IV, "An Alamo Miscellany."

The authors are both Texas-born, and M.

H. Crockett, is a third cousin of Davy Crockett. Adair was editor of seven Texas newspapers and co-author of two books pertaining to the history of his native state, while Crockett has been an editorial writer for many years, in addition to being interested in real estate, oil, farming and cattle raising.

—PM Carl F. Mathews

THE WHITE BUCK, by Sarah Sanborne Weaver. San Antonio, Texas, The Naylor Company, 1957. \$3.75.

Joe Swallow—little Don José—was born in Old Mexico because his father, an embittered Confederate officer, refused to face the realities of the Reconstruction Period. During Joe's youth the family lived in the border country of the Rio Grande. This led to one of his biggest conflicts because throughout Joe's life he was torn between the two cultures and suffered accordingly.

Living his early life among a more primitive, imaginative people, Joe learns the many customs and stories of the mighty Rio Grande. Among these is the legend of the White Buck—el Macho Blanco—who was ruthlessly shot long ago and then the rains ceased.

This tragedy and others such as the deaths of his father, mother and best friend, his imprisonment for a murder he was forced to commit, the loss of his wealth, and the ultimate loss of Lucy Graham mark his life in dark overtones.

That he finally attains some of his desires is somewhat of an anticlimax in this story of border life along the Rio Grande almost a hundred years ago. Part of the story takes place in early-day Denver also.

Some of the book gets a little involved and it is hard to follow at times because of the jump from stream of consciousness technique to author's statement. But for those concerned in the history and legends of the place and period, it is interesting reading.

—Marian H. Talmadge

THE GROS VENTRES OF MONTANA: Part II, Religion and Ritual, by John M. Cooper, edited by Regina Flannery. The Catholic University of America Press, Washington, D. C., 1957. \$5.00.

No. 16 in the Anthropological Series published by the Catholic University of America, this is a book for the serious student of the American Indian, specifically the Gros Ventres of Montana. Part I of this volume appeared in 1953, and was devoted to social life of the Gros Ventres.

Part II, issued late last year, is a 492-page description and analysis of religious rituals and ceremonies, using the word "religious" in a broad sense. It goes in great detail into the beliefs on which these practices

were based. The discussion is thoroughly documented, and comprises an anthropological contribution of much weight.

An interesting fact about the Gros Ventres is that their sacred dances, pipe rituals and other customs pertaining to their supernatural world have persisted down to recent years. One of the principal sources of information in this book was an Indian named The Boy, and he died in January, 1956. Regina Flannery, who writes the preface to this book, tells of witnessing the Flat Pipe Ceremony in 1948, and speaks of the ceremonial opening of a sacred Feathered Bundle in 1951. Considering the rate at which the old Indian way of life is disintegrating, it is amazing that these customs have survived as long as they have, and it is fortunate indeed that such conscientious students as Dr. Cooper and Dr. Flannery have been available to describe and record them. Dr. Flannery died in 1949, when the manuscript of this book was nearly complete. Dr. Cooper took it from there and completed it. It is a work of lasting importance to ethnologists.

—PM Maurice Frink

THIS IS THE WEST, edited by Robert West Howard. Chicago: Rand McNally Co. \$6.00. Copyright 1957 by The Westerners, Chicago Corral.

The latter part of November, 1956, the Denver Westerners received a request from the Chicago Westerners for help in writing and compiling a book to be called *This Is*

The West. The deadline for copy was January 1, 1957, and the Denver Westerners, busy with prior commitments, were unable to accept the rush assignment.

Now the book is out, and it would be nice if it had been possible for the Denver Westerners to be represented in it, for this is a fine book of lasting value. Robert West Howard, who pulled it together, rendered a real service in so doing.

The book is a collection of essays on such topics as the Indians, the mountain men, the scouts, the lawmakers, western food and firearms, and many others, by such authorities as Walter Prescott Webb, the late Stanley Vestal, Ramon F. Adams, Alice Marriott, the late Badger Clark and Walter Havighurst. The writing is good, the arrangement orderly, the accuracy of a high order. A section on "The 150 Places to See in the West" does well by Colorado, with a generous three pages, thanks to Don Russell and J. H. Euston who compiled the chapter. There is a good list of 125 "All-Time Books of the West."

An inexpensive, paperback edition of the book was also published by The New American Library in their Signet Book series. Either edition is a good buy, and the enterprise as a whole is a fine example of the service to history and literature that such dedicated, well informed and articulate groups as the Westerners can render.

—PM Maurice Frink
(Courtesy of The Colorado Magazine, The State Historical Society.)

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



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No. 3

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MAY MEETING

**"THE UNWRITTEN HISTORY OF
SOUTHERN COLORADO"**

By DR. BEN B. BESHOAR

6:30 P.M., Wednesday, May 28, 1958

Denver Press Club.....1330 Glenarm Place

A native of Southern Colorado and the son of a pioneer physician, Dr. Ben has been the friend, confidant and physician of many of Southern Colorado's historical figures. He has an intimate, personal and above all comprehending knowledge of the area that is shared by few men. He probably won't tell all, but he will tell some of it to The Westerners at the dinner meeting in May.

COVER: General George A. Custer—*Denver Public Library Western Collection*

Following the regular Posse meeting of April 23, there will be a discussion period on the position the Denver Westerners wish to take regarding a proposal for a national organization of Westerners. The proposal has come alive because of a plan put forth by the Chicago Westerners to establish a Westerners Foundation and Headquarters.

RIDING WITH THE POSSE . . .

Bookman Fred Rosenstock is about to come out with two limited edition books bearing the imprint of his Old West Publishing Company. One is *The Overland Diary of James A. Pritchard*, the story of a Kentuckian on the trail to California and the Gold Rush in 1849. It is being edited by Dale L. Morgan, associate in history at the Bancroft Library in Berkeley, California. *PM Rosenstock* has another, *Alonzo Ferdinand Ickis, His Diary of 1861-62*, which is being edited by *PM Nolie Murney*. Ickis was a member of the Second Colorado Volunteers which marched out of Canon City and south into New Mexico to become the first Colorado troops to leave the territory to serve the Union cause. . . . And speaking of books, as Westerners often do, *PM Alan Swallow* has two Posse members on his Spring list. *PM Charles B. Roth* has a new one titled *The Buffalo Harvest* which was written in collaboration with the late Frank H. Mayer, and *PM Forbes Parkhill* has edited a book titled *The Wayward Horseman* which is a story written by the late Ernest M. Fletcher about his own wayward life. . . . *PM Maurice Frink* did a travel memory in *The Rocky Mountain News* the last of March, told a story of Custer and The Little Big Horn. . . . Another story of The Little Big Horn is told in this issue by *Carl Breihan*, a story that will fascinate

gun fans as much as it will intrigue Western history buffs. . . . Former *PM Elvon L. Howe*, now with Eastern Airlines in Miami has a nickname, bestowed on him by the EAL people. It is Bronc. . . .

NEW MEMBERS OF DENVER CORRAL

There are fourteen new corresponding members in the tally book of the Denver Corral. To each of you, the members of The Posse extend a hearty and cordial welcome. We hope you will enjoy The Westerners and that we will have a long and happy ride together.

The new corresponding members are:

E. B. Horton, Jr., 4995 Larkspur, Littleton, Colorado.

Mrs. Edith W. Blunk, 1602 S. Glencoe Street, Denver 22, Colorado.

Ernest M. Richardson, 14903 Pampas Ricas, Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Mrs. Ruth C. McClain, Route 1, Avondale, Calif.

Andrew Marshall, Jr., 1329 Wood Avenue, Colorado Springs, Colo.

W. C. Hoffman, Jr., Des Moines Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa.

George R. Eichler, 4549 Irving St., Denver 21, Colo.

George E. Grimes, 120 Crestview Avenue, Camarillo, Calif.

Carey V. Liggett, Shasta Hotel, 429 15th St., Denver, Colo.

W. H. Van Duzer, 1029 Pennsylvania St., Denver 3, Colo.

Mrs. H. A. True, Jr., 1649 South Elm St., Casper, Wyoming.

Mrs. Herbert Weston, 904 North 7th St., Beatrice, Nebraska.

Dr. Arthur F. Lincoln, St. Luke's Hospital, Denver, Colo.

H. R. Vandemoer, 1400 Monaco Parkway, Denver, Colo.

OLD TIME RANCH TOUR

The Eighth Annual Old Time Ranch tour will be held Sunday, July 20th this year. The tour, which will leave Court House Square in Laramie, Wyo., at 7:00 A.M., is sponsored by the Albany County Historical Society, the University of Wyoming Summer School, The Wyoming Westerners and the Denver Corral. All you need is your car, gasoline, family, friends, lunch, water or some other liquid. On this tour you will see all of the early ranches on a line from Rock River to Laramie Peak and from the peak on a line back to Laramie.

A REPORT FROM THE L. A. CORRAL

In late February Robert West Howard of the Chicago Corral met with the executive committee and later spoke briefly to the Posse at a dinner meeting in The Press Club regarding a proposed foundation. No decision has been reached, but the matter will be before the Denver Corral at its April 23 meeting. The Los Angeles Corral's Branding Iron had the following to say, under heading, *Range War Averted*, in its March issue:

"Sheriff Arthur Woodward and his officers on March 1 met at the Statler Hotel with Robert West Howard of

Chicago Corral to hear first-hand Chicago's plans for the establishment of a Westerner's Foundation at College of the Pacific, Stockton, California. Lively discussion centered about the unseemly haste of the Chicago group to invade our state with any plan without first consulting the only Corral in California. Westerner Howard's diplomacy and tact smoothed somewhat, without decision, the ruffled feathers of L.A.'s officers. Guns were put back in their holsters and some talk followed that may bring the scattered Corrals much closer to each other in purpose and spirit through the coming years."

Sheriff Dunham has appointed a Colorado Centennial Celebration Committee consisting of Charles Roth, Chairman, Dabney Otis Collins, and Ray G. Colwell. The Committee will consider any pertinent proposals for Westerners' participation in Denver's and Colorado's efforts to recognize the contributions of their pioneers.

Noticia

Reservations for meetings of The Posse on the fourth Wednesday of each month must be made in advance. If you do not receive a card and wish to attend, please telephone TAbor 5-5111 and ask for Erl Ellis, Roundup Foreman and Tally Man.

"They used to tell the story in the army, that during one of the winter retreats, a calvaryman, riding along in the wake of a column at night, saw a hat apparently floating in the mud and water. In the hope that it might be a better hat than the one he was wearing, he dismounted to get it. Feeling his way carefully through the ooze until he reached that hat, he was surprised to find a man underneath and wearing it. "Hello, comrade," he sang out, "can I help you?"

"No, no," replied the fellow. "I'm all right. I've got a good mule under me."

Andy Adams, THE LOG OF A COWBOY

CUSTER'S FOLLY

By CARL BREIHAN

What really caused Custer's downfall at the Battle of the Little Big Horn on June 25, 1876?

Was it his indifference to plans agreed upon with Generals Terry and Gibbon; the tragic blunder of the United States Army Department in replacing the sabre with the carbine? Or, was it simply that his forces were outnumbered so greatly?

We believe that Custer's great pride was a deciding factor in the destruction of his forces. General Terry offered Custer a battery of Gatling guns, but he declined, remarking that it would only embarrass him, and that the Indians would think he was afraid of them if he took along the Gatlings. Had he taken them no doubt a different ending would have occurred that fateful June 25th!

Custer, Terry, and Gibbon had decided that Custer should move up the Rosebud until he met the trail which Reno had discovered a few days before; but that he should not follow directly to the Little Big Horn; that he should send a scout over it and keep his main force farther to the south to prevent the Indians slipping in between himself and the mountains. He was to report directly to General Terry by a special scout furnished for that sole purpose. Terry had also suggested that he accompany Custer with Gibbon's cavalry, but Custer replied that he wanted only his own regiment and that was all the force he would need to suppress the Indians. Captain Benteen of Custer's regiment reported to General Terry that the proposed route was not taken, and that Custer's

march did not tally thirty miles a day as had been planned, but was jumbled into various different miles per day. General Terry reported to General Sheridan that Custer failed to send in the reports as had been planned. It is not believed for one moment that Terry's report was made to cast any reflection on Custer, but if the original plan had been carried out, the success of the campaign would have been assured.

Of course, the stories that Custer's golden locks floated in the breeze as he stood defiantly against the redskins, and that the troops fought in vain until their ammunition had given out and the barrels of their carbines and revolvers were almost red hot, is a lot of pure nonsense.

Before going into that battle Custer ordered the barber to cut off his yellow hair so that he would not be easily recognized by the Indians, for any redskin would have died happily if he had "Yellow Hair's" scalp on his waist. Custer and his men were terribly upset when the order came out that the sabre was out of date and would be replaced with the carbine. Both officers and men would be armed with carbines and revolvers only when going into battle. It indeed was a tragic blunder. During the battle of the Little Big Horn there was but one sabre in the entire command. It was wrapped in the field pack of a company M officer.

Then there is the question of the weapons used by Custer and his men. We might mention at this point several guns that Custer used from time to time. At West Point he carried a

About the Cover

Since Carl Breihan, the author of *Custer's Folly* in this issue of *The Roundup* rejects so many of the Custer cliches we thought we would not use that oft published picture of General Custer in campaign hat and uniform, would show him instead in civvies—Ed.

Colt's Root, '55 model, .31 calibre 5-shot percussion revolver. His personal gun later was a Manhattan .36 calibre Navy model. During the Yellowstone Expedition he carried a Remington Rider rifle. At the Big Horn he had a variety of weapons. He carried a Smith & Wesson Schofield 1873 Army model, as well as a pair of Webley's Royal Irish Constabulary revolvers, .44 calibre and double action. These revolvers had been made in England and presented to Custer in 1869 when he hunted buffalo in Kansas with Lord Paget.

The Gatling guns no doubt would have turned the tide of battle in favor of Custer, but as it was, the weapons issued to his men proved very bad. All enlisted men had been furnished with the new regulation .45-70 Springfield carbine, 1873 model, although there was a sprinkling of Springfield .50 calibre carbines as well as some .50 calibre Sharps buffalo guns. They also were equipped with the Colt .45 calibre six-gun, 1876 model. The records indicate that the officers were allowed to choose weapons of their own liking, and a few Remingtons and Dragoons got into the fight.

But lo and behold! The sabre-substitute carbine proved disastrous. The breechlock heated and fouled, causing the extractors to pull off the heads of the cartridges. The instruction manual tried to explain how the situation was to be handled, so no

doubt the army authorities were well aware of this fault. Several sources have questioned this fact, so herewith is produced the exact information as given in the Ordnance Manual, 1873, *Care and Service of the Springfield Carbine for Mounted Troops*.

Page 12: Failure to extract—(1) Causes: Chamber dirty, ammunition dirty. Cartridge case chambered in hot barrel. Extractor broken . . . Rapidity of fire may overheat chamber and barrel, causing cartridge case to expand after firing. When this occurs the extractor may rip through case of cartridge, due to wedging of case. If in garrison, carbine should be turned over to Ordnance for repair. If in the field, damaged case can often be pried out with a knife or other pointed instrument. . . .

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At any rate, many of the troopers were killed as they tried to eject the cartridges by any means they could find under the circumstances. This condition shows why only a little more than fifty rounds were fired by each soldier before the end came, although over 40,000 rounds had been issued to Custer's regiment! Against these outdated carbines the Indians used Winchester repeaters taken from Crook's command a few days before at the Battle of the Rosebud.

Another fact is that the Indians could have destroyed both Custer and the entire Seventh Cavalry as well as Gibbon, if they had been willing to pay the price. But the redskins did not want to fight and fought only because the troops had come too near for them to escape with their families and possessions. The Indians were not too ignorant to realize they could not

afford to trade casualties on even terms with the whites whose numbers they knew were myriad, and who always won finally when they wanted land that belonged to the Indians. Except for young braves seeking coups, the Indians in 1876 were doing their best to keep out of the way of the soldiers.

The many stories picturing Sitting Bull as having planned beforehand the entire Indian campaign for the early summer of 1876 are utterly false. The soldiers' first attack occurred March 17th, when General Crook's troops attacked a Cheyenne camp on the west bank of the Powder River. The furious battle of the day ended in victory for Chief Crazy Horse, whose Sioux and Cheyenne warriors had checked Crook long enough to enable their slow-moving village to escape. Crook retreated to his camp on Goose Creek, the present site of Sheridan, Wyoming. The exact location of Crook's camp was unknown until several years ago when an old resident plowed up the official camp site marker near Sheridan.

The Indians first arrived at the Little Big Horn on June 19th, a week before the great battle, when they camped six miles above the battle site. Late on the afternoon of June 24th, they set their camps at the place where the battle occurred. There were many warriors from many nations there—the Hunkpapas, Ogalallas, San Arcs, Minniconjous, Cheyennes, and Blackfoot Sioux, each group having its own chief. The various tribal governments were merely in alliance during that battle, and were not commanded by Sitting Bull of the Hunkpapas as indicated so many times by various writers. Although regarded as the most able chief of that alliance, he exercised no authority outside of his own tribe.

Many have claimed that Sitting

Bull was a medicine man, and that he was, but not in 1876; besides, those activities on his part were those of an individual and not as a tribal medicine man.

In 1876 Buffalo Calf Pipe was the Hunkpapas medicine man and not Sitting Bull. Discredit of Chief Gall's supposed denunciation of Sitting Bull as a coward just after the battle arises from the fact that Gall was 29 years old at the time. Sitting Bull was 42. The maximum age for warrior activity was 37. In spite of that, Sitting Bull was in the battle. He certainly would not have been the tribal leader had he not been a brave man and at the age of 42!

On December 3, 1875 the government issued an order directing that all Sioux must remove within the bounds of their reservations (and remain there) before the 31st of January, 1876, or they would be deemed hostile and treated accordingly. This was the immediate cause of the 1876 campaign. The Indians found it impossible to comply with the order due to the extreme winter and the time allotted.

On February 7, 1876 the Secretary of the Interior issued General Phil Sheridan authority to prepare action against the Indians. General George Crook was to move from Fort Fetterman on the south, General Gibbon from the north, and General Terry and Lieutenant-Colonel George A. Custer from Fort Abe Lincoln on the east. They were to converge upon Sitting Bull, the great Hunkpapa Sioux, Crazy Horse, the mighty Ogalala Sioux warrior, and other Indians who refused to give up their wild, free life.

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Seventh Regiment of Cavalry. The remaining seven companies of that regiment by gallant, defensive action five miles away, averted disaster with a small loss of life. With Custer's command, the day of the disaster, was the newspaperman, Mark Kellog, and two civilian relatives of Colonel Custer, Autie Reed and Boston Custer.

Major Reno was to strike the upper end of the Indian encampment, while Custer swung around to the lower end of the camp to deliver a surprise cavalry charge. Reno, deeming his position at the upper end of the camp to be untenable, retreated out of the valley, back across the river and to the bluffs before Custer could reach the lower end of the camp as planned. There Reno was joined by the pack train and Captain Benteen. This brought the remaining seven companies of the regiment together. These forces made a gallant effort to move in the direction which Custer had taken, but the Indians forced them to entrench for defensive action.

There has been much discussion regarding the routes used by Custer before he reached the Ridge. Many historians and students contend he made a direct march; this in accordance with Godfrey's map. Other noted historians claim he took a route more to the north, which might well be the case since empty cartridge cases were found along that route. It is certain that Custer went on to Medicine Tail Coulee after being seen on the bluffs by Reno and his men—Mitch Bouyer's body was found at the foot of that coulee, not Custer's body as some writers would have us believe. After that Custer went back up the coulee and sent a platoon of Company E under Lieutenant Smith of A Company; then swung northeast. There was no dramatic charge by thousands of Indians before Custer reached the Ridge. He moved in under light fire

from Indians on foot, hiding in ravines and other places of concealment. There he established a command post and deployed his five troops to see the results. Then the Cheyenne war Chief, Lame White Man, charged the C and E Troop line midway in the fight and broke through, turning both flanks and causing E Company to retreat to where Callhoun's L Troop was destroyed. There Troop E was wiped out and Tom Custer withdrew with C Troop survivors to the Ridge. This was the *only* charge in the whole fight—red or white.

Custer and his men were attacked on the rough terrain and it was impossible for them to reach the flat valley land where they could deliver an effective cavalry charge. The troopers delivered no charge on Custer Hill, nor was there any heart-stirring, desperate hand-to-hand fighting as depicted by various painters and writers.

The fight was carried on in the red-man's manner, from behind every rock and bush, action at which the Indian was an expert, the cavalryman a novice indeed. It was an entirely one-sided affair and for most part all over the field. Nowhere did the troopers find an opportunity to deliver a charge at which they were master. It is almost certain that not a single Indian came within good firing range of the Custer group until after the men on top of the hill had been forced to retreat. As long as they held that position, however, no Indian could approach the spot from the south without running the risk of being speedily killed.

The Indians hid in the draws and picked off the soldiers one by one. Only at the end did Chiefs Gall and Crazy Horse move in to destroy the handful of soldiers who were left on the Ridge. The fight indeed was a brief, unmatched struggle.

Generals Terry and Gibbon ar-

rived on the morning of the 27th and learned of the tragic fate of Custer. The news of that now-famous battle was carried to the transport steamer *Far West* by the Crow Indian Scout, Curley, at noon of the day following the battle.

How Custer met his death has been an intriguing and mysterious question. Some said that he committed suicide; some that one of his scouts knifed him to death. Yet Custer was shot twice—through the temple and left breast; both fatal wounds. From this it is argued that he could not have committed suicide. The conclusion does not follow the premise, for he could have shot himself in the breast and been shot through the temple by the Indians later on. Yes, it was common practice for the Indians to shoot bullets and arrows into their dead enemies.

Custer lay with his arms outspread across the bodies of two other men, his face undistorted by pain or any sign of horror such as marred the features of many others. Moreover, his wounds had apparently been cleansed of blood and an effort made to close them. Certainly no warrior would have done this. For years endless speculation has gone on as to who killed Custer and why his body was not mutilated. Chief Rain-in-the-Face denied that he had killed Custer, but on his deathbed the wily old chief claimed that he had. However, the account of Kate Bighead appears to be the most logical to date concerning the matter. Two Southern Cheyenne women went over the battle ridge later and saw Custer lying dead. They had known him in the south, and when several Sioux warriors came up to hack the body, these women made gestures that he was a relative of theirs. They did not tell any more. The Sioux then cut off only one joint of a finger and departed.

Me-O-tzi, a cousin of Kate's, had often assisted Custer in trail finding, and later stated that Custer had promised to return to her; that he was her husband. Me-O-tzi waited seven years for Custer and then he was killed. Kate Bighead knew that her cousin would be in mourning for Custer just as soon as she learned of his death, and she thought of that and did not want the body mutilated.

The thousands of Indians participating in the battle did not know Custer by sight, perhaps a few of them did. Hundreds, however, stated, "Me see Custer—kill!" Recognition of Custer or of any other particular white man during the battle was impossible. Shaggy beards, unkempt hair, faces flooded with blood-smearred sweat, dust and smoke; all of this made pronounced changes in facial appearance. The story that Custer's brother, Tom Custer, was killed and that Rain-in-the-Face cut out his heart and ate it is pure fiction. Yes, he was killed, that fact remains.

The Indians insisted that no trooper escaped from the Custer fight. Godfrey said 212 bodies were buried, Reno said 205, and Benteen said 203, while another figure of 206 was given by Bradley. Therefore, it is difficult to pick an official figure. In 1877 nine to ten skeletons were found and accepted as remains of Custer's men. Even this leaves us short at least ten of the total, a margin wide enough to bar any definite statement that no man escaped.

If any white man escaped it was Frank Finkel, also known as Frank Hall of Troop C. This man told his story when none of the details of the fight south of the Hill was known by students of the battle. Some still deny that there was a skirmish line whatsoever. After Finkel's death a number of Cheyenne reports were published and a few key facts were obtained.

Finkel could not possibly have known anything of what happened south of the Hill unless he was in the battle. His story must have been a manufactured one. We know that Scout Curley escaped and that Finkel probably passed the same way about fifteen minutes later, before the battle started. So many tales of so-called "sole survivors" have been rejected as fraudulent by historians and students of the battle that it is difficult to place much stock in Finkel's story.

From the contents of Custer's written order it is believed that the troops under Benteen and Reno could have relieved the ill-fated battalion in time to prevent its annihilation had they carried it out.

We wish to state a word about the Cheyennes. It is claimed that all the Northern Cheyennes joined the hostiles in 1876, but in reality only one wild band was with the Sioux when they fought Crook and Custer. The great majority of the Northern Cheyennes from 1865 on were strongly inclined to be friendly, and from 1871 were most of the time at the Red Cloud Agency. This one band, I believe, under Chiefs Maple Leaf and Ice, consisted of forty lodges, and got

into trouble with the troops at Upper Platte Bridge and fled south of the Platte.

When Sumner arrived to attack this band, the Cheyennes fled north of the Platte and joined the Sioux. It was this band of hostile Northern Cheyennes who were with the Sioux in the Fetterman affair on December 21, 1866, and who went to make the hayfield attack at Fort C. F. Smith on the Big Horn on August 1, 1867. They also were camped with Chief Crazy Horse's warriors on Powder River, when General Crook attacked on March 1, 1876. They were the only Cheyennes with the hostiles in June.

It is highly possible some Cheyennes from the Agency left in May and were in the Crook and Custer battles, but the actual Cheyenne camp with the alliance was this wild band, and these other Cheyennes from the Agency were only temporarily involved.

The Custer battle was the last important resistance by American Indians to the advance of the white settlers. It shall also remain the most romantic, tragic, and mystical of all the rare conflicts known to the history of the new world.

AN OLD HOTEL RECEIVES AN OBITUARY

The Eagle Valley Enterprise of Eagle, Colorado, proved that it was well named when it handled a fire as an obituary item, gathered several persons—Mae Grimes, Bea McCoy Crutcher, Lulu Horn, Cynthia Mosher Sorrow, Elizabeth and Dorothy Bedell and Gertrude Bratton Wilson—to write it. Their "Obituary of the McCoy Hotel," said in part:

As we stand here viewing the ashes of a once noble building, visiting old timers who have come to pay their last respects, memories come rushing

back—memories of the history of the town of McCoy which was built around this hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. McCoy and their four sons, for whom the town was named, came to Colorado from Missouri in 1879. The four boys were John, Charles and the twins, Frank and Fred. They first settled on the Blue River, and in 1888 came to McCoy. There was no bridge across the Grand river then. There was a ferry crossing about three miles southwest of McCoy. In 1889 Mr. and Mrs.

McCoy built the McCoy Hotel, and built also a reputation from Maine to California, for the food served in the hotel dining room.

The residents of McCoy area had no postal service. They traveled many miles to Dillon—up the Blue River for their mail, usually receiving mail once during the winter months when one person would go by snowshoes, to bring the mail for the neighbors. Later, a post office was established in the McCoy Hotel and mail brought by stage from Wolcott, in the Eagle River valley. The same method carried mail and passengers on to Steamboat Springs. A four-horse team supplied the power. Stations were placed about every ten miles along the stage road, one of which will be remembered by many as Al Norman's half-way station.

Horses weary from pulling their loads over rutted roads, often belly-deep in mud or snow, were traded off for fresh teams at the ten-mile stations. A stage came from Yampa to meet the Wolcott stage, usually arriving at the McCoy Hotel for the noonday meal. The driver from Yampa, then returned with his stage to Yampa, where passengers spent the night, continuing the following morning to arrive at Steamboat at noon. The Wolcott driver turned back at McCoy to return to the Eagle river valley. There was a star route from McCoy to the Burns area three times a week and twice a week to Sheephorn, carrying mail by horseback. In 1908 the Moffat railroad was completed through the McCoy area and a depot built a mile and a half north-east of the village. From then on, mail arrived by train.

The hotel served the community in various capacities—restaurant, post-office, social gatherings. Persons from

miles away came by bob sled to attend the all night winter dances. A collection paid the fiddlers for the gay dance tunes. One versatile local man cut hair—and pulled throbbing molars for the citizens—no previous appointment was necessary.

The hotel boasted a bridal chamber for newly weds and a Dude's Room reserved for "nice looking" young gentlemen.

One of the tragic events occurring in this hotel concerned the small daughter of John McCoy. The child fell into a tub of scalding water. The nearest doctor was at Leadville, and the child could not be moved. There were no telephones. A friend, changing horses many times enroute, rode out to bring a doctor. The trip was in vain—when the doctor arrived, the child was dead.

Today bright neon signs serve as hotel trademarks. The McCoy hotel was known far and wide for its trademarks—a black bear chained in the yard, and two identical spruce trees. The trees, remain today. They were planted by the McCoy twins, Frank and Fred, who searched until they found two identical trees on the Sheephorn, and transplanted them in front of their father's hotel.

In later years the hotel had several owners—Frank Groh, Earl Brooks, Mrs. Stifel, Reuben Stifel, Curtis Hight and others. It was owned by Ray Promemschekel when fire destroyed this grand old building last week.

As we drove away over a new highway, now under construction from McCoy to Toponas, we felt the loss of the old—and recognized the presence of the new—the fine new road replacing the old rutted wagon trails. Surely there shall arise from the ashes another McCoy Hotel to serve the new.

What the Vernal Season Offers in New Modes

NATURAL SPRING COLORINGS SYMBOLIZED IN THE BRIGHTNESS OF FABRICS, AND WITH A WIDE VARIETY OF STUNNING STYLES SHOWN IN THE LATEST SINCERITY PRODUCTIONS. COLORINGS TO DELIGHT THE EYE AND GRACE THE BODY: SOFT GREENS, TANS, GRAYS, STONE-SHADES AND BLACK AND WHITE STRIPES AMONG THE NEW TONES.

In our new Spring Styles we show what is undoubtedly the most comprehensive and satisfying exhibit of Men's Clothes that has ever been displayed in Trinidad for the delectation of our customers.

Snappy styles—stunning—(the ladies say), and made up in the most beautiful fabrics we have ever seen utilized for Men's Garments.

In fact, it marks a new era in clothes-making, and when you are ready to see these new things, you will enthuse over them just as much as we do.

Whether you tastes run to daring styles or to sedate lines, you will find us ready to provide what you want.

If you are a regular customer you know what good values and personal attention you can count upon here. If you are a stranger to our goods and methods, it will give you as much pleasure as it does us to have you try the service and value we give.

Suits, \$15 up
to \$35

The Different Kind

HAMERSLOUGH'S
TRINIDAD'S ECONOMY CENTER



WRITERS OF WESTERN HISTORY

ASA SHINN MERCER

Asa Shinn Mercer was among the Western writers who did a great deal to publicize the West. He was graduated from Franklin College, New Athens, Ohio, in 1861, at the age of twenty-two. Then he visited his brother, Judge Thomas Mercer, in Seattle, Washington, where he was engaged as president and sole teacher of the University of Washington for five months at a total salary of \$200. During the summer, he hired two Indians with canoes to travel to logging camps along the streams to interest students by distributing circulars about the university. He recruited twelve men, ranging from twenty to thirty years of age.

The university's second term opened October 29, 1862. A dormitory was created by Mercer; to lower expenses, he bought groceries wholesale and operated a boarding house on a non-profit basis of \$3.00 per week for each student.

As president of the university, he noted the scarcity of women; the males outnumbered the females nine to one. He interviewed Governor Pickering of Washington Territory, and asked for support to bring women to Washington. The governor recommended to the legislature that it allow \$4,000 for this project, but it failed to appropriate any sum. Mercer set out on his own to bring prospective wives into the territory. Backed by his brother and his friends, Dexter Horton and Daniel Bagley, he went East for recruits. He never mentioned matrimony; he described the vocational opportunities which the West had to offer young women. In

1864, he returned with eleven young ladies from Lowell, Massachusetts. They were welcomed by newspapers, and positions were procured for all of them. Only one returned East, and one died a few years later. This importation gave Mercer a large amount of publicity.

In his second venture, Mercer recruited forty-six women, among whom were ten widows. Only once before had anyone in the United States undertaken any such project. The London Company sent ninety women to Jamestown in 1617; men who selected wives had to pay for them in the following manner—150 pounds of tobacco, plus the fare, was to be given the company.

Asa Mercer was elected to the upper house in the Territorial Legislature, and served in the session of 1864-1865. He wrote a book in 1865—*Washington Territory, the Great Northwest, Her Material Resources and Claims to Emigration*, published by Childs, Utica, New York.

Mercer moved to Oregon and established *The Oregon Granger*, a newspaper. In 1876, he was made Honorary Commissioner of Immigration by the governor of Oregon. In the same year, 1876, he left Oregon and went to Texas where he remained for seven years, engaged in operating four newspapers. In 1883, he sold out his Texas interests and moved to Wyoming where he became actively engaged in publicizing the West. He established *The Northwestern Livestock Journal*, which proved to be a successful newspaper venture.

Mercer was absent from the North-

west for twelve years, returning to Seattle in 1888. Mercer Island was named in his honor.

He represented Wyoming at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. He was ruined after his book, *Banditti of the Plains*, was published in 1894. His newspaper came to an end, for this book brought down the wrath of the cattlemen. All available copies of the publication were seized and burned. Mercer barely escaped with his life.

Mercer, who had married Annie Stephens, one of the women he had imported to the Northwest, moved his family to the Big Horn Basin of Wyoming and took up land near Hy-

attville. He helped to develop the basin, and acted as a tourist guide to Yellowstone Park, conducting private parties through it. During the latter years of his life he was known as Colonel Mercer. He published two more books on Wyoming: *Big Horn Country* in 1906, and *Indian Chief Washakie* in 1916.

Mercer, a great pioneer who urged people to settle in the West, died August 10, 1917, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. L. A. Webb of Buffalo, Wyoming. He was survived by three sons, two daughters, and fourteen grandchildren.

—PM Nolie Mumeay



Westerner's Bookshelf



GREAT WESTERN HEROES. Seven True Stories of Men Who Tamed The West. Edited by Rafer Brent. Bartholomew House, Inc., New York, 1957. 12mo, 191 pages, wrappers. Price \$1.00.

Webster's dictionary defines a hero among other things as "A person of distinguished valor or fortitude," and while most of the characters in this small volume may have had fortitude, I doubt if some of them could qualify as to distinguished valor.

The characters, Hendry Brown, Bat Masterson, Pat Garrett, Wyatt Earp, Sam Bass, John Slaughter, and "Buffalo Bill" Cody, are ones who have been written up to an alarming extent in recent years, and like Posseman John Lipsey, I would like to learn of some lesser had men.

Brown and Bass started out on the side of law and order, but switched to the roles of plain outlaws before too long and thus can hardly qualify as great heroes. Of all, John Slaughter should take first rank with Pat Garrett as a close second in upholding justice and deserving of honor in their fields of law enforcement.

The writer of John Slaughter's exploits makes an error with regard to some of his

firearms, as he has Slaughter at some time prior to 1877 using a 30/30 carbine; unless my information is at fault, the 30/30 did not come into use until 1894 (the patent date).

Cody's early exploits as Pony Express rider and Indian scout entitle him to consideration, although his conduct in later years would lower him in the scale of valor, insofar as this phase would conform to heroism.

Of all the characters, Hendry Brown is one of the least known and his career as marshal of Caldwell, Kansas, at a time when that town was one of the "toughest" in the West, redounds to his credit; however, his action as a bank holdup soon after, dims his role as a hero.

To those who like their bad men served up as supermen, this book is recommended.

PM Carl F. Mathews

PIONEERS, PEDDLERS, AND TSADIKIM by Ida Libert Uchill. Sage Books, Denver. 327 pp. \$5.

THE SPELL OF THE TABEGUACHE by Ellen Z. Peterson. Sage Books, Denver. 60 pp. \$2.50.

All lovers of Western history are in debt to Alan Swallow of Denver who is publishing

and preserving solid studies of our local past which otherwise would be lost. The above two books are a case in point.

The first is a detailed study of the Jews in Colorado from the earliest days through the 1930's with some references to the history of the 1910's. It is by a young Denver housewife who graduated from the University of Colorado School of Journalism and who has written sporadically for magazine publication in the years since. She has spent some eight years in research for this present book and has completed a thoroughly competent job, enlivened from time to time with a nice sense of humor.

She has threaded her way with tact through the many differences and feuds that waged in the Jewish community, particularly between the Orthodox and Liberal adherents. And she has recreated interesting bits of the lives of distinguished Jews such as Wolfe Londoner, Otto Mears, Dr. John Elsner and Rabbi William S. Friedman. The book has an impressive bibliography and carries an index.

The second book, while much slimmer and not so well written, is equally valuable in its contribution to a small section of the state—the region of the San Juans. This is the history of Nucla, Colorado, which began like the town of Greeley, as a town community run on a communal plan. The company was organized by ten persons in Denver in 1893 and began to move into the area of Tabeguache Park in the following years. These idealists went through many problems of building ditches, physical hardships and feuding elements among personalities (exactly as had Greeley twenty-five years before), to finally give up their original plan. The name of Nucla was chosen in 1905 when the company was still at its height. It was in 1915 that the single tax system was voted out, and Nucla chose a commission form of government.

—Caroline Bancroft

THE SEMINOLES by Edwin C. McReynolds. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1957. 397 pages, photographic illustrations, maps, index, 10-page bibliography. \$5.75.

This is the 47th volume in the "Civilization of the American Indian" series published by the University of Oklahoma Press. In format and content it rates well up with the front runners in this series.

Like Colorado's Utes, the Seminoles have been pretty much neglected in the past. This is the first thorough-going study of them that has been published.

Also like the Utes, the Seminoles engaged in a prolonged unpleasantness with Uncle

Sam, during the time when their country was being taken from them bit by bit. The Mecker massacre of Colorado had its counterpart in the Dade affair in Florida, and there was a "trail of tears" for the Seminoles when they were removed from their homeland, just as there was for the White River Utes when they were taken to Utah.

There are other parallels and similarities, but essentially the Seminoles were a unique type of Indian with interests distinct from those of even the tribes with which they were at least linguistically related. They were few in numbers—never more than three thousand—but they left their imprint on the history of their part of our country, and the story of their struggle against hopeless odds is another pathetic chapter in the long story of the white conquest of America.

Mr. McReynolds, who teaches history at Norman, has written a scholarly and exceedingly readable and illuminating study of these people.

—PM Maurice Frink

THE LONGHORNS, J. Frank Dobie, Grosset & Dunlap, paper-back edition of Little, Brown & Co. book of 1941, illustrated by Tom Lea, 388 pp., excellent reference to sources of material and bibliography in portion titled "NOTES," indexed, \$1.25.

A classic and for those who buy books for what they contain, this is the history of those half-wild, sometimes full-wild cattle that shaped so much of the settlement of the west, from San Antonio to Manitoba. A chance now to pick up this for enjoyment and reading if you missed the "hard cover" edition.

VIRGIN LAND, "The American West as a Symbol and Myth," Henry Nash Smith, Vantage Press paper-back edition of Harvard University Press book of 1950, 305 pp., index, \$1.25.

Smith's book, replete with footnotes, sets out to assay, evaluate, test, analyse and interpret the whole, splashing, sprawling ferment that was the settlement of what is loosely called "The West." He starts with Jefferson, includes Boone, Leatherstocking, Carson, et al. Smith works earnestly to supply his "reason why" for all that happened as frontiersmen and all those associated with their westward push, put together the beginnings of the western two-thirds of today's USA.

Both books are scholarly and for scholars. Smith's is particularly so. Dobie's—who needs to remark that along with the accuracy expected of him is the grace, the saltiness, the slam-bang realness his writing consistently offers.

—PM Art Carhart

GOLD HUNTING IN THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS by Loo-Wit Lat-Klo (Vancouver, Washington Territory, 1861) Facsimile Edition published by the Yale University Library, No. 3 of its Western Historical Series. 300 copies. 28 pages.

The author of this absorbing booklet pokes gentle fun at the periodic and abortive "gold rushes" then (1861) taking place in the Cascade Mountains. As a member of a prospecting party he describes in an entertaining manner an excursion into the Cascades during which the party finds the challenge presented by lofty, snow capped Mt. St. Helens of more importance than the lure of gold. As a result the party makes the first ascent of this most beautiful mountain with the help of some Siwash (Klickitat) Indians.

This superb reproduction of an extremely rare piece of early Pacific Coast printing and writing would be a worthwhile addition to almost any collection of Western Americana.

—PM Charles S. Ryland

THE RHODES READER, STORIES OF VIRGINS, VILLAINS AND VARMINTS by Eugene Manlave Rhodes, Selected by W. H. Hutchinson. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Okla., 1957. \$5.00.

This collection of short stories by Eugene Rhodes is a direct answer to those critics who are prone to tar all of the so-called "westerns" with one brush. These stories are not

the blood and thunder, shoot 'em up tripe which no self-respecting cowboy or old-time sheriff would acknowledge.

Instead, in Rhodes' stories of the West you get the true flavor of the old West—the difference between eating a good T-bone or a beat-up minute steak.

The late Bernard DeVoto said of Rhodes' stories, ". . . the only embodiment on the level of art of one segment of American experience. They are the only body of fiction devoted to the cattle kingdom which is both true to it and written by an artist in prose."

Rhodes is at his worst with the women in his stories. "If they are young women, they are passionately and infrangibly virginal," says the foreword. He apparently knew no "bad" women, and only the older women seem credible.

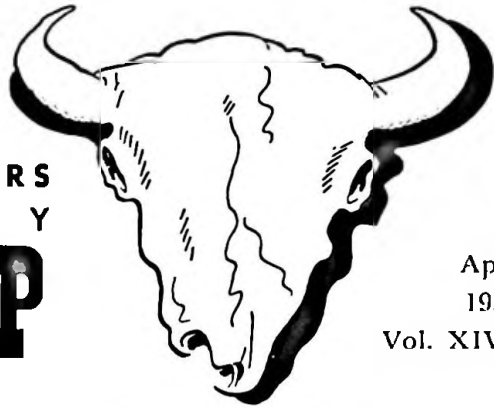
"His people are what they are, do what they do, because of their country, its needs, demands and conditionings," says W. H. Hutchinson in his introduction.

His varmints are an integral part of his stories—not just the background animals of the western scene.

In Rhodes' writing you somehow get the feel of the American physical frontier. Here are the customs, morals, traditions and values as he saw and experienced them. Recommended for the reader who is interested in a true picture of that vast area of 19th century America west of the 100th meridian.

—CM Marian Talmadge

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THE COVER PICTURE

In our cover picture Teddy Roosevelt is seated in the dining tent at his camp in the Divide Creek country in April, 1905. Shown seated, left to right: Charles Allen, horse wrangler; Welsh, an assistant guide; Jack Borah, a guide; Jack Fry (standing) camp cook; Teddy Roosevelt; Dr. Alexander Lambert of New York City; John Goff, Meeker, Colorado, who guided Teddy on his lion hunt in the Meeker area in 1901; Chief Guide Al Anderson of Glenwood Springs, and Galatia Sprague, a horse wrangler. This picture was taken by another member of the hunting party, Dr. Phillip Stewart of Colorado Springs, a frequent Roosevelt hunting companion.

May Meeting

Gilbert Campbell, librarian of the Air Force Academy, addressed The Possee at the May meeting in the Press Club. He used a number of highly interesting slides to illustrate his lecture. A native of Illinois, Mr. Campbell was educated at Purdue and the University of Illinois, had his first work as a snake handler for Frank Buck at the World's Fair in Chicago. A narrow gauge railroad buff, Mr. Campbell has traveled extensively in the West, has done some writing under the name of Kelly Choda which is Navajo for jackass. He has been a librarian at Los Alamos, Stanford and since 1955 at the Air Force Academy.

PROGRAM CHANGES

The Posse has had two program changes within the past two months. Mr. Delfino Salazar, San Luis, Colo., pioneer who was to have addressed the April meeting, was stricken with a heart attack, subsequently died at his home in San Luis May 13. Paul D. Harrison, whose story of the building of the Statehouse appears in this issue, substituted for Mr. Salazar. Dr. Ben B. Beshoar of Trinidad, Colorado, who was to have addressed the May meeting died May 1, 1958, in St. Luke's Hospital after undergoing surgery. The May meeting heard instead Mr. Gilbert Campbell as announced elsewhere in this issue of The Roundup.

RIDING WITH THE POSSE . . .

In the Spring, 1958, issue of **MON-TANA**, The Magazine of Western History, **Posseman Maurice Frink** is author of the lead article, "A Little Gift for Last Bull." It is written as a tribute to the late Stanley Vestal . . . Corresponding Member **Elizabeth Conour's** husband and law partner, **Richard E. Conour**, was recently elected mayor of Del Norte . . . **PM Carl F. Matthews** is finishing up his work in the El Paso County Courthouse in Colorado Springs and has several writing projects ready to go . . . **PM Guy M. Herstrom** recently read a paper "Maxwell and His Ranch" before the Pikes Peak Historical Society in Colorado Springs; it dealt with the Maxwell Land Grant . . . **PM Francis Rizzair** spoke April 16 before the annual Spring meeting of the Littleton area on "Ghost Towns Then and Now." . . Guest at the last Posse meeting was Carl L. Pearson, 1795 Oncida Street, Denver 20; until recently he was with the U. S. Indian Service, is now with a feed company . . . **PM Edward F. Dunklee** was recently re-elected, for

the tenth time yet, as president of the United Nations Committee for Colorado, and for the sixth time as Governor of the National Board of Governors of the American Association of the United Nations. You thought that was the end of it? Well, its not. He was also re-elected, for the fifth time, as Ambassador of Good Will for the United Nations . . . **PM Dr. Phillip Whiteley** recently gave an illustrated lecture "Coins of Bible Days" as the feature of a United Presbyterian Church Family Night program. He displayed, but did not part with, a number of Greek, Roman and Jewish coins.

ROUNDUP WILL PUBLISH POSSE BIBLIOGRAPHIES

A call has gone out to all Possemen to supply their bibliographies to the Registrar of Marks and Brands. A number of Posse members have already complied with the request and the remainder are urged to do so as soon as possible.

Possemen have been asked to supply a typewritten bibliography of their book length publications as editor or author. As usual, title, publisher and date of publication are necessary. The members have been asked to also include such of their printings as may have had a separate publication in individual format, for example booklets, monographs or pamphlets, either in soft or hard cover.

Noticia

Reservations for meetings of The Posse on the fourth Wednesday of each month must be made in advance. If you do not receive a card and wish to attend, please telephone Tabor 5-5111 and ask for Erl Ellis, Roundup Foreman and Tally Man.

T.R., COLORADO LION AND BEAR HUNTER

BARRON B. BESHOAR

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Theodore Roosevelt, which is being observed nationally this year, has caused many an old timer to recall Teddy's several hunting expeditions in Colorado. The two major hunts were in 1901, when he hunted lion in Northwestern Colorado, and in 1905 when he hunted bear south and west of Glenwood Springs.

Two men, who were among those who served as guides on the two hunting expeditions, still are living in Colorado. W. H. Purdy of Meeker was a guide on the 1901 lion hunt, serving under Chief Guide John B. Goff, and Al Anderson, who lives in a cabin in Glenwood Springs, was the guide on the big bear hunt.

When Teddy hunted lion he came out from the East by train. Accompanied by Philip K. Stewart, who had been captain of the famous Yale baseball team of 1886, Dr. Gerald Webb of Colorado Springs, and his personal physician, Dr. Alexander Lambert of New York. Roosevelt took the Denver & Rio Grande from Denver to Rifle. The party traveled from Rifle to Meeker, a distance of forty-five miles, by stage. They reached Meeker January 11, 1901, in eighteen below zero weather.

Roosevelt and his friends were met in Meeker by their guide, John B. Goff, who was earning a reputation as a lion hunter and guide. After spending the night in the Meeker Hotel, the entire party left early the next morning by horseback for the Keystone Ranch, thirty-six miles northeast of Meeker. The Keystone was a famous cattle ranch which had been developed by a Colonel Price who

had sold the property to Teddy's hosts, K. Parsons and A. Hanauer, Salt Lake City stockmen, a year before. There was a fine brick house on the place, plus the usual barns, corals and other ranch improvements.

Almost immediately after arriving at the ranch the hunt began with Johnny Goff and Bill Purdy leading the hunters into the rimrock country which is characteristic of the area. Teddy rode a picked Keystone horse, a white gelding weighing nine hundred and fifty pounds. It was known as a well-mannered, sure footed animal. Teddy rode a stock saddle, wore his old buckskin hunting shirt of which he was extremely proud. He also wore a cap with heavy earflaps.

The rimrock country is dry and barren by comparison with the lush White River Forest country a few miles south, but it has always been good lion country because it is in this area that the big deer herds winter. There is not too much snow in the area as a general rule and what does fall is swept away by the winter winds, leaving browse uncovered and bare spots for the deer to bed down. And where you find deer you find lion.

The country Teddy and his party hunted looked very much as it does today. There are cottonwoods along the streams, scattered bunches of scrub oak and quaking aspen, some pine and some spruce. The country is high and dry and invigorating, and Teddy loved every minute of it.

Stewart and Webb hunted for only two weeks, but Teddy was enthralled, stayed on with Goff and Purdy another three weeks. The bag, for the entire hunt, was as follows: largest lion, 227 pounds; number of lions

killed 17; number of bobcats killed, nine; largest bobcat killed thirty nine pounds.

Between January twelfth and February fifteenth, when the hunt finally ended, Teddy killed twelve lions and four bobcats.

At the time of this hunt Teddy was governor of New York and vice president elect. His trip into the Meeker country was purely a pleasure jaunt. He did no politicking, made no speeches. But he was, of course, a national figure of stature and his every move was reported in the Denver newspapers and the national press, or at least as well as it was possible to report the hunt without correspondents in the field.

On some other quickie visits to Colorado Teddy went on several short hunts, such as a coyote chase on the prairies east of Colorado Springs, but his next noteworthy hunt was in 1905 when he came to Colorado for bear.

The guide for the bear hunt was Glenwood Springs' Al Anderson, a twinkling-eyed, ruddy cheeked, hale and hearty eighty-four as this is written. Al was born near Abilene, Kansas, moved to Aspen with his parents when he was fourteen-years-old. In 1892 he moved to nearby Glenwood Springs to take a job as a teamster, a year later went to work for old Jake Borah, an early hunter and guide who was widely looked up to as a veteran of the buffalo days on the plains.

The president arrived in Glenwood Springs with a large party which included his Colorado Springs friend of many years, Dr. Stewart. He and Dr. Lambert were to be his actual hunting companions. The party included the secretary of the interior, secretaries, clerks, Secret Service men and other White House personnel. A temporary White House was set up in the Colorado Hotel.

Anderson had been selected to do

the guiding. He had old Jake Borah with him and was joined by John Goff. The Keystone Ranch sent the same white horse Teddy had used on the lion hunt four years earlier.

"The first thing we did for the President was find a courier who could stay sober," Al Anderson recalls with a chuckle. "We hired a man named Chapman who had a good team and a buckboard. He was hired to bring the White House mail to our hunting camp one day, stay all night, go back to Glenwood Springs with Mr. Roosevelt's mail the next day. We kept that fellow awful busy for the six weeks the hunt lasted."

The actual hunting party consisted of Roosevelt, Stewart, Lambert, Anderson, Borah, John Goff, horse wranglers, and the camp cook. (See cover)

"The three dudes were all we had with us." Anderson said "The secretary of the interior and the secret service men and the rest of them stayed back in Glenwood in the hotel."

In six weeks the party got a total of ten bears and of this number six were credited to the president. He used one of the newest army Springfields.

He was a good hunter and a good horseman," Anderson said recently. "When we left Newcastle (town next to Glenwood Springs) to cut across the Colorado River and into the Divide Creek country Mr. Roosevelt rode that white horse from the Keystone ranch. One day we were bucking deep snow. I was riding ahead and Roosevelt was right behind me. That white horse was not a mountain horse at all. It reared up and fell over backward, but the president was off of him like a flash. That's good horsemanship. Mr. Roosevelt wouldn't get on him again. But he rode a good mountain horse I had named Possum for the rest of the hunt. However, he

did ride that white Keystone horse when the hunt was over and we went back into Glenwood Springs on the road."

Once during the hunt the President became quite ill and was confined to his tent for a solid week. Said Anderson:

"I understand he had the Cuban fever. Doc Lambert took care of him and we were all careful to see that no one carried any stories out. We were not told to not say anything, but we all understood there would be a big hullabaloo in the newspapers if they found out the president was sick so we just kept it quiet."

After the hunt ended and the party had returned to Glenwood Springs Guide Anderson learned for the first time that Roosevelt knew that the guides and wranglers always referred to him as a dude. Let's let Anderson tell it in his own words:

"He had left us and gone on to the Hotel Colorado. We were busy unpacking and unsaddling and taking care of the stock when a messenger came over and said the president wanted to see us in his suite at the hotel right away. We couldn't imagine what was wrong so we hurried over dressed just as we were in old jeans ,hunting shirts, boots and all. When we got up to his suite we were ushered right in. There stood the president in the middle of the room. He was dressed in a silk hat and tails and grinning like all get out. 'Come in, boys,' he said, 'I want you to see what a real dude looks like.'

"He thought it was pretty funny and we did, too. This was Saturday so he invited all of us to go to church with him the next day which was Sunday, May seventh. I told the boys 'The church will probably fall in, but I guess we are all heroes now and we'll have to go. We all trooped into the Presbyterian church with him the

next day and then we went to dinner with him'."

This hunt, which started during the last week in March, 1905, and ran until May sixth, the day the party returned to Glenwood, netted, in addition to the ten bears a total of three elk which were used as camp meat. In addition, Anderson's dogs ran down two yearling bear, but at Roosevelt's insistence the dogs were called off and the yearlings were allowed to escape.

The many accounts of Roosevelt as a rugged, outdoor man are attested to by those who knew him and hunted and rode with him. Two years before the bear hunt Roosevelt was making a tour of the West. He was then forty five years old and had been in the White House for more than two years. He arrived in Laramie, left his train, rode the sixty miles from Laramie to Cheyenne on a gallop, using a relay of horses. When he completed the one day ride and reined up in front of the Plains Hotel in Cheyenne he had most of the saddle-hardened cowboys of the West agreeing he "was a pretty tough dude."

DENVER VOTES NO NATIONAL MERGER

At its April meeting, The Denver Posse voted to inform the Chicago Corral that it does not favor any participation by the Denver Posse in "the proposals or activities of the Chicago Corral or of Robert West Howard looking toward a foundation or organization of the several groups of Westerners into any sort of national organization."

It will be remembered that Mr. Howard spoke to the Posse in February, outlining a Chicago general plan for the establishment of a national organization with headquarters at the College of the Pacific in Stockton, California.

THE STRUGGLE TO BUILD THE COLORADO STATE CAPITOL

PAUL D. HAMSON

Atop the gentle knoll overlooking Denver's Civic Center, stands an elegant and imposing edifice, the Colorado State Capitol, which is perhaps the most significant public building in the Rocky Mountain West. Coloradans hold it in high esteem not only on account of the important position it occupies in the state's history, but also because of the abundant natural, warm and simple charm that it possesses.

While not an old building in terms of years, its roots extend back almost a hundred years to the days when the various sections of present day Colorado belonged theoretically to Nebraska, Kansas, Utah or New Mexico Territory.

The "gold rush" of 1858-59 brought great numbers of people to the vast wilderness at the mouth of Cherry Creek which became known as "the Pikes Peak Country," "the Gold Regions of the Rocky Mountains" or "the Pikes Peak Mines."

Here the pioneers found themselves on a primitive frontier almost 600 miles from any effective organized government, set down where they had to begin life anew without the benefit of law or authority. They were dependent on their own devices for protection, restraint and general welfare. Every mining camp, embryo town and rural settlement became in effect an independent democracy. The open-air groves or the rocky hillsides were the first legislative and juridical halls. As time went on these Argonauts felt the growing need of some more formal form of legal jurisdiction to

preserve order, administer justice and keep the public records.

It was but natural for the newcomers to turn first to the parent Territory of Kansas and then to Washington for authorization and aid in setting up local government. A difficult problem loomed at this point as the immigrants were informed that actually they were intruders on lands yet belonging to the Indians, that they had no legal status and therefore could expect no assistance in establishing a government. A treaty first would have to be negotiated with the native tribes, and that accomplishment appeared remote indeed.

In desperation, the settlers in the Pikes Peak Country on April 15, 1859, set up their own special "rump" Territory of Jefferson and commenced operating under a system of central organized authority. Meanwhile Congress undertook to resolve the claims of the Indian tribes and on March 2, 1861, created the Territory of Colorado as the legal government in the domain of the gold regions. Accordingly, on the following June 6, Jefferson Territory bowed out as its governor, Robert W. Steele, proclaimed the surrender to the sovereign authority.

Earlier, the establishment of Jefferson Territory and the subsequent creation of the Territory of Colorado, required of course, the selection of a seat of operations. In each of the above instances there ensued a lively scramble by seven or eight different communities for the honor (and advantage) of becoming the Capital of

the territory. Among the contenders were Colorado City, Golden, Fountain City (now Pueblo), Boulder, Canon City, Gunnison, Salida, and Denver City. Even the tiny, but early and therefore significant, settlement of Colona (now La Porte) aspired for a time to be the capital of the territory. Of these communities, Colorado City, Golden and Denver did actually serve during one time or another over a period of years as the Capital city, with this designation shifting back and forth several times between Golden and Denver.

In session at Golden, the 7th Territorial Assembly in 1867 endeavored to make a final determination of the location of the seat of government and proclaimed Denver to be the Capital city. One of the provisions of this act was that Denver citizens would have to provide and deed to the Territory gratis, a suitable building site along with a substantial cash donation and gifts of property or land for eventual conversion to cash, the money to be used as a building fund.

Responding at this point to the public appeals for aid in promoting the capitol building project, was Denver banker, Henry C. Brown, who donated two blocks consisting of ten acres of his original ranch at the head of 15th and 16th Streets as a building site. Presumably Brown was motivated in this act partly by civic pride and partly by the desire to enhance the value of his adjoining property. In this latter philosophy, however, he was destined to experience a long waiting period. The ground lay completely idle and unimproved for six or seven years while Governor A. C. Hunt's committee on arrangements, consisting of Allen A. Bradford, of Pueblo, William A. Roworth of Central City and Joseph M. Marshall of Boulder, endeavored to raise funds for the undertaking. Meanwhile the

Territorial executive offices and the House of Representatives were located in the Colorado Seminary on 14th Street, while the Senate, then known as the Council, operated in a vacant storeroom on Larimer Street not far from Cherry Creek. Other administrative offices were scattered about the town. Considerable confusion and inconvenience prevailed and everyone talked in big figures about the need of a special building to house the governmental functions. However, with a cash balance of only \$25,400 in the treasury, the officials obviously were not yet in a position to put up much of a building.

H. C. Brown, meanwhile, was commencing work on a structure which eventually became known as the Brown Palace Hotel and he became anxious to see some activity at the Capitol building site nearby. From time to time he threatened to withdraw his gift unless some significant improvement was commenced on the location. One of the reasons for delay was that even though Denver had been named by the Assembly as the Capital city, neither Pueblo, Central City nor Boulder were abandoning their efforts to obtain the designation for their own communities. Public interest through these early years was divided between the endeavors to establish a permanent substantial headquarters for the Territorial government and a parallel movement to persuade Congress to grant statehood for Colorado.

Meanwhile the committee on arrangements, handicapped by the Territory's limited income and meager resources and by the continued skirmishing of several cities to obtain the capitol for themselves, had served its original purpose and was discharged. The Tenth Legislative Assembly in 1874 directed the governor to create a new group to promote the proposed

building project. This was the Board of Capitol Commissioners to which were named M. Benedict of Denver, J. H. Blum of Trinidad and J. H. Pinkerton of Evans.

The several departments of the Territorial government then were in scattered and rented locations, with none having a really suitable place in which to operate. Accordingly the new commissioners made a faithful effort to accomplish their purpose. They appealed for more cash and property donations, meanwhile petitioning Arapahoe County and the city of Denver to grade and fence the site and set out trees. But their efforts were unavailing and no substantial progress appeared to be in prospect for some time to come.

In the meantime Congress in 1875 passed the "Enabling Act" which provided for Colorado's eventual statehood. The act called for a convention to adopt a state constitution, which accordingly was prepared, submitted to the voters and ratified July 1, 1876. President Grant next, on August 1, 1876, proclaimed Colorado a full-fledged state. The newcomer was the 38th state to enter the Union and soon was dubbed the Centennial State in recognition of the year being the 100th anniversary of the United States.

During the next two years Mr. Brown was increasingly perturbed, not only at the long delay in starting construction of the Capitol building itself, but also because no effort had been made to improve the raw bluff which was the Statehouse site. As far as undertaking actual construction was concerned, the problem was definitely one of finances. While the proponents were talking of the proposed new edifice in terms of its costing about \$1,000,000 actually only about \$70,000 was available to start with. Efforts of civic groups to get the City and County to grade, fence and land-

scape the location and temporarily convert it into a public park, went unheeded.

Finally, his patience exhausted, Henry C. Brown in 1879 filed in court a Deed of Revocation in a suit to reclaim the ground originally offered for the Capitol building site. However, the State promptly countered with a Suit of Ejectment and moved to retain possession of the property, at the same time proceeding deliberately with the plans to build a Statehouse on the land.

One of the provisions of the previously adopted state constitution denied the right of the legislature to designate the location of the Capitol, but instead required this matter to be decided by a vote of the people. In 1880 the legislature arranged for this election to be held the following year.

By 1881 the suit of Henry C. Brown vs. the State of Colorado was well under way with the final result some distance off in the future. To raise more money for the building fund, the assembly voted a tax levy of one-half mill on property. It also appropriated \$5,000 for planting, landscaping and other improvements to the Capitol grounds, but deferred other more substantial action to await the outcome of the pending litigation.

In the general election of Nov. 8, 1881, the voters of the state indicated by a majority of 17,000 their desire to make Denver the official permanent capital city of Colorado, over the field of some five or six other contenders.

By the year 1883, a number of the state agencies and departments had left the original cluster in the areas on either side of Cherry Creek and were quartered at widely scattered points throughout the growing city. Some offices had drifted out Larimer Street as far as the Barclay Block and the Windsor Hotel. The difficulty in getting officials together for business

sessions, meetings and conferences caused much delay and annoyance. In addition, the constant need for increased filing and office space and for fire-resistant vaults for books and records, all emphasized the pressing need for a suitable state headquarters building.

Accordingly, the Fourth State General Assembly concluded that this (1883) was essentially "the year of decision" and struck boldly forward to get the Statehouse project fully under way. On February 11, there was created a new Capitol Board of Direction and Supervision, an expediting body composed of E. S. Nettleton, Alfred Butters, Dennis Sullivan, George W. Kassler, W. W. Webster and John L. Routt. The legislature put \$150,000 at their disposal to start off the undertaking. It also acted to place a \$300,000 bond issue before the voters. Architects far and wide were invited to submit sample plans for a million-dollar structure, which represented a compromise between the "bonanza clique" clamoring for a \$10,000,000 edifice and the "economy crowd" willing to worry along with a modest \$25,000 layout. The new board immediately went all out to expand the Capitol grounds by spending \$100,000 for the block of land between Broadway and Lincoln and between Colfax and 14th Avenue.

The new board kept things moving. Suppliers of building stone were asked to submit samples, some forty-two specimens of sandstone, granite, and marble being received in turn and forwarded to the School of Mines and other laboratories for testing. Nine sets of proposed plans were examined and subsequently all were rejected, following which the board visited various states to inspect other Capitol buildings.

In 1885 the supervisors called for a new, revised architectural concept em-

bodying a more realistic approach to the design theme, adding an incentive award for the three best sets of drawings. On April 1, the 12th General Assembly confirmed the proposed million-dollar expenditure for Statehouse, specifying that the fund was to be expended at the rate of \$200,000 a year. Winner of the design competition was E. E. Myers of Detroit, an architect who had gained some note as designer of two other capitol buildings, as well as the old Arapahoe County Courthouse, formerly located on Courthouse Square.

Myers promptly was commissioned to draft the new plans. He proceeded as an inspired artist intent on creating a majestic structure of solemn, handsome grandeur in keeping with the dignity and important functions to which it would be dedicated. He desired to avoid the somewhat grotesque, fanciful frills of the Victorian architecture, developing instead a neo-classic, massive, semi-severe pattern, with simplicity as the essence. The basic pattern adopted was that of a Greek Cross and actually was a modification or free adaptation of the national Capitol at Washington. Academically it was a modified Corinthian style of architecture, intended to achieve a majestic effect by means of correct proportions and scientifically treated details. How well the designer succeeded in achieving his objectives remains a matter of the opinion of the individual critic.

When the U. S. Supreme Court in 1886 handed down a decision in favor of Colorado, the legal contest with Henry C. Brown was concluded and the state finally had a clear title to the Capitol building site. Final changes were made in the plans and contractors' bids were called for, with five proposals being received. Of these W. D. Richardson, a contractor of Springfield, Illinois, was the low bidder at

\$930,485 and was awarded the job on April 1. First dirt was turned July 5 of the same year. Excavation of the building site and the setting of the foundations progressed steadily until suddenly in October, 1887, contractor Richardson threw the project into a dilemma by unexpectedly presenting a bill for \$45,656 worth of "alterations or extras" not specifically authorized in the contract. Work stopped immediately.

Investigation revealed that the contractor apparently had underestimated his prospective costs and was in financial difficulty with his creditors. The contract necessarily was cancelled March 9, 1888. A revised contract to complete the excavation and finish the foundation was prepared and bids called for. The Denver firm of Geddes and Seerie were awarded the job for \$59,750.

Specifications for the erection of the brick masonry and steel structure above grade were prepared, bids called for and a contract let on May 7, 1888, to Geddes and Seerie for \$700,000. This contracting firm at the time also was engaged in putting up the Brown Palace Hotel. It was expected the Statehouse would be completed by July, 1891.

For the foundation and interior walls of the Colorado Capitol building, Fort Collins sandstone was used. For the exterior walls, it was originally planned to use a whitish sandstone from Gunnison County. However, when this fact became generally known, protests commenced to flow in and strong public sentiment against the use of sandstone for the exterior, developed. Building experts and others widely advocated the adoption of granite masonry as a more fitting, suitable and durable material instead.

At this point, in 1889, the legislature concluded to dissolve the Board of Direction and Supervision and organ-

ize the Board of Capitol Managers, naming Gov. Job A. Cooper ex-officio chairman, together with Otto Mears, Charles J. Hughes, Jr., Benjamin F. Crowell, and reappointing ex-Gov. John L. Routt. In this shuffle, Architect Myers was for some reason removed, possibly because of the Richardson fiasco. Peter Gumry became Construction Superintendent and T. R. Murdock was named Supervising Architect.

Largely through the efforts of Editor H. C. Olney of the Gunnison-Review Press, it was decided granite really was the proper material to use for the exterior and the Board was permitted to include \$471,396 as the additional cost. The deposit selected to supply the granite was at the Zugelder Quarry on Beaver Creek some five to ten miles southwest of Gunnison. This substance was a soda-rich high quality stone. From this quarry were shipped over a special-built narrow-gauge spur of the D. & R. G. Railroad, a total of 280,000 cubic feet of granite weighing between 25,000 and 30,000 tons, all of which had to be reloaded as Salida on standard gauge cars. About 60 men were employed at the quarry from 1889 to 1892 getting out the stone for the Capitol building.

The granite arrived in Denver in great blocks of all sizes and weights, some running as heavy as 10 or 12 tons. To transfer the material from the railway yards to the Capitol grounds big double-drays, each pulled by four draft horses, were used. At the building site a big processing works was manned by a force of about 200 stone cutters, tool sharpeners, blacksmiths, machinists and laborers. The rough blocks were cut and shaped to conform with the plans and specifications which called for about 20,000 different sizes and dimensions of material. The blocks were maneuvered about the big stone yard by

means of an overhead crane which could travel the full length of the site. Used to hoist the great blocks into place was an unique battery of 20 large derricks, all powered by the one ingenious arrangement consisting of two single revolving shafts along two sides of the building. These derricks were individually operated by means of a cable drum connected to the main drive-shaft by a separate clutch. The drive shaft was propelled by a donkey engine.

At this point in the operation it became apparent that the cost of the project was going to be far above the original appropriation of \$1,000,000. The legislature accordingly raised the limit to \$2,000,000, specifying now that the structure be completed by Jan. 1, 1893. With much of the super structure well up and the project now safely under way, the way was finally clear for the great event to which everyone had eagerly looked forward for so long—the ceremony of the laying of the corner stone.

Accordingly the date for the time-honored affair was set for Sunday, July 4, 1890, and was committed in the customary manner to the charge of Grand Lodge A. F. & A. M. of Colorado. By chance, the Masonic order was on the day previous, dedicating its newly erected temple in Denver at the corner of 16th and Welton Streets. Thus the events turned into a sort of joint week-end celebration and ceremonial observance attended by ordinary visitors and prominent people from throughout the state. Special excursion trains were operated by the railroads for the occasion and the city was thronged with some 10,000 persons who came to attend one or the other or both ceremonies. The city was gayly decorated and a huge parade preceded the formal events. Chairman of the cornerstone program committee was H. A. W.

Tabor. In charge of the Masonic formal ceremony was M. W. Grand Master William Bridwell of Canon City, while a Masonic choir of 800 voices opened the service with the national anthem. Among the notable guests and speakers on the platform were Ex-Gov. George A. Crawford, ex-Gov. Alva Adams, Thomas M. Patterson, congressman and lawyer, Ex-Gov. James E. Grant, Gov. Job. A. Cooper, Judge James A. Belford and Judge Wilbur F. Stone, along with scores of public officials and other dignitaries. Concluding the day's big events was a mammoth public roast beef barbeque held at Lincoln Park, with 30,000 pounds of meat and 40 barrels of lemonade being prepared and served by 21 volunteer cooks and 300 volunteer waiters.

Now the work progressed steadily on the great project, with most of the exterior and interior stone work, along with the slate roofs on the wings being completed by 1892, while the dome was up 192 feet above grade. In 1893 the dome was virtually completed and the interior finishing was progressing steadily. At this stage another bombshell exploded when the legislature appropriately approved changing the interior finish from hardwood to marble. This was another of the significant switches which gave the Colorado State Capitol building the marvelous and handsome special features which make it the outstanding structure that it is. The adoption of marble for the interior finish revolutionized the interior appearance of the Statehouse.

By 1894 some portions of the new building were in shape to permit occupancy. In November, Gov. Davis H. Waite and his staff moved out of the Equitable Building and into the State Capitol. He thus became the first chief executive to occupy the Statehouse. At the same time some

other officials and members of the courts took up their quarters in the new location.

The change over from hardwood to an unusual type of marble was one of the most striking and significant developments in the entire construction program. It modernized the structure and produced the charm so characteristic of its halls and corridors. This particular kind of marble or onyx as it is sometimes called has been found at only one spot in the entire world, at Beulah, Colo., in a little valley on the middle fork of the St. Charles River in the foothills of the Greenhorn River in the foothills of the Greenhorn Range in Pueblo County. The color, the grain and the pattern of "Beulah Red" marble as it is known in the trade are the combined qualities which make the interior paneling and wainscoting of the Colorado Statehouse one of the most beautiful and striking decorative installations of its kind to be found anywhere. It also is probably the rarest trimming; none like it is to be found anywhere for the simple reason that the entire deposit was used up in finishing this building. No more like it is known to exist anywhere.

It has been presumed that an expert dealer and processor of fancy stone, David J. Kelley, head of the Denver Onyx and Marble Company, at that time practically the only plant of its kind between St. Louis and the Pacific Coast, was the artistically inclined individual who knew about the rare deposit of beautiful red marble and persuaded the Board to specify it to finish off the new building. His plant had a splendid reputation and its products were regularly shipped to customers throughout the country. Kelly was the successful bidder at \$164,000 on the marble installation for the State Capitol and also had the marble contract for the Brown Palace

Hotel being erected at about the same time.

The superlative characteristics of the Beulah marble paneling in the Capitol are its beautiful, exotic color tones and its remarkable metamorphic patterns. Colorings are light chocolate, rose, pink, flamingo and deep red, blending into shades of light brown, tan, beige and pearl gray. The figurations consist of endless whirling galaxies and series after series of delicate veins, concentric rings and roving contour lines that fade into each other. In no other structure to be found anywhere will one ever see any display of nature's artwork to compare with this natural art gallery.

As the year of 1895 rolled around the council chambers were completed and the Tenth General Assembly moved in to become the first legislative body to convene in the new home of the state government of Colorado.

Much work still remained to be done in 1898 when F. E. Edbrooke replaced Murdock as advisory architect and conceived the idea of installing in the base of the dome, the stained glass window portraits honoring sixteen of Colorado's outstanding pioneer citizens. The prominent early Coloradans accorded this recognition are—William Gilpin, John Evans, N. P. Hill, Benjamin Easton, Casimiro Barela, Bela M. Hughes, Wm. N. Byers, Wm. J. Palmer, James W. Denver, R. G. Buckingham, Alexander Majors, John L. Dyer, Francis Jacobs, Kit Carson, Jim Baker and the Ute Indian chief Ouray.

The task of cutting, polishing and installing the marble slabs in the rotunda, corridors and halls of the Capitol required some five or six years. One of the time-consuming requirements was the mating and matching for color and pattern of the thousands of marble slabs which were

required for the job. It was about 1899 before this contract, let in 1893, was completed.

Another project which consumed many years from original idea to actual completion was the gold plating of the Capitol dome. Otto Mears, a member of the Board of Capitol Managers, conceived the idea in 1890, while the building was in the early stages of construction. He reasoned that some treatment of this sort was necessary to properly finish and set off the Colorado Statehouse, which he asserted was the third most handsome in the country. For years he regularly and consistently laid the matter before the appropriations committee of the general assembly, but without success. He admitted the job would be costly, around \$5,000 he estimated, but he declared the dome deserved to be plated with gold leaf to symbolize the significance of the state's gold mines. After 17 years of effort, Mears finally in 1907 persuaded the legislature to authorize and appropriate money for the undertaking. Some 200 ounces of gold leaf were required for the job and the total cost of this, together with labor and the other necessary materials, was \$14,680. This was a great improvement over the old copper, tin and zinc which heretofore topped off the building.

Again in 1950 after 42 years of exposures to the ravages of sun and

weather, the dome needed re-plating. This time the mining industry came to the rescue and supplied free of charge the gold for conversion into leaf for the plating job. For this project seven and a half tons of lead were used as a base for the gold leaf. Cost of the lead and other materials, plus the labor, amounted to \$19,000 for the second plating job.

At a meeting Dec. 31, 1906, the outstanding bonds in the amount of \$47,496.06 were called in and the construction debt was thus finally written off.

In 1908, the 48-inch globe encasing a 1400 candlepower globe was mounted atop the dome and the building projected was considered completed. This final finishing touch was the culmination of over 40 years of assorted efforts to locate, authorize, commence and complete a capitol building for Colorado's executive, administrative and legislative departments. The cost of the building proper from 1885 to 1908 has been reckoned as \$2,728,512.51, to which is to be added \$60,000 for capital improvement of grounds. Furnishings provided from 1893 to 1908 brought the total cost up to \$3,492,744.38. According to James Merrick, custodian of public buildings for the State, the present-day replacement cost of the structure would be somewhere between \$8 and \$10 million.

Recognition

The Rules Committee of the U. S. Senate has authorized erection of a statue of Charles M. Russell in the Capitol Statuary Hall of Fame. The great cowboy artist will, of course, represent Montana.

Presiding Officer

P.M. Art Carhart was in the presiding officer's chair at the Izaak Walton League convention in Colorado in mid-May. His non-fiction "The National Forests" is due in October. The publisher is Knopf.

WRITERS OF WESTERN HISTORY

LEWIS AND CLARK

Meriwether Lewis and William Clark traveled up the Missouri River in 1804, and were responsible for the many expeditions that followed their two-year trek. Their journey was also responsible for the numerous western publications that appeared at various intervals following their historic venture.

Meriwether Lewis

Meriwether Lewis was born near Charlottesville, Virginia, August 18, 1774. He was a member of an aristocratic Virginia family, and at the age of twenty served with troops which were called to suppress the Whisky Rebellion; he enlisted in the regular army May 1, 1795.

Lewis was chosen as a private secretary when Thomas Jefferson was elected to the presidency. In 1803, he was placed in charge of the expedition which traveled up the Missouri River to its source, crossed the Rocky Mountains, and explored the first overland route to the Pacific Ocean; a journey which lasted from May 14, 1804 to September 23, 1806.

Lewis resigned from the army, and was appointed governor of Louisiana Territory in July, 1807, entering on his duties in St. Louis, the capital of the territory. During his two-year tenure of office he gained the respect and confidence of both the red man and the white man. He left St. Louis in 1809, to go to Washington on business, traveling alone through Tennessee. He stopped overnight, on an October evening, in a rude tavern sixty miles southwest of Nashville, which was operated by Robert Grinder, a half-breed. Lewis had supper and engaged a bed. A shot was heard

during the night; he was found dead with a revolver beside him. It was rumored that he took his own life. Later, evidence supported the belief that he was murdered, robbery being the motive. Twenty-five cents was reported found in his pockets, and the tavern keeper had a sum of money which enabled him to buy farm land and a few slaves.

Lewis was buried near the tavern, along the forest road where he met his death. Forty years following this tragedy, the Tennessee legislature honored his memory by erecting a monument over the grave as a silent sentinel to a brave hero of the West, who was murdered in the hills of Tennessee.

William Clark

William Clark was born near Charlottesville, Virginia, August 1, 1770. He was a boyhood friend of Meriwether Lewis, and had served under him in the American army. A letter from Lewis asked him to join the expedition. His reply was, "No man lives with whom I would prefer to undertake and share the difficulties of such a trip than yourself." This enthusiasm persisted throughout the expedition; their friendship was never disturbed.

In 1806, Clark was made a brigadier general of the Army of the Territory of Louisiana, and agent and superintendent of Indian Affairs. In 1808, he married Julia Hancock of Virginia, and served as governor of Missouri Territory for seven years. Left a widower, William married a cousin of his wife, a widow, Mrs. Harriett Radford; there were children born of both marriages who be-

came well known citizens of St. Louis.

Governor Clark was associated with civic and political affairs in St. Louis for more than thirty years. He died September 1, 1938, leaving a heritage of many brilliant achievements.

The history of the Lewis and Clark Expedition was prepared from material supplied by them to Nicholas Biddle, who published the book in Philadelphia in 1814, which was the first and most complete expedition. Two thousand copies were printed; a London edition appeared in 1814.

In 1840, an edition was published in Dayton, Ohio. Two years later, Harper and Brothers published a reprint in two volumes. Elliott Coues republished the Biddle edition in

1893, in three volumes with an index.

The original journals, edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites, were printed in seven volumes and atlas by Dodd, in New York, 1904-1905. There was also a fourteen-volume set and atlas edited by Thwaites.

Many other editions have appeared from time to time by various members of the expedition. No doubt many more books will be written about this famous trek, for the journey of Lewis and Clark was one of the most important expeditions ever carried out. It opened a new country and gave an impetus to western exploration and settlement.

—PM Nolie Mumey



Westerner's Bookshelf



JAMES PIERSON BECKWOURTH 1856-1866, "An Enigmatic Figure of the West," A History of the Latter Years of His Life, by Nolie Mumey. Published by Fred A. Rosenstock, The Old West Publishing Company, Denver, Colorado, 1957, 500 numbered untrimmed copies, chronology, bibliography, index, map, 188 pages, \$12.00 (out of print).

The riddle of the enigmatic James Pierson Beckwourth's later years have been revealed at last, and appropriately by two outstanding members of the Denver posse of the West-erners—Dr. Nolie Mumey and Fred Rosenstock. The dynamic doctor and congenial bookman have pooled their vast knowledge of the West and bookmaking to produce one of the fine books of this decade.

Fortunately for the reader the book is not as unpredictable as was Beckwourth. Jim was the kind of a fellow to saddle up his horse and say to his wife, "I'll be home for supper"—but neglected to say what evening or year. There were three things that he had little regard for, even in his old age, and they were marital responsibilities, a human life (providing it wasn't a Crow tribesman), and geography. When it came to the Indian and School of the Frontier, Jim was the equivalent of a Ph.D. but unlike most of his leather-faced colleagues he savied reading, writing,

arithmetical and could speak with some degree of persuasiveness. During 1861-62 he successfully functioned as a storekeeper, also managing other holdings of his old friend, A. P. Vasquez. Jim Beckwourth was a mountain man—first, last and always—his dreams never included empires. This biography reflects to a degree the tragedy of his kind—the man who fought, bled profusely, froze, burnt and died for the achievement of civilization; they won the first wars for the Mountain and Plains, then lost the eventual peace. Society with its laws and intricate intanglements was an opponent that even Beckwourth failed to avoid—it couldn't be stalked, trapped or skinned.

The reader might want to warm up with Bonner's biography of Beckwourth before savoring Mumey's latest, yet, there is a mountain canyon of difference in the two books. The first, published a century ago, was to sell—the 1957 contribution is a labor of love for the sake of good history. The author presents his material in a chronological arrangement with excellent editing. The first two of the book's eight chapters briefly portray Jim's early life and West Coast adventures prior to his return to Denver. A folding map uniquely outlines "Captain" Beckwourth's ramblings, giving the reader a good insight as to the trail toughness and

tremendous energy of this man—in his later life. Chapter Six, "Guide in the Sand Creek Battle," was of profound interest to me and wholly unexpected. Jim Beckwourth's frank testimony before the Military Commission officially investigating the Sand Creek Affair was anything but complimentary to Colonel John M. Chivington, leader of the Indian-exterminating expedition. This chapter does absolutely nothing to defend or corroborate Dr. Mumey's paper, "John Milton Chivington, The Misunderstood Man." (Denver Westerners Brand Book, 1956). In my eyes the author's soul is historically pure . . . The Beckwourth "papers" are of considerable significance, on this eve of the Colorado Centennial because they not only date and document one man, but relate many forgotten facets of our Territorial history.

The book has a pleasant sort of ending when the reader realizes that Ole Jim has peacefully passed into the happy hunting grounds, while in the territory of the Crow who admired and loved him.

Throughout the soft untrimmed pages of this beautifully bound and finely illustrated volume one cannot help sense some of the exhilaration that Mr. Rosenstock must have experienced in discovering the scattered Beckwourth documents, destined for one last flareup in a fire box, nor Doctor Mumey's great appreciation and willingness to share this first-told story.

—PM Dean F. Krakel

THE FIRST WINCHESTER, "The Story of the 1866 Repeating Rifle," by John E. Parsons. William Morrow and Company, Publishers. 1955. 207 pages. \$5.00.

The saga of the repeating rifle is one of the most interesting in the annals of America. Author Parsons is quick to point out that the role of the Winchester in the "Winning of the West" has been exaggerated. The Western Frontier, as he interprets it, began on the shores of the Eastern Seaboard when the pilgrims looked toward the sunset.

The life of Oliver Winchester, for whom the rifle was named, is Horatio Alger-like, since the early death of his father threw the lad on his own. By the time he was twenty years old, he had worked on farms, clerked in stores and learned the carpenter's and joiner's trades. Between 1830 and 1837, he was employed in construction work and then opened a clothing store. In 1847, he sold this business to engage in the jobbing and importing business with John M. Davis in New York City. The partners also began the manufacture of shirts by a new method invented by Winchester in 1918 and were so successful that two years later, they established a factory in New Haven, Connecticut.

As a result of his skill in business, Winchester accumulated a small fortune. Meanwhile, he had become a heavy stockholder in the Volcanic Repeating Arms Company, and through his stock purchases became the principal owner by 1856. The following year he engineered its reorganization with himself as president. The company "inherited" the repeating rifle invention of Horace D. Smith, D. B. Wesson, Tyler Henry and a man named Jennings, as well as the services of Henry. During the next few years, Henry, the genius, was given a free hand to tinker and improve as he desired. The result was that in 1860 the company began production of a new repeating rifle which became known as the Henry Rifle. Companion to the rifle was a new rim fire copper cartridge. Here was the superior weapon of the times; ironically, it was not adopted by the U. S. Army.

In the historic year of 1866, Winchester purchased the patent of Nelson King for loading the magazine through the side or gate. When this invention was incorporated in the rifle, a new firearm, the Winchester, came into existence. Oliver Winchester then reorganized his company as the Winchester Repeating Arms Company and built a factory at Bridgeport, Connecticut.

The Winchester was cleverly promoted by a brigade of sharpshooting salesmen, and soon the rifle was the most popular on the market. The company continued to improve it by the acquisition of other patents, including those of Spencer, Hotchkiss and Browning. However, it was not until after the death of the dynamic Oliver Winchester that the single shot, incorporating all the patents, was manufactured.

Mr. Parson's book is quality from cover to cover. Nothing has been ignored that would add to the study. **THE FIRST WINCHESTER** was published in 1955, and I suspect that at this rather tardy review date, copies are not easy to come by.

—PM Dean F. Krakel

GHOST TRAILS TO GHOST TOWNS, by Inez Hunt and Wanetta W. Draper. Sage Books, Denver, Colo., 1958. \$1.50.

Colorado's ghost towns are more than twisted or scattered buildings. They are more than picturesque, derelict ruins; more than simply reminders of a glorious past of pioneering and prospecting. They are all of those things, and something more, too, because in their hey-day they were places where people lived, were born, died, and engaged generally in the nobilities and vagaries of human endeavor.

Mrs. Hunt and Mrs. Draper have successfully captured several of these aspects of Colorado's ghost towns through a combina-

tion of excellent photographs, mood-setting poems, brief historical sketches and specific directions on how to search out these ghost villages that are rapidly being obliterated from the Colorado scene.

This 48-page booklet—with a map and twenty-two exceptionally good photographs—succinctly introduces the reader to most of the better known Colorado ghost towns, and some of those of lesser note.

The descriptions and the pictures tell much about the towns. The poems tell about the towns, and even more about the people.

About the town of Central City:

"But silver bricks and presidents are gone
And this board walk remains

To breathe a muffled chant

To all who pass this way."

About the people, a verse that I want to read many more times:

"I built the old house when the town
grew and grew.

I built it for us and I tried to tell you

But you knew. Oh, you knew.

"Don't climb, climb

Climb up that stair.

There never was, never was

Anything there."

"Ghost Trails To Ghost Towns"—highly recommended as a permanent part of your library, plus another copy for the glove compartment of your car.

—CM John W. Buchanan

X. BEIDLER: VIGILANTE, edited by Helen Fitzgerald Sanders in collaboration with William H. Bertsche, Jr., with a foreword by A. B. Guthrie, Jr. Univ. of Okla. Press, Norman.

This book is mostly by, as well as about, John X. Beidler, being taken mainly from original notes dictated by him in contemplation of an autobiography. It is perhaps the most disjointed and unconnected account in the shape of a book on record, but that does not keep it from being extremely interesting.

In many crises in history while things hung in the balance, the voice of one courageous man has turned the tide. Without Patrick Henry's famous "Give me liberty or give me death" expression, it is doubtful that the American Revolution would have taken place, and with the members of the General Assembly of France mulling about uncertain what to do when ordered by the king to disperse, the clarion voice of the great Mirabeau in open defiance settled the matter. In the early days of Montana a condition worse than even anarchy existed, with the law officers in league with the thieves and murderers. In the initial attempt by the people to break up this situation, the leader of the gangster element, George Ives, was

convicted before a gathering of citizens of the murder of a German and sentenced to be hanged forthwith. He made a pitiful plea for time, which, had it been granted, would have been utilized by his friends to rescue him. The crowd, however was uncertain what to do, when suddenly a voice rang out from the top of a shed nearby with the words "Ask him how long he gave the Dutchman!" It was X. Beidler, not too well known then. That settled the fate of George Ives, and within a few minutes he was dead.

It was the beginning of law and order in Montana, and from that time on the name of John X. Beidler was perhaps the leading one in the movement. He was a colorful character, and the crude wording of the narrative only adds realism. It is a valuable addition to Americana.

—PM Fred H. Mazzulla

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF SEVERAL INDIAN TRIBES LOCATED WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI, by John D. Hunter. Minneapolis, Ross and Haines, Inc., 1957. 402 pp. \$8.75.

Without doubt this work, first published in 1823, retains an interest today many of its companion works on Indian life have lost. The story of a white child brought up by the Kansas and Osage Indians almost from infancy to maturity might easily be purely romantic and incidental. John Hunter was, however, a keen observer with an honest desire to give an accurate account of the Indians who had fostered him. In so doing he has provided excellent source material little marred by the romantic "noble savage" concept popular, but unknowledgeable, writers of the time so often touted. Nor was his view of the Indians so overly objective and colored by theories that little true understanding remained. For almost eighteen years the life of the western plains Indians was the only life John Hunter knew. Indeed his name was given to him by the Indians. The simple narrative of events during these years with the Indians, with the story of his final break with them and subsequent introduction into the white man's civilization, provides the first and most notable portion of the book.

Following a brief section on the geography, climate, flora and fauna of the Missouri and Arkansas country, the remaining and greatest portion of the book is devoted to the customs of the Indians: birth, death, marriage, government, games, morals, manners, dress, sickness, etc. A final section is devoted to "observations on the materia medica of the Indians," which contains many curious nostrums as well as such wisdom as is found in old medical works.

Certainly this is a work worth reprinting with care and attention. Such care has been taken with the text, which is full and unedited from the original. However, the printing and binding are poor, with little justification for the rather high price.

—CM Glenn Johnson

CATTLE KINGS OF THE STAKED PLAINS
by George A. Wallis, American Guild Press, 5728 Palo Pinto, Dallas 6, Texas. 180 pages plus map of Staked Plains area and 32 foremost Texas brands. \$2.75.

More of a journalist than a historian, George A. Wallis is an old timer in the cattle business as well as a former newspaperman. He is nearing completion on a more ambitious book to be published later in 1958, JOHN CHISUM: CATTLE KING OF AMERICA.

His book on Cattle Kings of the Llano Estacado country in western Texas and eastern New Mexico is very readable and does a good biographical chore on each of a dozen great ranchers. In addition, he has a memorable chapter on the World's champion cowboy, "Bob Crosby, and his Cross-B ranch.

This reviewer particularly enjoyed Wallis' account of the last days of Billy the Kid, which is by far the most readable version of this oft-told tale. Wallis grew up in the country that regarded Billy the Kid as another Robin Hood. One feels that his account of the outlaw's death and the events leading up to it fulfills a lifelong ambition to tell the story as it ought to be told. In this sympathetic treatment, young William H. Bonney is revealed as a victim of the cattle war in Lincoln County, New Mexico. Hired by cattlemen when only 18, Bonney's fast gun soon made him famous and his killing was honored by his employers and their neighbors. Sudden termination of the cattle war left him with enemies determined to "get" Bonney, many of them now wearing

stars. They got him, eventually, but as Wallis tells it the 21-year-old gunman was a good guy even at the end when his consideration for his friends exposed him to the bullet Sheriff Patrick F. Garrett put through his heart.

Good source material here for tomorrow's writers on yesterday's themes.

—PM Henry W. Hough

THE AMERICAN INDIAN THEN AND NOW, by Gertrude M. Golden. The Naylor Company, San Antonio, Texas, 1957. \$2.50.

The large subject indicated by the title is treated briefly by Miss Golden in this slender volume. However, information on the American Indian, both past and present, is of interest to students of the West and this book should not be neglected. About half the book is devoted to Indians "then," and does not add much to what most Western readers already know. The primary source of information on Indians of Mexico and Central America is the writings of William Prescott, the early New England scholar who researched and wrote at long distance. This section should be of most interest to beginners.

Miss Golden is at her best when writing of present day Indians, and speaks with authority particularly of the Indians of the Southwest, no doubt through her experiences as a government teacher. Of particular interest is her chapter on Chee Dodge, a Navajo who by his own example proved that an Indian can successfully adjust from the old days to the modern white man's world. Most readers will value the chapter entitled "The Navajo Indian Blanket" as an excellent description of the origin of the blanket, the method of weaving, and will worry with the author that it may become a debased or lost art.

—CM W. H. Van Duxer

WHAT IS GOING ON AMONG OTHER POSSES

The Trail Guide, which is published quarterly by The Kansas City Posse, 446 West Sixty-Second Street, Kansas City 13, Mo., has a fascinating story in its March, 1958, issue. Written by Nyle H. Miller, secretary of the Kansas State Historical Society, and titled "Kansas Frontier Police Officers Before TV," the story has some fine tales to tell about the Earps, the Mastersons, Bill Hickok and some of the other gentry who made life in Kansas interesting during the trail days.

* * *

The February, 1958, issue of The English Westerns Brand Book, which is headquartered at 95 Albion Street, New Brighton, Cheshire, has an article on Wild Bill Hickok's shooting ability. For you Posse members who don't know how to make a lightning draw there is a series of drawings showing you just how to draw two guns at the same time, how to cock them in the process, etc. And the same issue has an illustrated article on the making of warbonnets by Edward H. Blackmore of Eastbourne.

* * *

In The Westerners Brand Book, Chicago, April, 1958, Jack Conroy has an article titled "The Laughing Frontier." In it he discusses the wit and humor of the West, finds "the tall story was an answer to cultural snobbery."

* * *

The last New York Posse Brand Book has a fine article "Up the Missouri and Over the Mullan Road" by Martin D. Hardin, Brig. Gen., U.S.A. The rare account was edited by a member of the New York Posse's Publications Committee, John E. Parsons.

POSSE WELCOMES TWO NEW MEMBERS

It is with pleasure that The Denver Posse extends a welcome to two new possemen, Armand W. Reeder, 52, of 5994 E. 29th Ave., Denver, and Merlyn S. Wheeler, 35, of 5712 Yukon Street, Denver.

Mr. Reeder, a native of St. Louis, was reared and educated in his native city. He received a Bachelor of Law degree from Benton College, wrote a law column for The St. Louis Times for a number of years. For the past fifteen years he has been a book reviewer for The St. Louis Post Dispatch. He was a member of the St. Louis Posse and served as its sheriff for five years.

He was with the Wabash Railroad for a number of years, later moved over to the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad, is currently its general agent in Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and New Mexico.

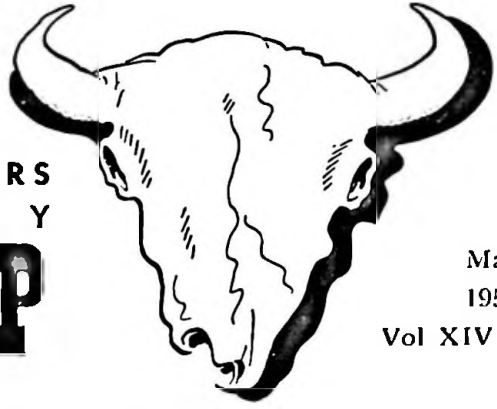
With his wife, Margaret, Posseman Reeder has spent considerable vacation time roaming the vast Navajo Reservation and prospecting for uranium on the Colorado Plateau. The Reeders have been Denver residents since 1956.

Merlyn S. Wheeler is a native of Arvada where his parents were pioneer settlers. As a Posseman he will have to shoot often and hard if he is going to stay in the running with Posseman Charles B. Roth who happens to be his father-in-law.

Merlyn attended schools in Arvada and the University of Denver, is a salesman with the Silas Dean Corporation. The Wheelers have two children, Christopher, three, and Sally Marie, six weeks old.

CM Carolyn Bancroft delivered a Gold Rush Centennial lecture, "The Storied San Juans" in the First Baptist Church, E. 14th Ave. and Grant St.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



May
1958
Vol XIV No. 5



THE ALAMO

—Courtesy Western History Division,
Denver Public Library

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Roundup Foreman and Tally Man,
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Griswold*

JUNE MEETING

Colorado's Territorial Constitutions

by

Don W. Hensel

Director of Arts and Sciences at the
University of Colorado Extension Center

Place: Denver Press Club

Date: Wednesday, June 25, 1958

Time: 6:00 P.M.

RIDING WITH THE POSSE . . .

Denver Publisher and **Posseman Alan Swallow** has been elected president of The Colorado Authors League for the term ending May, 1959 . . . And the members of the Posse voted a special thanks to **Posseman Swallow** at their May meeting in the Denver Press Club for his kindness in providing each Posseman with a copy of **Ghost Trails to Ghost Towns** by Inez Hunt and Wanetta W. Draper which was reviewed in the April issue . . . **PM Henry Hough** recently took part in a writers Conference in Colorado Springs sponsored by The Pikes Peak Branch of The National League of American Pen Women . . . **PM Fred Rosenstock** has been in San Francisco consulting with Dale Morgan regarding two books which will make use of rare Western material . . . **PM John Lipsey** of Colorado Springs delivered an informal report at the May meeting on the subject of two visits he made to the Tucson Posse . . . substance of his report was that Tucson does not have anything to preserve, does not publish and does not give a damn about anything or anybody **PM Armand W. Reeder** recently completed a two thousand mile trip around Wyoming, visited most of the historic spots in that historic and colorful state **PM Kenneth Englert**, the only member of the Denver Posse with a red beard, is building a six-unit business building at 319 S. Hancock Avenue in Colorado Springs . . . Possemen are urged to remember the Fifth Annual Old Time Ranch Tour which will start from the Court House Square in Laramie Sunday, July 20th, 1958, at seven o'clock in the morning (7:00 A.M.) Bring your own car, food and fluid, plan to spend the day at it . . .

PM Marie Sandoz, member of the New York Pose and widely known

author, discussed *The Cattlemen of the Plains* at an early June meeting in Wyer Auditorium sponsored by The Denver Public Library and The Friends of the Denver Public Library . . . It will be formally reviewed in The Roundup in due time, but meanwhile congratulations to **PM Don Griswold** and **Jean Griswold** on their new book **Colorado's Century of Cities** which is illustrated with pictures from the Possemen Fred M. Mazzulla and Jo Mazzulla collection. The book is an important contribution to Colorado history and to the Colorado "Rush to the Rockies" Centennial which will be celebrated beginning in January of next year.

A REMINDER ON THE BIBLIOGRAPHIES

In April each member of The Posse was asked to send his bibliography to the Registrar of Marks and Bands—Barron B. Beshoar, 762 Olive Street, Denver 20, Colorado. Most of The Posse members have done so, but a few have not yet been heard from. If you have not done so, please supply a typewritten bibliography of your book length publications as editor or author. The title, publisher and date of publication are required. Any printings which have had separate publication in individual format, for example booklets, monographs or pamphlets, whether in soft or hard cover, should be included.

The Registrar of Marks and Brands regrets he will be unable to call personally on each member of The Posse to solicit this material, but hopes that all members will provide it by mail so that we may have a complete Posse representation when the bibliographies are published in the July issue of The Roundup.

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THE TRUE STORY OF THE ALAMO

CARL W. BREIHAN

In 1821 Mexico finished successfully her war of independence from Spain and, upon the adoption of the Mexican Constitution of 1824, Texas and Coahuila formed one of the states of the Mexican republic.

During the next fifteen years, nearly 30,000 Americans settled in Texas under the able leadership of Stephen F. Austin. These voluntary exiles practically governed themselves.

The Mexicans gave the Texans a small brass cannon to defend themselves against the Indians, but when the strain came between the Americans and Santa Anna in 1835, the Mexicans wanted their cannon back. The Mexican authorities sent five cavalymen to Gonzales to get it. The Texans there refused to give up the artillery piece without an official written order. One of the troopers went back to Bexar to get it.

The Guadalupe River ran near Gonzales and the remaining Mexican soldiers camped on the opposite bank. The eighteen Texans sent a rider to Bastrop and one to Moore's place on the Colorado to round up aid. They had decided to resist the Mexican's efforts to retrieve the cannon. Thus was the stage set for the bloody conflict to come.

While this was going on several Texans crossed the river and captured three of the Mexicans. One escaped. On October 1st, one hundred troops assembled on the banks of the Guadalupe. The commander, Captain Francisco Castaneda, demanded the surrender of the cannon. The Mexican captain sent a swimmer with the note but it did little good. By this time nearly a hundred Texans had gathered at Gonzales. The can-

non was taken up and fitted with heavy wooden wheels. Moore was elected colonel and they made a large flag with the picture of an cannon on it and the inscription, "Come and Take It." It was the first Texas flag.

That night the Texans crossed the river. They attacked the Mexicans at dawn, using the small brass cannon with good effect. Castaneda raised a white flag and demanded to know why he had been attacked without provocation. Moore simply informed him since he was working for General Santa Anna, who planned to make war on the Texans, he was no good and they could and would not tolerate abuse to any Texans. When the captain told Moore that he had no wish to fight the Texans, he was invited to join their cause. He said he could not since he was an officer of the Mexican government and must obey the orders of Santa Anna. They retreated toward Bexar with the Texans hot in pursuit. The wooden wheels on the cannon caught fire since they had no bearings, forcing the Texans to stop several times to extinguish the flames. Eventually the men became disgusted with it and buried the cannon at Sandy Creek, where it probably still remains, although no one knows its exact location.

The fall of the Alamo in 1836 was, of course, the battle which opened the campaign of Santa Anna in Texas. The massacre of its defendants caused a profound sensation throughout the United States. The Alamo has since become a sort of national shrine visited by thousands of tourists each year. Naturally, also, when

the horror of it was intensified by a prevailing mystery, the romantic tales began to fly.

Was the fall of the Alamo a tragedy or was it a military blunder? Houston told both Bowie and Travis to evacuate the place immediately and to destroy it. They didn't. Neither did they have videttes out to inform them of the approach of the Mexican army. Travis and Bowie were bitter enemies for some reason, and from all evidence no kind of defensive plan was made. One young lad scaled the wall of the Alamo and got away and the historians have branded him an arrant coward. Yet it is a known fact that he fought with brilliant courage at the battle of San Jacinto, as well as at Goliad, so apparently he was not a coward, but the only one who really obeyed Houston's order.

Of course, this is not meant to imply that the gallant defenders of the Alamo were not brave men; on the contrary, they were among the bravest of the barve to a point of recklessness, when common sense should have told their leaders that a defensive retreat was the most logical thing to do. Especially after Houston had so ordered it. The following account of the great disaster is given with an accuracy which I hope will be agreed upon by those well versed in the history of that gallant last stand.

In 1836, San Antonio was a town of about 7,000 persons, a number of whom were Mexicans, the majority of them siding with the cause of Texas. The San Antonio River separated that town from the Alamo, with the Alamo being on the east side of the river. South of the Alamo was the Alamo village, which also could be considered a suburb of San Antonio. The Mission itself had originally been built to protect the people from Indian assaults, but had

neither the strength nor compactness for a regular military base. The chapel bears the date of 1757, but apparently parts of the other works were built at a later date. The area comprising the fort covered nearly three acres so it is easily understandable why so few men were unable to hold it; it would have taken nearly fifteen hundred men to successfully repel an all out assault on the mission.

The Alamo was first founded by Franciscan monks around 1718 in San Pedro Springs, Texas; then moved to San Antonio in 1732, and to the present site in 1774. As the chapel bears the date of 1757 it must have been there when the Franciscans arrived. The buildings consisted of a church, hospital, and convent with walled enclosure. When converted into a fort in 1836 the works were mounted with fourteen guns, but these weapons were of little effect against the Mexicans since their operators were unskilled in their use and their width of range was very limited. But let us continue with the story of the Alamo and events which preceded its fall.

The winter of 1835 saw Colonel Neill in command of San Antonio, with two companies of volunteers. Among his men were veterans of the siege and capture of San Antonio de Bexar, when the Texans stormed the town with three hundred and one men, and took it room by room until they forced the surrender of General Coz, brother-in-law of General Santa Anna.

Although the Provisional Government of Texas was then in open revolt against Mexican rule, it had not yet declared a final separation from its mother country. Texas was having internal trouble. The Council and Governor repudiated each other, each claiming obedience of the other.

It was indeed a desperate situation with which to meet an impending invasion. At this time the governor assigned Lieut.-Colonel William B. Travis to relieve Colonel Neill at San Antonio. The men under Colonel Neill, however, did not wish to accept Travis as a commandant, and demanded that Neill issue an order for them to select their own colonel, and that they would only accept Travis as second in command. Of course, Colonel Neill was on the spot, with Travis being appointed by the governor, so he tried to arrange for an election by the men to select a second in command. However, he was not successful, and was nearly mobbed for his trouble. He quickly amended his order and James Bowie was unanimously elected a full colonel. Bowie had played a prominent role in the campaign against General Coz; his men loved him, and he was a good leader. Bowie became a colonel in February of 1836, and two weeks later found Travis at the Alamo. Naturally he was in a rage over the condition of affairs, and demanded that he be placed in command. On the other hand, Bowie stated that he was in command by virtue of the previous election and also that he should command the men which Travis brought.

Travis brought with him a company of recruits, part of the regiment of cavalry the Texan Government intended to raise. Shortly after, Captain J. N. Seguin of Travis' command brought nine Mexican recruits to the fort. Thus we find at the Alamo on the day of Santa Anna's attack: Travis' company, Seguin's recruits, and two volunteer companies under Colonel Bowie, a total garrison at the Alamo of about one hundred and sixty men. Nearly the entire garrison consisted of men who had arrived recently in Texas, with Captain Se-

guin's nine recruits representing the entire Mexican population of Texas. The captain and two of his men had ridden from the fort on scout duty before the attack began and were not in the fight.

Due to the scarcity of water and food for the animals, General Santa Anna moved from Laredo upon San Antonio in four detachments. One division under General Urrea moved from Matamoros on Goliad by a coast route, and shortly after the disaster at the Alamo, captured and massacred the defenders at Goliad under Fannius.

General Santa Anna personally led the advance from Laredo, his troops consisting of a dragoon regiment and three battalions of infantry. Without opposition he arrived in San Antonio on February 22. The defenders of the Alamo had failed to maintain an outpost scouting patrol, possibly due to the conflicting situation as to who was in actual command at the post. At any rate, they knew, of course, that the Mexicans were on the way, but their immediate approach was unknown until Santa Anna's dragoons were seen descending the slope west of the San Pedro. Many residents fled in disorder, some to the fort some to the open plains.

The defenders of the Alamo, however, were not slow in showing they were prepared to fight, for that same evening they dropped an 18 pound shell into the captured town. This was answered by a shell from the Mexican gunners. Santa Anna himself claims that shortly after that, the commander of the Alamo raised a white flag and agreed to evacuate if allowed to do so unmolested and retain all weapons. The Mexican dictator, however, refused any parlay except an unconditional surrender.

Another report claims that parlay taps were sounded by the Mexican

bugler and that Bowie sent a courier under a flag of truce to inquire its meaning. Santa Anna, apparently greatly enraged, stated he ordered no such parlay, and that all occupants of the fort would be treated as rebels, with no surrender terms except those of his own choosing. After the messenger had returned to the Alamo, Travis asked his men to take an oath to fight to the bitter end. He also displayed great displeasure in the fact that Bowie had sent a courier in response to the Mexican parlay inquiry.

During the blackest part of the night of February 22, the Mexicans placed two batteries on the west side of the river. The morning following they were quickly silenced by the 18-pounder from the fort, but quickly restored to operation. A regiment of cavalry and three battalions of Mexican infantry arrived on the 24th, and the siege was on. It lasted until the 6th day of March, or a total of eleven days.

The morning of the 27th found seven more batteries of enemy guns planted on both sides of the river. Strangely enough, none bore to the east, but it was easy to ascertain Santa Anna's reasoning in this. He hoped the Alamo garrison would attempt an escape route in that direction. So, purposely drawing cannon from that area, he set up a cavalry camp on Power House Hill, just east of the Alamo. By this, he could destroy them either way.

Seemingly the open dispute of authority at the fort had been settled, for now a determined resistance was offered by that band of men, some of whom had never fired a rifle before. In any case, the undisputed authority fell on Travis the second day of the siege, when Bowie was stricken with pneumonia so severe that doubtless

would have proved fatal regardless of the outcome of the battle.

On March 1, thirty-two men from Gonzales stole through the enemy lines and entered the Alamo, never to leave alive. It is doubtful if Santa Anna's men missed them, but the order must have been to let all enter, none leave.

Travis sent a courier to his government on March 3, and the message reached its destination. In this message Travis claimed that none of his men had yet fallen, but that aid was desperately needed.

On March 4, General Santa Anna fixed the morning of the 6th for the final and grand assault. The besieging force consisted of two dragoon regiments under command of General Andrade, two batteries of artillery under Colonel Ampudia, and six battalions of infantry. Santa Anna, with part of his staff, took a station at a battery five hundred yards south of the Alamo near the old bridge. At the sound of double-time on the bugle, one attack was to take place at the north; another, under General Coz, was to storm the chapel, and a third was to rush the west section of the Alamo.

When the attack began the guns of the fort fired in unison, but were not too effective for the Mexican infantry had gotten too close to the wall by that time. It was not long before a breach was made in the wall, but the guns of Travis raked it with a deadly fire. It was while the enemy was pouring through this break that Travis fell. He was found with a single bullet hole in his forehead, lying next to his cannon. By this time all the outer walls and batteries, except one gun, had been deserted, and the garrison took refuge in the ground buildings, mainly in the barracks housing.

Terrible hand-to-hand fighting took place until the last of the defenders was slain. The last gun to be silenced was the 12-pounder, which several of the defenders had turned inward against the Mexican infantry. Two shots were fired which killed a large number of Mexicans, and then the Texan gunners were pierced by a number of bullets. Jim Bowie was slain in his sick bed, but not before he had dispatched a few Mexicans with his revolvers. The body of Davy Crockett was found near the cannon which was fired last. Possibly he commanded that point or had assisted in the last discharges from the 12-pounder.

The chapel was the last to fall. With all the guns in the fort turned on this building it was not long before it too crumpled and its occupants were slain. Lieut. Dickenson, with his child in his arms, made a desperate leap from the east wall of the chapel, but to no avail, as both were shot and killed. Those whom the Mexican bullets had only wounded were soon slain with the bayonet; no quarter was given or asked.

So the Alamo had fallen, but its fate became the battle cry of all Texans as soon the battlefield at San Jacinto would reveal.

The brave defenders died for a republic they never knew. It is true that Travis and his men fell under the Mexican Federal Flag, but at a Convention held at Washington, on the Brazos, independence had been declared and the Lone Star Flag of Texas adopted.

Naturally a tourist or stranger will ask, as I did, where lie the remains of these brave men? After the fall of the Alamo, the Mexican commander ordered that all slain Texans be burned. And so it was done: the slaughtered garrison was placed in several large heaps, upon which was thrown various types of fuel, and the bodies were burned.

It was not until 1837 that General Houston commissioned Colonel Seguin, then in command at San Antonio, to collect, as best he could, the remains of the Alamo defenders for military burial. The bones and ashes that could be located were placed in one large casket and buried in a peach orchard a few hundred yards from the fort. Not too many years ago it was still a large enclosed open lot, dedicated to those brave men, but today even this has disappeared, the place being densely built over, its identity forever lost. There stands a monument to them, however, on the capitol grounds at Austin, and which bears this inscription: "Thermopylae had her messenger of defeat: the Alamo had none."

Noticia

Reservations for meetings of The Posse on the fourth Wednesday of each month must be made in advance. If you do not receive a card and wish to attend, please telephone Tabor 5-5111 and ask for Erl Ellis, Roundup Foreman and Tally Man.

YOUR WESTERN WRITERS

LEWIS HECTOR GARRARD

(1829 - 1887)

Garrard, the youthful writer, was born in Cincinnati June 15, 1829. He was a sickly child who quit school at the age of sixteen, and went to the Gulf Coast of Louisiana to hunt and fish. A year later, in 1846, he was imbued with the spirit of western adventure which was sweeping the country.

Garrard arrived in St. Louis on a hot summer day, where he met Ceran St. Vrain and joined a caravan going to Santa Fe. On September 26th, he mounted his horse at Westport and started across the plains, which resulted in a year of adventure and thrilling experiences. Lewis kept careful notes of his journey, recorded the accounts of trappers and traders he met along the route, and related details of a court trial in Taos which resulted in the mass hanging of the rebels who had participated in the uprising in which Governor Charles Bent was massacred. He gave an account of meeting such men as Kit Carson, Jim Beckwourth, Lucien B. Maxwell, George Frederick Ruxton and John L. Hatcher. The rough character and folk tales of Hatcher stimulated his imagination and interest to such an extent that he devoted several pages to Hatcher, for Garrard thought he had found in him a typical mountain man.

The free open life along the trails pleased the young boy, and he regained his health. He put all his experiences into a volume which he called *Wah-To-Yah*, the name of the mountains near present day Walsenburg, Colorado, known to the Indians as the "Breasts of the World,"

and to the white trappers as the Spanish Peaks. His narrative is straight forward and well written, despite, his youth. The book was published in Cincinnati in 1850.

In 1854, he and his brother started for the Northwest, but a military escort failed them at St. Paul, so they went down the Mississippi as far as Lake Pepin, a wilderness area, where they could hunt and fish. They were so attracted by the picturesque country they acquired a tract of land on the shore of the lake, called it Frontenac, and made it their permanent home.

On October 22, 1862, Lewis Garrard married Florence VanVliet. They made their home at Frontenac. Four children were born to them.

Lewis Garrard went to Philadelphia where he studied medicine, but poor eyesight and ill health prevented him from engaging in active practice. He returned to Ohio in 1861.

The book, *Wah-To-Yah*, by this young, talented author, is one of the great contributions to history and has a place among the narratives of the West.

Garrard published another book, *Memoir of Charlotte Chambers*, Philadelphia, 1856. This concerned the life of his maternal grandmother, and was written while he was studying medicine.

On July 7, 1887, the youthful historian of the Santa Fe Trail died in Lakewood, New York, at the age of fifty-eight, leaving a western heritage in his *Wah-To-Yah*.

—PM Nolie Mumey



Westerner's Bookshelf



OLD FORT SNELLING, by Marcus L. Hansen, with introduction by Russell W. Fridley, Director, Minnesota Historical Society. xxv plus 270 pages. 32 plates. Ross & Haines, Inc., Minneapolis, 1958. Price \$8.75.

One of the truly encouraging developments in the neglected field of historic sites conservation is the action of the Minnesota State Centennial Committee in securing \$25,000 for the archaeological excavation of old Fort Snelling, and hopeful plans for its resurrection as a state or national shrine. It is highly appropriate that Hansen's splendid history, written in 1918, should be republished forty years later to awaken public interest. Since "planned scarcity" seems to be the fashion in Western Americana, only 1500 numbered copies of the reissue are available, and we suspect they will soon be spoken for.

Fort Snelling was dramatically situated on a bluff at the junction of the Mississippi and Minnesota Rivers, a grand Byronian stone-walled structure which captured the imagination of all travelers. Its period of greatness was from 1819 to 1858 when, according to Fridley, "it was the most significant landmark in the entire history of Minnesota and the Northwest, the focal point of events which radically changed the course of events in the upper Mississippi Valley." From the Civil War until 1916 it continued to enjoy an important military career, including its role as headquarters, Department of Dakota, during the Indian wars. But later military installations, coupled with encroachments by the new metropolises of Minneapolis and St. Paul, all but ruined the original historic fort.

After 100 years of feeble and ineffective efforts by conservation groups to rescue the old fort from oblivion, public sentiment now seems to be strongly enough in favor of "doing something about" Fort Snelling to get some action. Concrete drives, buslines and whatnot are being withdrawn, an unsightly bridge is being relocated and traffic is to be diverted by a tunnel. Two surviving stone towers and two ancient but much-altered quarters may regain their pristine glory, and new walls may emerge from underground foundations which enclose the diamond-shaped parade ground.

Among the many fine illustrations included in this new edition are the imposing and craggy countenances of Zebulon Pike,

Stephen H. Long, Henry Leavenworth, Josiah Snelling, Lawrence Taliaferro, Zachary Taylor, Seth Eastman and other frontier notables. They all helped to make Fort Snelling history. They would approve plans to revive the place for our patriotic inspiration.

—C.M. Merrill J. Mattes
Regional Historian, Region Two
National Park Service
Omaha, Nebraska

THREE YEARS AMONG THE COMANCHES, The Narrative of Nelson Lee, The Texas Ranger: New Edition Copyright 1957 by the University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma. \$2.00.

A book which for many years was a collector's item and available to very few readers has now been re-issued by the University of Oklahoma Press in its Western Frontier Library Series, with an introduction by Walter Prescott Webb telling the background of the original publication.

The forepart of the book, an account of Nelson Lee's experiences as a Texas Ranger during the Texas struggle of independence and later in the Mexican War establishes him as an able frontiersman and prepares the reader for his story of capture and captivity by the Comanche Indians. The rather flowery ante-bellum prose, composed by an unknown writer from the oral account of the unlettered Lee, may seem out of keeping with the context, but the reader soon loses himself in the story. One may take with a grain of salt Lee's accounts of successful slaughter of scores of Mexicans by his little band of Rangers, but Lee's story of his captivity is a fascinating adventure of a white man cast into complete subjugation to primitive and cruel Indians. His use of his chiming pocket watch to mystify the Indians and preserve his own life as the one person who could make this "magic" perform is a tribute to his resourcefulness in extreme danger. The descriptions of the dress, diet, hunting, tortures, and other customs of the Comanche by one who lived with the tribe makes this a valuable source book.

Lee's suggestions for the solution of the Indian problem and the rescue of white captives end his book on a timely note—for 1958. This book is one of the best in an excellent series.

—CM W. H. Van Duzer

THE BEST OF THE AMERICAN COWBOY,
Compiled and Edited by Ramon F. Adams
with drawings by Nick Eggenhofer.
University of Oklahoma Press, 298 pages.
\$4.95.

In this work Ramon Adams has superbly united the literary gems of the historic Livestock Industry, appropriately titled "The Best of the American Cowboy." The editor-compiler, a Texan and a life-long student of the range takes the reader on a genuine horseback ride through yesterday's pages. The text is made up of extracts from original narratives, written by men who were in many instances pillars of the industry—were inseparable with grass . . . horse . . . critter—through the lean and the fat years.

This book runs the full course of the history from the bayous of Texas on north to the high plains. Is it, a bit heavy on the Lone Star. Many of the narratives are rough, but nonetheless interesting, especially in this day of slick "two fisted" writing. For me "The Best of the American Cowboy" is a glimpse into many of the rarities.

Here is a special kind of book titled toward the bibliographer and collector. It will prove enjoyable reading to anyone who chances to pick it up.

—PM Dean F. Krakel

OWEN WISTER OUT WEST, His Journals and Letters, edited by Fanny Kemb'le Wister, The University of Chicago Press, Chicago, 262 pages, \$5.00.

Owen Wister, author of "The Virginian" and countless other books and articles could probably be called the originator of the adult westerns. It was in "The Virginian" that the cowboy was first depicted as handsome, humorous and human and not a murderous thug.

The author of "The Virginian" made his first trip to the west in 1885, while he was still a student at Harvard university. His first trip was to Wyoming, and in his letters of that trip appears the description of Medicine Bow, Wyoming, that later made its appearance on the pages of his famous novel.

Altogether Wister made 15 journeys to the then young West, visiting almost all of the western states. The reader gets the feeling, however, that Wyoming Territory, which he visited on practically every one of his trips, was his favorite spot.

It is an enjoyable experience to be with Wister as he rounds up the cattle, hunts with Indian guides, scouts with the cavalry and talks with cowpunchers, cattle thieves, salonkeepers and prospectors. It is not hard to catch the conviction of this famous author

that the cowboy was indeed a knight in chaps.

If there is any fault to be found with this book, it must be with the introduction which spends too much time on the trivia of the Wister family history. It adds little to the background of Wister, or to the enjoyment of an otherwise interesting book.

—CM Lloyd W. Gorrell

ROADS, RAILS AND WATERWAYS, by Forest G. Hill. University of Oklahoma Press, 1957. 226 pp., \$4.00.

The role of the United States Army as the defender of our country in time of war is well known, yet how many know of the important peacetime role it played in the westward expansion of American civilization? To be sure, every citizen possessing a television set is informed concerning the role of the cavalry in subduing the Indians, but how many can describe the work of the Corps of Engineers in exploring, mapping the West, and developing transportation facilities of our nation during the first half of the 19th century?

The fascinating story of this work is told in the book, *Roads, Rails and Waterways*, an excellent history covering the period from 1815 to 1860 when graduates of West Point went forth to explore and map the West, to survey and build the railroads, trails and canals, and to teach the science of engineering to those who would follow after them.

Although Dr. Hill covers the work of the Army Engineers in general during this period, there is a great deal in the book for the western historian, since he covers the Pacific Railroad surveys and much of the topographical and exploratory work done in the West by the Corps.

This book should be of interest to those interested in military history, or in the development of transportation in the U.S., or in the backgrounds of the Pacific Railroad Surveys.

—CM Ross Grenard

RED CLOUD'S FOLK, "A History of the Oglala Sioux Indians," University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma. By George E. Hyde. Second edition (revised), appendices, bibliography, 331 pages, \$5.00.

There is little that I can say by way of introducing this well-known book. *Red Cloud's Folk* was published in 1937. The second edition follows George E. Hyde's latest contribution, *A Sioux Chronical*, by the same press.

The book is divided into three parts:

Migration and Early History, The Era of White Settlement, and Red Cloud Agency. In the first part the author depicts the great movement of the Sioux from the headquarters of the Mississippi to the Missouri River and onto the high plains. The Sioux had taken a beating in their former home at the hands of tribes with horses and guns—they, in historical turn, were able to acquire these tools and let vengeance upon the Arickarees, Mandans and Pawnees, "persuading" them to give up traditional hunting grounds. It was during this period in the West that the Oglalas emerged as one of the powerful divisions of the tribe.

If these Indians had an interlude of comparative peace it was during the four decades of the Fur Trade, followed by a few short years of respect, good horses, plenty of game and curiosity. The 1859's were as fitful for the Sioux as they were for the nation in the pre-Civil War chaos. The tribe began at an early date to "choose" sides internally for the coming conflicts, there were those who would fight, those who would not fight and those who wanted nothing but a handout. With the big treaty period, beginning in 1865, the history of these plains Indians becomes complicated, since the United States government could not make up its mind whether to feed or fight—so it did both to the tune of Big Talk. These were the only treaties this country ever really "won."

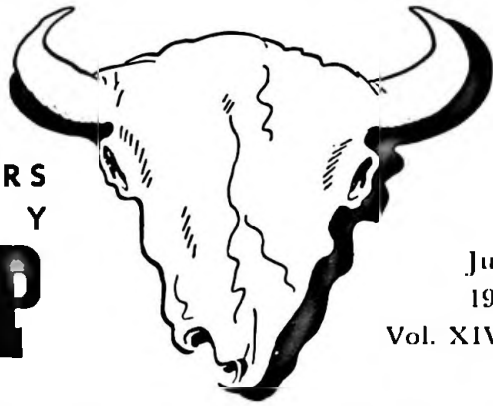
Red Cloud's personality is strongly woven into the fabric of the book, but it does not dominate as the title might suggest. The Chief's star was a curious one, first zooming to greatness in the mid-sixties. On a horse's back or before a council fire Red Cloud was a wise calculating leader, in Washington where he was paraded like a show oddity he retains little of his greatness. Three major trips East are of such pungent aroma, thanks to the Indian Department and church groups, one would do well to rip these few pages from the book.

Mr. Hyde writes in a straight-to-the-point style. He shifts the blame for the Sand Creek Affair from Colonel Chivington's shoulders to those of General S. R. Curtis. Also on the author's "list" are a host of traders and squawmen, Colonel H. B. Carrington and the author Richard Irving Dodge. On the other hand Hyde defends Frank Grouard in the Crazy Horse case.

Red Cloud's Folk concludes with Custer's fatal arrogance and the subjection of the Great Siouan spirit. This was the proud spirit that led them to be named "The Romans of the Plains." A folding map and a chart of Sioux divisions and leaders would add immensely to the work; however, what it lacks in extras it makes up in pure pick and shovel research and readability.

—PM Dean Krakel

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JULY MEETING

The meeting will be held Saturday, July 26th, in Colorado Springs.

Active and reserve members, with their ladies, will meet at Lowry Field at 1:30 p.m. The guard at the Dayton Street gate will direct you to the Museum, (Building 959). After a tour of the Air Force Academy Museum and Library, the party will be taken to Colorado Springs in Academy buses. A stop will be made at the new Academy at 3 p.m. Colorado Springs Posse members will meet the party at that time at the North Gate.

After the tour of the Academy, the buses will take the party on to Colorado Springs where a dinner meeting is scheduled in the Hickory Inn, 3161 West Colorado Avenue. Cocktails, 5:30 p.m.; dinner at 6:00 p.m. The speaker will be Col. George V. Fagan, director of the Air Force Academy Library, who will present the history of the Academy site. Colonel Fagan was formerly a professor of history at Temple University and at the U.S. Naval Academy.

After the dinner meeting, the Academy buses will return the party to Denver.

RIDING WITH THE POSSE . . .

Posseman Forbes Parkhill recently returned from attending the fifth annual convention of the Western Writers of America in Santa Rosa, California. As chairman of the Awards Committee, he passed out "Silver Spur" awards to five winners of books and magazine stories judged to be the best western writing of 1957. Winner of "Best Non-Fiction Book of 1957" was *THIS IS THE WEST*, a symposium of western fact articles sponsored by the Chicago Posse of Westerners . . . Additional and deserved recognition has come to **PM Arthur Carhart** in the form of an award presented at a recent meeting of the Colorado Authors' League. The award was made to **Posseman Carhart** by League President **Alan Swallow** at the request of the Outdoor Writers of America Association.

In the citation, adopted by the national organization of professional outdoor writers at its annual convention at Key Colony Beach, Florida, it was stated Carhart was "considered by OWAA's award committee and its membership, to be outstanding for leadership and service in the field of conservation."

The committee was composed of Jude E. Budd Marter III, Executive Director of OWAA, Henry P. Davis, Chief of Public Relations of Remington Arms Company and Riess Tuttle, famous outdoor writer of The Des Moines Register and current president of the Outdoor Writers.

With the citation Carhart received a material token of the award in the form of unusual cuff links set with the very rare sacred green stone of the Maoris of New Zealand, now prohibited for export and reserved for native leaders. The jade was from an old collection antedating the prohibition of export.

"It is fitting, Swallow stated, "that the League's first president and one of its founders should have this recognition. Such outstanding national recognition of one of our members gains further recognition for all of our Colorado authors."

The award, which is a source of satisfaction to The Posse as well as to the Authors' League, is equal in its way similar to the top Izaak Walton League award which went to **PM Carhart** two years ago and for the very same reason: outstanding work in the field of conservation. . . **Paul D. Harrison** (see picture in this issue) has been taking some side trips in his study of early day transportation to and around Colorado. He is working on an extensive study of Colorado mountain passes, past and present, hopes to publish the material in the Fall. Incidentally, **Posseman Harrison**, in his work with the the Civil Air Patrol, recently spotted a downed plane on the East Slope of Mesa Peak, quickly remembered that it was on the west slope of this same peak that Col. John C. Fremont and his men came to grief in the Forties when they were trapped by a November snowstorm. Bill Williams, a Civil Patrol type of man for his day, got out, went to Taos and returned with a rescue party . . . A reminder to the Posse: The Rendezvous will be held August 16th at 5:00 p.m. in the Colorow Cave . . . This Journal never gets into the hands of the Possemen in time to do them much good, but because it is dated June we will mention herewith the eighth annual old time ranch tour sponsored by the Albany County Historical Society July 20. It starts in Laramie, Wyo., from Court House Square promptly at 7:00 a.m. Erl Ellis can provide anyone who is interested with a pamphlet on the event.

THE STATEHOOD ASPIRATIONS AND CONSTITUTIONS OF EARLY COLORADO

DONALD W. HENSEL

The drive for government in pioneer Colorado simultaneously moved at two distinct and sometimes conflicting levels. Local government was indispensable and was effectively established while regional government was more slowly created. The men who crossed the wide Missouri and looked toward the Rocky Mountains, hoping their dreams lay somewhere in the high land, could not have comprehended the involved task of building government. Dreams had to await the creation of law. Every mining camp, town site, and farming settlement became a vigorously functioning democracy with full sovereignty. Rock-strewn canyons and cottonwood groves were converted into legislative halls and courtroom chambers. The scrape of the pick, the bite of the axe, and the cut of the plow were invariably followed by the rap of the gavel. Before indomitable will, anarchy yielded to a law as spontaneous and inexorable as a thunderhead mushrooming over the Front Range of the Rockies.

State of Jefferson

With the victory of order at the village level, attention shifted to the same challenge at the regional level. The more thoughtful newcomers wondered how long self-made law would earn respect if it were administered in frank defiance of federal or territorial law. Should not some effort be made to win recognition from Kansas Territory as well as from Congress? And if this led only to futility, should not some indigenous government be created for the Pikes Peak country as a last resort? The gold-seekers and town-builders an-

swered all these questions affirmatively.

Although the frontiersman began by electing a delegate to Congress as early as November, 1858, their petitions failed to win any substantial consideration in Washington. By the spring of 1859, Congressional indifference, combined with the anticipated flood of immigrants attracted by new gold discoveries, led to the effort to create the state of Jefferson.

In April, 1859, residents of both Fountain City and Auraria called for the organization of a new regional government. Some thirty delegates recommended immediate statehood for the State of Jefferson. The boundaries were typical of frontier generosity: Jefferson was to comprise all of present Colorado, exactly half of Wyoming, and as much of Utah as lies east of the Green River. Although the constitutional convention opened on June 6, the rush to the new gold sites caused a postponement until August 1.

Upon reconvening, the delegates completed the constitution. In all its essential features the document of the proposed State of Jefferson was the Iowa Constitution of 1857 carried seven hundred miles westward. William N. Byers had served as temporary chairman and had introduced a preliminary draft, part of which is still preserved. He was clearly the main architect of the final product. Although Byers grew up in Ohio, his family moved to Iowa when he was nineteen. Whether it was the recency of the 1857 constitution—and this is more likely—or his residency whether it was the in Iowa which influenced him most, it certainly is a

fact that the Iowa model was the primary inspiration. There was no lengthy discussion of the provisions placed in the final draft because, according to Chairman Byers, "the Delegates in the convention were all in haste to get through." Hardly claiming originality the chairman continued, "The constitution was such as is usually used by other States, in fact it was almost exact copy of the Constitution of the Western States." Of the one hundred and nineteen sections in the Jefferson document, twenty-six were identical to the Iowa constitution. Thirteen more were almost identical, and forty-one sections were similar in substance. Thus, one-third was almost identical and two-thirds virtually transplanted from the Iowa convention hall.

The voters killed the embryonic State of Jefferson on September 5, 1859, by rejecting its constitution, 1649 to 2007. Only two voting districts approved the draft, Russell's Gulch and a forerunner of Pueblo, Fountain City. Fountain City's voting record was probably inaccurate, however. The village had a population of less than one hundred, but cast a one-sided preference for statehood—1089 supported the new government and one recalcitrant rascal voted against it. It is noteworthy that the combined Denver-Aurora vote was only 1130. Accounting for such irregular "Kickapoo" votes, it is fair to conclude that for every three men who wanted the territorial form of government, only one desired statehood. And a vast majority did not particularly care one way or the other.

Territory of Jefferson

After several faltering starts, the opponents of immediate statehood succeeded in calling an election for

delegates to a territorial constitutional convention. On October 10, 1859, just two months after the state convention, eighty-seven delegates (most of whom had not been members of the recent convention) met in a Denver saloon. On the afternoon of the second day of the three-day convention, a committee began to prepare a constitution for the provisional territory. With incredible speed they summarized the Jefferson State document and reported it the following morning; it was discussed and adopted by nightfall. The convention devised a full state of officers and set aside October 24, 1859, for the plebiscite to decide the fate of this latest movement.

What was the nature of this second constitution in Colorado history? The one hundred and nineteen sections of the Jefferson State draft were reduced to fifty-five. The same liberal boundaries prevailed: one-sixth of Utah and one-half of Wyoming! As before suffrage was confined to twenty-one year-old white males.

Evidently the delegates did not view the lawmaking body as a potential menace. Most American constitutions hamstringing the legislature so severely that it is truly impossible for the lawmakers to work with any discretionary latitude. Section 4 of these five sections, by contrast, is one of the most comprehensive demonstrations of delegated authority in the annals of American constitutional history. Consider this catch-all which the three-day delegates wrote:

Sec. 4. The legislative power of the General Assembly shall extend to all matters rightfully the subject of legislation; subject to the constitution of the United States.

The judicial article containing five sections left little more than a three-member supreme court with

1. William N. Byers, "History of Colorado," Bancroft Manuscript (typed copy), Historical Collections, University of Colorado, 45.

single year terms. Four articles were omitted entirely: the limitations of the state debt, regulation of corporations, organization of a militia, and methods of changing the constitution (amending process or steps in calling a constitutional convention). The absence of any provision for changing the document may be explained in terms of the belief that Jefferson Territory was to be temporary.

The delegates boasted that they had made the constitution "as simple as possible, so as to secure the rights of the people . . ." It would have been much more honest to say that the delegates' work was as crude and shoddy as the hall's unplastered walls and rough benches. Imagine composing a document to serve as the organic law which was written between Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday morning.

The careless haste in which the charter was composed did not jeopardize its acceptance at the polls. Two weeks later, on October 24, 1859, the voters approved by a solid eight-to-one count (2163 to 280). Although most of the miners boycotted the election, the new government received support from the valley towns. Robert W. Steele became Colorado's first governor. He headed an executive branch which included six other officers: an attorney general, a secretary, a treasurer, a marshal, an auditor, and a superintendent of schools. With the election of the supreme court judges and legislators on the same ballot, the Jeffersonians relieved Congress of the bothersome task of staffing a new territorial administration.

This sequence of events poses an interesting question. Why did the voters accept Jefferson Territory by a ratio of eight-to-one only six weeks

after they had repudiated the State of Jefferson? Part of the answer lies in the fact that the defeat of Jefferson State was not a rejection of a regional government but only of the statehood alternative. It is true that a self-created state differed from a self-created territory in name only. The distinction, however, which made the territorial alternative more palatable was that the latter was widely accepted as a makeshift expedient. Virtually all contemporary comment used the term, "Provisional Government" in referring to Jefferson Territory. It was to be a necessary stand-in until replaced by legitimate territorial status, an objective realized sixteen months later. This interpretation also explains the absence of an amending procedure, the absence of a lieutenant governor, the absence of a debt limitation, and the brevity of the constitution itself. None of these deficiencies mattered. The new government was merely an ephemeral structure erected on the shifting sands of questionable legality.

The new legislature convened early in November, 1859. Jefferson Territory began to fail to govern effectively almost from the beginning. With the passage of a one dollar poll tax, the administration alienated the few remaining miners who were still indifferent. Kansas Territory also still held the allegiance of a vast number. The Arapahoe County Claim Club exercised a third competing jurisdiction. When Jefferson could not raise sufficient revenue the government issued numerous treasurer's warrants, all of which immediately depreciated until \$25.00 could not even buy a shot of Taos Lightning.

By the fall of 1860 the residents of Denver were so disgusted with the frail government of Jefferson that they created their own separatist

2. An address, "To the People of the Territory of Jefferson," *Rocky Mountain News*, October 20, 1859.

state, the People's Government of Denver. Editor of the *Rocky Mountain News* played a prominent role in this rebuke to Jefferson.

Despite the storm warnings, Governor Steele called a second general election in the fall of 1860. Denver boycotted the election and the only Denver resident to win a seat in either the executive or judicial branch was the chief justice of the Supreme Court.

Jefferson continued to decline and there was little local effort to revive it or replace it, because of the expectancy that Congress was about to resolve the problem. In March of 1861, the Territory of Colorado was created and the Territory of Jefferson entered the pages of history. Albert D. Richardson, correspondent for the *Boston Journal*, epitomized the significance of both Jefferson Territory and of the complementary local efforts to create self-imposed order through self-created law.

Establish a thousand American settlers in the Himalayas, and in one month they would have all needful laws in operation, with life and property quite as well protected as in the city of New York.³

The Constitution of 1864

The organization of the Territory of Colorado was facilitated by the withdrawal of Southern members of Congress, who had opposed the political development of a West which would probably be anti-southern if not also anti-slavery. 1861 saw not only statehood for Kansas, but territorial status for Nevada and Dakota in addition to Colorado. The sectional conflict first delayed and then accelerated the creation of the new political units.

By 1863 we can discern a growing

3. Albert D. Richardson, *Beyond the Mississippi* (Hartford, 1867), 290.

momentum to win statehood. Led by Editor William N. Byers, Henry M. Teller, territorial governor John Evans and secretary Sam Elbert, the statehood banner began to wave. In the national elections of 1862 the Democrats had added thirty-one new members to the House of Representatives, a most serious threat to the Lincoln administration. Shortly after Congress convened in December, 1862, the House Committee on Territories announced a call for Republican reserves by endorsing statehood bills for Colorado, Nebraska, and Nevada. Later the committee chairman confessed that the bills were drafted

to secure the vote of three more States, in case the election of President and Vice-President in the year 1864 should come to the House of Representatives.⁴

Despite this effort the House bills failed. The Senate took the initiative and a year later introduced enabling acts for Colorado and Nevada which were passed in March, 1864, along with the House sponsored act for Nebraska.

The Colorado enabling act authorized a constitutional convention which met on July 4, 1864, in Golden. Out of this effort came a document heavily dependent for its antecedents upon the constitutions of Iowa, Indiana, Illinois, and particularly, Kansas. Sixty-three of the one hundred and thirty-nine Colorado sections also existed in the Wyandotte constitution of Kansas, with identically worded clauses or containing the same substance. The three branches of government were treated with traditional orthodoxy.

The delegates' work proved to be in vain, for when the voters spoke,

4. Representative James M. Ashley, *Congressional Globe*, 39th Cong., 1st Sess., 2373, May 3, 1866.

they thundered their disapproval, three-to-one (4672 to 2520). Why did ratification fail? There are a number of reasons but the main one was the widespread suspicion that 40,000 people could not finance statehood. Both Elbert and Byers later conceded this. The Republicans also committed a political blunder by complicating the ratification election. They insisted upon adding a pro-state ticket of officers to run the new state, to the same ballot on which the public was to accept or reject the constitution. This compelled the minority Democrats to oppose the constitution as well as the ticket to prevent their complete defeat.

The statehood boosters again returned their attention to Washington. The Senate considered a second enabling act but quickly tabled it. Again the turn of events affected Colorado's fate. The Republican party no longer needed votes. The Confederacy was tottering, President Lincoln had just received Savannah as a Christmas gift, Columbia and Charleston had both fallen, and Sherman was about to desolate North Carolina. Congress had more problems to cope with than to offer the hand of welcome to a territory which had just declined such proffered friendship. More important, with Republican control securely established and the war virtually won, Congress had no use for Colorado votes. Colorado would have to wait another decade and write a fifth constitution before it could win presidential approval.

The Constitution of 1865

Surprisingly enough, the sponsors of the 1865 statehood movement were the former critics of statehood in 1864. This was probably a consequence of a feud within the Republican party. Henry M. Teller and his Golden faction had been identified with the 1864 debacle. Jerome

B. Chaffee began to consolidate a Denver following in order to wrest control from Teller. Chaffee disparaged Teller for his ineptitude, but was careful to avoid discrediting the statehood campaign. Chaffee hoped to win credit for achieving statehood and thereby assure control of the state machinery for his supporters.

In just one year's passage, the national setting again had changed. Peace meant a renewal of westward migration, already encouraged by the passage of the Homestead Act. The Union Pacific and the Central Pacific could accelerate their construction schedules. With two Colorado senators and a representative, more pressure could be applied, not only to win a transcontinental railroad route through Colorado, but also to prevent any discriminatory taxation of mining proceeds, or federal threats to land titles. No doubt with some of these factors in mind, Chaffee won a temporary suspension of political animosities. Each political party agreed to support the writing of a constitution. This was a substantial achievement for Jerome B. Chaffee. His middle initial stood for Bonaparte, a prophetic name for this manipulator and manager of men. With no local opposition it was easy to arrange a constitutional convention which met in Denver in August, 1865. Of the sixty-three delegates, only three had sat in the convention of 1864. Byers and Teller became spectators.

The constitution was written in four days. Although the 1864 draft was the model, the 1865 product relied to even a greater extent upon the three midwest states, Iowa, Indiana, and Kansas. Ninety-two of its one hundred and forty sections are identifiable in the Kansas document. The suffrage article borrowed a curious provision from the Iowa constitution. It permitted a plebescite on

acceptance or rejection of confining the vote to white men. The result was a nine-to-one affirmation of white suffrage. Every single county in the territory voted against Negro suffrage. Even an earlier convention effort to strike out the word "white" was defeated by a four-to-one vote. Both documents—the 1864 and the 1865 efforts—present a picture of a simple economy resting upon crude mining and dry land farming.

Early in September, 1865, the voters approved this fourth constitution of Colorado by a slender margin of one hundred and fifty-five votes out of six thousand cast. The change in sentiment largely confined itself to the northern counties, no doubt partly due to the unanimous press support there. Costilla, Conejos, and Huerfano counties, all with a high percentage of Spanish-speaking residents, voted ten-to-one against ratification.

The November election gave most of the new "state" offices to Republicans. John Evans and Jerome B. Chaffee as the new "senators" journeyed to Washington in the expectation that President Johnson would simply proclaim statehood for Colorado. To their dismay Johnson declined, stating that the proceedings of 1865 "differed in time and mode from those specified in the act of March 21, 1864." This was technically correct but the stated reason concealed the real reason: the evolving conflict between the Executive and Congress. The Senate reacted immediately and passed a measure which called for Colorado's admission at once. The House approved early in May, 1866. During the Senate debate, a member conceded that it was the Republican votes which were important. He used an analogy in reference to Colorado and Nebraska: ". . . here come two men clothed with the garments that you so

much admire. Why not let them in?"⁵ As in 1864, there was again a partisan advantage to be derived from the presence of additional Republican senators.

President Johnson could not permit reinforcements to the branch usurping what he considered his own exclusive authority. He promptly vetoed the Colorado and Nebraska admission bills. Evans and Chaffee strove to win passage despite the veto, but failed largely through the intercession of anti-statehood forces from Colorado led by the new territorial governor, Alexander Cummings, and the disgruntled Henry Teller.

In December, 1866, the Senate passed a second bill to admit Colorado and Nebraska, both of which passed in January, 1867. Again Johnson vetoed. Congress overruled the Nebraska veto in February. The attempt to override the Colorado veto failed to win two-thirds support in the Senate by just three votes. Since the population was relatively light in both Colorado and Nebraska, the reason for simultaneous acceptance of the latter and rejection of the former lay elsewhere. The internal conflict within Colorado was decisive. The leadership of Teller, Cummings, and A. C. Hunt was most effective. Teller particularly exerted the critical influence at the time the Senate vainly sought to override the President's last veto. Teller's persuasiveness infuriated the pro-state press in Colorado. Byers used his *Rocky Mountain News*, for example, to excoriate Teller time after time:

The brand of Cain is upon him
. . . Let him be a dead man among
us, so vile, so corrupt, so offensive,
that the very mention of his name
will excite loathing.⁶

5. Senator James Nye, *Congressional Globe*, 9th Cong., 1st Sess., 2144.

6. *Daily Rocky Mountain News*, March 14, 1868.

With the presidential election of Grant in 1868 there was little need for additional Republican votes and Colorado bills were greeted with indifference. Finally in 1874 a political shock compelled the Republicans to question the wisdom of delaying Colorado statehood any longer. The territory elected a Democrat as its delegate to congress in September, 1874. The Congressional Republicans overcame their anxiety when Colorado Republicans convinced them that the Democrat's victory was primarily a protest vote against the territorial governor, Edward M. McCook. Out of these events, Congress again became interested in Colorado and passed an enabling act in 1875, which Grant willingly signed.

There is a twelve year span from the creation of Colorado Territory in 1861 until the momentum began in 1873 which led directly to statehood. This period can be divided into equal six-year units to explain Colorado's erratic effort in ending its colonial dependence. In the years from 1861 to 1867, it is apparent that the Civil War increased the prospects for statehood. The conflict over Reconstruction policies led to several opportunities, all rejected by Colorado. Rather than diverting attention from the West these events tended to enhance its importance. But far more determining through this period were the ambitions of the Republican party. Whenever there were necessary votes at stake the party suddenly became energetic. On the other hand, in the six-year period after 1867, the Republican-dominated Congress failed to extend any invitations. The need for more party support had ended and earlier interest in Colorado subsided. It was as late as the seventh year of uninterrupted Republican control, before Congress granted statehood to Colorado, and then just in time to help

assure the victory of Rutherford B. Hayes in 1876. Without Colorado's three Republican votes, a condition which almost prevailed, the disputed election of 1876 would never have reached the electoral commission. Democratic, Tilden would have won.

This first score of years in Colorado's history suggests a second generalization. Behind the facade of rowdiness and frontier invective lay a deep respect for the form and content of law. Pioneers in many aspects, the early Coloradans were not legal pioneers—they felt no compulsion to chisel new law from mountain granite. Recall the delegate election of 1858. Although that was a very informal election, the miners insisted that the board of canvassers had to take an oath of office. Someone remembered the oath used for Michigan town officials and it was repeated in a raging blizzard. The people's courts exerted great effort to provide skilled counsel for defendants. A number of cottonwoods may have received unexpected burdens, but a hasty justice was not necessarily impetuous.

The husk of novelty sometimes concealed the kernel of orthodoxy. The authors of the two Jefferson constitutions relied not upon their own imaginations, but looked for inspiration to the recent constitution of Iowa. Likewise, Kansas supplied a preponderance of the clauses which went into the inoperative charters of 1864 and 1865. For the most part, the statutes and constitutions of early Colorado were not products of frontier ingenuity, but were carried to the mountain country in the pockets and memories of resourceful settlers. With the enabling act of 1875, Colorado was assured another attempt at statehood. This opportunity succeeded and the Centennial State was finally given freedom to edit its own destiny.

WRITERS OF WESTERN HISTORY

JAMES WATSON WEBB, 1802-1884

Writer for Sir William George Drummond Stewart

James Watson Webb, a journalist, was born in Claverack, New York on February 8, 1802, the son of General Samuel B. Webb of the Revolutionary Army.

James Webb was educated in a private school until he was seventeen years of age, at which time he ran away from home, went to Washington, D. C., and called on John C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, who was instrumental in getting him a commission as a lieutenant. Webb was ordered to Governor's Island, New York harbor for duty. In 1821, he was transferred to Chicago, where he remained for two years. In January, 1823, he volunteered to go to Fort Armstrong to warn Colonel Snelling of an Indian plot to kill him.

Webb resigned his commission in 1827, and became proprietor and editor of *The New York Morning Courier*. Two years later he purchased *The New York Enquirer* and combined the two papers.

Sir William George Drummond Stewart, on leave from the British Army to visit the Far West, called on Webb in New York in 1832. Webb wrote two letters for him—one to General Clark and the other to General Ashley, both of St. Louis.

Sir William accompanied Ashley to the Rocky Mountains, where he remained for three and a half years. He returned to Long Island and spent the winter of 1836-1837 with Webb. Drummond again went west to the mountains where he spent two more summers and a winter, return-

ing to Scotland in 1842. Alfred Jacob Miller, the noted artist, accompanied Sir William on the 1837 expedition. His paintings of Indian life and western scenes have become very valuable.

Sir William Stewart returned to England. Webb visited him there, and they decided to publish a book on the Baronet's seven years of experience in the Rockies, which appeared in two volumes published by Harper & Brothers, New York, 1846, under the title of *Altoona; or Incidents of Life and Adventure in the Rocky Mountains, By an amateur traveler*.

Webb became interested in politics, and in 1861, was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Brazil. He filled this post for eight years, then returned to New York, where he died June 7, 1884, thus closing the life of a journalist and contributor to *Western History*.

—PM Nolie Mumeey

STILL WIND

Cattle rustling is on the rise in these hyar parts. The Pikes Peak Cattlemen's Association recently offered rewards of \$250 to \$1,000 for the arrest and conviction of rustlers. The Larimer County Stockgrowers Association also is offering rewards to combat rustlers. Lockers and home deep freeze units are responsible for most of the rustling, the cattlemen figure.



Westerner's Bookshelf



THE CATTLEMEN. From the Rio Grande Across the Far Marias. By Mari Sandoz. Hastings House. One of the American Procession Series. 489 pp., plus footnotes, bibliography, index. \$6.50.

A particularly skillful writer with a fine taste for words has done a monumental job in tracing the history of the cattle industry from Coronado and the Rio Grande to the far plains of Montana.

A gigantic word panorama is painted with understanding of the industry and its men. The author well knows the hazards of climate, Indians, rustlers, drought, disease, falling markets and the other dangers that did and still beset the cattleman.

Of all the pioneers who settled this country—explorer, trapper, buffalo hunter—the cattleman is the only one left.

She tells, with understanding, of C. C. Slaughter, Charlie Goodnight, Oliver Loving and other giants. She gives a quick brushoff to some others of equal stature, John W. Hiff, Shanghai Pierce and Conrad Kohrs.

Miss Sandoz portrays bigness as a major crime. Perhaps this is an outgrowth of arduous early years with her father, Old Jules. He was a sod buster in Nebraska and in frequent conflict with the big cattle outfits. Or it might be because of her current political philosophy.

John Clay gallops through her book as some fiendish, financial ogre, destroying all before him. Particularly the Little Men.

Of course, Clay represented foreign capital. When he first appeared in Wyoming and Nebraska there wasn't much of any other kind.

There's no mention of the ranches saved through half a dozen financial panics by the Clay banks from Waldon, Colo. to Big Timber Mont.

For this saga, there's a disproportionate amount of space devoted to Wyoming's infamous Johnson County War and Tom Horn.

The author, with all her famed reputation for research, has been quite unable to separate the two. She even gets Horn, the cattlemen's detective, into Wyoming ahead of the Cattlemen's Invasion. That was in 1892 and Horn didn't start his campaign against southeastern Wyoming rustlers until at least 1894.

Also, two men were lynched by the invaders at the KC in Johnson county. Dismissed with passing comment are the 19 to

75 Miss Sandoz says were killed in Montana's stockmen's lights.

The author is repetitious in innuendo and guilt by association phrases: Perhaps so and so (naming them) were there; it was said; reported to have been said. Too many accounts of criminal acts are decorated with "perhaps x x x x" and then placing others at the scene who may not have been in the same country.

Miss Sandoz tosses in scores of the odd unusual incidents which were as important in the lives of the hardy men and women as handling the cattle themselves. Whether legally obtained or rustled.

In addition to recruiting the events of the wild cowtowns when the trail herds moved in, she treats skillfully with such as Dodge City's bull fight, matched horse races and todays rodeo.

Often she jumps from one event to another with such agility the reader is completely confused. He finds he's gone from a roundup on the Pecos to a Wyoming lynching and never knew where he caught his horse.

One can't escape thinking what a fine book this would be if it matched its true-steeled dedication:

"To the old-time hard-bitten, hard-driven cowman, the greatest believers in next year, and the year after that—"

—CM John M. Bruner

PAGEANT OF THE PIONEERS. The Verifiable Art of William H. Jackson, Picture Maker of the Old West, by Clarence S. Jackson. The Harold Warp Pioneer Village, Minden, Nebr., 1958. 89 pp. \$6.00.

William H. Jackson was one of the notable group of early, talented observers of the American western scene to whom history is indebted for first-hand knowledge of the West before the semblance of the exploring and pioneering era faded. Most of its first picture makers were part of specific missions, accompanying travellers on personal or governmental surveys. Jackson's first and last love was painting, and the accurate, graphic experience with his camera was a valuable supplement to this first love.

On his maiden journey, as a bullwhacker in 1866 over the Oregon and other trails, he finally reached Montana. In 1870 he became official photographer to the important Hayden Survey, and later was photographer for

two western railroads. After his retirement, the American Pioneer Trails Association commissioned him, at the age of 86, to make water color and oil paintings of his early observations of forts, missions, Pony Express and stage stations, buffalo hunts, cattle drives, etc. The present volume is a compilation of these paintings, gathered from museums, libraries, universities, private collections and reproduced in color and in black and white, with explanatory text by his son, Clarence S. Jackson. The book is dedicated to the Denver and other posses of the Westerners and to all lovers of the West.

In his informative autobiography, "Time Exposure," William Jackson told of giving his seven-year old son a chihuahua, which Clarence promptly traded for a full-grown donkey. His father commented that from then on he never worried about his son's ability to face the world on his own. In two volumes, "Picture Maker of the Old West," and not the supplementary, documentary "Pageant of the Pioneers," Clarence Jackson has paid worthy tribute to his distinguished father and to the history and traditions of the American West. Speaking of the Jackson paintings on display at the time of the dedication of the Jackson Wing at the museum of the Scotts Bluff national monument, Dr. Howard R. Briggs, President of the American Pioneer Trails Association declared: "The collection is priceless. Jackson's pictures lived before they were painted and they will live on now."

The members of the Denver Posse of Westerners have reason to be honored by the dedication of this volume to them, embracing as it does one of the purposes of the organization, the preservation of the cultural background and evolution of the West.

—PM W. Scott Broome

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF PACIFIC COAST OUTLAWS, THRILLING EXPLOITS OF THEIR ARCH-ENEMY SHERIFF HARRY N. MORSE by Charles Shinn, including a biographical sketch of Harry N. Morse from the Bancroft Library, University of California. Westlore Press, Los Angeles, 1958. \$5.50.

This is a little book, only 107 pages, and is no book at all really, but a couple of monographs about a remarkably game and careful California sheriff whom the reader wishes he knew better than he does after reading the book.

Morse, at 28 (this was in 1863) was elected Sheriff of Alameda County, California, and set about exterminating the California bandits, Mexicans mostly who ran in "robber bands" and thumbed their noses at the law. Till Morse came along.

He was a tireless investigator, laid his

lines carefully after first-hand study of the bandits and their habits, and relentlessly stalked them down. There was no showmanship about the man, just business.

The bandits he hunted, and brought to coroner or confinement, were as famous in California as Jesse James, Billy the Kid, and others we know so well—Narasco Bojorques, Narratto Ponce, Tomaso Redundo, Juan Solo, and, the last of the breed, Tiburcio Vasquez and Cleovara Chaves, whom Morse trailed 2,700 miles in a buckboard, averaging 45 miles a day.

With the last of the bandits successfully planted in California sod, Morse retired from public office and opened his own detective agency in San Francisco, where he prospered, lived long, and died in bed in his 14½ room mansion in Oakland.

His biographer Shinn was well known in his day as a writer of poems, essays, and short stories, and a few books including "Mining Camps." J. Frank Dolhe wrote that he considered the book "perhaps the most competent analysis extant of the gold hunter." It is unfortunate the same cannot be said of his biography of the man hunter, because I for one would like to know Harry Morse much better.

—PM Charles B. Roth

SHEEP, Archer B. Gilfillan, University of Minnesota Press, 272 pages—\$4.00.

This is a reprint of the original, first published in 1929 by Little, Brown and Company, and long considered a collectors item. Gilfillan was a college man and also a Phi Beta Kappa. After graduation, he headed for cattle country. Soon he took up a homestead in the Black Hills and persuaded his father to give him his patrimony, which he promptly invested in sheep. In three years he was broke. He then entered a theological seminary, but soon decided to take a job and rest a year to decide if he should be a minister or go back to homesteading. His job was that of herding sheep and he thought it over for 13 years. Gilfillan admits the book is his *magnum opus* and his *terminus ad quem*.

His book is written almost entirely in the first person. It really is a dissertation on the art of sheepherding and after you read it, you'll agree it is an art. Take the sheep herder's wagon. It is a marvel of efficiency. There is no lost space. In 15 minutes you could be ready to move anywhere in the country. How would you like to move every month? Pile all your belongings on the bed, have an unsympathetic earthquake attached to the front of the house, and aforesaid house dragged over several miles of rough country. At the end of that, you find the mirror cracked across again. The

kerosene can upset on the bed, and the syrup pail tipped over, spreading a sticky veneer over all adjacent objects.

Then there's the sheep. Just on the morning you oversleep, they get up early and have wondered a mile away. To save time, you send the dog after them, but when he reaches them, he forgets which way he was supposed to turn them and does it the wrong way. You whistle in the dog and try to round them up yourself. Eventually they settle down to graze and you sit down to rest and eat lunch. Suddenly a breeze springs up and sends tumbleweed towards the sheep. Before you can wipe your mouth with the back of your hand they have split up, going in four directions at once. Just at this moment, two of the bosses riders go by and their report on arriving at the ranchhouse will be, "The sheep were split in three bunches and scattered all over hell."

Giffillan leaves out no phase of herding. There are chapters on dogs, the herders partners; the weather and its effect on the sheep, a chapter on the boss, or bosses; lambing and shearing; the herder's neighbors. Also reading and other amusements as well as hazards.

All in all it is a delightful book, easy to read and you can almost see the twinkle that must have been in Giffillan's eye as he wrote. Because of his education the book is flawless in its composition.

Whether you are a cattleman or a sheepman, if you are a westerner, you should have this book.

—PM Francis B. Rizzari

THE BLACK BULL by Frank Goodwyn, Doubleday & Co., Inc., Garden City, N.Y., 1958, \$3.95.

"El Toro Moro"—the Black Bull—was almost a legendary animal in southern Texas. Robelin Algeria, a young Mexican cowboy, became obsessed with the desire to capture the black bull.

It's a rather tenuous story of how Robelin feels it is his task to seek "El Toro Moro" who escaped from the slaughter pens and return to become a "canner"—the fate of old, worn-out bulls whose tough muscles had to be cooked under steam pressure and put in tin cans.

The longer Robelin seeks El Toro, the less sure he is that this should be the bull's fate. He begins to identify himself with the fabulous animal and feels that he, too, needs the freedom to roam at will. This is in direct conflict with his love for Josefa Nieto and his promise to marry her.

Finally the young Mexican succeeds in catching the bull and has only to summon the other cowboys and "El Toro Moro" will die under the hammer. Instead, Robelin

frees the bull who immediately turns on the cowboy and his horse and gores them to death.

A most unusual story of the southwest with appeal for those who are interested in Spanish-American folkways. A little too much author's statement oftentimes stops the flow of the narrative.

—CM Marian Talmadge

THE BANNOCK OF IDAHO, by Brigham D. Madsen. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho. \$5.00.

To many people, "Bannock" is the name of a street in down-town Denver. Mr. Madsen, in a well-written, foot-noted and indexed volume, with an excellent bibliography, covers the Indian tribe from its earliest known history to the present time, and the reader will not again be puzzled by the street name.

Although traditionally headquartered in Idaho, the Bannocks bore much resemblance to the plains Indians, and made periodic visits to the plains to secure buffalo for hides and meat. They are described as proud and warlike, and "as bad as the Blackfeet", a high compliment from mountain men who respected Indians that were not easily cowed by the whites. The Bannocks made things interesting for the fur hunters beginning about 1810, kept the immigrants on the Oregon Trail alert, and fought some good fights with the army before finally being confined on the Fort Hall reservation in 1869.

This tribe, referred to by names ranging from "Banakwut" to "Pahahnuck", was exposed to all facets of frontier civilization from Mormon missionaries to railroad promoters, and resisted them all. They didn't win, but they receive the respect due all fighters of the good fight for a lost cause.

This excellent book concludes with copies of treaties, acts and agreements affecting the Bannocks. These, with the photographs and illustrations add to its value. It is recommended to western history buffs as a factual yet interesting account of a tribe of Indians neglected by most writers.

—CM W. H. Van Duzer

HISTORY OF THE OJIBWAY NATION, by William W. Warren. Ross & Haines, Inc., Minneapolis, 1957. Pp. 528. Index and end-paper maps. \$8.75.

The manuscript of this book was completed in 1853. Its author died while returning from New York where he had gone in a vain attempt to find a publisher. He was then 28. More than thirty years later, his manuscript was finally published, by the Minnesota Historical Society. It has now been re-issued by Ross & Haines of Minne-

apolis, in their Mid-America Series of Classic Western Americana.

The author's father was a fur trader in the Ojibway country and his mother was a three-quarter-blood Ojibway. Warren was brought up with the Indians, the family home being at LaPointe, Wisconsin, the heart of Ojibwayland. Warren spoke the language better than some Ojibways did, acquired the confidence of the Indians and wrote this history largely from what he was told by them. His study was amplified by meagre opportunities for consultation of what little had then been written on the subject.

The Ojibways, sometimes known as the Chippewa, were woodland Indians, living in Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota, in the Lake Superior area. They were peaceful in their relations with the United States after 1815. One of their chief claims to historic importance is that they drove the Sioux westward out of the forests and onto the Great Plains.

There is now a rich bibliography on the Ojibways, whose customs, legends, music and record of warlike relations with other tribes make them good study material, but any comprehensive consideration of the subject must start with Warren's early and indigenous account.

—PM Maurice Frink

WRITER IS DEAD

Hoffman Birney, writer and authority on the American West, died recently at his home in Huntsville, Alabama. In addition to his books, he was a critic-columnist for The New York Times for several years, did The Times' column "Roundup on The Western Range."



The handsome man pictured above is Paul D. Harrison alias Paul D. Hamson. He is the author of the fine article, "The Struggle To Build the Colorado State Capitol," which appeared in the April issue of The Roundup. Of course the by-line should have read Paul D. Harrison and NOT Paul D. Hamson, and apologies are herewith extended to Paul for the erroneous spelling of his good name.

THE AWARD FUND

The Denver Posse offers a few hundred dollars each as an aid to some deserving, and promising "striver toward being a historian." Now is the time to send in your donations to this fund. Most donations have come in the past from active members of The Posse, but Corresponding Members are invited to participate in this worthy project. A note to Earl H. Ellis, Roundup Foreman and Tally Man will get you additional information.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



July
1958
Vol. XIV No. 7



Dallas, Colorado

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AUGUST MEETING

"Wit and Humor of the American Indian"

by
L. T. Sigstad

Associated with Ginn and Company, publishers

Place: The Colorow Cave near Morrison

Date: Saturday, Aug. 16, 1958

Time: Social Prelude, 5:00 p.m.

Dinner, 6:00 p.m.

DALLAS

JOSIE MOORE CRUM

Mining centers in Colorado's San Juan Region began to develop soon after the Ute Indians were pushed out of the mountains in 1873. Otto Mears built a toll road from Saguache via the lower Uncompahgre Valley to Ouray in 1877 and placed a toll gate at a point about one-half mile north of the city limits. The toll gate rights were bought by the county several years later and the gate was abandoned, tho the keeper's cabin and the long fence stood there for many years. In 1882 and 1883 Mears built toll roads from Ouray to Silverton and from Ouray to Sneffels.

Some kind of a road was hacked out by prospectors from the Uncompahgre River Valley via Dallas Creek, Leopard Creek and the San Miguel River to Telluride. A worse one, barely usable, left the aforementioned road near Ilium and went to Ophir and Rico.

The whole country had, many years before, been explored, mapped and named by the Spaniards. Their name for the Uncompahgre River was Rio de San Francisco. The Americans probably never heard of such an appellation. At any rate, they adopted the Ute Indian word, "Uncompahgre", which means "hot water springs", for the river. It is claimed that the town, beginning in 1884, was called "Dallas" after a former Vice President of the United States, George M. Dallas. The creek, then, must have taken its name from the town.

Mears built a good wagon road from Leopard Creek Divide (Dallas Divide) to Telluride in 1880. A piece branch was built to Ames (near Ophir) in 1881. There were two toll gates on the first stretch—one at Has-

Kell (later called Leonard) and another near the foot of Keystone Hill.

Supplies were hauled by horses, mules, and oxen from Montrose to Ouray, Telluride, Ophir and Rico and ore was hauled back on the return trip. Dallas became the distributing point and many storage buildings were erected. Great quantities of coal were transported from the Cow Creek area to the mines, mills, stores and homes in the area.

Dave Wood's land, about 200 acres, laid south of the Telluride road and on both sides of the river. He had a of that kind ever to operate in Colorado. The house, though dilapidated, still stands and is owned by the Woods' heirs.

spare wheels, oxen yokes and other appurtenances. It is claimed that he owned the largest freighting business

The main street of Dallas was the Montrose-Ouray road which laid on farm, a home, several barns for his work stock and extensive yards for his hundreds of wagons, coaches, the east side of the Uncompahgre River. This, the town dignified by the title of "Dallas Avenue". Bluff Street which was east of Dallas Avenue was later utilized by the railroad. West Street was west of the river. All three ran north and south. The other streets, which ran east and west, were Park, Cedar, First, Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth.

The north bridge, which spanned the Uncompahgre River just after it had been joined by Dallas Creek, was on Fifth Street and within the town limits. The south bridge, outside of the town limits, was built for the purpose of connecting the Telluride road with the Ouray road. It remains

to this day, while the other is gone. The two bridges were nearly a mile apart. Also, there was a foot bridge across the river from the main part of town to the schoolhouse on West Street and another across the tip end of Dallas Creek before it entered the Uncompahgre.

Though few houses were on the west side of the river most of them were on the east side, either near the north bridge, along the main street, or between it and the river.

The business section of Dallas was a thin string of buildings, lying along the road (Dallas Avenue). The stores handled about everything pioneers needed, since trips to other towns were long and tedious and over bad roads. Saloons were more numerous than grocery stores.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, which built from Montrose to Ouray in 1887, was to the east of the main street, paralleled it part of the way and then joined it. Many storage buildings stood near the track. Just north of the town there was a half-mile linear race track and beyond were the stock loading pens.

The schoolhouse was built after the railroad went thru in 1887 and before Ridgway started in 1890. A two-story affair, it sat all by itself on West Street on the small mesa between the Uncompahgre River and Dallas Creek, about midway between the two ends of town. It was fifty feet long and thirty wide, large enough for a goodly number of pupils and for community affairs. Eventually the top story was removed, leaving a large, full-floor attic.

Most of the buildings—both business and private—were destroyed by fire September 10, 1888. New structures were immediately erected and the town flourished as well as before. A few years later, another fire destroyed most of the main street. The

business houses were never rebuilt as Ridgway had then started.

The town could and should have been the inception point for the Rio Grande Southern Railroad but Woods, some of whose land was needed, became cagey and would not deal. The company then decided on a starting point 2.7 miles to the south, bought land and started building a terminal and the town of Ridgway, on the west side of the river.

Dallas authorities had, meanwhile, pled most strenuously with the railroad officials for establishment of the terminal in their own town. But it did no good. Dave Woods, though he lived to be an old man, never lived down having been the "ruination of Dallas."

Dallas was a rushing, booming place in 1890. Trains puffed in and out at all times of day and night. They transported supplies for the construction of the Rio Grande Southern Railroad—horses, mules and oxen by the hundreds, tons of hay and grain, laborers by the hundreds as, at that time, all work of any kind was done by hand, construction equipment, camp equipment, food for humans, rails and railroad equipment. All of these items and many others were unloaded at Dallas and hauled in wagons to the site of Ridgway.

At first the D.&R.G. south of Dallas ran up the east side of the Uncompahgre River but changed to the west side to connect with Ridgway and the Rio Grande Southern. Then supplies went to Ridgway and were unloaded there. Railroad headquarters that had been at Dallas also moved to Ridgway. Trains then went thru the old town without stopping and reduced its hustle and bustle, to say nothing of its hope, to a minimum.

The building of the D.&R.G. killed

most of the wagon freight service from Dallas to Montrose and Ouray. Likewise, the Rio Grande Southern finished to Telluride in the late fall of 1880 and to Rico in the late fall of 1891, dealt almost a death blow to the wagon freight business in those directions. The people began migrating to Ridgway and Dallas died by inches.

In the eighties a large hydraulic placer operation was instituted on the Uncompahgre River, a short distance north of the town limits. Water was taken out of Dallas Creek several miles up the valley and carried in a large ditch along the side of Log Hill Mesa which is the hill just west of Dallas. The water, running down thru a long, nearly perpendicular pipe and thru an hydraulic nozzle, furnished pressure for the placer works.

For another placer operation in the early nineties, some fifty or sixty Chinese were imported to do the hand labor. The kids of Dallas were delighted with the pigtailed and the chatter of the Chinese and were absolutely fascinated, when they peered thru the boardinghouse doors and windows, by the rapid and intricate movements of the chopsticks.

Once, in the nineties, there were reports told of a tremendous gold ore strike in and around Rico. Every body who could ride, run or walk, which was most of Dallas, rushed to the scene. But lo, it was only "fool's gold", an iron sulphide called pyrite, that had a yellowish, copperish gliter. Some sheepish looking men returned to Dallas.

Teachers were sometimes very good and sometimes very bad. One teacher, excellently qualified, was Mrs. William Vance. Her son by a former marriage was Castner (Cassy) King, who in 1900, had his eyes

blown out in an explosion at the Bachelor Mine. He eventually wrote some wonderful poetry and became known as "The Blind Poet of the Rockies". Alex Taylor of Cow Creek was killed in the same accident.

The schoolboard, of which George Crum was a member, hired, sight unseen, a man from Montezuma County, who had supplied it with some of the finest self-recommendations ever devised. But the reality was stunning! He was sickeningly dirty—his coat was stained with tobacco juice, his pants were stiff and slick with grime, his shirt had never been washed, his socks dribbled down over his shoes and his hair was matted. The stove sat in the middle of the room and a sand box sat beside it. The fellow chewed tobacco continuously during school hours and could, from any point in the room, shoot juice at the sand box and, though he might make a splatter, he never missed. The schoolboard soon fired him.

Saturday, Market Day, was the time for farmers to take their produce to town to sell and the time to procure the next week's provisions. The women discussed their problems or just visited and gossiped. The men talked business or passed around the latest news or retired to the saloons for cards and drinks. The young people ogled and horseplayed and the kids ran wild.

Most boys and girls had to help at home with the work but they had plenty of good times. Most of them had horses to ride and could hunt or fish anywhere or at any time for no game laws restricted them. The first placer mining company had excavated a pond, called Wilson's Pond. When it withdrew, the kids used it for a swimming hole in the summer and a skating place in the winter. All kids played baseball and a game de-

veloped any time a few gathered together.

Grown people's work was long and arduous but they could always help each other in times of trouble or sickness. They also had plenty of fun. They went to each others' houses for dinners, parties and "sings". The schoolhouse was the meeting place for all kinds of doings—church services, business meetings, political meetings, celebrations, sings and dances. The populace could argue politics with vehemence, could carol with the experts or could do the polka or quadrille with grace and gusto. Even the babies and grandpas attended these affairs; the first were parked in improvised beds on the floor while the latter gathered in the corners and played cards.

Everybody, young and old, from all the country round about, turned out for the races when they were held at the track north of town.

Generally some kind of trouble developed at any gathering. One night a family from Cow Creek attended a dance in Dallas. The father and several sons as usual ended up in a saloon. They all got tipsy and pugnacious and went to work on each other. They wielded beer bottles right and left, damaging themselves and knocking out all the windows and lights in the building. This fracas was famous, being referred to for years afterwards as the "Beer Bottle Fight".

E. E. Bacon was the editor of the "Dallas Slope". He moved his paper to Ridgway after it started and eventually to Ouray. George Cobb ran a grocery store. Sydney Jocknick, the bachelor brother of Mrs. Cobb, lived with her and her family. Later he was to become the author of "Early Days on the Western Slope of Colorado". Si Nash and his son,

Bert, operated a blacksmith shop. Blacksmithing was a big business in a place of so many work animals and so much equipment. A Mrs. Smith was the postmistress. Mr. Quist started a saloon there in 1888 but later moved it to Ridgway. Gregg Hansen was the station agent in '90-'91 while the Southern was building.

Some other residents were the Brummetts, Barrowses, Cornforths, Dixons, Hastingses, Herrons, Fridays, Frogleys, Holidays, Johnsons, McNishes, Tafts, Williamses, Winchesters, Whites and George Woodses.

Many business buildings burned in the second big fire were never rebuilt. Others disappeared gradually. The schoolhouse, wonderfully well constructed, hung on. After it was no longer needed for educational purposes and it was moved to the south end of town and used as a dwelling. It caught fire in February of 1957 and burned.

Only one house that stood within the town limits remains. It is at the north edge of town and nestled beside the Uncompahgre River. It was built by Henry Holliday. When he lost two children in the scarlet fever epidemic of 1892, he sold it to George Crum. The latter kept it for about fifteen years and then sold it.

Thus, not a single public building is left and only the one home. Yet, the old town lives on in the memories of a number of people who went to school and had good times there.

Most of the above material was furnished by John Crum and Bert Nash. Much was taken from "The Rio Grande Southern Story" and some from "Pioneers of the San Juan Country, Volume I". John Marshall, Vest Day, Murial Cornforth Evans and Anna Quist Andrews also assisted.

WRITERS OF AMERICAN HISTORY

ZEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE

(1779-1813)

One of the first men to go into the unexplored regions of the West was Zebulon Pike, who started out almost immediately after the return of Lewis and Clark. Pike, born in Lambertton, New Jersey, a suburb of Trenton, January 5, 1779, came of a family of military men, and entered the Army as a Cadet. He had only a common school education, but he was a student on the trail or in camp. He was commissioned a lieutenant in his father's regiment when he was twenty years old. He was 5'8" tall, had a military bearing, carried his head tilted to one side, and was a strict disciplinarian.

Pike married Clarissa Brown, the daughter of General John Brown of Kentucky. There were three girls and one boy born of this union. Only one daughter lived to womanhood, and she married John Cleve Symmes Harrison, the son of President Henry Harrison.

In 1805, Pike was selected to explore the Mississippi River. President Jefferson, who had doubled the area of the United States by the Louisiana Purchase, wanted to find out about the territory. Lewis and Clark had already gone to the Far West. St. Louis was the major French trading post on the Mississippi River at the time. Pike went from St. Louis to St. Paul, contacting many Indian tribes, then returned to St. Louis and reported on the country.

Pike's next assignment was to explore the Arkansas River. His expeditionary force, which consisted of two Lieutenants, one surgeon, two corporals and sixteen privates, left

St. Louis July 15, 1806. Six hundred dollars worth of goods was allowed for their trip. They first sighted the Rocky Mountains November 15, 1806, when they reached the Purgatory River, and made camp near the present town of Rocky Ford, Colorado. They made their next camp where the Apishapa River empties into the Arkansas; they passed the Huerfano River and arrived at the junction of Fountain Creek with the Arkansas. Here, Pike erected a blockhouse at the present site of Pueblo.

He followed Fountain Creek toward the blue mountain, now known as Pikes Peak, with the idea of ascending it. He marched twenty-two miles, but was only at the base. He expected to climb the mountain and return to his base in one day. However, he and his men found the climbing very difficult, and they were forced to spend the night in a cave without provisions or water. The next morning they started to climb, but they encountered snow three feet deep; the temperature was nine degrees below zero. The soldiers clad in light overalls, were not provided for such weather. Pike stated that the summit of the peak, which he called Grand Peak, was fifteen or sixteen miles from them, and he believed that no human being could ascend it. The peak they had climbed was Cheyenne Mountain.

Pike and his men moved west from Fountain Creek and discovered the Royal Gorge. From there the expedition entered South Park, struck the South Platte River, and traveled to the site of the present town of

Hartsel where they camped. They then marched southwest until they reached the Arkansas River, which they mistook for the Red River. Pike found himself deep in the Colorado mountains in December, 1806, with sub-zero weather. They spent Christmas near Brown Canyon not far from the present city of Salida, Colorado.

After enduring hardships and suffering, the expedition returned to its camp near Canon City. On January 14, 1807, it started toward the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, went through Wet Mountain Valley, and probably went through Medano Pass. When it arrived in the San Luis Valley Pike built a stockade on the west fork of the Rio del Norte. It marched on until it struck the Rio Grande, which Pike thought was the Red River. Finding no timber, he marched on to the Rio Conejos, which he called "the large west branch." Here, opposite a hot spring, he built a fort. The Spanish discovered him and informed him he was off American soil. He was escorted to Santa Fe, then sent back to the States via El Paso del Norte, through Texas to Louisiana.

Publications concerning Pike's expeditions are as follows:

- (1) "An Account of a Voyage up the Mississippi River, from St. Louis to its source, made by Lieut. Pike of the U. S. Army, in the years 1805 and 1806. Compiled from Mr. Pike's journal; with a map of the river from its junction with the Missouri to its source." Washington, (1807), 68 pp.
- (2) "An Account of Expeditions to the Sources of the Mississippi, and through the western parts of Louisiana, to the sources of the Arkansas, Kans, La Platte,

and Pierre Juan, rivers; performed by order of the Government of the United States during the years 1805, 1806, and 1807. And a tour through the interior parts of New Spain, when conducted through these provinces, by order of the Captain-General in the year 1807." By Z. M. Pike.

- (3) "An Account of Expeditions to the Sources of the Mississippi and Through Parts of Western Louisiana, 1805-07," Philadelphia, 1810.
- (4) Another issue of the above with maps and charts in separate atlas.
- (5) English edition of the above, 1811.
- (6) Dutch and French translations, 1812.
- (7) German translation, 1813.
- (8) Denver reprint, 1889.
- (9) Coues edition of Pike's Journals (3 vols.), 1895.
- (10) Hart and Hulbert, "Pike's Arkansas Journal," in *Overland to the Pacific*, Denver, 1932, Vol. I.
- (11) Hollon, W. Eugene, *The Lost Pathfinder, Zebulon Montgomery Pike*, University of Oklahoma Press, 1949.

Pike died in 1813 during the fight for Fort York at the present site of Toronto, Canada. Pike and his troops were being transferred ashore; the wind blew them below their landing place and they were soon under direct fire. The British blew up the powder magazine; a huge stone fell and crushed Pike's back. He was carried to the flagship, *Madison*, in a dying condition. He was still conscious when he heard the hurrahs of the troops, and feebly asked, "What does it mean?" "Victory," was the reply. His face lighted up for a mo-

ment, and the Union Jack was brought aboard the ship; it had been replaced by the Stars and Stripes. He made a sign to place the British flag under his head. His dream of glory seemed to have come true, and he fell into an endless sleep.

Pike's body was taken to Sockett's Harbor and buried at Fort Tomkins. Later, it was moved to Madison Barracks in Fort Pike at Sockett's Harbor, where a stone seven feet high was erected. He now lies beneath this crumbling monument. This last dramatic incident rounded out his brief but interesting life at the age of thirty-four years.

In addition to Pikes Peak, the sentinel of the Rockies, many counties have been named for him.

PM NOLIE MUMEY

Riding With the Posse . . .

Of prime interest to all Posse members this month is the opening of **PM Thomas Hornsby Ferril's** play ". . . And Perhaps Happiness." in Central City Saturday, August 2nd. A Denver Post \$10,000 prize winning play, the work is written in iambic pentameter and features a star-studded Hollywood cast that includes Hugh Marlowe and K. T. Stevens. The play, which runs throughout August has drawn high praise from both critics and theater goers . . . **PM Doc Collins** planned to spend most of August traveling in the East . . . **PM Arthur Campa**, using as his topic "Peru and Inter-American Affairs" has completed a lecture tour which included Las Vegas and Albuquerque in New Mexico, and Corpus Christi and Dallas in Texas . . . **PM Arthur Carhart's** new Knopf book "The National Forest" is targeted for an early 1959 release . . . That indefatigable gentleman, **PM Nolie Mumey** has a new book at the bind-

ery, a book for youngsters on Navajo legends titled "The Singing Arrow . . . The St. Louis Post-Dispatch, in a review of "The Wayward Horseman" by an old time Eastern Colorado rustler named **Ernest M. Fletcher**, edited by **PM Forbes Parkhill** and published by **PM Alan Swallow**, said the book is one of the best to come out of the West . . . Approximately thirty from Denver attended the July 26th meeting in Colorado Springs. Enroute, they picked up a couple of hitchhikers, **PM Fletcher W. Birney, Jr.** and **Mrs. Birney**, met another dozen Posseman and their wives at the North Gate of the new Air Academy. A tour was made of the Air Academy grounds before the group went on to Colorado Springs where **Lt. Col. George V. Fagan**, director of the Academy's library, gave a paper on the history of the site on which the Academy is built.

Last Call

The Posse bibliographies will be published in the August Roundup. If you have not submitted your bibliography to the Registrar of Marks and Brands please do so immediately if you wish to be included.

The Award Fund

Attention of both Possemen and Corresponding members is called to "The Westerners Award Fund" through which a few hundred dollars are made available each year to aid some deserving young historian. Please make your check out to the Westerners Award Fund and send it to Roundup Foreman and Tally Man Erl Ellis, 730 Equitable Bldg., Denver 2, Colorado.



Western's Bookshelf



THE COMSTOCK LODGE, by George D. Lyman, \$4.50, Charles Scribners' Sons, 1934 and 1957.

This is a reprint of the original, first published in 1934. It deals with the history of Gold Canyon and the Comstock from 1849 to 1865. The book is divided into three parts, "Blue Stuff", "Bonanza", and "Borrasca".

"Blue Stuff" deals with the first 10 years when heavy blue stuff kept clogging the rifles of the miners, little knowing that the blue stuff was almost pure silver. Two boys, Allen and Hosea Grosch kept searching quietly for the lead, suspecting it was silver. Hosea died of lockjaw and Allen, leaving his cabin in the care of a sheepherder named Comstock, died on the way over the range to get more money. Thus the clue was lost.

Comstock knew that somewhere near the head of the gulch lay the clue to what they were after so he staked out the ground for ranching purposes.

When two Irishmen found gold there, Comstock edged himself in. Still throwing away the "blue stuff" they kept only the gold. However, the "blue stuff" had been assayed in San Francisco and ran \$4791.00 a ton of which \$3196.00 was silver.

Comstock sold a sixth interest in his Ophir Mine for two jackasses. This one-sixth produced 6 million dollars. The rest he sold to Judge Walsh for \$11,000.00 and bragged how he had taken that "California Rock Shark".

However, the secret was out—"Bonanza" tells the story of the next five years. A man every morning for breakfast. Mines worth the fantastic price of \$4,000.00 a foot—stock \$22,000.00 a share—dividends of \$150.00 a month per share. The making of millionaires, billionaires—Stewart, MacKay, Hearst—the expensive litigation that finally came from so many claims and the greed of the owners.

The writings of Mark Twain on the Enterprize, where an editor was expected to back up his beliefs with a pistol. Yes, six roaring years until the water and the litigation brought on "Borrasca".

The book ends with the rush to Austin and Reese River. Sutro has yet to come into his own.

There are too many chapters in the book. Some are only two pages long. It is well documented with foot notes, but these are in the back of the book by chapters which is irritating. In some cases the material in the

footnotes could have been incorporated into the text for better reading.

But, "Boy oh Boy"—it would have been fun to have been in Washoe!!!

—PM Francis B. Rizzari

THE FRONTIER WORLD OF DOC HOLLIDAY: FARO DEALER FROM DALLAS TO DEADWOOD. By Pat Jahns, 8vo 283 pp, bibliography and index. Hastings House, New York, 1957, \$5.00.

This is not only the story of Doc Holliday's frontier world; it is the tragic story of a misspent life. It is not pleasant reading, on the whole, but the complete documentation, a long bibliography and a complete index attest to a tremendous lot of research, and a presumption of authenticity.

The boyhood of John Henry Holliday was blighted by the Civil War and the terrible reconstruction days in Georgia (he was born in 1852), and finished by the death of his mother in his fourteenth year and his father's remarriage to a much younger woman the next year. At eighteen he went to Baltimore to attend dental school, completed the course, and contracted tuberculosis, all within the year.

While practicing in Atlanta the doctors told him he could not live six months in the South, might perhaps last a year in Texas, whereupon he went to Dallas. Lost now, forever, was any hope of marrying his one real sweetheart, his cousin Mattie, altho she was to remain his only tie to respectability and his old home, and eventually he would lose even that.

By the time Doc had completed his sojourn in Dallas, he was a confirmed alcoholic and his profession had become dealing faro instead of dentistry. A succession of frontier towns followed:

Fort Griffin, Dodge, Denver, Leadville, Deadwood, Tombstone, all in their roistering heyday. Coughing, his hand poised to grab the gun tucked in his vest, already dying, he feared no man, he feared no thing.

Considerable space is devoted to Wyatt Earp and his family and contemporaries. The net result is to place the majority of the better known "bad men" in their proper light (at least in the author's opinion); Wyatt turns out to be a good deal of a bluff, and Doc Holliday a potentially dangerous man

but an "incredibly bad shot", who in actual fact killed only one man (and he unarmed), and creased Charley White's posterior.

It is interesting to observe the change in writing style, from the almost tender descriptions of the youngster's early surroundings and boyhood, to the increasing tension and final completely cynical recital of a sordid career. It seems to parallel the change in Holliday's personality.

Holiday died in Glenwood Springs, Colorado at the age of thirty five, from the "consumption" he had fought for half his lifetime. The last bizarre episode of his life was true to form, when he "coppered his last bet" by playing a Catholic priest against a Presbyterian minister for the custody of a human soul.

My personal feeling is that the author rather overlooks two things: the "stream of consciousness" technique, and the one phrase of profanity which appears at intervals. Not only does the latter add little to the realism, but it fails to do justice to the frontier vocabulary.

One thing stands out. This book should be required reading for radio and screen writers and television emcees. If taken to heart, our "westerns" might be a closer approximation to the truth.

—PM Roy Colwell

PIONEER YEARS IN THE BLACK HILLS.—
By Richard H. Hughes. Edited by Agnes Wright Spring. Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, California. —\$10.

Geographically, the Black Hills are probably as generally known as any other location on this continent. Its history has always been especially intriguing, and the reader will find this to be true in the recently published book, *Pioneer Years in the Black Hills*.

The book is entirely non-fictional and is the graphic account taken from the journalistic records and diary of Richard H. Hughes of the gold-rush days in 1876. It vividly describes the detail and extent that humans will indulge, even beyond what they might risk in imagination. It is the account of the undertaking that required the greatest effort and sacrifice, and was made possible only by the resolute determination of that rugged race of people known as the pioneer.

The reader will be most grateful to Clarence W. Hughes and Mrs. Richard L. Hughes for preserving the diary and journalistic records. It was easily understood why Agnes Wright Spring, historian of Colorado and writer of note, expressed her appreciation to the Hugheses for the privilege of editing and readying the material for publication.

Influenced by Custer's report of discovery

of gold in the Black Hills, Mr. Hughes tells about the organization of a party to start from West Point, Nebraska and about another group joining them at Sidney. Mr. Sam Tull was in this last group and he became Mr. Hughes' closest friend.

Confronted with many discouragements including stories of the non-existence of gold and the many depredations committed by the Indians, one learns something about the will of man. It is also the reader's good fortune that Mr. Hughes was interested in newspaper work in that such training fitted him well for keeping a diary and writing accounts of his harrowing experiences and interesting observations enroute to and including the eventful life he spent in the Black Hills. The book, I believe, is the best of its kind I have ever read. It is so realistic that one is taken into its vitals with Mr. Hughes and becomes a part of the story as it unfurls before your eyes.

The caravan passed through Indian country in its approach to the hills, and it was necessary to use all precaution and constant vigilance against threats of surprise attacks. In spite of warnings and numerous Indian atrocities, Mr. Hughes commits the near unpardonable breach of discipline and disobedience of orders by leaving the trail to get a shot at some deer.

The Black Hills were finally reached and Mr. Hughes tells of the prospecting, the gold camps and towns, the mine swindles, the crime, and the setting up of such measures as would offer protection to society.

In the appendix Mr. Hughes tells of his last meeting with his good friend Sam Tull accompanied by John Staret. It was most impressive as they both knew it was their last meeting in life.

Regardless of the fine books you may have in your valued collection, *Pioneers of the Black Hills* will make an addition.

—CM Casey E. Barthelme

GLENWOOD'S EARLY GLAMOR by Caroline Bancroft. Johnson Publishing Co., Boulder, Colorado. 24 pp. \$0.75.

Miss Bancroft has added another title to her series of books on Colorado persons and places, and again added to the knowledge of our state. In factual but interesting prose, she has told the story of the resort town from its beginning to the death of F. H. A. Lyle, polo-playing Irishman, in 1912. Captain Isaac Cooper, veteran of the Civil War and Andersonville Stockade, started it all when he bought a ranch at the junction of the Colorado and Roaring Fork in 1882. While the hot springs have always been the essence of the town, it had its share of soiled doves.

Indians, mining men and silver kings (mostly tourists) and holds the unique distinction of being the "death place" of John H. "Doc" Holliday. Famous foreigners, presidents, and silver kings and queens bathed, hunted and played at the spa, whose waters, Miss Bancroft tells us, were good for man or beast.

Two dozen photographs, not commonly seen, add to the interest of the book. Coloradans should make sure they have their own copy, with spares for visiting easterners.

—CM W. H. Van Duzer

THE TEXAN-SANTA FE PIONEERS by Noel M. Loomis (Vol. 25, American Exploration and Travel Series), University of Oklahoma Press, 1958, 329 pages. \$5.00.

Instead of writing another Western novel on this intriguing theme, Noel M. Loomis tackled the bigger job of producing a much needed factual account of one of the most dramatic expeditions in Southwest history. The resulting book consequently may seem somewhat more detailed than the average reader would want, but future historians will welcome this painstakingly complete job. Fortunately, the author writes so well and his subject is so colorful that even the casual student of Southwestern history will be swept

along by the engrossing tale and won't mind the overly-obvious documentation.

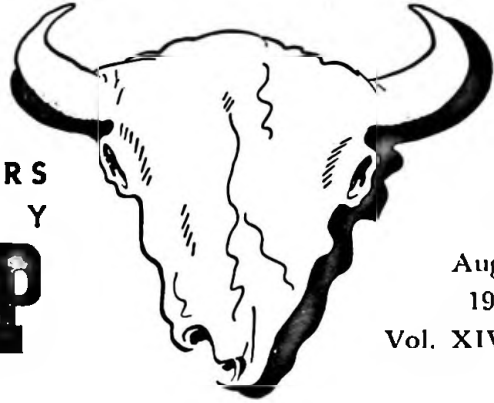
Everything seemed to go wrong from the beginning to the end of the expedition that began so hopefully in June, 1841, in Austin, Texas. Dreams of profitable trade with Santa Fe and the prospering Rio Grande settlements faded for the nearly four hundred "Santa Fe Pioneers" whose pitiable handful of survivors ended instead in Mexico City housed with other prisoners and lepers.

The author has screened the abundant literature and has considered all the conflicting accounts and theories associated with the expedition. The conclusions reached by Loomis seem too well-based to quarrel with and even the critic who finds some bone to pick will acknowledge the debt owed Mr. Loomis for assembling all the data and stringing it together so clearly and with such admirable indexing.

Not all the tale is grim, as the author finds lighter moments and sidelights aplenty. And although the times covered were bitter times, with wartime violence evident in the harsh dealings the Mexicans gave the Texans, it is to the author's credit that he did not paint his picture with mere blacks and whites but used shadings of gray in depicting his characters, even those who might qualify as villains for a less discriminating author.

—PM Henry W. Hough

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



August
1958
Vol. XIV No. 8



Five chiefs of the Uncompahgre band, Ouray in center. Photo courtesy Walker Art Studios. Used by permission from Wilson Rockwell's *The Utes: A Forgotten People* (Sage Books, 1956, copyright 1956 by Wilson Rockwell).

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**Next Regular Meeting
of the Denver Westerners**

WESTERN SADDLES

Lee Hartwell

of Kansas City, Missouri, one of
the nation's foremost authorities upon saddles.

This talk will be illustrated by three-dimensional pictures for which
Forbes Parkhill is securing the necessary equipment and spectacles.

Denver Press Club

6:30, Wednesday, September 24

Out-of-State Westerners Attending the Cave Meeting Aug. 16, 1958

Paul Bailey—Former Sheriff, Los Angeles Posse

Lauren C. Bray—Kansas City Posse

Peter Decker—New York Posse

Merrill J. Mattes—National Park Service, Omaha

Don Meadows—Former Sheriff, Los Angeles Posse

Dr. D. D. Monroe—Clayton, N. Mexico; Speaker at last Cave meeting

Ralph Moody—Author of *Little Britches*

Elmer Scheider—South Dakota

Miss Clarisse Whittenberg—Wyoming; Author of *Wyoming's People*

Arthur Woodward—Sheriff of Los Angeles Posse

Dunklee Donates Lights for Denver's Pioneer Monument

Dedication ceremonies were held on Colorado Day, last August 1, for the recently installed floodlights at Denver's Pioneer Monument, presented to the City by Posseman Edward V. Dunklee in memory of his father, George F. Dunklee, Denver pioneer. Representatives from many Colorado civic organizations, including the Westerners, were present and participated in the ceremonies. Governor Stephen L. R. McNichols expressed appreciation for the gift of the lights, as did George Cavender of the City Council, and a representative for Mayor Will F. Nicholson, who was unable to be present. Posseman Nolie Mumey, who has written the pamphlet that traces the story of the monument, explained some of the principal features of the Kit Carson statue. Posseman Dunklee and the Dunklee family are to be congratulated for their contribution of the illumination of a worthy western marker.

News from Former Posseman

Our former Posseman Elvon Howe recently sent Erl Ellis an example of his work. It was a splendid two-color booklet promoting Eastern Air Lines. Elvon's card reads: E. L. (Bronc) Howe, Assistant to the Vice President, Advertising, Public Relations, News Bureau, Eastern Air Lines.

Swallow and Mumey to Take Over Beshoar's Assignment

Ever since Governor Stephen L. R. McNichols appointed him Director of Publicity for Colorado's 1959 Centennial Celebration, the present Registrar of Marks and Brands, Barron B. Beshoar, has been swamped with work—in fact, he has been carrying a two-man load. Hence it was necessary for him to surrender some of his extra-curricular assignments, including that of editing the monthly *Roundup* and preparing next year's *Brand Book*. Fortunately for the Westerners, two other capable members have volunteered to step in and take over Posseman Beshoar's editorial responsibilities.

All Westerners will regret losing Barron's "timely" services, and yet the Executive Committee is happy to accept the offer of Alan Swallow to finish out the year in editing the *Roundup* and Nolie Mumey in editing the 1958 *Brand Book*. Each of these possemen has already held the position of Registrar of Marks and Brands, in addition to publishing innumerable articles and books of their own, and has done an outstanding job in it. Consequently, the posse is assured of continued high quality publications. The Sheriff and the Executive Committee, particularly, are grateful to the two men for their offers of renewed editorial labors in behalf of all Westerners.

HAROLD H. DUNHAM, Sheriff

Eighth Annual Ranch Tour From Laramie July 20, 1958

Nearly fifty cars and an estimated two hundred men, women and children participated in the eighth annual Pioneer Ranch Tour organized and led by A. S. (Bud) Gillespie (co-author of the book *Wyoming's Pioneer Ranches*), Dr. N. A. Riedl (University of Wyoming), and Lawrence Patterson (County Agent). The largest crowd to ever venture on one of these tours was handled efficiently by the three gentlemen, although a bit of bad weather and some very primitive roads were encountered.

From Rock River the high points of interest were the Noel Hall and Moore ranches; Old Rock Creek Station, a pioneer shipping point on the old Union Pacific line; the still visible trace of the Rock Creek-Fort Fetterman road; and the Seven Mile Springs site of an old stage station.

At Seven Mile Springs two charming youngsters, Miss Linda McGill and Miss Cynthia Small (both of pioneer descent) were installed respectively as Queen and Lady-in-Waiting of this Tour.

The caravan then proceeded directly over high grass flats to the ranches of Leslie Atkinson and Lawrence Prager. At this point some very rugged and beautiful scenery and also stormy weather greeted the Tour.

Lunch was eaten in the cars while the rain buffeted them, seemingly from all sides.

The tour was now off schedule and skips and short cuts became necessary. Skirting the side of rugged Laramie Peak on what was not much better than an old wagon trail, the group arrived at the Frank Prager ranch. The original house is now occupied by his son, Fred Prager, who gallantly welcomed a throng that very evidently amazed him.

Here a number of cars began to

drop out, but many stuck by the leaders who took them through some interesting and unusual ranch country leading back to the Laramie Plains.

A trip over the Wheatland Dam on the Laramie River, and a visit to the Lake Ione ranch established by Mr. Gillespie's father (and very interesting because of the meadow and former grain fields in the old lake bottom) completed the tour.

Mr. Gillespie then led the remaining cars by an old fence-line road to the paved Bosler-Wheatland road. This was rather an exciting episode for several miles as it was pitch dark and the rains came in torrents, making a very muddy passage.

GEORGE B. GREENE

Cats in Central City

Editor's note: The following statement was found among the papers of Eureka Holmes, a Methodist lay minister who lived in Central City, Colorado, in the late 1890's and early 1900's. It appears that some efforts were being made to collect stories from old-timers even then, and this statement was one which had been secured in that effort. The material is made available to us through the kindness of William C. Russell, Jr. The spelling and punctuation have been kept exactly as in the original hand, the copy being made by Don Bloch.

When Central City was first colonized there were not many cats here as the colonists did not come in search of mice but of gold, it was soon found, however, that cats were needed for when a man was to put his coat on he often found one or more holes eaten through it or perhaps a nest of little mice.

The report spreading to the East that they were scarce, a cargo of cats was brought out and sold at from \$8

(Continued on page 19)

THE WIT AND HUMOR OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN

L. T. SIGSTAD

The American Indian's sense of humor, or lack of it, as reported in the literature of the West presents an interesting contradiction. The explanation for the existence of this presumed paradox becomes quite apparent when the conflicting points of view are considered critically.

That the casual, the unperceptive, and the prejudiced observers of the Indian would describe him as humorless and stoical could be assumed. Men, whose associations with the Indians were limited, were exposed to his affected impassive demeanor which was intended to hide his real feelings from strangers whether white or red. The unperceiving would fail to recognize any humor that differed from the accepted practices of their own society. The pioneers, who suffered from Indian depredations, could hardly be expected to picture him as other than stolid, secretive and treacherous.

Those who have known the Indian intimately supply a wealth of testimony to soundly establish his possession of an acute sense of humor and a penetrating wit. That he was a "far cry from those strong, silent, deadpan caricatures of Indians commonly portrayed in the white man's western fiction and his motion picture and television programs" is a conviction recorded by many writers.

Any one of these accounts is representative of the declarations of the others and would suffice to picture the red man as he really was in his daily life. Irving in *A Tour of the Prairies*, describes the Indians as follows; "They are by no means the stoics that they are represented; taciturn, un-

bending, without a tear or smile. Taciturn they are, it is true, when in company with white men, whose good will they distrust, and whose language they do not understand; but the white man is equally taciturn under like circumstances. When the Indians are among themselves, however, there cannot be greater gossips. Half their time is taken up in talking over their adventures in war and hunting and in telling whimsical stories. They are great mimics and buffoons, and entertain themselves excessively at the expense of the whites with whom they have been associated. . . . They are curious observers, noting everything in silence, but with a keen and watchful eye; . . . reserving all comments until they are alone. Then it is that they give full scope to criticism, satire, mimicry, and mirth."²

Verrill³ cites an instance of the perceptiveness of the Indian sense of humor. He reports that stories with subtle humor quite often pass completely over the heads of white persons, yet Indians see the point at once. A story that delighted the Indians was that of the man who entered a saloon and asked the bartender; "What is Jim's last name?" Whereupon the bartender demanded, "Jim who?" White men frequently looked blank when told this story but Indians invariably burst into laughter.

Briefly then, the Indian at home in his village led a life of indolence and amusement. He was noisy, rollicking, mischief-loving and the perpetrator of practical jokes. He possessed great verbal cleverness, aptness for repartee, and a keen sense of the ludicrous.

The magnitude of the problem pre-

disposes a limited study to the cursory and obvious facets of the Indian's wit. The discussion that follows is inadequate and incomplete and represents only the most modest of beginnings of an investigation that would be a challenge to a scholar with erudition and time in great abundance. A proper and penetrating analysis of just one of the phases of Indian humor of a single tribe, would be a monumental undertaking.

The terms, wit and humor, though generally understood, are nebulous and do not lend themselves to simple explanation. Formal definitions may only contribute to the confusion. Wit is defined as the ability to make clever, ironic or satirical remarks, usually by perceiving the incongruous and expressing it in a surprising or epigrammatic manner. Humor is described as a facetious turn of thought, playful fancy, jocularly or drollery. Surely, such concise clarity can only encourage one to get on with the subject before becoming involved in a semantics seminar.

The ability to distinguish between pleasure and pain is inherent in mankind, and humor is one of several factors which contribute to man's pleasure. Laughter is, after speech, one of the chief things that hold society together. It seems to be an intrinsic part of the gregarious instinct in man.

Humor may take many different forms. It can be gentle and kindly, or it can be harsh and biting. Distinctions among various types of humor are often difficult to make. Generally, however, humor can be classified as the humor of a situation or the humor of words.

Situation humor includes the unexpected happening, the incongruous, farce, slapstick and buffoonery. The humor of words may take the form of a pun, hyperbole or exaggeration, repetition, comparison and contrast,

the Freudian fumble or slip of the tongue and satire, sarcasm or irony. Parody, burlesque, and mimicry may employ both situation and words and many humorous incidents employ a combination of humor types.

The search for specimens of Indian humor was frequently fraught with frustration. Conversations with Indians, their friends, agents and teachers and reading about them, past and present, produced many convincing generalities about the breadth and depth of the Indian's sense of humor but provided little in the way of specifics. The theorem was abundantly presented but the proof was conspicuously absent. Unfortunately, the Indians did not have a Joe Miller or a Bennett Cerf.

Expected sources of examples of Indian humor repeatedly failed to distinguish between Indian humor and *humor about Indians*. The apocryphal or spurious story offers another tempting pitfall. Stories of this type are in wide circulation and many of them are clever and amusing.

A story is told of a Cheyenne going to a pioneer banker to borrow money and the banker raising the question of collateral. Since the possession of ponies was the measure of economic status of the Plains Indians, it was finally established that the Indian had a sufficient number of ponies to justify the loan. At the proper time the Indian came in to make his payment. The banker noticed that he had considerably more money than was needed for the note, so he suggested that the Indian let him keep the extra money in the bank. The suggestion was met with silence, but the banker continued to make a case for the money being safe and earning interest. Finally the Indian abruptly interrupted with this question, "How many ponies you got?"

Another story of this type concerns a Piute, Old Jim, who came to repay

a loan to a white friend. The man was busy at his desk so he accepted the money and continued with his work. Old Jim did not leave, so he asked him if there was something further he wanted. Jim replied that he wanted a receipt. The man was surprised by this request and said, "Jim, you have borrowed money from me for years, always repaid it and never asked for a receipt before. Why do you want one now?"

To this Old Jim replied, "Jim getting old, maybe die pretty soon and go to heaven. St. Peter will stop Old Jim at the gate and ask questions. He say, 'Jim, you honest Indian?' and Old Jim say, yes. St. Peter say, 'Jim, have you always paid your debts?' When he asks Old Jim that question, Old Jim don't want to have to look all over hell for you."

In an attempt to contrive an orderly sequence, Indian humor has been arbitrarily classified into several general categories.

The first of these is games, songs and dances which is treated with extreme brevity. They are more properly amusements, entertainment or ceremony and are comprehensively covered in the literature of the subject. This is not to say, however, that these activities did not employ excellent examples of the Indian's humor. The purely social dances, such as the "kissing dance" afforded ample opportunity for impromptu humor and hilarity.

The Cheyenne version of this dance, which is always led by a woman, is described by Dodge as follows:

"The leading woman selects a partner. . . . After dancing around together, they separate, and each selects another of opposite sex, and so on until the floor is filled. At a signal all go to their proper partners, that is, the leading woman goes back to the man she first selected, the two selected by him and her go together, those

chosen by these go together, and so to the end. Then all seat themselves on the ground, couples facing each other, when the man deliberately kisses the woman, the more modest couples drawing a shawl over their heads during this act.

"The fun of this dance is, that while the leader can select the man she wishes to kiss, she and he can select those least likely to wish to kiss each other; she, taking up a love-sick boy, and he a woman old enough to be his grandmother, or *vice versa*.

"No end of fun is created by the complications that a few bright and mischievous couples can make."⁴

The Assiniboins⁵ and the Omahas⁶ as well as the other plains tribes had some form of this amusing past-time. Other social dances provided the prankster with carnival circumstances. A report of the short and burly Hopi improvising parodies of the songs of other tribes, and mimicking the sensuous movements of the tall sophisticated men of Taos is described as "comedy of the highest order."⁷

Another type of humor that must be given summary treatment is farce, burlesque, mimicry, buffoonery and the ludicrous as exemplified by the quasi-professional Indian funny man, the clown. Again the literature of the Indian is replete with references concerning him; and his antics are synonymous with those of our own farcial comedians and circus clown. The anonymous clown of the Crows,⁸ the animal impersonator of the Utes,⁹ the Old Man of the Blackfeet,¹⁰ the boogerman of the Cherokees,¹¹ and the Koshares and Mudheads of the Pueblos¹² were merry-makers in the best tradition of that international comic—the clown.

The Indians enjoyed playing with words. Verbal dexterity was practiced and appreciated. They often used "tongue twisters" such as our "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pep-

pers." Contrarily, they were always highly amused by the white man's inept use of the Indian languages as well as awkward or naive word usage by another Indian.

General Howard¹³ relates that a band of Pimas laughed for days over a young captain's error in Spanish. The captain was paying court to a *senorita* and one night he intended to say "Buenas noches, *Senorita*" but instead he said "Buenas coches, *Senorita*."

A story involving the naive use of words is illustrative of language usage that amused them. An Indian woman went to visit her sister in another village.

"So you are down here!" exclaimed a friend. "Where are you staying?"

"My sister, she is staying with me," was the answer.

"Your sister staying with you! Why, I thought she lived here!"

"Truly, what I said, my sister is staying with me."

"Where?"

"Over to her house!"¹⁴

The pun or play on words was a great favorite with the Indians. It is obviously difficult to give examples of Indian puns since most of them would lose their meaning in translation from the Indian languages. One that does make its point in English was reported as a source of amusement at the Wind River Reservation many years ago. It is the story of the two coyotes:

First coyote: "I am a coyote but you are not a coyote."

Second coyote: "Of course I'm a coyote."

First coyote: "No you're not. Do you want to bet that you are a coyote?"

Second coyote: "Of course I'll bet that I'm a coyote, but how will we decide?"

First coyote: "We will walk by the Indian village and let them decide."

So the first coyote went by the village and an Indian observed, "There goes a coyote."

The second coyote went by and an Indian said, "There goes another."

The first coyote won the bet because he was a *coyote*, but the second was *another*.

Puns and jesting were in order even in times of bereavement if spoken by a member of the mourner's own club or society. Lowie reports such an incident. A group of Crows were going to the agency for a Fourth of July celebration when Yellow-face, a member of the Lumpwood club, heard of the death of his brother, Eating-fish. He turned back and a Lumpwood asked another club member in the mourner's presence, "Why is Yellow-face turning back?" The answer was: "He is going back to eat fish."¹⁵

Satire, sarcasm, and irony are basic expressions of humor and the Indians used them freely and effectively. A grandson of Black Elk, the famous Oglala Indian, told the story Indian leaders who were taken to Washington to meet the Great White Father. At a dinner given for them, Black Elk was seated next to a pompous senator who watched with amazement while Black Elk devoured all the food placed in front of him. This was, of course, in keeping with Indian etiquette. The senator, who probably had a peptic ulcer, said admiringly, "Chief, I wish I had your appetite."

Black Elk stood up, folded his arms in the approved Indian fashion, and said solemnly, "This is too much, first white man wanted Indian's hunting grounds, Indian's ponies, Indian's buffaloes, Indian's squaws and now white man wants my appetite."

The foregoing was probably apocryphal and certainly the following story as to how Sitting Bull got his name is at variance with the generally accepted version. Hans in *The Great Sioux Nation* writes that Sitting Bull

related this story with great pride and satisfaction (and probably with his tongue in his cheek). "Beginning when only about ten years old, he made it an almost daily practice to seat himself in secluded spots near the camp of some neighboring tribe where he would spend the day at watching for every opportunity to capture the girls who chanced to come that way. Each and every girl thus pounced upon was outraged, no difference whether she was 'roped', matured, or unmatured."¹⁶ The women, satirically, gave him the name, *Sitting Bull*.

Washington Irving contributed a satirical, though somewhat vulgar, incident in *Astoria*. Stuart and his party had some difficulties with a band of Crows led by a gigantic chief. The huge chief wanted gunpowder and Stuart's fine horse, but Stuart refused this request. The affair apparently ended pleasantly, but when the Stuart party continued they were aware that they were being followed by the Indians. The party remained alert and maintained a night guard to protect the camp and especially the horses. At the end of six days and 150 miles of travel they thought the Crows had turned back so they relaxed their vigilance.

The next morning at dawn the Indians drove off their horses. A reserve party of Indians rode by on the opposite side of the camp "whooping and hollering in triumph and derision." The last of them was the giant chief. "As he passed Mr. Stuart and his companions, he checked his horse, raising himself in the saddle and clapping his hands on the most insulting part of his body, uttered some jeering words, which fortunately for their delicacy, they could not understand."¹⁷

Irving contributed another amusing bit concerning the long-limbed Osages and the short-legged Delawares who were at one time deadly foes. The

Osages stood in great awe and admiration of the Delawares' desperate valor, but they attributed their bravery to a whimsical cause. "Look at the Delawares," they would say, "dey got short legs—no can run—must stand and fight a great heap."¹⁸

A song is credited with being the "finest satirical production" in the Pawnee language. It relates to an attempt that the Poncas made to recover their independence. Their warriors made a pretended visit of peace to the village of the head band of the Pawnees. According to a preconceived plan, they made an attack on the Pawnees after lulling to rest the suspicions of the Pawnees. They were "signally discomfited" and the Pawnees composed the following song in commemoration of the victory: "Aha, you Ponca! It was a pretended peace. Did you find what you were laughing at me about? You meant fight." According to the Grinnel account, "The keen satire of the interrogation is exquisite. It conceives of the Poncas as quietly laughing in their sleeves, during their ostensibly amicable visit, in anticipation of the summary retribution that they expected to inflict on their oppressor."¹⁹

In our world today, when a flick of the wrist, the push of a button or a short ride to a theater will provide us with entertainment, story telling in the broad and classic sense has become a lost art. The only kind of story telling prevalent in our society is the type that begins like this—"Have you heard the story about the preacher and the parrot?" or when the breadwinner comes home and looks around furtively to make sure the children are not listening and says, "I heard a good one at the office today."

Primitive people, however, had a real need for the story teller. Not only was he an entertainer but a teacher and historian as well. Story telling among the Indians was a common-

place but highly developed skill. The story-teller held a position of esteem in his village and was frequently rewarded for his tales. One observer of the Indian scene states that the long winter nights in an Indian village were spent in dancing, story-telling and love-making. (He did not, however, indicate the relative importance of these diversions.)

We are not concerned here with their legendary or mythical tales or with the vagaries of their story telling which included definite approved practices as well as those that were taboo. Their humorous stories, with which we are concerned, were frequently characterized by exaggeration, drollery and whimsy and were often told as a dream or fictitious observation.

Parker relates an extremely typical tale as told at a strike-pole dance. In this dance, clansmen sit on opposite sides of a fire and tell stories about another clansman and conclude by giving presents to the butt of their jest to heal the wound.

A Bear Clansman arose and, striking the pole began his tale. "A few days ago I was out hunting and I saw a very big, brave man chasing a rabbit with a gun. He was chasing the rabbit to the edge of the bank, hoping to get it where he could put the end of his gun on it, because he was a good shot under such conditions. On ran the man after the rabbit, when suddenly the rabbit spied a hole and darted into it. When the man came to the turn of the bank he saw a big, fierce dog standing there ready to bite him. The dog looked at him and let out a big howl. Now when this man, whom I will now reveal as my very dear friend Big Kettle, saw the dog he thought the rabbit had suddenly grown big by magic, so he stopped breathing for a minute, and was so scared that his hair stood right up on end,—oh, about a foot. Up went his

hat right on top of his hair. Now the rabbit found that the hole was shallow and wet, and he also feared that the dog would catch him, so he gave a great leap and landed right in Big Kettle's hair. The knock brought my dear friend back to his senses, and when he saw that the dog meant no harm, he breathed again and his hair came down and with it the hat,—right over the rabbit. Big Kettle now started home, not knowing that he had any extra animals in his hair. He went right to his tepee and sat down by the fire. His wife had a big pot of stew, and Big Kettle fell to eating it. It made him sweat so he took off his hat, and as he did the rabbit fell out and went right into his stew, splattering his wife's face. His wife looked at him with astonishment and then exclaimed, 'my husband, why is it necessary for you to go hunting when you can just scratch your head and have rabbits fall out? I have seen things there before, but they had more than four legs!'

At this the whole company began to roar with laughter at Big Kettle's discomfort, though he tried to smile. The dance went on and it came his turn to strike the pole. He then began his tale.

"It is true," said he, "that as my friend of the big claws states, I am a great magician and can conjure bears and deer as well as rabbits from my head, just by thinking about them. I have strong thoughts in my head, it is full of great things so that it is necessary for my hair to stand up sometimes to make room for what is inside. This is not so with my Bear friend. You will notice that he has a very large head and is fond of honey. I saw him sleeping under a tree, the other day, and you know that he often sleeps under the trees. I heard a strange buzzing sound and at first thought that he was snoring. Looking closer, I saw that it was a swarm

of bees going in and out of his mouth. Soon the bees flew away after more honey, and as I watched a ripe walnut fell and hit my friend on the head, and it returned a hollow sound with an echo! Then I knew why a swarm of bees had attempted to make a hive in his head."²⁰

Jokes, including the practical variety, and pranks played a prominent part in the lives of the Indians. Perhaps this is apparent because they were readily recognized by observers, but probably these humor forms did appeal to the Indians. They are elemental and obvious and were therefore compatible with the primitive mind of the red man.

A classic Indian joke was told by General R. H. Pratt, the man who built up the Carlisle Indian School. The general, when a captain and superintendent of the school, found it necessary to discipline one of the boys with a guard house sentence. He explained to the boy that the virtuous were rewarded on earth and in heaven and that evil-doers were punished both here and hereafter. When the offender had served his time and was back at work in the print shop, he announced one morning that he had had a wonderful dream.

"What did you dream?" asked the shop foreman.

"Well, I dreamed that it was the end of the world, and that the names of all good people who were going to heaven were written in the sky in letters of gold. I wondered if mine was there so I looked up, and sure enough there were letters of gold in the sky, but there was only one name. It was Captain R. H. Pratt, and in the Captain's own handwriting!"²¹

Another favorite concerns a missionary preaching to the Indians. He started with the story of creation and told the story of the fall of man. He explained it as best he could and expanded on the story of the tempta-

tion, telling how Adam ate the forbidden apple. At this point an old chief dropped his head on his chest and went into a reverie.

At the close of the sermon the chief arose to reply. An ardent believer in his own religion, he sought to ridicule friend the "black coat."

"Brother Black Coat," he began, "I have heard your sermon. It is a good one and I believe it. I always did believe that it was wrong to eat apples. Hereafter I will never eat apples; I will make cider of them,—it tastes so much better!"²²

Variations of their pranks and practical jokes include that of the Indians who called at the cabin of white friends, found them gone and proceeded to pour molasses in the feather beds, and of Big Elk, an educated Sioux, who enjoyed getting his friends very drunk and the next morning while they were in the throes of a hangover he would lecture them on the evils of strong drink.

A favorite prank of the Blackfeet was for a couple to put on a mock family row in the presence of visitors and then laugh uproariously at the consternation and embarrassment of their guests who frequently became involved in the quarrel.

A white visitor to a friendly Indian's camp reported that he was plied with stew and repeatedly asked how he liked it. After eating well beyond his desires and constantly assuring his host that it was good, his host finally said that he was glad he liked it because it was something new—grasshopper soup.

Although the warriors and chiefs usually refrained from indulging in jokes and pranks, it is reported that the great chief, Red Cloud, on a visit to Washington was fascinated with a hairdresser's window display of toupees, switches, transformations and other hair pieces. Amused at what he called "the pale-face scalps," he

arranged to purchase several dozen of them to take home to exhibit to his tribe as trophies of his trip.

Space limitations have precluded several phases of Indian humor. The hazing of young braves on their first war party provided practical pranks to relieve the tensions of such a serious enterprise. The joking relationship, which was more than idle humor, created a group privileged to be the recipient of the Indian's jokes, jibes and jests. The Indian's ability to retaliate, and the favorite targets of his wit have been neglected. The vulgar and the obscene, the absurdities of the white man, and the foibles of the weaker sex particularly amused him.

Apologies are due the present day Indian for failing to show that he has not lost his ancestral sense of humor. A single illustration will have to satisfy.

Eastern tourists were admiring the costumes of some Indians in a National Park, especially the eagle-feather headdresses.

One of them asked if they were real eagle feathers and being assured that they were she said, "How do you get eagle feathers? Isn't it illegal to kill eagles?"

"We don't kill eagles," one of the Indians assured her. "We just make strong medicine so when the moulting season comes the eagles fly over our village and drop their old feathers."²³

The Indian when not bound down by stern necessity, enjoyed humor in all its grades from quiet sarcasm to the most ribald of practical jokes. He loved to laugh and did so spontaneously and vigorously. His enjoyment of an amusing incident was so precious that it was common practice among the plains tribes to mark the spot of such an occurrence when on the march. Then other travelers could be told about it and enjoy it when they

visited the site, and they could laugh in retrospect when they returned to the place again themselves.

In summary and with temerity, an analogy of the Indian sense of humor and that of us immigrant Americans is presented. The following similarities seem obvious.

We laugh at the same things—the unexpected, the ludicrous and the buffoon. Clowns have appealed to all peoples. The street cleaner in a top hat is no funnier to us than a Ute in the high-crowned black hat of a Navajo was to other Utes. Clever repartee or a good story was appreciated as much in a tepee as it is in a cocktail lounge.

We both laugh at people who are different than we are. Just as the foreigner's inept use of the English language delights us, the Indian thought the white man's hand shaking, bald head and clumsy attempts at Indian words were hilarious.

The hazing of the young warriors by the Indians bears a considerable resemblance to the initiations of our fraternal orders. The neophyte was sent on fruitless quests for buffalo "fleshings" or some other not-to-be-found article. He was expected to perform all the menial tasks of the camp, and he became the butt of many practical jokes.

The Indian enjoyment of the vulgar and the obscene can hardly be discounted as having no counterpart in modern American life. The difference lies in mores. The Indian enjoyed it openly and unashamed while we may pretend a revulsion to it which is frequently feigned.

Retaliation for a jest or joke at our expense is a natural expression of our embarrassment. We frequently say "Tit for Tat" or "Touche" to announce our successful reprisal. The Indian took a more gracious attitude. He often gave gifts to soften the blow and he expected and invited retaliation.

tion. The Crows expressed the consummation of this reprisal by saying "First you struck me, then I struck you!"

One writer takes the extreme position on the similarity of native and white American humor that "it is indeed difficult for a white man to find among all the anecdotes current in literature and travelers tales any which have not had their exact counterpart, though tinged by different habits of life, thought and expression in the regular catalogue of Indian stories."²⁴

One final comparison and the ultimate judgment is yours.

"Did you ever take any scalps?" A tourist once asked an Indian.

"No ma'am," he replied, "but my grandfather took plenty scalps."

The tourist shuddered, "What a terribly barbaric custom!" she exclaimed.

"Maybe so, ma'am," said the Indian, "but an Indian only scalped his enemies, but a white man skins his friends."

¹John C. Ewers, *The Blackfeet*, (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1958), p. 145.

²Washington Irving, *A Tour of the Prairies*, (New York: James B. Millar & Co., 1884), p. 27.

³A. Hyatt Verrill, *The Real Americans*, (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1954), p. 18.

⁴Richard Irving Dodge, *Our Wild Indians*, (Hartford: A. D. Worthington & Co., 1883), p. 375.

⁵J. W. Schultz, *My Life As An Indian*, (New York: Fawcett Publications Inc., 1935), pp. 30-31.

⁶Thomas Henry Tibbles, *Buckskin and Blanket Days*, (Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday & Co., Inc., 1957), p. 77.

⁷Harry C. James, *The Hopi Indians*, (Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1956), p. 176.

⁸Robert H. Lowie, *The Crow Indians*, (New York: Rinehart & Co., Inc., 1956), pp. 25-26.

⁹Wilson Rockwell, *The Utes*, (Denver: Sage Books, 1956), pp. 25-26.

¹⁰Ewers, p. 145.

¹¹Bernard S. Mason, *Dances and Stories of the American Indian*, (New York: A. S. Barnes & Co., 1944), p. 195.

¹²Paul Coze, "Of Clowns and Mud-heads," *Arizona Highways*, Vol. XXVII, No. 8, pp. 18-29, August, 1952.

¹³O. O. Howard, *My Life and Experiences Among Our Hostile Indians*, (Hartford: A. D. Worthington & Co., 1907), p. 146.

¹⁴Arthur C. Parker, *The Indian How Book*, (Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., 1928), p. 140.

¹⁵Lowie, p. 180

¹⁶Fred M. Hans, *The Great Sioux Nation*, (Chicago: M. A. Donohue & Co., 1907), p. 81.

¹⁷Washington Irving, *Astoria*, (New York: James B. Millar & Co., 1884), p. 292.

¹⁸Washington Irving, *A Tour of the Prairies*, p. 53.

¹⁹George Bird Grinnell, *Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-tales*, (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1904), pp. 305-306.

²⁰Parker, pp. 136-137.

²¹Ibid., pp. 135-136.

²²Ibid., pp. 134-135.

²³Verrill, p. 203.

²⁴Tibbles, p. 76.

Greetings

HAROLD H. DUNHAM,
SHERIFF THE WESTERNERS
EQUITABLE BLDG
ROOM 730 DVR
FROM THE WESTERNERS OF
CHICAGO TO THE WESTERN-

ERS OF DENVER AND THEIR
GUESTS AT COLOROW CAVE
HOWDY. MAY THE TALLY BE
HIGH AT YOUR ROUNDUP
WITH PLENTY OF GRASS AND
COOL WATER THAT IS FOR
THE COWS
JAKE EUSTON SHERIFF

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF BOOKS BY DENVER POSSEMEN

Editor's note: Last April, Registrar of Marks and Brands Barron B. Beshoar sent out an invitation to all Denver Possemen to send in bibliographies of their published book-length works. His interpretation was that this bibliography should include book-length materials published, either as editor or author, and he indicated that this should include any materials which had separate publication in individual format, to include booklets, brochures, etc.

Barron Beshoar indicated he planned to run his bibliography in this, the August, issue. Unfortunately, a few of the Possemen did not respond. Room will be made for additions, then, to this bibliography as other members of the Posse respond.

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Cats in Central City

(Continued from page 4)

to \$10 apiece. A little girl who had a number of kittens had them sold at auction and realized the neat sum of \$80. Cats were once of great value in Wales. A man who stole a cat there was subjected to a heavy fine or else he had to forfeit enough of wheat to cover the cat suspended by the tail. They became very much attached to their old homes as the following incident will show. A lady in Glasgow had a cat sent to her from Edinburgh in a closed basket placed in a carriage (a distance of 40 miles), it was kept carefully for 2 months when it had its liberty with its two kittens but it soon disappeared and neither she nor her kittens could be found. The lady in Glasgow wrote to her friend in Edinburgh informing her of the loss of the cat. A few days after the letter was received which was two weeks from the time that the cat left Glasgow its well known mew was heard at the street door of its old home. The kittens were with her and were fat and plump, but she was very lean it is supposed that she traveled 120 miles at least, as she had to carry each kitten alternately for they were not able to walk such a great distance. I recently heard a sea captain relate an interesting story of a cat they were nearing the harbor on a very foggy day they did not exactly know their position as it had ben so foggy for several days that they could not take an observation. The captain was just about to go to sleep when a little white cat which he possessed jumped up and began to put its paws onto his eyes every time he closed them. It contin-

ued this proses for some time the Captain getting angry took it by the neck and threw to the other end of the cabin. It then began such howling and screaming that the captain alarmed got up to go on deck. When as he put his head through the port hole he saw the breakers under the fog and in 3 minuts more they would have been dashed upon them if he had not given the order to hard down the helm.

This story was actually related to me by a retired sea Captain who resides in this city.

Writers of Western History

WARREN ANGUS FERRIS

Warren Angus Ferris, born in Glen Falls, New York, on December 26, 1810, received a good education and was well-read. He left home in 1828 and soon entered the employ of the Western Department of the American Fur Company as a trader and trapper. Ferris had many romantic adventures during the years he was in the Rocky Mountains—from 1830 to 1835—and he kept a diary of his many experiences. He was a careful observer and was trained as a professional surveyor.

He left St. Louis in February, 1830, went to Council Bluffs, up the Platte River, through South Pass to Green River, then on to the Great Salt Lake region. In 1831, he was trapping on the upper Snake River. He participated in the Battle of Pierre's Hole in July, 1832, and was on the Missouri River with William H. Vanderburgh. In 1833, he was trading on the Green River.

In 1834, Ferris started over the mountains to Bonneville's Fort, re-

ferred to by some as Fort Nonsense, located on the Green River. He had heard of the boiling springs at the junction of the Madison River, and made the trip by horseback to the geyser basin of the Yellowstone, writing an elaborate account of the region. The article first appeared in the *Western Literary Messenger* of Buffalo, New York, on July 13, 1842, and was reprinted in *The Wasp* at Nauvoo, Illinois, on August 13, 1842. His journal appeared serially in the *Western Literary Messenger*; it began on January 11, 1843, and ran continuously every week until March 16, 1844. Additions were made in the numbers of the *Western Literary Messenger* on March 23rd and 30th, and April 6, 13, 20, and 27, and May 4th and 18th. The author of this description of the Yellowstone area was not known until

fifty years after he had published his account.

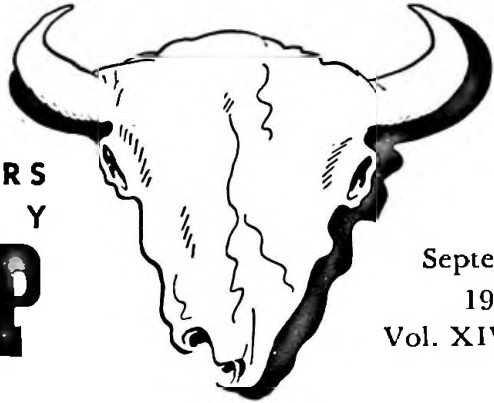
Two books, reprints, give an account of the life of Ferris in the Rocky Mountains. One was published by Fred A. Rosenstock, Denver, 1940, with the rare manuscript map of the central portion of the Rocky Mountains. This was the first map made of the fur trade region. Another book was written by J. C. Alter and appeared in 1940.

Ferris enjoyed his life in the mountains. He was only twenty-five years old when he returned home.

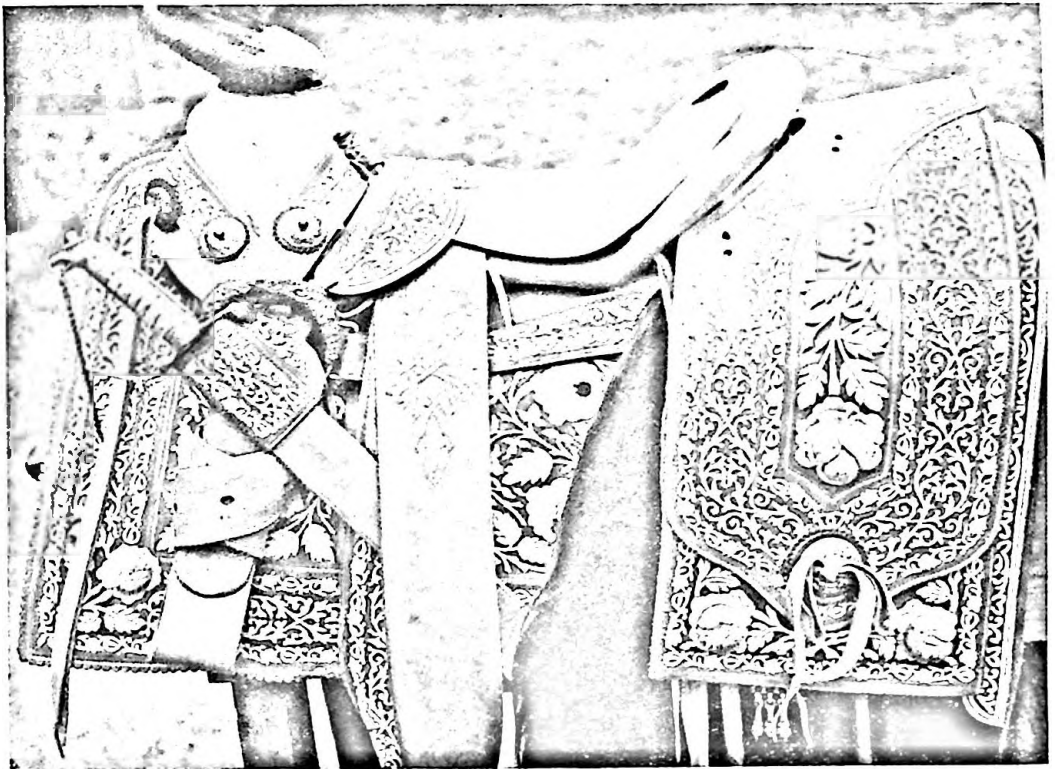
William Angus Ferris died on February 8, 1875, and is buried in the family graveyard at Reinhardt, Texas. He had twelve children. He was a very obscure person and was forgotten by all except his very close friends.

NOLIE MUMEY

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



September
1958
Vol. XIV No. 9



Charro saddle. From the Lee M. Hartwell Collection

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



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Vol. XIV

September, 1958

No. 9

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Griswold

Next Regular Meeting
of the Denver Westerners

PIONEER EXPERIENCES IN WYOMING

Pete Smythe

Tincup's radio and TV luminary will read a manuscript by his father, the late D. J. Smythe, sheep raiser and merchant of Glenrock, Wyoming.

Denver Press Club
6:30, Wednesday, October 22

Notes

As the time nears for awarding of the second annual scholarship granted by the Denver Posse, chairman Robert L. Perkin of the award committee reports that the fund still needs some fattening. Thanks to a most generous gift by Mrs. Elmo Scott Watson, the award fund was more than doubled during the summer. However, it is short of the amount awarded last year. So that this award to a promising student, encouraging further study in Western history, may be as meaningful as possible, send your contribution to Westerners Scholarship Fund, c/o Erl H. Ellis, 730 Equitable Bldg., Denver 2.

CM Caroline Bancroft had an article "The Legend of Pat Casey" in the *Denver Post Empire* magazine for Sept. 21. This was a condensation and adaptation from the third chapter of her best-selling book *Gulch of Gold*.

PM Don Bloch was kind enough to hand your editor, at the September meeting, a clipping from the *New York Times Book Review* which read: "*Riverside Poetry III*, containing the winning poems from a nation-wide poetry contest sponsored by the Riverside Church of New York City, will be issued by Twayne on Monday. The book's seventy-nine poems, written by fifty-eight students in forty-one colleges, were chosen by Marianne Moore, Howard Nemerov and Alan Swallow. More than 700 poems were submitted . . . from 250 colleges."

A California item recently published is entitled *The Newhall Ranch*, by Ruth Waldo Newhall. The Huntington Library has issued this small book. It tells the story of Henry Newhall and of the Newhall Land and Farming Company which was formed by his five sons. This is the company

which purchased a large acreage in the San Luis Valley of Colorado, including the Baca Grant, and large cattle operations are there carried on by the company. The book barely mentions the Colorado interests but is devoted to the glamor of the most successful farming and oil operations in California.

ERL H. ELLIS

Writers of Western History

EDMUND FLAGG

Edmund Flagg, journalist and author, was born at Wiscasset, Maine, on November 24, 1815. He graduated from Bowdoin College in 1835, and moved to Missouri. That winter he taught in Louisville, and during the following summer he explored the prairies of Missouri and Illinois. He recorded observations of his travels in a series of papers entitled "Tales of a Traveller," published in the *Louisville Journal*. These were later embodied in his book, *The Far West; or a Tour Beyond the Mountains*, published in two volumes in 1838.

He had studied law under Hon. Hamilton R. Gamble and had been admitted to the bar in 1837. In addition to his law practice, he assumed editorial charge of the *St. Louis Daily Commercial Bulletin* in 1838 and became associate editor, with George D. Prentice, of the *Louisville Literary News Letter*.

He moved to Vicksburg, Mississippi, and edited the *Whig*, then moved to Marietta, Ohio, and edited the *Gazette* for two years. In 1844, he returned to St. Louis, where he conducted the *Evening Gazette* and served as court reporter of St. Louis county.

In 1848, he went to Germany as secretary to the Hon. Edward A. Hannegan, who was American minister to Berlin. Edmund Flagg was later ap-

pointed consul for the port of Venice. During his consulate, he also served as correspondent for several American newspapers. Upon his return to St. Louis in November, 1851, he published *Venice, the City of the Sea*.

He contributed a number of articles to the *United States Illustrated* during 1853-54, describing the various cities and scenery of the West. In 1853, he received an appointment as the head of a bureau in the State Department

at Washington, and in the years of 1856-57, as chief of statistics, he prepared a "Report on the Commercial Relations of the United States with all Foreign Nations."

Flagg wrote seven historical romances in addition to his work, *The Far West; or a Tour Beyond the Mountains*. He died at Highland View, Fairfax County, Virginia, on November 1, 1890.

NOLIE MUMEY

Book Reviews

JAMES H. CARLETON by Aurora Hunt. Glendale, The Arthur H. Clark Co. 390 pp. \$10.00.

Volume II of Frontier Military Series is a typically handsome Clark printing. Volume I, issued in 1951 *The Army of the Pacific, 1860-1866*, was written by the same author.

James Henry Carleton's name appears often in annals of military activities of the western American frontier of the middle nineteenth century. Born in Maine in 1814, he spent 32 years as dragoon in western territories. Aurora Hunt, in a detailed, extensively researched biography of one outstanding and experienced soldier, has set out to show the role and influence of the military on the development of the West. Carleton, himself author of four works, was an able chronicler, and much first-hand information was therefore available from his own log books and other writings. The material ranges widely: a lengthy, thoughtful reply from Charles Dickens to an inquiry from Carleton, aged 25, regarding the possible pursuit of a literary career; a letter to a Boston firm ordering a beaver hat as a reward to Kit Carson for aiding him in the pursuit of Apaches; life of Fort Gibson and Fort Union; the Battle of

Buena Vista; defense of the New Mexican acquisition; the Mountain Meadows Massacre; the California Column; Indian problems; contributions to natural science; railroad route and early mission surveys; mail order business of the times; and a great deal more.

W. SCOTT BROOME

FIGHTING EDITORS by Jo Ann Schmitt. San Antonio. The Naylor Company. 227 pp. \$3.95.

This book was in its formative stages in 1951, when its author was a student in the undersigned's class in journalism at CU. She asked his advice on the first draft of her manuscript. He advised her not to tell the whole story in the present tense, and to take out a sentence beginning "Nature groans in protest when the first man ruptures the virgin soil . . ." The published book reveals that Miss Schmitt disregarded both bits of advice.

The book tells the story of Arizona's pioneering editors, who founded such papers as the *Tombstone Epitaph*, and who sometimes were called upon to defend their editorials with their sixshooters. It is a good chronicle of those exciting times when there was little law west of the Pecos. There are many quotations from contemporary

(Continued on page 9)

WESTERN SADDLES

LEE M. HARTWELL

Man's association with the horse has spanned about 6000 years. The association has been a close one. Anthropologists believe that man's domestication of the horse was based more on emotional and religious urges than on utilitarian needs. In most religions and in mythology the horse is identified with the gods. Neptune struck the ground with his trident, and created the first horse, according to Greek mythology. Horses drew the chariots of the gods and Pegasus carried the thunder and lightning for Zeus. In Egyptian art the horse is associated with the kings. The war horse described in the book of Job is a magnificent animal. In medieval art Christ is often depicted on horseback.

Man has always considered horses as individuals. Most horses are dignified by names, and the names of the horses as well as the famous riders have come down to us through history. Alexander the Great rode Bucephalus, Napoleon rode Marengo, the Duke of Wellington, Copenhagen and in our later western life the great scout Buffalo Bill rode a number of horses to whom he was deeply attached, two of them being Duke, and Isham. Buffalo Bill's attachment to Isham was so great that it motivated Colonel C. J. Bills to come from Lincoln, Nebraska, to bid on Isham at the bankruptcy sale of the Cody Wild West show in Denver in 1913. He bought Isham for \$150 and shipped him back to Buffalo Bill in Wyoming. Later Will Rogers and his famous horse Soapsuds were inseparable for a long period of years.

It has been about 6000 years since

man trained horses to draw his chariots, and about 4000 years since he first rode the horse. There is considerable mystery about the area in which the horse was first domesticated, but there seems to be some agreement that it was in the vicinity of Persia. Man rode his horses bareback for many years. Greek art in the period of the fifth century BC showed him sometimes riding with a saddle cloth, sometimes without. There were no stirrups or saddles. Somewhere around 300 AD, as men began to protect themselves with armor, the added weight resulted in widespread back injuries to the men because of lack of support. Out of this need the saddle and stirrups were invented. Bridles and even bits had existed for a long time prior to this.

In addition to a rapid peaceful means of travel, the great advantage of the speed and mobility of the horse was of course used in war. From about 300 AD to around 1600 AD was a period in which the man's armor increased in weight and protective ability. In this era widespread use was also made of the lance. To keep the lancer in the saddle during the shock of contact, the saddles were made deeper and stronger, the cantle was increased in height and the forks of the saddle were raised upward. This created a deep box-like saddle. A projection, which curved around the rider's back on each side of the cantle and held him in the seat, was added and the forks were extended out to the sides and down to form a protective guard. The saddle trees then, as now, were made of wood, and cov-

ered with leather, metal and textiles. A saddle cloth was used underneath to prevent galling the horse.

It was this type of saddle, with some modifications to suit the smaller Spanish horses, that came ashore with Cortez at Vera Cruz, Mexico, in 1519. With some vigorous minority dissent, it has been agreed that the sixteen horses that came ashore with Cortez were the first in thousands of years to set foot on the North American continent. These horses were an important factor in the success in the conquest of Mexico. The Indians had never seen horses before, and the flashing armor, swords and lances of the Cavalry were the deciding factor in favor of the Spaniards. In 1521 the last desperate battle for Tenochtitlan, on the site of the present Mexico City had been fought and the success of the Spanish conquest was assured.

After the conquest, Spaniards came into Mexico to colonize it, to mine the silver and gold, and to carry on farm and ranch operations. Many brought with them cattle, goats and sheep. The cattle too, are said to be the first brought to the North American continent. Ranching rapidly became an important part of the Mexican economy, but new methods had to be devised. In Spain, cattle had been kept in stone walled fields. In Mexico, the only boundary of some of the fields seemed to be the horizon or the ocean, and in these tremendous areas new methods had to be found to herd, brand, and control cattle. The use of the lariat was supposed to have originated in Mexico, and the pommel was added to the old Spanish war saddles for the purpose of snubbing the home end of the lariat. The Mexican vaqueros learned to throw the loop of the lariat, catch the cow, snub the end around the pommel and bring the horse to a quick stop, throwing the cow. This technique was refined and continued to develop from the

early 1500's until it was carried into what is now the United States in the early 1600's and became an important part of our technique of handling cattle.

There were three penetrations of the Spaniards into what is now the United States. The first, in the early 1600's was from Juarez up to Santa Fe, the second in the late 1600's to San Antonio, Texas, and the third in Southern or "Alta" California in the late 1700's. All three of these penetrations resulted in extending the horse frontier and cattle frontier into these areas. The cattle ranching operations in the Santa Fe penetration were not large or important because of the relatively small amount of water and grass. However, large herds of horses resulted from this northward movement as the horses were rapidly stolen by the Apache Indians who adapted them quickly to their own use and developed a highly mobile and effective style of warfare about the time of the Pueblo rebellion of 1680. The Apache's used saddles and leather armor for man and horse. The designs were borrowed from the Spaniards.

The California ranching operations were highly productive due to the fine grass and water and mild climate. In around 1774 there were approximately 350 head of cattle in Alta, California. The herds grew rapidly, however, and the cattle at the 21 missions alone in 1834 totaled 396,000 with 61,600 horses. In the San Antonio, Texas, movement, the herds of cattle and horses grew rapidly in the brush country between San Antonio and the Rio Grande, and by the time of the Civil War had spread a considerable distance into West Texas through what is known as the hill country. The good grass and water there were ideal for grazing. During the Civil War, the cattle were neglected and ran wild over a large part of the state while the

men were at war. The returning soldiers after the Civil War returning to peaceful pursuits rounded up, branded, and drove thousands of these cattle to northern markets. Texas was the source of the great cattle drives not only to various Kansas points along the Kansas and Pacific Railroad, but also into Colorado, Wyoming and Montana.

With the ranching came the vaquero or cowboy and the cowboy's principal tool was his saddle. The saddles which came into what is now the United States were all single rigged saddles, that is they had one cinch to hold the saddle in place. In the older Spanish rigs, this cinch was directly under the pommel. Later, in order to avoid movement of the saddle during the roping operations, the cinch was moved back directly under the stirrup leathers, and became what was known as the "center-fire" type rig. Locations of the cinch between the original position and the center type position were known as $\frac{5}{8}$, $\frac{3}{4}$, and $\frac{7}{8}$ rigs. This type of rig was entirely adequate for the Spanish and Mexican vaqueros of Alta, California because they used a long lariat, made their catch generally by the feet, snubbed the end of the lariat around the pommel to check the cow and throw it. The Texan however, had his own way of doing things. He used a roping method known the the "hard and fast" method. He used a shorter rope and left the home end of the rope tied to the pommel at all times. His catches generally were around the head or horns and involved considerably more force in throwing the cow than the California method. For this the Texan developed the double rig, which used two cinches to hold the saddle in place. This double rig arrangement naturally moved into Oklahoma, Missouri and Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana with the big cattle drives. However, the

variations of the Spanish rig, were still seen as a result of movement of Mexican vaqueros up the mountain branch of the Santa Fe trail into Eastern Colorado. The stock saddles popular through Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming and Montana still preserved the basic deep dished cantle, high pommel and slick forks of the Mexican saddle, although the pommel was necessarily of metal and had a small head. However, late in the 1880's the slick fork of the old Spanish models gave way to the deeply undercut swell forks which helped to hold the rider in his saddle.

St. Louis was the center of the saddle business from 1816 to about 1875 or 1880 when the saddle makers, moving west with the railroads and into the terminals of the cattle drives began to build up the saddle industry in western locations.

The business of saddlery was an intensely competitive one. While in certain periods it is possible to identify the saddles that were made in a particular section of the country and by particular makers, the completion of the transcontinental railroad in 1869 and the great migrations of people thoroughly scattered and mixed up the styles and types which once were indigenous to certain definite parts of the country. By the late 1890's and early 1900's it was not uncommon for saddle makers to work in three or four different places in one year. This seemed to be a craft in which people moved almost continuously. As might be expected, a particular type tree or cut of the saddle or ornamentation used by a saddler in one part of the country would be pretty rapidly disseminated to other saddlers over a fairly short period of time.

The following photographs show examples of the different types of saddles, and also show some of the more interesting and beautiful saddles which still remain in the west.

Magazine No. 1

1. Saddle used by French cowboys. Ca. 1900
2. Old Southern California saddle and Mochils. Ca. 1850
3. Detail
4. Saddle of Don Antonio Franco Coronel, first mayor of Los Angeles. Ca. 1850-1860
5. Detail of fender
6. Saddle of Saloman Pico, patriot and bandit. Ca. 1850
7. Mexican military saddle, probably Ca. 1870
8. Figueroa saddle. Los Angeles, Ca. 1880
9. Detail
10. Saddle made by D. L. Lawrence of Maryville, Calif., before 1893
11. Saddle by R. Sears of California, probably Ca. 1890
12. Leavenworth Saddle. Made by E. L. Gallatin of Denver for presentation in 1862 to Col. Jesse Leavenworth by his Colorado regiment
13. Detail
14. Detail
15. Detail
16. Silver-mounted side-saddle made by Frazier of Pueblo. Probably 1885-95. Cost \$450 — one of the finest
17. Detail
18. Detail
19. Stock saddle of the 80s owned and used by famed Colorado stockman John Kuykendall
20. Stock saddle by C. S. Gallup of Pueblo. Probably in the 80s
21. Will Rogers' stock saddle 1909. Made by Garcit of Elko, Nev.
22. Old side saddle probably from the late 1700s — Mexico or Calif.
23. Detail
24. Ordinary utility type saddle, about 1900
25. A fine Mexica-influenced side saddle with typical carving and tapaderos
26. Detail
27. Mrs. Gallatin's side saddle, made for her by E. L. Gallatin when she came to the gold camp of Denver City, probably 1862
28. Detail
29. Detail
30. Buffalo Bill's saddle. This type was used throughout his career.

Magazine No. 2

1. Detail
2. Outlaw saddle, Oklahoma, about 1905
3. Saddle ridden by Theodore Roosevelt at the Mulhall Ranch in Oklahoma at a reunion of his Rough Riders, early 1900s
4. Modern stock saddle
5. Saddle presented to a friend by Buffalo Bill in 1910
6. Saddle made of buffalo hide, 101 Ranch, 1910-1915
7. Detail
8. Phillipine saddle brought back from the Spanish-American war by a war correspondent
9. Similar saddle in the Colorado State Museum. Wicker tree
10. Nicaraguan saddle
11. Navajo saddle — direct copy of Spanish
12. Mongolian saddle
13. Detail
14. Saddle made for Joe C. Miller of the 101 Ranch by S. D. Myres of Sweetwater in 1912. Has 166 diamonds, 127 sapphires, 17 rubies, 4 garnets, 15 lbs silver and gold mountings
15. Detail
16. Will Rogers and Soapsuds
17. Saddle given to Will by Fred Stone in 1920s
18. Detail
19. Detail
20. Jim Rogers' saddle used by Will in the movie, "Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" in the 1920s
21. Detail
22. Detail
23. Mexican stock saddle, made in 1903 in Amecameca, New tree
24. Mexican saddle bought by Zach Miller in Presidio in 1914
25. Detail
26. Charro saddle (Will Rogers)
27. Detail
28. Detail
29. Peter Ogazon saddle. Minister of War under Benito Juarez. Probably Ca. 1880
30. Detail

Magazine No. 3

1. Old Mexican Anquera, probably late 1700s or early 1800s

2. Saddle Emperor Maximilian was riding when captured in 1867
3. Modern Charro saddle
4. Saddle owned by former Governor of Tlascalala
5. Detail
6. Modern side saddle
7. Alberto Valencia, saddlemaker, Mexico City. Modern Charro saddle with Monkey-fur vaquerillo
8. Cantinas for same saddle
9. Matching chappareros
10. Medium grade Charro saddle
11. Matching chappareros
12. Charro Montadura

BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 4)

news stories and editorials, quoted verbatim and in extenso.

Miss Schmitt admires the courage of frontier newspaper men in their efforts to bring into a border land the principle of freedom of the press, and reminds her readers that the fight they began is not yet won, for so recently as 1953 an Arizona editor was killed on the street by assassins resentful of his printed charges of official corruption.

Miss Schmitt is the daughter of pioneers of modern Arizona. She has a fine feeling for the spirit of her homeland, and for the principles of human freedom. She should keep on writing, and obviously she should keep on paying no mind to what her would-be teachers tell her.

MAURICE FRINK

THE UNCOVERED WAGON by Mae Urbanek as told by Jerry Urbanek. Denver, Sage Books. 207 pp, \$3.50.

This is a very well written, informative book, with a fine sense of timing and drama to make it most interesting. It tells of a trip taken in a wagon loaded with machinery and pulled by a team of horses. The journey was made by Mr. Urbanek who traveled from North Dakota to his newly acquired ranch in eastern Wyoming in the fall of 1931.

As his story unfolds the reader is immediately aware of the evidence of

traces of the Old West yet remaining. Although there were livery stables in some of the towns, a blacksmith who would shoe his horses was difficult to find. When he would ask to stay overnight at the ranches and farms along the way he usually met with reluctance on the part of the owner; however, most of them did allow him to stay. This again was evidence that at that time the new age had almost completely arrived — for before the days of the automobile all were welcomed to board and lodging for a night.

One of his visits was with an old timer who had been a "Rep" (representative) for a big cow outfit before the days of the fences, and he told of his experiences on the open range. He sang a ballad to Urbanek which in years gone by he had sung when riding night herds, to quiet the steers. When Mr. Urbanek inquired the name of the song the old timer replied, "*The Great Roundup* — won't be long now 'til I'll be going."

Another interesting old timer had been caretaker of Comanche, the horse that was the only survivor of the Battle of the Little Big Horn. Incidents were told to him of the colorful Cheyenne Deadwood Stage, which are shared with the reader.

The whole book is filled with interesting historical stories pertaining to an era which has passed.

EDITH W. BLUNK

PAWNEE BILL, A Biography of Major Gordon W. Lillie, White Chief of the Pawnees, Wild West

Showman, Last of the Land Boomers, by Glenn Shirley. Albuquerque, University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, \$5.00.

Pawnee Bill, whose real name was Gordon W. Lillie, in spite of his great and good works, many of them with no thought of profit, will probably go down in history as the most successful imitator of Buffalo Bill Cody. And to me that seems a shame. It should have been the other way around, with Buffalo Bill imitating Pawnee Bill for all the good qualities which he, Buffalo Bill, lacked — sobriety, respect for the marriage vows, intelligence in handling money, and just all around decency.

But no. Pawnee Bill has the misfortune to "stake out his claim on ground already firmly preempted by the personality of Buffalo Bill, so he must take his place as a second-rate hero to posterity.

Anyone who reads Glenn Shirley's swift-moving and well-turned biography of Pawnee Bill will lay the book down with the feeling that he's met a very great, very decent, very humble man indeed. And one of many parts.

Lillie's chief claim to fame undoubtedly is that of a Wild West showman, where he earned his fortune. But his career as frontier banker, rancher, advocate of conservation, perpetuator of the traditions of the Old West, not to mention one more — any one of these would have brought fame enough to any man.

To me Pawnee Bill's chief contribution was the preservation of the buffalo. He wasn't the first owner of a buffalo herd, but he did more to experiment with the breed, try to improve it, and preserve it than any other man ever did. All this he did at his own expense, gladly.

His end as a Wild West showman, unfortunately, came right here in Denver, and was part of the Tammen and

Bonfils steal of the Buffalo Bill show. Pawnee Bill left Denver, with only his trunk and saddle as his share in his Wild West and Far East show. Buffalo Bill had jobbed his old partner and benefactor, sold him down the river to Tam and Bon. Even so, Lillie was man enough to say: "Buffalo Bill died my friend. He was just an irresponsible boy."

CHARLES B. ROTH

VIGILANTE DAYS AND WAYS by N. P. Langford, with a new introduction by Dorothy M. Johnson. Missoula, Montana State University Press. 456 pp. \$6.00.

In this splendid new edition, one of the West's great books appears again after being out of print and scarce for many years.

Montana's gold rush, occurring almost simultaneously with the original Pike's Peak gold rush to Colorado, has never been described better than by one of its participants and witnesses, Nathaniel Pitt Langford. The author was at Bannack in 1862, having entered Montana earlier that year as assistant commander of a military expedition opening up a wagon road from St. Paul to Fort Benton. After playing a leading role in the "vigilante days" around Alder Gulch and Virginia City, Langford held important posts, including that of first superintendent of Yellowstone National Park. Long years of careful research went into his book, backing up his own observations.

Since Langford published his book in 1890, it has been honored as the definitive work on the scoundrels whose lives were snuffed out by the vigilantes. In her preface, Dorothy M. Johnson goes a step further and supplies important information about the vigilantes themselves, who seemed to interest Langford somewhat less than the men they hung. It is for the excel-

lent new material contained in her preface that this long-awaited reprint will be treasured by collectors of Western Americana.

HENRY W. HOUGH

DID CUSTER DISOBEY ORDERS AT THE BATTLE OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN? by Charles Kuhlman. Harrisburg, Pa., The Stackpole Company. \$1.50.

The questions regarding the conduct and strategy of General Custer at the Battle of the Little Big Horn are among those which will never be satisfactorily or finally answered. However, the booklet by Dr. Kuhlman written on the Custer side of the matter shows that the discretion granted Custer in his orders previous to the battle was such as to place him almost entirely on his own judgment. As to how wise his judgment was, is something that at this late date it is impossible to tell. Only he knew the answers.

The book is well written and shows considerable research.

FRED M. MAZZULLA

THE BUFFALO HARVEST by Frank H. Mayer and Charles B. Roth. Denver, Sage Books. 96 pages \$3.00.

This is probably one of the last books written and published on the vanishing west by a co-author who was an active participant. Colonel Mayer lived for many years in Fairplay, Colorado, and there the natives accepted him and his story at face value. It is written in a factual manner without attempting to build up the romantic side. The authors frankly state that hunting buffalo was a business carried on for money. Dangers attended the venture, mainly from Indians and stampedes.

Colonel Mayer was about 104 years

old when he died. He explained to me about the hunting license that appears on and in the book. To the best of my recollection, he told me that the hole in the top of the license was to permit the owner of the license to wear it around his neck in plain sight. The figure of the sun on the license meant that the licensee could hunt all day beginning at sunrise. In the upper right is a likeness of the Sharps rifle resting on cross sticks which meant that the rifle could be used. The two figures to the left and below show an Indian and a white man and crossed peace pipes, indicating that the license was issued after a session with the peace pipes. To the right near the middle can be seen figures of antelope, elk, bear, and a bird, meaning that these were the animals that could be hunted. To the left of these animals appear the head and the hide of an animal indicating that the hunter could keep the meat, the horns and the skin, etc.

Many fine illustrations are included, including chapter headings of the Sharps buffalo rifle, caliber 45-120-550. *The Buffalo Harvest* is a mighty fine contribution to the western story; a copy belongs on your book shelf.

EVERETT F. M. BAIR

TOMORROW NEVER COMES by Elizabeth Duncan. New York, Comet Press Books. \$3.75.

Tomorrow Never Comes is very well written and holds interest well throughout the book. The author must have lived some of the experiences of which she writes to write of them so convincingly. The story is of a soldier returning from World War I to marry the girl who waited for him. He took her as a bride to live in his one-room homestead shack which provided only the bare essentials. As time went on they, together, with their foresight, improved their

place and bought more land. They also raised a family of three boys and three girls. As the author so well puts it, "Their days were lived in the struggle with the soil and the weather, but privation and toil, that hardened their hands, softened their hearts."

This book makes good reading for anyone interested in the development of the more modern West.

EDITH W. BLUNK

WYOMING MANHUNT by Allan Vaughan Elston. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Co. 222 pp., \$2.95.

Colonel Elston, a former Coloradoan, has added another readable title to his fast-growing list of Westerns. He unravels a well-knit yarn with a skillful blending of fact and fiction. It is as filled with suspense and drama as a murder mystery, yet follows closely the story of Big-Nose George Parrott and his gang in the Rawlins area in 1880. His first-hand knowledge of the locale and of ranch life is reflected in his writing. There are perhaps too many characters for so slim a volume. Once you've started reading *Wyoming Manhunt*, you'll probably not put the book down until you've found out who "Hatch" was!

Laura Allyn Ekstrom

THE GREAT DIAMOND HOAX, and Other Stirring Incidents In the Life of Asbury Harpending, by Asbury Harpending, with a foreword by Glen Dawson. Norman, University of Oklahoma Press. \$2.00.

The West, during much of the 19th century, was giving people unbelievable things: unbelievable scenic wonders, unbelievable wealth, unbelievable hardship and danger, and unbelievable people.

Unbelievable, and yet not quite. The gold and silver wealth was soon bringing speculative money into the

land west of the Mississippi. Often these investments paid unimaginably large dividends. But with similar frequency came stories of over-sold stock, "pocket" mines, and "salting."

Harpending wrote this account of his own life in the West partially to defend himself against charges in some quarters that he was responsible for one of the most fabulous "salting" episodes of all time. It took place in the early 1870s, and before it was revealed as a fraud, the "salting" of rough diamonds had netted sponsors at least \$600,000 on an investment of not more than \$35,000. The stock was sold on a world-wide basis. Harpending and his closest associates saw to it that all of the money was restored to its owners, but they lost some of their own funds as primary among those duped.

Harpending's story, first published in 1913, has generally been accepted as being close to the truth. He took part in the story of the West in a fabulous way, and he documents it well in this book. He left Kentucky for California in 1857 at the age of 16. He parlayed a \$5 gold piece into a \$400 stake, and that into a quarter of a million dollars. He made and lost several fortunes. In Civil War times he took part in a plot which, had it been successful, would have delivered California and probably the rest of the mineral-rich wealth into support of the Confederacy.

This is a fantastic story, and a significant addition to The Western Frontier Library, and to anyone's collection of Western Americana.

John W. Buchanan

RED MAN WHITE MAN by Harry C. James. San Antonio, The Naylor Company. 286 pp., \$5.00

Three books, written by palefaces, dealing with Indian life, have come to my hands, that I feel are true in-

terpretations. One is McClintock's *Old North Trail*, with its factual reporting of the life led by tribes of the northern plains before those tribes went rodeo. Reading Applegate's *Tales of the Pueblos* with its utterly delightful whimsy, you are on the sunny side of an adobe wall shivering with little chuckles as the stories unfold in Indian-like telling. *Red Man White Man* now makes the third book in this trio.

James, a Canadian, has used fiction in *Red Man White Man* as his type of presentation. He has written what La Farge probably shot at, and James hit target. Dappled through the book are small sketches of solid black, block or line, on white, by Perceval, who is from England. The wee pictures are arresting, possess a humorous quality both red man and white man should like, and still have a stabbing penetration into drama of the text that they refer to.

The story is principally about a Hopi youth returning to the Arizona reservation after a stretch in Uncle Sam's Navy, World War I, and a Hopi girl, working in a mission hospital after having become an accredited trained nurse. Both of these young folk are caught between being a reservation Indian or going back to the white man's modern plumbing, T-bone steaks instead of mutton stews, and watching Hollywood's synthetic Indian antics instead of being a part of the devout ceremonials of their homeland.

James and Perceval camped together in Hopi country in 1920, have lived with the Hopi a considerable portion of their time since then, have been made members of what we refer to as "The Tribe" and as you read you know they are close friends of every fictional character in this excellent book.

ART CARHART

TEN TEXAS FEUDS by C. L. Sonnichsen. Albuquerque, University of New Mexico Press. \$5.00.

Certainly no one in his right mind is going to take exception to either the literary or historical quality of anything which comes from the pen of Dr. Sonnichsen. Ex-president of the Texas Folklore Society, and chairman of the Department of English at Texas Western College in El Paso, the author is perfectly at home with his subject; the jacket is probably correct in calling it "the working of folk justice."

The trouble was that "justice" invariably degenerated into the same injustice which it was intended to oppose, as its purveyors gained the upper hand, until by the time sheer exhaustion ended the struggle, neither side was in any position to cast any aspersions on the other.

Causes of the various feuds discussed varied interestingly, from the misguided family ambition of Miss Sue Pinckney to the conflict between Gringo greed and the mores of a sleepy native village, which culminated in the El Paso Salt War. The pattern for all of them was set by the first and greatest of the feuds he describes in detail—the war between the Regulators and the Moderators, which began in 1840 and continued for half a century.

Any one interested in more than a casual fashion in frontier times and people will find *Ten Texas Feuds* an excellent source of detailed and documented information; if he is a Texan it may well be indispensable.

RAY COLWELL

THE WESTERNERS BRAND
BOOK NUMBER 7 — Los Angeles
Corral. 293 pp., \$17.50.

This is a collection of papers delivered before the Posse during the

year, with some added chapters of western historical interest. It is one of the finest books of its kind ever published. The mechanical work is the very best, and the reproductions of old lithographs and drawings are excellence plus. The subject matter is well distributed, including an intensive study of the Appaloosa horse, a rare and beautiful animal sacred to the Nez Perce Indians.

One of the features of the book is "California in Lithographs" with prints from the Robert B. Honeyman Jr., collection, and written by Warren R. Howell and Laura R. White. California made one unique contribution to American lithography. That is the illustrated letter sheet on which the '49ers and later settlers wrote many letters home. At first when postage ran to \$5 an ounce, these pictures told, better than several ounces worth of words could, what life was like in the diggin's, or how the mushrooming gold towns looked. One of the outstanding lithographers of whom very little has been written was Eli Glover who was born and raised in New York State. Age seventeen found him teaching schools winter-times and studying summers at Battle Creek, Marshall, and Ypsilanti. On December 5, 1872, he married Sara P. Latta, of Battle Creek, and in the spring took his bride to Colorado, where he produced views of all principal cities. E. S. Glover had surely found his niche and evidently prospered in it, for a year later, in partnership with Dr. T. G. Horn, he opened a Colorado Springs hotel called The Cascade Villas. Half a year later his wanderlust struck again, and he sold his hotel interest and moved on to Salt Lake City for another half year, during which he continued his town view sketching in Utah and Wyoming. He afterwards went to Helena, Virginia City, Walla Walla, Portland, and San Francisco, and eventually landed in Los Angeles

which became their home in the spring of 1876 from where he produced lithographs from San Luis Obispo to Santa Barbara and San Diego, and from this particular tour came some of the illustrations in this book. He later went back to Battle Creek and opened the Art Album Company which published his patented albums. They were sold all over the United States and Canada.

This book could be classed first as entertainment, second as an insight into the early west, and third and best a book of reference on many hitherto little-known matters.

The history of the Westerners is something long needed and pleasantly received. There are several illustrations including one of the beloved William McLeod Raine, and one of the Denver Posse.

The price of \$17.50 takes this item out of the popular price group. The limited edition of 475 copies sold out quickly, making this observation perhaps quite superfluous.

FRED M. MAZZULLA

RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY TEXAS: The Memoirs of John Holland Jenkins, edited by John Holmes Jenkins, III, foreword by J. Frank Dobie. Austin, University of Texas Press. 307 pp., \$5.00.

Naturally, it is an eighteen-year-old Texan who has produced this book. It may be some consolation to more mature writers that John Holmes Jenkins, III, edited rather than wrote the book. However, this lad has done a scholarly job of researching, editing and indexing, and the result is a fine little volume, well printed, bound and illustrated. J. Frank Dobie's foreword is a good recommendation that there is considerable of value in the following pages.

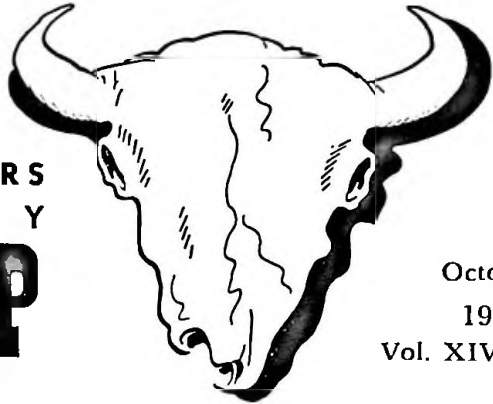
Young Jenkins was slower to tackle men's work than his great-great-grand-

father, John Holland Jenkins, who enlisted in the Texas army when only thirteen. The young editor of this book collected, edited and annotated reminiscences that his ancestor had written for the Bastrop, Texas, *Advertiser* when past sixty years old. These reminiscences, corrected at times and enlarged at others, constitute the book.

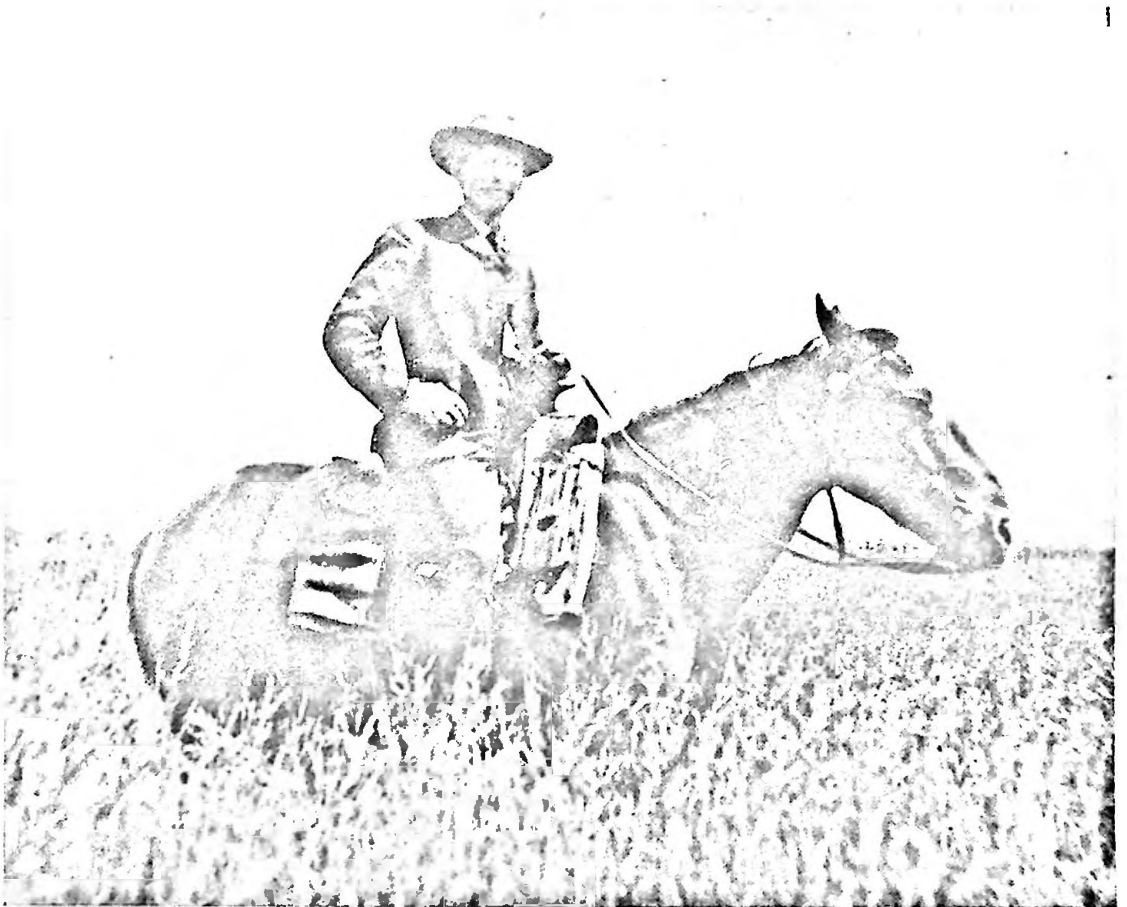
This book is mostly of local interest to Texans, but also contains interesting original source material of early Texas, including the trouble with Mexico, the Mier Expedition, the Texan Santa Fe Expedition, Indian troubles, and life in general on the Texas frontier.

W. H. VAN DUZER

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



October
1958
Vol. XIV No. 10



Dave Smyth on Boxelder Ranch about 1903

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



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**Next Regular Meeting
of the Denver Westerners**

GUARDIAN OF THE GRASS COUNTRY

Richard Goff

The story of the Colorado Cattleman's Association, first cattlemen's organization in the West, by former advertising manager of the *Record Stockman* and editor of *The Cattle Guard*.

Denver Press Club

6:30, Wednesday, November 26

Advance notice: Mrs. Billie Barnes Jensen, first winner of The Westerners scholarship award, will be the speaker at the banquet meeting, American Legion Building, Wednesday, December 17. Her subject will be, "Colorado and Secession."

MY EXPERIENCE IN WYOMING

D. J. SMYTH

Editor's note: The following paper was delivered to the October meeting of the Denver Posse by Pete Smythe, well-known radio and TV performer of "East Tincup" and Denver. He has left the spelling and punctuation of the material as it was transcribed direct from his father's handwriting. Pete tells us that his father spelled his name Smyth but that later, to prevent the pronunciation "smith" instead of "smieth" the "e" was added to the name.

I left Ireland when I was 14 years old and landed at my Uncle's farm about April 1st, 1886, 60 miles south of Chicago, Illinois. I was very happy to get there, not altogether on account of meeting my relatives but what a revelation and change to me, as I had come from a cold wet country as the north of Ireland is, and landing in a paradise as I thought at the time. The orchards were in full bloom. The ground so warm that the seed that was planted would be up in a few days. In a week from the time corn was planted it would be sprouted and above the ground.

Thousands of wild geese and ducks were everywhere. And in the fall of the year the prairie chickens were in abundance. I was so happy and pleased to think that I had the privilege of living in a country like this, that I then determined to be a good and useful citizen.

I stayed with my Uncle 4 years, who had several grown boys and girls and farmed almost a section of the best land that ever lay under the sun. So there was plenty of work for all of us. We had our fun and was really a happy family. I was always treated as

one of them, good food and good clothing; went to the country school in the winter and to church every Sunday. But money I hardly ever saw. The most money I ever got at one time was 25 cents one Fourth of July. Uncle must have made money for we always raised good crops and fattened hogs and cattle with the crop. But I think that he was in debt. But we never had words over money matters. I was at the age now where I thought I should be doing something for myself. Although I had spent 4 happy years on this beautiful farm with my relatives, I have never regretted the time spent there. As I was now fit to take my place amongst men anywhere, in the spring of 1890 I left the Farm never to see it again.

Although I have had plenty of opportunities to visit the farm again for in the years to come I would usually accompany my sheep shipments to the Chicago Market. I did not say anything to anyone of my intentions of leaving. Left early one morning, not expecting to be 2000 miles from there before a week rolled around. I got as far as Kanku the first day. There I heard that men was being given transportation to work building a railroad in Wyoming.

So in two days more I was on my way to the far West with about a dozen others bound for the same place. In due time we arrived at Windover which was the end of the Cheyenne and Northern Rail Road. There we were hired by the different contractors who were building the rail road bed at \$25.00 per month and we were given to understand that eleven hours was a days work. I had been used to long hours so that did not scare me.

But very few of the other men who came with me stayed any length of time.

There were about seventy five men already working for this outfit that I went to work for and were pretty rough fellows. There were only one that I taken a liking to. His name was Douglis Klye. He was a Civil Engineer and we were good chums for several months. Our sleeping quarters was a large tent, twelve men to the tent. The bed were so lousy that the (it) would almost crawl. And the stench in there for the lack of air was almost unbearable. But that was the way these old hobos wanted it so I had to put up with it. You can imagine how I felt coming from good living conditions and being dumped into a place like this.

As I had been used to handling horses and mules I got along fine. I was put to driving two mules on a scraper or skinning them, they called it, but soon was given four mules to do the plowing. This was a better job and not so tiresome. There was not a balky mule or horse on the works. And get a good skinner after them, they would move anything that was loose. About ten minutes to quitting time these mules would commence braying. Whether it was from the way their stomachs felt or from instinct, I do not know.

By this time I must have been considered a good skinner by getting the work out of the mules but not abusing them. So I was given eight mules and two big wagons to do the freighting. This was called a string team and was drove by a girk line, one line. The lead team was the gerk line team. You could place the wagons any place that it was necessary to load or unload. The team that was closest to the wagons was called the Wheelers. The skinner always rode the near wheeler mule with saddle. This was

necessary for it was much easier and convenient to step out of the saddle than it was to get out of the high wagon box, when any of the team was not doing their part and touch them with the black snake whip that was always carried around the shoulders. And the brake which was the most necessary part of the outfit was close to the mule that was ridden, with a piece of rope attached to it so that the brake could be jerked on and off without any trouble.

It would no doubt look to the average person that this was a big job for one man but in fact there was not much more to it than there would be to drive one team and wagon, only the loading and unloading which was more work and always loaded 1000 # to each head of stock that was in the team. Although this was a responsible job I did not get any more pay. I had a little mishap my first trip as I was not used to brakes on a wagon, as I had come from a level country where brakes was not used. The first hill I came to I of course did not apply the brakes. The wheel team could not hold the waggons. So down the outfit went on a gallop. If it had not been for the lead team keeping out of the way, the wagon would have been on top of a kicking, bunch of mules. After I got them stopped I certainly gave the lead team an extra love pat for they had saved me from a precious predicament and would have likely ruined my reputation as a skinner. A few years after this I was telling my experience to an old freighter. He told me that the same thing happened in a freight outfit he was working for. But the skinner, who happened to be an Irish man, was not so lucky as I was as his horses and wagons got in a bad mixup and some of the animals was crippled. When asked why he let this happen he said, 'Shure and bagepers I forgot to put on the squire

board." After my own mishap I never afterwards forgot to put on the squase (squeeze) boards.

I quit the job in August. Not on account of the work but the environment and vermin was unbearable. So Doug and Kyle and a man by the name of Elwood—I never did know his given name. We called him Dad. He was much older than we were. But a good and faithful man and had worked in the woods a good part of his life. But he was a natural hunter and trapper. We decided to go to the Laramie Peak country and cut rail road ties. But the first thing we did was to clean ourselves of the vermin. Then we bought a team, wagon, harness and camp outfit and some grub.

We started for the tie camp. As I did not know anything about cutting hewing ties, the arrangement was that Doug and Dad would cut the ties. And I to do the cooking and rustle the meat, wild meat of course. After we got settled in our new camp I was anxious to try my new 45-90 Winchester Rifle on antelope. We heard there were lots of them on the Laramie plains which was a few hours travel from where we were camped. So early one morning I started out with the two horses, one to ride, the other to pack my meat back. When I got to where the antelope was I was amazed as there was antelope everywhere. I shot all afternoon at these creatures but never touched one of them. As it was getting late in the day and I was short on ammunition I decided to stay all night. And when they came in to water in the morning I would get two with one shot. So I rolled up in my saddle blanket and made a night of it. Morning came and so did the antelope. I waited until two of them stood side by side and fired but did not get any. I had to give up as that was my last cartridge. I

thought it strange that I could not hit an animal as big as an antelope when I could hit a sage chicken 100 yards or farther. You may guess that I was disgusted with myself going back to camp without meat. When I told Doug and Dad that there were plenty of meat out there but I could not get any of it, they laughed most heartily. They said, "Why, Kid, (as they called me) you had the buck fever." That was the first I had heard of buck fever. Dad told me not to feel too bad about it. That I was not the first to get that way when shooting at big game the first time, and said that in a few days we would go and bring back an antelope.

When we started I noticed that Dad did not have his rifle along. I told him if we were going to get an antelope he had better take it along as I could not hit one of them animals. He said, "You are going to do all the shooting and we will have antelope to bring back." All the shooting I did on my previous hunting trip had not scared them or diminished their number. Dad and I walked up a small draw to where there were three. I was hoping Dad would take my rifle and shoot one of them but instead (he) told me to take my time and then shoot, which I did but the bullet struck away beyond. The next time I shot the bullet struck under the target. Dad said that I was getting closer, that my next shot should get one, which it did. I got rid of the buck fever and never had any trouble getting my game after that.

When we left the railroad grading camp it was our intention to winter in the Jackson Hole country. Our nearest way was as the crow flies, 'cross the Laramie plains and head for Casper on the North Platte River. We quit the tie camp and was out on the plains the first day and among the antelope. In those days these crea-

tures was so unaccustomed to man and so full of curiosity that by tying a red cloth on a stick and sticking it in the ground they would come quite close to it. I can truthfully say that we never killed one of them for fun. The second day we saw but few antelope and we could not find any water. If we had been wise to such a predicament all we would (have) had to do was to follow an old buffalo trail or cattle trail and that would have led us to water. However we did not suffer; we came to water that evening. The next day we run into a petrified forest. There was something to think about. Acres and acres of all size trees lying on the ground as hard as flint. At this time I had not heard of petrified trees but now what a sight to behold. The monsters of the woods lying there on a dry ridge, petrified and our golden Wyoming sun now setting behind the distant mountains. You could imagine Heaven must be there, and the same sun that shone on these petrified trees millions of years ago.

We were now in well watered country. Sage chickens were here by the thousands. They are a little larger bird than the prairie chicken. They are fine eating. Some people prefer them to domestic chicken. They were so tame that you could get all you wanted by knocking them over with a rock or piece of stick. We finally came to the mountains again which was the Laramie Range. There we found two dim wagon trails, one running directly West and one North. If we had went west we would have struck Bates Creek. That would have led us to Casper. But going North as we did we went down Boxelder Creek which led us to Glenrock. When we got to Boxelder Creek we changed our diet to mountain trout and grouse and wild berries such as goose berries, buffalo berries and choke cherries. Wild rasp-

berries also grow here but was too late in the season for them.

We were in no hurry for Doug and I was enjoying the trip but Dad wanted to get to where there was some trapping. When we reached the north side of the mountains to our surprise there were about fifty men working in a stone quarry. This rock was brown stone and of the finest quality and at that time was to build the court house in Omaha, Nebraska. There were a railroad spur built to this quarry from the main line. We were offered work at the quarry but we continued on our trip and got as far as Casper. There we took stock of our money and found we did not have enough to buy supplies for the winter. So back tracked and went to work getting out great blocks of stone at the quarry. We built us a dugout and lived in it very comfortable. Up to this time we had lived in the open.

In the spring our partnership was partly broken up. Doug had a letter from a brother of his in the state of Washington asking him to come as he had a place for him as engineer on a railroad that was being built in that country. So Doug left. Wanted me to go with him but I could not see that I would better myself. After Doug left I was not satisfied to keep on batching and living in the dugout. I wanted to board at the boarding house. But Dad wanted me to stay with him which I did until the quarry closed down that summer. This brought to an end the partnership of three men who was as loyal to each other as any brothers could have ever been.

I had a letter from my uncle in Illinois, offering me \$15.00 per month, nine months work in the year and the other three months do chores for my board. Also a letter from Ireland advising me to either go back to Illinois or come home and marry Katie

McGee, for no good would ever come of me if I neglected my religious duties.

About this time there was a wedding in Glenrock, the first in the history of Glenrock. People came from long distance for such an event as a marriage was very unusual. There must have been fifty cowboys in town. This was my first contact with a bunch of cowboys. They put on quite an exhibition such as running their horses up and down the streets, shooting their guns and making their horses buck and ride their horses into a saloon and drink off the bar horseback, and perhaps throw the glass through the window. I suppose if the windows had been plate glass it would have been all the same. The foreman checked over the damage the next morning and I understood was settled satisfactory. I was not much impressed at this time with the cowboys doings, but later became one of them myself.

After leaving the stone quarry I went to work for a cattle company on Deer Creek. Major Wolket was the manager. This is the same man who later led a bunch of Texas gun men in the Jonston County cattle man's raid and killed several cattle rustlers. This turned out to be a very foolish thing for the cattlemen to do for the sympathy of the country was with the rustlers and Wolket and his gun men came very near getting killed themselves. The cattlemen had their own way for so long they expected to be able to get away with anything for they thought that they were the law. A couple of years before this they hung Cattle Kate on the Sweetwater River in Wyoming because her herd was increasing too fast. I think Tom Horn done more to stop rustling than anything the cattle men ever did. I am quite sure I saw this man one night. I was stopped at the Two-Bar

Ranch in Bates Hole. He did not join the others in the bunk house but sat back in a dark corner by himself. I afterward was told that it was Tom Horn. However the cattle men brought him from Texas and gave him a list of the men that they wanted killed. Gave him good horses and places as hide-outs at their different ranches throughout the country.

Every few months it would be reported that a man was shot to death. It was always a man with a small bunch of cattle and supposed to (be) a cattle thief. This put fear in the rustlers or thieves until Horn shot little Willie Nichols in Laramie County. The bullet was intended for Willie's father. The County could not stand for this so the best detective was engaged. The murder was finally traced to Tom Horn who was arrested and all the money the cattle men had did not save him. He was hung in Cheyenne after a long and tedious trial.

I worked to Christmas on the Wolket Ranch or VR Ranch as it was called as VR was what they branded all their stock. I then worked in the coal mine at Glenrock the balance of the winter.

In the spring of 1891 I went to work for the CY Cattle Company. This was the largest outfit in that part of the country. They run two wagons that meant two different bunches of cowboys working the cattle in different parts of the country.

When I went to work at this ranch they were just starting on the horse roundup. They turn the horses loose on the range in the fall after the roundup then gather them again in the spring. I expected these horses to be poor and not fit to ride until they were grain fed for a couple of week. But to my surprise they were in good shape and some of them had lots of buck in them. They were short of

riders so I was offered the job, \$5.00 more a month than I was getting working on the ranch. As I was well equipped for a rider, having a good horse, saddle, bridle, high heel boots, spurs and a Stetson hat and a good bed, I took the job. Before starting out beds were cut down to 3 quilts or Suzins they were called. One double blanket and an tarpolian. This tarpolian was water proof. This made a very good bed providing it was rolled out on level ground. There were no feather beds, as beds had to be kept at a certain size on account of space in the bed wagon.

Each rider was given 8 or 9 horses. This may seem a lot of horses for one man to ride but they would all be pretty well ridden down by fall when we pulled into the Ranch and it was to the interest of the cattle company to keep their riders well supplied with good horses. Otherwise they could not do the work. There were ten men at the wagon I was assigned to. Bob Devine was foreman, an old Texas cowhand.

The cattle range in those days was from the west line of Nebraska west to British Columbia and as far north and south as you would wish to go. It was now the month of May and was time to start branding calves. Other cowboys from different cow outfits with their horses and their beds tied on one of the horses would keep joining us all the time until we would have from 15 to 20 riders with this wagon. These new comers were called Reps, and were there to represent the company they were working for and was there to brand the calves of their company that might have strayed away from their home range. This was a grand arrangement, I thought, as each company was represented all over the country.

The chuck wagon was always on

the roundup grounds. From there the riders would go out from there for about ten miles in all directions and drive the cattle to this roundup ground. There the cattle would be held in a bunch. Two or three of the boys would rope the calves, drag them to the fire where the branding irons was hot and (the calves would be) branded and ear marked, the Reps branding the calves that belonged to their company. Cattle that was on the range any length of time would head for the roundup ground themselves when they heard the cowboy yip. We would usually make two roundup in one day. It depended on how many calves there were to brand, and would work a country twenty miles square.

This we kept up for about three months. And it meant hard riding and good horses. In August the beef roundup started. This was a little different as we handled them as easy as we possible could and kept them on good feed. They had to be night-herded and each rider had to take his turn as night guard. These wild cattle was easily scared, especially on a dark night when it was raining and lightning and we all did our best to avoid a stampede for this would cause them to scatter and cause us a lot more work. We would gather a train load of this beef to take them to some shipping point and ship them to the Chicago market. After we had them shipped the boys would usually have a spree. The saloons, gamblers and girls would have their money. And then were ready to go back and gather more beef, and kept this up until we had covered all this country again and the last of the beef cattle was gathered and pulled into the ranch again that we had left five months before. Turned the horses loose on the prairie to winter. Will say that I never saw any better beef cattle come out of my uncle's feed lots in Illinois

"BRITTLE SILVER."

Colorado's First Original Opera to be
Publicly Presented This Week.

The Libretto as Revised by the Author—
A Work of Much Merit.

During the present week the comic opera of "Brittle Silver" will be given at the Grand Opera house by the Colorado Opera Club. It is the first original work of the kind ever produced in the State. It is the joint work of Messrs. Stanley Wood and W. F. Hunt of Colorado Springs. Mr. Wood wrote the libretto and Mr. Hunt composed the music. Although the piece has been copyrighted the authors have kindly consented to its publication in *The Tanager*. Accordingly, the complete libretto is herewith given, the proofs having been carefully revised by Mr. Wood.

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Dramatis Personae.

The Hon. Ezekiel Bogus, who owns the Brittle Silver mine and has a pretty daughter, Clarinda.
Jack Drillsby, a handsome young miner with poor prospects, in love with Clarinda.
Keno Bill, a gambler, but honest.
Prof. Sumende Potowatomie, scientific and sentimental.
Sumende Potowatomie, chief of the Uncompahgre Utes.
Clarinda, daughter of Mr. Bogus, beautiful and dignified.
Brother Kate, a mountain maiden with a husband of her own friend to Clarinda.
Carl Horn, a mining geologist.
Bob Whom, foreman of the Brittle Silver mine.
Jessie, a lady waitress.
Chorus—Miners, Mining Guards, Tenderfoot, Etc.
The time, 1880. The place, Leadville, Colorado.
Act I, Scene, a mining camp.
Act II, Exterior of Bogus cottage.
The first Act occurs in the afternoon, the second at night.

Act First.

OPENING CHORUS.

(Miners on stage grouped in front of tunnel.)
Deep within the hollow earth,
Where the silver has its birth,
Tolling, mulling all the day,
But with spirits ever gay,
Sturdy miners wield the pick,
List to its melodious click,
Click, click,
Hark! our brothers in the mine
With the merry chorus join.

Miners in tunnel—

Sturdy miners, etc.

(Enter miners from tunnel, followed by the Hon. Ezekiel Bogus.)

Chorus—Hail to the Honorable Ezekiel Bogus, who owns this mine and pays us all our wages.

Bogus—Hail, fellow citizens, although I'm upper ten,
You know my heart bleeds for the working men.

Chorus—Although, although, although he's upper ten,
We know his heart bleeds for the working men.

Bogus—My fellow citizens, I much regret to say,
That I'm compelled to circumscribe your pay.

Chorus—Hurray! hurray! for he regrets to say,
That he's compelled to circumscribe our pay.

Bogus—Yes, I'll have to cut down your wages as I have just purchased several new mines, thus employing a part of my capital. By making this reduction in your wages, I shall be enabled greatly to extend my mining operations; therefore, as I have said, I shall circumscribe your pay, though I do it with regret.

Chorus—Hurray! hurray!

Bogus—I am gratified to observe that you have a competent knowledge of your duty to your employer and although my heart bleeds for the working man still I almost envy you, for the humblest one of your number is a happier man than I am.

Bob—I am sorry to hear it sir, and I say it boldly, for I am a free and independent American citizen.

Bogus—Indeed you are. Free speech, free press, freedom. These are the birthrights of every American.

Chorus—Hurray! hurray!

Bogus—That is, within certain limits; of course, certain limits.

Chorus—Hurray! hurray!

Bogus—You are evidently men of intellect, and your ready sympathy prompts me to impart to you the secret of my sorrow.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

Bogus—You know that now I'm upper ten,
I was not always so,
I ranked with common working men
Some fourteen months ago;
In Boston town I earned my bread
A peddling of the clam,
But now I'm rich, and yet you see
How sorrowful I am.

Chorus—But now he's rich and yet we see
He's wretched as a clam,
Just think of it, our master is
As wretched as a clam.

Bogus—You know I have an only child,
A daughter, fair to see,
Her disposition's sweet and mild—
She much resembles me—
I'd have her marry wealth and rank,
She disregards my plan,
And smiles upon a fellow who's
A common working man.

Chorus—She smiles upon a fellow who's
A common working man,
Just think of it, the fellow is
A common working man!

Bogus—Now you know my secret sorrow. What would you advise me to do concerning this matter for my daughter's hand?

Bob—What's this 'ere chap's name?

Bogus—Jack Drillsby.

Bob—Jack! Why, he's a sinkin' that yere prospect hole that. He's got no show, though. He'll never strike nothin'.

Bogus—That is just the trouble. I've warned my daughter Clarinda not to speak to him. But I must be gone—

Bob—Hay! Has this Jack any right to think your daughter cares for him?

Bogus—I'm afraid he has a small claim.

Bob—Then jump it.

Chorus—Jump it, jump it,
That's the way,
Jump it, jump it,
So we say,
Jump it, jump it,
Thus you can
Paralyze this working man.

[Exit Miners.]

Bogus—A good idea. I'll not only jump his claim to his daughter's hand, but his mining claim as well.

[Exit Bogus.]

[SOLO—SUMENDEPOTOWATOMIE.]

(Enter Sumendepotowatomie, cautiously.)

Sumende—Oh, my name it is Sumendepotowatomie,

And I'm chief of the Uncompahgre Utes.

On the paleface I have practiced much phlebotomy.

But now I have abandoned such pursuits.

No longer do I joy in tomahawking men.

My scalping knife I use for peeling fruit.

I'm a member of that pleasant class of talking men

Who talk, talk, talk, but never shoot.

My revolvers and my new repeating rifle here

I carry, just from habit, that's a fact. But my peaceful disposition was a trifle dear.

It was purchased with a missionary tract.
For once, when dying of starvation here,
A paleface took pity on the Ute,

And promise me . . . with this religious
I will talk, talk, talk, but never shoot.

[Enter Jack.]
Sumende—But here comes my palefaced brother Jack.
Jack—What? You here, my old friend Sumende-potowatomic? How do you do?

Sumende—How?
Jack—You remember me, don't you? You remember Jack?

Sumende—Should you ask me such a question, I should answer, I should tell you That Sumende-potowatomic Near forgets a benefactor, Ne'er forgets the generous pale face Who, when brave Sumendepotomic Was combatting gaunt starvation, Gave him plenty's moral counsel, Gave him many tracts religious. He'd Sumende-~~thee~~ remember, You can always count on Summy.

Jack—That's all right, old boy, I did but do my duty. But why are you here?

Sumende—The rested layhawk of the mountain knows that his pale faced brother is in trouble.

Jack—You are aware, then, that I am in love?

Sumende—Eum, and I will aid you.
Jack—"Love is a committing of strangely contending emotions:
Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vexed, a sea nourished with lovers' tears:
What is it else a madness most discreet,
A cloak of woe, and a preserving sweet?"

SOLO.
Oh joy! Oh sorrow!
Oh mingled grief and rapture:
Which mortals borrow
When Cupid makes their capture.

Oh night! Oh morning!
Oh mingled gloom and gladness!
When smiles or scorning
Inflame the lover's madness.

No race, no nation
Is free from Love's sweet sorrow;
No place, no station
Is proof against his arrow.

I love, I languish,
Forbidden is my wooing,
And all my anguish
A cruel father's doing.

Sumende—My pale faced brother is correct. In love there is no respect for either race, color or previous condition of servitude. I've been in love myself.

Jack—You have?
Sumende—Yes, and out of sympathy I will aid you. I know a secret which will secure your happiness. Let me whisper—

Jack—Hush—Some one approaches. Conceal yourself here in this shaft.

[Sumende gets into bucket and Jack begins to lower him, when Clarinda enters.]

Jack—Oh, joy, Clarinda!
[Drops bundle of windlass and lets Sumende spin down the shaft. Approaches Clarinda.]

Clara—Sir! what means this conduct, for I know you not.

DUET—JACK AND CLARA.
Jack—She knows me not! my own, beloved Clara speaks thus to me; oh, sorrow and despair,
Can this be true? Then everything has perished,
Since love is dead and hope so fondly cherished.

Clara—Ask me no more, I cannot, dare not tell! What sorrow sure weighs on me like a spell!

I know you not, and everything has perished,
Since love is dead and hope so fondly cherished.

Both—Farewell!

[Exit Jack.]

Clara—He has gone and he believes me false! I will call him back—out, no! I promised my father never to speak to Jack again. My filial duty must overcome my love.

[SOLO—CLARA.]

Clara—Long, oh, long the day, dark will dawn the morrow,
Love has fled away, duty comes and sorrow,
Can I cease to love, dost thou love and doubt?

With it we are blest, desolate without,
Hear me, oh ye powers that ever round us hover,
Danger darkly lowers, save, oh save my lover,
Can I cease to love, etc.

[Enter Broncho Kate.]

Kate—Hello, Clara, what's up?
Clara—Jack has left me, and I'm angry.
Kate—I hope you gave him as good as he sent!
Clara—It isn't that, Kate, but you see—I love him.

Kate—And he don't love you?
Clara—Yes, he does, too.

Kate—Then what are you crying about?
Clara—My father forbids me to speak to Jack. Oh, what shall I do?

Kate—Ho? Why, copper the king and play Jack to wit.

Clara—I don't understand, what do you mean?
Kate—Well, I'll try to explain matters to you.

[DUET—KATE AND CLARA.]

Kate—If I loved Jack and Jack loved me,
D'ye s'pose I'd cry, alack!
D'ye s'pose I'd break for daddy's sake,
A heart that's made for Jack?
D'ye s'pose I'd cry till my eyes ran dry,
D'ye s'pose I'd just boo-hoo?
Indeed I'd not, I'd run away
As fast as I could fly,
And Jack to me should married be
In the twinkling of an eye.
Now, Clara, you should surely do
What I advise you to:
And you must not cry
Till your eyes run dry,
And you must not boo-hoo-hoo!

Clara—I'd fly with Jack,
But don't you see
That it would hardly do
For me to fly
Or even try
Till Jack has asked me to.

Kate—That's right, that's right; I'm glad to see
You take a cheerful view:
You'll welcome Jack when he comes
lack,
As he is sure to do.

Clara—Oh, see! Kate, there are some tourists.
Kate—Tourists! You ought to call them tenderfeet.

You have been here a month or two
More than they have. This gives you
The right to call all new arrivals tenderfeet.

[Enter tenderfeet, male and female.]

[TENDERFOOT CHORUS.]
Tenderfeet—Tenderfeet, tenderfeet, that's what they call us;

Tenderfeet; tenderfeet, oh, what a name!
Not only must mountains and
canons appeal us,
But miners must give us a title of
shame.

Oh, we want to go home,
Yes, we do; yes, we repeat;
Oh, we want to go home,
And rest our poor tender feet.

First Singer—I came from Gotham, that wonderful city;

Second Singer—I came from Boston, the universe hub;

Third Singer—I came from London, enormous but gritty,

Fourth Singer—And I came from Oahkoah, by gosh, I did, bab.

[Voices behind scenes heard singing "Home, Sweet Home."]

First Singer—That's Professor Polycarp P. Pilly-camp! He has lagged behind as usual to gather specimens.

[Enter the Professor leading burro.]

Professor—Tenderfeet! Now that's an accented development in nomenclature. We are perfectly familiar with the milliped, the gastropod, Crachiaod, the digitigrade, the plantigrade,

etc., etc., etc., but tenderest! That is not at all scientific. We must consult the authorities. (Sees Clare.) Oh, joy! Clarinda!

Clare—Can this be my former tutor, Professor Pillycamp?

Professor—We are, we are; and do you remember the last conversation we had before your father left the modern Athens? On that occasion, if we mistake not, we went so far as to offer you the cardiac portion of our anatomy—in other words, our hearts. Did we not?

Clare—You did, and I told you that while I appreciated the honor of being wooed by so profound a philosopher, I could not accept your offer.

Professor—You did, alas! you did. And are you still disposed to reject us, to refuse us, to negative, as it were, our proposition?

Clare—I am.

Professor—Then we must appeal to the authorities, etc., etc., etc. We will first try, however, the softening influences of music.

[SOLO—PROFESSOR PILLYCAMP.]

Mineralogical Madrigal.

Professor—I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the calcites abound.

Where skapolite and zircon appear,
With sarcopside scattered around.

Then come, love, and never say nay,
Behold me, I kneel at thy feet,
Let thy beautiful eyes look the "yes"
Which thy sweet lips are loath to repeat.

Then come, love, and never say nay,
With pierresmine thy heart I'll enlighten,
With despoire and manganblend gay
And pharmakoiderite.

Then come, love, etc.

(As the Professor kneels Clare steps back and exits, and the Professor embraces the burro.)

Professor—Most remarkable phenomena! Case of mistaken identity, etc., etc., etc. Never heard of such a thing before. We must consult the authorities. We find nothing here. There is an authority; we will consult him. [Exit. Leads off burro.]

[Solo and Chorus.]

Chorus (to Kate)—

Why is the maiden sad?
Why shuns she our society?
We'd all of us be glad—
In the limits of propriety—
To give the maiden cheer.
Pray tell us why she sorrowed so;
We're not curious to hear,
But then we'd like to know, you know,
Of course we'd like to know, you know,
We'd really like to know, you know,
Oh yes, we'd like to know.

Kate—There is a father in the case.

Chorus—Ah ha! we knew it!

Kate—There is a youth with handsome face.

Chorus—We now see through it.

Kate—The father's rich—

Chorus—And the youth is poor.

Kate—Who's telling this tale?

Chorus—Of course, Miss, you'r.

Kate—Then don't interrupt.

And I'll tell you why
The tear drops glimmer
In Clare's bright eye.

[Solo and chorus.]

Kate—A young man loves the maiden.

The maid returns his passion;

The cruel parent

Acts in the good old fashion.

The lover is forbidden

To plead his cause, you see;

He hasn't struck the contact

And is still in porphyry.

Chorus—Oh yes, oh yes, we see.

He hasn't struck the contact

And is still in porphyry.

The reason is a good one,

And quite sufficient

To justify such action

In a prudent parent.

Kate—You're so cold, heartless creatures;

You're hardly worth the scolding.

To such a parent

I'd very soon give warning.

Now, Jack adores Clarinda,

Why shouldn't he be free

To tell her so? Now that's a thing

That rather bothers me.

Chorus—Why, Fattie, don't you see?

Jack hasn't struck the contact

And is still in porphyry

The reason is a good one, etc.

Enter: Keno Bill and miners' chorus.

Kate—Oh isn't that a handsome fellow? I'm

Sure I shall fall in love with him.

Keno Bill—Jadler, I'm proud to greet you.

Girls I'm glad to meet you.

Paris, I will not cheat you.

Though my name is Keno Bill.

Miners' Chorus—We know you, Bill, we know,

You're the King of square holes.

You may not cheat us, though,

We know that keno will.

Kate—What did you say your name was?

Bill—I didn't say.

Kate—Then say.

Bill—Well, Miss, I'm called Keno Bill for short,

but my name is William G. Bates. I came

overland from New Hampshire. It's true I'm a

gambler, but I'm honest.

Kate—You may be honest, and you may have

come overland from New Hampshire, and you

may be called Keno Bill for short, but what was

your name in the States?

Bill—Well, Miss, I'm sorry you doubt me, for I

assure you upon the word of an honest gam-

bler that I speak the truth. [To chorus.] But

won't you just step over to my place and have

a little game?

All—No, thanks, we've played keno.

Miners' chorus—Keno, oh, keno is the grief we

feel,

To lose our money on every

deal.

And yet we know there's no ap-

peal,

No, keno, keno.

Enter Bogus, who makes signals to Bill during

last chorus.]

BOGUS—BOGUS AND BILL.

Bogus—Come, hither, while I whisper in your ear

A secret that no other soul must hear:

As dark and deep as under shaft must be

The characteristics of your secrecy.

Bill— I'm dumb, pard, dumb and secret as a

clam.

But, yet, I'm honest, gambler as I am.

If you've dark work for any one to do,

I'll do it not, unless you pay me to.

Bogus—Gold thou shalt have, and silver shall be

thine.

And all I ask is, that you jump a

mine.

Jump me that mine, ask not the reason

why,

Only jump the mine, and jump effect-

ally.

Miners' chorus—Yes, jump it, jump it,

So we will;

Jump it, jump it,

Right away,

Jump it, jump it,

Thus you can

Parlay this

Working man.

Bill (aside)—My conscience says, "Horn his de-

mands." What shall I do?

Kate (presenting pistol)—Hold up your hands.

Bill—What do I hear?

Kate—Hold up your hands.

Bill—I do not fear.

Kate—Hold up your hands.

Bill—But men will fear.

Kate—Hold up your hands.

Full chorus—Don't delay, get move them faster

For the pistol may be loaded;

Think how suddenly a disaster

Should ensue ere you are explained.

[Exit all but Bill and Kate, much alarmed at

the pistol. Bill holds up his hands.]

Kate (to Bill)—Do you wonder that a lady

Should become a foot-pod shady?

Know that I have heard your

scheming,

I'm resolved to balk your plan.

(Aside.) He's so wond'rous fair in seeming

That I quite forgive the man.

Bill—Gentle lady, gentle lady,
Fair as a mountain flower,
Graceful as a wild climacter,
Lovely as its rustic lover,
White thy hand as yonder snow peak.
Soft thy heart as is the snow;
Gentle are thine eyes, my lady,
As the soft eyes of the doe.
Would'st thou dye thy hand in crimson
Change thy heart to porphyry,
Glare with eyes of mountain lion,
On the one who loves but thee?
Hear my prayer, oh do not scorn it.
Take, oh! take my proffered love:
Change the fierce glare of the lion
To the soft glance of the dove.

Kate—Do you love me really, truly?
Bill—Yes, I do.
Kate—Then you will not be unruly?
Bill—Not to you.
Kate—You will aid my sorrowing sister?
Bill—That is clear.
Kate—Yes, you'll help her, won't you, Mister?
Bill—Hear me swear.
Kate—And you really are fond of me?
Bill—Of course I am.
Kate—You wear you love me?
Bill—Love you? I adore you, wildly, madly.
Kate—How much do you care for me?
Bill—Words are too weak to express the depth
of my devotion.
Kate—Bill, if you really love me you will grant
two requests.
Bill—Of course I will. Two hundred, if you
make 'em.
Kate—Two will be enough.
Bill—What are they? Fire away; I'm ready for
the deal.

Kate—In the first place, you must quit gam-
bling.
Bill—Quit gambling? Why, Katy, do you know
what you have asked? You can't expect a man
to relinquish a profitable profession?
Kate—You refuse then?
Bill—Indeed, I do.
Kate—Is this your love for me? A false and
fickle love that will not grant *one* favor.
Bill—*One* favor! You asked *two*.
Kate—Well, *two*, then. What of it, since you
will grant neither? All is over between us. My
love has turned to scorn.
Bill (sings)—Scorned, defeated and filled am I—
Scorned, defeated, let me die.
Begone, unfaithful to me thou'rt
been;

Begone, Death's game I'll surely win.
Where once was sweetest love, now hate alone
prevails,
Where once, etc.,
Begone, for life no pleasure hath
Since love has fed my path—
Yes, God away, away, away.

Kate—Hear me, oh, hear me, etc.
Bill—Then, Katy, you do not scorn me after
all?
Kate—Upon mature reflection I don't. But you
really must quit gambling and you must promise
not to injure Jack. Will you?
Bill—Well, I will.
Kate—Then our compact is complete.
Bill—It is.

(Enter Clara.)
Clara—Come, Katie, let us continue our walk.
Bill (aside)—That is a pretty broad hint for me
to meander. I meander.

(Exit Bill.)
Kate—Wait, Clarinda. Yonder comes Jack,
just as I said he would.

(Enter Jack, exit Kate.)
Jack—Oh, joy, Clarinda!
Clara—Jack, you have returned to me. Katie
said you surely would. Oh how glad I am to see
you.
Jack—What made you treat me so cruelly,
Clara, and send me from you?
Clara—It was filial duty, Jack. I had promised
my father to give you up; but I cannot do it, for
I love you dearly.
Jack—You love me then?
Clara—Indeed I do.

(DUET—JACK AND CLARA.)
Jack—Can this joy be mine, oh, Clarinda?
Clara—I love thee dearly, but papa opposes.
Jack—Let him oppose, but still be my darling.
Clara—Jack, I am thine! Be our path strewn
with roses.
Both—Everything is glowing, rapture hallow-
ing.
Sing tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la, papa!
(Bogus rushes in followed by chorus, and sepa-
rates them.)

Bogus—
Stand back, Sir, take a more secluded station.
Your touch to her would be a profanation.
I love my child but see her dead I'd rather
Than bride to thee, for I'm a Spartan father.
Now, get thee gone—thy poverty's revolting;
Your mine's a hole that's hardly worth the salting.
Begone, I say; cracke yonder girl to bother—
I love her, sir, but I'm a Spartan father.

Miners' Chorus—Stand back, Jack, be more mod-
est in your manner.
Poverty should never be so bold;
Merit's always modest, and if you'd 'bear the
banner

You'll wander far from Mr. Bogus' fold.
Yes, you will
Wander far from Mr. Bogus' fold.
Good-bye, Jack; good afternoon, my dear sir.
Good-bye, Jack; may you never reappear, sir.
Good-bye, Jack; our good-bye is sincere, sir.
(Good-bye, Jack, good-bye.)
[Exit Jack. Bogus shakes his fist after him.]

Bogus—Yes, good-bye, Jack; good-bye for good;
I rather think I have settled that question. Clar-
inda, go! Come, gentlemen, I think your supper
must be ready by this time. It's well I was on
watch with you—there's no telling what might
have happened.

Bob—No, indeed, sir.
Bogus—Come, gentlemen, I think supper must
be ready.

(Chorus—Hurray! Hurray!)
[Exit miners. Sumrude appears climbing out
of Jack's shaft up the rope hand over hand
takes the stage.]
Sumrude—The dark clouds gather over the
head of my pale-faced brother, but when Sumende-
pistowatonic reveals the secret he now holds
within his bosom then the clouds will scatter and
the sun of hope appear. Until then I bide my
time. [Exit. Enter Professor P. P. P.]

Professor—Clarinda has rejected our suit. In
vain have we appealed to the authorities. We
find nothing to console us, either in the encyclo-
pedias or the text books. Oh! there is Jack's
mine, in which, unfortunately, he has as yet
found no mineral. As the miners say, "he hasn't
struck the contact, and is still in porphyry,"
which means, of course, that his mining shaft has
not yet perforated the non-metaliferous rock and
penetrated the argentiferous stratum. By the
way, we now have an opportunity to investigate
the formation. We will descend the shaft and in-
vestigate.

[Descends shaft by rope. Enter Keno Bill with
miners, very mysterious in action.]

Bill—I say, boys—
Miners—Sh-sh.
Bill—Make no noise.
Miners—Sh-sh.
Bill—Gather round.
Miners—Sh-sh.
Bill—Not a sound.
Miners—Sh-sh.
Bill—Sh-sh.
Miners—We say, Bill—
Bill—Sh-sh.
Miners—Just keep still.
Bill—Sh—Sh!
Miners—Tell us though.
Bill—Sh—Sh!
Miners—What's the go?
Bill—Sh—Sh!
[Crash at end of music. All start, but quickly
recover.]

Bill—Boys, I'm now engaged in a severe contest
with my emotions.
Bob—You don't say so.
Bill—Yes I do. Like the man who is about to
call the turn, my mind is tortured with various
doubts and fears. Hope and despair wage equal
warfare in my brain.
Bob—Well I'll be—
Bill—(if course you will; there's no doubt about
that. You know, boys, I'm a gambler.
Bob—You bet.
Bill—Certainly I bet, being a gambler. You
also know I'm honest.

Bob—Honest is no name for it.
Bill—Do you mean to insinuate—but no! no!
mental anxiety has nearly turned my brain. I
am torn by conflicting emotions. Listen! I will
tell you. I promised Mr. Bogus to lump Jack's
mine. I promised Kate not to injure Jack. How
can I harmonize these two statements and ease
my conscience. Let me think. Ah! I have it!
The mine is worthless. Jack hasn't struck the
contact and is still in porphyry; therefore to jump

it will not injure him. It is worth nothing, and to take nothing from him is just what I promised Kate. Thus by jumping the mine I keep my word to both. Boys, you come here to aid me in whatever work I had to do!

Miners—We did! We did!

Bill—Come on then and we will capture the mine.

Miners—Hurray hurray!

Bill—Sh—Sh!

Miners—Sh—Sh!

The miners cut the rope and remove the windlass from Jack's shaft. While they carry it back there is a tremendous explosion, followed by a burst of flame and smoke and rocks. The Professor is shot out into the air and falls on the stage.)

Bill—(Supporting the Professor's head.) I'll be hanged if it isn't the Professor. He's about scared to death, but a little stimulant will make him all right. Boys, have any of you got a bottle? (Each miner produces a bottle and offers it to Bill.) Confound it, boys, I don't want to start a wholesale liquor shop. One bottle will do. (Every miner puts his bottle in his pocket.) There you go again and the Professor is as badly off as ever. Oh, I forgot! (Produces very large bottle from his own pocket and gives the Professor a drink, who follows the bottle with mouth and hands as Bill removes it.)

Professor—Beautiful! lovely! exquisite!

Bill—Well, it ain't bad liquor, pardner.

Professor—Excuse us, but we did not refer to the beverage.

Bill—To what, then?

Professor—To the experiment, the explosion, the detonation.

Bill—The blow up?

Professor—Exactly, my friend. (Rises.) We descended that shaft to examine the formation. We found a fuse in position for a blast and we took the liberty to fire it, with the charming result you have witnessed. We have obtained some valuable ideas as to the force of explosives. (Stoops and examines a piece of rock from the shell.) Great heavens! What do I see? It is—no it isn't—yes it is—I'm sure of it—it must be—

Bill—What is it? Come don't keep me in suspense.

Professor—That's Jack's mine, isn't it?

Bill—Yes.

Professor—And Mr. Bogus objects to Jack because he's poor?

Bill—Yes, yes.

Professor—Then let me whisper something in your ear. (Professor whispers, and Bill becomes very much excited.)

Bill—What?

Professor—As sure as science, but promise me not to reveal the secret I have just confided to you until I give permission.

Bill—I promise; but I suppose I may tell my friends here?

Professor—We have not consulted the authorities but I see no valid objection to that, but they must promise not to tell.

Bill—All right. (To miners.) Boys, I can't jump that mine, I have a tender conscience, besides, (Whispers in ear of first miner, who whispers to second and so on.) Boys, you must never tell.

Miners—We know a secret vast

We'll not tell;

We will keep it to the last,

We'll not tell.

You can shoot us if you will,

You can stab us till we're ill,

You can hammer us your fill,

We'll not tell.

(Enter Bogus, miners and tenderfeet, Clare, Bill and Kate.)

Bogus—What's all this racket about?

Bill—(Winking to Bogus and pointing to Jack's mine.) Well, you see, sir, it's a little secret about that mine.

Bogus—(Satisfied.) Oh! you sly dog. Up to some of your tricks, I see. Well, keep your secret, but I think I can guess it. Ha, ha, ha!

Katy—(To Bogus.) Do you still persist in your opposition to Jack.

Bogus—Of course I do.

Katy—And why?

Bogus—Because he hasn't struck the contact and is still in porphyry.

Final Chorus—(Oh yes, we see, etc.)

(End of Act First.)

Act Second.

[Bogus discovered seated in front of his cottage.]

Bogus—My plans have prospered well.

That to gear Jack departed,

And once we're rid of him,

Clare will be quite free-hearted.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! no! ho!

His suit I proudly spurn,

Destruction to my foe,

And may he ne'er return.

Now Clare is fancy free,

Or should be if she had't;

She'll marry to suit me,

Or it'll be implement.

Ha! ha! etc.

Bogus—I wonder where that fellow Bill is. He told me he would meet me here at moonrise and report progress as to jumping the mine. That explosion which took place in Jack's prospect this evening must have been part of Bill's plan to secure possession of the mine. The moon has risen, and here comes Bill, true to his word, like an honest gambler. Well, sir, have you jumped the mine?

Bill—The mine is jumping.
Bogus—I am glad to hear you announce such good news in such good language. Most gamblers would have said, "The mine is being jumped."

Bill (aside)—In either case it's just as big a lie. (To Bogus.) It affords me great pleasure to think my good language can atone for my bad deeds.

Bogus—Bad deeds!

Bill—Yes, sir! In a gambler, it is true, but I have a conscience, and, when I think of jumping that mine and robbing poor Jack, I feel like a villain.

Bogus—Sir!

Bill—Well, not exactly like a villain, for you do all the plotting, though I do all the work. Suppose I modify the statement, and say that I feel like a vicious villain.

SOLO—BILL.

Villains are of various kinds.

Many men of many minds.

Villains dark who still pursue,

Decorous villains, such as you,

Vicious villains, such as I,

Who do another's villainy.

There's a villain I could choke:

He wears a sanctimonious cloak.

There's a villain I enjoy:

He's the bold brigandage boy.

Vicious villains I despise

Who do another's villainies.

The man who prompts to evil deeds,

The villain is who sows the seeds.

The man who sins in hope of gain,

The villain is who reaps the grain.

Vicious villains I despise

Who do another's villainies.

Vicious villains sometimes win,

But they are amateurs in sin.

If you'd make sure to seize the pelf,

Just do the villain's deed yourself.

Vicious villains, such as I,

Full often fall in villainy. (Exit.)

Bogus—I have my suspicions of that fellow. I'm really afraid he's honest after all.

The last words he uttered haunt me: "Vicious villains such as I full often fall in villainy." That sounds like a warning.

Enter Summels mysteriously, tomahawk in hand, and an umbrella under his left arm.)

Bogus—Oh, Lord! I wonder what it is? but my curiosity shall not overcome my prudence. I go.

Summels—Hold, pale face. The crest'd Jayhawk of the mountain would speak with thee.

Bogus—I don't know any Crested Jayhawk. There must be some mistake.

Summels—There is no mistake. I would speak with thee. Don't know me, pale face?

Bogus—(Aside.)—I wish I knew what kind of an answer would please him. Shall I die or tell him the truth. In case of doubt always lie. That's a good rule, for if you're caught at it you have the solid basis of truth to fall back on.

Summels—Why does the pale face hesitate? Don't know me?

Bogus—(Whispering.)—I can't exactly place you at this moment, but you remind me of George Washington. I see you have his trade mark.

Sumende—Trade mark!
Bogus—Yes. That little hatchet.
Sumende—Do not trifle, but answer as thou valuest thou life. Dost know me?
Bogus—Well to tell you the honest truth I don't know whether I know, (hatchet raised) that is to say, I do know that I don't know. (Again the hatchet.) Well, confound it all, I don't know you, and I don't want to, and that settles it!
Sumende—Thy love of truth has at last conquered. Thou dost not know me. Learn, then, that I am Sumendepotowatomie!
Bogus—Sumende-poto-what-o-mie?
Sumende—No, not Sumendepotowatomie. Su-men-de-pot-o-wat-o-mie.

Bogus—How d'y spell it?
Sumende—Silence, pale face! I don't spell it. The public Ute was never known to spell anything.

Bogus (aside)—They have some pretty bad spells occasionally for all that.
Sumende—Thou hast learned my name, now learn my mission. Thou hast a daughter?

Bogus—I have.
Sumende—She has a lover.
Bogus—She has.
Sumende—He has a mine?
Bogus—He has.
Sumende—You have objections?
Bogus—I have.
Sumende—I have philanthropy.
Bogus—Yes. You look like a philanthropist.
Sumende—I would aid my pale-faced brother Jack—

Bogus—The devil you would!
Sumende—Hush, wicked and illiterate man. The revised edition does not countenance such language. As I was remarking, I would aid my pale-faced brother Jack to secure his happiness and your daughter. He saved my life; for once when on the brink of starvation he came to me with moral conversation and gave me this religious tract. Those things so diverted my mind that I ceased to think of hunger. At the same time a quarter of venison Jack brought, with him disappeared. The venison was lost, but I preserved this precious tract. Thou see'st I have it still. Now wilt thou consent to this marriage?

Bogus—No, I won't, and that settles it.
Sumende—Please, now, for my sake.
Bogus—I tell you I won't.
Sumende—Then beware my vengeance. (Sings:)
Dark, dark the night; the sun has sank to rest.
Dark is thy heart as is the clouded west;
I know thy guile, thy plots and purpose black;
Forego thy plans forbear to injure Jack.

(Bogus frowns and shakes his head.)

Vain is my prayer,
My poor petition vain;
Thine heart is flint,
Thy soul is fixed on gain.
False man avoid
This awful crime, don't do it,
For if thou dost
Thou'll rue it, rue it—rue it

(Exit Sumende, melodramatically)

[SOLO—SOUL.]

Bogus—Now that's a most unpleasant sort of man, I really think he ought to be suppressed. He was unkind, and do the best I can, I still must say I feel somewhat distressed.

I do not join in common cries,
As all men know, as all men know,
But when such Utes as these arise
The Utes must go, the Utes must go,
They really all must go.

Bogus—What ho! there.

(Drums roll without.)

Guard without—Holloa!

(Enter guard.)

Bogus—You are the guard of the mine, I believe?
Captain—We are, the guard of the mine at your service.

Bogus—See that the Indian is ousted at once.
Captain—'Twill afford us all unlimited pleasure to do your bidding at once. (Guards search.) The Indian is gone, sir.

Bogus—Lucky for him. You have a fine appearing body of men, Captain Bomb, but I fear they are not thoroughly drilled.

Captain (snaps)—"You fear my soldiers, etc."

Bogus—Well drilled, Captain, well drilled. Your soldiers are uniformed like the State militia. How is this?

Captain—Well, you see, sir, sometimes men attempt to jump a mine who ain't afraid to fight,

but if they should see this uniform they would think the Mining Guards were militia, and the militia, you know, are invincible.

Bogus—A very good idea, but I desire to consult with you and your men.

Captain—We will give you the best advice we have, sir.

Bogus—I want to ask you honest signs of toil. What your opinion is about a chief. An Indian chief, who to incite a brood, insinuates a white man is a thief.

Guards' Chorus—We do not join in common cries.

As you, sir, know: as you, sir, know.

But when such Utes as these arise,

All Utes must go: all Utes must go—

They really all must go.

Guards' Chorus—We'll march, we'll march against the awful Utes.

We'll march, we'll march against the awful Utes.

We'll march, we'll march against the awful Utes.

Because— (All forget the reason—strike attitude.)

Bogus—Well, why don't they go on? What makes them do that? (Strikes attitude.)

Captain Bomb—You see, sir, they have forgotten, and that is an attitude of reflection. (Strikes attitude.)

Bogus—What have they forgotten?

Captain—Why, the Utes must go.

Bogus—You stupid idiot! Because the Utes must go, of course.

All Chorus—Oh, yes, because the Utes must go, we'll march, etc.

[Enter Sumende, reading his tract. Soldiers see him and all run away. Sumende begins to look around as though he had lost something.]

Bogus (terrified)—I think I heard some one calling me. I'll just step into the house.

Sumende—Hold, Paleface! Return it to me.

Bogus—Return what?

Sumende—My umbrella. You must have borrowed it when I wasn't looking. Absorbed in reading this tract I forgot to hang on to that umbrella. Of course you took advantage of my abstraction and abstracted my umbrella. Come now, hand it over. You can't have lent it or lost it in so short a time.

Bogus—I assure you, sir, I haven't seen your umbrella.

Sumende—Oh, that's what they all say. Of course you've got it somewhere, and by the sacred totem of my ancestors I'll wrest it from thee. Oh, here it is after all [finds it on ground]. I accept your apology. Good evening. (Spreads umbrella and exits reading tract.)

Bogus—What an unpleasant individual he is! There is no longer any doubt about it—the Utes must go. Now I'll see Clarinda and try to tender her some appreciation of the duty she owes me and my wealth.

(Exit Bogus into house. Enter Bill and Kate, arm in arm. Bill kisses Kate.)

Kate—William! What kind of a game do you call that?

Bill—I don't call it anything, but I can make keno on that card every time, Katy. "Three in a row," you know. Keno!

Kate—But, Bill, have you given Mr. Bogus the warning you promised?

Bill—You bet I have, Katy, and now it's your deal. You know we agreed to stand the old man off and make it a winning turn for Jack and Clara, if we could, now you tackle Mr. Bogus and see if you can't get him to give the pair a show.

Kate—I'll do it, Bill. You go out among the trees there, not too far away, while I talk to Mr. Bogus.

Bill—All right, and good luck to you, Katy. (Exit Bill.)

Kate—(Calling.) Mr. Bogus!

Bogus—(From house.) Who's there? What d'y want?

Kate—It's Kate, Mr. Bogus. I want to talk with you.

Bogus—(Coming out.) Well, Katy, here I am, talk away.

Kate—Mr. Bogus, I want you to consent to the marriage of Jack and Clara.

Bogus—Nonsense, girl! I will not consent and that settles it. (Tries to go, is followed by Kate who holds him and expatiates in dumb show.) [Enter guards, each with one of the tenderfoot ladies on his arm, Captain of the guard leading.]

Captain—How fortunate it is that we should have met you young ladies just as we did.

Jessie—Yes, very. But I'm afraid Professor Pilly-camp wouldn't approve.

Captain—You belong to the Professor's party, then?

Jessie—Oh, yes, and having strolled out from our camp to enjoy the evening air we met you and you persuaded us to accept your protection. You soldiers are perfectly irresistible.

Captain—You'd have thought so if you'd seen the way we made Sumendepotowatone, the chief of the Utes, run half an hour ago. Wouldn't she, boys?

Guards—Yes—she—would!

Jessie—Oh! there's Miss Kate and Mr. Bogus whom we met this afternoon.

stage, chorus in rear. Kate sings and Bogus takes part in dumb show.

Kate—You will consent, won't you, Mr. Bogus?

Bogus—No, I tell you I won't, and that settles it.

Kate sings

SOLO AND DUET—KATE AND BOGUS.

Kate—Now, really, Mr. Bogus, you can't expect

to be

Such a dreadful, cold, hard-hearted,

Deformed monstrosity!

Such a wicked, awful creature,

Such a stingy over-reacher,

With rage in every feature.

As you pretend to be:

You wouldn't, Mr. Bogus, you couldn't, I

am sure.

Proceed to break your daughter's heart

Because her lover's poor.

Such conventional proceeding

Is quite often met in reading.

But actually is excessive.

Rare, and certainly not *rapine*.

Bogus—Now, really, little Katie, I do intend to be

Just that dreadful, cold, hard-hearted,

Deformed monstrosity.

For you cannot say a miner

Is a competent designer,

Who hasn't struck a finer

Thing than simply porphyry.

Chorus—

Now, Katie, that is plain

As anything can be.

Jack hasn't struck the center

And is still in porphyry.

And you can not say a miner

Is a competent designer, etc.

Bogus—Here comes my daughter. I would

speak to her alone.

[Enter Clare, gasping fondly at a photograph.

Exit chorus.

Clare—This is the last photograph Jack ever

took. I am inclined to think it is the best. How

noble he looks in his simple mining suit. I wonder

where he is now. I feel that it would be im-

possible for me to love another, however appro-

priate such conduct might be considered under

the circumstances. Oh, Jack, wherever thou art,

my affection follows thee.

Solo—Clarinda!

Clare—I follow thee, though long and dark the

way,

Though black the heavens, and not a star ap-

pear.

Though rage the storm, and howl the beasts of

prey,

I tremble not when thou, my love, art near.

I follow thee, wherever thou dost rove;

My heart is thine, thy heart is held by me;

Where'er thou art, that spot to me is home.

Where'er thou art, my love I follow thee.

Bogus (aside)—Now, that's a pleasant sort of a

song for a Spartan father to hear. She still thinks

of Jack. (Aloud)—Clarinda!

Clare—Father!

Bogus—False girl, you are true to Jack. Nay,

do not try to explain. I overheard you. Banish

his image, Clare. I admit that he is an estimable

young man, but although you might meet him at

a mixed gathering, you would never see him at

the homes of those with whom you will associate

with when we return to Boston. Remember,

Clare, that Jack is a poor workingman.

Clare—But, father, I thought you were the

friend of the workingman.

Bogus—So I am, Clare, so I am—theoretically.

Clare—Jack is a workingman.

(Solo and duet—Clare and Bogus.)

Clare—He is not rich in gold or lands,

He is not great in name or fame,

He comes to me with empty hand—

But with no cringing shame.

But oh, his heart is overflowing

With love, a wealth beyond all knowing,

With love, a wealth beyond all showing.

More precious far than silver.

His arm is strong, his heart is light,

His eyes are blue, his brown locks

curled,

His step is firm, his glance is bright:

With him I'll face the world,

For his heart is overflowing, etc.

Bogus—You foolish girl, you make me sad.

I solemnly insist you do:

This clinging to a love forbade

is very wrong in you;

For oh, his mind is overflowing

With water, as I've means of knowing.

Of mind—'t- al he has no showing.

He'll ne'er strike brittle silver.

Clare—For oh, his heart is overflowing, etc.

Bogus—For oh, his mind is overflowing, etc.

Bogus—See, Clare, the guests I have invited to

spend the evening have arrived. Try to give

them a cheerful reception.

[Enter Kate, Keno Bill, miners, tenderfeet, la-

diest and gentlemen.]

Bogus—Welcome, friends, to the home of an

adopted child of this wonderful new land.

CHORUS—TENDERFEET AND GUARDS.

Tenderfeet—This is a wonderful land,

Yes, it is, yes, it is, now,

But the rocks are beyond the de-

mand.

Guards—Yes, plenty of rocks, we'll allow.

Professor—Speaking of rocks now, see

Clare! Oh, joy, Clarinda! Clare

bows coldly.

Bogus—I am glad to receive you and your

friends this evening, Professor. Will

you step into the house?

Professor—Thanks; not immediately. This is

is too fine a specimen of moonlight

to lose just yet.

Bogus—I pride myself on it, Professor.

Professor—Yes, you ought to be proud. It's a

much finer article than they have

East.

Professor—But these friends here were talking of

rocks, that's a fine specimen.

(Shows Bogus specimen.)

Bogus—It looks good, where did you find it?

Professor—You know that shaft not far from your

own tunnel?

Bogus—Jack's prospect!

Professor—The same. We were prompted by cu-

riosity to descend and examine the formation.

We found no mineral in sight, but a fuse all ar-

ranged for a blast. We took the liberty to fire

it. The result was marvelous.

Bill—Yes, you were blowing up.

Professor—Upon consulting the authorities, we

find that we were—excuse the expression—

“fired out,” not only that, but the blast uncov-

ered a vein of that kind of mineral (shows a

specimen) which proved to be—

Bogus and chorus—What?

Professor—Brittle silver!

FULL CHORUS.

Silver, shining white and clear,

Let us see it, hold it near,

Nought so dear, but it's more dear.

Hurrah! for brittle silver.

Silver truly now is king,

Worthy of our worshiping.

Let your voices loudly ring

Hurrah! for brittle silver.

Bogus (aside)—How lucky it was for me that

Bill jumped that mine just as he did. (Aloud)

Come with me, friends, and I will show you the

shaft where the Professor made this wonderful

discovery. (Exeunt Bogus and chorus.)

Clare—What do I hear! Can it be true that

Jack is at last rich! No longer will my father

oppose us. Now surely the storm has passed.

SOLO—CLARE.

Clare—The storm has passed, the stars once more

appear,

The moon sails bright in an unclouded

sky:

Fair harbinger that happy days draw

near,

When love's reward shall crown love's

constancy.

Captain—Well, Professor, this is a very joyous occasion—it seems Jack is rich, after all—and it looks as though everybody was going to be happy yet.

Professor—We'll just consult the authorities about that business. That's right; the authorities coincide with us: first time since reaching this rarified atmosphere, as it were. We are glad to see you are disposed to joy. We are disposed to joy ourselves. We were not always disposed to joy, but the light air of Colorado has disposed us to joy. We are bouyant, we would say joyant, if there was such a word. You mustn't suspect a man for acting strangely here, it's owing to the air.

SONG—PROFESSOR.

Now, if you see a fellow
Who appears a little mellow—
Inclined to dance and yell oh—
Boys, it isn't fair
To say he's full of whisky—
That would be wrong and risky—
The fact that he is frisky
Is owing to the air! Etc.

(Enter Jack, distractedly)

[SOLO—JACK.]

Jack—Oh! grief beyond compare.
Oh! grief beyond all telling.
Oh! fathomless despair.
My heart is madly dwelling
Bench of love I roam
My last farewell I'm taking
Of lost Clarinda's home
While my poor heart is breaking.

Clarinda, fare thee well,
Thy name will e'er grow fond,
Though lost thy magic spell
Is here wherever I wander.

Clare—
I'll follow thee wherever thou dost roam:
My heart is thine, thy heart is held by me;
Where'er thou art that spot to me is home;
Strong in thy love, my love, I'll follow thee.

Quartette—Jack, Clare, Bill, Kate.
The storm has passed, the stars once more appear:

The moon sails bright in an unclouded sky;
Fair harbinger that happy days draw near
When love's reward shall crown love's constancy.

(Bogus advances threateningly upon Jack.)

Jack—Mr. Bogus, you must ere this have guessed my secret. I love your daughter.

Bogus—Sir! How dare you!

Jack—I am poor but honest.

Professor P. P. P.—You are not poor: for we found this specimen in your mine.

Jack—What is it?

All—Brittle silver!

Jack—Brittle silver? (Seizes specimen and utters)

Uloquizes.) Then I am rich, and Clare is now

my own. When I was poor no one paid any attention to me. But now, now, everything will be

changed. Oh, gold and silver, what magic there is in your music.

[SOLO—JACK.]

Jack—Do I wake or am I dreaming.
Is this real or only seeming,
Can the sun of hope be beaming,
Beaming with a friendly glow?

(To Bogus)—Will you grant me my petition,

Now that I'm in a position

Which will make my wife patri-
cian?

Bogus—No, I will not! No!

Jack—No? (Starts back in great surprise.)

Bob—As a free and independent American

citizen, Mr. Bogus, I say—and I say it boldly—that

Jack has struck the contact and gone through the

paraphry. Jack is a fine fellow, Mr. Bogus. I al-

ways did like Jack.

Bogus—Hah! Your syncretistic worship of

wealth disgusts me. Know then that I own

that mine.

All—You! (Much surprised.)

Bogus—Yes; that industrious young man there

points to. No, hah! jumped it, while you,

Jack, were dreaming of love, and I bought the

claim of Bill.

Bob—(Oh, that makes all the difference!) I say,

Mr. Bogus, and I say it boldly, I always did dislike

that fellow Jack. Exit Bob.

DUET—KATE AND BILL.

Bill—Whatever shall we do?

Kate—Oh we must undeceive him:

Bill—But who will tell him—your

sister—(Oh, no; I hate to grieve him.)

Bill—But still he must be told.

Kate—Why, dearest, can you doubt it?

Bill—Well, then, I think

We'd better be about it—
We'd better show our hand.

Yes, indeed, with all speed,

You'd better be about it.

We don't know what it is,

But I'd better be about it.

Can you forgive me, can you forgive,
Two who observed with intent to deceive;
Two who betrayed with intent to betray,
The orders you gave, in a scandalous way?"

Bogus—What means this mystery?

Kate—Kind sir, please hear us.

Bogus—If you've a secret, speak out, boldly

dump it.

Bill—You know Jack's mine?

Bogus—Of course.

Bill—I failed to jump it.

Jack (to Bogus)—Will you grant me my petition,

Now that I'm in a position

Which will make my wife patri-
cian?

Bogus—No, I will not! No!

[Enter Summels with Chorus.]

Summels—Cruel and avaricious man. Your

obstinate refusals to listen to the warnings given

you by myself force me to reveal the terrible

secret I would otherwise have kept in my own

breast. I have revealed this secret to your paci-

faced friends, and I have called them here to

witness your downfall.

SOLO.

The red men dwell among these hills
Before the pale face came;
Nor dreamed they then of present ills,
As they pursued the game,
But when the silver hunters rushed
Through every mountain pass,
The red man's rights they trampled down
As buffaloes the grass.

They trampled on our sacred rights,
But still some rights remain,
A reservation, by the law,
We hold as our domain,
We own what'er is on that land,
And, wretched man, your mine
Belongs to me, for it is just
"There yet within the line."

[Great scurrying, and the chorus all shrink
from the unfortunate Mr. Bogus.]

FULL CHORUS.

Really this is quite distressing,
We don't know just what to do,
Mr. Bogus, we're addressing
These distressing words to you,
Don't you think you'd better let Jack
Take your daughter—since he's rich,
You have had a heavy set back,
Hope 'twill teach you which is which.

Bob—I say, Mr. Bogus, and I say it boldly, you
never did own Jack's prospect, and it now ap-
pears that you never owned the mine we all
thought you owned. As sure as I'm a free and
American citizen, I think we've all been imposed
upon by you. Eh, my lads?

Chorus—Yes, we have!

Bob—But as for Jack there, I always did like

him. He's a noble fellow! Eh, my lads?

Chorus—Yes, he is!

Jack—Will you grant me my petition,

Now that I'm in a position

That will make my wife patrician?

Bogus—Bless you—take her Jack.

[Places Clare's hand in Jack's.]

Chorus—Take her, take her,

So we say,

Take her, take her,

Right away.

Take her, take her,

This you can

Please the noble worklug man.

[Exit Jack and Clare.—"Everything is glow-

ing, eh?"]

Summels—Have you a father, Kate?

Kate—No.

Summels—Have you a mother?

Kate—No.

Summels—Have you a sister?

Kate—No.

Summels—Have you a brother?

Kate—No.

Summels—Have you a nearer one still, and a

dear one to you all other?

Kate—Yes; I have! (Exit Bill, Kate and

Bill, clapping hands.)

Bill—Well, you have, Kate!

Summels—Then to you, fair Kate, I give

the wealth I own to you.

Most happy may you live,
I trust you will be wise.

Kate—No, indeed, you dear, darling old sum-
mels, I just as well call myself. We're all
about to retire, anything, ain't we, Mr. Bogus,
and you, too, the fessing?
Professor—We'll just consult the authorities,
as we're aching to think we saw all on
product of Brittle Silver. Bless you, my child-
ren! Brittle Silver! Etc.

than them beef cattle that was fattened on the Wyoming grass.

I was put to work on the ranch and I think was a winters job, only for something that happened that was no one's fault. There was a wedding about 15 miles distance. The girl that was keeping house for the manager and his wife (Her name was Mary Hirman) and myself was invited to be bridesmaid and groomsman. As we had to leave in the afternoon and had to go horseback we asked Mr. David, the manager, about us going. He said we could go and for us to take good horses as he would expect us to be back early in the morning. We told him that was our intentions which it was. We got there and tied our horses and loosed the cinch on our saddles, expecting them to be there when we were ready to go back as they were big and fat and were not in need of any feed. But some good-hearted person took the saddles off and turned them loose in a big pasture. So by the time we got our horses in the morning we should have been back at the ranch.

We expected to be fired and was not disappointed when Mr. David met us when we rode up and handed us our check. Mary went home to her people and I worked in the coal mine that winter at Glenrock.

In the spring of 1922 (1892) two years after I had left Illinois financially I was not much better off but I had a lot of experience and saw a lot and met some real men. I happened to meet a Mr. J. B. Okie who was a large sheep owner in the Bighorn Country. He was looking for sheep herders. He hired me at \$45.00 per month and a year round job.

Cowboys looked down on sheep herders but I did not care as this was honest work. In the fall Mr. Okie offered me three thousand breeding ewes on shares. The contract was pretty

stiff but I agreed to take them. I hired a herder. I moved camp and helped in storms. In the spring when I sheared I had lost about 5 percent which was considered a normal loss. After I had them sheared I trailed them to my lambing ground on Badwater Creek at the foot of the Bighorns and was about 80 miles from where I sheared. It took a big territory and several men to lamb out this number of sheep. Our worst trouble was to keep the wild animals from killing them. There were bears, lions, wolves, coyotes and cats to contend with. I was short of help.

I heard of (a) prospector up the Creek, who was looking for the Lost Cabin gold mine. I expected to see an old, grizzly man but to my surprise and delight he was clean and shaved, about 50, and I thought very intelligent. He was quite sure that he had found what he was looking for, the Lost Cabin gold mine. And to prove that he had, he took (me) up the creek a short distance and there was the skeleton of a human, its bones as white as chalk. He said, "There is the man that Indians killed, whose partner escaped and reported the find of the great gold mine."

I finally asked this man if he would help me and do the cooking for the rest of us. His name was Sam Richards and in the years to come was the best friend and companion I ever had. Sam did not only do the cooking but saved lambs when he possibly could. We were all tired as lambing is a night and day job and lasts about a month. But we got along fine as I had a good crew of men, and had a nice percent of lambs. The way we find out how many lambs there are, we count the tails. The ewes with their lambs is drove into a corral. They are then run through a shute with a dodge gate at one end. The lambs are cut into a small pen, the

ewes going into a larger pen. When there are about 300 lambs in this small pen then they are docked. It takes four men to this job for it has to (be) done as quick as possible on account of getting the lambs back with their mothers so that they won't disown them.

The lambs are caught by all four legs and placing their rump on a narrow board or log on the fence about the height of a man's breast, and the man on the outside of the fence does the docking by cutting the tail off (and) ear marking so that the ewes can always be distinguished from the weathers, and cutting off the end of the testicle bag and by pressing a little, pulls the testicles out with he teeth. This may seem inhuman to some people but in fact it is the most human way to handle a large bunch of ewes and lambs. It is done so quick that four men can dock 5 or 6 hundred in a few hours. And they hardly ever lose a lamb.

There were about 1400 tails which was 1400 lambs, or 75 percent of the breeding stock which was a fair lambing for range lambing. This gave me two small bands for the summer. So we moved them to the mountains where there was plenty of feed and water, my friend Sam helping me. These camps we put the sheep on was good for a month. I did not have much to do. I then went and helped Sam dig in the tunnel he had made looking for gold. As we were to be partners in whatever gold we found, we dug in the tunnel for about a week but did not find any free gold. And we decided that this was not the Lost Cabin mine.

This Lost Cabin mine I suppose has been talked ever since the Astor Expedition, 1810, from St. Louis, Missouri, to the mouth of the Columbia River on the Pacific Ocean, as it is told. Two men got separated from

the main body when they crossed the Bighorn Mountains and got lost. They found a very rich gold deposit. They built a cabin and intended to stay until they had all the gold they wanted. But the Indians found them, killed one of them, the other making his escape, and told of the rich gold mine. This mine has been looked for ever since but no one has ever found it.

Sam finally decided that his prospect was not the Lost Cabin mine and the skeleton close by must be that of an Indian. Sam wanted to go farther back into the mountains and do some prospecting. So we took my horses and wagon and everything necessary for a camping expedition. These mountains surpassed in grandeur everything I had saw yet. Here was nature at its best. Here was peace and contentment for everyone. I just cannot express my feelings. The water running from the snow drift into a small stream, this stream tumbling over rocks and precipice until they reach the mighty river. It reminded me of a poem I learned when I was a boy, In part it is: I chatter, chatter as I flow to join the brimming river, for men may come and men may go, but I go on forever. I think these little babbling brooks will keep on forever for I don't think that the hand of man can ever change (them).

The Big Horn Basin lay directly west of where we were at this time. A fog was hanging over the Basin and from our high position on the mountain it looked like a great lake of water. Sam spoke of the Ten Sleep lakes different times so we went to that part of the mountains. There were several lakes almost on top of the mountain. I was so engrossed with the scenery and looking for the Lost Cabin mine that I would at times forget my main responsibility ,that is, looking after the sheep. I climbed

Clouds Peak which is in that part of the country, and is away above timberline. This must have been a great Indian country at one time as the graves of Indians in the caves of these great sand stone formation cliffs were many. Sam and I dug out a couple but all we found was some beads and copper wire wristlets.

The creek that runs down from the Lakes is called Ten Sleep Creek and empties into the Wind River. There is a beautiful valley along this creek and was a great camping place for the Indians. This meant that it was 'ten sleeps' or ten days travel to their next big camping ground. I never have forgotten that pleasant summer I spent with Sam on the Bighorn and years after this when I had boys of my own, I would take them to these mountains I loved.

As it was now time to get the sheep off the mountain, as we were liable to be caught in a snow storm, I took them to Mr. Okie's corral. He cut the wether lambs out, which were his according to the contract we had. After the wether was out, I had about 34 hundred which I run in one bunch.

The next two years was not much different than the first. There was good luck, bad luck. Snow storms, blizzards, pile-ups, wolves and coyotes to contend with. So it was really a fight to keep from losing them during the winter. At the end of my three year contract with Mr. Okie I had about fifteen hundred which would have made me a herd. There is where I made a big mistake for six months from then sheep doubled in value. That was the year that Cleveland and McKinley run against each other for president. McKinley won. That meant there would be a tariff put on wool. In the free tariff years I had sold my wool for as low as four cents a pound. With all the free grass Uncle Sam gave

us we could not compete with Australia under a free tariff.

The main reason I did take Mr. Okie's offer is that I had promised a young man about my own age, Billy Minick, and who had about the same number of sheep as I had, that we would put our sheep together for the winter. Take turns herding so were at hardly any expense, and decided to go into the Bighorn Basin and winter. Neither one of us knew that the cattle men of that region had forbidden sheep to come into that country. However we were in there and could not get out on account of deep snow had fallen on the mountains. We were not molested and really had a good winter. Sheep could not have done any better if they had been stall fed. The only loss we had was from coyotes, although we worried for fear of deep snow as the wind did not blow here as it did on the south side of the mountain to blow the snow off the feed. But here is where the animal is given the instinct, who had never had any feed given them to dig for themselves. So it was a sight to see, this three thousand sheep to dig in the snow for their feed.

Along in the winter I got on my horse and went over the mountain to see my good friend Sam. There he was, as snug as could be in his log cabin, miles from anyone. He said that he did not expect to see me alive for he knew those cattle men, and he knew that they were determined to keep sheep off their cattle range. As I had not had any fish for some time I told him that I would like to have trout for supper. "Yes," he said, "Just in a jiffy." He took his axe and a piece of line with a hook on the end and went down the creek a ways, cut a hole in the ice and came back in a very short time with four nice trout. Could have got more but that was

enough for supper. I stayed with him a few days, went back to the sheep and found everything all right. In the spring Minnick and I separated and after lambing each had a nice bunch of sheep.

Summered in the mountains again as usual and I wintered on my old range, and Minnick went back into the Basin to winter although he was advised not to. So along in the winter Billy Minnick was killed, his camp outfit burned and a number of his sheep killed and scattered all over the country. Investigations was made but no one was ever arrested. I must have had a garding (guardian) angel but I have always given my good friend Sam the credit for saving me from the same fate that befell Billy Minnick.

One day as I was going to visit Sam I went out of my way considerable to look at a piece of country that I had not seen before this. To my surprise I run onto quite a bunch of white faced cows with their calves. I knew these cattle as soon as I saw them from the brands and ear marks on them. I knew that they were away off their home range and I also knew at once that they were held there by rustlers to get the calves when the calves were ready to wean. However I went on as though I had not noticed anything and I told Sam that I was going to report to the owners of these cattle what I had saw. Sam advised me not to for it was very likely as I passed by these cattle that I was saw by some of these men who were holding the cattle there and if these cattle were found, I would be blamed for giving out the information and for revenge these rustlers would very likely destroy everything I had. I knew it was not right to shield these men in their thievery for they were not only robbing the owners of one years crop of calves, there were no bulls with

these cows, so they would not have calves the next season. This was stealing wholesale and the cattlemen could not be very much (blamed) for wanting to kill these sneaking thieves.

That same summer Bob Devine and his cowboys happened to meet a bunch of these rustlers. As soon as they got in shooting distance they went to shooting at each other. Several of the men were wounded on both sides but none was killed. But rustling went on as before until finally the cattlemen had to quit running big herds and confine themselves to running what they could on their own private ground. I saw one of their last great roundups. It was estimated that there were ten thousand cattle in this one herd and this was then (the) end of the old cowboys and the big cattle business.

Almost every summer a lot of sheep would have to (be) dipped on account of scabbies. This is a skin disease and spreads very fast and the only way to check it is to swim the sheep through a long vat filled with either sulphur and lime solution or nicotine solution. The sheep men always helped each other. At this particular time there were several ladies at the camp where we were dipping the sheep, mostly wives of sheep men. There were Mrs. Tom Hood, Mrs. George Davis, Mrs. J. B. Okie, and Mrs. Zigler and her sister, Nellie Thompson. These last two were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Okie and were about the first settlers in that part of the country. They took care of the mail and had a small store at the Lost Cabin post office. This was a very important post office in those days as the nearest post office to this was Casper, eighty miles away and was then the end of Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad. There were usually a bunch of harmless Indians on the mountains in the summer. These In-

dians would always be on hand when a sheep was drowned or otherwise got killed for no matter how careful we were we always lost some. The squaws would put these dead sheep on ponies and take them to their camp and dress them according to their way.

About the first thing they did was to split the sheep open, cut a piece off the intestine, strip it with thumb and finger and then go to chewing. And what they did not eat then they cut in very thin, long strips and dried it on poles for future use. So what we were throwing away and could not use, the Indian was making good use of, as not a particle of these dead sheep went to waste. They had no human modesty or shame for when nature called it was all the (same) as animal, both with buck and squaw. The squaws done all the work. The bucks lie around or ride their ponies without saddles. They were children of nature with very little knowledge of civilization. However there are a big improvement in the Indian in last fifty years. As there were several buck always lying around where we were working and Nellie Thompson was being joked about not being married, one of our men got a young buck Indian who understood English some and brought him to where Nellie was and told the buck he could have her. He said, "Too much white snow."

As years went by my sheep increased but the Bighorn were not the same to me. My friend Sam had gone to his long rest, was buried on a small hill on his homestead, the place he loved. And not far from the burying grounds of the Indians in the caves of the cliffs of the great Bighorns.

I was married when I was 28 years old. My wife was a few years younger. She came from Clearfield, Iowa, when she was a small girl, with her parents in a covered wagon. They drove a small bunch of cattle with them,

settled on a homestead and developed this homestead into a fine ranch. And the increase from this small bunch of cattle that came from Iowa grew into a nice herd.

We did not take a wedding trip, but previous to the wedding I had ordered a sheep wagon made. This is a small house built on the running gears of a wagon with several layers of heavy canvas for the top covering. It could be pulled anywhere same as a wagon. This was my wife's wedding present and our house on the prairie for some time. We finally made our home on our ranch and turned the sheep over to reliable help.

I could now spend my time as I pleased and as there were a great many coyotes that had done me a great deal of damage and still were, I decided to devote my time to killing these sneaking devils. I got three hounds, big, strong and swift. But the first two times I was out with them they were not swift enough to catch the coyote. I noticed that they did not have the wind to stay with it. I commenced then to be careful of what I fed them. After this careful feeding they hardly ever missed getting their coyote. One day we got three. But this was too much for the dogs and the horse I was riding. Quite often my wife would go with me on these hunts. It was great sport but very hard on horses.

We took a trip to Ireland in 1829 (1929). I saw Katie McGee who was the mother of nine, fine boys and girls. The country looked small and as we used to say, there was not room enough to whip one of our sheep dogs. However we were glad to see the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. After our sons' college day the glare of the city had more attraction for them than the free life we had led, so I sold our holdings and moved to town.

We have traveled and saw the attractions in several of our states but none can compare with Wyoming for we have here some of the wonders of the world and historical places of an early day. There is one place that has always fascinated me and that is (the) burying ground of the Shoshone Indians. This is where Sacajawea, the Indian Bird Woman, is buried, who guided Lewis and Clark on their expedition to the Columbia River in 1805.

There are a nice marble head-stone at her grave, erected by our government, which she deserves. For as I understand it, if it had not been for this Indian woman the expedition would have failed, and would perhaps have lost that great country to some other country who was scrambling for it at that time. So God bless Sacajawea.

I am now seventy-five years old but hale and hearty. So is also my wife. We often talk of the days gone by but our pleasant memories is the time we spent in sheep camp and on the ranch.

It is hard to realize the change. Instead of now hearing the yip of the cowboy, you hear the whistles of the great oil refineries and the whistles of the locomotives on the two railroads that run through this country now, hauling great strings of oil tank cars, perhaps full of gasoline to be distributed to different places in the United States.

However the stock business is still the leading business of Wyoming as there are more cattle and sheep shipped to market and of much better quality than there were in the good old days.

Notes

On October 8, PM Ray Colwell spoke to the Women's Club of Hugo, Colorado, at their request, about starting an historical society for Lincoln County. Some thirty ladies were present, including four from Limon, and Ray reports that they were apparently interested in taking on such a project.

The only woman on the mayor's committee for Denver's Centennial Birthday performance "Mile High Milestone" presented at the Coliseum

on October 29 was CM Caroline Bancroft. She won this distinction because of her brochure history *Mile High Denver*, which she reports nearly out of print, and her new *Denver's Lively Past*, to be published shortly also in the Bancroft Pamphlets group.

PM B. Z. Woods, one of the valued members of the Denver Posse, has been transferred to corresponding membership at his request. B. Z. has accepted the position of Director of Admission at Baker University, Baldwin, Kansas, where he took up residence November 1.

"BRITTLE SILVER"

A Colorado Comic Opera of 1882

VON C. BAKER

In looking through Ernest Ingersoll's book, *Crest of the Continent*, written in the '80's after he made a tour of Colorado, I first learned of "Brittle Silver." Ingersoll's brief mention of the opera and his quotation of only two stanzas aroused my interest and led to an investigation which has been absorbing, though not wholly successful.

In the Music Department of the Denver Public Library I found no record, but in the Western History Department I found relevant material in the *Denver Republican* of January 1, 22, and 24, 1882. The issue of January 22 carried, under "Amusements," the following:

TABOR GRAND OPERA HOUSE ONE WEEK ONLY

Commencing Monday, January 23
The Colorado

Opera Club—In the new Comic Opera
Stanley Wood, Author.
W. F. Hunt, Composer
BRITTLE SILVER

An idyl of our own great state.
New and Appropriate

Scenery,

Costumes and

Appointments

Stage DirectorMr. Lew Parker
ConductorMr. A. Kaufman

Two days later, on January 24, the *Republican* noted: "The Denver Opera Club attended the production of 'Brittle Silver' in a body at the Opera House last night. There were forty-five of them, and they filled up a large space in the house."

The New Year's Day issue of the

Republican had carried about two columns on "Brittle Silver" in which a reviewer commented on production of the opera by the Colorado Opera Club, listed the cast of characters, and offered notes on the personalities of the performers. In this same issue I learned that the scene of the opera was Gunnison County. After quoting a part of the libretto, the article continued:

Among the productions of the last year in Colorado is an entirely original comic opera, an opera written by Colorado men and whose scenes are placed in Colorado. "Brittle Silver"; or, "How a mine and Maiden were Lost and Won," has already attracted public attention, and its production in the Tabor Grand Opera-house in Denver, in the 23rd of January, 1882, is looked forward to with a great deal of curiosity.

The music is by Mr. W. F. Hunt, recently a citizen of Colorado Springs, but now a resident of Denver. The libretto is by Stanley Wood, a journalist of the Centennial State, who is widely known. Critics who have heard "Brittle Silver" in rehearsal say that the music is exceedingly bright and tuneful and that there is nothing hackneyed in the effects produced. Those who enjoy bright music, melodious songs and rousing choruses cannot fail to be pleased with the score of "Brittle Silver." The score is not an imitation of any popular opera, and with the brightness of most of these, it presents in many particulars more originality. As the work of a Colorado man it should command the attention of the residents of Colorado, and if it pass triumphantly through the criticism of the people it will be something of which the State may be proud."

With the help of Mrs. Ekstrom at the State Historical Society I found the libretto printed in full in the *Denver Tribune* of January 22, 1882. This printing was fortunate, for in

the program of "The Elite," sponsored by the Colorado Opera Club, it is stated that neither the libretto nor the score was printed in book or pamphlet form. This seems unlikely, however, because the opera had a cast of ten characters, a chorus of fifty voices, and music provided by a full orchestra. It seems reasonable to assume that there were a great many copies of the score, as well as the libretto, in circulation at the time.

In the hope that further information could be found, I continued to use the resources of the Historical Society. One item of interest was found. This consists of a letter dated March 15, 1881, at Marshalltown, Iowa, signed by Stanley Wood, author of the libretto, and addressed to J. F. Dawson. Wood states: "Manager Hanlin of the Grand Opera House, Chicago, has accepted 'Brittle Silver' and, no preventing Providence, will produce it as soon as practical. He hopes to get it on the boards by the middle of May, although the production may be delayed until fall." It is doubtful that the opera was actually produced in Chicago. No mention of it can be found in the Denver papers of the following January, when it was being presented at the Tabor Grand.

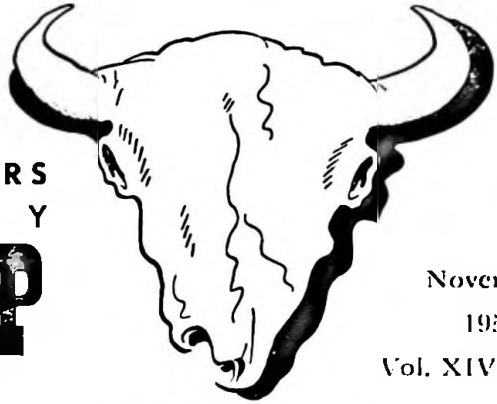
Still confident that the score could be found, I looked into the career of W. H. Hunt, the composer. I found that he was raised in Leadville and later moved to Colorado Springs. I contacted Mrs. Marian Smith, curator of Healy House-Dexter Cabin Museum, Leadville, asking if a copy of

the score might be in the museum or, if that was not the case, for her help in contacting any of Hunt's descendants that might still be living in Leadville. Her reply of January 24, 1958, reads as follows: "I have failed to get any information concerning 'Brittle Silver' or Mr. W. H. Hunt. I am handing your letter to our local paper—*The Herald Democrat*. Perhaps an article there will find a response to your question." But nothing came of this effort.

I am still hopeful that the score can be located and will welcome any leads that might come from members of the Westerners. If the music, when discovered, proves to be as competent as claimed by the *Republican* reviewer, one could speculate that "Brittle Silver" might be heard again, perhaps even at the old Tabor Grand, after more than seventy-five years of obscurity. Such a performance would be of interest during our approaching centennial celebration.

The libretto, which is here reprinted in the center pages by off-set from the pages of the *Tribune*, I leave to the judgment of readers. Certain of the solos seem to me to contain admirable wit, notably the opening solo of Sumendepotowatomie and the "Mineralogical Madrigal" of Professor Pillycamp. It is possible that episodes of lesser merit might be redeemed by the music. This is often the case in Italian romantic opera and, obviously closer to the spirit of "Brittle Silver," the work of Gilbert and Sullivan.

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**Program for January Meeting of the
Denver Westerners**

***"Dutch Men in Mines and Money of
Colorado"***

by H. R. Vendemoer

Mr. Vendemoer, president of the Sterling Lumber and Investment Co. of Denver, is son of John J. Vandemoer, noted pioneer mining engineer.

His talk will be based on the diary of his father, who was instrumental in interesting Dutch capitalists in mining enterprises of the Rocky Mountain West. John J. Vandemoer was a writer of note on mining subjects, and at one time was treasurer of the Denver Press Club.

News Notes

The Publications Chairman has a letter from representative of Senator Clinton Anderson, of New Mexico, asking for the following publications of The Denver Posse to complete the Senator's library files:

Volume X-1954 and Volume XI-1955

"In checking the unbound issues we find we have Volume 5, No. 4, April 1949 thru Volume 13, No. 12, 1957 to present Sept. 1958.

"What would be the chance of getting the missing volumes I, II, III, IV, V, Nos. 1, 2, 3?"

If any members of The Denver Posse have any of the above listed publications, and wish either to sell, trade, or donate them to Senator Anderson's library will they please communicate with Numa L. James, Publications Chairman, c/o The Rocky Mountain News, Denver 4, Colo.

CM Maurice Leckenby will join the staff in Washington of U. S. Senator John A. Carroll of Colorado shortly after the first of the year.

Leckenby is present owner and editor of the famed *Steamboat Pilot* of Steamboat Springs, Colorado. His father, Charles Leckenby, edited the paper before him. During his Washington stay, he will "cover" Congressional activities of interest to Coloradans. His paper will be edited by his son, Charles, during his absence.

Writers of Western History

BENJAMIN L. E. BONNEVILLE

Benjamin L. E. Bonneville, born in France in 1795, came to the United States and was graduated from West Point in 1815. His military career was on the western frontier.

In 1831, he applied for a leave of absence for two years, which was authorized. Bonneville interested some

New York men in the fur trade, and started up the Missouri River in May, 1832, with 110 men and twenty wagons, drawn by mules, horses, and oxen. He was the first man to take wagons, and to cross the Continental Divide with them. His first objective was Pierre's Hole, old-time rendezvous for trappers.

Bonneville was of noble character, kind disposition, and had a great influence on the Indians. He visited and explored the Great Salt Lake and gave a good account of it.

Washington Irving met Bonneville after his return, and the two became great friends. Bonneville gave his Journal to Irving to revise and publish. In his words, recorded in his Journal:

"Though the prospect of once more tasting the blessings of peaceful society and passing day and nights under the calm guardianship of the laws was not without its attractions; yet to those of us whose whole lives have been spent in the stirring excitement and perpetual watchfulness of adventure in the wilderness, the change was far from promising an increase of that contentment and inward satisfaction most conducive to happiness."

The original Journals of Bonneville, used by Washington Irving, were destroyed by fire in St. Louis. The Journals were published under the title: *The Rocky Mountain Adventures in the Far West* (From Capt. Bonneville's Papers), Carey, Lea & Blanchard, 1837. It was reprinted in 1847. The book was translated into French, Dutch, and German and published in 1837.

Benjamin L. E. Bonneville retired as a colonel from the United States Army, and died at Fort Smith, Arkansas, in 1878.

FRANCES PARKMAN

Francis Parkman, eldest son of Rev.

Francis Parkman and Caroline (Hall) Parkman, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on September 16, 1823. He was a descendant of distinguished New Englanders, a great number of whom were scholars and ministers.¹

As a child, from eight to thirteen years of age, he lived on his grandfather's farm, where he developed his love of nature. In 1840, he entered Harvard College where he studied rhetoric and history, and developed further his knowledge of the American wilderness. His vacations were spent in the wilds of New England. His eyes failed him in college, and never again were as good. He endured a great deal of pain and suffering all his life.

Francis Parkman was about five feet eleven inches in height, square-shouldered, and had a strong, clear-cut face, which was always closely shaved, a chin and jaw of marked distinction. His forehead was broad and rugged. He was a man who, in spite of illnesses, was capable of hard work and was persistent in the prosecution of difficult tasks. He was courageous, honest, a man with great energy, a practical mind, and an iron will.

He studied law upon his graduation from Harvard, and began to devote most of his time to historical research and writing; being particularly interested in the Indians, he concentrated on the *Conspiracy of Pontiac*. He went to St. Louis in April, 1845, and spent the summer collecting material for his book. His main interest was historical research; he examined family papers and other documents, and whenever possible, interviewed descendants.

In 1846, he made his famous journey over the Oregon Trail. During

¹Charles Haight Farnham, *A Life of Francis Parkman*, Little, Brown and Co., Boston, 1900.

the next two years, 1847 and 1848, he devoted most of his time to regaining his health which was in a deplorable state at the end of his Oregon Trail journey. However, in spite of illness and poor eyesight, he dictated *The Oregon Trail* in the autumn of 1846, then took up his work on Chief Pontiac. In 1849, he read proof for his book, *The Oregon Trail*.

In 1850, he married Catherine Scollay, the daughter of Dr. Jacob Bigelow. The marriage was a very happy one. On the death of his wife, Parkman went abroad and spent the winter of 1858-1859 in Paris. His eyes prevented his doing much literary work; in 1868 he was overseer of Harvard College; in 1869, he was appointed Professor of Horticulture in Harvard.

NOLIE MUMEY

Book Reviews

Saddles and Spurs: The Saga of the Pony Express by Mary Lund Settle and Raymond W. Settle. Harrisburg, Pa., The Stackpole Company. \$3.75.

Recognized as one of the truly great legends of the pioneer West is the intriguing story of the amazing "horse express" operation, which nearly 100 years ago performed the incredible feat of regularly galloping the mail over the 1966 miles of plains and mountains between St. Joseph, Missouri, and Sacramento, California, in the short space of eight days. Strangely enough, this feature in the transportation history of the country remained little noticed until within the past half-century. During this latter period considerable material pertaining to this unique venture has been published. The regrettable fact, however, is that too much of this material has been prepared without adequate care

Continued on Page 17

GUARDIAN OF THE GRASS COUNTRY

Highlights of the Colorado Cattlemen's Association from 1867 to the present.

DICK GOFF

A grassy valley, dotted with grazing cattle, presents a classic illustration of the cattle industry. The passer-by admires the scene and envies the cattleman his peaceful and profitable occupation.

Ever since the Civil War, however, the cattle business has been one of the most complex and involved industries in the economic world. It is beset with problems of finance, management, climate, nutrition, genetics, biology, law, and politics.

The cow brute that appears so placid at a distance, becomes at close quarters a half-ton or more of complicated and perishable merchandise. Her economic significance is based largely on the fact that she has an intricate system of 4 stomachs which can convert grass into one of our most palatable forms of protein—beef.

Because the West was mostly grassland it was destined to become cow country as the nation developed. Every American boy knows the story—how the trail herds from Texas stocked the rangelands left vacant by the slaughter of the buffalo and the subjugation of the Indians.

From the very beginning of the Western range cattle industry, Colorado had a big part in its evolution. The state was located at the crossroads, where the long cattle trails from the South cut the wheels-marks of gold seekers heading into the mountains.

It was a big country of open range with thousands of sections of grass rolling in from the plains, up the

mountain valleys and across broad areas of mountain parks.

It was a rich crop, worth potentially more than all the gold and silver in the Rockies, and it was free and clear to anyone who could use it. But it was a crop that required ruminant conversion into beef before it could be turned into cash.

There has probably never been a time in history when events were so favorable for the cattle business as they were here in the West from 1867 to 1885.

Post-war expansion in the East had brought on a tremendous demand for meat that the small-scale stockman there and in the Midwest could not supply. While down in Texas there were literally millions of longhorns, running wild and breeding themselves out of feed and range area.

The end of the Civil War released hundreds of adventurous men who had lost all home and business ties. They were looking for freedom, opportunity, and escape—and they headed West. Most of them were attracted to Colorado by the lure of gold, but many had been raised in rural areas and were familiar with livestock.

Any farm boy from Illinois or Ohio could see opportunity when he came West to find steers selling for \$4 to \$6 per head that would bring \$25 to \$35 at home. But he needed intelligence, ability, and some capital to take advantage of the situation.

It is the very nature of the cow critter that makes the cattle business

a large-scale operation by necessity. The size of the animal, the tonnage of feed required, the complex operation of marketing an unwieldy carcass to customers who buy only a few pounds of beef per day, creates problems at every stage of the industry.

It may be these very problems that create the type of personality we see in cattlemen, or it may be that the difficulties of the business eliminate all but those who are endowed with more than average determination, ability and energy.

At any rate it is important to consider these traits in appraising the trends and developments of the Colorado Cattle Growers Association. The cowman was forced to become a "rugged individualist" to survive, and the reason is simple.

Cattle production and people just don't mix. Most of the basic issues that have arisen in the cattle industry of the West during the past ninety years have been caused directly by the rapid increase in population throughout this region.

A long-time observer of the cattle industry in this state once remarked that if you rub two cattlemen together they will either get into a fight or form an organization. This could be a slight exaggeration, but as every TV fan knows, the cattle business is historically associated with conflict.

It was undoubtedly a desire to prevent conflict and solve some of their growing problems that brought a group of stockmen together at the Planter House in Denver on November 30, 1867. At that meeting they formed the Colorado Stockgrowers Association, one of the first groups of its kind in the West.

Texas longhorns were beginning to move into the Territory bringing with them the dreaded Texas fever that took such a heavy toll of the domestic cattle already here.

Stolen cattle, brand registry, control of range and water, Indian troubles, and improved breeding stock were among the topics for discussion.

Livestock legislation was also an issue—and it has been a major interest of the Association to this day.

After a few remarks to explain the aims and nature of the organization, nominations were called for and Captain Allen G. Reed was elected president, Andrew Slain, vice president, and A. J. Williams, secretary.

Dr. John Parsons was appointed chairman of a committee to draft a constitution and by-laws for the organization and this was read and adopted by sections.

Meetings were again held on December 7th and on December 17th and a move was launched to have all members register their brands with the association. Within the next three months some twenty-five to thirty cattle brands were officially filed with the organization.

At this last meeting in December the record of the minutes is signed by Alex Davidson, Secretary, who had evidently replaced Mr. Williams in this office.

On January 18, 1868, the group met to give the president full authority to hire detectives for the "use and benefit (t) of the association."

There is also mention of a livestock bill which had been presented to the legislature and the secretary was directed to procure a copy for discussion at the next meeting.

A check of the Territorial statutes reveals a law enacted at this time which required residents to file a certificate with the County Recorder if they desired to herd cattle in the Territory. Non-residents were also required to pay an annual grazing fee of 50c per head for cattle and 20c per head for sheep, in lieu of taxes.

Another section of the same law

prohibited the importation of "Texas cattle" into the Territory for any purpose whatsoever. Severe fines were imposed ranging up to as much as \$100 per day for anyone who should "unnecessarily delay such cattle in the Territory."

Although the bill was not enforced, the facts behind this quarantine on Texas cattle were quite serious. Douglas County cattlemen alone were reported to have lost more than 1,000 head in 1867 from so-called Texas fever.

These longhorns coming into the state were literally crawling with ticks. Tough as rawhide and immune to practically every disease then in existence, the Texas cattle were virulent carriers of infection.

When they came in contact with American-bred cattle owned by local stockmen in the area, the susceptible blooded stock died like flies. It was many years, however, before the ticks were identified as the source of the infection and dipping methods were developed to solve the problem.

At this time the industry started into the first of the periodic and painful cycles that persist to the present day. In addition, the basic question of the Herd Law and a changing attitude toward Texas cattle were two of the several issues causing dissension among the stockmen.

By the spring of 1868 a difference between two factions within the association was evident. In April, the president, the vice-president, and the secretary resigned in a body. Although the minutes of the meeting give no indication of the causes behind this mass exodus, the basic differences between the small farmer-stockman and the grazer were probably involved.

Dr. John Parsons was then elected president, Joseph Block, vice-president, and Robert S. Wilson, secretary.

Parsons was again re-elected in 1869,

but the small group that remained in the organization accomplished very little for the next couple of years.

Finally a new group of cattlemen decided to take the situation in hand and a general reorganization meeting was called by Joseph L. Bailey, operator of the Bull's Head Corral, the forerunner of the Denver stockyards.

They met on January 6, 1872, with A. J. Williams acting as temporary chairman. Williams opened the meeting with a few remarks about the situation then facing the cattle growers in the Territory.

Better laws were needed for the protection of livestock, he pointed out. A better system of brand registration was necessary, and the growing problem of cattle thievery required immediate consideration.

Another problem had arisen by this time also—the killing of livestock by railroads. All of these matters could only be handled by a strong, well-organized association of stockmen, he declared.

R. P. Shaw of Wyoming was introduced and invited to speak to the group about the problems that stockmen in his territory were facing.

Following this the meeting got down to business. New officers elected were John G. Lilley, president; Joseph L. Bailey, vice-president; William Holly, secretary; and A. J. Williams, treasurer.

A committee consisting of Joseph Bailey, I. P. Van Wormer, J. H. Pinkerton, W. W. Roberts, and George W. Brown was appointed to revise the constitution and by-laws.

A second committee was appointed to draft a new bill for the protection of livestock to be submitted to the Territorial Legislature. Included were John G. Lilley, L. F. Bartels, Peter Erskine, John S. Wheeler, and John Hittson.

George Brown read a number of

resolutions that had been drafted by the members of the Southern Colorado Stockgrowers and submitted to the state association for action.

This marks the first recorded instance of a practice that is still followed today—the participation of local associations in determining the policy and the programs of the state organization.

There was a great deal of discussion at this meeting, too, about the gangs of cattle thieves that were operating in the Territory and the best possible means of breaking them up.

The next annual meeting a year later was a big statewide event. Under the forceful leadership of John Lilley, the Stock Growers Association had become an important political and economic influence in the Territory.

On the morning of February 1, 1873, the *Rocky Mountain News* devoted six full columns to a report on the discussions of the preceding day. At a time when news stories were usually quite brief, this unprecedented coverage indicated a widespread interest in the activities of the group.

The secretary's report indicated that many suggestions made by the association through its committees during the past year had been incorporated into the livestock laws passed by the Territorial Legislature.

The windening scope of association activities is shown too in the standing committees which the secretary listed. Included were committees on Roundups, Transportation, Claims and Damages, Printing and Publications, Protection and Maintenance of Ranges, Territorial Brand Registration, Blooded Stock and Pedigrees, and Owners.

Roundup methods came in for considerable discussion during this session. Dr. John Parsons, the former president of the group, was against the new plan of regional roundups which the organization had started.

The smaller operators suffered from this system, he maintained, adding that his cattle had ended up twenty miles from home after the last roundup.

This was probably just another indication of the changing nature of the industry. Despite lower prices, cattle were becoming big business. The cattle population had increased from 147,000 head in 1867 to an estimated 410,000 head by the first of 1873. The average valuation per head at this latter date was \$23.40—down \$3.00 from the preceding year.

In tribute to his achievements, Lilley was again elected president and the other officers were also retained. The members were optimistic as the meeting ended for they felt much had been accomplished, but 1873 turned out to be a year of panic and depression.

Cattle prices started downhill and continued dropping until 1880. In spite of this discouraging trend the cattle population of the region continued to increase, and the Association grew with it.

By January 4, 1876, President James M. Wilson announced to the members who attended the annual meeting in Denver, that the organization had reached a position of high esteem "both at home and abroad."

Its influence and labors had been so beneficial to the livestock industry and the state that all cattlemen could look upon its work with pride and satisfaction, he declared.

Colorado cow herds were being rapidly improved in quality as large numbers of purebred American bulls had been brought in from the East. The old Texas stock, from which most of the herds in the region were bred, was rapidly giving way to the improved half-breeds which produced an excellent class of beef in demand

for home markets and for shipping purposes, he pointed out.

During 1875 the number of Colorado cattle sold and shipped to markets in the states exceeded any previous year.

"From the best information I can gain," Wilson told his fellow members, "at least 60,000 head were sold in eastern markets at an average price of \$30 per head."

In one week the value of Colorado cattle sold on the Kansas City market alone amounted to \$100,000, he said, quoting from the Kansas City Price Current.

He went on to discuss the problems arising from sheep and cattle grazing on the same range and the need for an end to the growing discord between the sheepmen and the cattlemen.

But his words were in vain, for it was at this meeting that the by-laws were amended and the membership restricted solely to those persons raising or dealing in cattle.

By this time, too, the Association had gone far toward solving the problem of stolen cattle. In 1877 the secretary reported that—"annoyances from thieving which had been a perpetual trouble to us in the past have steadily diminished until cases of this crime during the past year have been very rare. The plan of keeping detectives at the principal places where cattle are slaughtered and shipped to look after our different brands is an excellent one."

Organization had the cattle thieves on the run. The local associations kept the state office advised of suspicious activity and every marketing outlet was carefully watched. Association agents had free passes on every railroad in the state and an agreement among the members enabled them to pick up fresh horses at nearly any line camp or ranch headquarters

when circumstances required close pursuit of the criminals.

Marauding bands of Indians were still a problem, however, and ravages of Texas fever had not yet been eliminated.

Despite declining prices the industry continued to expand. Individual operations that had been started a few years before on a "shirttail and a saddle blanket" had grown into big outfits running thousands of cattle.

It was the day of the so-called "Cattle King," a term coined by the flamboyant journalists of the time and a cliché that has been dear to the hearts of every generation of news writers since then.

Actually it probably marked the peak of the individual cowman operations. From here on the corporation cattle outfits, financed by both foreign and domestic capital, bought out many of the larger individuals and formed immense organizations, some listing hundreds of thousands of cattle in their holdings.

John W. Iliff is the classic example of these individual operators and he was reported to be running close to 35,000 head of cattle along the South Platte river from Greeley to Julesburg.

Other familiar names of men who were active in the Association at this time include John W. Prowers, John L. Routt, John Limen, Joseph W. Bowles, and Jared L. Brush.

After several lean years in the late 70's, another cattle boom began to take shape. By 1880 the price trend had turned upward again. The total number of cattle in the state had increased to 809,000 and the average value had hit bottom—\$14.30 per head. The total value of all cattle in the state at this time amounted to \$11,551,000. In the next five years this figure tripled!

By January, 1886, the cattle population totalled 1,300,000 and the aver-

age value per head had increased to \$26.29, but this was down \$1.10 from the highest point in the cycle, which had been reached the year before. It is no wonder that this five-year period saw the most spectacular boom in the history of the livestock industry. Because of the fantastic profits made by the earlier cattle operations that began on the "ground floor" of the cattle cycle, fantastic amounts of capital poured into the rangeland from nearly all of the great finance centers of the world.

Stocking these multi-million dollar corporations put tremendous buying pressure on the Western cattle market and cattle values soared. And, since the Colorado Cattle Grower's Association included the majority of the cattle producers in the state who were firmly established in the business at the time this boom started, the fortunes of the Association soared upward with each day's market quotations.

In 1883, for example, there were 72 paid-up members. In 1884 the number increased to 225, in 1885 the total was 398 members, while in 1886 there were 534 individual members listed on the records.

Some of these members owned thousands of cattle. R. G. Head, for example, was at one time a member of the Association's powerful Executive Committee and general manager of the Prairie Cattle Company. This outfit ran nearly 60,000 head of cattle on some 2¼ million acres of rangeland in their Colorado division alone.

With the increasing prices of cattle, there was more activity on the part of the cattle thieves, but the Association increased its efforts also. One source at this time said the cattle growers were catching and convicting these criminals at an average cost of only \$70 per head.

In January, 1884, however, the Ex-

ecutive Committee of the Association contracted with General Dave J. Cook, superintendent of the Rocky Mountain Detective Association, to handle all of the investigation work for the Cattle Growers.

The terms were \$100 per month and expenses, and, in case of a reward being offered the amount of the reward was to be deducted from this salary. In addition, the Association was to be free of all liability in the event of false arrests, and General Cook agreed to go personally and look after things when he was needed by the cattlemen.

He was evidently kept pretty busy for more than \$3,000 was paid out to the account of D. J. Cook during that first year.

By this time the official work of recording brands and maintaining a brand inspection service had been turned over to a State Board of Livestock Inspection Commissioners. This Board was—and still is—composed of stockmen appointed by the Governor.

Since the Executive Committee usually sent a list of names to the Governor each year for appointment to any vacancies on this Board, there was always close cooperation between the Association and this Agency.

An indication of the way the two worked together at this time is shown in a resolution adopted June 4th, 1884. In this the Brand Inspection Board was asked to notify all State Brand Inspectors who were charged with inspecting cattle killed on the railroads to extend their work outside the state on the railroads far enough to protect members of the Association.

The expense of this extra effort was to be paid for by the Association on a pro-rata basis. Also, if the Commissioners saw fit to pay these inspectors more than the \$100 per month maximum authorized by the State, the Association agreed to pay the excess.

At other times the Executive Committee demanded and received the money in the State Estray Fund to use for their own activities. This Estray Fund was accumulated from the sale of stray livestock whose owners could not be located. Since there was then no legal provision allowing this surplus to be handled by the state, the Stock Growers maintained that it should be used for the good of the industry and they were the recognized agency of the cattle producers. No one could argue otherwise at this time and the money was duly delivered to them.

The operations of the Cattle Growers' Executive Committee was an extremely interesting phase of the organization. Made up of five duly elected members, they received the complete trust and confidence of the Association. Any two men on this committee could contract debts in the name of the Association if they felt it necessary.

On January 4th, 1884, the minutes books of the committee bears this request to the membership, then convened at their annual meeting.

"We ask for power to levy a tax not to exceed one (1) cent per head on the number assessed each cattleman and the number of horses assessor each horseman belonging to the association. The funds so raised to be expended only for the benefit of the association in paying clerk hire, office rent, office stationery, association inspectors, brand books, and for the prosecution of persons violating the statutes relating to the protection of owners of meat stock and horses."

Signed: S. . Standart, Pres.
J. W. Snyder
J. C. Haver
W. H. H. Cranmer
H. H. Metcalf, Sec.

From 1884 to 1895 this group, in effect, directed the vast cattle industry

of the state. It retained a full time attorney, Mr. L. R. Rhodes, to carry on its legal work, instituted lawsuits against violators of the livestock laws, hired and directed a staff of range detectives and inspectors, administered roundups, appointed delegates to other state and national livestock meetings, and approved all vouchers drawn on the association.

It appointed a committee of stockmen to go to the state of Missouri and investigate an outbreak of hoof and mouth disease in that state. Later it sent this resolution to the Colorado State Veterinary:

"The Executive Committee of the Colorado Cattle Growers Association hereby recommends to the State Veterinary and Sanitary Board that all Missouri cattle be refused a Bill of Health until all infections and contagious diseases are thoroughly eradicated in that state."

The next paragraph in the minutes of that same meeting indicate however that such cooperation could work both ways. The record continues:

"It was ordered also that this Association loan the State Veterinary and Sanitary Board of the money required to meet their actual expenses inasmuch as the State Legislature neglected to appropriate the sum allowed by law for that purpose."

On January 9th, 1885, the minutes record the method of dealing with defecting members of the organization. On this date the case of Mann vs. Bloomfield was brought before them for consideration. The following is a copy of their report:

"We respectfully request that R. C. Bloomfield be suspended until the time expires in which he has the right to appeal. If no appeal be taken, R. C. Bloomfield to be expelled from this association and posted on the Black List as unworthy of membership in this or any other like organization."

This report was submitted to the association membership in their annual meeting the next day, unanimously adopted by a rising vote, and the committee discharged from further action in the case.

At another meeting a committee of members was named as agents for the association to settle with the various railroads for cattle killed on those lines during the preceding year.

Those named were J. M. Wilson, agent for the Burlington and Missouri R.R.; L. R. Tucker, agent for the Kansas and Pacific R.R.; J. W. Snyder, agent for the U. P. and Short Line; and R. G. Head, agent for the Santa Fe R.R.

The operation of this committee is especially impressive in view of the fact that the men serving on it did so without pay of any kind. At the same time they were running the Cattle Growers Association they were actively engaged in their own business affairs.

This era marked the peak of the range cattle business and the Cattle Growers Association as well. From Texas to Montana the beef bonanza had created badly overstocked ranges. For five years the weather cycle had been on the good side. Moisture had been ample and the winters mild. But a change was coming, and when it did it broke the back of the cow business and shook the Cattle Growers Association so badly that it was thirty years before it fully recovered and became an aggressive organization again.

The summer of 1885 was a dry one that severely reduced feed conditions on the range. Widespread overstocking of the grasslands, brought on by feverish speculation, increased the effect of the drouth. Winter hit hard that fall and severe blizzards killed the undernourished cattle by the thousands.

On January 26th, 1886, the Executive Committee made a contract with H. Halthuson of Colorado Springs, authorizing him to skin all dead cattle belonging to members of the Cattle Growers Association, have the hides inspected by the Association inspectors, and sell the same at a commission of 5 per cent or buy them at market price at the option of the Association—provided the expense of skinning and marketing said hides shall not exceed the proceeds of same.

On April 5th, the committee ordered the following parties to receive the money credited to them on the Hide Account:

Arapahoe Land & Cattle Co.	\$50.00
American Cattle Company	60.00
Arkansas Valley Land & Cattle Company	40.00
Columbia Cattle Company	1200.00
N. Dowling	175.00
Eastern Cattle Company	80.00
F. P. Ernest	200.00
Gentry & Reynolds	
(H. S. Holly)	175.00
H. B. Ketchum	75.00
H. H. Metcalf	50.00
Mill Iron Cattle Co.	175.00
W. S. Pugsley	600.00
C. A. Pugsley	300.00
Republican Cattle Co.	40.00

Just what the net return was on each hide after the cost of skinning and marketing was deducted is not indicated, but it must have been very small. If these figures are considered as an index of losses they give some idea of the situation.

However, this was just the beginning. The same cycle was repeated the following year and losses were even greater. Hundreds of cattlemen and big corporations were wiped out completely.

But here again the broad picture is probably best revealed in the over-all average values for each year. The peak in individual cattle values was

reached in 1885 with a high of \$27.30 per head, but the highest gross value for the state was reached in 1886 with a total of \$34,010,000. The total numbers of cattle in this year amounted to 1,300,000 head.

Then, for ten years in a row, this yearly average value went steadily downhill until, in 1895, the average value of all cattle in the state was only \$14.00 per head, while the total valuation for the entire cattle population dropped to \$12,987,000, about one-third of what it had been at the peak a decade before.

In spite of this condition, however, the cattle industry managed to survive and so did the Colorado Cattle Growers Association. The activities of the organization were cramped by a heavy loss of members and a lack of money, but like the cowmen themselves they "made out."

When the National Western Stock Show was launched they donated all the funds in the treasury — a mere 50-some dollars — to help this great livestock event get under way.

It is a remarkable testimonial to the organization that it did survive these hard times and long years of reduced membership. But some of the far-sighted men in the cattle industry felt that the association was needed and put a great deal of time and effort into the ailing organization.

Former Governor John L. Routt served on the Executive Committee during the early 90's. Elias M. Ammons and the celebrated John W. Springer were others who served as president of the state association during these lean years.

Finally, in 1916, a major crisis faced the industry again and the stockmen rallied to the support of the Colorado Stock Growers Association as it was once more called. In the interim the cattle and sheep men had again

joined forces to work for their common aims.

The issue which brought the stockmen back into the organization again and actually gave it an impetus that lasted for another twenty-five years was the old Herd Law question.

A Territorial Herd Law had been on the books back in the early 60's but the vast areas of open range made it impossible to enforce. The principle behind this issue has been a continually recurring point in agricultural law within the state, and it is quite possible that this was one of the key issues when the first president and his officers resigned from the association in 1868.

Stripped of all legal terminology and reduced to its barest principle, the issue of the Herd Law is whether livestock should be fenced in or fenced out.

In other words, whether a farmer raising crops has to erect a fence to keep livestock away from his crop, or, conversely whether a stockman should be required to fence his livestock in and be liable for damage to cropland if they do get out.

In the heavily settled and intensely farmed areas of the East, the Herd Law principle prevails and livestock must be fenced in.

In the West, where livestock have historically run at large and farmlands were usually restricted to valleys and localized areas, the range principle is still accepted.

In actual practice the issue is far more complicated than this and the economic issues affected by this principle are too complicated to explain in limited time. Suffice to say, therefore, that the issue has come up many times in the history of the Cattle Growers Association and a great deal of time and money has been spent on the question.

In July of 1916 the Kramer Herd

Law was put on the ballot by petition and the publishers of the *Denver Post* were back of the move. Volney Hoggat, editor of the *Great Divide*, a publication owned by the *Post*, spearheaded the intense promotion drive to bring the proposal to a vote.

Frank D. Squiers, then president of the Association, called an emergency meeting of representatives from local associations all over the state. At this Board of Control meeting it was voted to assess all members 5c per head on cattle and 1c per head on sheep to raise money for the battle.

A full-time secretary was hired for the first time in nearly twenty-five years and an elaborate organization was set up to oppose the issue. A staff member of the *Rocky Mountain News* was hired to write news releases giving the stockmen's side of the matter. A state-wide conference of all farm and agricultural organizations was called to organize the rural areas, and the State Chamber of Commerce helped to mobilize sentiment in cities throughout the state.

A speakers bureau was established in which several ex-governors and even Denver Mayor Robert W. Spear participated.

The secretary's report on the campaign contains this interesting sidelight:

"On the 6th of July an editorial appeared in the *Rocky Mountain News* intimating that the owners of the *Great Divide* and the *Denver Post* were confidence men and blackmailers at which they took offense. They took action by circulating the petitions and advertised for 300 circulators."

The petition was filed at midnight on July 7th. Of the 20,959 signatures on the document, 11,330 names were from Denver, and all of these were obtained on the 6th and 7th of July.

The proposal was defeated at the polls, but it had cost the Association

some \$8,170, which with salaries and other expenses left the treasury more than \$1,300 in the red at the end of the year.

But the fire of battle had pumped new life into the organization once again, and the members rallied to make up the deficit. Beef prices climbed once more as a result of the War, but the problems which this conflict created kept the Association busy for the next four years.

Then in 1920 another crisis arose that threatened to split the organization wide open. This reached a climax on August 31st, 1920, when the Executive Committee, in an emergency meeting at the Denver Livestock Exchange Building, presented charges against the president of the Association and, "for the good of the industry," put him out of office.

Leading up to this occasion was an unusual series of events that smacked of scandal. John P. Klug, the president in question, had been an active member of the association for several years. He had served on the Board of Control, been vice-president for one year, and in 1920 was serving his second term as head of the Stock Growers organization.

He was an aggressive man who had built a reputation as a great fund raiser for the Association—and therein lay his downfall. During his first year in office as president he had organized a livestock loan company and formed a corporation under the name of the Colorado Stock Growers Loan Association. Furthermore, he as president and Percy Houts, secretary of the Stock Growers Association, also held identical titles in the loan company.

It was inevitable, of course, that a great deal of confusion should result from this arrangement. The tolerant members would probably have overlooked this, but the loan company

failed in the summer of 1920. The resulting publicity and bad feeling toward the Stock Growers made it necessary to take immediate action.

The emergency meeting convened with representatives of 17 regional and local associations present. After what was described as a "lengthy and spirited discussion," the Specification of Charges was read and the matter brought to a vote. The count was 16 for removal and 1 to retain Mr. Klug in office.

In spite of the deposed president's protest that the committee was "plum out of order," the chair was declared vacant. Mr. W. S. Whinnery, the vice-president, refused to move up to the office under the circumstances, and the committee then named M. J. McMillin of Carleton as president by unanimous vote. He took the chair and they proceeded to other business at hand.

After this the Association weathered the cattle market collapse of 1921, rallied again and in 1924 hired Dr. B. F. Davis as Executive Secretary.

"Doc" Davis, a salty veterinarian from Wyoming, remained in this capacity for twenty-five years, serving through the Great Depression of the early 30's when the average value of cattle once again dropped near the all-time low, reaching \$14.50 per head in 1934.

He carried the organization almost single-handedly through these trying times, often going for months without pay. Finally, after the complex period of World War II, advancing age dimmed the enthusiasm of this old warrior and he retired in 1948.

By 1949 the association had hit another low point in its turbulent history, and a group of the more devoted members got together, raised some money and hired David G. Rice, Jr., the county agent at Delta, Colorado, as the new Executive Secretary.

When Dave took over the reins of the organization at this time, there were only thirty-two paid-up memberships in the state. But the old-timers in the industry rallied to the call, a hard-hitting membership campaign was inaugurated, and once again the venerable Association was fired up.

By this time the sheep producers had formed an organization of their own, so the by-laws were once again changed to limit membership solely to cattle producers. During the late 1930's the name had been changed to the Colorado Stock Growers and Feeders Association. Since this was somewhat awkward, the name was simplified when the by-laws were amended to the present Colorado Cattlemen's Association.

Dave Rice has just completed ten years as Executive Secretary of the historic organization. In that time the membership has reached its highest point in history — some 4,000 paid-up memberships with seventy-two local organizations represented in the state-wide activities of the group.

The cattle industry in the state is still changing with the times and the Cattlemen's Association is changing with it.

In spite of this modernizing influence, however, the basic issues that worry the cattlemen today are surprisingly similar to the problems that they faced in the early days.

Stolen cattle are still causing serious losses, particularly to cattlemen along the southern and eastern borders of the state. Fast trucks, good highways, and rising cattle prices have made "hot beef" a profitable commodity.

Cattle diseases are causing as much or more financial distress today as they were in the years of the Texas fever scares. Modern vaccines and antibiotics have eliminated the big herd losses, but the continuous appearance of new diseases makes the

problem an ever-constant financial drain.

At the last session of the Colorado Legislature early this year there were three separate bills introduced in which the Herd Law principle was involved and representatives of the Association took part in the discussions concerning them.

Another recurring subject is the marketing of cattle. To the stockman the widening gap between the price he receives for his cattle and the price the consumer pays for beef is a serious matter.

To show the similarity of the thinking today on this subject with the comments made in the early days, here are a series of direct quotations on the subject.

A resolution passed by the Executive Committee on November 30, 1883 says:

"The Executive Committee believes it voices the sentiment of every cattle raiser of Colorado and the West in giving its unqualified approval to the movement to establish the Cattlemen's Stockyards at West St. Louis with a view to securing a market where beef cattle may be sold on their merits, where competition may be restored and the price realized to the Producer bear the proper relation to that paid by the Consumer.

"We do not complain that the cost of beef to the consumer is not high enough, but that it is unreasonably high as compared to the price paid the producer."

In the days of the great Beef Trusts the Secretary of the Association had this comment to make in his Annual Report for 1890:

"If the prices for our cattle can be regulated by the laws of supply and demand, freed from the combinations

and conspiracies of the great slaughtering establishments in Chicago, I feel that we may reasonably hope for a year of increased prosperity."

And here is a comment by Mr. James J. Sullivan at the Annual Meeting in Denver, January 25, 1917:

"I spoke of the packing industry because you come in direct contact with it. You are on one side of the fence and they are on the other. The stockyards is the means by which they take advantage of you."

Later, of course, the Packers and Stock Yards Act of 1921 separated the packers from control of the stockyards and made the latter a public utility subject to the regulations of the ICC and the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

But to show that the same basic idea is still present, here is a quote from the report of a Cattlemen's Association meeting held in Colorado Springs, December 5, 1956: This is from the December issue of *Cattle Guard*, the official publication of the Association.

"Channing Sweet, Colorado Springs cattleman, also declared that the producer was on the wrong end of the price-seeing picture. We ship our cattle for whatever they will bring, he said, yet when we buy beef at a retail store we are told what we have to pay for our product."

Similar sentiments were expressed that day by at least half a dozen stockmen from many parts of the state.

All of which simply goes to prove that the cowman and the cow business cannot change any faster than the cow herself. And, despite the fact that today's cattle pack considerably more beef on their bones, inside that old cow is pretty much the same as she was in "the good old days!"

BOOK REVIEWS

Continued from page 4

and research and has been loosely written in a glamorous vein, without due regard for accuracy, established fact, or correct informative detail.

Now, after a number of years of extensive research on this memorable early-day undertaking, comes this team of authors to present quite a different slant on the long-distance communications enterprise. Here is a revised version of the event revealing a wealth of new material, as well as combining previously known facts together. It is doubtless safe to say that no other author has ever probed so deep and come up with so much interesting substance in this connection, as is offered in this newest work on the "horseback overland mail service" on the old western frontier.

Following the acquisition of California by the United States and the coincidental discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill in 1848, there occurred a tremendous county-wide stampede to that region. The population grew rapidly, until by 1860, the territory numbered about 380,000 persons. These newcomers soon clamored for a faster means of transporting the mail from the East than the system then in vogue by steamship around Cape Horn or via the newer land-and-water shortcut across the Isthmus of Panama. Large numbers of the argonauts had made the overland trek in wagons and they now contended that the transcontinental western mail could and should be transported in the same manner and efficiently.

Thus it was that the ambitious, optimistic William H. Russell emerged from comparative obscurity, and with his associates, organized the Leavenworth and Pikes Peak Express Company and soon thereafter acquired from a predecessor the overland mail

contract between the Missouri River and Salt Lake City. In October the concern was transformed into the Central Overland California & Pikes Peak Express Company, which undertook to handle the cross-country stagecoach passenger business on a large professional scale, but meanwhile lost the government overland mail contract to its southern competitor. This latter firm was the (John) Butterfield Overland Mail & Express Company (sometimes known as the Southern Overland), operating "the long way around" from Fort Smith, Arkansas, over the so-called "Ox-Bow Route" to San Francisco. It was this development and the ensuing situation which prompted William H. Russell to endeavor to demonstrate to the public and to various official minds the feasibility and advantages of the "Central Route" over the Southern Route as a mail line from the east to the Pacific Coast. The means by which he planned to carry out this demonstration was to establish a system of relays of swift horsemen, extending from the Missouri River to Sacramento, California. The detailed background of this project, how it was conceived, organized and launched and operated constitute the substance of this book *Saddles and Spurs*.

One of the great delights of this volume is the revealing manner in which the preliminaries, organizational procedures, the places and the events and highlights are so well described and identified that the reader feels as if he were an observer located at the scene of action. In this respect, the writers have effectively conformed to the modern trend in works of this character by offering in a highly interesting manner considerable factual and specific information and practically no imaginary, unsubstantiated, glamor-type fabric.

As general reading matter, this book

is well worth while, but for the student, researcher and for other writers on various related phases of early western history, it is outstanding. It is a gold mine of reference material. For example, a roster containing the names and background of some 110 of the original 120 riders on the Pony Express is presented. The subject matter contains the names and locations of practically all of the stations along the route. There is a chapter on the Pah Ute War and its effect on the project. The influence of the Civil War on the enterprise is treated. An extensive bibliography concludes the work. A great amount of detailed history pertaining to Denver, to Colorado and to the Rocky Mountain West is contained in the various chapters. Likewise, a great amount of California is to be found in the book. The authors have done an excellent job.

PAUL D. HARRISON

The Wayward Horseman by Ernest W. Fletcher, edited by Forbes Parkhill. Sage Books, Denver. \$3.75.

This is the story of a long life in the west of the real cowboys, told by one of them for his own family, and remarkably well edited by Forbes Parkhill, Denver Westerner. Thanks, I'm sure, to the fine editing, the flavor of the man and his wife is retained without any other feeling than absolute naturalness.

It is as if Fletcher were standing off and writing about himself as another person, and that gives it a quality which is unusual, to say the least. He reports all his doings, good and bad, tragic and comical, his moods of elation and despondency, his feelings for his one true love ranging from adoration to absolute hate, and all without bias or apparent emotion. He says "This is the record" and leaves it

strictly up to the reader to judge, without attempting to influence the decision in any way.

I don't know any better way to give you the feel of the book than to use a few quotations:

(When he was only thirteen) "... it came to me that I'd better run away and be a cowboy." (On his fourteenth birthday) "I went back to the house and saddled my horse, Frank, and gave him the last feed of corn I ever fed him on the home place." A year or two later "We got into a big fight at the cowboy's ball and everybody had a good time." Then at intervals "I went into a store, and there on the wall was posted a Cattle Growers Association reward bulletin, with my picture" . . . "I was twenty-three years old when I was sent to the penitentiary" (for cattle rustling) . . . "A beautiful woman made a fool out of me" . . . "These six weeks with my lovely little brown-eyed wife were the happiest weeks of my life" . . .

"After the fair Buck and I hit the road as professional gamblers" . . . Divorced and married again ". . . we had a baby boy . . ." "People were beginning to call me 'Colonel' Fletcher and I weighed close to three hundred pounds, and they didn't make horses big enough to carry me. I sold my ranch, moved to Yuma, and quit the cow business forever."

RAY COLWELL.

Colorado's Century of Cities by Don & Jean Griswold. 64 pages of illustrations from the Fred & Joe Mazzula Collection. Denver, Smith-Brooks. \$5.00.

Here is a book that is destined to become a classic on Colorado. It should become one of the all-time best-sellers.

Back in 1866, the famed world traveler and lecturer, Bayard Taylor, vis-

ited Golden City, Colorado. He was so disgusted with the general practice of attaching the word "city" to every place of more than three houses, he remarked that if one talked much about the mining towns, he would add one seventh to his speech in repeating the useless word, "city."

This statement so piqued the interest of Don and Jean Griswold that they set out to see just how many of the innumerable towns that were founded in the state during the past 100 years, at some time appended the word "city" to their names. The result is one of the most fascinating as well as informative books on Colorado's Ghost "Cities," near Ghost "Cities," and two or three cities that are still growing.

To illustrate the book, they called upon the seemingly inexhaustible picture collection of Fred & Joe Mazzulla. Many of these are being seen by the public for the first time. One error appears and should be corrected, just to keep the record straight. Page 113 has the town listed as "Kokomo from Recen City." This is actually Robinson.

The Griswolds have separated the cities into various groups, each group being a chapter. First there are the Pioneer cities; then Supply cities; Cities in the mountains; and on down to Twentieth Century cities.

The indexing is unique. It is in two parts. The first is an index of the cities only, in alphabetical order. The second deals with the general information in the book. There is also an excellent bibliography. The end papers are actual reproductions of the mastheads of some of the newspapers of the "cities."

If you travel by car, jeep or horse—or if you're just an armchair traveler, this book should be in your knapsack. I have it in mine.

F.B.R.

Game is Good Eating by John Willard.
Helena, Mont., State Publishing Co.
2nd ed., drawings by Vern Craig.
\$3.25.

Here's that book for Christmas, to give to the hunter, fisherman, camper, barbequeer. I've written an outdoorsman's cookbook myself, so when I stand up to testify about this cookbook, and say it's *good*, testimony should have some weight.

Some Westerners are interested in outlaws, some in narrow-gauge railroads, some in historical tycoons of earlier days, some in coins, madams, mines, Indians, old photographs, trappers. But the whole kit-and-kaboodle I've noticed, seems interested in food.

So it is not out of line to remark on a book written by a westerner, about western game, how to prepare it, how to give it that special touch that makes it extra good, how to serve it.

In this book you'll find recipes for bison stew, caribou roast, elk steaks, smothered jackrabbit, moose mulligan, bighorn rarebit, sage hen sausage, venison pot pie—this is strictly a book about making wild game of the west delicious viands, and for that reason, it can rightly be recommended to The Westerners interested in eating. There aint none that aint.

Westerners who are husbands, here's something to ease to the hands of your Chief Cook as a Christmas gift; wives who have Westerner husbands, here's the book to give to your Old Man, and say, "Here's how to cook up that moose (or bull elk, or squaw fish, or raccoon) you brought home. *You* cook it!"

It's clever, unusual, well done, well illustrated game cookbook. John Willard is a writing man living at 929 Hauser, in Helena, Mont.

ART CARHART

Mr. Hunt and the Fabulous Plan
by Cecil Pearl Dryden, illustrated

by Beatrice Driessen. Caldwell, Idaho, The Caxton Printers, Ltd. \$5.00.

One of America's greediest robber barons, a man who if he could would have had all the money in the world, sniffed at the air one morning in the early 1800's and smelled nothing but the aroma of money emanating from the Pacific Northwest. And he liked what he smelled.

It was a chance, not only for more of that beloved money, but to conquer a vast continent, control the trade, control the people, be ruler of an empire.

So Mr. John Jacob Astor sat down and cooked up a scheme to corral the fur trade of the Columbia River country. It was a fabulous plan, his sycophants said. It included barter with the Indians, an army of beaver-trapping myrmidons, trade with Russian America (Alaska) and with China as well. The key to the design was a monopoly on the furs of the Oregon Country, which relied on control of the Columbia River.

It's the story of how Astor's dream fell through that Miss Dryden, a retired history teacher of Eastern Washington College of Education, tells in this book. It is the saga of a floperoo, a study in mismanagement, ineptness, and of sending a boy, Hunt (he was 29 but seems never to have matured), to do a man's work.

In the end, the competing company, the Northwest Company, after outsmarting, out trapping, out maneuvering Astor's men, acquired Astor's dream for a song. The War of 1812 came along and helped Astor to rationalize the failure. And Hunt and his cohorts, equally inept, went on to fill obscure little niches, and the book ends on page 343.

The book itself, in fiction form, leaves the reader without a single

character he feels he knows, let alone can love, or hate, or wish dead. It's a symphony of syntaxes that leaves one with the feeling that there's a story here which deserves really skilled telling. I am sorry to have to be critical about everything in this book, including Mr. Astor himself, but I had a feeling after studying the illustrations that there was a place for the artist on Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour.

CHARLES B. ROTH

Gulch of Gold, A History of Central City, Colorado by Caroline Bancroft. Denver. Sage Books. \$6.00.

Central City, commercially well-preserved by its summer music festivals, was one of the most illustrious of the Colorado mining camps, and a full-scale treatment of its history is certainly a valuable addition to published material on early Colorado. Miss Bancroft has chosen to organize her book around the six periods of gold-camp history—discovery, settlement, bonanza, capitalization, culture, and decline. Each of these periods is presented through the biography of an individual intrinsic to that particular phase of development. The first three portraits, those of John Gregory, Discoverer; Mary York, Citizen; and Pat Casey, Bonanza King, provide the most exciting reading, partly because these phases in the development of the gulch were the most romantic. The poignant story of Baby Doe is, of course, an attractive choice for the representation of the period of decline not only because her name immediately evokes a legend synonymous with Colorado history, but because in the early episodes presented here, the story is given a new perspective. Those portions of the book which describe the thirst for culture of the isolated gulch residents contain a gently ironic foreshadowing of Miss

Bancroft's somewhat anti-climactic final chapters which discuss the cultural rebirth of the mining town through the dedication of the Central City Opera House Association. The generous inclusion of photographs, many of which would not otherwise be available, contributes much to an appreciation of the volume. The annotations on sources are also informative.

At times, however, it seems difficult for Miss Bancroft to distinguish between the provinces of the novelist and the historian. People, as in the case of David Wall, are carefully introduced, then abandoned. The simulated dialogue and attributed feelings and attitudes further this confusion. Nor are the geographical limits of the story too sharply established. The reader primarily interested in the gold rush in Colorado might be willing to sacrifice such episodes as the Chivington victory on La Glorieta Pass for a more extensive exposure of Nevada-ville and Black Hawk. While the professional historian or even the scholarly amateur might have preferred a more sober statement of the Central City story, the general reader will find the details lively enough and the narrative sufficiently fast-moving to provide vivid as well as instructive reading, and perhaps even Miss Bancroft's florid style is a defensible anachronism, given the backdrop of the mining camps. The book belongs and will be found in every Westerner's library and especially in the libraries of all who are interested in Colorado history.

DEATT HUDSON

The Autobiography of the West: Personal Narratives of the Discovery and Settlement of the American West, Oscar Lewis, compiler and annotator. New York, Henry Holt and Co. \$5.00.

Personal accounts by individuals

who discovered, exploited, traveled to and settled in the American West are so numerous and oftentimes so unavailable to the general reader that there is real need for collections that will show their extent and variety in handy form. Such a compilation has been brought together by Oscar Lewis in his *The Autobiography of the West*, based on his studies for previous publications and his continuing enthusiasm for material in the field. Mr. Lewis has selected from 96 authors books, magazines, newspapers and manuscripts, some well known and some obscure, to delight the student of western history and whet his appetite for more. He has grouped his material in eleven chapters that include such titles as Trail Breakers, Hunters, Traders and Trappers, The Rush by Land, The Rush by Sea, The Northwest, the Southwest, and Side-wheeler, Stagecoach and Iron Horse, and extracted pertinent quotations, both long and short, to give real flavor to his arrangement.

While it may seem like cavilling at such bounteous offerings, it is only fair to point out that the emphasis is placed on the Far West, and travels thereto, though Wyoming is represented under the chapter on the Northwest. Colorado and the plains region are, perhaps because of limitations of space, pretty largely omitted. So is farming and ranching. And Nevada receives the greatest amount of attention of any territory in the chapter on the Southwest. Furthermore, an occasional imbalance occurs as when a page and a half of introduction is devoted to one-third of a page of quotation from Mercer's *Banditti of the Plains*. Still, westerners are greatly indebted to the editor for his representative collection of valuable extracts to meet a real gap in general western literature.

HAROLD DUNHAM

Big Bend Books

When our good Book Review Chairman, Don Griswold, handed me two recently issued books about the Big Bend Country in southwest Texas, he assumed that I would promptly write the standard sort of book review for the *Roundup*. But I am rebelling and am submitting this little article for the purpose of calling the attention of those Westerners who are not familiar with the Big Bend area to a few of the books that have been written about that section of Texas.

Either you have been to the Big Bend National Park and to some of the adjacent areas, or you have not. If you have been there, you have no doubt been sufficiently intrigued with this part of the country to have acquired some of the books about it. When I went there a couple of years ago with a group of Westerners, I picked up Virginia Madison's book called *The Big Bend Country* (University of New Mexico Press, 1955, \$4.50) and found therein a very comprehensive and interesting history of this area. Also I obtained *Big Bend—A Homesteader's Story* written by J. O. Langford with the assistance of Fred Gipson (University of Texas Press, 1955, \$3.50) and there read a more intimate story of the experiences of one family who settled in the Big Bend. There were other books available, together with pamphlets issued by the Park Service, but I am not attempting a complete bibliography, nor belittling books not here specifically mentioned. But Mrs. Madison's book is certainly a fine introduction to the whole background of the area.

Now Virginia Madison and Hallie Stillwell have joined in the writing of a new book about the Big Bend, just issued by the University of New Mexico Press (1958, \$4.25) and it is titled *How Come It's Called That?*.

The more serious sub-title explains that this is a volume about the "Place Names in the Big Bend Country." Through real research these ladies have accumulated about all there is available, from records and interviews, as to the origins and reasons for the toponyms of that area. This book does not follow an alphabetical, dictionary approach; but it takes you on several trips through the Big Bend country and tells you of the background, with a lot of history and lore, of the towns, peaks, and other place-names that you meet. The index lets you locate any specific name, and the endpaper map and the pictures add to the interest of the book.

Of special interest to our Posse members is the reference (p. 59) to Toll Mountain, in the Chisos group of the mountains in which the Park has been created. Roger W. Toll, then Superintendent of Yellowstone National Park, brother of our member Henry W. Toll, and George M. Wright, founder of the Wildlife Division of the National Park Service, were on an official inspection trip of the Big Bend National Park. As they were returning they were both killed in an automobile accident, near Deming. Prominent peaks in the Park are named in their memory.

While Mrs. Madison now resides in Bronxville, New York, she was born and raised in West Texas, and holds degrees from Sul Ross State College in Alpine, Texas. She has spent a great deal of time in collecting material for her books and also lectures about the Big Bend country. In the second book, Mrs. Stillwell joined Mrs. Madison in the work and the writing and contributed what she has learned in her nearly fifty years spent in Brewster County, Texas, where she still operates a Hereford cattle ranch.

The other recent book is a new issue of what may well be justified in its claim to be "A Western Americana Classic." C. L. Sonnichsen is the author and his work first appeared in 1943 and is called *Roy Bean — Law West of the Pecos*. This book went through seven printings under the auspices of The Macmillian Company. Now (1958, \$4.00) the Devin-Adair Company, of New York City, have made available a new edition after acquiring the plates from The MacMillian Company. Little has been changed in this new edition by a new publisher. The dust jacket is newly designed and a comparison of the pictures of the author show quite a change toward maturity from 1943 to 1958. A new title page was designed for the latest issue, a map has been added, and the pictures are grouped together instead of being tipped in through the book.

Prof. Sonnichsen received degrees from Minnesota and Harvard and later settled in the southwest. He is now chairman of the English Department of Texas Western College at El Paso, formerly known as the College of Mines and Metallurgy of the University of Texas. Texas Western is now a full-fledged branch of the University, with nearly 4,000 students and a Liberal Arts college in addition to its engineering courses, and graduate work in three majors is offered.

This story of Roy Bean has as its aim "to tell all that can be learned about a colorful American figure." Perhaps as simple a statement as can be made is that in one sense the book consists of two parts; first a tracing of the life of Roy Bean through many activities before he settled down in Langtry as the dispenser of liquor and of law in a way that had little regard for the usual limitations upon a Justice of the Peace. This early history

is interesting and certainly proves that Roy was a "spicy character" from almost the outset of his career. Second, the book is a gathering together of all the reports available as to the "decisions" by the Judge. Of course there is no proof that he made all of them and some have no doubt been invented or brought from other sources and all tacked onto Bean. But they are good stories in any event.

It is not uninteresting to note the comments in the two books about the naming of Langtry, Texas. In *How Come It's Called That?* we read:

"It was about 1892 that the Pecos High Bridge was built and Roy Bean moved from the abandoned crossing at Vinegarroon to a place near the station called Langtry, named for the construction foreman who handled a gang of Chinese laborers employed to build the road through this section. The popular version of a legend credits the name of this station to the Jersey Island actress, Lily Langtry, with whom Roy Bean was completely smitten. And she did visit the place in the 1890's, but the station was named Langtry before her visit and even before Roy Bean invited her there."

But in the Roy Bean book doubt is cast upon the statement just quoted. The Southern Pacific was completed and the joining of the tracks built from opposite directions was celebrated on January 12, 1883. Then a water tank marked the site of the future town. Roy built his saloon nearby and soon placed thereon the name of "Jersey Lilly." It is claimed that Roy also named the town for the actress. Supposedly he fell in love with her picture. Prof. Sonnichsen says about this christening of Langtry:

"Roy must have made this decision almost as soon as the town was

laid out. Mrs. Langtry says in her reminiscences that she received a letter from him telling of the naming of 'her town' during her second year in the States. She arrived in New York in the fall of 1882. Hence the letter probably reached her in the winter of 1883-84 and it may well be that she was the first one notified. Anyway on December 8, 1844 . . . the Post Office Department made the name official, legal and permanent."

Mrs. Langtry made her stage appearances in San Antonio in 1888 and it is a good guess that Roy Bean was in the audience because of his devotion. But he did not meet her. Mrs. Langtry made another trip to Texas and stopped a few minutes at Langtry on January 4, 1904. Roy Bean had a part in inducing her to schedule this trip. But the fates were against Roy, for he died in March of 1903.

May I suggest that you can have a lot of fun reading about the Big Bend country and planning a trip there someday.

ERL H. ELLIS

BOOK REVIEWS

Continued from Page 21

The Gentle Tamers: Women of the Old Wild West by Dee Brown. Illustrated. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$5.00.

Surely Brigham Young, as a dress designer, was born just one century too soon! The "Deseret Costume" he designed for the Mormon women of the late 1850's was not accepted with enthusiasm. It was "a modification of Amelia Bloomer's design, covered over with a loose shapeless *sacque*."

What fun Brigham would have had today!

You will make many new acquaintances and meet countless old friends among the westward-facing female tamers, some not so gentle, who pass swiftly across Dee Brown's canvas. As types, they are all there — the Army gals, the missionaries, the soiled doves, the schoolmarms, the push-cart women, the homesteaders, the wearers of pink tights, the champions of women's rights.

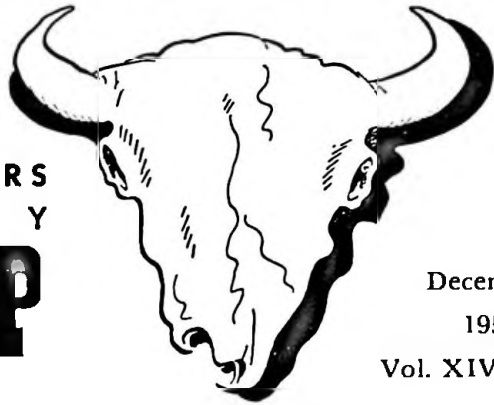
Of course Colorado readers may bemoan the absence of Baby Doe. Wyoming readers may wonder why Cattle Kate's picture is given such prominence on the dust jacket, yet her story — lumped together with those of Rose of the Cimarron, Little Britches and three other female outlaws — is limited to one sentence in the text. But why be provincial?

Meticulous readers may raise questions as to the correct date of Lincoln's assassination or the correct spelling of Fort Phil Kearny. Brown states also that "the all-male United States Congress" (in 1917) "was startled to find a woman in its membership for the first time in history." Montanans may be equally startled to learn that Brown credits Wyoming with this first female Representative, Jeanette Rankin. But why be finical?

Enjoy *Gentle Tamers*! It is a fascinating, swiftly moving chronicle, sympathetically treated. Its content is chiefly drawn from an endless number of old diaries, long buried in historical reviews and annals from many states. Brown's West extends from Montana to Texas, from Illinois to California. There is much of interest for readers from every state.

CLARICE WHITTENBURG

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
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SOME COLORADO CONFEDERATES

BILLIE BARNES JENSEN

It has been only a few months more than one hundred years since the first gold seekers tarried on the site of what we know to be Denver. The small colony of gold hunters grew, not steadily, but surely, until the Cherry Creek gold fields took on the look of a permanent settlement. Barely was the new settlement taking a lasting form when the sectional storms of the eastern part of the country threatened to split the new colony. Even the delay in formally organizing the Territory that was to be Colorado was largely due to the sectional controversy. The Colorado organic act was held up in the House of Representatives until the Southern states seceded, and many Southern votes were gone from Congress. When the bill went to the Senate, the anti-slavery clause, which had held the bill in abeyance for so long, was removed, and the act finally became law on February 28, 1861, when it was signed by President Buchanan. The organization of the Territory was not immediate, however, for Buchanan left the appointment of the Territorial officials to the new President—

Abraham Lincoln.¹ It was June before Lincoln's appointee for governor, William Gilpin, arrived in Colorado. Meanwhile, in the months when secession was being accomplished in the Southeast, there had been no organized government in the Colorado area, and thus, there was no authority to quell the sentiments and actions of Southerners who were trying to gain the gold fields for the Confederate cause.

In the period before the arrival of Governor Gilpin and the rest of the Territorial officials, there were several means by which Confederate sympathizers expressed their opinions. There was a newspaper that favored the cause of the South; there were instances when Confederate flags were raised in Colorado; songs of Dixie were sung in the places of amusement; and many Southerners expressed their sentiments in street fights and brawls.

Picture, then, the position of the Colorado settler. He was on an isolated frontier; the small garrisons that had protected him from the Indian and from the lawless were being weakened to strengthen federal garrisons

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Program for January Meeting of the
Denver Westerners

***"Dutch Men in Mines and Money of
Colorado"***

by H. R. Vendemoer

Mr. Vandemoer, president of the Sterling Lumber and Investment Co. of Denver, is son of John J. Vandemoer, noted pioneer mining engineer.

His talk will be based on the diary of his father, who was instrumental in interesting Dutch capitalists in mining enterprises of the Rocky Mountain West. John J. Vandemoer was a writer of note on mining subjects, and at one time was treasurer of the Denver Press Club.

in the East; he had no legally organized government until after the war had already started in "the states"; and there were many in the area who were quite willing to express Confederate sentiments.

Colorado was, in a sense, as much of a border state as Kentucky, Tennessee, Maryland, Missouri, or Arkansas. It had not yet received the formal status as a member of the Union, but it was as divided in loyalty as were any of the older states. Since there were few federal troops in the area, it was the settlers of Colorado themselves who had to make the decision to secede or to remain in the Union. The decision was made rather early in Colorado. Until June of 1861 there may have been some doubt about what sort of loyalty might be expected from the new area, but after the arrival of the new Territorial government, it became increasingly plain that the South would never carry Colorado. This did not, by any means, though, end the efforts of Confederate sympathizers in the Territory. Rather, after the point in 1861 when the Territorial government was able to exert its strength, the efforts of the Confederates fell beyond the pale of the law, and generally, beyond the approval of society. Their methods became underground and illegal: they raised secret bands of men; they attempted to take gold shipments for the Confederacy; they participated in guerilla activity; but, they no longer raised Confederate flags, sang secession songs, or published secession newspapers. The battle for the sentiment of the Colorado people had been lost by the Confederates in 1861.

What was the importance of what the people of the South were trying to do in Colorado Territory in 1860 and 1861? For the Confederacy, there were certain advantages that could accrue from the taking of Colorado and the rest of the western area. The

most obvious advantage of the Colorado region was the gold buried there. Also, the region, by the very size of it, would have been a boon to the Confederacy. On a map of the United States in the hands of a Confederate diplomat in Europe, the area would have loomed large indeed, in a diplomatic way, and the Confederates were very interested in recognition by the nations of Europe.² The Colorado area was also important from the standpoint that it stood on the path to California, and thus also, the sea.

The bravery of the Colorado Volunteers in blocking the path of Confederate soldiers headed north from New Mexico is a well-known and well-chronicled tale of courage and timely action. The names La Glorietta and Apache Canyon stand for battles that were probably the deciding factors in the war in the Far West. But what would have been the tale if Colorado had not been an area of Union strength, if domestic sentiments had not made the Territory safe for the Union? The battles of northern New Mexico might well have been lost, and the way cleared for the invasion of Confederate forces. Seeing, then, the significance of the battle between Northern and Southern men for the control of the sympathies, wealth, arms, and even men of the new Colorado Territory, it is not amiss to study some of the men who tried to lead Colorado on a Southern path—the Colorado Confederates.

It is difficult to assess the actual strength of the Confederate sympathizers in Colorado—in the matter of numbers or of influence. For example, three pioneers who were actually here in 1861 quote the secessionist strength at three different figures. One pioneer woman has stated that before Gilpin's arrival sentiment was almost equally divided.³ Another settler stated that although there were

many Southern men in the Territory, "We are ten to one for the government."⁴ A more revealing statement was this: "so far as numbers were concerned, the Union sentiment was perhaps two to one, yet the financial and social status of those who sympathized with the revolt against the Government made their fewer numbers of perhaps equal influence with the Union sentiment."⁵ The two highest officials of the Territorial government, at least, thought that the situation was a dire one, and their dispatches to the government border on hysteria. Territorial Governor Gilpin, for example, described the "extreme dangers" of the situation of the people of the Territory, and he said, "This people are enclosed in a circle of hostile elements converging upon them, and are utterly destitute of arms, ammunition, or any weapons of self-preservation."⁶ Writing in later years, he said of his own position in 1861, "I was surrounded by professional assassins, just as Lincoln was. . . ." The reports of Chief Justice Hall were as gloomy about the situation of Colorado as those of Gilpin, and he wrote frequently to Lincoln about the plight of the settlers.

The stories of the Colorado Confederates have been surrounded by the legend that frequently attends a lost cause, and they have received the embroidery of the retelling of eyewitnesses who remember a past of glory. Even the contemporary newspaper accounts mislead the historian by printing rumors, or by misspelling names. These are the stories of some of the most outstanding Colorado Confederates as nearly as they can be discerned after a hundred years of history has intervened.

On September 29, 1861, Governor Gilpin of the Territory of Colorado issued the following order:

To the Marshall of Colorado,
Greeting:

Information having reached me that a Texan, named McKee, is raising troops in this Territory for an unlawful purpose, I deem it incompatible with the public safety for him to be suffered longer at large. You are therefore directed to arrest and detain him until further orders.⁸

For several months before Gilpin issued this order for the arrest of Joel McKee, the Southerner had been causing the Governor trouble. He had been an active secessionist organizer in the summer months of 1861, and he was even engaging in a sort of primitive arms race with Governor Gilpin to control the might of Colorado. In a frontier area like Colorado, arms and ammunition are very important. Not only are they necessary in everyday life, but they are also scarce since the source of supply is far removed. Once the war started in the East, it became almost impossible for the resident of Colorado to obtain arms from outside the Territory, so the supporters of both the Union and Confederate causes were making an effort to control what was available. One author attributes a shrewd plan to McKee, and that is, that he controlled the supply of percussion caps in the area so that the firearms that the union supporters did have would be worthless.⁹ Legend has surrounded the story of the arrest of McKee by the Marshall. Probably the most authoritative account of the capture is that provided in the *Weekly Colorado Republican* and in the *Rocky Mountain News*. These two newspaper accounts state that McKee and two of his followers were arrested in a store on Ferry Street in Denver. Both of the papers were quick to admit that McKee, and a band of followers he had raised, were secessionists.¹⁰ Soon

after McKee's capture, rumors began to circulate that a large band of his followers would attempt to free him by force. Although such an attempt was never made, at least three *legal* attempts were made. Friends of McKee petitioned for a writ of Habeas Corpus. When Chief Justice Hall denied the writ for the third time, he issued a pamphlet giving his reasons for his action. Hall stated that "McKee being charged in the warrant as he is with enlisting soldiers for an unlawful purpose (which we understand to mean rebel service), does not now enjoy the privilege of this writ."¹¹ Although McKee had been imprisoned, the activities of the force of Southern sympathizers he had raised did not cease. This band marched South on the trail to New Mexico, and were probably attempting to intercept a supply train when they were captured by a force of soldiers from Fort Wise.¹²

With the capture of these men, the difficulties of the Territorial Government were far from ended; they were, in fact, just beginning. After their capture by the federal troops, the men of the party were turned over to the Marshall of the Territory, who returned them to Denver with the aid of a troop of cavalry.¹³ When they arrived in Denver, it became apparent that there were neither facilities nor finances to maintain a group of forty-two prisoners. Chief Justice Hall wrote to Secretary of State Seward for advice, and in the letter, incidentally, revealed his own prejudices in the matter, when he wrote, "I will try, convict and sentence them if it is the pleasure of the government." He recommended, though, a more lenient course, and the prisoners were in the end released by the perplexed Territorial Government.

At about the same time that Joel McKee was creating a disturbance in the Colorado Territory, another seces-

sionist organizer was also active in the area. A. B. Miller had long been open in the expression of his Southern sentiments. By the late summer of 1861, Miller was actively raising a troop of men who favored the Confederate cause. In September, Miller left Denver to meet other members of his force, and when his wagon train was finally assembled, it included twenty wagons of provisions, four hundred and twenty-five cattle, and twenty ponies and drivers, and, of course, the personal equipment of the men with him.¹⁵ The exact purpose of Miller's elaborate preparations is not known, but it is assumed that he was headed for Texas or the Indian country to recruit a force to return to attack Colorado. A Denver newspaper hailed his departure:

A. B. Miller, late of Denver, passed down the creek last week, followed by a numerous and well armed retinue, with outfit, train of provisions, etc. There are several rumors as to his destination—among others that he had gone to take possession of some newly discovered . . . diggings, and again, to join forces with Texan Rangers, who are down below somewhere.¹⁶

In October of 1861 Miller's train was captured in southern Kansas, but he and his family escaped to the Cherokee country.¹⁷ It is possible, of course, that his intention was to move back to the South and to join forces with the regular Confederate armies of the eastern front. Apparently not all of Miller's associates were captured with him, for it was reported that a Captain Long from Fort Wise captured thirty-nine men who were supposed to be a part of the Miller party.¹⁸

Both Miller and McKee were Southern men who wished to see that all the resources of Colorado did not

automatically go to the Union cause in the Civil War struggle. In attempting to change the course of events, they became rallying centers for those of adventuresome spirit and Confederate tendencies, and attempted to lead bands of men out of the Territory. In both cases, the federal troops stationed in the area were instrumental in halting the missions, and the attempts of these two men ended in jail cells.

There were two very interesting settlers who had long been in Colorado who made no attempt to escape to the Confederacy, and who offered no open material support to the Confederacy, but in their own ways, these two men did attempt to give aid to the Confederate cause. These men were "Uncle Dick" Wootten and Zan Hicklin.

Richard Wootten, who was affectionately called "Uncle Dick" by the Colorado settlers, had long been a landmark in Colorado. He is supposed to have opened the first store in Denver, and he had owned "the first business block in Denver." The first offices of the *Rocky Mountain News* were located on the second floor of his building.¹⁹ He had become restless after a short while, though, and moved to the site of Pueblo in 1862. Wootten was a Southerner by birth, and he did not intend to keep his sentiment to himself on the matter of the split in the Union. In his own words:

I was one of those looked upon by the Territorial Government as an erring brother, and subjected to some little discipline as a consequence. Having been born in Virginia and raised in Southern Kentucky, I was essentially a Southern man, and naturally enough I think, very strongly in sympathy with the Southern States. Those who know me well know I have never hesitated to

express my opinions, and so I came to be looked upon as rather a pronounced rebel.²⁰

Despite the open expression of his Confederate sentiments, "Uncle Dick" seems never to have done anything detrimental to the government, and, in consequence, he suffered very little at the hands of the Territorial officials or the loyal citizens of the Territory. He did, though, have difficulty on one occasion for expressing his sentiments too freely. In 1863, while visiting Denver, he was threatened by the Denver officials with imprisonment. In his own words:

I wasn't at all pleased with the idea of being locked up in jail. In-door life never did agree with me, and besides I had a family to look after down at Pueblo.²¹

Wootten fled from Denver and was not apprehended. This was the only instance of any ill-treatment recorded by Wootten in his memoirs, and generally he seems to have been regarded by the settlers with a certain amount of affection and respect—as frontiersmen of long standing ordinarily were.

Another settler of pre-gold rush days, and of Southern inclination, was Zan Hicklin. He had been in the southern part of what was to be the state of Colorado for many years before gold was discovered in the Cherry Creek region. His activities during the war have been described thusly:

He was . . . a 'dyed in the wool' Missouri Democrat, and his sympathy was with the South. He was skilfully [sic] 'playing both sides and the middle' in the Civil War controversy, but his friends could always rely on him.²²

Another author charges Hicklin with playing a dual role in the war years. He served as a guide for federal troops in the open while he was driving

cattle to a group of Confederates in secret. The group he was supposed to be helping were camped about thirty miles from Pueblo, and were trying to raise enough troops to capture Fort Garland and then go south to join Confederate forces in New Mexico. The activities of the group are reported to have come to an abrupt end when the plotters were discovered and dispersed by federal troops.²³ In addition to supplying this Confederate group, Hicklin also aided the Russell party that was attempting to escape from Colorado to the confederacy in the fall of 1862.²⁴

The Russells, who had been among the earliest prospectors in the Territory of Colorado, and who were highly respected and prosperous citizens, decided to leave Colorado and go back to their native South. James H. Pierce, who was a cousin of the Russell brothers, and a member of their party, has left an account of the adventures of the group in trying to leave Colorado. In giving their reason for going, Pierce made this statement:

They said they could not longer stand the insults that were being heaped upon them. They had intended to stay here until the war ended, but now they had concluded to try to make their way home.²⁵

In the fall of 1862, disguising their expedition as a prospecting party, and ostensibly headed for California Gulch, the Russell party left Denver. Of the eighteen men in the party when it left Denver, five were of the original Russell party that had come to the Pike's Peak area as prospectors. The route of the party was through southern Colorado to Las Vegas, New Mexico. On reaching Las Vegas, the party learned that the Pecos River Route was being guarded, so they turned east on the Fort Smith Road. On the fourth day out of Las Vegas,

smallpox broke out in the wagon train. The illness slowed the progress of the party making it easier for soldiers of the Second Colorado Cavalry to overtake them. At this point, according to Pierce, the soldiers moved ahead of the party and made a deal with the Indians to let the savages have one man and half the material spoils from the train in return for help in capturing the party. The following is the official report of the incident, made by Lieutenant George L. Shoup who was in charge of the arresting party:

I told the Indian who could talk English that if he would go to their [the Russell's] camp early in the morning, ascertain whether or not they were traders, their number of men, their kind of arms &c., I would reward him for so doing.

Shoup further reports that the next day

The Indians were all animated, and wished to participate in the capture of the party. They were instructed that we thought ourselves equal to the task. They still insisted on helping us, and said that they would be governed by my orders. I then told them that if any of the party should escape then they might take them prisoners, and I would reward them for so doing. This satisfied them.

However, after the party was captured, the Indians demanded that Shoup give them one man and half the animals, arms, and ammunition taken. Shoup refused saying:

I told him [the chief] that was not consistent with our rules of warfare. I told them that I was willing to pay them for the information that they had given us,

and would be willing to pay them for all information received hereafter. I gave them some silver and other presents for the information they had given this time. . . . we separated the best of friends.²⁶

From the time of their capture, the prisoners were well treated, and while waiting disposition of their case, were out on parole of honor. On February 14, 1863, the prisoners were released, and all their possessions, including \$20,000 in gold dust, were returned to them. After taking an oath of allegiance, the party was given enough supplies to take them back to Denver, and then released.²⁷ Later William Green Russell and Oliver Russell returned to Georgia, frequently taking the oath as they passed through the lines. Pierce states that to his knowledge, neither of the brothers ever broke his oath; neither served in the Confederate forces. It is probable, however, that they did give financial aid to the South, and were financially ruined at the end of the war.²⁸ These were men who had contributed in a very real sense to the development of Colorado, yet with the outbreak of the war, they could no longer remain in the area because of its tie to the Union, and they felt compelled to move back to the South.

There were other Colorado men who left the Territory to return to the South, but with less of honor and more of glory in mind than the Russells. Some of these men left the area with the purpose in mind of returning at the head of a force of men. One such man was James Reynolds. He was a man who stimulated legends; about him it is difficult to learn the truth. Before leaving the Territory, he had made his sentiments known. He and his brother John are probably the James and John Reynolds listed with the prisoners taken by federal troops near Fort Wise and identified

as part of the McKee gang.²⁹ There were the captured rebel group that the Territorial government had been forced to release because of a lack of facilities to detain them. Reynolds' manner of leaving the area has been described in many ways. One account states that he obtained permission from the governor to go to Texas to raise a regiment for the Union army. Another account states that Reynolds left with threats, boasting that he would deal with Denver as Quantrell had dealt with Lawrence, Kansas.³¹

Reynolds reentered the Colorado Territory in 1864 with a small group of men who intended to act as Confederate guerillas. The creed of these men was stated in the flyleaf of Reynolds' diary:

I do solemnly swear or affirm that I will bear true allegiance [sic] to the Confederate States of America and the President and all officers appointed over me, so help me God. I further swear that I will aid or assist all true southern men and their families wherever they may be at a reasonable risk of my life whether in the army or out of it.³²

The actions of the Reynolds gang while in the Territory have been so obscured by legend that few certainties can be asserted regarding them. They did attack at least one stage coach, also ranch houses and stage stops. At least two posses pursued them through their adventures, and the gang was finally broken up. An article in the 1956 Westerners' *Brand Book* has contributed to clearing up some of the legends surrounding the activities of these men. This version of the Reynolds story states that of the original group, five were captured and taken to Denver, one was killed, and three, including John Reynolds, escaped. The captive members of the gang were taken to Denver where they

were tried under martial law, and sentenced to death. The prisoners were being transported to Fort Lyon for the consummation of their sentences when they were shot by soldiers from the Third Regiment of Colorado Volunteers, allegedly while trying to escape.³³

Two other men who left the Territory of Colorado were linked together in destiny. William P. McClure and Charles Harrison had been prominent in Denver affairs prior to the outbreak of the war, although neither would have been described as a substantial citizen. They did not leave Denver together, but they did decide to return together, and they met their fate together.

The life of Charles Harrison ranks for dramatic interest with any tale of the old frontier. Riding out of the West, he came to Denver fleeing from the justice of the Mormons in Utah. The profession he practiced in Denver was that of a gambler. He was soon the proprietor of the *Criterion*, one of the most famous gambling establishments in infant Denver. In addition to having a rather rough profession, Harrison had the reputation of being a killer. Another pioneer of those years has called him a "gay, reckless devil, and a killer."³⁴ Nevertheless, Harrison was a likeable man and rather popular at least among a certain element of Denver's population. He dressed in a very fashionable manner, or as one of his contemporaries said, he "dressed up to the minute."³⁵ He seems to have had manners that generally matched his fastidious dress. In outward appearance, at least, Charlie Harrison was a gentleman. He was also a Southerner, and his *Criterion* became a center for those of secessionist sympathies. After having trouble with the authorities about his sentiments and the expressions of them, Harrison was fined and ordered to leave the

Territory. Since many others of the Southern element had already left Denver, Harrison accepted his fate gracefully, at least for the time being. Of his departure one settler said:

In a way I missed Harrison, even though I never quite liked the man, for he had a sort of fascination about him, happy-go-lucky, free-and-easy gentlemanly, you could hardly realize that he was also a cold-blooded killer, and a man who lived by his wits and always on the edge of dishonesty.³⁷

The Southern sentiments of William Park McClure had already led him out of Colorado Territory when Harrison was forced to leave. McClure was well known in Denver as the Postmaster, having been appointed to that post by President Buchanan. His career in the young city was marked by a sort of distinction, for he had served in the first general assembly of the people of the area, and he had served in the local militia. On the other hand, he had gained a certain reputation for being quick to use a gun, and his name is well known in dueling annals in Denver.

Interestingly enough, Harrison and McClure came together again when, with a troop of men, they attempted to return to Colorado. Historians differ concerning which of the two men was leading the party of Confederates. An article in the 1956 *Westerners' Brand Book* ably describes the part of Harrison both as a guerilla fighter in the Missouri-Arkansas area, and as the leader of the force headed for Colorado. Although the parts played by McClure and Harrison in this adventure are not clear, it is certain that they were both with the force when it met a terrible fate at the hands of Osage Indian scouts working for the Union forces. The dreams of Harrison and McClure of aiding the Con-

federacy, and perhaps of settling some old scores in Colorado, met defeat when they were massacred by Osage Indians in Kansas in 1863.

Testifying before a committee of the House of Representatives, a citizen of Colorado was asked if there had been a secession element in Colorado, and this was his reply:

There was a small secession element there, but . . . my own opinion, based upon observation and information, always has been that there could not be at any time a secession force of 250 men raised throughout the Territory—men willing to assume a hostile position and take up arms.³⁸

In one sense this witness was correct, for no large force of Confederates was ever raised in the Territory. On the other hand, a significant secessionist element was present in the area. True, many of the Confederate number were not interested in using force to obtain the surrender of the Colorado Territory to the Confederacy. "Uncle Dick" Wootten and Zan Hicklin, for example, were interested only in living the sort of lives that they had long lived in the Colorado area, and in giving only incidental help to the Confederate cause. The Russell party was trying to return to the Confederate States, but not with any idea of returning to strike at Colorado. Men like A. B. Miller and Joel McKee were raising troops in direct opposition to the Territorial officials, but they were unsuccessful, and it is difficult to ascertain what their actions would have been if their plans had been put into action. The actions of James Reynolds, Charles Harrison and William McClure, on the other hand, were directly aimed at alienating Colorado from the Union, and the success of any of these men might have made a great deal of difference in the course of the American Civil

War. It is undoubtedly fortunate that the efforts of the Colorado Confederates were in vain, and that Colorado remained loyal to the Union.

¹Percy S. Fritz, *Colorado, The Centennial State*. New York: Prentice-Hall, 1941, pp. 194-6.

²*The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1882, Series I, Volume 9, pp. 634-5.

³Susan Riley Ashley, "Reminiscences of Colorado in the Early 'Sixties," *Colorado Magazine* XIII, p. 225.

⁴Matthew H. Dale, "Life in the Pike's Peak Region: The Letters of Matthew H. Dale," Robert G. Athern, ed. *Colorado Magazine* XXXIII, p. 101.

⁵J. M. Chivington, "The Pet Lambs," Mss. XXVI-5, State Historical Society Library, Denver, p. 1.

⁶*The War of the Rebellion*, Series I, Volume 3, p. 496.

⁷William Gilpin, "A Pioneer of 1842," Bancroft Mss. 27, 1884, Transcript in University of Colorado Historical Collections, p. 6.

⁸*Records of the Department of State, Territorial Papers, Colorado Series*, V. 2, September 29, 1861.

⁹Dunham Wright, "A Colorado Incident of the Civil War," *The Trail* XIII, p. 13.

¹⁰*Weekly Colorado Republican*, October 5, 1861. *Rocky Mountain News*, September 30, 1861.

¹¹"The Privilege of the Writ of Habeas Corpus under the Constitution," [by Chief Justice Hall] Denver, C.T.: printed by T. Gibson, Republican Office, 1862, page 11.

¹²*The War of the Rebellion*, Series II, Volume 2, p. 114.

¹³*Territorial Papers*, Volume I, no. 18.

¹⁴*Ibid.*

¹⁵Blanche V. Adams, "Colorado in the Civil War," Unpublished Master's Degree Thesis, University of Colorado, 1930.

¹⁶*Weekly Colorado Republican*, September 21, 1861.

¹⁷Stanley S. Zweig, "William Gilpin: First Territorial Governor of Colorado," Unpublished Master's degree Thesis, University of Colorado, 1953, p. 105. [Partially published as "The Civil Administration of Governor William Gilpin," *Colorado Magazine* XXXI, pp. 179-93.]

¹⁸*Weekly Colorado Republican*, November 2, 1861, as cited in Adams, *Op. cit.*, p. 22.

¹⁹Benton Canon, "Last Part of History of Huerfano County, The Georgia Colony," Mss. VIII-14/h, State Historical Society Library, Denver, page 2.

²⁰Howard L. Conrad, "Uncle Dick" Wooten. Chicago: W. E. Dibble and Co., 1890; Reprinted by Long's College Book Co., Columbus, Ohio, 1950, page 395.

²¹*Ibid.*

²²Canon, *Op. cit.*, p. 2.

²³Milo Lee Whittaker, *Pathbreakers and Pioneers of the Pueblo Region*. The Franklin Press Co., 1917, p. 154.

²⁴Canon, *Op. cit.*, p. 2.

²⁵James H. Pierce, "With the Green Russell Party," *The Trail* XIV, p. 6.

²⁶*The War of the Rebellion*, Series I, Volume XV, pp. 156-7.

²⁷Pierce, *Op. cit.*, pp. 6-10.

²⁸*Ibid.*, p. 10.

²⁹T. H. Fagan, "The Russell Brothers," *Denver Post*, June 23, 1901, Mss. VIII-14/g, State Historical Society Library, Denver.

³⁰*Rocky Mountain News*, November 21, 1861.

³¹Jerome C. Smiley, *Semi-Centennial History of the State of Colorado*. Chicago and New York: The Lewis Publishing Co., 1913, p. 409.

³²Kenneth E. Englert, "Raids by Reynolds," *1956 Brand Book of the Denver Westerners*, Denver, 1957, p. 151.

³³Luella Shaw, *True History of Some Pioneers of Colorado*. Hotchkiss, Colorado: W. S. Coburn, John Patterson, and A. K. Shaw, 1909, p. 41; and Englert, *Op. cit.*, p. 168.

³⁴Henry L. Pitzer, *Three Frontiers*. Muscatine, Iowa: The Prairie Press, 1938, p. 103.

³⁵*Ibid.*, p. 99.

³⁶Stanley Zamonski, "Colorado Gold and the Confederacy," *1956 Brand Book of the Denver Westerners*, Denver, 1957, pp. 95-98.

³⁷Pitzer, *Op. cit.*, p. 135.

³⁸*Report of Committee of the House of Representatives*, 37 Congress, 2 Session, Volume 2, Serial No. 1143, p. 459.

THE STATEHOOD ASPIRATIONS AND CONSTITUTIONS OF EARLY COLORADO

DONALD W. HENSEL

The drive for government in pioneer Colorado simultaneously moved at two distinct and sometimes conflicting levels. Local government was indispensable and was effectively established while regional government was more slowly created. The men who crossed the wide Missouri and looked toward the Rocky Mountains, hoping their dreams lay somewhere in the high land, could not have comprehended the involved task of building government. Dreams had to await the creation of law. Every mining camp, town site, and farming settlement became a vigorously functioning democracy with full sovereignty. Rock-strewn canyons and cottonwood groves were converted into legislative halls and courtroom chambers. The scrape of the pick, the bite of the axe, and the cut of the plow were invariably followed by the rap of the gravel. Before indomitable will, anarchy yielded to a law as spontaneous and inexorable as a thunderhead mushrooming over the Front Range of the Rockies.

State of Jefferson

With the victory of order at the village level, attention shifted to the same challenge at the regional level. The more thoughtful newcomers wondered how long self-made law would earn respect if it were administered in frank defiance of federal or territorial law. Should not some effort be made to win recognition from Kansas Territory as well as from Congress? And if this led only to futility, should not some indigenous government be created for the Pikes Peak country as a last resort? The gold-seekers and

town-builders answered all these questions affirmatively.

Although the frontiersmen began by electing a delegate to Congress as early as November, 1858, their petitions failed to win any substantial consideration in Washington. By the spring of 1859, Congressional indifference, combined with the anticipated flood of immigrants attracted by new gold discoveries, led to the effort to create the state of Jefferson.

In April, 1859, residents of both Fountain City and Auraria called for the organization of a new regional government. Some thirty delegates recommended immediate statehood for the State of Jefferson. The boundaries were typical of frontier generosity: Jefferson was to comprise all of present Colorado, exactly half of Wyoming, and as much of Utah as lies east of the Green River. Although the constitutional convention opened on June 6, the rush to the new gold discovery sites caused a postponement until August 1.

Upon reconvening, the delegates completed the constitution. In all its essential features the document of the proposed State of Jefferson was the Iowa Constitution of 1857 carried seven hundred miles westward. William N. Byers had served as temporary chairman and had introduced a preliminary draft, part of which is still preserved. He was clearly the main architect of the final product. Although Byers grew up in Ohio, his family moved to Iowa when he was nineteen. Whether it was the recency of the 1857 constitution—and this is more likely—or his residency

in Iowa which influenced him most, it certainly is a fact that the Iowa model was the primary inspiration. There was no lengthy discussion of the provisions placed in the final draft because, according to chairman Byers, "the Delegates in the convention were all in haste to get through."¹ Hardly claiming originality the chairman continued, "The constitution was such as is usually used by other States, in fact it was almost an exact copy of the Constitution of the Western States." Of the one hundred and nineteen sections in the Jefferson document, twenty-six were identical to the Iowa constitution. Thirteen more were almost identical, and forty-one sections were similar in substance. Thus, one-third was almost identical and two-thirds virtually transplanted from the Iowa convention hall.

The voters killed the embryonic State of Jefferson on September 5, 1859, by rejecting its constitution, 1649 to 2007. Only two voting districts approved the draft, Russell's Gulch and a forerunner of Pueblo, Fountain City. Fountain City's voting record was probably inaccurate, however. The village had a population of less than one hundred, but cast a one-sided preference for statehood—1089 supported the new government and one recalcitrant rascal voted against it. It is noteworthy that the combined Denver-Auraria vote was only 1130. Accounting for such irregular "Kickapoo" votes, it is fair to conclude that for every three men who wanted the territorial form of government, only one desired statehood. And a vast majority did not particularly care one way or the other.

Territory of Jefferson

After several faltering starts, the opponents of immediate statehood succeeded in calling an election for delegates to a territorial constitutional convention. On October 10, 1859, just two months after the state convention,

eighty-seven delegates (most of whom had not been members of the recent convention) met in a Denver saloon. On the afternoon of the second day of the three-day convention, a committee began to prepare a constitution for the provisional territory. With incredible speed they summarized the Jefferson State document and reported it the following morning; it was discussed and adopted by nightfall. The convention devised a full slate of officers and set aside October 24, 1859, for the plebescite to decide the fate of this latest movement.

What was the nature of this second constitution in Colorado history? The one hundred and nineteen sections of the Jefferson State draft were reduced to fifty-five. The same liberal boundaries prevailed: one-sixth of Utah and one-half of Wyoming! As before suffrage was confined to twenty-one year-old white males.

Evidently the delegates did not view the lawmaking body as a potential menace. Most American constitutions hamstring the legislature so severely that it is truly impossible for the lawmakers to work with any discretionary latitude. Section 4 of these five sections, by contrast, is one of the most comprehensive demonstrations of delegated authority in the annals of American constitutional history. Consider this catch-all which the three-day delegates wrote:

Sec. 4. The legislative power of the General Assembly shall extend to all matters rightfully the subject of legislation; subject to the constitution of the United States.

The judicial article containing five sections left little more than a three-member supreme court with single year terms. Four articles were omitted entirely: the limitations of the state debt, regulation of corporations, organization of a militia, and methods of changing the constitution (amend-

ing process or steps in calling a constitutional convention). The absence of any provision for changing the document may be explained in terms of the belief that Jefferson Territory was to be temporary.

The delegates boasted that they had made the constitution "as simple as possible, so as to secure the rights of the people . . ." It would have been much more honest to say that the delegates' work was as crude and shoddy as the hall's unplastered walls and rough benches. Imagine composing a document to serve as the organic law which was written between Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday morning.

The careless haste in which the charter was composed did not jeopardize its acceptance at the polls. Two weeks later, on October 24, 1859, the voters approved by a solid eight-to-one count (2163 to 280). Although most of the miners boycotted the election, the new government received support from the valley towns. Robert W. Steele became Colorado's first governor. He headed an executive branch which included six other officers: an attorney general, a secretary, a treasurer, a marshal, an auditor, and a superintendent of schools. With the election of the supreme court judges and legislators on the same ballot, the Jeffersonians relieved Congress of the bothersome task of staffing a new territorial administration.

This sequence of events poses an interesting question. Why did the voters accept Jefferson Territory by a ratio of eight-to-one only six weeks after they had repudiated the State of Jefferson? Part of the answer lies in the fact that the defeat of Jefferson State was not a rejection of a regional government but only of the statehood alternative. It is true that a self-created state differed from a self-created territory in name only. The dis-

inction, however, which made the territorial alternative more palatable was that the latter was widely accepted as a makeshift expedient. Virtually all contemporary comment used the term, "Provisional Government" in referring to Jefferson Territory. It was to be a necessary stand-in until replaced by legitimate territorial status, an objective realized sixteen months later. This interpretation also explains the absence of an amending procedure, the absence of a lieutenant governor, the absence of a debt limitation, and the brevity of the constitution itself. None of these deficiencies mattered. The new government was merely an ephemeral structure erected on the shifting sands of questionable legality.

The new legislature convened early in November, 1859. Jefferson Territory began to fail to govern effectively almost from the beginning. With the passage of a one dollar poll tax, the administration alienated the few remaining miners who were still indifferent. Kansas Territory also still held the allegiance of a vast number. The Arapahoe County Claim Club exercised a third competing jurisdiction. When Jefferson could not raise sufficient revenue the government issued numerous treasurer's warrants, all of which immediately depreciated until \$25.00 could not even buy a shot of Taos Lightning.

By the fall of 1860 the residents of Denver were so disgusted with the frail government of Jefferson that they created their own separatist state, the People's Government of Denver. Editor Byers of the *Rocky Mountain News* played a prominent role in this rebuke to Jefferson.

Despite the storm warnings, Governor Steele called a second general election in the fall of 1860. Denver boycotted the election and the only Denver resident to win a seat in either the executive or judicial branch was

the chief justice of the Supreme Court.

Jefferson continued to decline and there was little local effort to revive it or replace it, because of the expectancy that Congress was about to resolve the problem. In March of 1861, the Territory of Colorado was created and the Territory of Jefferson entered the pages of history. Albert D. Richardson, correspondent for the *Boston Journal*, epitomized the significance of both Jefferson Territory and of the complementary local efforts to create self-imposed order through self-created law.

Establish a thousand American settlers in the Himalayas, and in one month they would have all needfull laws in operation, with life and property quite as well protected as in the city of New York.³

The Constitution of 1864

The organization of the Territory of Colorado was facilitated by the withdrawal of Southern members of Congress, who had opposed the political development of a West which would probably be anti-southern if not also anti-slavery. 1861 saw not only statehood for Kansas, but territorial status for Nevada and Dakota in addition to Colorado. The sectional conflict first delayed and then accelerated the creation of the new political units.

By 1863 we can discern a growing momentum to win statehood. Led by Editor William N. Byers, Henry M. Teller, territorial governor John Evans and secretary Sam Elbert, the statehood banner began to wave. In the national elections of 1862 the Democrats had added thirty-one new members to the House of Representatives, a most serious threat to the Lincoln administration. Shortly after Congress convened in December, 1862, the House Committee on Ter-

ritories announced a call for Republican reserves by endorsing statehood bills for Colorado, Nebraska, and Nevada. Later the committee chairman confessed that the bills were drafted

to secure the vote of three more States, in case the election of President and Vice-President in the year 1864 should come to the House of Representatives.⁴

Despite this effort the House bills failed. The Senate took the initiative and a year later introduced enabling acts for Colorado and Nevada which were passed in March, 1864, along with the House sponsored act for Nebraska.

The Colorado enabling act authorized a constitutional convention which met on July 4, 1864, in Golden. Out of this effort came a document heavily dependent for its antecedents upon the constitutions of Iowa, Indiana, Illinois, and particularly, Kansas. Sixty-three of the one hundred and thirty-nine Colorado sections also existed in the Wyandotte constitution of Kansas, with identically worded clauses or containing the same substance. The three branches of government were treated with traditional orthodoxy.

The delegates' work proved to be in vain, for when the voters spoke, they thundered their disapproval, three-to-one (4672 to 2520). Why did ratification fail? There are a number of reasons but the main one was the widespread suspicion that 40,000 people could not finance statehood. Both Elbert and Byers later conceded this. The Republicans also committed a political blunder by complicating the ratification election. They insisted upon adding a pro-state ticket of officers to run the new state, to the same ballot on which the public was to accept or reject the constitution. This compelled the minority Democrats to

oppose the constitution as well as the ticket to prevent their complete defeat.

The statehood boosters again returned their attention to Washington. The Senate considered a second enabling act but quickly tabled it. Again the turn of events affected Colorado's fate. The Republican party no longer needed votes. The Confederacy was tottering, President Lincoln had just received Savannah as a Christmas gift, Columbia and Charleston had both fallen, and Sherman was about to desolate North Carolina. Congress had more problems to cope with than to offer the hand of welcome to a territory which had just declined such proffered friendship. More important, with Republican control securely established and the war virtually won, Congress had no use for Colorado votes. Colorado would have to wait another decade and write a fifth constitution before it could win presidential approval.

The Constitution of 1865

Surprisingly enough, the sponsors of the 1865 statehood movement were the former critics of statehood in 1864. This was probably a consequence of a local feud within the Republican party. Henry M. Teller and his Golden faction had been identified with the 1864 debacle. Jerome B. Chaffee began to consolidate a Denver following in order to wrest control from Teller. Chaffee disparaged Teller for his ineptitude, but was careful to avoid discrediting the statehood campaign. Chaffee hoped to win credit for achieving statehood and thereby assure control of the state machinery for his supporters.

In just one year's passage, the national setting again had changed. Peace meant a renewal of westward migration, already encouraged by the passage of the Homestead Act. The Union Pacific and the Central Pacific

could accelerate their construction schedules. With two Colorado senators and a representative, more pressure could be applied, not only to win a transcontinental railroad route through Colorado, but also to prevent any discriminatory taxation of mining proceeds, or federal threats to land titles. No doubt with some of these factors in mind, Chaffee won a temporary suspension of political animosities. Each political party agreed to support the writing of a constitution. This was a substantial achievement for Jerome B. Chaffee. His middle initial stood for Bonaparte, a prophetic name for this manipulator and manager of men. With no local opposition it was easy to arrange a constitutional convention which met in Denver in August, 1865. Of the sixty-three delegates, only three had sat in the convention of 1864. Byers and Teller became spectators.

The constitution was written in four days. Although the 1864 draft was the model, the 1865 product relied to even a greater extent upon the three midwest states, Iowa, Indiana, and Kansas. Ninety-two of its one hundred and forty sections are identifiable in the Kansas document. The suffrage article borrowed a curious provision from the Iowa constitution. It permitted a plebescite on acceptance or rejection of confining the vote to white men. The result was a nine-to-one affirmation of white suffrage. Every single county in the territory voted against Negro suffrage. Even an earlier convention effort to strike out the word "white" was defeated by a four-to-one vote. Both documents—the 1864 and the 1865 efforts—present a picture of a simple economy resting upon crude mining and dry land farming.

Early in September, 1865, the voters approved this fourth constitution of Colorado by a slender margin of one hundred and fifty-five votes out of

six thousand cast. The change in sentiment largely confined itself to the northern counties, no doubt partly due to the unanimous press support there. Costilla, Conejos, and Huerfano counties, all with a high percentage of Spanish-speaking residents, voted ten-to-one against ratification.

The November election gave most of the new "state" offices to Republicans. John Evans and Jerome B. Chaffee as the new "senators" journeyed to Washington in the expectation that President Johnson would simply proclaim statehood for Colorado. To their dismay Johnson declined, stating that the proceedings of 1865 "differed in time and mode from those specified in the act of March 21, 1864." This was technically correct but the stated reason concealed the real reason: the evolving conflict between the Executive and Congress. The Senate reacted immediately and passed a measure which called for Colorado's admission at once. The House approved early in May, 1866. During the Senate debate, a member conceded that it was the Republican votes which were important. He used an analogy in reference to Colorado and Nebraska: "... here come two men clothed with the garments that you so much admire. Why not let them in?"⁵ As in 1864, there was again a partisan advantage to be derived from the presence of additional Republican senators.

President Johnson could not permit reinforcements to the branch usurping what he considered his own exclusive authority. He promptly vetoed the Colorado and Nebraska admission bills. Evans and Chaffee strove to win passage despite the veto, but failed largely through the intercession of anti-statehood forces from Colorado led by the new territorial governor, Alexander Cummings, and the disgruntled Henry Teller.

In December, 1866, the Senate

passed a second bill to admit Colorado and Nebraska, both of which passed in January, 1867. Again Johnson vetoed. Congress overruled the Nebraska veto in February. The attempt to override the Colorado veto failed to win two-thirds support in the Senate by just three votes. Since the population was relatively light in both Colorado and Nebraska, the reason for simultaneous acceptance of the latter and rejection of the former lay elsewhere. The internal conflict within Colorado was decisive. The leadership of Teller, Cummings, and A. C. Hunt was most effective. Teller particularly exerted the critical influence at the time the Senate vainly sought to override the President's last veto. Teller's persuasiveness infuriated the pro-state press in Colorado. Byers used his *Rocky Mountain News*, for example, to excoriate Teller time after time:

The brand of Cain is upon him . . . Let him be a dead man among us, so vile, so corrupt, so offensive, that the very mention of his name will excite loathing.⁶

With the presidential election of Grant in 1868 there was little need for additional Republican votes and Colorado bills were greeted with indifference. Finally in 1874 a political shock compelled the Republicans to question the wisdom of delaying Colorado statehood any longer. The territory elected a Democrat as its delegate to Congress in September, 1874. The Congressional Republicans overcame their anxiety when Colorado Republicans convinced them that the Democrat's victory was primarily a protest vote against the territorial governor, Edward M. McCook. Out of these events, Congress again became interested in Colorado and passed an enabling act in 1875, which Grant willingly signed.

There is a twelve year span from

the creation of Colorado Territory in 1861 until the momentum began in 1873 which led directly to statehood. This period can be divided into equal six-year units to explain Colorado's erratic effort in ending its colonial dependence. In the years from 1861 to 1867, it is apparent that the Civil War increased the prospects for statehood. The conflict over Reconstruction policies likewise led to several opportunities, all rejected by Colorado. Rather than diverting attention from the West these events tended to enhance its importance. But far more determining through this period were the ambitions of the Republican party. Whenever there were necessary votes at stake the party suddenly became energetic. On the other hand, in the six-year period after 1867, the Republican-dominated Congress failed to extend any invitations. The need for more party support had ended and earlier interest in Colorado subsided. It was as late as the seventh year of uninterrupted Republican control, before Congress granted statehood to Colorado, and then just in time to help assure the victory of Rutherford B. Hayes in 1876. Without Colorado's three Republican votes, a condition which almost prevailed, the disputed election of 1876 would never have reached the electoral commission. Democratic Tilden would have won.

This first score of years in Colorado's history suggests a second generalization. Behind the facade of rowdiness and frontier invective lay a deep respect for the form and content of law. Pioneers in many aspects, the early Coloradans were not legal pioneers—they felt no compulsion to chisel new law from mountain granite. Recall the delegate election of 1858. Although that was a very in-

formal election, the miners insisted that the board of canvassers had to take an oath of office. Someone remembered the oath used for Michigan town officials and it was repeated in a raging blizzard. The people's courts exerted great effort to provide skilled counsel for defendants. A number of cottonwoods may have received unexpected burdens, but a hasty justice was not necessarily impetuous.

The husk of novelty sometimes concealed the kernel of orthodoxy. The authors of the two Jefferson constitutions relied not upon their own imaginations, but looked for inspiration to the recent constitution of Iowa. Likewise, Kansas supplied a preponderance of the clauses which went into the inoperative charters of 1864 and 1865. For the most part, the statutes and constitutions of early Colorado were not products of frontier ingenuity, but were carried to the mountain country in the pockets and memories of resourceful settlers. With the enabling act of 1875, Colorado was assured another attempt at statehood. This opportunity succeeded and the Centennial State was finally given a greater freedom to edit its own destiny.

¹William N. Byers, "History of Colorado," Bancroft Manuscript (typed copy), Historical Collections, University of Colorado, 45.

²An address, "To the People of the Territory of Jefferson," *Rocky Mountain News*, October 20, 1859.

³Albert D. Richardson, *Beyond the Mississippi* (Hartford, 1867), 290.

⁴Representative James M. Ashley, *Congressional Globe*, 39th Cong., 1st Sess., 2373, May 3, 1866.

⁵Senator James Nye, *Congressional Globe*, 39th Cong., 1st Sess., 2144.

⁶*Daily Rocky Mountain News*, March 14, 1868.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Utah Expedition, 1857-1858: A Documentary Account of the United State Military Movement under Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston, and the Resistance by Brigham Young and the Mormon Nauwoo Legion edited by Leroy R. and Ann W. Hafen. Glendale: Arthur H. Clark Co. \$9.50.

This, the eighth in the fifteen-volume "Far West and Rockies Series," displays the scholarly research of the Hafens to which the Westerners have been accustomed. Dealing with events of a little-known episode in the early history of Utah Territory, the book imparts to the reader an understanding of the events connected with a secret plan of President Buchanan whereby he hoped to unseat Brigham Young and install a new governor, using military force to accomplish this.

In the spring of 1857, the newly-elected President and his Secretary of War embarked upon an ill-advised plan whereby Alfred Cumming of Georgia was to replace Brigham Young as the new civil governor; secretly, 2,500 soldiers were to be sent to Salt Lake City to seat the new official.

Leaving Fort Leavenworth late in the season, the detachment was subjected to severe storms, the loss of their 2,000 head of cattle, the burning of two wagon trains by the Mormons and also losing many horses. Various army officers, Colonel E. B. Alexander, Colonel (later General) Albert Sidney Johnston, Capt. John W. Phelps, Colonel St. George Cooke, and Capt. R. B. Marcy were all involved before the situation was ended.

Despite the secrecy, the Mormons learned that an army of men were headed their way with apparent evil designs, spies having overheard soldiers telling of what they would do

to the Mormon women, etc. Plans were made to prevent the entry of soldiers into the Territory by armed resistance if necessary and harassing the troops, an interesting account of which is related in the narrative of Lot Smith (Morimon).

Being forced to go into winter quarters at Camp Scott (near Fort Bridger), the troops were compelled to exist on short rations and subjected to intense cold during the winter.

Despite Brigham Young's proclamation forbidding the entry of armed forces, it became evident to the Mormons that the army intended to invade the Territory, so preparations were made for resistance, even pledging to burn their homes if necessary.

At this time Thomas L. Kane of Philadelphia, a friend of the Mormons, offered to act as conciliator, and, although a sick man, he proceeded by way of Panama to Los Angeles where he obtained horses and traveled to Salt Lake City under the alias of "Dr. Osborne." There he met with Brigham Young and by persistent conversation paved the way to allow the troops to enter the city and secure the acceptance of Governor Cumming.

The diaries of Capt. Phelps and John Pulsifer (the Mormon) contain much of interest and show the different viewpoints common to any resistance to armed force. All in all, the book merits reading.

CARL F. MATHEWS

Prairie and Mountain Sketches by Matthew C. Field, collected by Clyde and Mae Reed Porter, edited by Kate L. Gregg and John Francis McDermott. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. \$4.50.

Matthew C. Field was a good journalist in spite of his lingering ill health. He joined Sir William Drum-

mond Stewart on the latter's fourth "Pleasure excursion" into the great West. The year was 1843 and the month, May. The Stewart party was made up of as colorful and heterogeneous a group as ever departed St. Louis.

Field was writing and reporting for the New Orleans *Daily Picayune*. These installments with gleanings from his letters and diaries comprise the core of the narrative. Matt was cocksure of his ability. For example, he wrote ". . . most frankly believe that I can eclipse Irving, Lewis & Clark, Farnham, Father DeSmet, and all other writers in describing the wonders of this Great Region . . ." The writer's enthusiasm was most evident in the beginning of the trek; as the trip dragged on and Sir William's disposition became less sweet, places, persons, and events, while lively, were not so glamorous.

The excursion followed the well known highway to the West—the Oregon Trail. The lush Green River Valley at the Base of the Wind River Mountains was the paradise sought. What transpired there could perhaps be rivaled by a fur trader's rendezvous.

Field's writings are well organized with scholarly explanations and documenting. The editors have injected enough additional material concerning the author to give the book color, strength, and balance. The writer's notes and observations provide countless details of history, making *Prairie and Mountain Sketches* an excellent period source book. As to general make up . . . well, it's another superb Oklahoma book.

DEAN KRAKEL

On the Bloody Trail of Geronimo by Lieut. John Bigelow, Jr., with the original illustrations of Hooper, McDougall, Chapin, Hatfield, and Frederic Remington. Foreword, Introduction and Notes by Arthur Woodward. Los Angeles: Western-

lore Press. Limited to 750 copies. \$7.50.

It is astonishing that Lieut. John Bigelow's journal of his army adventures in Arizona during 1885 and 1886 should have escaped book publication for more than 70 years. *Outing Magazine* (whose editor was Poultney Bigelow, brother of the author) printed the journal in installments in 1886-1887. It was then neglected. Arthur Woodward, western historian, current sheriff of the Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners, dug it from the magazine, wrote two introductory pieces and added notes. Paul Bailey, roundup foreman of the same corral, published it in a limited edition at his Westernlore Press, using the original illustrations. Many of these are by Frederic Remington. They are believed to be Remington's first published illustrations.

John Bigelow, Jr., son of a famous father, was an 1877 graduate from West Point. In 1885 he was a first lieutenant assigned to K Troop, 10th U. S. Cavalry, a Negro regiment that since 1867 had had experience in Indian warfare, mostly against the plains tribes. Later, the 10th was to become celebrated as one of the smartest of cavalry outfits. But in 1885 and 1886, when units of the 10th were chasing hostile Apaches in Arizona, Bigelow said its troopers were illiterate, lazy, sloppy, and inclined to disobedience and drunkenness. Even worse, they had had little target practice and were exceedingly poor marksmen.

Under orders, Bigelow led detachments in attempts to intercept and destroy bands of Geronimo's vagrant murderers. Though they received frequent reports of Indian parties near them, often struck their trails, sometimes came upon white men red marauders had killed and property they had destroyed, Bigelow and his men seem never to have fired shots at Indians or made contact with them.

Considering the sorry qualities of the soldiers (as described in the journal) this was probably fortunate. Even more fortunately, he was never ambushed by Apaches, as other officers had been. Southeastern Arizona is an area so vast that the few Indians and soldiers engaged could rattle around in it with only occasional contacts.

To show the range of Bigelow's travels under arms and orders, I mention here some of the places his marches took him and his men: Fort Grant, Bailey's Wells, San Simon, Stein's Pass, Willcox, Copper Canon, Mowry Mine, Harshaw, Camp Crittenden, Fort Huachuca, Clifton, Sheldon, Nogales, Calabasas, Benson, Tubac, and Tumacacori (all in Arizona); and Nogales, San Lazaro, Jaramito, Quitaca, and Santa Cruz (all in Sonora).

Bigelow's account is not a mere series of official memos of routine duties performed in camp, not an Anabasic record of "thence he marches so many days journey, so many parasangs, to such a place." It is a vivid, uncomplaining story of devotion to duty in hope of advancement, of hard life in the field, of useless forays caused by false reports, of difficulties due to lack of discipline and supplies, and of occasional parties and bailes in towns. He observed and described the sometimes hideous and dirty little desert mountains of Arizona and her often lovely valleys and oases. Hoping for improvement, he reported the faults of the army system, the lack of training and recreation for enlisted men, the lack of an Indian policy, and the complaints officers had against bureaucracy. Bigelow's book will give any reader new insight on army life in Arizona in the 1880s.

Arthur Woodward's introduction is a fine outline of the campaigns against Geronimo. It leads up to an understanding of the journal. Woodward's

notes are ample and illuminating, reflecting the charm of a man who can talk and write well about anything on earth.

JOHN J. LIPSEY

The Life and Death of Julia C. Bulette by Zeke Daniels, illustrated by Ben Christy. Virginia City, Lamp Post. \$3.50.

A sick miner who came to her cabin was never turned away, but was put to bed and nursed back to health by mulatto Jule Bulette, the Silver Heels of Virginia City. This "kind-hearted, liberal, benevolent and charitable" Queen of the Red Lights was made an honorary member of the volunteer fire department, which presided at her funeral after her murder by Jean Marie á Milleian, who was hanged in 1868 for the crime.

This little book tells far more about the murder trial than about Jule's life, which has been treated at greater length by Duncan Emrich. Thirty-five pages of text, twenty-three pages of wash illustrations.

F. P.

The Blackfeet, Raiders on the Northwestern Plains by John C. Ewers. Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, \$5.75.

This, the forty-ninth volume in the "Civilization of the American Indian," lives up to the high standard of the University of Oklahoma Press, both in format and completeness; it should be read by all Posse members interested in Indians.

Probably no other author could have covered the history of this Indian tribe, warriors, raiders and horse thieves of the Northwest so well. John Ewers lived and worked with the tribe and became a confident of many

of the old chieftains, now dead. He was the first curator of the Museum of the Plains Indians in the Blackfoot reservation, serving for three and one-half years. Transferring to the Bureau of Ethnology in Washington, he returned two times later to make studies of the tribes, once on a Neosho grant from our late Eric Douglas.

The Blackfeet, divided into three tribes, the Piegan, the Blood and Blackfoot proper, were a nomadic people, living both in Canada and the Northwest, mostly in Montana. For many years they were overlords of the other tribes in the region, waging relentless warfare and killing many. In addition, they were deadly enemies of the early trappers and traders on the American side and continually drove them back. Included in this category were Lewis and Clark, Manuel Lisa, the Missouri Fur Company, David Thompson, Andrew Henry of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, and Hudson Bay men. It was the Blackfeet who forced James Colter to make his famous dash for liberty after his companion had been killed and his furs seized.

George Catlin, famous Indian artist, who described the Blackfeet as the "largest and bloodthirstiest" tribe in the Northwest, painted the first portraits of many of them at Fort Union in 1832; a year later (in the fall of 1833), Carl Bodmer, another great Indian painter, made many sketches at Fort McKenzie.

Divided into eighteen chapters, Chapter Three (Big Knives on the Missouri) and Chapter Seven (Raiding for Horses and Scalps) give detailed accounts of the tribe's warlike activities; the last three chapters of the book are worthy of particular attention, dealing as they do with the

destruction of the buffalo (mainstay of the tribes for food and raiment), the poverty to which the Indians sank and the ill-treatment by the agents of the government.

Incidentally, author Ewers is present Sheriff of the Potomac Corral, Washington, D. C., a staff member of the Smithsonian Institution, and author of numerous papers on the tribe, also the admirable Bureau of American Ethnology Bulletin No. 159, *The Horse in the Blackfoot Indian Culture*.

CARL F. MATHEWS

Indians of the Southwest by Atkinson, M. Jourdan. San Antonio, The Naylor Company, \$5.00.

Here is a splendid book for the student of the Indian. The work was originally published as *The Texas Indians*. The revisions and expanded bibliography make it comprehensive on the subject.

The Indians of the Southwest depicts the cultural spans of the nations long long ago, before corruption and conquest by men from the old world. The Indian's life was beautiful, meaningful, and patternistic. The author has done a remarkable job researching, compiling, and writing. Each aspect of Indian Life is recognized and discussed as well as their movements and affiliations. The author quotes freely from both secondary and primary sources. The detail and descriptive explanations make the work most interesting and readable.

The book contains thirty chapters, each with an inviting title. It is strongly bound in cloth and contains map end sheets. However, the book lacks an index. The dust jacket is very well done and in four colors.

DEAN KRAKEL